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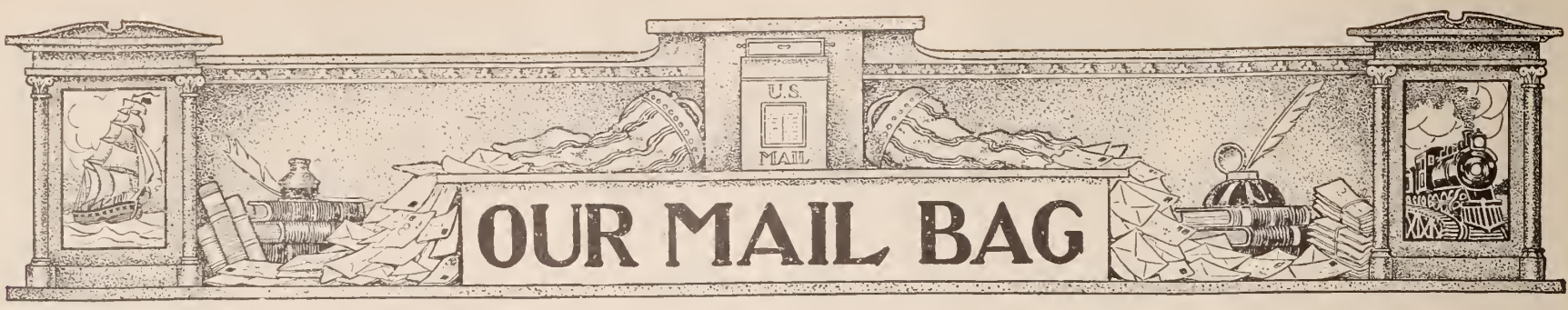
"RING OUT THE FEUD OF RICH AND POOR; RING IN REDRESS TO ALL MANKIND"

A NEW, SWEET SONG FOR THE GLAD NEW YEAR



OUR MAIL BAG

Questions and Answers

Letters for this department must contain name and address of the sender—not for publication, but in order that an answer may be sent by mail in cases where the inquiry is not of general interest.

C. H. H., Althouse, Oregon. When was paper money first issued in this country and what were the denominations?

Paper money was first issued in Massachusetts, in 1690. The Continental Congress issued paper money for the first time in 1775. It depreciated so that $100 in specie equaled, in 1777, $105; 1778, $325; 1779, $742; 1780, $2,934; 1781, $7,400. In regard to the denominations issued, write to the Comptroller of the Currency, Washington, D. C.

C. L. N., Morganhill, Calif., W. F. S., and others. When was the wall built around Jerusalem? What was the thickness and height?

In the progress of the ages Jerusalem was surrounded by three walls, the direction of which, in some portions of their course, is difficult to be determined. The first, and most ancient wall, surrounded the Upper City, on the hill of Zion. The second wall, or the wall of Ezechias, enclosed the hill Acra, around which stood the Lower City. The third wall, built by Herod Agrippa, which enclosed the hill Bezetha and the so-called New City. There is a wall around the city at the present day, but it includes districts not included in the old city, and including parts that were formerly protected. The height and thickness of the old walls are not known; but it is probable that they varied with the nature of the ground, as is the case in other ancient cities.

J. S. Mc., Seattle, Wash. Where and when were slaves first brought to this country? What was their number, and what was the name of the vessel?

Slavery started with a cargo of twenty that were brought to Jamestown, Va., in 1619. It was a Dutch ship, but we cannot find her name. Write to the State Librarian, Richmond, Va., for further information.

J. F. Waynesboro, Pa. 1. How many days elapsed between the raising of Lazarus and the crucifixion of Christ? 2. Did Lazarus die again, and if so, when?

1. It is difficult to construct a working harmony of Christ's life from the four Gospels as to exact dates. They were concerned with the events and teachings of their Lord, rather than with writing his biography. John explicitly states (John 20: 30, 31) that such was his purpose. It is believed, however, that Jesus was crucified on April 7, A.D. 30, and that Lazarus was raised some time about the beginning of February of the same year. 2. Nothing is known of Lazarus after the incident described by John. Traditions there are of his becoming a bishop, of his death thirty years later, but they are worthless.

J. D., Philadelphia. If a person finds something in a public conveyance—say a pocketbook in a street car—has an employee, the conductor or any one of the corporation, any right to insist on the finder's name or address?

We think it is a proper and reasonable request. If the finder be honest, he will take every means of finding out the true owner, and the latter would very naturally inquire of the car company if the lost article had been found there.

B. G. S., Fern, Calif. What is the meaning of being risen with Christ, as mentioned in Col. 3:1?

Paul had described himself as having been crucified with Christ (Gal. 2: 20). He was dead to the world through the death of Christ, dead to sin, to worldly ambition, and to all the worldly principles and motives. But he might have been asked, "Was he really dead?" and he answers that, like Christ, he had received a new life, having been raised with him, as he had been crucified with him. This was the resurrection life by which he had become transformed, and was a new creature in Christ Jesus. It was this that Augustine meant when he was greeted by a dissolute companion of his youth, whom he had passed on the street without recognition. "August, it is I, do you not know me?" He replied: "I am August no longer." Having become a Christian (risen with Christ) he had abandoned all his old life with its companions and associations.

A. N., Milwaukee, Wis. Is it true that a Catholic cannot be elected President of the United States on account of his religion?

No; any citizen is eligible to that office, if he was born here. It has been considered, however, by all political parties inexpedient to nominate one of that faith. The question was discussed, we believe, during the lifetime of the late General Sheridan.

A. S., Alfred, N. Y. Why did the Revisers omit the last sentence of the Lord's Prayer?

Because the most ancient copies of the Gospels accessible, did not contain the sentence. The inference is that it was added at a later, but still at a very early date, by some editor of the New Testament.

E. T., Maple City, Mich. When was the Roman Catholic religion established?

The Roman Catholic Church, in its modern form, dates from about the end of the eighth century. It began then to exercise temporal power and to assert its authority. It was not, however, until the year 1073, when Hildebrand became Pope, under the title of Gregory VII., that the full development of the system took place. Hildebrand aimed to make Christendom a theocracy, with the Pope at its head, as the representative of Christ on earth.

F. C. B., Rochester, N. Y. What is the name of the bright star which we see in the East in early evening?

It is not a star, but the giant planet Jupiter, now shining with unusual brilliance. It is near the seven stars or "Pleiades," and will not again be where we now see it for twelve years. Jupiter is fourteen hundred times larger than the earth, and much larger than all the other seven planets and twenty-five moons and the 569 minor planets or asteroids between Mars and Jupiter combined.

Marathon, N. Y. LEWIS SWIFT.

Reader, Athol, Mass. Is it true that the Jewish nation, who abstain from eating pork, are never afflicted with cancer?

Their abstinence from certain classes of food, supposed to be unclean, is generally believed to be a means of averting some diseases to which the rest of mankind are liable.

C. S. Akeley, Pa. 1. Does General Booth draw any salary from the Salvation Army funds; if not, where does he get his money? 2. What was the municipal honor (mentioned in last week's issue), which General Booth acknowledged in Guildhall, London? 3. What was the freedom presented to him in the oak casket?

1. General Booth receives no salary from that organization, his support having been guaranteed and arranged for many years ago by several gentlemen of England. 2. The municipal honor recently conferred upon the General, was that of the freedom of the City of London, a token of marked civic esteem, usually reserved for military and naval heroes, or visiting members of royal houses. Since this took place, the city of Nottingham, the General's birthplace, has conferred a similar honor. 3. The certificate of freedom, deposited in the oaken casket, is a legal document, by means of which the city's freedom is conferred. The casket is usually made of gold, which renders its production a matter of great expense. In the present case, it was constructed of oak, made from what was once a beam in the roof of the Guildhall. The change was made at the General's suggestion, the difference in cost, one hundred pounds, being transferred to the funds of the Salvation Army. In celebration of the event, the General gave a dinner to 5,000 of London's "submerged."

WILLIAM H. COX, *Lit. Sec'y Salvation Army.*

S. L. J., Round Mountain, Calif. Why does the prophet speak (Hab. 3: 3) of God coming from Teman?

Teman and Paran were parts of the region stretching to Sinai. If you read the whole song, you will see that the prophet is recalling incidents of God's dealing with his people; the passage of the Red Sea, the sun standing still, etc. It is an appeal to God, who had done so much for Israel, to renew his kindness, needed at that time more than ever.

O. E. P., Palmyra, Ill. 1. Who are the present members of the President's Cabinet? 2. How many representatives are there in the House?

1. Secretary of State, Elihu Root; Secretary of the Treasury, Leslie M. Shaw; Secretary of War, William H. Taft; Attorney-General, William H. Moody; Postmaster-General, George B. Cortelyou; Secretary of the Navy, Charles Bonaparte; Secretary of the Interior, Ethan A. Hitchcock; Secretary of Agriculture, James Wilson; Secretary of Commerce and Labor, Victor B. Metcalf. 2. There are 386 representatives.

H. P., Athens, O. 1. Where was President Roosevelt born? 2. If there was a gun fired, and no one near to hear it, would there be sound?

1. He was born in New York City. 2. Yes. The sound waves are there with the report always. A blind man might as well say that certain objects did not exist because he could not see them. It's an old quibble.

O. M. T., Strathcona, Canada. What cities have been the world's metropolises to the present time?

As the great centre of influence from Pagan times to the Reformation, Rome; from that time to the present, London, though New York City is dividing the honor for the twentieth century, and will undoubtedly be the future focal point of international activities.

In THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of December 6, mention was made of an address by an Indiana pastor, during which he had somewhat severely criticized the beautiful hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light." Rev. W. H. Patterson, Princeton, Ind., the pastor in question, has written to us on the subject, and as we always believe in giving both sides of the question, we give this extract from Mr. Patterson's letter:

First. The meeting was strictly a denominational meeting for the instruction of our own people.

Second. We use in our song service only the Inspired Psalter.

Third. In my address on "The Psalms and Evangelistic Work," I was endeavoring to show that the sentiments of all the great evangelistic hymns was better set forth in the Psalms.

Fourth. I used what I regarded as the greatest and best of the uninspired hymns to compare with the Psalms.

Fifth. I said nothing uncomplimentary of the hymns, unless my remark concerning the wholly general nature of the hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light," could be twisted by ignorant people to be so considered. I said "Pantheist," not "atheist." Tennyson was probably close to a pantheist. Emerson and Dr. Lyman Abbott are called by some people, Pantheists.

The foregoing explanation does not seem to help the case very greatly, but it is only fair to correct the misquotation ("atheist" for "pantheist") which originally appeared in the Indiana newspapers. If one indulges in public criticism of any popular topic, one must accord to others a like privilege.

W. S., Greenville, S. C. Should we approve of "box parties" or "hot suppers" to raise money to build a new church?

We believe that all such expedients tend to lower the spiritual tone of a church. They should not be necessary. If the need be presented properly, and the people be earnest and sincere, they will supply all that is required without transforming the Lord's house into a restaurant or social club.

Miscellaneous

Mrs. E. E. A., Pittsfield, Vt. See answer to W. S., Greenville, S. C.

Bert C., Neligh, Neb. We see nothing wrong in it, as you put the matter.

H. F. S., Adamstown, Pa. He is justified in using any available means to get to his place of preaching, if too far to walk.

S. W. F., Worcester, Mass. Senator Smoot took his seat a year ago. The case against him has been fully stated in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

More Praise for Our Premiums

Very Much Pleased

ELKHORN, WIS.

DEAR SIR:—The two Camp-Fire Library books came all right, yesterday. We are very much pleased with them. Thanks also for the Calendar received a few days ago.

MRS. R. M. WEED.

Most Attractive Ever Received

ST. PAUL, MINN

GENTLEMEN:—I wish to acknowledge receipt of your ideal home magazine, together with the beautiful and valuable premiums. "Masterpieces of the World's Best Literature" is a set of books that I value very highly, and I consider it the most attractive premium ever received from any publication.

WALTER RASMUSSEN.
Principal of Rasmussen School.

The Work an Inspiration

PITTSFIELD, MASS.

DEAR SIR:—"Capital Stories About Famous Americans" was duly received. I have read it with much pleasure, and almost wish I were a boy with this book for an inspiration. It is grand. I wish every boy in the whole wide world could read it thoughtfully, and get the inspiration to "aim high." Your beautiful Calendar is also received.

MRS. M. B. ROGERS.

Full of Life and Light

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

"Stories of Famous Americans" at hand. What a prize! You deserve universal patronage. The Calendar will adorn and beautify parlor, study, or dining-room. I was anticipating the book, expecting much, but my expectations are more than realized. May it prove an inspiration to many, as it has to me, glancing over its pages rapidly. 'Tis full of light and life. WILLIAM GREEN.

The Cream of Human Thought

PORT EWEN, N. Y.

DEAR SIR:—I wish everyone might know what beautiful, useful and valuable books your "Masterpieces of the World's Best Literature" are! I am delighted with them. The selections are admirable. They are just the thing to carry on journeys or vacations, etc., and feed the mind with the cream of human thought. C. H. POLHEMUS,
Pastor of the Dutch Reformed Church, Port Ewen-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.

Selections Show Fine Judgment

BOSTON, MASS.

DEAR SIR:—I consider that you give a very full value for the money. I am greatly pleased with the eight books, "Masterpieces of the World's Best Literature," for they are very much better than I had anticipated they would be. The shape is handy, the print good, and, so far as I have examined the volumes, the selections are made with fine judgment, which would naturally be expected from Miss Gilder. CHAS. F. PIDGIN.
Author of *Quincy Adams Sawyer, Blennerhassett, The Climax, etc.*

Under a Debt of Gratitude

ADAIR, MICH.

CHRISTIAN HERALD: — Ungrateful, indeed, would I be, if I did not hasten to write you expressive of my appreciation of your excellent premium, "Masterpieces of the World's Best Literature," which has just arrived. As far as I have been able to look at them, the selections are masterly, covering a very large field. The binding is choice, type clear, paper good, size exceedingly desirable. You have certainly laid every purchaser under a debt of gratitude for this marvel of cheapness, beauty and usefulness. The Calendar must be seen, to be appreciated. They ought to find places in thousands of homes.

REV. ALFRED E. HEALEY.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

NEW YORK, JANUARY 3, 1906

A Street in Agana, Guam

Senoritas of Guam

One of the Better-Class Homes in Guam

A PARADISE OF THE PACIFIC

Life on Little Guam, the Loveliest of Micronesian Islands

IN March, 1521, Fernando de Magellan, sailing in those ships which were the first to circumnavigate the globe, discovered the island of Guam. It was a beautiful island, about thirty miles long and seven miles wide on an average, having an area of two hundred square miles. It had a broken coast line, with precipitous cliffs, bold headlands and many little bays, with one or two fine anchorages; while rough and heavily wooded hills, almost inaccessible on account of the heavy underbrush, extended far into the interior. The island was covered with a dense growth of tropical vegetation and, glistening in the sunlight, appeared like an emerald on the bosom of the great ocean. As the natives were hostile, Magellan sailed away without having made any impression upon them, although he formally took possession of the island, in the name of the Queen of Spain.

About one hundred and fifty years later, Louis de Sanvitories, an able and earnest Jesuit, landed on the shores of Guam for the purpose of Christianizing the people. He had with him six clerical assistants and a band of Spanish soldiers; and thus, with crucifix in one hand and sword in the other, he began the subjugation of the island. In less than one year, more than six thousand natives were baptized; but as the priests did not know the language of the people and the people were wholly uninstructed in Christian teaching, it must have had but little meaning to those ignorant islanders. Nevertheless, the priests continued their work with unabated zeal, baptizing infants until the people began to fear that they were pronouncing some awful incantations over their children and, fearing lest they should be bewitched, they refused to permit them to be baptized. One day a priest, passing through one of the villages and hearing the stifled cry of a babe hidden away in a house, attempted to gain possession of the child, but was prevented by the people, who blocked his way. He tried to force his way through and was stricken down and slain. Later, Sanvitories himself, while baptizing a child of a chief against his will, was slain and his body thrown into the sea. War broke out between the native population and the clerical body (the latter being aided by the government), and continued for more than one hundred years. At last the clerical body triumphed and Spanish-Latin Christianity was established upon the island of Guam. But in establishing their mission, out of a population of one hundred thousand, ninety-eight thousand perished. Whether by disease, feuds and strife among themselves, or the Spanish sword cannot be certainly known, but it is recorded that in 1790, the population now being reduced to less than two thousand, ships brought emigrants from Manila and other places to recruit the depleted population, and from these have sprung the present Chamorro people. The people seemed humbled and cowed, wholly lacking in that independence of spirit which you will observe in the Filipino; and while they are all members of the Roman Catholic Church and observe its forms of religious worship, they cannot be called moral. Superstitions of every kind abound, and it may be said that the Roman Church, while doing much for the people, has utterly failed to bring to them the true knowledge of Jesus Christ as the Saviour of mankind.

A Group of Native Christian Converts on the Island of Guam

1, 2. Jose Taitano and wife; 3, 4. Jose Flores and wife

In 1900, the American Board established a mission among these people. Already a small company had been called out by the efforts of two natives who had gone thither from Honolulu, so that there was a nucleus for Protestant Christianity when the missionaries arrived. As is often the case, the work there was begun by two or three earnest families. The Castino brothers who came from Honolulu, have been very faithful and earnest in the work. One of the first men to take a stand and to bring his family with him was Jose Taitano, who had obtained a copy of the Bible from a sailing vessel, and having read it, was convinced that the Roman Church was wrong. Yet he had no one to whom he could go for advice, for the government officials of the island were in the church, and so he waited for more light. He, however, forbade his children to work the charms and amulets that were so common, and especially forbade them to use the belt or leather strap that is blessed by the priests for a fee of twenty-five cents a year, and worn by the women with the belief that "if they die with this strap on, Mary will come on the seventh day and seize this strap and draw them out of Purgatory." Mr. Taitano has a ranch twelve miles from Agana, and during the four years of his connection with the work there, he has gone down from his ranch every Thursday evening, twelve miles, to attend the prayer meeting, hardly missing a single service. One of his daughters, who has been a Bible-woman, is very gifted and a thoroughly earnest, Christian girl. She now has charge of the day school in Agana. Two other daughters are teachers in the public schools.

It is interesting again to note the Flores family. When I first reached Agana, the old grandfather who told me that his immediate relatives amounted to more than sixty persons, was observed reading the Spanish Bible, slowly spelling out the meaning of the great truths of the blessed Book. He did not come out and take a stand for his Saviour for nearly two years, but now he and all his family are interested. He himself is a member of the church, and a most earnest Christian man. His son, Jose Flores, a man with a small family, took a year's training in our school, with the purpose of preaching the Gospel to his people. Afterwards the government offered him $1.74 a day to work for them, and as we could only pay him $10 a month, naturally we felt that he should go. After working for the government awhile, he said that he was ready to take up work at $10 a month, sacrificing in doing so, about $40 a month. To our deep regret we were unable to employ this man, not having the money to give him even $10 to support his family; but we hope that some one may enable us, by a gift of this small amount, to put him in the field. He is one of the most earnest, Christian men I have ever found in the islands. No one can point out the way of salvation to his people more clearly than Jose Flores.

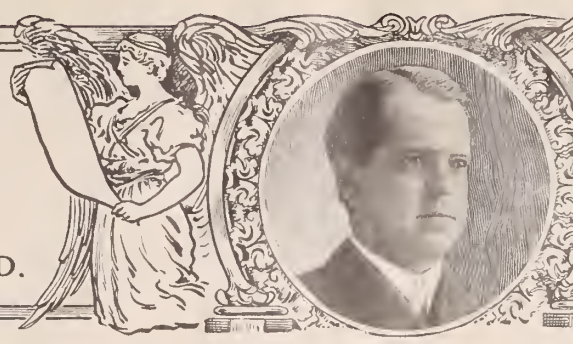
As a result of nearly four years' work we have now on the island an organized Christian Church, called the First Evangelical Congregational Church of Christ in Guam. Sixty-one names were proposed, but only thirty-one

CONTINUED ON PAGE 5

THE AMERICAN PULPIT

SERMON BY

Rev. F. DeWitt Talmage, D.D.



Should We Repeat Life?

TEXT: JOB 2:4:

"All that a man hath will he give for his life"

THIS question naturally arises on this last Sunday of the year: "Would we like to live our lives over again? Would we like to have the year of 1905 again greet us in the swaddling clothes of a newborn babe? Would we like to make the plea of the old poet, when, in rhyme, he sang:

Backward, turn backward, oh time in your flight,
Make me a child again, just for to-night.

Some of us frankly admit that we would like to live our past years over again. Others, just as frankly state that they do not so desire. Benjamin Franklin belonged to the first group. In one of his letters to his son, he wrote thus: "I should have no objection to a repetition of my life from its beginning, only asking the advantages authors have in a second edition, to correct some faults of the first. So I might, besides correcting the faults, change some sinister accidents and events of it for others more favorable. But though this were denied, I should still accept the offer." But perhaps Benjamin Franklin would not have written thus, if he had taken all the possibilities into account. I would like to show you in this sermon that God's way of giving only one earthly life to one man is the best way. May God help us to-day as we, on this last Sunday of the year, take a retrospect of the years that are gone.

Dangers to be Met

No man, in the first place, could take the journey of life over again, unless he took with it the dangers that he escaped in his first experience, which might be fatal to him in his second; nor could he be sure of achieving again the successes that he had before. I have been told that when gold was discovered in California, every boat in New York Harbor that could be bought or rented, was drafted into the service to carry to the Western shores those who were possessed by the gold fever. So anxious were men to dig in California hills, that they were ready to risk their lives in any old hulk. Some three or four hundred crazy crafts in the year 1850, rounded Cape Horn. Some of these tubs were not fit to sail across Lake Michigan on a summer day. But, strange to say, all those cranky boats reached California in safety. Not one was wrecked that year. Many an iron boat with screw propeller has since been destroyed upon the dangerous rocks of South America. But during the first year of the California gold fever, not one boat was lost on the voyage. So with us in the journey of life. We know not how we have weathered the financial and the domestic storms; but we have. We know only too well how fierce the cyclones have blown off our Cape Horns. But having weathered them once and realized what the dangers were, we have grave doubts whether we should ever be able to weather them again.

Failures Avoided

And this fact is especially emphasized by the awful failures that some of our friends have made in life, who were a great deal smarter than we, and who were in every way better equipped for the struggle. It is such a little thing that will turn the scales of success up or down. That little thing always seemed to be on the wrong side of the scales for some of our friends. Did you ever know how Hannibal Hamlin was first defeated for the United States Senate? Mr. Hamlin was a great joke lover. Away back in the early forties, Mr. Hamlin was speaker of the Lower House of the Maine Legislature. There was at that time a member of the House whose hair was very thin. This member was very sensitive about his bald head. In a joke, Mr. Hamlin leaned over his desk one day, and said: "Mr. So and So, you have made a mistake in parting your hair. You have got two more hairs on one side than you have on the other." That was a harmless joke, was it not? Yet that man through that joke became Mr. Hamlin's bitter enemy. He said: "Mr. Hamlin has insulted me." A few years later, Hannibal Hamlin was the candidate of his party for the United States Senate. All members of the Maine Legislature who were of his party voted for him, with the exception of this one member, who had a scarcity of hair, about which Hamlin once made a harmless joke. But the casting of that one vote was the means of keeping Hannibal Hamlin out of the Senate for six years. That one vote was necessary to his election. Thus we find that scores and scores of our friends have failed in life, as it were, by the turning of a hair. Furthermore, as we look back we can see our successes have seemed to come to us by the turning of a hair. Almost were we flung. Not once, or twice, or thrice; but many times were we almost ruined forever.

Hours of Anxiety

Do you not remember that awful struggle you had to get established in business? Night after night you used to walk the floor. Then, when you just got a foothold, and things seemed to be coming your way, do you not remember those years of panic and hard times? Would you like to live those years over again? Your business partner broke down at that time with nervous prostration; he died in an insane asylum. Your own brain was almost crazed; your hair is white to-day from those trials. Would you like to live them over again? How do you know you would come through them next time as successfully as you have done? You know that it seemed a mere chance that your father's old friend came to your rescue at that time, or that oil was discovered upon your farm land, which land you could never give away before, and which land you were almost tempted to let go to liquidate the taxes. Would you like to be caught again in that railroad accident? Perhaps you were on a train that was wrecked, in which many passengers were crushed or mutilated. You do not know how it happened. You were sitting in the car reading. Suddenly, the engine gave a shriek; the brakes were jammed hard down. Then you awoke in a dazed condition. You heard groanings and prayers being uttered all about you. You escaped, like Job, by the skin of your teeth. The man who sat within three feet of you was dead, or, what is worse, physically mangled for life. If you had to go through that accident again, would you be physically well and whole as you are to-day? Oh, no. Most of us do not wish to run again the risks we ran during our past lives. Financial risks, domestic risks, physical risks! They nearly destroyed us. We could not be sure that we should have the same chances for success over again, if we had to meet the same dangers. Most of our friends who have been destroyed, were wrecked by a chance trivial as a hair. Most of us, if not all of us, on the other hand, have been saved by that turning of a hair. Almost were we destroyed; but almost was not quite enough to annihilate us.

Temptations to be Overcome

We fear to meet our past financial and physical and domestic dangers again. We should also tremble when we look back upon our past spiritual temptations. It is absurd for some of us to say, if we had our lives to live over again we would do any differently, spiritually, than we did in the days that are gone. In all probability, we would do just the same as we did in the past, if not worse. Why? Because to-day, with all our past experiences and shortcomings, we are going ahead sinning all the time. Edward Young, the author of the famous *Night Thoughts*, well expresses the idea when he wrote:

At thirty, man suspects himself a fool,
Knows it at forty. Then resolves,
And re-resolves, and dies the same.

Does knowledge about the dietary and gastronomic laws make the physician careful about what he eats and how he eats? Oh, no. Doctors can prescribe all right for their patients. But they are proverbial iconoclasts at all the shrines of health when they apply those laws to their own tables. Their doctrine is, "Do not eat as I do, but eat as I say." Let a convention of physicians assemble, and they will have the most intellectual papers read before them upon the proper treatment of dyspepsia. Then they adjourn and go to the table, and eat twice as much as they ought to eat, and eat that unmasticated food in half the time they ought to eat it. Then they will return to their homes and have their meals at irregular hours. The physician would never let his dyspeptic patients eat as he does. He knows what he ought to do, but he does it not. Now, if we had to live our lives over again, in all probability we would do in reference to temptation, just as the average physician does in reference to his well-known gastronomic laws. We would fall before temptation, as he yields to the temptation of the palate. And I, for one, would be very much surprised if we would turn out again, spiritually, as well as we have done.

I force myself to this belief for a second reason. We had but little experience in the past. But we did have some experience and knowledge of sin. We did not fall into sin, as a trap is sprung upon the unwary bird. We walked straight over the precipice of sin with our eyes wide open. For many years you were addicted to drink? You have been in the past a drunkard. You are a reformed one now. You know all the miseries and horrors of a drunkard's life. But tell me about your first glass. Did you not have just as much a horror of liquor then as you do now? Did you not lie awake all night long, feeling that fiery liquor burning its way down your throat and into your heart after your first drink? Yet did that experience lead you to forswear drink? Did you not return to your tempter again and again? You have been

A Desecrator of the Sabbath

day. You can see the awful results of what a godless Sabbath is upon your present life. Why do you not make Sunday a holy day? Did the sin of a broken Sabbath ever appear to you more heinous than when, on the first Sabbath you stayed away from church, and went with some sinful boys picnicing in the woods? Ah, Christ was right when in the parable of Dives and Lazarus, he represented the rich man in hell, who had asked him to send Lazarus back to earth to warn his five brothers "lest they come into this place of torment," as receiving the answer from Abraham: "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead." If we deliberately sinned when we first went through life, we should surely deliberately sin if we went through life a second time. In all probability, if we had life to live over again, we would not turn out spiritually as well as we have already done.

Then consider another fact. If we were going to live our lives over again, we would have to change time. Instead of being seventy, sixty, fifty or forty years of age, we would have to become ten, twenty, or thirty years of age. What does that mean? Why, it means when we call back our fathers and mothers and sisters and brothers, and run around again as a curly-headed child, we would have to give up our wives and husbands and children and grandchildren. Would you like to do that? Of course if you were a little girl of eleven years of age, you could not have a husband and a lot of babies as you have now. Of course, if you were a schoolboy, you could not have a couple of other schoolboys running around and calling you "papa," and asking you what they should do. Were you happier when you were young than you are now? I doubt it. I doubt if the opportunity of being ordered around by your teachers and by your parents and by your older brothers and sisters, were laid alongside of your present opportunities, you would say, "Give me back my youth." I think that you would say, "Let me stay as I am. I would prefer to be a man, rather than a boy, or a wife and a mother rather than a little child being put to sleep in a trundle-bed."

Domestic Ties Severed

We loved and still do love our fathers and mothers and sisters and brothers. But do we not also love and cling to our wives and husbands and children? We seem to grow a bigger baby about them every day. When we go away from home now, we long to get back, just as a little child cries for its mother. How would you like to go back to childhood and live ten, twenty or thirty years before you had the pleasures of domestic life that you have now? Are you sure that you would find a wife as well adapted to you, as she who is now your companion and helper? You know how faithfully she has clung to you. She is like a sapling. She knows how to bend before the angry tornadoes. But, like the sapling, she never loses her anchorage. When the storm of anger subsides, she rights herself and compels you to do the same. I do not believe there is another woman in all the world who is more fitted to be the companion of your life, than she has been. If I were you, I would not ask to go

back to childhood and risk losing her. It was hard enough in the beginning to win her. All her school friends were amazed to see her choose you, when, from a worldly standpoint, so many better suitors had laid siege to her heart and hand.

Then the babies! How could we give them up, even for a little while? I once read of a little girl who, with her brother, was watching a knife-grinder sharpening some scissors. Her father, quite near-sighted and deaf, turned to the boy and said: "My son, here is some money. Ask the organ-grinder to play another tune." With that the boy began to laugh. His sister turned upon him a look of sharp rebuke as she answered, "Yes, father, we will." Then she turned and gave the organ-grinder another pair of scissors to sharpen, and the near-sighted and deaf father turned smilingly away, thinking he had made his children happy, whereas, in fact, it was the daughter who had made the father happy. So, when we grow older, our children have a habit of covering up our weaknesses. The hair may be gray upon our heads. The hand may be feeble. But we would not have raven locks and stout limbs if we had to be separated from them even for a year. If we went back to childhood days, could we improve our lot? Could we have any better children than are now blessing our lives?

A Reproduced Life

"But," says some one, "I did not exactly mean that. What I do mean is this: I would like to live my life over again just as it is. I would like to go back into the past, and be born in the same cradle, and have the same brothers and sisters. I would like again to go to the same schools, and marry the same girl and have the same children. I would like to have my life exactly reproduced as it has been in the past." Then, my friend, I want to tell you that your life, if it were to be reproduced just as it was, would be a great disappointment to you. "A twice-told tale" is never as interesting the second time as it is the first time it is told. Let me illustrate:

For many years my father led a very busy life. Pleasure had but little part in his existence. He went from engagement to engagement, from duty to duty. But during these years of work, he kept one hope ever before him. He wanted to go back and live a little while close to nature, as he did when a boy. "Oh," said he, a thousand times, "if we could only get a big carriage and take all the children along, and go camping through the mountains. Then we would picnic in the woods by day, and sleep under the shadow of the trees by night." Well, the time did come when that often-planned dream was to come true. We were spending that summer

In the Mountains of Virginia

Father put all his children into a wagon and we started. We traveled through the woods as he did when a boy, for just two days. The first day was stifling hot. It ended in a terrific thunderstorm, which frightened all the children, and I think himself included. The next day the milk soured, that meant no coffee. While father was eating his lunch on a log, he saw crawling up between his legs a snake, lifting its head to strike. That ended our outing. That ended the beautiful dreams of boyhood days. T. DeWitt Talmage, the father of a lot of babies did not want to be T. DeWitt Talmage the farmer's boy, eating in the woods and sleeping on hard boards. Thus with us. We may put a halo about the past. But the past was never as bright or as happy as is the present.

Our past lives cannot be lived without surrendering the present. But, thank God, we can live out the future with the present and the past to a great extent combined into one. And we can combine the present and the past in the year which is to come by guarding against the most awful mistake we made in past years. We have tried to fight the battle of life alone. We have tried to conquer in our own strength, rather than in the strength of the Lord God Almighty, who has always promised to sustain us if we would put our trust in him. We can now grip a hold of the arm of the Almighty God if we will. And oh, my friends, if we put our trust in Christ, do you not believe that with his help, we could during the coming years, overcome many of the mistakes of the past? We can make the past, purified of its evils, live and breathe again in the future. We can! Yes, we can! If we only enter the new year with Christ's help, we should be able to undo many of the wrongs of the past, besides taking advantage of the blessed opportunities of the future.

Loved Ones Restored

Not only that, but still another blessing may be ours. In Christ, we may be able to live again during the years of the coming eternity with those who have the past years for us so happy. Some of us have made been clinging to the dead bodies of our loved ones which were buried many, many years ago. But if we will only give our hearts to Christ here and now, on the last Sunday of the year, Christ will some day give our loved ones alive back to us. Then we will not have to choose between wife and mother, or husband and father, or brother and child. Then we shall have them all together again. Then the past and the present and the future shall be united into one. Then father and mother, brother and sister, wife and husband, children and grandchildren shall all assemble together before the throne of God, to forever sing the song of Moses and the Lamb. Oh, my friends, will you let your past life live again in Christ?

Recovered Years

Thus, in closing this sermon on the last Sunday of the year, I do not feel a sense of sadness such as I have often felt upon similar occasions in the past. Whenever I have attended the watch-night meetings of previous New Year's Eves, the ringing of the bell when the clock struck twelve has always sounded to me like the tolling of a dirge. It has been to me a death knell. But as I hear the clock striking the midnight hour to-night, it will not be a dirge, but a promise of reunion. It will ring, "The year of 1905 is not dead and gone forever. Thou shalt meet it with its sanctified joys and sorrows. Thou shalt meet it again smiling with the faces of those who have made thy last twelve months happy and blessed. Thou shalt meet the year of 1905 coming forth to greet thee, oh Christian, with the sacred years of 1890 and 1880 and 1870 by its side. All these years shall live again if thou wilt put thy faith in Christ, and have him live in thee and thou in him." My friends, on this last Sunday of the year, wilt thou have the midnight bell toll for thee a dirge or ring out for thee a Gospel triumph? You can here and now decide if you shall live over again your happy past.

Thou blessed past with our hallowed dear ones! Art thou alive? Shall it come forth to greet us at the Day of Judgment, and, purified of all evil, live with us through all the coming eternities? It will. Thou year of 1905, go forth and assemble for us the dear years that are gone. Assemble them to greet us when, like Christ, we shall rise from our Ascension Mount, and time for us shall be no longer, except as we spend that time with Christ.

A PARADISE OF THE PACIFIC

Rev. Francis M. Price
American Missionary in Guam

were received, and thirty placed on probation. These probationers who are called *Nobisios*, will be members of the Christian Endeavor Society, and will be received into the church when sufficiently proven.

Nov. 1, 1903, was a red-letter day in Guam, for on that day was celebrated the first communion service ever held on the island, in which the cup was given to the laity. The decorum, solemnity, and evident appreciation of the meaning and sacredness of the sacrament filled our hearts with glad surprise. Examining the list of members, we found that of those received, nineteen were men, and twelve were women; one was seventy-two years old; two were past sixty, and one past fifty; twenty-three were parents, and all were over sixteen years of age. It is by far the most intelligent and most capable church in Micronesia. From this church we expect to send forth to the various villages teachers and preachers and Bible readers.

Besides the church, we have a day school in Agana, and a training school at a missionary point one mile and a half from Agana. The day school pupils are bright and learn quickly. The girls show great aptitude for drawing and needle work; are very fond of music, and learn readily the tunes in our Spanish hymn-book. No portion of the Bible has ever been published in their language. We have lately finished a translation of the Gospels and the Psalms into the Chamorro language, and this will be published within a year by the American Bible Society. Having this portion of the Bible in the native language, the efficiency of our work will be greatly increased.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3

Guam is a beautiful island, the people are teachable and kindly disposed, and we owe it to them, as they now dwell under the Stars and Stripes, to give them the pure Gospel. We are profoundly grateful to God for his blessing upon the work so far. We are grateful also to those friends in America who, by their generous contributions, have made the work possible, and we still look to them for that material and moral support and intercessory prayer which alone renders success certain. We ask our Christian friends in America to pray for an outpouring of the Spirit, for a pentecostal blessing upon the infant Church of Guam, for with her future are bound up the spiritual and eternal interests of this and adjacent islands.

FRANCIS M. PRICE.

* * *

As Mr. Price has pointed out in the foregoing article, this work has special claims on the Christian people of the United States, because the Stars and Stripes wave over Guam, and there should be no heathenism under that flag. The work is evidently difficult, but with missionaries so devoted as Mr. Price, and with a nucleus of converts so intelligent and so earnest as those who compose the little church at Agana, there is strong ground for encouragement. They will not make converts by the rough and ready system by which so-called Christianity was introduced into Guam; but build on the one foundation of Jesus Christ and his teaching. It is a surer method, and one that the people, once enlightened, will appreciate. The mission needs money, and it needs our prayers.

It is a deeply interesting work, this of evangelizing these fierce and savage islanders of Micronesia. Patiently, persistently it has been carried on, even though martyrdom was the fate of more than one missionary. Undeterred by personal danger, strong in faith, the work has gone on, and island after island has been won for Christ. As was said of Dr. Geddie, the first missionary to Aneiteum: "When he landed on the island there were no Christians; when he died, fourteen years afterwards, there were no heathen." Of the three great groups of islands, the Ladrones belong to us, the Gilbert islands to England, and the Marshall and Carolines to Germany. In each the Gospel is being preached. Our share of the mission should not lag behind for lack

Jeberik, the Christian Chief of Majuro

of funds. It is Mr. Price's hope that his visit to this country may result in enlisting the support of the churches for at least one additional teacher for the mission. It is a modest, disinterested hope, which, we trust, will be more than fulfilled.—ED.

CHEER FOR THE UNFORTUNATES

The Sunday Breakfast Association, Philadelphia, and its Unique Work

FEW charitable Missions are so unique as the Sunday Breakfast Association of Philadelphia, which occupies the old church building on Twelfth Street, in that city. It was organized in November, 1878, and is now in its twenty-eighth year. Twenty reformed men conceived the idea from their own experience, that it would be a blessing to open a place on Sunday morning, which would be warm and comfortable; where a poor, unfortunate wayfarer might come for a little while from the cold, cheerless streets, and find a welcome and a hot cup of coffee and a sandwich, and a little encouragement to a higher and better life.

Helpful religious services were the feature of the work, and new members, earnest, sincere Christians were admitted to membership, and at the present time it consists of about three score of the most earnest, self-sacrificing Christian workers. None of the original twenty are now connected with it.

Serving the Sunday Morning Breakfast

Breakfast services are held every Sunday morning from 8.30 to 10, and 10 to 12 o'clock, during the [illegible] weather (six months, from November to April, inclusive), when about nine hundred poor, unfortunate men with broken and shattered lives, receive a meal of four corned beef sandwiches and three cups of coffee. The breakfast is followed by religious services, just such as are held in the churches. A clergyman speaks in the early part of the meeting. The music by the choir is of an uplifting and elevating character, including choruses, quartets, duets, solos and instrumental music. Although the first meeting closes at 10 o'clock, most of the congregation remain to the second meeting, which continues until twelve or half-past twelve; during which time laymen often address the meeting, and a strong invitation is extended to all who wish to lead a new life to come forward for prayer. Often eighty, ninety, to one hundred accept the invitation. They are asked to kneel while earnest prayers are offered. They are invited to offer prayer, which many do, often with tears streaming down their cheeks. Many give their hearts to the Master, and go out with new courage and a new hope in life. These men by the hundreds give in their testimonies at the various meetings.

Tea services are held every Sunday evening during the year, at 7.30 to 9, and 9 to 10 o'clock, and are carried on precisely as are the Breakfast services, but instead of the sandwiches, the men receive four rusks, and in hot weather iced tea takes the place of coffee. At the tea services, about 900 persons partake of a charitable meal, and frequently many are turned away for want of room. The visitors often number 400 to 800.

Every Monday night, the Apollos Union (of and for redeemed men), holds its meetings. To look into the faces of these men and to hear their testimonies, one could hardly believe they had ever been so low in sin.

During the past year there were 421 religious meetings held, with an attendance of 103,119. Of this number 55,404 received a charitable meal—a breakfast or a supper. There were 12,384 forward, on their knees, for prayer. In addition to these a large number arose in the pews, to be prayed for, and many others knelt where they were.

To Lewis U. Bean, the president, and head of the organization, is largely due the success it has attained. This work is supported entirely by voluntary contributions. It requires about $6,000 a year. There are no salaried officers. Its conductors ask for the money in full faith, believing, and the Lord unfailingly provides. Any reader interested in the work, will encourage the laborers much by writing to the Association.

A New Use for "Old Treasures"

BY LUCY RYDER MEYER

"DO you know me?" said a business-like looking gentleman, pressing his way through the people to shake hands with a lady who had just finished giving a missionary address.

"I am afraid I do not."

"You will remember, I think, the correspondence you had with J. S. Liman about two years ago, in reference to sending a missionary or deaconess or somebody to D——, in Idaho?"

"Oh, yes, I remember perfectly."

"You did not send the worker we asked for."

"I could not possibly. There was no one ready. It is worse than useless to send to these responsible places an utterly untrained woman. She must have had some preparation for her work."

"I urged pretty hard."

"I remember you did; and I remember, too, how sorry I was that I could do nothing. We filled sixty or seventy positions that year, but we had two hundred calls we could not possibly fill, yours among them."

The account of the conversation above is not fictitious. It is a striking illustration of how white the fields are to the harvest, even in our own land—the foreign fields are calling quite as loudly—and how few are the laborers. It illustrates also another point: The demand of the day is for trained workers.

Now, the white fields are not calling in vain. Our Lord's one request for prayer, "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that he will send forth laborers into the harvest," is being answered, and a multitude of young people are feeling the impulse to give themselves to mission work. But these volunteers are nearly all poor. You say that the church ought to assume this expense and give them their preparation? I thought, indeed—many people are saying so. But the church is already overburdened with the expense of sending out and maintaining those already in the field. What can be done? Must these calls for workers go unanswered? Listen to an old Roman story:

Brennus, the Gaul, with his pitiless hordes of savages, had swept down upon Rome, the beautiful city. Fire and death were in his train. The Romans had fought bravely, but they were conquered. The barbarians knew no mercy—every house was to be burned, every man put to death. Ransom? Yes, their fierce conqueror offered it, but it was a thousand pounds of gold! The exhausted people had spent all their money in raising and equipping their army, now vanquished. They had no gold. In grim despair the stern men waited the end.

But they had forgotten their women. These came now to the place of conference in a rush of rallying thousands. They brought their bracelets, rings, charms—all their treasures were joyfully poured into the great scale till the measure was full, the city was saved! Our blood quickens at the picture. And—may not the women of Christian America glean a hint from these women of old Rome? Not to speak of the new jewelry—for there is nothing wrong in these pretty things in themselves, only the wearing of them should be prayed about, I think—but suppose the old treasures were brought forth and given to God for preparing missionaries and deaconesses! We, in this prosperous country, spend five hundred millions of dollars every year for new jewelry; and who can doubt that the old treasures of ring and pin and bracelet, and diamond too, lying hidden away in bureau drawers and boxes and safes, have cost also many millions? Suppose, just suppose, that this old treasure—your old treasure, dear sister, is a part of it—could be brought out of the dark and set to work for God! Some of it is just odd or old-fashioned and so never worn now; but there is a history, a precious memory attached to some pieces. This ring, mother used to wear it. That pocket-piece was father's. This child's bank, precious little hands dropped the pennies into it. It's like touching your heart to speak of these things—you were going to keep them always. But you can't keep them "always." "Moth and rust corrupt" even such sacred things, and your own loving hands will unclasp some day. Why not lay them up safe in heaven?

"I was sick, and ye visited me"

Inspired by these thoughts, I believe God has led me to open an "Old Treasure Fund," the proceeds to be devoted to training missionaries and deaconesses, and every woman is invited to have part ownership in it. It is to be a permanent thing. All treasures sent will be turned directly into money, the interest of which will be used for this one purpose—to get reapers ready for the white fields. Don't you want a little ownership of this fund, dear sister—you, who are reading these words? A great deal will depend on every one doing all she can, even if it is little. Oh, the tears of longing come to my eyes as I write, and my heart goes up to God in an earnest prayer that he will speak to you in these poor words.

The success of the effort, for I believe it will succeed, will be reported from time to time, but beside this, every gift will be carefully recorded and acknowledged by mail, and every letter personally answered. More than this, I promise to send each giver a picture of two persons—one a trained deaconess in costume who has already done a noble work, and the other one of the many volunteers that the "Old Treasure Fund" is going to train and send into the field. Sisters, let us all join in this. Let us lay our treasures—I have some, too—joyfully on the altar. Don't neglect or forget it. Do it now. Direct the envelope, and before you sleep to-night look over your things and lay out what you can spare. And as you send your gifts I know you will follow them with a prayer. I am sure many of the gifts will have touching histories. Send letter and gift together to me at No. 4949 Indiana Avenue, Chicago, Ill., so they will not get separated. LUCY RYDER MEYER.

The Native Bible Women of India

Converted Native Workers

MOST interesting are some of the stories of the girls of India who have been rescued from the darkness of idolatry, and are now doing good work for the enlightenment of their countrywomen. Mr. and Mrs. Wiley, of the Pentecost Mission, at Raj-Nangaon, India (an account of whose work recently appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD), write of two young girls, named Mathura and Soniya. The former was rescued from famine in a most pitiable condition. The poor girl seemed very near to death in her weakness and suffering. However, with careful nursing and kind attention she grew to be strong and healthy. While being educated in a native school, she was converted to the Christian religion, and is now one of the Bible women, being located with two missionaries at Khairagarh.

Mathura, in company with another Bible woman, goes to the neighboring villages daily, preaching the Gospel. They also go to the homes and zenanas, and to the village bazaars. These are sometimes held in the open fields, the people coming from miles around to sell their wares. They carry vegetables and other articles in baskets upon their heads. Arranging their goods as attractively as possible upon the ground, they sit beside their store, and patiently wait for purchasers. The Bible-women go around among the people, form a circle, singing hymns, and reading and explaining the Scriptures. These native girls and women have opportunity of carrying the Gospel into homes where no man would be allowed to enter. So sweetly do their voices blend, that sometimes after they have sung a hymn outside, they are invited to come into the houses, where their Gospel talks are listened to with respect, and oftentimes with an eagerness born of the hope which these poor women never have found in their own religion.

With Mathura is Soniya, who came from a high-caste family. She was also educated in Mr. and Mrs. Wiley's school, and, becoming a Christian, was very early imbued with an intense desire to go into the villages with the message of salvation. After a few years' training, she was sent out with other workers, and has been remarkably successful.

The testimony of these two girls in their own simple words, speaks volumes for their sincerity, and for the thoroughness of their conversion. Mathura's testimony is given below:

This is my testimony, that God chose me from the world. Once I was a sinner: but my sins have been blotted out. I used to walk in darkness, but now I have found the light. I did not know God; but he called me to him and forgave my sins and gave me salvation. The Lord Jesus is my Saviour and I am his. I work for him. I gave up my caste, and I am on the road to heaven. God helps me every day. I preach for him, and God blesses me. By the grace of God, I walk in his paths. I desire to follow him all my life. I pray for all the people, that they may come to Jesus. I know that Jesus can save all, but there are very few who walk in God's road; and many do not go on that road because they want to go their own way. I believe that God will save some and bring them on his road and put love in their hearts. Praise the Lord. MATHURABAI.

Soniya's testimony is equally fervent and simple.

A Bazaar Held in an Open Field

Time to Light the Fires

G. A. Warburton

G. A. WARBURTON

A FEW days ago, there was an unusual chill in the air. The red maples glowed, but gave no warmth to the frosty atmosphere. The sumachs on the hillside were dropping their leaves. In the orchard the red Baldwins and the snow apples hung all shining and big with the promise of pies and dumplings, but my study was cold. Out of the northwest across the wide expanse of the Tappan Zee and down from the heights of the Catskills beyond came the cold breath of winter, pressing its way through the crevices around the windows and sending the mercury in the thermometer down. It was time to light the fires.

. . .

So up from the cellar the big sticks of beech and maple are brought and soon the glow of the red coals drives out all cheerlessness; the flame

Goes soaring up the chimney side,

and the back-log blazes and snaps cheerily. The whole world takes on a different look colored by the firelight and warmed by its heat; even the smiles of friends are brighter and penetrate deeper than when the cold wind had its way unchecked, chilling the blood and sending shivers up and down the spine. It was time to light the fires.

. . .

There are other fires that need kindling too, and chilly places outside of my library. I know an old church in a country town, with thick stone walls, surrounded by a graveyard, shut from week's end to week's end, with a high pulpit from which the old parson looked down once a week upon his rapidly diminishing little flock. What a cheerless place it was when I last entered it, and the coldest place of all was the old pulpit! The life currents of the preacher were running too slowly to make even his own finger-tips warm, and how cold a church does seem if the pulpit is chilly! It takes something with far more power than hickory, beech, birch or maple to thaw out a frozen pulpit.

. . .

A few weeks ago I went into a big, fashionable and very prosperous church. It was well filled with worshipers, but the sermon had only the frigid beauty of a winter landscape. My heart had felt the breath of the north wind of worldiness during the week, and I went to church to warm it up a bit. Alas, I might as well have gone into one of our big cold-storage warehouses. What was the trouble? The preacher needed to light the fires! Pentecost was warmth of human feeling, as well as variety of human speech!

This is the supreme need now. Warmth in the individual, in the church, in the Sunday School, in the young people's societies, at home and abroad. Let us surround our altars and look to "the God that answereth by fire," until our zeal is rekindled, our love made more fervent, and the life blood flowing strong again. Time to light the fires.

. . .

Warmth is very attractive. The little newsboys hover around the big holes in the city pavements, because, down below a fire is burning, and some heat "leaks slowly upward" for the comfort of their pinched and half-frozen bodies. The greatest charm of that unsurpassed preacher Charles H. Spurgeon was not in his voice, so full and well modulated, nor in his wit, keen as it was, nor even in what he said, though his message was the message of truth. It consisted in the glow of an ardent nature burning with passionate love. There was a greater preacher who said, "The love of Christ constraineth me," and another of the olden time cried out, "While I was musing the fire burned!"

. . .

So let us light the fires again. Set them blazing on the hearthstone, where there may be only dead ashes now. Sad reminders of fires at present burned out, and of warmth that is only a memory! Bring a bit of real prayer and put it on, and up towards the skies will go the fragrance of its incense. A short chapter from the dear old Bible will be splendid fuel for the new-made fire. It was that which made the journeyers towards Emmaus burn in their hearts. A little holy song will make the blaze leap higher still. There will be no place for formalism around such an altar, and those who go out from it to the house of God with blazing souls, will find it shining with the splendor of that fire that Moses saw in the burning bush of the Eastern desert. It is time to light the fires!

THE NEW AND THE OLD

JOY and hope for the bright New Year
  Who dances merrily in,
Rest and peace for the poor Old Year,
  Tired of work and din.

Bright blue skies for the glad New Year,
  A warm and genial sun;
Dead, sere leaves for the dying year,
  With life forever done.

One year ago the old was new;
  One year hence the new,
With feeble step and faltering voice
  Will bid us all adieu.

A little while, and all our years,
  Will be forever told;
But the years that died will live again,
  And the new will ne'er grow old.

MARY SARGENT HOPKINS.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, Associate Editor — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, Associate Editor

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The New Year

WITH all the cordiality that is thrown into the greeting of friend to friend at this season, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD wishes its multitude of readers a Happy New Year. Their relation to us is much closer and more intimate than is common between a journal and its subscribers. Common interests, co-operation in humanitarian work, and a common love for the same divine Lord, have formed a bond of union far stronger than that of ordinary business. The Editors have endeavored to help the readers in their spiritual life, in answering their queries and by keeping them informed of the progress of Christ's kingdom at home and abroad. It has been a source of gratification to see how loyally and how generously the readers have responded to mere hints given in these columns of the need in various fields of service. It shows their confidence in this journal's opinions and disinterested advocacy. They, with us, are workers together for God, and the time is coming when they, with us, will rejoice in the gathering of the harvest. In hearty good-will and Christian comradeship, we therefore say, Happy New Year.

Will it be a happy one? God alone knows. It is in his hands, and we have learned enough of him to be sure that all he does is right and wise.

> So, we go on, not knowing;
> We would not, if we might;
> We would rather walk in the dark with God,
> Than go alone in the light.

If he sends prosperity, let us thank him, and ask to be kept from selfishness and indifference. If he sends adversity, let us drink the cup in patience, assured that he doth not willingly afflict nor grieve the children of men. Out of the bitter may come the sweet, and, in any case, all things will work together for good to them that love God. The thing to be most desired, is to be true and loyal to him, striving in all things to do his will.

The past year has had its mistakes, its faults, its negligences; they cannot be recalled, and we would not waste time in deploring them. Let us learn a lesson of increased vigilance from them, and, in God's strength, devote ourselves to amendment. Following closely in the steps of the Master, gaining more of his spirit, striving in all ways in our power to promote the spiritual and material welfare of our brother man, and holding fast with unfaltering confidence our trust in God, so may we go forth to meet the unknown future with a brave heart.

The Women's Campaign

AFTER nearly five months of tireless effort in a campaign which has extended to every State in the Union, the work of the women engaged in procuring signatures to the Memorial for the exclusion of the Mormon Apostle from the United States Senate has now reached the end of its first stage. All the signatures are in and are now being classified by States and prepared for presentation to the Senate.

Doubtless this dignified and earnest appeal by nearly a million representative American women will make a deep impression upon the august Senators. Accustomed as they are to receive petitions representing a great variety of interests, this million-voiced plea, signed by the patriotic and home-loving daughters of the Republic, must stand alone as the only direct appeal the women of America have ever made in defense of interests which are to them the highest and the holiest. It is at once an appeal to the honor, the justice, the patriotism and the morality of the Senate, and as such it ought to prove irresistible.

But while the women have splendidly performed their share of the work, it is due to them, and to the great cause for which they fight, that the other sex should now take a hand in the campaign. If every man who reads this appeal will personally write, and will also induce his friends to write, to the Senators from their respective States, urging favorable action on the Women's Memorial, a fire would be kindled which would quickly spread to a conflagration. No Senator could afford to ignore the multiplied and insistent requests of his constituents on a subject of such vital importance to the whole people.

The Senate is supreme within itself. It has the constitutional power to decide who shall or shall not sit and vote as a Senator. This power or privilege will enable it to meet the universal call for the exclusion of the Mormon Apostle, the reasons for which are so ably and clearly set forth in the Women's Memorial. A parallel case was the action of the lower House, when it expelled the Mormon representative, Brigham H. Roberts. Prior to that action, the members were inundated with demands from their constituents, which poured in upon them by every mail.

We hope to see the same course pursued by people of all classes, regardless of politics, in the present case. Write to your Senators now. Address them at Washington. Make it clear to them that you, as their constituents, urge prompt and loyal support of the demand of the women of America for the Mormon Apostle's exclusion. There should be no juggling with the report of the Privileges and Elections Committee when it is presented. The whole issue will then be before the country, and the people have a right to expect that the Senators will do their duty as true and loyal Americans.

Write **your** letter to your Senator **to-day.**

Beware of Intolerance

AMONG the sins of good people, a lack of charity is often conspicuous. Bigotry and intolerance have often lived side by side with real spirituality and true piety in the same life.

Unfortunately the story of Christianity abounds in such examples. It is at the root of every persecution. Possibly many a trial for heresy would never have taken place had there been more of the gentle spirit of the Master in those who thought they were doing him service in investigating the errors of a brother.

When a signal misfortune falls on any one, it is not in the spirit of Christian character for any one to say that surely there must have been crime behind the fathers, or the sons would not have suffered.

The sin of the zealot is the sin of intolerance. We may be intemperate in our temperance, and unbending in our religion, and in both cases wound the Master in the house of his friends.

Faith and Patriotism

IN the city of Worcester, Mass., there will soon be erected a monument to the memory of a man who was one of the finest types of American statesmen, who used his high office, great attainments, and cultured mind for the benefit of all the people; representing in his patriotism no section as against another, for that man was Senator Hoar.

His life was one of the most complete and well-rounded that has fallen to the lot of a famous American. He was interested in politics, and equally so in philanthropic measures; the relief of the oppressed in all lands, and in the preservation of our national ideals. He looked on the bright side, and believed that the Divine hand was behind all, and through all, working silently for the good of his creatures, though the watcher himself, as his eyes dimmed with temporary mists, could not understand always why certain things were so. The inscription on his monument was written by the Senator himself. It reads:

"I have no faith in fatalism, in destiny, in blind force. I believe in God, the living God. I believe in the American people, a brave and free people, who do not bow the neck or bend the knee to any other, and who desire no other to bow the neck or bend the knee to them. I believe that a republic is greater than an empire. I believe, finally, whatever clouds may darken the horizon, that the world is growing better; that to-day is better than yesterday, and that to-morrow will be better than to-day."

A beautiful optimism to hand down the ages, graven in letters of bronze—one that teaches the lesson of a life well-lived, and whose influence will not soon be forgotten among men!

Friendship

"FRIENDSHIP!" What a great meaning is attached to the word. We look upon the Bible as the "Classic of Friendship," from Abraham, "the friend of God," to that One whose greatest honor was to be called "a friend of sinners" (Luke 7: 34).

The ideal Man was above all else an ideal Friend. Even the cold-hearted aristocrats of his day recognized this, and flung at him the term of reproach which has since become his glory. Not making profession of being a teacher, a lawmaker, or a leader, he was simply the Friend of every one and especially of any in need.

Friendliness is the simplest thing; every man knows how to be friendly, yet it is a sublime thing. It is the school where character loses the dross of self. One friend is worth a dozen societies and agencies.

Nothing can a man do for his world of greater value than to be a true friend to his fellow-men, to be lover and helper to men.

Our Five Thousand India Orphans

FROM the well-known missionary, the Rev. R. A. Hume, of Ahmednagar, India, comes the following unsolicited endorsement by the Marathi Mission, of our Orphan Work in India, which has already been productive of great blessing in that land:

"The Marathi Mission, of the American Board, assembled at its semi-annual meeting, desires to express its very high appreciation of the remarkably unique, far-sighted, generous and successful work of Dr. Louis Klopsch, and many of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, for the relief of famine-stricken people in India, and later, for the support and training of **five thousand children** who were left without parents or without proper care. Every engagement for their support has been met to the letter.

"Many of these children came into the care of this Mission. All such have been given at least a fair education in schools. Some are receiving an advanced education. Many are receiving an admirable industrial training. All have been taught Christian principles, and trained in Christian living. Many have become good Christians. Many are among the most promising younger members of the Christian community of Western India. The influence of this work extends not only to the children themselves, but also to the general Christian and non-Christian community.

"As a mission, we gratefully tender our very heartiest thanks to Dr. Klopsch and to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD friends who have enabled us to do this work, which, but for them, could never have been accomplished.

"In behalf of the Mission,
"R. A. HUME."

Ahmednagar, India, Nov. 10, 1905.

. . .

DEAR DR. KLOPSCH;

It is my duty and a great pleasure, as Secretary of the Christian and Missionary Alliance, to forward you a copy of the following minute, passed at our annual Convention, held at Mehmedabad, October 27, 1905:

"Moved and seconded, that this Convention desires to record, by a rising vote, its thanks and hearty appreciation of the noble assistance given by Dr. Klopsch and staff of the New York CHRISTIAN HERALD, as well as all its patrons, who have so generously aided in supporting and educating the boys and girls in our orphanages."

The response to this resolution was unanimous and enthusiastic. The reports from our orphanages show that quite a number of these children are proving themselves worthy of the assistance given, and we shall soon have self-supporting Christian tradesmen, as well as preachers and teachers, who will be of great assistance in building up a self-supporting Indian Christian church.

Yours in the Master's service, W. RAMSEY.

Chandur, India.

Facts About Mormonism

1. The Mormon hierarchy aims at the complete domination of the Rocky Mountain States, from Canada to Mexico.

2. It aims to hold the "balance of power" as between the great political parties.

3. Its immigrants are pouring into Montana, Washington, Oregon and California.

4. On a recent occasion—it is asserted and not denied—that 50,000 Mormons changed their votes from one candidate to another at the secret order of the hierarchy.

5. The hierarchy drew up and procured the introduction of the Evans' bill in the Utah Legislature in 1901, the purpose of which was to protect, encourage and perpetuate polygamy. The bill was passed, but the Governor of Utah refused to sign it, believing that the carrying out of such a law would arouse the whole nation.

6. Polygamy is to-day practiced by almost all the leaders of the Church, although its renunciation was the prime condition of Utah's statehood. The State pledged itself to abolish polygamy. The hierarchy leaders confessed last winter in Washington that they are still polygamists, violating "the laws of God and man."

7. The Apostles of the hierarchy are its servants and representatives. They are bound to maintain its policies, to execute its decrees, to give it their first allegiance. They are part and parcel of it, and are equally responsible with it before the nation.

8. Orson Hyde wrote: "Polygamy is the chord that shall revolutionize the whole world and will make the United States tremble from head to foot." Every member of the hierarchy and every apostle is a true believer in this doctrine, as Hyde proclaimed it.

9. The Women of America demand that polygamy be killed by Act of Congress. They demand an amendment to the Constitution making polygamy a crime. They ask both Houses of Congress to wipe out this stain from the fair name of American womanhood. They ask it as a right.

10. They demand the expulsion of the Mormon Apostle from the United States Senate as unfit, for the reasons shown above, to make laws for the American people.

The BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

Norway's Inauguration

WITH demonstrations of joy, loyalty and enthusiasm, Norway has welcomed her chosen king and has formally installed him on the throne. Prince Karl, now King Haakon VII., accompanied by his wife, the Princess Maud, daughter of King Edward of England, with their two-year-old son, Prince Olaf, made their state entry into their capital through crowds of cheering citizens. Two days later the King and Queen went to the Hall of the Storthing, the Norwegian Parliament, and there, in the presence of the members and of the chief officials of Church and State, took the oath of office. The President administered it in writing. It ran: "I promise and swear that I will govern the Kingdom of Norway in accordance with its Constitution and laws, so help me God and his Holy Word." The King pronounced the words in clear and vigorous tone, with his right hand raised. The President of the Storthing addressed his Majesty, concluding with the words: "In the assured belief that your Majesty will co-operate with the Norwegian people in a spirit of mutual confidence—which is essential to enable both King and people to give the best that is in them to the promotion of the welfare and happiness of the country—in this belief I ask you all to unite in the wish, God keep Norway's King." A hearty cheer from all present was the response. The King, in reply, made a graceful speech of greeting, in the course of which he said: "It will be my chiefest joy, in co-operation with the Storthing and in harmony with the fundamental law, to employ all my powers of mind and will in serving the Fatherland, its future and its happiness. Long live the Fatherland."

The citizens were not behindhand in endorsing the welcome of the Storthing. Assembling in their trade guilds, Students' clubs, and other associations, and preceded by a band, they marched to the palace in the afternoon. The procession comprised ten thousand persons. In the great square they waited patiently, while representatives went in to congratulate their Majesties. Afterwards the King and Queen appeared on the balcony, and were cheered to the echo. Cries were raised for Prince Olaf, and the Queen reentered the palace, and returned with her little son, who waved a Norwegian flag. The loud shout of approval from the enthusiastic crowd showed that little Olaf had found a way to the hearts of the people. King Edward, on being notified of the ceremony, telegraphed: "I wish you and your dear queen a long and happy reign." From King Oscar of Sweden also came assurance of good will, and the hope of peace between the two nations. Norway had not seen such a day since the coronation of King Haakon VI., five centuries ago. The country now enters on its renewed existence as an independent kingdom, and its cordial welcome of its sovereign, shows that it believes in him it will have a leader in national progress and prosperity. We may hope, for the sake of the King and his people, that he will prove such a leader as the ancient prophet desired for his nation:

That his heart be not lifted up above his brethren, and that he turn not aside from the commandment, to the right hand or to the left: to the end that he may prolong his days in his kingdom, he and his children (Deut. 17: 20).

Great Britain's Policy

The new Prime Minister of Great Britain, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, in a recent address to his supporters, declared that the policy of his Government would be one of peace. He declared that it would be opposed to aggression and adventure. It would be animated by a desire to be on the best terms with all nationalities in the great work of civilization. The policy of huge armaments, he added, kept alive, stimulated and fed the belief that force was the best, if not the only solution of international difficulties. "As the principle of peaceful arbitration gained ground, it became one of the highest tasks of a statesman to adjust the national armaments to the new state of things." Great Britain could have no nobler role than at the fitting moment to take part in a league of peace, by which this great work could be effected. The statesman will find that the hearty approval and cordial good will of Christians in all lands will be with him in this policy.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God (Matt. 5: 9).

Russia in Terror

Another general strike has been ordered in Russia. The silence that has followed shows how implicitly it was obeyed. The railroad men, telegraphers, compositors, electricians, and other workmen to the number of fifty thousand, left their work in St. Petersburg. Nothing is known of what occurred in Moscow, for telegraph communication has been severed. In other cities there is similar isolation. The workingmen are evidently aware, that by refusing to work they can paralyze the government and compel greater concessions. In the Lithuanian Provinces, where a Republic was proclaimed, a determined effort is being made by the government to compel obedience. Pitched battles have taken place at Tukum, Mitau, Talsen, Riga, and other cities, in which the troops suffered heavily. At Kokunhusen the loyal officers were seized, hurried before a revolutionary tribunal, condemned and executed without mercy. Such scenes are reported from all parts of Lithuania. In the meantime, the peasant rising in the country districts is growing rapidly. The seats of the nobles are being attacked, in some cases burned, and their owners put to flight. It is reported that the nobles are raising all the money they can, and are sending it out of the country for investment. No one pays any rent or taxes, and the consequent embarrassment of the aristocracy and of the government is extreme. Confusion reigns in the palace of the Czar. No two of his ministers agree on what should be done. Count Witte is generally distrusted on all sides, as his incapacity is realized. It is doubtful now if even a Constitution would satisfy the people. A year ago it was their highest hope. A correspondent of the New York *Herald* in St. Petersburg had an interview recently with a leading member of the Union of Unions, who frankly declared that the Douma, or National Council, promised by the Czar, was now held in contempt. "You want a Republic, I suppose?" said the correspondent. "No," was the reply, "we want the Commune." All who remember the horrors that the Commune brought on Paris will grieve over such a desire. There is reason to fear that the Government, by arresting and imprisoning the able leaders of the revolution, has left it under the control of more desperate men, who will lead it to anarchy. It would seem as if the warning of the prophet was being literally fulfilled in that unhappy country:

I will send faintness into their hearts in the land of their enemies . . . and they shall fall one upon another, as it were before a sword (Lev. 26: 36, 37).

Haakon VII., the New King of Norway, taking the Oath of Fidelity

Hazing Forbidden

It is gratifying to learn that Secretary Bonaparte is taking measures to suppress hazing and brutality at Annapolis. If any one is in doubt of the necessity of restraining the violent propensity of the students, he should read the report of the treatment meted out by them to one of their number, who gave evidence in the recent case of a student who was killed in a fist battle in the academy. His disclosures on the witness-stand were punished with maltreatment so severe that he fainted, and it is believed that his health is seriously impaired. Such conduct is a disgrace to the institution. It is not by such methods that fortitude and intrepidity are developed. The officers who connive at, or permit acts of this kind, ought to be called to account.

The Lord trieth the righteous; but the wicked and him that loveth violence, his soul hateth (Psalm 11: 5).

The Clerical Lamplighter

Some difficulty has been experienced in the village of Southold, N. Y., in getting a man to perform the duty of lighting and extinguishing the street lamps. The remuneration allowed by the village authorities for the work is only twenty-five dollars a month. The last incumbent held the office only two weeks, and complained that the duties were too onerous for the compensation. To the surprise of the whole village, one of the clergymen has now undertaken the work. He will have to go the round of the village every evening at dusk to light the lamps, and again at eleven o'clock to extinguish them. As he receives only $700 a year for his pastoral duty, the $300 he will obtain for attending to the lamps will be a welcome addition to his income. To his critics, he explains that the work and the exercise will be good for him, and, as he justly adds, there is no disgrace in doing honest work. We admire the courage and independence of a man who prefers earning the money he needs, to begging for it or going in debt, and can but wish that he received sufficient by his performance of that higher duty of kindling the spiritual lights that God uses for the illumination of the world.

The spirit of man is the lamp of the Lord (Prov. 20: 27, R. V.).

Deportation Avoided

Four immigrants who arrived in New York last week, risked their lives to escape deportation. They came on the Cunard steamship *Slavonia*. Three were Hungarians, whose record in Europe was bad, and the fourth a Spaniard. The Spaniard had paid his passage, but the Hungarians were stowaways. When they were examined by the Immigration officers all were rejected and were put on board the steamer to be taken back. The men were deeply cast down by their rejection and pleaded hard to be allowed to remain. The officers, however, were obdurate, and the men were locked up in one of the compartments of the vessel on the night before she sailed. The next morning, when the ship's steward took breakfast for them to the compartment he found it empty. The men had forced the port hole and torn out the brass rim to make the hole large enough to squeeze through. They must then have dropped thirty feet to the water and have swam a hundred yards to land. They must have wanted to enter the country very badly to have run such risks, rather than be sent back. What an example they set to people who say they desire to enter the kingdom of Christ, yet allow trivial causes to keep them out. The blessings of that kingdom are infinitely greater and the invitation is unlimited.

Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out (John 6: 37).

The Wise Men Who Found Jesus

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts*

When they were come into the house . . . . they worshiped him

WE may imagine the Virgin Mary thus describing to the Apostle John, in her old age, the incidents of our lesson: "Our stay in Bethlehem was prolonged because Joseph found some carpentering to do. Our location in the stable was exchanged for a comfortable house, which Joseph secured so soon as the crowd of people returned to their homes after the taxing. I was quite reconciled to stay for I was looking forward to the time that my son should have his presentation in the Temple when forty days old. And it was also my hope to present my offering of purification at the same time. How wonderfully the occasion was blessed by the presence and words of the aged saints, Simon and Anna! But to-night I would tell you of the visit of the wise men.

"One day while we were still in Bethlehem, I heard an unusual noise in the street, and looking out saw a crowd of people at our very door, gathered about three regal looking men who were dismounting from camels. Seeing me, they sought entrance, saying: 'Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for in the East we have seen his star, and are come to worship him.' There was hardly breath left in me to bid the grand strangers enter our humble home. The little Jesus showed no fear of them, but lay eyeing their gorgeous trappings. The three visitors bowed down on their faces and worshiped him and laid at his feet rich gifts. I saw the glitter of gold, and smelled the fragrance of myrrh and frankincense. Then the three great men arose, and with the words, 'Peace be with this house,' went out into the street and mounted their camels, and rode away.

"Neighbors said they returned a different way from that which they had come. Why they did so was not made clear to me until the next day. When the great men had passed out of sight, I turned to look at my child, who sat among his gifts, whose significance, I have heard, is 'Myrrh to a mortal, gold to a king, frankincense to God.'

"That very night Joseph received a message by an angel that King Herod would seek to destroy the child King, and that he must take the child and his mother, and go far away to the land of Egypt, and that he was to keep us there until the angel should come again with a message, bidding us to return. And so we went forth that very night. I did not know what we had escaped until months afterward. I was told of the terrible massacre, by order of King Herod, of the children of Bethlehem who were two years old and under."

Illustration and Application

The story of the Magi pictures: (1) Coming to Christ; (2) Giving to Christ; (3) Loyalty to Christ.

1. Coming to Christ. In the chapel of the Nativity at Bethlehem, the guide leads us down the winding stone steps into the rock cave where Jesus was born. Unfortunately, the rough walls are almost hidden with beautiful and costly curtains, fit for a palace, which makes it hard to realize how rude was this birthplace of Christ. The reputed spot where he was born, is marked with a silver star, recalling the star in the East that guided the Magi to him, and the prophetic "star out of Jacob," that was the star signal of his coming. To-day the Bible is the light that leads the wise and the unwise to the Saviour. It is usually the Bible in a living heart, by which those who come to Christ, find their way.

2. Giving to Christ. The wise men brought to Jesus gold as tribute to a King, and frankincense as worship to a God. What the myrrh signified, we shall presently consider. But as they bowed before the Christ Child, they gave themselves. That is our best, and should be our first gift to God. On the day before Christmas, Bertie said: "Mother, isn't to-morrow Christmas Day?" "Yes, dear," said mother. "Isn't that Jesus' birthday?" "Yes, dear." "But, mother, on my birthday I get presents; what present do you think I could give to Jesus? Do you think he would like my horse?" "I think Jesus would like a better present than that, Bertie," she said, presently. Bertie was very silent. He was wondering whether he could give up something which he loved very much indeed. "Mother, do you think he would like my new engine?" he inquired. "I think Jesus would like a better present than that, Bertie." "What, mother? What?" "I think he wants you as his birthday present," said his mother, softly stroking his hair. At bedtime, Bertie's mother said very softly to him. "Would you like to give Jesus the birthday present, Bertie?" "Yes, mother, I should," said Bertie. So he knelt down in his little nightgown and gave Jesus the birthday present, and Jesus took it, and he still has it, for Bertie is now one of the bravest and holiest and noblest of the missionary soldiers of the Lord Jesus Christ on the West Coast of Africa.

Say, shall we yield him in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation:
Vainly with gifts would his favor seeure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Next to giving yourself, the best gift to Jesus is to give him somebody else, to bring another's heart to him as a precious vase of frankincense. In a London hospital, Jim Haines, a prize-fighter, who had been brought there bruised almost to death, was at last restored to consciousness. Soon after he heard a mother and child talking to the sick father behind the screen that separated him from the next bed, where a man named Robinson seemed to be near to death. "I am going to a beautiful country," he said, "but I should like to have you sing to me again, Marjorie, before I go." And so Marjorie sang:

When He cometh, when He cometh to make up his jewels,
They shall shine in their beauty, bright gems of his crown.

After the visitors went away, Jim said to Robinson: "What did that song mean that your gal was singing, 'When He cometh'? Who is 'He'?"

"It is the Lord Jesus who died to save you and me," said Robinson. "His jewels are those who trust him, those whom he saves from sin." "I never heard tell of him before," said Jim, but Robinson told him the story of Jesus and his love so effectively that he found the Christ. Marjorie often sang to them both, and the favorite was always, "When He Cometh." Both men recovered, and Jim learned to read and then to speak for Christ upon the streets, and he too won "gems for his crown," the best gems a Christian can ever bring to our King.

There is another sense in which we may give another to Christ that is illustrated by a beautiful story.

In a wild district of Western Canada the Mission Superintendent was addressing a congregation, many of whom had been reclaimed from vice, and were now making a brave struggle toward cleanness, heaven, and God. This new state of things was due to the Christlike life and teaching of their young missionary, familiarly known as "the Prospector," owing to his passion for souls and his yearning over "regions beyond." The Superintendent was appealing for help for other degraded regions, and not in vain, for the money question was soon settled.

"Now," said he, solemnly, "can you spare me your very best, your Prospector?"

An emphatic refusal was the answer, followed by deep silence. Then Ike, the cowboy, spoke: "Well, I surmise we got a good deal from our Prospector. In fact, what we ain't got from him don't count much. And I rather opine that we can't be mean about this. It's a little like pullin' hair; but I reckon we'd better give him up."

"Thank you, sir," said the Superintendent, "your words are the best commentary I have ever heard upon a saying of our Lord's that has inspired men to all unselfish living: 'Freely ye have received, freely give.'"

About the greatest gift to Christ many of us can make is to give up attractive pastor or attractive pastorate for the sake of those who need the preacher more in some harder field.

There are other personal treasures we can give to Christ in the little duties of every day.

Little masteries achieved,
Little wants with care relieved,
Little words in love expressed,
Little wrongs at once confessed,
Little graces meekly worn,
Little slights with patience borne,
These are treasures that shall rise
Far beyond the shining skies.

Giving to Christ's needy ones is, of course, one of the best ways to give to him.

What shall I give to thee, O Lord?
The kings that came of old
Laid softly on Thy cradle rude
Their myrrh and gems of gold.

There came a voice from heavenly heights:
"Unclose thine eyes and see;
Gifts to the least of those I love,
Thou givest unto Me."

Giving to missions, to extend the Kingdom of Christ, is one of the best ways to bring gifts to our King. At Talampitiya, in Ceylon, a mission school was needed; but there was no money to pay for it. So the native Christians consulted together. One man offered to give the ground, and another most of the wood required. It was arranged that the parents of the scholars should carry the 6,500 tiles wanted for the roof. 3,500 bricks were needed for fourteen strong pillars to support it; these were willingly carried by the children on their heads, a distance of a mile and a half across the rice fields; and the school was most successfully built.

What is the significance of the myrrh that the wise men gave to Christ? Clearly, it signifies sorrows — the sorrows we give to Christ to bear for us, and the sorrows he gives to sweeten our hearts by sympathy, the very root of which is suffering with others. It is said that the pine trees wounded to draw out their life-blood in resin, are better for lumber than the uncut pines, which are good for the fire alone, while the wounded pines alone are used for furniture in our homes. "No affliction seemeth for the present joyous, but grievous, nevertheless, afterward—O, the beautiful afterward of a sorrow borne with trust and fortitude—it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness."

A lady went South and purchased a mocking bird and brought it to her home in Toronto. To her great disappointment it refused to sing. She changed the room, but still it refused to sing. She changed the cage, with not any better results. She changed the food, but still the little songster refused to sound a solitary note. She was about giving up in despair, when the lady from whom she had purchased it came to her home to pay her a visit. To her she told her tale of disappointment about the bird. The lady took a piece of black cloth and covered the cage. In a few minutes from under the cloth there came one of the most beautiful songs from the bird that ever fell upon mortal ears, to the great delight of the owner. Thus it is that many persons who have been bought by the precious blood of the Lord Jesus, and preserved by the providence of God, which is both kind and large, have never sent a note of praise to the God who has bought and kept them, until they were covered with crape cloth.

3. Loyalty to Christ. The pre-eminent lesson of the Magi story is that Christ is King of the universe, to whom we should be loyal. The star proclaims him King of nature; the coming of reputed kings from afar, that he is King of all lands and King of kings.

The Christ of God we sing, the Babe of Bethlehem!
And on his infant head we place the royal diadem.
The crown of thorns is his, that Child of poverty;
Who on this earth of ours can find no place his head to lay;
The crown of heaven is his, and angels own Him there;
The crown of earth shall yet be his, and we that crown shall share.

Dr. Horatius Bonar.

*International Sunday School Lesson for Jan. 14. The wise men find Jesus. Matt. 2: 1-12. Golden Text: "My son, give me thine heart." Prov. 23: 26.

The Great Local-Preachers' University

General View of the Buildings and Grounds of Taylor University

VERY gratifying are the reports of the year's work at Taylor University, at Upland, Indiana. As our readers are aware, this Institution was founded to prepare young men and women for active Christian work in the home and foreign field. It was doubted at the beginning whether a university in that locality, consecrated to such a purpose, could succeed; but it has lived on, doing every year a more extended work, and ever increasing its facilities for equipping its students with a sound education and with the power to preach Christ to the world. Men who have been taught in its halls are now to be found in the pulpit, in missionary stations, in the circuits of the evangelist, in the desk of the Sunday School Superintendent, and in the Secretary's Office of the Y. M. C. A. The efficient work they are doing for the extension of the Master's kingdom, is in no small degree due to the training they received at Taylor University.

With the great majority of them it was the step needed to raise them above the level of the unskilled laborer. They were men whose heart was right, whose desire for service was enthusiastic, but whose way was barred by economic conditions. They were too poor, too deficient in preparatory training to enter Harvard or Yale or Princeton. But Taylor's doors stood open, and at a minimum of expense they received the training they needed. It could not have been done if there had not been in the faculty men who loved the poor, and were willing to sacrifice their own interests in helping them to rise. Nor could it have been done, on the other hand, if the students had not appreciated their opportunity and worked hard, with inadequate appliances, to fit themselves for service. Most emphatically Taylor University has been a friend to the lowly, and right loyally has it carried out our Lord's injunction to render help to the little ones—the poor, the inconspicuous and the despised—because they belong to Him. The Institution well deserves its present prosperity and the continued support of the Christian community.

Rev. Dr. Winchester, President

The honored Bishop whose name it bears, and of whom it is a glorious monument, won world-wide renown by his independent labors in four continents. In California, in India, in Australia and in Africa the name of William Taylor will never be forgotten. With fearless courage, indomitable perseverance and self-sacrificing labor, he went as a pioneer of the Gospel of Christ, preaching and planting churches with indefatigable energy. It is right that an Institution devoted to training laborers in the same service should bear his name. He was its first friend and patron, and took pleasure, so long as he lived, in visiting it, and giving its faculty his valuable counsel and encouragement. Though Taylor University is under the patronage and control of the National Association of Local Preachers of the Methodist Episcopal Church, its services have never been confined to that church. It has sent forth laborers who have belonged to many other denominations, and its leaders have ever aimed to give it the broadest catholicity. Nor have its students been all of native birth. At the present time, as in former years, foreigners are represented. Seven pupils from other lands are among its students, who, when their course of study is completed, will carry the good news of salvation to their countrymen. Thus the traditions of the good missionary bishop are perpetuated, and the name of Taylor continues to be appropriately associated with the foreign field.

During the past year the enrollment of the University was of three hundred and twenty-five students, about one-fourth of whom were women. Twenty-six of our own States are represented in this number, showing how widely the advantages of the Institution are becoming known and appreciated. It is gratifying also to learn that some of the students who entered for a purely secular education were swept into the church during the year in a revival that stirred the whole University. The results of the high religious tone maintained in the University are distinctly perceptible in the character of the students. Among them there is no hazing, no rowdyism, no dissipation, and everything is done as unto the Lord. The expense of a course at Taylor is phenomenally low, to meet the circumstances of the class it is designed to help. A student can enjoy all the privileges of the University for its full annual term of thirty-six weeks, for $137. If he is the son of a minister, or a candidate for service in the home or foreign field, he is admitted on the annual payment of $119. Even this small sum is beyond the means of some promising young men, whom the faculty would be glad to admit. Dr. Winchester, the President of the University, says that it would be an act of true Christian benevolence, if some servant of Christ were to provide the means of carrying some such young man through the University. It would entail an expense of only $476 for the entire course.

The University now has seventeen buildings. Three others are urgently needed. These are: A Dormitory for the female students; an Assembly Hall; and a building for the School of Music. Besides these, there is a deficiency on an improvement recently carried out. This was a Steam Heating Apparatus, which was absolutely necessary. It cost $5,000, of which only $3,000 has yet been raised. An Institution that has already done so much good work, should not have long to wait for the funds to carry out any of these objects.

Some of the Nationalities Represented at the Taylor University

A Picture of Mormon Home Life

DURING my sojourn in Salt Lake City, I met many charming people, and attended several social affairs, where both Mormons and Gentiles gathered. Every possible kindness was shown me by both, and yet under it all, what a heartache for the stranger within the gates, who could read between the lines.

At a large gathering of the faithful for an annual picnic, I met Joseph Smith with two of his wives, both bright, motherly women, who responded to my query, "if they never quarreled," with a laugh. "Oh no," said one, "we are very happy. Sister——reads beautifully, Sister—— is a fine housekeeper, and with music and books we are very happy. We do not look miserable, do we?"

It was impossible to say "Yes," in such a case; but other wives had weary, sad faces, and many were the stories of past sorrow which came to my ears.

"There is no doubt about plural marriages going on today in Utah," said a business man. "The law is quietly ignored, and while many of us are fully aware of it, our business interests compel us to seem blind."

During my visit, some young men were sent out as missionaries; as I saw them passing by for a farewell evening with friends, I wondered if they would find in the world outside the great evil of breaking the laws of our land.

While the home life of the wealthy plural wives may be comparatively happy, the poorer ones not only work very hard, but have upon their faces a look of weariness and sadness which touched my heart.

Perhaps the most pathetic incident during my stay, was the innocent prattling of a bright little girl who was visiting in the house. As the hour for tea arrived, she refused an invitation to remain, saying: "That it was papa's week to come to our house, and he always brought them something nice."

"What do you mean, dear?" I asked of the sweet child, who had put her arms about my neck to kiss me for telling her a lovely story.

"Why, papa, you know, has three wives, and he stays a week at each house. Our week begins to-night, and I never miss being there; so good-bye."

When the door closed, the little daughter of my host, a very bright and winning child whose parents were struggling between love and duty, as they contemplated sending her "where she could not see or feel the influence of the Mormon Church," came to me, saying: "Oh, Auntie, how can they, how can they bear it?"

"Thank God, my darling," I said, "that you are more fortunate; and be very kind to other little girls who have only a piece of a papa."

When will our rulers awake to the full enormity of this evil and stamp it out? Why should one Church defy the laws of the land and other Churches regard them?

The trail of the serpent is over Utah, with its charming mountains, its fine air and its great possibilities.

Will American legislators remember Senator Hoar's brave words and put down this wrong, which enters into the lives of our future citizens? My heart goes out to the helpless children of Utah, who are born under such conditions.

KATE TANNATT WOODS.

The Stevenson Monument

SO many of our readers have taken an interest in the memorial erected to the memory of Robert Louis Stevenson, that we print an extract from the San Francisco *Argonaut* of Oct. 25, 1897, that was sent to us by a subscriber in Baltimore:

"The Stevenson Memorial Fountain, erected in Portsmouth Square, consists of a simple granite shaft, surmounted by the good ship *Bonaventure*, in green bronze, with her bellying sails done in gleaming gold. It is simply inscribed: Remember Robert Louis Stevenson, followed by this quotation of Stevenson's own words: 'To be honest, to be kind, to earn a little, to spend a little less, to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence, to renounce when that shall be necessary and not be embittered—to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation, above all, on the same grim condition, keep friends with himself. Here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy.'"

THE CHARIOTS OF THE LORD

A Story of the days of Religious Persecution in England

BY JOSEPH HOCKING

CHAPTER IV.—Continued

"THEN I must e'en try to gain admission into the house of some citizen," said Trelawney.

"By this time the criers will be out, and by to-morrow all London will be warned against you," said the girl.

Benedict Trelawney laughed. "Then I must think of something else. Now then, Mistress Mary—you see, I must call you that, for you will tell me no other name—I will see you safely home, and then I will set to work to find a lodgment for to-night."

"You must not accompany me beyond this square."

"Ay, but I must: I must see that no harm befalls you, and I must know where you live that we may meet again."

"No, no," cried the girl, "you must never try to find out who I am or where I live. It would be at your peril if you did this."

"Do not fear," said Trelawney; "I am not to be turned aside from my purpose; I must see you again."

"But you dare not. Think of what might happen to you. You will be searched for."

"Oh, I am not afraid of either Judge Jeffreys or his minions. Besides, that vulgar, low-bred clown will soon be stripped of his power."

"Be careful," cried the girl, as if in fear.

"I am not afraid," said Benedict Trelawney. "I told him to his face what I thought of him. He is a liar and a drunken sot. He is a cruel, evil-minded man, and a coward. Some day I will pay him for the indignity he has heaped upon me. I have escaped from him to-day, and I will keep myself from his clutches."

"Oh, but you do not know," said the girl.

"Do not know what?"

"I tell you his power extends everywhere. He is both feared and obeyed. He is the cleverest judge in England; he can do what he will."

"He is a coward and a low-bred cur," said Trelawney.

The girl was silent for a moment, then she lifted her head as if in anger.

"I think I have wasted my time in giving you your freedom Master Cornishman," she said. "I thought by your face you were worth serving, but I am mistaken. Good-night."

"Nay, but I must go with you, Mistress Mary."

"Not a step. Good-night!"

"But tell me when we may meet again."

"Never."

"But we must. Tell me who you are. I will follow you until you tell me."

"If you follow a step I will see that you are thrown into the foulest den in the Fleet," she said, "and——" at that moment there was the noise of voices. "The woman said she saw them come this way. She knew the Cornishman by his feather," he heard someone say.

"Come," the girl whispered, hoarsely. "Come."

She caught his hand and led him swiftly on, until she came to a small square that was little more than a yard. He saw, however, that the houses were large, and, as far as he could judge, owned by people of substance.

"Knock at that door," she whispered, "tell them who you are without delay, and demand protection."

"Are they friends of yours?"

"No, no; but be quick. Why have you wasted so much time?"

Perhaps he would have waited longer, but he heard voices in the distance, and they seemed to be coming nearer. He therefore knocked as the girl had told him. A minute later he saw a tall, grave-looking man before him.

"What do you desire?"

"I am pursued," said Benedict. "I have escaped from Judge Jeffreys' officers, and they are following me."

"Your name, young sir!"

"Benedict Trelawney."

"Come in. Come in. Have you friend or companion?"

Benedict looked around, in order to see whether his deliverer were near, but could see no one. He thought he saw a swiftly-retreating figure, but he was not sure.

"There is none but I seeking shelter," replied the young man.

A moment later he stood within a well-lighted room, which, however, was closely shuttered so that no light could be seen from the outside. The room was comfortably furnished, and showed signs of taste, and even culture. Pictures of merit hung upon the walls, while many books stood upon the shelves which had been placed in the room. Many of these books, moreover, were strange to Benedict, who had been inclined to be proud of his learning. He therefore judged that the man before him were some divine, especially as reading was not a common accomplishment of the time. Indeed, he knew of many in his native country who bore their heads high, and boasted ancient names, who knew but little of books or of learning. In truth, books of any sort, save the Bible, were practically confined to those belonging to the clerical or the legal profession, and even the squires of country parishes were obliged to go to the clergy in order to have their letters read. The man who stood before him, moreover, was of a benign and thoughtful countenance, and might have belonged to any of the learned professions.

"I saw you this morning. Tell me how you have escaped?"

"You saw me this morning!"

"Ay, in the Guildhall. You had the courage to say what was in many of our hearts, but we did not dare. Tell me what hath befallen you, young sir, and how you discovered this abode."

The recital of his story did not take long, but he noticed that the man paid great heed to the last part.

"A young woman, you say, young sir?"

"Ay, less than twenty."

"And of gentle birth, you say?"

"Of that I am not sure," said Benedict, recalling his endeavors to form a judgment. "Sometimes she spoke as though she might be a court dame, and yet, when she bandied jests with the officers, I thought she might be an orange girl or a kitchen wench."

"But she led you hither?"

"Ay, she led me here."

"I cannot think who she can be. I know of none who in any way corresponds with your description. Yet must she be our friend, so there is naught to fear. But tell me more of your audience with the King, Master Trelawney."

Benedict's heart was very sore, and he felt very bitter towards the King. His words flowed fast, as was natural to youth, and his judgments were colored by his experience.

"You must be faint for want of food," said his host, when he had finished; "forgive me for not thinking of this before. After you have eaten there is much that I would tell you. Methinks the Lord hath brought you hither."

"What do you mean?" asked Benedict.

"I mean," said the man, "that any man who loves truth is called to arms. I mean that deviltry walks unchecked, and that the blackest of deeds are done in the name of Christ. But of that anon. After you have eaten I will speak of these things. I will also present you to my family. Perchance they may be able to help you in finding out the name of the maiden who brought you hither to-night."

"You have fallen upon evil times, Master Trelawney——"

CHAPTER V.

IT had been a strange day to Benedict Trelawney. He had little thought when he made his way to the Guildhall that morning that events of such importance would follow so thick and fast. He was drawn hither by curiosity as much as interest. Although he was slightly related to the old Puritan divine, he had but little sympathy with his teachings or his career. His forefathers had always fought for the King, while Richard Baxter had sided with the Parliament. He had been taught always to uphold the Church, and Richard Baxter had refused to conform to her teachings. Thus he had entered the law court prejudiced against the man with whom he had ties of blood. But when he saw the course of so-called justice his heart became aflame with anger. He had loathed Jeffreys when he had seen him on previous occasions, but now he could maintain silence no longer. Moreover, his heart was drawn out to the old preacher. He saw that his mother's brother was a good man; he discovered that his life had been blameless. Patience and fortitude sat upon his countenance, and he needed no one to tell him that the prisoner was a man of God.

He had not meant to speak, but as one foul epithet after another fell from Jeffreys' lips he could no longer restrain himself.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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The Chariots of the Lord

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

During the few hours he was in Fleet Prison he took but little note of anything, but presently, when he was brought before the King, all his faculties were fully alive. He felt sure that James II. would annul the verdict of the unjust judge, and he hoped that he himself would find favor in the eyes of the king, the man appointed by God to be king, who had come to the throne after a strange career. But his experiences before James and Jeffreys had dispelled his fond fancies, and he realized that the unknown woman had saved him from what he felt sure would be a terrible doom.

Not that he felt fear. Fear was almost unknown to Benedict Trelawney. He had been reared amidst the wilds. His boyhood days had been spent beneath the shadow of Router and Brown Willy, the highest peaks in Cornwall. Around them were vast stretches of wild moors, and the spirit of these moors had entered the youth's life. A descendant of one of the most ancient families in England he had the pride of race, but reared amidst the rough surroundings of the Altarum moors he knew nothing of the intrigues and sophistries of court life. All his book learning he had obtained from the parson of Altarum, who, although he had been little heeded by his family, was a man of knowledge. The youth had been taught something of the history of England, and had learnt to hate popery with a deadly hatred.

Master Polzeath, the vicar of Altarum, was a staunch believer in the principles of the Reformation, and had thoroughly drilled his pupils in those forces which led to the upheaval in the ancient Roman Church. But with all this he had urged the doctrine so common at the time, that it was the duty of the subject to obey the King. More than that, Master Polzeath had been nursed on the motto of the Trelawney family. This, when translated into common speech, might be briefly summed up as follows: Fear God. Uphold the Protestant Faith. Fight for the King. All kings are elected of God, but when a king acts in an unkingly way he ceases to be a king. This latter doctrine was enforced by examples from Jewish history. Always speak the truth. Never see virtue and honor trampled under foot. Crush the oppressor. Never be afraid, and never dissemble. Never be slow to fight, and never yield to despair. Honor women, and give help to all who need it. Never sully honor.

It is true that certain members of his race had, at times, been unfaithful to this code, but Benedict knew little of them. The Trelawney code of honor was sacred to him, and he believed in it implicitly. His life, too, had been singularly pure. Living away among the Cornish wilds, he knew nothing of the corruption and debauchery of the court. He had fed rather on the chivalry of the knights of old; his heart had been warmed by the stories of men who had fought for distressed maidens, for good causes, and the love of fighting. To break his word, or to sully his honor, was to the young Cornishman a thing to be loathed. Danger he had been taught to court, death in a noble cause was glory, but to lie, to betray, was unworthy a Christian and a gentleman.

This was the youth then who had spoken so frankly to King James II.; this was he who had defied the terrible Judge Jeffreys. He did not realize that he had done anything which savored of bravery. He had acted according to the instincts of an unsophisticated nature; he had spoken because he could not help speaking.

"You have fallen upon evil times, Master Trelawney, but I am thankful my poor house is open to receive you."

Benedict looked at his host closely. He wanted to know who he was, he wondered whether he were a man of family.

"It may help us to speak more freely if I tell you who I am," said his host. "My name is Henry Dugdale. I was imprisoned during the late King's reign under the Five Mile Act, and the Test Act. I also am a Presbyterian."

The youth lifted his brows. He did not quite know what the words meant, whereupon Master Dugdale went on to tell him that, because he would worship God according to his conscience, he had been dragged from his house, and committed to gaol.

"But I have heard naught of this," said the youth.

"Ah, you lived in a desolate region," said Master Dugdale, "and knew but little of the persecutions of God's noblest saints."

"I have heard of the Presbyterian clergy who refused to agree to the Act of Uniformity," he said. "Were you one of those?"

"No, I was simply a country gentleman. My father was a merchant of this city, but he bought an estate in Surrey, and gave it to me. My tastes were those of a student. For a long time both I and mine were without home and friends. When the Act of Toleration was passed I came hither to live. Since then I have been able to help my unfortunate brethren. Methinks that this maiden must in some way have heard of this, and for that reason brought you hither. But I fear that even my power to do this is coming to an end."

"Why?" asked the youth.

"Because the new King is intent upon punishing Dissenters, and bringing back popery. He seems to favor the State Church, because he can do no other, but all forms of Dissent he is determined to destroy. Think of what he hath done in Scotland."

"But it is said that the King professed to be very tolerant towards all forms of faith," said Benedict.

"Such was his cant when he himself complained that his papacy made him the victim of injustice; yet no sooner did he become King than he did things which Satan himself must surely have invented."

Benedict looked at Master Dugdale and noticed that a crimson flush had mounted his pale cheek, and that his lips trembled with passion.

"This is surely one of the fanatics of which I have heard," he thought, and yet his heart warmed towards him. Evidently the man was kind-hearted and sincere.

"But I will introduce you to my family," went on Master Dugdale, "for you must spend the night with us. In truth, it may be many days before it will be possible for you to escape from London."

"Escape from London!" said Benedict. "I had not thought of leaving London."

"Then what had you thought of doing?" asked Master Dugdale.

The young man thought a moment and was silent.

"I am afraid," went on the older man, "that you do not realize the purport of what you have done. Even now you are doubtless being searched for, and truly I know not how you can long be kept from your pursuers. Every place of suspicion will be examined, and I am afraid that, careful as I have been, my house will come under that category. I will hide you as long as I can, but how long that may be I know not. On the other hand, if you are taken, I dread to think of what may befall you."

TO BE CONTINUED

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AROUND THE HOME HEARTH

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

The Visiting Nurse

AN interesting feature of the altruism of to-day is the practical care that is taken in the relief of the poor. Many churches have, as a matter of course, on their staff a trained nurse, whose duty it is to respond to the cause of suffering, and who goes about in the parish very much as the doctor himself, on rounds of pity and kindness. She has many friends in the home where she ministers. Mothers and children keep watch for her coming, and many a bed of pain seems softer because of her deft touch and her gentle presence.

A visiting nurse, not long ago, said that if she had time to write her experiences, they would far surpass in humor and pathos anything that fiction can show. She found genuine courage and gallantry in the face of misfortune. She found people bearing heavy burdens without complaint, and meeting the roughest buffets of fortune with a sunny cheerfulness that put to shame the ofttimes weak and fretful repinings of the well-to-do.

It often happens that the life of a little child is saved by the timely coming of the nurse, who knows just what to do, and how to do it; that the cripple whose ailment is critical is soothed and relieved, and that genuine comfort is brought to some one who is aged and almost helpless. No more beautiful figure than that of the visiting nurse can be seen to-day in those crowded streets where people are forced to live in narrow quarters, and where poverty fetters those who have to contend constantly with misfortune and adversity. Hard work the poor do not mind so long as they are in ordinary strength and vigor; but when sickness lays its arrest on the bread-winner, or when wife and children are prostrated, the struggle becomes very difficult, and the situation far more complex. At such hours the visiting nurse enters the home like an angel of God.

Reproving Children

Children should not be reproved in the presence of others. If a child does wrong, the mother should watch her opportunity, and when she is alone with the culprit, take occasion to explain why the act committed was an offense, and to impress on the child's mind an idea of right conduct. A child does not resent a reproof, if it be gently and lovingly given by a parent when no one else is within hearing.

Social Evenings for the Young

Our young people who belong to Christian Endeavor Societies and who work in the church, who do not approve of those amusements which are usually called worldly, need not therefore think that they cannot spend pleasant evenings. Dancing and card playing are not at all essential to good times. There are many games which may be played, and which a little ingenuity will prepare for. Among these are, of course, the advertisement party, the library party, and other parties in which guessing forms the basis of the entertainment. Any one who knows a new game, or a new form of diversion suitable for an evening gathering of young people, is asked to send it without delay, plainly written, with full directions, to Aunt Prudence Payson, in the care of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Every-day Etiquette

A woman who marries, and goes to live in a place distant from her home town, is sometimes a little nervous and troubled lest she shall make mistakes and transgress the accepted rules of etiquette. She is disturbed about such matters as the number of cards to leave when calling, the time to stay when at a reception, and the precise formula of writing acceptances and regrets. These things are none of them complex. In calling on a married friend, she leaves her own visiting card, and two of her husband's. In calling on a spinster, she leaves one of each. It is usually a sufficient acknowledgment of an "at home" which one cannot attend, to send one's visiting card on the day. If several ladies are receiving together, strict formality demands that a card be sent for each.

Invitations to dinner must be accepted or declined, usually by a written note, as soon as possible after their arrival. If a dinner invitation be accepted, no trivial reason will suffice to break the engagement. Extreme illness or bereavement in the family is an excuse. A hostess must be at once informed if a guest is compelled to break an engagement to dine with her, that if possible she may secure some one to fill the vacant place. Common sense and kindness of heart will tide one over every-day etiquette.

GRANDPA'S PARTNER

Play a tune, cries little May;
Grandpa laughs and plays a measure,
While the happy, flying day,
Fills them both with pleasure.

Silence is Golden

When speech is a barbed arrow that hurts and wounds, silence is golden. But kind words are golden, too, and silence is sometimes the refuge of the coward and the poltroon. When an absent friend needs defense, silence is mean and skulks behind fear, instead of coming boldly to the front. Golden it is when it acts as an impregnable abattis against slander and malicious tongues. It behooves us to discriminate. "By my words thou shalt be justified, and by my words thou shalt be condemned."

Correct Style in Letters

THE question has been asked, and often answered, with regard to correspondence, yet there is a doubt in the minds of some as to what constitutes real elegance in stationery. Once for all, it may be stated positively that all eccentricities in note paper must be carefully avoided. The best choice is a good quality of white unruled paper of convenient size. If you wish to write very brief notes, you need small note paper for the purpose. For ordinary use, a medium sized sheet is the best. It should be folded once, and placed in an envelope that fits it neatly. If one prefers a tint in her writing paper, let it be either a very pale blue, or a very pale gray. These are refined, and are selected by some women who regard them with favor because their softness is less glaring than white. One may, if she wishes, have an engraved heading at the top of her note paper, or a monogram, crest, or initials, but these are not essential. A note is quite as satisfactory if the address is plainly written at the top of the paper, and if the signature be quite legible at the end.

These final suggestions should be heeded, since, whatever style of paper one may use, or however charmingly her letter may be written, it is very disappointing if at the end the name is vague and blind. Nothing is more surprising than the wretched way in which people often sign their names. Everything else about the letter will be plain, concise, and clear, but the main thing to know, the name of your correspondent, will be left indefinite, or seem like a Chinese puzzle. Another hint may be pardoned. Do not write here and there in a haphazard manner over your sheet. The use of the blotter makes it easy to turn a page, and write a letter consecutively; but any one whose correspondence is large, receives letters that are written in the craziest possible fashion; the first page continued on the last, the rest upside down and inside out, and every way except the right way.

Probably most economical women do not like to destroy half sheets of paper on which nothing is written, and they therefore often utilize these when they have destroyed unimportant letters. Each person has a pet economy; with one it may be the saving of the half sheet; with another the cherishing of empty boxes and wrapping paper; with still others, it may be the careful putting away of strings and the like.

To those persons to whom frugality is necessary and a virtue, it will not seem strange to say that discrimination is proper in the use of note paper. One's finest supply need not be drawn upon by business communications, memoranda, or even the daily or weekly missives sent to absent members of the family. Invitations, regrets, acceptances, and whatever social correspondence is carried on, demand the best one can obtain. These have to do with ceremony and courtliness, and it should not be forgotten that a compliment is conveyed when the style is at once simple and elegant.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—READER. It makes no difference on which side of a gentleman a lady sits at a restaurant table. Simply consult convenience.

—NELLIE M. A young woman who has a little time to devote to the work daily, might earn something by making stocks for a department store, or for her friends. In the former case, she would be more certain of a constant income from her work, or she might dress dolls for the Christmas sales of the large shops.

—TEACHER. You ask what books would be suitable for a group of teachers to read in a circle which they are forming for the winter. Among books recently issued none would be of more general interest than *Rational Living*, by President King of Oberlin College. It is a book that no teacher can afford to miss. *Roman Society*, from Nero to Marcus Aurelius, by Professor Dill of Queen's College, *Belfast*, is another book which will amply repay study. These books are published by the Macmillan Company, New York. *The Struggle for Religious Liberty*, by the late John Churchwood Wilson, is a book of very great interest. It may be procured from Mrs. Wilson, 30 Strong Place, Brooklyn, New York.

Christ on Wealth*

SOME have supposed that Christ's demand of the rich young man applied to all his followers. A careful examination of the narrative shows that it is not so. The young man was boastful. He had kept all the commandments from his youth up. He had evidently a good opinion of himself, as apparently he had a right to have. Yet he was conscious of lacking something of being perfect and did not know what it was. Jesus laid his finger on the defect. The man loved his possessions more than he loved God or godliness. He wanted to be perfect, and Jesus told him how he could attain perfection. The fact that he was unwilling to pay the price showed how correctly Jesus had diagnosed his character. Perhaps if some ambitious Pharisee like Paul had come with the same question, Jesus would have bidden him quit public life and have said nothing about his wealth. If the question had been asked by a libertine, Jesus would not have bidden him sell everything, but have bidden him lead a virtuous life. Every man has some propensity that he indulges, and it is that propensity that is the defect in his character. In this case it was his love of riches.

The same difficulty exists to-day. The man who has inherited wealth would leave his fortune unimpaired to his children. The man who was born in poverty, but has become rich, knows the bitterness of being poor, and the hardships of the struggle to gain wealth, and he clings to it when he has gained it. It is this love of money and not the money itself that is the evil. The man who uses his money to help others and to support Christ's cause, would not be required by Christ to sell all that he had. He is using it for its legitimate purpose. God trusts such a man with more wealth. He scattereth and yet increaseth. It is he who loves it and who hoards it, that is kept out of heaven by it. He who sees his brother in need and refuses to help him, he who grudges every cent he gives to the church and who loves his money more than he loves God or his brother, turns his wealth to a curse.

A Love-Controlled Life†

LOVE is the foundation and cornerstone of the Christian life. Christ's answer to Judas showed how much it includes. The obedience of which the strict Pharisee could boast was on a lower plane. It might arise from self-interest or ambition, and might be rendered grudgingly. He who loves God is sure to obey him. The one includes the other. It includes benevolence, too, for he who loves his brother would not see him suffer, if he had the means of relieving him. It includes all the graces: patience, gentleness, charity, faith, fidelity, self-sacrifice—everything can be predicated of the man who loves God, for as John points out (1. John 4: 20), a man who loves God sincerely, loves his brother also. In fact, if he does not love his brother, there is good reason to believe that he does not love God. Jesus therefore showed sound philosophy when he staked all his hold on his followers on that one quality; for, as he said, "he that loves me, will keep my commandments."

We should cultivate love. Not only love of the lovely, but of the unlovable. If God had waited for men to become lovable before he loved them, we should have seen no salvation. To love all mankind is to become like God. He is love. That is the prominent feature in the character of him as revealed by Christ. It is not enough to love our friends; anyone can do that. We should train ourselves to love our enemies. To make excuses for them, to take into account their natural defects, or the difficulties that come from their education or environment, to think the best we can of them—is to be godlike; to repay hate for hate is devilish. It is good from a selfish point of view, for the man whose heart is full of love is a happy man, while he who cherishes resentment is sure to be miserable. And it is good for the world, for all men in the end yield to love.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for Jan. 14. "What Christ taught about money and its uses." Matt. 2: 11; Mark 10: 17-31.

†Topic of the Epworth League for Jan. 14. Deut. 10: 12; Mark 12: 29-31; John 14: 21-23; Rom. 13: 10; 11. Cor. 5: 14, 15; 1. John 4: 16-21.

COFFEE WAR

The Coffee Importers and Roasters Are Attacking

POSTUM FOOD COFFEE

All Along the Line.

"THERE'S A REASON."

Many people have found out the truth about old-fashioned coffee.

They have overcome disease caused by it.

The plan was easy and sure.

Quit Coffee and use Postum.

Proof with one's self is stronger than any theory.

The Postum army grows by hundreds of thousands yearly.

The old-fashioned Coffee Magnates are now deriding Postum through the papers.

Because their pocketbooks are hurt, they would drive the people back to the old coffee slavery.

One coffee prevaricator says: "It (Postum) has lately been exposed and found to contain an excess of very ordinary coffee."

Another that "it (Postum) is made from a small amount of parched peas, beans, wheat, dried sweet potatoes, and paste of wheat middlings."

Here's to you, oh faithful followers of the tribe of Ananias.

$100,000.00 CASH

will be deposited with any reputable trust company (or a less amount if desired) against a like amount by any coffee roaster or dealer. If the charges prove true we lose, if not we take the money as partial liquidation for the infamous insult to our business.

The Postum Pure Food factories are the largest in the world, the business having been built upon absolutely pure food products, made on scientific lines, "for a reason" and the plain unvarnished truth told every day and all the time. These factories are visited by thousands of people every month. They are shown into every cranny and examine every ingredient and process. Each visitor sees Postum made of different parts of the wheat berry treated by different mechanical methods and one part blended with a small part of pure New Orleans molasses. So he knows Postum contains not one thing in the world but Wheat and New Orleans molasses. It took more than a year of experimenting to perfect the processes and learn how to develop the diastase and properly treat the other elements in the wheat to produce the coffee-like flavor that makes suspicious people "wonder." But there never has been one grain of old-fashioned or drug coffee in Postum and never will be.

Another thing, we have on file in our general offices the original of every testimonial letter we have ever published. We submit that our attitude regarding coffee is now and always has been absolutely fair. If one wants a stimulant and can digest coffee and it does not set up any sort of physical ailment, drink it.

But, if coffee overtaxes and weakens the heart, (and it does with some).

Or if it sets up disease of the stomach and bowls, (and it does with some).

Or if it causes weak eyes, (and it does with some).

Or if it causes nervous prostration, (and it does with many).

Then good, plain, old fashioned common sense might (without asking permission of coffee merchants) suggest to quit putting caffeine (the drug of coffee) into a highly organized human body, for health is really wealth and the happiest sort of wealth.

Then if one's own best interest urges him to study into the reason and "There's a reason," he will unearth great big facts that all of the sophistries of the coffee importers and roasters cannot refute. Take time to read the following from the famous Dr. B. F. Underwood in The American Physician:

Coffee as a Factor in the Production of Gastric and Cardiac Disorders

BY B. F. UNDERWOOD, M. D.

The pathogenetic properties of coffee have received but scant attention from medical authors, although, it is not doubtful, I think, that, more than any other single substance, coffee is responsible for the great prevalence of nervous, gastric, and cardiac diseases at the present time, and that the great increase in sudden deaths from heart affection in recent years may be justly set down to the use or abuse of coffee as a beverage.

Shoemaker, in his "Materia Medica," treating upon coffee, says: "Used in excess it disorders digestion and causes functional disturbance of the nervous system, shown by headache, vertigo, mental confusion and palpitation of the heart. It increases secretion, blunts sensation, exalts reflex excitability, increases mental activity, and may produce insomnia and great nervous restlessness," and this is as much as any medical author has to say upon the subject.

In my case it may be merely the zeal of the recent convert which inspires me, but I feel strongly from both my personal and professional experience that there is so much more that could and should be said about the deleterous effects of coffee and its potency as a factor in the production of disease. This has been so strongly impressed upon me the past winter that I am impelled to make a contribution to the subject, by reporting a few cases in which coffee was so manifestly causing or continuing the disease that it could not be ignored.

Case I. In the latter part of December, 1903, I had under treatment, an old lady, 74 years, who was convalescing from an attack of pneumonia. She had responded favorably to the treatment and was doing nicely except for a peculiar rise and fall of the temperature and an irregular action of the heart. She had been troubled more or less with weakness of the heart and at this time its action was giving me a good deal of concern, its beat being irregular and feeble, and at times much more so than others. A study of conditions and causes threw no light on the case until I found that the irregularity was more marked on the mornings when she had coffee, which she did not have every morning. As I could not discover any other cause I advised that she should not take the coffee. After some demur on the part of the patient she acceded and Postum Cereal was substituted for the coffee. A favorable effect was almost immediately apparent; the irregular action gave place to a steady, regular beat, the pulse became fuller and stronger, the temperature became normal and the case went on to uninterrupted recovery.

Case II. The result in case one set me thinking. For some years I had been troubled with nervous dyspepsia, with cardiac irritability, and at times, great irregularity in the action of the heart, intermittent beat of the pulse and much nervous depression, all of which, in spite of treatment was steadily getting worse. I had had light enough thrown on the cause, if I had not been so blinded by prejudice that I could not see. As, for instance, on one occassion, when the cook, who did not believe that coffee was any good unless it rivaled in color her ebony face, gave me a cup of coffee one morning that was fully up to her ideal, and which, although I noticed that it possessed nearly the strength of Samson, I drank without consideration.

I had been feeling rather better than usual for a day or two, but soon after breakfast I was attacked with such peculiar sensations that I was unable to go out, and was obliged to call upon a colleague for treatment. Singularly enough, although I had the feeling that I was under the influence of some drug, it was not until some time afterward that I realized that I had been poisoned by the coffee. Under strong tonic treatment I grew better for a time, but in December, 1903, I began to grow worse again, and treatment failing to effect any improvement, it began to look as if I was in danger of a complete breakdown.

The colleague who was treating me was suspicious of kidney disease, but an urinary analysis cleared up that point, but I did not improve. It was at this time, as I have said, the result in case No. 1 set me thinking, and I found from a study of the modalities, that I was worse and more depressed after taking coffee, and it finally penetrated into my inner consciousness that possibly coffee was the cause of my condition. I took my own prescription and gave up coffee, with the result of an almost immediate change for the better. The depression disappeared, the cardiac disturbance ceased, and the dyspeptic symptoms lessened and a steady improvement set in.

Case III. About the same time I had under treatment a young lady suffering from chronic nephritis who presented an almost endless variety of symptoms, which would yield to treatment for a time, only to return in an aggravated form. Among the more persistent and annoying of these was a gastric irritability with an absolute refusal of the stomach to digest or absorb any food, progressive emaciation with great weakness, and a constant sensation of hunger with nausea and frequent spells of vomiting, when the food taken would be returned unchanged; palpitation of the heart, œdema, hectic fever, colliquative sweats, etc. Under treatment and a most rigid diet the mitigation of the symptoms was very slight.

I had advised her that coffee was injurious and should be given up, but it was not until her condition was almost hopeless that she could be induced to follow my advice and refrain from coffee. The beneficial effect of this was apparent at once: the stomach began to recover its tone, the irritability ceased, the vomiting stopped, and the food taken was digested and absorbed: the sensation of continual hunger disappeared, the emaciation lessened and her strength slowly returned. Of course, the disease has not been cured, but a cure which seemed hopeless before has been made possible.

As a result of these experiences, to which more could be added, in all cases of intractable nervous or gastric diseases I have come to regard coffee as an incitant, and an important, if not the chief, factor in the production of the disease, and to insist upon its discontinuance as a part of the treatment, and, I may add, with uniformly good effect. I have found also that, although the giving up of coffee has been in many cases done only under protest and with great reluctance, it has been attended with but little difficulty when a palatable and satisfactory substitute was provided. In my own case and in that of the others described I used the Postum Cereal and found it entirely satisfactory. Even the most inveterate coffee drinkers after a short use of the Postum seem to lose all desire for coffee and to be perfectly satisfied with the Cereal.

STUDY THE SUBJECT AND APPLY THE FACTS TO YOURSELF.

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LABLACHE FACE POWDER

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Should be Purchased for the Following Good Reasons:

It is a pure oil, so pure that it is positively free from disagreeable taste and odor. Children take it without persuasion. It digests readily, does not cling to the palate, and never "repeats."

It is made and bottled by Peter Moller at his own factory at the Norway fisheries—no adulteration possible.

Not sold in bulk. You know you get the genuine when you receive the flat, oval bottle bearing the name of

Schieffelin & Company, New York
SOLE AGENTS

MALARIA ? ? ?

Generally That Is Not the Trouble

Persons with a susceptibility to malarial influences should beware of coffee, which has a tendency to load up the liver with bile.

A lady writes from Denver that she suffered for years from chills and fever which at last she learned were mainly produced by the coffee she drank.

"I was also greviously afflicted with headaches and indigestion," she says, "which I became satisfied were likewise largely due to the coffee I drank. Six months ago I quit its use altogether and began to drink Postum Food Coffee, with the gratifying result that my headaches have disappeared, my digestion has been restored and I have not had a recurrence of chills and fever for more than three months. I have no doubt that it was Postum that brought me this relief, for I have used no medicine while this improvement has been going on." (It was really relief from congestion of the liver caused by coffee.)

"My daughter has been as great a coffee drinker as I, and for years was afflicted with terrible sick headaches, which often lasted for a week at a time. She is a brain worker and excessive application, together with the headaches, began to affect her memory most seriously. She found no help in medicines and the doctor frankly advised her to quit coffee and use Postum.

"For more than four months she has not had a headache—her mental faculties have grown more active and vigorous and her memory has been restored.

"No more tea, coffee or drugs for us, so long as we can get Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

The Temperance Battle in 1906

DURING the year just closed, the National Temperance Society has worked along four lines, viz., Educational, Legislative, Missionary and Civic. Under the first, it has sent out temperance literature to all parts of the country; to Canada, South America, Russia, Sweden, Denmark, Austria, and every European country; to Africa, India, Burma, Japan, China, New Zealand, New South Wales, Australia, Jamaica and Barbadoes. Its publications have gone out to editors, to statesmen, to post exchanges in the army, to war vessels in the navy, and to families all over our land.

A large number of bills in the interest of the saloon keepers and liquor dealers were introduced in Albany. By vigilance and strenuous effort on the part of the Society, every one of these bills was either killed in committee or vetoed, as being in the nature of special legislation, and therefore unconstitutional.

The secretary of the Society discovered that a saloon at Fourteenth Street had cut an opening through the Subway walls and connected with the Subway station platform. Further investigation disclosed the fact that three more saloons had secured openings in the Subway at the Brooklyn Bridge entrance. Chief Engineer Rice was instructed to close up the openings to the three at the Brooklyn Bridge Subway Station. The Society intends to present a Public Safety Bill before the next Legislature to prevent any more openings to saloons or places where intoxicating liquors are sold, to be made in Subway walls.

In Washington, there are indications of a bitter fight to restore the sale of liquor in the post exchanges and canteens. Statements have been printed asserting that drunkenness, desertions and courtmartials have greatly increased since liquor was banished from the canteen. One commanding officer is reported to have said that there has been a "seventy-five per cent. increase in courtmartials since the closing of the canteen." The exact facts, however, may be learned from the official figures furnished by Judge Advocate-Gen. Geo. B. Davis, of Washington, which covers a period of six years. These figures show that the trials for drunkenness "or for cases growing out of drunkenness dropped steadily from 1,496 in the year ending June 30, 1900, when 'beer and light wines' were sold under Government sanction in the canteens, to 508 in the last fiscal year, after nearly five years' trial of the present law." Thus, instead of 75 per cent. **increase,** there will be an actual **decrease** of 66 per cent.

The National Temperance Society proposes to fight any and every attempt to legalize the sale of liquor in the Indian Territory, that may be incorporated as a State.

The Society will welcome any aid in its work that may be extended by readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Contributions may be sent to Rev. Hervey Wood, Financial and Field Secretary, 3 East Fourteenth Street, New York City, or to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, New York City.

BOOKS RECEIVED

The Divine Presence, by Martin R. Smith. Pp. 203. Published by Longmans, Greene & Co., London.

Expose of Christian Science, a vigorous attack, by Charles G. Pease. The Restoration Publishing Co., New York.

The Growing Pastor,—a book for fellow-pastors, by James G. K. McClure. Price 50c. Winona Publishing Co., Chicago. Ill.

The Work of Preaching, a book for the classroom and study, by Arthur S. Hoyt, D.D. Macmillan Co., New York and London. Price $1.50.

The Principles of Relief, by Rev. Edward T. Devine, of the New York Charity Organization. Price $2. The Macmillan Co., New York.

The Ethics of Force, by H. E. Warner. A series of papers read before the Ethical Club, Washington, D. C. Ginn & Co., Boston, publishers.

Outlines of Christian Apologetics, for use in lectures, by Rev. Herman Schultz. Pp. 328. Cloth. Price $1.75. The Macmillan Co., New York, publishers.

The Outlook to Nature, by L. H. Bailey. Four lectures. Given as part of a university course in Boston. Price $1.25. The Macmillan Co., New York, publishers.

The Church of the Fathers. An outline of the History of the Church from A. D. 98, to A. D. 461. By the Rev. Leighton Pullan. Price $1.50. The Macmillan Co., New York.

Deacon White's Ideas, by S. W. Brown. Clever and witty; full of mirth and pleasantry. A story worth reading. Cloth covers. Price $1. Mayhew Publishing Co., Boston, Mass.

Some Ethical Gains through Legislation, by Florence Kelley. Valuable as a work of reference. Price $1.25. The Macmillan Co., New York and London, publishers.

Sunday School Problems, by Prof. Amos R. Wells, a book of suggestions and plans for Sunday School teachers. Pp. 297. Price $1. Published by the W. A. Wilde Company, Boston.

The Wonderful Story of Old, told for boys and girls, by Edward S. Ellis, A.M. A profusely illustrated life of Jesus. Pp. 348. Price $1.50. Published by the M. W. Hazen Company, New York.

Heimweh, and other tales, by John Luther Long. Illustrated. A delightful book for leisure hours. The stories are in Mr. Long's best vein, and every one is a gem. The Macmillan Co., New York, publishers.

The Practice of Self Culture, by Hugh Black. Deals with practical ways in which the individual can be equipped for service. Pp. 262. Cloth. Price $1.25. The Macmillan Co., New York and London, publishers.

Agreement of Evolution and Christianity, by Samuel Louis Phillips. A singularly able effort to deal with a confessedly difficult subject. Pp. 202. Published by the Phillips Company, Washington, D. C.

The Federation of Religions, by Rev. Hiram Vrooman. A description of the objects to be attained and the method of procedure. Pp. 138. Price 75 cents. Published by the Nunc Licet Press, Philadelphia.

Religion and Politics, by Algernon Sydney Crapsey. A discussion of the relations of the Church to the State, according to the Scriptures. Pp. 326. Price $1.25. Published by Thomas Whittaker, New York.

The School in the Home. A Study of the Debt Parents Owe their Children, by Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, D.D. Pp. 126. Price 50 cents. Published by the Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, Chicago, and Toronto.

A Little Garden Calendar, by Albert Bigelow Paine. This is charming in every line, and, although written and illustrated for the young folks, we imagine the older ones will like it also. Henry Altemus Co., Philadelphia, publishers.

Life Illumined, by some of the Leading Lights of Literature, by Ella Moore Dann. A useful and helpful compilation from many famous authors on a wide variety of subjects. Pp. 444. Cloth covers. Neale Publishing Co., New York and Washington, publishers.

The Hebrew Prophet, by Rev. L. W. Batten Ph.D. Deals with the Prophetic Institution, the prophet's call, their writings, their relations to the Church and the State, etc. Pp. 351. Cloth. Price $1.50. The Macmillan Co., New York and London, publishers.

The Prophet of Nazareth, by Nathaniel Schmidt, a presentation of the life of Jesus from the human side, showing how he has influenced and will continue to influence social development. Pp. 422. Price $2.50. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York.

Modern India, by W. E. Curtis. A comprehensive and most valuable book, giving a picturesque presentation of the whole subject of India, its people, its religious and its social customs. Illustrated. Pp. 513. Price $2. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, publishers.

The House of Cards. A Record, by Major John V. Heigh, U. S. V. The chief character is a modern "King of finance," and the story is told by one of his best friends. A tale of interest from first to last. Price $1.50. The Macmillan Co., New York, publishers.

George Alonzo Holl, a Tribute to Consecrated Personality, by Geo. A. Warburton. A helpful biography of a man of large and valuable activities—of pure, virtuous and unselfish life. Pp. 169. Cloth covers. Price 75c. International Committee of Y. M. C. A., New York, publishers.

The Pen of Brahma. Peeps into Hindu hearts and homes, by Beatrice M. Harband. Sketches by one who knows India and its people, and who has studied Hindu tradition, folk-lore, and philosophy. Pp. 320. Price $1.25. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, London, and Toronto.

Queen Zixi of Ix, by L. Frank Baum. This is a story of a wonderful magic cloak, and the telling of it, together with the still more wonderful pictures, will enchant the youthful reader. The drawings are by Frederick Richardson. Price $1.50. The Century Co., New York, publishers.

The Competent Life. A treatise on the development, direction and employment of man's inherited ability; to aid in the betterment of Labor, by Thomas D. West. The author is one of the workers, and has a message well worth reading. Illustrated; cloth covers. Price $1.25. Cleveland Printing and Publishing Co.

Essential in English History, by Albert Perry Walker, and Essentials in American History, by Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart. These two volumes, issued by the American Book Co., are prepared by two of the ablest historical writers of our day, and should possess a special value to students. Copiously illustrated. Price $1.50 each. The American Book Co., New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago, publishers.

Commercial Geography, by Henry Gannett, Carl L. Garrison, and Edwin J. Houston. The eminent authorship, the practical nature of the book, the method of presentation, the accurate statistics, the numerous maps and percentages, diagrams, etc., all contribute to make the volume unusually suitable for commercial students. Illustrated. The American Book Co., New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago, publishers.

Directions for making the above garment will be found in "Fleisher's" Knitting and Crocheting Manual

Nowadays, wherever women meet, the art of knitting and crocheting is discussed—the newest garments, the best stitches, the prettiest colors. Many have recently been converted to the charm of this work. It is both pleasant and profitable. The garments now being made combine the grace of the old fashioned ones with the new ideas and styles.

In planning a garment of this kind, however, it is important to remember that in order to produce satisfactory results only the best yarns should be used.

The "Fleisher" Yarns combine all the qualities required by the expert knitter or crocheter—evenness, elasticity, loftiness. They are dyed in a full line of beautiful colors, from the deep rich shades used for afghans to the light delicate tints for children's garments.

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Cashmere Yarn	**Shetland Zephyr**
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When ordering ask for "FLEISHER'S," and see that each skein bears the trade-mark ticket

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Outside texture so closely woven it resists wind and wear alike. Lined with wool fleece that defies the cold. Snap fasteners, riveted pockets.

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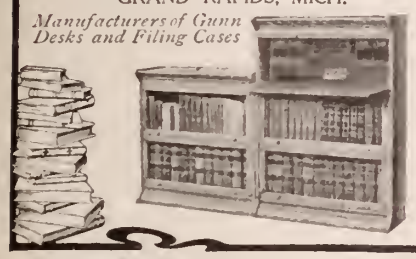

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And the Man "Fell Out" with It.

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"I was neither a hard drinker nor an inveterate user of tobacco—my condition could not be charged up to these things.

"I had simply ruined my digestion by a course of living common among those who indulge in unwisely selected food and deny their appetites nothing. And so years passed, during which every sort of food seemed to do just the opposite of what it should have done, with me. A well spread table was offensive to me. The sight or smell of food made me deathly sick. In brief, I had dyspepsia, in its worst form, and spent many a hard earned dollar for remedies which did me no good whatever.

"This was my condition when a friend insisted that I should try Grape-Nuts food, and to please him I consented, expecting to derive no more benefit or pleasure from it than I had from other prepared foods that I had tried. But I was most happily disappointed.

"For more than a year I ate positively nothing but Grape-Nuts—it was my soup course, my meat and my desert. I never tired of it, and grew steadily fatter and more hearty, till I put 40 pounds of good solid flesh that had never been there before, on my bones. My dyspepsia is gone—the memory of a terrible nightmare.

"I am well now—seems like I cannot be ill—and Grape-Nuts is still found on my table, in one form or another at every meal, and it is never out of supply in my home. A meal without Grape-Nuts is a mighty poor meal for me." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.

The Institute of Medical Research

WHEN the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research is opened next month in New York City, the physicians of this country will have opportunities for study offered them that have hitherto only been obtained by going to Paris, Berlin and Vienna. Three years ago, Mr. Rockefeller gave one million dollars to be devoted to such an Institution, having in mind the brilliant results obtained by Dr. Koch's investigations into the cause and cure of consumption, and Pasteur's discovery of a cure for hydrophobia. It is interesting to note that the Institution is the only one, of the many given to various schools, to bear the donor's name upon its front.

The New Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research

The new building is an imposing structure of brick and Indiana limestone, standing on a ledge, fifty feet above the East River, near Sixty-sixth Street, on what was at one time the famous Schermerhorn estate. Looking across the river to the east, a magnificent view is obtained of Hell Gate, Blackwell's Island, the new bridge to the Long Island shore, and beyond to the spires of Ravenswood.

It is planned to add two wings as soon as the work calls for it, one for a hospital, and the other for lecture rooms and laboratories. These wings will be placed at right angles to the present edifice, jutting forward to Avenue A. The first floor of the main section, which is now nearing completion, has administration, directors' and assembly rooms; and a fine library and studies fitted in quartered oak. On the second floor are the laboratories for chemical research. At the tables along the walls are hoods with glass doors so arranged that the dangerous fumes from the chemicals can be forced through flues to the roof. The apparatus of each laboratory is as complete as the skill of the best makers in Europe and in this country can make it. The physicians can have grades of temperatures for their experiments, ranging from the most intense heat to 312 degrees below the zero point, the last being obtained by the use of liquid air. The operating rooms on the floor above, have their wood work and tables coated with a preparation recently discovered in Europe. A few applications render the wood waterproof, fireproof, and as hard as marble. Rooms for photographs, draughtsmen and microscopists have been constructed on the fifth floor.

On the roof are the animal house and the exercising yard. The animals who are being used for experiments will be kept here, and be taken out by the attendants now and then for a run about the roof, in order to keep them in good condition. The yard is surrounded by a stone parapet about six feet high. The main animal house is separated from the main building, with which it is connected by a long marble corridor. It contains compartments for the horses, dogs, sheep, and cows, with a special room for the monkeys. The connecting doors are so arranged that in case of fire a small piece of lead will melt quickly, and the doors will slide together automatically.

The Institution will depend little on outside firms to carry on its work. It has its own ice plant, power house, and restaurant. Dr. Simon Flexner, who has made a world-wide reputation by his medical researches at the University of Pennsylvania, will direct the investigations of the Institute, and no one more enthusiastically interested could have been chosen.

OVER ONE THOUSAND CONFESS CHRIST

A VIGOROUS evangelistic campaign has been in progress at Pittsburg, and in Western Pensylvania for several weeks, under the auspices of the Disciples of Christ. Some thirty-five or forty churches entered upon a simultaneous campaign, with strong evangelists and excellent singers. The movement began on Oct. 29th, and up to Dec. 12th some of the meetings were still in progress. Up to and including November 27th, there had been a total of 1,729 souls added to the churches—a larger number in one month than the Disciples gained in the first fifty years of their history in Pittsburg. The largest number added in any one church was 243.

A popular feature of the campaign was the special services in the "downtown" section of the city. One of these was a daily evangelistic mass-meeting in one of the great auditoriums, at the noon hour, in the business district. Another feature was the Central Union Communion Service, held by all the churches in and near Pittsburg, at three o'clock each Lord's Day during the campaign. This was always a meeting of great power.

It is confidently believed that at least two thousand souls will be won to Christ in this campaign, before it is brought to a close. REV. S. T. WILLIS.

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Bowery Mission Bible Class

More Interesting Spiritual Questions and Dr. O'Hanlon's Helpful Answers

THERE is no diminution of attendance or interest in the Sunday afternoon meetings in the Bowery Mission. Rev. Dr. O'Hanlon's Bible Class continues to be a leading feature of spiritual interest. Every Sunday brings many new faces to these gatherings, and the questions pour in upon the Doctor in a steady stream. Below are some of the more important given at last Sunday's meeting, the answers being appended:

52 Does the love of Jesus Christ save sinners from drinking rum?

The appetite is not commonly destroyed when a man is converted, but a new love in the converted soul, and a new strength will enable him to overcome the appetite, by the grace of God.

53 If when we die, we go either to heaven or hell, what is the use of a Judgment Day?

At death the soul immediately enters upon its eternal destiny. Luke 16: 22, 23. Acts 7: 59; II Cor. 5: 6-8. At the end of the world the soul will enter its resurrection (spiritual) body. John 5:28, 29. Immediately after the resurrection, the general judgment will take place. Matt. 25: 31-46 inclusive. At that judgment bar, we are to give an account of the deeds done in the body. II Cor. 5: 10. At the close of the judgment, the soul, in its spiritual body will re-enter its eternal destiny—the righteous with added glory in the rewards for the good they have done, and the wicked with added punishment for the evil they have done.

54 Matt. 6: 33. "Seek ye first," etc. How do you interpret this, in view of the fact of the many who never think of God and yet have all of this world's goods?

It means that we should in our lives lay chief stress on seeking things that are spiritual and eternal—laying up for ourselves treasures in heaven and not upon earth. At the same time, we are to be diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. And God will see to it that the necessities of life (not the luxuries) are provided for us.

55 What does St. Paul mean by the "thorn in the flesh," which he desired to have taken away?

It is not certainly known; but the strong probability is that it was Paul's great grief at the lacerated condition of the church at Corinth, occasioned by a false teacher, called "the messenger of Satan." II. Cor. 12: 7.

56 Is not a Jew who comes to Christ as good as a Christian who is redeemed through Christ?

Yes. "There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female; for ye are all one in Christ Jesus."

57 Must a Christian give up all bad habits?

Certainly. "Must abstain from all appearance of evil." II. Thes. 5: 22. "It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak." Romans 14: 21.

58 If the Lord is able to keep us, why do we go astray?

He is not able to keep us if we are not willing to be kept by him. Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee. Isaiah 26: 3; Mark 13: 34-37; James 1: 13-15.

59 What is the Scriptural restriction as to divorce? Is it limited to infidelity, or does it include desertion?

Limited to infidelity. There may be separation if life together is actually unbearable; but no divorce in either case except for the Scripture cause. Matt. 5: 31, 32.

60 Is the Pope infallible?

The Roman Catholic Church believes in the infallibility of the Pope as to the past, the present, and the future. The Greek Church only as to the past. The Protestant Church does not believe in the doctrine at all; but on the contrary, that no new Christian doctrine has been given to man since Apostolic age.

61 When a Christian dies, is he eligible to enter the presence of God at once, or must he pass through many more existences, in order that he may become fit to enter heaven?

Yes. Immediately, if at all. He is cleansed from all sin by the Holy Spirit, through the blood of Jesus Christ. I John 1: 7-9; Acts 7: 55-60; II Cor. 5: 6-8.

62 What is the sin against the Holy Ghost? Is it pardonable?

A plain account of this sin, as it was in the time of Christ on the earth, is given by Christ himself, Mark 3: 28-30; ascribing the miracles of Christ to Satanic power. In this sense, this sin could not be committed since the days of Christ on the earth. The only unpardonable sin since that time is the persistent rejection of Christ as our personal Saviour till death.

63 Will God consider man's environment?

Yes. And also any handicaps received by him from his heredity. Luke 12: 47, 48.

64 Do you think any and every Christian man can, and does know that every act he performs, is right or wrong in the sight of God?

Yes. The good man may always be conscious of his own integrity, and that no man can reproach him with a crime. "I have lived in all good conscience before God until this day." Acts 23: 1. "And herein do I exercise myself, to have always a conscience void of offence toward God, and toward men." Acts 24: 16. No man can be perfect in knowledge or in judgment; but he may, by the grace of God, be perfect in his intentions. And, if he is, he is conscious of it, and is happy. Matt. 6: 22.

65 When our friends die, do they enter a spiritual body already prepared, and immediately go to heaven? Is it the same body that is laid in the grave or is cremated, that will be brought forth on the great resurrection day?

At death, in the case of the good man, his disembodied spirit is immediately received into the presence of Christ, on the right hand of God. Acts 7: 59; II Cor. 5: 6-8. In the resurrection at the end of the world, his natural body will be raised a spiritual body. I Cor. 15: 44. Then the glorified spirit reunited with its spiritual body, shall appear at the final judgment, to give account of the deeds done in the body. II Cor. 5: 10; Matt. 25: 31, 32. At the close of this judgment, this person saved by the merit of Christ alone, and rewarded for the good he has done on earth, shall go into eternal life, to be forever with the Lord. Matt. 25: 46; I Thess. 4: 17.

66 In our times, when Christians are divided into so many different sects, and each one claims its own creed as the true one, is it not reasonable to expect that those who left this life impenitent because they could not make a satisfactory choice out of the dissenting creeds, will be given another chance by a merciful God?

No. It is not reasonable, for the reason that all sects of Christianity, whether Catholic or Protestant, hold with a steadfast faith the one great and essential truth, that Jesus is the only and all-sufficient Saviour of mankind.

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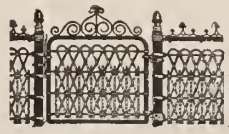

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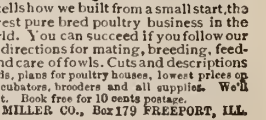

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BY MRS. M. BAXTER

AS the East seems to have been the name in ancient times of all the countries from which travelers would enter Palestine through Damascus, which lay to the northeast, it would include Persia, Mesopotamia, Syria, and Chaldea. It was probably from one of these countries, or it may have been from much farther—India or China—that there came, in the days of Herod the king, "wise men from the East to Jerusalem." They came with a purpose; not on a journey of pleasure, nor yet for commercial purposes. They came to inquire after one who, they alleged, was born King of the Jews.

They came with no uncertainty: it was no inquiry whether such a king was born. "Where is he that is born King of the Jews? For we have seen his star in the East, and are come to worship him." They were not to be deceived. Surprised they might have been, and were, no doubt, at the ignorance and indifference about the advent of the Messiah in the very country of the new-born king; but they were bent upon finding him, and yielding their deepest homage and worship to him of whom they had seen the sign in the heavens. They had experienced the insatiable longing after God which the Holy Ghost awakens in a heart, and which cannot rest until he whom they seek is found. "Oh that I knew where I might find him! that I might come even to his seat!" said Job (23: 3). And the prayer was answered when he cried, "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee; wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes" (Job 42: 5, 6).

About fifty years ago, the three daughters of a country gentleman in one of the midland counties of England were watching the last hours of their father's life on earth. For seven years his paralyzed tongue had uttered no word. Suddenly he spoke these words: "Put all your trust in Jesus—all" and expired. They were all deeply impressed, but had no idea what these words meant. The following Sunday, after the funeral, the Rev. Robert Aitken, of Pendeen, was preaching from John 3:3, and came with the Vicar to visit the bereaved family in the afternoon. The elder sister approached Mr. Aitken, and asked him,

"Did you mean what you said in your sermon this morning about being born again? Is it a real thing which we must experience? Do you know anyone who has experienced it? Have you?" "Yes, my dear," was the answer. "I have known God, his blessed pardon, and his life in my own soul, for more than twenty years."

She left the room, and never appeared for three days. She set herself to seek the Lord until she found him; and he did not disappoint her. Oh, how many have been blest through her!

A Tamil, who had been well educated in a Church Missionary Society's school had, of course, read the Bible, but his quick eye soon told him that many of the so-called Christians did not value it, and the heathen students, of course, did not believe it. But when Colonel Oldham and the Rev. G. C. Grubb were preaching in Ceylon, he attended many of the services, and felt that those men had something which he had not. He saw in them a life of intercourse with the unseen God, which he felt was the real thing; but nothing would induce him to seek an interview with them. "If I become converted," he thought, "I must own myself a sinner; I know I am a sinner; there is sin which I cannot overcome; but why should I humble myself? There is that lawyer. I know he is a sinner; if he humbles himself, I will humble myself; but he does not, why should I? I should have to lose everything."

But the spirit of God was too strong for him. He knew now, as the wise men knew about the new-born King, that there was a Saviour, and that there was a salvation within his reach. At last he said to himself, "I must know Him," and he shut himself up in his room, humbled himself before God, opened the Bible he had hardened himself against believing, and God met him, and changed his heart. His pride broke down as the Holy Spirit opened his eyes to see Jesus; faith awoke, and joy unspeakable, so that he rose from his knees and danced for joy. And God has greatly used him in succoring thousands of souls.

I Can Make You Well, Strong and Beautiful

MISS COCROFT AT HER DESK

EVERY WOMAN should preserve her health, strength, beauty, poise and, with these, her happiness. It is my success in treating nearly 18,000 women and my knowledge of what my work has done for them that makes me know I can do as much for you.

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Only 15 Minutes a Day Give me 15 minutes of your time each day, in your own home, by following my simple directions. Just a little care is all you need to make you the ideal woman of your type. Do not say it is impossible, that nature has not given you the first requirements of health and beauty—I know it is possible; I have accomplished it for thousands.

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I use no drugs. I never treat a pupil I cannot help. If I cannot help you I will tell you so.

I Keep Women Young Do you think "True Motherhood" means devotion of mother to her family and neglect of herself? True?—No, the true mother is true to her sacred duty of preserving and protecting herself, that she may be of greatest service to her family. The mother needs health, strength, and lightness of heart that she may be a true wife—the delight of her husband, his joy, rest, social help and inspiration, not a slaving, suffering dead weight for his pity. The true mother keeps well, beautiful and young, that she may enjoy the confidence and admiration of her children.

If you could sit beside me, at my desk, I could, if I would, show you, daily, hundreds of letters from pupils I have helped. I never violate a confidence, never show a letter without permission; but here are a few snatches from one morning's mail:

I wish every nervous teacher could know what benefit is to be derived from your physical culture.

I have lost 73 pounds, and was never better. I look ten years younger.

My constipation and biliousness are entirely relieved.

Just think how I have gained, since I began with you, from 112 to 137½ lbs. in one year.

My catarrh and lungs are much better and my body, which was a bony, crooked structure, is actually beginning to look like your picture of correct poise.

My head is steady, the confused feeling having passed away. It is the best spent money ever used for myself.

Just think, Miss Cocroft, before I took up your work I could not eat anything without the greatest distress, and now I think I could DIGEST TACKS. I am so happy.

How to Stand and Walk Remember, I give you personal instruction, after careful study of your symptoms and condition. When you request details about my lessons, I send you my general book **free.** This outlines my methods, and gives you many valuable health hints. With this book I will send, also free, my lesson on **Poise,** which teaches you how to **stand and walk.**

Personal Instructions Besides the Book and free lesson, in answer to your first inquiry, is included my personal examination of your symptoms and my first advice to you. Write me fully about your case, also letting me know your faults of figure, etc. I will make a personal study of your case and will let you know whether I can help you or not. Your letter will be held in strict confidence.

I never publish letters without special permission, though I can send you hundreds of testimonials from women I have helped, who are only too glad to have me show their letters.

SUSANNA COCROFT, 57 Washington St., Dept. 18 CHICAGO

For details about MY PERSONAL INSTRUCTION mark thus (XX) on blank below, opposite the points MOST IMPORTANT to your case and mark thus (X) opposite those which also interest you. If there are any particulars in regard to your case which you feel I should know, write about them fully and I will frankly tell you, without charge, what I can do for you.

Dept. 18

Too Thin
Round shouldered
Superfluous flesh
Prominent hips
Protruding abdomen
Height
Weight
Do you stand correctly
Thin chest
Thin bust
Thin neck
Complexion
Do you walk gracefully
Weakness
Lame back
Dullness
Irritable
Nerves
Headaches
Catarrh
Dizziness
Indigestion
Constipation
Liver
Kidneys
Lungs
Heart
Throat
Colds
Rheumatism
Circulation
Blood
Is your health or figure imperfect in any way not mentioned here?
Occupation?
What is your age?
Married or single?

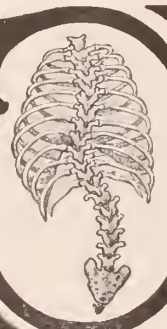
Address

Name

Fill out, cut off and mail this blank—NOW!

NOTE—Miss Cocroft, as President of Physical Culture Extension Work in America, needs no further introduction.

SPINAL CURVATURE AND KINDRED AILMENTS.



Mr. Sheldon, the inventor of the appliances made by us, suffered from Spinal Curvature for years. In turn he tried nearly every known form of support with little relief or benefit. He finally invented a spinal appliance which enabled him to assume and maintain a natural upright position. This Appliance is an important part of the Sheldon Method of overcoming Spinal Curvature. It gives an even, continuous, perfect support to a weak or deformed spine; average weight only 16 ounces; is cool, comfortable, durable, pliable, and capable of easy and accurate adjustment. Put on and taken off easily as a coat; causes no inconvenience in working or exercising, and is not noticeable under clothing. **It is designed for men, women, and children. It is the only safe and humane appliance to place on a young child because its elasticity and ease of adjustment permit full growth and development.** With it is furnished a marvelous absorbent application which takes all pain and soreness out of the back, makes the stiffened muscles relax, and assists in the straightening of the spine. A book outlining a system of special physical exercises also accompanies the appliance.

By this remarkably successful method you can be treated in your own home. The price of the combined treatment places relief in your easy reach. Each Appliance is made to **individual measurements and fits perfectly.** We have strong testimonials from every State in the Union, and the endorsements of noted physicians. **We guarantee satisfaction or refund your money at the end of thirty days' trial.** No matter how long you have suffered, there is still bright hope for you.

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SEE PAGE 26

Revolutionists Raising the Red Flag in the Governor-General's Palace, Moscow

Questions and Answers

Letters for this department must contain name and address of the sender—not for publication, but in order that an answer may be sent by mail in cases where the inquiry is not of general interest.

A. M. C., Lynn, Mass. Is it right to allow games in the house of God?

It is unqualified desecration, as far as the church itself is concerned, converting God's house into a place where, instead of teaching the way of holiness, games are to be taught to the young members. We should like to ask the pastor and elders of any such church upon what Scriptural grounds they can justify such a course.

M. S., Holmesville, Neb. Please tell me the correct quotation and the author of "The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small," and the two following lines?

The lines are from a poem on *Retribution*, by Friedrich von Logan (1604 - 1655), and are translated as follows:

Tho' the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small;
Tho' with patience He stands waiting, with exactness grinds He all.

The same idea is found in Herbert's *Jacula Prudentum:* "God's mill grinds slow but sure."

W. R., Newark, N. J. Does the expression (Acts 13: 48) that "as many as were ordained to eternal life, believed," imply that there were some who could not have believed, not being ordained?

No, it simply states a fact. It is practically the same as saying, as many as were not prejudiced, as many as would listen, or something of that kind. The fact of their believing showed that they were ordained to eternal life. Then, as now, men shut themselves out of the kingdom by their unbelief. The ordination is on all who come, and if a man refuses to come, it is quite clear that he was not ordained or disposed to come.

W. S. K., Eugene, Oreg. The Relief Fund for the London poor, it is thought, will reach fully a million dollars. The Queen has led the movement. No help is needed from abroad.

Mr. L. Kinney, Springfield, Vt., writes:

In THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of Nov. 29, you quote an article on the Welsh revival, in which the author says "converts run the risk of adult baptism in the open." He adds: "No ill effects were ever known to follow." Will you allow one who has been connected with the Baptists for over sixty years, to say that he never knew of a case where "ill effects" did follow. The writer was one of fourteen to be baptized when a crowd stood on the ice. He himself baptized five young ladies on one of the coldest days of a New England winter, when icicles hung from his sleeve as he came from the water. He asked one of the ladies afterward if she suffered from the cold. Her reply was: "I never felt it!"

There is nothing miraculous about this. The explanation is simple. The water, of course, is cold, but so is the atmosphere also; often as cold as and frequently colder than the water; so it is not stepping from a warm element into a cold one. Indeed, the difference in temperature between the air and the water is greater often in summer than in winter.

D. C., Worcester, Mass. What Trans-Atlantic Line has the largest number of ships?

The Hamburg-American Line is the largest, having seventeen vessels. They ply between New York (the pier is at Hoboken, N. J.), and Plymouth, Cherbourg, Dover, Boulogne, and Hamburg.

X. P. Q., Trenton, N. J. A person is courageously struggling against a temptation that is really a "besetting sin." Others that are aware of his temptation, deliberately and intentionally force him into situations where he will be exposed to its full power. What is the Bible teaching in regard to those who put "stumbling blocks" in another's path?

Christ's own words, as given in the Revised Version (Mark 9:42) are very explicit: "Whoso shall cause one of these little ones that believe on me to stumble, it were better for him that a great millstone were hanged about his neck and he were cast into the sea." Paul was similarly emphatic (See Rom. 14:13-21). The struggling brother must remember, however, that the punishment meted out to his tempters will not relieve him of responsibility if he falls. The responsibility for his fall will be his own. The crown is to him who endures temptation. He has a right to expect sympathy and help in his struggle, but if he does not get them, he must hold fast without them, knowing that Christ's strength is sufficient for him, and will be given him if he asks for it.

Mrs. S. A. R., Buncombe, Ill. In what year did the stars fall?

Star showers occur every November. I presume, however, you allude to the great shower of Nov. 13, 1833, which, I saw in all its indescribable glory. They (that is the big showers) occur once in thirty-three years, on an average. The first I recall took place Nov. 12, 1799; the next, Nov. 13, 1833; then, again, Nov. 14, 1866, which I also saw, and then Nov. 15, 1899. The next may be expected on the morning of Nov. 16, 1933. Our knowledge of meteoric astronomy is very slight.

Marathon, N. Y. LEWIS SWIFT.

Miss Euphrosyne S. Emanuel, a Constantinople reader, writes:

The American College for Girls is a very cosmopolitan institution. Americans, English, Greeks, Bulgarians, French, Germans, Turks, Armenians, Swiss, Hungarians, Hebrews, Arabians, Servians, girls from all parts of the world, in fact, European as well as Oriental, in common seek instruction in its hospitable halls. Nay, not even at the tower of Babel was there so great a variety of languages and such a diversity of accents. Yet not even the tenderest sisters live together in better harmony than the diverse-tongued inmates of the American College. Living in such an institution, is like taking a series of journeys to different parts of the world, so many types of people, with their individual characteristics, are represented.

Reader, Texas. Why is that if a Texas man has two wives he is sent to the penitentiary, whereas if a Utah man has a dozen wives, he can be sent to Congress?

The Utah man is equally liable under the law, but the reason he escapes punishment is that he is backed by the tremendous power and political influence of the Mormon hierarchy, which is every year growing stronger. The hierarchy defends the polygamist because it is itself in favor of polygamy, and because practically every leader in the Mormon Church, according to the confessions made at Washington last winter, is living in "violation of the laws of God and man."

C. A. M. Lowell, Mass. Can you tell me something about the life and works of Horatio Greenough?

He was an American sculptor, born in Boston, Sept. 6, 1805. He studied for two years at Harvard, and from 1825, spent the greater part of his life in Italy. His principal work was the colossal statue of Washington in front of the national capitol. He died in Somerville, Mass., Dec. 18, 1852.

C. P. T., Montpelier, Vt. Where was "Mason and Dixon's Line," and how did it originate?

It was a line popularly supposed to divide the slave-holding from the non-slave-holding States. It really ran for about one-third of its length between two slave States, Maryland and Delaware. The line was run by two English engineers, Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon, between the years 1764 and 1797, for the purpose of settling the disputed boundaries between Maryland on the one side, and Pennsylvania and Delaware on the other.

Arthur B., Cleveland, O. On what were *The Travels of Marco Polo* founded? Who was he, and when was his book written?

Marco Polo was a Venetian gentleman, who lived two hundred years before Columbus discovered America. He left Venice with two friends to travel in the countries of the Far East. They were gone for more than twenty years, and when they came back to Venice they were so changed in appearance that they were not recognized, until they proved their identity. While living in China they had grown very rich, and they brought home great quantities of precious stones, and Polo was made prisoner in a sea-fight, during a war between Venice and Genoa. While shut up in prison he amused himself by telling wonderful stories of travel to a fellow-prisoner named Rusticano. Marco himself could not write, and so, at the instance of Rusticano, he dictated the book of travels to his friend, who was a writer of repute. There were no printing presses then, and the book was written on parchment about 1298 A. D. Copies were made in the same way. One of these copies is now in the great library in Paris.

Mrs. W. P. A., Cleburne, Texas. Why are people divorced called grass widows or widowers?

It is from the French word *grace* (courtesy or favor), and means a "widow by courtesy," but not in fact. It was adopted here in its present form about 1849, when the gold fever took so many men West, leaving their wives at home to struggle for a living. The change from "grace widow" to "grass widow" was an easy one and soon became a fixture.

R. H., Lake Placid, N. Y. Where and when was Edgar Wilson Nye (Bill Nye), the famous humorist born, and where did he die?

He was born in Shirley, Me., in 1850; died near Asheville, N. C., in 1896.

W. F. C., Merced, Calif. Was Mary Magdalene the sister of Lazarus?

It would be rash to state positively. There are, in all, eight women mentioned in the New Testament who were named Mary. Whether two or more of them were identical, cannot now be learned. On the one hand, it seems unlikely that the saintly woman who sat at Jesus' feet, and anointed him with the spikenard, could have been identical with the sinner who had been possessed with seven devils. Nor were the circumstances of the anointings alike, as described by the evangelists. On the other hand, we would expect that Mary, the sister of Lazarus, would surely have been at the cross and at the tomb. But she is not mentioned by any of the evangelists under that designation. Mary Magdalene is mentioned, and precisely in such relations as would be natural to Mary, the sister of Lazarus. That fact has given rise to the belief that the two were one and the same, though the theory is strongly contested by some authorities.

D. A. T. Watsonville, Calif., writes:

In your issue of Oct 11, I see an account of a frog being found in a grindstone. I have seen such a case myself. I lived at Pennant Hills, about 13 miles from Sydney, N. S. Wales, Australia, where bluestone was quarried for the streets of Sydney. In blasting (about 1874), a large section of rock was cracked off, and exposed a live frog in a hole the same shape as the frog, and at least five or six feet from the outside surface of the rock. The frog died soon after being exposed, and I think it was sent to Mr. Kreft, curator of the Sydney Museum. It was of a whitish gray color.

Our Premiums Interest East and West

Enjoyed by all the Family

PITTSBURG, KAN.

DEAR SIR:—Your "Calendar" is fine, but the book "Famous Americans" is more than fine. No matter where opened, something of interest is found, and it is enjoyed by every member of the household from the oldest to the youngest. ELIZABETH EMERSON.

An Excellent Compilation

EVELETH, MINN.

DEAR SIR:—I have just finished a pleasant evening examining "Masterpieces of the World's Best Literature," which arrived today. I am much pleased not only with the subject matter, which is an excellent compilation, but also with the appearance of the books, which are very attractively and durably bound. They rest securely and snugly in the pretty little bookrack which came several days ago. You have made a good return for the money I sent you. MISS ROSE WICKEY.

Has Shown Them Proudly

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

DEAR SIR:—I want to thank you for the grand premium, "The Cruise of the Eight Hundred." It greatly surprised us—to get such a beautifully illustrated book, bound so nicely—for the little money sent. "The Home-Coming of the Bride" Calendar is truly a work of art. Highly pleased with the book and Calendar. I have shown them proudly to many friends. I am always pleased with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD books. I have about thirty. MRS. L. H. BAST.

An Addition to the Library

BALTIMORE, MD.

DEAR SIR:—Have received your premiums, and wish to thank you for same. The "Masterpieces of World's Best Literature" are, as you stated, "Delightful to the touch," and in making a hasty perusal of the volumes, was delighted to find many favorites classed as masterpieces. This set, together with the bookrack which accompanies it, form an attractive addition to a library. There is nothing cheap about them but the price. The calendar, "The Home-Coming of the Bride," is certainly a work of art, and adorns a prominent place on the wall. CLAUDE A. HAMMOND.

Delightful Surprises

LEXINGTON, MO.

DEAR SIR:—The two books, entitled "Capital Stories of Famous Americans" and "Cruise of the Eight Hundred," with the beautiful Calendar, "The Home-Coming of the Bride," all came safely. Both volumes are highly interesting. The "Cruise of the Eight Hundred" is truly a book of delightful surprises, and to a lover of art is certainly a veritable picture gallery. The "Capital Stories of Famous Americans," is very interesting and helpful. Many an interesting hour is in store for us during the winter evenings. One has to see the Calendar to value its beauty; as a study, description fails. JAMES LOVE.

Praise From the South

ROME, GA.

DEAR SIR:—I can't resist the impulse to write you and express my admiration of the beautiful calendar, "The Home-Coming of the Bride." To those of us who were raised in the South, and who can remember as far back as the sixties, there are many familiar things about the picture to remind us of our childhood days, "when life seemed formed of sunny years." The faces are exact types of the better class of Southern people of that day. It is strange that Mr. Ogden should catch them so well, and I cannot see how he could do it, unless he got them from old family portraits. The old house and the old carriage are perfect pictures of what I have seen. But the most natural thing is the old man-servant, standing with his hat in his hand as much interested as anybody. These old servants were taken into the house to wait on the whites at a very early age, say five or six years, and carefully trained, and when grown some of them were as polite as a French dancing-master, and perfect Lord Chesterfields in manner. In constant association with the whites, they caught their tones of voice and adopted their ideas on all subjects. The love shown by these old negroes for their owners' children was wonderful; sometimes they loved them more than their own. M. F. G.

Miscellaneous

E. S. C., Atchison, Kan. We answer questions wherever an answer is possible, and the subject not out of keeping with a religious family paper.

Ples. O. B., Spokane, Wash. David's mother's name is unknown. Nahash (referred to in II. Sam. 17: 25) is believed to have been the King of Ammon.

M. A. B., San Luis Obispo, Colo., sends us the information, to a recent query, that a monument to the memory of Robert Louis Stevenson stands in Portsmouth Square, San Francisco. It is a gilded galleon, with oars and sails, resting on a marble base. Stevenson spent much of his time near Portsmouth Square when in San Francisco.

Reader, Weldon Springs, Mo. If a person finds that his calling is one that deprives him of religious privileges, or which involves Sabbath-breaking, it would be well for him to seek other occupation as soon as possible.

Reader, Brattleboro, Vt. 1. We should imagine that an exchange of pulpits between a pastor of the orthodox church and one who is unorthodox, would naturally lead to remark, and might give offence to many. Not knowing all the circumstances we cannot speak more definitely. 2. Theatrical plays, suppers, banquets and the like, are out of place in church work. They inevitably destroy a church's spirituality.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

NEW YORK, JANUARY 10, 1906

Miss Roosevelt's Future Home

Hon. Nicholas Longworth

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Miss Alice Roosevelt

ORANGE blossoms, veils of rare lace or filmy tulle, gowns of white satin, and clusters of bride roses, all presage an event that excites more than ordinary interest both in the circles in which the participants in the happy affair are well known, and among the general public that reads the accounts in the newspapers. Even the most crabbed of old bachelors become less taciturn for the time being, have even been seen to smile, and when invited as a guest, goes cheerfully down into the depths of his pocketbook, that should be doing duty for two, in order that his gift as well as his good wishes may not be among the least sent toward the establishing of the new home. Weddings are of such rare occurrence at the White House, twenty years having elapsed since the last one, that the American people, especially the feminine portion, are taking great interest in the approaching marriage of the President's eldest daughter, Miss Alice Roosevelt, to Representative Nicholas Longworth, of Cincinnati, next month. Miss Roosevelt has been very much in the public eye since her father's induction into office, and her unassuming ways and sincerity have made her hosts of friends among all classes, during her frequent trips about the country.

The engagement ring that Miss Roosevelt is wearing is set with three fine pigeon-blood rubies, surrounded by diamonds. For the first few weeks after the announcement of her betrothal she wore a ring of plain, dull gold, set with a single sapphire, that had been an ancient heirloom in the Longworth family. The new ring is the first pretentious piece of jewelry ever worn by Miss Roosevelt, as she has been very unostentatious, both as regards gowns and jewels.

The bridegroom is wealthy, and has many interests in common with the President. He is in political life for the love of it, and although not a hunter, he is intensely interested in open air sports and athletics, being a daring horseman, clever boxer, and skilful fencer. He is much interested in philanthropic objects, and his purse has been generously opened in aid of good causes and the worthy poor.

Mr. Longworth has already selected and fitted up the residence over which the future Mrs. Longworth will preside, after the return from the honeymoon journey. The house is built on a corner, in the northwest section of the city of Washington, and faces west. The young couple will not enjoy the luxury of a "back yard," the house occupying practically all of the narrow, oblong lot. It is but four blocks to the White House, so that Mrs. Longworth will not be sufficiently far away from her old home to become lonesome. Across the street is a house of cream-colored brick, that for many years, until her death, a few months ago, was the home of another famous belle of the White House, Harriet Lane Johnston, who acted as hostess during the administration of her uncle, President Buchanan. Among her prominent guests was the then Prince of Wales, now King Edward the Seventh, when he visited this country, a short time before the Civil War. The Longworth house is a red brick structure, four stories in height, built on what is known as the English basement plan, the first floor being nearly on the street level. Although the exterior of the edifice is severely plain, the vines in summer soften the redness of the brick, and render it far from unattractive. The beautiful white entrance reminds one of the stately colonial doorways, such as are often found in Salem, Portsmouth, and the older towns of New England. The exterior, however, must not be taken as the keynote of the interior, which, with its new furnishings and objects of art, is one of the most attractive in the nation's capital.

Reception Room for Mrs. Longworth

Copyright, 1905, by Waldon Fawcett

The Longworth Drawing-Room

On entering, the visitor finds himself in a spacious hall, finished in oak, the floor being covered with large rugs made from the skins of wild animals. On one side of the hall is the kitchen, and on the other Mr. Longworth's library and study, or, rather, office, for here the Congressman from the Buckeye State and his secretary look after the Representative's business affairs. A broad, easy stairway, with several turns and landings, leads to the main, or drawing-room floor of the house. The entire floor is taken up by three large rooms. At the northern end is the drawing-room, an attractive apartment with white woodwork and red rugs, upholstery and window draperies. A large, open fireplace, faced with white tiles, and in which logs crackle merrily in winter, imparts a cheery atmosphere. On the walls hang several paintings by famous artists, for the Longworth family has been a patron and lover of art for generations. The Congressman's grandfather endowed the Cincinnati Art School, that has become one of the best in America, and Maria Longworth, wife of Bellamy Storer, Ambassador to Austria-Hungary, was the founder of the Rockwood Potteries. The ceilings of the room, as they are in the other rooms of this floor, are

The Dining-Room

CONTINUED ON PAGE 33

THE AMERICAN PULPIT

SERMON BY

Robert Stuart MacArthur*

Living Waters for Thirsty Souls

TEXT: JOHN 7: 37

"If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink"

THESE words, when spoken by our Lord, produced a profound impression on all who heard his voice. Some who listened affirmed to their neighbors that Jesus was the prophet to come before the Messiah. Others believed that he was the Messiah himself. A division was thus created among the people concerning the Christ. That division was his safety for the moment, as even those who were ready to arrest him as a blasphemer hesitated because of the strong party which appeared in his support.

The Temple officers sent to arrest him were so overcome by the majesty of his discourse that they returned to their masters without their prisoner. They were so overawed by his powerful words that they did not lay hands upon him; and they had no reply to make to the rebuke of their superiors but to say, "Never man spake like this man." The Pharisees in the council were shocked at the disloyalty of the officers who bore the commission of the court. They spoke sneeringly of the inability of the ignorant rabble to pass judgment on these high religious questions. The voice of Nicodemus was hesitatingly heard in the council in defense of Jesus. He had not the moral courage to speak more bravely; but he uttered an important truth which gave pause to the sticklers for the law, when he affirmed that the law judged no man until he was fairly heard in his own defense. The jealous supporters of the law were thus shown to be breakers of the law.

A Timely Invitation

The powerful appeal by our Lord on that interesting occasion has echoed through all the centuries since it was first uttered; it comes down to us to-day with much of its original beauty and power. It is worthy of our most careful consideration.

The appeal is powerful because of its peculiar timeliness. The words were uttered on the last great day of the feast. This was the Feast of Tabernacles, and was the closing feast-day of the year. This eighth day was celebrated with special pomp and splendor. It was a day of rest from servile labor, and it was prophetic of the glorious Sabbath of the New Testament. The Rabbins were accustomed to say, "Whoever has not witnessed these festivities has no idea of a jubilee."

This feast was the great Jewish harvest-home, it was celebrated when all the fruits of the earth had been gathered. Within the Temple its joyous character was especially manifested. Multitudes assembled morning and evening and the air was rent with voices of thanksgiving and praise. With the pouring out of the water, the voice of holy song rose to its most exultant notes. A vast procession formed around the Fountain of Siloam, which sprang up in the interior of the Temple mountain. From its flowing waters the priests filled a large golden pitcher. Leaving the fountain, they climbed the steep ascent of Moriah, passed up the broad stairs, and entered the court of the Temple where the altar stood. One priest poured the water brought from Siloam into one of the two silver basins placed before the altar; into the other silver basin another priest poured wine from the pitcher which he carried.

The Broken Silence

With the mingling of the water and the wine, the multitudes broke forth in the most exulting and triumphant songs. The trumpets and cymbals sounded their most joyous notes; the trained choristers chanted with the utmost earnestness the words of Isaiah 12: 3, "With joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation;" and thousands of voices sang the great "Hallel," selections from Psalms 113 to 118.

As the booths commemorated the tent-life of the Israelites in the wilderness, so the pouring out of water served to commemorate the miraculous springs which God opened to supply the thirst of his people; but our Lord gave a deeper significance to all these stirring ceremonies.

We readily see at what part of the service he uttered his great invitation. The pouring out of water was the central part of the service. Whatever historic significance the act might have, it pointed forward to the symbolic outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and to Christ himself as the living water and the fountain opened. When the chanting of the "Hallel" had taken place and the people having given thanks, and having prayed that the Lord would send prosperity, silence for a few moments fell upon the vast multitudes. Just at that moment the voice of Jesus was heard throughout the Temple uttering the words of the text. It was a marvelous moment. He did not interrupt the solemn and joyous services; for the moment they had ceased, and silence reigned through the Temple courts. Christ interrupted not those services, but he gloriously interpreted those services. He showed that their full significance was realized in himself, and that he was the great Reality, symbolized by the splendid ritual observed on the last day of the feast.

Holy Opportunism

Our Lord took advantage of this great occasion to present himself as the Saviour, whom symbolically they were seeking. The scene was thrilling and dramatic in the extreme. We criticize certain politicians when we call them opportunists; but our Lord was a holy Opportunist. He was, in a true sense, a sensational preacher. Just as Wesley and Whitefield took advantage of the great fairs and other public occasions which drew together many thousands, to preach the glorious Gospel, so our Lord took advantage of this occasion to present himself as the water of Life.

Many preachers seem more anxious to save the conventionalities of the pulpit than to save the people—more anxious to preserve the traditional dignity of sermons, than to redeem the lost lives of their hearers. Our Lord's dramatic address on this occasion teaches important lessons to preachers in our day. Many hearers want a preacher whose chief aim is to preserve the traditional proprieties of the pulpit, to disturb no sinner, and sweetly to comfort every saint. Our Lord must have greatly shocked all the sticklers for the proprieties of the Feast of Tabernacles, when he uttered the glorious words of the text.

Our Lord's great earnestness adds much to the weight of his stirring appeal on this occasion. His soul was deeply moved. The honest enthusiasm of the multitudes, in observing the Temple ritual, stirred a deeper enthusiasm in his soul for their spiritual welfare. He saw that they were mistaking a mere ceremony for true spiritual religion. His great earnestness is shown in the attitude he assumed and in the manner of his speech—he "stood and cried." Our Lord usually sat when teaching. But now in the Temple, in the midst of the thousands of people present he stood.

Satisfaction for Every Need

This change of posture is not without significance. He wished to give unusual emphasis to the words which he uttered. He therefore not only stood, but he lifted up his voice so that it could be heard throughout the Temple, sounding far and near over the vast throng, with soft clearness and yet with great earnestness. No one present could ever forget the tones of that voice and the message of that hour. It was a memorable occasion, and marked a great step in advance in the history of our Lord's revelation of himself to the world. Oh, that his earnest spirit may fill the souls of his preachers to-day! Oh, that, as true heralds of the Cross we may cry aloud, in order to tell the divine message and win men to Christ!

Perhaps no scene in our Lord's public ministry is equally wondrous. Here is a subject for a painter of the loftiest genius. Strive to realize this scene: The gorgeous ritual, the pompous rites, the trained choristers, the symbolic pouring out of the water, the pealing trumpets and cymbals, the moment of hushed expectancy, and then the impressive figure of Christ standing before the people, his voice sounding through the Temple courts with its matchless sweetness, resistless power, and divine majesty.

An important element in the power of our Lord's appeal on this occasion is seen in his wise analysis of human need. Christ did not need that any man should tell him what is in man; he knows full well the insatiable thirst of the soul that is without God. All the circumstances of the moment combined to suggest the need of thirsty souls and the supply of living waters. It was autumn; for months the sun had shone in a cloudless sky; for the early rains men were longing then, as they long now for the monsoons in India, after the burning heat of summer. The cloudless sky and the parched earth suggested the thirst of human souls who had never tasted of the water of life.

This insatiable thirst is characteristic of men in all countries and centuries. Without being able to interpret the longings of their own souls, men are really crying out after God. This is the true significance of every pagan rite and every heathen altar. From the lowest fetish-worshiper to the builders of the altar to the unknown God on Mars Hill, men are vaguely and vainly endeavoring to satisfy this insatiable thirst. Men are made for God, and only God can fill the human soul. All the fountains of earth are really broken cisterns, which cannot really supply water for the soul's satisfaction.

There is the thirst of the intellect. Men are crying out for truth. Sometimes, with Pilate, they ask in sorrow rather than sarcasm, "What is truth?" Never can the thirst for truth be satisfied until men give their hearts to Jesus Christ, who is the Way, the Truth and the Life.

Conscience Calmed

There is the thirst of conscience. A wounded conscience who can hear! Conscience is a solemn word; it comes from "con," together with, and "scire," to know. It means to know together with some one else. That other knower is God. The atonement of Jesus Christ is as necessary to the satisfaction of the enlightened human conscience as it is to the satisfaction of divine justice. The wounded conscience can be calmed only by the Cross of Christ. Until we have trusted in Christ as our personal Saviour, we cannot say with one of Shakespeare's characters: "I feel within me a peace, above all earthly dignities, a still and quiet conscience."

There is also the thirst of the heart; this only God can satisfy. The heart was made to love and to be loved. He is more or less than man who does not wish both to love or to be loved. But only God can really fill the heart with true love. Money, power, honor, pleasure, not anything nor everything this world offers, can really fill our hearts, can really quench the thirst that burns in the human soul. God alone is worthy of the supreme love of the human heart. O men and women listen to the voice of Jesus! He can quench this thirst, and give you the water of life, which shall be in you a well of water springing up into everlasting life.

Our Lord proved the greatness of this masterful address by the promise of living water for thirsty souls. His voice rings out, saying: "If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink." Our Lord here promises the living waters of God's heavenly grace. He virtually tells the multitudes that the water they had drawn from Siloam, was but a type of the living water which he now offers. He assures them that those who drink from his divine fullness, shall themselves become living springs, blessing all thirsty souls whom they meet.

Everlasting Supply

This is a glorious invitation which our Lord gave in the midst of this magnificent festal rejoicing. It is a cry which resounds throughout the entire Bible. The eloquent and loving lips of Isaiah had sounded it forth: "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters." Here our divine Lord appropriates distinctly to himself this glowing invitation of the evangelical prophet.

To the woman at Jacob's well, our Lord said: "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again; but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." The word first translated "drinketh" in this quotation, is the present participle denoting habitual action; but the second word translated "drinketh," is a verb, and is in the tense, which, in Greek, is employed of an act only once performed. We are thus taught that he who drinks constantly of earthly water, shall

*Preached in Calvary Baptist Church, New York.

Going to Market

The "Overland Limited"

Missionaries on the Pagsanhan River

A Gospel Launch in the Philippines

A HEARTY word of gratitude is due the many contributors toward our Gospel launch, *Mabuting Balita* ("Good News"), which arrived here from the United States October 4. During more than three years, the gifts for this launch have been coming across the sea. To these the Presbyterian Board has added $500, to pay the freight from America and the customs.

The *Mabuting Balita* is thirty-eight feet long, eight feet wide, draws twenty-eight inches of water, is propelled by an eleven horse-power gasoline engine, runs nine miles per hour, has extension seats in main cabin for berths at night, a splendid little dining-room and table, lockers and wardrobes for clothing, a library case, desk and paper rack, toilet room and shower bath, good kitchen with sink, work table, stove, cupboard, refrigerator, and fresh water from tank. It is not for ease and luxury, but to meet the requirements of this tropical field. Not one of the twenty-five cities and towns on the shore of Laguna de Bay has a place in which to sleep, or to buy clean, wholesome, safe food, or to get a drink of water safe from cholera or dysentery, or to afford a bath or chance to change one's clothes—white drill being that most used, and large supplies must be carried when itinerating. The launch makes one worker able to do the work of two or three men.

In a Cocoanut Grove

Laguna Station was opened less than two and a-half years ago—early in 1903—and now reports 487 baptized adult members and also 100 children. But mere numbers do not represent the interest of the people. Requests which are urgent keep coming to us far more rapidly than we can possibly respond to them. Think of 2,000 people in one city, ten nights in succession, standing in the street and listening for two hours to the preaching of the Gospel message—of towns sending in orders for 100 or 200 Bibles—of a whole High School asking for services in the English language—of students wanting to subscribe for second-hand Sunday School papers, so as to be sure to receive them regularly! Think of dozens of requests for Sunday School organization and for Christian Endeavor Societies—for Bible classes to be held in both the English and Tagalog languages—and also of the dozens of young men eager to study for the ministry, but too poor to go to Manila for needed instruction, because food away from home costs more than at home!

Just now in Laguna Station we are seeking to supply with Sunday School papers (in English print from the States) the thousands of students of English in the Public Schools. We cordially invite you to co-operate with us.

Any friends wishing to send suitable papers may address them to Mr. Guilermo Ahella, Pagsanhan, Laguna, P. I., Mr. Cirilo Labodia, Pagsanhan, Laguna, P. I., Jose Anson, Pagsanhan, Laguna, P. I., Mr. Bonifacio, Santa Cruz, Laguna, P.I.

Those desiring to send papers, had better write me personally first, however. This will take two months for an answer; but better results will finally be obtained by so doing.

It may interest you and your readers to know that the first Gospel which the *Mabuting Balita* brought to the islands and delivered, was 500 copies of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. A total of copies 1,500 of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have been received and distributed.

Recently, a Catholic school-teacher in Santa Cruz took from the children (outside of schoolhouse) the papers we had mailed at the post-office. The same afternoon, when school was out, fifty of the students came to our house and protested against such action. Of course, we supplied them with more at once. On being asked if they would like to sing for us, the students heartily assented, and for an hour sang Gospel hymns both in the English and Tagalog languages.

Santa Cruz, Laguna, P. I. J. EUGENE SNOOK.

The Gospel Launch, "Good News"

LIVING WATERS FOR THIRSTY SOULS

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

constantly thirst; but he who drinks even only once of divine water, shall never thirst again.

Before the volume of Revelation closes, the same sweet note is struck again in Rev. 20:17, "Let him that is athirst, come; and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." Our Lord thus graciously shows his readiness to give living waters to thirsty souls the world over. Christ had given in Galilee an invitation to all that labored and were heavy laden to come to him for rest. In the synagogue at Capernaum, he declared himself to be "The Bread of Life." It is true that the text, considered in itself, does not really go beyond these former invitations; but they were given on private occasions, or were addressed to provincial audiences. Now, however, our Lord stands conspicuously forth at a great festival in the sacred Temple and in the religious metropolis of the nation; he presents himself now to the nation assembled at its national festival, and, in language of sublime simplicity, surpassing majesty and gracious entreaty, he offers himself as the Water of Life to all thirsty souls. How can this universal and otherwise insatiable thirst be fully quenched? From the lips of the majestic Christ comes the answer. Let us carry his gracious words over the wide earth; let all the generations of thirsty souls hear them: "If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink."

This is a personal invitation. Our Lord invites us not to rites and ceremonies for the quenching of our spiritual thirst; he invites us to go to himself as the fountain of living waters. Just at this point is suggested the fundamental distinction between Romanism and true Protestantism. Romanism makes the water of life dependent upon various forms of ecclesiastical machinery. It makes the approach to God through a human priesthood, through the intercession of saints and the favor of the Virgin Mary. It begins with the baptism of an unconscious babe, and ends by giving extreme unction to dying men and women, often as unconscious as the babe. True Protestantism approaches God directly and immediately through Jesus Christ.

Hear, O men and women, hear the voice of Jesus saying to-day, "Come unto me, and drink." Thirsty men and women, go past all rites, all ceremonies, all traditions, to Jesus Christ himself. Drink and live; then you shall know, by a blessed experience, that you shall never thirst again, and that this water shall be in you a well of water springing up into everlasting life.

RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT

BERNICE VALENTINE ROGERS

OLD Father Time, whose hoary head
Has seen each day its beauties shed,
Each evening close, each morning dawn,
Far down the ages that are gone,
Has watched again, with bated breath,
A new year's birth, an old year's death.

With rev'rent touch and low bowed head,
He takes the record from the dead,
And reading every mark and line,
Each blotted scrawl, each tracing fine,
Murmurs, with gently falling tears,
"How like, yet not like other years."

The errors, struggles, doubts, and cares
Are much the same that each scroll bears;
Yet right has stronger grown, 'tis clear,
More wrongs redressed within the year;
Science and truth close side by side,
Have each advanced with mighty stride,

. . .

Oh, rest, my friend; thy course is run,
Rest, with this epitaph, "Well done!"
Within the dark crypt of the past,
He lays the old year with the last,
Giving the scroll to memory's care,
Then, turning, greets the new year fair.

Temple of the Saviour from the Kremlin

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Fortress of the Kremlin

The Nikolskaya Gate, Moscow

A Reign of Terror

Moscow's Streets the Scene of Daily Battles between Troops and Insurgents

MOSCOW, home city of the Romanoffs, city of cathedrals, spires, bells, and glittering minarets, city defended by the impregnable fortress of the Kremlin, has taken for the moment the new name of Moscow, City of Blood.

So intense has been the interest of the world in the exciting events taking place in and about its walls, that it seems as if the straining ear could almost catch the distant murmur of the multitude, the tramp of battalions, the growl of cannon, vibrating along the horizon as it shatters a barricade.

The drama of the year in far-off Russia has shifted its scenes rapidly from Finland to St. Petersburg, then southwest to Odessa and the gloomy waters of the Black Sea, then to the oil regions about Baku, and at last to its present location, where, to all appearances, the question whether the red flags that have been tossing in the streets shall be triumphant, whether the moderate party who aided in bringing about the declaration of the constitution shall be able to carry out its ideas, a thing impossible if the anarchistic and socialistic elements remain in control; or whether the government, by desperate measures, and aid of loyal troops, shall re-establish firmly its old authority and position.

A general strike of all the workmen was ordered in the great cities on the twenty-second of December, by the leaders of the revolutionary movement, as they had become frightened by their recent non-success and the growing strength of the government. Many workmen who desired to remain in their positions were forced out to join the strikers, as a refusal meant death. The response to the call amounted to little in St. Petersburg, only about 12,000 going out on strike, and many of these shortly returned to their places. The street cars were kept running, electric lights burning, and the shops were open, crowds of shoppers and promenaders being on the streets. It was the intention of the Revolutionary Committee to commence at St. Petersburg by arresting Count Witte, securing the quick-firing guns, provoking a mutiny among the troops and establishing a revolutionary government.

Street Scene in Moscow During a Religious Procession

In Moscow, however, the state of affairs was far different. The strikers secured arms, and the greater portion of the population were powerless against them. Thousands of homes were looted, only those that were strongly barricaded and stoutly defended by their owners escaping the ravages of the rioters. The first of the really severe fighting, many small skirmishes having occurred previously, took place on the twenty-third and twenty-fourth of last month. Artillery and quick-firing guns were posted on the Steast Monastery Square. All of the streets opening on this square, in which the rebels had erected barricades, were swept by the fire of the troops. The main barricade was in Tver Street, and the air in this quarter was literally filled with bullets and shells, infantry and artillery firing volleys together. The carnage was very great, but the numbers, although mounting into the hundreds, cannot be known with certainty, and probably never will, as many of the wounded crawled off and died in out-of-the-way places.

Mobs numbering thousands paraded the streets, singing anarchistic songs, and attacking patrols of the troops. The city lights were extinguished, and darkness added to the general terror of the law-abiding inhabitants. Small parties of insurgents would seize some private house, and then fire on passing troops until artillery was brought up and pointed. Then they would decamp, leaving the regular occupants to be killed when fire was opened. Hundreds of people who belonged to the moderate party, or as they are called "the regular Constitutionalists," have thus met an untimely death. All reports, including those from the "Reds" themselves, agree that they are determined that the government shall be destroyed at any cost, or that the country shall be so wrecked as to not be worth governing. All thought of a regular republic, such as would occur to the Anglo-Saxon mind, has little part in their programme, the "Collectivist" instinct of the peasant class of the Russian people having full sway. Thousands of Russian tramps, such as are described by Maxime Gorky, have swarmed into the city, and are looting stores and factories.

Two incidents will illustrate the scenes occurring in the city, scenes that are hardly paralleled by the carnival of blood in Paris, at the outbreak of the French Revolution. A wild-eyed throng had gathered about the prison and commenced an attack. There were no troops at hand, but the watchmen, armed only with revolvers, came out, and, after a desperate and bloody struggle, beat back the mob and remained victors of the field.

One of the most horrible affairs took place at the Syatian Printing Works. The rebels had gained possession of the factory and began to fire at the troops in the streets. Infantry soon surrounded the building and called on the defenders to surrender. Renewed volleys from the windows were the only answer. Artillery was brought up, there was a short bombardment and the building appeared to be on fire. Firemen came to extinguish the flames, but the rebels fired on them and forced them to retire. Again the commander of the troops appealed to the men to come out, and received jeers and bullets in reply. The rebels, it was found later from some of the non-combatant workmen, had set the fire themselves. They threw bombs at the troops and then escaped by a back lane, leaving the wives and children of peaceful operatives and other non-combatants to perish in the flames.

District after district was set on fire, and the roar of burning timbers, mingled with the crash of falling buildings, could be heard far without the walls. The reports that troops had mutinied in large numbers in Moscow and the surrounding districts, proved, in later accounts, to have been greatly exaggerated. Here and there were sporadic outbreaks among the conscripts, but the old line regiments have remained loyal to their colors. The Russian army is a vast organization, only a comparatively small number being used in the recent war with Japan, and the troops now on duty at Moscow belong to regiments that have never experienced the bitterness and humiliation of defeat. Consequently they have fewer grievances than the regiments used in the recent trying and disheartening campaigns. Some of the crack Guard regiments from St. Petersburg were detached from St. Petersburg, and at once relieved the advance posts, the soldiers on some of which had become demented from loss of sleep and constant fighting. No sooner had the regiments formed than they were at once assailed by a tornado of bullets from houses, shops and barricades.

On the twenty-eighth of December a party of Revolutionists forced their way into the home of the Chief of the Secret Police. They told him to bid good-by to his family and then shot him. On the same date it was reported that the rebels of the Pryessnya quarter had sent a flag of truce to the Mayor, asking him to open negotiations for them with the Governor-General, they agreeing to deliver up their arms if they should be free from arrest and punishment.

In other quarters, however, the Revolutionists continued their harassing system of guerilla warfare. They held the entire country between Perovo and Moscow. The correspondent of the London *Telegraph* says that the rebel ranks were composed of students, a few genuine workmen, peasants, and numerous tramps. 'Moscow," he added, "cannot be recognized, it looks like one of the ruined cities of Manchuria." Matters are moving with kaleidoscopic rapidity, and, it is probable, that even before this strikes the eye of the reader, Moscow will be pacified by force of arms, or some other event so startling will have occurred, that the trial of the wasted city will seem but an incident in Russia's great tragedies.

FEASTING A HUNGRY MILLION

How the Holiday Week was Observed by the Great Charities of New York

NEVER before in the history of New York City has there been such a real merry holiday season among the poor as that which has just ended. It is estimated that not less than one million men, women and children were recipients of gifts distributed by the various missions and charitable institutions of the big-hearted metropolis during the ten days covering Christmas and New Year's.

For many days before Christmas the tinkle of the almost ubiquitous Salvation Army Lassie's bell had been heard on the street corners, as she kept guard over the iron pot swung beneath the red tripod, reminding the passer-by that the pot must be kept boiling for Christmas dinner for the poor. On opposite corners stood Santa Claus, of the Volunteers of America, and his chimney, also appealing for the poor. From these two sources alone many thousands of families received dinners and other gifts. It was the one cheerful season of the year in many a poor widow's home—the one time when the little fatherless children could have enough to eat.

Christmas Baskets Given to Poor Families by the Bowery Mission

The largest offering to the poor was that of the Salvation Army, which fed 23,000 men and women at the Grand Central Palace. Four thousand baskets filled with turkey, chicken, vegetables and other food were also given out to families. In the evening, thousands of women and children were given a good square meal with all the Christmas fixings, and an entertainment was held for the children. There were moving pictures and an enjoyable musical entertainment. Miss Evangeline Booth, Commander, gave to all a hopeful, happy message.

In feeding the multitude tons of food was used, including two thousand turkeys, two thousand pounds of coffee, four thousand five hundred chickens, one hundred barrels of apples, one hundred and fifty barrels of sugar, thirty barrels of vegetables, two thousand sandwiches, three hundred and twenty-gallons of milk, one thousand two hundred pounds of roast beef, one ton of mashed potatoes, one ton of dressing, four thousand

Dinner Given by the Salvation Army in Grand Central Palace, New York

Filling Christmas Bags at Headquarters of Volunteers of America

five hundred cans of soup, one thousand pies, and two thousand kegs of ice-cream.

Speaking after the distribution of dinners, Commander Booth said: "There was one poor woman who came painfully up for a basket, who had on but one garment. I sent her at once to the clothing stand, where she was soon warmly clad. Another poor creature was so faint from hunger that she tried five times in vain to use her knife and fork, and we had to help her to feed herself."

The Volunteers of America carried joy to 10,000 families living in poverty in the tenements and slums of New York. Ten thousand baskets were given out at Volunteer headquarters, Cooper Square. There were other dispensing stations in West Forty-second Street and Harlem. All who came were weighted with baskets of provisions, which were a godsend to these poor families.

At the Bowery Mission, long lines of sad-faced half-clad, shivering men awaited the opening of the doors which were to admit them, where they were welcomed with kindly greetings and steaming cups of coffee. These men were a study of the under-world. Some wore sweaters much the worse for wear, others had ragged coat collars turned up around their necks to hide the absence of undergarments, their skin sometimes peeping through in pitiful bareness. Numbers wore overalls and jumpers, stained with honest toil. Out of work and out of hope, these men had drifted to the Bowery lodging-houses, and now to the Mission doors, hoping for something to stay the pangs of hunger. All were made welcome, as the long line passed steadily through the basement, each man receiving a box packed with an excellent Christmas dinner as he paused to get his cup of hot coffee. Twelve hundred dinners were thus given out, each box being labelled, "Holiday Greeting from the Bowery Mission." The Mission also distributed two hundred dinners in baskets to poor families, and, in addition, two hundred lodging-house tickets were given out to men advanced in years, who had not even a dime with which to pay for a so-called bed.

Christmas at the Bowery Mission really began at one a.m., when the usual early breakfast of hot coffee and rolls was given to one thousand of the sad procession which wends its way down the Bowery, that "broad road" that so often leads to destruction. On Tuesday, the entire day was spent by the workers at the Mission in decorating an enormous tree, and in other ways preparing for Mrs. Bird's annual treat for the children of the East Side. On Wednesday morning the Mission doors were again thrown open, and long lines of children, some of whom were on hand at break of day, and had stood waiting for hours, began to slowly filter through. Eager faced little girls and bright black-eyed boys made up a throng of more than three thousand. Twenty policemen, headed by the kind-hearted captain in plain clothes, kept the lines in order as the children passed through the door in squads. Every little girl had a doll, a bag of candy, and an orange. The boys were presented with games, candy, and fruit. Not a boy or girl was left out, and it did seem as if the supply of toys and eatables was practically unlimited.

With all the joyousness, there was a heart-break here and there. One woman passed down the line with a poor little child too crippled to walk. The great eyes in the little pale face, which told too plainly of pain and suffering, momentarily forgot their troubles as the child caught sight of the beautiful tree, and heard Mother Bird's kindly voice, saying, "Give the little fellow something extra nice." A little girl came in, leading her blind father. "Sure, I couldn't leave daddy outside," she said. And "daddy" was given a share in the good things. The tree was the most beautiful of any ever raised in the Mission, thanks to generous hearts and willing hands. The happiness of the children well repaid all efforts of those who had spared neither time nor strength to make it the day of all days in the year to the wee folk of the tenements. The order and entire absence of confusion which marked the distribution of gifts among so many hundreds of children, was due in a great measure to the kindly work and interest of Captain Murtha and his twenty men in blue. A helping hand was also lent by Mr. Emil B. Linde, from the Bible Mission of 210 Chrystie Street, who was of great assistance in keeping the children in line inside the Mission doors. It was voted by all who witnessed the scene that Mother Bird's 1905 Christmas Tree celebration was more joyous and beautiful even than any that had preceded it.

In addition to these institutions which fed so many of the city's poor, large numbers were fed at the Mc Auley Mission, and the Newsboy's Lodging House. Seven hundred "Little Mothers" forgot their care for a brief while as they crowded into the Murray Hill Lyceum, where a feast had been spread for them by Mr. Frank Tilford. In the City Lodging House, over eleven hundred men and a number of women ate heartily of Christmas dainties. Four hundred and fifty prisoners in the Tombs forgot their woes as they ate turkey and fixings. In all the other city prisons, and on the "Island institutions" the prisoners fared equally well; while the churches all had their annual offerings greatly augmented, giving with a liberal hand to "God's poor." Private charities were numberless, and thousands of poor were gladdened by holiday gifts.

The Best Christmas Calendar

Your beautiful Calendar received to-day. Please accept my thanks for a very finely conceived, admirably painted, and excellently reproduced work. There are many good examples of appropriate and acceptable Christmas Calendars to-day, but, as far as I know, it is the best of all.

Philadelphia, Pa. S. C. COLLIS.

"Next Best Thing to Going Abroad"

We take pleasure in acknowledging receipt of "The Cruise of the Eight Hundred." The engravings are fine, and the descriptions so plain that a child can understand them. Altogether, it is most interesting, and the next best thing to going abroad. For we cannot all go abroad, but we can all learn from the writings of those who do go. MRS. JOHN KISSINGER.

Reading, Pa.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, Associate Editor — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, Associate Editor

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WE would again remind the fathers, husbands and brothers, and every man who desires the success of the Women's Anti-Mormon Campaign, that the best way to bring about this success, is to *write to the U. S. Senators from your State to-day*, urging them to support the Memorial for the exclusion of the Mormon apostle from the Senate. Let nothing stand between you and this duty. You have a right to ask this of your Senatorial representatives in the name of loyal, patriotic citizenship, for the protection of American homes, and in the interest of public morality, and clean, irreproachable, national legislation.

Keeping in Touch

AMONG the good resolutions that are made at this season, there is one that would have a potent influence, if it were extensively made and kept. It is that of resolving to give every morning half an hour to the reading of the Bible and prayer. Every Christian who has formed the habit and adhered to it, testifies to the benefit he derives from it. There is no doubt that in the strenuous life of the present day it is difficult. Even if the time is observed, the thoughts of the duties of the day, of the problems that must be solved, and the difficulties and trials that it will bring, thrust themselves into the mind and will not be excluded. But it is possible to defeat them by turning their presence to account. They may be laid before God in humble dependence on him, with a petition for his guidance and help in dealing with them. The invitation to do this is definite and explicit. "If any man lack wisdom"—and he must be a vain man indeed who does not range himself in that category—"let him ask of God and it shall be given him." The habit of thus taking God into our confidence on the affairs of the day, thus renders the distracting thoughts that intrude a help to devotion. The answer is sure, but apart from that, the effect on the man is beneficial. The thought that every difficulty is placed in His hands will produce a tranquil and courageous frame of mind that is of inestimable benefit, driving away harass, worry and distress—the foes of modern life.

Not in prayer alone does the benefit come. The reading of the Bible is an invaluable help. Christians who have made it a daily habit, are often astonished at seeing passages, overlooked before, but full of significance in the present circumstances. It often seems as if God, knowing the peculiar condition of the day, directs his child to a verse that exactly fits his need. In any case, the habit brings a Christian into touch with his Heavenly Father, and tones up his spiritual health. It is a protection and a preservative, too. When assailed by temptation, the thought of that quiet season, in which he will come into the divine presence, exerts a restraining influence. He is kept from stepping aside by the thought that with that sin on his soul, he must go ashamed and degraded into the presence of Him who knows the thoughts of the heart. He who desires to lead a consistent life and to keep a conscience void of offense will find in this habit a means to that end.

Besides all this, what a privilege it is to be able to enter into converse with the all-wise and omnipotent Ruler of the world! Is it possible that any Christian voluntarily neglects to avail himself of it? There is no engagement, no duty that should crowd out such a privilege from the day. We commend the habit to every reader for the new year, and are convinced that to every one that forms it, it will bring a blessing.

The Mysteries of Providence

PROBABLY the heart's cry concerning the strange dealings of God with men will never be answered in this world, though it beats forever like the wave against the rock on the shores of human pain. Why does our Heavenly Father cut off a young man in his splendid prime, and leave the aged and feeble one, whose life is a burden on account of its infirmity? Why are the good taken and the wicked left? George Eliot once said, pithily, "It seems as if the only ones not wanted in Heaven are those that are not wanted on earth." Why is a wife snatched in a breath from her adoring husband, and a mother taken from a little flock, who are left exposed and unsheltered in a cold world? Why must the wife be early widowed! Why are children sent to homes where they are unwelcome and perhaps ill-treated, when there are other homes longing for them, in which there is no patter of little feet or music of prattling speech.

These questions are not for us to answer. A deeper wisdom, a profounder love, and a larger vision than ours govern the universe. We may safely leave to God all that puzzles us here. If needful, we shall be told the reasons of our sufferings when we reach the other side.

The Moscow Tragedy

RUSSIA seems to have entered upon the last stage of the grim tragedy which has been in progress in that unhappy country for nearly a twelvemonth past. Anarchy, indiscriminate slaughter, pillage, in a word, social and political chaos, rule in the empire of the Czar. In nearly all of the large cities, government, where not already overthrown, is maintained only by military terrorism, and with quick-firing guns. In the provinces, north and south, the peasants have risen and swept away the landed proprietors, avenging with sword and torch the long ages of oppression and disregard of human rights. The bigoted and intolerant State Church, which was ever found on the side of the oppressors, has been suddenly shorn of its ancient power, and can no longer stand between the people and their liberties as it has done in the past.

But it is in Moscow, the ancient capital of the Czars, and the scene of their imperial coronations from time immemorial, that the struggle is fiercest and most sanguinary. Here, under the shadow of the gloomy Kremlin in which so many dark tragedies have been enacted, the revolution seems to have chosen its first battleground in the struggle for universal suffrage and a constituent assembly. Streets flowing with blood, troops and workmen fighting fiercely at barricades, public buildings ablaze, property worth millions given up to incendiarism, and fifteen thousand dead and dying filling morgues and hospitals—all these combine to form a picture as full of horrors as any in the days of the French Revolution. How it will all end, none may yet foresee. The times have not yet produced a military leader strong enough to cope with the situation, and the rising tide of mutiny in army and navy, if it goes on unchecked, may soon take from the government the last hope to which it is now clinging. Upon the loyalty of the troops the whole situation hinges; for if they adopt the cause of the revolutionists, Russia is lost to the Romanoffs.

Are the so-called "Christian" nations justified in allowing this terrible and apparently endless slaughter to go on in Russia, without raising a single voice in protest? This question may well be asked; yet England, Germany, France and the Southern European Powers continue silent, while the dark and bloody tragedy goes forward. America alone had the courage to set conventionalities aside, when it interposed to prevent further useless bloodshed in the Far East. Would America's voice be raised in vain, if she now demanded that Europe unite with her in taking measures to avert further excesses in Russia and to bring about some reasonable basis of settlement between the Czar and his people? We have been the peacemaker on several occasions; why not now, when the friendly offices of a strong Peacemaker are so sorely needed? Intervention now may save a hundred thousand human beings, who will surely be sacrificed if the mad and senseless carnage is permitted to continue unchecked. If the Powers were to unite in guaranteeing to the Russian people the faithful performance of the Czar's pledges, the impending chaos might be checked, and the peril which threatens not Russia alone, but all Europe, averted. They do not believe the Czar's promise; they would accept the solemn assurance of the Powers that the Czar should be held to his pledge.

It is a grave responsibility; but it may be equally a duty which "Christian" governments, should undertake, leaving the final issues of the step with a Higher Power. And we believe that that government which takes the initiative in such a cause will never have occasion to regret it.

The Women's Campaign

The real issue between Smoot and the Senate and between Smoot and the country concerns his loyalty as an American citizen to the government. Which in his estimation commands his supreme allegiance, the United States or the Mormon hierarchy? This is not a mere academic question. It is a condition, not a theory, which confronts Congress and the people.—*Rochester, N. Y., Democrat and Chronicle.*

It is an issue between an alien monarchy and our own Republic. Apostle Reed Smoot has no more right to sit in the Senate of the United States than a Minister of the Empire of Austria would have. Mr. Smoot represents another ruler as ambassador to the United States Senate—bound to that other ruler by indissoluble ties, obligations and responsibilities; he is under the direction of that ruler's government, and it can control every vote and every utterance which he may deliver as an alleged Senator of the United States.—*Salt Lake Tribune.*

The Bowery Mission Bread-Line

I KNOW that many of our subscribers have already contributed to the Thanksgiving and Christmas Dinners for the homeless men and boys at the Bowery Mission, and it requires a good deal of courage to make still another appeal.

But the Bowery Mission is very dear to my heart, and from the letters I am receiving from our subscribers, I am encouraged to believe that many of them also feel as I do about the glorious work there carried on.

And therefore I am emboldened to make this special appeal, not in behalf of the Holiday festivities, but in behalf of the early morning breakfasts given daily to one thousand of these unfortunates.

On Thursday, Nov. 30, Thanksgiving Day, at one o'cloek in the morning, we resumed this missionary effort, which, in the past, has proved a savor of life unto many hundreds of precious souls, and it is our determination to carry on this special work until Easter Sunday, April 15, 1906.

These men and boys have no homes. They are compelled to walk the streets the whole night. Comparatively few may sleep on carts or in hallways, but the great majority must walk the streets to keep warm. Our early morning breakfasts afford them quite a little comfort. For ten or twenty minutes it breaks their nightly monotonous tramp, and gives these unfortunates the comfort of a warm room with an abundance of light, a cup of steaming hot fragrant coffee, and a generous roll; after which they must resume their weary tramp for the rest of the night.

To appreciate fully how much genuine good is being done on these cold nights, one must see this thinly-clad, shivering multitude standing in line, waiting for their turn, and then, at last, enjoying the comfort of the refreshment afforded. Words are inadequate to convey how much it rests the tired body, and instils courage for the rest of the homeless, bedless night, still in store.

Altogether there are 144 nights before the winter's cold will have been sufficiently tempered to render this aid unnecessary, and then at least 144,000 men and boys will have enjoyed this comfort that contributes so largely to make life tolerable even under such distressing conditions.

You may wish to help these poor wanderers—the least of His brethren—and we invite your help. Do all you have in your heart to do and God will bless you for it. It may mean very little to you, but you can hardly realize how much it will mean to them. If you want to help them, please do it now, for *now is the time*. If you do not care to share this opportunity with me, then I must enjoy it alone, for God has laid it upon my heart to see to it that this glorious work goes on.

Please send all contributions toward the early morning breakfasts, for homeless men and boys, at the Bowery Mission, to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, in the columns of which every remittance will be promptly acknowledged. "Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble."

Among the Workers

—EVANGELIST J. D. BELKNAP, of Syracuse, N. Y., lately closed a month of revival meetings in Buffalo, N. Y., and has just begun a similar work in Oklahoma and Indian Territory, under Congregational auspices.

—MISS WILHELMINA ARPIAINEN, a missionary from Finland, who has labored for the past eight years in India, has come to this country on a visit to the Finns in New York, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and other States.

—1906 OPENS with troublous times in the foreign mission field. Rev. Mr. Peet, of the American Board, reports a severe earthquake near Harpoot, in Asia Minor, with many houses destroyed and much suffering among the population. A famine is raging in northeastern Japan and thousands are reported starving. Renewed famine threatens a very large portion of India, as the result of long-continued drought.

Tunneling Under the Seine

PARIS is following the example of other capitals in providing means of locomotion under its foundations. It has adopted a gigantic scheme providing for a line of railroad over forty-nine miles in length. This necessitates laying a track under two arms of the River Seine. This is the most difficult part of the work, owing to the peculiarities of the bed of the river. It was found impossible to make borings for a tunnel; so, as in the case of the Harlem River in New York, the system of caissons has been adopted. A section of the tunnel, built up in the form of an oval steel caisson, is constructed and floated down the river to the place indicated by guide-posts, where it is required. Its exact position having been accurately defined, the caisson is sunk to the bed of the river. Below the caisson are two huge flanges, on which it rests on the river bed. These form a chamber, from which the water of the Seine enclosed at the sinking of the caisson, is pumped. This leaves a vacant room in which men may work, and from which the river is excluded by compressed air. In the centre of the caisson is a long hollow tube fitted with an apparatus for raising pails. The workmen excavate the bed of the river into the pails, which are carried to the top of the tube and there empty themselves into barges floating on the surface of the river. Gradually as the river bed is excavated, the caisson sinks, until its roof is level with the bed of the river. Thus the depth of the river is not diminished by the presence of the caisson. The track is then laid, the working chamber and the space above the curved roof of the caisson filled with cement and rubble, and that section is complete. This is a stupendous task, but it is being expeditiously performed and the whole railroad is expected to be in operation early in the year 1907. This is another of the devices by which space is economized and provision is made for rapid traveling. Gradually men are taking more complete possession of their heritage, which, as they sometimes forget, comes from God.

The earth hath he given to the children of men (Ps. 115: 16).

Working in a Caisson Under the River Seine

Excavating the Bed of the Seine for the Paris Subway

A Faithful Husband

A man who preferred death to the desertion of his sick wife, is a hero that deserves recognition in these prosaic days. Such a man is a citizen of New York. A few days ago fire was discovered in a flat house in the upper section of the city. On one of the upper floors lived a man and his wife, the latter dangerously ill. There was some delay in getting the firemen to the scene, owing to the raging of another fire in the district, and the flames were making rapid headway. One after another the neighbors went up to the rooms in which the couple lived, and urged them to escape. The man calmly replied: "My wife is too ill to be moved, and I will not leave her." When the firemen arrived, they carried several screaming women down, and at last reached the sick room. "Get out, get out," they cried, but the man would not move. Happily the wind carried the flames away from the side of the house in which the couple were, and after a hard struggle they were extinguished. The brave man and his wife were unhurt. It was noble fidelity that the man displayed. How his wife must love him for his devotion! She will not be like those for whom Christ laid down his life to save them from eternal death, who hear of the sacrifice and do not love him.

He is despised and rejected of men . . . . but he was wounded for our transgressions (Isa. 53: 3, 5).

A Day Lost

We shall be interested in learning what is the experience of the voyagers on The Great Northern steamship *Dakota*, which left Seattle, Wash., recently, for Japan and China. It is probable, if the ship keeps her schedule, that they lost Christmas Day last year. According to the well-known law, a vessel crossing the meridian on its way East, loses a day, and on its way westward gains a day at that point. The *Dakota* was scheduled to reach the line on Sunday night, Dec. 24. The next rising of the sun would be reckoned the morning of Tuesday, Dec. 26, so that the gladdest day of the year would be lost from its calendar. Happily for the hundred passengers on board, and any children among them, arrangements were made for the celebration on Tuesday. It would be celebrated as joyfully and as appropriately on that day as on the other. No one would be distressed by the loss of the day, unless some observer of the Seventh Day Sabbath was on board, who would be sorely puzzled by finding a day gone out of his week. The seventh day for all the passengers during that week would be Sunday, and the Seventh Day observer might find himself for the time in accord with the rest of Christendom. But if he were called to account for observing the Lord's Day, he might justify himself by the Apostolic injunction.

Let no man therefore judge you in respect of a holy day, or of the new moon, or of the Sabbath day (Col. 2: 16).

Undesired Responsibility

On the steamer *Satsuma*, which arrived at New York last week from Yokohama, was a greatly embarrassed seaman. It appears that early in the voyage one of the Chinese sailors was taken ill. He went about his work with a face distorted by pain, and with evident difficulty. At last he grew so sick that he could do no more, and he flung himself down on the deck to die. To the captain's surprise, none of the Chinese would go near him or do anything to relieve his suffering. There was no doctor on board, but the captain could not bear to have a man die on his ship without some effort being made to save him. He therefore had the man carried to his own cabin, and, calling the chief engineer into consultation, made an examination of the patient. They concluded that a simple surgical operation was the right thing for him, and with such rough instruments as the ship's stores afforded, they performed it. They were rejoiced to find that the patient was relieved, and in a few days was able to resume his duties. But a strange result followed when the ship touched at a port on the voyage. The Chinese patient followed the captain on shore and would not leave him. He explained that in the province of China from which he came, it was a recognized custom that a man whose life was saved by another, belonged to his rescuer from that time to the end of his life, with his wife and children, and all his possessions. The captain does not want the responsibility of a Chinaman and his family, but the grateful man insists and forces his services upon him. What a pity it is that the Christian, whose indebtedness to Christ is infinitely greater than that of this Chinaman to the captain, so seldom recognizes the duty which Christ would accept.

I beseech you therefore that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service (Rom. 12: 1).

$40,000 for a Plant

A press dispatch from Cincinnati, O., announces the sale of a carnation at a price that beats all previous records. The vender was the famous Cincinnati florist and the purchasers, the Chicago Carnation Association, of Joliet, Ill., and the price paid no less a sum than $40,000. It would seem incredible that such a sum should be realized for a plant, were it not a matter of record that $30,000 was recently paid by a well-known stock operator to a Massachusetts florist for a similar flower. The flower that has achieved the record sale is said to be of a deep rich pink, and is declared by carnation experts to be by far the finest ever produced. It is the result of skilful crossing from several varieties and is called "the Aristocrat," as being the very acme of all carnations. The price recalls the historic record of the tulip craze of the seventeenth century, when the precious bulbs reached the then deemed extraordinary figure of $12,000 each. That boom suddenly collapsed, involving many speculators in utter ruin. The fashions and whims of the world change, and one generation has very different estimates of value from the next. Nothing here is permanent but the eternal truth, which is imperishable.

The flower fadeth, but the word of our God shall stand forever (Isa. 40: 8).

A Christmas Pardon

A convict in the penitentiary of Richmond, Va., was unexpectedly enabled to spend Christmas with his friends. He belonged to the Capitol Square squad and had for about a year been treated as a "trusty." Part of his duty was to keep the grounds around the Executive Mansion in order, and while working there, he was noticed by Governor Montague's ten-year-old son, who took an interest in him. The friendship between the boy and the convict increased, and eventually the boy interceded with his father for him. The Governor, however, refused, as he saw no reason for granting the pardon, though his affection for his son pleaded for it. The boy was not inclined to accept the refusal as final. He went to the warden, and obtained from him an endorsement of the prisoner's good record, and a testimony from the chaplain. Armed with these documents he renewed his appeal, and the Governor, touched by the boy's earnestness, ordered the pardon made out, and signed it. He placed it in his son's hands as a Christmas gift, and the boy declared it was the most welcome present he could have. He lost no time in carrying it to his convict friend, who gladly availed himself of it. It was peculiarly appropriate that the pardon should have been granted on the day when we celebrate the birth of Him, who came to open the prison to them that are bound. The means, too, were very significant, inasmuch as they did not proceed from any doubt of the prisoner having committed the crime of which he was convicted, or of the justice of his sentence, but only because the Governor delighted to please his own son, who interceded for the condemned man.

Even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you (Eph. 4: 32).

THE BOYHOOD OF JESUS CHRIST

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts*

"ONLY once, as a boy, did Jesus give me any anxiety," we may imagine Mary saying to John, as she continued her story of the childhood of Jesus. "It was during his visit to Jerusalem, in his twelfth year. Our sojourn in Egypt had been only three or four months, for Herod died soon after our flight to that land, and an angel told Joseph it was safe for us to return to our own land. But Joseph hearing that Herod's son, Archelaus, was king, thought it best that we should not return to Bethlehem, but to Nazareth, where the less cruel Herod Antipas ruled. Jesus was less than three years old when we came back. He had a sweet way of trotting back and forth with me when I went to the fountain to get water. And as soon as he was strong enough to lift the water jar, he insisted upon carrying it for me. He was helpful to Joseph in the carpenter shop, taking down tools and putting them in place again when asked to do so, and assisting in other ways. He attended the rabbi's school, and learned; studied the Scriptures and other books. He had a good name in the village.

"In his twelfth year, Joseph and I determined to take him to the Passover at Jerusalem. Other boys of that age in Nazareth also went to pass through the ordinance which made them 'sons of the law.' Our journey from Nazareth to Jerusalem lasted three days, and all the way along, it was our great pleasure to point out to Jesus the scenes connected with our Jewish history. It was like a great picture book to him, at which he looked with eager interest. Our second night's rest was near Jacob's well. There we told him of patriarchs, prophets, and kings, who in their day had drunk of its waters. The third day's journey took us past Shiloh, and we talked of Samuel; past Gibeah, which brought King Saul to mind; past Bethel which recalled stories of Abraham and Jacob. And we seemed almost to see again the golden calf which the wicked Jeroboam set up there. The third night we encamped quite in sight of the City of David, which we were to enter upon the morrow.

"On the fourth day we were swept into the city with the great throng of pilgrims who had come from every town in the land. The great Temple, all white and gold, loomed up before us; and as we approached nearer we saw that the courts were thronged with people who had brought their pascal lambs to be slain. As soon as Joseph had determined where our booth of leaves should be located, to be a dwelling place during the Passover, he procured our lamb and took it to the Temple, and returning with it, I roasted it, with the help of some of our friends from Nazareth, and together we ate the supper. During all of the next day we were at the Temple, participating in the services, and when evening came, and the first three stars appeared in the sky, the principal ceremonies were concluded, and with a large company of our friends and neighbors we started for home. We had gone a day's journey before we realized that Jesus was not in the company. We sought him among the boys of his own age, but could not find him. There was nothing for Joseph and me to do but to return to Jerusalem and seek him there.

"After a long search we found him on the Temple terrace, sitting among the doctors, listening to them as they taught the people, and asking them questions. I went up close to him and whispered some words of reproach because he had remained behind. With a look of surprise he replied: 'How is it that ye sought me elsewhere? wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?' Then he quickly arose and came back with us to Nazareth for eighteen strangely quiet years of work as a carpenter, that seemed to deny the angel's promise that he was to be the Messiah. But I came to understand it was God's way to bring him near to the poor, and prepare his heart for suffering and service."

"They went up to Jerusalem after the custom"

"Behold thy father and I have sought thee, sorrowing"

Illustration and Application

1. A Growing Boy. Twice over in one chapter (Luke 2 : 40, 52), we are told that Jesus as a boy grew in body, mind and spirit, the three parts of human nature which the Y. M. C. A. pictures in its pin, with "the soul on top," to borrow a boy's expressive rendering of Paul's saying, "I keep my body under." Another boy, being asked the Catechism question, "Who made you?" replied, measuring a baby's length with his hands, "God made me so long, and I growed the rest." Like other "self-made men," he showed a tendency to worship his creator, but it is really true that a boy can materially influence his own growth, and we are therefore divinely commanded to "grow" (II. Peter 3 : 18; I. Peter 2 : 2; I. Cor. 14 : 20). Seven years before the recent great war, the Japanese parliament, anticipating it, forbade all boys and girls under twenty to use tobacco in any form, and all students of any age in the universities and other schools, because they heard how "tobacco heart" kept many of the American militia from passing the physical examination at the opening of the war with Spain. That is only one of many things that hinder a boy's growth in stature and in strength. Another of these hindrances to growth is hinted at in Tennyson's line about the pure knight, who says, "My strength is as the strength of ten because my heart is pure." Even coarse prize fighters abstain from tobacco, and vice, and drink, and use health foods when in training. Shall we not be willing to avoid whatever is harmful, and seek what is healthful, for the sake of higher victories in the great battle of life? Health is itself greater happiness than the sinful pleasures we are required to exchange for it.

But we must grow in mind also, by healthy reading, and in soul by loving service of God and man. Mr. B. F. Jacobs used to tell of a mother whose baby boy stopped growing when he was only a few months old. Months passed into years, and the boy was still only a baby in size. The mother would bend pitifully over his cradle, saying, "Why don't he grow?" God must be saying with equal anxiety of many a professing Christian, whose dwarfed soul has not grown perceptibly since conversion, and is still petty, and selfish, and childish: "Why don't he grow?" Another story is pertinent, of the gray-haired dwarf to whom a wondering child said, "Ain't you rather small for your age?" Alas! that many a man who has grown gray in the church is still "small" in his benevolence "small" in all his aspirations and activities. His love stops with himself, or his own family, or his own city, or his State, or at most reaches only to the borders of his own country.

Richelieu said: "Beyond the map of France my heart can travel not." Imagine Jesus Christ saying such a thing! "Beyond the map of Palestine my heart can travel not. Jesus for the Jews." If he had said that, not one of us would know there ever had been such a person as Jesus Christ. He would be forgotten with the anonymous scribes and Pharisees, whose love of country turned to hate because it stopped growing at their own frontiers, just as water turns to miasma when it stops flowing. We never think of Jesus as a Jew—"Behold the Man!" So let our hearts grow like a tree through all the widening circles of love, from the family circle to the world circle of a true humanitarianism, loving all mankind as Christ loves it, as the true Christian must, therefore, love it; with a love that never stops growing, never ceases to expand, until it has taken in "all souls" in earth and heaven. That is what it means to "grow in grace." Alas for any mean soul that is not sorry for the Russians, struggling for liberty, like a blind Samson, only to pull down the pillars of government upon themselves! Alas for any shriveled heart that is not sorry for China, wronged in many ways by white races, and struggling blindly with massacres and boycotts to save itself! If it be sad to carry a world's sorrows, it is sadder to be so selfish that we do not care what happens to our brothers afar.

2. The Diligent Student. There is nothing miraculous in the story of Jesus among the doctors of the Temple. He had "laid his glory by," and was simply a well-trained, earnest boy, who was more eager to learn something in Jerusalem than to gad about among the sideshows of the Passover festival. A father who took his boy to the Crystal Palace in London, hoping to interest him in the art and arts there displayed—the pictures, the music, the machines—on coming away, asked him what he enjoyed most, to which the boy briefly replied: "The veal and ham pies." Jesus was a higher grade of boy. He came back from Jerusalem having enjoyed not only the bonbons, but more—the opportunity to learn from the good and great. Abraham Lincoln, with little schooling, was one of the best informed of men, because he made it a rule whenever engaged in conversation, to question those about him, each on something he knew more about than the questioner did. Instead of trying to exhibit what he knew, he sought to add to it, by the art of questioning. Many a law case he won by knowledge he had so acquired, long before he knew it would ever be needed. So Jesus questioned the doctors, although diligent use of his meagre schooling at Nazareth, with the added instruction of his faithful mother, had already stored his mind to such an extent that the doctors were "astonished at his understanding and answers."

It is a Christian duty to store and consecrate our intellects. That is the meaning of the command, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy mind." An examination of the standards of conduct in English schools led to the statement that Christianity had no dominant influence among schoolboys, but that conduct is ruled by certain artificial standards of "honor," such as not only excuse, but require the hiding of a classmate's wrong-doing. The same is largely true in American schools, and in most others except missionary schools in heathen lands. The remedy is partly in showing that religion is not a matter of the "soul" alone, but "the right use of a man's whole self," and that fair play at school is as much a part of it as to pray at church.

A truly noble boy or man will have such enthusiasm for truth and for the "Father's business" as Jesus showed when he turned aside from the holiday shows in Jerusalem to learn of the doctors the important things he did not yet know. He had an enthusiasm for knowing and doing the right such as great artists have for their work. Wiertz, for example, was happy in his art when living on $120 a year. When twenty years old he wrote to his mother: "At a time when mechanism is preferred to expression, one must dare to follow the great Poussin, to paint for posterity, and, fighting continually against bad taste, to be willing to remain poor for the sake of becoming a great artist." Another sentence from one of his letters to a young artist will show how entirely he was devoted to his art for its own sake: "If you do not feel this ardent love, this indomitable courage, this all-powerful enthusiasm, which sacrifices everything to art, you do not belong to us; but if the passion which animates us fills your soul, come to us, and you will learn how few are the real needs of life, how little the body demands when the soul is filled with one thought, one desire, one wish."

Grander than the passion of scientists to discover truth and of artists to express it, is the Christ-like passion to be and do good for the gladdening of a sin-saddened world. In contrast with the boy Jesus, asking questions about great subjects, how low and mean seem the things that are most upon the mind of many of our youth today. Play has its place, and Jesus no doubt played as other children play; but we may be quite sure that he always played fair, and that he did not consider study an interruption of play.

*International Sunday School Lesson for Jan. 21. The boy Jesus, Luke 2: 40-50. GOLDEN TEXT: "Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man," Luke 2: 52."

THE CHARIOTS OF THE LORD

A Story of the days of Religious Persecution in England

BY JOSEPH HOCKING

CHAPTER V.—Continued

"BUT the King is king," said Trelawney. "He will see to it that no great harm happens to one whose father fought for his father."

"The King!" cried Master Dugdale. "What did you experience at his hands! Did he not tell that inhuman devil Jeffreys to work his will on you?"

"Ay, but," said Benedict, "I am a Trelawney. There is no name more beloved in Coruwall. If aught of harm happens to me, my people will rise in their thousands, and march to London, demanding my liberty."

Master Dugdale smiled at the youth's airy thoughts. "You do not know, Master Trelawney," he said. "But come with me, and perchance you may be convinced as to how matters really stand."

He led the way into another compartment where there sat a woman of about forty-five or fifty years of age, and two young maidens not much past their teens. Beside them was a man in the prime of life, as well as a youth of perhaps twenty-five.

"Here," said Master Dugdale, turning to the woman, "be my wife and two daughters, Elizabeth and Priscilla. This young man is my son Halbert, while here is a friend who did but yesterday arrive from Scotland."

Benedict Trelawney cast his eyes around him quickly. He noted that Mistress Dugdale had a kind, patient face, and that Elizabeth seemed to take of her mother's nature. But Mistress Priscilla was different. She was very comely to look upon, and was dressed in the same quiet garb as her mother and sister, but instead of revealing patience and forbearance, her appearance suggested resolution and passion. Her eyes were dark and brilliant, her manner told of pride. No one could think of her as one who would patiently undergo suffering, or one who would sit quietly under wrong. She had all of Joan of Arc's daring and resolution, without her quiet meekness.

The youth evidently partook of Mistress Priscilla's nature. He was strongly built; not tall and stately like his father, but short and sturdy, with great breadth of shoulder and thickness of limb. His hair was jet black and closely cropped, and he wore the garb of the Puritans. The man from Scotland was different from either. His head was covered by a thick mat of sandy-colored hair. His eyes were light gray, while his high cheek-bones and freckled skin, suggested his Gaelic blood.

All looked towards young Trelawney with great respect, and this, as the youth quickly discovered, was not because of his name or race, but because he had that day defied Judge Jeffreys, and because he had escaped from the clutches of the law.

"Let me welcome you, Master Trelawney," said young Halbert Dugdale.

"A maid rushed into the room——"

"I would I had been there to stand by your side. God knows we have become a race of slaves, and this Stuart king, although a Scotchman, makes me ready to forswear my Scotch blood."

"Nay, nay," said Master Donald Stewart, the Scotchman. "If you had been in Scotland these last few weeks, you would have seen that we have not become a nation of slaves. Nay, by the great God above, the blood of our forefathers still runs in our veins. It is true we did a bad turn to England by giving her a Scotch King, but we'll e'en make amends by destroying the whole brood of the Stuarts, root and branch. Ay, and take note, Master Trelawney, that my name is not spelt with *u*, but with *ew*, which makes all the difference. The Stewarts are clean Scotch, but the Stuarts are a Frenchy lot, which are enough to curse any nation."

"I say naught against the King, in spite of all he hath done," said Trelawney, trying to fan into a flame the patriotism of which he had been so proud.

"Say nothing against the King!" cried Master Donald Stewart, "as well say nothing against Satan."

The young Cornishman looked eagerly around, as though he were astonished at such treason.

"Oh, ay, I know," went on the Scotchman, "I know what such as you think. But I come of the blood of the Covenanters. You do not know my people, Master Trelawney, but we are e'en a religious people. The bairns who live on our bare mountain-sides are all nurtured on the Word of God. We would have the pure milk of the Word, the simple Gospel, and would not be bound by the chains of popes or priests. Ay, man, you do not know what has happened. No sooner did this wolf's whelp become King, than he got his Scots in Edinburgh to pass a law that whoever should be true to the teaching of the Word of God should be put to death."

"But surely, no," cried Benedict Trelawney. "Put to death for being true to the Word of God!"

"It is e'en as I say," said the Scotchman. "This James Stuart hath had a law passed that if a preacher should preach the Word of God he should be put to death, and any man coming to hear him should die."

"But is this true?" cried Trelawney.

"It is God's truth," said Stewart. "Ay, and many of the bravest and truest in Scotland, women as well as men, have been hanged at the gallows, butchered by the King's minions, and their blood has been lapped up by the dogs."

"Then they must have committed some crime," said the young Cornishman.

"Crime! Ay, the crime of being faithful to their faith. The crime of claiming liberty in prayer, the crime of reading God's Word. But naught else, Master Trelawney, naught else."

"But can you vouch for this?"

"Vouch for it! I have seen it with my own eyes. There lived a man in Lanarkshire, John Brown. I knew him well. As good a man as ever lived. He was a carrier, and so famed for holy life was he that he was called the Christian carrier. Well, he was cutting turf to burn in his cottage one day, when Claverhouse and his dragoons seized him. He was accused of naught, Master Trelawney, but of being one who read his Bible, and worshiped God according to the faith of his fathers. In short, he was not an Episcopalian, but a Presbyterian. That was all, but the King enacted that this was enough. He was sentenced to death. His wife, poor soul, came to see the end, hoping and praying for his deliverance. She led one little child by the hand, and was soon to became mother to another. Even among the King's butchers it was hard to find any one base enough to be executioner, although at last one wretch consented. But it was not he who did the bloody deed. John Brown knelt down to pray, and Claverhouse killed him with his own hand."

"But, surely," cried Trelawney, his cheeks pale, and his eyes aflame at the recital, "this is but a rare instance."

"Rare!" cried the Scotchman, "it is happening every day. All who will not subscribe to the State Church, stand in jeopardy of their lives. Why, think, two peasants named Peter Gillies and John Bryce, were condemned to die not a month ago for naught but holding to the faith of God as they had received it from their fathers. They were hanged and their bodies thrown into a hole under the gallows. Since then men without trial, ay, within an hour after their arrest, were murdered for their faith by these servants of King James, and their blood was lapped by the dogs."*

"But this is devilish," cried Trelawney. "The man who could do this is not worthy of life, much less of being King."

"And yet such things as these are but the common every-day stories of my native land," cried the Scotchman. "It is not one case simply, but hundreds. This King James hates the Puritans, hates Presbyterians, hates all those who hold to the simple faith of the Gospel, and he is for ever urging that no mercy shall be shown to them, that they shall be taken and slain without mercy, and their property confiscated. He expressed regret that he could not himself promulgate such laws in person from the throne; but he caused the laws to be passed, and now the cry that went up in Judea when Herod commanded the children to be slain, is naught compared with the cries that go up to God in Scotland."

"But why do not the people rise?"

"Ah, you have come to that, have you?" cried Donald Stewart. "Ay, and my people have arisen and will arise; but as yet the servants of the devil have been too strong. Everywhere are bands of the King's soldiers, and many—ah, God forgive them, but they are weak, and have turned traitors."

"But," cried Trelawney, "you are a man of family."

"There is none nobler in Scotland," cried the Scotchman. "My family have for generations used their claymores for God, and truth, and liberty."

"And yet you are in London," said Trelawney scornfully. "You who as a man of family should strike for freedom and lead your people to battle,

*See Macaulay's *History of England*, Vol. I., pp. 388-391.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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The Chariots of the Lord

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

are even here in London, while your countrymen suffer unnameable horrors."

"Stop!" cried the Scotchman, his light gray eyes emitting gleams of anger. "Stop, I tell you, or I shall forget I am a Christian man. Have I been faithless! look here?"

He took off his jacket, and bared his arms.

"Do you see this torn flesh?" he cried. "See, it is not yet healed. All my body is marked in this way, so much so that I cry out in my sleep. Why? Because I am a Covenanter, and I will not swear away my faith. I was taken by the command of this King, but because I was a man of family I was allowed a mock trial. But this was not before I was put to the torture, as you see. I was told that if I would forswear my Presbyterianism, and become an Episcopalian I should have favor and honor, but if I would not ——" the Scotchman looked at his scarred arms, and was silent.

"I was condemned to die," he went on presently, "and my property was confiscated to the Crown. I was thrown into a foul-smelling prison, mocked at and kicked by my gaolers, and told that I should go to death next day. But the Lord had mercy on me. Some of my people broke into the prison and set me at liberty. They carried me to a vessel which lay in the Firth of Forth, and I was brought here, to the house of Henry Dugdale, who hath long been known as a friend to the faithful. Now, Master Trelawney, am I faithless to my faith, and to my people? You have to-day escaped from gaol; you are in danger of the vengeance of Judge Jeffreys, by this time a price will be set upon your head, but what of me and mine, Master Trelawney?"

"And this is but a part of the truth," said Henry Dugdale. "While this is going on in Scotland, James Stuart is doing the same in England."

At this moment there was a loud shout of voices outside demanding admittance in the King's name, and a serving maid rushed into the room saying that men were demanding to search the house.

Young Halbert Dugdale seized a sword that hung on the wall, while Benedict Trelawney looked around for a weapon. Master Donald Stewart also rose to his feet, his steely gray eyes shining with the light of battle.

"Useless," said Henry Dugdale in a whisper. "The time is not yet come for that. Come, I may be able to save you."

With swift, silent footsteps he led them to the other side of the room, there he touched a spring and opened a door which seemed to form a panel of the room. A moment later Benedict Trelawney and Donald Stewart stood in a dark cupboard-like place, which, however, was large enough for them to move with perfect ease. Moreover, it was in some way ventilated, for the air was pure.

"He hath told me of this place," said Stewart, when the door closed again. "It leads to—— but hark! what is that?"

Benedict Trelawney felt a shiver pass through his body, for he heard the voice of Judge Jeffreys, a voice terrible at all times, but now hoarse and strident with passion.

CHAPTER VI.

"YES, Master Dugdale, you rank Presbyterian," cried Jeffreys. "It is I. You did not expect to see me. You thought you could go on harboring traitors, and brawlers, and still go scot free. But, as I am a Christian man, you shall not. Come, where is he?"

"Where is who?" asked Master Dugdale quietly.

"Where is who?" cried Jeffreys. "You know well enough. Were you not at the court-house this morning; did I not see your hypocritical face when that young Cornish varlet called me a liar? You said no word? Nay, but I saw the look in your eyes. He is of your like, and I have tracked him here."

"Tracked him here? Tracked who here?"

"Have I not told you?" yelled Jeffreys. "Nay, I know you, Henry Dugdale. You are a friend of that rogue Richard Baxter, and you rejoiced when that young Trelawney scouted me. But I'll be even with you. Was it one of these wenches of yours who pushed the officers into that hole in the Strand awhile ago, and helped Trelawney to escape in the fog? I can quite believe it. That black-haired hussy there is game for any devilry."

He pointed to Priscilla as he spoke, whereupon the girl rose angrily.

"I do not know what you mean," she said. "I have not been out of this house to-day; but if I could help any one to escape your clutches I would do so."

"Would you," yelled Jeffreys, "would you? Ah, well, the time will come when I'll make you pay for those words."

"If you will but calm yourself," said Henry Dugdale, "you may perchance see the uselessness of coming hither, and leave me in peace."

"Calm myself!" cried Jeffreys. "How dare you speak to me in such a fashion. Calm, when talking with traitors; calm, when you harbor the King's enemies! Come, now, bring Trelawney hither, or I will have this barracks razed to the ground, and you whipped at the cart-tail."

"If you will but listen——"

"Listen! No, I will not listen, you lying, canting hypocrite! Come, is Trelawney here?"

"I refuse to say another word to you, my Lord Jeffreys," replied Dugdale. "No honest man will stand such words."

"Oh, you won't, eh? Well, we'll see! When I was told of what had taken place, I thought of you in a moment. Here, you fellows, go through the house, from scullery to cockloft. Two of you stand at the doors, and the rest search. As for me I'll sit here and keep my eye upon this lying knave."

Both Benedict Trelawney and Donald Stewart heard every word which fell from Jeffreys' lips, but both remained silent. The men dispersed themselves to search the house, while Jeffreys seated himself in a large armchair, and glowered angrily upon Master Henry Dugdale.

"You did not think to see me, eh?" went on Jeffreys. "You did not think the King's Chief Justice would himself do the work of a constable. Ay, but you do not know me yet. The law hath been too merciful, too merciful by half."

"You are not the King," cried Halbert Dugdale.

"Not the King! Nay, but I know the King's mind, young sancebox."

"There is still a Parliament," cried Halbert Dugdale.

"Parliament! Let Parliament go hang. The King is king, and his will must be obeyed. I will see to that. Oh, I will let you poisonous Presbyterians know, by the grace of God, I will. Ay, and that reminds me. There is a fellow named Donald Stewart, who was found redhanded, and full of treason. He was condemned to die; but he hath wickedly escaped. It is said that he hath escaped to London. Know you aught of him, Master Hypocrite."

He turned to Henry Dugdale as he spoke, but the old man met Jeffreys' angry glare with quiet calm.

TO BE CONTINUED

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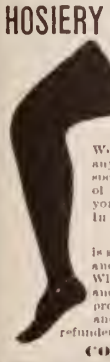

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The New Asylum for the Insane, at Jerusalem

A Worthy Jerusalem Charity

FROM the Hon. Selah Merrill, our Consul-General at Jerusalem, we have received the following letter in behalf of a project which we commend to the sympathy of our readers:

"DEAR DR. KLOPSCH:—With your permission, I wish to make an appeal to the wide circle of your readers (whose kind hearts have responded generously to many previous appeals), on behalf of an Asylum for the Insane in Jerusalem. Much has been done for other classes of sufferers here, while this class has been neglected. Formerly it was customary to chain such persons, and the horrors of such an existence are too painful to describe. Less than ten years since, a few ladies met together to see if steps could not be taken to provide a suitable place for a few, at least, of these afflicted ones. At the first meeting, each of the ladies pledged a small amount towards a permanent fund. Three of these ladies were Americans. They secured a small house; annual contributions provided for its maintenance, and efforts were constantly made to secure funds for a proper building, and, last year, their new Asylum, 'Esrath Nashim,' The Woman's Aid Society's Home, was dedicated.

"The building is situated to the west of Jerusalem, in a place unsurpassed for light and air. The tidiness of the rooms and corridors is a conspicuous feature. The bedding and clothing of the inmates is neat and comfortable. The food provided is abundant and wholesome. A special physician looks after the wants of the household, and, in cases of severe illness, consulting physicians are called in. The Asylum has its own dispensary. The sanitary arrangements are admirable. There are altogether thirty-eight beds, a few of which are occupied by servants.

"This Asylum, or this Aid Society, also looks after incurables. Since this good work was started, forty-one insane and one hundred and seven incurables have been received. Of these nineteen have been discharged as cured, twenty-five have been removed to other places with their friends, sixty-six have died, and thirty-eight remain at present as inmates. The requests to be received into this Asylum are many, and the condition of many of the cases applying is pitiable in the extreme. It seems cruel to turn any away, but this has to be done. It is all that the committee can do to provide funds for the annual expenses. They have a debt (although the building is considered as paid for) of two thousand dollars, and any of your readers who are disposed to contribute to wipe out this debt will be aiding a most deserving charity. Who will help in this good work?

"The German and English Consuls have visited the Asylum with me. Had I space, I should quote their kind words of commendation of this admirable institution, which is doing an admirable work.

"SELAH MERRILL."

"A Friend," knowing the excellent character of this work, has sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD five dollars to be devoted to the object mentioned in Dr. Merrill's letter. Any contributions sent to this journal will be duly acknowledged.

MISS ROOSEVELT'S FUTURE HOME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

quite high, giving an impression of stateliness. This apartment will undoubtedly be the scene of many brilliant receptions and entertainments, as both the Congressman and his bride-to-be are fond of society, and the position of a President's daughter is surely the most attractive, from a social point of view, that can be held by an American girl. Among the recently acquired furnishings, it should be said, is a grand piano, provided in deference to the tastes of Miss Roosevelt, who is a musician of more than ordinary ability.

Adjoining the drawing-room is the bride's boudoir, a dainty private reception room, where Mrs. Longworth will receive her women friends. The gold furniture is the ornate style of Louis XV., and is upholstered in delicate pink satin. Three large windows, forming a bay, occupy an entire side of the room, and flood it with light during the greater part of the day. Altogether it is a nook well calculated to captivate the feminine heart. The delicate paintings, water colors and oils on the walls, are from the Longworth collection, and with their carved gold frames carry out effectively the scheme of decoration.

At the south end of the house, beyond the boudoir, is the dining-room which is large enough to seat twenty or more people. The furniture is of black walnut, heavily carved; the window hangings are in green and tan. Several old-fashioned candlesticks occupy prominent places about the room. On the wall opposite the windows hangs an immense tapestry, and beneath are several antique chairs of historical interest. The upper floors are used as sleeping apartments. With no expense spared, and fitted with loving care, the mansion is indeed a charming place for the home-coming of the bride.

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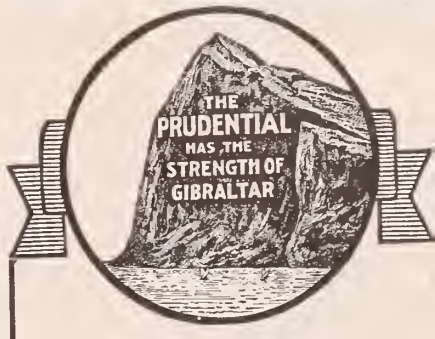

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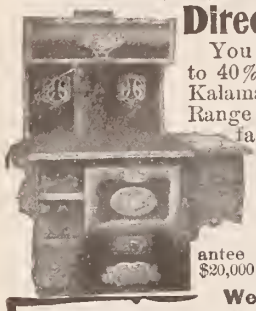

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REV. Dr. O'Hanlon's Question Class at the Bowery Mission, Sunday afternoons, continues to attract great audiences. Below are some of the questions submitted last week and the Doctor's answers:

67 Why is it that the Christian religion is in opposition to the Jewish religion, when both worship the one God?

The Jews utterly reject Jesus Christ as the Messiah, or the Son of God as the Saviour of all mankind. Christianity, by its very name, means the religion of Jesus Christ.

68 Regarding the question of hope beyond the grave for the impenitent, what is your explanation of the following passages? Lam. 3: 31: "The Lord will not cast off forever." I. Tim. 4: 10: "We trust in the living God, who is the Saviour of all men, specially of those that believe." John 12: 32: "If I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me."

That the Lord would yet restore his people to Jerusalem. That Christ died for all men, but in a saving sense only for those who accept him as their Saviour. That he will draw all men toward him by the power of the Gospel, and save only those who believe in his name.

69 May we not rest in the hope that we shall know each other in the heavenly home, and that our own will be nearer to us because of our companionship on this earth, for heaven could not be heaven without their society?

Yes, this is the common sense view, and according to the Scripture: John 14: 1, 2, 3; Rev. 14: 13.

70 Why does God permit my poor wife to suffer? She has lived a good, pure life, whilst I have been a big sinner, and have got off comparatively free from suffering?

Read Thirty-seventh Psalm, especially verses 34-40, inclusive; Seventy-third Psalm, read the whole Psalm. "It is not all of life to live, nor all of death to die." Luke 16: 19-31, inclusive. Psalm 16: 11; Rev. 3: 5, 12, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21; Rev. 7: 13-17, inclusive. The question in this life is not so much, "How to get on well in the world," as it is, "How to get well out of the world."

71 Do you think it is wrong for a professing Christian to dance, play cards, and go to the theatre?

In all these things, after prayerful consideration, you are to be guided by the Word of God, and your own best enlightened conscience: Matt. 5: 16; I. Cor. 11: 31; Phil. 4: 8; Col. 3: 17, 23.

72 What, in your opinion, is the very best way to handle a man who has made an honest effort, but has fallen? His besetting sin is drunkenness

Be gentle and patient with him—lead him to Christ for help; the two great apostles of temperance in this country, John B. Gough and Francis Murphy, were both converted men, before they finally withstood the terrible temptations of strong drink.

73 Will people, who profess to be Christians, but who do nothing but sit down and admire themselves and their good clothes, be saved? Is not a religious, hypocritical sinner, the most terrible wretch on earth?

This question answers itself (1) in the negative. (2) Yes, excepting the man or the woman who is always sarcastically discounting any and every good thing he sees in the character, or the life of the professing Christian. Rom. 2: 21, 22, 23.

74 What chance has a recent convert to Christianity—once a toper, gambler, and general sinner, but now a sincere and earnest Christian worker, who is a life-long prisoner of an incurable disease, out of employment, and heavily debt-laden—of being able in the future to pay his money obligations; and what should he do under the circumstances when pressed by his creditors, so as not to forget that he is still a Christian?

Be brave and firm and patient—"be ye stedfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord," I Cor. 15: 58. "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome with good," Romans 12: 21. Do the best possible for your creditors, and they will in time respect you and help you. Above all, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee," Psalm 55: 22.

75 They say a sinner cannot enter heaven. How did the two thieves enter?

Only one thief entered heaven from the cross on which he died. And he entered heaven because he was a penitent sinner and accepted Christ as his merciful Saviour. Luke 23: 39-43, inclusive.

76 Why was Joshua elected in preference to Moses to lead the Jews into the promised land?

See Numbers 20: 9-13, inclusive. For this reason, Moses was not permitted to enter the promised land; and after his death, God appointed Joshua to the leadership of his people.

77 Does not revelation stop with the party to whom such revelation is given? If Matthew had a revelation from heaven, and Matthew told it to a second, and he to a third, is it not in the last two instances but hearsay? In other words, if Dr. O'Hanlon told me he had a revelation from heaven, haven't I a right not to believe him?

If the evidence that Matthew had a revelation from God is clear and sufficient, the fact of such revelation is accepted by us not on the ground of hearsay, but on the ground of unanswerable evidence, the same as we believe well authenticated history, or, that Moses lived about 3,500 years ago.

78 Please explain the apparent discrepancy between the accounts of the genealogy of Christ in Matthew and Luke?

A carefully prepared answer to this question was sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD sometime ago. I need only say now that there is no real contradiction between these two writers; the one traces the genealogy of Christ back to Abraham, and the other back to Adam.

79 Do you think that either Paine, Voltaire or Ingersoll recanted?

There is no evidence that these men ever recanted. Death was very sudden and unexpected to Robert Ingersoll; whether there ever would have been a change in his religious views, had he approached death by the slow stages of a lingering illness, will, of course, never be known.

80 Here is a question which bothers me very much. Which is true, the Bible story of the Creation or the science of biology? One says the earth is but 6,000 years old—the other, that it is many millions of years old.

The Bible does not profess to give the age of the world from the time of its creation, Gen. 1: 1, but only from the time of the creation of man, Gen. 1: 26, 27. Between Gen. 1: 1 and Gen. 1: 26, 27, there were probably millions of years; for this would in nowise be contradictory to the Mosaic account as found in the book of Genesis.

81 What is the meaning of the verse which says, "Cast not your pearls before swine?"

Not to administer the holy ordinances of Christianity to the insincere or the profligate—not to persist in Christian appeal to those who unwillingly listen to you, and treat you and your message with indifference and scorn.

82 What authority have we for saying that the Bible is the absolute Word of God?

By the best possible authority for a book as old as the Bible—by the unbroken assent and acceptance of the book by ninety-nine of every one hundred of the greatest and best scholars of all Christendom for the last nineteen hundred years—and as to the Old Testament, the testimony of the Jews for two thousand years before Christ.

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The Adult Bible Class of McCool, Neb.

Banded to Study the Word

FEW American cities, large or small, can point to a Bible Class like the one shown in the photograph above. Eleven mature ladies, pioneers in Christian service and truly "Mothers in Israel," constitute the membership. The class was organized by the Rev. Francis Spees, who is still its conductor. Concerning his work Mr. Spees writes:

"The names of the members of the class and teacher, in the order in which they appear on the picture, are as follows: Mrs. Clara B. Prest, Mrs. R. A. Smith, Rev. Francis Spees, Mrs. Elizabeth Cramer, Mrs. Mary Woodruff, Mrs. A. Gilmore, Mrs. E. Henderson, Mrs. Ann Johnson, Mrs. M. S. White, Mrs. F. A. Martin, Mrs. Belle Russell and Mrs. Emma Marshall. The average age of the individuals composing the group, including class and teacher, is about sixty years. All are members of the Union S.S. at McCool, and all belong to Mr. Spees' Bible Class. Six are members of the Methodist Church and six of the United Brethren Church."

. . .

Pastor Spees, who is now in his seventy-fourth year, has been in active Christian service since the age of seventeen, when he became a missionary to the Ojibway Indians. He has held various pastorates, all spiritually fruitful, before coming to McCool, Neb., where he is now laboring with marked success.

A Work for Young Men

WHO can realize the loneliness of a young man coming to a strange city? Perhaps it is the first time that he has left the family circle, where he has been sheltered from temptation, where the endearments of home counteracted evil influences, where the cords of love encircled him during business hours, and drew him safely back at night. Now all is changed, and he is alone in a big city. No one cares where he goes or what he does, nor at what time of night he returns to his desolate boarding-house.

On Sunday morning no cheery mother's voice awakes him with "Get up, my laddie, time for church;" but for mother's sake he at first goes. Surrounded by strangers, he looks with longing eyes at the little family groups gathered in the pews, and wishes that some friendly hand would grasp his in cordial welcome. Disappointed, he leaves the church, feeling more lonely than when he entered. In the afternoon a comrade suggests that they go see the city. He consents. Anything is better than this loneliness gnawing at his heart. He has a good, social time, and he returns cheered up.

Next Sunday he decides to stay at the boarding-house and rest, as the other fellows do. There is not much attraction in a strange, unfriendly church. No one misses him nor inquires the cause of his absence from the house of God; so, gradually he drifts away from church and all religious influences. The bitter cry arises from his heart, "No man careth for my soul!"

The necessity of helping such young men as these is obvious, but to do so in a practical way has been an obstacle hard to overcome. The Young Men's Welcome League of Pittsburgh have solved that problem in their city. They have organized a band of workers composed of members of different churches. The secretary, on getting the address of a young man stranger, sends it to the member who is located nearest to him, who calls on him, and invites him to church; introduces him to the pastor and members, and helps him to feel at home with the people. You can all help on this good work. Pastors, Sunday School superintendents, and secretaries of young people's meetings, send the addresses of young men whom you know have removed to Pittsburgh. Advise young men who are going there to get acquainted with the League. Mothers and sisters, perhaps you have anxious hearts over some loved one who is going astray in that big city, send word to the League, and they will hunt him up for you. All communications should be addressed to the secretary,

WALTER R. BLACK,
Mayor's Office, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Answered Prayers

L. S., Canada. "I desire to return thanks for the deliverance of our family from a great danger. This being an answer to united prayer."

C. M., South Carolina. "God answered a prayer because I trusted. I will never doubt him again. May this help to strengthen some one's faith."

A Rossville Indiana Reader. "I know there is nothing impossible with God. He will always hear and answer our prayers, if we fully trust him."

Mrs. R. G., Colorado. "I called on the Lord and he graciously granted my petition, and restored my loved one to health. I hope this will help some one to carry his troubles to God."

N. H., Michigan. "I wish to publicly acknowledge my earnest belief that God does answer prayer. A very dear relative has been restored to health, which, I am sure, is an answer to our prayers."

S. A. W., Ohio. "Our little girl in far-away India has been the subject of our prayers. We longed to have her a child of the King. Our hearts have been made glad to hear that she has given her heart to God."

A. M., Ohio. "Many times my prayers have been answered beyond all that I could ask or think. Perhaps no promise is oftener made than that the followers of our Lord will receive answers to their petitions, if made according to his will. How can we doubt him?"

Mrs. S. H. D., South Carolina. "In the hope that some doubting, despairing soul, may feel fresh courage to take the Saviour at his word, where he says: 'Ask, and it shall be given.' I feel constrained to add my testimony, by saying that I know that God does hear and answer prayer."

Only a Beginner, Missouri. "I believe that when Christ said: 'And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do.' He meant exactly what he said. Through a prayer and a promise, a loss, which seemed inevitable, was never sustained. So I think I have good reason for my belief."

J. A. H., Georgia. "I have been in deepest sorrow. I prayed often. I was encouraged by the promise of God in Isaiah 41:10. And he has heard and answered my prayer. My teacher once told me to 'Pray as if everything depended upon prayer, and work as if everything depended upon you.'"

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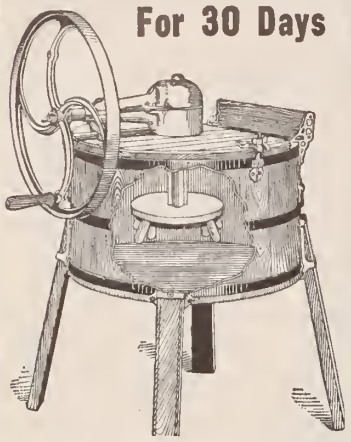

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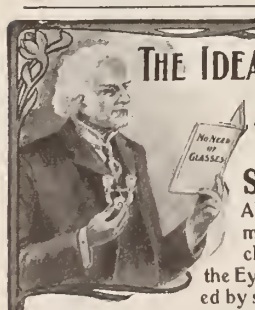

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The Western Temperament*

MANY persons ask if I advise them to go West. I invariably reply that it depends upon their temperament. For there is a Western temperament, and there is an Eastern temperament. The person who possesses the former, will never be really happy in the East; the person who possesses the latter will never be happy in the West.

The man with the Western temperament loves the unbuilt house and the virgin soil—the vast resources awaiting the conquest of human genius and human labor. He wants to live in a land where things are being done, and where they are to be done yet more in the future. He wants to have a part in doing them,—wants to build the house, plant the ivy, turn rivers out of their courses, drive the desert back inch by inch, carry railroads through unheard-of mountain passes, write constitutions, found cities and states.

The man with the Eastern temperament prefers his civilization ready-made. He loves the old home, the old familiar names and streets, the old associations. He loves the ivy, too, but wants to know that it was planted by his great-grandfather. He wants to feel that cities and states were founded, and constitutions written, by men who were much wiser than he, because they lived and died so many generations ago. When this man gets West he is homesick. But his brother of the Western temperament works with fierce joy. He is worth ten times as much to himself and to society as he would have been if he had always remained on his native heath.

It is my own feeling (for one is ruled, after all, by one's inherited prejudices and pride of home) that the happiest of all fates is to be born in Massachusetts and to live in California! This is the feeling common to Western men of Eastern antecedents. They vary the localities to suit their birthplace and present residence, but the spirit of the observation remains intact. They are by no means ashamed of the old home. On the contrary, they love and revere it and to revisit it is a delightful experience. But it no longer satisfies their souls, while to stay there long is to hunger for the sight of the great, rugged mountains, for the smell of the desert, for the touch of the unfailing sunshine.

If you feel like that, young man, go West! The Unfinished Republic is calling to you. By all means answer, "Here am I!" You may not be successful in a pecuniary way, yet you will never regret the move. And if you yield to the temptation to go "back East," you will never again be quite satisfied. You will think of the wide landscapes and of the freedom of which they are the sign and symbol, and your heart will quickly traverse the hills and prairies, to nestle in the shadows of the Rockies or the Sierras and abide forever. If it does not, then your temperament is not Western, after all, and you should have lived and died in the land of your ancestors.

*From *The Conquest of Arid America*, by W. G. Smythe. A timely and instructive book on the new and miraculous development of the West and Southwest. Price $1.50, illustrated. The Macmillan Co., London and New York, publishers.

Books Received

Little Miss Dee, by Roswell Field. This story is in the author's best vein, and will add greatly to his already large circle of readers. Price $1.25. Fleming H. Revell Company, Publishers, New York.

The Better Way, by Charles Wagner. All who have read the *Simple Life*, by the author, will be anxious to read this volume, in which he continues his great lessons. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.

Dr. Grenfell's Parish, by Norman Duncan. The lonely yet beautiful life of the intrepid missionary of the Labrador coast is strikingly presented. Price $1.00. Published by Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.

Facts and Fancies for the Curious from the Harvest-Fields of Literature, collated by C. C. Bombaugh, A.M., M.D. An excellent book of reference, covering a great variety of subjects, useful to speakers, students and writers generally. Pp. 647. Cloth binding. J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia and London, publishers.

Thrice a Pioneer, by P. M. Hannibal. An interesting story of frontier days in Wisconsin. Price, cloth, 75 cents; paper 40 cents. Published for P. M. Hannibal, Danneburg, Neb.

Wild Wheat, by M. E. Francis. A story of Dorset; excellent in character delineation, and full of romantic interest throughout. Pp. 291; cloth covers, price $1.50. Longmans, Green & Co., New York, London, and Bombay, publishers.

A Common Lot, by Kate Speake Penny. This interesting story was written and published sometime before the one of similar title written by Herrick. This story is superior to Mr. Herrick's, and the characters leave no unpleasant impressions on the reader's mind. All orders should be sent to Mrs. K. S. Penny, New Decatur, Ala.

The Kingdom of Infancy, by Marie Wardall. This book is dedicated by its author to all parents who have little children in heaven. This book, though sad at its beginning, will be a source of comfort to many bereaved parents, and contains a number of beautiful passages. It is published by the Nune Licet Press, of Philadelphia and London.

The Dwarf's Spectacles, and Other Fairy Tales, by Max Nordau, translated by Mary J. Safford. Parents who are on the lookout for good fiction for the expanding minds of their children, owe the translator of these charming stories a debt of gratitude. None of the original charm has been lost in the transition from the tongue of the author to English. Each story deals with some real problem in life, and to read one is to read all. Price $1.50. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.

Received from The Macmillan Co., publishers: *The Golden Hope*, a Story of the Time of King Alexander the Great, by R. H. Fuller. The scene of this story is laid first in Athens, then further East, ending in Alexandria, Egypt. It deals with the adventures of three young Greeks and a maiden betrothed to one of them, who is kidnapped to save a fortune to a miserly uncle. Full of stirring episodes and the clash of arms, it holds the reader's attention to the end. The historical allusions are accurate. Price $1.50. *The Storm Centre*, a Novel; by Charles Egbert Craddock. The numerous admirers of Mr. Craddock's, *The Story of Old Fort London*, and *The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains*, will welcome this exciting tale of the Civil War. The story deals with the love of a Northern officer for a young Southern woman, his trial by court-martial on a mistaken charge, all, of course, ending happily. Price $1.50. *The History of Daniel Greene*, by Mrs. Humphrey Ward. This widely discussed novel has now been printed in the popular series in paper covers. Pp. 510. Price 25 cents. *The Lodester*, by Sidney R. Kennedy. The story deals with the love of a young novelist for a beautiful New England girl. It is filled with incident and holds the reader's interest to the end. The heroine, Miss Hyde, is one that will be remembered from among those who appear in this season's books. Pp. 335. Price $1.50. *William Hickling Prescott*, a Biography, by Harry Thorston Peck. This volume is printed in the English Men of Letters Series, and gives an accurate idea of the life and works of the author of *The Conquest of Mexico, The Conquest of Peru*, and *Philip II.* Pp. 180. Price 75 cents. *William Shakespeare, Poet, Dramatist, and Man*, by Hamilton Wright Mabie. Mr. Mabie, on account of his high scholarship and research in all that concerned the life and works of the Bard of Avon, was well fitted to write the present work, and the results will be pleasing to all true lovers of Shakespeare. The portion dealing with social life of the Elizabethan period are particularly interesting. *Beyond Chance of Change*, by Sara Andrew Shafer. This is an interesting story by the author of *The Day Before Yesterday*. The children of the book will appeal to all who have not severed themselves entirely from their early days. Price $1.50.

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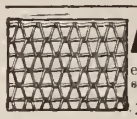

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JESUS AS A YOUTH

By Mrs. M. Baxter

WHY should an almost impenetrable veil be thrown over the boyhood of the Lord Jesus? May it not be permitted by God on account of the tendency which exists in the human heart to glorify humanity? Is not the strong current, which has set in during the past few years of this time of the end, to exalt and to magnify that humanity which God describes "by nature children of wrath," a reason for the silence about the early part of his holy life on earth? If details had been given us of his doings as a little child, or a boy at school, the theory that "the child is father of the man" would have been strengthened, and the need for a new birth, a being born from above, would have been even more contended against than it is at present. Christ came down from heaven to glorify, not himself, but his Father, and thus we learn but two facts regarding him during thirty years: His obedience: "He went down to Nazareth and was subject to" his parents, and "he must be about his Father's business," the Word of God.

He, the only-begotten Son of God, would afford to spend thirty years in obscurity while the salvation of the world was at stake, because his faith in his Father's love and wisdom was so thorough. He could see the blind and the lame, the sick and the possessed, pass by him day by day, knowing that a part of his vocation was to bring them relief; yet trusting fully that his Father's hour was the right one. In his human life he "learned obedience by the things which he suffered," and his heart of compassion, sensitive beyond anything which we know or experience, must often have bled for the misery around him, and yet no impatient murmur escaped him that he was held back, restrained from the ministry which he as man knew from Isaiah 35: 3-6, and 61: 1-3, was committed to him. "I came down from heaven," he said (John 6: 38), "not to do mine own will, but the will of Him that sent me." And he could and did trust his Father with all the consequences.

It was not the obedience of a hired servant who looks upon what he does as the just value of the money he receives, and does it in a kind of mechanical way. It was the filial Son, whose love and admiration of his Father overruled the legitimate impulses of his heart, and whose unquestioning trust said always, "My Father knows best." Was he sometimes tempted by the thoughts which arise in our hearts, "How will the people understand if I heal only this one impotent man at the pool of Bethesda, and leave all the others in their misery? What will they think of my reputation as the Great Physician?" He was "tempted in all points like as we are" (Heb. 4: 15), but such a temptation never penetrated the shield of faith in his Father's perfect love and wisdom: it never for a moment possessed his heart, which was unreservedly yielded to his Father from his infancy.

He had just reached his majority, which Jewish lads attain at the age of twelve years. Now he might go up with Joseph and Mary to the feast of the Passover. Doubtless he had read in the roll of the Scriptures belonging to the synagogue at Nazareth, the Scriptures regarding the Passover; and his young mind, enlightened from above, saw in them a foreshadowing of the sufferings of the Messiah as foretold in Isaiah 53, and by David in Ps. 22. Mary would have told him about his miraculous birth, and the developing lad would long to go up to Jerusalem that he might meet there some of the doctors of law, and see how far they understood the subject which was the all-absorbing one with him, about the sufferings of the Messiah, when the Lord should lay upon him the iniquity of us all, and he should bear the sins of many, and make intercession for the transgressors.

So Jesus, as a boy of twelve, went up to Jerusalem. He went his way, and Joseph and Mary went theirs. Kinsfolk and acquaintance were there — relations and friends—who all had to exchange tidings; and perhaps this pleasant intercourse with friends proved too strong an attraction for the Galilean carpenter, and even for Mary, who was not in the same spirit in which, after the visit of the shepherds, she had "kept all these things and pondered them in her heart" (Luke 2: 19).

I Can Make Any Average Housewife an Allowance of $11.04 a Month.

I Simply Cut Out Business Waste and With What You Save on Necessities, Buy Other Things for You at Half Price.

THIS offer is addressed to you and signed by me, C. A. Reed, of Crofts & Reed, the great Chicago manufacturing and buying concern.

I have proved in twelve years of actual business that my plan of cutting out business waste and making money work twice will give you twice as much for your money.

As a partner in the great business of Crofts & Reed I stand for simple business methods as against the complicated business system that has fastened itself upon the family purse.

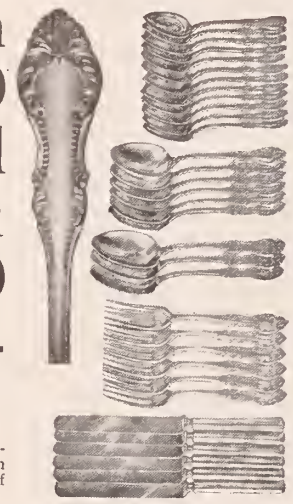
This wasteful system helps itself to half the money you spend in the stores without making a thing or doing anything useful for you in return for your money.

Mr. Crofts is the manufacturer, —I am the buyer.

In our immense factories Mr. Crofts—directs the manufacture and importation of all the daily necessities shown in the first picture—and many more things you constantly buy and use up.

Here is our offer which has stood for twelve years and never been modified:

Now with the $5.00 Saved, I'll Buy You this $10.00 Lot of Silverware



Price this design of genuine original Wm. A. Rogers extra plate in any store in your town and see if it won't cost $10.00.

* * *

You are invited to examine our price list and compare it with what you are paying for the same things.

You are invited to purchase direct of us—the actual manufacturers—at *half* the prices quoted.

You are invited to compare the quality of Crofts & Reed goods with what you have been paying twice as much for.

You are invited to return the goods at our expense if you are dissatisfied in any way and I agree to return your money cheerfully and promptly without question or complaint.

That's the first part—a good bargain as it stands—but I do more (if you choose) and make it *doubly* worth your while to buy the products of the Crofts & Reed factories.

Read on.

* * *

I am the buyer.

For every dollar you spend for our products,—at half price remember,—I agree to buy *for* you, also at half price, a dollar's worth of almost anything you could desire for household or personal use.

That means that you can select from the list of our products any assortment of goods the *full price* of which shall total $2.00 or more.

If you choose to send us the *full* price, Mr. Crofts' department will, for half your money, send you the full assortment ordered.

My department will, for the other half of your money, send you some article of your own selection, —almost anything for household or personal use.

Something which you find you could not buy in your own home stores for less than the full amount you send for both, and have been paying for the grocery assortment alone.

And again, if you are dissatisfied in any way with what you buy from us or what I buy for you — return both at our expense and I will promptly return your money without a word.

The average family spends $11.04 a month for the necessities of life, shown in the full list of Crofts & Reed products. Now, I cut the price of these things in half ($5.52), and for the $5.52 saved every month for the average housewife, give you $11.04 worth of almost anything you want.

That's why I say I can make any average housewife an allowance of $11.04 a month,—$132.48 a year,—that's what I mean by making your money work twice and buy twice as much.

Now, it's the cutting out of business waste that makes this possible.

* * *

My book, "Twice as Much to Spend," shows how present complicated business system has been built up, how it was once necessary, how it is now wasteful though continued and supported by the people because they thoughtlessly continue doing things in the same old way.

I show how, if everyone purchased only direct from manufacturers, and manufacturers sold only to actual users of their wares, everyone would get twice as much for the money now spent in the stores.

And I not only make all this plain as day, but I prove it by offering Mr. Crofts' manufactured necessities—made as good as they can be made — at half what you pay in the stores,—the full list and prices are given in the book so you can compare them.

Then I go farther and show how I can buy *for* you at half price almost anything you want for household or personal use by going direct to the manufacturer with tremendous orders and turning what I buy over to you without profit.

Then I show page after page of furniture, carpets, curtains, stoves, kitchen things, sporting goods, jewelry, clothes—everything men, women and children wear—and other things too numerous to mention.

* * *

Now isn't a book that shows how the average family can add $132.48 every year to the purchasing power of the bread-winners wage worth a great deal to every housekeeper? Yet it is free.

Write for it at once.

Or better yet, cut out that grocery list shown under the picture and send it to me with your name and address and $5.00.

Or send $10.00 with the list and the picture of the silverware and get both,—and 50 cts worth of extra goods (anything you select from the list) which we send with each $10.00 cash order.

But write for the book anyway, because it is free and shows how I can make any average housewife an allowance of $11.04 a month.

My signature accurately reproduced below binds me to fulfil every promise made in this offer, —this makes it a bargain.

C. A. Reed

Address me personally, thus:
C. A. Reed,
Crofts & Reed,
146 Western Ave.,
Chicago.

I'll Cut This Grocery Bill in Half

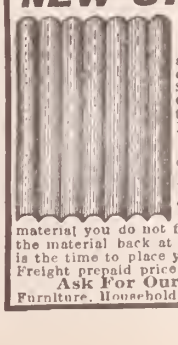
Check this bill and see if you are not paying these prices right along.

A GROCER & CO.
Sold to Mrs. Housewife:

3 Pounds Coffee	$1.00
1 Pound Tea	.60
2 Bottles Crescent Vanilla Extract @ 25c	.50
2 Bottles Lemon Extract @ 20c	.40
1 Bottle Orange Extract	.25
2 Cans Cream Tartar Baking Powder @ 25c	.50
1 Package Corn Starch	.10
½ Pound Shredded Cocoanut	.18
1 Pound Baking Soda	.10
½ Pound Breakfast Cocoa	.30
½ Lb. pkg. Unsweetened Choc.	.25
1 Box Pepper	.10
1 Box Mustard	.10
1 Box Cinnamon	.15
1 Box Ginger	.10
1 Box Cloves	.10
1 Box Allspice	.10
2 Pkgs. C. & R. Gloss Starch @ 10c	.20
1 Box Stove Polish	.10
1 Box Silver Polish	.05
1 Box Shoe Polish	.10
1 Jar Medicinal Jelly	.25
1 Jar Rose Shampoo	.25
1 Bottle Liquid Dentifrice	.25
1 Ounce Crabapple Perfume	.50
1 Box Talcum Powder	.15
1 Bottle Castor Oil	.25
1 Bottle Witch Hazel	.30
1 Bottle Bay Rum	.25
1 Bottle Glycerine & Rosewater	.15
20 Bars Fam. Laundry Soap @ 5c	1.00
1 Box Carbolic Soap	.25
2 Bxs. Frag. Bouquet Soap @ 25c	.50
4 Bars Fleecy White Soap @ 7c	.28
2 Pkgs. Pearl Soap Powd. @ 10c	.20
3 Bars Scouring Soap @ 5c	.15
Less ½	$10.01
	5.00

NEW STEEL ROOFING and SIDING, $1.75 per 100 SQ. FEET

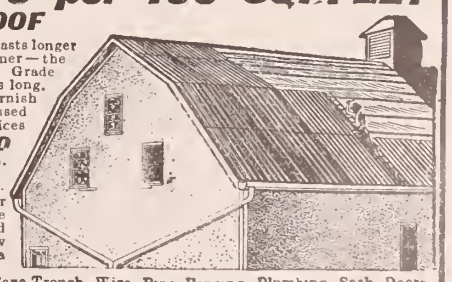
FIRE, WATER AND LIGHTNING PROOF



Metal roofing such as we offer is far superior to any other kind. It is easier to lay, lasts longer and costs less. No experience necessary to lay it. Just an ordinary Hatchet or Hammer—the only tools you need. This roofing at **$1.75 per 100 square feet**, is our No. 15 Grade Semi-Hardened Steel, painted red two sides, perfectly flat, 24 inches wide by 24 inches long. Corrugated (as illustrated), "V" Crimped or Standing Seam costs **$1.85.** We can furnish this Roofing in 6 or 8 foot lengths at **25c per square additional.** We offer Pressed Brick Siding and Beaded Ceiling or Siding at **$2.25 per 100 square feet.** At these prices

WE PAY THE FREIGHT TO ALL POINTS EAST OF COLORADO

except Oklahoma, Indian Territory and Texas. Prices to other points on application. Send in your order for as many squares as you may need to cover your new or old Building. Time has proven its enduring qualities. Thousands of Barns, Houses, Residences, Poultry Houses and Buildings of every kind are covered with this superior material. We guarantee satisfaction. Money cheerfully refunded if upon receipt of the material you do not find it all we represent it, or if you are not perfectly satisfied in every way. Just send the material back at our expense, and we will refund the purchase price. If you want quick delivery, now is the time to place your order. Send us diagram of the Building you have to cover, and we will quote you a Freight prepaid price on such Covering as we deem best suited for your purpose.



Ask For Our Special Catalogue No. R373. It quotes low prices on roofing, Down Spouting, Eave Trough, Wire, Pipe, Fencing, Plumbing, Sash, Doors, Furniture, Household Goods and everything needed on the Farm or in the Home. **CHICAGO HOUSE WRECKING CO., 35th & Iron Sts., CHICAGO**

The Blind Babies' Kindergarten

A YEAR ago, the International Sunshine Society established a Blind Babies' Home, for the afflicted children of the very poor in New York and Brooklyn. Now, through the kindness of a generous public, they have a delightful home, where they are cared for by special nurses. Those that are old enough attend the kindergarten, and make faster progress than many children who can see. There are 14 blind little ones in the Home now.

The Society, of which Mrs. Cynthia Westover Alden is President-General, with headquarters at No. 96 Fifth Ave., New York City, organized this special branch of work, with Mrs. Cynthia M. Treagear, a trained nurse for the blind, as Superintendent of the Home. One little girl of Italian birth sings like a canary bird, and is happy all day long. Another, little Nina, seven years old, goes to the piano and plays accompaniments while the children sing, she playing by ear, for she never was taught. Olive, a "little mother," carries the little blind baby Willie around, and feels the whole responsibility of his welfare. There are twins, born of blind parents, and a little boy, three years old, who, though once thought to be feeble-minded, is proving a bright child.

Little Blind Basket-makers

Until this Home was established, the blind children under eight years, were left alone in total darkness in the homes of the poor, where they soon drooped and died, or were sent to the feeble minded department under the city's care as paupers, where they could never develop for lack of training. Any contribution sent in their behalf will be applied to their maintenance.

An Evening at the Bowery Mission

A WESTERN VISITOR RECORDS HIS IMPRESSIONS OF THE GOSPEL LIGHTHOUSE : : : :

TAKING my son, a young man of 19 years, to visit New York last September, and happening in the city on a Wednesday evening, we concluded to visit some prayer meeting. The hour being rather late (after 8 P. M.) I said to my son "Let us go down to the Bowery Mission," that beacon light we had read about so much in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. A reverend speaker was addressing the assemblage which filled the hall. Inquiry of one of the attendants disclosed the fact that the man was also a Westerner from Minneapolis. We leaned against the little table at the left. On a big white card, at our left, were the heart-piercing words: "When Did You Write Mother?" If there is anything that will touch the wayward wanderer it is a sharp allusion to "mother." Ray and I were affirmative on this, for we had just written to mother.

The speaking ceased and the music started: "My Soul Lifts Up to Thee," one of our old familiar Presbyterian tunes at home, which took our thoughts back to our home prayer meetings. We could not help but join in the song, which was already gaining headway in volume with the peal of the big organ which the lamented Benke formerly played.

An aged man implored all to accept the Saviour. Testimonies were asked for and many given.

The coffee hour had come, the serving of which we had read so much about under the drop-light at home. On the platform with other women and men we could unmistakably see the venerable Mrs. Bird. Who would not know her? I suggested to Ray that we go up and shake hands with her. Wending our way among the coffee cans, we apparently attracted the attention of Mrs. Bird, for before we had fairly reached the platform two warm hands grasped ours, and if they were clasped one minute they were clasped five. We introduced ourselves, and told how we had heard so much of the Bowery Mission and Mrs. Bird through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD that we had determined to visit the place. We were introduced to others on the platform also. Mrs. Bird implored us to come in the next night, when the Superintendent was going to speak, and she asked Ray to sing, he having mentioned about his singing in our choir at home. We regretted that we could not pay the second visit, and we parted with a handshake and benediction that still rings in our ears.

Oh, what a noble woman!

May the Good Lord speed the day when our law-makers will have the conscience to strike at the root of so much evil that is licensed.

H. W. GRIGGS.

Portage, Wis.

THE COVENANT KEEPER

Every Promise in the Bond Kept to the Letter

About coffee the Rev. Fredrick Lippe, Presbyterian minister, Hope P. O., Osage Co., Mo., says:

"I most gratefully testify that every promise made in your Postum advertisements has been completely and promptly fulfilled in my case. You can publish this if you wish, and I stand ready to vouch for it at any time.

"After three days use of Postum I could find no difference so far as taste and flavor went, between it and the old kind of coffee. After 2 weeks' use I preferred it to coffee.

"After 3 weeks I lost my nervousness, the insomnia which had troubled me was entirely relieved, and I began to enjoy the best and finest of sleep every night—and that condition still continues.

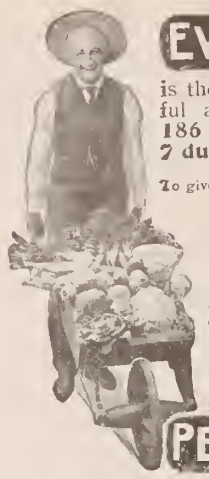
"After 2 months use I got rid of my dyspepsia and piles, and they have not returned to plague me.

"Neither I nor any of my family would to-day think for a moment of going back to the old kind of coffee. When we entertain we give coffee to our guests, but we drink Postum ourselves, not only for its nutritive properties, but because it has become a truly delicious beverage to us.

"I feel that common gratitude requires this testimony from me."

There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

N. B.—Agreeable to promise we state that the hand shown in the magazines belongs to Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Post.



EVERYTHING for the GARDEN

is the title of **Our New Catalogue for 1906**—the most beautiful and instructive horticultural publication of the day—**186 pages—700 engravings—7 superb colored plates—7 duotone plates of vegetables and flowers.**

To give this catalogue the largest possible distribution, we make the following liberal offer:

Every Empty Envelope

Counts as Cash

To every one who will state where this advertisement was seen and who encloses **Ten Cents** (in stamps), we will mail the catalogue, and also send **free of charge**, our famous **50-Cent "Henderson" Collection** of seeds, containing one packet each of *Giant Mixed Sweet Peas; Giant Fancy Pansies, mixed; Giant Victoria Asters, mixed; Henderson's New York Lettuce; Early Ruby Tomato; and White Tipped Scarlet Radish;* **in a coupon envelope**, which, when emptied and returned, will be **accepted as a 25-cent cash payment** on any order amounting to $1.00 and upward.

PETER HENDERSON & Co 35 & 37 CORTLANDT ST. NEW YORK CITY.

THE "BEST" LIGHT

The only 100 Candle Power Light that burns its own gas and gives absolute satisfaction during a long life of efficient service.
No Grease, Smoke, Dirt or Odor.
Brighter than electricity or acetylene, cheaper than kerosene. Over 100 styles. Every lamp warranted. The Best Light Co. 370 E. 5th St., Canton, O.

A MAN SAVED

BY USING A FOLDING SAWING MACHINE.

One man can saw more wood with it than two in any other way and do it easier. 9 CORDS IN 10 HOURS. Saws any wood on any ground. Saws trees down. Catalog free. First order secures agency.

Folding Sawing Mach. Co., 158 E. Harrison St., Chicago, Ill

How Deaf People are Made to Hear

Sound Magnifiers Invented by a Kentuckian.

Invisible, When Worn, but Act Like Eye-Glasses.

Ever see a pair of sound Magnifiers?

They are so soft in the ears one can't tell they are wearing them.

And no one else can tell, either, because they are out of sight when worn. Wilson's Ear Drums are to weak hearing what spectacles are to weak sight.

Because they are sound magnifiers, just as glasses are sight magnifiers.

They rest the Ear Nerves by taking the strain off them—the strain of trying to hear dim sounds. They can be put into the ears, or taken out, in a minute, just as comfortably as spectacles can be put on and off.

And they can be worn for weeks at a time, because they are ventilated, and so soft in the ear holes they are not felt even when the head rests on the pillow. They also protect any raw inner parts of the ear from wind or cold, dust, or sudden and piercing sounds.

* * *

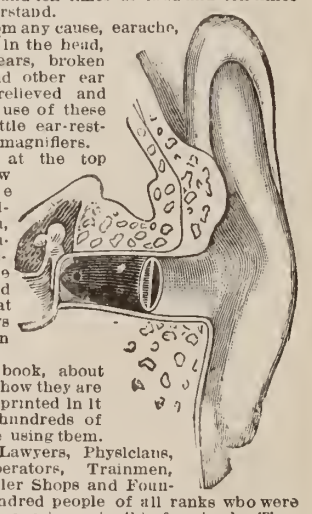
The principal of these little telephones is to make it as practical for a deaf person to hear weak sounds as spectacles make it easy to read fine print. And the longer one wears them the better his hearing should grow, because they rest up and strengthen the ear nerves. To rest a weak ear from straining is like resting a strained wrist from working.

Wilson's Ear Drums rest the Ear Nerves by making the sounds louder, so it is easy to understand without trying and straining. They make deaf people cheerful and comfortable, because such people can talk with their friends without the friends having to shout back at them. They can hear without straining. It is the straining that puts such a queer, anxious look on the face of a deaf person.

* * *

Wilson's Ear Drums make all the sound strike hard on the center of the human ear drum instead of spreading it weakly all over the surface. It thus makes the center of the human ear drum vibrate ten times as much as if the same sound struck the whole drum head. It is this vibration of the ear drum that carries sound to the hearing nerves. When we make the drum vibrate ten times as much we make the sound ten times as loud and ten times as easy to understand.

Deafness, from any cause, earache, buzzing noises in the head, and running ears, broken ear drums and other ear troubles are relieved and cured by the use of these comfortable little ear-resters and sound-magnifiers.



The picture at the top shows just how these little sound magnifiers come to you, with the instruments for placing them in the ear holes, and the picture at the side shows one of them in actual use.

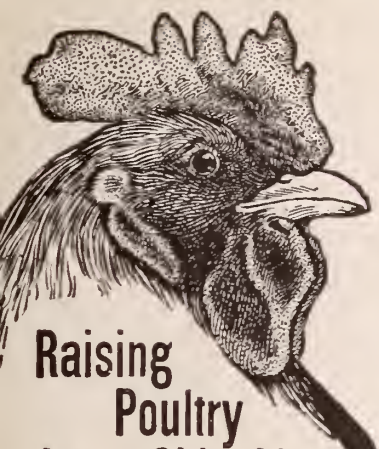
A sensible book, about Deafness, tells how they are made, and has printed in it letters from hundreds of people who are using them.

Clergymen, Lawyers, Physicians, Telegraph Operators, Trainmen, Workers in Boiler Shops and Foundries—four hundred people of all ranks who were Deaf, tell their experience in this free book. They tell how their hearing was brought back to them almost instantly, by the proper use of Wilson's Ear Drums.

Some of these very people may live near you, and be well known to you. What they have to say is mighty strong proof.

This book has been the means of relieving thousands of Deaf people. It will be mailed free to you if you merely write a post card for it today. Don't put off getting back your hearing. Write now, while you think of it. Get the free book of proof.

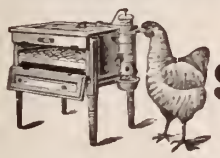
Write for it today to The Wilson Ear Drum Co., 210 Todd Building, Louisville, Ky.



Raising Poultry As a Side Line

There is money in raising poultry for the market. As a side line it fills in many unprofitable hours and pays handsome divideuds the year round. You can start without a feather and select enough pullets from the first season's hatching to lay all the eggs you need for the next season, or you can market them as broilers at a good round price.

THE Wooden Hen



$12.80

will start you. It is a 200-egg hatcher that will hatch every fertile egg put into it. No need to pay high prices for incubators that won't do as well. This time-tried hatcher is invaluable to the experienced poultry man or the beginner. Write for free catalogue and full information how to raise incubator chicks.

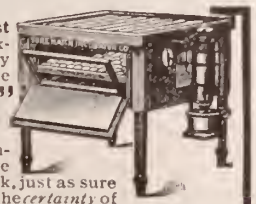
GEO. H. STAHL, Quincy, Ill.

Desk and Book Case

ly $3.00

onr co-operative
n, we will sell you
Desk, which is
id Oak, highly pol-
d, stands 4 ft. 6 in.
h by 2 ft. 6 in. wide.
$3.00. It has a drop lid
h lock, and a brassrod
curtains over the
k shelves. All we
of you is to sell
2 of your friends
ach of onr cele-
ted Hold Fast Skirt
l Waist Supporters at
each and send us tho
0 you get for them.
o money required in
vance. Send us your
ne and address saying
would like the Desk
l will sell the supporters. We will send you
1 doz. Hold Fast Supporters. Deliver them to
f your friends, send
the $3.00 with your order for the desk. We
uld like to have you ask your nearest furniture
ler what he can furnish the desk for. We will
accept an order for the desk alone. It can only
had at this price by selling the 12 Supporters at
each. Write today. You need a Desk and Book
se just like this and may never get an opportuy again to get one so easily and cheaply.
OTE—If you wish to pay in advance we will send you the
k and Book Case and the Supporters and a handsome Ink
ll as a special premium. Write today.
IE COLVER CO., Dept. 4-D, Schiller Bldg., Chicago

Wonderful Hatcher



You can almost
count your chick-
ens before they
hatch if you use the
"Sure Hatch" Incubator

For every hatch-
able egg will give
you a healthy chick, just as sure
as you're born. The *certainty* of
the "Sure Hatch" is what gave this famous
incubator its name. You can take off 85
per cent hatches and better every 30 days
with a "Sure Hatch."

And there's money in chicken raising
when you get it down to a *certainty*. When
you can figure up a profit of $12.00 to $15.00
per month on each machine you operate.

We sell our 1906 "Sure Hatches" for
$7.50 and up on 60 Days' Trial, Freight Fully Prepaid by Us. Take off two trial
hatches. Count your chicks. You will find
a chick for every egg except those not hatchable. No other incubator on the market will
show results like that—comparative tests
prove it! Write for Free Catalogue.

SURE HATCH INCUBATOR COMPANY

Box 994 Clay Center, Neb. Dept. 59 Indianapolis, Ind.

Christ's Early Years*

HOW difficult it is to understand the real nature of our Lord, is realized most clearly when we dwell on his boyhood. To what extent was he conscious of his divinity in those early years? How did he understand his mission? When did the developing mind of the child conceive of the purpose for which he came into the world? All these and other questions arise as we think of him in his childhood. But all that we know is that brief remark of the evangelist: "He increased in wisdom and stature." The natural inference from the remark is that in his infancy and early boyhood he did not differ essentially from ordinary children, and that, like them, he developed gradually. We must believe, however, that the inner forces of his nature had a more important part in his development than the processes of training and education. It could not be that the divinity in him was absolutely quiescent even then. It must have exerted its influence in the softening and sweetening of the childish nature. Yet it could not have been so marked as to impress the neighbors at Nazareth, otherwise they would not have been so astonished when Jesus became a teacher. "Is not this the carpenter?" they asked, as if there had been no hint of future greatness in the child or the youth. Had Jesus displayed in those years any of the knowledge that he must have had in his previous existence, the wonder of the people would have been extreme and would have indicated to all who met him his superhuman origin. Thus the prominence he attained would have been something naturally expected and not a matter for surprise. It has been contended that growth and development are inconceivable as applied to God, and the contention cannot be disputed. But this was divinity in a human body, divinity gradually manifesting itself in its clayey envelope, and in that light there is room for development. The marvelous familiarity he displayed in his later years must have been acquired by study, but study illuminated by the light of his divinity. It behooved him to be made in all things like unto his brethren.

SPIRIT-FILLED LIVES†

ONLY one effectual remedy for sin has ever been discovered. In every age and in every land, there have been eager seekers after holiness, and they have tried various methods, but in every case in which anything other than the God-given antidote has been used, failure, more or less conspicuous, has resulted. No man can sanctify himself; no man can permanently conquer his own propensities. Sin of one kind eradicated, is followed by sin of another kind. God looking down in sympathy on these sincere, struggling children of his, holds out his helping hand and draws them to himself. It is then that sin is cast out, and gradually men rise out of the slime. David knew of this help when he wrote: "Uphold me by Thy free spirit." Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Micah, Joel, Malachi knew of it, and all the writers of the New Testament. It is the one divine help of humanity, the Kindly Light that Newman desired as his guide.

How does it operate? That is a mystery. We cannot tell how it changes the life, but it does change it. There are none who, having sincerely sought it and received it, fail to bear witness to its power. As Paul wrote to the Galatians (5: 16): "If ye walk in the Spirit ye shall not fulfil the lust of the flesh." That is the remedy that works the change in the modern sinner as surely as it did in the Galatian bandits. It is an incarnation, as truly as Christ was an incarnation of the Father. The spirit of God in a man takes possession of mind and soul and regenerates him, makes him a new creature. As a glass filled to the brim with water has no room for poison or filth, so the soul filled with the Spirit has no room for sinful desires or sinful thoughts. The graces of the Christian character develop from it, and purity, holiness and love are its natural effects. This Spirit God gives to every earnest seeker, and as the recipient yields to it he becomes increasingly godlike.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for Jan. 21. Luke 2: 40-52.

†Topic of the Epworth League for Jan. 21, 1906. Joel 2: 28, 29; Luke 24: 49; John 14: 16, 17; Acts 2: 2-4; 10: 44-47; Rom. 8: 9-11; I John 3: 24.

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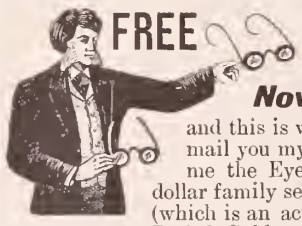

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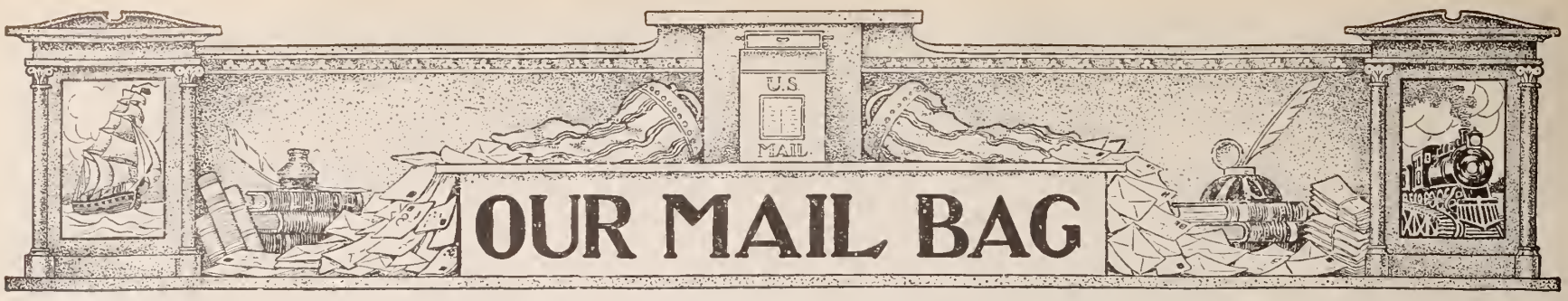
The White House Bride, Miss Alice Roosevelt --- From Her Latest Photograph



Questions and Answers

Letters for this department must contain name and address of the sender—not for publication, but in order that an answer may be sent by mail in cases where the inquiry is not of general interest.

R. A. McM., LaMoure, N. D. Having traveled considerably, I have been asked what are the Seven Wonders of the world. I have seen Niagara Falls, Yellowstone Park, St. Peter's of Rome, Venice, and I suppose these are four of them. What are the Seven Wonders of the World?

The seven wonders in ancient times were the Pyramids, Hanging Gardens of Babylon, Tomb of Mausolus, Temple of Diana at Ephesus, Colossus of Rhodes, Statue of Zeus, by Phidias, and the Pharos of Egypt. The seven modern American wonders are Niagara Falls, Yellowstone Park, Mammoth Cave, Garden of the Gods, Colorado, Natural Bridge, Virginia, Yosemite Valley, and the Giant Trees of California. There are also seven modern natural wonders from a European view, and seven wonders of science, etc.

M. B. C., Oregon City, Oreg. Socialism promises a good, comfortable home and three meals a day for one and all alike, the full product of the laborer's toil, and work for all. Would it not be wise for the church and the press to investigate this claim, instead of begging for a donation for an occasional meal for the poor and unemployed, and leaving them to beg, steal, or starve the rest of the year?

Christianity teaches us to do the first good thing that comes to our hand, and, above all, not to allow the appeal of human suffering to go unheeded. While those who would discuss theories and split hairs are wasting the time in talking, the sufferer would perish if some good-hearted Christian soul, who knows no theory other than the law of kindness, did not come to his relief. Certainly, let the people and the press consider ways and means for improving the condition of the poor, but do not let us forget that the hand that gives quickly is the one most needed for the immediate want.

L. B. H., Blue Mountain, Miss. There is one day in each month on which the moon does not rise, and another on which it does not set. Why? When?

The moon rises and sets every day in every month, but she does so invisibly—when her dark side being toward the earth and her luminous side toward the sun. When her centre passes the sun's centre, she sets, and, in an instant rises; but not visible to us till her narrow crescent is sufficiently enlarged. LEWIS SWIFT.
Marathon, N. Y.

D. C. V. H., Eau Claire, Wis. How much larger vessel would be necessary to hold a cubic foot of water heated to about 180 degrees, than when it was cold? What is the measure of expansion as the water becomes heated?

About 3 per cent. larger for a range of 55° to 80° Fahrenheit. From freezing to boiling (32° to 212° F.) the expansion will be 4.29 per cent.

M. F. C., Macon, Ga. Don't you think we are forced sometimes to listen to sermons that are perhaps scholarly, but so spiritless that you come away feeling that it was as Paul would have styled it in his day, "sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal"?

There is, perhaps, a disposition on the part of some people to be too exacting. Remember that the pulpit stands in the "fierce light" of public criticism, and that while the occupant may at all times be doing his best to set forth the Gospel message conscientiously, it is impossible that all can be equally satisfied. If a preacher, however, devotes his talents and energies to the presentation of other topics, that simply serve as a vehicle for a vain display of learning, he is giving husks to his people, instead of the "Bread of Life."

J. H., Carbondale, Ill. 1. If Jesus or the Apostles were on earth now, and were to preach in the language they used when they were on earth, could we understand them? If not, what people or nation would come nearer understanding them? 2. Is not that branch of the church known as "The Disciples of Christ" teaching the true Christian doctrine?

1. The language Christ and probably all of his disciples used was Aramaic, a branch of the ancient Syro-Arabian family of tongues. It was afterward supplanted by the Greek. 2. The Disciples have no creed but the Bible and there could be no better. The fact that other churches which also make the Bible the basis for their teaching, differ from them, shows how possible it is for men to take different views of the same book, and yet to be perfectly honest and sincere in their teaching.

Constant Reader, Md. Please define "Pastor emeritus," what claims he has upon the church, and what obligation the church owes him?

A "Pastor emeritus" is one who has been retired honorably, with full acknowledgment of the value of his services, and usually with some arrangement as to a suitable salary or pension.

H. B. C., Wethersfield, Conn. Is it not true that Count Witte is a Russian Jew?

No, he is of German descent. His wife, it is said, is a Russian Jewess. The Count himself is a member of the Orthodox Russian Church.

J. W. B., Newark, N. J. I read in a paper lately a statement by a New York pastor, in which he claimed that both Christ and Paul were Universalists. Is there any Bible proof of such an assertion?

None whatsoever. The Gospel invitation is universal; but those, who, having heard and understood it, still reject it, and continue in sin, are not included in the pardon and acceptance. Any one who reads the Gospels and Epistles will be convinced that the assertion you refer to is without foundation.

L. L. J., Schooner Point, Ind. 1. Is it a fact that in December the earth is directly above the sun, and the earth's inclination of 23½° causes night at the North Pole? 2. Does the moon ever give light at the Poles? 3. Does the sun revolve on its axis?

1. The question is obscure, there being no "above" or "below" in space. The earth's equator in inclining to the plane of its orbit at an angle of 23½° causes the sun to apparently make annual journeys north and south of the equator, which allows the sun to alternately shine 23½° beyond each Pole, and lacking that amount of reaching the Poles. 2. The moon does the same, but owing to the inclination of her orbit, can go 5° 8' beyond the sun. 3. By spots on the sun it has been computed that he rotates on his axis in about twenty-five days from west to east. LEWIS SWIFT.
Marathon, N. Y.

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No Criticism to Offer

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DEAR SIR:—We are in receipt of "Masterpieces of the World's Best Literature," and all the family are delighted with it. I am more than pleased to see again some favorites of my youth; there is something in each that will interest any taste and pass pleasantly and profitably a leisure hour. The size of the volumes particularly commend them, so light, and the print so good and clear. Last evening the book-rack came, and we all think it perfect of its kind, taking up so little room, yet holding the books so neatly and nicely. The calendar is beautiful, the subject, the harmonious coloring; in fact, we have no criticism to offer. It brightens the corner of a "shut-in's" room.

Your premiums are always generous and better than we expect, but this year we think you have outdone yourself.
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DEAR SIR:—Many, many thanks for the pretty calendar, "Home-Coming of the Bride," and the intensely interesting "Cruise of the Eight Hundred." We appreciate the premiums very much, but most of all the incomparable CHRISTIAN HERALD. It is like a star of Bethlehem to us, ever leading and pointing out the way. AUGUST OLSTON.

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MY DEAR SIR:—Received "Masterpieces of the World's Best Literature," and I am more than delighted. Never have I seen a premium equal to this in worth and beauty—considering the cost. I marvel! How is it done?
S. I. PERRY.

J. M. L., West Newton, Pa. In John, Chap. 3, it is said: "All things were made by Him, and without Him was not anything made." Does that mean that things exist which God did not make?

No; the repetition is merely intensive—it adds force.

F. E. H., Denver, Colo. Who was that "certain young man," having a linen cloth about his naked body, referred to in Mark 14: 51–52, in "the place named Gethsemane" when Christ was betrayed and arrested, and what was he there for?

It is held by several commentators (Olshausen, Lange and others) that the person referred to was Mark himself, and that he suppressed his own name, while telling an incident which no one else had the means of knowing.

H. D. H., Middletown, Ohio. Rudyard Kipling has been quite severely criticised for ending a line in his Recessional, "Lest we forget." In Psalm 59, verse 11, the Psalmist says (referring to his enemies), "Slay them not, lest my people forget." Do you remember seeing this mentioned by any writer?

It seems to have escaped the attention of the critics, but it is not, by any means, the most striking Scriptural passage of this nature. (See Deuteronomy 4:9 and 23; also 6:12.) There are still other passages of a similar character that might have suggested Kipling's famous line.

Jere. C. M. Covington, Ky. When do the days "begin to lengthen" in winter?

The winter solstice is Dec. 21, but it is not until Dec. 24 that any actual extension of the daylight is observed. On the 21st, 22d and 23d, the days are of equal brevity, viz.: nine hours eight minutes from sunrise to sunset.

M. S. C., Chester Springs, Pa. A fails in business, leaving many creditors. After closing the estate, he continues business as agent for his family. He and his family invite B and wife to an elaborate dinner. Should they accept the invitation, knowing that A and family had never attempted to reduce his indebtedness?

If the failure has been a dishonorable one, and if there is reason to suspect that the creditors could have been better treated, B would seem to be justified in declining such an invitation. We cannot judge such a case, however, not knowing all the circumstances.

Emma W., Evansville, Ind. Who was the composer of "The Centennial March," and where can I get the music?

"The Centennial March" was composed by Richard Wagner in 1876, in honor of the Centennial Celebration of the United States. It can be obtained of any music dealer.

A reader in Gallup, New Mexico, writes:

IN OUR MAIL-BAG of Dec. 13, in answer to a question from Sarah H., Salem, Mass., "Where was the first Sunday School established, etc.," you reply that the modern Sunday School dates back to 1780, in which year Rob't Raikes, of Gloucester, England, began his work. For several years before Mr. Raikes commenced his school in Gloucester, the Methodists were busy at that work. The first recorded Sunday School is that of one at High Wycombe, in Buckinghamshire, in 1769, which was opened by a Miss Hannah Ball, a pious and devout member of one of the Methodist Societies.

O. J. J., Weston, O. Who was the author of the *Golden Treasury*, and is he yet alive?

His name was Karl Heinrich von Bogatsky. He was a German Pietist, born in 1690, and died in 1774.

L. W. S., Hatticsburg, Miss., and T. B. G., Cortland, N. Y. Who wrote the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States?

Thomas Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence; Livingston, Franklin, Sherman and John Adams were on the committee with him, and assisted in its preparation. The Constitution was, doubtless, phrased by a sub-committee selected for the purpose, and then amended by a committee of the whole. All the proceedings in connection with its preparation were in secret, so its various writers cannot accurately be known.

G. J. J., Dundee, N. S. What is the seating capacity of Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass?

About 3,000. For further particulars, write to the superintendent, Tremont Temple, Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

Clifford N., Bangor, Me. Who were the Minnesingers?

The Minnesingers were a class of German lyric poets of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, so-called from love being the chief theme of their verse. They were men of aristocratic birth, and sang their songs to the accompaniment of the viol. Gradually this poetic movement merged with another class of German poets, called the Meistersingers.

Mrs. N. A. Black, Wyalusing, Pa., writes:

Mr. Samuel Billings, my father, on January 2, was ninety years old. He has an excellent memory. He was born in the Wyoming Valley, near the grounds of the Indian Massacre, in 1816. I wonder how many of your readers have reached this age.

Miss L. M., Oxford, N. C. Who is Dorothy Dix, and what has she written?

"Dorothy Dix" is the pen name of Mrs. Elizabeth Merriwether Gilmer; born 1870; married 1888 to George O. Gilmer; was editor Woman's Department on New Orleans *Picayune* 1896 to 1901; afterward came to New York, and joined New York *Journal* staff.

Mrs. John B., Bristol, Conn. Who wrote the following line:

"The choir invisible of those immortal dead"?

It is part of a famous poem by George Eliot, which begins

"Oh, may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead, who live again
In minds made better by their presence."

Carrie F., Jersey City. Kindly tell me where I could learn "The First Aid to the Injured."

Write to the Board of Health or apply to the Emergency Hospital.

Subscriber, Geneva, N. Y. We cannot conceive of any person so destitute of feeling as to be totally indifferent to love, tenderness, mercy, sympathy, etc. There are various degrees of hard-heartedness, but no one is so utterly depraved as to be incapable of emotion. Selfishness, greed, envy, vicious indulgence, harden the heart and estrange it from God. To such a heart there sometimes comes an awakening through a great sorrow or personal bereavement.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

NEW YORK, JANUARY 17, 1906

Elephant Working in Jungle

Starting from Bangkok on a 500-mile River Trip

Elephant Dragging Logs

Pioneering Among the Heathen Laos

The Romance of 40 Years' Missionary Work in the Heart of Siam

IT is now thirty-nine years since the first Christian mission was established among the Laos tribes. These are the inhabitants of the six provinces tributary to the King of Siam, which constitute the northern half of his dominions. Interest in the evangelization of the Laos was first awakened through the presence in the neighborhood of Petchaburee, in Siam, of a large colony of Laos, whose ancestors, in a time of political disturbance, had put themselves under the protection of the King of Siam, who had assigned them a residence in that province. In 1863, Messrs. McGilvary and Wilson, of the Petchaburee Mission, made a tour of exploration to Chieng Mai, the capital of the most influential Laos province. This city is situated on the banks of the river Maa Ping, about five hundred miles north of Bangkok. In 1867, Mr. McGilvary removed thither with his family, and Mr. Wilson and his wife followed him a year later. The labor of the missionaries was soon rewarded by the baptism of their first convert, Nan Inta, a man of more than usual ability, and learned in the Buddhist religion. His faith in Buddhism was first seriously shaken by the verification of a prediction made by the missionaries of an eclipse which took place on August 18, 1868. His conversion was followed within a few months by that of six others.

The Siamese—so the missionary writers tell us—use a written character, entirely distinct from that in use by the Laos. The Laos character is of the same type as that used by the Burmese and by the Shans, and, in common with them, appears to have been derived from the Pali, a dialect of the Sanskrit. Like Siam, Laos is a land of temples. "To become a priest" (writes a missionary authority), "is the most effective way of making merit for a man; for a woman the best thing is to have many sons, who may acquire merit for her by becoming priests. The majority of men in Siam and the Laos country spend at least a few years in the priesthood. Side by side with Buddhism and to a large degree intermingled with it, is the religion of demon-worship. This is but one form of that Shamanism which prevails so largely in Asia and Africa. What gives it interest is the extent to which it affects the lives of the people. The spirits, or demons, are of several different kinds. Some are local genii—spirits of the forests, the mountains, the streams, the caves. Others preside over certain natural phenomena—as thunder, rain, wind; or over particular operations—as ploughing, sowing, reaping, house-building; or certain situations in human experience—notably birth, marriage, sickness, death. Potent as this demon-worship is in its influence upon the people of Siam, and especially of the Laos provinces, it is less serious than Buddhism as a hindrance to the progress of the Gospel. Since disease in its various forms is largely attributed to the influence of demons, medical missionary practice does much to weaken this superstition."

Dr. and Mrs. Peoples Starting on the Journey from Lakawa

In 1885 a new station was established in Laos, in the city of Lakawa, capital of the province of the same name. Lakawa is situated on the river Maa Wang, and is seventy-five miles southeast from Chieng Mai. The first missionaries were Rev. S. C. Peoples, M.D., and his wife, who were sent out by the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions in the United States. Soon there sprang up a mission hospital, an industrial school for boys, and a mission press. The Laos Presbyterian Mission has now vigorous churches in several provinces. It has one in Lapon, which joins Chieng Mai on the south; another in Chieng Hai, and a third in Chieng San (Khiang Hsen), to the northwest of Chieng Mai, and still others in various localities.

Ten years ago, Dr. and Mrs. Peoples opened a new Mission Station at Nan, in Laos, five hundred miles in the interior of Siam. They started from Lakawa on elephants, and reached their destination after a tedious journey. They came at the request of the chief prince, who is a man of integrity, and beloved by all his people. The native government and officials are friendly; the king has repeatedly made large gifts to the Mission hospitals. Thirteen thousand patients were treated last year by the Mission physician, a large number being soldiers. In appreciation of their care, while upon a tour of inspection, the Commander-in-Chief (a son of the king) presented the station with a valuable grant of land for residence and school sites. During the year, twenty-four native Christians were received into the church, now numbering nearly two hundred members. They are very poor, but give with joyfulness and far beyond their means. They are now trying to raise the funds to complete a new chapel.

Among the urgent needs of the work, is another house at "Nan Station," in Laos. As matters are at present, there is danger to the health of the missionaries, who are now obliged to live in an adapted native house. They hope to find some friends of the work who will aid in securing the desired amount of $3,000, which would be a most timely and valuable assistance, and would be greatly appreciated by all the workers now in the field. Any reader desiring to aid this special work, may do so by communicating with the Mission representative, Mr. Charles W. Hand, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

THE
AMERICAN PULPIT

SERMON BY
Rev. F. DeWitt Talmage, D.D.

The Menace of Mormonism

TEXT: ISAIAH 3: 9:

"They declare their sin as Sodom, they hide it not"

THE study of the lives of great men has always been with me a passion. Next to reading the works of the great authors, and the speeches of the great orators, I have always had a longing to know how these leaders of thought looked and lived and acted in their public and private lives. Thus, as a young man, when I had the opportunity of entertaining in our home Dr. Byron Sunderland, who was to preach in the Brooklyn Tabernacle a couple of Sundays, I literally pumped the old man dry of all his reminiscences. Great was his well of information and personal experiences.

Dr. Byron Sunderland, for nearly half a century had been a resident of Washington, D. C. He was not only known as the pastor of Presidents, but for years he had been Chaplain of the United States Senate. Webster and Clay and Benton and Pierce and Lincoln and Conkling and Blaine, all the mighty political giants North, South, East and West, had been his intimate friends or acquaintances. Hour after hour would speed by, as the old man talked to me. I remember well the last night we were together. It was nearly one o'clock in the morning when I said: "Dr. Sunderland, you have been describing to me many men; tell me the strongest personality you have ever known." Then the old man leaned back in his chair and told the following incident:

The Power of Brigham Young

"The scene was not in Washington; it was in Salt Lake City. The man was not Webster or Clay; he was Brigham Young. Many years ago the Mormon Church challenged the Gentiles to a debate, and some of the leading ministers of the East took up the challenge. Bishop John P. Newman of the Methodist Church and myself were delegated to meet the Mormon representatives. The debate took place in the Mormon Tabernacle, which holds some ten thousand auditors. The debate had been going on for some days and we had come to the closing night. Bishop Newman was summing up and making his peroration; with the skill of an accomplished orator he was wheeling his facts into line, and he said substantially: 'Therefore, if this is so, and if that is so, and if the other thing is so, then we are forced to the conclusion that Mormonism stands for nothing else besides licensed libertinism and wholesale fraud!' Ten thousand angry men and women instantly leaped to their feet and began to press down toward the platform. The cry was taken up everywhere: 'Lynch him! Lynch him! Kill him! Stab the heretic's heart! Kill him! Lynch him now!'

"I sat beside Newman at the time," continued Dr. Sunderland, "I did not see one avenue of escape. Suddenly Brigham Young arose and stepped to the front of the platform. He swung his arm out over that cursing, swearing, angry mob and uttered just two words: 'Sit down.' They dropped into their seats as the grain falls before the hiss of the scythe. That was to me the most marvelous scene I ever witnessed. As I came under that leader's spell, I realized that he was one of the greatest of men and one of the most dangerous, if not the most dangerous to American liberties, who has ever trodden American soil."

What Byron Sunderland said to me over fifteen years ago was absolutely true. Brigham Young was one of the greatest and one of the most corrupt men who ever lived on American soil. His evil influence is bringing forth its baleful harvest to-day.

The Claims of "The Prophet"

I have been to Salt Lake City. I have carefully read many of the books, written both for the advocacy and for the condemnation of Mormonism, and from the mass of conglomerate testimony into which I have delved, I can come but to one conclusion: that Joseph Smith was a crack-brained epileptic, who, with his fits of hysteria, was just the man for a little while to appeal to the ignorant and superstitious people with whom he came in contact. But Joseph Smith could never have created the Mormon Church. It needed more than an epileptic visionary to do that. No sooner was Joseph Smith dead (and he died some fifteen years after he had begun to proclaim himself a prophet), than this monster-manipulator, this modern Blue Beard, this lepprous Frankenstein, this robber of men's gold and of women's morals—Brigham Young—stepped forward and gathered together Smith's crazed followers and moulded them together into a social organism, of which he was to be the chief blood-letting vampire. And all that Brigham Young stood for fifty years ago, the present head of the Mormon Church stands for to-day, though the claw may have temporarily sunk out of sight in the soft flesh of the tiger's paw.

Polygamy Still in Practice

To show that the Mormon Church to-day stands exactly where it did in Brigham Young's time, I would quote part of the interview which Irving Sayford had a few months ago with one of the chief men of the hierarchy. Mariner W. Merrill is one of the twelve apostles.

"*Question:* Mr. Merrill, have any of the doctrines or covenants in the Mormon faith been altered or modified in any respect in recent years, or do the principles, doctrines and covenants stand to-day precisely where they have always stood?"

"*Answer:* There have been no changes made."

"*Question:* If that is so, why has the Mormon Church repudiated the principle of polygamy as witnessed in the manifesto of 1890?"

"*Answer:* You are under misapprehension. The Mormon Church has not repudiated the principle of polygamy. It never will repudiate polygamy. Under the manifesto, the Mormon Church merely set aside temporarily, the practice of plural marriage—laid it on the shelf for the time being—in obedience to the law."

"*Question:* Then you mean to say, as a member of the apostolate, that polygamy is just as much a cardinal principle of Mormonism as it ever was?"

"*Answer:* Yes, sir. And I speak from an experience of fifty years in the church."

Could any testimony be more conclusive, that the Mormon Church stands to-day, in all its principles, just where it stood in Brigham Young's time? Now, let us begin to examine more in detail what this leprous social organism is reaching out for in this twentieth century?

First: The Mormon Church unblushingly stands for "graft." It represents financial plunder. It is "Boss Tweedism" parading about the streets in the mud-bespattered garments of ecclesiasticism. It is the Tripoli pirates demanding blood immunity pay from all those who come under its churchly shadow. It is the hold-up call of the highwayman, demanding that the stage's passengers empty their pocket-books at its altars. It was conceived with the idea of financial graft, developed with the idea of graft, and it is perpetuated with the idea of graft. The members of the hierarchy are no more philanthropists than the buccaneers of old were philanthropists, or that Captain Kidd was a philanthropist when he raised his black flag over the *Adventurer*, on the Madagascar coast, in the latter part of the seventeenth century.

The "King of Grafters"

Some years have passed since, with the governor of what was then Utah Territory, I was driven about Salt Lake City. Almost everywhere I could see the results of Brigham Young's financial depredations. Two years after his death, the Salt Lake *Tribune* declared that Young had secured from the tithing system of Utah over $13,000,000. $9,000,000 of this he squandered on his family; $4,000,000 he left to be fought over by his heirs. I have been told that at his death he owned one-tenth of all the wealth of Utah. Can any man read an account of such financial dealings and not declare that he was the king of grafters?

What the Mormon Church stood for in its financial dealings fifty years ago, it stands for to-day. By its tithing system, the Mormon Church has now an income of at least $2,000,000. Where is it going to? For what means is all this vast amount of money being used? For the spread of the Mormon Gospel? Oh, yes. Some of it is spent in that way, just as some of the money of the infamous Louisiana Lottery was used for advertising the lottery tickets all over the world. But, without doubt, a vast percentage of that income goes into the pockets of the Mormon leaders.

"But," says some one, "you should not condemn the Mormon leaders like that. They do not compel the members of the church to 'stand and deliver,' as a highwayman gruffly orders his victims to do. These church members do not have to surrender their tithes, any more than the members of your church have to give into the collection plates, unless they wish to do so. If the Mormon people give to Joseph P. Smith, they give of their own free will." Ah, my friends, that is one of the biggest delusions ever sent broadcast over this land. The Mormon victims do not give willingly. They are compelled to give, whether they are willing or not, by the thumbscrews of the boycott and financial ostracism. If you want proof of what I say, read to-day the marvelous investigations of *Mormonism Unveiled*, by Irving Sayford, already quoted. Not only does he cite facts seen with his own eyes, but he corroborates with names and dates this one fact: that Mormon excommunication means financial persecution and financial annihilation.

The Iniquitous Hierarchy

But in this description of the Mormon hierarchy, we must also declare that modern Mormonism stands for licensed libertinism and immorality. Many of these long-bearded apostles, by their own confession, are living to-day in open adultery. These gray-whiskered Mormon criminals, before the Senate investigating committee, not only unblushingly admitted that they were living with plural wives, but they even were photographed with them and with their illegitimate offspring, born since the manifesto whereby the Mormon leaders declared they would only cleave to one wife thereafter.

Now, the rank and file of a church cannot be better than the leaders of a church. Yet it is undeniable that there are many of the rank and file who are thoroughly disgusted with the odious lives and false pretences of those leaders. To these honest ones, who long for better things, we must extend all sympathy.

Let us go and visit Salt Lake City. We stop and look in the City Directory to find where the Mormon leader lives. "My," you say, "Uncle Joseph must move quite often to escape paying rent. Why, here are five different houses under his name." "Yes," I say, "he sleeps in one house, eats breakfast in another house, has supper in another house, spends the evening in another house, and sleeps in another house. In each one of these homes he has a different wife. When he walks along the street, forty-two different children can stop him, and call out, 'Hello, papa.' 'Uncle Joe' must have a great memory to remember the faces of all these children. He must have a deep well of affection to love all of his progeny. He must be a financial genius to support all these homes, and yet be a 'poor minister.' Most of us Protestant ministers have hard work to make financial ends meet, and support one wife and three or four babies. But 'Uncle Joe' certainly can do wonders. I have far more respect for the stag lording it over his herd, or the shaggy four-legged beast leading his cattle over the Western prairie, than for this human libertine, walking around and posing as an apostle of God and talking about love. Yes, he has love. But it is the love of a wholesale libertinism, which ought to push its devotee out of all decent society.

The Many-Wived Apostolate

While writing this sermon, there lies before me a list of the domestic *menage* of the leaders of the Mormon Church. Francis M. Lyman, the president of the twelve apostles, has two wives: John H. Smith, an apostle, two wives; Heber J. Grant, apostle, two wives; John W. Taylor, apostle, five wives; Mariner W. Merrill, seven living wives and forty-six children; Matthias F. Cowley, apostle, three wives; Rudger Clawson, two wives. Now, if these men are living in open sin, what are they doing in secret? And if these church leaders, these apostles, are living in such illicit relationship, what are the rank and file of the Mormon Church doing to-day? All decency, all purity, all virtue, should rise up in wrath against the sins of the Sodom and Gomorrah of the Utah plains.

But Modern Mormonism stands for more than financial graft and unlicensed libertinism. It stands for the degradation of woman, not only through the evil door of sin, but also through the narrow door of superstition. There are two means whereby it is possible to over-

throw a good woman. The one is through her heart, or by her love. That is not what the Mormon leaders can do. Even Brigham Young, with all his powers of persuasion, could not prove to a sensible woman that he could love equally well, and at the same time twenty-six wives, besides a score or more of affinities. The second way for the Mormon hierarchy to overthrow a good woman is through her religious beliefs. The leaders of that church promulgate these two doctrines. First, they say:

"A woman who is unwilling to marry and beget children is a woman who will have no part in the glories of the celestial life. Therefore, it is the duty of every woman to marry, no matter what may be the desire of her heart. Love or dislike of life have nothing to do with the matter. In the Mormon world, a woman must be sealed to a man, or else she is doomed to eternal death." The second doctrine is like unto the first: "The highest seat in heaven for the good Mormon is for the Mormon Saint who takes unto himself the greatest number of wives and rears up the greatest number of children. For on the great day of ascension, God will first call up the husband. Then the husband, in turn, will call up his wives. Then the more wives and the more children the man can produce, the greater will be his rewards for eternity." Therefore, the Mormon Church says: "Woman, marry. Woman, get your husband as many wives as you can, for such is the will of God." By thus appealing to woman's superstition, we find that husbands have married sisters and even mothers and daughters, and had children by them all. Is it not about time for this horrible teaching to end?

"But," again says some one, "the Government has no right to stop the belief of man and woman. Here we have no union of church and state." No, the Government has no right to try to make a Baptist out of a Methodist, or a Presbyterian out of a Catholic; but it certainly has a right to stop any teachings that lead directly to crime or which may be used to overthrow a man's or a woman's morals. The Indian Government certainly had a right to interfere and stop mothers casting their children to the crocodiles in the Ganges. It certainly had a right to stop the widow-burning and the Indian Juggernaut. Our Government certainly has a right to forbid the use of the mails for vile literature and for the selling of lottery tickets. And it certainly has a right to stop the crime of polygamy at its source and to compel all citizens to obey the statute of the land. Utah, as a State, pledged herself to such obedience, but she violated her solemn pledge. The Government has a right, therefore, to enforce the laws and prevent our land from being overrun with the crime of polygamy and with illegitimate offspring. The superstitious teachings of Mormonism are responsible for these conditions. The degradation of women is its object; by fair means or foul, by the door of sin or the narrow gate of superstition.

But these are not the only objects aimed at by the Mormon hierarchy. They aim to scatter their evil doctrines and evil teachings over all the United States. Their object is not only to capture Utah for their church, but all this Western Hemisphere.

Many years ago Brigham Young was asked this question: "Mr. President, do you believe Mormonism will ever elect a President of the United States?" "I do not know," said he, "whether the Mormon Church will ever elect a President during my lifetime. But I do feel that before I die the Mormon Church will be so powerful that it will hold the balance of power at the ballot-box. Then the two dominant parties will have to make terms with us before either one of them will be able to elect a President." Is not his boast, made many years ago, in danger of coming true to-day? Mormonism politically dead? Why, Mormonism was never as much alive as to-day. With its vast following, the Mormon Church practically owns Utah. It has scattered its people throughout many of the neighboring States. It has its missionary workers in almost every great city of the world. And to-day, its representative comes knocking at the door of the United States Senate, crying: "Let me in. Let me have my voice heard in the deliberations of the highest legislative tribunal of the United States. Let me in. Let me in." Now, my friends, comes the practical question: Shall we let Reed Smoot in? By his allegiance to the hierarchy, he stands as advocate for all the sins of which these men are guilty. As such a representative, he should be cast out. A great Memorial on this subject has been circulated by the women of America, calling upon the Senate to exclude Reed Smoot. They have done their part nobly and well. Shall the men be silent? Shall we not lift our voices, until at last a great chorus of protests shall thunder in the Senate chamber of our National Capitol, which shall say, "Mormonism, and all those who advocate its evils, must have no part in our governmental life."

Representatives of Mormonism should be forever debarred from entering our Congressional halls or participating in legislation, on the ground that they, as Mormons, owe first allegiance to the Mormon hierarchy. Their oath of allegiance to the hierarchy is in direct antagonism to the spirit and purpose of American citizenship. It binds them hand and foot like slaves.

I beg and plead with all Christian people to be much on their knees in prayer, that God will cut out the cancer of Mormonism from this nation, as he cut out the cancer of slavery. For, if Mormonism is not soon eradicated and stamped out, there may come a time when God will demand its obliteration at any sacrifice.

The Russian Prisoners in Japan

Siberian Sharpshooter

ONE remarkable thing in connection with the recent war between Russia and Japan, has been the treatment of the Russian prisoners by the Japanese authorities. There has been nothing like it in history, except the treatment of the Chinese prisoners at the time of the war with China. The total number brought to Japan was about 72,000. These represent a great variety of races; as, for example, at Himeji, there were 854 in all, and of this number there were sixty-one Poles, forty-one Jews, nine Cossacks, six Georgians, nine Tartars (Siberian and Eastern Russian), four Germans, one Finn, one Armenian, and 732 Russians. They have been quartered in temples and vacant buildings of various kinds. Some of the largest and best temples in the country have been set apart for such use; and at Shizuoka, the buildings formerly occupied by the Shogun, have been utilized in this way. Barracks, also, have been erected especially for their accommodation. The officers have sometimes been given separate rooms; and those of high rank have had such as were capacious and well furnished. The officers have been allowed to go about quite freely; and the common soldiers to some extent, where there was not proper room for exercise within the ordinary enclosure. At Nagoya the general officers had a park, where they were accustomed to practice archery; and the line officers found much pleasure and amusement in the use of a piano and organ. At Shizuoka they had a lawn tennis court and billiard table; and at Toyohashi several bicycles.

At different places quarters were set apart, or erected, for religious services; and these were also used as school-rooms, in which instruction was given in various branches, as well as in reading and writing their own language. Access to quarters was given to the priests (Japanese) of the Greek Church, and services were held quite regularly. Reading matter and all correspondence has been forwarded to and from them free of charge.

An arrangement was made by which the officers could obtain a regular monthly allowance in money from their government, through the assistance of the French Consul. This was more than sufficient to meet all ordinary expenses.

It has been interesting to witness the evidently kind spirit which the Japanese officials have generally shown. One of the lieutenants remarked that while his comrades who were at the front were chiefly intent upon the slaughter of their foes, his was the happy lot to show to them the spirit of kindness. A considerable number of the Japanese in charge are Christians, or have imbibed the spirit of the Gospel. One lieutenant said he wanted to learn about Christianity and asked where he could receive instruction.

Some of the prisoners are Protestants and quite a number members of the Lutheran Church. Admiral Wiren was one of this class, and was a regular attendant at the services held by the missionaries at Nagoya. Scriptures and reading matter have been supplied to them by the bishop of the Greek Church in Tokio, and also by the agents of the Bible societies.

The prisoners are now leaving for their homes. Twenty-four hundred are leaving Yokohama to-day. It is said, however, that many of them would prefer to remain in Japan.

H. Looms.
Yokohama, Japan.

Released Prisoners Waiting their Turn to Embark

Japanese Officers, with Russian Officials who have been their Charges

The Book an Inspiration

DEAR SIR: — As a new subscriber, I sent you $2, indicating the Cruise of the Eight Hundred as the premium desired. To say I am pleased would not express my feelings, for I am delighted. Already have spent two whole evenings with it, and find history, social life, and national characteristics are not only beautifully illustrated, but tersely and graphically explained in a manner that has brought me nearer than ever before the land where my Redeemer dwelt. The premium alone is well worth the $2, and such a compendium of knowledge could not be duplicated. I find personal friends among the portraits. THOS P. DAY.
Nutley, N. J.

How to Lay the Table Properly

How to Serve Tea or Coffee

A COLLEGE FOR LITTLE HOUSEKEEPERS

How Domestic Science is Taught to Aspiring Pupils in New York's Public Schools

FORTUNATE, indeed, is the generation of young girls now attending the public High Schools of New York City. Not only do these young folks have the advantage of a thorough education, with all that the term implies (and it includes much that did not enter into the high school curriculum of a generation or two ago), but they have the added chance of acquiring a complete knowledge of branches which, in many instances, prove of more value than a knowledge of Latin or Greek to the girl when she attains womanhood, or joins the ranks of the great army of wage-earners.

Visiting the High School in East Twelfth Street, New York City, the writer was given ocular demonstration that the teaching of practical housekeeping, cookery, dressmaking, and designing of various kinds, was not merely a fad, but that such thorough instruction, such practical working out of directions were afforded the pupils, that it would be a dull scholar indeed who, at the end of a three years' course, could not prepare, serve, and "clear up" an appetizing breakfast, dinner, or supper. In the kitchen connected with this school, everything necessary for the proper cooking of plain foods is provided. Instruction in a most important branch of domestic science is given in table service; the proper way to sit at a dining table, how to receive the food from the waitress, and all the little niceties which should be familiar to hostess, guest, and waiting-maid.

The equipment and care of the kitchen are included in the first course. Each girl has her own utensils, which are kept in a separate compartment. She learns the use of these, and is held responsible for their condition. Towels and dish-cloths are kept absolutely clean. Knives, forks, and spoons, used in preparing food, are scoured and put away in perfect order after each lesson. No smeary mixing bowls, cloudy glasses, or utensils in a state of general stickiness, find a place in the High School girl's kitchen cabinet.

Replying to the inquiry as to what disposal was made of the dainty dishes prepared by the girls—the salads, biscuits, cakes, etc.—the instructor said that the girls ate them for their lunch, enjoying the fruits of their culinary endeavors exceedingly. "You would be surprised," continued the teacher, "how much this course helps the home-life of the girls. Where the mother is sick, the daughter can cook the meals, not in the wasteful, extravagant manner that obtains in too many households, but these girls are enabled, from instructions given here, to utilize all the little 'left-overs' which otherwise would find their way to the refuse can. The possibilities lying in one cold potato, combined with a leaf or two of lettuce and simple dressing, the cost of which can scarcely be computed, it is so trifling, comes as a pleasant surprise to the oftentimes tired housemother, who longs for a bit of 'relish' when she is almost too weary to eat. Bits of bones and trimmings form the foundation for wholesome and strength-giving soups, varied according to vegetables that may be at hand. A cupful of broth well-seasoned, made from bits of lamb from which all fat has been removed, and thickened with barley or rice, prepared by daughter's hand, comes as a pleasant surprise to the father returning, tired and hungry, from his hard day's work. O, yes, the advantages of this branch of public school instruction cannot be overestimated," and the teacher paused to question the class as to the proportion of salt to be used in the boiling of potatoes and other vegetables. The girls, in their clean aprons, oversleeves, and white caps, are an attractive group of lassies, and when they set to work, go at it with a will, each striving to out-do the other, not in speed, but in the care and nicety of detail. Tables are spotless, utensils are speckless, and when the finished product stands invitingly before them, there is no less interest shown in getting at that bugbear of so many girls—dishwashing. This homely task is made really inviting, with shining dish-pans, soap, plenty of clear, hot water and fresh cloths and towels, pride in dishwashing grows apace, with emulation in work, which formerly, under different conditions, was so distasteful. In fact, it is shown that the right way to do things eliminates the disagreeable features of many dreaded tasks.

Instructing Class How to Receive the Food from the Waitress

How to be cheerfully useful in the home, is a lesson well-learned in the domestic science departments, as many a busy, overworked mother could testify. She could tell of the helpful assistance of the daughters before and after school hours, and during vacation. Many a mother who has worked upon the principle that it is easier to do a thing herself than to bother to teach some one else how to do it, has occasion to bless the Public Schools, where her daughter has learned so many useful accomplishments along housekeeping lines.

Much care is bestowed upon the preparation of vegetables for cooking, and thick, wasteful paring is especially frowned upon. Potatoes are first scrubbed clean, and then the skins are removed (as thin as possible), with a sharp knife, before the potatoes are plunged into the salted water in which they are boiled. Each girl has a tiny gas stove, on which she cooks the various simple foods, cereals, fruits, quick-breads, eggs and milk, cream soups, and other combinations, which will not consume more time than the forty-five-minute period allows. These things are all learned in the first grade. The second includes the making of tea, coffee, simple desserts, various ways of cooking meat, and special cooking for invalids. The more advanced grades teach cooking of poultry, fish, and shell-fish, jellies, cakes and ices, the making of salads, canning fruits and vegetables, and the preparation of simple breakfasts, luncheons and dinners. This course also includes a knowledge of the comparative values of foods, dietaries, and instructions in nursing, marketing, laundering, removal of stains, and home sanitation.

In the dressmaking department, instruction begins with the simplest stitches, and the cutting and making of undergarments, finishing with dresses and costumes, some of them rivaling in cut and finish many of those displayed in the shop windows. The rooms are fitted with sewing and cutting-tables, machines, and all the various tools of the trade, and proud indeed are the girls—some of them very young—when a visitor remarks enthusiastically upon the cut and finish of the dainty white garments. These same garments, with their simple trimmings, are not kept in glass cases for inspection, but are taken home and worn by the makers themselves.

Buttonhole-making is a branch in which some of the girls are as proficient as the instructor, particular pains being taken to teach this rather difficult accomplishment for young, untrained fingers. From this room, with its piles of snowy garments, the pupil graduates to the real

The Class in Bread and Cake-making

Teaching to Draught Dress Patterns

dressmaking department, where she is taught draughting, cutting and making dresses, ranging from the little muslin frock to the more elaborate woolen or silk garment. Each part of the dress is made the subject of special instruction; sleeves, yokes, bands, pockets, all have their explanations and practical development under the eye and hand of a competent instructor. Pupils bring their own materials, and during a season one girl made eleven dresses for herself and other members of the family. Many a dainty frock takes form under the watchful eye of the instructor and the nimble fingers of the young lady who will wear it at her graduation.

Many of the designs in trimming which were shown in the East Twelfth Street School were as beautiful and original as any one of excellent and cultivated taste could desire. The blending of colors, materials and stitches receives marked attention, and any girl who shows special ability in designing is given ample opportunity to improve her talent.

The Department of Design, not bearing so directly upon domestic life, but of equal value, perhaps, is where a girl of artistic eye and gifts can find every help in developing her talent. Pupils in this department are young ladies who will soon graduate from the High School, and will then be fitted to take positions in any of the leading jewelry establishments in our large cities. In fact a number of graduates are already filling such positions, where they have opportunity not only to put in practice all that they have learned in school, but there are chances for their advancement along artistic lines. Many creditable specimens of the work of this department hang upon the walls of the large assembly room at the Twelfth Street school. These designs, especially in black and white effects, show considerable merit, and, in some instances, undoubted talent. Good designs for carpets, wall-papers and dress goods, prints and silks, are always marketable, and many young women who have no taste or liking for more commonplace, though not less honorable occupations, are earning good wages with pencil and brush.

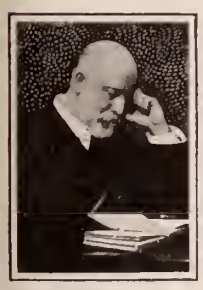
Girls who otherwise would be obliged to forego instruction in art, no matter how talented they might be, are given opportunities in the public schools to develop their gifts, while gaining their education along other lines. A glance at the fine heads and intellectual faces of the girls in the Department of Design, gives the key to the facility with which sketches and conventional designs grow under their well-trained fingers.

Special instruction is given in black and white, and without doubt the world of book and magazine illustrators will, in a few years, be the gainer from the ranks of these High School girls.

One fact which must not be lost sight of is that all this instruction is in addition to the regular school studies, but is arranged so systematically as not to interfere in any way with them, and at the same time no pupil is overtaxed. Instruction in the branches outlined above is not mandatory, but elective, each girl having a choice, receiving instruction in the branch which she prefers, and for which she seems to have a natural aptitude.

Pupils Busily Preparing Vegetables for Dinner

THE CANADIAN REVIVAL



Rev. Dr. Torrey

ON the last day of the old year, the Torrey-Alexander evangelistic Canadian campaign was opened in Massey Hall, Toronto, where a great audience of 5,000 had gathered to listen to the Gospel message. Rev. R. A. Torrey and his associate, Prof. C. M. Alexander, the famous Gospel singer, had come to Canada fresh from the triumph of their great foreign evangelistic tour, which, in a little over a year, had brought 102,000 souls to the altar, in public avowal of Christ as Saviour.

The preliminary work has been in charge of an efficient committee. The chairman of the committee is Dr. N. W. Hoyles, principal of the law school connected with the Toronto University, a member of the Church of England. That church has taken a great interest in the mission from the beginning. The strongest ministers and laymen from all the denominations are represented on the committee and are heartily supporting the work. There has been a large array of ministers and evangelists upon the platform at every meeting.

There was a private reception to the evangelists by the workers at nine o'clock, on Saturday evening. The first meetings for the public were on Sunday afternoon and evening. At both of these meetings Massey Hall was crowded to its utmost capacity. The audience room was jammed to its doors. It has a seating capacity of four thousand. The platform was packed with a choir of four hundred voices and with many ministers. Thousands were turned away afternoon and evening.

The afternoon address was to Christians on soul-winning, but the invitation was given to others to accept Christ, to which many responded. The evening address was on the text, "Where art thou?" Dr. Torrey does not usually press for conversions the opening days of the mission, but he did give an invitation, and fifty came forward and made a public confession of accepting Christ. These were mostly young men.

New Year's day there were three services. The Methodist Sunday Schools of Toronto always keep Monday morning for a general gathering. Dr. Torrey was invited to give the address at this. Massey Hall was packed with an enthusiastic congregation of Methodists. Though the meeting is supposed to be for children, grown-up people predominated. The address was a simple Gospel talk. Many arose to say they would accept Christ. In the afternoon a general gathering was held in Massey Hall. The address was on "The Power of Prayer." Though there was almost no appeal in the address to the unsaved, the appeal was given and quite a number professed to accept Christ. In the evening there was a general evangelistic service, and again the power of the Holy Spirit was mightily manifested and fifty-five persons made a public profession of accepting Christ. Among these was noticed especially a white-haired man. He was a Roman Catholic, who stood up and publicly professed to accept Christ as his Saviour.

At the Tuesday meeting, he preached to a great audience on Dan. 5:27, impeaching breakers of the moral law in vigorous language. He told the following story: "One of the most brilliant lawyers he knew was a drunkard, his practice going to rack and ruin.

"'You ought to become a Christian,' Dr. Torrey told him.

"'You are too old-fashioned,' was the reply. 'You don't believe in hell, do you?'

"'I do.'

"'You don't believe in the old-fashioned hell, do you?'

"'Yes, I do,' Dr. Torrey assured him.

"'Suppose I should sink right down here now and died, what would become of me?' asked the lawyer, persistently.

"'You would go straight to hell, and you would deserve to.'

"'What have I done?' the lawyer asked indignantly.

"'You have your wife's heart under your heel and you are grinding the life out of it. You are wounding the heart of Jesus Christ, who died on Calvary for you.'"

C. M. Alexander

Dr. Torrey then gave numerous instances of the effect of prayer in bringing distant persons to Christ, specially mentioning a revival that started in the north of Ireland from the efforts of four laymen. "That is what we want in Canada," he added; "not four weeks' meetings in Massey Hall. We want these to start with; but we want the fire of God to descend in every city, town, village and hamlet in Canada."

Plans are being made for a ministers' meeting, to be followed by a soul-winning convention for two days, to which lay workers as well as ministers will be invited. It is hoped to stir up the entire Province of Ontario.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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The Canadian Revival

MEMORIES of the soul-stirring days when Moody and Sankey were at the zenith of their Gospel activities, must be awakened in the minds of those who read of the vast gatherings that have marked the globe-girdling revival campaign of Professor Torrey and Mr. Alexander. Our neighbors in Canada are now welcoming the evangelists, Toronto being the first city where they have spoken since returning from abroad. The Canadian journals give glowing descriptions of the great audiences in Massey Hall that were swayed by the irresistible power of the Gospel presentation by Dr. Torrey, whose scholarly simplicity and intense earnestness seem to have fairly won the Canadian heart, while Alexander's inspiring singing fitly supplemented the spoken message.

That the "Old Gospel" of Jesus Christ, his life and atonement, is still potent to move the souls of men of all classes and in every land, is being abundantly demonstrated by the numerous spiritual revivals that are now taking place in many parts of the globe. While the modern evangelist may differ greatly from his prototype of half or even a quarter century ago in the manner of presentation, and in appealing less to the emotions than to the reason and the conscience, it is unquestionable that, in all its essential points, "the old-time religion" is still the one triumphant power for the spiritual reclamation and rehabilitation of erring humanity. There is no other Gospel that can save to the uttermost, or which is capable of effecting that miracle of grace—the complete moral transformation of the sinner.

The Sanctity of Life

NEW advocates of the principle with which the name of Dr. Osler is identified, have entered the arena. They do not, it is true, go so far as to advocate the deliberate murder of healthy men and women who attain the age of sixty or seventy, but they approve the putting to death of people who are hopelessly injured, incurable lunatics, and aged persons "whose minds have become a chaos of wild imaginings, productive of constant distress not only to the sufferer, but to all who live with and attend him." One of the most prominent of these advocates is Dr. Charles Eliot Norton, of Cambridge, whose letter to Miss Hall, of Cincinnati, a leader in the movement, is just published.

It is a curious fact that the plea for the adoption of this practice is designated "a plea of compassion," and the arguments for it are based on humane grounds. Dr. Norton expresses the belief that "the discussion of the subject may lead gradually to a more enlightened public opinion and to the consequent relief of much misery." This method of relieving misery is certainly heroic, but it is little in accord with civilization or humanity. We have heard that in the Solomon Islands and in other heathen lands, the aged and the sick, who have become a burden to their relatives, are cast out to die, but in Christian and civilized society, the duty toward such unfortunate persons has usually been deemed to be of quite another kind. To urge that they should be put out of their misery, for their own sakes and for the sake of the people who are burdened with them, seems to be a harking back to barbarism inconsistent with our ideas of humanity.

Apart from questions of humanity, however, there is a distinct danger in breaking down the idea of the sanctity of life. To admit the principle that there are cases in which murder is justifiable, is to open wide the gates to cruelty and crime of many kinds. It would be so easy to extend the principle indefinitely. Perhaps after society had decreed the death of the incurables, it might extend the principle to other classes. It might see an advantage in putting to death quarrelsome and contentious persons who are a nuisance to the community. The next step might be to put to death wealthy octogenarians who persist in living on, thus trying the patience of their heirs, who are eager to enter on possession. Husbands who are tired of their wives, or wives who are weary of their husbands, parents who are harassed by incorrigible sons, and people who are worried by having in their families drunkards and improvident relatives who disgrace them—all these might plead that the application of the principle to such burdens would be beneficial. To put them painlessly to death would solve difficult problems, and would be, as Dr. Norton says, "a consequent relief of much misery."

We do not believe that the compassion to which these advocates of the death penalty appeal, will take that form in any enlightened or Christian community. Hospitals will continue to be established for the care of the insane and the incurable, where they will receive skilful treatment, and where, under the ministrations of religion, their suffering of mind and body will be alleviated and their souls directed to Him who came to bear our sicknesses. That is a better course than the barbarous plan of ending their existence prematurely and unnaturally.

Doing Our Best

WE cannot all be great evangelists, with God-given, soul-saving power, bringing men and women by thousands to repentant knees. We cannot all be heroes, risking our lives as do the brave fire-laddies, scaling tottering ladders up dizzy, burning heights to save some poor creatures from a dreadful death. We cannot all be filled with the Spirit, leading us to lives of devotion in the work of rescuing precious souls, stumbling along in the darkness of by and forbidden paths. Not all of us have well-filled purses, out of whose depths come food for the starving and clothing for the naked. Few have the gift which makes the work of visiting those in prison a labor blessed to the unfortunates there. Still fewer are able to endow colleges or bestow libraries, or even to give liberally to the spread of the Gospel at home or abroad.

Yet there is one thing that we can accomplish, and that is to make the most of ourselves, thereby enabling us to give to others, not gifts of gold or silver or precious stones, but something of more value than any of these. Instead of radiating a hopeless, pessimistic influence, let us first gird ourselves with courage; then we can give the word to others, who may be fainting by the way just for the want of such encouragement. Now, when the year is young, it is a good time to say, "Let us make the most of our opportunities during the coming months; to make the most of ourselves, whatever our circumstances or environment may be. May we go forward with awakened intelligence to the needs of others. May we be ever ready, with kind words and helpful suggestions to the weaker, wearier brother or sister. They will throw a joy into life far above that of him who fixes his eye upon ways and means whereby to reach his own success, material or otherwise.

"I see from my house by the side of the road
(By the side of the Highway of Life)
The men who press with the ardor of life
The men who are faint with the strife.

"But I turn not away from their smiles nor their tears—
Both parts of an infinite plan:
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man!

"Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat
Or hurl the cynic's ban?
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man!"

An Educational Need

AT the various teachers' institutes and educational conventions, held this winter, nothing attracts more interest than when it is announced that some one is to speak on the subject of practical industrial education in our public schools, or, "After the Grammar Grade What?"

Our public school system is one of the best, but this point has not been sufficiently considered. A child passes through the various grades of the Grammar School, getting the rudiments of an education, at least. Then, if the parents can possibly afford it, and often when they cannot, the child is sent on to the High School. It seems as if here there should be a greater mark of division. The High School course is absolutely essential for anyone who intends to prepare himself for one of the learned professions, to which, in recent years, the college course has been added as another stepping-stone. It is also essential for students seeking positions in the higher grades of mercantile life. For the boy who intends to devote himself to one of the mechanical trades, it cannot be ranked among the essentials. It is true, it will give him a broader outlook on life, give him many pleasures, and also unfit him, perhaps, for living a contented life at his trade. Many turn out poor clerks and professional men, poor in the sense of ability, when they might have become expert mechanics, printers, workers in wood and metal.

With properly-equipped trade schools prepared to take the graduates of the grammar grades, an inestimable boon would be accorded to thousands of our young people. The High School should remain to train those who are to go to college and the professions, but beside it should be the other institution, preparing a large body of young citizens for the actualities of life they will soon be called upon to meet. Greek and Latin would be of little value to a boy destined to be a shoemaker; a practical course in his future line of work would, on the other hand, put him in the way of becoming a useful factor in his community. The apprentice system is dying out in Great Britain; it is dead here. The Trades Unions have extinguished the system, and it is no longer an object for the head of a shop to train up young helpers. Young men, in consequence, are not permitted to learn trades for which they have a natural inclination. This statement is acknowledged by all and needs no discussion.

If the trade school could be an established part of the educational system of our towns, boys could be so trained that their certificate of efficiency would be accepted by the unions of the skilled trades, as there would then be no question of competition with the unskilled and the unfit. The trade schools, where established, have more than fulfilled the most ardent desires of their founders. In their higher forms, such as the Mechanic Arts High School, of Boston, they have turned out young men who were not only able to stand well in their chosen trades, but even to take at once positions as foremen in shops. Such schools solve the educational problem for many a "handy boy" and his puzzled parents.

Mormon Anger

IT has been called to the attention of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD that a certain Mormon paper, published in Idaho, has indulged, doubtless in obedience to "higher, orders," in a tirade of frantic abuse against the women of America, because of their demand for the expulsion of Reed Smoot from the United States Senate. This Mormon mouthpiece is especially virulent against the women of Salt Lake City, who have joined cause with their sisters elsewhere in favor of clean national legislation and the purity of the American home. It says:

"Their conduct has become unwomanly, un-Christian and unholy. They stand condemned before God."

Abuse from such a source is really a compliment, and every right-thinking woman will so regard it. Bunyan, in his *Holy War*, described the baffled Diabolus raging outside the gates of Mansoul, and we have here a parallel in the many-headed hierarchy furious at all American women, and specially so because of the spirit of independence shown by the women of Salt Lake City. Let the Mormon leaders storm and let their trumpets blow their shrillest blasts. They are powerless to do harm. The day has long since gone by when free speech and the free expression of opinion could be suppressed by threat or intimidation.

Fortunately, ours is a land wherein, if we except the Mormon domain, the name of woman is held sacred and her person is respected and honored. No true American would permit his name to be associated, even remotely, with those of the Mormon traffickers in womanhood, who hold views which might make even a barbarian blush, on marriage, the home, the family, and all the domestic associations which good men love and revere.

In their crusade against the Mormon vice of polygamy and its train of evils, the women of this Republic have felt nothing but sympathy for their unfortunate sisters in Mormonism. They know well how those Mormon women would welcome the day that witnessed the death of the whole infamous polygamic system, for the sake of their children, if not for themselves. It is to the credit and the glory of the women of Salt Lake City, Mormon and non-Mormon, that they have openly sympathized with and aided the movement in support of the Senate Memorial, which is designed to defend and protect the highest and dearest interests of the mothers and daughters of our land.

Among the Workers

—EVANGELIST M. B. WILLIAMS has just closed a very remarkable four-weeks' union revival at Ashland, O. Hundreds confessed Christ.

—THE "SOCIETY OF SOUL-WINNERS," of which the Rev. E. O. Guerrant is President, has now ninety missionaries in its mountain field and three growing institutions of learning.

—MABELLE BIGGART, B. A., the woman preacher and lecturer, has been holding Gospel services in some of the leading Protestant churches in New York, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey, during the last three months. On New Year's Eve, she conducted two evangelistic services in the Quaker City, giving the Gospel message to large audiences.

Russian Horrors

WHEN the historian writes the history of the Russian revolution, the horrors of the struggle in Moscow will appear at the head of its tragic incidents. The ruthless Russian soldiers who were sent to Moscow, were of a different type from those whose sympathy with the revolutionists had kept them from indiscriminate slaughter. Artillery was brought to bear on the barricades, and on the mills, that the insurgents had made their headquarters. Finally the torch was applied, and building after building was burned, with all the people who had taken refuge in them. In the western district of the city the insurgents were driven to bay, and all the available troops were concentrated in an attack on them. Then a murderous cannonade began, in which men, women and children were mowed down without mercy. In the rear of the dying people, who still fought desperately, an entire block of buildings was set on fire, and the wretched creatures had no choice but that of the withering fire from the guns in front or the flames behind. When some more venturesome than the rest made a run on the sidewalk near the houses, they were shot by marksmen posted for the purpose. A number of insurgents, estimated at three thousand, were hunted into the Prokhonoff factory, which was immediately bombarded. The rebels then hung out a white flag in token of surrender. A merchant who was present, declares that they were brought out in groups, placed against a wall, and summarily shot down. He saw several companies thus killed, and believes that all perished; but feeling sick and faint with the horrible sight, he turned away, and did not see the end. It is now officially announced that the Moscow outbreak is crushed.

In the country districts, disorder and riot still prevail, but if the people in the cities yield, fear will speedily reduce the peasants to quiet. The chief sufferers everywhere are the Jews, whose property is destroyed and their houses torn down. The fund for the relief of the victims of the massacres, raised by Jews here and in England, amounts to three million dollars. Large sums have been sent to local committees for distribution. The Government, however, has notified the committees that no money must be given out except under official supervision. As there is strong suspicion that supervision is only another name for confiscation, the distribution of the fund has been suspended for the time. Thus, the unhappy people, despoiled, bereaved and starving, are kept from receiving even the charity that their brethren have afforded them.

Woe unto them that decree unrighteous decrees, to turn aside the needy from judgment and to take away right from the poor of my people, that widows may be their prey, and that they may rob the fatherless (Isa. 10: 1, 2).

Life in the Antarctic

A thrilling story is told by Dr. Nordenskjold, of his stay in the extreme south of the globe. According to the original plan, made when he sailed from Gothenberg in the *Antarctic*, the party was to cruise the first summer, then establish a winter station. From the winter station the idea was to make sledge expeditions and take scientific observations. The first part of the plan worked without a hitch, but the vessel was caught in an ice jam and eventually sank. A party of three made a dash on sledges to reach Dr. Nordenskjold at his winter station, but failed, and was compelled to make improvised winter quarters of its own. The others of the crew stayed with the ship until compelled to abandon it; then all hands found themselves on a huge cake of ice floating, without help or guidance, on the open sea. They had given up in despair, when they discerned an island on the horizon. Sixteen days after they had abandoned the ship they set foot upon land and erected a shelter for the winter. There Dr. Nordenskjold found them, when, concerned by their long absence, he went in search of them. They remained in their winter quarters until discovered and brought back to civilization by the expedition sent out by the Argentine Republic. Danger and hardship will scientific men encounter to add to the knowledge of the world. It is by the intrepidity of such men that we know so much as we do. But all our knowledge of this globe is of little value in comparison with our knowledge of the eternal world revealed to us by Jesus Christ, who laid down his life to bring it to us.

For by him were all things created that are in heaven . . . and he is before all things, and by him all things consist (Col. 1 : 17).

A Long-Deferred Wedding

A marriage was celebrated recently in New York, which was the culmination of an engagement made more than ten years ago. The bride and bridegroom grew up from infancy in the same village in Russia, and had been schoolmates there. An attachment had grown up between the two that, as they grew older, ripened into love. They had been formally betrothed, but circumstances were adverse to their union. The young man, seeing no prospect in Russia of getting into a business by which he could support a wife, resolved to come to America, and promised the girl that he would send for her as soon as he could establish himself. The difficulty of the language and the difference in customs kept him poor for four years, during which he regularly corresponded with the girl. Then he began to make his way, but owing to the disturbed conditions in Russia, she had to move from one town to another, and her lover's letters failed to reach her. He also removed to New Jersey, and she did not have his address. Finally she, too, came to America, but was unable to obtain tidings of her lover. At last in a place of worship, she saw him in the crowd; there was a joyous meeting, and a few days ago they were married. It was well for them both that they were drawn to that sanctuary. Their going there that day was the means of their mutual fidelity being rewarded, and there, too, they may hear of One whose faithful love surpasses the love of mortals.

I will betroth thee unto me in faithfulness (Hosea 2 : 20).

Red Cross Nurses Distributing Bread to Poor Jews in Russia

Lost in a Mine

A press dispatch from Wilkes-Barre, Pa., reports that the man lost in the Pittston mine, whose life was despaired of, has been brought up alive. He had been in the mine eight days, and when found, was in a state of prostration from fatigue and hunger. He had been missed one evening when the men were leaving their work, and as he did not appear the next morning, a search was instituted for him. Every corner of the mine was examined, and inquiries were made of the men to learn if any one had seen him, but no clue was obtained. It is a long job to search such a mine, but the work went on until hope of ever finding him was given up. One day, however, a man who was concerned about him, thought of an abandoned working which had not been searched. He and a few others went there and found him more dead than alive. He said that he had taken a wrong turn in leaving the mine, and soon, to his consternation, discovered that he was lost. For what appeared to him weeks, he had walked continually, hoping to strike the right path. At last his lamp went out and he was afraid to proceed. He had given up hope, and had lain down to die when he was found. The miners were full of joy at rescuing him. Such joy, in greater degree, the Christian may have, when, in the by-ways of the world, he seeks and finds a lost brother.

Let him know that he who converted the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death (James 5 : 20).

Her Life for her Doll

A bright little girl seven years old, lost her life in Brooklyn, N. Y., last week, under peculiarly sad circumstances. She had been to the home of a schoolmate to spend an afternoon in play. Of course, she took her new doll with her. It was a special treasure, a Christmas acquisition, worth its weight in gold to the little girl. As she tripped lightly across the roadway, she stumbled, and the doll fell from her grasp. She could not stay to pick it up for a car was coming swiftly, and she ran out of its way to the sidewalk. But she could not bear to leave her beloved treasure in the mud. The moment the car had passed she darted back, recovered her doll, and was running back, when a car coming in the opposite direction, that she had not seen, struck her, and in a moment she was lying a mangled corpse under its wheels. Her death must have been instantaneous, and her doll was still clasped in her arms when she was picked up. Older people would have told her that she was foolish to risk her life for the sake of keeping a toy, but how often it is that older people risk their eternal life, that they may keep the treasure that is good for this world only.

They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts that drown men in destruction (II. Timothy 6 : 9).

The People on Mars

Interesting details concerning life on the planet Mars are contained in an article by M. Camille Flammarion, the well-known French astronomer, which has been recently published. He expresses the belief that the planet is inhabited, and that by a race far in advance of ourselves. They have the advantage, he says, of a much longer experience, having come into existence millions of years before man occupied the earth. Their lives, too, are more than twice the length of ours. They weigh less and consequently are in a better position than we to free themselves more easily from the encumbrance of matter. Also they live in better climatic conditions, and can always know what the weather will be in any month of their year. They appear to have a better knowledge of the elements than we, and a more complete control of them and of their own powers than our race has attained. They are consequently able to undertake works of a vastness inconceivable to us, not only beyond our powers of construction, but beyond even our comprehension. The basis for this exact knowledge of the people and of the planet they inhabit, Flammarion does not give, but he appears to be very sure of his conclusions. It may be that imagination has played a more important part in his theory than has scientific observation, but it is certain that the belief in the planet being inhabited is growing in favor among astronomers. If there are people there, the other planets and the more distant stars may be inhabited. The idea gives increased significance to our Lord's reference to the heavenly mansions:

In my Father's house are many mansions (John 14 : 2).

THE CHARIOTS OF THE LORD

A Story of the days of Religious Persecution in England

BY JOSEPH HOCKING

CHAPTER VI.—Continued

JEFFREYS still continued talking. Now vaunting aloud his favor with the King, and again vowing vengeance on all who opposed his will. Presently, however, his men returned empty handed.

"We have searched the house, my lord," they said, "we have examined every room, and not a sign of Master Trelawney is to be seen."

"You lying knaves!" roared Jeffreys. "You be as blind as beetles. You are in league with these canting hypocrites."

The men protested, but Jeffreys would have none of it. He continued to pour out threats of vengeance, and to demand the instant surrender of the young Cornishman, until his passion exhausted itself.

Presently, however, he arose. "Think not to escape," he said to Henry Dugdale. "The net is all around you, and you'll soon be drawn in, and then may God have mercy upon you, for I will not."

Soon after he left the house, and Master Dugdale listened while they made their way towards Fleet Street. When they were out of hearing he went towards the panel.

"You had better stay there for some time yet," he said in a low voice. "His going away may be but a ruse, and we must be as wise as serpents and harmless as doves. Besides, there is a couch there, on which you can both lie. May God be very gracious to you."

All was silent for some time, and then two men rushed suddenly into the room. They gazed eagerly around, and again made search of the house but this time Jeffreys was not with them.

"It is not our will to treat you thus, Master Dugdale," said one of them as he left, "but he is the mouthpiece of the King, and we dare not disobey."

Even after this Master Dugdale insisted on the two men remaining in their hiding-place, but for this there was no need; the house remained unmolested during the remainder of the night.

When morning came, the whole family, including Benedict Trelawney and Donald Stewart, met in the room which opened into the secret place. The room was in the back part of the house, and could be reached only by passing through other apartments. Nevertheless, Master Dugdale saw to it that the door was safely bolted.

"Let us thank God for his mercies," said Master Dugdale, "after which we will to breakfast, which you must surely need."

They had barely finished their meal when there came a messenger to the house.

"Do you go, Halbert, and see what it means," said Master Dugdale.

A few minutes later the young man returned bearing a parcel.

"It was left by a slip of a boy," said Halbert. "He gave no message, spoke no word, but left this and then went away whistling," he added quietly.

"These were the words he read, 'Midnight. Temple Church'"

"Let us be careful it is no trick," said Donald Stewart, cautiously.

"But there can be no harm in opening it," said Mistress Priscilla. "It seems to be but a stick."

Whereupon she took off the wrappings.

"It is my sword!" cried Benedict Trelawney.

"Your sword!"

"Ay, it was taken from me but yesterday when I was led to Fleet Prison. See, here is the Trelawney crest, and here are the words which Henry V. wrote concerning one of my ancestors:

"'He that will do aught for mee,
Let hym love well Sir John Trelawnee.'"

"True," said Henry Dugdale. "But this is passing strange. Who could have brought it here?"

"A slip of a boy, I tell you," said Halbert Dugdale. "He gave it to the serving-maid, and went away whistling."

"And who had it yesterday?" asked Master Dugdale of Benedict Trelawney.

"I was told that it was taken to the governor of the gaol; but I know not."

"And is there no word of writing?"

"Not a word."

Each looked at the other in astonishment.

"Can you guess who hath sent you the sword, Master Trelawney?" asked his host.

"No, I can think of no one."

"Methinks this is the work of a friend," said Master Dugdale. "If it were an enemy this sword would not be returned."

"Nevertheless, it behooves us to be careful," said Donald Stewart, cautiously.

For a long time they discussed the ways and means by which the sword could have been returned, but at the end of it all no one was the wiser.

As for Benedict, he listened like a man in a dream. In spite of himself, his mind reverted to his deliverer of the previous night, and he wondered whether the maid who had rescued him in such a timely way could have also returned the sword. He said nothing, but he determined that when he was alone he would again examine the wrappings in which the sword had been placed.

"Master Trelawney," said Henry Dugdale, presently, "have you thought of any plans for your future?"

"Nay, I know not what to do," said the young man, moodily. "Presently, when I am alone, I must e'en cudgel my brains."

"That is what I have been doing for weeks," said Master Dugdale. "Young man, are you afraid of the word Treason?"

"Yes," replied Trelawney. "Those of my name have ever been loyal to the King."

"When doth a man cease to be king?" asked Henry Dugdale.

"When God sees fit," replied the youth.

"And meanwhile, Jeffreys and his master may do their work," said the old man.

"God forbid!" said Benedict.

"Because I would e'en show you something," said Master Dugdale. "It hath been sent to me from a faithful friend, and it hath been scattered all over London this morning."

Hereupon he passed a piece of paper to the young Cornishman. "Read," he said.

Trelawney's heart burnt with rage as he read:

"Whereas, one named Benedict Trelawney hath been guilty of wickedly disturbing the course of his Majesty's justice, and behaving in a devilish way, and whereas this same Benedict Trelawney hath for the present escaped the just and merciful punishment of the law, and is now at large within the environs of this city, it is commanded that he be immediately arrested. If this meets the eyes of Benedict Trelawney, he is hereby commanded to give himself up to the King's officers forthwith, the which if he fail to do, he is condemned to be hanged without further trial. It is also commanded that if anyone knows of the whereabouts of Benedict Trelawney, he give information without delay, and if anyone from this time do give food, shelter, or do in any way help Benedict Trelawney, he shall be regarded as one who has feloniously broken the laws of the Crown, and therefore worthy of death.

"Moreover, authority is hereby given to any that may have suspicion of Benedict Trelawney's whereabouts, to enter any habitation or dwelling in order to make search for him.

"God Save the King."

The young Cornishman started to his feet, his eyes flashing with anger.

"Nay, speak not yet," said Master Dugdale, "there is a similar notice here concerning our friend and kinsman, Donald Stewart. You see upon what kind of times we have fallen. There is nothing that Jeffreys will be afraid to do. The King supports him in everything, and if either of you be found, then God have mercy upon you! It is said that Jeffreys swears he will raze this house to the ground before three days are over, if you are not found."

"I will leave here," said Trelawney. "I will not be a danger to you."

"But whither can you go? The streets will be full of spies, and be well assured that a watch is set upon this house."

"Great God, help us!" cried the youth.

"Ay, but God will have us help ourselves," said Donald Stewart. "The question for you to answer, Master Cornishman, is, what are you going to do?"

"Do," cried Trelawney. "I will break the power of this Jeffreys. I will not rest until I have ruined him, disgraced him, and taken away all his power. This man is a fiend, and I will not rest until I have ruined both him and his offspring."

"This is sinful, young man," said Master Dugdale.

"Sin or no sin," cried the young man, "I will do as I have said."

"Then you are not afraid of treason," said Donald Stewart; "for what you have said is what the world calls treason."

"Nothing can be treason which destroys such as he," cried the young man, his Celtic blood growing hotter and hotter.

Master Dugdale looked at Donald Stewart questioningly, and then turned to the young Cornishman again.

"When you have grown calmer there is much I would say to you," he said. "Meanwhile, you have need of rest. You did not sleep during the night. Go into this room and rest awhile. Depend upon it, I will warn you if there is danger."

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A Morning Service, with Breakfast, at Wesley Rescue Hall

A New Bowery Worker

METHODISTS in New York are greatly interested in the two steps forward recently taken by the board that has charge of Wesley Rescue Hall, on the Bowery. The Bowery is the strategic point for work among the outcasts, the fallen in body as well as in spirit, and all who are students of our great social and spiritual problems, as they are presented here, take renewed courage at any prospect of increased activity among the local missions.

The first step was the purchase by the trustees of several lots of land, so that now the Mission owns quite an extensive area, reaching out in four directions like the arms of a cross, from the old Rescue Hall that lies hidden in the very centre of the block, that is bounded by the Bowery on the front, Second Avenue on the rear, and the two side streets. Several leases must expire before the Mission can take possession of its new purchase in its entirety, but when it does, a new building will undoubtedly be built, covering the entire lot. At present the Mission has to carry on its soul-inspiring work with its existence almost hidden from the passer-by; in other words, only a sign marks the way down a gloomy passage toward the place of hope. But all believe that better things are in store.

Superintendent John Callahan

The second step, one that will make the success of the first one assured, was the call extended to Mr. John Callahan, the well-known mission worker of Duluth, Minn., to come East and take charge of Wesley Hall.

Mr. Callahan is known all over the Northwest, and last spring he was asked to conduct a series of meetings in New York City. He had not been here very long before it felt that New York needed him more than did Duluth.

* * *

He is no novice in the work of uplifting men, and directing them toward the forgiving heart and all-sheltering love of the Redeemer. He was converted in Minneapolis, and soon decided to take up Christian work. He labored for years in the worst part of Chicago, where he met hundreds of men of the type he will have to deal with on the Bowery, and then became director of the Star of Hope Mission in Duluth. While in the latter city, he was assistant pastor of the First Methodist Church, widely known as one of the most active and progressive religious bodies in the Northwest.

Mr. Callahan has not had a conference with the entire board of the Mission yet, but he will doubtless urge the adoption of several ideas that were successful in his former posts. He believes that the Mission should be open all day, and provided with comfortable seats and clean, up-to-date papers and periodicals, so that men would find a place to stay, when practically homeless, other than the bar-room of a saloon. This was done in Duluth, and every year hundreds were rescued through little personal talks with the director or his assistant. He believes, also, that every Mission should have its labor bureau for converts, so that they can be provided for, and watched over during the first few months, at least, of their endeavor to lead the new life. During the winter, in his last post, the director provided work for twenty men a day. It should also have some arrangement for lodgings. The Mission at present has a good meeting every evening, gives out tickets to perhaps two hundred men, entitling them to a night's quarters at some neighboring lodging-house. In the morning they are given a light breakfast, after which there is a short time devoted to prayer and to reading the Bible. At the inaugural service over four hundred men were present.

A paper in Duluth said, when it was announced that Mr. Callahan was to come to New York: "He is endowed with the two simple gifts of common sense and human sympathy. He preaches no creed save Christ. He has no philosophy save that of helpfulness. His gospel is the gospel of service."

New York and the East Side need just such men and such missions.

PROMINENT MEN OF THE HOUR

General Chaffee

Ambassador Aoki

Henryk Sienkiewicz

Per. McClure's Magazine

Mayor Mark Fagan

GENERAL ADNA ROMANZA CHAFFEE, one of the most distinguished of American soldiers, retires shortly as Chief of the General Staff, the title now held by the head of the army. He entered the army as a private during the early part of the Civil War, receiving a commission in the cavalry, in 1863. He gained a brevet for gallantry at Gettysburg, and four other promotions for bravery in action. He fought at Santiago, in Cuba; commanded the American forces that relieved the legations at Pekin, and later commanded in the Philippines. His recent tour of Europe brought him many honors, including the Order of the Legion of Honor. Still active, the ideal of an officer, the army suffers a great loss in his retirement.

* * *

HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ, the famous Polish novelist, author of *Quo Vadis*, *Fire and Sword*, and *Pan Michael*, has received the Nobel prize of $40,000, for his services to the world's literature. His career has been as full of romance as that of any of the heroes of his interesting tales. His family was Lithuanian, but moved to Poland in consequence of the Russian war. He was educated at the Warsaw Gymnasium and University. In 1876 he emigrated to California, but returned, and later traveled in Central Africa. In regard to the present trouble in Poland, he says that his country will probably hold to Russia, as the Poles are not strong enough to resist Germany.

MR. AOKI is the recently-appointed Ambassador from Japan to the United States. He has had a long and practical experience in statecraft and diplomacy both at Tokio and in the foreign service. As Korea has been taken under the protection of Japan, he will also represent the interests of that country here. Our Secretary of State formally withdrew our legation in Tokio a few months ago, acknowledging the overlordship of the Mikado in the Hermit Kingdom.

* * *

MAYOR FAGAN, of Jersey City, is winning fame as a reform official and the man "who rules Jersey City in the fear of God." He came up from a leader in his own district, gaining each year a wider reputation as a man who worked and voted for what was best for all the people. When nominated for Mayor, he made a house-to-house canvass that put him in the chair. He is fighting graft in a way that promises to Jersey City a clean town, and the people are with him. He has seen that the boss system cannot exist if the government for the common good is to be maintained.

JESUS BAPTIZED BY JOHN

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts*
SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

"Repent Ye"

IN that quiet home in Ephesus, in which Mary the mother of our Lord found a refuge after his crucifixion, the conversations she would have with her adopted son, the Apostle John, would naturally be all about Jesus. When Mary had told John the details of his birth and childhood, which only she could tell, he would tell her of the baptism, which she did not witness. We can imagine his saying: "The first time I saw Jesus was at the fords of the Jordan when John the Baptist, dressed in camel's hair, with a leathern girdle about his loins, was preaching to the crowds of people who came out of Jerusalem and Jericho to hear him. Some people from our town of Bethsaida, visiting in Jerusalem, went out to hear him and came back speaking so enthusiastically of his preaching, that Andrew and I, being friends, determined to go, though it was a three days' journey.

"When we arrived and stood on the outskirts of the crowd, we saw among the company gathered close about the preacher some priests and Levites, who, in no pleasant mood asked some questions of the preacher, throwing doubt upon his authority to speak to the multitude. They would know who he was, and from whence he came. In plain and earnest words, he told them that he was only 'a voice crying in the wilderness' to prepare the way for One whose shoe latchet he was not worthy to unloose. Then they turned their backs upon him, and returned to Jerusalem, to give, what I am sure, was an evil report. On the day following this incident, Andrew and I had gone a second time to hear John preach again. He suddenly stopped in the midst of his sermon, and, looking at a man coming towards him, exclaimed: 'Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world!'

"That was the first time I saw Jesus. Never can I forget the sweetness of his grace, so gentle was his bearing, and yet so dignified and calm. He did not seem to have heard the words of the preacher concerning himself. John said yet other things about him, told how forty days agone he had come to his baptism, and that he had seen the Holy Spirit descend from heaven and rest upon him like a dove. I looked about for Jesus, but evidently it was not his intention to stop, and so we started toward him. He turned about and saw us and said, 'What seek ye?' And I answered, 'Master, where dwellest thou?' Graciously he replied, 'Come and see.' And then we walked beside him, and he talked with us by the way, and brought us to his retreat, where we abode with him until the next day. How our souls were lifted up by his teachings! Surely never man spake like him!

"It was all too blessed to keep to ourselves, and so as soon as the morning dawned, we asked him that we might go and bring our brothers. Andrew went in search of his brother Peter, and I sought my brother James. In the meanwhile Jesus waited for us. And when we brought them to him, he continued his wonderful teaching with four listeners, where before there were two."

"Then went out to him all Judea, and were baptized of him in Jordan"

Illustration and Application

1. **Water Baptism.** Baptism is one of many ceremonies, some of them divinely appointed, that serve as acted parables to help the mind by sight and action, to understand and appreciate truth and duty. In the tabernacle, God put the whole Gospel into such living pictures for a child race just out of slavery. But as illustrations become "flustrations" when children or others remember the story better than the truth it was intended to frame, so ceremonies often fossilize into superstitions, and lazy minds prefer to worship the guide post instead of walking the arduous way of duty to which it points. This was the condition of the Jewish people when Jesus came. They were very particular about the ablutions of their persons and platters that symbolized purity, but cared little for heart purity itself. And so John the Baptist and Jesus gave them a fresh symbol of purity in baptism, which in John's use was a "baptism of repentance," signifying the washing away of sin by the Holy Spirit, but received an additional significance in its use by Christ's disciples as a symbol of initiation into the kingdom of heaven, and into sonship with God. In this aspect it is kindred to naturalization and the oath of allegiance.

If there ever was a person on earth who needed no forms to help his faith; who could pray just as well without kneeling or standing; who could worship without a special day or place; who could be just as faithful without any public confession of his faith, it was he, who, though sinless, insisted on baptism as an example to others, and doubtless as a help also to his human heart.

It is strange, indeed, that any Christian however strong-hearted, can, in the face of Christ's words, "Thus it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness," refuse to confess in public that he has sinned and repented, and received cleansing through Christ. Even he who believes that baptism should be only spiritual, must at least make open confession of such baptism. There are more than ten commandments, and the command "Love one another," is not the only new commandment of Christ. Christ also commanded, knowing that love will die if hidden through cowardice, "Confess me before men," and warned us that he would in heaven, be ashamed of those who were ashamed of him on earth. In his last talk with his friends, Jesus said five times, in substance, "If you love me, show it." This must be done in more than words, but certainly not in less. Loyalty "shows its colors." Surely it is not a dishonor to confess, but rather to deny and hide our sins. And why should any one to-day be ashamed of the Lord of Christendom, and of twenty Christian centuries?

> Ashamed of Jesus! Sooner far
> Might evening blush to own a star!
> He sheds the rays of love divine
> In this benighted soul of mine."

This sign in a store window, "Under entirely new management," is an implied confession that something has gone wrong. The patrons have been justly dissatisfied. Consequently the old management has been displaced by a new one. Such is the significance of baptism. It is the confession of old faults and of new purposes. It is also an implied prayer for purity and power from the Holy Spirit. It is yet early in the new year. Are you satisfied with the devil's management of the past year? Will you not let Christ be your new manager? He will bring satisfaction, if not to the world, to you, at least, and to God. God shall then say of you also: "This is my beloved son in whom I am well pleased;" for this testimony was not reserved for Jesus only. Abraham had it long before (Gen. 11: 5), and you may daily have the assurance that your ways "please God." That is a popularity worth while—to be popular in heaven.

2. **Spiritual Baptism.** What a corpse is any religious form without a soul in it! Baptism is no more than a heathen charm to many, even to some Protestants, who send in frantic haste to a preacher when a babe or a grown friend is dying, not to instruct the soul or pray for it, but to put "holy water" upon it for "baptismal regeneration." They do not accept these superstitious terms in word, but they do in act. Every child should know that baptism is but the outward sign of inward prayer and power, and if the prayer for cleansing is not there, if the baptism of the spirit is not there, baptism is but the label on an empty box, the sign on a vacant store, the body of a dead man. The main thing is to receive the Holy Spirit for cleansing and power, and when we have the goods, let us put on the label. Just now, with revivals on every side, Christ is knocking at the door of many hearts. It is the hour of "Opportunity."

But this baptism of the Spirit is needed not by new converts alone. At first the inquiring soul is chiefly concerned to get pardon, but after that is assured, every Christian soul should seek the baptism of power, desired the more when by experience one has found his weakness and so his need of strength. Wireless telegraphy is about to be succeeded by a wireless transmitter of power. Niagara's power, turned into electricity, goes by wire to three cities to draw their street cars. We are told that such power is to be sent to customers through the air. Men do not doubt that, after what they have seen of electric wonders. Why should any one doubt that the God who made all these powers we are so tardily discovering and using, can send us power in answer to wireless prayer? Our sense of need, our desire of power for service, that is the condition that makes us receivers of this power, that is seeking such hearts, as it goes through the world with divine impulsion from heaven.

That heavenly dove, carrier pigeon of heaven, that embodied the Spirit resting upon Christ at his baptism, how fitly it pictures the new spirit bent on heaven, which guides the life into which this winged spirit of heaven has been received!

> The bird, let loose in Eastern skies,
> When hastening fondly home,
> Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
> Where idle warblers roam,
> But high she shoots through air and light,
> Above all low delay,
> Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
> Nor shadow dims her way.
>
> So grant me, God, from every care
> And stain of passion free,
> Aloft, through Virtue's purer air,
> To hold my course to thee!
> No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
> My soul, as home she springs;
> Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
> Thy freedom in her wings.

It should be noted that while the Holy Spirit resting in spiritual baptism on Christ, is fitly represented by a gentle, spotless dove, the Holy Spirit's baptism of the apostles is pictured in jets of purging, refining fire. New York City has a municipal lighting plant, where the rubbish of the city is burned and turned into electric light; a suggestion of the Holy Spirit's work in burning up the dross and sin of our natures, transforming them into the light of the world.

Let us pray that the Holy Spirit may fill every ceremony, every word, every act, every thing we use in church or shop, to serve God and our fellow-men. It is a beautiful custom of the Swiss guides to meet, at the beginning of the Alpine climbing season, at the foot of a mountain, bringing their ropes with them, where a local priest conducts a service of "blessing the ropes." Let us all ask God to bless our ropes, our tools of every kind, as he baptized Bezaleel and others with the Holy Spirit to work in stone and wood, and all manner of workmanship. You have no doubt seen a windwill such as stands in many farm-yards. It has great possibilities of power, but often it stands doing nothing but pointing the direction of the wind. Why? The fans are thrown back out of the wind. The power is off. Many think they may turn off "spiritual" power when they turn from the church to the school or the playground or the shop. God would have us keep it on all the while. The best new note in the religious life of to-day, is the recognition that there is no such division as "secular" and "sacred." The Y. M. C. A. bids the young man love God with all his "strength" in the gymnasium; with all his "mind" in the evening classes, and with all his "soul" in the Bible class. In short, to serve God with our whole nature.

An Oriental Herald

*International Sunday School Lesson for Jan. 28. The Baptism of Jesus. Mark 1: 1-11. GOLDEN TEXT: "Prepare your hearts unto the Lord and serve him only." I. Sam. 7: 3.

AROUND THE HOME HEARTH

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Angel Helpers

LONG, long ago, when people were childlike and simple, and lived in close intercourse with the Heavenly Father, they often saw his angels coming for their help and guidance in times of need. They never seemed to have been surprised when, looking up from their work in broad daylight, they saw an angel form standing near, and in the night watches angels spoke to them in dreams. Abraham by his tent door, glanced over the desert and saw three angels, apparently men of dignified aspect, approaching him, and he offered them hospitality. Jacob fleeing from his brother Esau, lay down with a stone for his pillow, and in his sleep he had a vision of angels going up and down a golden ladder that stretched between earth and sky. An angel shut the mouths of the lions when Daniel lay all night in the dreadful den. An angel brought food to Elijah in his extremity. At the gate of Samaria Elisha saw, and his servants saw, chariots of fire and an angelic host sent for his relief. No wonder that he said to his awe-struck companions, "Greater is he that is for us, than they that are against us."

. . .

In the very beautiful picture in which our artist has shown us a little child asleep among her toys, there is the shadowy form of the spirit-mother watching over the little one she left when God called her home. May there not be more than a poetical conception here? When God takes home our dear ones, how do we know that He does not often send them to us on errands of the tenderest ministry? Nowhere on earth are there children so bereft as those from whom a dear mother has been taken. No love is like mother-love; none so brooding, none so vigilant, none so unselfish. When the mother goes away, the little ones are like lambs in the world, exposed to the hurtling storms and rough winds of life. Fathers bringing up children without the help of their mothers, often spend themselves in devotion and care, and sometimes they seem able to love the little ones so well and guide them so wisely that the unseen watching mother may smile in approval. But they have a hard task when they try to do this. A second mother entering a household often does for children everything their own mother would have done. All honor to devoted and loving stepmothers who forget the step.

But, unhappily, not all women who marry for the second time and undertake to care for motherless children, have the real mother-touch. They are in a position bristling with difficulty. Criticism assails them on every side, and when they do the best they can, they ought to receive the full meed of grateful praise.

. . .

If the spirit-mother is permitted now and then to visit her darlings in their dreams, we may be sure that she brings them a blessing. Of one thing we may be certain: that no mother safe in heaven ever loses an opportunity to ask the dear Lord to care for the little ones she left behind. Our loved ones there no doubt pray for us many a time and oft.

Hark! hark! my soul! angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore;
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life where sin shall be no more!
Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

Would it not be well for us to return to the simple faith of the patriarchs, to expect that our heavenly Father will send us help from heaven in our times of need, and to realize, that even as angels ministered to the Son of Man when he was on earth, they may minister to his followers.

The Incoming Steamers

With every arriving steamer, Americans who have been spending the summer and the autumn abroad, are coming home. Nothing is pleasanter than to see the reunions; sisters and brothers waiting to greet one another; husbands and wives who have been separated, joyfully meeting; friends clasping hands with gladness. Partings are hard, but meetings are joyful. Going away had its anticipations; returning has its satisfactions. The dear old home opens its doors, and the wanderer settles down as if he had never been absent.

THE SPIRIT MOTHER

Sleep sweetly, darling; only good is near,
Thy angel mother o'er thee watches here.

Comfort One Another

COMFORT one another,
For the way is growing dreary,
The feet are often weary,
And the heart is very sad.
There is heavy burden bearing,
When it seems that none are caring,
And we half forget that ever we were glad.

Comfort one another;
With the hand-clasp close and tender,
With the sweetness love can render,
And the look of friendly eyes.
Do not wait with grace unspoken,
While life's daily bread is broken;
Gentle speech is soft as manna from the skies.

Comfort one another;
There are words of music ringing
Down the ages, sweet as singing
Of the happy choirs above.
Ransomed saint and mighty angel,
Lift the grand, deep voice evangel,
Where forever they are praising the Eternal Love.

Reading of Current Events

NEVER in the long history of civilization was there a time more interesting and swifter of movement than the time in which we are living to-day. Things are happening of tremendous import. The map of the world is changing. We cannot tell to-day what to-morrow shall bring forth, but unless all signs fail, we are on the eve of revolutions which shall mean immense progress in quarters that, for centuries, have been trampled under the heel of despotism. While current events are so interesting, and so much is going on in the great world, it seems a pity that we should let our minds dwell too constantly on things that are petty and insignificant.

Why should we disturb ourselves, as we sometimes do, about carpets and curtains and shabby externals that a little paint and paper would freshen; why tire ourselves to finish a little frock that a child does not need, so that she may wear it on a given Sunday, or work until we are ready to drop over baking and brewing that could wait another day? Women particularly need to keep abreast of current events. They should not, of course, neglect home duties, but it is equally a mistake to let themselves be so swamped by the little whirlpools of the kitchen and the back yard, and the front garden and my lady's chamber, that they lose acquaintance with what is taking place in the world. No week passes that the editor of this page does not receive several letters, asking how the writers may learn the art of conversation. One of the best ways to acquire this art is to have something to say that is worth hearing. Men appear to have no trouble in finding topics of conversation. Why should women limit themselves to dress and the management of children, and new recipes for puddings, and their difficulties with hired help, when, instead, they might find topics in the world-history that is making, in new inventions, applied science, and the great field of nature?

. . .

Clubs and classes for the study of current events have their regular meetings every week or fortnight. Frequently these classes study under the competent direction of a leader who plans their work and acts very much as a teacher in the recitation room. Missionary societies almost always set apart a portion of their session to a report of current events. Two or three ladies who are selected beforehand, glean from the daily papers and from missionary periodicals, items of interest from home and foreign fields. No part of an afternoon meeting arouses more discussion, and awakens closer attention than this, because it brings home to every mind actual experiences and impressive facts.

The Missionary Box

Lessons might profitably be given in that branch of Christian effort, popularly known as "filling a missionary box." This is one of the pleasantest occupations of the women in every church. From some churches valuable boxes and barrels are sent to gladden the homes of heroic missionaries on the frontier; men who make light of hardships, women who uncomplainingly accept poverty and distress for Christ's sake. Application has been made at the headquarters of the Church Missionary Society, and the name of a missionary has been given. The height, avoirdupois, and general appearance of the missionary and his wife, whether large and stout, or thin and scrawny, are given. The number of children and their ages is a matter of importance. The family is almost always in great need of the commonest comforts. With cheerful industry, women begin to hem sheets and pillow-slips, to make little garments and larger ones, and to collect clothing, books, and perhaps a few luxuries for the box. Two or three rules should be observed. Old finery is not admissible. Things you do not want yourself, such as old schoolbooks and volumes of divinity, will not be wanted by the missionary. Put in new books; a subscription to a magazine; new, warm and good clothing, and always, if possible, a sum of money. In this way you will send an ideal missionary box that will be thankfully received.

THE WESTERN "CHILD-PREACHER"

CONSIDERABLE interest has been felt in Chicago concerning the case of Joseph Robert Roycroft, the remarkable child-preacher, who has lately been addressing Gospel meetings in that city, at the Moody Institute and elsewhere. Joseph was born in Chicago in 1897, and is now in his ninth year. He is small in stature for his years. His mother says of him:

"He could read the Bible on or before his third birthday. Since he was two and a-half years old, he has never missed one day without inviting more than one person, either by tract or personal appeal, to receive the Lord Jesus Christ as their Saviour.

"In June, 1900, he declared that God called him to preach. On that morning, after family worship, he climbed up on a chair and said, 'Jesus has called me to preach his Word,' and repeated Heb. 13: 8, 'Jesus Christ, the same yesterday and to-day and forever,' and other scripture verses, prayed, sang, and held what he called 'a regular service.' He spoke so earnestly and with such power, his parents could only weep their gratitude as they recognized that God had truly spoken to him and through his baby lips to them. And since that day he has never gone to bed or would go to sleep at night, without speaking or 'preaching' the Word of God somewhere, either indoors or in the open air.

"The Child Preacher reaches many persons and has many opportunities and privileges of giving the Gospel not usually given to older persons. He is called upon to speak in the homes, and has more inquiries about the Bible and the way of life from Jews and Roman Catholics than any other class of people. He is allowed to give out tracts regularly and speak to people in the waiting-rooms of several railroad depots; also on railroad and street cars, etc.

"He has read the entire New Testament on his knees, and the greater part of the Old Testament several times. Joseph likes to romp and play like any child of his age. But he does love and delight to read his Bible, 'talk to God' and 'preach' above all else. The greatest desire and joy of his life is that Jesus will soon come." Elder J. M. Hitchcock, of the Moody Institute, Chicago, writes of Joseph as follows:

"I saw and heard him with Dr. Siddall, an old Oberlin schoolmate. We were, like scores of others, attracted through curiosity. We found nothing sensational or spectacular about the service. The lad, physically and psychologically, is a twentieth century phenomenon. His selections of Scripture passages were appropriate,

Joseph Roycroft, the "Child-Preacher"

and were read with intelligence. His prayers were pointed, devout and fervid. His solos were simple, unostentatious and effective. His exhortations were from an overflowing child's heart, and the results seemed to justify the efforts of the evening. In response to an appeal by Mr. Jacoby, from a dozen to twenty rose for prayer, and on further solicitation came forward to the inquirers' bench. During the entire evening Joseph did not say a foolish or silly thing. To say that this child is a great preacher, or that he is specially gifted, would be misleading. He seems to know the fundamentals of the Christian faith, and to be endued with a passion for souls. He makes no efforts to imitate the evangelist. He retains to a remarkable degree his infant features and baby articulation. His mannerisms are those of innocent childhood."

During the past summer the Humane Society, holding that the child's education was being neglected, reported the case to the Board of Education. The Board sent for him to call at their office. He and his mother called. The Board asked him to read a passage of Scripture. The reading was such a surprise that they decided he had committed it to memory; so, taking the Bible from the child again, they turned to another passage, with the same result. Then a newspaper was obtained and a selection made, with the same result. The examination proved very satisfactory.

Then Joseph asked each member of the Board if he was saved. "Am I saved?" said one; "what do you mean?" Then Joseph asked, "Do you love the Lord Jesus?" and told them the way of salvation, asking them to become Christians.

On Monday evenings Joseph has been conducting services at the Star of Hope Mission on Desplaines Street, and on Tuesday evenings in the Bible Mission, on West Madison Street, besides many street meetings. He has been doing this work for the past two years. At the close of his part of the service in the Missions, he does "personal work" among the audience. He is probably the smallest and youngest child in the world doing work for the salvation of souls. Some of his utterances, heard at different meetings, are given below:

It is not what a man has in his pocket that makes him happy, but what he has in his heart.

Across the street from where we live is a saloon which has recently been newly painted; it has been made to look very nice on the outside, but on the inside you will find it has not been changed one bit. It is the same inside it has always been; they are dealing out drinks to men just as they have always done, many of whom are drunkards, doing its same deadly work.

A man cannot always be known by the clothes he wears. If you see a man dressed in broadcloth, you cannot tell what that man is at heart. He may be one of the vilest of sinners.

I am going to ask a question that not one person in this room can answer. Listen! This is the question: "How shall we escape if we neglect so great a salvation?" Now, I am going to ask a question that every one can answer. It is this: "What will it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul, or, what will a man give in exchange for his soul?"

THE BOWERY MISSION BIBLE CLASS

More Spiritual Problems for Dr. O'Hanlon's Question-Box and His Instructive Replies

83 We have two stories of our origin, namely, that of Adami and Heva, and that of Adam and Eve. Does the resemblance between them ever induce you to dispute the authenticity of the latter, or to set it down as a plagiarism? The former was told several thousand years before the latter.

I have never doubted the Bible account of our origin; besides, the collateral evidence of its truthfulness for over four thousand years, the great fact that Jesus Christ himself accepted the account as true, is the strongest possible proof that it is true.

84 If there is but one religion, why are there so many denominations?

As well ask why there are so many parts or divisions of a great army. All that is vital in the religion of Christ is held alike by the Roman Catholic Church, and by the Protestant Church in all its branches.

85 If a man has been converted and has sinned, is it necessary for him to be converted again?

The man who has wilfully departed from his God—has turned his back upon his Divine Lord, and forsaken his cause—is in a worse state than he was at first, II. Peter 2:20, 21, 22, and must, in his restoration to Christ, be again converted like St. Peter, after he had deceived his Lord. Matt. 26:75; Luke 22:31, 32.

86 Is it possible for a Christian to become so downhearted that he feels that death would be a blessing?

Yes, in the time of overwhelming sorrow and fierce temptation, as in the case of Job. Read 3d Chapter of Job. But, like this man of God, one in such a crisis must be brave, and turn to his God. "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." Job 13:15. See John 16:33.

87 The Bible says: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth." Is it right, therefore, for us to plan for home, or better things, such as work, better wages, etc., after we have accepted Christ?

Yes, only do all these things in harmony with the will of God. John Wesley taught on this subject as follows: "It is our duty to make all we can honestly, to save all we can, and to give all we can." "We are to be diligent in business, serving the Lord." Romans 12:11; I. Timothy 5:8.

88 Why did God permit evil to come into the world?

To make man on a high scale, capable of great intelligence, and a free moral agent, *i. e.*, with the power of free will to choose good or evil, necessarily exposed him to evil and its consequences; but at the same time gave him magnificent opportunities to become a moral hero, and at last to stand triumphant and crowned forevermore in the rapturous presence of Almighty God and his holy angels.

89 Is there any sanction in Scripture for the present system of land-holding by private individuals? Does not the land, and all other natural utilities, such as air, water, etc., belong to the people as a whole?

Yes, land-holding by private individuals is allowed by the Scripture, and has always been encouraged, as in the time of the antediluvians, the patriarchs, Moses and the prophets, and the kings of Israel. Private ownership of land is necessary in order to its improvement (it is not so in regard to the enjoyment of water, air and sunshine). What would Manhattan Island be to-day without the stimulus of private ownership?

90 How does the Holy Spirit enter a man's life? I mean by what channel, the mind or the affections, or what?

The intellect, the conscience, the affections. Who can look out upon nature without thoughts of God? Read Psalms 8 and 19. Where is the man whose conscience does not at times feel out in the darkness after God? Where is the heart born again of the Holy Spirit that does not love God dearer than even life itself? "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee." Psalm 73: 25; Acts 17: 27, 28.

91 What is the exact meaning of the words, "forbidden fruit"?

Whatever this forbidden fruit was, in itself, is not important for us to know; but we do know that it was to be to Adam and Eve the test of their loyalty to God. As free moral agents created in the image of God, submission to his will was to be the supreme rule of their lives (as it is on earth, and in heaven, now and always). It was a command to obedience.

92 How can a man be a Christian when everything in this world is against him?

By the help of God. "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." Zech. 4: 6. If a man does his part in this great undertaking, God will see to it that he succeeds.

93 I find in Deuteronomy (last chapter), that "Moses died in the land of Moab," and that he was "buried in the land of Moab." We are also told that "no man knoweth where the sepulchre of Moses is unto this day." Here is a contradiction. But this is not all. It is said that Moses himself wrote the book. Can you explain?

1. No contradiction at all. "And he (the Lord), buried him (Moses), in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor: but no man knoweth of his sepulchre (the exact spot) unto this day," Deut. 34: 6. 2. Moses did write the book, excepting the last twelve verses giving the account of his death and burial; these were written by Joshua, the successor of Moses as the leader of God's people.

94 Can you explain why, John the Baptist, being the forerunner of Christ, being his first cousin, and believing Christ to be the Messiah, Christ did not visit him in prison?

He may have visited John the Baptist in prison. Much that he did is not recorded. John 21: 25.

95 Christ has forgiven my sins. Would you advise me to write and ask permission to see my little one, or leave it in God's hands to bring about the meeting?

Use all lawful means to see your child. God never does for a man what he can do for himself. "For men are laborers together with God." I Cor. 3: 9.

96 Can a man stay on the Bowery and be a Christian?

Yes. If in the providence of God your lot is cast in the Bowery, in the Bowery is the best place for you to live a Christian life and to do Christian work. You are to serve God not only where you are needed, but especially where you are most needed.

97 If the doctrine of purgatory is vainly invented and grounded upon no warrant of scripture, why did the Jews believe in it?

The doctrine of purgatory was taken by the Jews as a tradition from the heathen world, and not from the teaching of the Old Testament. Moreover, from the scant light of the Old Testament, the Jews were pardonable for holding this traditional belief. But since "Christ has abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light by the Gospel," we are without excuse for holding this unfounded belief. For where much light is given, much is required.

"THE FOUR BARS"

Bar 1.—The Farmer

REV. EZRA T. SANFORD, pastor of the North Baptist Church, 234 West Eleventh Street, New York City, was received with enthusiasm by the large audience at the Bowery Mission, which listened a few evenings ago to his unique temperance lecture, entitled: "The Four Bars." Rev. Mr. Sanford first gave this address at Port Jervis, N. Y., and at Hackensack, N. J., he introduced the illustrated features. Not being able to get a subject from among the drinking men, he, like the Master, humbled himself and "became of no reputation," taking the place of the tempted one at the different bars.

The first bar represented "The Man with the Hoe"—a young farmer standing beside the farm bars, resting from his toil and meditating upon the possible exhilaration to be obtained from the grog shop. How often he who hesitates is lost! The speaker commented upon the value of industry to the world, and quoted Paul as saying, "He who striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things." The skill of Phidias in the marble of ancient Athens, or that of the sculptor who carved the statue of Apollo Belvidere, could not be attained by a life of intemperance. The engineers who build and manage railroads must be temperate men. Athletes who run in a race, or literary men who exercise their mental gifts must not drink intoxicating drink.

Bar 2.—The Saloon

The next illustration was the tempted one standing beside the drinking-bar of the saloon. The old saying, "Satan finds some work for idle hands to do," is true in the case of the drunkard. The great coliseum at Rome, is an idle ruin of ancient Roman dissipation and gladiatorial contests. Luxury and dissipation destroyed the empire. Boys who begin playing "craps" on the street corner often find the card-table and the revolver as the outcome of their passion for gambling. The drink habit is developed among idle men and idle women.

Bar 3.—The Bar of Justice

Labor is life. 'Tis the still water faileth.
Idleness always despaireth, bewaileth.
Keep the watch wound or the dark wet assaileth.

The next idea represented in picture is Justice. The victim of drink and evil habits is represented before the judge as a prisoner who has been arrested, tried and convicted by a jury, and is now to receive his sentence. He nerved his passion to murder the man who refused to sell meat for a dog, at a time when floods and other conditions made meat scarce. The idea of justice as it finds its interpretation in our own Republic was presented, and the men of the Bowery applauded. Alcohol whets the murderer's knife, and rum lifts the arm that holds the murderer's revolver.

The last of the series of pictures in the lecture, presents the idea of the judgment that awaits the transgressor of human and divine law. "The way of the transgressor is hard," is exemplified by the striped suit of the prisoner as he marches to work. The enforcement of human law in the courts of justice involves the use of prison bars to restrain the thief and murderer from continuing to be a menace to society. While Mr. Sanford (in the picture) was behind the bars, he explained, the murderer was in the adjoining cell, awaiting the call to execution, which followed a few days later, because he had nerved his arm to slay his victim.

Bar 4.—Prison Bars

At the close of the lecture, many of the men present signed a pledge to abstain from all alcoholic drinks.

Pastor Sanford, by request, delivered a most interesting and uplifting lecture on the "Life of Christ," in the Mission, the same week.

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The Books an Education

The "Masterpieces of the World's Best Literature" received. Every person who reads these books carefully, will have an education in literary matters which is now possessed by comparatively few. It would be well if every young person could be induced to read these books and obtain the culture that would come from so doing. The books have been very much appreciated by the party for whom they were intended. JAS. R. ROAF,
Commissioner for Quebec.

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The following sums have been received in aid of the Mormon Memorial, in addition to those already received:

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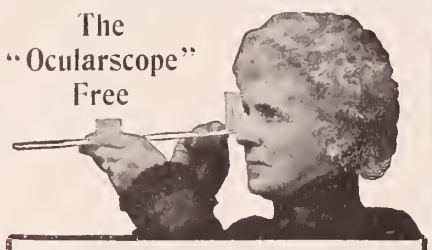

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The Chariots of the Lord

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51

A little later the young man was alone, but he did not lie on the couch prepared for him; instead, he again examined his sword. He wondered whether, after all, some message might not have been sent with it. Presently, he gave a start, for he saw that by some means words had been scratched on the sword-blade. These were the words he read:

"*Midnight. Temple Church.*"

CHAPTER VII.

BENEDICT TRELAWNEY thought long and anxiously about the words scratched on the blade of his sword. "*Midnight. Temple Church.*" What did it mean? There seemed but one answer. He remembered that on the previous evening, when the guards were taking him towards Fleet Prison, and he had been so wonderfully delivered, that he had found a hiding-place behind one of the buttresses of an old church near Temple Bar.

"It must be she," he said to himself. "She hath by some means obtained this sword, and written her message. I will be there, Mistress Mary," and his heart warmed at the thought of meeting her.

Again he examined the wrappings, but found nothing. Only the words *Midnight* and *Temple Church* scratched on the sword-blade could be discovered. "It must be she," he repeated. "No one else knew about the sword; no one but she knows where I am. She must be my friend. Perhaps she had something of importance to tell me. Yes, I will go."

He recalled the experiences of the previous night, and his heart became warm. He saw again the laughing eyes, the beauteous features and the rosy lips of the young maid. He remembered her coarsened hands, too; but the thought of them did not alter his determination.

But how? If the house was watched, if the town were filled with descriptions of his person, if a reward was offered for his arrest, how dare he make his way to Temple Church? The place was within a few minutes of Fleet Prison, and the King's men would be everywhere. But he must go, and when he found her he would discover who she was. Doubtless she was an enemy to Judge Jeffreys, or she would not have helped him. Perhaps this man had injured some one near and dear to her, and she, like him, had sworn to be revenged on him. If so, she would help him in the vow he had made.

For, although his life seemed scarcely worth a day's purchase, he thought not so much of his own danger as of his determination to drag this foul wretch from his high position, and make him suffer something of the torture and the shame he was so often inflicting on others.

Rest was not in his thoughts. It is true, that he had not slept for the night, but sleep was out of the question now.

Ere long he found his way back to the room where he had left the Dugdale family, but only found Mistress Dugdale, and her two daughters.

"Is Master Dugdale in the house?" he asked.

"No, he hath gone out with Halbert," was the reply. "At present nothing hath been proved against him; but I fear that soon Jeffreys will trump up some case against him."

"It would go ill with him if I were found here!" said Benedict.

Mistress Dugdale looked at him anxiously, but did not reply.

"This must not be," went on the young man. "Master Dugdale, nor his family must suffer because of me. I can find a hiding-place somewhere."

"But how?" it was Priscilla who spoke. "I know this house is watched. Even now we are expecting the entrance of soldiers, in which case we have only the hiding-place of last night."

"But you have some other outlet than the front door?"

"Even if you could get out," went on the girl, "nothing could avail you. You have been described everywhere, and hundreds are hoping for the reward offered for your capture."

"Still, if my presence is such a danger," went on Trelawney, "I cannot consent to remain here."

"My husband would never consent that you should leave us while such dangers surround you," said Mistress Dugdale.

"That is why I speak to you," said Trelawney. "You must have many means whereby I could disguise myself. Besides, a fog still hangs over London, and I could escape in the darkness."

"Ay, but where could you go?"

"Oh, I could find some place, never fear."

Mistress Dugdale seemed relieved at his words, but Priscilla spoke strongly on the other side.

"I am sure my father would never consent to this," she said hastily. "At least, you must wait until he returns."

"And where is Master Stewart?" asked Trelawney.

The women looked at each other meaningly. They did not seem certain whether Trelawney was to be trusted.

"He hath business at a house not far from here," one of them said presently.

"But if he can get out of the house why not I?" asked Benedict.

"We do not know all my husband's plans," said Mistress Dugdale evasively; "but be sure that whatever is done is wise. You seem very anxious to leave us, Master Trelawney."

"As to that," replied the young man, "I cannot tell you how warmly I thank you for your great goodness. But for you, I might be in prison by now. At the same time I cannot allow you all to continue in danger for my sake. Your house is already under suspicion, and if aught of harm happened to you through me, I should never forgive myself. Therefore I will e'en take the risk of being caught. If I may further encroach upon your kindness I would ask you to help me to get away by the secret way of which I heard Master Stewart speak last night."

TO BE CONTINUED

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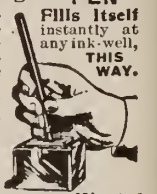

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A Scripture Contest in Prison

IN a letter dated from the Penitentiary, Frankfort, Ky., H. E. Youtsey, Corresponding Secretary of the Prison C. E. Society, writes to the Proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

I desire to make to you as one of the benefactors of our Prison, a brief report of our Thanksgiving services, giving the names of the men and women engaged in our contest for memorizing the Scriptures, which commenced Aug. 20th, and ended Nov. 19th, the number of verses recited, and the presents received, together with the names of the generous donors.

Into one hour we had to crowd the opening prayer, address of welcome, a splendid talk by our Field Secretary, an oration by a colored brother, and a very helpful and encouraging temperance talk by Mrs. S. A. Davis, of Louisville, Ky. The presents were then awarded as follows:

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G. B. Barrett	519	Red Letter Testament	Dr. Louis Klopsch, N. Y.
Martin Green	515	Bagster Bible	Mrs. Eva Stewart, Vanceburg, Ky.
F. Hensley	507	Gold C. E. Pin	Miss Hattie Hillis, Vanceburg, Ky.
J. L. Webster	503	Dictionary	Miss Maggie Russell, Frankfort, Ky.
Noah Kelly	413	Beautiful Book	Rev. A. B. Simpson, N. Y.
Wm. Parsley	108	Souvenir and Pin	Dr. Clark and Miss Hillis.
Holly Stratton	102	Souvenir and Pin	Dr. Clark and Miss Hillis.
John Warren	96	Souvenir and Pin	Dr. Clark and Miss Hillis.
A. Satterfield	83	Souvenir and Pin	Dr. Clark and Miss Hillis.

COLORED SOCIETY		PRESENTS	DONORS
Ed. Smalley	3,110	Cambridge Bible	Rev. T. F. Taliaferro, Chaplain.
Wm. Bottoms	2,579	Bible and Pin	C. E. Society, Newport, Ky.
R. Dillingham	1,995	Bible	S. B. S., Louisville, Ky.
Wm. Dorsey	1,702	Book and Pin	Rev. Simpson, and Miss Hillis.
Bailey Mills	673	Red Letter Testament	Dr. Klopsch, N. Y.
Wm. Green	298	Gold C. E. Pin	Miss Hattie Hillis, Vanceburg, Ky.

WOMEN'S SOCIETY		PRESENTS	DONORS
Minnie Cowherd	1,843	Bagster Bible	Rev. T. F. Taliaferro, Chaplain.
Dora King	1,622	Bagster Bible	C. E. Society, Newport, Ky.
Lilly Fisher	670	Red Letter Testament	Dr. Louis Klopsch, N. Y.
Minnie Britt	545	Red Letter Testament	Dr. Louis Klopsch, N. Y.
Mattie Stewart	465	Bible	S. B. S., Louisville, Ky.
Sarah Gilson	243	Bible	G. B. N., Louisville, Ky.
Maggie Carter	145	Bible	N. N. S., Louisville, Ky.
Georgia Jackson	78	Bible	M. A. R., Louisville, Ky.
Julia Trabue	56	Bible	B. R. S., Louisville, Ky.

This ends the fourth contest we have had within the last four years. It is amazing how much these men and women have studied their Bibles, and it illustrates what great good some prisoners can do when they have the opportunity.

Frank McComb deserves special praise for the fine record he made, and nothing would do him but the Dr. Klopsch Bible. I never saw a person who loved a Bible more than he does the one you sent. Bro. T. D. Elmore heads the list of the White Society. He studied harder and kept it up longer than any of them. He had a total of 2,775 verses in the last contest. His eyes suffered terribly at times; but he was victorious, and carried off first prize for the White Society.

Thanking you for your substantial assistance, we are your Brothers in Christian Endeavor.

ANSWERED PRAYERS

T. R., Ohio. "His ear is not heavy that it cannot hear, nor his arm shortened that he cannot save."

Mrs. M. J. H., Missouri. "I know when we trust God and believe, he is able to answer our prayers."

Margaret A. B. "I know by blessed experience that God is a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God."

J. E. B., Pennsylvania. "I was in deep trouble, and took it to our dear Saviour, and he heard and answered my humble petition."

Mrs. C. F., New York. "I am eighty-one years old, and I believe in God's answer to prayer, for he has answered mine many times."

J. K. B., Massachusetts. "I prayed earnestly for the healing of one very near and dear to me, and the Lord heard me and answered."

Mrs. R. B., Tennessee. "I have been in great trouble. God has most graciously heard me, and he has answered me many times before."

Mrs. R., Virginia. "My only child was very ill. I prayed earnestly that God would restore him to health, and feel so grateful that my prayers were answered."

Mrs. N. R., Pennsylvania. "God has answered my prayers. He is to me a prayer hearing and a prayer-answering God. I trust him for his keeping power."

Mrs. M. B. B., Ohio. "I have lately had an answer to prayer in the conversion of a relative. Every week I see something in this column which is very helpful."

Mary S., Vermont. "My Father in heaven has heard my cry, and according to promise has healed me, and given me the desire of my heart in many ways."

S. F. E., California. "I trusted in Him and waited patiently, knowing God never fails. His word cannot be broken. He tested my faith to strengthen it, and blessed me."

M. W. A., New York. "For the comfort of others I desire to add my testimony to the 'Answered Prayer' column. That our Father hears us when we call, and answers oftentimes in a way we cannot mistake."

Margaret C., Kansas. "I want to thank God for answering my prayer, in restoring my dear boy to us through a painful and dangerous operation. May God bless your goodness in giving us this way to acknowledge him."

Mrs. M. B., Tennessee. "The Lord has answered my prayers many times. I have been praying for five years for an invalid daughter, and she has been improving for more than a year, thanks to the all-merciful Father."

M. L. L., Ohio. "I asked the Lord to help me to accomplish something that seemed almost impossible for me to do alone, but he carried me through. I want to give him all the praise, for 'without him I can do nothing.'"

Mrs. W. T. B., Illinois. "I want to express my thanksgiving to my Heavenly Father for his goodness to me. I was in great trouble over the severe illness of a dear one, and he heard and answered my prayers in a way that was direct."

B. M. B., Tennessee. "When my faith is weak and I am downhearted, my faith is strengthened tenfold by reading the testimonials of others in the 'Answered Prayer' column. He has never forsaken me, when I have called on Him in sore need."

Mrs. S. E. J., New York. "The good Lord has cured me in sickness, through prayer; he has delivered me from trouble, through prayer; he has answered more than I have asked. God's promises never fail, if we live up to the conditions of the Gospel."

THE MARTYRS

When the righteous had fallen and the combat was ended,
A chariot of fire through the dark cloud descended;
Its drivers were angels on horses of whiteness,
And its burning wheels turned on axles of brightness.

A seraph unfolded its doors bright and shining,
All dazzling like gold of the seventh refining,
And the souls that came forth out of great tribulation,
Have mounted the chariots and steeds of salvation.

On the arch of the rainbow the chariot is gliding;
Through the path of the thunder the horsemen are riding;
Glide swiftly, bright spirits! the prize is before ye,
A crown never fading, a kingdom of glory.

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To Save the Cities*

AMONG all the problems that the Christian Church must eventually solve, that of the evangelization of the cities occupies one of the foremost places. The influence that goes out from New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Atlanta, and other centres, affects an immense area of the country. Their daily papers and the reception they give to rural visitors have a potent force in moulding the lives of families outside their borders. Their mode of life, their customs, even their trend of thought exert an influence for good or evil over immense numbers of the population. There is little doubt that the Christianizing of the cities would result in the Christianizing of the whole country. But how far away is that condition! The vices, the demoralization, the temptations with which the cities reek, have made them places to be dreaded and avoided by Christian people from the rural districts. True, there is much good in the cities; the earnest preaching, the philanthropic efforts that are made, are the salt that keep the leaven of corruption from destroying them. But how little they count in the awful total!

In the cities, poverty is seen in its most bitter degree. The families huddled in a single room, the woe-begone faces of the toilers, the long bread-line outside such places as the Bowery Mission—all tell the story of hardship and suffering. How to reach those people with the Gospel, how to get their thoughts that must be given to the problem of securing the next meal, that is a difficulty that seems insurmountable. There is a similar difficulty with the rich. The cities provide vicious amusements in such number and variety for those who can pay, that their thoughts, too, are absorbed, and they as in Christ's time, find it hard to enter the kingdom of God. Yet the remedy we have is good alike for rich and poor and is efficacious for both. We must not lose our faith. God's power is not diminished. His promise to bless our humble efforts still holds good. We have but to strive and to pray, and in his good time the harvest will come.

Progress in Korea†

NOT only past progress, but strong ground for hope of future triumph is to be found in the report that Rev. S. F. Moore, of Seoul, Korea, sends to the *Missionary Review*. It appears that a union of missionary effort has been organized in Korea, under the title of "The Christian Church," and that already the Presbyterian and the Methodist Missions have joined it, and there are hopes that the Congregationalists will enter. By this means a saving of duplication will be effected, and new avenues of aggressive methods will be opened. In addition, the Korean people will see that in essentials the various denominations are identical, and a united Christian force will operate against heathenism. Such a union is one of the strongest bases for hope that could be conceived, and it deserves our good wishes and our prayers.

The conservative and exclusive policy of Korea earned for it the title of the "Hermit Kingdom," and it was long before a beginning could be made in mission work there. Even then, national prejudice against the foreigner was not easily overcome. Ten years ago there were not eight hundred Christians in the whole of its population of twelve millions. But a change came, chiefly through the value of medical mission work, which the Korean could appreciate. There were, at the latest reports, upwards of five thousand genuine converts, and a new feeling of interest in the Christian work was prevalent. Villages hitherto untouched by the missionary are sending applications for a teacher to be sent to them, and the preacher finds everywhere attentive hearers. The converts, too, show an independence and self-reliance rare among Orientals. They build their own churches and subscribe for their support. But the victory is not yet won. The Korean people are given over to sin of the vilest type, and in the South especially are loth to give up their evil practices. The only form of Christianity they have known until recently was the Roman Catholic, and the evangelical missionaries are still a small band. Nevertheless there is hope, and the promise of success is bright.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for Jan. 28. Luke 19: 41–48.

†Topic of the Epworth League for Jan. 28, 1906. Luke 1: 76–79.

The Coming White House Wedding

THE wedding of Miss Alice Roosevelt and Congressman Longworth is announced to take place on Saturday, Feb. 17, at noon. The ceremony will be performed in the East Room of the White House. The officiating clergyman which will be the Episcopal Bishop of Washington, the Right Rev. Henry Y. Satterlee, assisted by the Rev. Roland Cotton Smith, rector of St. John's, the church which Mrs. Roosevelt and Miss Roosevelt attend. The ceremony will be followed by a breakfast, to be served in the State Dining Room, the guests being composed entirely of relatives and personal friends. There will be no right of precedence accorded to official position on this occasion.

The ushers selected by Mr. Longworth include Mr. Benson Foraker, son of the Senator from Ohio, and Representative Robert Adams, of Pennsylvania. Mr. Buckner Wallingford, of Cincinnati, it is understood, will attend his brother-in-law as best man, and Viscount De Chambrun, also a brother-in-law of Mr. Longworth, will be among his attendants. Beyond the foregoing no details have been announced.

The Pioneer R.R. "Praying Band"

I saw in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of November 22d, an article in regard to Railroad Y. M. C. A. Associations, taking the initial step in 1872, since which time a great work has been accomplished among railroad men. I wish to say a word in regard to the first railroad Praying Band, which I believe was the first to be organized in New England.

In the year 1872 I was employed upon the Boston and Albany Railroad as special officer, doing detective duty along the entire line between Boston and Albany, N. Y. I saw that a work was needed among the railroad men in the way of bringing them to know something about the Gospel of Jesus Christ. I therefore consulted the superintendent of the company, telling him my desire to bring the Gospel to their attention. He thought the plan feasible, and he fitted up a room in one of the company's buildings for a headquarters. I then organized a band of Christian railroad men, and we were known as "The Railroad Praying Band." At the same time one was founded at Springfield, Mass., and the two cooperated, and began a good work. Many were brought to know the Lord, and the work spread along the line of the road.

Since that time a great deal has been done among the railroad men. May the work speed on until all the railroad men are brought to Christ. The greater part of the original Praying Band have died and gone to be with Jesus, our great Leader. The writer is still in the Gospel work, although getting old in body, but young in the Spirit.

B. C. CRABTREE.

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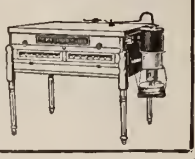

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The following is from the Rockford, Ill., Register-Gazette:

Dr. William Langhorst of Aurora has been treating one of the queerest cases of lost eyesight ever in history. The patient is O. A. Leach of Beach county, and in the last four months he has doctored with all of the specialists about the country and has at last returned home with the fact impressed on his mind that his case is incurable.

A portion of the optic nerve has been ruined, rendering his sight so limited that he is unable to see anything before him, but he can see plainly anything at the side of him. There have been but few cases of its kind before and they have been caused by whiskey or tobacco. Leach has never used either, but has been a great coffee drinker, and the specialists have decided that the case has been caused by this. Leach stated himself that for several years he had drank three cups of coffee for breakfast, two at noon and one at night. According to the records of the specialists of this country this is the first case ever caused by the use of coffee.

The nerve is ruined beyond aid and his case is incurable. The fact that makes the case a queer one is that the sight forward has been lost and the side sight has been retained. According to the doctor's statement the young man will have to give up coffee or the rest of his sight will follow and the entire nerve be ruined.—*Register-Gazette.*

Let it be remembered that the eyes may be attacked in one case and the stomach in another, while in others it may be kidneys, heart, bowels or general nervous prostration. The remedy is obvious and should be adopted before too late.

Quit coffee, if you show incipient disease.

It is easy if one can have well-boiled Postum Food Coffee to serve for the hot morning beverage. The withdrawal of the old kind of coffee that is doing the harm and the supply of the elements in the Postum which Nature uses to rebuild the broken down nerve cells, insures a quick return to the old joy of strength and health, and it's well worth while to be able again to "do things" and feel well. There's a reason for

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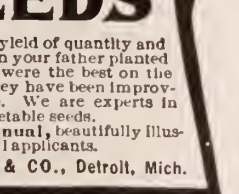

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Christ's Submission

By Mrs. M. Baxter

WHEN our Lord came into the world he entered upon his humiliation with the words, "Lo, I come to do thy will" (Heb. 10 : 5-7). His baptism was part of that will. Like everything else in his life on earth, his baptism was sacrificial. On our behalf he, the one Man who was without sin, was baptized with "the baptism of repentance for [or unto, R.V.] the remission of sins" (Mark 1 : 4; Acts 19 : 4). His whole life was one of repentance for the sins of others. He had the mark upon his forehead which belongs to them that sigh and that cry for the abominations which provoke the just wrath of God (Ezek. 9 : 4). Sin in its exceeding sinfulness lay on him as a burden which, before he came into the world, he undertook to remove by bearing it. He saw the world defiled under the inhabitants thereof; those very creatures which were made in God's image after his likeness. And instead of sweeping them out of the universe in holy indignation, he came as one of them, to take on him the concentrated curse of sin.

How simply it was told! "And it came to pass in those days, that Jesus came from Nazareth of Galilee, and was baptized of John in Jordan" (Mark 1 : 9.) John had been preaching, "There cometh One mightier than I after me, the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to stoop down and unloose. I indeed have baptized you with water; but he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost" (vers. 7, 8). But, oh, how few recognized in the Carpenter of Nazareth who came with others to be baptized, that coming One who should baptize with the Holy Ghost! And who was there among them all who understood what the baptism of the Lord Jesus should mean?

Such as attempt to convince themselves that spiritual life is communicated by the baptism of water find themselves in the difficulty of saying that Christ himself, the Son of God, had no spiritual life but by baptism. Those who believe that sin is pardoned through baptism must find it difficult to explain why, then, was Jesus, the Holy One of God, who knew no sin, baptized? This was a difficulty to John the Baptist. When Jesus came to Jordan unto John, to be baptized of him, "John forbade him, saying, I have need to be baptized of thee, and comest thou to me?" But the answer of the Lord Jesus satisfied him: "Suffer it to be so now, for thus it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness. Then he suffered him."

As the one representative Man, the second Adam, he was buried in his baptism, and all human nature with him, to all hopes of holiness or perfection in itself. He rose again, and all our human nature with him, to another life, to be lived, not in ourselves, but by faith in him. His baptism and his cross, which carried it out to the full, made it possible for Paul to say, "I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me. And the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who died and gave himself for me" (Gal. 2:20).

We see in the account given by St. Luke that Jesus being baptized, prayed. It is in the Gospel of St. Luke that we read so much of his praying, for this is the Gospel of Jesus as the Son of Man, the perfect Man. Do we wonder that he prayed? He understood the absolute nothingness to which such a position brought him. He, the only sinless human Being, then and there renounced himself and all the goodliness of the flesh, which in him was true goodliness, and he undertook, like us, to lead a life of utter dependence upon his Father. He prayed, and in answer "the heaven was opened, and the Holy Ghost descended in a bodily shape like a dove upon him, and a voice came from heaven, which said, Thou art my beloved Son; in thee I am well pleased" (Luke 3 : 21, 22). And we, too, if we fully take in what baptism means, and how we utterly renounce therein all hope from ourselves, and from the world, shall pray for the coming upon us of the Holy Ghost until we know that God has heard us, and that it is no more we that live, but Christ liveth in us by the Holy Ghost, to whom we commit ourselves at all hours to be quickened, taught, restrained, impelled, directed, and filled with the love of God.

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EVERY WOMAN should preserve her health, strength, beauty, poise and, with these, her happiness. It is my success in treating nearly 18,000 women and my knowledge of what my work has done for them that makes me know I can do as much for you.

Let me give you a perfectly balanced organism. Let me direct your breathing, your exercise, your diet; let me give you a perfect blood supply and circulation; a nervous system in harmony with itself and the rest of your body, each nerve center properly directing the organ it controls. The resultant strong vitality will enable you to resist disease, and I will make you what you were intended to be—strong, happy, graceful, beautiful—loving and beloved, with a mental calm which is life power and true beauty, making your life a satisfaction to yourself, making you the delight and admiration of your friends.

Only 15 Minutes a Day Give me 15 minutes of your time each day, in your own home, by following my simple directions. Just a little care is all you need to make you the ideal woman of your type. Do not say it is impossible, that nature has not given you the first requirements of health and beauty—I know it is possible; I have accomplished it for thousands.

Drugs are Dangerous

I use no drugs. I never treat a pupil I cannot help. If I cannot help you I will tell you so.

I Keep Women Young Do you think "True Motherhood" means devotion of mother to her family and neglect of herself? True?—No, the true mother is true to her sacred duty of preserving and protecting herself, that she may be of greatest service to her family. The mother needs health, strength, and lightness of heart that she may be a true wife—the delight of her husband, his joy, rest, social help and inspiration, not a slaving, suffering dead weight for his pity. The true mother keeps well, beautiful and young, that she may enjoy the confidence and admiration of her children.

If you could sit beside me, at my desk, I could, if I would, show you, daily, hundreds of letters from pupils I have helped. I never violate a confidence, never show a letter without permission; but here are a few snatches from one morning's mail:

I wish every nervous teacher could know what benefit is to be derived from your physical culture.
I have lost 73 pounds, and was never better. I look ten years younger.
My constipation and biliousness are entirely relieved.
Just think how I have gained, since I began with you, from 112 to 137½ lbs. in one year.
My catarrh and lungs are much better and my body, which was a bony, crooked structure, is actually beginning to look like your picture of correct poise.
My head is steady, the confused feeling having passed away. It is the best spent money ever used for myself.
Just think, Miss Cocroft, before I took up your work I could not eat anything without the greatest distress, and now I think I could DIGEST TACKS. I am so happy.

How to Stand and Walk Remember, I give you personal instruction, after careful study of your symptoms and condition. When you request details about my lessons, I send you my general book **free.** This outlines my methods, and gives you many valuable health hints. With this book I will send, also free, my lesson on **Poise,** which teaches you how to **stand and walk.**

Personal Instructions Besides the Book and free lesson, in answer to your first inquiry, is included my personal examination of your symptoms and my first advice to you. Write me fully about your case, also letting me know your faults of figure, etc. I will make a personal study of your case and will let you know whether I can help you or not. Your letter will be held in strict confidence.

I never publish letters without special permission, though I can send you hundreds of testimonials from women I have helped, who are only too glad to have me show their letters.

SUSANNA COCROFT, 57 Washington St., Dept. 18 CHICAGO

For details about MY PERSONAL INSTRUCTION mark thus (XX) on blank below, opposite the points MOST IMPORTANT in your case and mark thus (X) opposite those which also interest you. If there are any particulars in regard to your case which you feel I should know, write about them fully and I will frankly tell you, without charge, what I can do for you.

Dept. 18

Too Thin	
Round shouldered	
Superfluous flesh	
Prominent hips	
Protruding abdomen	
Height	
Weight	
Do you stand correctly	
Thin chest	
Thin bust	
Thin neck	
Complexion	
Do you walk gracefully	
Weakness	
Lame back	
Dullness	
Irritable	
Nerves	
Headaches	
Catarrh	
Dizziness	
Indigestion	
Constipation	
Liver	
Kidneys	
Lungs	
Heart	
Throat	
Colds	
Rheumatism	
Circulation	
Blood	
Is your health or figure imperfect in any way not mentioned here?	
Occupation?	
What is your age?	
Married or single?	
Address	
Name	

Fill out, cut off and mail this blank—NOW!

NOTE—Miss Cocroft, as President of Physical Culture Extension Work in America, needs no further introduction.

Wholesale Prices Freight Paid

Our Oven Thermometers Make Good Baking Easy

Gold Coin Stoves have been standard for nearly 50 years. Wherever not on sale, we will sell

Gold Coin Ranges

or Heating Stoves at the wholesale price, safely delivered, freight prepaid, highly polished, ready to put in your home on a

YEAR'S FREE TRIAL

No extra charge for our Patent STELLIFORM GRATE
It saves fuel and trouble.
Return at our expense if not satisfied. This is the first proposition of this kind ever made by a manufacturer of a Standard Trade Marked Stove. Write for our Free Illustrated Catalogue. It tells about all the Stoves—and gives you wholesale price on each.
THE GOLD COIN STOVE CO., 11 Oak St., Troy, N. Y.
(Successor to Russey & McLeod, Est. 1860)

Are You DEAF?

I was deaf myself for 25 years. I perfected and patented a small, invisible ear drum in order to help my own hearing. It is called "The Way Ear Drum," and by the use of these drums I can NOW HEAR WHISPERS. I want all deaf people to write me. I do not claim to "cure" all cases of deafness, neither can I benefit those who were born deaf. But I CAN HELP 90 per cent of those whose hearing is defective.

Won't you take the trouble to write and find out all about me and my invention? Geo. P. Way, 1309 Majestic Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

Take Your Choice.

Guaranteed Self Regulating Incubators **RENT** at $1 and $2 per month. Let rent pay for it. We pay freight. Buy on **40 Days Trial** or buy parts and plans and build one. Prices, ready to use: $5.00 up. Free catalog—tells all.

BUCKEYE INCUBATOR CO., Box 60, Springfield, O.

Corns The worst corns are quickly and easily removed by A-CORN SALVE. Safe and sure; no cutting, poison or pain. 15c. at your druggist's or by mail.
Giant Chemical Co., Philadelphia.

HENS ARE MONEY MAKERS
With the aid of a Genuine 1906 Pattern
STANDARD CYPHERS INCUBATOR.
It hatches More Chicks and Healthier Chicks than any other. **90 Days Trial.** Big 228 page Cat'lg FREE if you mention this journal and send addresses of two friends interested in poultry. Write nearest office.
Cyphers Incubator Co., Buffalo, Boston, Chicago, New York, Kansas City or San Francisco.

"MONEY in POULTRY"
Our new 84-pp book tells how to make it; also how to feed, breed, grow and market poultry for best results; plans for houses and useful information. Illustrates and describes the largest pure-bred poultry farm in the world. Tells about our 30 leading varieties; quotes low prices on fowls, eggs, incubators & brooders. Send 4c in stamps to F. FOY, Box 72 Des Moines, Ia.

ANY MAN, WOMAN, BOY OR GIRL

CAN MAKE MONEY EASILY AND PLENTIFULLY

by taking subscriptions among your neighbors and friends for the **Woman's Farm Journal.** It is a great little paper, and only 10 cents a year. Almost every person you show it to, will pay 10 cents a year for it. You don't need any capital. Don't need to invest a cent. Just send us your full name and postoffice address plainly written and we will send you full particulars and outfit **FREE.**

$1,000.00 IN EXTRA CASH COMMISSIONS

will be given for the twenty largest lists sent in between now and MAY 31st, 1906. This $1,000.00 will be given in **addition** to the regular commission, so that you are **sure** to get the regular commission, and have as good a chance as any one else to get one of the extra cash awards. Don't put it off, but write to-day. A postal will do. Address **C. C. THOMPSON, Manager, The Woman's Farm Journal, St. Louis, Mo.**

When you want to look on the bright side of things, Use **SAPOLIO**

Special Sale of General Supplies

Including Material from the $50,000,000 St. Louis World's Fair

Some special offers of big value to readers of The Christian Herald. Our 1906 Annual Bargain Page containing lowest prices ever quoted on Lumber, Building Materials of all kinds, Merchandise, Machinery, Household Goods, Hardware, Plumbing Supplies, and Farm Necessities, etc.

FURNITURE FROM THE WORLD'S FAIR. SAVE 50 Per Cent

250 Dressers, finished in golden oak and mahogany, $4.00 to $16.00 each
20 Princess Dressers, $9.50 each. 250 Hotel Commodes, $1.25 to $8.75
75 Combination Dressers and Commodes in golden oak finish, $5.75 each
15 Beautifully carved and decorated sideboards, $7.00 to $25.00 each
500 Well constructed, saddle seat, arm rockers, spindled backs, $1.35 each
250 Fine Couches, tufted and plain tops, hardwood frames, carved legs, open spring work construction, in 3 lots, $4.50, $7 and $9.50
Beautiful, genuine leather Couches, deep diamond tufted tops, 80 ins. wide, 80 ins. long, oak frames, new style open spring work construction. Worth $40.00. Each, $22.00

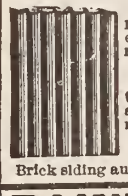
REFRIGERATORS $6.00

Sanitary and easy to keep clean, perfectly ventilated, economical of ice, whiteenameled withgalvanized iron ice compartment.
60 lbs. capacity, $6.00; 75 lbs., $8.25; 100 lbs., $10.00; 130 lbs., $12.00; 100 lbs., $15.00; 400 bs. capacity, 80 ins. high, $57.50

Extension Table $10.25

Best selected oak, with finest Golden Oak finish, top 42 inches, pillars 7 inches thick, hand carved, 6 ft. extension, each.....$10.25
8 ft. extension...$11.75
500 Tables in handsome designs from St. Louis Fair at $3.90 to $25 each
Send for Catalog.

STEEL ROOFING $1.75 PER 100 SQ. FEET



Paluted red both sides, most dnrable and economical roofing, sliding or ceiling for barns, sheds, houses, stores, cribs, poultry houses, etc. Easier to lay and cheaper than any other material. No experience necessary o lay it. A hammer or hatchet are the only tools you need.

WE PAY THE FREIGHT

to all points east of Colorado, except Colorado, Oklahoma, Texas, and Indian Territory. This is our No. 15, semi-hardened, flat steel roofing, 24x24 inches, per sqnare of 100 square feet $1.75
Corrugated V crimped or standing seam, per square.....1.85
For 25c per square more we furnish this material in 6 and 8 ft. lengths.
Brick siding and beaded ceiling or sidiug, per 100 square feet $2.25

SHREWD BUYERS WILL ACT QUICK

Now is the time to buy your needed supplies for contemplated improvements in your home, on the farm, or about your place. History repeats itself. The Chicago House Wrecking Co. has dismantled every exposition of modern times, including the **Chicago World's Fair 1893, The Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, 1901, The Trans-Mississippi Exposition at Omaha, 1899,** and innumerable public buildings. Our last and greatest purchase is the

$50,000,000 ST. LOUIS WORLD'S FAIR.

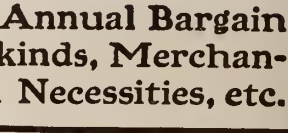
Thus giving us an immense stock of the greatest variety of first-class material for every purpose. Wise purchasers, those who know a good bargain and appreciate the high quality of materials used in the construction of the most magnificent and expensive of worlds expositions, are simply flooding us with orders.

Our Big World's Fair Bargains

Including everything that is used in the construction of a building of any kind, or for furnishing same, cannot be equaled by anybody, considering quality and price. The prices speak for themselves

1000 Wool Rugs, Sizes 27x54 Ins., each 75c

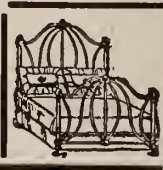
1000 renovated, overhauled rugs and carpets from.....$1.50 to $50.00
75 Fine brand new oriental and modern Brussell Rugs, 9x12..... 5.25
ART SQUARES—all styles and patterns. Fringed borders.
6x9 ft..... ....$1.90 9x10½ ft.....$3.20 9x12 ft $3.70
200 Rolls Ingrain Carpet ...24c yd.
LINOLEUM — High grade, at half price; 10 carloads; brand new.
First grade, per yd.....85c
Next grade, per yd.....40c
Best grade, per yd.....50c
500 Rolls of best grades, Oil Cloth, Price per square yard.....19c



CABINETS.

With fine hardwood, bases, double lined 4 bins, spice drawers, regulation bread boards, white wood. Price.$6.00 to 20.00
500 Wood Seat Dining Chairs, golden oak fancy back. Price, each.....70c
2000 other chairs.

Bed Bargains



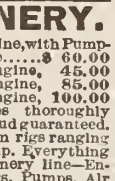
An Iron Bed with Springs... $2.25
Also other full size beds, with Cotton Top Mattress for...$5.95
Brass Trimmed Beds...$6 to $20
Write for list.

"EAGLE" FELT ROOFING 60 CENTS PER 108 SQUARE FEET

Two-ply "Eagle" Brand Roofing without Supplies, per square.....60c
Three-ply "Eagle" Brand Roofing without Supplies, per square.....90c
Vulcanite Roofing with nails, caps and cement; does not require coating-per square.....$1.75
Galvanized Rubber Roofing, the finest ready roofing manufactured, good enough for any kind of Building, and so useful and practical for lining purposes. Nails, caps and cement furnished. Does not require coating after it is on the roof. Three grades, $1.50, $1.90 and $2.15 per square. Samples furnished free.
Galvanized Iron Conductor Pipe, size 3 inch, per 10 foot length 42c
Galvanized Iron Eave Trough, size 3½ inch, per 10 foot length.....31c
Galvanized Iron Elbows, 3 inch, each.....14c
Eave Trough Corners, each 18c
Eave Trough Haugers, per dozen.....24c
Galvanized Ridge Roll, 2 inch roll, per foot 4½c

PAINTS 30c. Per Gal.

WRITE FOR COLOR CARD, FREE.
Barn Paint, in barrel lots, per gal.....30c.
Cold Water Paints, per pound .....5c.
"Perfection" Mixed Paints, per gal.....75c.
"Premier" Brand, 3 year guaranteed, per gal.....95c.
Varnishes, Venetian Red, Oils, stains and everything in the paint and oil line.
Orders Filled Promptly.



MACHINERY.

2 H.P. Gasoline Engine, with Pumping Jack complete.....$ 60.00
1 H.P. Gas. Engine, 45.00
3 H.P. Gas. Engine, 85.00
4 H.P. Gas. Engine, 100.00
All engines thoroughly overhauled and guaranteed.
Small steam rigs ranging from 1 H.P. up. Everything in the Machinery line—Engines, Boilers, Pumps, Air Compressors, Lathes, Drill Presses, Saw Mill Outfits, Pumping Outfits and Machinery of every kind. Write for our complete list.

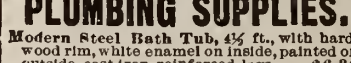
We Can Save You 30 to 50% on Your Lumber Bills

We are engaged in dismantling the Fifty Million Dollar St. Louis World's Fair. We purchased this greatest of Expositions outright and offer you a wonderful opportunity to save at least 30% on your purchase in this line. Better lumber than that which we are offering does not grow. Its year of service has only tended to increase its value. It is thoroughly seasoned. We must sell this lumber at once.

SEND US YOUR LUMBER BILLS FOR OUR ESTIMATE.

On application we will quote you prices Freight Prepaid to your nearest Shipping Point.
Now is your opportunity to put into execution your long contemplated improvements. We have lumber for every purpose; for Building Houses, Barns, Cribs, Farm Buildings, Fences, etc., etc.
10,000 good Doors, $1.00. Also fancy doors from $1.50 to $4.00. Sash for every purpose. 2,000 Greenhouse Sash, 3 x 6 inches, glazed at $1.65.
We have an Office on the Exposition Grounds at St. Louis. Visitors are cordially invited to visit our Headquarters at that point.
Quick delivery if you order at once. Special low prices are made for lumber for delivery within the next 30 days.
We can furnish Studding, Joists, Planking, Dressed and Matched Flooring, Sheathing, Timbers, in fact, lumber for any purpose.

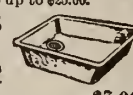
Pipe, All Kinds and Sizes



Special Prices. See List.
1 inch with couplings, per foot.....3½c
1¼ " " " " " " 4½c
3½ " casing with conplings, per foot.....10c
4 " " " " " " 14c
1,000,000 feet of piping for water, gas, oil, etc. Rethreaded and in excellent condition. Boiler tubes at low figures from the World's Fair.

PLUMBING SUPPLIES.

Modern Steel Bath Tub, 4½ ft., with hardwood rim, white enamel on inside, painted on outside, cast iron reinforced legs.....$6.80
Other Tubs ranging in price up to $25.00.
Enameled Kitchen Sinks, 16x24 inch.....$1.00
Other Sinks up to $20.00.
Lavatories, $2.00 to $20.00.
Galvanized Range Boilers 30 gallon, 200 lbs. test, complete with stand for.....$7.00



ROPE BARGAINS.

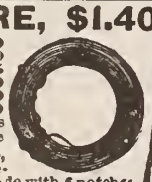
An unusual opportunity for anything in the line of rope, binder twine etc., at prices like these.
Good Manila Rope, slightly used, all sizes, ½ inch, per 100 feet.....$2.75
New Manila Rope, slightly shopworn, per lb.....10c
Wrapping twine, lb. 5c
Galvanized Guy Wire, 100 ft. $1.60
Wire Rope and Cable at way-down prices. Derricks, Tackle Blocks, etc. Write for prices.

FARM & PLATFORM SCALES

Three ton Steel Wagon Scale, with 8x14 foot platform, $22.75
Other Wagon Scales up to $5.00
400 lb. capacity Portable Platform Scale, guaranteed, $8.00
800 lb. capacity Portable Platform Scale, guaranteed.....$9.50
Brand new Counter Platform Scales, weighs from ½ ounce to 240 pounds.....$2.25
Brand new Family Scales, weigh from one ounce to 24 pounds, 90c.
Warehouse Trucks, only $2.00

100 Lbs. FENCE WIRE, $1.40

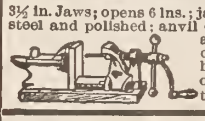
Wire Shorts, No. 14 guage, per 100 lb. bale....$1.40
Annealed Wire, new, 11 to 16 guage, per 100 lbs., 1.90
B. B. 'phone Wire, continuous lengths, 100 lbs., 2.75
Painted Barb Wire, per 100 lbs..... 2.20
Galvanized Barb Wire, per 100 lbs..... 2.60
Poultry Netting, galvanized, 100 square feet, .40
Galanized Diamond Mesh Field Fence, 48 inches high, per rod.....45c



Steel Fence Posts, 35c Indestructible, will last a lifetime. 4 feet above ground, 18 inches below. Made with 6 notches. Corner post, $1.00 to $1.25. Gate posts, $1.50. Hitching posts, $1.25. Low, pateut, steel lawn posts with neat tops, 25c.

TOOL COMBINATION $4.75

3½ in. Jaws; opens 6 ins.; jaws faced with steel and polished; anvil case hardened and polished; drills ½ inch holes; no bolts or screws to take out, $4.75



Ton Jack Screw, 80c

New Cast Iron Stands, wrough iron screw.
1½ in. diam., 12 ton, $0.80
1¾ " " 16 " 1.10
2 " " 20 " 1.15
House Raising Jacks. 1.40
Lever Jacks, each...5.00

OUR GUARANTEE

We positively guarantee that all purchases of any kind made from us will prove thoroughly satisfactory, and exactly as represented. You can place your order with us in confidence that you will receive exactly what you order and pay for, with the further assurance that in case you find the goods not as represented, same may be returned and your money will be refunded without quibbling or delay. Send us your inquiries for what you may be in need of in the line of general farm and building supplies, household goods, etc.

OUR REFERENCES. We welcome investigation as to our reliability. Look us up in Dun's, Bradstreet's or any other responsible commercial agency, or express company. Ask any banker, or refer to the Drovers' Deposit National Bank and other Chicago Banks.

SAVE 30 TO 50 PER CENT.

on anything needed on the farm, in the home or shop. **Study carefully the reasons why we are able to quote lower prices than anybody else,** and then decide to place a trial order with us. The Chicago House Wrecking Company (Capital and surplus $1,000,000) is the largest institution of its kind in the world. We are constantly buying stocks of new general merchandise, household upplies, etc., at

Sheriffs', Receivers', Trustees', Assignees' and Manufacturers' Sales.

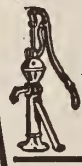
This means that new goods of standard merit and quality are sold direct to you at less than actual cost price. You would be compelled to pay from 30 or 50% more elsewhere for the same material. Do not fail to read the special offers on this page if you want to save money on your purchases.

Modern Water Closet Outfits, all complete with hardwood seat and cover, round cornered tank, Vitreous porcelain bowl, nickel-plated flush pipe, each, $9.00.
At $37.50. we will furnish a complete Modern Up-to-date Bath Room Outfit, with all nickel trimmings.
We furnish Country Homes with Water Works System.

Special Sale of High Grade Tools

Tubular Lanterns, ½ inch wick.....$ .45
Portable Blacksmith Forges. 4.75
Single Bitted Axes, cast steel..... .65
Double Bitted Axes, cast steel..... .65
Large size Nail Hammers. ..... .32
Best Horse Shoes, all sizes, per keg. 3.25
Finest Horse Shoe Nails, per lb..... .08
Bicycle Grindstones....$2.25 Steel Shovels..... .30
Wrought Iron Anvils, lb .06 Axe Handles, each.. .07
Manure Forks. ..... .45 Hay Forks ..... .30
Blacksmith's Sledges, per lb..... .05

Pumps, Tanks and Troughs



Double Acting Ant'-Freezing Force Pump $9.00
Drive Well Force Pumps.....$6.75
Drive Well Force Pumps..... 5.10
Drind Mill Lift Pumps..... 3.65
Pitcher Spout Pumps..... .95
Double Acting Thresher Tank Pumps.... 5.50
Double Acting Force Pumps. $8.00 Best Quality Steel Tanks..$2.00
Steel Wagon Tanks..... 7.00 Heavy Steel Tank Heaters. 2.50
Galvanized Oval Steel Trough, four barrel..... 4.80

WIRE NAILS, $1.50 PER 100 LBS.

10,000 Kegs Mixed Wire Nails, each containing 100 to 110 lbs., from 3 to 30 penny weight, per keg, $1.50
One size in a keg, 100 lbs., $2
Wire spikes, 100 lbs, $1.90
Mixed Iron Bolts, Per 100 lbs.....$3.00

FIREPROOF SAFES, $16

Heavy Angled Safe with five flange door, with combination lock, 24 in. high, 15 ins. wide, 16 ins. deep, weighs 225 lbs.
Larger sizes from $29.00 to $60.00. Also a full line of Fireproof Vault Doors, $25.00 to $75.00.

OUR NEW 500 PAGE CATALOG No. 373 FREE

This book is one that every shrewd buyer must send for. It is full of bargains from cover to cover, and quotes the very lowest prices on everything needed on the farm and in the home. You will save money by referring to it often. The list above shows only a few articles out of thousands described, but the prices give you an idea of what you can save by sending your orders to us. **Cut out this ad. Make a cross mark on those items that most interest you,** and we will send you much valuable information. Also fill in the coupon to your right. Our new catalog will be sent you absolutely free and prepaid. Or send us your name and address, where you have seen this ad. and what items interest you.

CHICAGO HOUSE WRECKING CO., 35th & Iron Sts., Chicago, Ill.

CHICAGO HOUSE WRECKING CO.,
35th & Iron Sts., Chicago

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Name.....

Address.....

R. R. or P. O. Box.....

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SUBSCRIPTION, $1.50 PER ANNUM
PUBLISHED 52 TIMES A YEAR

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NEW YORK, JANUARY 24, 1906

VOL. 29 — NO. 4. PRICE 5 CENTS
OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

SEE PAGE 67

Photographed for The Christian Herald

A CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORER OF PALESTINE

OUR MAIL BAG

Questions and Answers

Letters for this department must contain name and address of the sender—not for publication, but in order that an answer may be sent by mail in cases where the inquiry is not of general interest.

B. N. C., Jackson, Tenn. Why do so many ministers, and others, omit the "Amen" at the close of grace, or blessing, said at meals?

It should not be omitted, and if it is ever omitted (which we think must be seldom) it is in bad taste.

R. R., Waterbury, Conn. In a recent speech in Congress, a member from Alabama made the point that the "mixed blood" of the Southern European races was the cause of their inferiority to the Northern races, and that the latter were of a higher intellectual type. Is this correct?

Your statement is not altogether a fair presentation of the speech referred to. We would say, however, that any careful student of history may note that the Romans, Greeks, Spaniards, and some other Southern nations have been distinguished for valor, literary attainments, architecture, sculpture, music, painting. They produced the greatest generals the world has ever known, the greatest painters and sculptors, the sweetest poets, the grandest musicians. They gave to the world its laws, which to-day govern in every civilized land. There is no reason why history should be distorted, in Congress or out of it.

C. S. B., Jenkintown, Pa., writes:

I notice that J. M., Lynn, Mass., wishes to know the verses that Ruskin's mother impressed upon him. I have the portions of Scripture she laid down for him, and I, too, value them: Exod. 15 and 20; II. Sam. 1, from 17th verse to the end: I. Kings 8; Psalms 23, 32, 90, 91, 103, 112, 119, 139; Prov. 2, 3, 8, 12; Isa. 58; Matt. 5, 6, 7; Acts 26; I. Cor. 13, 15; James 4; Rev. 5, 6 (Twenty-six chapters).

Mrs. L., Danville, Ill. How did No. 13 come to be an unlucky number?

It is an old superstition based on the fact that thirteen sat down at table at the last supper of our Lord and his twelve disciples.

Wisconsin Reader. 1. What is the race relationship between the Japanese and Chinese? Which nation is the oldest and most cultivated? 2. Which expedition reached farthest north, Dr. Kane's or Peary's? 3. Was Alexander Hamilton buried in Trinity churchyard, in New York City?

1. The Japanese sprang, without doubt, at some remote period, from the same stock as the Chinese on the mainland. The Chinese are the older nation, and while possessing a high civilization of the Oriental type, according to our ideas the Japanese are far more cultured and in touch with the learning, arts and sciences of the day. 2. Peary went farther north, reaching north latitude 84.17, north of Grinnell Land, in April, 1902. 3. Yes, his tomb is near the fence, on the southern side of the yard.

W. H., Dorchester Centre. Where does all the water go to that is taken up by the sun daily, when we have those very long, dry seasons?

The water remains in the atmosphere in the form of aqueous vapor, or in clouds, to fall later in rain when the temperature has lowered sufficiently to cause precipitation.

Reader, Dixon, Mont. Our city has five churches, representing five denominations, and I feel safe in saying that 50 per cent. do not hesitate to frequent the dance-hall or the card-table or both, the card-table being the most popular. Is this in accordance with Christian principles?

It cannot be reconciled with the Christian profession. Dancing and card-playing have led countless multitudes to destruction, morally and physically. We are enjoined to avoid that which has even the "appearance of evil." Such conditions indicate a decline of spirituality in a church, and foreshadow its decay, unless a change takes place.

H. J. H., Mendota, Ill. What is known of the "Apology of Quadratus"? Is it mentioned by any writer except Eusebius?

He was a bishop of Athens, and is said to have been a disciple of the apostles. When he succeeded to the bishopric he wrote his *Apology for the Christian Faith*, and dedicated it to Emperor Adrian. It is said to have been sound in doctrine and very able, but only a fragment now remains, which is preserved in the writings of Eusebius. Valesius and Jerome also mention him.

W. V. H., Fairbanks, Alaska. What religious training is given the cadets at West Point and other government schools? 2. What churches are most favored by the government, and in what proportion?

At the government schools Sunday services are held by the post chaplains, the chaplains being regularly appointed and paid officials of the government. 2. The government recognizes no creed or church as more entitled to its favor than another. The chaplains are taken from various denominations. For more complete information address the chaplain, United States Military Academy, West Point, N. Y.

J. M. K., Ottawa, Kan. What was the number of foreign immigrants who came into the United States in 1905?

The total number was 1,027,421, the largest contingent from one country being 275,693 from Austria-Hungary.

J. G. Seneca County, N. Y. What are the Everglades?

The Everglades is the name applied to a low, marshy tract of country in South Florida, 160 miles long and 60 broad. It is mostly covered with water, with here and there islands and bars covered with high grass and trees. It is inhabited only by Indians and a few whites.

H. H., Chambersburg, Pa. Is it right to say "Xmas" instead of "Christmas"?

Both are pronounced alike in full—"Christmas." The first is a mere abbreviation and is not in good taste. It is permissible only in a commercial sense, as in business letters, but never conversationally or in literature.

C. S. S., Sterling, Ill. 1. Are the Jews eligible as citizens of the United States? 2. What are the qualifications necessary for them to become citizens? 3. What people, if any, are excluded from the United States besides the Chinese?

1. Yes. 2. The same qualifications that apply to all others who come to the United States from abroad. They must abjure allegiance to the ruler of the country of their birth, etc. 3. Besides the Chinese, criminals, paupers, sick, insane, anarchists and Nihilists are excluded.

Reader, N. Y. There is a serious prospect of famine in northern Japan. The rice crop is 15 per cent. less than the average. Sixteen counties are affected. The Japanese officials are doing all in their power to avert suffering. Our missionaries have lately sent out appeals for help. It is estimated that already 280,000 persons are destitute, and unless help comes many must perish of starvation.

Mrs. O. D. C., Lowell, Mass. How many books did Josephus write and what are their titles?

He wrote (1) *The Antiquities of the Jews*, (2) *The Wars of the Jews*, (3) *Two Books Against Apion*, and (4) *Discourse to the Greeks Concerning Hades*.

C. A. Welker, York, Pa. Who were the wise men that came to worship the Saviour? Where did they start from and how long did it take them to make the journey?

According to tradition, their names were Caspar, Melchior and Balthasar. They came from the further bank of the Euphrates, where they had left their vast retinue. Chrysostom says that they came from "the remotest East," near the borders of the ocean. Their journey is believed to have occupied two years.

The Bible Revision Committee at Work on the Chinese Bible at Pei-tai-he

ONE of the greatest services a missionary can render to a heathen nation, is to produce an accurate translation of the Bible into the vernacular. To give a people the Word of God in their own tongue, is to place at their disposal the means of reaching the highest truth. It is often an extremely difficult task, because the vocabulary of a non-Christian people often does not contain words that correspond with Christian ideas. It is now nearly a hundred years since Robert Morrison did this work for China. With inexhaustible patience and with indefatigable labor, he studied the fantastic characters and acquired a knowledge of their significance. Slowly and painfully he translated, and at last produced a fairly accurate rendering. But there are many dialects in China, and it has been found necessary to give a version in each. Improvements, too, were needed, as a better acquaintance with the intricacies of the language was gained, and from time to time more accurate versions were issued. An attempt is now being made to bring the translation to perfection. Four missionaries—Dr. D. Z. Sheffield, Dr. John Wherry, Rev. L. Lloyd, and Rev. T. W. Pearce—with four Chinese scholars, are preparing a High Wenli, or classical version, which will be used among the students and university alumnæ of China. The purity of language and chaste style of the work will, it is believed, commend it to the educated classes. Already the New Testament, as far as the end of Romans, is completed, and the manuscript is in the compositors' hands, and the work on the other books is going on. Our illustration shows the committee engaged in the labor. It is proposed to submit the finished work to scholarly missionaries for criticism and emendation, before issuing a large edition to the public.

Two Noble Donations

A READER of this journal, Mr. C. Benjamin, of Michigan, sends $500 to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, with instructions that it should be apportioned among worthy charities, including the Bowery Mission, and in relieving individual cases of need. The money has been distributed as follows:

Bowery Mission, New York	$100.00	Octogenarian Brooklynite, destitute	$25.00
White Door, New York	50.00	A destitute, retired preacher, 90 years of age	25.00
Jacob A. Riis Settlement, New York	25.00		
Steele Orphanage, Chattanooga, Tenn.	25.00	A destitute Armenian student, working his way through college	25.00
Living Waters Mission, New York	25.00		
Children's Home, Nyack-on-Hudson	50.00	A Brooklyn widow with a young child, struggling to retain her home	25.00
Bowery Mis. Early Morning Breakfast	50.00		
Cent. Union Mission, Washington, D.C.	25.00	A destitute mother whose boy was recently killed	25.00
Beacon Light Mis., 129th St., N.Y.City	25.00		
			$500.00

Another benevolent reader, W. H. B., places for the poor, or for missions, or both, at the discretion of the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, $500. The gift has been apportioned as follows:

Mayesville Institute, Mayesville, S. C.	$25.00	Jacob A. Riis Settlement, New York	$25.00
Taylor University, Upland, Ind.	25.00	Bowery Mission, New York	100.00
Water Street Mission, New York	25.00	White Door, New York	50.00
Early Morning Breakfast	50.00	Christian Herald Children's Home, Nyack, N. Y.	25.00
Central Union Mission, Washington, D.C.	25.00		
Steele Orphanage, Chattanooga, Tenn.	25.00	Foreigners' Mission, New York	25.00
Sunday Breakfast Asso'n, Phila., Pa.	25.00	People's Mission, Washington, D. C.	25.00
Living Waters Mission, New York	25.00	Mission among Cubans, Tampa, Fla.	25.00
			$500.00

In each case, the apportionment was submitted for approval to the respective donors

Miscellaneous

Annie H., Waynesboro, Miss. "Banzai Nippon," we believe, means "Japan forever!" It is a patriotic cheer.

Will anyone, knowing the address of Albert Fiege, send it to his mother, Mrs. Fiege, 303 West Morgan Street, Dixon, Ill.?

Y., Newburyport, Mass. We do not know whether Mrs. Anthony is entitled to a pension or not. Thanks for suggestions as to page numbers.

Mrs. P. M., Newport, N. H. There is no present probability of the adoption by other religions of the Jewish method of disposing of the dead.

D. W. S., Scholarie, N. Y. Franklin's maxim, "A penny saved is two-pence earned," means that money at interest will ultimately double itself.

Mrs. D. M. Alfred, Me. We presume, of course, that the widow would be entitled to a pension. Why not inquire at Pension Bureau, Washington, D. C.?

C. H., State Bridge, N. Y. For information in regard to Robert Collyer, D.D., address the pastor, Church of the Messiah, East Thirty-fourth Street, corner Park Avenue, New York City.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

NEW YORK, JANUARY 24, 1906

Brick with Name of "Ur-Gur"

Ruins of the Temple at "Ur of the Chaldees"

Inscribed Brick or Tablet

A VISIT TO "UR OF THE CHALDEES"

The City Where Abraham was Born Yields Up its Long-Buried Secrets

UR of the Chaldees, a name familiar to every Bible student as the birthplace of Abraham, is an ancient Babylonian city, the site of which it was the desire of the Biblical archæologists of a generation ago to locate. Frequent attempts have been made to identify it with various ruins and cities, and the impression that Ur and Urfa, a modern city, north of the Arabian Desert, are identical, has generally prevailed. This impression was due to the resemblance of the names of the two cities, and to the close proximity of Urfa to the ruins of Harran, the city in which Abraham and his family, while on their journey to Palestine, stopped to rest. In 1854, Mr. Taylor, the British Consular representative at Busreh, on the Persian Gulf, undertook slight excavations at Mugheir, a large ruin near the lower Euphrates in Southern Babylonia, opposite the modern city of Nasarieh. In trenching at the base of a high square mound, which represents the ancient temple tower, he came upon the fragments of an inscribed, barrel-shaped, clay cylinder, and at the corners of the upper story of the tower he discovered four perfect cylinders of a similar shape. These precious objects are now preserved in the British Museum. Shafts sunk into a small hill by the side of the temple revealed the perfect walls of a dwelling-house, the arches of which were still standing; some charred date tree stems lying among them showed the construction of the ancient roof. In other parts of the mound were discovered several clay tablets, and a few graves, in one of which the position of the body when buried could be observed. The head was resting upon a brick, and the left hand held a copper bowl, upon the edge of which the fingers of the right hand were resting. A seal cylinder, originally attached to the wrist by means of a string, terra cotta dishes containing the remains of fish and chicken bones (thus describing the nature of the food which the spirits of the dead were supposed to enjoy), and various articles of jewelry, comprised the contents of the grave. Excavations at the temple and at various parts of the ruins yielded a number of inscribed bricks.

Mr. Taylor was not an Assyriologist. The real head of the excavations was the renowned scholar of the cuneiform language, Colonel Rawlinson, then British Resident at Bagdad, and to him the precious inscriptions uncovered at Mugheir were forwarded. Colonel Rawlinson, who was one of the decipherers of the cuneiform, read upon the bricks which Taylor had excavated from the temple, the unmistakably distinct cuneiform characters, "Ur-Gur, King of Ur, the builder of the temple of the moon-god, Sin." Upon another brick, which Taylor removed from a wall in another part of the ruin, he read: "Ur-Gur, King of Ur, has built this temple to Sin, and he has built the walls of Ur." Other bricks bearing the name of Dungi, son of Ur-Gur, speak of him as the restorer of the temple and the city walls.

It was the custom of the Babylonian kings when erecting or reconstructing a wall or temple or palace or other edifices of importance, to inscribe or stamp upon the bricks their names and titles, and the name of the city or building in which the bricks were employed. It was partly by means of similar bricks that I recently identified the site of the most ancient city of Udnunki, and that many of the sites of other Babylonian and Assyrian cities were located by the early explorers.

These brick inscriptions from Mugheir found in duplicates over and over again, gave the first clue to the identification of the site, and presented Rawlinson with indisputable proof that the ancient city which it represented was a city named Ur. Was it Ur of the Chaldees, the home of Abraham? Possibly there might have been many cities by that name, for it is nothing else than the old Sumerian word, meaning "city." The inscriptions stated that the bricks were employed in the construction of the temple of Sin, the moon-god. The two great Babylonian centres of the worship of Sin, were the sister cities Ur and Harran. It was in Ur where Abraham was born; it was in Harran where he was familiar with the religion of the city, that he delayed with his family. When he next appeared it was in the vicinity of Sinai, a mountain whose name describes it as the place of the moon-god. That some connection existed between these three places seemed to the earlier scholars probable.

Among the later discoveries in the various ruins of Babylonia and Assyria, are included the numerous tablets recording the history and geography of the country. Repeated

CONTINUED ON PAGE 65

Aged Jews in Jerusalem, Reading the Sacred Prophecies

THE
American Pulpit

A SERMON BY

Rev. Louis Albert Banks, D.D.*

The Best Friend in the World

TEXT—JOHN 15: 15
"I have called you friends"

THERE is no sweeter paragraph in the Bible, none with more honey in it for a pure heart, none that ought to be more attractive to the wanderer away from God, than this paragraph in which our text shines as a central gem. Xenophon tells us that when Cyrus gave Artabazus, one of his courtiers, a cup of gold, he gave Chrysanthus, his favorite, nothing but a kiss, which occasioned this speech from Artabazus to Cyrus: "Sir, the cup you gave me was not so good gold as the kiss you gave Chrysanthus." There is no gift in the universe so rich and precious as the friendship of Jesus Christ. The man in the Old Testament who had the grandest title of any was Abraham, who was known as "the friend of God." And you may go into those Eastern lands to-day, and the Bedouins of the desert talk about Abraham as "The Friend." Lord Brooke was so delighted with the friendship of Sir Philip Sidney that he ordered to be engraved upon his tomb nothing but this: "Here lies the friend of Sir Philip Sidney." Mr. Spurgeon comments on this, that while there was great beauty in such a feeling, it is a very small thing compared with being able to say, "Here lies a friend of Jesus Christ."

Always Accessible

The Lord Jesus offers us every element of a perfect friendship. In the first place, he keeps open house for us. He is never gone away. People never want to see him sincerely without finding him. That is one of the first elements of friendship. As you begin to get acquainted with a person, there are many barriers at first to seeing him, especially if he be a public man who has many cares upon him and large interests on his hands to look after. You may see him only at appointed hours, and you will have to run the gauntlet of clerks and secretaries, and they will have to satisfy themselves that it is a matter of sufficient interest to bring to the attention of their chief, before you will be permitted to take up his time with your visit. I remember going once with some friends to make a request of the Governor of a certain State. We had sent in our cards, and while we were waiting in the reception room, a personal friend of the Governor, a man who held no public office, came in past the watchman, spoke to us as he went along, and said, "I won't keep the Governor long," and without asking anybody, walked right into the Governor's inner office, and held his conversation with him before the Governor came out to see us, more formally, in the reception room. He could do that because he was the Governor's friend, and the guard had instructions that he was to come and go when he pleased. No matter what business the Governor was attending to, no door was ever locked against him. That is the way the Lord Jesus treats every one that comes to him with penitence and love.

No Restrictions

We can come to him at any time. He is never so busy that he will not hear us. There is an open way into his heart. There are none of the invitations given in the New Testament that set up any special office hours, or any hard conditions of being introduced by any special saints, or any priests, or anybody else. When Jesus Christ was here on earth he carried his heart on his sleeve. Poor outcast women could make friends with him, and did. Poor demon-possessed men, as badly off as though they had delirium tremens, found him easy of access, and all their devils were banished by conversation with him. Sometimes you see at the lower door of a great office building, "No beggars or peddlers or agents admitted." The Lord Jesus had no such sign over his headquarters. Poor blind beggars entered into loving association with him, and found their sight when he looked on them. Thank God, Jesus keeps open house for all his friends every day in the year! Come to him now.

Jesus was always looking on the bright side of the character and conduct of his friends. Isn't that a sure indication of friendship? Many an ordinary acquaintance is willing to give ear to gossip or scandal, and believe reports that put the acquaintance in a bad light; but when you rehearse anything that is detracting and injurious about a person to one of his true friends, you will find the friend unwilling to believe it, and, he will probably say right out, "I don't believe that is so. I know that man as well as anybody does. I believe him incapable of doing a mean thing. There is some explanation to all this. Anyhow, I shall not condemn him, or even allow myself for a moment to think evil of him, until I know all the facts about this, and give him a chance to explain himself." How many times you have heard a conversation like that. That is a real test of friendship. And that is what the Lord Jesus Christ is always doing with his friends. He does not misjudge them because of outward appearances, and he makes the greatest allowance for their infirmities.

Not Exacting

This was beautifully illustrated on that last night which the Saviour spent with his disciples, when Judas had gone away to lead the soldiery and the rabble to arrest the Lord Jesus, and when the feeling of loneliness and sorrow was heaviest to bear, when, above all other times, he needed and longed for friendly association, and he asked the disciples to wait and watch for him while he went apart a little to pray. In that hour of loneliness and darkness, our human nature, which he shared and which he was bearing for our sakes, longed to feel that they were sitting awake and watchful, full of sympathy and friendship for him, only a little apart from him there in the garden. And yet, for some cause, they could not keep awake, and, to outward appearances, it seemed as if they were indifferent to his agony and entirely untouched by his entreaties, and were able to drop off to sleep, as though nothing of interest to them was about to occur. One can imagine what fierce and biting sarcasm a man like Napoleon, or Thomas Carlyle, or almost any other famous worldly character, would have used on friends that had treated them with such seeming neglect. But, oh, how gentle and tender are the words of the Lord Jesus! The only word of complaint he utters is that little word of astonishment and appeal: "What! could ye not watch with me one hour?" And when they had fallen asleep again and again, see how he

Makes Excuses for Them

even when they have no excuse for themselves, and sit silent and ashamed. He says to them with gentle and loving forgiveness: "The spirit, indeed, is willing, but the flesh is weak." It was as if he had said to them: "I know your hearts, my dear friends. I have not a doubt of you. I know your love. It is only the weakness of the flesh;" and then he adds: "Sleep on now, and take your rest." Oh, was there ever a friend like Jesus? How can you stay away from such friendship?

Jesus Christ enters with perfect fellowship into the joy and grief of his friends, and invites them to enter with the same fellowship into his own grief and labor and triumph. And this again we all recognize as a characteristic of perfect friendship. All of us have some friends, no doubt, and some of us have a number, to whom, when any glad thing comes into our life or we achieve any success or triumph, it is one of the sweetest parts of our joy to tell it or write it; and sometimes we can't wait for that, but telegraph it to our friends. And when some great sorrow or grief falls upon our life, there are some friends that we must at once notify. It is not only that we want their sympathy in the time of sorrow, although that is precious beyond language to describe, but it is because we know that they would be grieved at heart if we were to bear our sorrow alone and not let them have the privilege of sharing it with us. So the Lord Jesus enters into perfect fellowship in joy or grief, in success or failure, with his friends.

Forbears and Forgives

One of the most touching and loving little incidents in all the Bible, is one recorded in Mark's Gospel, relating how, when Jesus met Mary Magdalene after the resurrection and sent a message of love to the disciples, he sent it in these words of the white-robed angel: "Go, tell his disciples and Peter." I am sure you remember, when you think of it why Peter was called specially by name in this message. The last time Jesus had seen Peter was on that terrible night when poor Peter thrice denied his Lord, and when the Saviour had turned on him his grieved and pitying look that had broken Peter's heart, and he had gone out into the darkness to weep bitter tears of repentance. And after his resurrection the very first message that Jesus sent to his disciples, he put in this special kindly pat on the head for poor Peter. He knew that Peter's heart would be sore, and, though he had repented of his sin and was true to the core now, that the devil would be putting temptations into his heart, and would try to make him believe that he had forfeited the Saviour's love and esteem, and would never be taken back quite into his old place again; and so, while he did not even name the beloved disciple John, he singled out Peter and sent him what he knew would be dearer to Peter than anything else in the world. And after this he came to them beside the sea, where they had been fishing all night and taken nothing, and had breakfast with them on the shore, and had a special love-talk with Peter. Oh, you may be sure that Jesus will add to your gladness, and he will take the bitterness and the sting out of your sorrow, if you come to him with your friendship and your love.

Perfect Confidence

Jesus gives his complete confidence to his friends. He tells them the secrets of his heart. What a wonderful verse this is in which our text stands: "Henceforth I call you not servants; for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth: but I have called you friends; for all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you." There is no greater test of friendship than that. We have many friends that are really good friends to us, and we love them very much, whom we have never admitted into that inner, secret sanctuary. It is your rare familiar friend to whom you unbosom yourself and tell the secrets of your soul. I repeat it, that is the highest test of friendship. That was the way God treated Abraham. When he was on his way to the destruction of Sodom, and visited Abraham in the desert, before he departed with his angel companions, the Lord said, "Shall I hide from Abraham the thing which I do?" and then he opened his heart to him and told him his purpose. That is the way God treated Moses. The scripture record says he spoke to Moses as a man speaketh to his friend. David understood this characteristic of God toward those that love him, and says in the twenty-fifth Psalm, "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him."

In the book of Revelation, the Saviour said to the beloved disciple John, who still tarried in old age to hear the last words of the Master? "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth, saving he that receiveth it." How blessed is that secret revelation of Jesus Christ which he makes to those who love him, who walk in blessed

Fellowship and Communion

with him, and enter with all their hearts into his great mission of seeking and saving the lost! I know that I speak to many of you to-day who know what this means. You have no language to tell the blessed hours of secret communion which you have had with the Saviour. No pen could ever describe what it meant when he came to you in sorrow, when your heart was breaking, and put his loving arms around you, and pillowed your head upon his breast; and though you wept there, the bitterness of your tears was gone, and through your tears you saw a rainbow of immortal promise. Oh, I would you all knew what this blessed friendship is! And if you will, you may enter this day into this holy friendship. Jesus will take you into his circle and open his heart to you and reveal to your glad ear the secrets of his love.

Jesus is a friend who never deserts those who give him their love and their friendship. "Having loved his own, he loved them unto the end." Oh, the blessed constancy of love! Under the meanest conditions of our human life it glorifies our race, and marks us, even when wandering and degraded, as the children of God. That great traveler and naturalist, Humboldt, tells about seeing a granite mound called "Mother Rock," at the junction of two South American rivers. It was

*Preached in the Bowery Mission, New York City.

so called on account of a certain touching little bit of history which it commemorated. Three years previous to his visit, a hostile expedition to capture prisoners had been made among these Indians by the Spaniards. Among other prisoners taken was a woman, who was surprised alone in a hut, her husband having gone on a hunting expedition accompanied by the children. After being carried to San Fernando, the desire to see her children induced her to attempt an escape. She fled repeatedly, but was as often caught and brought back and violently flogged, but without effect. It was then they determined to send her to a distant station on the Rio Negro, whence it would be impossible for her to return. While the canoe was passing up the river she flung herself into the stream, was thrown ashore by the waves and escaped into the woods, but was again caught, brought back and cruelly beaten. She was taken to a distant station and confined; but in spite of her wounds she took advantage of a dark, stormy night to unfasten with her teeth the cords which bound her, and again fled in search of her children. For many days and nights she wandered though a trackless forest, at that period of the year inundated, and swarming with venomous reptiles. She swam the swollen rivers; her flesh was torn with thorns and the spikes of the cactus; her only food for days was the large black ants that she caught; but over all obstacles her love conquered and she reached her children. Oh, if the love of a poor, heathen Indian woman could do that, what cannot the divine and ever-blessed Christ do in faithful constancy and fidelity to you?

I offer you this changeless love of Christ now. "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever." He will love you until the end. He will not desert you because you are sad. He will not leave you because you lose your money. He will not separate from you as you grow old, but his love will grow sweeter when you need him most.

There is only one condition by which you may have this friendship, and that is the one condition on which all true friendships are made. You must give yourself to him. "He that keepeth my commandments, he it is that loveth me," says the Saviour, and if you will, from this time, give yourself up in loving obedience to the Lord Jesus, you may have the precious gift of his friendship. Your sins are not great enough to keep you from him. Your wilful disobedience is all that blocks the way, and the moment you surrender your will to him and begin to keep his commandments, and to obey his words, he will come with this gentle, tender, loving friendship, and rejoice your heart, and glorify your life.

A VISIT TO "UR OF THE CHALDEES"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63

passages in those tablets refer to the district in Southern Babylonia, in which the ruined mound Mugheir is situated, as Kaldaa, the Babylonian form of the word which we have spelled Chaldea, the country of "the Chaldees." This completes our evidence, and the Ur, the ruins of which are now called Mugheir, is the Ur of the Chaldees, the birthplace of Abraham and Sarah, the city from which they emigrated to be the progenitors of the Hebrew nation.

To visit the ruins of Ur at the present time is somewhat of an adventure. Situated as they are within the territory of the great Montifik tribe of Arabs, who are now in rebellion against the Turkish government, permission of the Turkish authorities is well-nigh impossible, and the danger from the Arabs is not slight. In the early part of December, 1904, while on an exploring tour in Southern Babylonia, I applied to the sub-governor of Nasarieh for permission to visit Mugheir. As I was accompanied by a uniformed *kavas* from the consulate at Bagdad, the suspicious official was convinced that I was an agent of the British government, sent to incite the Arabs to further rebellion, or to sell them arms. If he could prove his theory and detect my mission, he saw an opportunity to create for himself great honor in Constantinople. To my surprise, he readily gave me his consent to visit the ruins; and more, he placed at my disposal his own boat and sailors, and deputed an officer to accompany me with valuable letters to Saadun, the sheik of the Montifik.

With my escort, whose only object it was to spy upon my motives, we sailed up the river and out on the little creek to the tents of Saadun, who was encamped at the base of the ruins. There we were entertained in a special tent in pure Bedouin fashion—huge trays of food, which we ate with our fingers; camel saddles covered with richly embroidered blankets and placed upon the carpeted ground for us to lean upon; the frequent entry of slaves to obtain their master's orders; the long discussions as to where water could be found for the flocks when grazing at a distance from the river, almost convinced us that we were living in the days of Abraham.

Early the next morning I went to the ruins, where I remained until late in the day. Mugheir is not large when compared with Nippur or Warka. It is nearly circular in shape and not far from a quarter of a mile in diameter. High ridges along its outer edges probably mark the line of the ancient city walls. In the northern part of the enclosure is the highest point—a large square mound, reaching about seventy feet above the level of the desert. From its summit there project twenty feet of solid masonry. This is the staged tower of the ancient temple of the moon-god, and although it was built half a millennium before the time of Abraham, and was already old when, as a boy, he undoubtedly climbed to its summit to escape from the hot air of the desert, it is still, as a specimen of a Babylonian temple, the best in existence. Two of the stages of the tower are visible, and a wide passage-way leading to the summit of the upper story is in a fair state of preservation. The large square bricks were laid in the bitumen which, in ancient times as now, was floated from the hot springs at Hit, down the Euphrates. Thousands of bricks fallen from the sides of the tower, and many of them inscribed with the names of Ur-Gur and Dungi proclaim that they were used in the construction of the temple of the city of Ur.

At the base of the tower now stands exposed to the air a huge limestone sarcophagus of unknown date. Everywhere on the surface of the lower mounds are strewn fragments of pottery, and huge stone door-sockets, and if time and permission to dig beneath the surface had been at hand, doubtless the little clay tablets from which we could reconstruct the customs and history of the ancient inhabitants of the city of Ur would have come to light.

Saadun and his Sons

This Montifik Chief owns the Ruins of Ur, the ancient home of Abraham

Although the excavations at Ur have been slight, and the explorers who have visited the ruins might almost be counted on the fingers of a single hand, the history of the city is comparatively well known. That it is one of the most ancient cities of Babylonia, the mention of its early king, Lugalkigubnidudu (who lived before the Sargon of 3800 B. C.), leaves no doubt. At that remote date it exercised a hegemony over the other cities of Babylonia. A thousand or more years later the city again came to power, and the two great rulers, Ur-Gur and Dungi, not only restored it to its former glory, but rebuilt and beautified most of the other cities within their empire. At Bismya I discovered the name of Ur-Gur upon the bricks of a palace foundation and in the walls of a beautifully constructed well. The temple at Bismya was restored by his son Dungi, and many of the bricks of the highest platform of that wonderfully old city bear his name. Again the city declined, and again it rose to prominence about 2500 B. C. Toward the last of this dynasty was king Kudurmabuk, and although he belonged to the late period of the history of Ur, Assyriologists believe that they have identified him with the old, old Biblical Chedorlaomer, one of the oldest characters in the world.

Whatever were the vicissitudes through which Ur passed, the city was far too sacred to be neglected by the later kings of Babylonia. It was their pride to restore its temple and to record their names in imperishable writing upon the bricks of its walls.

The last king of Babylon, Nabonidus, restored the temple, and in its corners he placed a prayer for his son, Belshazzar. Half a century ago, just as a German scholar had theorized that Belshazzar was a mythical character, the old prayer of Nabonidus came to light, and is now preserved upon one of the beautiful cylinders in the British Museum. I translate an extract from it:

"Nabonidus, king of Babylon . . . the reverencer of the great Gods, am I. . . . The tower of the temple which is at Ur, which Ur-Gur, a former king, erected, but did not finish, Dungi, his son, completed. . . . . Now that tower has become old. Upon the old foundation which Ur-Gur and Dungi, his son, erected, I restored that tower with cement and bricks like the original.

"O, Sin, . . . as thou joyfully enterest that house, may thy blessings . . . dwell in the hearts of thy people, and may they not sin against thee. . . . Preserve me, Nabonidus, king of Babylon, from sinning against thee. Grant me a life of many days, and may reverence for thee dwell in the heart of Belshazzar, my first-born, favorite son. May he commit no sin; with the fullness of life may he be satisfied.

EDGAR JAMES BANKS.

Field Director of the Babylonian Expedition of the University of Chicago to Bismya.

THE BURNING OF BARTON HALL

FRIENDS of the American College for Girls, at Scutari, in Turkey, were greatly shocked by the report that Barton Hall, at that Institution, was burned recently. The fire originated in a defective chimney, and when first discovered was put out, for the time being, by a brigade of students. Soon, however, it was discovered that the roof of the building was on fire, and the students were ordered to make their way out.

The local fire company was soon on the scene and prevented the flames from spreading to adjoining buildings. It was impossible to save Barton Hall, but fortunately the brick walls remained standing and confined the fire, as in a cage. The Turkish Governor and Military Commander were soon on the scene, and were very active in assisting the students and the firemen. The teachers are enthusiastic over the aid accorded by the Turkish officials, one of whom gave his house as a shelter for the students.

The destruction of the hall is greatly felt. It contained the biological, physics, and chemical laboratories, the girls' gymnasium, the large audience room, with two valuable pianos, and a number of students' rooms, and the seniors' sitting room. The laboratories had been recently fitted with new apparatus, all of which were destroyed. There was also a fine archæological collection, used in teaching history. It is not yet determined what steps will be taken to repair the loss.

TORONTO SHAKEN BY THE REVIVAL

THE Torrey-Alexander Revival has already taken deep hold upon Toronto. The tide steadily rose during the first week, and on the second Sunday of the Mission such sights were seen as ordinarily are not seen until the third or fourth week. The afternoon meeting was for women only and that in the evening for men only. It was thought that in this way all could be accommodated who wished to come. The afternoon meeting was advertised for three o'clock, but at half-past two not only was the building packed to its utmost capacity with between 4,000 and 5,000 women, but there were great crowds outside demanding admission. These crowds outside kept increasing, until it was thought that there were as many outside the building as there were inside it.

Two impromptu overflow meetings were organized, one in the Metropolitan Church, and another in the basement of Massey Hall. Dr. Torrey spoke at the great meeting on "What it Costs Not to be a Christian." There was the most intense interest, and women of all classes were deeply moved.

A Leading Thoroughfare in Toronto, Canada

When the invitation was given out for those who would accept Christ as their Saviour, and surrender to him as their Lord and Master, and begin to confess him before the world, and live from that time on to please him in everything day by day, to arise and come forward, women streamed to the front from every part of the building. Over eighty women, young and old, of all classes of society, made public profession of their acceptance of Christ, and at both the overflow meetings there were numerous decisions.

A similar scene was witnessed at night, only now it was men, and not women. The meeting was announced to begin at seven, but long before the crowds commenced streaming to Massey Hall, and by 6.30 the great hall was crowded out and an overflow organized in the lower room. Twenty-six men professed to accept Christ at the overflow, and about 130 in the principal meeting.

In many of the churches of the city, in their regular services, there were many conversions. In one Presbyterian Church at which Mr. Davis, who has followed the evangelists all over England, told the story of the English campaign, such a deep impression was made that the pastor, Rev. Mr. Scott, insisted that Mr. Davis remain and speak to the Sunday School in the afternoon. This he did, and there was a large number of decisions among the children.

Reports of numerous conversions are also coming from the various missions of the city. That the large number of the evening congregation was from the non-church going class is evident from the fact that the regular churches, so far from having diminished congregations, had increased. One of the leading Presbyterian ministers of the city, said that it was a long time since he had such a large evening congregation. Ministers and evangelists have flocked to Toronto from different parts of the Dominion.

Many are saying that they have never seen such sights in their life, and they are going back to their work cheered and expectant. One pastor who has been in Toronto twelve years, says, "I have never seen Toronto so stirred, though I was here at the time Mr. Moody was." From all over Canada, prayers are ascending for the Mission, and Toronto Christians in return are praying for a blessing for the entire Dominion.

Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander met with the ministers of the city Monday morning for an informal conference. There were about one hundred ministers present. Before the meeting was over, the Spirit of God was manifested in such power that ministers were weeping and rejoicing.

On Tuesday, January 9, a noon meeting was begun for business and professional men. This is held in the schoolhouse of St. James' Cathedral. Dr. Torrey will discuss such subjects as "Why I Believe the Bible to be the Word of God" and "The Resurrection of Jesus Christ."

At the meeting on Sunday, a safe-blower, just out of confinement on a ten years' sentence, was converted. He wrote the next day the following letter to Dr. Torrey:

REV. DR. TORREY, Massey Hall.

Dear Sir: I attended your meeting Sunday evening and was led to Christ through that beautiful hymn, "Tell Mother I'll Be There." I was the cause of breaking my poor mother's heart through sin. I was brought up in a Christian home and received a good education, but I fell through drink and crime. I have just been released from the Kingston Penitentiary, after serving a ten-year sentence for safe-blowing, and I thanked God on my knees for two hours, last night, for sending you to Toronto to bring me to Jesus. By the grace of God, I am going to be an upright, sober Christian citizen and live down the past. I ask you to pray for me. Yours in Christ.

The revival has come to Toronto.

Among the Heathen Kroomen in Liberia

ON the western coast of Africa lies the Republic of Liberia. It has a coast line of 350 miles and extends 200 miles inland. In this land dwell two distinct classes of people: The Americo-Liberian (colored people from America and their descendants), and the natives of the country. The first class is civilized; the native is not to any great extent.

It is among the uncivilized natives that our Garraway Mission is situated. Here we have to work among the Kroo people, or rather among a tribe of the Kroo. In the school, we have as many as thirteen tribes represented. We take in people of all sizes and ages, from infants to men forty or fifty years of age. Having no written language of their own, we teach them English, and all begin with the primer. It is wonderful the advancement they make in a year or so. They learn readily, and soon read the Bible for themselves. We have many definite conversions among them.

Fred, a boy of about twelve, came to the Mission one day. He was clad in nature's own garment. He wanted to learn "book"; so I took him in, gave him a shirt and a book. He proved to be a very bright fellow and anxious to do right. One evening at prayer meeting, I explained what it meant to be converted. I emphasized repentance and said: "If anyone is sorry for his sins and confesses them, and asks Jesus to come into his heart, he will come." We knelt in prayer. Daniel, one of our native workers, prayed. Then Fred began. He only said a few earnest words, when he began to cry. He ceased praying, and as I began, he shouted: "Glory! Glory to God! Glory to God! I see you! I see you this time!" He turned around from the bench, and, with arms outstretched, as if to catch some one, he said: "I've got you this time!" and threw himself on the floor. He lay very still for a minute or so, then got up and went to his seat. We were all in tears. The Spirit of God had visited us. I thanked God for one soul saved.

Missionary Harrow and Native Helpers

1. Dan Meter 2. Bestman Kolinky 3. Wesley Fish 4. Rev. Mr. Harrow

We arose from our knees. Fred's face was beaming. I said: "Fred, tell us all about it," and this is what he said: "When Mr. Harrow was telling us if we were sorry for our sins, and asked Jesus to forgive us, he would, in my heart I was sorry for all the bad things I had done. I wanted Jesus to come into my heart. When I began to pray, something got into my throat, and I could not talk, and it began to get very dark. I was afraid, and I began to cry. Then I saw one coming with a light. He looked like Jesus. He came to me and said: 'Come, go with me.' He wanted to pass before I caught him." I said: "Fred, is Jesus in your heart?" He replied: "My heart is all clean and light."

Now, there are thousands of boys like Fred running about in Liberia, who, if they had a chance to come to school and hear of salvation, would accept this same Jesus, and he would clean and lighten up their hearts.

Last year we had 140 conversions as definite as this. Some were of grown people. Everywhere they are calling us to send them teachers, and many are anxiously waiting for an opportunity to come to the Mission. Fifteen dollars a year provides for one of these children, and thirty dollars for a native worker. Who will come to the rescue of these benighted people with so small a sum for a whole year, so they may learn of the "Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world?"

J. M. L. HARROW,
Garraway Mission, Cape Palmas, Liberia, W. A.

* * *

Rev. F. A. Price of the Wissika Mission, Liberia, writes:

I am sending you the names of some who have recently joined our family. They are as follows:

Christian Name	*Country Name*
Isaac Taylor.	Kpowe Gbesedi,
Philip Taylor,	Kpowe Beo,
Susan Toe.	Keiyi Dode,
Mary Richardson,	Negba Jacke.

I also give you the names of Jasper Grant's children:

Christian Name	*Country Name*
Kate Grant,	Kae Deada,
Clarence Grant,	Kae Hiye,
Grace Grant,	Kae Maya,
Jessie Grant,	Kae Dekode.
Sallie Grant,	Kae Wodede.
Lettie Grant,	Kae Tode,
David Grant,	Kae Gidia,
Taylor Grant,	Kae Poa.

Pleased with "Famous Americans"

"Stories of Famous Americans" received. I have looked it through and think it will be very interesting.

Brooklyn, N. Y. MRS. H. H. GAYLORD.

WORDS OF PRAISE FOR OUR PREMIUMS

BEAUTIFUL AND INSTRUCTIVE

DEAR SIR:—I wish to acknowledge the receipt of the beautiful and instructive volume, "The Cruise of the Eight Hundred," its clearness of description and its general contents are far superior to my ability to describe. I also wish to thank you for the beautiful "Calendar," for which we look forward from year to year with great appreciation. MRS. MARY A. BUELL, *St. Joseph, Mo.*

ALWAYS PLEASED

DEAR SIR:—Your premium "Capital Stories About Famous Americans," is just fine. In fact, I have always been pleased with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD premiums more than from any other concern. They are more satisfactory. I have got to the point where I do not have to examine your premiums, but am confident they will be O. K. W. A. SWIFT, *Pastor Asbury Meth. Ch., Little Rock, Ark.*

Five Million Endeavorers to Celebrate

The Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the Organization to be Observed Next Week

THE twenty-fifth anniversary of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor will occur February 2, and the organization of the Society will be commemorated by large gatherings and addresses in all parts of the globe. In Portland, Me., where the first Society was organized, in 1881, by the Rev. Francis E. Clark, there will be a celebration that will attract Societies from the six New England States. Boston, the headquarters of the United Society, is planning for such a meeting as will be worthy of the centre of work from which the Society has operated throughout the world. A national gathering will be held in Carnegie Hall, New York. The second national conference of Christian Endeavor workers will be held under the auspices of the United Society, which will be attended largely by Christian Endeavor leaders, the officers of the State, district, county, and city Christian Endeavor unions.

The meetings will extend from February 6-8. On Tuesday evening, February 6, there will be a reception and social, and Wednesday evening, February 7, the regular church prayer meetings of the city will be conducted principally by visiting Endeavorers. On Thursday evening, February 8, there will be a celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Society, for which the New York City Union is making elaborate preparations. The Trustees of the United Society of Christian Endeavor will hold their midwinter meeting with the Conference. All phases of Christian Endeavor work will be considered.

In Washington, meetings will be held which will be addressed by speakers of national reputation connected with various departments of the Government. All the leading Christian Endeavor unions in the country will hold great meetings on Christian Endeavor Day, February 2. A memorial fund is planned for the erection of an international headquarters' building and the securing of a sustaining fund. More than five million members have been enrolled in the Society during the twenty-five years, and more than three and one-half millions are on the rolls at the present time. More than two million have been enrolled in denominational societies that have not adopted the Endeavor name. An average gift of twenty-five cents from past and present members, or a cent for each year of the Society's existence, will raise the funds needed both for headquarters and for subsequent maintenance.

An epoch-making conference was held at Old Orchard Beach, Me., in 1885, or within four years of the organization of the Society. The United States to-day has 45,172 Endeavor Societies, or two-thirds of the Societies in the world. While there is not a society in every church in the country, there is in every Protestant evangelical denomination, and similar societies have been organized under different names in leading denominations like the Methodist and Baptist. There are Societies in every State and territory, and they exist not merely in the churches but in lumber camps, in prisons, in factories, in almshouses, in the army and navy, in business offices, in schools and asylums, in city missions, among the aborigines in our own country, and among the immigrants who have come to us from Great Britain, from Continental Europe, and from the empires of Asia. Societies exist, too, in many foreign lands. There are 10,519 in Great Britain and Ireland, 4,278 in Canada, 3,960 in Australia, 298 in Germany, 220 in Sweden, 341 in Africa, 120 in France, 129 in Japan, 372 in China, and 133 in Mexico. Sixty-nine countries are Endeavor countries.

Spanish Christian Endeavorers in Provincial Costume

One great secret of its success has been the principle of definite obligation. The pledge was a vital element of the original constitution, and has been deemed fundamental in the whole history of the Society. Flexibility, however, has been possible, and an agreement, a covenant, a promise, in exceptional instances, has been accepted as the equivalent of a pledge. This has been particularly necessary in order to generate beginnings in some cases, and in the hope that a Society once organized would graduate from the good to the better and the best. It has also been inevitable in foreign countries, and especially in Turkey. The pledge centralized upon participation in prayer meeting regularly as a matter of Christian duty, and for awhile during its early history, the Society was cultivating the spiritual life of its members exclusively, but the object of its founder and the working of its constitution provided from the beginning for doing things, and there is scarcely a phase of Christian activity which has not been exemplified and amplified by the Endeavor Societies. The members have contributed to Missions, home and foreign, have erected churches, founded and sustained charities, remembered the poor and the prisoners, sought out the lonely and forsaken, and been almoners of good to multitudes of needy souls.

A number of the trustees of the United Society were associates with Dr. Clark almost from the beginning, inclusive of the Rev. Charles A. Dickinson, D.D. now of Sacramento, Calif.; Rev. James L. Hill, D.D., of Salem, Mass.; Rev. Nehemiah Boynton, D.D., now of Brooklyn, N.Y.; Rev. Howard B. Grose, now Editorial Secretary of the Baptist Home Missionary Society, New York; Rev. Teunis S. Hamlin, D.D., long the pastor of the Church of the Covenant, Washington; Rev. Ralph W. Brokaw, D.D., now of Utica, N. Y. These officers and workers have represented different denominations, and they have illustrated Christian unity, fellowship, co-operation, consistently with denominational loyalty.

The successor of Mr. John Willis Baer in the secretaryship is Mr. Von Ogden Vogt, who is specially appreciative of the opportunities for original work and for expansion. Mr. Vogt has been asserting, during the two years of his service, that there is not sufficient originality in the local societies, and a large part of his work has been to impress this especially upon the church authorities. He finds many parishes with complicated conditions, where a single mode of religious expression is insufficient. He believes that the young people's organization in such churches should be so comprehensive as to provide manifold forms of expressing in deeds the truth taught in the Sunday School. Some Societies have organized affiliated groups for boys and girls, or young people not easily attracted to the church. Other churches, that have had various organizations for their youth, have readjusted them under the leadership of the Endeavor Society. Mr. Vogt is taking the initiative in making other suggestions, and is confident that the churches are coming to a more intelligent guidance of their work for the young. The Society is still growing. Its future possibilities are unlimited. There is an opportunity for the reassertion and reemphasizing of what is contemplated by recent efforts to promote interchurch federation. Expansion is possible and morally certain along denominational and interdenominational lines, and the churches have become convinced of this fact. The history of the future is in the spirit of a poem written at the end of its first decade, by Rev. David J. Burrell, D.D., pastor of the Marble Collegiate Reformed Church, New York City, entitled "After Ten Years of Service." In this poem, which is given on this page, the history of the decade is described as prophetic of the history of future decades.

(Rev.) James H. Ross.

REV. DR. BURRELL'S POEM

"AN angel came from heaven down,
To speak one word and speak it ever,
To quicken hearts and kindle eyes,
And move dull souls from sloth to rise
And win a glorious renown,
With one brave word, 'Endeavor.'

"Ten years in service thus he wrought,
And then at heaven's gate besought,
'My Lord, what wilt Thou now?'
'Return,' said He, 'and ten years more
Proclaim thy message o'er and o'er;
Be faithful thou.'

"'And then?' 'And then serve ten years more,
And ten years more, and so forever!'
For angel ne'er had nobler task,
Nor of his Lord could nobler ask,
Than to proclaim forevermore,
That potent word, 'Endeavor!'"

Von Ogden Vogt, Gen. Sec'y

Rev. F. E. Clark, Founder

William Shaw, Treasurer

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Congress and the Children

THERE is probably no subject which has enlisted the sympathetic attention of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its readers, within recent years, to a greater extent than the condition of our American children; consequently, the announcement that a bill has been introduced in Congress by Senator Crane of Massachusetts, providing for the establishment of a Children's Bureau, is received with cordial approval. The object of the proposed Bureau is to investigate all matters relating to the welfare of children and child life, "infant mortality, physical degeneracy, dangerous occupations, accidents, and diseases of children of the working classes."

Should the proposed measure pass, as we hope it will, it will be the first rational step that has been taken toward fighting the great and growing national evil of child labor. Several years ago, this journal investigated the condition of child labor in three States—New York, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey—and the disclosures then made were startling. Conditions are worse to-day. In some localities, we have already a larger number of children of tender years employed in proportion to population, than any other country. While our general population has increased fifty per cent. in twenty years, the number of boys under fifteen engaged in factories, has multiplied one hundred per cent., and the number of girls 150 per cent. At the present time, 1,752,487 American children are engaged in wage-earning occupations; 304,230 being in factories and workshops, and 122,507 in other pursuits. Pennsylvania has 41,140 child workers between thirteen and sixteen—an increase of 9,000 in the last three years, and of 20,000 since 1897.

In Philadelphia alone, 16,000 children under thirteen are not in any public or private school, and the majority of these are employed, by means of false age certificates, in stores and factories. Nearly 12,000 children, between ten and fourteen, work as pickers in the Pennsylvania coal mines. West Virginia has 6,451 children under sixteen who are factory hands in the cotton mills. In Iowa, child labor has increased over 300 per cent. in four years. In New York, according to recent reports, 18,169 children under age, were employed, these figures being exclusive of the large numbers engaged as messengers, shoeblacks, and street pedlers. Alabama has the unenviable fame of leading all the States in the number of its little children who are grinding out their lives in the mills. 50,000 boys and girls are thus spending the years that ought to be devoted to juvenile play and education. In four years Alabama has doubled the number of its tiny operatives. Little boys and girls work twelve hours a day for a fifteen cent wage! Jane Addams tells of seeing a little girl of five walking down a line of whirring spindles, picking up and tying threads with her little baby fingers. North Carolina, too, is sacrificing its children to the same industrial Moloch, which remorselessly destroys the youth and innocence of the State as surely as a prairie fire shrivels the grass. Here there are 15,000 child workers under fourteen in the cotton mills, and the infant army of toilers is growing every year. It has been stated that seventy-five per cent. of the spinners in these mills are between twelve and fourteen. School attendance in this State is only twenty-five per cent. of the children of school age, and sometimes drops as low as ten and twelve per cent. This tells the story of neglected education far better than any glowing speeches. Rhode Island, which has a law permitting its twelve-year-old children to labor, seems to be heading towards illiteracy, from the same cause.

It is not necessary to enumerate further the extent of this evil, which has already become a national one. We may talk of "race suicide" and the tendency to small families, and we may bewail the decline of "sturdy Americanism;" but why overlook the sober fact that our industrial centres have become in late years huge burying-grounds for youth, innocence and childhood? Of the one and three-quarter millions of child-industrians in our land—at the very lowest calculation 20 per cent., or 350,000, are deprived of all the privileges and enjoyments of childhood; deprived of the education which the State assures them, and which every American will admit to be their rightful inheritance; deprived of youthful health and vigor, and their little bodies dwarfed and stunted by the nature of the employment to which they are destined as soon as they can handle a thread, fill a spool, or pick a piece of slate from the coal bunkers. These are for the most part American-born children, not aliens or immigrants. Is not this "race suicide" with a vengeance?

If any one should deliberately propose that an army of 10,000 or 20,000 children should be led across a section of the deadly desert of Arizona, he would be confined as a lunatic. Yet here, through the connivance of mercenary and conscienceless manufacturers and coal operators, and by virtue of abominable laws, a far larger army of American children, weak and wan-faced, is constantly marching through our cotton and silk mills, grinding their little lives out to the hum of the bobbins and the roar of the wheels, or contracting asthma and incipient consumption among the dusty bunkers of the coal mines.

The difficulty in dealing with child labor is manifest, when it is understood that each State is a law unto itself on this question, which is really a national one. Even a spasmodic reform in one or two States would be only a partial remedy. What is needed is a national law to protect the American child; to secure to it its right to a training in the public schools; to give it a living chance for health and for future manhood and womanhood, by securing to it now the freedom and joy which naturally belong to the children the world over. It is our duty to protect the children. The nation's strong sheltering arms should be folded around every little one whose future is overshadowed by this blight of child labor. We are a nation of workers, always busy, indefatigable; but work is for grown men and women; for the children there are the fields, the merry playground, the flowers, the sunshine, the blue heavens above, and a modicum of school-book and kindergarten.

We must cease this continuous "massacre of the innocents" in our mines and our mills. Let us hope that Congress, when it has had full light on the subject, may see its way to establishing the recognition of the natural rights of the many thousands of poor children, who are now little better than helpless slaves.

Abraham's Birthplace Discovered

THAT is an interesting story that Professor Banks tells on another page of this issue, relating to the birthplace of Abraham. In former times the city of Urfa was supposed to have been the Ur of the Chaldees, from which the "Father of the Faithful" proceeded, but there were obvious difficulties about the theory. Professor Banks lucidly presents the reasons for identifying the city with Mugheir, a heap of ruins, about a hundred and twenty miles northwest of the Persian Gulf, a much more probable location. Confirmation of the opinion is furnished by the discovery of bricks among the ruins, which have now been deciphered by Colonel Rawlinson. It was the habit of the royal builders of those ancient times to stamp the bricks used with their own names and titles. In this instance doubt is eliminated by the inscription on the bricks, in ancient cuneiform characters: "Ur-Gur, King of Ur, has built this temple."

Here, then, we have new confirmation of the Scriptures. In this city, already five hundred years old when Abraham lived there, are the ruined temples, which he must have visited as a boy, and evidences of the idolatrous worship which he must have witnessed. The rationalists have been learnedly writing of the Abraham myth, and telling us that only ignorant people could hold the belief that Abraham was a veritable person, or that his birthplace was anything but a mythical city. But God is jealous of his Word, and at this late day, when the need for it is so urgent, he is guiding students to evidence of its truth that for centuries has been hidden. It is no cunningly devised fable that we have in the Bible, but a revelation which exploration is proving to be true in the smallest details.

The Alien Church

AMONG the questions on which our subscribers write for our advice, none is more common than that of the difficulty of attendance at a church of a different creed from their own. Is it right, they ask, to join a church, and help in church work, when they cannot subscribe to the belief of that church? It sometimes happens that a man removes to a district in which church accommodation is limited, and where possibly not more than one church can be maintained. In such circumstances, should the Christian go to that church, or should he stay at home on the Lord's Day and worship God in his own way?

No one should be perplexed about his duty in the case. Wherever God is worshiped, there the Christian should be found on his day. He may get good for his soul from the words of any godly man, who is honestly endeavoring to expound the Word. No man can touch that sacred volume in faith, without bringing from it light that is helpful to his people. He will get inspiration and stimulus from joining with others in singing and prayer. Probably, too, his own soul will be broadened, and he will become more tolerant by hearing a different presentation of the truth from that to which he has been accustomed. In the evangelical churches, the differences in creeds are not vital, though they are important, and where Christ is faithfully preached, a blessing is sure to come.

As to joining the church, there are two parties to be considered. The candidate is in honor bound to state his own belief. If the church is willing to receive him, knowing the difference in his creed, no harm can come. He may serve in the Sunday School or in any department in which help is needed, not laying special emphasis on doctrines on which he differs from his brethren, nor seeking to proselyte, but doing his utmost to co-operate in winning souls for the Master.

The effect of example should be considered in deciding the Christian to this course. It is not good that he should set the example of abstention from the house of God. No one should be able to point to him as a good man staying at home on the Lord's Day, as justification for a similar course. He should be among the worshipers, rejoicing that others are similarly minded, and making it clear that he is on the Lord's side. After all, the world is divided into two great camps—those who are enemies of Christ and those who are his followers. The latter are divided and subdivided, but it is in that camp that the Christian belongs, and he should show his colors. He should be there to witness for Christ, to testify to what Christ has done for him, and to show his recognition of the brotherhood of every man who loves him.

Is Your Red Letter Bible Genuine?

TO THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

I write to ask you if any other publishing house has a right to publish your Red Letter Bible? I have worked to get THE CHRISTIAN HERALD into as many homes as I could, offering the Red Letter Bible as a premium inducement. This year I find Red Letter Bibles that were not printed by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and evidently not authorized by you. I saw one of these Bibles and it was a very poor piece of work. If you wish, I will get the name of the publisher. JOEL PERRY.

THE Red Letter Bible originated with Dr. Louis Klopsch, the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, who spent many months on its preparation, and so carefully was the work done, that, although the Red Letter Bible has been on the market for over three years, not a single error has thus far been discovered in the application of the Red Letter principle.

The idea proving to be a very popular one, it was soon appropriated by other publishing houses. Owing to the protection afforded by the copyright, the arrangement of the red lettering could not be exactly duplicated, and consequently substitutes, unworthy the name, were resorted to. Some of these so-called Red Letter Bibles have red lettering in the New Testament only; others do not designate the Messianic prophecies contained in the Old Testament, with a red star, and others again fail to print in red the passages and incidents quoted or alluded to by Christ during his ministry on earth. As a rule, the workmanship of these substitutes is very inferior, the alignment imperfect, and the colored ink, instead of being red, is a pale pink. Of course, discriminating persons would not purchase these substitutes unless under the erroneous impression that they are purchasing THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Red Letter Bible, and in order that no one need be deceived in this matter, we would state here that the only genuine Red Letter Bible which contains the Red Letter arrangement according to the plan laid down by Dr. Klopsch, has at the foot of the title-page the imprint of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Our Oldest Subscriber

Not oldest in regard to age, but in the number of years during which he has been a constant and appreciative reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Mr. Hiram Herman, a business man of Chambersburg, Pa., sends us this interesting letter:

CHAMBERSBURG, PA., Jan. 3.

DEAR DR. KLOPSCH:

Oct. 24, 1878, is the date of the first CHRISTIAN HERALD I received. I have all the numbers from Oct. 24, 1878, to Dec. 27, 1905, save one number. Some good one got the loan of that number and never returned it. I wonder if you have many subscribers who have all the issues, as I have. HIRAM HERMAN.

. . .

—REV. JOHN G. PATON, the veteran missionary to the New Hebrides, writes us that "the marvelous power of God's Word is clearly seen in enlightening and changing the hearts of thousands of the cannibals of the South Seas, and in making them new creatures in Christ Jesus."

Caught In a Landslide

ONE of the most singular accidents of recent years occurred at Haverstraw, N. Y., on January 8. Two whole blocks, comprising about a dozen houses, fell bodily into a huge crevasse, with their occupants. The town is built on a substratum of clay, famous for its use in brickmaking. The clay had been scooped out of a great hole a hundred feet deep, during the past ten years, and workmen had been observed undermining the northern part of the town. The danger of such operations had been perceived, and the local authorities had made efforts to obtain injunctions to restrain them from proceeding farther. The cavity, however, was allowed to remain. It was apparently unable to support the thick layer of soil above it. Suddenly the whole surface shot forward into the pit, carrying with it the houses built upon it. Almost instantly the overturned stoves in the wrecked houses set them on fire, and the flames communicating with the broken gas pipes, added to the horror. The fire department was summoned, but the water-mains were broken, preventing the firemen from using their apparatus. It was only when an adjoining village lent its aid that the flames were subdued.

How many lives were lost it is impossible to say. Twenty-two are known to have perished, but these are probably far from being the whole number. That the victims are not to be counted by hundreds, is due to the fact that the disaster had been foreseen and many families had vacated their houses and gone to safer parts of the town. The first fissure was noticed in the afternoon, and the persons who saw it promptly warned their friends in the imperilled houses. Some fled, but others, believing that there was no danger so long as the frost continued, remained. It was nearly eleven o'clock when the crash came. Most of the people were in bed, but were awakened by the low, rushing sound, and the disturbance beneath them. Some jumped from the windows in their nightclothes, others rushed from the doors, carrying children or valuables. Several who escaped returned to save some of their property and were lost in the final crash. At least seven men, who were trying to save friends and relatives, are known to have been killed. One was a Jewish rabbi, who was helping some members of his flock to remove their effects. The most pathetic feature of the disaster is the number of children, whose parents having carried them to a place of safety, returned to their houses for their belongings, and were caught in the overturn.

The Scene of the Disastrous Landslide at Haverstraw, N. Y.

Efforts were made immediately to rescue any who might be alive and to recover the bodies of the dead; but the fire had burned too fiercely to leave any hope of the survival of any who had been carried into the pit by the falling houses, and even the dead were buried under the heaps of thick clay which continued to fall on the seething mass of ruins. Thousands of tons of this heavy substance will have to be removed before the full extent of the disaster is known. It is sad to think that all might have been saved had they heeded the warnings that were given. But they acted as many do, who are urged to seek salvation from eternal death; they waited until it was too late.

When they say, Peace and safety: then sudden destruction cometh upon them (I. Thess. 5: 3).

Poisoned by a Strap

A prominent citizen of Allegheny, Pa., is suffering from a mysterious disease of the eyes, which threatens to destroy the sight altogether. He was taken to the Presbyterian Hospital a few days ago, to be treated, having contracted a painful affection which affected his right eye. Soon the other eye became affected and he was unable to see at all. The doctors who attended him questioned him closely to ascertain the cause, for his condition puzzled them. They learned that the first symptoms appeared nearly a week before his coming for treatment. He said he was on a crowded street car and stood for some time holding to a strap. His eye itched and he let go the strap and rubbed the eye. He noticed a sharp pain in it, and the itching continuing he rubbed his eye with the same hand that held the strap. On reaching home he noticed that the eye was inflamed and it gradually grew worse until he went to the hospital. The doctors have no doubt that some one had been holding the strap before he did, whose hand had poisonous germs upon it, some of which adhered to the strap and communicated a disease to the patient's eye. This theory shows how one man may unconsciously injure another. Still more frequently and unconsciously may spiritual harm be done. A light, careless word uttered in the hearing of a child or a weak brother may wreck a soul.

That no man put a stumbling block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way (Rom. 14: 13).

A Drunkard's Escapade

An accident to a railroad train, in which several were hurt and many were in peril of their lives, has been traced to the stupid frivolity of a drunken man. The wrecked train was the express from Montreal to New York. The train had reached Wallomsac station, near White Creek, N. Y., and was proceeding at a high rate of speed, when it suddenly swerved from the main track and entered a siding. The locomotive, baggage and express cars were utterly demolished, and the passenger cars were hurled on the bank with their sides torn out. The engineer, fireman and two baggage men were severely scalded, but the passengers, by almost a miracle, escaped serious injuries. As usual, the cars caught fire, but it was easy to escape from the broken sides. Doctors were promptly on the scene, and by the light of the blazing cars attended to the shaken passengers. An investigation took place at once, and it was found that the switch had been set and locked by some drunken man, who had left two empty whiskey bottles beside the switch as a relic of his debauch. There could be no motive for such a stupid act, and it can be attributed only to the folly begotten by intoxicating drink.

It is a sport to a fool to do mischief (Prov. 10: 23).

A Wedding on a Wharf

Among the passengers who arrived at Philadelphia on the *Merion*, on a recent trip, were a young couple who came from England. The man was an American citizen of English birth, and he stated jauntily that he had been over to England to fetch his fiancee and they were to be married here. The immigration officers, on questioning the girl, learned that she was a minor. They informed the man that he would have to obtain a license and send for a minister to marry them on the wharf, otherwise they would not be allowed to land. The man was willing, but the girl strenuously objected. She wanted a proper wedding in a church and firmly refused to have the ceremony take place in such a place as a wharf. The officers explained and her lover pleaded, but all to no purpose. The girl said she would rather go back to England unmarried than yield. She was accordingly detained to await the departure of the steamer. It is expected that she will change her mind, or that some compromise may be effected which will satisfy her scruples. The authorities are resolute that she shall be deported, unless she consents to be married before leaving the dock. It is the condition of her admission to the country. She may learn yet that there is a similar condition to her admission to a better land. No one can enter heaven but they who have entered into a living union with Christ.

No man cometh unto the Father but by me (John 14: 6).

To Talk Across the Sea

The question of telephonic communication between New York and London is again engaging the attention of electricians. A prominent authority in England is quoted as declaring that theoretically it was possible to establish telephonic connection between the two cities. The practical difficulties, however, were, he believed, serious. It was necessary to have induction coils at frequent intervals to increase the capacity of the cable. They had been employed in the cable from England to Ireland and in that to France, and it had been found that they doubled the capacity. Another experiment is about to be made in telephoning to Norway, in which also they will be used. But in crossing the Atlantic, the fact that they would make the cable more cumbrous and more difficult to handle would present grave difficulties. They were, he said, simply mechanical problems, and these might ultimately be solved by science. If some inventor succeeded in reducing the bulk of the coils, and yet retaining the capacity of the cable, the difficulty would be overcome and conversations might then be held across the Atlantic. There is little doubt that those conditions will eventually be fulfilled, and parents on the one side will be able to hear the voices of their children on the other, and friends long separated talk with one another. Happily, we have not to wait for any inventions to enjoy a still greater privilege. At any time we may speak with our Father in heaven and receive an answer of peace.

I have called upon thee for thou wilt hear me O God: incline thine ear unto me and hear my speech (Ps. 17: 6).

A Critical Conference

A squadron of our North Atlantic fleet has arrived at Gibraltar, and will proceed thence to Algeciras, where the International Conference on Morocco is to take place. That this conference is causing serious uneasiness in the Cabinets of Europe, is apparent. France feels that her possessions in Algeria give her a prior claim, as the nearest neighbor of Morocco, to regulate its affairs. The Sultan's misgovernment, and his incapacity to keep the wild tribes under his nominal control, in order, exercise a disturbing influence in Algeria, and give the French a ground for interference. It was evident that England was willing to give her a free hand in any measures she might take. But Emperor William of Germany objected to the arrangement. He demanded that Germany should have a voice in the settlement. Hence the conference. It is admitted that German interests in Morocco are of the smallest, but the Emperor was piqued by the fact that France and England should presume to settle the matter without consulting him. If, therefore, his instructions to his representative are conceived in a hostile spirit, the possibility of a rupture is obvious. It may be hoped, however, that the spirit of peace will prevail, and that the horrors of a European war may be averted.

The beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water: therefore leave off contention before it be meddled with (Prov. 17: 14).

TEMPTED, BUT VICTORIOUS

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts*
SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

"If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down"

THE filling of his soul at baptism with strange power from above, constrained Jesus to get away alone in the wilderness to think out the uses to which he should put this power, which he knew would enable him to work miracles. Like prophets before him, he struggled with his great problem in a forty days' fast. Then hunger asserted itself, and the devil prompted his imagination to note how like loaves were the stones at his feet, and suggested that he should use his new miraculous powers to turn a few of them into real bread. But he refused to use his miraculous powers, given for unselfish and spiritual uses, to add material comforts to his own life. Lifting as a shield a page of Deuteronomy, the very book he saw would in later days be depreciated, he said: "It is written, Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word of God shall man live."

Then, in thought, the devil took him to the pinnacle of the temple, the very place where the Jews expected their Messiah would appear, and suggested he should cast himself on the air when crowds of worshipers were gathered below, and by miraculous and angelic power, hold himself in midair, to startle the people into instant acceptance of his Messianic claims, instead of slowly winning them by truth and reason. But again Jesus raised aloft that same page of Deuteronomy, saying: "It is written, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." Then the devil led him into the highest peak of his wilderness resort, and bade him with his quickened vision, behold the kingdoms of the world, Judea, Samaria, Gallilee, Moab, Egypt and beyond, and suggested that if he would use his miraculous powers and angelic hosts in military conquest, all these might be swiftly brought under his Messianic sway. It was the temptation to which great and good men have so often yielded, preferring to win "this year" by the devil's way of force and fraud, rather than to win more slowly by Christ's way of reason and conviction. "The end justifies the means"—that was the third temptation, and Jesus saw that to yield to it was to worship the devil of fraud in place of the God of righteousness, and so again he raised the same page of Deuteronomy saying: "Get thee behind me, Satan, for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve."

Then the devil left him "for a season," but of the other points in which Jesus was tempted afterwards, as we are, he never told. When the awful wrestling with the devil was over, and Satan had for the time departed defeated, guardian angels who had solicitously watched the battle, came and ministered to Jesus in food and comfort. Such was the battle he fought as a real man, with real temptations, that he might be touched with a feeling of our infirmities, and know how to succor them that are tempted.

Illustration and Application

1. Temptations to Live for Earthly Good. Here is a splendid instance where a boy resisted the temptation to betray his trust and neglect his duty for gold. Many years ago, one William Christian, secured by fraud an estate in the Isle of Man. Greedy for gold, he secured the office of Receiver-General for the Island, a lucrative office, which he made more profitable by many abuses of his trust, until the money he had diverted to himself dishonestly amounted to $100,000. When war arose between the Islanders and Oliver Cromwell, he betrayed both sides for money. He sold the plans of each side to the other. Last of all, being put in charge of Rushen Castle, by his patroness and friend, who owned and occupied it, the Countess of Derby, he sold the fortress to the foe, after the fashion of Benedict Arnold. Undetected, he continued his embezzlements, but at last was detected, found guilty, and condemned to be hanged, drawn and quartered. The Countess of Derby, whose castle he had betrayed, on his wife's earnest plea, changed his sentence, and allowed him to be shot, which was done on Hangs Hill, since known as "the Traitor's Hill." This is not the only time that one bearing the "Christian" name, has been conquered like Judas, by that mightiest of present-day temptations — commercialism—which is cursing so many to-day, and which Jesus called covetousness, and condemned more severely than any vice.

Many stories are told of Gerhardt, whose hymns are still sung in Germany and all over the world. He was a shepherd boy, and very poor. He fed his flock on the outskirts of a forest. One day a hunter came out from among the trees and asked the boy how far away was the nearest village. "Six miles, sir, but the road is only a sheep-track, and easily missed." "I have lost my way," said the hunter, "and I am very tired. Leave your sheep and show me the way, and I will pay you well." "No, sir," replied Gerhardt, "I cannot do that. They would stray into the forest, and be eaten by wolves or stolen." "Never mind, your master would never miss one or two, and I would pay you more than would pay for many sheep." "But, sir, my master trusts me with these sheep, and I have promised him not to leave them." "Well," said the hunter, "let me take care of your sheep while you fetch me food from the village and a guide." "The sheep do not know your voice, and they would not obey you," he replied. "Can't you trust me? Do I not look like an honest man?" asked the hunter with a frown. "Sir," said the boy slowly, "you tried to make me false to my trust and to break my word to my master. How do I know you will keep your word to me?" The hunter could not help laughing. "I can see you are an honest lad, and I will not forget you," remarked the hunter. "Which is the path? I must find the way for myself." But Gerhardt would not let the man depart hungry, and gave him the humble contents of his scrip. Just at that moment several men came hurrying through the forest uttering shouts of delight. Gerhardt had been talking to the Grand Duke, and these were his attendants, who had been much alarmed by his disappearance. This was the beginning of Gerhardt's future career of honor and success. Pleased with the lad's honesty, the Duke had him well educated, and thus gave him a good start in life.

There are thoughtless persons who will excuse stealing in men and worse things in women, if it be supposed that the alternative was to starve. Such quote the devil's proverb: "A man must live." Aye, a man must live—forever; wherefore let him live while he lives, refusing like martyrs and heroes, choosing death rather than dishonor, if need be. But few die the sooner for their goodness. It is the wicked mostly that "do not live out half their days." Better honest poverty than muddy or bloody gold.

2. Temptations of Fame and Power. Everybody prefers the good opinion and favor of others, to their frowns and curses. And so it was no small temptation to that Christian boy in the Pedagogium, on the Palestine Hill in Rome, where the higher grade of Roman slaves were educated, when his schoolmates scratched in the plaster of the school wall the figure of a crucified ass, with his own figure bowing to it, and wrote under it: "Alexamenos worships his God." But that record—all we know of him—is all that has kept alive the name of the brave boy who dared to be a saint in Nero's household (Phil. 4: 22), and is one of many proofs that the early Christians worshiped Christ as God.

It is quite clear that Alexamenos was no secret Christian, and I think we may take it for granted that he stood firm; and though he had to face opposition and ridicule, and perhaps even death itself, he was not ashamed to let it be known whose side he was on. How firm and strong his faith, and how true his devotion to Christ, not to be afraid to confess him at a time when Christians were everywhere reviled and slandered, and when, likely enough, there might already be heard resounding through the streets of Rome the horrible distich, "Christians to the lions."

"All these things will I give thee if thou wilt worship me"

If in the battle of life, my boy,
Thou would'st stand by thy Captain's side,
With the white-robed hosts that follow the Lamb—
The called, the chosen, and tried;
Thou must take up thy cross, denying thyself,
And follow the Crucified.

3. The Bible Our Shield. In long and narrow bodies of water, which are full of islands, where it would be impossible to erect lighthouses, the system of "running by chart" is in vogue. Every inch of water is surveyed, and the steamer's direction and speed calculated to the smallest mathematical degree. Then the pilot, with this exact chart before him, sails his vessel, changing her course even in fog and darkness with certainty. So in the fog of temptation let us, like Christ, run by the chart, under the banner, "It is written." There is nothing else so sure on earth as the Bible, the Word of God.

Emmet Haley writes: "Returning from our campaign in Cuba, I stood on the deck of the old *Matteawan* early one morning, and gazed with awe at the thick mantle of fog which had so completely enwrapped us. The captain stood on the bridge, every man at his place doing all he could to protect the cargo of human lives, the remnants of a regiment; the immense whistle emitted at short intervals, not blasts of warning, but calls to denote her whereabouts; men had placed powerful lights along the treacherous coast, but they were useless, hidden by the mist and fog. The captain seemed unwilling to trust himself to be guided by bells or lights of men, and slowly we moved through the gloom and waited; all at once it seemed new life had come; the fog was lifted; the sun had burst forth in all his glory. The way was clear.

So when we are in a fog of doubt as to what we should do, some word of God flashes from our memories like a burst of sunlight that clearly shows our way. But it is when this Word of God has been transformed into personal character that it is most powerfully protective, as it has recently been discovered that odors protect flowers against the lightning. How the fragrance of a pure and unselfish life protects one against temptations, which the wicked would not even suggest in such a presence!

4. Bearing the Test. Much has been claimed in recent years for certain cuirasses or chain-woven jackets, alleged to be bullet proof. In tests of the inventor's own arranging, placed upon dummy figures, these cuirasses seemed to bear the test of bullet shots. But one of these inventors, who had astonished and satisfied the crowds in Berlin's music halls, offered to sell his invention to Germany's "War Lord." The Emperor accepted it on the condition that the inventor should put it on, and the Emperor himself, taking a gun from one of his troopers, should fire at him three times. The condition was accepted for a future date, but before it arrived, the inventor had vanished. More recently the Russians ordered 100,000 of a cuirass that seemed to have borne the test, but as they were to come from Italy, Japan's protest stayed their delivery, and a lawsuit brought out the fact that the tests had only been sleight-of-hand tricks. The shield of faith in God, worn by Christ in his hour of trial, shot at three times by Satan, bore the test.

Temptation may assail, but has no power to enter a soul that has come to hate what God hates, and love what he loves. Our peril is when we inwardly want to do the thing we ought not to do, an enemy on the inside eager to open the gate to the foe. God is able to "bring into captivity every thought to the obedience that is in Christ," to give us the power of the keys that what we forbid ourselves, will be what God forbids, and what we permit ourselves, will be what he permits.

Tempt not my soul away,
Jesus is mine.
Here would I ever stay;
Jesus is mine.

*International Sunday School Lesson for Feb. 4. The Temptation of Jesus, Matt. 4: 1-11. GOLDEN TEXT: "In all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." Heb. 4: 15.

THE CHARIOTS OF THE LORD

A Story of the days of Religious Persecution in England

BY JOSEPH HOCKING

CHAPTER VII.—Continued

"AT least you will speak to my father before deciding this," said Priscilla Dugdale. "He would be very angry if we aided you in doing aught of which he might not approve," and the girl looked at the young man with keen interest in her eyes.

At this moment Henry Dugdale entered the room. Trelawney saw that he was thinking of matters of great moment, for his face was pale and anxious, while in his eyes was a look almost amounting to fear.

"I trust you have been resting, Master Trelawney," he said kindly. "It is only just past noon, and I hoped to hear that you were asleep."

"No," said Trelawney, "I cannot sleep, I am too much troubled at the thought of the danger in which I am placing you."

"Those who serve God's cause must not fear danger," said Master Dugdale. "You did not fear danger yesterday, when you espoused a good man's cause, neither must we fear danger in seeking to shelter you."

Benedict Trelawney opened his lips to tell Master Dugdale of his discovery of the writing on his sword-blade, but no words came. Somehow he felt as though he could not speak concerning this matter. He wanted the meeting to be in secret, especially from the women, who were listening so eagerly to his words.

"Master Trelawney," went on the old man, "I would speak to you alone. Will you come with me to the next room, and do you see," turning to his wife, "that we are not interrupted without cause."

He led the way into the adjoining room, and having pointed to a chair, looked nervously around.

"I am sure you are a brave young man, Master Trelawney," he said, "I have had proof of that."

Benedict was silent. He was wondering what was passing in the other's mind.

"You said last night that you would never rest until you had destroyed the power of Jeffreys," continued Henry Dugdale presently.

"Yes," replied the young man eagerly; "the fellow is not fit to live. It is an outrage to humanity that such as he should possess so much power. What I said I repeat, I will never rest until I have cast that man from his high position."

"And how are you going to do it?" asked the other.

"Do it?" cried the youth. "God will show me the way somehow."

"Yes, but how?"

Trelawney was silent. In his hatred of Jeffreys' brutality and tyranny, he had not realized the difficulty he had in performing his vow.

"What is he but the tool of another higher than he?" cried Dugdale. "And if Jeffreys were thrown from his high place, he who employed him would find another to do his work. Why was he made Chief Justice? Why was he made a peer of the realm? Because he was a willing tool of the man who hath bestowed these honors upon him. Did you hear Donald Stewart speak last night of Graham of Claverhouse? He is just another such as Jeffreys. You hate the hangman, but what about the judge, but for whom the hangman can do nothing?"

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"Ah!" said Dugdale, "but what can you do, Master Trelawney?"

"You mean the King," said Trelawney, his eyes wide with fear and wonder.

"Would men and women be murdered as they are to-day but for him?" went on Dugdale. "Who demanded the unrighteous laws against Presbyterians in Scotland? And, mark you, you can always obtain a set of cutthroats who will do the work of a king. But which is most to blame, the cutthroats or the king? What is Jeffreys? A tool. A willing tool, I admit. A vile monster, who delighteth in deeds of cruelty—that I will admit. An inhuman wretch whom even devils must loathe and despise. But what of that? Doth not the man who employed him, and who hath given him honor, and power, and riches, also delight in his cruelty? Master Richard Baxter lieth in prison. Why? Because Jeffreys sent him there? Nay, but Jeffreys would not have dared to send him there, but that he knoweth that he who gave him his power rejoiceth in his work. Blood is being spilt like water in Scotland. Black, damnable deeds are being done daily by such men as Claverhouse; but who is responsible for them—Claverhouse, or he who gave Claverhouse commands to do them?"

"You mean the King?" repeated Trelawney.

"You are a Protestant, Master Trelawney? You believe in the Reformed faith?" went on Henry Dugdale.

"Yes," replied Trelawney. "I have not read the history of my country for naught."

"Your uncle, the Bishop of Bristol, is also a Protestant, although he loveth not Dissenters," went on Dugdale. "He is an honorable man, too."

"As to that he is a Trelawney," said the young man, proudly. "How, then, could he help being an honorable man? This was his advice to me when I saw him less than two months ago: 'Fight for the faith, my boy; the curse of God will come upon our country if popery ever comes back.'"

"Ah, he said that, did he?" said Dugdale eagerly. "Ay, and he spoke the truth. Listen, Master Trelawney, I was among the foremost to welcome King Charles II. back to the throne. I believed that he would be just to all shades of religious thought within these realms. Well, you know what followed. I spent more than two years in prison during the reign of the late King. Tell me this, Master Trelawney; why did the King die so strangely? Why did he, who had spoken of his great love for the Holy Scriptures and of his desire to see it read by all men, let a Romish priest administer the Communion to him at the last?"

"You surely do not believe in the story that the King poisoned his brother?" said Trelawney.

"What matter what I believe? Is it not true that ever since James ascended the throne, the country has been full of mass-mongering priests? Hath he not, in spite of Parliament and the bishops, preferred Papists to Protestants? Why, even now, Papists are ever at his side, planning how England can be made a Papist land. Think of Jeffreys' so-called justice. Let a Puritan or a Dissenter, ay, let an Episcopalian who hath strong Protestant leanings be brought before him and what happens? The cart-tail, the hangman's whip, the filthiest dungeon he knows of. But let a Papist be brought before him, and excuses are found for him forthwith, and the fellow is acquitted. Jeffreys was an Independent and a Roundhead. He would be anything that suited his purpose. But why is he so zealous for Papists now? Because he is an echo of his master."

"But the King is king!" cried Trelawney.

"But when a King breaks his kingly oath every day," cried Dugdale; "when he who swore he would uphold the Protestant religion, is, day by day, seeking to destroy it; when he is having all sorts of popish blasphemies performed in the purified Church of Christ, and when the enemies of our faith are vowing that they will have Mary's days back again, all because of the King's commands, what then?"

"Then," cried Trelawney, his eyes ablaze, "he is no longer King. He is but a traitor, and a blasphemer."

"Ah!" said Henry Dugdale, with a sigh of satisfaction. "But what can you do, Master Trelawney? He sits firmly on the throne, while the nation is being enslaved. He hath told Jeffreys to do his bloody work, and no man stays his hands."

Trelawney started from his chair. "You have something in your mind, Master Dugdale," he cried.

"Something in my mind! How can I help it, when, day by day, the lives of my dear ones are imperilled? Jeffreys hath sworn to ruin both me and mine, and, as you have seen, he is all-powerful. He hath spies everywhere, while no one is his more willing or dangerous spy than his own daughter."

"His own daughter! Hath he a daughter?"

"Ay, he hath. I have been told that it was she who directed him to come to this house last night."

"But how?"

"That I know not. This I have heard from reliable sources, that it was Jeffreys' daughter who told him of your hiding-place. That was why he was so certain of finding you here. That was why he came himself, so that he might enjoy my torture. But God had mercy on us. You are not the first who hath been hidden here, and by the mercy of God you shall not be the last. But here is the question: Are you willing to do aught for God and true religion?"

"What mean you by that?"

"This. Are you willing to join the faithful followers of God, in destroying the power, not only of Jeffreys, but of the man whose smile he gains by his bloody deeds?"

"And if I am?" asked Trelawney.

"If you are, will you meet a few of those who are determined to have the Protestant religion in our land, to-night?"

"The time?" asked Benedict eagerly.

"An hour past midnight."

"Where?"

"At a room above the cloisters, close by the Temple Church."

The young man's heart beat rapidly. What did this mean?

"I have been told that descriptions of my person are scattered abroad everywhere," he said at length. "How can I get there without recognition?"

"Great care must be used," said Henry Dugdale. "We must leave this house at various times, and no two men must be seen together. But that we can manage. There is a way out of this house known only to a very few. It leads from your hiding-place of last night. You see I am trusting

CONTINUED ON PAGE 76

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"I realized the danger I was in and tried faithfully to get relief from medicines, till, at last, after having employed all kinds of drugs, the doctor acknowledged that he did not believe it was in his power to cure me.

"While in this condition a friend induced me to quit coffee and try Postum Food Coffee, and I did so without the least hope that it would do me any good. I did not like it at first, but when it was properly made I found it was a most delicious and refreshing beverage, I am especially fond of it served at dinner ice-cold. with cream.

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Prominent People of the Hour

PRESIDENT HARPER

GENERAL BINGHAM

BARONESS VON SUTTNER

William Rainey Harper, President of Chicago University, died on the tenth of this month, after a long illness. He was born at New Concord, O., July 25, 1856. Always of a scholastic turn of mind, he became a student early in life, and graduated from Muskingum College in 1870. From Yale he received his degree of Doctor of Philosophy in 1875, and Doctor of Divinity from Colby in 1891. In 1891 he was called to the presidency of Chicago University, which owes its present high position to Dr. Harper's untiring efforts. For a time he was on the Chicago Board of Education, and was also director of Haskell Oriental Museum. He was the author of a large number of classical and Hebrew textbooks, and aids for Bible study. In connection with his literary and educational work, he was an editor on three publications. In addition to the degrees gained by study, he was the recipient of many honorary ones, in recognition of his distinguished attainments.

* * *

Dr. Ludwig Forrer is the new President of the Swiss Confederation. His position is far different from that of the executive head of the United States, as he is in reality, despite his title, but the chairman of the council that regulates the affairs of the mountain republic. In a State larger than Switzerland, such an official would be an impossibility, if anything is expected in the line of a policy from the elective head.

DR. LUDWIG FORRER

* * *

The Baroness von Suttner has received the Nobel Prize that is awarded to the one, who, in the last twelve months, has done most to further the cause of international arbitration, and the extension of the Peace Movement. She is the only woman to receive one of the Nobel prizes this year, and to those who know of her work, it seems well earned. For years she has written on this topic, and furthered it by personal work. She was prominent at the Peace Convention held recently in Switzerland, and at Boston, two years ago, her speeches attracted much favorable comment.

* * *

Gen. T. A. Bingham has been appointed the head of the small army of police that guard the interests of Greater New York. This is not the first time that an army officer has been chosen for the post, and it has been proved that years of military training fit a man admirably for the position. General Bingham made a distinguished record while in the army, and developed his executive ability in headquarters at Washington. His selection was a surprise to the politicians.

The World's Most Wonderful Clock

We are apt to think in these days of machinery and specialization in the useful arts, that the old-time craftsman, who spent days and years of loving care upon his work, has disappeared, so it is with interest that the world receives among its treasures the astronomical clock of August Noll. He is a clock-maker, who lives in Villingen, the former capital of the Province of Baar, and one of the quaintest cities of Germany. For nearly three centuries the making of clocks has been one of the chief industries of the community, and the products of their hands can be found ticking away in almost every city of the Old World and the New, in an earnest endeavor to keep Father Time posted in his special department of social and domestic economy.

The outside case is of walnut, twelve feet wide, three deep, and fourteen high. It is made in the form of a church of the early part of the sixteenth century. The mechanism is expected to run one hundred years, without rewinding or repairs. The middle has an illuminated chapel, whose doors open at nine o'clock every morning, and shows a congregation in native costume, who are passing by the altar to the music of a choral. Every hour the figure of Death comes out at the left wing, and carved figures representing the four ages of man pass by. At the same moment, the twelve apostles pass before the figure of Christ, who blesses them. At the right, the four seasons are represented; and below, every morning and evening, six Capuchin monks walk from a forest hermitage toward the church, while the sound of a chorus bursts on the ear, mingled with the ringing of a distant chime. The clock shows the seconds, minutes, quarters, hours, days, weeks, months, years and movable feasts of the Christian Church for a century to come.

The days of the week and the seasons of the year are begun by processions of appropriate figures, accompanied by music, trumpet calls, cock-crows, and watchmen's horns. Instead of hands on the clock face, figures spring out at the right moment to mark the time, and two angels strike the change on bells. The mechanism can be seen in the side aisles of the church. In the side gables, two faces show the time in Calcutta and New York, compared with central European time. The complete structure weighs over five thousand pounds. It took five years to construct it.

Crowds have visited it at Munich, and the city will undoubtedly keep it, as it is far more wonderful than the famous Strasburg Cathedral clock, and those of Gaslor and Prague.

Much Pleased

We received The Christian Herald with premium, "The Cruise of the Eight Hundred," in good condition. Please accept my thanks for the prompt shipment. Am very much pleased with it. The quality of the paper and the richness of the engravings are worthy of note. Also the flower sprays that are shown in it are very fine.

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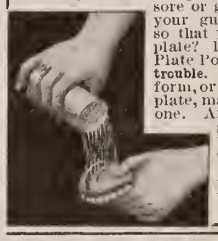

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98 Kindly say wherein the sin of gambling lies?

It is taking another person's property in violation of both the civil and the moral law—it is detrimental to the character of the gambler, as well as to the character and the support of his family—it is substituting idleness for honest and productive toil, which is contrary to the Word of God. Genesis 3:19; II. Thes. 3:10.

99 If everything that happens has been planned by God from the beginning, what is the use of our trying to do right?

God's plan as far as we are concerned, is that our happiness depends on our doing right—in other words, on our obedience to the laws of God. The Bible is full of this lesson: "The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God (to the obedient) is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." Rom. 6:23. Read especially the first Psalm—so beautiful and so strong.

100 A man steals a certain amount and invests the same to accumulate wealth. How much is he, after becoming a Christian, supposed to refund the original amount with interest, or the whole wealth?

Restore the whole amount—principal, interest, and surplus—productive profits. Do it at whatever cost. Matt. 5:29, 30.

101 Should a man who is trying to lead a Christian life, work in a menial position for a liquor dealer?

Certainly not in dealing out the liquors to the patrons of the bar; but in other services of this employer, free from the temptations of the liquor traffic, he may be employed. While in this world we must needs be exposed to temptations—otherwise we must needs go out of the world before our work is done, and this is not required of us. I. Cor. 5:9, 10.

102 How can a man stop drinking when out of employment, and the only place he can go nights, is to the back room of a liquor store or walk the streets all night, and be chased from place to place by the police?

Your lot, my brother, is a hard one, but you yourself are to blame for it; with your eyes open, in spite of the loving entreaties of your best friends; in spite of the warnings of God's Word, and in spite of your own better judgment and conscience, you have come to where you are. If you ever become a manly man again, it will be by the hardest effort. God will help you; good men and good women will help you; but above all, you must help yourself, you must stop drinking, and do it now, even if you die in the effort. Stop drinking, give your heart to God and all will be well.

103 Is the striking resemblance between the names Adam and Heva, and Adam and Eve merely a coincidence? When I compare the trend of both stories of man's origin as well as the likeness in the names I have referred to, I find it hard to look upon the Mosaic account as aught else but a plagiarism. Will you explain?

This question has already been before the Bowery Bible Class, and I therefore refer the question to the answer then given; but I fear that said person is of that large class of which it is true that

> The man convinced against his will,
> Is of the same opinion still.

104 The man Magellan who first circumnavigated the earth, was, I believe, before he set out to do so, threatened by the church with excommunication. Why does the church seem so much opposed to the spread of science? Does not the Bible distinctly say that the earth was flat and that the sun stood still in the heavens?

The church, as well as mankind generally, has always been slow to believe a new truth if that truth comes in the way of an old belief. But the Bible is one thing, and the interpretation of it is quite another thing. The Bible nowhere says the earth is flat, and that the sun stands still in the heavens—except in the case of Joshua and the children of Israel, as per Joshua 10:12, 13. A great miracle indeed, but not impossible with Almighty God. For with him possessing almighty power, nothing is impossible that does not involve a self-contradiction.

105 If any one addicted to drink ten years, quits, and by quitting it affects his physical condition, what should be done?

This is one of the burdens you yourself must bear. Gal. 6:5. Some of our burdens others can share, but not such a burden as this. Gal. 6:2. God will give you grace sufficient to bear it, but he will not remove it. Bear it heroically and patiently. II. Cor. 4:17, 18.

106 Will Jesus Christ pardon homicide?

Yes. All manner of sin. Isaiah 55:6, 7; 1:18; Matt. 12:31.

107 I have had a letter from England from my mother, saying she prays day and night for me to become a Christian and lead a sober life. I am greatly distressed and need advice.

This is one of the best questions yet received by the Bowery Bible Class. Is it any wonder that such prayers from such a mother, should already be answered? Come at once, dear brother, to Jesus, and lay your burdens at his feet. [Pastor Hallimond at this point, rose on the platform and asked this man most tenderly to remain till after the class, for a religious conversation with him.]

108 1. Where does the soul go at death? 2. What can I do when my prayers rise, seemingly, no higher than my head? How can I feel real repentance?

For answer to No. 1, see THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of Jan. 3, and answers No. 53 and 65. As to No. 2, are you praying for temporal and spiritual blessings? Temporal good is often withheld for the sake of our spiritual good. Matt. 7:7-11; Luke 11:5-13. Your prayers for spiritual blessings will not be answered until, as far as it is possible, you make amends to others for the wrongs you have done them, and the ill feelings you have cherished against them. Matt. 5:23, 24.

Prayed for "Cyrus and the Cable"

MRS. O. S. HOUGHTON, Springfield, Mass., sends the following incident: "In a recent issue, your answer to a correspondent in regard to Cyrus W. Field, and the laying of the first ocean cable, reminds me of a little incident that may be of interest. A son-in-law of Rev. Dr. Jonathan Field, father of Cyrus, was settled as pastor of a church in a little village of Berkshire County. The old Doctor used often to preach in the village pulpit for his son-in-law, Rev. Josiah Brewer. It has been related by members of my family who lived there, that on the morning of the news of the wonderful message flashed under the waters of old ocean: 'What hath God wrought?' the old man was occupying that pulpit, but he was so completely overwhelmed by a sense of the magnitude of the undertaking, that his excitement scarcely allowed him to preach. At the beginning of the services, before, and after reading the Scriptures, before and after the sermon, the saintly old man was on his knees praying, and the great burden of his prayer was always the same: thanksgiving and praise for the wonderful thing that had come to all people. His prayer was for 'Cyrus and the cable.' Thinking it over, I wonder how many of our wonderful inventions have had such a baptism of eloquent invocation to the heavenly Father for their usefulness to the world. I think if each of the world's great inventors could have prayers from such a father to call down God's blessing upon them and their efforts, they would be doubly fortunate."

The "Cruise" a Rare Pleasure

Have just received "The Cruise of the Eight Hundred." We are all delighted with it, and will find it a store of inexhaustible pleasure. MRS. HELEN J. GENT.
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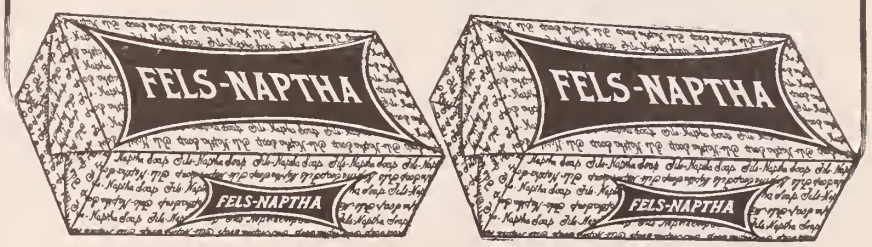

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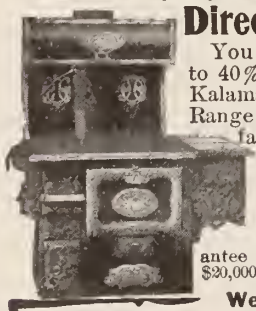

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Miss Hobhouse in the Transvaal

By the Rev. Charles Wagner, Author of "The Simple Life"

NO one has forgotten the courageous activity of Miss Hobhouse, an Englishwoman acting as a Boer nurse during the dark days of the Boer War, her indefatigable zeal, her ardent charity. After having done all that was possible to alleviate the immediate evils of war, she tried to diminish those that it leaves behind, which are perhaps the most cruel, because they last so long, and the world forgets them.

In the year 1903, Miss Hobhouse traveled over the country that had been laid waste, and she was grieved beyond expression at the sight of such wretchedness and poverty, and resolved to make all possible efforts to help those who were suffering immeasurable woes.

She was particularly struck by the sad position in which women and young girls were left. She saw at once that the only means of salvation was in work, and that the first thing to do was to create work that could be carried out at home. Being gifted with a practical mind equal to her energy, Miss Hobhouse perceived that in a country where there were large flocks of sheep, that wool was the material to be employed. She returned to Europe, and set to work to learn to spin, to weave, and handle the spindle.

Pastor Wagner in the Country

At the beginning of 1905 she was able to leave for the Transvaal with a couple of devoted companions. They established themselves at Philipopolis. From the very first day, pupils came to them in such numbers that they were obliged to send most of them away, having no accommodation for them, or the time to teach so many. Only six were admitted to begin with. But difficulties abounded; the rooms were too small, the tools insufficient in number and quality, the wool in great quantities.

The farmers in the neighborhood offered to copy the spinning wheels and the looms. They were full of good will, and succeeded pretty well, but of course they were but inexperienced workmen. Miss Clark, one of Miss Hobhouse's companions, had brought out a knitting machine. Very soon, both pupils and orders came pouring in. With the wool that was spun, blankets of a strong tissue were made; they were dyed with plants found in the fields. The first inhabitants of the colony often dyed the wool of their sheep. Miss Hobhouse tried to give renewed life to the industry. The first blankets made were rapidly sold. Everyone admitted the good results obtained in such a brief period. These active workers received, shortly after, a consignment of cotton from the plantations of the Transvaal. It was a new apprenticeship to make, new difficulties to overcome, crowned by new success!

Miss Hobhouse's plan is to make teachers of the first pupils she had; teachers that will spread throughout the land their technical knowledge. But for it to be possible to work in the farmhouses, tools and instruments must be found -spinning-wheels, spindles, distaffs. She has, in Geneva, a friend who is devoted to her. This lady has published her friend's appeal throughout Switzerland, and it has been answered on all sides. Many good women have consented to part with their ancient spinning-wheels—relics of the past—for the benefit of their unfortunate sisters in the other hemisphere. Four hundred and fifty spinning-wheels have been sent to Africa from Basle, free of charge, by the firm Dauzas & Co., of Basle. It is in such a manner that human sympathy makes hearts vibrate in perfect harmony from one end of the world to the other. The charges from Havre to Port Natal, and from thence to the heart of the Transvaal will amount to a good deal of money. The inhabitants of towns would not wish to remain behindhand, and have found some dollars in the depths of their purses to help pay the long journey out. And if I speak of this story in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, it is because I am sure that many Americans will be happy to know and to support the excellent work accomplished by a courageous woman.

A Model, Up-to-Date Sunday School

FOR many years THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has come regularly to our Sunday School (the North Orange N. J. Baptist Church). We receive from 150 to 250 copies every week. Each family represented in our school gets a copy every Sunday—the paper thus being read by at least 1,000 persons connected with our school. It is a graded school, having a "cradle roll," beginners, primary, intermediate, junior, senior and home departments, numbering in all over 1,000 members. The school was organized in 1857. It has had but two superintendents: The late Samuel Colgate, and the present superintendent, Mr. Sidney M. Colgate, an honored son of an honored father. We have two libraries—one for the main school and one for the intermediate department. The main auditorium has a seating capacity of just 1,000. We can seat 1,200 or 1,300 by the use of chairs. On special occasions, the place is packed from top to bottom. Our school is a "missionary" school, giving very liberally to all Mission work. We also have a large Baptist Young People's Union, nearly 200 members. The writer assisted in organizing the National B. Y. P. U. in Chicago, in July, 1891. Our school also has two Missions — one an Italian Mission — and both doing good work. The writer has been librarian of the school for twenty-eight years, and has been absent six times during that period, and not late nor absent for more than ten years.

I am a friend of the Bowery Mission, having visited it a number of times, and brought a large delegation of our young people with me. Mr. Hallimond has made several visits and conducted services in our church in the interest of the Bowery Mission. So you see our Sunday School and our young people are both interested in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its manifold work.

ALONZO L. KEYS.

Orange, N. J.

"A Beautiful Gift"

That beautiful book, "The Cruise of the Eight Hundred" came safely to hand. It is a lovely premium, finely gotten up, and I cannot see how it could be prepared for the small price that it cost us. You have certainly placed us in your debt. Another generous action was to pay the express. Many thanks for your kindness. I enjoy THE CHRISTIAN HERALD very much and look forward to its weekly visits. Wishing you success in your work, I remain,

Detroit, Mich. MISS M. ALICE CARY.

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Made to Order $4 to $25 New York Styles

Fashion Book and Samples Free

THE NEW SPRING STYLES are entirely different from last season's models. There have been decided changes in Jackets, Skirts and Sleeves. Our Fashion Book illustrates what will be most styliah in New York this Spring, including the new "Pony" and Sailor suits —over 185 styles from which to select. We make up any design shown in our Fashion Book to suit the taste and requirements of the lady who orders it.

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If you wish to raise cash easily and quickly for any church, Sunday school or Society fund, send a postal to-day for the booklet, "MONEY RAISING PLANS FOR CHURCH WORKERS." New Method Souvenirs of church and pastor have already raised in cash over $200,000. We will send you hundreds of letters in which church workers tell how they used the plans.

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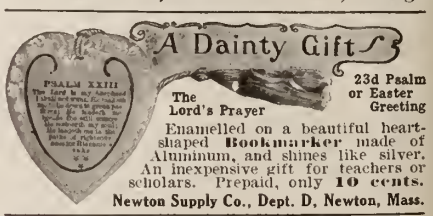

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M. E. MUNSON, 77 Bible House, New York.

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Remarkable Revival at Canton, O.

CANTON, O., has just witnessed a most remarkable revival. A meeting conducted by the pastor of the Christian Church, assisted by a singer, resulted in 586 people uniting with the church.

The pastor, Rev. P. H. Welshimer, came to Canton some four years ago. The church had a very ordinary property, and about 400 members, with a Bible School of 120. Mr. Welshimer is an untiring worker and enthusiastic. The work took on new life. The old building was sold to the city for school purposes. A fine lot, centrally located, was purchased.

Rev. P. H. Welshimer

Miss Katherine E. Staub

About this time Miss Katherine E. Staub was called as assistant to the pastor. The church met in the Opera House for two years, while they were building. The Bible School was pushed with great vigor. The school was brought up to an average attendance of 1,000. The church grew in numbers. In September, 1905, the new house was dedicated. It cost $48,000.

* * *

On Sunday, October 1, the revival meeting began, with P. H. Kendall, of Indiana, as singer, the pastor as preacher, and Miss Staub as director of the personal workers. The meeting lasted just fifty days, closing November 27. 501 people confessed Christ, and were enrolled as church members; 85 came by letter and statement; 48 were children under thirteen years of age, 188 were men, and 398 women; 14 were Catholics. The whole city was moved. The event was the talk of 40,000 people. Ministers from neighboring towns came to hear and study conditions and results. The church now has a membership of about 1,400.

The church and pastor had been over a year preparing for this meeting. It all serves to illustrate the saying of Carey, "Attempt great things for God, expect great things from God."

BOOKS RECEIVED

The Teaching of Jesus Concerning the Scriptures. By Rev. David James Burrell, D.D. Pp. 211. Price 75 cents. Published by the American Tract Society, New York.

It Ringeth to Evensong: Thoughts for Advancing Years. By Alfred G. Mortimer, D.D. Pp. 206. Price $1.25. Published by Thomas Whittaker, Bible House, New York.

The Church Identified, by reference to the history of its Origin, Perpetuation and Extension, by Rev. W. D. Wilson, D.D. Pp. 317. Published by James Pott & Co., New York.

The Balanced Life, by Clarence Lathbury. A book of cheerful hopefulness and sound common sense. Pp. 264. Price $1. Published by The Nunc Licet Press, Philadelphia.

War of the Classes. By Jack London. A discussion of the Labor Problem in its most critical phase. Pp. 278. Price $1.50. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York.

Thomas Moore. By Stephen Gwynn. One of the brightest volumes of the English Men of Letters Series. Pp. 204. Price 75 cents. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.

For Us Men: Chapters on Redemption Truths. By Sir Robert Anderson, K.C.B. Pp. 186. Price $1. Published by the Gospel Publishing House, West Twenty-second Street, New York.

The Harmonized and Subject Reference New Testament, by Rev. Dr. J.W. Shearer. Useful for teachers and students. Cloth. Price $1.50. Subject Reference Co., Delaware, N. J., publishers.

The Twentieth Century New Testament: A Translation into Modern English (complete in one volume). Pp. 513. Price $1. Published by the Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, Chicago and Toronto.

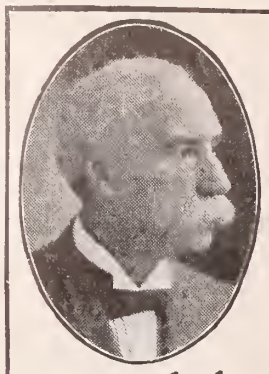
The Northfield Calendar for 1906 is a fine production, artistically illustrated with views of the famous spiritual settlement founded by Moody and its picturesque surroundings. It is quite unique in calendars. Price 50c, postage 10c extra. I. H. Hall, E. Northfield, Mass., publisher.

The Architectural Review for October is a specially attractive issue, devoted to ecclesiastical architecture, and finely illustrated. It should prove serviceable to all who are interested in the erection or decoration of church buildings, altars, windows, etc. Subscription $5. Bates & Guild Co., Boston, publishers.

The Chronicles of the Little Tot. By Edmund Vance Cooke. A volume of child-poems beautifully illustrated. Humor, philosophy and pathos run through the melodious verses from beginning to end, appealing to every lover of the little folks. Pp. 118. Price $1.50. Published by the Dodge Publishing Co., East Twentieth Street, New York.

Charlotte Temple; a Tale of Truth, by Susanna Haswell Rowson. Reprinted from the rare first American edition (1794), over twelve hundred errors in later editions being corrected and the preface restored. With an historical and biographical introduction by Francis W. Halsey. After a lapse of one hundred and thirty years, interest still survives in the story of the unfortunate girl, whose ashes lie under the stone which bears the name of Charlotte Temple. Pilgrimages are yet made to Trinity churchyard in New York, and flowers are still reverently laid upon the stone. Neither the grave of Alexander Hamilton, nor that of Robert Fulton disputes its pre-eminence as the most interesting tomb in the old burying-ground. There is much of historical interest in this new edition of *Charlotte Temple*, and many illustrations of old New York, and portraits of the characters in the story who figured under other names in Mrs. Rowson's tale. Published by Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York. Price $1.25.

Animal Heroes, by Ernest Thompson Seton. A book written in the author's most interesting and sympathetic vein. No one could read the last homing flight of Arnaux, the "carrier dove," without a wish that the brave-hearted little bird could have reached the old loft, instead of becoming the victim of the "man with the gun," who was out for sport. To be sure, Arnaux was not killed outright. "A dark stain appeared on his bosom, but Arnaux kept on. Home, home, homeward bound. He steered straight as before; but the wonderful speed was diminished. Not a mile a minute now, and the wind made undue sounds in his tattered pinions. The stain on his breast told of broken force; but on, straight on he flew. Home, home was in sight, and the pain in his breast was forgotten. . . . . On—on—the pinion might flag, the eye might darken, but the home love was stronger and stronger." As the beautiful "bird with the broken pinion" flew over the blue waters of the Hudson under the shadow of the Palisades, his enemies, the pirate Peregrines, swing out from their eyrie. Almost in sight of his home the brave little bird hero was killed. The book is profusely illustrated. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price $2.



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If you don't like the Burdett Organ—if you don't think it's by far the best organ, or if you don't think the price is less than half you would have to pay for an organ not half so good—then I don't want you to keep it.

So you just notify me and I will take it right off your hands.

And you are not out a *penny*, and you are under no obligations to me whatever.

But if you *do* keep the organ, I give you, without any extra charge, a *perpetual* guarantee.

You see I guarantee the Burdett Organ *forever*—with a legally binding pen and ink guarantee, secured for you by $350,000.00 capital of my company.

If at any time (no matter how many years after buying) you find that the Burdett Organ is not fully as represented, or that it has any defects in material or workmanship, I will either repair or replace your organ with a new one entirely at my expense or refund every penny you have paid.

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That puts any other way of buying an organ clear out of your consideration.

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As soon as I hear from you I will send you, absolutely free, full particulars, pictures and full descriptions, and factory prices of Burdett Organs to select from, and copy of my Unlimited Guarantee and Free Insurance offer.

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Cost a little more,—but are *worth much more!* Planters Everywhere are invited to send for the NEW THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY EDITION of

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Long known as "The Leading American Seed Catalogue,"—this is now brighter and better than ever before. An elegant book of 168 pages, it tells the plain truth about the

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5 pkts, 5 colors, 10 cts.; 15 pkts, 25c.

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As a Trial Offer we will for 10 cts. mail 5 Pkts. **Giant Pansies,** SNOW WHITE, COAL BLACK, CARDINAL RED, PURE YELLOW, AZURE BLUE; also

Five Pkts. **New Giant Sweet Peas** for **10 cts.,** WHITE, PINK, SCARLET, BLUE, YELLOW; also

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All 15 Pkts. for 25 cts.

Will make 5 lovely rows of Pansies, 5 showy clumps of Peas, and 5 beds of Sweet Pinks that will bloom all summer in the garden and all winter in pots.

Our Catalogue for 1906—Greatest Book of Novelties,—Flower and Vegetable Seeds, Bulbs, Plants and New Fruits, 156 pages, 500 cuts, many plates—will be **mailed Free** to all who ask for it.

JOHN LEWIS CHILDS, Floral Park, N. Y.

Seeds, Plants, Roses,

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The best by 52 years test. 1200 acres, 40 in hardy roses, none better grown, 44 greenhouses of Palms, Ferns, Ficus, Geraniums, Everblooming Roses and other things too numerous to mention. Seeds, Plants, Roses, Etc., by mail postpaid, safe arrival and satisfaction guaranteed, larger by express or freight. You will be interested in our extraordinary cheap offers of over half a hundred choice collections in Seeds, Plants, Roses, Trees, Etc. Elegant 168-page Catalogue FREE. Send for it today and see what values we give for a little money.

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THE LITTLE WIDOW

A Might Good Sort of Neighbor to Have.

"A little widow, a neighbor of mine, persuaded me to try Grape-Nuts when my stomach was so weak that it would not retain food of any other kind," writes a grateful woman, from San Bernardino Co., Cal.

"I had been ill and confined to my bed with fever and nervous prostration for three long months after the birth of my second boy. We were in despair until the little widow's advice brought relief.

"I liked Grape-Nuts food from the beginning, and in an incredibly short time it gave me such strength that I was able to leave my bed and enjoy my three good meals a day. In 2 months my weight increased from 95 to 113 pounds, my nerves had steadied down and I felt ready for anything. Ny neighbors were amazed to see me gain so rapidly and still more so when they heard that Grape-Nuts alone had brought the change.

"My 4-year-old boy had eczema, very bad, last spring and lost his appetite entirely, which made him cross and peevish. I put him on a diet of Grape-Nuts, which he relished at once. He improved from the beginning, the eczema disappeared and now he is fat and rosy, with a delightfully soft, clear skin. The Grape-Nuts diet did it. I will willingly answer all inquiries." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

THE CHARIOTS OF THE LORD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71

you fully. I am depending wholly on your word as a gentleman."

"As to that, Master Dugdale," said Benedict, "I belong to a family whose boast is that its members never break their word. I shall not break mine."

"And if after you are present at our assembly to-night, you do not agree to their proposition?"

"Then I will never speak a word as to what took place. Treason or no treason, I will promise that."

"It is well, and I believe you," said Master Dugdale. "And seeing you have given your word I will keep nothing from you. There is bloody work to do, work which, if it fails will bring many a head to the gallows and to the block, but which, if it succeeds, will mean the expulsion of Popery, and the establishment of the true religion."

"And the means?" asked Trelawney. "What are your plans?"

"That you shall hear from the lips of the assembled brethren, not from mine. But I will tell you the means by which you shall arrive at our meeting-place. You may know the door of the house where we meet by one thing. On it, just below the lintel, will be one drop of blood, so small that a man may cover it by the end of his forefinger; nevertheless, it can be plainly seen, because it will be made luminous. The password to the man who will meet you is, 'Right is Might.' After that you will be ushered among the faithful brethren."

"But to get there?" cried Benedict, his eyes gleaming brightly. It seemed to him that the way was being made easy whereby he could keep his tryst at Temple Church without making it known, and still be present at the meeting an hour past midnight.

"You are described as a youth of twenty-one," replied Master Dugdale, "and it is such an one that Jeffreys' minions are seeking. Methinks there will be no difficulty in altering your appearance somewhat."

"Ay, I see," said Benedict eagerly.

"We must leave at different times," went on Master Dugdale. "At eleven I will leave this house openly, and will make my way towards Holborn, my son Halbert will then take a wellnigh opposite direction. After that you will go by the road that shall be shown you. But all this shall be made plainer in good time."

Benedict Trelawney spoke no word; but his heart beat high with hope. The thing he longed for was coming to pass.

CHAPTER VIII.

SOON after eleven that same night, a tall figure clothed in sombre garments emerged from the door of a small house which stood not far from the dwelling of Henry Dugdale. He stooped somewhat, and seemed to walk with difficulty. He might have been a retired haberdasher, or a clerk to an attorney. If anyone noticed him, they would probably be led to the conclusion that he suffered somewhat from rheumatics, for his steps seem labored and uncertain. The little alley upon which the door opened was deserted, and he was well into another street which ran directly into Fleet Street before he saw any signs of life. He was on the point of turning into a thoroughfare which ran parallel with Fleet Street, when two men stepped suddenly to his side.

"Who are you, and where go you?" they demanded.

"What is that, my masters?" he asked in a slow, and somewhat quavering voice. "I am somewhat deaf i' th' left ear."

"Who are you, and whither go you?"

"Is it of importance?" he asked, in the same halting and quavering way.

TO BE CONTINUED

EVERYTHING for the GARDEN

is the title of **Our New Catalogue for 1906**—the most beautiful and instructive horticultural publication of the day—**186 pages—700 engravings—7 superb colored plates—7 duotone plates of vegetables and flowers.**

To give this catalogue the largest possible distribution, we make the following liberal offer:

Every Empty Envelope

Counts as Cash

To every one who will state where this advertisement was seen and who encloses **Ten Cents** (in stamps), we will mail the catalogue, and also send **free of charge,** our famous **50-Cent "Henderson" Collection** of seeds, containing one packet each of *Giant Mixed Sweet Peas; Giant Fancy Pansies, mixed; Giant Victoria Asters, mixed; Henderson's New York Lettuce; Early Ruby Tomato; and White Tipped Scarlet Radish;* **in a coupon envelope,** which, when emptied and returned, will be **accepted as a 25-cent cash payment** on any order amounting to $1.00 and upward.

PETER HENDERSON & CO 35 & 37 CORTLANDT ST. NEW YORK CITY

Special Offer—Baby Rambler Rose

(The Perpetual Everblooming Dwarf Crimson Rambler)

EVERY one will want this phenomenal new rose this year. Blooms outside all summer and inside all winter. Never without flowers, throwing truss after truss of huge bouquet-like clusters of forty to sixty flowers each. Individual flowers and trusses larger, and brighter crimson than Crimson Rambler. Hardy as an oak. Insect-proof.

Special Offer of this Gold Medal Rose at this low price to get my catalogue of 700 varieties of seeds and 100 kinds of bulbs in hands of flower lovers.

Prices: Strong, guaranteed plants, 15c. each; 2 for 25c.; 5 for 50c.; postpaid. Two-year-old plants, 40c. each; 3 for $1.00.

MISS MARY E. MARTIN, FLORAL PARK, NEW YORK

LIVINGSTON'S TRUE BLUE SEEDS

We will send either of these superb Collections and our **new 104-page Seed Annual** for only 10 cents. The 2 Collections 20 cents.

FLOWERS

1 Pkt. each Choice Mixed Pansy, Eckford Sweet Pea, Mixed Aster, Mixed Nasturtium, Mixed Phlox.

VEGETABLES

1 Pkt. each Beauty Tomato, Hanson Lettuce, Ideal Cabbage, Chartier Radish and Eclipse Beet.

The Empty Bags of either Collection will be accepted by us at 5 cents each on any order amounting to 50 cents or over.

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CALIFORNIA SEEDS are the best. WHY?

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6 Pkts. CALIFORNIA NASTURTIUMS All named, 3 Tall and 3 Dwarf varieties. **25c**

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The 3 Collections Only 50c.

together with a copy of our monograph, giving cultural directions, descriptions & illustrations of California flowers and vegetables, together with our special list of strong, field-grown

CALIFORNIA ROSES

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Nothing you can buy will pay for itself quicker and be a source of satisfaction longer than a

1906 SURE HATCH INCUBATOR

America's finest, most used and most successful chick hatcher.

DOES THE WORK better than the old hen. Bound to hatch everywhere and at all times, Winter or Summer—North, South, East or West. 80,000 sold in 8 years. Over 20,000 sold last season. Made of finest materials; best workmanship. Good enough for a lifetime. Fully guaranteed. Costs you nothing if, in your hands it can't pay for itself with one hatch.

Prices $7.50 up, freight prepaid to your station. Send postal today for big free catalogue and poultry manual.

SURE HATCH INCUBATOR CO.
Box 995, Clay Center, Neb. Dept. 59, Indianapolis, Ind.

ELECTRO-SILICON SILVER POLISH

Is the **KING OF ITS KIND** and so acknowledged by more than a million housekeepers throughout the civilized world. It keeps new silver always new—in brilliancy—and makes old silver look like new. It's unlike all others.

Trial quantity—to prove its peculiar merits—for the asking. At grocers, druggists and postpaid 15 cts. (stamps).

Electro-Silicon Silver Soap for washing and polishing Gold and Silver has equal merits, 15 cts.

"SILICON," 32 Cliff Street, New York.

DENT'S Toothache Gum

Stops toothache instantly whether there's a cavity or not. Is not dissolved in the mouth, but stays right on the spot. Stops decay.

Don't take substitutes. See that you get **Dent's Toothache Gum, Yellow Label.** At all druggists 15c, or by mail.

Dent's Corn Gum removes corns and bunions, 15c. C. S. DENT & CO.

A Swell Affair. 47 Larned St., Detroit, Mich.

VICK'S

JAMES VICK'S SONS

GARDEN AND FLORAL GUIDE FOR 1906

FREE FOR THE ASKING. JAMES VICK'S SONS, 409 MAIN ST. ROCHESTER, N.Y.

The Wooden Hen

and 200 eggs will start you in a pleasing and profitable business raising poultry. Hundreds of men and women make good money raising chicks for early market. Why not you? Write for free catalogue.

$12.80

GEO. H. STAHL, Quincy, Ill.

BOMOSA BEST GROWN COFFEE

BIG INCOMES

$25.00 TO $30.00 A WEEK

for getting orders for our Celebrated Teas, Coffees, Baking Powder, Spices, and Extracts. For full particulars and Special Terms address at once Mr. P. B., care of

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.
P. O. Box 289, 31-33 Vesey St., New York

Profitable Poultry Raising

is made easy if you use the new 1906-Pattern **Standard CYPHERS Incubator**

guaranteed to hatch more and healthier chicks than any other. 90 *Days Trial.* Poultry Guide (228 pages) Free If you mention this journal and give addresses of two neighbors interested in poultry. Write nearest office.

CYPHERS INCUBATOR CO., Buffalo, N. Y.
Boston, Chicago, New York, Kansas City or San Francisco.

A Famous Quartette

BY REV. C. H. YATMAN

HOMES are full of music these days—piano, organ, mandolin, violin, music-box, chimes in clock, even watches, where you see with your ears, telling by bell the time of day. All this is well, but above house music is heart music, and for 1906 I have determined on having a quartette to sing to me inside. I'll need them Sundays and Mondays too. Week days of worry and Sabbaths of hurry, call for the rendition of their songs to keep me in good humor, good rumor and good report.

David sang the devil out of Saul; maybe my quartette will sing the devil out of saints and sinners whom I may meet, including myself. I could tell you my favorite of the four, but I won't; you might fall in love with that one, to the neglect of the other three, which you need far more.

Their favorite selections are, "The song of safety" (Psalm 91); "The song of victory" (Romans 8); "The song of peace" (John 14), and "The sufferer's song" (Isaiah 53). 'Twas not an easy task to select these four singers out of the multitude of applicants that came up for trial from the City of Inspiration. Penitence, persuasion, pardon, and plenty gave a rehearsal that nearly captured me. Then prayer, praise, promise, and pardon outsang them, and made me try others. Precept, pattern, parable, and paradise made me listen to their very best; it was, "The song of the saved" (found in Luke 15), but born, as I was, a Presbyterian, when predestination, persecution (one of the finest bass voices ever known), poverty and principle sang the real Glory Song (Psalm 24), I was sorely perplexed for choice. But 'twas only for a little. I was moved beyond measure, pleased beyond telling, helped beyond expression when the next four sang, "The pilgrim's song," a combination of Psalm 121, Isaiah 55, Job 29, and Exodus 20. They were chosen.

I pay their board and give them the biggest room of my house—heart. Their names are, "Peace, purity, patience, and power."

Singers, sing on!

Called Higher

Died at Kansas City, Mo., on July 3, 1905, J. V. Parker. He was born in Richardson County, Neb., March 3, 1862; was the son of a soldier, a Christian worker.

J. S. Morrison departed this life Nov. 11, aged seventy-five years, nine months, nine days. He was for many years a beloved and highly esteemed resident of Coffee County, Tenn.

In loving memory of my dear husband, P. M. McLaren, who departed this life suddenly at his home in Brooklyn, N. Y., on Nov. 22, 1904. His last words were: "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

At Gunshill, Va., Mrs. S. E. Stuart was called to a higher life on November 24, 1905. She was a native of New York, but went to Virginia soon after the Civil War. She gave her heart to God early in life and remained faithful to the last.

Mrs. Sarah Cushman passed to the higher life, March 16, 1905, at the home of her daughter, in Lowell, Mass. Mrs. Cushman was a subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for many years. She was the mother of ten children, four of whom are living.

Benjamin Franklin Kraus, of Guthrie, Okla., died at the home of his mother, Mrs. Katherine Ort Kraus, at Pomona, Kan., the morning of Nov. 10, 1905. The deceased was born Aug. 20, 1850, in Grayson, Carter County, Ky., and lived with his parents in Ashland, Ky., during childhood and early manhood, and was a member of the First Presbyterian Church during his residence there. The remains were laid to rest in the family lot in Woodlawn Cemetery, Pomona, Ky., with masonic honors.

Answered Prayers

Mrs. L. G. L., New Jersey.

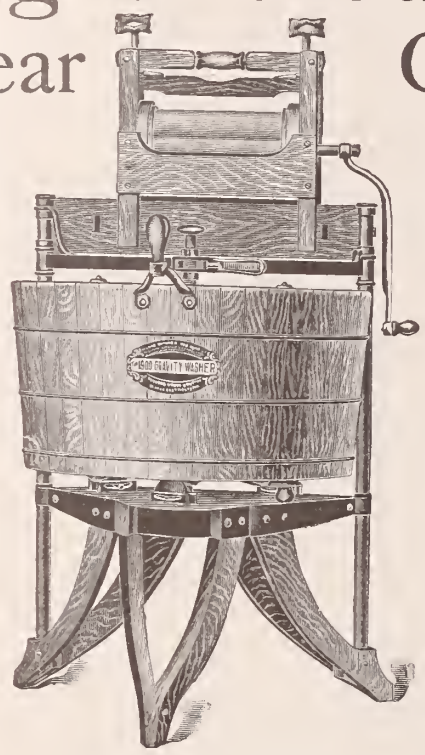
"I know not by what methods rare,
But this I know: God answers prayer.
I know it cometh, soon or late;
Therefore, we need to pray and wait."

G. M. F., Massachusetts. "I have been helped and encouraged by reading Answered Prayers. I want to say, for the encouragement of others, that I have enjoyed many precious, blessed experiences at the hands of our loving Heavenly Father, in answer to prayer."

A Widowed Reader, Maine. "I wish to publicly acknowledge answers to prayer which I have received. I do not have to go out of my own experience to say emphatically that I know that our Heavenly Father answers prayer, for which I give grateful acknowledgment."

Mrs. F. P. C., California. "I believe I could fill one edition of the paper with petitions that I know have been answered in the forty-five years of my Christian life. 'I believe God,' and I trust him for spiritual, physical, and temporal life, as well as for guidance on every line; and for all things I give him thanks and glory."

Washing Without Work Or Wear Or Cost



IF my Washing Machine was built like most of them I'd call it "The Bull-dog."

Because most washing machines just Chew the dirt out of clothes.

They get a poor little dirty garment between their teeth and then Chew it.

That's why they wear clothes out more in one single washing than two months' hard use would have worn them.

They fray edges, break buttons, ravel seams, and "play Tag" generally with clothes before they "let go."

Nearly all "Washers" are just Washboards reversed, you know, and are run like thrashing mills.

A woman who uses one of them isn't doing much better than if she turned a washboard upside down and ruhhed it hard on the clothes, instead of ruhhing the Clothes on the Washboard.

She saves mighty little time that way.

Nearly all washing machines have a kind of washboard fixed inside them, around the walls. Then they have things working in the centre of tuhs to rub and scrape the clothes against the washboard. Then a crank, or a handle of some sort, is worked hy hand.

That's why the "Bull-dog Washers" are so everlastingly hard on clothes and so hard to work, too.

That's why there's so many dirty parts to be washed hy hand afterward.

They just Chew the dirt out, in places, and they chew the life out of the clothes at the same time.

That's the "Bull-dog" kind of washer.

* * *

Now I want to tell you about the "Running Water" kind of washer.

That's the "1900" principle.

It washes clothes hy driving soapy water through their meshes.

No Washboard wear in that, you see. No ruhhing, scruhhing, wearing, tearing action there.

It acts just like holding clothes under a high waterfall of Soapy water, that drives the dirt out of every thread without touching it with anything that could wear it.

The running water alone does all the cleaning in half the time.

How does it do it?

Well, there are slat paddles on the inside hottom of the tuh.

And this tuh turns half way around to right and left, on a pivot.

And when it turns half way around to the right, and stops suddenly,—the soapy water rushes on through the clothes like a mill-race.

Then when it turns half way around to the left, and stops suddenly, the soapy water rushes hack through the clothes the other way.

The clothes don't turn around you know, nor touch 'hard' sides, nor hottom of tuh.

They float in the soapy water and can't wear.

And a floating cover holds them from turning around with the tuh and with the water.

* * *

Now how is the tuh turned, you ask?

Well, it turns on a pivot.

And the weight of the tuh is carried on rollers that roll as easily as hall-hearings on a hicycle.

That's how easy it runs.

But we have ways of working these washers of ours without human lahor.

One way is hy making Gravity do half the work itself.

"Gravity," you know, is what makes a stone roll down a hill, without help, when once you start it going.

Well, that's how our "Gravity Washer" does half the work itself hy a scheme that uses the "rolling-stone" power.

We have a little hook that tells you all ahout this (It's free).

Now, this "Gravity Washer" of ours will wash the dirtiest tuh of clothes in Six Minutes, or no pay.

It washes clothes without any ruhhing, mind you—hy means of running water only.

And so it saves clothes more than half the wear of the washboard, there would be even with careful hand washing.

We prove this, or "no pay."

Then we have another way of working this "Gravity Washer," without any work.

We can send you, with it, a little Water Motor that does all the work itself. This clever little Motor screws on to any Tap in your house which has running water.

Then, all you've got to do is to throw the dirty clothes into the tuh, turn the Tap and away the washer starts and works itself while you look.

It then washes the clothes clean in less than Six Minutes.

Then you run them through the wringer.

And that wringer is also worked hy the little Water Motor, without you touching a crank. I tell you what, it's just fun to wash and wring clothes out this way. No work at all, mind you.

The "Gravity" scheme does half the work, and the little Water Motor does all the rest.

* * *

But, this little Water Motor needs 50 pounds of water pressure, at the tap, to run it right.

So, you can't use it unless you have running water piped into your house, with 50 pounds pressure on it.

If you haven't that, you won't need the Motor.

But, the "Gravity Washer" needs very little help anyhow.

Because, it runs wonderfully easy, even without the Motor.

You can wash a tuh full of dirty clothes, with the "Gravity Washer," in less than Six Minutes.

And, you will wash them cleaner in that time than a Washerwoman could in douhle the time with a washboard.

She won't wear them one-third as much as the washboard, either. Nor one-tenth as much as the "Bull-dog" Washers.

* * *

Now, I want to prove all this to you.

And, there's only one way to prove it right.

That's to send you the washer on a full month's trial, at my own expense for freight and packing.

Well, that's what I will do for any honest person in the United States or Canada.

I sold thousands and thousands of our "1900 Washers" that way—after a full month's trial in each case. Think what that proves!

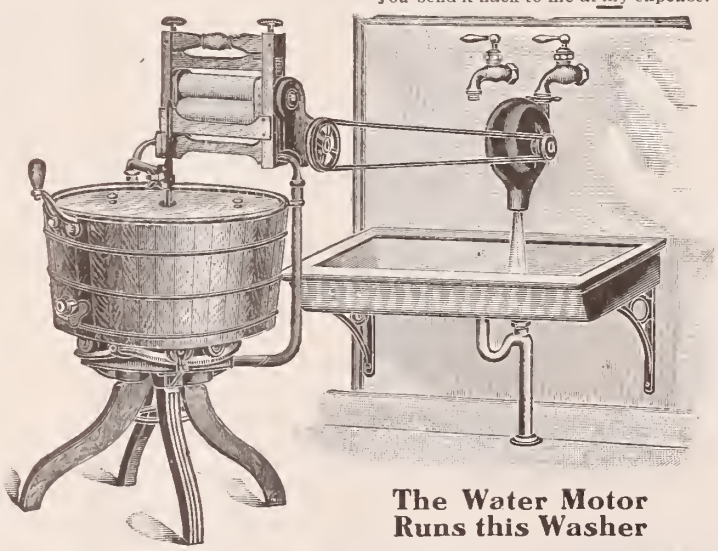
But I will do even hetter than that with these new "Gravity Washers" and "Self-Working Washers."

I won't ask you to pay me a cent till the washer has saved you more than you need pay me. Just think that over for a minute.

No money to me till it has saved it first for you.

And, you are to he the judge.

I send the washer on a month's free trial and pay the freight ont of my own pocket. You test it a month free. If it won't do all I say, you send it hack to me at my expense.



The Water Motor Runs this Washer

If it will do all I say, you keep it and send me every month a part of what it saves you. That's the kind of faith I have in our new "Gravity Washers"—and that's the kind of washers they are.

* * *

Now write me today, and say which kind you want to test. Shall I send the Self-Working "Gravity" washer that needs 50 pounds water pressure, or the light-running "Gravity" washer, without any Water Motor?

Tell me which you want on the month's free trial and on the "Pay-me-when-it-has-paid-you" plan.

You don't risk anything on this offer, you see. And you get a month's free use of the washer in any case, without a deposit, or a note, or even a promise to huy.

Now—drop me a line at once while you think ahout it.

Address R. F. Bieher, of the Nineteen Hundred Washer Co., 7002 Henry Street, Binghamton, N. Y., or 355 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada.

$35.00 Split Hickory

Top Buggy, guaranteed 2 years. Sold on 30 Days Free Trial. The biggest buggy bargain of the year. 100 other styles, vehicles and harness. 1906 catalogue free.

The Ohio Carriage Mfg. Co.
H. C. Phelps, Pres.
Station 286
Cincinnati
Ohio

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New, painted both sides, most durable and economical roof covering for Houses, Barns, Sheds, etc. **Freight Prepaid to All Points East of Colorado.** Prices elsewhere on application. $1.75 is price on our No. 15 Flat Sheets, 2 ft. x 2 ft. At $1.85 we furnish the same in corrugated or "V" crimped. We also furnish this in 6 and 8 ft. lengths at an advance of 25c. per sq. Ask for our **Free** Illustrated 500 Page Catalog No. A. M. 373 on Lumber, Roofing, Wire Fencing, Hardware, Furniture, Clothing and General Stocks from **Sheriffs' and Receivers' Sales.** We bought the Fifty Million Dollar St. Louis World's Fair.

Chicago House Wrecking Co., 35th & Iron Sts., Chicago

ANY MAN, WOMAN, BOY OR GIRL

CAN MAKE MONEY EASILY AND PLENTIFULLY

by taking subscriptions among your neighbors and friends for the **Woman's Farm Journal.** It is a great little paper, and only 10 cents a year. Almost every person you show it to, will pay 10 cents a year for it. You don't need any capital. Don't need to invest a cent. Just send us your full name and postoffice address plainly written and we will send you full particulars and outfit **FREE.**

$1,000.00 IN EXTRA CASH COMMISSIONS

will be given for the twenty largest lists sent in between now and MAY 31st, 1906. This $1,000.00 will be given in addition to the regular commission, so that you are sure to get the regular commission, and have as good a chance as any one else to get one of the extra cash awards. Don't put it off, but write to-day. A postal will do. Address C. C. THOMPSON, Manager, The Woman's Farm Journal, St. Louis, Mo.

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LEE ELECTRIC INSOLES

Drive out Uric Acid, the cause of your RHEUMATISM.

By generating electro-chemical action through the feet. Same principle as European Baths brought within the reach of every sufferer. No MEDICINE. No DRUGS. No QUACKERY. No COST UNLESS SATISFACTORY. Every step will help you. Send no money—take no risk. If we cannot prove that the LEE INSOLES will do for you what they have done for thousands, they cost you nothing. Write to-day for free explanation of scientific principle, testimonials, expert opinions, references and our special thirty-days' **TRIAL OFFER**

No sufferer is too old—no case too difficult.

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No MEDICINE

Name.....

Address.....

If you wish to receive a copy of the book mentioned in this advertisement, write your name and address in the space above, tear off this corner and mail to

Battle Creek Sanitarium Co., Ltd.,
Dept. C 121, Battle Creek, Mich.

CUT OUT HERE

If we could convince you in this ad. of the value to **YOU** of our *Free* new book, "THE BATTLE CREEK IDEA," you would be glad to pay $10.00 for it.

This book is valuable because it shows you how to be well and strong without taking drugs or medicines.

All it costs you, however, is the price of a stamp—we send it absolutely free.

If the attainment or retention of your own good health—and the good health of those dear to you—is worth a postal, send us one to-day (or use above coupon) and we will forward the book promptly.

You do not obligate yourself in any way by answering this advertisement. You are neither required to buy anything nor to promise anything. All we ask is that you read the book carefully.

It tells how you can live, in your own home, without disturbing your daily routine in any way, a sane, healthful life—the life that has restored thousands to health at the famous Battle Creek Sanitarium.

It is now recognized that nine-tenths of all diseases are caused by improper diet.

You eat disease; and you eat health. It is all in the choice of foods. "The Battle Creek Idea" will tell you how to choose right, so as to get and keep good health.

If the health is worth having, the book is worth asking for to-day. Address

The Battle Creek Sanitarium Co., Ltd.
Dept. C 121, Battle Creek, Mich.

Music Lessons Free

IN YOUR OWN HOME

A wonderful offer to every lover of music, whether a beginner or an advanced player.

Ninety-six lessons (or a less number if you desire) for either Piano, Organ, Violin, Guitar, Banjo, Cornet, or Mandolin, will be given free to make our home study courses for these instruments known in your locality. You will get one lesson weekly, and your only expense during the time you take the lessons will be the cost of postage and the music you use, which is small. Write at once. It will mean much to you to get our free booklet. It will place you under no obligation whatever to us if you never write again. You and your friends should know of this work. Hundreds of our pupils write: "Wish I had known of your school before." "Have learned more in one term in my home with your weekly lessons than in three terms with private teachers, and at a great deal less expense." "Everything is so thorough and complete." "The lessons are marvels of simplicity, and my 11-year old boy has not had the least trouble to learn." One minister writes: "As each succeeding lesson comes I am more and more fully persuaded I made no mistake in becoming your pupil."

We have been established seven years — have hundreds of pupils from eight years of age to seventy. Don't say you cannot learn music till you send for our free booklet and tuition offer. It will be sent by return mail free. Address U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Box 7, 19 Union Square, New York City.

LE PAGE'S PHOTO PASTE
IN JARS AND TUBES.
For photo or general use. Dries quickly—never discolors print. Very strong—corners will not curl. Largest bottle now sold for 5c. (by mail, 10c.) In bulk for large users, carton work, etc.

LE PAGE'S MUCILAGE
2 oz. size retails 5c.; by mail, 10c.
LE PAGE'S GLUE—1 oz., 10c.; by mail, 12c., bot. or tube. RUSSIA CEMENT CO., 154 Essex Avenue, Gloucester, Mass.

9 CORDS IN 10 HOURS

BY ONE MAN. It's KING OF THE WOODS. Saves money and backache. Send for FREE illus. catalogue showing latest improvements and testimonials from thousands. First order secures agency. Folding Sawing Mach. Co., 158 E. Harrison St., Chicago, Ill.

BLYMYER CHURCH BELLS.
UNLIKE OTHER BELLS SWEETER, MORE DURABLE, LOWER PRICE. OUR FREE CATALOGUE TELLS WHY.
Write to Cincinnati Bell Foundry Co., Cincinnati, O.

SONG WRITERS
Your Poems May Be Worth THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS. Send them to us to-day. We Will Compose the Music.
Hayes Music Co., 71 Star Bldg., Chicago

READ PRUDENTIAL Advertisement. It will pay you.

New Work for Christ*

EVERY new period brings its special need. The pendulum swings and the trend of thought and endeavor changes, demanding the new presentation of the old truth. At one time there was a tendency to work for salvation and there was need to insist on justification by faith; at another time the tendency was to Antinomianism, and the lesson for that time was, "Faith without works is dead." At another time there was a drift to formalism and dependence on rites and ceremonies, and men needed to hear that forms availed nothing and there must be a new creature. God gives us a message adapted to every need.

The Christian worker ought to be always on the alert, not only to perceive the injurious tendency of the times, but to provide in his own life and work, so far as his influence extends, a remedy for it. The tendency of our day is toward rationalism, and there is a danger even in the church of degrading Christianity into a mere system of ethics. Here is new work for the Christian in holding up to the world the necessity of vital union with Christ, loyalty to him and devotion to his service. It is no new truth, but it needs to be pressed home at a time when men are drifting to the idea of humanitarianism being sufficient for our life.

Then there is need for increased activity. The new work we may do must run in the old channels. There is ever the old service of winning souls for Christ. It never loses its joy, never fails of its reward. Personal appeal, personal example still bring success. One by one souls are brought into the kingdom. No man enters in a crowd. The change must be in him personally, whether he is the single candidate or one of a hundred. To bring men into contact with Christ, so that in our generation there shall be no falling back, but ever a steady advance—that is the supreme ideal for our time.

LIFE'S TRUSTS†

LIFE in all its aspects is a stewardship. Talents, possessions, station, are all given with other advantages for a definite purpose. They are not to be wasted, but developed and used in Christ's service. As indicated in the Parable of the Talents (Matt. 25: 14-30), there is a difference in the value of the gift intrusted, therein differing from the Parable of the Pounds (Luke 19: 12-37), in which each servant receives the same amount. In the latter, the Gospel and the Holy Spirit's influence are the treasure intrusted to the Christian; but in the former, his abilities and his property are the capital he has to trade with. These may be large or small, but a proportionate result is expected of him. These are to be made the most of. Some people talk as if Christianity was opposed to wealth; but it is not so. It is opposed to wealth wrongfully acquired, and as sternly opposed to wealth wrongly spent. But to wealth in itself, it is not opposed. The man who devotes his property to advancing Christ's cause, or to relieving the poverty of his needy brother, is using God's gift as a steward. It is a remarkable fact that God shows his approval of such a man by intrusting him with more wealth and giving him larger opportunities of using it in that way.

The same rule applies to the gifts with which the Christian is endowed. The humblest and poorest Christian has some gift that distinguishes him from his brother. It may be the gift of singing, or a talent for teaching children, or the eloquence of a preacher. It may be left idle, the owner being discouraged by his not having some other gift, or through sheer laziness, and the result is condemnation and punishment. Or it may be used and so developed with a consequent blessing. God does not expect from us results from talents that he has not given us, but he does look for fruits from the talents he has given. It is not for us to count the results, or to be discouraged by their paucity, or elated by their quantity, but to use them, and God will bless them.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for anniversary day, Feb. 4. Luke 12: 48; Gen. 12: 1-3; Gal. 3: 2.

†Topic of the Epworth League for February 4. Luke 19: 12-27; I Cor. 4; 1, 2; I Peter 4: 10; Mal. 3: 6-14; Matt. 23: 23.

Get This Gold Pair

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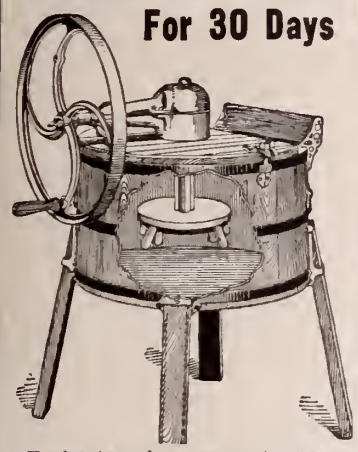

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Christ's Ordeal

By Mrs. M. Baxter

OUR Lord was led up of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil. It was no accident, no sudden surprise of the enemy. He had, in his baptism, placed himself, as one dead and buried to himself, at the disposal of his Father,—a truly living sacrifice. And now he was to have a sacrificial temptation, as he had a sacrificial baptism. He was as much suffered to be tempted on our behalf as he was made flesh on our behalf, and baptized on our behalf. Satan was well aware that he could not appeal to him on the same ground as he appeals to fallen man—to his self-love, self-esteem, self-sensitiveness, etc., he had to deal with One between whom and his Father the question of will was a settled one, and in consequence the door of self into the heart was closed against him.

So, in his sinister way, Satan, having tempted him in a way not revealed to us, for forty days, during which he had been like Moses and Elijah, miraculously sustained, appeals to him on the ground of needful attention to the requirements of the body which God had prepared for him, in which to do the will of God. And the enemy was most specious in his suggestion that if he were the Son of God he should manifest it in the way in which he should obtain food, now that he was hungry. "If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread." The enemy had not conceived what the utter dependence on God of a fully surrendered will meant. It was of far more importance for him, who left us an example that we should follow in his steps, that he should obey and glorify his Father by the way in which he obtained food, than whether he obtained food or not. He had implicit faith in his Father that the test of hunger should not overreach the strength given to him. He was to be the pioneer of his Church in a life of faith.

And, standing fully on the level of any human being who might be placed in similar circumstances, he could as a student of the Scripture call to mind the history of the manna in the desert, Elijah's ravens, etc. And with a Scripture word he met the tempter. It was not with argument, it was not with reproach. God's Word was to his own Son what he has made it to all who obey him, a lamp to his feet and a light to his paths. He said, "It is written, Man doth not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God," quoting from Deut. 8: 3. Our Lord treated the matter as entirely apart from him; the question of his hunger was quite absent from his answer. That which occupied him was that the responsibility of man's life is outside of himself, depending on the Word of God the Father. Man lives by his Word and his will, and not by any earthly second cause.

Oh, how little we understand this, or perceive how food, unblest, which is not recognized as given by God, which is not "sanctified by the Word of God and prayer," cannot be expected to nourish us. Life comes from God. "In him was life"; life is not self-existent; it proceeds from God, and ceases when God wills. He is Lord of his creation; and our beloved Lord, in his dignified answer to the enemy, proclaimed him so. But there is more yet in his answer. It is "by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God" that man lives. A partial knowledge of the Bible, or the dwelling continually on special favorite passages, is not enough to keep us alive, in spirit, soul, and body. We need "every word."

Foiled in his attempt, the arch-tempter succeeds in taking the Lord Jesus into the holy city, and setting him on a pinnacle of the temple. And his Father permitted it! There are times and seasons of temptation and testing, which come upon us, and we look around and wonder how this concatenation of circumstances came about in which we so unexpectedly find ourselves And too often we begin to question ourselves, and judge ourselves or others, as to how it has come to pass. Far better to go straight to God, and to inquire of him. There is always a purpose for everything which God permits; he has the clue.

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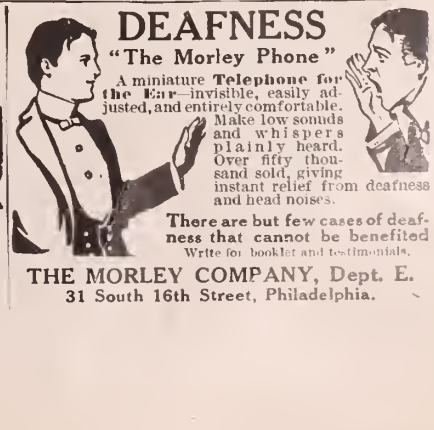

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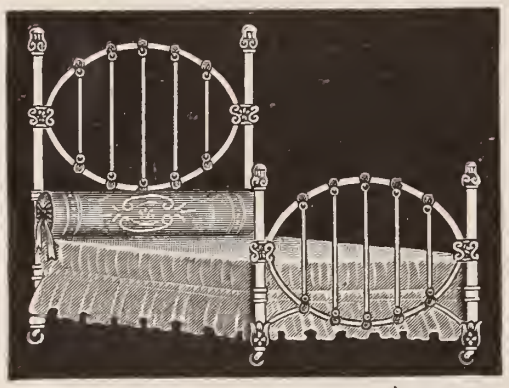

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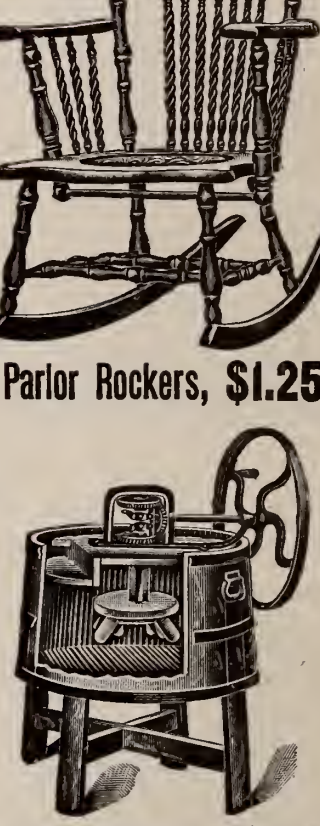

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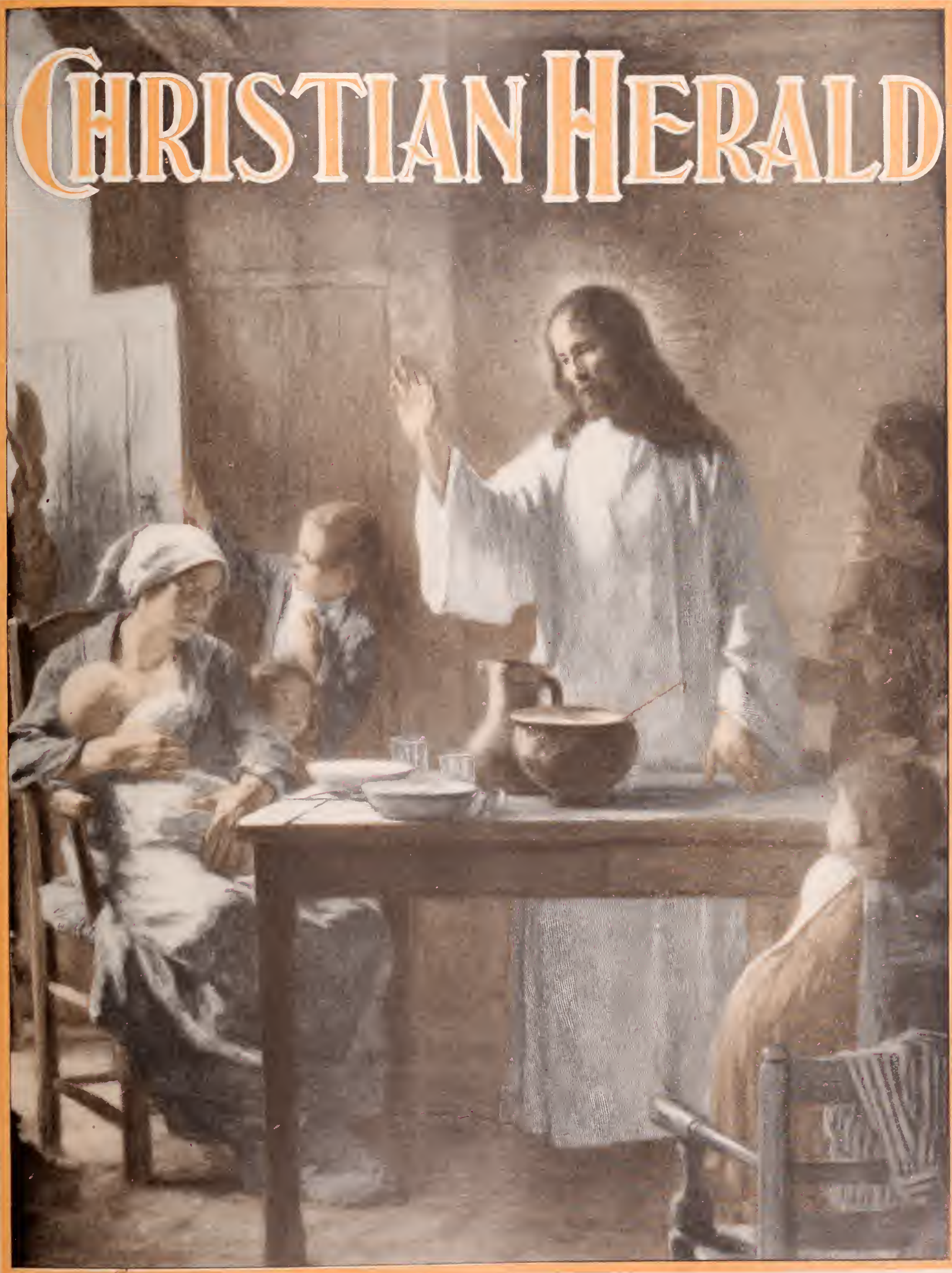
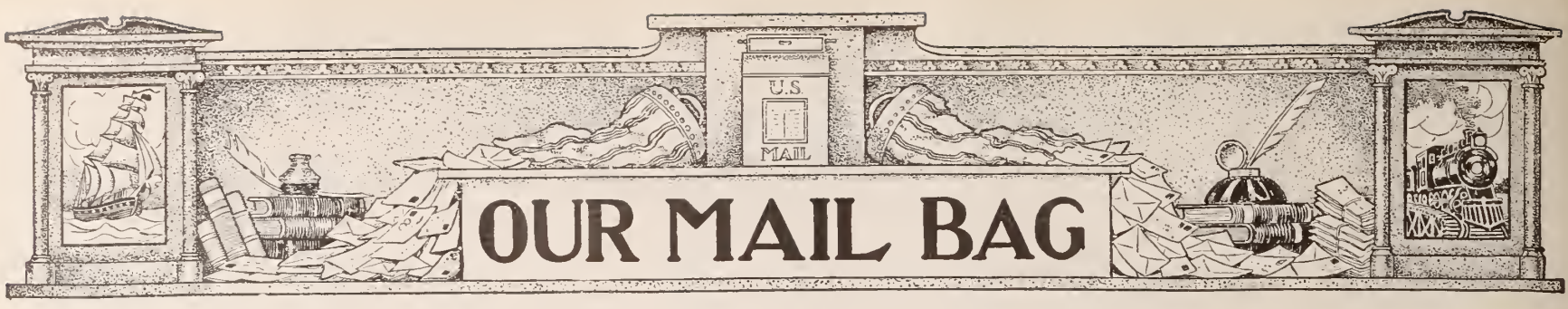


SEE PAGE 88

Permission H. Schauss Painted by L. Lhermitte

"Christ Among the Lowly"---The Famous Painting just added to the Metropolitan Museum, New York



OUR MAIL BAG

Questions and Answers

Letters for this department must contain name and address of the sender—not for publication, but in order that an answer may be sent by mail in cases where the inquiry is not of general interest.

Reader, Prairie du Sac, Wis. I want to work for Christ, but being a woman, cannot preach; what can I do to show my love for him?

Are all your friends and acquaintances Christians? If not, you might speak to them about Jesus, and tell them how much he has done for you. Are there any children in the Sunday School needing a teacher, or any who do not go to school that you could invite? It is one of the best achievements for Christ to win a child for him. It may save that child from sin and misery. If there are any sick people near you that you could comfort and help, or any poor people that you can relieve, that would be good service. If you make a beginning in the right spirit of trying to do the kind of work that Jesus would do if he was on earth, you will find the way opening before you. He always finds work for those who want it for love's sake.

A. L. T., Leicester, Mass. Who was the author of the following quotation: "Knowledge will be increased on the earth and a highway shall be thrown up; and carriages shall go without horses"?

It is from the so-called prophecies of Mother Shipton, a fabulous character, who was supposed to have lived in England about 1486.

C. L. S., Watertown, Wis. Does God forgive the sins of those who have not found Jesus? If one who has sought earnestly and has not found, dies, will he be saved?

Are you not confusing faith with assurance? We are saved if we repent and believe on Christ, not because of anything we do, but because the death of Christ avails to save. Our faith is the hand by which we take the offered gift of eternal life. When you speak of finding Christ, do you not mean the peace and rest that comes from the conscious acceptance of Christ? There are many who do not receive that, yet who are really Christians. You may depend that there are none who sincerely seek Christ, and are willing to give up their sins, and give themselves wholly to him, who will be lost, whether they have the assurance of salvation or not.

S. R. R., Brookline, Me. What is meant by the Beast in Revelation 13: 2?

It is a symbol for a mighty potentate who is to arise in the last days and will persecute the church of Christ. That persecution is referred to by Christ (Matt. 24: 29), as the "Tribulation." The Beast in other passages is named Antichrist and is represented as refusing permission to buy or sell to all who do not acknowledge him.

E. M. H., Royalton, Pa. When was the French Revolution fought, and what were its causes?

The French Revolution began with some disturbances at Paris, in 1789, and lasted until 1795. It was not a revolution in the sense of the first American war for independence, but a violent reaction against the whole French social and governmental system. The king was killed, and the Christian religion deposed, the worship of reason taking its place. A terrible reign of terror occurred, "which was brought to an end by the death of the revolutionary leader, Robespierre, who had sent thousands of his countrymen, Royalists and Republicans alike, to the guillotine.

A. G., Grass Lake, Mich. How many times was the Temple at Jerusalem destroyed and rebuilt?

It was destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar in 586 B. C. It was rebuilt under Zerubbabel at the time of Ezra and Nehemiah, about 520 B. C. (See Ezra 6: 15). Later, Herod proposed to pull it down, and rebuild it with greater magnificence, but the Jews would not consent to its being demolished, lest Herod might be prevented by death or some other cause from rebuilding it. Finally, they agreed to his replacing one part at a time, building one section before demolishing another. It was begun B. C. 18. It was destroyed by the Romans under Titus A. D. 70.

F. A. T., Phœnixville, Pa. Is the restoration of the Jews to Jerusalem conditioned on their acceptance of Jesus as the Messiah?

There is a difference of opinion on the subject. Some theologians believe that they will never be restored until they do accept him. By far the larger number, however, believe that they will return in unbelief and will not be converted until Jesus returns again to the earth, and delivers them from Antichrist, their persecutor.

S. D., Mailhot, Can. What are the three richest banks in Canada?

Sovereign Bank of Canada, capital $1,592,626; Bank of Montreal, $14,000,000; Merchants Bank of Montreal, $6,000,000.

The Ruling Lama of Tibet

The Prince of Wales on his present trip to India has met many local rulers of petty states. Of them all none were regarded with more interest than the Tashi Lama, of Shigatse, in Tibet. The Lama journeyed from his almost unknown land, to greet the Prince at Calcutta, at the invitation of the Indian government. The Lama is a young man of twenty-two. In personal appearance he resembles a Chinaman of the higher class, but without the slanting eyes. There are two Lamas in Tibet, the other being the Dalai Lama, of Lhassa. When he fled before General Younghusband's force last year, the Tashi was placed in charge of the political affairs of the country. He is regarded by the followers of Buddhism as the reincarnation of a god, and in consequence is held in great reverence. The picture is the first one ever taken.

B. H. R., Hebron, N. S. Is the Marconi system of wireless telegraphy a success, and what is its future?

Its serviceability has been so often proved, that it can no longer be regarded as an experiment. As to its future, it is considered probable that, under ordinary weather conditions, it will carry a greater portion of transatlantic messages. For further information, write to Mr. Marconi, at 27 William Street, New York City.

F. B., Enfield, N. H. What were the marks of the Lord Jesus that Paul said he bore on his body? (Gal. 6: 17).

He probably had in his mind the custom of slaveholders of that day, of branding their slaves with their crest. The slave so marked could not be compelled to work for any one but his master, and no one but he had the right to enforce his obedience. Paul implied that he wore the brand of the Lord Jesus. His face was doubtless seamed with anxiety and care; his back, too, would bear the scars of his many beatings and he may have been wounded by the lions with which he fought at Ephesus. These marks had come through his labors for Christ, indicating his devotion to his Master, and should have saved him from the criticism and fault-finding of others.

W. J. G., Mount Forest, Ont. Wherein does the creed of the Unitarians differ from other churches, and why were they excluded from the federation of the churches?

They believe that Jesus was divinely appointed and endowed for the work he came to do; that as he said of himself (John 10: 36), he was sanctified of God and sent into the world, but that he was not God. They regard him as the last and greatest of all the messengers God sent to man, and in that sense a Son of God, but as not being a part of the Godhead. They believe that God is one and there is no other, and that the Holy Spirit is an influence proceeding from God. This difference, as you perceive, affects the whole evangelical system of doctrine, and especially the doctrine of the Atonement. The evangelical churches, therefore, excluded them because of the radical difference in their faith.

L. J. R., Caribou, Me. I have heard it stated that rum, gin and brandy destroyed more people and caused more misery than all the wars. What is your opinion?

It is obviously impossible to find statistics covering the whole range of human history since the days of Noah; but speaking from fairly available modern data, we should say that alcoholic drinks cause every year more crime, misery, destitution, pauperism, sickness, and premature or unnatural death, than all the wars in the same period. Drink is the world's greatest curse to-day, and its most prolific breeder of sorrow.

W. S. H., Seattle, Wash. Is the doctrine of eternal punishment deemed essential in Congregational churches?

There is large liberty allowed to Congregational ministers in their preaching. Some hold the doctrine, others do not. Some, like the late Dr. Parker, of London, hold that the wicked, dying impenitent, will suffer the second death, or be annihilated; others believe that the punishment of hell will be remedial, and that the soul, repenting, will be allowed to enter heaven. Few now, even among those who believe it, dwell on the doctrine in their sermons, as did their predecessors.

F. E. D., Omaha, Neb. 1. Do you suppose there was a halo around our Lord's head, as indicated in pictures? 2. Was it in that way the shepherds and wise men knew him?

1. No; there was no halo, otherwise it would have made so deep an impression on the people that it would have been mentioned. The painters use it in their pictures as a mark of reverence. 2. The shepherds, and aftewards the wise men, were guided to the Divine Babe. The presence of a new-born child in such incongruous surroundings was sufficient to identify him for the shepherds, and the movement of the star was the indication for the magi. There was probably an interval of two months between the visits. Mary and her Babe were in "a house" when the wise men visited them.

In many women's organizations in different parts of the country the Mormon question is now being discussed with intense interest, in view of the movement to expel the Mormon apostle in the United States Senate. A reader in Norwalk, Conn., writes:

In an article read before our Ladies' Missionary Society, the horrible practice of "blood atonement" by the Mormons was described in all its details, as given by a woman who had lived among them as a proselyte. She went there in confiding ignorance, with her husband and five children. The husband and father, after taking three other wives, became disgusted and broke his vows. His throat was cut from ear to ear. She fled to her native city. I believe if the general public could be informed of the doings in the Mormon Church, they would rise *en masse* and crush out this monster of iniquity. God speed the day when political influence will not rule our land!

B. P., Clarkston, Wash. When and by whom was the Apostles' Creed first formulated? Is it by divine authority or simply of man? If the latter, why is it called Apostles' Creed?

Early writers hold that this summary of the Christian faith was composed by the apostles themselves, at Jerusalem, soon after Christ's ascension, and under the guidance of the Holy Spirit. Each apostle contributed his sentence or portion, hence the Creed was called *Symbolum Apostolicum*, being made up of joint contributions. This was the tradition; but it is claimed by other authorities that the Creed is probably a fourth century composition, as it is not mentioned by any ecclesiastical writer before that century. It was not incorporated in the early liturgies. It was first used by the Greek Church, and then in the eleventh century by the Roman Church, and later, by the Church of England after the Reformation.

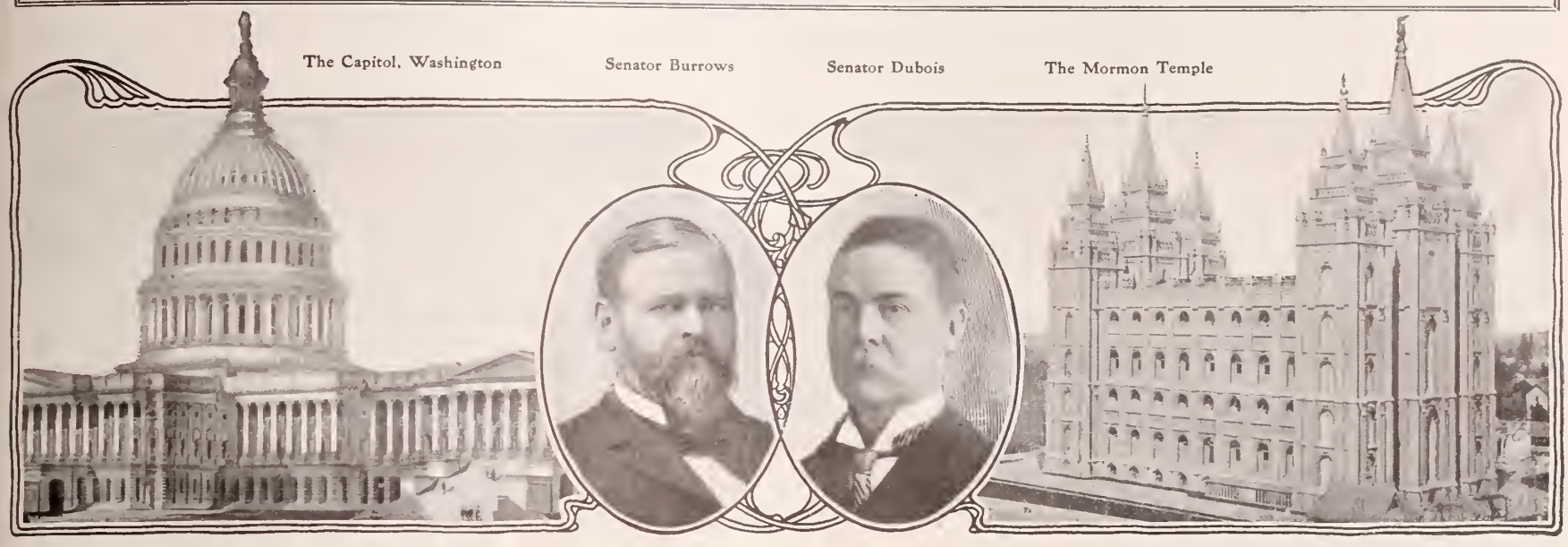
Miscellaneous

A. P., Courtenay, B. C. In regard to half-cent postage stamps, write to editor of *Montreal Star*, or chief clerk, office of the Postmaster-General, Ottawa, Canada.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

NEW YORK, JANUARY 31, 1906



THE WOMEN'S MEMORIAL READY

Their Signatures Protesting Against the Mormon Apostle in the Senate Fill Eighty Large Volumes

GLAD would have been the hearts of the American women who have worked earnestly and patriotically to gather the names of their sisters for the memorial to the United States Senate against the Mormon Apostle, Reed Smoot, if they could have seen the imposing array made by the eighty volumes of signatures, as they stood in the offices of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, ready for shipment to Washington. Bound in green and crimson, and bearing on their backs the names of the States from which the petitions came, they reached 6½ feet toward the ceiling, and extended 5½ along the wall.

With no political axes to grind, with no selfish desire for personal preferment, the women were able to present their case against the polygamous Mormon hierarchy with far greater confidence of success than if it had been made an affair of parties, and not a question of loyalty to our common country and to American ideals. It has been a woman's campaign, and when the results are placed before the Senators they cannot fail to be convincing.

Every State is well represented in the signatures, New York and Pennsylvania standing first in numbers. 43,226 women of New York State, at the latest count, entered their signed protest against the retention of the Mormon Senator. Hundreds of members of the Women's Christian Temperance Union have signed the petition, and have been instrumental in gaining signatures outside their own organization. Hundreds of letters written by the women of the Empire State, show that they are heart and soul in favor of the Anti-Mormon movement, and have followed it with their prayers.

The wives, mothers, sisters, and daughters of Pennsylvania have rallied around the banner raised by the Federation of American Women, and 36,630 of them have signed, pleading with the Senate to remove the representative of the Mormon hierarchy.

All the States are represented in proportion to population except Utah, and a few others that are under strong Mormon influence, and where the women, even those who do not belong to the church of Brigham Young, dare not speak against the Mormon senator, or express their honest opinions, as by so doing their husbands and fathers would be ruined in business. A few hundreds were brave enough to sign the Memorial, but the signatures made a pitiful showing in comparison to the great avalanche of signatures from other States.

California sent over 12,000 names, one lady, Mrs. Doudore, of San Diego, forwarding 500. Many correspondents from this State say that they have been personally cognizant of the workings of the hierarchy, having lived in or near Mormon settlements. Every woman in the town of Laton, Calif., signed the Memorial. New Jersey sent nearly 11,000 signatures, the result of splendid efforts by self-appointed workers. The women of Colorado are among the most earnest in their appeal. A letter says: "I believe I would be in great danger if my name was known. I have lived among the Mormons, and know whereof I speak." With this letter came a long list of protestors. Delaware made a goodly list, and from the women of Wilmington comes the words: "We sincerely hope that not only may Reed Smoot be expelled from the Senate, but that the Mormon apostles may never again have an opportunity to be represented in that body."

The Great Memorial of the Women of America to the U. S. Senate

These eighty large volumes (each measuring 10½ x 13½ inches and 3 inches thick), are filled with signatures, demanding the expulsion of the Mormon Senator

The women of Florida, cities and towns, have worked valiantly, with the result that many signatures have been gathered. The popular sentiment of the women of Georgia, is shown by the signed petitions sent from Savannah and other cities. "Every true Georgian is in arms against Reed Smoot," writes one correspondent from that State.

Over seventeen thousand women of Illinois, led by some of the largest women's organizations in the State, make written protest against the Mormon Apostle. The Chicago Woman's Club unanimously endorsed the petition.

Over 22,000 signatures came from Ohio. Thousands of signatures and hundreds of letters from Indiana, voice the women's prayer that "God will hasten the day when the women of our sister State (Utah) enjoy the liberty they should possess. The women of Indian Territory bitterly oppose the retention of Senator Smoot, and have signed the memorial in large numbers.

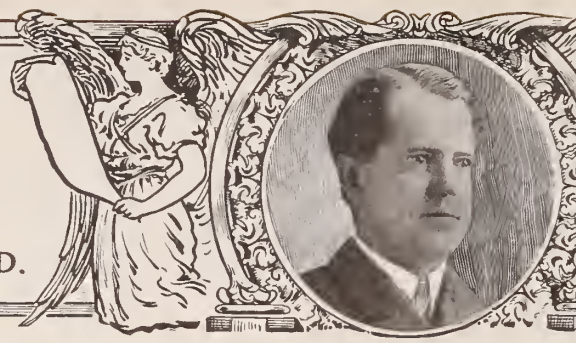
Fifteen thousand names came from Kansas, Mrs. N. A. Rozenerantz, of Emporia, leading with the largest individual list of 544, which includes nearly all the women of that place. Kansas women's clubs are splendidly represented, and the petition was signed by a few Mormon women, who dared thus to place themselves on record.

Kentucky sends a long list of signatures.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 95

THE
AMERICAN PULPIT

SERMON BY
Rev. F. DeWitt Talmage, D.D.



A Character Factory

TEXT: PROVERBS 20:29

"The glory of young men is their strength"

IT is an interesting study to watch the different designs of our modern advertisements. Well, some time ago, reading the different sign-boards, I came upon one the like of which I had never seen before. It was a square board, standing in a conspicuous place in the front yard of an old residence, situated near the heart of the city in which I live. This was the way the sign-board read: "Property of the Young Men's Christian Association. They want to erect upon this site a Character Factory. Won't you help." I stood for at least five minutes watching that plain sign. Then the full purpose of the man who made that advertisement began to dawn upon me. As I stood alone in that street, I could see the walls of that small residence building disappear; then I could see the huge walls of a great factory building rise in its place. This huge building was ablaze with many lights. From out of almost every room I could hear the hum of the workmen at their task of building character—the noblest work on God's earth. Then, as I stood there, I could see the doors of that great Character Factory swinging open, and I could see scores and hundreds of young men passing in and out. What a noble, strong looking set of fellows they were—strong in physique, strong in mental and moral worth, strong in spiritual strength. Then I said to myself, as I walked home in the darkness, "May God help the noble men who are at the head of this movement to build that Character Factory. May I always be willing to help those men in every way that I possibly can—with pen, with voice, and with money."

A Beneficent Organization

The preaching of this sermon on the mighty mission of the Young Men's Christian Associations throughout the world, is a result of the prayer I made that night when I stood watching the sign-board marked "Character Factory. Won't you help?" I want to help the great Young Men's Association movement of San Francisco, and New York, and London, and Melbourne, as well as that of Los Angeles. I want to show why we should try to support the international labors of this useful society. I know of no better time in which to speak this word of help than at this period, when this world-wide Association is entering on the second period of its development. The first period closed, when, three months ago, the body of its devoted founder, Sir George Williams, was laid to rest in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, in the presence of the representatives of the throne, and of the Christian people of the city. There they buried him among the soldiers and sailors and statesmen who had served their country—a knight by the favor of his sovereign, but with the higher knighthood upon him which he had won by his service to the young men of his time—the knighthood of the Cross.

Let us go to the cradle of this movement. Let us stand in the first place, in the now historic room where the Young Men's Christian Association was born and held its first meeting. Let us analyze its genesis, the cardinal purpose, the pre-eminent reason for its creation and its existence to-day. When I wander through any of the Barnardo Orphan Asylums, I know why they came into existence. Doctor Barnardo, many years ago was a young student, studying to be a foreign medical missionary. In his wanderings about London, he saw the waifs of the street, the little newsboys, the little urchins with no homes, sleeping in cellars and eating out of ash barrels. He said: "These boys, unless they are given homes and reared aright, will make the future criminals of England. There is no need of my going abroad to work for Christ. My work is right here among the London waifs." The Barnardo Homes were started to rescue the little children of London, and give them a home and a Christian education.

Seeking the Lost

We know how the Salvation Army came into existence. William Booth was an English Methodist preacher. He felt that the Church was not reaching the outcasts, and those, like Mary Magdalene, reeking with sin. In 1865 he left his church and started the "Christian Mission." He afterwards organized his "Christian Mission" upon military lines. Then he said to his Gospel soldiers: "Do not wait for sinners to come to you. You go to them." What is the result? There is not a sinful dive in London or New York which has not been invaded by his Gospel soldiers. The Salvation Army was organized to save the drunkard, the harlot, the thief, and the libertine. "God bless its work," is the prayer of every true, loving Christian heart.

Training Disciples

Why was the Young Men's Christian Association started? What was its first purpose and what is its present purpose? To bring young men to Jesus Christ. Its object was first and foremost religious. It was not started to teach men and women how to sew and how to cook, and how to keep clean, and then indirectly shove in a little religion, as a dose of medicine, disguised as candy, is administered to a sick child. It was never started with the idea that a clean shirt will necessarily make a clean heart to beat under the clean shirt. It was never started with the idea that well-blacked shoes and well-creased trousers are sure proofs that the owners of those shining shoes will walk in the path of virtue and of truth. But the Young Men's Christian Association was started with the idea of leading young men to seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness. It was started with the idea that the greatest work of life for a young man to do was to bring other young men into touch with Jesus Christ. Thus, the Young Men's Christian Association has never from the beginning been afraid to lift high the banner of the Cross. Its very name signifies the purpose for which it was organized. "Young Men's Christian Association" means "Young Men for Christ." That is the first and chief reason for which I honor this beneficent movement.

But the Young Men's Christian Association work does not end here. It is important to get a young man to confess Jesus Christ. But it is also necessary, during the years of his Christian infancy or formative period, to keep the young man by Christ's side, and to surround him with the protecting influences of a Christian home. That to me is the greatest work on earth to be done for young men in our large or smaller cities, next to getting a young man to publicly confess his love for the Saviour. Indeed, I may go further. Perhaps the second work is even more important than the first. For if a young man who has once confessed his love for Christ does not continue to live very close to Christ, he is very apt to be drawn aside by temptations and his last condition be worse than the first. Let me sketch the story of a young man coming into a large city. I use this illustration because the work of the Young Men's Christian Association always has been and always will be, chiefly among the young fellows who, like George Williams, come to live in a large city with no home but a boarding house, and no friends but those they are compelled to make among strangers.

Loneliness in a City

This average young man is the son of Christian parents. All his past life has been surrounded by Christian influences. But, like most young men living in the smaller towns, or on the farm, he wants to get into the centre of things. He goes to New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, San Francisco, or Los Angeles. At first he is dazed or dazzled by the noise and the bustle. The houses look to him as though they were reaching to the sky. The streets are so crowded with electric cars and tramways and automobiles and shooting auto-cycles that he is afraid to cross them. Then the crowds: the people seem to be everywhere. They push him, they jolt him, they growl at him, they do everything but speak kindly to him. Everybody seems to be in such a hurry. The people are running for the ferryboats and they are running for the elevated trains, and they are running for the bridge cars. They are running everywhere.

At first the young man's time is taken up with watching the different sights. He acts just as he did when his father first took him to a county fair. Then there comes over him an awful sense of loneliness. Like David, he seems to cry out, "No man careth for my soul." He goes to church the first Sunday. He says to himself, "Now if I go to church I will meet some nice people." But he finds the average city church just as different from the country church as the tall, stiff, unbending and inhospitable city home, is different from his father's genial, open-door farmhouse. No one speaks to him at church. Then the lonely Monday night, and the lonely Tuesday night, and the lonely Wednesday night, and the lonely Thursday night, and the lonely Friday night, and the lonely Saturday night. He wants to be good, but what is he to do. Yet all this time sin is everywhere beckoning, "Come, brother, come and drink with me. Come and laugh with me. Come and make merry wiith me." Plenty of church services on the Sabbath day, but what is he to do during all the rest of the week? Mark this: The young men of the city will not be saved for Christ by two sermons preached on the Sabbath day. They must have a Christian home. They must have a place where they can go and meet Christian people. If the Christian Churches in the past had been run on the line of the institutional church, there would have been no need of a Young Men's Christian Association. But as they have not been so run, there have been thousands and tens of thousands of young men saved for Christ through the influence of the Young Men's Christian Associations. Now how does the Young Men's Christian Association offer to the young men a Christian home?

A Haven for the Friendless

Work for the day is done. Monday night is here. The young man is eating his dinner at the boarding-house. The boarders are about to separate. "Where are you going to-night?" asks one of the boys of another boarder. "Down to the Young Men's Christian Association," is the answer. "What!" says the questioner. "Do you go there? What do you do there?" "Oh," says this friend, "that depends. Some nights I sit and read in the library. Sometimes I bowl and play games with the boys. Sometimes I work in the gymnasium. Sometimes we have lectures. There is always something to do." "By the way, Mr. So and So, won't you come and be my guest to-night," he turns and says to the new boarder, "I want you to meet some of the boys. Then, if you like, I wish you would join us." Then the young man's eyes take on a look of great anxiety as he says, "You must spend your evenings somewhere and in doing something. You cannot spend them better than down at the Association with us." What is the use of my carrying the illustration any further. Do you not see that where the average church work stops, the Young Men's Christian Association work begins? With the long arm of loving tenderness it reaches out and encircles that boy's neck and heart. It says to him, "Young man, come and spend your leisure hours with us. Come and read. Come and play. Come and meet pleasant companions, the same kind of Christian boys you used to meet in your father's home." And as sin beckons in one direction, the young man in his lonely bedroom sees the Young Men's Christian Association beckoning in the other direction. I say, Thank God that we have this noble Association as a great Christian home, fighting the temptations of sin on their own ground.

But the purpose of the Y. M. C. A. is greater than those we have already described. It tries to bring young men to Christ. It surrounds the young men of a great city with the protecting influences of a Christian home. It has also an intellectual, as well as a fun-loving atmosphere. No sooner does a young man enter its walls than he is inspired with a holy purpose of increasing his mental and physical capabilities, in order that he may increase his spiritual opportunities for doing good.

An Aid to Development

Now, the old idea of the literal interpretation of the text, "Open thy mouth wide and I will fill it," has long ceased to be quoted. As a quaint Bible commentator once said, "If a man does nothing but open wide his mouth, God will fill it, but he will fill it simply with wind." We know to-day, as common-sense men and women, that if we are to develop our spiritual powers, we must also develop our mental and physical strength. Though Paul sat at the feet of Gamaliel, as soon as he was converted he went off to prepare himself for his future Christian ministry. In the first chapter of

Galatians we read, "Neither went I up to Jerusalem, to them which were apostles before me, but I went into Arabia." There in the desert Paul stayed three long years. He was there studying and communing with God before he came forth to begin his mighty labors. Thus, no sooner does a young man enter the Young Men's Christian Association walls than he breathes the atmosphere of mental and physical, as well as spiritual development. If he is anything of a man at all, he says to himself, "I want to make the most out of my body and brain, that I may be able to serve my God better." Then the idea of entering the Association merely for play ceases. The young man in the Association works to develop his brain, his body and his spirit, as Paul went down into Arabia, and as Moses went forth to tend the sheep, and Elijah went into retirement—to make themselves mightier agents for the Divine Master to use.

A Christian University

Thus I hail the modern Young Men's Christian Association as a great Christian university. A young man to-day who wishes an edueation does not have to go to college to get it. If he is compelled to enter business to earn his daily bread when he is young, during his evening hours he can enroll himself in this Christian university's classes. There, between the hours of seven and ten P.M., he can study all the common-school branches. He can study there the commercial branches. In every well-equipped Association there are night classes in typewriting, shorthand, bookkeeping, and business law. He can master there all the higher English studies, like rhetoric, English composition and English literature. He can learn there the industrial sciences, like electrical engineering or applied electricity, mechanical and architectural and freehand drawing. And he can sit there at the feet of French and German and Spanish teachers and learn to speak foreign tongues. A dear friend of mine, who was a member of the Chicago Young Men's Christian Association, said that when he was a student there a few years ago, every night there were assembled in classes within the walls of that Association, eight hundred students. Now, any movement which will make it possible for the young man who has not been able to go to college, to get that education after his work at the store is finished, is a movement which ought to have your endorsement and mine. I thank God that thousands of young men are being better fitted for the struggles of life through the influence of the night schools and the multitude of other agencies of the Young Men's Christian Association, scattered all around the world.

Opportunities for Service

But with the theoretical training for life's work found in the Young Men's Christian Association work, there goes on side by side the practical, spiritual training. Of course within the Young Men's Christian Association walls there are spiritual drones, just as there are loafers and dead-beats in every human bee-hive. But if a young man is ready to do his share of spiritual duty, almost as soon as he enters the Association walls he is set to work. And that is what many of our churches do not do with all their members who are willing to work. If you enter a Young Men's Christian Association like that in New York, you are accosted by the men with these words, "What are you ready to do for Christ? Will you distribute cards? Will you join the young men, who, every Sunday, go and hold services in the city prisons? Will you visit in Christ's name our city hospitals?" And everywhere a young man turns, he has the opportunity for Christian work in this society, if he is ready to harness himself up to God's service. Can you not, O man, appreciate the good this Young Men's Christian Association is able to do when it can take a young man at the most critical time of his life, when he is perhaps away from all home influences, and start him forth to labor in the Master's vineyard?

Do you not realize that scores and hundreds and thousands of our church members, who are now working in our large churches, would never have been the valiant laborers they are for the church, unless they first had been developed in one of these institutions. The strongest Christian worker, in some respects, that I ever knew, was saved for Christ's kingdom through one of these societies, and saved through that alone. When he left the little town in which he was born, to enroll himself as a student in Cooper Institute of New York, he took along his church letter with him. He went to a prominent New York Church, whose pastor has a national reputation. He worshiped there for three months, and no one spoke to him. Then he went one day to the pastor and said: "Doctor, I do not want to come to church simply to worship; I want to go to church to work. I will do anything you want me to do, but I must work." Did he get it? No. Then Mr. McBurney, then Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association of New York City, set him at work. He put him here and there and everywhere. He kept him always at work for the Lord and he developed him, until one day this young man was able to step to the front and be a leader for Christ. Thank God again, I say, for the opportunity which the Young Men's Christian Association gives to the ordinary young man to go and labor for Christ at once, no matter how humble or obscure or how insignificant he may be.

United Co-operation

In speaking for this Association I speak not as a Presbyterian, but as a Christian, to ask you and yours to co-operate in the work of the Young Men's Christian Associations wherever you may be. You have not had this work near enough to your hearts. It is a mighty thing to save men, and it needs the help of all God's children. Are you ready to help those Christian men and Christian women who are trying to save the young men for Christ? The young men need you. Will you heed their ery, coming from this nearby Macedonia?

All I have said in reference to the movement of saving men for Christ, is equally true of the noble work of the Young Women's Christian Associations all over the world. This special movement is of later growth; but the same arguments with which we plead for the men's organizations apply to the young women's movement. It is far better to reach out a helping hand to the young girl who has come to town, and is struggling to make a livelihood, before she slips over the precipice of temptation, than to try to rescue her after she is a moral or spiritual wreck. "The glory of young men is their strength." The glory of young women is their purity. Let us guard them, develop them, and, in God's name, make them mighty for his divine service. Let us to-day consecrate alike these two mighty movements for the saving of the young men and of the young women for Christ.

THE AWAKENING OF ALBANIA

Shaben Bey

DESPITE its romantic history and active present, Albania, in the Balkans, is little known to the average person of the Western Hemisphere, yet it is one of the pivot States on which may turn the destiny of several nations. Its people, of magnificent physique and great mental capacity, are undoubtedly destined for something better than has been their lot for the last few centuries, playing the part of ever useful auxiliaries to a foreign State, that has little in common with Albania. As has been well said, they represent, in the rush and commercialism of the twentieth century, the feudal life of mediæval Europe, the chivalric age. The men are born soldiers, good marksmen, and show unflinching conrage in a struggle, sword in hand, at close quarters. They have a reverence for womanhood far different from the conception of woman's sphere, held by the Turks across the border. Such a people offer infinite possibilities for improvement if the means were afforded them.

Recently, in connection with their struggle for freedom, there has come an intellectual reawakening, one of its noticeable manifestations being the famous "Albanian Spelling Book," and a desire for a system of public instruction, somewhat on the American model. At the present time, it is reported, there is one school only of fair grade in the country.

Among those who have served Albania well, and have devoted their lives and their hearts to her cause, is Shaben Bey, a young chieftain, who is now in America for the purpose of interesting people in the needs of his home land. Shaben Bey is the scion of a distinguished and ancient house in Gotsha. He is well educated, and if he had thrown in his lot with the Turks, would have had an easy road to wealth and honors. For a while he was an engineer attached to a corps in Constantinople, but his interest in Albanian affairs was so strong that he incurred the displeasure of the Turkish authorities, and it became advisable for him to relinquish his position. Returning to his native hills, he became an active patriot, and was soon recognized as one of the most daring and noted leaders of the independent Albanian movement. A price was set upon his head, and for several years he lived in the mountains, making attacks against the garrisons whenever opportunity offered. He was several times desperately wounded, and now carries one or two bullets in his body. Finally pursuit became too hot and constant, and Shaben Bey was forced to leave his native fastnesses for a time. Every now and then he would return, disguising himself as a priest in order to pass the outposts. Once he was discovered, and fought off his attackers single-handed.

All through these years, various schemes for benefiting his fatherland were passing through his mind, and he saw that if his people were to be truly free and progressive, they must be educated. To carry out his plan, he went to Egypt, where he placed his sister in a school in Cairo, and he secured a position as an engineer in the British service. After obtaining sufficient funds, he went to England, where he interested many prominent people in his projects. He soon found, however, that Britain, as was the case with Italy and Austria, had too many irons in the fire, and that national interests would take the first place, and the welfare of Albania come second. Shaben does not wish his country to be absorbed, but to be a free principality, like Montenegro and Bulgaria.

He decided to come to America, and is now touring the country, trying to interest philanthropic Americans in a scheme for public instruction in Albania. The schools he intends to have established are to be strictly non-sectarian, in order that the religious prejudices of the various communities be not aroused. Schools on the American model, would, he believes, work the social and political regeneration of one of the most promising states in the Balkans. He hopes, as a result of his stay in this country, to see the creation of an American Committee that will take charge of these schools, arrange for their maintenance, and secure the necessary diplomatic permission from Turkey. This last, he believes, would be accorded when the request came from such a strong Power, though Turkey discourages general edueation. The freedom of the people in this country, and the privileges that they enjoy, fire him with zeal to give them to the people of his own race.

A Family of Albanian Mountaineers

DETROIT, TOO, HAS A REVIVAL

THE influence of the Welsh revival has crossed the ocean and been felt on the eastern shores of the American continent. New Jersey and Pennsylvania have been inundated by the inrolling wave, and the spray of the dashing current has risen high and set-

Rev. Gwilym O. Griffith

tled far inland, even reaching the rolling prairies of the West. Midway between, in passive Michigan, the leaven has been quietly, forcefully, effectively working.

A little over three months ago, three men came by invitation to Detroit; few knew of their coming; fewer still were interested. They were three Welshmen, who had been through the wonderful revival in their native country, and had started on a trip to Chicago, to do there whatever work God might put into their hands. The first, Tudyr Rees, a writer from a London paper who had been converted during the Welsh movement, came to tell the story of the outpouring of God's grace as he had witnessed it. The second, Dewi Michels, bore his message in a glad burst of sweet song. The third, the Rev. Gwilym O. Grffith, a young man of twenty-three, pastor of a struggling Nonconformist Baptist church in England, had accepted the invitation of the others to accompany them, and to proclaim whatever message God might give him for church and people. Ten days were spent in Montreal, ten in Toronto, and then *en route* for Chicago, they were turned aside, like Joseph of old, and came to Detroit.

. . .

A week after their arrival, the Christians of Detroit were awakened to the fact that a man of God was among them. The churches were stirred, the ministers of the various denominations met every afternoon for prayer and council; the laymen began to feel the touch of the Spirit, and the ministerial sessions became open meetings, from which radiated an influence that spread to every part of the community. Services were held every evening in some one of the large churches, at which Mr. Griffith, in his own quiet, earnest, convincing way, expounded the Word given him. There was no excitement, not even an invitation given to "come forward"; yet not a night went by without decisions being made—in the seats, during meetings and after-meetings, in the home, or at business. Many uninterested in the work itself were won by the eloquence and straightforwardness of the young speaker, and in going, like Saul of Tarsus, "met God upon the way." The meetings became the general topic of conversation, quiet prayer circles were held by the women in their homes, men in their business offices, and ministers in their churches. Veteran pastors, grey-haired laymen, and newly-converted babes in Christ found their Pentecost together.

Rev. Gwilym O. Griffith is the son of a Welsh minister, whose widow still lives in the old manse at Arddleen, Wales. He is pastor of a little church at Barrowden, just outside the old historical town of Rugby. He has been stationed there only about six months, but in that time has built up the congregation from a dozen or so hearers to several hundreds. The four months' leave of absence they gave their leader promises, at the present writing, to be prolonged indefinitely, for Mr. Griffith, with his native eloquence, his sympathetic personality, and above all, his comprehensive, terse way of putting vital truths, is rapidly winning his way to the hearts of American audiences. Fitted for his work, not only by temperament and nature, but by the closeness of his touch with the Source of all inspiration, the principle upon which he stands is "working with God, not for Him," and the forceful, decisive clearness of the message he brings night after night to the waiting people, bears upon it the stamp of the Master's teaching. As a result, hearts have been touched, souls quickened, and Christian perceptions crystallized in the city of Detroit.

Asked as to his impression of the extent of the movement in Detroit, Mr. Griffith said: "My message has been to the churches rather than to the masses. I believe if Christians are fully awakened to a sense of their responsibility as 'ambassadors in Christ's stead' to man, the masses will be reached and cared for. We are not Welsh revivalists; we are Welshmen. I have done some revivalist work in the Old Country; but we had no desire nor expectation of transporting to this country the great movement which has so shaken our native land. We hope to awaken among Christ's followers in America a realization of the wonderful treasures of grace in store for them, to be had for the asking. Some are asking for practical results of the revival; there must be some, or the work is a failure. Conversion always means service."

. . .

Mr. Griffith and his colleagues are now in Saginaw, but the ethical results of their services in Detroit are still being felt and are resolving themselves into efforts for practical work. Prayer meetings are being held all over the city; special services are carried on every noon in the business parts of the city, and ministers and laymen are waiting God's definite command to "Go forward." They are waiting and watching and praying for the outpouring of the Spirit and the definite leading of God. "He hath done marvelous things for us, whereof we are glad."

Detroit, Mich. ANNA C. WHITE.

Commissioner Macfarland and His Sunday School

BY FREDERICK COBB

ATTENTION is called from time to time, through the medium of the press, to public men, who, being active and professed Christians, believe in conducting the government of a city or a State or a nation in accordance with Christian principles. It is rather a severe reflection upon our public servants, as a whole, however, that these men, scattered here and there throughout the country, are regarded as being so different from their fellows as to be worthy of such special notice and commendation. It is always pleasant, however, to point to a man prominent in public life who has always believed that it is nothing more than the plain duty of every good Christian, whether in public or private, to lead an active Christian life.

Henry B. F. Macfarland, formerly one of the most widely-known of Washington newspaper correspondents, and now President of the Board of Commissioners of the District of Columbia, is known throughout the country through his addresses in the interest of our beautiful capital city of Washington. In his own city, Mr. Macfarland is recognized as an exponent of practical Christianity. He is identified with various religious and philanthropic societies and associations, and is a vice-president of the Young Men's Christian Association. The falsity of the statement, so often heard, that such men do not "make good" in public life, is abundantly evidenced in this particular instance by the fact that he was voluntarily reappointed to office by President Roosevelt long before the expiration of his term, and that he is everywhere conceded to be one of the best Commissioners Washington ever had.

There is one phase of his life, however—one interest close to his heart—of which the public generally knows nothing. In historic old Georgetown, just across the creek which once divided it from Washington, stands Peck Memorial Chapel, the mission Church founded by the fashionable Church of the Covenant, on Connecticut Avenue. For nearly eighteen years, Mr. Macfarland has been the superintendent of Peck Memorial Sunday School. When he first became connected with it he was a very young man, and the school was a very young school. It consisted of about two hundred scholars, and was located in one room on the present site of the church at Twenty-eighth and M Streets. Mr. Macfarland was its first superintendent. The neighborhood was known as a "tough" one, and the obstacles in the way of the young superintendent were many; but with the co-operation of Rev. Dr. Charles Alvin Smith, pastor of the church—one of the most earnest and effective ministers in Washington—the school gradually was established upon a firm foundation, until at the present time it has an enrolled membership, including all of the different departments, of 584.

Mr. Macfarland has always been an unusually busy man; but he found time to read and study and keep informed of all that is new in Christian thought and work, so that he might give the very best to his school. He found time to plan for its development, to investigate what might be termed the business end of the school—to introduce the best systems for keeping records and following up scholars, etc.—to provide substitute teachers, and to do the thousand and one things that a modern Sunday School teacher has to do. He has never permitted anything to claim his attention from three o'clock until four on Sunday afternoon, when, for one long hour, everything else is forgotten save that he is simply the zealous superintendent of an enthusiastic Sunday School.

His untiring efforts have had their just reward. The Christmas celebration at Peck Chapel this year was an affair long to be remembered. Money had been donated to build an addition, which practically doubled the size of the church, and this was the first celebration in the completed structure. A splendid pipe organ had been installed, and the auditorium—twice as spacious as on the previous celebration—newly carpeted. It was a scene never to be forgotten. Doubtless, as he stood upon the platform and looked out over the spacious auditorium and into the faces of the hundreds of girls and boys before him, his mind traveled back to that other Christmas celebration in the little tumble-down shanty that stood on this site nearly a score of years ago, and he must have felt that all of the labor of love of these many years had not been in vain. Mr. Macfarland has taken part in gatherings of all kinds, where all that money could do to please the eye and delight the ear was done; but those who know him best would tell you that he was happier that night at Peck Chapel, noting the gifts of food and coal which Peck Chapel made to those in need, than he would have been at the most luxuriously appointed banquet.

Hon. H. B. F. Macfarland

Japan in Famine's Grasp

Nearly a Million in the Northern Provinces Facing Starvation—A Cry for Help!

FOR nearly a month past, letters from American missionaries and Christianized natives in Japan have mentioned the prevalence of famine conditions in the Northern Provinces of the Mikado's empire. In the great war with Russia, Japan was fighting for self-preservation, and the national spirit was aroused everywhere. Farmers left their fields and their homes by tens of thousands to follow the standards of their country, and to prevent it and the whole of Western Asia from falling under the power of Russia. Agricultural laborers, artisans, workers of every description, went to the front to save the nation, and to drive back the Muscovites. At what a frightful cost to both countries that war was carried on, the rest of the world can never fully know. Japan, in many of her fairest provinces, was desolated. The farms and the little holdings were left untilled, and the mills and workshops lay idle The old men, the women, and the children who looked in vain, many of them, for the husbands and sons who were to return no more, made a brave but ineffectual struggle for existence, but poverty, pinching hard, drove them at last to appeal to charity.

Conservative estimates show that there are over 960,000 persons in northern Japan who are suffering from actual starvation. It is believed that the condition is worse than the authorities are willing to admit. In many of these northern provinces, so desperate has the situation become that the government has established a relief system, and is doing what it can to stem the tide of suffering; but the long war which robbed Japan of hundreds of thousands of her bravest sons, has so depleted the national resources that the help afforded from that quarter is quite inadequate. Therefore the missionaries have appealed for aid from America as the friend of Japan, whose sympathy with that nation has been shown on many occasions.

Where the Famine Rages.

PROVINCE	POPULATION		NUMBER STARVING
Fukushima	1,174,034	....	300,000
Iwate	749,927	....	112,600
Miyagi	899,279	....	280,000
			692,600

This was the official estimate on Dec. 16. A month later (Jan. 18), according to a Tokyo cable dispatch, 960,000 were starving, the situation having rapidly grown worse.

Among the letters received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is the following from the Rev. H. Loomis, of the American Bible Society, Yokohoma. He writes:

The Japanese officials are doing all in their power. They will be most grateful for any voluntary contributions, but are too self-respecting to appear before the world as beggars. Knowing the readiness of your people to assist in every good work, I take this opportunity to request help to relieve this great distress. Such action will demonstrate to the Japanese the spirit of Christianity and our sincere interest in their welfare.

A Japanese, now a theological student in America, sends this letter on the famine:

DIVINITY HALL, CAMBRIDGE, MASS., JAN. 14, 1906.

To the Editor of "The Christian Herald": It has already been reported in the columns of the American newspapers that the rice crops of Northern Japan is a great failure this year. I have received a report from the *Japan Mail*, which I take the liberty of enclosing. I trust that the reports of this honorable committee will explain the critical situation.

I remember a few years ago what good work was done by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in the Indian famine. No doubt some missionaries may have already written to you. Christians of your country are generous in good deeds. If any help is to come to exhausted Japan, it must come from the "Land of Plenty."

I need not go into details to describe the fact that the famine is peculiarly hard on the poor, coming right after the war, which strained the country in money and in men. And it is the poor who most keenly have to bear the brunt of the privation of the famine and the bereavement of their bread-winners. Could you not do something, in the name of Christ, to relieve the distress?

If it were not for the war, the Japanese Government ought to be able to cope with the situation single-handed; but now it is almost impossible. Japan will appreciate such kindness very highly. This, if God so will, may pave the way of introducing the Gospel to the official circle just as much as to the poor, who are directly benefited by your help. Most truly yours, CHUZO OGAWA.

Several touching appeals in behalf of the famine sufferers have come to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, including the following from a representative committee in two of the stricken provinces:

Three of the Northern provinces of Japan—Miyagi, Fukushima, and Iwate—with a population of 2,821,557, are confronting the worst famine since that deadly one of the Tempo Age, some sixty years ago. So great is the calamity in Miyagi especially, that one of the papers says: "The sentence of death has been passed on the people of this province." If we qualify this sentence by the words, one-third of the people, it is literally true. In a population of 899,279 in this single province, at least 280,000 are in extreme distress, with no possibility of saving life without aid.

The official statements of the situation reveal in part the intense suffering that hundreds of thousands must endure not only through the winter, but even more so through the entire spring, and until new crops are harvested. The main facts only need to be stated to show the necessity of speedy aid.

Miyagi province is by far in the worst condition. 12,000,000 *yen* worth of rice is the average crop, but the yield this year is less than 12 per cent., and a loss in rice alone of over 10,000,000 *yen*. This is the sentence of death that hangs over a quarter of a million people in this province.

Fukushima province has a population of 1,174,024. The average rice crop is worth 18,553,900 *yen*. This year's crop is less than one-quarter, and is worth only 4,619,762 *yen*, a loss in rice alone of about 14,000,000 *yen*. But this loss falls mainly on the eastern section of the province, where the crop is only 15 per cent. of the average. The extent of the calamity can be imagined when the carefully collected statistics show that some 300,000 people are already in distress, and on the edge of absolute poverty.

In Iwate the yield is one-third the average, and in the southern section the rice crop is only one-fifth the usual yield, a loss of 4,543,750 *yen*, among a population of 748,254. It is certain that over 100,000 cannot live without speedy and prolonged aid.

Already thousands in these three provinces are reduced to shrub roots and the bark of trees, by which mere life may for a time be sustained, but at the least calculation 680,000 people are now facing extreme conditions. What this means for their poor women and children, we who live in the centre of this oncoming misery find no words to describe.

This appeal does not emanate from the Japanese, but from foreigners who live in these provinces and are in sympathetic touch with the people and the authorities. High spirited as the Japanese are, they yet prize substantial sympathy in time of trial and disaster. In the name of common humanity we appeal for quick and generous aid. (Signed) W. E. LAMPE, Chairman.

C. S. DAVISON, C. JACQUET. J. H. DEFOREST.
M. B. MADDEN, G. A. FORREST, WILLIAM AXLING,

Committee Chosen by the Foreign Community.

A Japanese Rice Mill

Some of the details of the famine furnished by correspondents, and which appear in the Japan *Daily Mail* and other journals, are sufficiently startling to awaken sympathy anywhere. In Fukushima Ken, which includes one city and seventeen counties, and with a population of over 1,000,000, there is usually a rice area of 500 square miles under culture. The crop this year is one-quarter of the average for the whole section, and in parts it runs as low as fifteen per cent., and even six per cent. of what the farmers reasonably looked for. Three hundred thousand persons must be cared for during the winter, otherwise they will die of actual starvation. The government is doing all it can to help. Taxes are suspended. Thousands are living on fern-roots and bark. Children are unable to go to school because of the lack of food, and education is, for the time being, partially suspended.

In Miyagi Province, the situation is truly pitiful. Months ago, the leading paper of the province warned the people that the crop loss would be appalling. Now the same journal says: "The sentence of death has been passed on the people of this province." One-third are in extreme distress, without hope of saving life unless aid comes speedily. The need will continue until the next crop is harvested.

. . .

Iwate Province has a crop one-third the average, and the southern section is in a wretched condition. What the outlook is to the poor women and children, may be better imagined than described.

In all of these provinces the conditions are now such that it would be well nigh impossible to imagine worse; yet there is assuredly a deeper depth of misery to come unless the generosity of the outer world supplements the efforts of the Japanese Government. A village considers itself fortunate if there are a few vegetables in the place; most villages have little or none. Hundreds, ay, thousands, are now forced to eat some ill-looking, vile apology for food, which would make the stoutest-hearted foreigner ill.

Northern Japan is usually one of the finest granaries of the nation; yet such is its present condition that unless help providentially comes, the wolves of famine will claim more victims than the totals of the killed and wounded in all the battles of the Manchurian war!

. . .

Such is the condition of Northern Japan at the present moment. It is a picture which appeals to the sympathy of the whole civilized world, and to none more strongly than to ourselves. During the past week, more letters have come from many quarters, asking THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to open its columns for the relief of the Japanese, and assuring us that Christian America stood ready, in its properity, to extend to Japan the same generous aid it had rendered in the past to other lands in times of great national suffering.

Arrangements are now being made to begin relief work, and it is earnestly hoped that the readers of this journal will unite with its Proprietor and Editors in an effort to send aid to the sufferers at the earliest possible moment. Churches, Sunday Schools, Y. M. C. A., W. C. T. U. and other organizations, and all Church Societies are cordially invited to co-operate in the effort to save human life and avert suffering. The case is urgent, and quick action may save many precious lives. Send all contributions to

JAPAN RELIEF FUND
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, New York

Every gift in aid of the relief work will be acknowledged in the columns of this paper.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, Associate Editor — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, Associate Editor

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A Sermon in a Picture

IT is with genuine pleasure that we present on the first page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD this week, a reproduction of the famous painting recently acquired by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York. The picture is the work of the eminent French Artist, M. Leon Lhermitte, and cost $16,000. It is, says the distinguished painter, an effort to depict Christ as the Friend of humble folk, the Consoler of those for whom life is a burden. He has represented him in a poor home, his hand raised in benediction of a simple peasant mother, who is surrounded by her children. The common furniture, the frugal repast on the table, and all the simple accessories show the most object poverty; yet here the Lord of life is seen as a willing guest, manifesting his love and compassion, while the eyes of mother and children are bent on him in adoring wonder.

It is this aspect of our Lord's character that endears him to the world. The sweet lovableness of that ineffable nature that brought him into tender association with the poor and the suffering, that made him one with us in our toil, our hardships, and our sorrows, appeals to us with overwhelming force, drawing us near to him. There was never any lack of dignity or majesty in his demeanor. "He spoke as one having authority." His scathing denunciation of the Pharisee, his indignant reproof of those who had desecrated the temple, showed that there was no deficiency of manliness in him, but it was in his humility, in his kindness and gentleness with the erring, in his love of the little children, that he exhibited the traits that have won the heart of humanity. They needed a friend, and they found him in the Son of man. He met them in their homes in genial and friendly companionship, talked to them in stories and simple incidents, listening to their confidences, and bearing patiently with their ignorance and misconception of his mission. It was a beautiful life, and it has never ceased to exercise its charm on the world. Even men who reject all Christian dogma, who hold aloof from the Christian Church, and who repudiate the teaching of its pulpits, are touched by the character of this Friend of the lowly. He commands their homage, and he wins their love.

To be like him—that is the way to promote his cause. That is the way to draw men into his church. The haughty arrogance of some who have claimed to represent him, their indifference to the sorrow and the suffering of humanity have repelled men. The close and intimate relationship of Jesus with the poor, the despised and the outcast laid the first foundations of his triumph, and that triumph will come to its culmination, when his followers, laying aside their splendid robes and their brilliant equipages, follow in his steps, going about doing good. The poor are still his representatives on earth. The cup of water given them in his name is not to lose its reward. His love encircles them, his compassion clings to them, and his voice, ringing down the centuries, points the way in which men may show their love and gratitude to him: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto them, ye have done it unto me."

Japan Needs Our Aid

IT would be difficult to find a more direct illustration of the instability of worldly conditions than that which is revealed in the sad story from Japan, which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD publishes to-day. The nation which only a few months ago was shouting of victory and patriotically rejoicing over the conclusion of peace, is now stricken with sorrow. It finds itself face to face with a foe stronger and more relentless than the Russians, and whose hosts have already invaded, seized and laid waste three of the Mikado's fairest provinces.

No national affliction that has visited Japan in a hundred years has borne so heavily upon its people as the famine now raging in that country.

It is not, as many might suppose, wholly or even largely a result of the war. When the Japanese people, aroused by the threats of their traditional enemy to make of that country a vassal state, and its sons and daughters subjects of the Czar, flocked to the front to defend their native land, many thousands of the fathers, husbands and sons of the northern provinces left their little farms and holdings to help in the defense, just as our own farmers did in the early days. Very many of them never came back. Their bodies lie along the Yalu, or at Nanshan Hill, Liao-Yang, or in the Port Arthur trenches, side by side with their fallen foes—their wives widows, and their children fatherless. Even while they were still alive and fighting their country's battles, it was known that the gaunt battalions of famine had stolen a march upon their homes. But this was patriotically kept from the knowledge of the Russians. To spread the news of famine while the war went on in Manchuria, would have given the foe new courage, and might even have changed the great issue of supremacy in the Far East. Now, however, the truth need no longer be concealed. The last misfortune has overtaken the helpless people of Northern Japan, whose fields have refused to yield them bread. A million are facing starvation at the present moment.

Their appeal for aid, coming through the medium of our missionaries, and through many friends both here and in Japan, is stamped with a persuasive force and eloquence that cannot be denied. It is natural that they should look for help to the same Power that has been the friend of Japan in the past, and whose influence has ever been upon the side of peace and goodwill. They must not be disappointed.

We commend the cause of the famine sufferers in northern Japan to the benevolence of God's people throughout our own peaceful land. Let us help them according as we ourselves have been prospered—and quickly. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, responding to urgent appeals, is now arranging for the appointment of a representative Committee in Tokio and Yokohama, to whom all contributions sent to this journal by sympathetic readers will be forwarded.

Japan is America's friend, and has been for many years. Let us show her what a "friend in need" really means, and with what royal generosity we spread our table in such a case, not unmindful of the great truth that the bread so cast upon the waters of the oceans that roll between us, may return after many days to us in multiplied blessing. Our gallant and golden-hearted CHRISTIAN HERALD Army has done splendid service in many fields. Their standards bear a list of names that will linger in the memories of the veterans themselves, not as fields of slaughter, but where hundreds of thousands of lives have been saved and untold suffering averted. These fields whereon they have served under the great Captain of Salvation, and whose names are inscribed on their battle-flags are: Armenia, India, Russia, China, Cuba, Porto Rico, Finland, Sweden, and our own Western States. Again comes the call to service, and again, as of old, we hope to see a quick and generous response.

Send in your contributions to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and have a share in the life-saving campaign in Japan. Every gift will be duly acknowledged in these columns.

Saloon Responsibility

IN Chicago, a few days ago, a notable case was tried in one of the city courts before Judge Tuthill and a jury, the plaintiffs being the five children of John Hedlund and the defendants three saloon-keepers. It was shown by the evidence that Hedlund, five years ago, was a mechanic in prosperous circumstances, with an income of $1,500 a year and that his family were comfortably provided for. Then he began to drink. He became a regular customer of the saloon-keeping trio. His earnings went over their bars instead of into his business and for the maintenance of his home. Step by step he went downward, for the path of the drinker is a slope of ever-increasing steepness. It was a repetition of the familiar story of the drunkard's progress. Business deserted him; his home became a scene of poverty and suffering; his health failed; his friends forsook him. At last the ruin was complete. The saloon had done its work; its victim was a worthless sot; his home a wreck, and his neglected children left to the care of compassionate relatives.

Of course, in a moral sense, the saloon-keepers were largely responsible. They knew the man's weakness, and yet they sold him drink. His children might suffer or starve; they were nothing to the rum-sellers. So they raked in Hedlund's last coin, and then, no doubt, after the manner of saloon-keepers generally, drove him away.

But the jury in Judge Tuthill's court-room did not regard the incident as closed with the ruin of John Hedlund. They took a broad and rather unusual view of the case, and to the surprise of the saloon-keepers, they held that the latter were chiefly responsible for the ruin. It was true, Hedlund might have got liquor elsewhere, if they had refused him; but knowing his failing and that its indulgence was wrecking his family, and in defiance of pleas and warnings, they deliberately and wickedly hastened his downfall by supplying him with intoxicants. So the jury held that they must pay for the damage they had inflicted upon John Hedlund's children, and returned a verdict of $17,500 against them.

What is sound law in Illinois is probably equally so in other States. At all events, here is a precedent which may be followed to advantage. There are thousands of similar cases all over the land, where the saloons are being enriched at the cost of ruined fathers, wrecked homes and pauperized children. It might be wise for the temperance societies to turn their attention to this phase of the liquor question, and see whether they cannot succeed in bringing home the responsibility where it belongs, taking the Chicago case as a model.

An Opportunity for World Service

THE historic conference over the troubled affairs of Morocco, now taking place at Algeciras, again demonstrates how far forward this country has rightly gone in assuming its rightful place among the Powers, a power for good, as our past and present history teaches in no uncertain way. We would remind those critics who object to our participation in the world's affairs, and long for our isolation as a hermit republic, that, while we have not forced ourselves into international questions, we have not, since the establishment of the Republic, shirked our duty in doing our part of the world's work. No nation has the moral right to shirk such a responsibility.

It is objected that, for the first time, we are mingling in Mediterranean affairs. Is it? Did we not in the first part of the last century clean out the piratical nest at Tripoli, greatly to the relief of those civilized countries whose citizens had been kidnapped and chained to the oars of the corsair galleys. No farther back than 1881, our representatives took part in the great conference on Morocco, at the direct invitation of the King of Spain, and our influence was thrown on the side of the preservation of the autonomy of Morocco, better protection for the people, and the better regulation and protection of international trade.

In the present case, America stands for the equal, legitimate rights of all countries in their relation with Morocco, with special favor toward none; the proper policing of the country, the open door, and lastly, the only country so doing, the proper protection of Jewish residents. While France and Germany have come slowly to the verge of an armed conflict over the questions involved, this country has come with all the prestige derived from the signing of the Treaty of Portsmouth, urging a peaceful solution. All good Americans are glad that this is so, and that we can be at Algeciras a great influence for good. We have interests now in the Far Pacific; we did our part in the international expedition against the Boxers. We do not sit aside as if our nation were on another planet, and tell the other nations to cut one another's throats as their fancy dictates. The great oceans, under modern conditions, have become the narrow seas; geographical isolation has disappeared. Our interests are so interwoven with the general prosperity and happiness of the world, that no one man can say where it would be proper to sever our moral connection.

Among the Workers

—FOUR THOUSAND persons, mostly men, are reported as attending the seventh service of the seventh winter series of Sabbath afternoon services conducted by Rev. S. Edward Young, D.D., pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, Pittsburg.

—EVANGELIST J. H. CANNON and the Wesley Evangelists' Revival Singing Band have been conducting a series of largely attended and very enthusiastic meetings at Jane Street M. E. Church, New York, Rev. C. W. McPherson, pastor. Many conversions are reported.

—EVANGELIST ENSLOW, of the Moody Institute, Chicago, has just closed a three weeks' campaign in Reynolds, Neb., a village of 275 inhabitants, where 102 confessed Christ.

Creates a Taste for the Best in Literature

DEAR SIR:—I wish to express my appreciation of your "Masterpieces of the World's Best Literature." They certainly contain only the very best. It is surprising that so much of value can be put in such small compass. The type is good, the size of the volumes very handy, and the selections made show remarkably good judgment. Such books should create a taste for the best in literature, and through the medium of these books many will be brought into acquaintance with the great writers, and will be able to wisely select their future reading by the guidance given in these selections.

Saylesville, R. I. SAMUEL SLATER.

The BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

Conference on Morocco

WITH considerable pomp and some ceremony, the delegates of the nations assembled at Algeciras, on January 15, to discuss the affairs of Morocco. The little town, which is situated on the southern coast of Spain, opposite Gibraltar, was aglow with the flags of the respective nations. Among the arrivals were Mr. Henry White, our Ambassador at Rome, and Mr. Samuel R. Gummere, our representative in Morocco. The most conspicuous of the delegates was Mohammed el Torres, who represented the Sultan of Morocco. He arrived with a retinue of sixty men, dressed in flowing white robes and wearing white and red turbans. It was noted as a happy augury of the peaceful result of the Conference, that the French and German representatives met on cordial terms, and that the first vote, which elected as president of the Conference the Duke of Almodovar, the Spanish representative, was unanimous.

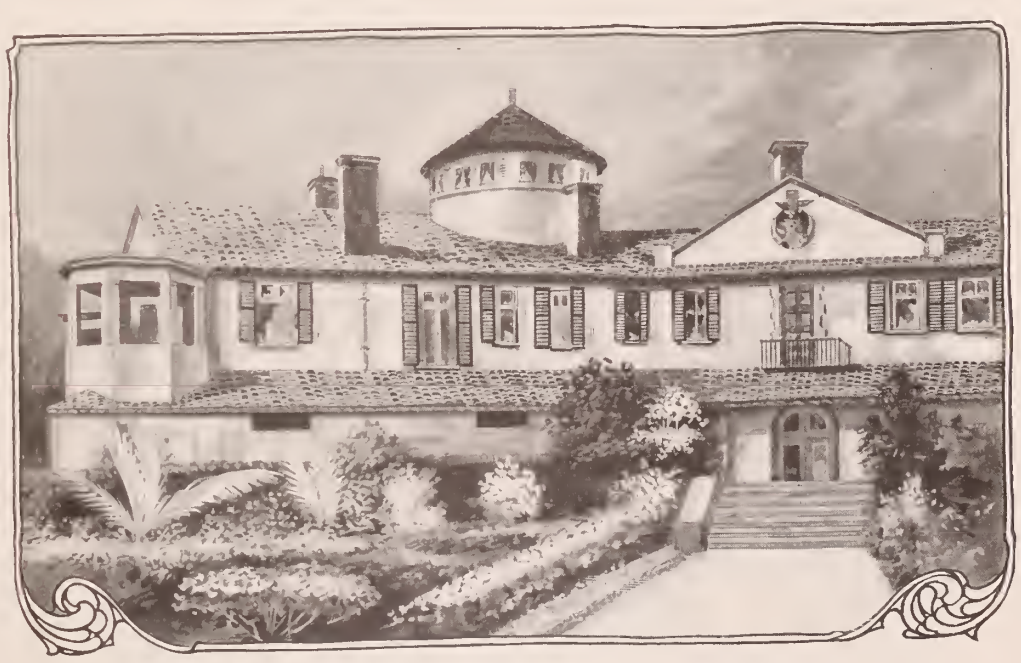
Hon. Henry White, U. S. Delegate at Algeciras

The problem to be solved was concisely stated by the Duke, as the peace and prosperity of Morocco. It was to be achieved, he said, by introducing reforms based upon the triple principle of the sovereignty of the Sultan of Morocco, the integrity of his territory and the equal commercial treatment of other nations. It is, however, a more complicated problem than would appear from that brief statement. The reforms needed in Morocco are radical, owing to the fact that the Sultan is unable to control the wild chiefs who occupy more than two-thirds of the country. Arrangements are to be made to prevent these chiefs making depredations on the contiguous territory of Algiers; to insure a better system of collecting the revenue of the country and the better management of its financial resources; and to impose a check on the Sultan's propensity to grant private monopolies to individual companies operating for the development of Morocco. Besides these subjects, instructions have been given to our representatives to insist that the Hebrews in the country shall receive fair and just treatment.

The burning question, as was explained in these columns last week, is the preponderance of France in Moroccan affairs. It is to this that Germany objects, and the discussion has produced a degree of tension between the two Governments that was at one time dangerous and is liable to become so again. Germany suspects France of a desire to annex Morocco to the French territory of Algiers. There is no doubt that strong provocation to take this step has been offered to France. The disorder on the Moroccan side of the frontier is a continual source of irritation, and excites the Algerian chiefs, who are under French control. But German trade with Morocco is developing, and there is a natural fear that French control would be inimical to it. Hence the provision that the Conference shall secure the integrity of the country, the supremacy of the Sultan, and freedom of trade for merchants of all nations.

The main cause of the Conference being the mutual jealousy of two European nations, the question is naturally asked what business the United States have to meddle with it. The answer is, that we are already involved, having been one of the signatories to a former treaty in 1880, and to a still earlier one in 1836, affecting the same subject. Then, as now, there was misgovernment in Morocco, outrages on foreigners, and a perpetual menace to foreign interests. Those treaties failed to effect sufficient reforms, and the United States are now invited to participate in the new attempt. There is no need to fear an entangling alliance as the result of the Conference, while the United States, as a disinterested party, will exercise an influence for peace and righteousness that cannot fail to be beneficial. Who knows but this nation may, in that Conference, have an opportunity of winning the blessing pronounced on the peacemaker.

Blessed are the peacemakers; for they shall be called the children of God (Matt. 5: 9).



The Town Hall of Algeciras, where the Conference on Morocco Meets

An Unconscious Heiress

The Paris correspondent of a London journal reports a remarkable discovery by a young woman in a country district of France. She had been devoted to an aunt who had lived to extreme old age. The girl had waited upon her like a daughter, receiving no salary, but having only her board as her remuneration. When the old lady died, it was hoped that some provision for her niece would be found in her will, but no will could be found. The heirs-at-law took possession of the property and dismissed the girl with no acknowledgment of her services to her aunt. But she had been fond of the old lady, and when her effects were sold, she attended the sale to buy some memento of her. She grieved to see most of the articles bring prices far beyond the capacity of her slender purse. But when the books were sold, she bought two or three of small value. On opening one of them, she found in it the missing will, in which her aunt had bequeathed to her the whole of her property, said to be worth eighty thousand dollars. It was well for her that she examined that book. There are some people who, though they own the Book that would tell them how to secure an eternal inheritance, never open it or read it.

Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life (John 5: 39).

Washington's Escutcheon

In a letter written by Bishop Potter, of New York, who is traveling abroad, is the statement that he has received information of the removal of the escutcheon which formerly adorned the home of the Washington family at Sulgrave, in England. The Bishop was told that an enterprising American had given $500 for the stone, which had then been removed from above the entrance door, and transported to America. The Bishop was deeply moved by the story, and was anxious that the stone should be restored to its former position. He believed that the land that had the best right to it, is the land for which it was hewn, and it would be an enduring misfortune if it was placed anywhere else. He offered the present possessor of the stone a liberal profit on his investment, that it might be restored. His letter has elicited others which show that the Bishop was wrongly informed. An American traveler writes that he visited Sulgrave recently, and saw the stone in its original place. It is natural, however, that many should think that the memento of Washington should be in the country he served so faithfully and so successfully, and where his memory is revered; but if it is appreciated in the old country, there will be no jealousy over its retention. The tribute of reverence Washington would have most desired, would have been no family relics, but fidelity to the institutions he gave his life to establish. As Jesus said, love was best shown by obedience.

If ye love me, keep my commandments (John 14: 15).

Locked in a Car

An employee of the Long Island Railroad was going about his work at the Long Island City depot, a few days ago, when he was startled by hearing moans, proceeding from a freight car on a side track. He procured assistance and forced the doors of the car. Within was a man in a state of exhaustion. He was so weak that he could not stand, and was almost unconscious. An ambulance was obtained and he was sent to a hospital. There, his condition was pronounced serious. It was impossible to learn anything from him, but from letters in his pocket it was learned that he lived at an address in Jersey City, N. J. Inquiries made there elicited the fact that he was an Austrian unable to speak English. His absence from home had caused grave anxiety to his family. He had been on a visit to relatives in the country, and, it was supposed, had lost his way, and seeing the car standing on the track, had crawled in for rest. The railroad officials said it had been forty-eight hours since the car reached Long Island City. How long the man had been imprisoned in it could not be ascertained. It is feared that the shock and the loss of light and air for so long a time will imperil his life. Perhaps if he had been longer in this country he would have known better than to seek rest in a car, that might be sent away at any moment. A more disastrous mistake, however, is made by those who take their rest and ease in this world, forgetting that here they have no continuing city.

The world passeth away and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever (I. John 2: 17).

A Sliding Bridge

The engineers engaged in the construction of the new bridge over Flushing Creek, at the foot of Broadway, Flushing, N. Y., have made a discovery which halts the work and may render it useless. They find that one of the piers from which the bridge was to be swung has moved two inches toward the middle of the stream. The bed of the creek is about sixty feet above hard pan. The upper stratum on both sides of the creek and under it is a soft, oozy, black earth. Spiles were driven through this upper strata into the hard pan. On top of these a concrete foundation was laid, and above this was erected the pier itself. A disparity in the height of the piers has been observed during the past few days, and a diver was sent down to learn the cause. His examination indicates that the spiles, or some of them, have shifted. If they shift under the weight of the pier they will shift more, it is feared, when the weight of the superstructure is added. So the work is stopped. It is a good thing that the discovery has been made, even at this late day, otherwise more money, and possibly loss of life, might have resulted. The discovery shows how important it is to have a secure foundation. Happily for the Christian, the road by which he hopes to reach his eternal rest is assured in this respect, beyond doubt.

The foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, the Lord knoweth them that are his (II. Tim. 2: 19).

GOD WITH US IN OUR DAILY WORK

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS*

THE four fishermen of our story forsook all and followed Jesus, and in so doing became, in a measure, like him in word and deed and character. Years after, Jesus sent them out two by two, with others subsequently called, to preach the glad tidings and go about doing good—most of all to be Christlike.

All who have since become followers of the Lord Jesus are their successors in that threefold service. That is the meaning of the divine creed of two words, "Follow me."

1. Christlikeness in Words. A train-load of Japanese soldiers, on their way to the front, were halted at Okayama for brief rest and refreshment. A committee of Christian ladies went to the train to cheer and comfort them and render any little service they could, such as mending a torn garment. One of the ladies, an American, wearing her flag, said: "We are Christians, and we shall pray for you." One of the soldiers eagerly beckoned to her, and when she drew near, said, "Won't you give me that American flag? I shall prize it more than I can tell. I want to have it to wear in battle." At first she hesitated to part with the flag, but finally pinned it upon his breast. A few days later, she received a letter twelve feet in length, written by the same man, in an unusually scholarly style, saying: "I am from Sendai, and all my life I have been a bitter opponent to the Christian religion. I have regarded it as only evil; and as a lover of my country, felt it my duty to do all that was in my power to hinder its progress. I had the same feeling when I came to Okayama. But when I heard you speak so kindly to us soldiers, and say that you and the other Christians were going to pray for us, it quite broke my heart, and I went into the corner of the waiting-room and wept. My heart is entirely changed. I no longer seek for death; and if I am spared to return, I shall come to you as soon as possible and ask you to teach me Christianity. My great desire now is to spread this religion; and as soon as I am able to do so, I shall do all in my power to persuade my parents and family to become followers of Christ." This man is not alone in Japan in being accessible through the power of Christ-filled words, for we hear much about the great work which the Young Men's Christian Association has been doing among the Japanese soldiers, for which the Emperor of Japan has shown his appreciation by making a gift of five hundred dollars to continue this work among soldiers. Of all the many "open doors" for missionary effort this seems to be just now the very front door. There should be no lack of means or men or prayer to help God make Japan a Christian nation in word and deed and spirit.

Sometimes the printed word is effective to win men to Christ. A commercial traveler of the better sort had printed on gummed labels in flaming red letters the words: "Get right with God." He stuck them on fences and in other public places where they would infringe no rights. Everyone he placed with a prayer that it might be an arrow for some heart. One conquest thus made he tells as follows: "One day I went into the wash-room of a hotel with three strangers to wash for dinner. As we were leaving, I stepped back into the room and pasted a label on the mirror. I tried always to avoid anyone seeing me post them, but this time I was caught, for one of the young men stepped back for a package he had left. He took me by the hand and said, 'Are you the man who has posted those signs all over Texas?' I answered I had posted many. With tears of joy he said, 'You have saved my life. Everywhere I've been those flaming letters met me, and I felt that they were talking to me. I have been a wicked man, but I have been saved through those words.'"

Fishermen on Lake Galilee

2. Christlikeness in Deeds. There is a great deal of Christian work going on in the world to-day, which is in true "apostolic succession" to that done by the Apostles of Jesus, when he sent them out two by two. The sick are healed in grandly appointed hospitals built, "In His Name." Leper settlements are supported by those who have learned from their Master to have mercy on lepers. None of these poor unfortunates need now beg by the wayside, as they did between Jerusalem and the Mount of Olives, for ample provision is made for them in that city, and other parts of the world. There are men like Father Damien, ready to give up their lives for these unfortunates, and women too, like Mary Reed, who went from Ohio as a missionary to India. After a few years her health began to fail and she went home for recuperation. She consulted several doctors, none of whom seemed willing to name her ailment. She insisted upon knowing, and was told she was a leper. Did she sink down under the dread condition? Instead, she felt peculiarly called to give the remnant of her life and strength to lepers, and so returned to India without daring to kiss her friends good by. For thirteen years she labored among lepers unremittingly. Her disease progressed and took hold of her throat, so that she felt she would soon be speechless, and could no longer tell the lepers of the Christ who had befriended so many of their kind. In the Providence of God her disease was arrested, and to-day she is well, but still a missionary among the lepers. She said to a lady who met her on a vacation trip: "I long to go back. They love me so I want to go back to them."

In a certain sense, the philanthropic followers of Christ may be said to retain the power of those early disciples to "raise the dead" in the loving care they give

"Launch out into the deep and let down your nets for a draught"

to orphan children, supplying the place of the lost father-love and mother-love; also, in the Christian homes for the aged in supplying them the fostering care of sons and daughters who have passed away.

And the followers of Christ still "cast out devils" in the asylums which they provide for the imbecile and the insane. Even prison life has felt the uplifting hand of the Christian, and has been made less penal and more reformatory. Nearly all the humane institutions that seek the betterment of mankind in body and soul, owe their existence to those who have followed Jesus. They are almost, if not quite unknown in heathen lands until the Gospel comes. The history of such institutions is a study of the historic leaven of Christianity, as is masterfully shown by Charles Loring Brace, in his book *Gesta Christi, or Humane Progress.*

One Sunday morning a Sunday School superintendent was reviewing the lesson. He asked what Christ's occupation was. Some said he was a carpenter; others that he made things; one little fellow said he made houses. Upon this answer, a good old gray-haired saint shouted out, "Yes, and he is building them yet." There are houses of worship, hospitals, Christian homes, all inspired by him, and therefore his work. Verily, he's the Master Builder of the ages.

But all Christians do not live up to these privileges of usefulness. Do you? Perhaps you are like that woman who, when deprived of the use of her good right hand by a sprain, said: "I've never thought just what being a member of the church meant before, though I've been one for thirty-five years. I've never felt obliged to do what the church wanted done. I felt it was a favor, my doing it at all, and half the time I let someone else do it instead. I've been just about as useful a member to the church as this sprained hand is to me, all stiff and crippled, and refusing to bend more than an inch or two. There's lots of things I need to do, but I can't use this member to do them—that's certain. That's the way the minister has felt about me, I guess. I've been a useless member."

All that is done in Christ's name, let us remember, he counts as done to him.

> Wherever now a sorrow stands,
> 'Tis mine to heal his nail-torn hands;
> In every lonely lane and street,
> 'Tis mine to wash his wounded feet—
> 'Tis mine to roll away the stone
> And warm his heart against my own.
> Here, here, on earth, I find it all—
> The young archangels white and tall,
> The golden city and the doors,
> And all the shining of the floors.
>
> EDWIN MARKHAM.

3. Christlikeness in Character. In a glass establishment, it was noted by a visitor that the glass-workers all walked on tiptoe. The proprietor was asked the reason for it and replied: "Those men are stained-glass-workers, imported from Paris for my new stained-glass department, and they walk on tiptoe, because they have worked so much in churches and cathedrals that the gait has become habitual with them. Practically all their working hours have been spent in the repairing of the churches of Europe. Since these churches are always open, since services are always going on in them, work must be conducted quietly, and all walking must be done on the toes. Hence these three excellent artists, whenever they enter a spacious and quiet place like this gallery of mine, rise up on their toes involuntarily, from a subconscious notion that they are in church."

The follower of Christ becomes more and more Christlike by the habit of walking in his footsteps. It were well if we walked reverently and carefully in our places of toil and business as if in church and in the presence of Christ, for indeed he delights to be with us—aye, in us—as with the fishermen of old, to make work itself a daily worship.

Dr. Sidney L. Gulick, in his book, *The White Peril in the Far East*, tells us that in the year 1888, it was confidently believed that Japan would be Christian by the end of the century. But there came a reaction, brought about largely by the return of many Japanese who had gone abroad to study. They brought back reports of the religious and moral conditions of Christendom that astonished those who had supposed that "Christian lands" were Christian in deed as well as word. They told of the hideous forms of licentiousness rampant in New York, Chicago, London, Paris and Berlin. It was not only whispered, but often publicly stated, that Christianity was a failure in our so-called "Christian nation" and others. "Why adopt so powerless a gospel for Japan?" For our own sake and for the world's, this professedly Christian nation and its individual Christians must strive more diligently for the very spirit of Him whose name we bear.

Scipio Africanus, the great Roman general, was respected and beloved by the Roman people for his virtues and valor. He wore a signet ring on which was engraven his own likeness, and this ring at his death passed into the possession of his son, who, so different from his father, was a dissolute man. But the bad son would persist in wearing and flaunting everywhere his good father's ring, and would even take it with him into his haunts of vice and dissipation. So the outraged Roman Senate passed a resolution forbidding the son of Scipio Africanus to wear his father's ring in the Senate House. With what the fellow chose to do outside the Senators could not interfere. It would seem reason enough to keep a son from vice, that he dishonors his father; but most of all should he be deterred by the dishonor put thus upon his Father in heaven. Most of all should one who bears the great and good name of Christ, speak and act and live worthy of such a name.

*International Sunday School Lesson for Feb. 11. Jesus Calling Fishermen. Luke 5: 1-11. GOLDEN TEXT: "Be ye therefore followers of God, as dear children." Eph. 5: 1.

THE CHARIOTS OF THE LORD

A Story of the days of Religious Persecution in England

BY JOSEPH HOCKING

"If you love me as you said——" and Trelawney heard her sob

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued

"AY, but these are strange times, old man," said one of the men to Trelawney. "Besides, there is a reward offered to any who will lay hands upon a young Cornish blood who hath defied Lord Jeffreys, and escaped."

"Ah, say you so? I have not been out of the house all day, neither doth it suit one of my age to be out so late at night. I suppose it would be too much to ask you to give me your arm as far as St. Paul's Church. After I am up the hill, I can, I hope, manage it," Trelawney added.

Thus he meandered on, while the men listened impatiently.

"No, no, old friend. We have more paying games on hand. But this we will do. If you will step into the Star and Garter, we will e'en give you a sup of ale to help you on your way."

"Ah, thank you, good friends; but I may not wait for that. Good-morrow to ye, if ye will not go so far as St. Paul's Cross with me."

"Good-night, father."

"Thank you, young men. You have kind hearts."

He crept along slowly, leaning heavily upon his staff, until he reached Fleet Street. Here, all was silent. It had now turned half-past eleven, and folks were abed.

He walked quickly towards Ludgate, and when arrived there, he seemed more alert, more watchful. He looked eagerly towards Fleet Prison, and somewhat quickened his steps as he passed by the old King Lud Tavern, and listened for a moment to the sound of the carousers within. One or two passers gave him a searching glance as he passed along, but no one spoke.

Halfway from Ludgate to St Paul's Church he crossed the road; but still made his way eastward, when suddenly he turned in at a narrow alley which led riverward. Here he quickened his steps, and then, seemingly without purpose, threaded his way in and out among a number of narrow pathways, until he found himself by the banks of the river.

The waters of the Thames reached high, for the tide was rising; but there were no signs of life among the poor-looking dwellings which were built close to the water's edge.

He seemed to see what he desired, however, for he gave a murmur of satisfaction, and then he turned westward again, crossing Farringdon Road, which was in those days an exceedingly dirty, and squalid-looking thoroughfare, scarcely lit by a single lamp. After crossing here, he again threaded his way through a network of alleys, until he came to an open square.

"Temple Church," he said to himself. "I will go to the same buttress."

Cautiously he found his way to the church, and then crept into the shadow of a huge buttress.

Here he heaved a sigh of relief, but looked eagerly around, nevertheless.

"A long journey to go a short distance," he said; "but it may be it was best."

He placed his hand on his left hip, as if in search of something there; after that, he unfastened something by his leg, and a sword hung loose. This done, he stretched himself, and gave vent to a low, pleased laugh.

"At any rate, I can give a good account of myself now," he said.

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The night was very still. Scarcely a sound was to be heard, save the muffled voices of revelers in the taverns nearby. Orange girls and hawksters were abed, and the night was so cold and damp that the nighthawks which infested London found no prey.

For a time the man waited in silence behind the buttress. Once or twice he thought he heard whisperings and stealthy footsteps, but he was not sure. Then he heard the clock of St. Paul's striking midnight. Scarcely had the echo of the last chime died away, when he felt a touch upon his arm.

"Ah, you have come, Mistress Mary," he said, quietly.

"Yes, I have come, Master Benedict Trelawney," she said, mimicking his tone. "But I did not go out of my way to get here, as you did."

She spoke in tones scarcely above a whisper, but every word reached him clearly. Moreover, he heard her laughing like one well pleased.

Benedict Trelawney laughed too. The night was cold and dark. A heavy mist lay on everything, making the trees close by seem like ghostly spectres; but the presence of the maid made the dark night seem like a June morning.

"Well, Master Trelawney," she went on, "have you made up your mind?"

"About what?" he asked.

"Whether I am a scullery-wench or a lady's serving-woman."

"Neither," he answered promptly.

"What then?"

"A beauteous maid, who hath befriended me and bidden me come here to-night."

"Oh, have done with foolish speeches. This is no time for them."

"A man must needs say what is in his heart," replied Benedict.

"Your sword came safely, this morning?"

"Else had I not been here. But tell me, Mistress Mary, how did you get it, how did you send it, and how did you know what course I took to-night?"

"Ask me no questions, I tell you; I can tell you nothing, nothing. But I was able to help you last night, and then it came to me that my help of last night would be of no avail without further aid."

"Further aid! Ah, aid from you is good, indeed, Mistress Mary, and I shall pray that I may need it often, so that it may lead to such meetings as this."

"What do you care about such meetings as this?" she asked quickly. "They can be nothing to you."

"I have been thinking of this time all the day," said Benedict. "Since I saw the writing on the sword-blade, I have thought of but little else. How could I, when I thought of the bright eyes I saw last night?"

"Whose bright eyes?"

"Whose? Why yours. There are no others."

"I fancied you might be thinking of those belonging to Mistress Priscilla Dugdale."

"Hath she bright eyes? I never looked at them, therefore I never thought of them. How could I? Yours dazzled me. As to this meeting being nothing to me, I would gladly brave Judge Jeffreys every night for the privilege of seeing you afterwards."

"Hush! Do not mention the name! He vows vengeance. He says he will be content with nothing less than to see you hanged, or sent away to the Indies as a slave."

"How do you know?" asked Benedict, quickly.

She hesitated a moment like one somewhat confused, but a minute later she spoke quietly enough.

"I must e'en know what is in everybody's mouth."

"Am I, indeed, so much talked of?" and young Trelawney laughed gaily.

"Hush, I tell you. You do not know. Spies are everywhere, everywhere. Lord Jeffreys swears he will take you and make an example of you."

"And I swear," said the young man, "that I will never rest till I have thrown him from his place of power, until I have had him dragged through the streets, whipped at the cart-tail, and flung into prison."

He spoke savagely. The very thought of Jeffreys aroused him to anger, and for a moment he appeared to be forgetful of the presence of the girl.

"And I, on the other hand, warn you to do nothing to anger him further," said the girl, earnestly. "Nay, more, I beseech you to leave London while you may. If you will follow the instructions I will give you, you can be two miles from this city by to-morrow morning, and no one will know where you are. Go back to your home, Master Trelawney, and do not anger Lord Jeffreys further."

"Nay, nay," said Benedict, "if I leave London I should be going away from you."

"Well, and what of that?"

"Only that I am not going to do it. If you can meet me like this, Mistress Mary, you can meet me again."

"Oh, but you do not know that I have come here at the peril of my life."

"Then you need a protector," said Benedict. "But who threatens your life? Of whom are you afraid?"

"Of whom is every one afraid?"

"What, you afraid of that brawling, boasting bully? Why, then all the more reason I should stay near you."

"Oh, you fool!" cried the girl impatiently. "Do you think you can do aught against him? He is all-powerful, I tell you."

"All-powerful? Nay, we still have a Parliament."

"Parliament! He laughs at Parliament. Do you know why? The King is greater than the Parliament, and the Parliament will do whatever he bids. I tell you, Lord Jeffreys can do whatever he wills, because he knows he has the King's smile."

"Sometimes even the smiles of kings become of no value," said Trelawney.

"Hush!" cried the girl again. "Even the walls of this church may have ears. Even now your words may be heard and carried to him, and Master Trelawney, you said something just now about caring for my peace of mind."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 100

A JOURNEY THROUGH PIGMY-LAND

The Little People of Mid-Africa, Their Religion, and their Strange Customs

The Market-Place at Mombasa, East Africa

ONE of the most interesting contributors in late years to the story of Africa and its strange tribes is Ruth B. Fisher, who has written a remarkably instructive account of her travels and observations, which has just been published by the Fleming H. Revell Company of New York, under the title, "On the Borders of Pigmy-Land."

Mrs. Fisher is an entertaining narrator. This is what she has to say of the pigmies and their neighbors:

"Nothing was definitely known about the Batwa pigmies until the late Sir Henry Stanley penetrated their forest home on his search for Emin Pasha, and startled the civilized world by his marvelous accounts of these legendary folk. Their home is one vast, impenetrable forest, which extends about one hundred and twenty miles north to south, and nearly two hundred miles east to west (around Mboga). Without intermission, its vegetation has assumed abnormal proportions; out of dense, tangled undergrowth the trees have forced their way, and, as if to find breathing space, and shake themselves free of the crush and their tiresome parasites, have reached a gigantic height. Doubtless this obscurity, and the seclusion of their environment have acted as a narcotic on the development of the people.

"Although small of stature, they are by no means dwarfs, for their little bodies of four feet, to four feet eight inches, are perfectly proportioned. A very close view shows them to be covered with an almost imperceptible downy hair; on the arms this meets at the elbow as in monkeys. It may be due to the habit of sitting with arms crossed round their neck while the rain constantly drips down upon them through the trees. Their features are not prepossessing—in fact they are really ugly; a very broad, bridgeless nose, and two wide, protruding lips, appropriate as much space as the face can spare.

"They possess no permanent homes, but are constantly on the move, never spending more than three to five days at one spot. They burrow among the thick undergrowth, and make clearings round the trees in order to erect their tiny grass huts, which are built in less than an hour, with saplings stuck round in a circle, and tied at the top; grass and leaves are then thrown over as roofing. Very few adopt any clothing. Each man travels about with a bow and quiver of poisoned arrows, in order that he may keep the family supplied in food. Although peaceable among themselves, there is no civil cohesion among the pigmies. They recognize no king or chief; each man is perfectly free to control his own household. There are no class distinctions; but the best huntsman will have the largest following, because with his spoils he is able to effect exchanges with the near neighbors of the tribe, the Bambuba—a sturdy, thick-set race, varying in height from four feet eight inches to five feet, who live on the northeast fringe of the forest.

"Necessity has never taught the pigmies to make fires. They are dependent on wood ashes from the Bambuba folk, which they carry about tied up in leaves, in which the fire smoulders for hours and is kindled into flame with a little gentle blowing. The Bambuba have learned to produce fire by means of igniting two little bits of stick by friction. They also make tiny torches of three or four thin twigs tied together by fibre. The pigmies do not cultivate the ground; they are exclusively a tribe of huntsmen who travel about in search of their prey. Their remarkable agility enables them to spring from branch to branch when watching the track of an animal. Often they are obliged to follow an elephant for hours before this forest monarch succumbs to the poisoned dart that has lodged itself in its tough skin; then, as the huge animal rolls over like a thunderbolt falling, the little pigmies jump down from the trees, stand on the carcass, and draw out of a crude leather sheath their knives, which have handles made of animals' bones; they then commence cutting up the joints. Some of these will be carried off to the agricultural Bambuba tribe, who give potatoes, Indian corn, knives, or arrows for the meat. The rest is taken up into the trees and dried, after which it is either roasted or eaten raw. Although all their meat is poisoned, they do not attempt to purify it, and the blood is regarded as a special delicacy. They do not, however, suffer any ill-effects, for the poison is said to have lost its power when once it has acted.

Four Pigmies at Kabarole

A Group of Pigmy Wonders

"A pigmy rarely possesses more than one wife, and never more than two. A man purchases her with poison or fowls—a woman is valued at eighty to one hundred chickens. The wives are treated kindly and with consideration, only when a husband is provoked by abuse does he attempt to subdue his fractious helpmate by a sound beating. A pigmy baby is the funniest little atom imaginable. A woman once brought to me her infant of three months; it was her first, and she evidently regarded it as an exceptional beauty. It was about the size of a six-penny doll. I did not venture to touch it for fear of hurting it.

"Having only reached the outskirts of the Congo forest, we never had an opportunity of seeing the pigmies at home. Those we have met and conversed with are women and boys that were stolen some years ago, and now have no desire to go back to the forest. At Mboga we found seven under Christian instruction, one of whom had been baptized. In Kabarole there are two pigmy girls and one lad learning to read besides Blasiyo, who was the first of his tribe to be baptized. He was my first godchild, the first of these wee and ancient people to step forth from their physical and spiritual darkness.

"Work is a great trouble to him, but he is always ready for tricks and games. While learning to read we took him on our staff of boys, not that he did much work, but in order that we might try and instil clean and industrious habits into him. His duties were to help the cook by feeding the fire with fuel and keeping clean the pots and pans, but when he knew his master and mistress were at lunch, he would run away from his post, and fetch a large ivory war-horn; then, taking up his position outside the dining-room window, would blow for all he was worth. He accompanied the blasts with weird, swaying movements that gradually developed into wild dancing, and transformed the little figure into a veritable imp or gnome. His idea was that this entertainment would quite justify his act of truancy; and he reasoned that if he could get his master and mistress to laugh their anger would be dead, for laughter drives out wrath.

"For several obvious reasons it will be impossible to send teachers to the pigmies under present circumstances. While they continue constantly moving about they cannot be satisfactorily reached; and no European or native of another tribe could live in the semi-obscurity of the dense forest, or exist solely on poisoned meat."

Concluding his observations, the writer says: "The only hope of effectually reaching them is to teach and train those who are living outside among other people; for there is every reason to hope that some from among them might be found who will in the future be ready to go back to their old forest home and carry the torchlight of Truth to their own kith and kin."

Whiskey as a Source of Crime

A READER in Oklahoma writes to The Christian Herald: "My observation here gives overwhelming proof of the fact that the prime cause of most crimes in Oklahoma is that greatest of all curses, whiskey. No figures can express the amount of sin and suffering entailed by it. Our great government, with its Congress now in session, could bestow no greater blessing upon Oklahoma and the Indian Territories, when admitting them to statehood, than by inserting in the act the most stringent measure prohibiting the introduction or sale of intoxicating drinks. If this is not done, crime of all kinds will be increased tenfold. There is an unusual class of population here, at best hard to control, being composed chiefly of Americans, Indians, negroes and half-breeds. Indians are naturally fond of whiskey, and there is a large population of ill-designing whites who subsist by violating the laws in selling whiskey to Indians. Almost every little hamlet located along the borders of the Osage Nation and Indian Territory (these places being located principally in Oklahoma), have anywhere from one to six saloons, some of them many more. One of these nefarious places, located in Oklahoma, on the line of the Seminole Nation, has in the past two years been the scene of not less than fifty murders, the last one being that of a little thirteen-year-old girl. There are at present confined in prison at Guthrie over one hundred men, a large percentage being charged with selling whiskey to Indians. In three of these little border towns, located in Oklahoma, and near the Osage Nation, there are twenty-four saloons.

Pawnee, O. T. "Observer."

The Sweetmeats of Literature

I have received your beautiful books, the "Masterpieces of the World's Best Literature," and to say that I am delighted would indeed be saying the least. They are certainly the "sweetmeats" of literature, collected and arranged by one possessed of great intellectual ability.

Gustavus, O. Mrs. C. A. Noble.

AROUND THE HOME HEARTH

The Art of Growing Old

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

WE may not all be growing old, but at least we are all growing older. Every day Time adds a little to the measure of our lives. Growing old should be growing lovely, growing sweet, growing rich, growing gracious and beautiful. No one should be so entirely attractive as the man or woman who has arrived at a summit in the years from whence the outlook to the Beyond is glorious and the retrospect is charming. Years filled with work well done should bring coronation to any life. Singularly, most of us fight against advancing age as if it were necessarily a foe, as if it came to defraud us of pleasure, rob us of privilege, and encumber us with infirmity. In "Rabbi Ben Ezra," Robert Browning struck a truer and deeper note :

> Grow old along with me,
> The best is yet to be,
> The last of life for which the first was made.

So far as age debars one from mingling in business or professional life, so far as it places one's name on the retired list and shuts one out of the engagements that have been the absorbing occupations of maturity, it may be deprecated. But there is no reason why age should do this, unless it is accompanied by some impairment of mental vigor or waste of physical energy. If mind and body continue at their best, experience counts as a valuable make-weight in the balance. Many people grow old too soon; their faculties become atrophied from disuse and are like rusty tools that have lost their sharpness. Very stupidly some of us give up active life too soon. Either we are lazy or indifferent, or lack the spur of ambition, and we contentedly drop out, and leave the tasks that once we loved to the care of our juniors. Once in awhile one meets an elderly woman who has had the good sense and rare judgment to resign nothing in which she has ever been proficient, but has kept up her music or painting or other accomplishments by daily practice, so that she is abreast of the times. The trouble with many old people is that they are not up-to-date; they belong to yesterday, not to this day. They are sitting in the chimney corner, thinking over the past when they ought to be eager and alive over current events.

The frantic effort made by a few women to look young after youth has departed, is so futile that it provokes a pitying smile. Not long ago, a lady knocked at the door of an acquaintance who had a room in a hotel with herself. After a moment's hesitation the door was opened a wee bit, as if reluctantly, but presently a voice said, "Oh, if it's you, come right in, and don't mind how I look." Horrified, the visitor saw that her friend's face was completely covered with something that resembled a masque. Strips of plaster covered brow, nose, cheeks and chin, leaving only eyes and mouth free. "What has happened to you?" was the very natural inquiry. "Nothing," was the reply, "I am only having the wrinkles removed from my face. When these appliances are taken off, I shall look twenty years younger."

"And will the cure be permanent?" was asked.

The answer was, "Not precisely permanent, but when they come back I can have them removed again. I hate wrinkles."

Undoubtedly wrinkles and crow's feet and deepening lines may not be agreeable to one who forgets that there is a beauty belonging to every season. Youth has its own peculiar and exquisite loveliness. Matronly middle-age is equally as beautiful in a different way, and real old age need not be dreaded as a disfigurement. There are, frankly, old women in this land who are as beautiful in age as they were in youth, as, for instance, our queenly Julia Ward Howe.

. . .

An old face without lines lacks character. If the lines tell the story of a life spent in kindness and goodness and love to others, they are very dear to all who see them. Silver hair is far more beautiful in age than dyed tresses. An old face surmounted by artificial locks, or hair which has a sort of copper lustre, is grotesque instead of beautiful.

The great beautifier in every age is sincerity, and the twin sister of sincerity is sweetness of disposition. If you would remain young, do not be bitter or cynical. Be tolerant and tender and considerate. Take an interest in what is going on about you. Cultivate friendships, not merely with those of your own age but with younger people. No one can grow old who is in touch with youth. To be surrounded by the young, with their bright and ardent hopes, is to have an unfailing panacea for the maladies and ravages of time.

TURKISH WOMEN OUT FOR A WALK

A significant sign of the world's progress is to be noted in this interesting picture. Time was, and not so long ago, that no Turkish woman was seen beyond the precincts of the harem and its walled gardens. Turkish women now enjoy a measure of freedom formerly denied them.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—B. B. Write to Mrs. K. McDowell Rice, Worthington, Mass., for her catalogue.

—Buffalo. If facial massage does not help you in the trouble you complain of, you may be relieved by a very sparing diet.

—Angie. If you really hate teaching, give it up, and find some other work. You cannot expect to succeed in work that you dislike.

—Anne. You ask me if a young girl is wise in marrying a moderate drinker. I have no hesitation in saying that she incurs a great risk in making such a man her choice.

—Grass-Green Maid. With yourself, I puzzled a good deal over the meaning of "The Grass-Green-Maid." I came to the conclusion that the author knew what she meant, but did not mean that anybody else should.

—Lover of Boys. A great deal is done and done well for our boys, in Clubs, Settlements, and Institutional Churches. We can never get hold of a boy by scolding him. He craves an outlet for his energies. A gymnasium is sometimes a boy's salvation.

Presence of Mind

AMONG the homely virtues which all should cultivate, few qualities rank higher than presence of mind. It may well be called a virtue, for on its exercise may depend the safety and well-being sometimes of a family, and sometimes of a great throng of people. During the recent holiday, a great prima donna was singing in New York, when a bit of flame flashed up on the stage. There was a vast audience in the house assembled to listen to the music, and Madame Nordica was singing magnificently in the role of *Brunhilde*. She was aware of a little stir among the chorus people at her back, and she saw the first faint flutter of fright in the spectators in front. An instant later, and there might have been a panic that would have resulted in terrible disaster. Without a second's hesitation, or a variation in the time of her solo, Madame Nordica stepped toward the fire, set her foot upon it and put it out, still singing. The presence of mind she displayed showed real heroism. Many a time in domestic crises, this rather ordinary quality would be of inestimable value. It does not presume to call itself superb, or splendid, or anything but just homely and commonplace. But it may save life, prevent destruction of property, and, in one's own experience, prove a satisfactory asset.

. . .

If, for example, some one has taken poison by mistake, the person with presence of mind will not wait for the coming of a physician before administering an emetic. If the house is on fire, the man with presence of mind will do his best to close doors and prevent a draught, and confine the trouble to a limited area. Should one have the misfortune to catch fire, instead of rushing madly out into the air, the thing to do would be to roll over and over on the carpet, and to drag the nearest quilt or rug upon the flame to smother it. It is comparatively easy, of course, to talk of presence of mind when there is no particular occasion for its use, and yet there is a self-discipline and mastery that are in the power of every one. We may accustom ourselves to prompt action and quiet thought, so that if an emergency arises we shall be equal to its demand.

. . .

Women, especially, should repress violent emotional outcries in moments of apparent peril. To scream or shriek, seldom does any good, and may do a great deal of harm. A story is told of a brave pioneer woman in the early days of New England occupation. She had been spending the night with a neighbor who was ill, and, in the early morning, she started on her return through the forest to her home. Each settler's house, in those days, had its own little clearing, its patch of garden and farm, and between houses separated by several miles stretched groves of thick trees. Walking quickly in the uncertain light of the dawn, this woman became aware of a stealthy, padding step, and presently saw glaring at her through the underbrush, the angry eyes of a panther. Seeing no other way to escape, she climbed a tree and then began to sing. She sang the old songs of her childhood, old ballads that had been familiar in ancestral homes beyond the sea, psalms, hymns and chants. Through the stillness of the forest the sweet voice rose without a tremor, and as long as she sang, the beast crouched at the foot of the tree as if spellbound. The moment she stopped, he made a menacing movement as if to spring. Still she sang on, until her husband and sons coming to meet her, with their guns set her free, and shot the wild beast.

This story is preserved in the annals of her family, and from one generation to another the children are told of the wonderful presence of mind displayed by a little Englishwoman who had come across the sea to find a home in the wilderness.

Church Union in Canada

ONE of the most significant movements in religious life, which may have momentous consequences, has been witnessed in Canada during the past few weeks. The great inter-church Conference recently held in New York, had no higher aim than to promote federation and co-operation among the Evangelical Churches, but our friends across the border have gone a step beyond this. An effort, which promises to be successful, has been made to bring about the organic union of three denominations. Representatives of the Methodist, Presbyterian, and Congregational Churches have met together, and have arranged a plan of union with a common creed and a common system of Church government. This plan is to be submitted to the recognized heads of the respective churches in their church councils, and if it is endorsed, as seems probable, will go to a popular vote. Should the members of all the three churches ratify the plan, a great church will be formed out of the three, with a membership of 1,787,446 persons. This, in a total population of 5,371,051 for the whole of Canada, is a record unparalleled among the nations of the earth.

From the Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., of Toronto, we have received the following history of the origin and progress of the movement:

The Dominion of Canada had already been the scene of two very important church unions. About thirty years ago the Presbyterians had the honor of leading the way by the union of the several branches of that church, over about half a dozen in number, into one body from the Atlantic to the Pacific. A few years later the union of the different branches of the Methodist Church, five in number, took place. Many men of light and leading, among them the late Principal Grant, of Queen's University, Kingston; the late Principal Caven, of Knox College, Toronto; the late Dr. Borden—alas! that we must say "the late" of so many of these; the Rev. Dr. Carman, general superintendent of the Methodist Church, and other representative men of the several churches, felt that the time was ripe for the consummation of a broader union, embracing the Methodist, the Presbyterian, and the Congregational churches.

A year ago representatives of these churches, over a hundred in all, met in Toronto to promote such union. There were many difficulties in the way—differences of creed, of polity, of administration, of ministerial status. But under the guidance of Divine Providence and through the influence of Christian courtesy and of mutual concession and conciliation, it was felt that these difficulties could all be overcome.

Committees, including leading minds of the different churches, were appointed to endeavor to harmonize their diverse views, to find a common ground of belief and a common mode of church administration. These committees were able, without the sacrifice of principle, to frame a larger creed, embracing the essential truths of their several doctrinal systems. They were able to formulate a system of church polity which combined the excellencies of all. They agreed on plans of administration, and framed a common platform of action. These conclusions they recommended for adoption by the supreme ecclesiastical courts of the several churches—the Methodist General Conference, the Presbyterian General Assembly, and the Congregational Union.

The name of the new organization will probably be The United Church in Canada. It was recommended that the lower church court should be the District Council, the intermediate court the Annual Conference, the chief court the General Assembly, a delegated body to meet every two years.

The leaders of religious opinion agree that it would be inexpedient to unduly hasten this movement, that the leaven must be allowed to thoroughly permeate the membership of the churches, that it is above all desirable to secure practical unanimity before the final consummation of union, in order that no appreciable number should fail to be carried into the United Church. The judgment of some is that it may take years, possibly a decade, before it is accomplished. Personally, we see no reason why it should not take place in half that time or less.

It is significant that all the recommendations of the union committee were adopted unanimously. While there was no compromise of principle by any of its members, there was the utmost spirit of conciliation in arranging details. The problem of harmonizing the complete independence of the separate churches, as among the Congregationalists, and the strong connexional system of the Methodists has been happily solved by adopting the best features of each, and allowing complete liberty to the individual churches, subject only to the general legislation, principles and discipline of the United Church. The itinerant system of Methodism becomes radically changed by the removal of the time limit. In the United Church, pastors may remain in charge for an indefinite period; but if it be found wise to effect a change of relations, this can be accomplished without friction or reflection on either church or pastor. The Settlement Committee of the United Church, which takes the place of the Methodist Stationing Committee, will receive and adjudicate all such requests, and thus seek to bring about the happy result of a church for every pastor, and a pastor for every church.

The nomenclature of the proposed new organism, happily blends that of its component parts. The suggested name for the highest court is the General Assembly, which thus carries with it the associations of the annual gathering of the Presbyterian Church. It meets, however, not yearly, but biennially, whereas the General Conference of the Methodist Church meets every four years. Instead of a General Superintendent elected for eight years, as in the latter body, the President of the General Assembly is to be elected for only two years, but is free from pastoral duties during that period. The Annual Conference perpetuates the chief institution of the Methodist Church, while the District Council adopts the name of the annual gathering of the Congregational Church. All these church courts are thoroughly democratic, laymen and ministers being on a perfect parity and in equal numbers.

The essential unity of these churches on matters of doctrine was demonstrated at the first meeting of the Committee which had charge of the important business of constructing a creed in which all could agree. It was found that they were already in accord on the most important doctrines, and that the differences in the others were slight. A creed was drawn up, consisting of nineteen articles. These dealt with the following subjects: God, Revelation, Divine Purpose, Creation and Providence, Sin of Man, Grace of God, the Lord Jesus Christ, the Holy Spirit, Faith and Repentance, Justification and Sonship, Sanctification, the Law of God, the Church, the Sacraments, the Ministry, Church Order and Fellowship, the Resurrection, and Christian Service and Final Triumph.

The difficulty with the Higher Criticism was overcome in the second article by this expression of belief:

We believe that God is revealed in part in nature, in history, and in the heart of man; that he has made gracious and clearer revelations of himself to men of God who spoke as they were moved by the Holy Spirit; and that Jesus Christ, the Word made flesh, is the brightness of the Father's glory and the express image of his person. We gratefully receive the Holy Scriptures of the Old Testament and New Testament given by inspiration, to be the faithful record of God's gracious revelations and the sure witness to Christ, as the Word of God, the infallible rule of faith and life.

It was a more difficult problem to bring the Presbyterian and the Methodist into accord on the question of Divine Sovereignty and Free-will. But the old struggle of a century ago has lost much of its bitterness, and Calvinists and Arminians agreed on this definition of doctrine:

We believe that God out of his great love for the world has given his only begotten Son to be the Saviour of sinners, and in the Gospel freely offers his all-sufficient salvation to all men. We believe also that God, from the beginning, in his own good pleasure, gave to his Son a people, an innumerable multitude, chosen in Christ unto holiness, service and salvation.

Thus a basis is formed for united work by three bodies hitherto operating separately. The experiment will be watched on both sides of the Atlantic with the most intense interest. We heartily trust it will be successful, and that it may lead to closer union among other sects, and be the precursor of the time in which all the followers of the Lord may be one.

A Library in Itself

Your selections from the English classics were received in good order. I am delighted with them, and show them to all my friends as an example of the liberality of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Being the choicest selections from all the classic authors, it is indeed a little library in itself.

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Prominent Men of the Hour

General John C. Bates

President-Elect Fallieres

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN COALTER BATES will be the new Commander-in-Chief of the American Army on the retirement of Lieutenant-General Adna Chaffee. At present General Bates is the second ranking officer of the general staff. He was born in St. Charles County, Missouri, in 1842. He received his education at Washington University, St. Louis. In 1861 he entered the army as a lieutenant in the Eleventh Infantry, and served with the Army of the Potomac. In 1863 he was promoted to the position of aid on the staff of General Mead, and was present with him during the three-days' battle of Gettysburg. Before the close of the war he received the brevet of Lieutenant-Colonel. For thirty years he was stationed west of the Mississippi River, and distinguished himself in protecting the settlements from raids of hostile Indians. In the Spanish War he became a Major-General of Volunteers, served in Cuba, was Governor of Cienfuegos, and later conducted the campaign in southern Luzon, and in Mendanao.

CLEMENT ARMAND FALLIERES has been elected President of the French Republic, to succeed Emile Loubet. He has been for a long time active in French politics, and his selection was almost a foregone conclusion. His selection means a policy of peace for France, as he has announced his intention of treading in the footsteps of President Loubet. M. Fallieres was born in 1841, the son of a magistrate's clerk, and the grandson of a blacksmith. He studied law, as he was early fired with an ambition to better his station in life, and for a while practised as a country attorney. Going into politics, he was sent to the Chamber of Deputies in 1876, and soon made a name for himself. On the formation of the Duclerc Cabinet, he was given a position in the Ministry of Interior, and later became Premier. In 1896 he became a Senator, and in 1899 the President of the Senate. He owns large estates and is very hospitable. His ideas are conservative. Madame Fallieres is very popular in French society, and will be of great assistance to her distinguished husband in his new position.

The Women's Memorial Ready

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83

The women of Michigan show their intense earnestness in the cause by sending 14,541 signatures. Hundreds were gathered by ladies who visited factories and mills, where even the young girls eagerly signed the paper.

Of the total 11,680 names received from Missouri, 863 came from the town of Fenton, which was divided into canvassing districts. Nearly 7,000 names came from Minnesota, 706 of these from Worthington alone. From the little village of Lake Crystal alone, over two hundred women voice their protest. Nebraska sends over 8,000 names. North Dakota nobly responded with over 1,600, and Oregon with over 3,500, while Oklahoma's number exceeds 2,000. "The Lord help us to gain the victory," writes an Oklahoma woman. The lists in these far Western States have been the result of many miles of horseback riding through a sparsely settled country.

Over 2,000 women of South Dakota ask for the removal of the Mormon Senator, while Washington's protest is 4,368 strong. The members of four churches of Sheridan, Wyo., put themselves on record as unanimously in favor of the Women's Memorial, and other churches of the State have sent in many hundreds of names. Nearly 9,000 names to the credit of the women of Wisconsin. Arizona and Montana are well represented, and Arkansas women number 2,350.

Mass meetings were held in Ohio churches and halls, and many addresses were made upon this living issue in different parts of the State. Nearly 23,000 names were appended to the Women's Memorial to the Senate.

The Southern States responded well, and enthusiasm ran high for the cause, as is shown by letters and immense rolls of names. Virginia sent over 3,000, and West Virginia nearly as large a number, North Carolina over 2,000, South Carolina 1,000. Over 4,000 come from Tennessee, Mississippi is represented by over 2,500 signatures, Louisiana by 1,000; Alabama by about the same number; Maryland sent over 2,100; District of Columbia sends 1,000, and New Mexico is well represented.

New England responds in no uncertain voice regarding the seating of a Mormon apostle among our law-maker, Massachusetts leads with over 12,000 names, Maine a close second, with over 10,000; Connecticut sent over 5,000 signatures; and Vermont nearly that number. New Hampshire over 3,000. The small State of Rhode Island is no less earnest in her women's protest, although but 1,000 names appear upon the Memorial.

It is not possible to give exact total of those who have joined in the campaign, as the returns are coming in daily from each State, so that the number of signatures is largely increasing with every mail. The Memorial will probably be introduced by Senator Burrows, of Michigan, who will be ably supported by Senator Dubois, of Idaho, and other speakers.

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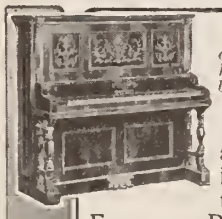

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The Hospital as it will Appear when Completed

The American Hospital in Constantinople

AS THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers have been so generous in giving their money to help start the new American Hospital and Training School for Nurses in Constantinople, it is fitting that they should be among the first to see the drawings for the buildings, and to learn of the plans for carrying on the work. The hospital opens in a large rented house near the American College for girls in Scutari—a district of Constantinople. The new building will cost when completed $100,000, and will have a capacity of 200 beds. It is to be on the pavilion plan, each pavilion two stories high, and built of stone. The administration block and two pavilions are to be built first. This will provide accommodations for sixty-four patients and a full training-class. Other pavilions to the number of four will be added as early as practicable. Each pavilion will be divided into four wards for eight patients each, and four private rooms. When the new buildings are finished, there will be a modern Training School for Nurses, with accommodations for fifty students.

Trachoma, the most prevalent of contagious diseases of the eye in Oriental lands, is causing blindness in thousands of little ones each year. It could be practically stamped out in a few years by ordinary precaution and modern methods of treatment.

The simplest laws governing health have never been heard of by these people. Infant mortality is over fifty per cent. Tuberculosis, smallpox and other contagious diseases stalk through the land. Thousands become blind and crippled, and the suffering, especially among women and children, is appalling. It was while studying such conditions that Dr. Carrington hit upon the plan of supplying native trained nurses, thoroughly educated and competent to instruct their own people. Six years ago the first training school was opened in his hospital at Marsovan, and it has been a success from its inception. But its capacity is very small, and the demand for nurses now is enormous.

Contributions sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will be promptly acknowledged.

THE COLLEGE FIRE AT CONSTANTINOPLE

A LETTER from Dr. Mary Mills Patrick, President of the American College for girls at Constantinople, to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, gives details of the recent fire which destroyed the College. She writes:

"In one night nearly all our academic facilities were swept away. Barton Hall, the building that was burned, contained the physical, chemical, and biological laboratories; the class-rooms, small libraries and collections for art, literature, and history; the gymnasium; the Assembly Hall, in which were an organ, a concert grand, and an ordinary piano; seven teachers' rooms; dormitory room for forty girls; the seniors' room; the general sitting-room for the students, and several small class-rooms. Bowker Building, which remains, contains the parlors and reception-rooms, a small study hall, the general dining-room and domestic arrangements, and, very fortunately, the library. The cause of the fire was the chimney used for the heating plant. We are all very thankful that there was no loss of life.

"The students were all in bed at the time of the fire, except our nine seniors, who helped carry water. Before all hope was lost, we awoke the students and collected them in the garden. The premises were wholly in darkness, owing to the fact that the gas was cut off almost immediately. Some came down in their night-clothes and some without shoes, but all were perfectly calm and quiet. They formed a long procession of about ninety people and were taken to the house of our College physician, about an eighth of a mile away. The courage and self-possession of the girls in so sudden an emergency, in this land of childish and hysterical women, were remarkable. The girls came back to the College at early dawn to a cold and dismantled house, to find, many of them, that all their possessions were burned, and, as they sat in the dining-room in their insufficient clothing, after a sleepless night, there were no complaints, but rather expressions of sympathy for others and for the College.

"Barton Hall should be immediately rebuilt, in order to be ready for the opening of the next College year. We have a small insurance upon it, but not enough to rebuild it well."

LAST DAYS OF HUDSON TAYLOR

I AM sure that the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will be interested in a portion of a letter received from the principal of the girls' boarding school at Chin Kiang, China, of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Miss Mary Robinson writes:

JUNE 7, 1905.

I had the privilege of helping to decorate the room in which lay the body of the Rev. Hudson Taylor, which was brought to Chin Kiang to-day. He died at Chang-sha, in the Hunan Province, last Friday, aged seventy-three years.

He had been revisiting his old mission stations in Hunan, accompanied by his son, Dr. Howard Taylor, and his wife Geraldine Guinness, and bore the journey well. He came down on the new railway to Han Kaw, and then went into the Hunan Province, to the capital, Chang-sha, where there is now a force of twenty-five missionaries, so he had the privilege of seeing this last opened province, its workers, and some of its work. He went to all the places of note in this city and out on its wall, up into a high tower, which gave him a grand view of the surrounding country. As was his custom, when he visited any city, town or station, he prayed for Chang-sha and Hunan Province, and then returned to his friend's house. The next day he received a large number of Chinese visitors in the morning, and in the afternoon met all the missionaries. At eight o'clock he retired, undressing himself, which was unusual, and later his evening meal was brought to him. He often took this meal in bed, while some one read aloud. Expressing a wish for something, his son ran downstairs to get it, his daughter, Mrs. Geraldine Taylor, remaining with him, when she noticed a change and saw that something was not right. She called her husband to come quickly, but before he could reach his father's side he was gone! There was no pain, no sickness whatever.

His funeral service took place here in the little foreign cemetery. Thirty of our girls were present, and took part in the singing. He was buried by the side of his first wife and their three children. It was a very impressive as well as a beautifully appropriate service. The mourning badges were all white, the chief mourners having a band of coarse white cloth, bound about the head as well as about the body.

I do not know if I have told you of Mrs. Conger's visit here, nor of her letters, in which she urged our girls to be true to their great country. She wrote to them what she had told the Empress-Dowager about them; how they sang "God save the Empress," and that she had told Her Majesty that the boys and girls in Mission Schools were not being educated away from their sovereigns. I may truly say that I never saw any one so completely take the girls' hearts as did Mrs. Conger and her friend, Miss Campbell, nor did I ever meet people more appreciative of Mission work.

Our readers will remember that Mr. Conger represented our government for several years as Minister to Peking, and that both he and Mrs. Conger went through the long siege at Peking. They both gave interest and sympathy to Mission work, and were the constant friends and helpers of the workers. The Empress-Dowager has the deepest admiration and love for Mrs. Conger. MRS. STEPHEN L. BALDWIN.

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Bowery Mission Bible Class

More Spiritual Problems for Dr. O'Hanlon's Question-Box and his Instructive Replies

AN unusual number of questions were received by Dr. O'Hanlon's Bible Class last Sunday. The class was very interesting, and a number of those present added to the interest by actively and intelligently participating in the exercises. Some of the questions and answers are given below:

109 Is it good form to use, in public, the Lord's Prayer after our own, as a secondary prayer?

Yes. As is "the best wine at the last of the feast," as the climax of the sermon should be at its close, so the divine prayer may follow the human prayer—a case where "the first should be last."

110 What is the best thing to say to a sceptic who ridicules the story of Christ in the Gospels, and says it is a myth?

Call his attention respectfully and kindly to the many unanswerable proofs that the story of Christ is true—unanswerably true. If he will not give you a fair hearing, then stop. To persist would be a case of "casting your pearls before swine." Matt. 7: 6.

111 What is meant by the internal and external evidences of the truth of the Bible?

The internal evidences are those arising from an examination of the book itself—"such as never man spake as this man"; never man lived as this man. Christ himself is the great argument for the Bible. As the sun in its own shining has its greatest proof, so the Bible shines superhumanly in its own light. The external evidences are those arising from the fulfilment of prophecy, from the miracles of the Bible, and from the effects of the Bible on individuals, on families, on communities, and on nations—their high civilization, as compared with the other nations and peoples of the earth.

112 Was the Sermon on the Mount preached to the disciples, or to the promiscuous crowd?

Immediately to the apostles and disciples, and through them to the promiscuous crowd; as the President's Message, first to the Cabinet, then to the Congress, then to the people of the United States. In this case Christ commands his church on earth to see to it that the whole world shall have the preached Gospel. "And Christ said unto them (his disciples), go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." Mark 16: 15.

113 Can you give any Scripture passage proving that the death of Christ was intended to appease the wrath of God? Was it not intended to satisfy the claims of a just and perfectly good God, rather than to gratify the vengeance of an angry God?

Christ is the propitiation for our sins. He has satisfied the claims of God's righteous and violated law in behalf of every sinner that accepts Christ as his personal Saviour. II. Cor. 5: 18-21. "For Christ hath suffered for our sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God, being put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the Spirit." 1. Peter 3: 18. "That God might be just, and the justifier of him who believeth in Jesus." Romans 3: 26. God is reconciled to man through the vindication of Jesus, and is now beseeching us to be reconciled to Him by His Son as our mediator and Saviour.

114 Is it a sin to leave a religious service to do any kind of duty pertaining to his or her livelihood?

You must not neglect any duty as to your employer, or as necessary to your livelihood, for the sake of attending religious services. 1. Tim. 5: 8. Let your motto be, "Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord." Rom. 12: 11.

115 Is it possible to regain the confidence, which one has lost through drink, of his former friends and acquaintances, and more especially of the one nearest to him on earth?

Yes. It will take time. Where confidence has been shattered time and again, it will be a plant of slow growth; "but let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." Many like yourself, who have fallen away and have been again restored, have been bright and shining lights in the world. Be of good cheer. John 16: 33.

116 What must I do to be saved, when all desire has been taken away? It is not indifference, for I seek and cannot find. It was not once so. I have spurned the promptings of the Holy Spirit times out of number.

Pray just where you are; pray for religious desire; you evidently feel your need of religious desire. Now Christ says to you, "Whatsoever things ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall receive them" (Mark 11: 24). Do not expect, after grieving the Holy Spirit for years, that you will ever have the deep religious yearnings of earlier and happier years. You know your duty—this is sufficient—this fixes your responsibility before God. Surrender to him at once, at whatever cost. Mark 9: 43.

THE NEGRO'S CLAIM*

OUR nation is under strong and peculiar obligation to aid the colored race. Setting aside the whole question of slavery, he has a claim upon our help based on his present condition. The extent to which we are responsible for his being in that condition is a large question, that has been argued by the ablest men of the past generation, and fought out on many a bloody field. That question may now be laid aside for the nearer one of our present duty to him. The negro is here, he needs education, he pays for being educated, and that problem is on our hands. His education should not be the mere acquirement of knowledge, but should be industrial, moral and spiritual. He is our ward, singularly childlike, yet with all the propensities of maturity. There are nearly nine millions of him, and the number is growing. For the sake of the nation, as well as for his sake, he should not be neglected. Hitherto we have not acted wisely in the matter. We have given him privileges and rights, but have not taught him how to use them. The Freedman's Aid Society and other organizations have attempted to help him; but in no clear and intelligent way, commensurate with the stupendous task, have we extended the help he needs.

It is well that he is taking up the task for himself. Booker Washington has shown us what can be done, and has proved the capacity of the negro for development and for useful service. Would that there were hundreds of such teachers, well paid and liberally helped! There could be no better leaders. Here and there are institutions springing up with the same mission, but they are crippled by lack of appliances and lack of funds. The negro would gladly learn, he is anxious to be taught, he is conscious of his own defects, and is eager to have them remedied. A case in point is that noble institution at Mayesville, S.C., in which one brave woman has toiled with heroic self-sacrifice under enormous difficulties. With a few tattered books and a meagre supply of educational appliances she has been educating the children of her race. They come to her pleading to be taught, and she has taken them in until her resources are exhausted. Now she is obliged to turn them away through sheer poverty. A few dollars to pay for a child's teaching or to buy books, would, if placed in her hands, be the truest Christian charity.

*Topic of the Epworth League for February 11. The Freedman's Aid and Southern Education Society and the education of the Negro. Matt. 25: 35-46; I John 4: 20.

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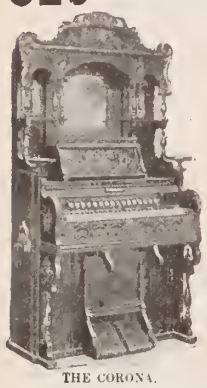

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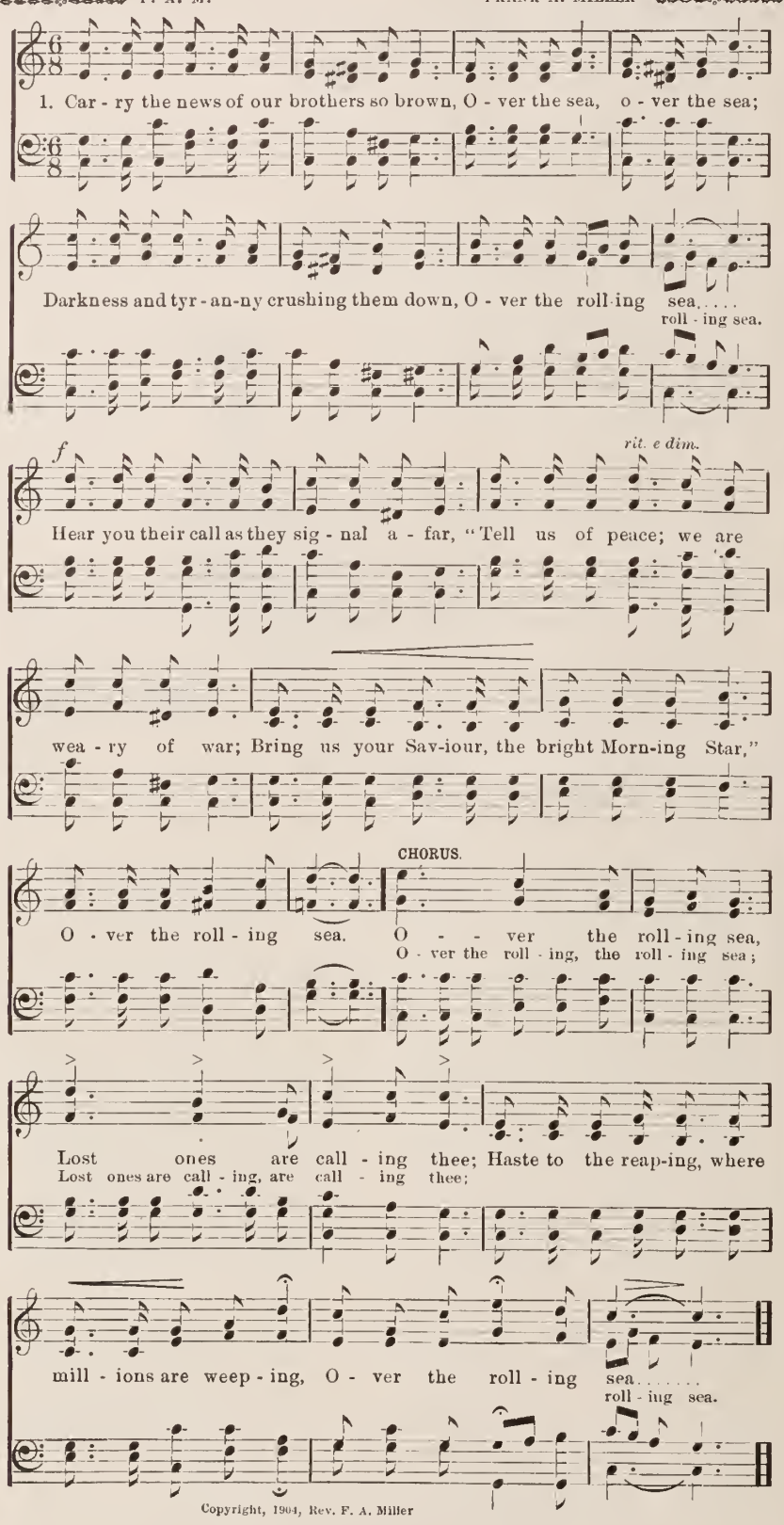

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THE SILENT MARCH

By Margaret E. Sangster

When the march begins in the morning
And the heart and the foot are light,
When the flags are all a flutter
And the world is gay and bright,
When the bugles lead the column
And the drums are proud in the van,
It's shoulder to shoulder, forward, march!
Ah! let him lag who can!

For it is easy to march to music
With your comrades all in line,
And you don't get tired, you feel inspired,
And life is a draught divine.

When the march drags on at evening
And the color-bearer's gone,
When the merry strains are silent
That piped so brave in the dawn,
When you miss the dear old fellows
Who started out with you,
When it's stubborn and sturdy, forward march!
Though the ragged lines are few.

Then it's hard to march in silence,
And the road has lonesome grown,
And life is a bitter cup to drink;
But the soldier must not moan.

And this is the task before us,
A task we may never shirk,
In the gay time and the sorrowful time
We must march and do our work.
We must march when the music cheers us
March when the strains are dumb,
Plucky and valiant, forward, march!
And smile, whatever may come.

For, whether life's hard or easy,
The strong man keeps the pace,
For the desolate march and the silent
The strong soul finds the grace.

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Died while Reading the Bible

MANY who have attended the John Street Business Men's Prayer Meeting, New York, may recall the face of Col. Charles Robert Ray, whose prayers and testimonies have been a benediction to hundreds of weary souls who came there for relief. He was especially kind and tender toward the sorrowful ones, and as he had passed through much trial, God used him as a blessing to others. In former years Col. Ray was a resident of St. John, N. B., where he was a leading citizen and prosperous merchant. About twenty years ago he took up his residence in New York City, where for a time he was actively engaged in business pursuits; but after the death of his wife, son, and daughter, he gave up his entire time to evangelistic labors in mission halls, weak churches, and in the highways and byways of the great city as an open-air preacher. After his conversion, in Minneapolis, Minn., when fifty-five years of age, he lived the life of a devoted and loyal follower of Christ.

On Dec. 18, while in a street car, and with a Bible in his hand (being on his way to the John Street prayer meeting), he suddenly expired. At the various funeral services held in his memory many old friends spoke lovingly of him as an earnest Christian and friend of fallen humanity. The New York Street Preachers' Association, of which he was an honored worker and charter member, held a special memorial service. In St. John, N. B., where he had been mayor of the city from 1879-1881, the flags on the civic buildings were half-masted, and the mayor and common council attended the funeral in a body. Col. Ray was a native of Nova Scotia, but had lived most of his life in St. John, where his remains were taken by his son, and buried in Fernhill cemetery, beside those of his wife and daughter.

The Desert "Sky Pilot"

Manse and Pahrump are garden spots in the Pahrump Valley. Alfalfa fields, vineyards, apple, peach, and pear orchards, pepper trees, palms, carnations and roses make the sands of the desert blossom and bloom as "the garden of the Lord." This oasis in the desert is only about twenty miles, as the crow flies, from the borders of Death Valley, and has become popular from Funeral Range to the Big Bend of the Colorado River as Miner's Retreat and Prospector's Paradise. When a man has been twenty or thirty years prospecting for gold on Amargosa Desert, and in Death Valley, he is crowned with the name "Desert Rat." One with this well-earned title, originally from Yorkshire, shook hands at the close of a preaching service with the "Sky Pilot" of the desert, and said, "Parson, that's the first sermon I've heard for fifty years." The writer met the "Sky Pilot" in the store at Johnnie. A committee of miners selected the hymns. "Old Hundred," "Coronation," "Holy City," "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," "Rock of Ages," and "Nearer, my God, to Thee" were on the list. In the audience was a man from Montrose, Scotland, a cowboy from the Gila River, Arizona, a lad from Cornwall, a Death Valley prospector from Kentucky, a Chinaman, born in San Francisco, a Latter Day Saint born in Old Mexico, and an up-to-date angel from Los Angeles, and John Yount, who was raised at Manse.

Nomad, in Los Angeles (Cal.) Times.

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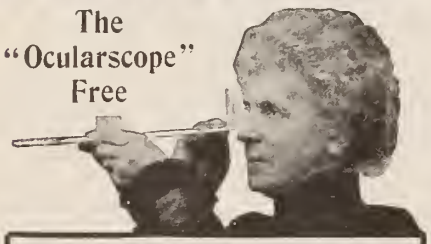

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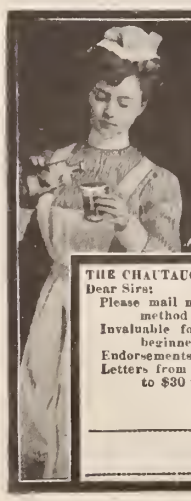

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The Chariots of the Lord

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 91

"Yes, yes," said Benedict, eagerly.

"Then go away."

"No, I shall not do that. And I need scarcely tell you why, Mistress Mary. You have made me feel that you are in danger, and I will not leave you unprotected."

The girl laughed bitterly. "And do you think you could protect me? Do you know who I am, Master Cornishman? Do you know that——" she stopped suddenly, then she went on. "Please go away, please let me lead you out of danger."

"Why should you care whether I am in danger or not?" said the young man suspiciously. "You never saw me till yesternight." Then his heart growing warm because of the girl's kindness, and at the memory of the way she had helped him the night before, he went on: "Do you think of me as I think of you, Mistress Mary? Do you? Do you? I tell you I could not sleep last night for thinking of you. I vowed I would never rest until I had seen you again. Why is it?"

He caught the girl's hand in his, and held it fast. "Speak," he whispered eagerly, "speak."

The mystery of this meeting, the romance of her help on the previous night, the memory of the bright eyes and rosy lips he had seen, the laughing face, surmounted by a crown of glorious hair, had aroused his imagination and fired his Celtic blood. Impressionable by nature, and unaccustomed as he had been to the society of women, this maid had aroused thoughts, hopes, and heart-throbs, to which he had been a stranger.

"And if I do," she said, "what then? What would you say, if I told you that ever since I parted from you last night I have never closed my eyes for thinking of you? What if I told you that no other name has been on my lips than yours, Master Benedict Trelawney? What if I told you that I would die to serve you, and to save you from harm? What then?"

"Then," cried the youth, his heart all aflame, "I should be the happiest man in England. I should laugh at Judge Jeffreys and all his brood. I should care for nothing save to make myself worthy of you, and to obtain a home where I could take you."

"Nay, nay," said the girl, half laughingly, half scornfully. "You surely would not be such a fool."

"I think you are right," he said. "I am a fool to think kindly of you, or to fancy that you care aught for me. Doubtless, moreover, you have brought me here for your own amusement. Nevertheless you are not without knowledge of the ways of the world. Still I do not know your name, nor your degree, but I do know that you saved me from prison last night; I do know that through you I possess my sword. For this I thank you. For all that I did not come here to be the laughing-stock of anyone. So good-night, Mistress Mary."

He took a step away from the girl, but only a step. Before he could leave the shadow of the great buttress which supported the church, she caught him by the arm.

"Nay, not like that," she cried! "not until I have told you what is in my heart."

"What can be in your heart?" he said, his words still rankling within him. "You desire pleasure, and that is all. Perchance it was for that you outwitted Jeffreys' soldiers last night, for that reason also you returned my sword, and brought me here to-night. Well, I am glad you have had your pleasure. But I have other matters to think of."

"What other matters?"

"They can be naught to you. The thoughts of a Cornish numskull can be of no interest to you."

"Have they aught to do with the Chief Justice?" asked the girl hurriedly.

"Yes," cried Trelawney savagely. "I will never rest till I have rid the world of that monster and his family."

"How do you know he hath a family?"

"I know he hath. Only to-day I was told he had a daughter who followed in her father's footsteps, and who was his tool, and his spy."

"You speak as one who hates her."

"Hates her! How can I help hating anyone who bears the name of Jeffreys?"

"I do not wonder at it, Master Trelawney," she said quietly; "nevertheless, before I leave you let me tell you what I brought you here to say to you. Have naught to do with the plans of Master Dugdale. I warn you they will come to naught. And more, all who are in league with him will suffer, suffer in a way that you cannot even dream of. I know that Lord Jeffreys' vengeance on all who seek to help Master Dugdale's schemes will be beyond the power of telling. If you will not leave London, at least promise that you will not put yourself in greater danger, by—by, but you know what. Everything becomes known to him."

"Does he know of our meeting to-night?"

"Possibly, but I think not. Such as I are too unimportant for him to notice, that is why I have been able to be of some assistance to you. Were I some high-born dame he would suspect me; as it is, I can pass unnoticed."

The tone of the girl's voice had caused all the young man's anger to pass away.

"Mistress Mary, tell me your name. Tell me when I may see you again."

"Neither the one nor the other."

"Why?"

"Why? Because—nay, I will not tell you why. Hark! what is that?"

Both heard the sound of voices, and as they heard them, the young man felt her hand trembling upon his arm.

"I tell you, he is not far from here. She said she would get him to meet her near the church."

The young man's heart grew cold as he heard the words. What did they mean?

"Good-by," she whispered. "Think not unkindly of me. You will never see me again, yet perchance there was truth in what I said. Why should I bring your sword if I had not been thinking of you. But—but——" again they heard the sound of voices, which seemed to draw nearer.

"She said she would whistle," he heard someone say.

She caught his hand eagerly.

"If you love me as you said," and he heard a sob in her throat, although she did but whisper, "have nothing to do with Master Dugdale's plans. If you do, perhaps even I may not be able to save you. God be with you. Perhaps some day you will pity me. I could tell you why if you came here to-morrow at midnight."

She was gone before he had time to realize her departure, leaving him bewildered. What did it all mean? He started to follow her, but reflected that it would be vain. How could he tell which way she had gone in the darkness of the night.

So he waited where he was, listening intently. A minute later he heard the sound of some one whistling. It was a low whistle, and was not unlike the notes of a wood-dove. It was some distance away, at least two hundred yards nearer the river. After that he heard the sound of hasty footsteps, followed by cries of disappointment. Then the voices died away in the direction of Blackfriars.

What did it all mean?

When all was silent again, he heard St Paul's clock strike one.

TO BE CONTINUED

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What She Told the Deaconess

SHE was a young girl, scarcely twenty, with thin, white cheeks, and eyes that reddened as she talked to the deaconess, because of the tears that lay so near the surface. She sews for a great factory, and thus supports a family of four. Her younger sister keeps the home, caring for the sick mother and younger brother.

A Deaconess Worker

"No, it isn't good pay at all," she said in reply to the deaconess' question. "I work as hard as I can, and Margie helps me evenings, but we cannot make over four dollars a week. This week it is even worse than that, for they have given me a lot of black shirts to finish up. It is so hard on the eyes to work on black in the evenings; we can't get along very fast, and we shan't have more than three dollars this week.

Margie is a good manager, and makes every cent count; but the rent has to be paid up, first of all, and then the coal. I don't see how she ever saves anything for food; but then we don't any of us eat much, only toast—and tea sometimes. Butter? Oh, dear no. We haven't had butter in the house for weeks. I don't have much appetite. I feel so weak sometimes, and my head swims. Margie saves things for me from the table, for she says I must eat, since I support the family. But I can't eat when I know the rest have gone without; it chokes me.

"Last week I wanted to go and see about a place down on —— Street. I thought I could get better wages there, but before I had walked a mile, I got so sick I couldn't go a step farther. I stopped at a house and asked the woman if I couldn't sit down and rest a minute. I suppose she thought I had been drinking, for she acted very cold. But she gave me a chair, and I had hardly sat down in the warm room before everything turned black, and I fell right over on the floor. When I came to myself, the lady seemed real kind, for I guess she saw I was sick. She brought me some bread and a cup of cold coffee. I drank the coffee and ate a little of the bread, and slipped the rest in my pocket, for I thought it would help out at supper. But I could not go any further that day.

"Why didn't I take a car? Oh, it costs so much. A ride in a car costs as much as a loaf of bread, and we have to have the bread.

"Oh, no, no; thank you. I couldn't take your money. We don't beg. That isn't what I was telling you for; but you seemed so kind some way, I said more than I meant to. We get along; we have to. But I think many times how nice it would be just to lie down and rest, and sleep forever and ever. Don't you think so? I try to pray; but sometimes I don't care about heaven, or God, or anything. I just want to lie down and sleep, and rest."

LUCY RYDER MEYER.

ASKED TO RESIGN

By W. C. Martin

I KNEW the Rev. Thomas Tucker; knew and loved him well;
I knew some things about him which he never deigned to tell.
His joys he spoke of freely, and the kindnesses received,
But I, who knew his very soul, some other things perceived:
I saw him when burdens pressed him,
Or grief or pain possessed him,
And though he showed a cheerful front, I never was deceived.

His manner was against him; he was quiet and reserved,
And seldom was accorded half the honor he deserved.
He did not seek to advertise what in his life was best,
Nor tell the world that all the graces dwelt within his breast.
His people hardly knew him,
And their devotion due him,
Was never fully given, though at first it was professed.

The church around the corner always seemed to have the crowd;
The preacher in that pulpit was a dashy man and loud,
He dealt in cheap sensation, and he used the pronoun "I";
He made the people often laugh, and sometimes made them cry.
And Tucker's people grumbled,
They felt so greatly humbled,
To have the other church receive the crowds that passed them by.

He did a more abiding work than did the other man;
He built a far more stable church than such a preacher can,
But this could not atone for lack of raciness and show.
His deacons talked the matter over, said he was "too slow."
And each with each contended,
His usefulness was ended,
And then they plainly told him that they wanted him to go.

And he received it meekly, just as though it were his due,
And of his grief and agony his people never knew.
The breaking of his noble heart, such grief as his, such prayer
They could not, had they known about it, comprehend or share.
Those weary nights unsleeping,
Distress too deep for weeping,
Were such as coarser natures are not called upon to bear.

A thousand times he murmured, scarcely knowing what he said:
"Despised of men, rejected, it were better to be dead.
Despised, rejected, not esteemed; their faces turned away,
A man of sorrows, and with grief acquainted night and day.
O, Father, help me bear it,
O, help me, help me bear it!
Forgive them, for they know not what they do," I heard him pray.

And when the people cast him out, this man who did not "draw,"
This man whose Christly graces they, unchristly, never saw,
The Father sent his angels this, his servant, to sustain,
And gave him grace to bear the thorn with all its galling pain.
And Jesus whispered, "Brother,
Remember how another
Who came unto his own was also treated with disdain."

Bluffton, Ind.

Called Higher

Mrs. Hannah Bellas was born near Reading, Pa., February 26, 1822, and departed this life in St. Louis, July 24, 1905. The deceased was a resident of Alton, Ill., for many years, and, during this time, was a devoted member of the Twelfth Street Cumberland Presbyterian Church of that city. Mrs. Bellas was the loving companion of Capt. James S. Bellas, who preceded her to the better world. The comforting grace of the Christian religion sustained the deceased in all the trying hours of a long life, and her departure was marked by a wonderful resignation and patience.

Rev. Joseph S. Lord was up to the time of his death the oldest living graduate of Yale University, also one of the oldest Presbyterian ministers in the State of Michigan. He was ninety-seven years of age when death claimed him, a veteran long in the service of the Lord. Mr. Lord graduated from Yale in 1831, at which time the university had but three hundred students and buildings to the extent of six. After his graduation he entered the ministry as a Congregational minister, and continued as such between the years of 1837 and 1867, when he was admitted to the Flint Presbytery of the Presbyterian Church of Michigan. He preached from the time of his affiliation with the Presbyterian Church, in 1867 to 1870, as pastor of the Springfield church, and from 1870 to 1873 as pastor of Springfield and Independent churches. From 1875 to 1876 he ministered in the Byron church, and this was his last charge, as he was at this time honorably retired.

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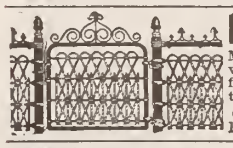

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CALLED TO CONSECRATION

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

OUR Lord was acquainted with his fishermen disciples before he gave them the definite call to leave all and follow him. And here we see a great difference between the conversions before and after the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the disciples at Pentecost. To believe in Christ and to obey him with all our heart and soul and mind and strength, according to our ability, is one thing. But to believe and to be baptized into his death—a death to all our own efforts of heart and mind and soul and strength—and to receive the Holy Spirit, who, on the ruins of what we are, forms in us the life of Christ, and brings into our being his heart and mind and soul and strength—is quite another thing. Peter was a true and heart-whole follower of the Lord Jesus, but after all the teaching and the example of his Master, self was still uppermost in this zealous disciple. "We have left all, and followed thee; what shall we have therefore" (Matt. 19: 27)? "Though all men shall be offended because of thee, yet will I never be offended." "Though I should die with thee, yet will I not deny thee" (Matt. 24: 33-35). "Then began he to curse and to swear, saying, I know not the Man" (Matt. 26: 74).

How different were the conversions at Pentecost, when the disciples were not only in the presence and under the influence of God, but God was dwelling in them. Now self has no place. "The multitude of them that believed were of one heart and one soul; neither said any of them that aught of the things which he possessed was his own; but they had all things common" (Acts 4: 32). The contrast is striking and indisputable. The experience of the most part of converted people is not the Pentecostal experience, which always brought with it the power of testimony. "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you, and ye shall be witnesses unto me" (Acts 1: 8).

It was in Bethabara, just after the second testimony of John the Baptist to Christ (John 1: 29-34), that two of these fishermen disciples met with Jesus. Probably they had been attracted by the preaching of John the Baptist, and had heard his testimony to Christ, and leaving their old teacher, they followed Christ. These were Andrew and his brother Simon Peter (John 1: 35-42). But now Jesus, who after his visit to Jerusalem, when he had healed the impotent man at the pool of Bethesda, was preaching in Galilee, took up the theme of John the Baptist, and "preached, saying, Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." How little men saw how near! The King was in their midst, but they knew him not. He was there in order to fulfil the prophecy of Isaiah 9: 1, 2. The people of this half heathen land were indeed sitting in darkness, and they saw great light, even the Light of the world. But they saw as if they saw not. They did not recognize their Messiah.

The people of Galilee and of Samaria do not seem to have been a Bible-reading people like the Jews, and yet the Jews were equally blind to the great Light from God which visited them. A veil was upon their heart, a judicial veil. Sin unrepented of is not like refuse which we can throw away at will. It is like a poison in the blood, which works and works its deathly way continuously—its spiritual microbes are never idle.

Thus it came to pass that only such as repented of sin in the days when our Lord was upon earth had eyes to see him. It is so still. The veil is upon every heart of man as he comes into the world the child of wrath (Eph. 2: 3). But when the heart on which the veil is, turns unto the Lord, repenting of and confessing sin, "the veil is taken away" (II. Cor. 3: 15, 16). Andrew and Peter had thus turned to the Lord, and the veil which was upon their people was taken away from them. They understood the call of the Lord when he preached, "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." They had come to know Jesus, but they had not yet left all for him. They were like many who are only half converted.

ANSWERED PRAYERS

E. A. W., New York. "He has answered when no earthly one could help."

C. H., New York. "I have had many prayers answered in ways unexpected."

Vermont. "I prayed to God for health and strength, and I have great reason to believe that God is answering my prayers."

Mrs. G. E. B., California. "My heavenly Father heard me when I called on him."

J. W. B., Tennessee. "I know from my own experience, that God hears and answers prayer"

Mrs. J. D. H., Ohio. "I wish to acknowledge the Lord's goodness in answering my prayers."

G. E. M., Ohio. "I called on the Lord to help me in time of great trouble, and he very graciously answered my prayers."

Mrs. S. L. E., New York. "I have had many answered, and am still trusting in a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God."

A. L., Ohio. "I have received an answer to prayer recently that has strengthened my faith greatly, and I am very thankful."

Mrs. M. E. B., Illinois. "Your 'Answered Prayer' column has been a great help to me. I know the Lord does hear and answer prayer."

Mrs. E. G. K., Michigan. "I know of a truth that God does hear and answer all fervent prayers petitioned in the name of Jesus."

Mrs. E. R., Illinois. "The Lord has wonderfully blessed me in answer to prayer: he will always hear and answer our prayer, if we come in faith."

Mrs. S. E. S., Kentucky. "It is a privilege to acknowledge answered prayer. He has heard and answered, and I am still trusting and praying."

Mrs. F. T., Iowa. "I most sincerely believe in prayer: many of my prayers have been answered. When they are not answered I feel that He knows best."

H. V., Pennsylvania. "I was troubled and prayed for help, and I have already received it; and I know my prayer will be answered for the best."

E. J. K., Pennsylvania. "I want to be on that list as one who trusts in God, and knows from personal experience that he hears and answers prayers."

Mrs. C. J. B., Ohio. "Our dear son was missing. We were afraid his reason had been dethroned. But God, in answer to earnest prayer, has restored him alive and well."

Mrs. M. A. J., Colorado. "I have found your 'Answered Prayer' column most helpful to me. God has answered many a prayer, and I am still praying and hoping."

S. R., Pennsylvania. "God answered my prayer in regard to the welfare of a dear one. I am relying further on his grace to restore the health of another loved one."

L. S. H., Pennsylvania. "I know God hears and answers prayer. Let every soul in trouble take courage and cast their burdens upon the Lord, and not forget to pray."

Mrs. E. B. P. P., Canada. "I thankfully acknowledge the gracious and infinite love of our heavenly Father, for the sake of his blessed Son, our Lord and Saviour, in answering prayer."

Mrs. E. S. W., Nebraska. "My Heavenly Father has answered my petitions in a much better way than mine. I gratefully acknowledge his loving wisdom, and thank him for hearing my unworthy prayers."

A mother thanks God for all his goodness toward her family, and asks all Christians to join with her in praying earnestly for members who are not Christians, and that the drink habit may be removed.

Old Subscriber, Illinois. "Praise the Lord for answered prayers. A great trouble overshadowed us; our prayers went up to God; it was the means used to bring a loved one into the fold of Jesus Christ."

N., Washington. "I wish to acknowledge that God has not only answered my prayers many times, but he has helped me to gain the victory by his grace, and given me songs in the night of trouble."

S. G. T., Maryland. "I was in great trouble. I carried it all to Jesus, cast my burden on him, trusting him entirely. I was comforted. In only a few hours the answer came. Thank God for the mercy seat."

Mrs. E. G., Ontario. "My son was very sick, and far away from home. I asked God to make him well. He heard my cry, and brought him home well. God is a hearer of prayer if we come to him in faith."

Mrs. M. B. G., Pennsylvania. "I have been much benefited and encouraged in reading the Answered Prayers, and wish to publicly acknowledge God's goodness and mercy to me. Many prayers have been answered."

E. M. B., of The Seaman's Christian Association, wishes to acknowledge answers to prayer, for the willingness of kind hearts who help so many good causes, among whom are the poor seamen, who deserve encouragement.

O. P. H., South Dakota. "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has often inspired me to pray, and has strengthened my faith in God. When burdened with care and troubles I find it a great comfort to know that I may take it to the Lord in prayer."

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Ever see a pair of Sound Magnifiers?

They are so soft in the ears one can't tell they are wearing them.

And, no one else can tell either, because they are out of sight when worn. Wilson's Ear Drums are to weak hearing what spectacles are to weak sight.

Because, they are sound-magnifiers, just as glasses are sight-magnifiers.

They rest the Ear Nerves by taking the strain off them—the strain of trying to hear dim sounds. They can be put into the ears, or taken out, in a minute, just as comfortably as spectacles can be put on and off.

And, they can be worn for weeks at a time, because they are ventilated, and so soft in the ear holes they are not felt even when the head rests on the pillow. They also protect any raw inner parts of the ear from wind or cold, dust, or sudden and piercing sounds.

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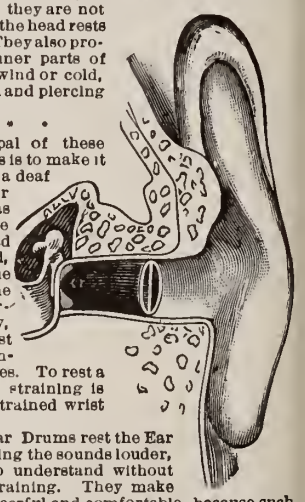

The principal of these little telephones is to make it as practical for a deaf person to hear weak sounds as spectacles make it easy to read fine print. And, the longer one wears them the better his hearing should grow, because they rest up, and strengthen the ear nerves. To rest a weak ear from straining is like resting a strained wrist from working.

Wilson's Ear Drums rest the Ear Nerves by making the sounds louder, so it is easy to understand without trying and straining. They make Deaf people cheerful and comfortable, because such people can talk with their friends without the friends having to shout back at them. They can hear without straining. It is the straining that puts such a queer, anxious look on the face of a deaf person.

* * * *

Wilson's Ear Drums make all the sound strike hard on the center of the human ear drum, instead of spreading it weakly all over the surface. It thus makes the center of the human ear drum vibrate ten times as much as if the same sound struck the whole drum head. It is this vibration of the ear drum that carries sound to the hearing Nerves. When we make the drum vibrate ten times as much we make the sound ten times as loud and ten times as easy to understand.

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Some of these very people may live near you, and be well known to you. What they have to say is mighty strong proof.

This book has been the means of relieving thousands of Deaf people. It will be mailed free to you if you merely write a post card for it today. Don't put off getting back your hearing. Write now, while you think of it. Get the free book of proof.

Write for it today to The Wilson Ear Drum Co., 191 Todd Building, Louisville, Ky.

The Late Marshall Field

WHEN Marshall Field, of Chicago, passed away on the 16th of January, this country lost its greatest merchant. He was a lover of art and literature, and the city in which his fortune was made has many enduring memorials of his public spirit, one of these being the famous Field Museum. Mr. Field was born in Conway, in the western part of Massachusetts. He was a poor boy, who had inherited a good constitution and an active mind from a long line of New England ancestors. He

The Late Marshall Field

started in business in Pittsfield, Mass., as a clerk, but the great opportunities of the West called him. He went to Chicago, and his subsequent career is a part of the commercial history of the country. His store became, with its departments, the largest in the world. He was a man of many charities.

TEMPTATION RESISTED*

OUR Lord's ideal for his people was not withdrawal from the world, but that they might be kept from the evil of the world. That they might be in the World, yet not of it. Men have gone into monasteries and women into nunneries to avoid temptation, but it is not so that Christ's desire is fulfilled. They may be kept innocent in that way, but it is not the way to develop a strong character. To meet the enemy, to grapple with him and overcome—that is the way to development. In bringing out a people for himself, Christ does not seek a people who know nothing of conflict, but men who have striven and resisted, and have won the victory. A ship remaining always in a safe harbor, would be neat and trim with paint unscratched and machinery unstrained; but she would be of no service there. She must go out and breast the waves and be driven of the winds, and battered by the storm; then we shall know of what she is capable and what her power is. There is no disgrace in being tempted; it is only in yielding to temptation that we are disgraced.

How to overcome—that is the problem. The temptations come to us from without and within, and they come in all forms. They are adapted to our peculiar natures, and they attack our weakest places. If it were otherwise, they would not be temptations. There are some men who are not prone to sins of the flesh, are never likely to become drunkards or gluttons or libertines, but they are not perfect. It may be that their weakness is avarice, and while they would not yield to their passions, they are overcome by a temptation to fraud and chicanery. The first duty of every man is to learn where he is weak. He should watch himself and see what kind of temptation moves him most. That will be his battlefield. He should strive and pray against that special danger. He should keep ever in mind that God sees and sympathizes with him. God promises help to the struggler, too. He does not keep the enemy from him, but assures him that strength will be given him if he will resist. It is help, too, to be convinced that victory is assured to the earnest fighter. Satan is a beaten enemy. The one proven weapon is that which Christian in the *Pilgrim's Progress* used, and which he calls "all-prayer." With vigilance and faith and prayer, the victory can be won.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for Feb. 11. Matt. 26: 41; 1. Cor. 10: 12, 13; James 4: 7; Heb. 2: 18; 4: 14-16; 12: 1-4.

Oldest Parish Visitor in the World

Probably the oldest parish visitor now living is Mrs. Caroline Parker, of San Francisco, Calif. She was born July 25, 1826, in Boston. When twelve years of age she was converted, and, at sixteen, she joined the old Brick Church, New York, when Rev. Dr. Spring was pastor. Then she removed to Boston, and became a member of the Rev. Edward Beecher's church. She was for several years a member of Harriet Beecher Stowe's Bible class. She came to California in 1854 across the Isthmus. She has been a member of the Third Congregational Church, San Francisco, for forty years. For the past thirteen years she has been parish visitor of the Third Church, and averages now 1,100 calls yearly. She has been a professing Christian sixty-eight years. She is active, bright and genial, and every one is glad to see her come. She has five children and seven grandchildren.

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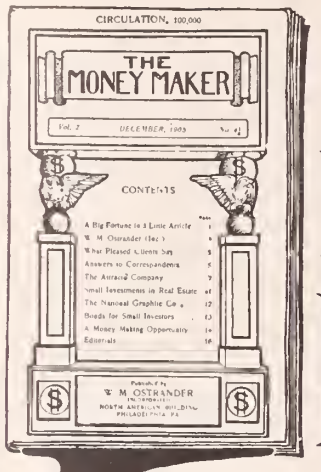

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Vaughn, Mrs L L. 3 00
VonGlahn, Mrs S. 5 00
Wagor, C 3 00
Walker, Mrs G B 3 00
Walker, Mrs G B. 3 00
Walker, Mrs Jos.. 3 00
Warren, Mrs C A.21 00
Washburn, H C.. 6 00
Washburn, H C.. 6 00
Waterbury, Mrs A M 6 00
Waterbury, Mrs A M 3 00
Watkins, Harrie E 3 00
Watkins, May E.. 3 00
Watson, Thomas.. 5 00
Webb, Ellz'th W.21 00
Webb, Jr, Thos E.10 00
Webster, Mrs Robt 1 00
Weidman, Mrs J S 3 00
Welcher, Amy O. 3 00
Wells, Mrs H E.. 3 00
Wells, Mrs J H.. 25
Wells, Mrs J H.. 1 00
Westfall, Miss ME 5 00
Westfall, Mrs J H 2 00
Wheeler, M A & C J 6 00
White, Mary T... 3 00
Whittemore, Mrs C D 25
Whitney, Bertha . 1 00
Wickham, Mrs E T 3 00
Wickham, L 5 00
Wickham, J M.... 6 00
Widger, Sarah ... 3 00
Wilbur, Addis M.. 3 00
Wilbur, M E..... 3 00
Wiley, Nicholas .. 5 00
Williams, Mrs 12 00
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Williams, C S.... 4 00
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Williams, Mrs E.. 3 00
Willlam, J B.....10 00
Williams, Jane A. 3 00
Williams, Mrs R E 2 00
Williams, Mrs RW 1 00
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Wilmot, C E..... 3 00
Wilson, Sarah L.. 3 00
Winans, Mrs M O. 3 00
Wood, Mrs Ira J. 5 00
Woodruff, Clyde .. 1 00
Woolever, May F. 3 00
Wotherspoon, Mr.. 3 00
Wotherspoon, F G 3 00
Wright, Mrs E J. 3 00
Wyckoff, Annie G. 3 00
Wylie, Mrs W S. 3 00
Yates, Mrs N F.. 1 00
Yaw, Jr, Henry.. 1 00
Youmans, Mrs E E 2 00
Young, Mrs E.... 3 00
In name of Nellie Young 3 00
Youngman, Mrs CD 1 00
Zeh, Mrs Edgar... 6 00
Zeigler, Barbara... 50
Zelipp, Walter ... 1 00
Birdie, LeRoy 6 00
Donald, Andes ... 2 00
Gladys Brooklyn .. 3 00
June, Woodhull.... 3 00
Louise, M D, Troy 2 00
Madu, Woodhull... 1 00
Madeline, Yonkers. 3 00
Robbin, Mattewan. 1 00
Ruth, Coxsackie... 3 00
A C A, E Hampton 3 00
A R C, Thousand Island Park ... 3 00
A R C, Thousand Isld Park 3 00
Mrs A S V, Manorton 3 00
C, Huntingdon ... 5 00
C E C, Newburg. 3 00
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E C F, Hornellsville 6 00
C E F, Alps..... 9 00
C L S, Sandusky. 3 00
C M P, Brooklyn.. 3 00
D I, Brooklyn..... 3 00
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De L L, Tupper Lake 1 00
E J L T, Moravia 3 00
E J L T, Moravia 6 00
E M M, Amsterdam 3 00
E M V, Orlskany Falls 3 00
E R W, Gloversville 1 00
F C B, Phelps... 3 00
F H E, Syracuse. 3 00
G A R, Rensselaer Falls 2 00
H A S, N Y City 3 00
H H, Kinderhook 3 00
H T, N Y City.. 1 00
H E W & M E W, Palmyra 3 00
I O U, Oswego..21 00
J B W, Irvington. 1 00
J G, Central Valley 6 00
Mrs J H L, Austerdam 1 00
K, Morrissville.... 2 00
K, Morrissville.... 6 00
K C G, Albany... 2 00
L A M, Yonkers..10 00
L J, Bklyn..... 2 00
L J, Bklyn..... 1 00
L P L, Morrisville Sta 1 00
Mrs L P W, Jamestown 3 00
Mrs L W C, Rensselaer 3 00
L W C, Albany... 3 00
M, Sanford 5 00
M B H, Jamalca. 3 02
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M E D, Cortland. 3 00
M E R, Nyack.. 3 00
M E S, Hemlock. 3 00
M F T, N Y City 3 00
M H A, Brooklyn. 3 00
M M M, Watertown 3 00
M P W, Masonville 2 00
O L O, N Y City. 1 00
R E B, Ft Plain. 1 00
R H C, Geneva.. 6 00
R H S, Dewittville 3 00
R O R, N Y City. 1 00
S A, N Y City... 3 00
S N S, Middle Island 3 00
S R, Garrison.... 1 00
S R R, New Hackensack 3 00
S R W, N Y City. 6 00
T, Newburgh 3 00
Mrs T M N, Parksville 3 00
V C, Albany 1 00
Mrs W A P, Caywood 3 00
Wm J B, Buffalo..15 00
—, Albany 5 00
—, Batavia 9 00
—, Batavia 3 00
—, Boston 9 00
—, Cayntaville . 3 00
—, Fredonia 3 00
—, Georgetown .. 1 00
—, Lake Side ..15 00
—, Leroy 1 00
—, Little Falls . 3 00
—, New Rochelle 10 00
—, N Y City 1 00
—, Orient 3 00
—, Ossining 10 00
—, Redwood 6 00
—, Redwood 5 00
—, Salem 3 00
—, Syracuse 9 00
—, Syracuse 4 00
—, Troy 15 00
—, Washingtonville 3 00
Cash, Gullford ... 75
Friend, Auburn ... 3 00
Friend, Brooklyn..30 00
Friend, Medina .. 3 00
Friend, N Y City. 3 00
Friend, N Y Clty. 3 00
Friend, 49th St, N Y City..... 1 00
Friend, Rockville Centre 3 50
Friend, Salem ... 3 00
Friend, Speonk ... 3 00
Friend, Warsaw... 3 00
Friend, Wayne Co.12 00
A Friend, ——... 5 00
A Friend, Albany. 3 00
A Friend, Auburn. 3 00
A Friend, Cohocton 5 00
A Friend, Corning 3 00
A Friend Corona. 3 00
A Friend, Cuba.. 3 00
A Friend, E Patchogue 3 00
A Friend, Fair Haven 3 00
A Friend, Gloversville 2 00
A Friend, Jericho 1 00
A Friend, Middle Island 3 00
A Friend, New Baltimore 1 00
A Friend, New Haven 3 00
A Friend, N Y City 3 00
A Friend, Oswego. 3 00
A Friend, Poughkeepsie 25 00
A Friend, Rochester 1 00
A Friend, Sand Lake 3 00
A Friend, Schaghticoke 1 00
A Friend, Wayne County 15 00
A Friend, White Plains 3 00
A Friend, A A A, Matteawan 3 00
Friend, B M, Bklyn12 00
From a friend, E B M, Onondaga. 1 00
A Friend to Children, Ardsley .. 2 00
Friend of the Children, Auburn .. 3 00
A friend of the Children, Batavia 3 00
The Childrens Fr'd, Lakeville 1 00
A Friend of the Children, Livonia Centre 1 00
A Friend of the Children, Livonia Ctr 3 00
A Friend of the Children, New Baltimore 1 00
A Friend of the Work, Auburn .. 3 00
A Friend in Christ, Central Valley.. 6 00
Friends, Caywood. 6 00
Friends, N Y City. 7 25
Friends, N Y City. 6 55
Two Frlends, Afton 3 00
Three Friends, I H N, N Y City.. 6 00
I H N, Albany.... 1 00
I H N, Bklyn.... 6 00
I H N, Cambridge 3 00
I H N, Cambridge 3 00
I H N, Lyons..... 5 00
I H N, N Y City..21 00
I H N, Warsaw...21 00
In Jesus Name, Brentwood 6 00
In Jesus Name, Garrison 1 00
In mem of Theo D Dimon, Amagansett 21 00
In mem of Theo D Dimon 21 00
In mem of Lizzie Bingbamton 2 00
In mem of Father & Mother, Bklyn.10 00
In mem of Mother, Bklyn 3 00
In mem of Harry, Canaan 3 00
In mem of Evalena Ottley Henry .. 3 00
In mem of M W Brooks, Castille.. 1 00
In mem of Mr & Mrs M W Brooks 2 00
In mem of L H Billings, Delanson 9 00
In men of Father & Mother, Parshall & Sarah W Wells, Newburgh21 00
In mem of Parshall & Sarah N Wells, Newburgh 21 00
In mem of Louis P Tibballs, N Y City 21 00
In mem of Motber, N Y City..... 2 00
In mem of Marla, Shelter Isld 6 00
In mem of Marla, Shelter Isld 6 00
In mem of dau, Wash'n Hollow 3 00
A Mother in mem of our only dau, Washingtonville. 3 00
In mem of Mother, Mrs E B Strong, Woodbourne 21 00
In mem of a precious child, Emma P Avery...500 00
In mem of Louis P Tibbals, by S J Tibbals 21 00
In mem of Lewis P Tibbals 100 00
A Reader, Bklyn. 3 00
In rememb of Annie Traphagen... 3 00
In mem of James Richard Mapes..21 00
In mem of little Harry Canaan... 3 00
Reader of C H, Altamont 3 00
Reader of C H, Mattituck 3 00
A Reader, Middletown 3 00
C H Reader, Morlah 21 00
Reader, Northport. 5 00
Subr, N Y City... 3 00
A Subr, Canastota. 1 00
A Subr Hume.... 1 00
Subr, N Y City... 6 00
Old Subr, Syracuse 3 00
Charite, Bklyn .. 5 00
"Little Charite," Bklyn 1 50
"Mama Charite," Bklyn 3 50
A Sigua Friend, Catskill 1 00
A servant of Christ, Geneva 3 00
A Lover of the little ones, Good Ground 3 00
"Theta," Kattskill Bay 6 00
"Theta," Kattskill Bay 6 00
"Theta," Kattskill Bay 10 00
Summit, Hlll, Le Roy 1 00
One who loves the children, Machlas 1 00
A Well Wisher, N N City 6 00
Countryman Family, Potsdam 2 00
One who loves Christ, Ripley 1 00
The Baldwins, Shelter Island 3 00
The Baldwins, Shelter Island 5 00
Visitor at Childrens Paradise, Tappan 3 00
Lover of Children, Williamson 3 00
First Effort, Valois 10 25
One of your many friends, Yonkers 6 00
One who loves children, Youngs ... 5 00
Entertainment given by Edw'd Mc Garvey & Herbert Eldert 3 00
Countrywoman, L I 1 00
Countrywoman, — 1 00
Lawn Party given by Emily S Jones, Lillian Jones.... Madeline Mills.. Rebecca Mills.. Lena Buehrman. Hattie Jayne .. 7 00
Bapt Temp, Bklyn 5 00
Ch of the Beloved Disciple, N Y C.15 00
Ch of the Beloved Disciple, N Y C.10 00
Beekman Hlll M E Ch, N Y City... 2 00
Jr Class of Presby S Sch, Castile... 2 00
Prim Dept Bapt S Sch, Cazenovia.. 6 00
Jr Boys Class of Scotch Pres Ch, Chipman 1 75
Clove Valley S Sch Children,s Day, Collection 3 00
Prim Cl in S Sch, Dumont 11 00
E Coldenham S S. 25
Union S Sch, East Coldenham 3 50
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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 7, 1906

A Group of Village Moors

Mohammedan Houses of Prayer

Soldiers Preparing for Review

THE DISPUTE OVER MOROCCO

HISTORY is very impartial in the way in which she bestows fame, first on one town and then on another, and she keeps those of studious mind running to the book-shelves, in order to find the locality where, for the time, the destinies of nations are being settled. Last summer our own Portsmouth was heard of, doubtless for the first time, in many distant lands; for the last few weeks Algeciras has taken the central place on the stage of the world drama. In fact, Morocco itself has been of little interest to the general public, until it found that it might become the cause of a war in Europe that would shake her States to their very foundations.

The question of the status of Morocco, or rather her relations to other States, has not been as clearly defined as students of international law might desire; but no signs of really serious trouble were seen until last summer, when France and Germany could not agree over their interests in Morocco. France is next neighbor to the Sultan, as she possesses Algiers, which stretches for miles along the borders of Morocco. The occupation of Algiers by France has been of inestimable benefit for that part of Northern Africa. Where formerly any foreigner, or law-abiding Algerian for that matter, took his life in his hands the moment that he got beyond the protection of the men-of-war anchored off her shores, perfect safety to life and property is now assured. French capital, both private and national, has been invested, and a fine system of railroads constructed. France would like to police the country herself, especially that part bordering Algiers. The French government has been compelled to maintain a large military force to keep in check the wild tribes of Morocco, who, under irresponsible leaders, were constantly making raids into French territory. The more remote lines of travel were much in the same state as our frontier roads in Indian days.

The interest of France in the proper regulation of affairs in Morocco was thus a very strong one. England has acknowledged it by written agreement, and several other nations tacitly. Germany, however, was not one of these. Last summer the German Emperor, on his pleasure cruise about the Mediterranean, stopped in Morocco, and at a reception in his honor, made a speech in which he declared that Morocco should have an absolutely free hand, and ignored the preponderating influence of France in her affairs. Other speeches made since by Kaiser William caused great alarm in France. The Sultan had been grateful enough to France for having loaned him French officers and troops to smash the dangerous insurrection that had nearly cost him his throne, but he had become restless under French influence, and it was thought that he might enter into some agreement with Germany that would bring her into conflict with French interests. The Sultan owes a large sum of money to German banks, and land was given as security for repayment. Few people realize how nearly Europe has come to a call to arms. Germany has put her troops in readiness on her western frontiers, and France had arranged matters so that if Germany should attempt to cross over into French territory, she would pay dearly for her passage. Germany has become politically isolated, and in case of war might find herself without an ally, except the remote possibility that Austria might come to her aid. Opposing her she would find France, England, and Spain. It is probable that the present unrest in Central and Northwestern Europe has caused the German authorities to look on a peaceful solution as desirable.

From his latest photograph

Mulai-Abel-el-Aziz, Sultan of Morocco

France consented to the calling of the international conference on Moroccan affairs, and invitations were sent to all nations interested, especially those signatory to the Treaty of 1881, among which was the United States. All strongly hold that the political independence of Morocco should be preserved. America stands for the open door in trade, and better treatment of the Jews in Morocco. The great questions to be settled are the formation and maintenance of an international police, and the international regulation of Moroccan taxes. There is a general feeling that the country has remained in a state of Moorish barbarism altogether too long. The Sultan is progressive, interested in modern inventions, and desires to bring his country up to the twentieth century standard. This desire has nearly cost him his life and his throne, as his people are intensely reactionary. He is a puzzle to the diplomats, as he seems at times more interested in his American machines and taking pictures of the harem ladies, than in his political destiny.

The participation of America is a great opportunity for world service, as our presence there will go far toward bringing matters to a peaceful solution. Our first treaty with Morocco was made over one hundred years ago, and there have been several since that time. No one in Europe or America can question our right to be at Algeciras; but there might be grave doubts of our right to stay away. Our two legates, Mr. White, American Ambassador to Italy, and Mr. Gummere, our regular representative in Morocco, are constantly in touch with our State Department, and will vote on no important question without consulting the home government. Their votes on the treaty are given with the reservation that the treaty in its final form be submitted to the Senate. If that body should nullify any clause, it would only concern the treaty in so far as it affected our relations with Morocco, the signatures of the other legates binding their governments.

ROBERT S. BLAIR.

THE AMERICAN PULPIT

SERMON BY

Rev. Teunis S. Hamlin, D.D.*

The Law of the Spirit

TEXT: ROMANS 8: 2

"The Law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus"

THE word "law" has many meanings. It may be a decree of a sovereign, divine or human. It may be a legislative enactment. It may be an established custom, having, as we say, the force of law. It may be a system of rules governing the intercourse of individuals, as common law; or of great communities, as international law. It may be a religious system, as the Mosaic law; or a specific part of this, as the moral law. It may be a principle of action, as the "law of sin," which St. Paul sets in contrast with "the law of God," evidently also a principle, not a statute. It may be some one phase of this principle, as mutual sympathy and helpfulness. "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ." Or, it may be a scientific law; a law of nature; such a uniform occurrence of phenomena as enables us to affirm a cause and a definite effect as following from its operation. There are chemical laws of analysis and synthesis; there are laws of growth and of decay; there are laws of light and sound and heat and electricity. We are most familiar with this meaning of the word, since the greatest fact of our era is the discovery that we are living under the reign of natural law.

Now in what sense is the word "law" used in our text? "The law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus made me free from the law of sin and of death." Not of an enactment surely. The contrast cannot be between the Jewish economy and the Christian; that is, as we commonly say, between the law and the Gospel. St. Paul has just pronounced the Mosaic law "holy, and the commandment holy and righteous and good." He will not forthwith pronounce it a thing "of sin and of death." Moreover, he has spoken in the preceding paragraph of "the law of his mind" and "the law of his members"; of the conflict of these laws and their alternate victories. He means that reason says one thing and appetite says another thing; and he calls the argument of reason and the clamor of appetite "laws."

Character Never an Accident

They are such in the scientific sense. Reason and appetite are causes with definite effects. They produce phenomena from which we may accurately judge which cause is operating. We are not left to pronounce good character here and bad character there alike accidents. Neither is an accident. Each is the result of causes that we may know, whose workings we may understand, and whose issue we may accurately predict. Jesus lived and taught in an age utterly unscientific; yet we are startled to hear him enunciate laws that we regard as modern discoveries. For instance, of the uniformity of cause and effect: "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" St. James repeats the question, and adds another equally accurate: "Doth the fountain send forth from the same opening sweet water and bitter?" And St. Paul, in his familiar and solemn affirmation: "Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

May we say then that, in our text, the apostle is enunciating the law of evolution? That spiritual birth and growth are capable of being understood as thoroughly, as for instance, gravitation is; and the forces behind such growth, capable of being handled, as we handle gravity, for various mechanical purposes. That the spiritual processes are as definite, as for example, the combinations of chemical substances, enabling us to know perfectly that one part of hydrogen and two parts of oxygen will produce always water, and never alcohol or atmospheric air. That the seed always determines the harvest; so that while rye and wheat, or even weeds and wheat, may look alike during the early stages of their growth; they are not alike, and their maturing will prove it. In short, that there is "law" in the scientific sense, in the whole realm of spiritual religion.

If this is true, it must produce a revolution in our thinking about spiritual things. For we have scarcely recognized law as here existing; law in the sense of cause and effect and of uniformity of operation, producing specific, ascertainable, uniform results. Gradually, under the influence of scientific knowledge, the theory of accident and cataclysm has been disappearing from nature, until we know weather conditions to be as uniform as sunrise and sunset, earthquake and volcano as traceable to causes as a spring freshet in a river; disease, no more a matter of chance than autumn apples. So firm and well-reasoned is our conviction of this, that we have no hesitation in asserting it, even where the explanation is as yet lacking. Weather forecasting is not entirely reliable; but when we have trusted the morning's prediction, gone out without an umbrella and gotten a drenching, we do not conclude that the shower was causeless, or was sent by some spiritual goblin as an act of revenge, or by some merry elf as a practical joke. We have typhoid fever in a house whose sanitation we had been assured is perfect; and while we have been doing our best to eat and drink wholesomely, we do not talk of a mysterious visitation of God sent upon us for some unrecognized sin, but we try to ferret out the crime or the blunder of some ignorant or rascally plumber or grocer or milkman.

Spirituality Scientific

It has become an axiom of living with us that every physical effect has a cause; that uniform processes lie between cause and effect; that our duty is to know the cause and its workings, and so to control the effect. Accordingly, we resort to fasting in disease, not to placate an offended God, who, we hope, will remove the trouble as arbitrarily as he sent it, but only when fasting is scientifically indicated as a cure. There is a "law" of sickness and of recovery. In many cases already, in constantly increasing number of cases, we know what that law is, and we know that to obey it is to avert disease. We know with mathematical accuracy the significance of clean bodies and houses and streets, pure water, good sewerage, plenty of sunshine and fresh air. If some diseases seem not to be thus preventable, we do not infer that they are in no way preventable, but only that our knowledge of them is thus far imperfect. That they are effects we never question; that their causes are ascertainable, we never doubt, and we address ourselves to the task of learning those causes and the laws under whose operation they produce those effects.

Precisely the same is true in the whole realm of mechanics. Steam had been rising from boiling water for thousands of years; it was only necessary to discover the law of its expansive power when confined, to have in germ the whole system of railways and steamships and manufactures that constitute our modern industrial life. Men had always lived amid the natural phenomena of electricity; but as it leaped from cloud to cloud with deafening crash nothing seemed more lawless; it was regarded as the very type of freakish, irresponsible power. But now, knowing the law of its generation and movement, nothing is more obedient and reliable than it.

Now, while we would not attribute modern scientific knowledge to St. Paul, yet it is in this sense that we understand him to affirm in the text that there is a "law of the spirit of life." Men do not become good by accident, nor in some unaccountable fashion. They do not leap spasmodically and wildly from one spiritual attainment to another, but they "grow in grace." Piety is not reached by an unexpected access of reverence here, and of faith there, and of love yonder; but by steady accretion, a definite cause being set at work under definite laws to produce a definite effect. Spirituality is as thoroughly scientific as gravitation.

Godliness an Effect

Now, if this is true, and if we accept it as true, we must greatly modify our thinking about religion. For example, we must largely reduce the quantity of emotion in it and put what remains in its true place, not as being of the essence of piety, but only a propulsive power toward piety. We must dismiss our notion of the freakishness of religion as of something whose comings and goings, risings and fallings, are quite unaccountable; which may happen to us at any unexpected moment, or may never happen to us; for which we can make no trustworthy preparation, and upon whose amount, quality and permanence we can not rely. If there is a "law of the spirit of life," it is as absurd to talk about spiritual life happening to us as about natural life happening; about piety coming whimsically and causelessly as about disease or health coming thus. It is as childish to look for holiness when we have not provided the cause, as for forty bushels of wheat to the acre from an unsowed, unploughed field. Godliness is an effect which has a cause that works under "law," as accurately as a stone falls to the earth under the power of gravitation, and whose rate of increase is as computable as the speed of the stone's descent.

A Law of Development

But "the law of the spirit of life" is not only a law of cause and effect, it is also a law of evolution. In nature this is, among other things, a law of struggle for existence. These words usually suggest to us violence and cruelty and bloodshed in the preying of the stronger animals upon the weaker, and the final disappearance of the latter before a fierce, voracious, continuous onslaught. They mean this indeed; but they mean far more. The vegetable kingdom exists under this law as truly as the animal. Every tree, and every leaf upon it; ever flower and blade of grass and of grain, is involved in this ceaseless struggle for existence. We say "the fittest survive." That does not mean the most beautiful, though beauty is often a part of fitness; nor the strongest, though strength is a great part of fitness; but the sturdiest, the most enduring, that which is best adapted to its environment. This crowds out the less adapted, since there is not room for all. And in the process of adaptation the law of natural selection prevails. Needless organs become encumbrances, and disappear. Other organs arise, as they can help in the struggle for existence. Fitness to survive increases as the difficulties of surviving multiply. The persistence of the struggle leads steadily, though very slowly, upward; its cessation leads as surely, and much more swiftly, downward. Progress everywhere means that the fittest have survived.

Now Jesus constantly uses words that accurately describe this struggle to survive. We are to "strive" to enter into his kingdom. It is a striving so strenuous and constant, that it may be compared to a daily carrying of one's cross to the place where one is to die upon it. His parables are full of this, as, for instance, the failure of three parts of the seed sown, while only one part reaches maturity; the wheat that struggled to exist among the tares; the drag-net, whose catch was of every kind of fishes, from which the fit was sorted out and only such preserved.

Certainty in Spiritual Life

Similarly, the writings of St. Paul, from which, next to the words of Jesus, we get our best conception of the Christian life, abound in figures of struggle, with the intent, and to the end, of the survival of the fittest. The boxer, the wrestler, the runner, the soldier under training and in battle, are all in conflicts whose issue means the downfall of the least fit, the persistence of the fittest, and their constant accretion of new and greater fitness for further strife and longer survival. Cowardice, indifference, indolence, mean degeneration; courage, enthusiasm, industry, discipline, mean progress.

But this law seems so relentless that we can hardly think of it as "the law of the spirit of life." We recognize its marvelous intelligence in nature. We see how, with a wisdom more farsighted than our own, it sternly rejects the burdensome and the useless, and greedily seizes the useful wherever it can be found. We see how it subordinates happiness to the one aim of growth, and "counts all things but loss," even "counts not life dear," that this aim may be realized. Certainly nothing could better portray the Christian experience. Jesus included it all when he cautioned men to "count the cost" before entering upon discipleship.

Now there are three considerations that entirely relieve this impression of sternness and harshness about the law of evolution as "the law of the spirit of life."

The first is the simple fact that it is a "law." This brings religion down at once from the airy region of uncertainty, capriciousness, fluctuating surprise and disappointment, and plants it beside us on solid ground, where its causes and processes and effects may be studied and known. I can ask nothing better for you, beloved,

*Preached in the Church of the Covenant, Washington, D. C.

than the same thrill of joy that came to me when I first saw that there is a "law of the spirit of life." I had been so uncertain about my spiritual life; had located it so much in the emotions; had felt so exalted and hopeful about it one day, and so depressed and hopeless the next; had regarded it as so much a thing over which I had, and could have, no control; and which must wait for movements upon God's part on which I could not count; that the whole matter had become a grievous burden. The uncertainty, the unreliability of it all, took the heart out of effort. But at length I perceived that there is a "law of the spirit of life," upon whose operation I may reckon as confidently as upon gravitation. It is not my part to create the law, but only to put myself in the way of its working. I can not make the sun, but I can keep myself in the sunshine. I can not open the smallest of the springs flowing on the hillside, but I can drink of any one of the thousands that nature has provided. There is a "law" by which the sunshine of God's grace and the water of life will infallibly revive and nourish my immortal spirit. I will put myself, and keep myself, within the workings of that law, and never again doubt the blessed, glorious, eternal result.

The second consideration is that the Christian life is a divine and not a human life; and which, under the law of the survival of the fittest, is bound to persist and to triumph. If it is uncertain whether or not the word "spirit" in our text should be capitalized, it is also indifferent; for in either case we are dealing with a divine law. It has in it, as all nature has, the seed to produce fruit after its kind. If we cannot gather grapes or thorns nor figs of thistles, no more will grape-vines and fig-trees bear nettles. If that which is born of the flesh is flesh, as surely that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. St. John says that one begotten of God, and in whom the divine seed remaineth, cannot sin; not, can never go wrong, make a slip, even fall; but cannot be a sinner, live in sin, make that by natural selection his constant environment. He has divine life in his immortal spirit; being divine it is indestructible; it chooses that which promotes, not impairs, its vitality: it persists; it advances in quality; it tends steadily, and even more strongly, to its perfect environment "in Christ," to use St. Paul's favorite phrase; and finally, with him in heaven. Hence, St. Paul is able to say to the Philippian believers, begotten of God, born of the Spirit, "I am confident of this very thing, that he who began a good work in you will perfect it until the day of Jesus Christ."

For, the third consideration is that we are dealing with "the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus." It is indeed a law of ceaseless struggle for existence, in which only the fittest survive. But the very errand of Jesus upon earth is to make those apparently unfittest really most fit, and to provide them an environment in which they can survive. The farmer cannot reverse the law of evolution, but he can co-operate with it by giving the more delicate grain a better chance than the sturdier weeds. In its last analysis, that is really the whole science of agriculture. Jesus, as Saviour, cannot reverse the law of evolution, which, as Creator, he put into all his universe, spiritual as well as physical. Everywhere the fittest must survive. But he has infinite power and skill to make all fittest. "The bruised reed he will not break. The smoking flax he will not quench." He will take the lost son, unfit to be even a servant, and restore him to full sonship, with an environment of exhaustless paternal compassion and love and care. This is "the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus."

LOWLY GUESTS OF A GREAT CITY

"NO," said Superintendent Yorke, of the Municipal Lodging House, "this has not been a hard winter; it has not been intensely cold according to the thermometer, and we who are warmly clothed, have not felt uncomfortable, because of the weather. But the miserable men, with but a few tattered rags to cover them, as they wander about the streets, perhaps suffer quite as much as in colder winters."

Replying to the observation that, although the men do not freeze to death under such conditions, they might still be extremely uncomfortable, the superintendent said: "Yes, that's just it. They are a pitiful, shivering lot, glad enough of the little comfort we can give them—the bed, and the hot coffee and bread at night and in the morning."

Applicants in Line at the Municipal Lodging House

The Municipal Lodging House is usually the last resort for a self-respecting man. Many who come here for the three nights in the month (which is the limit allowed each man by the city rules), are men who have exhausted their last cent in an unsuccessful search for work. Their money gone, clothing pawned, their feet nearly bare, or sometimes wrapped in old rags and newspapers, their stomachs empty, they find the way to the big, square building on First Avenue, corner of Twenty-Third Street, where the kind superintendent looks after their immediate necessities. A pint of hot coffee and all the bread that he can eat; how much that means to a man who has tramped the streets all day, with not even a penny-roll to mitigate the pangs of hunger. Who can describe the joys to such a one of a warm bed, and coffee, bread and oatmeal for breakfast in the morning, before going out upon the street again? This puts renewed heart and courage into the man, and he stands a much better chance of getting the work for which he is looking.

The long rows of men who nightly gather at this gate of charity, are not composed of beggers or tramps. It does not make a mendicant of a man to go to the Municipal Lodging House, and many a one has been set upon his feet by taking advantage of the city's hospitality, when everything was apparently hopeless, and when death by cold and hunger seemed very near.

"You do not know," said Mr. Yorke, "how much we appreciate the thoughtfulness of some people who send us old clothing, and especially stockings and shoes, for these poor fellows."

To be even half way respectably clothed and shod, makes such a difference in a man's attitude toward another to whom he may apply for employment, and when, in addition to this, he has had a good night's sleep and a warm breakfast, ten chances to one he will not require more than the three days municipal hospitality, before he can take care of himself.

Many of the men who ask a share in the city's hospitality are hardly more than boys; their young faces look, O, so sad, as they fall into line waiting for the doors of the lodging house to open. It takes a good deal of misery to stamp that expression upon a youthful face; many days and nights of suffering to pale the cheek and paint dark circles around the hollow eyes. In many of these faces there is no sign of dissipation or mark of vice which might have brought these boys to this hard place. Some of them have come from good, comfortable homes in the far West, but the bright visions of the good paying positions awaiting in the great city, have faded, and in their place is the cold, hard reality, realized too late. And now, with no money, no work, no food, and no bed, it is a pretty hard outlook, but not entirely hopeless, while the city stretches forth a helping hand, tiding over this dismal eleventh hour. Youth is strong and elastic; spirits rebound under kind influences, and there is often a joyful to-morrow, to the dark, cold night, when a poor wayfarer knocks at the door of the poor man's hotel, presided over by kind-hearted Superintendent Yorke and his helpful assistants. Rested, warmed and fed, the wayfarer goes forth in the morning with renewed hope and strength, to battle through the day.

Hot Coffee and Rolls for Breakfast

A USEFUL SUFFERER

TO many a life of invalidism means a life of inactivity. Laid aside from the ordinary pursuits of life, many give up to despondency. Others turn their untoward circumstances to the best account, and make even their afflictions tell for the good of their fellow beings. Of this latter class is Miss Alice M. Temple, of South Woodstock, Vt., General Secretary of the Bible Verse Society. Six years ago she was obliged to leave her post as a successful school-teacher and accept the lot of a sufferer. During these years she has had the best aid of medical skill, but has scarcely seen an hour of freedom from pain. Three years ago this "shut-in" organized the well-known Bible Verse Society, and so rapidly has the work grown that to-day there are thousands of members.

R. H. Washburne, *Old Chatham, N. Y.*

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT CONDEMNED

I WISH to express to you my entire sympathy with the position you have taken in regard to capital punishment. I had the honor of writing and presenting at the recent New York State Conference of Charities and Correction held in New York City, a report, which is a very earnest and somewhat extended argument against capital punishment. I believe that the time has come when a considerable majority of the more intelligent people in the United States believe that capital punishment should be abolished. The more this subject is agitated the more the conviction will spread. It seems to me that it is the duty of the advocates of this reform to keep the matter persistently before the American people.

W. O. Stillman, *President, Albany, N. Y.*

CANADA'S REVIVAL SPREADING

x C. W. Alexander

A Portion of the Great Choir led by Mr. Alexander, at the Revival Meetings in Toronto, Canada

THE second week of the Torrey-Alexander mission in Toronto, was one of increasing interest and blessing.

Massey Hall has proved insufficient for the great crowds. On Friday night, the police reported that 4,000 people were turned away from the hall. An effort is being made to secure the Drill Hall, which could accommodate 7,000 or 8,000 people.

The new feature of the week was the Young People's Meeting held on Friday afternoon. About 5,000 were packed into the building and thousands were unable to get in. Dr. Torrey preached on "What a child can do," also reading and expounding Isaiah 53: 5, and a portion of the nineteenth chapter of John. By the exposition of the Scriptures, the young people were made to see and feel the atoning love of Christ to them, as probably they had never seen it before. Young people, from seven to twenty-one years of age, had been admitted to the meetings. At the close of his address, Dr. Torrey called for all of sixteen years of age and over who would accept Christ, to come forward. A large number came. Then he called for those of fifteen or over, and a very large number came. Next he called for those of fourteen and over, and they came in crowds, many being much older than fourteen. The crowds of those passing into the inquiry room became so great that it was impossible to call for those still younger, as is usually done. When a stop was made at fourteen years, the inquiry room was packed, and it was necessary to deal with others on the platform and in the main audience room. The number of workers was altogether insufficient for such a crowd.

One pastor, the Rev. T. B. Hyde, took fifty by himself. He said afterwards, he questioned long and thoroughly, and found that they all understood exactly what they were doing. He put all manner of questions to them, but they were clear as could be as to accepting Christ, as to witnessing for Christ in the future, as to uniting with the church, and on all other questions. It is reported that in all something like eight hundred young people at this meeting professed to accept Christ.

Sunday it rained all day, but this had no influence on the crowds. The meeting for women only was announced for three o'clock, but it was necessary to begin at 2.15. Many women of all classes, young and old, made public profession of accepting Christ. There was also an overflow meeting at the Metropolitan Church, at which sixteen women publicly professed to accept Christ. The evening meeting for men only was announced for seven. Not a woman and not a boy under fifteen was admitted, but it was necessary to begin the meeting soon after six. There were crowds on the outside, waiting to get in to the after-meeting. Many were still waiting in the rain at half-past nine o'clock. About two hundred men, young and old, came forward, and made public profession of accepting Christ.

The daily papers are reporting the meetings with great fulness, and thus the fire is being scattered all over Canada. Churches are sending their ministers for miles around, in order that they may catch the fire. Some ministers have come over three hundred miles. Letters are coming from different parts of Canada from those who have been converted. A number of the reporters on the daily papers are earnest Christian men. At the testimony meeting on Monday night, one of them arose and said that twelve in his Sunday School class had been converted the day before, and another arose and reported a number of conversions in his Sunday School class.

In the opinion of many, the most important meetings of the week have been the four meetings for business men in the schoolroom of St. James' Cathedral. This large room has been packed daily, and many leading business and professional men of the city have been present daily. The subject has been, "Why I Believe the Bible to Be the Word of God." These lectures have been attended with great blessing, and have aroused remarkable interest throughout the city. Some of the leading professional men have spoken of their appreciation, and many have testified to personal benefit received.

Next week a Convention is to be held on Tuesday and Wednesday, of ministers and Christian workers from all over Canada, with the intention of spreading the work throughout the Dominion. The Committee have already heard from a great many ministers and others, of their intention to attend.

In the third week of the revival, I went down to Hamilton on Friday, and there seemed to be as deep interest there as in Toronto. People were inquiring on every hand how the revival could be brought to Hamilton. Aggressive work has already been undertaken in Hamilton in some quarters. One lady is starting a Girls' Club, in order to win the girls for Christ. There have been large excursions during the week from Owen Sound, Guelph, London, etc., but the Toronto Committee found it impossible to reserve room any longer for people from abroad. The latter part of the week two meetings were held each night, one for women only, at half-past six, and one for men only, at eight.

The Business Men's meetings closed on Friday of last week. They were attended by some of the most prominent business and professional men of the city. The last two meetings were of special power. Strong men wept over the simple story of the Resurrection. Many business men have written of the transformation that has come into their own lives through these meetings.

On Sunday afternoon, a meeting was held for students only. There are said to be 6,000 men and women students in Toronto, and 4,000 of these were at the meeting. The hall was packed. No one was admitted except the choir and workers, and students and faculty of various colleges. The spirit of God was present from the very beginning. Dr. Torrey spoke on "Heroes and Cowards," and was listened to with the closest attention. When he gave out the invitation at the close for those who would accept Christ, and who would begin to confess him, the response was immediate. Scores of men and women students publicly confessed their acceptance of Christ.

The evening meeting was one never to be forgotten. It was for men only. The building was packed in every corner, and many were unable to get in. At the close the Spirit came down upon the meeting in great power, and hundreds of men rose to their feet and afterwards came forward and professed their acceptance of Christ. Men of all classes of society are being reached. One brilliant newspaper man, who has been a wreck through drink, is among those who decided for Christ this past week. Another prominent man, said to be the best known gambler in the city, decided Sunday night. Some of the prominent ministers and Christian workers of the city have been rejoiced over the conversions of their own sons and daughters.

A second children's meeting was held Friday afternoon. There were hundreds who definitely professed to accept Christ. The revival has spread to the churches and Sunday Schools. A large number of these report conversions in their church services and Sunday School sessions. One church reports seventy-five conversions in their Sunday School in a single meeting. M. M. PARKER.

Death of a Mission Founder

Mrs. Olive E. Stombaugh, founder, and for nearly twelve years superintendent of the Dauphin Island Mission, died on September 14, after an illness of several months. Dauphin Island lies in the Gulf of Mexico, across the mouth of Mobile Bay. It is about fifteen miles long and one mile wide. A few hundred Southern whites live upon the island, gaining a livelihood by gathering oysters. Twelve years ago Mrs. Stombaugh, with other Christian workers, visited the island and held a tent service. Previous to this there had been no kind of religious work there. There was only one little public schoolhouse, where, for a few months in the year, the children went. The meeting proved successful, the people urging Mrs. Stombaugh to stay with them, and she consented. Next year a small church was built. Mrs. Stombaugh and her family lived in a little log-house with one living room, and a spare room for the minister, who comes to preach to the islanders.

India's Debt of Gratitude

The following extract from the minutes of the proceedings of an adjourned meeting of the Irish Presbyterian Indian Mission Council, held at Ahmedabad, December 7th and 8th, 1905, has been forwarded for publication:

It having been reported to the Mission Council of the Irish Presbyterian Church in Gujarat, that Dr. Louis Klopsch and the readers of the New York CHRISTIAN HERALD, who have already so generously supported some 275 of our 1,600 Indian famine orphans during the past four years, have most kindly further undertaken to continue to support, for at least twelve months more, all the children under fourteen years of age, and any others for whom patrons may come forward, this Council desire to place on record their deep sense of the obligation under which they lie in this connection, to their warm-hearted and noble friends in America, and beg to submit to them through Dr. Klopsch and the New York CHRISTIAN HERALD, the expression of their most sincere and heartfelt thanks. By this ministry of love the religion of Christ is being presented to the Christless in this great country, under an aspect so winsome that it cannot but appeal with especial power to many hearts. We feel sure that under God's blessing the means thus used will lead to the bringing in of many of the orphan children to the fold of Christ, and through them to a large extension of the Redeemer's Kingdom in India. The love that has prompted the generous help accorded since the great famine, serves as a link to bind in the bonds of Christian fellowship the three countries of America, India and Ireland, and in thus overstepping all international distinctions, it reflects the love divine. Very cordially and gratefully do we, as a Mission Council, acknowledge the assistance rendered in the support of so many of the Mission orphans.

R. R. JOHNSON,
Clerk of Mission Council.

A Seasonable Gift

Bella Cooke, the aged and bedridden Christian worker, continues her labors among the poor of the East-Side. Lately she was gladdened by receiving from Mrs. Lamadrid, founder of the St. Andrew's free coffee stands, a good-sized consignment of hoods, boots and shoes, clothing and toys, for distribution among the children of the East-Side tenements.

A Country Maid

Fighting Back Famine in Japan

Farmer's Raincoat

Northern Provinces in a Pitiful Plight---Multitudes Living on Roots and Bark---Relief Committees Appeal for Aid

RELUCTANT as the Japanese have been to admit to the world at large the existence of famine in the Mikado's dominions, and even more so to disclose the extent of the terrible suffering in the three northern provinces, Iwate, Fukushima, and Miyagi, the time has now passed when the real facts concerning the famine can be kept secret. National pride and self-respect influenced the Japanese officials, and indeed the whole nation, to screen the suffering, especially while the war was still in progress; for it was possible that famine disclosures just at that time would have been a serious disadvantage to Japan. Later, when the country had emerged victorious from the conflict with Russia, the Japanese were still unwilling that the world should know of their silent struggle with famine in the north. They resolved to exhaust every means at hand for relieving the distress, rather than permit any subject of the Mikado to accept the charity of a foreigner.

With the publication in the cable dispatches of the news of the real situation, however, all this has been changed. America's kindly offers of help, if help were needed, have been received in the right spirit, and it is now announced that Japan, while she will not appeal for outside aid in relieving the famine, will welcome any friendly assistance that may be rendered by other nations. Especially does this apply to the United States, whose relations with Japan are of the most cordial and sympathetic character.

In view of these facts, and of the urgent necessity that help should be given quickly in order to be of service in saving life, arrangements are now being made with a view to sending, if possible, a cargo of foodstuffs to the afflicted provinces. Whether this will be done by shipment from an American port, or from some port in the East, where such food can be purchased advantageously, cannot yet be decided. Meanwhile every reader of this paper who wishes to have a share in this life-saving work in Japan is invited to contribute toward this great international charity. Every dollar and every dime so contributed will be applied by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD toward the purchase of the cargo of foodstuffs. Any gift, however small, will be welcomed, and may be the means of saving a precious life.

Further details of the famine are furnished in the latest issues of the Japan *Times*, received at the Japanese legation in Washington. The *Times* of Japan, publishes a statement from the Famine Relief Committee of Morioka, in Iwate Province, which says:

"The rice crop, which, in an average year, yields to the province a resource of yen 6,857,770, has last year only yielded a return of yen 2,314,020. (A yen equals 49 cts. U.S. money.) The rice cultivation in the province covers an area of 51,539 cho (one cho equals 2.45 acres). What adds to the distress, is that here, where the yield has been the poorest—only one-fifth of a crop—lives the far greater portion of the 749,927 population of the province. In fact, here, where probably 90 per cent. of the people live, there is but a little over 20 per cent. of a crop; while the average for the whole province is but a fraction over 38.

"For a more concrete illustration of the distress that is facing this province, take, for instance, Nishi Iwai district. It has a population of 50,357. Its average rice crop is 55,218 koku. Last year its crop was only 12,424 koku. It is estimated that in this district alone at least 5,650 people will be brought to extreme distress. The only way they will be able to live at all, will be through government and other aid. In addition to these, large numbers will doubtless have to be helped before spring. To simply maintain the lives of the sufferers that are already in sight in this district alone, counting at the meagre rate of five sen per day for each person, 59,325.00 yen will be needed.

"112,600 people (in the province), are going to be brought to untold suffering. Early in the fall, when it was evident that the rice crop was going to be a failure, the authorities removed all restrictions relative to entering the government forest reserves; and for weeks thousands of people have been hunting the forests for warabi, fern roots and eatable barks of trees. As yet, not many are reduced to this as their only diet, but it is necessary to get them picked before the heavy winter snows cover them up. As the spring comes on, this will be the only food that multitudes will have, except what is furnished by the government and the gifts of Japanese and foreign givers.

"The provincial authorities are fully awake to the distress that is staring the people in the face. For measures of relief they propose to spend yen 101,753 on public works. They will also spend yen 4,500 in rearranging paddy-fields. And they expect to assist the various counties and villages to borrow from Tokio banks the sum of yen 300,000 to be used for the same purpose. In order to provide seed for next year's planting, 105,000 yen will be used. As the children are quitting school, because they have no lunch to bring, the authorities have bought 30,000 pounds of army biscuit to distribute among the school children. It is proposed to give them three of these biscuits each, for their mid-day meal. In this way it is hoped the schools can be kept going.

"When I asked the Governor just how much money he thought would be needed to relieve the coming distress, he replied, 'Really, the people of this province are so poor, and have to live so close, anyhow, that the loss of anything, let alone the shortage of 4,543,750 yen, will mean suffering.' "

In Fukushima Ken (another famine province), according to the latest statement of the Foreign Committee of Famine Relief, the situation is exceedingly serious. Three hundred thousand souls must receive help in order to live through the spring. The report proceeds:

"What makes this famine doubly hard to bear is the fact that the silk crop this year was only half the average output, thus bringing additional burdens upon the people. As a result of the grain famine, there is likely to be an educational famine; in fact it is already here. In many places the number of teachers has been reduced by one-half, in others the schools have been closed. The number of pupils is diminishing daily, partly because the children have nothing to take for their lunches, and partly because they must stop studying to help the rest of the family find something to eat.

"Vice-Governor Kikuchi said to me: 'May, June and July, is the time above all others in the year when we shall be most anxious. At present, we can provide work to keep the people from actual starvation, for there is imported rice to be had if only the people have money to buy it with; but in the spring, when they must plant the new rice crop and tend to the silkworms and mulberry trees, they will have no time to do the work that for the present may supply their daily food. Then is the time when we must appeal most strongly for help and depend on outside benevolence.'

"Surely here is a condition of things at our very doors that calls forth our deepest sympathy and demands that we do our utmost for the sake of starving humanity."

It is Miyagi Province, however (as stated in last week's CHRISTIAN HERALD), that the suffering is the keenest and most widespread. The Foreign Committee of Relief makes this report:

"Miyagi Ken, the worst of all, because of the failure of the rice and other crops, has suffered to the extent of eighteen million yen, about twenty yen to every man, woman and child, or more than one hundred yen for every family in the county. Rich people, merchants in the towns, and certain others, will not feel this directly. The middle class of farmers, who rely on the rice harvest for the support of their families, must sell or mortgage their land. The lower middle class, who farm rented land, have no crop and no land to sell. Officials say that this will be one of the hardest classes to help, for these people are accustomed to work in the fields; but only ordinary coolie work can now be given them.

"In Miyagi Ken, more than one-third of all the people, and in the three ken some 700,000 out of a population of 3,000,000, are already on the official lists as paupers (kyumin), and unless looked after by village, town, and city officers, many of them will soon die of hunger. But what is to become of the 700,000 kyumin?"

Although rice is the staple food of the Japanese people, wheat, hominy, corn and beans can be utilized in the present emergency. A prominent Japanese in New York City, a few days ago, stated that he thought it would be an excellent thing if a cargo of American corn could be sent. Hon. Eki Hioki, the Charge d'affaires at the Japanese Legation in Washington, was asked by a representative of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD as to the best method of extending relief to the sufferers, and the kind of food that would be most acceptable. He cabled to Tokio and received a message in reply, stating that the food that would be most acceptable is rice and wheat flour. This information was accompanied with an expression of cordial appreciation of the proposed relief work.

All contributions should be addressed to

JAPAN RELIEF FUND
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, New York

The following contributions have been received:

Dr. Louis Klopsch	$100.00
Jas. Davis	5.02
Christian, Bellevue, O.	5.00

Every contribution will be acknowledged in the columns of this paper.

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Primitive Ways on the Farm

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A Home in a Hut of Straw

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, Associate Editor · LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor · G. H. SANDISON, Associate Editor

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Japan's Time of Need

To THE EDITOR: We believe that your appeal for aid to suffering Japan should meet with a generous response wherever there is a friend of freedom and progress. Japan's battle with Russia was the battle of civilization against barbarism, of freedom against tyranny. If the little nation had not stood out as bravely as it did, and had failed in the war, all Asia would have been under Russia's heel. American interests, commercial and missionary, would have suffered heavily. We owe Japan more than sympathy; we owe her a debt we cannot repay. Let us prove our friendship by sending a shipload of flour—two shiploads if necessary—to feed her starving farmers. J. R. McD.

Paterson, N. J.

A GENEROUS, outspoken letter, which does credit alike to the heart and head of the writer, while it no doubt represents the thought of most Americans who have watched events in the Far East during the last two years.

Not only our own land, but the whole civilized world is debtor to the gallant island nation which saved China from disruption, and for the second time in history swept back the wave of conquest which threatened to engulf all Asia, and transform the destiny of one-half the world.

Now, after all of Japan's patriotism and sacrifices, cruel famine has come to sadden the nation. It has come at a time when the resources of the island empire, sorely taxed by the war for freedom and national existence, are at their lowest. Japan is too proud to publicly proclaim her need at the present time, and we must honor her the more for it; but her officials frankly admit the existence of the famine, and acknowledge also that any food which a friendly nation might send to the afflicted provinces would be most welcome.

In another part of this issue are set forth the latest facts concerning the suffering in the famine field. They are of a nature to move even the hardest-hearted to sympathy. We urge our friends everywhere to take up the cause of Japan with all ardor. By reaching out a helping hand now, we may open new doors to Christianity. Thus, if we work right, pray right, and give right, the present famine may be transformed, under Divine blessing, into a glorious means of grace for bringing Japan to Christ.

American Motherhood

AN unfortunate incident which has aroused public attention all over the land, not long ago, gave occasion to a gallant Southern representative on the floor of Congress, to say that in his opinion, when an official occupying the lofty position of the Chief Magistrate of this nation happened to be in the presence of an American mother, he was in the presence of a superior. The rhetoric of this statement was a little inflated and provoked a smile.

In reality, the position of the President of the United States being essentially temporary and transient, is less to be venerated than that of the mother, which is influential not merely for time but for eternity. Still the two positions cannot be put with any fairness in exact comparison, the one being wholly different from that of the other. One does not compare wood and copper, or fire and water. In degrees of comparison there must be a thread of likeness running through the whole. The President has, over and over, signified his high respect for motherhood, and we need not doubt that he holds the American mother in a great degree of honor.

It is to be deeply regretted that an act of any subordinate can bring criticism upon one above him in authority. The right of petition is an inalienable right of womanhood, a right that has never been abrogated, and that has been granted freely to women in all lands, climes and ages. A sorrowful procession of wives and mothers is forever passing through official doors, and men invested with power, great men, good men, presidents, governors, judges, or whatever they may be, should not consider it beneath them to bestow some portion of their precious time on the loving ones who come to plead the case of husbands, fathers, and sons.

But the phrase "an American mother," has crept into many a heart since the day that Mr. Sheppard of Texas so eloquently made it the motive of his ringing speech. We may not agree with him altogether in premises or conclusions, but we do fully and firmly believe with him, that American mothers are the noblest and finest flowers of our civilization. Wherever we find them, in the flush of their radiant morning, with little ones in their arms and clinging to their skirts; or, in the beauty of matronhood, counseling, protecting, guarding, consoling, cheering onward the younger lives, that are beginning to feel the pressure of business and care; or, in the serene glory of old age, they are our Madonnas to cherish and revere. A man who is worth his salt, takes off his hat in the presence of an American mother.

If the citizens of the future are to arise to the magnitude of the tremendous exigencies that will confront them, it will be because they have been moulded by the hands of efficient mothers.

Christian Preaching

DURING this week a conference is in session, at Dayton, O., to effect a union between three of our denominations. Nothing was more remarkable in the preliminary negotiations than the discovery of how more numerous were the articles of belief on which the three churches agreed, than those on which they differed. The same discovery was made in the recent conferences in Canada, which are bringing the churches of the Dominion into closer accord, and a similar identity has been found by the Federation of the Free Churches in England. The fact proves that the essentials of Christianity are few, and that on those the churches are agreed.

This fact ought to have a strong influence on the preachers. If they would cease preaching for and against the Higher Criticism, cease discussing controversial questions, and preach Christ, the Saviour from sin, and tell their hearers how they may be saved for this life and the next, through Him, there would be a rich harvest from their labors. After all, Christ and his work should be the paramount topic of the Christian pulpit. Incidentally, the topics of the time, the duties of the hour might be considered, but the main business of the pulpit is to tell men of Christ, to explain to them what He can do for them and to point the way to Him. As all the Evangelical churches are agreed on these matters, the land should ring with this exalted topic. Christ the Saviour, Christ the perfect example, Christ our supreme King—there is matter in that one subject for the sermons of a lifetime. A whole lifetime might well be devoted to it, for it is the one way for the redemption and purification of the world.

It may be, as Paul found it, an offence to the scholar, an obstacle to the controversialist, but it still is, as he declared it to be, the power of God unto salvation to every one who puts his faith in it. To hold up Christ to the world, to make it clear that God desires the salvation of the world, and to show men what salvation is—that is a mission worthy of the highest talents.

The Women's Memorial

IT is finished at last, and a right noble Memorial it is! Eighty mighty volumes, filled with the signatures of loyal and true American women, protesting against the continuance in the Senate of the Mormon apostle Reed Smoot, and demanding, in the name of their sisters throughout this land, and of all children born and to be born under the Stars and Stripes, that the vile sin of polygamy shall be decreed a crime and forever stamped out of existence on this continent.

The Women's Memorial should not be misunderstood. It is not a war on religion—a crusade against creed. It is an appeal to the lawmakers of this nation to render effective by Constitutional Amendment the statute law against the crime of polygamy. The Mormon hierarchy has perpetuated that abomination, to the disgrace of the whole country. All its pledges to suppress it have been broken. The leaders of that degraded institution have been on trial, and they stand self-convicted by their own confession. Their case has gone to the proper jury, the women themselves, and these eighty volumes now record the verdict.

We have no fear of the result. When the Senate receives the report of its own Committee, which took the evidence, and when the women's million-voiced verdict is laid before it, it will perform its duty honorably, promptly and with befitting dignity.

The Winterless East

PERHAPS by the time this reaches the eye of the reader, the title given above will be blown by a good-sized blizzard into an historical perspective, but at the present moment it is a very evident fact. While the West has had nearly its share of cold weather, and parts of the Southwest more than their geographical situation calls for, the East, especially in the neighborhood of New York, has been having atmospheric conditions that varied from that of a chilly fall day, to a balmy one of April.

We heard of one real blizzard that had started East, and we suffered keenly in anticipation, but by the time it reached Ohio it would not be recognized as a good-sized snowstorm. It seemed confined to its own locality, and used up its energy at home, like the pet dogs in the Harlem flats, who, on account of architectural limitations, are compelled to wag their tails up and down. The weather man kept saying "colder to-morrow," and we would believe him, until even he thought it would be dangerous to publish any more chilly reports from his department. The prophets will tell us all about it when it is all over, and credit it to the sun spots, that something happened to the world's axis, or that Peary has discovered the North Pole and gone off with it. There has not been enough snow to slip down on, greatly to the relief of those who do not bounce as easily as of yore; and as for ice, the danger signals in the park ponds have been floating about for the last two months.

Last winter, at this time, snow was knee-deep, and people were being caught in drifts, and then dug out by amateur candidates for the Carnegie medal. The ice was several feet on lakes and rivers, and ships made port with difficulty. The coal men, overcoat-makers and fur-dealers made handsome additions to their bank accounts. This year, the dealers in furs are doing no business, and overcoats are marked down, until, it seems, if we should wait a week more, they would give them away, with a bonus for taking them out of the store. From Massachusetts, word comes that violets are peeping out in the edges of the forests, under the false impression that spring is already here. In fact, it has been so warm as to be enervating to people of the North.

One great blessing has come with the moderate weather; many poor families have been spared the agony of the long, cold winter, that always entails so much suffering on the worthy poor. Few who saw the suffering of last winter care to see such sights again.

Gray Days

THE woman who always wore a red house-gown on dark, gloomy winter days, was wise. She realized how much the weather affects the average mortal's spirits, and took this way of counteracting a sunless day. It was really wonderful what a genial influence radiated from that cheerful-hued gown; it seemed almost as if the sun had broken from his cloud-bondage every time the wearer entered the room. There was always a particularly bright smile which went with the dress; not forced for the occasion, either, for "the lady in red," knew that she looked particularly well in that bright garment. Sorry indeed is the woman who cannot smile, when she knows she is becomingly attired. Her friends used to laughingly tell her that they thought "she prayed for rainy days," so that she would have an excuse to wear the red gown.

But there was in this woman's heart a far deeper motive underlying this little matter of a red dress for a gray day—a bit of philosophy that could be studied with profit, especially by those who are sensitively alive to outside impressions. We cannot all wear bright garments, but a cheerful word or smile may brighten the face and find its reflection in the heart of someone who may be vainly trying to resist the all-conquering dullness of a drab-colored day.

Through the chill, gloomy gray of a sad, sunless day,
Tearful eyes looked in sorrow.
Down the long sodden ways trooped the dark yesterdays—
Not a hope for the morrow.

Bright sunbeams astray shone o'er the day;
There's gladness to borrow!
So, begone, yesterdays, with your dark, hopeless ways—
There's a golden to-morrow!

Among the Workers

—REV. CLARENCE B. STROUSE and Prof. Harry Maxwell have been conducting a successful series of evangelistic meetings at Atlantic City, N. J. Many conversions are reported.

—ON BLACKLEAD ISLAND, Baffin Land, north of Labrador, there is a mission church made of sealskins, in which Rev. J. E. Peck and his colleague taught the Gospel to nomad Eskimos and translated the New Testament into Baffin Land dialect.

—A WORK OF GREAT blessing and power has just been closed in Hays City, Kan., with two hundred confessions of Christ. This is in a town of fifteen hundred people, two-thirds Catholic. Lovic P. Law was the evangelist, and Prof. Edward G. Phillips led the large chorus choir.

Russia in Transition

CABLE reports from Russia indicate that the uprising of the people has been ruthlessly suppressed, and, for the time, the revolution has failed. Perhaps the failure was inevitable, in view of the diverse aims of the insurgents, and their lack of funds and of cohesion. The extremists, who longed for anarchy and a red republic, obtained the lead, and with them the strong common sense of the Russian populace had no sympathy. Had the revolutionists limited their demands to a constitutional monarchy they would have obtained public support. All Russia is weary of despotism and of bureaucracy. The desire of the people of the respectable classes is for a well balanced system of government, like that of England, in which the people have a right to express their wishes and the means of giving that expression effect. The will of the Emperor and the executive power of the Governors, the Grand Dukes, and the chiefs of departments are capricious and uncertain. There is a suspicion, too, that corruption prevails, and that contracts for government purposes are awarded by improper motives. A purification of the system is needed, but the abolition of the system and the substitution for it of a red republic, with the lowest and most uneducated classes at the head, was a change that the intelligent Russian did not desire. He held aloof from the movement, that had passed under the control of anarchists, and it collapsed. It remains now to be seen whether the promises which the Czar made in a moment of panic, will be kept. For the present, the autocracy is supreme; but it will be a mistake to suppose that opposition to despotic government is extinct. Russia will not have anarchy, but neither is it disposed to return to the old system. If the Czar is wise, he will perceive how strong and well-grounded is the opposition to autocracy, and will transform the government into a limited monarchy. Count Witte is pledged to this step, and so far there are no indications of his having lost the confidence of the Czar. There has been enormous loss of life, and widespread destruction of property, but the sacrifice will be well made, if out of the confusion emerges a transformed Russia, strong in the good-will of the people.

The horrors of the last struggle in the streets of Moscow were heartrending. The soldiers of the district had been reluctant to fire on the people, so Cossacks from distant provinces were brought, and they had no compunction. Batteries were erected at points of vantage, from which a murderous fire was maintained, even after the revolutionists had raised a white flag. The houses to which the insurgents fled for refuge were battered down with shells, or were set on fire, the Cossacks driving back into the flames the people who tried to escape. Old men, women and children, were thus treated, and none were allowed to get away. Peaceful denizens of the revolutionary quarter were seized if they appeared on the streets, their hands were tied, and the Cossacks drove them with their whips into the mill-yards, where they were ruthlessly cut down. In some instances, they were massacred on the street. The Cossacks took a fiendish delight in mutilating the prisoners before killing them. One reporter describes a square strewn with limbs, lopped from living persons. In one place lay the body of a child of about nine years, who had lost both arms; nearby was a heap of dead, chiefly women, who had been killed with horrible barbarity. During the last ten days of the struggle, the number of the slaughtered exceeded five thousand, besides those who were killed in the prisons or were burned in the houses. It is thought that large numbers of the insurgents, foreseeing the hopelessness of the cause, made good their escape to the country districts, and a search is now being made for them. For the moment, terror holds sway; but it is evident that this is not the end. The hour of vengeance and retribution must come. The government will be wise to learn a lesson from the experience, and, in future, to deal justly with the people.

Let it suffice you, O ye princes, remove violence and spoil and execute judgment and justice; take away your exactions from my people saith the Lord God (Ezekiel 45 : 9).

Scene in the Streets of Moscow After the Struggle at a Barricade

A Will in a Bible

The strange discovery of a will by a French lady, mentioned in these columns last week, has, it is reported, its counterpart nearer home. A press dispatch from Philadelphia, Pa., says that a lady living near that city has recently learned, from a will found in an old Bible, that she is the heiress of her deceased cousin. This cousin several years ago lost her husband, and was believed to be extremely poor. The sole remains of her husband's estate were some waste land, which was worth absolutely nothing on the market. She had several relatives in good circumstances, but none of them offered her a home. There was one cousin, however, almost as poor as herself, who owned a little cottage and invited the widow to live with her. By uniting their poor possessions the two women contrived to pay their way. Recently, to their joy, a valuable limestone quarry was found on the widow's waste land, which brought a good price. About a year ago the widow died, and as no will could be found, a near relative proceeded to administer the estate. The cousin who had befriended her in her poverty, took possession of her personal belongings. Last week, in turning over the old Bible that the widow had been accustomed to use, the cousin found a will leaving her everything she possessed. It is estimated that it will amount to fully ten thousand dollars. She had no thought of gain when she gave the old lady a home, but like many who have obeyed the injunctions of the Bible, she has received her reward.

Be not forgetful to entertain strangers: for thereby some have entertained angels unawares (Heb. 13 : 2).

A Disastrous Wreck

Word was received from Victoria, B. C., on Jan. 23, that a fatal wreck had occurred near Puget Sound. The steamship *Valencia*, of the Pacific Coast Company, from San Francisco, with ninety-four passengers and a crew of sixty men, was reported on the rocks at Cape Beale. It appears that some part of the machinery had been disabled, and the vessel drifted helplessly in the storm, and the high sea on the rocks, which at that place rise to a height of three hundred feet. She backed off after striking, but the water poured in, and nothing could be done but to run her, stern foremost, on shore. Boats were filled with passengers and lowered, but they were smashed against the side of the vessel, and all in them were lost. Tugs were sent to the assistance of the ship, and as speedily as possible her sister ship, the *Queen*, was dispatched, but it was impossible in the high seas to get nearer to her than a mile. With telescopes, people could be seen grouped on deck, and others clinging to the rigging, but it was impossible to reach them. On the following day, a raft, on which were seventeen men, was sighted by one of the rescuing vessels, and was brought on deck with extreme difficulty. Several of the men upon it were dead, and others were crazy with exposure. Other rafts were subsequently found, bringing the total saved up to thirty-seven persons, leaving the sad record of a hundred and seventeen perished. Not a woman is among the saved. The survivors say that when the women saw the boats that were first lowered crushed, they refused to venture on the others, or on the rafts. One man who tried to swim ashore with a line, and failed, says that a lady on board came to him before he started, and promised him a thousand dollars if he suceeded. At such times people see the worthlessness of riches, and would be glad to sacrifice all they have for their lives. Still more worthless do they appear when weighed in the balance against eternal life, which is so often sacrificed to gain them.

What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? (Mark 8 : 36).

An Elephant's Memory

An interesting meeting took place a few days ago in the yard of an amusement company in New York. Among the employees of the company is a man who formerly worked in Barnum's circus. As he was going about his usual daily duties last week, a miscellaneous collection of animals that the company had purchased as performers, was brought in. One of them was a female elephant, said to be about seventy years old. As she went to the stall provided for her, she suddenly stopped, flapped her great ears, waved her trunk, and gave other demonstrations of joy. She had seen Barnum's former employee, and recognized him. He had in his boyhood been assigned to attend to her when she belonged to Barnum. She had been sold, at his death, to a showman who took her to Europe, and thence to Australia. There she had drifted from one owner to another, and finally was bought by the New York company. It was twenty-three years since she had seen her former attendant, but she knew him immediately. The man on his side was equally glad to see her, though he would not have recognized her. He tried her with her old tricks, and found that she had not forgotten any of the repertoire she had learned nearly a quarter of a century ago. That she should have remembered the man and her old tricks after all those years, shows a remarkable tenacity and fidelity that the human race sometimes fails to equal. The ancient prophet makes it a ground of reproach to God's people who forsake him, and forget all his kindness to them.

The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib: but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider (Isa. 1 : 3).

BRIEF NOTE

The Gospel of John, in tract edition, eighty pages, paper covers, has been issued by the Bible Institute, Chicago. It is convenient for the pocket and handy for distribution. Packages of one hundred copies are supplied for one dollar.

THE CHARIOTS OF THE LORD

A Story of the days of Religious Persecution in England

BY JOSEPH HOCKING

After this the clergyman prayed——"

CHAPTER IX.

WHEN Benedict heard the sound of the clock, he realized that it was the time he was expected at the room above the cloisters close by; but he did not immediately hurry thither. He was too confused, too bewildered. What was the meaning of what he had heard? Who was this maid who had laughed at him, cajoled him, called him a fool, and yet who had saved him? What was the meaning of those words which he had heard? Who was she of whom they had spoken, and who had promised to lead some one that night? Why did she disappear so quickly, and who gave the whistle he had heard?

Even as he stood there, he loved her; and yet he felt angry with her. Her voice was to him sweeter than any music he had ever heard. He remembered the face he had seen the night before. No; it was not the face of a scullery-wench. The features were refined, and although once or twice she had spoken as he had heard the orange girls speak, she could not be mistaken for one of them. No, no, there were times when she made him believe she was some great lady, someone who had influence in high places, one who could make the high and mighty obey her.

It was all bewildering. He could not piece things together. What did she mean by warning him against Master Henry Dugdale's plans? What could she know of them, or of the danger which they involved? Her voice was pleading as she spoke of this; he knew that tears were in her eyes, had he not heard the sob in her throat?

Did she care for him? Else why should she endanger herself to save him; why should she hint that she had been thinking of him through the long hours?

It is true she had scorned him a minute afterwards, and laughed at him as a fool whom anyone could cozen. The very thought of this angered him; nevertheless his heart was still warm at the thought of her.

Evidently, too, she dreaded the power of Judge Jeffreys. Had she ever received injury at his hands? The very thought of this made him desire vengeance on this man, and to repeat the vow he had made.

Yes, he would go to the meeting which Henry Dugdale had mentioned to him; he would listen to what these men had to say, and if they could devise means whereby the country could be rid of this inhuman wretch, he would strike a blow for the cause.

But should he? Her last words were to plead with him to have naught to do with the plans of the old Presbyterian. Should he not heed her?

He had told her nothing, neither for that matter had she asked him a question about himself. Was not that all the more reason for refraining to embark on a mission which she said was hopeless?

He heard stealthy footsteps near. They were not coming towards him. Rather they seemed to be going in the direction of the room which Master Dugdale had spoken of. These men then were not afraid to brave the anger of both King and Judge for their country's good, while he hesitated, and all because an unknown strip of a girl had bidden him to refrain from joining them. But what should he do, if he did not? He could not go back to Master Dugdale's house if he failed to keep the appointment he had made. Moreover, he knew that even then Jeffreys' men were searching for him high and low. Master Dugdale would conclude one of three things: Either he was captured, or he had turned traitor, or he was afraid.

This thought decided him. The words of the unknown woman still rung in his ears, but he set his teeth firmly together, and made his way towards the cloisters. All was silent here. No sound either of footsteps or of human voices. The noise of revelers, moreover, was becoming more and more rare. Evidently London was falling asleep. Only a few pot-house loafers would still be hanging around Fleet Street taverns.

A spot of blood made luminous! Had he not been looking for it, he might have passed it a hundred times without notice, but now there could be no mistake. He gave one gentle tap at the door.

"Yes," said a voice, scarce above a whisper. "What have you to say?"

"Right is Might," said Benedict.

The door opened noiselessly, and he was ushered into a small room. He heard the noise of whispering voices and shuffling feet. They did not seem far away, but he was not sure. Everything seemed ghostly and unreal. No light was seen anywhere. He was in Egyptian darkness.

A little later a hand was laid upon his arm.

"Come," whispered a voice.

"Whither?" he asked, "I cannot see."

"I know the way, and will lead you."

He allowed himself to be led along, but keeping his hand on his sword-hilt all the time. He did not like the mystery, even although he felt its necessity.

"Is this over the cloisters?" he asked presently.

"No. A better chamber hath been found. The early Christians worshiped in the Catacombs of Rome. Why should not we who have the same cause to advance meet where the sons of Belial cannot find us?"

He felt that they were descending a long flight of stone steps, after which they walked along a narrow passage. Presently Benedict's guide hesitated.

"Right is Might!" he said aloud.

He had scarcely spoken the words, when the door opened, and he entered a low, wide room, lit only by a number of candles. There might have been fifty men present, all told, and, as far as Benedict could judge, they were nearly all men of substance. He noticed that three of them were dressed like clergymen, while nearly all the others were clothed in sombre-colored garments, which were common to the Presbyterians and other Dissenters of the time. Only one present had the appearance of a Cavalier, or man of high rank, but all of them were evidently there with serious purpose. The light of resolution shone in their eyes; their lips were compressed as though they were deciding on a matter of weight.

At one end of the room was a table, on which lay an open Bible. Behind the table stood a clergyman, wearing a black Geneva gown. He was a strong-looking man. Severe he appeared, yet not without a kindly gleam in his eye, and a suggestion of humor upon his face.

All turned as Benedict entered, and Master Dugdale came up to him, and took him by the hand. "All hath gone well with you, I trust?" he said.

The young man threw off the long black cloak he had worn, and also laid aside the hat which had hidden his face. He heaved a sigh of relief as he did so. He was glad to stretch his limbs and to feel that he no longer had need of a disguise.

"This is the young man," said Master Dugdale to those assembled, and Trelawney saw that they regarded him with eyes of favor.

"We welcome you with great warmth," said the clergyman who stood before the open Bible. "We have heard how you did but yesternoon dare to speak boldly to that son of Belial, and how because of it you were thrown into prison. But the Lord took care of you. He hath confounded the judgments of the wicked, and hath laughed at their designs. Surely the Lord will use you for his purposes, and crown you with his own loving kindness."

Benedict did not speak. The scene was so strange, and the events of the last two days had followed each other with such rapidity, that he was in no mood for speech. Besides, he wanted to see those who had gathered together, and to judge what manner of men they were. He soon became aware moreover that he had somewhat misjudged them. He saw by the soldierly bearing of many that he was not among a crew of Dissenting fanatics, as he had at first feared. Some of them looked like old campaigners, and might well have belonged to Cromwell's Roundheads twenty years before. Others might have been well-to-do merchants or shopkeepers.

Others, again, had the appearance of wild unreasoning fanatics; but these were in the minority. Among the rest he was much struck by a very old man, his head sunk between his shoulders, and whose long, white beard reached almost to his waist. This man would be noted in any crowd, especially because of his keen, flashing eyes. Old as he was, moreover, he did not seem decrepit or infirm. He moved with ease and vigor, and was evidently treated with respect by those to whom he spoke. Benedict also noted that Donald Stewart was there, looking somewhat pale and haggard, but his eyes bright with the light of determination. Only a few young men were present. Nearly all were middle-aged or old. It was a gathering of elders, who were evidently not so

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AROUND THE HOME HEARTH

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Mothers in Council

FROM a mother, who is a missionary in a distant field of service, the editor of this page has lately received a most interesting letter. At first she thought that she would simply write something more on the subject herself, but as her views on the subject of whipping are diametrically opposite to those expressed by her correspondent, she has finally decided to publish the letter as it stands, and ask mothers to send comments, bits of counsel and bits of experience, as they please. Can it be possible that there are children in Christian homes who must regularly be punished by whipping at intervals of once a year? Or that little children not out of babyhood need frequent spanking? Before any mother who reads this sits down to write to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, will she not ask herself frankly whether or not she ever whips her children when anger does not enter into the chastisement? Must there be a literal rod in every home? Mothers are requested to write candidly and soon. Here is the letter of our friend. Her views are certainly worth attention, whether or not we all accept them! Let us hope we may hear from others.

"I have read a great deal from your pen, and recently you have opposed whipping children at all, and this is what I want to write about. I am a missionary in China, a physician, and the mother of four boys. Ever since the birth of my first baby, I have made child-training a special study, and have read all I could on that subject. No one believes more than I in keeping children employed, making allowances for their nerves and health, and doing everything possible for their training, but a switch must stand as a last resort, to be used by parents, not teachers. If a child is properly managed, he should need no whipping after he is old enough to go to school. We cannot condemn too severely knocking children on their heads, or whipping them cruelly, or in the presence of any one, or when the parent is angry. But for a parent calmly to whip for certain offences, such as disobedience or lying, is a duty we owe our children and our God, and any one who discourages it, does an incalculable wrong, it seems to me. My boys, aged eight and six, get a whipping about once a year; the one aged three and one-half years, gets it about once in two or three months, and the baby, not quite two, gets a little spanking as occasion arises. Now what I write to ask you to do, is to write for your CHRISTIAN HERALD page an article, not condemning whipping wholesale, but telling mothers how and when to whip. No punishment can be more abused, and no punishment has better results if properly applied. It is so hard to do, but no mother should allow herself to shirk her duty along that line."

IN A FIX

Driving to market with her poultry, the farmer's wife has to ford a swollen stream, and the old donkey takes to the water reluctantly. Not so the live stock in the crate. The geese seek the stream with joy, and the chickens long to try their wings. The good old lady is in a fix, but she is not disheartened, and will come off conqueror.

In Contagious Illness

Boards of Health in these days rigidly quarantine houses in which there is contagious disease. We have found that it is necessary to sacrifice the comfort and convenience of the individual family for the sake of the larger public. Where, as in towns, a number of families reside under the same roof, it is imperative in certain diseases which are malignant, to remove patients to a hospital. Where people live in the separate home this is not insisted upon, but the patient and the caretaker are isolated in an apartment used as a home hospital, and the comings and goings of the family are strictly guarded so that no infection may be carried into the neighborhood. It would seem hardly necessary to remind a loving parent that the germs of diphtheria and scarlet fever should not, through any carelessness, be scattered abroad. After a period of contagious disease in a household, there should be a thorough fumigation, prescribed by the medical authorities, and a very literal purification by fire should put beyond the possibility of peril from contact, the beds, clothing, and books that have been in the sufferer's room.

Whenever a house is large enough, it should keep set apart for illness a pleasant, well-ventilated, and very simply furnished room, into which any one who is ill may be taken for nursing. Such a room should not be carpeted or furnished with draperies. Shades at the windows and strips of rug upon the floors, are the requisites. When it can be afforded, if there is serious illness, a trained nurse should supplement the care of the physician. All mothers are not good nurses.

Fairs and Festivals

Objections are freely made against fairs and festivals, for the reason that they consume a good deal of time and energy while they are in course of preparation, and, too, that they cost in the end as much money as might have been raised by a canvass of the congregation and individual subscriptions. This may be freely conceded, yet, after all, a midwinter fair or festival is a source of pleasure extending over many weeks, to the women who have it in charge. There are numerous meetings for planning and arranging such entertainments, and many sessions are occupied in sociable sewing when the women of a church, usually women who lead busy lives, have a chance to grow well acquainted. The fair itself in a village or a small town, brings together at its supper table the people of the community, and every one, from the oldest to the youngest, has a good time.

Church debts are reduced, parsonages are built, orphanages are helped and hospitals are benefited, by the united efforts of those who arrange successful fairs. The net profit in dollars and cents is sometimes disappointing, but is often entirely satisfactory, and though tired women look at one another, shake their heads and say, "We will never be drawn into this sort of thing again," by the time another year has rolled around, they are eager and ready to start a similar enterprise.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—A READER. It is not good form to use a finger-bowl for a whole company. There should be an individual finger-bowl for every guest, or else this convenience should be altogether omitted. Finger-bowls are usually put on the table with a fruit course as the finale of a dinner, and also are ordinarily used on the breakfast table with a fruit course. Never send one finger-bowl and one napkin to be used by everybody in turn.

A Connubial Infelicity

IN a book recently published, there is a situation that seems at first sight a trifle exaggerated. A man woos and wins a very gifted girl, who has been supporting herself and aiding her mother for several years by her music. She has a voice of great power and sweetness, and her singing commands money; while her teaching, in the little town where she lives, gives her a small, independent income. The man she marries turns out to be the worst of domestic tyrants, a petty despot, who interferes in everything, who allows her no liberty, who is so contrary and perverse, that if she expresses a wish to go in one direction he immediately insists on going in another, and who absolutely hinders her from the least freedom, because he holds the purse-strings tightly and never lets her have a dollar. "I will buy anything in reason you want," he says; "you have only to tell me." When, grudgingly, he reaches the point where he concedes that she may have a little money in her pocket-book, he fences the matter by saying, "I must know what you spend and where you spend it. Everything must be submitted to me." When the babies come, he supervises their nursing-bottles, has theories about their education from the first moment of their existence, and in order to carry out his own way, locks the door upon screaming infancy, lest his wife shall venture to sooth her offspring.

The Ballingtons is the story of self-conceit that is monumental in its folly, and of tyranny that reaches the limit of human endurance. The wife finally dies, worn out with the long struggle, and it is not recorded that the husband shows much grief.

In another book, *Broke of Clevedon*, the scene is laid on English soil. Here it is the wife who is the tyrant, and the husband who submits through a period of years to taunts and insults and outrages from the feminine tongue, that are more than self-respect can patiently endure. In this case, however, the worm at last turns, and when philosophy is routed and patience has had its day in vain, the man changes his tactics, asserts himself with emphasis, and assumes his rightful place as head of the household.

Certainly among connubial infelicities, it must be admitted that a rampant self-will on either hand is one of the worst and most perilous shoals that matrimony can strike. Two persons living together, becoming the unit which marriage contemplates, must bear and forbear. Each must be ready to yield something. If either is a despot, both will be miserable, and the children of such a union must inevitably suffer.

THE HOME-MADE RUG

There's a beautiful rug in a little room of a certain house I know,
Where I sometimes call of an afternoon, on a friend of long ago.
It is not a costly Persian rug, by merchants bought and sold,
Or an Indian pattern of colors rare, inlaid with threads of gold.

It was not made for a monarch's throne, or harem of Turkish Bey;
It was not woven in any loom by the genii of to-day.
Its beauty is not in its patterned grace, or figures of studied art.
But all through its lustrous texture glows the love of a human heart.

A mother, borne down by low estate, shut out from superfluous things, [and sings.
Sits down with a basket of rags at her side, and patiently sews
She sings as she thinks of her finished work, how beautiful it will be
To cover some spot on the faded floor where once was tapestry.

Her husband will smile his old-time smile, her children will dance with pride 'beside.
On the new-made rug, though the floor be bare, and no other rug
And her own eyes will feast on it for many and many a day.
And the love she wrought in that home-made rug will linger there always.

Claverack, N. Y. F. H. WEBB.

HOW JESUS KEPT THE SABBATH

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS*

Jesus Heals a Leper

MUCH of the opposition to Jesus shown by the Pharisees, was due to what they called his violations of the Sabbath by works of healing, and to his defence of his apostles, when they gathered ears of wheat one Sabbath as they passed through a wheatfield on their way to the Synagogue. What he said of that was to show that works of necessity are permissible on the Sabbath. The Pharisees had gone far beyond the law of God, adding restrictions of their own, until they had made the Sabbath a burden, rather than a delight. They even taught that a person suffering with toothache might not gargle his mouth with vinegar. All applications to the outside of the body for healing on the Sabbath were forbidden. It was a

The Demoniac Delivered

part of the mission of Jesus to teach what was meant by that law, "Ye shall keep my Sabbaths." He declared himself to be the Lord of the Sabbath, and on another occasion he replied to those who found fault with him for healing on the Sabbath, "My Father worketh every day and I work," which meant that divine and human work should go on every day. There were eight memorable Sabbaths in his ministry, on which he did works of healing that he might show that the Sabbath is a day of living helpfulness, rather than a day of idleness, that true Sabbath keeping is not doing nothing, but doing good. The first of these Sabbaths of healing was in Capernaum, when, in the morning, he cured the demoniac in the Synagogue, and in the afternoon he healed the mother of Peter's wife (Mark 1:21-34), and in the evening healed many of the sick who were brought to him. These evening cures were after the Sabbath, which then ended at sunset, was over, but the other miracles above named were wrought in Sabbath time. His acts of healing on the Sabbath were done in different parts of the land, that Jesus might everywhere teach the people that it is the law to do good on the Sabbath day. He healed the impotent man at the pool of Bethesda in Jerusalem of Judea (John 5: 1-17). He restored the withered arm in a Synagogue at Capernaum, of Galilee, (Matt. 12: 9-13), in which province also he cured the woman who had the issue of blood (Luke 13: 10-17), and opened the eyes of two blind men, and raised the little daughter of Jairus. In Northern Galilee, at Bethsaida, he opened the eyes of a blind man. In Perea, he healed an infirm woman, sick for eighteen years, and recovered a man of dropsy (Luke 14:1-6). In all these cases the leaders of the Synagogue found fault with him, that he had healed on the Sabbath day, but the people rejoiced at the kind things that had been done by him. He made it not an empty day of don'ts but a day of blessed doing, the first and best of days. Most sympathetically did Jesus enter into the sufferings of those who were brought to him for healing. One day the Apostle Matthew was led to exclaim, in the words of the prophet Isaiah: "He took our infirmities and bore our sicknesses."

"And so it was that the real law of the Sabbath was filled with sweetness and light."

Illustration and Application

As Washington's Birthday is close at hand, we may well put emphasis on the Sabbath as both the Lord's Day and the weekly "Independence Day." It is also the Home Day and the Rest Day. These are the four corner-stones of this divine and human institution, the oldest, save marriage, of all our social institutions, and with that a survivor of the lost Paradise; both means, if we will, of regaining it.

"The Lord's Day." The Lord's Day, as the name implies, is the sign, the ensign of the Lordship of Christ over time and occupation. The Jews, to whom the Sabbath was the sign of God's Creatorship, had a profound saying, that "he who breaks the Sabbath denies the creation." So the Christian should see that he who desecrates the Lord's Day, denies the Lordship of Christ, by deeds that speak louder than words. The Lord's Day, as the sign, the ensign, the flag of Christ, is carried by the sun around the world; and this ensign of Christ is saluted by some in every land, by the laying aside of tools and toil, and the devotion of the day to rest and worship.

To desecrate the Lord's Day is to trample on the flag of Christ. To break the Christian Sabbath, is to tear the flag of his benignant royalty, and is, therefore, an offense kindred to treason. As every schoolboy knows and hates the name of Benedict Arnold, although he knows not the name of a single murderer of Arnold's day—because it is so much worse to wrong a whole nation than to wrong an individual. So, let it be clearly understood, that bad as it is to deprive a man of his Rest Day, his Home Day, and his Weekly Independence Day. The worst thing about breaking the Sabbath is, that it is treason to Christ, because it is trampling on the sign and ensign of his Kingship.

In Shao-Hing, China, the first public testimony for Christ was the Sunday closing of the bakery owned by an old Chinese shopkeeper who had become a Christian. Although nearly all his neighbors and customers were heathen, he closed his shop every Sunday, and put upon the door the statement that he did it for Christ's sake and in obedience to his law. Such a sacrifice proved his sincerity, and so others were led to inquire of "the Jesus way," and ere long there was opened in the city a well-attended "Jesus Hall." "Sacrifice" I said, and it is the new kind of spiritual sacrifices that takes the place of the doubled sacrifice of the Jewish Sabbath; but it is seldom that a man really loses even in this world by faithful Sabbath-keeping. In many cases, even in heathen lands, shopkeepers have so gained, rather than lost, for their neighbors have often felt they could trust more than others those who risked so much for conscience sake. Here is a representative case:

"Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy"

Stephen Girard, the infidel millionaire of Philadelphia, one Saturday bade his clerks come the following day and unload a vessel which had just arrived. One of the clerks, who had strong convictions and the power to act upon them, refused to comply with the demand. "Well, sir," said Mr. Girard, "if you can not do as I wish, we can separate." "I know that, sir," said the hero. "I also know that I have a widowed mother to care for, but I can not work on Sunday." "Very well, sir," said the proprietor; "go to the cashier's desk, and he will settle with you."

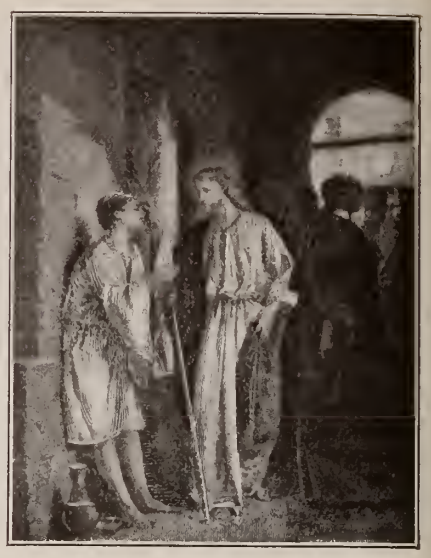
For three weeks the young man tramped the streets of Philadelphia, looking for work. One day a bank president asked Mr. Girard to name a suitable person for cashier for a new bank about to be started. After reflection, Mr. Girard named this young man. "But I thought you discharged him?" "I did," was the answer, "because he would not work on Sunday, and the man who will lose his situation from principle is the man to whom you can entrust your money."

And here is another case from the other side of the sea. Edward Neville, who was in a large bank, was asked by some of his fellow-clerks to join in a Sunday excursion to a delightful place in the neighborhood. They described the art treasures in the house, and the spring beauty of the woods, adding: "You had better come; the new owner is going to close the house to outsiders for the present." For a moment, the young fellow was tempted, for he revelled in beautiful things, the next, he remembered the sanctity of the day, and said: "Not on Sunday, thank you." "It's your one chance," urged an acquaintance. "Your puritanical notions cost you dear. I hear the woods are covered with wild daffodils, and that the pictures are splendid."

But God's young servant stood firm. And though Sunday was a glorious day, and the town looked dirty in the sunshine, he had a particularly happy day in church and Sunday School. On Monday each clerk seemed determined to tell him how greatly they had enjoyed their excursion.

"Only one drawback," said someone. "Though we had a private order, we couldn't see the picture-gallery, where the best pictures are hung."

That afternoon the head partner sent for Edward Neville, and said that he wished him to start early next morning to take some very important papers to Colston Priory, the very place of the Sunday excursion. "You will be kept there all day," said Mr. Leslie, "and have nothing to do, but I am sure you will enjoy it. As my representative, you will be given the free run of the place. You are young for the business,



Healing of the Man Born Blind

but I have learned to trust you," added the fine gray-haired man, with a smile that greatly gladdened the young fellow.

As Edward drove, next morning, behind a quick-stepping horse, through the lovely woods, full of spring sunshine and singing birds, his heart went up in joy and praise to his Lord.

He had a never-to-be-forgotten day, exploring the treasures of house and grounds. Just before leaving, their owner put the documents in his hands, saying: "I hear you were over here on Sunday." "No, sir," answered Edward. "Many of my fellow-clerks came, but I didn't." "May I ask why?" inquired Mr. Montgomery. "Because it was God's day, and I never use it for pleasure," answered Edward, simply.

Healing the Helpless Man

Mr. Montgomery shook hands with him without any comment, but a week afterwards he was told by the head partner that the owner of Colston wanted him to go to him as his private secretary.

"He offers you," said Mr. Leslie, "double the amount of salary you are now drawing, and, of course, board and lodging. Sorry as we shall be to lose you, I advise you to accept such a good post at once. Mr. Montgomery says I am to tell you he offers it to you because he sees that God can trust you to keep holy His day, and that I can confide to you important business."

Many of young Neville's acquaintances envied him what they called his "good luck." When somehow the reason given by Mr. Montgomery for choosing him leaked out, one of them said to a friend:

"You may laugh at me, but I'm going in for Neville's religion. I've watched him closely, and I see that he's got the best of both worlds."

And God gave Edward the great joy of leading the young fellow to the Saviour loved and so faithfully served. So has the promise been fulfilled in many cases of courageous Sabbath keeping. "Them that honor me will I honor."

*International Sunday School Lesson for Feb. 18. A day of miracles in Capernaum. Mark 1:21-34. GOLDEN TEXT: "He healed many that were sick." Mark 1:34.

WHERE POLYGAMY REIGNS

The Mormon "Home Idea," as it Exists in Heathen Africa

WHILE the popular movement for the statutory suppression of polygamy on American soil and under the Stars and Stripes is extending to all parts of our own land, it will interest many readers to know that there is at least one part of the world where the "home idea," inculcated by Joseph Smith and Brigham Young, still exists uncontrolled. This is not in a civilized land, however, but in the heart of heathen Africa. In his recently published book entitled, *The Story of the Congo Free State*, Henry Wellington Wack, writing from personal observations of social life and conditions on the Congo, says:

"It is the general opinion of competent observers that polygamy will survive for many years. Nothing but the spirit of Christianity will overcome the evil. The native mind cannot be induced by ordinary argument to see any wrong in it. Why a man should not have just as many wives as he can afford to buy and keep is too much for his comprehension. He regards woman as created solely for his pleasure and profit, and trades in her accordingly. He buys her from her father for one or two goats or a cow; she becomes the mother of his children, and prepares and cooks his food for him. That is her career, and she shares it with as many other wives as her husband's inclination and resources permit him to buy.

"When she dies she is buried—sometimes. Certain Central African tribes regard burial after death as a superfluous ceremony for women, and place their bodies where they will be devoured by hyenas and vultures. From two to three wives is the average *quantum* of the ordinary Central African barbarian, and between thirty and forty for a chief."

Chief Bember and Some of his Wives

The same authority states that native men and women in the Congo States will not eat together. A man guilty of eating in company of his wives would be hopelessly disgraced. In time past they have eaten one another, and would doubtless do so again should existing restraint be removed, but they may not eat together. After their separate repast, the sexes mingle again freely, and both engage in smoking their long-stemmed pipes. In a few tribes the women do not know anything about wardrobes until they are married. Some women denote their married state by covering their breasts with strange ornaments, while others secure this object by elaborately dressing their hair, which they build up to a great height by aid of palm fibre and gum.

It is worthy of note that, even on the Congo, wherever the white man's authority has penetrated, polygamy (according to this author), is not only discountenanced, but penalized, no polygamist being eligible for employment, whether military or civil, by the Congo Free State. Christian marriages between natives, which ten years ago numbered eighty-four, now take place by thousands every year. Thus, in the new development of their social life, the Congolese are beginning to look upon their ancient custom of polygamy as barbarous and no longer deserving of toleration. While polygamy still holds its own in remote places, it is gradually giving way before the advance of Christian civilization, and, in the more populous centres, it is disappearing. Even the tribes who, but a few years ago, were "raw heathen," are now dropping the old marriage customs and adopting the monogamous views of the progressive races — the only hope of the Congo women to escape from lives in which they are doomed to menial labor and a servitude as degrading as that of the lower animals.

Concerning the population of the Congo country, Mr. Wack writes: "The difficulty in arriving at a correct estimate of the native population of the Congo Free State is very great. Some authorities place it as high as 30,000,000, some as low as 15,000,000, while other observers, equally entitled to respect, assert that 20,000,000 is about accurate. This wide divergence of opinion ceases to be matter for surprise, when we reflect that the population of an empire so important as China, known to white men for centuries, is variously estimated by them at anything between 300,000,000 and 400,000,000. Compared with our knowledge of China, our acquaintance with the countries and peoples comprised within the boundaries of the Congo Free State is a thing of yesterday.

"The aboriginal black cannibal still occupies the banks of the Congo. But his nature is manifesting great change. He is on his knees in the mission chapel. His own voice abandons the war cry, and makes its fervid, untaught plea, to the white man's God. On the Congo, religion is perforce a plain, sincere, and a comforting thing. It is taught by a small, earnest band of men and women. These rugged Christian teachers pursue their lowly, patient work, to please God alone, and to benefit their unenlightened fellow-man."

Woman Going to Market — The Market at Boma, where Women do Almost All the Work — Her Heavy Load

A Year's Work for Children

DEVOTING itself to the protection, moral uplift, and reformation of the little people, the work of the Children's Aid Society of New York, as revealed in their last report, is one calculated to fill the hearts of its well-wishers with joy. The society has had charge of 61,526 children. Of these, over thirteen thousand have been given relief in their homes, over seven thousand taken for a week's outing at the Summer Home Farm, and over three thousand sick women and children taken for a rest at the Health Home on Coney Island. The above are only a few branches of the work now being done by the society, and give but a faint idea of the help given to the children who are growing up in the poverty-stricken and vice-smitten districts of the metropolis.

Thousands of homeless boys drift about the streets, having come from other towns and cities "in quest of adventure," or to better their condition, but making, usually, a sad failure of it. Others have been driven from "the rookeries" by drunken parents, and between their former home conditions and a shelter in an entry, there is, in reality, little to choose. The Newsboys' Lodging House, for nearly half a century, has been one of the great successes of the society. It is an object with the organization to get boys out of the city and on to the farms. Many hundreds have been provided for in that way. They have a farm school, where the boys can get a good preliminary training in farm work, but it can accommodate too few to fill the demand. It was formerly the custom to send city lads straight to the country, and the farmers were glad to get them; but now the country employer is demanding more experienced hands, and, at the same time, offering better wages. It is hoped that more instruction in farm work can be given in the future to a larger number of applicants.

The work among the girls is providing the means of livelihood to a large number who might otherwise end their existence in the streets. They are taught hat trimming, dressmaking and cooking. Though it is difficult at first to get the majority of them interested in their work, they usually learn to like it, and secure good positions.

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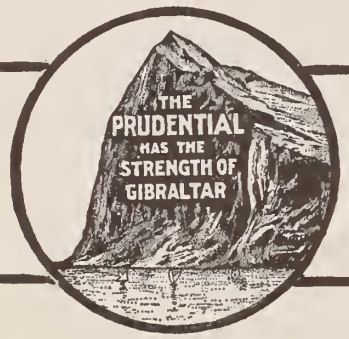

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Prominent People of the Hour

Prince Ferdinand and His Bride

PRINCE FERDINAND OF BAVARIA and his cousin, the Infanta Maria Theresa, sister of the King of Spain, were married at Madrid on the 12th of January. The alliance is a source of great satisfaction to the Spanish people, and they vied with the court in making the wedding a picturesque, historical event, worthy the brush of a second Velasquez. The service took place in the Chapel Royal, and was attended by the Diplomatic Corps and all the high Spanish officials and nobility. Twenty Princes of Germany and the House of Orleans, whose uniforms shimmered with innumerable decorations, mingled in the body of the church with the knights of the ancient Orders of Santiago and Calatrava, that play such a stirring part in Conan Doyle's great novel, *The White Company*, and the knights of Montesa and Alcantara. After the ceremony, the royal couple appeared on the balcony, and were given an ovation by the people of Madrid. Prince Ferdinand is twenty-two, while his bride is one year his senior.

* * *

HON. LLOYD CARPENTER GRISCOM has gained the reputation of being one of our most brilliant diplomats, although he is one of the youngest. He represented the United States at the Court of the Mikado during the critical period of the Russian-Japanese war, and his services at that time received the hearty commendation of our Department of State. It has just been announced that he has been promoted, and will from now on be the Ambassador to Brazil. Mr. Griscom was born in 1872, so his unusual honors have come to him before his thirty-fifth year. He studied law at the University of Pennsylvania, and the New York Law School. In 1893 he had his first experience in diplomacy, as secretary to Mr. Bayard, the American Ambassador to the Court of St. James. In 1896 he was admitted to the bar of the State of New York, and the next year was appointed Deputy District-Attorney of New York. The outbreak of the Spanish war caused him to drop law for a time, and he went to the front, where he attained the rank of captain. He served four months in Cuba. Re-entering the diplomatic service, he was in turn Charge d'Affaires at Constantinople, Minister to Persia and Japan. He is a talented writer, and his articles on travel have appeared in many American newspapers. He has received the Order of Bolivar, from Venezuela, and the Order of the Lion and the Sun from Persia. His wife, formerly Miss Bronson, was made a member of the Order of Chefekal, by the Sultan.

* * *

HON. LUKE E. WRIGHT, who has been Governor of the Philippines since Mr. Taft resigned to become Secretary of War, has resigned his position, and will be the first American Ambassador to Japan. Mr. Wright has taken great interest in our Eastern affairs, and was President of the Philippine Commission from 1903 until his appointment as Governor. He was born in Tennessee, in 1847, and is a lawyer. For a number of years he was Attorney-General of his State, his father having been at one time Chief-Justice. It is a source of great pride to him that he had three sons who fought for their country in the war with Spain. Hamilton College has conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Laws.

Hon. Luke E. Wright

Hon. Lloyd C. Griscom

BOOKS RECEIVED

The Bible and the Land, by the Rev. James B. Converse. Published by the author, Morristown, Tenn.

Autumn Leaves. Poems by Ellen N. Allen and others. The Archives Publishing Company, 161 S. Canal Street, Chicago, Ills. Price 50c.

Four Portraits of the Lord Jesus Christ, by George Soltau. Suggestions for young Christians beginning to study the Gospels. Pp. 265. Price $1. Published by Charles C. Cook, New York.

Pinkey Perkins, "Just a Boy," by Captain Harold Hammond, U. S. A. Ten chapters, filled with the pranks, adventures and misadventures of Pinkerton Perkins, otherwise known as "Pinkey." Illustrated by George Varien. Published by The Century Company, New York. Price $1.50.

Protect Our Schools, a Story, by P. M. Hannibal. Published by the author, Dannebrog, Neb.

Home Mission Readings for use in missionary meetings, by Alice M. Guernsey. Pp. 128. Price 50 cents. Published by the Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, Chicago, and Toronto.

Poems, by Wilfred Earl Chase. A small book containing seven poems of much promise. Price 50 cents. Published for the author, 302 State Street, Madison, Wis.

A Political Primer of New York State and City, by Adele M. Fielde. This is a very valuable work for those who desire to know something of the complicated political machinery of the Empire State. Price 75 cents. The Macmillan Co., New York, publishers.

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The Chariots of the Lord

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 114

much moved by passion as by strength of conviction.

The clergyman who stood before the open Bible asked for silence, after which he read out of the First Book of Kings, wherein was described the gathering of the people on Mount Carmel, where Elijah the prophet had given his great challenge: "The God that answers by fire, let him be God."

After this the clergyman prayed, and besought the Lord to show to them the means whereby the idolatry of the land might be destroyed, and the Scarlet Woman of Rome be forever banished from their midst. A fervent Amen followed his prayer, and then he began to speak. The discourse he gave was calculated to arouse the most lethargic. He described the conditions of the country under Charles II., a weak, sensual man, and told how, one by one, national ideals had been lowered, and national standards degraded. He portrayed in vivid language the sufferings of the Nonconformists, who preferred imprisonment, spoliation and even death, to the denial of what they believed to be the will of God. Still, Charles, with all his faults, was not destitute of the milk of human kindness. There were occasions on which he had sought to do aright, and, as a consequence, the sufferings of the faithful had been much mitigated during the last years of his reign.

He then dwelt upon the suddenness of the late King's illness, the peculiarity of his death, and of the fact that the King's brother, James, Duke of York, had a papist priest ready to receive the dying confessions of the King. Then followed a description of the promises of the new King. He had promised justice to all. He had sworn to maintain the Protestant religion, yet no sooner was his brother buried than he began to violate his promises. On every hand he had sought to degrade Protestants and to honor Roman Catholics. He had put faithful men to death, and had given power to the most cruel and inhuman monster that had ever degraded humanity. Everywhere in the land idolatries were being practised, everywhere the faithful were persecuted. What should they do? In sober truth, was James Stuart King at all? But for the Exclusion Act, the illegitimate son of Charles II. would have succeeded to the throne. Was not the Duke of Monmouth in truth the true King of England? Moreover, this same Duke of Monmouth was kind of heart, winning in manners, eager to do justice to all, and, above all, he was loyal to the Protestant faith. Was it not the duty of all who loved God and the true religion to throw the popish usurper from the throne, and bring back a Christian King? If this were done, Popery, which had been the curse of England, would be destroyed, and righteousness would again be the watchword of the nation.

After the sermon was finished a council of war was held.

"Is it not a fact," said one, "that this James Croft, which you call the Duke of Monmouth, and whom you say should rule over England, is at this time living in sin with a vain woman? How, then, can he lead the armies of the Lord on to battle?"

In answer to this, it was admitted that, owing to the evil influences by which he had been surrounded all his days, he had been led astray, but that he had repented of his sins, and had decided to live in righteousness.

"Ay, but," said another, "he is cold of heart. He is afraid to undertake this great work. In spite of all that hath been said to him, he hangs back like a frightened child."

"That," said Master Henry Dugdale, "is because he hath received no sufficient promise of support. He hath been told that beyond a few men in the West, no one will take up arms on his behalf. If he do but receive the assurance that we can give him, all will be changed."

"And what assurances can we give?"

Upon this rose and spoke men from Somerset, from Wiltshire, from Gloucester, from Scotland and from other parts of the country, declaring that if once the Duke of Monmouth's standard were raised, the whole countryside would flock to it, as a flock of sheep gathers around a shepherd.

Others rose and spoke, one raising this objection, and another that, but each in turn was answered satisfactorily, until one man who had stood apart from the rest came forward.

"Brethren in the Lord," he said, "it is fully agreed among all that James Stuart is faithless to God, and faithless to man. It is, moreover, surely the will of God that he be deposed. Nevertheless, we must be wise. We must see to it that we know the will of the Lord. Ye be all for bringing back James Croft, who hath been created Duke of Monmouth. But consider awhile. If bloody work is to be done, then must it be done according to God's Word. Give us a King; a Protestant King, we cry. But what will our enemies say? Surely they will cry out that James Croft is but the illegitimate son of Lucy Walters, a woman who sold her virtue, and whose child is not blessed by God. How can a child of shame be the Protestant King of England! Even were he all you say, we should be the by-word of the nations. Is there not another to whom we can go, and say: 'In the name of the Lord we ask you to be our King?'"

Upon this the old man whom Benedict had noticed, came near to the table where the open Bible still lay. His eyes gleamed red from behind his shaggy eyebrows, his hands trembled with passion.

"Hearken," he cried. "Hither I am come to prove that the woman Lucy Walters, was the true wedded wife of Charles Stuart: hither I am come with proofs to show that the man whom you call James Croft, was born under wedlock, and is, therefore, the rightful heir to the throne of England."

CHAPTER X.

"WHO is this man, and how came he hither?" said the one who had raised the question of the legitimacy of Monmouth. "Who can speak for him?"

"I can," said the only man in the assembly, who, besides Donald Stewart, had the appearance of a cavalier. "It was I, Roland Rashcliffe, who brought him hither."

A murmur of excitement went around the room. The name of Roland Rashcliffe was well known. He had been imprisoned in the time of Charles II. for defying the King; he had wedded a woman falsely accused of attempting to murder General Monk, and had been for many years a well-known defender of all those who struggled for liberty of conscience, as well as a powerful pleader for justice to all, regardless of their religion.

"And what do you know of this man, Master Rashcliffe?"

"Ask the old man what questions you will," was the reply, "and then I will tell you if I can bear out the words he may speak. He is very old, as you can see, so I trust he may be treated with gentleness."

"I desire no gentleness," replied the old man. "Old I am, but my eye is not dim, neither is my natural strength abated. But ask your questions."

"Who are you, then, and what is your name?"

TO BE CONTINUED

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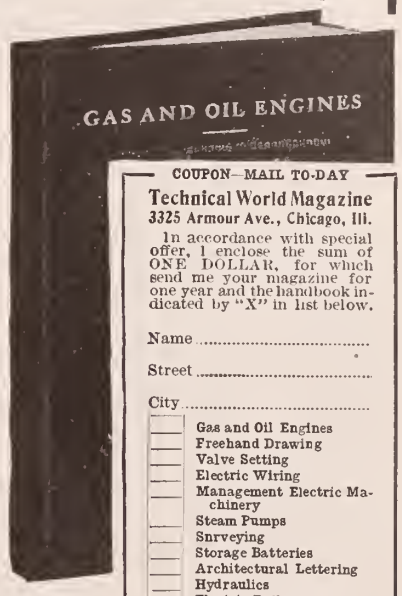

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Questions and Answers

Letters for this department must contain name and address of the sender—not for publication, but in order that an answer may be sent by mail in cases where the inquiry is not of general interest.

R. M. R., Billings, Okla. Can you suggest what would be an adequate punishment for our big public thieves, compared with the poor man who steals from seeming necessity?

It is a big question. The remedy lies in a change of the system rather than in dealing with the individual, though, of course, the greater rascal should be made amenable to the law, just like the lesser criminal. Indeed, if our laws were carried out, without fear or favor, there would be little need of further remedy.

Mrs. J. A. F., Scenery Hill, Pa. Is it right to give money to a charitable purpose, if a person owes money, but has the value of it in real estate?

If we cannot pay our just debts, we have no right to give away our means to any object, to the detriment of our creditors. If our creditors are secured against loss, however, there is no reason why we should not give to worthy causes, as your letter suggests.

U. S. W., Webster City, Ia. I write in regard to the common use in newspapers and some works of fiction, of such profanity as "damn" or "damned." Is not reform along this line much needed?

Every sensible person must admit the desirability of reform in the direction referred to, but until authors and newspapers change their ideas upon the subject of what "realism" really is, there is little hope of a radical change.

T. M., Noblesville, Ind. The Great Dipper appears to revolve around the North Star. Does it?

It does not. Its apparent revolution is due to two causes: the rotation of the earth on its axis and its revolution round the sun. This year it will make 366 apparent revolutions, 365 due to the earth's rotation and one to its revolution. Last year being a leap year it made 367.

Marathon, N. Y. LEWIS SWIFT.

Ellen P., Paris, Maine. Can you tell me, in THE MAIL BAG, why the cornflower was chosen as the Emperor of Germany's floral emblem?

The story is told of Queen Louise, of Prussia, that when she and her two sons, Prince Fritz and Prince William, were fleeing before Napoleon, that as they rested by the way, the mother plucked a handful of the blue cornflower and, weaving a wreath or crown, she put it on the head of Fritz, saying, "Now, Fritz, you have your first crown," then told the boys of the "crown of glory that fadeth not away." Fritz afterward reigned for a short time, but was succeeded by his brother William, grandfather of the present Emperor. In recollection of the mother's lesson of the two crowns, Emperor William made the cornflower the "Kaiser-blumen," or Emperor's flower.

V. H. W., Redfield, Ia. The Catholics on Fridays eat no meat save fish. Why? What is the origin of that custom?

Fasting is as old as the Christian Church, and is used as a means of self-discipline. The New Testament nowhere regards it as a means of grace. Weekly fasts were in use in the Church before the close of the second century. Origen writes of Wednesdays and Fridays being observed as fasts by the Church at Alexandria, on the ground that Christ was betrayed on Wednesday and crucified on Friday.

Mrs. J. H. F., Ovid, Mich. Will you give me in your Question and Answer Department a few facts concerning Maria White Lowell.

Maria White Lowell was the wife of James Russell Lowell. She was born in Watertown, Mass., July 8, 1821, and died in Cambridge, Mass., October 27, 1853.

R. C. H., Girard, Pa. If a man who was raised a Mormon and taught to believe, and does believe, that polygamy is right and sanctioned by the Almighty, marries and lives with several wives, would that alone constitute him a great sinner?

It would be a case of unawakened conscience. The man would be living without the light of civilization and the Gospel. If he were a Christian, he would be the husband of one wife, and would become convinced that polygamy was a state of sinful indulgence—of sin against law, and against God, who gave Adam one helpmeet. This is the view everywhere held by the Christian world, which does not believe in making women slaves of lust.

Mrs. C. W. C., Vinita, I. T. Some one has said, "Ameriea for Christ." If this is the fact, why is the old custom of starting off a new administration with a big inaugural ball kept up? What kind of an example does it place before our own children and before the other nations of the world, to some of whom we are sending our missionaries to convert them to Christ?

It is an old custom, and, like many other time-honored usages, very hard to change.

T. M. W., Worcester, Mass. In a sketch of the "Holy Grail" legend (by Migne), you will find the basis of Mallory's *Morte d'Arthur.* It is a legend derived from Celtic sources, and relates how Joseph of Arimathea (having with him the cup Jesus used at the Last Supper), came to Britain and preached Christianity. The story is folk-lore and impossible of verification.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

The New Custom House in New York City

The new Custom House of the Port of New York, is now nearing completion, and is the finest in the United States, while there are but few in Europe that can be compared with it artistically, and none in size. All departments of the customs can now do business here, the old edifice on Wall Street being inadequate. The best sculptors and artists have been employed in its decoration. A hundred feet above the street, on the front face, will be placed figures representing the former great maritime nations. Admiral Tromp, for Holland; Prince Henry, the navigator, for Portugal; a Doge for Venice; and Queen Isabella, for Spain. Two of the figures are by Louis St. Gaudens, and two by F. M. L. Tonette.

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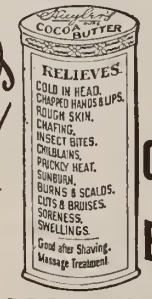

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CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

P. C. W., Orient, L. I. Why is it that the Mediterranean Sea has no tides?

There are tides. In the Gulf of Venice the greatest tides rise about three feet, and in the Great Syrtis five feet, but in most places they are scarcely observable.

Mrs. ——, New Jersey. A pastor while taking supper with a family in his parish, is greatly offended by an innocent remark made by the mother of the household, which he regards as personal. He tells it to other members and they make much of it, of course to the disparagement of the unfortunate offender. What should be done?

Not knowing all the facts, we could not advise, but it occurs to us that the best way out of the trouble is to have a frank explanation all around. One is due to the pastor by the mother, and if he is satisfied, he then, in turn, can set her right with the other members who know of the trouble.

Mrs. P., Matlock, Wash. If a mother wishes to read a sermon to her children, and they desire her to do so, and have no other time except when the father, who doesn't want to hear it, is in the house, is she justified in reading it?

It is incomprehensible that any father would object to the mother of his children giving them religious instruction. She has, of course, a perfect legal and moral right to read the Scriptures to her children. If she can so time the reading, however, so as to avoid trouble, it would be wise to do so, for the sake of peace in the household.

Carrie, A. D., Kansas City. Will you kindly tell us something of the life and work of Emma Willard? When and where did she establish her first school, and was she the author of the song entitled "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep?" A friend contends that this poem was written by another lady of the same name.

Emma Willard was the daughter of Capt. Samuel Hart, and was born in Berlin, Conn., Feb. 23, 1787. At fifteen, she attended Dr. Miner's Academy, and opened a summer school for girls in 1804. In 1809, she married John Willard, marshal of Vermont. A few years after she opened a school in Middlebury, and while there published a book entitled "A Plan for the Higher Education of Women." In 1819, she established a school in Waterford, N. Y., which removed to Troy, N.Y., in 1821, and called the Troy Female Seminary. In studying educational problems, Madam Willard visited France and England. Through her friendship with General Lafayette, she was presented at the Court of France. Madam Willard died April 15, 1870. In addition to many books on educational and historical subjects, this remarkable woman was the author of a volume of poems, including the song, "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep."

Oswald C., Omaha. When was the Croton aqueduct of New York built?

The old aqueduct was built between 1837 and 1842. A new aqueduct was begun in 1883, and opened in 1900. It is about thirty miles long, and delivers to New York City 350,000,000 gallons of water per day.

Miscellaneous

J. E. W., Herndon, Pa. The less vinegar you use the better. Better still to use none at all. It is not a food, but only a condiment.

E. C. W., Acton Centre, Mass. He was decidedly ungenerous; but not knowing all the circumstances, we cannot say more on the matter.

E. B., Wisconsin. Sleeping on the right side, with the chin tied up with a flannel bandage, will greatly help to correct the snoring habit.

A. W. R., Harrington, Okla. We entirely agree with you. It is impossible to understand the interest of Wall Street, except on political grounds.

F., Francetown, N. H. 1. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is printed in the English language only. 2. See any good encyclopedia for information on languages.

C. L. H., Waterbury, Vt. The picture is that of a little child in swaddling clothes—an artistic idea, which probably has little value beyond mere decoration.

Inquirer, Germantown, Pa. No; to the best of our information and belief Congressman Howell of Utah, is not a member of the Mormon hierarchy nor is he a polygamist.

Reader, Pittsburg, Pa. Yes, you can procure the Gospels in quantities and in just the shape you desire for distribution, by addressing Bible Institute Colportage Association, Chicago. Single Gospels in lots of 100 at 1c. each.

J. M. H., Martin, Mich. Secret societies, while they may not hinder, can hardly be expected to help one in spiritual advancement. If they are purely social, they may hinder; if benevolent, they may be helpful to one in a material, but hardly in a spiritual way.

THE LATE GENERAL WHEELER

IT was with a feeling of profound regret that the country heard on the morning of the twenty-seventh of last month that General Joseph Wheeler had fought his last fight, and had answered to the roll-call "on the other side." The veteran of three wars, he seemed so much a part of our past and present history, so active despite his age, that it was hoped he had many years before him. His death was due to pneumonia, his illness being of but six days duration. His sister, Mrs. Sterling Smith, his four daughters, and his son, Major Joseph Wheeler, Jr., were with him when the end came.

The Late General Wheeler

"Fighting Joe," as his troops affectionately called him, was born in 1836, in Augusta, Ga. From early boyhood he had a love for the profession of arms. He graduated from West Point, in 1859, and was sent to New Mexico as a second lieutenant in the Fifth Dragoons. He resigned from the Army in 1861, and became shortly after colonel of the Nineteenth Alabama Infantry, in the Confederate Army. He fought at Shiloh, and later commanded a regiment of cavalry. His reputation as a leader rests on his cavalry raids, his part in the battle of Chickamanga, and his campaigns against Sherman. He was present at Knoxville, Missionary Ridge, and Lookout Mountain. He was wounded three times and had sixteen horses shot under him.

At the close of the war he became a cotton planter, and also practised law. In 1880 he stood for election to the House of Representatives, but his seat was contested and he did not become a member until four years later. At the outbreak of the Spanish War, his military spirit induced him to resign his seat and volunteer. He was given the rank of a Major-General of Volunteers, and fought in the battles that led to the fall of Santiago. As soon as his services were not required in Cuba, he was sent to the Philippines, where he served in the forces under Gen. MacArthur. The War Department retired him as a regular Brig.-Gen. of the U. S. Army. His son, although young, has attained the rank of a field officer, and is now stationed at West Point.

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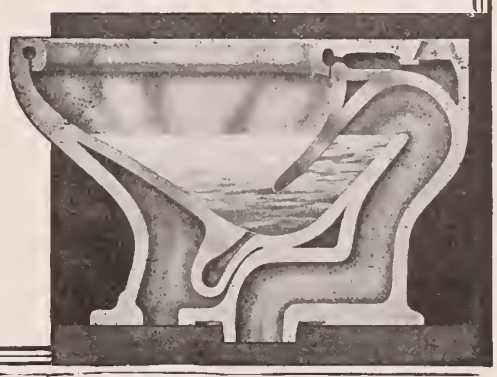
Sy-Clo stands for more than mere flushing; it stands for a wonderful syphonic action of great power—an action which literally pulls the contents of the bowl into the drain, cleansing the non-reachable parts, instantly sealing the outlet channel with a water trap to an unusual depth, and absolutely preventing all danger of gas.

The Sy-Clo Closet stands for an interior cleanliness and purity impossible in an iron closet, and unknown in any closet but one made of china—like the Sy-Clo. Hand-moulded of china all into one solid piece like a vase, the Sy-Clo is without crack, joint or rough surface to collect dirt or disease germs. It is as clean inside and out as a china pitcher, being made exactly the same way and of the same material.

The surface of the Sy-Clo Closet cannot chip off, is not affected by acid, water or wear, and hence cannot rust or discolor as an iron closet does. The Sy-Clo is strong, simple, durable; it cannot get out of order and will last, with ordinary care, as long as the house in which it is placed.



It costs but little more than the common closet, and when health and comfort are considered, it really costs less; in fact, *your doctor pays the bill.* Your plumber will tell you that Sy-Clo is absolutely the latest word in perfect sanitation.

Send for booklet on "Household Health"—mailed free.

POTTERIES SELLING CO.,
Trenton, N. J.

BABY CLOTHES PATTERNS.

My New outfit contains 30 patterns and directions for long, or 10 for short clothes, with directions for material, etc., a copy of NURSES HINTS TO MOTHERS, also TRUE MOTHERHOOD, and my catalogue illustrating articles and clothing for the new baby, with prices and full descriptions. This outfit sent postpaid for 25 cents, silver or stamps. I guarantee satisfaction or will refund your money. Address Mrs. C. D. ATSMA, Newark, N. J.

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My New Big Paint Book tells you all about paint, how to know good paint from bad. Tells why my made-to-order PAINTS are the best and safest for all purposes. Guaranteed eight years. Two full gallons to try, free if you are not satisfied. Largest, handsomest paint book ever made; has great double pages Color samples in greatest variety of tints. Costs us 75c to make, but free to you. Write today—Address O. L. CHASE, The Paint Man, 701-C, Olive St. St. Louis

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PLACES IN OUR HANDS THE REMAINDER OF THEIR GREATEST PUBLICATION
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We will name our price only in direct letters to those sending us the Coupon below. Tear off the Coupon, write name and address plainly, and mail to us now before you forget it.

Dr. Ridpath is dead, his work is done, but his family derive an income from his History, and to print our price broadcast for the sake of more quickly selling these few sets would cause great injury to future sales.

The reason for Dr. Ridpath's enviable position as an Historian is his wonderfully beautiful style, a style no other historian has ever equaled. He pictures the great historical events as though they were happening before your eyes; he carries you with him to see the battles of old; to meet kings and queens and warriors; to sit in the Roman Senate; to march against Saladin and his dark-skinned followers; to sail the southern seas with Drake; to circumnavigate the globe with Magellan; to watch that thin line of Greek spearmen work havoc with the Persian hordes on the field of Marathon; to know Napoleon as you know Roosevelt. He combines absorbing interest with supreme reliability, and makes the heroes of history real living men and women, and about them he weaves the rise and fall of empires in such a fascinating style that history becomes intensely interesting. 200,000 Americans own and love Ridpath. Mail Coupon To-day.

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Acme Washer

will wash thoroughly and perfectly clean anything, from the finest piece of lace to the heaviest blanket, without tearing a thread or breaking a button. In fact, there is nothing in the way of washing which can be done by hand or with any other machine which cannot be done better, more easily and more rapidly with the **Improved Acme Washer.**

Besides being made of the very best materials, handsomely finished in natural wood, it has a number of

SPECIAL FEATURES

not found on any other machine. These consist of: **1**, a **Movable Wringer Stand**, which brings the wringer directly over the tub, so that all the water falls back into the tub, instead of on the floor. (The wringer need never be taken off.). **2**, the **Hinged Lid**, which is practically steam-tight, prevents the water from splashing over. This is merely raised up and leaned back against the handle, so that all the suds must drain into the tub. **3**, the **Extension Stand** holds the basket, or rinsing tub, close to and on a level with the machine, so that the clothes cannot fall on the floor, and no stooping is necessary. **4**, **No Iron Post** runs through the machine to rust and stain or tear the clothes.

There are many other good points about the **Acme**, all described in detail in our little booklet entitled, "Wash-day Comfort." This is **free** for the asking. May we send you a copy?

IS THIS A FAIR OFFER?

If you will write us that you are interested, we will give you the name of the dealer in your town who handles the **Improved Acme Washer.** You can see the machine at his store and learn all about it before you buy it. If you buy it, it is with the understanding that any time within 30 days, if the machine is not in every way satisfactory, he will take it away and give you back your money. He will do this cheerfully and readily, because our guarantee to him protects him against loss. You risk nothing but a two cent postage stamp to mail us your letter.

Write to-day —even if you are not just ready to buy or even try a machine; in that case let us send the **little booklet**—remember, it's **FREE—write to-day!** Address

ACME WASHING MACHINE COMPANY,
2532 S. High Street, Columbus, Ohio

Music Lessons Free

IN YOUR OWN HOME

A wonderful offer to every lover of music, whether a beginner or an advanced player.

Ninety-six lessons (or a less number if you desire) for either Piano, Organ, Violin, Guitar, Banjo, Cornet, or Mandolin, will be given free to make our home study courses for these instruments known in your locality. You will get one lesson weekly, and your only expense during the time you take the lessons will be the cost of postage and the music you use, which is small. Write at once. It will mean much to you to get our free booklet. It will place you under no obligation whatever to us if you never write again. You and your friends should know of this work. Hundreds of our pupils write: "Wish I had known of your school before." "Have learned more in one term in my home with your weekly lessons than in three terms with private teachers, and at a great deal less expense." "Everything is so thorough and complete." "The lessons are marvels of simplicity, and my 11-year old boy has not had the least trouble to learn." One minister writes: "As each succeeding lesson comes I am more and more fully persuaded I made no mistake in becoming your pupil."

We have been established seven years — have hundreds of pupils from eight years of age to seventy. Don't say you cannot learn music till you send for our free booklet and tuition offer. It will be sent by return mail free. Address U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Box 7A, 19 Union Square, New York City.

PARKER'S Arctic Socks (TRADE MARK REG.)

Healthful for bed-chamber, bath and sick-room. Worn in rubber boots, absorbs perspiration. Made of knitted fabric, lined with soft white wool fleece. Sold in all sizes by dealers or by mail, 25c pair. Parker pays postage.

Catalogue free. **Look for Parker's name in every pair.**
J. H. Parker, Dept. K 25 James St., Malden, Mass.

The Oldest of Rescue Missions

Thirty-three Years' Work in Water Street Among the Drunkards and the Outcasts

IT is now thirty-three years since Jerry McAuley and his wife founded the Mission that is known by his name in Water Street, New York. In this Mission, from the very beginning, the lowest outcast has found a welcome and a helping hand. Poor, miserable beings, "bound for the haven of Nowhere, hailing from ports forgot," have here seen a beacon guiding them to a friendly shore.

Mrs. S. H. Hadley

Rev. S. H. Hadley

Mrs. Lida M. Lamont

Every night in the year there is held a Gospel service, in many ways unlike any other meeting. Rev. S. H. Hadley, the Superintendent, says: "The old Jerry McAuley Mission was the first rescue work of its kind in the world where the drunkard, the thief, and the poor lost girl, were more welcome than the sober, the honest, and the pure. It was a Mission for the fallen; that was the character of the work when it was started, and it is even more its character to-day. More thieves and drunkards have crossed the threshold of our old Mission than any other spot in New York City, except the Tombs Prison."

Mr. John H. Wyburn

The work is carried on entirely by converts of the Mission—men who have reaped the bitter wages of sin, and to whom the interiors of saloons, penitentiaries and hospitals, were more familiar than churches or respectable homes. Their own knowledge of the dark and dreadful side of life, enables these converts to be more helpful to the despairing and wretched creatures who find their trembling way to Water Street. When a man is converted in this Mission, and wishes to work for the salvation of the perishing, he does not confine his labors to attending the meetings, giving thanks and testimony; but he visits prisons, hospitals and jails, the workhouse, and even goes down, taking with him the message of helpfulness and love, into that dreadful place, "Ward 32," the "Horror Ward," where alcoholic victims are placed at Bellevue Hospital.

One year ago, a young man from the South was wandering around the streets of New York, a helpless, hopeless outcast. He was a college graduate, and a man of good business ability; but he became such a slave to drink that he lost home, family and everything that made life worth the living. A friend who had known him in better days, found him wandering in the streets, and brought him to the Water Street Mission. There he was converted, and somewhat later he became the leader of the Sunday evening meetings, the day being spent in missionary work among the poor wretches in city prisons.

The past year has been one of unusual success in the old Mission. Mr. and Mrs. Hadley have lived in Water Street for twenty years, and during that time there has been a harvest of souls which has more than recompensed the Superintendent and his faithful wife for their self-sacrificing labors. Great assistance has been rendered by Mrs. Lida M. Lamont, whom Mr. Hadley characterizes as "one of the greatest blessings of our work." Miss Cora Dettinger has also accomplished much good, working in different fields in the city, in workhouse, almshouse and hospitals. Miss Dettinger is, herself, a convert of the Mission, which she calls her home.

It is not a very pleasant place to live, down there in Water Street. There is an almost continual tramp of weary feet coming up the stairway to the superintendent's office, bearing the very offscourings of humanity, who pour out their tales of sorrow and despair into the sympathetic ear of Mr. Hadley or his helpers, who never turn them away without some kind of help. The hungry, too, are fed from the Superintendent's hospitable table, for Mr. Hadley says it is hunger that brings many to the Mission, and after they are fed they "come to themselves" and are often able to say, with the prodigal of long ago, "I will arise and go to my Father." The Father forgives, and a new, clean and happy life opens before the poor wanderer.

An average of about 55,000 men come to the Mission every year, nearly all of whom are of the class described. The old McAuley Mission has a record for seeking the very lowest. It tries to get the kind of men nobody else wants, and it certainly succeeds.

Many of the converts are college-bred men. Experience shows that this class often sinks lower than any other, when overcome by drink and crime. "The men have to be sheltered, helped and borne with," explained Mr. Hadley. "Alas! many fall, and fall repeatedly."

The Superintendent spoke very appreciatively of Mr. John H. Wyburn, who has worked faithfully for many years at this Mission as Assistant-Superintendent. No one, he says, unless he is a burden-bearer, could toil successfully in this locality.

From two to four hundred men a year come from prisons and penitentiaries, where Mr. Hadley has visited them. "I always know them," he says, "for I give them a password, and make them say it over until they know it, and when they come to see me they speak it in my ear as I shake them by the hand. Many of our brightest converts are men who have come in answer to that invitation."

And so, year after year, the faithful "fishers of men" toil on down there in this sea of sin, rescuing many by the grace of Him who can "save to the uttermost."

Young Men Make Money

There is no more honorable, more educational, more enlarging and relatively more lucrative employment than representing THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST in your town and its vicinity.

It is business, not "canvassing." It begins in your own home. If you work with us as we train, guide and help you it will lead to a larger life and usefulness to yourself and others than you now suppose possible.

Write to us for full particulars about our honorable, pleasant and profitable plan for giving you a start in life.

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OUR business, established 12 years, has steadily progressed. We have distributed to holders of our certificates, profits amounting to nearly three-quarters of a million dollars, while materially adding to our surplus. A strong institution, conducted under New York Banking Dept. supervision, in which your savings will be carefully handled while earning for you **5% PER YEAR**, reckoned for every day left in our care. Withdrawable at your pleasure. Let us show you how we can handle your savings to better advantage than most other institutions. Write for particulars.

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Returnable Samples Mailed to "Earnest Inquirers."
Published by the publishers of the famous **"Gospel Hymns."**
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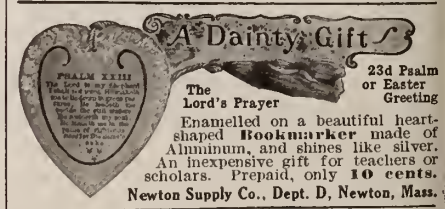

Enamelled on a beautiful heart-shaped **Bookmarker** made of Aluminum, and shines like silver. An inexpensive gift for teachers or scholars. Prepaid, only **10 cents.**
Newton Supply Co., Dept. D, Newton, Mass.

Shall Congress Seat Smoot, the Mormon?

Before answering read Mrs. Willing's **"On American Soil,"** a plea for womanhood, childhood, the home; for our national, social, political, religious life. A strong document; a complete book (cloth 50c.), but can be had entire in the March issue of our monthly, **The King's Herald**, for 10c. Or for only 15c. and we will send it, the beautiful sheet song, **"Wild Wastes,"** and the thrilling tract, **"A Bottle of Tears."**

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KRINOGALON is better, purer, more effective than soap for your daily toilet. Try it.

Made by the **NEW JERSEY MFG. CO., Inc., Jersey City, N. J.**, since 1890, and sold on its merits only. An active partner wanted in each county on most liberal terms.

READ PRUDENTIAL Advertisement. It will pay you.

OVER SEA HABIT

Difference on this Side the Water

The persistent effect upon the heart of caffeine in coffee cannot but result in the gravest conditions, in time.

Each attack of the drug (and that means each cup of coffee) weakens the organ a little more, and the end is almost a matter of mathematical demonstration. A lady writes from a Western State:

"I am of German descent and it was natural that I should learn at a very early age to drink coffee. Until I was 23 years old I drank scarcely anything else at my meals.

"A few years ago I began to be affected by a steadily increasing nervousness, which eventually developed into a distressing heart trouble that made me very weak and miserable. Then, some three years ago, was added asthma in its worst form. My sufferings from these things can be better imagined than described.

"During all this time my husband realized more fully than I did that coffee was injurious to me, and made every effort to make me stop.

"Finally it was decided a few months ago, to quit the use of coffee absolutely, and to adopt Postum Food Coffee as our hot table drink. I had but little idea that it would help me, but consented to try it to please my husband. I prepared it very carefully, exactly according to directions, and was de lighted with its delicious flavor and refreshing qualities.

"Just as soon as the poison from the coffee had time to get out of my system the nutritive properties of the Postum began to build me up, and I am now fully recovered from all my nervousness, heart trouble and asthma. I gladly acknowledge that now, for the first time in years, I enjoy perfect health, and that I owe it all to Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville" in pkgs.

Postum Food Coffee contains no drugs of any description whatsoever.

The Best Cooking Range

Sold for Cash or on Monthly Payments.

$10 to $20 saved

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Your money refunded after six months' trial if

Clapp's Ideal Steel Range

Is not 50 per cent. better than others. My superior location on Lake Erie, where iron, steel, coal, freights and skilled labor are cheaper and best, enables me to furnish a TOP NOTCH Steel Range at a clean saving of $10 to $20. Send for free catalogues of five distinct lines, over 50 styles and sizes, with or without reservoir, for city, town or country use.

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(PRACTICAL STEEL RANGE MAN.)

ELECTRO-SILICON SILVER POLISH

Is the KING OF ITS KIND

and so acknowledged by more than a million housekeepers throughout the civilized world. It keeps new silver always new—in brilliancy—and makes old silver look like new. It's unlike all others.

Trial quantity—to prove its peculiar merits—for the asking. At grocers, druggists and postpaid 15 cts. (stamps).

Electro-Silicon Silver Soap for washing and polishing Gold and Silver has equal merits, 15 cts.

"SILICON," 32 Cliff Street, New York.

Near-Brussels Art-Rugs, $3.25

Sent to your home by Express, Prepaid.

Sizes and Prices	
9x 6 ft.,	$3.25
9x 7½ ft.,	3.75
9x 9 ft.,	4.25
9x10½ ft.,	4.75
9x12 ft.,	5.25
9x15 ft.,	6.25

Beautiful and attractive patterns, choice colorings. Woven in one piece. Both sides can be used; more durable than high-priced carpets. Sold to you direct at one profit. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

New Catalogue showing goods in actual colors, sent free.

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UNLIKE OTHER BELLS SWEETER, MORE DURABLE, LOWER PRICE. OUR FREE CATALOGUE TELLS WHY.

Write to Cincinnati Bell Foundry Co., Cincinnati, O.

READ PRUDENTIAL Advertisement. It will pay you

Christ's Life Work*

ONE of the most convincing proofs of the divinity of Christ is the fact of his life having been a source of inspiration to so many different kinds of men. The statesman, the judge, the merchant, the artizan, the father, find in him an example, yet he was none of these. Though he never married, the husband and the father finds in him a guide to his duty. Though he never bought and sold, the merchant learns from him how he should behave in his business. He was the ideal man, the Being toward whom our aims and aspirations point. The one Being whom every good man would like to resemble. As the great teacher of the last century wrote:

> Was Christ a man like us? Ah! let us try
> If we then, too, can be such men as he!

The secret of this strange diversity in unity Christ himself explains in the passage associated with the topic: "The Father that dwelleth in me." Nothing is more astonishing in the biographies we have of Jesus, than this effacement of himself. It is as the representative of God, as the expression of the Father, as the Word of the Father, that he lives and speaks. "It is not of myself," he continually said. "It is the Father who speaks through me and doeth the works." If we want to know, as every thinking man does, who and what God is, we must look at Christ, It is not possible for God to reveal himself fully to man, but in Christ we see all that humanity can hold of God. The infinite Deity, creating and upholding the countless worlds in space, is something passing our power of conception, but in Christ he is brought near to us and we perceive something of his majesty and glory. "He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father," he said. and it is in him that our most practical revelation comes. We see there how the human form is spiritualized, how the Divine occupies and permeates the flesh, and what kind of life a being so filled with divinity would live on earth. The sweet compassion, the tender affection, the sublime forbearance Christ manifested in his life is our highest ideal for our own lives.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for Feb. 18. "What we may learn about our own work from the life of Christ." John 14: 8-14.

Mr. Baer, a College President

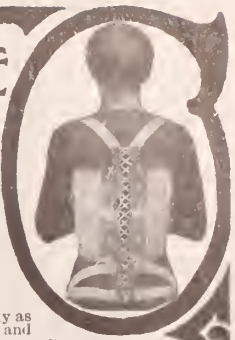
Mr. John Willis Baer, whose services to the Christian Endeavor Society as its General Secretary, will be long remembered, has decided to terminate his connection with the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions, to become President of Occidental College, at Los Angeles, Calif. It is understood that Mr. Baer has been led to this decision by his desire for home life, having given the past fifteen years to serving the churches in a life of constant travel. The Secretary of the Home Mission Board has issued a letter in which he expresses the Board's appreciation of Mr. Baer's services, and its regret at losing them. Mr. Baer is well known to the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, he having been a frequent and valued contributor to its columns for many years. The best wishes of our readers will go with him to his new sphere of Christian usefulness.

Contributions to The Christian Herald Children's Home

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 106

Benito, Mrs C deH	3 00	In mem of Ray & & Nellie	6 00
Byers, Mrs S, Pendleton	3 00	Subr, —	3 00
Houck, Faunie	3 00	Visitor at Mont Lawn	5 00
Morehouse, H L	1 00	A Friend on the Chrystenah	1 00
Nourse, Mrs E F.	3 00	Pasenger on Str Chrystenah	5 00
Reid. J T, Economy	1 00	A friend in June, —	5 00
Squires, Geo H	6 00	Two Visitors, —	1 25
Stone, Mrs E S, Woodlawn	1 00	Kemp, —	2 50
Swentzer, Rose M.	1 00	Visitors at Mont Lawn	6 00
Warren, A O	3 00	Visitor at Nyack	2 00
—, Allen	4 00	An Interested Reader, Cedar Valley	3 00
—, W N Y	3 00	Vermilye Chapel Fresh Air Fund	60 00
A B, —	12 00	—, —	1 00
A MacL, —	6 00	—, —	1 00
For His Sake, Athol	3 00	—, —	1 00
A Friend, —	3 00	—, —	25 00
A Friend, —	3 00	—, —	3 00
A Friend, —	15 00	—, —	3 00
Two Friends, —	3 00	—, —	21 00
I H N, —	9 00		
In mem of Little Mary	3 00		

SPINAL CURVATURE AND KINDRED AILMENTS.



Mr. Sheldon, the inventor of the appliances made by us, suffered from Spinal Curvature for years. In turn he tried nearly every known form of support with little relief or benefit. He finally invented a spinal appliance which enabled him to assume and maintain a natural upright position. This Appliance is an important part of the Sheldon Method of overcoming Spinal Curvature. It gives an even, continuous, perfect support to a weak or deformed spine; average weight only 16 ounces; is cool, comfortable, durable, pliable, and capable of easy and accurate adjustment. Put on and taken off easily as a coat; causes no inconvenience in working or exercising, and is not noticeable under clothing. **It is designed for men, women, and children. It is the only safe and humane appliance to place on a young child because its elasticity and ease of adjustment permit full growth and development.**

With it is furnished a marvelous absorbent application which takes all pain and soreness out of the back, makes the stiffened muscles relax, and assists in the straightening of the spine. A book outlining a system of special physical exercises also accompanies the appliance.

By this remarkably successful method you can be treated in your own home. The price of the combined treatment places relief in your easy reach. Each Appliance is made to **individual measurements and fits perfectly.** We have strong testimonials from every State in the Union, and the endorsements of noted physicians. **We guarantee satisfaction or refund your money at the end of thirty days' trial.** No matter how long you have suffered, there is still bright hope for you.

Write and tell us about your own or any case in which you are interested. We will send you our catalogue, which fully explains, by word and picture, how Spinal Curvature, weak back, stooped shoulders and weak abdomen are relieved and permanently overcome by the Sheldon Method.

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will be given for the twenty largest lists sent in between now and MAY 31st, 1906. This $1,000.00 will be given in **addition** to the regular commission, so that you are **sure** to get the regular commission, and have as good a chance as any one else to get one of the extra cash awards. Don't put it off, but write to-day. A postal will do. Address **C. C. THOMPSON, Manager, The Woman's Farm Journal, St. Louis, Mo.**

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$10 WORTH OF LARKIN SOAPS and FOOD PRODUCTS and a $10 PREMIUM ALL FOR $10

OVER three million people can tell you that Larkin Factory-to-Family dealing saves them much money. Every time you buy $10.00 worth of Larkin Products, consisting of **Laundry and Toilet Soaps, Toilet Articles, Coffee, Teas, Spices, Baking Powder, Extracts, etc.,** you get the saved expenses and profits of middlemen in a $10.00 Premium free. Several hundred Premiums to choose from—everything a home requires—all please in design, workmanship and finish. Or, instead of a Premium, you can have another $10.00 worth of Larkin Products, total $20.00 worth, for $10.00; a double retail value which no storekeeper can possibly afford to give.

FREE—This handsome $10.00 Oak, five-drawer Chiffonier given with $10.00 worth of Larkin Products.

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All users of Larkin Products declare their superior quality. Our food Products are absolutely pure, meeting all the most rigid food-law requirements. A single order will prove their merits. We guarantee return of your money if goods are not satisfactory after 30 days' trial.

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LARKIN CO.: Please mail, postpaid, Premium List No. 104 and Booklet of Larkin Products.

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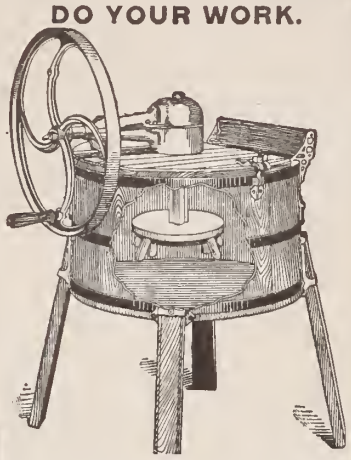
... LET THE ...
SPOTLESS WASHER
DO YOUR WORK.

30 DAYS FOR NOTHING



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The Bowery Mission Bible Class

Further Spiritual Queries for the Question-Box, and Dr. O'Hanlon's Ready Replies

117 Will you please tell a convert the surest and best way that he can overcome all temptations and live a good, pure, Christian life.

Avoid temptation; plan every day to keep away from it; put a double guard against your easily besetting sin (Hebrews 12: 1). Add to watchfulness and prayer; pray especially for strength to resist temptation (Matt. 26: 41). Avoid idleness as you would avoid sin itself. "Temptation is the devil's workshop." Attend religious services regularly, whether you feel like it or not; do good at every opportunity; seek every opportunity possible. Be steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord (I. Cor. 15: 58). Read daily II. Peter, 1st chapter, 5-12, inclusive, with prayer.

118 Is it possible in this life for a man to reach such a state of holiness that he will be absolutely free from sin?

See for full answer, CHRISTIAN HERALD, December 20, Question No. 30; also CHRISTIAN HERALD January 3, Question No. 64.

119 Can a man who has tried to be a Christian and has failed three times, become reconciled to God?

Yes, "I will heal their backslidings, I will love them freely." Hosea 14: 4; Isaiah 1: 16-19; Revelation second and third chapters.

120 Is it necessary that we should fast as well as pray? Wherein lies the efficacy of fasting?

While Christ does not command us to fast, he gives his sanction to it, if it be properly observed. Matt. 6: 16-18. The Catholic Church regards fasting as an imperative means of grace; but the Protestant Church, while it holds fasting as praiseworthy, does not enjoin it as a duty. It is good for the health of the body, and, if prayerfully observed, will become a great means of grace to the soul.

121 What did Christ mean when he said we must worship him (God) in spirit and in truth?

In sincerity (and not in formality). In truth—according to God's revealed truth in the Bible—the whole of it—the Samaritans rejected the prophetic portions of the Old Testament; and the worship of the Jews, while they held to the whole of the Old Testament, had become formal and heartless in the time of Christ. Henceforth, under the Gospel, the worship of God was to be genuine, sincere, heartfelt, deeply spiritual, according to the fuller revelation of God as a Spirit in the Gospel of Christ.

122 What is the meaning of the passage, "We are saved by hope?"

We are encouraged and inspired in all our conflicts by this glorious hope of better days, of better things, and of glorious triumph over death in the full redemption (the glorious resurrection) of our body. Romans 8: 23. Saved by hope under life's bitterest sorrows: "Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and stedfast, which entereth into that within the vail." Hebrews 6: 19.

123 What sin is unpardonable?

The only unpardonable sin that I know of is fully described by our Lord in Mark 3: 20-30, inclusive. It was charging Christ with performing his wondrous miracles through the agency and power of Beelzebub, the prince of devils. As this charge cannot be made against Christ since the days of his miracles on earth, I do not believe that the unpardonable sin can now be committed.

124 What is Christian Science?

That bodily diseases and maladies do not exist in fact, but are products of unwholesome states of the mind, and especially of the imagination; that to correct these conditions of the mind, by mind treatment, through faith and prayer, will remove the disease or malady, without resorting to medical or surgical treatment.

125 Can a man who professes that God has saved him, and that he would be willing to lay down his life to help a man who is in need: and when he knows of Christian brethren who are in need and does not offer to help them at all, is he a consistent Christian?

No; ordinarily he is not; but he may in special cases refuse help where he believes that such help is undermining the self-reliance and the manhood of the man—in other words, making him a professional beggar, or what is called a tramp.

126 When the Spirit ceases to strive, does that mean that I am to live on in a hopeless condition, and die without hope? How can I pray when there is no desire? Would not that be adding to the sum total of damnation? I have rejected the call for thirty years. Am now forty-five, and utterly hopeless.

There is no need of despair in your case, nor in any case. Mercy is offered you to the very last. It is true, thank God, that "while the lamp of life holds out to burn, the vilest sinner may return." "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." John 6: 37. Read Isaiah 55: 6, 7.

127 How would you advise a young man of twenty-one years, whose mother has deserted her husband, leaving three other children, including a little girl, and is now living with a man who left his wife and two children?

It is a very sad case, but you must not in any case be unkind to your poor and sinning mother. Do all you can by kindness and entreaty and prayer to win her back from her evil ways. Never give her up. She is your mother; she bore you, and cared for you in your helpless infancy and childhood. Whatever betides you, be respectful and kind to your mother.

Miss Roosevelt's Wedding Cards

It means something to be the daughter of the President, and in the years to come, the descendants of the youthful couple soon to be married in the White House, may look with proud and loving eyes at the heavy bit of white paper upon which is engraved the invitation to the wedding of the President's daughter, Miss Alice Roosevelt, to Representative Nicholas Longworth. The President's seal will be used on these invitations, which are to be engraved on the regulation plain, heavy white paper, with the familiar eagle with outspread wings, and the tiny stars (but without the *E pluribus unum* and streamer), heavily embossed in pure white at the top. At the bottom will be the line, "An answer is required." A small card enclosed, requests the holder to present it at eastern entrance of the White House, on the wedding day. The words "White House" (also heavily embossed in white to match the seal), are stamped upon the large white envelope, in which the invitation is placed.

IN MATCHTOWN

Fortunately no Faith Was Required, For She Had None.

"I had no faith whatever, but on the advice of a hale, hearty old gentleman who spoke from experience, I began to use Grape-Nuts about 2 years ago," writes an Ohio woman living in Barberton, who says she is 40, is known to be fair, and admits that she is growing plump on the new diet.

"I shall not try to tell you how I suffered for years from a deranged stomach that rejected almost all sorts of food, and assimilated what little was forced upon it only at the cost of great distress and pain. I was treated by many different doctors and they gave me many different medicines, and I even spent seven years in exile from my home, thinking change of scene might do me good. You may judge of the gravity of my condition when I tell you I was sometimes compelled to use morphine for weeks at a time.

"For two years I have eaten Grape-Nuts food at least twice a day and I can now say that I have perfect health. I have taken no medicine in that time—Grape-Nuts has done it all. I can eat absolutely anything I wish, without stomach distress. I am a business woman and can walk my 2 or 3 miles a day and feel better for doing so. I have to use brains in my work, and it is remarkable how quick, alert and tireless my mental powers have become." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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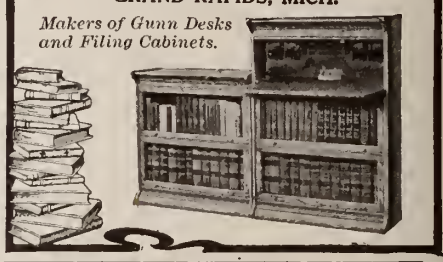

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200 Eggs a Year Per Hen

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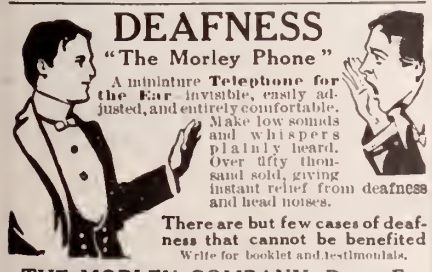

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Trial as Discipline*

WHAT is the object and purpose of trial? How many there are who would be glad to fully know this! There are many cruel teachers who tell us that sickness is always the result of sin, and, like Job's friends, whom God repudiated, regard all calamities as penal. But it is not so that God's Word explains trial. Nor does our observation of life give us that view. Some of the best men are those who have most to bear, and through no special sin, suffering and sorrow fall upon men who lead blameless lives. "Think ye," Christ asked such men, referring to a public calamity, in which some lives had been lost, "that these men were sinners above all men?" There are sins that bring penalties, and there is cause and effect in some kinds of suffering; but it is brutal to infer from the fact of a man being afflicted, that he has been guilty of some heinous sin. Never did calamities fall in succession so heavily as they fell upon Job, and if ever men were justified in inferring guilt, they were so in his case; yet we know that it was not Job's sin, but his righteousness, that brought the evil upon him.

If we are not to regard calamity as punishment, in what light are we to regard it? Why is it that good men have to bear disease, poverty, afflictions of all kinds? God has many purposes to fulfil in our experience, and one of these is suggested in the passages associated with the Topic. He is perfecting the characters of his children and uses affliction as his instrument. Like the mallet and chisel of the sculptor, he is using trial to bring beauty out of the material. The life we live here, is but an infinitesimal portion of our existence. Eternity stretches far beyond, and there is work for us to do beyond the grave of the character of which we have no conception. What if God is perfecting our capacities for some great work that he wishes us to do, and has no more effective instrument than trial? We know, by sad experience, the effect of some of these trials. We come out of them with greater patience, with more forbearance, with stronger faith and more ardent love. The trial has been a discipline, and we are the better all our lives for having undergone it. We know more of the infinite love and tenderness of God, more of the value of religion, more of the sweet charity of life, by what we have learned in the school of adversity. So we may bear in patience, knowing that the fruit will come from our suffering.

*Topic of the Epworth League for Feb. 18, 1906. "A life refined and perfected by trial." Ps. 119: 67; John 15: 2; Rom. 8: 17; II. Cor. 4: 11-18; Phil. 3: 10; I. Peter 1: 6-9.

The Anti-Mormon Campaign

A special despatch from Washington to the Salt Lake *Tribune*, states that the forthcoming majority report of the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections, will declare substantially that "Reed Smoot, as a high priest in the Mormon Church, is a member of a treasonable organization, which defies and endeavors to subvert the laws of the United States." The majority report will probably be written by Senator Burrows. He will make a powerful plea in support of the Women's Memorial, asking for the exclusion of the Mormon Apostle from the Senate.

"Mr. Smoot has no right to the consideration of any man who loves his country and defends its Constitution. When asked whether he would obey his oath of allegiance to the Constitution of the United States, or his oath to his church, in the event of any conflict between those two allegiances, Mr. Smoot said, 'I would be obliged to emigrate to another country.' He would expatriate himself rather than obey the Constitution of the United States. He would cling to the organization which defies the laws of the United States. There is only one way to view his case, and that is, adversely."—*U. S. Senator Knox, of Pa., formerly Attorney-General of the United States.*

"The unseating of Apostle Reed Smoot from the Senate of the United States is called a woman's fight, though why it should be thus designated is not apparent. Surely men are as interested as women in the purity of the homes of our country, and history shows no true home where polygamy or polyandry rule."—*From an address by Mrs. Stoddard, W. C. T. U.*

"God pity any Senator whose sense of honor is so dulled or so blurred, that he will dare to turn a deaf ear to the petitions, the pleadings, the intense longings expressed by the signatures of a million American mothers on this pending case, involving the dignity, the manhood, the honor, and the influence of the Senate of the United States."—*U. S. Senator Burrows, Michigan.*

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MISS COCROFT AT HER DESK

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Let me give you a perfectly balanced organism. Let me direct your breathing, your exercise, your diet; let me give you a perfect blood supply and circulation; a nervous system in harmony with itself and the rest of your body, each nerve center properly directing the organ it controls. The resultant strong vitality will enable you to resist disease, and I will make you what you were intended to be—strong, happy, graceful, beautiful—loving and beloved, with a mental calm which is life power and true beauty, making your life a satisfaction to yourself, making you the delight and admiration of your friends.

Only 15 Minutes a Day Give me 15 minutes of your time each day, in your own home, by following my simple directions. Just a little care is all you need to make you the ideal woman of your type. Do not say it is impossible, that nature has not given you the first requirements of health and beauty—I know it is possible; I have accomplished it for thousands.

Drugs are Dangerous

I use no drugs. I never treat a pupil I cannot help. If I cannot help you I will tell you so.

I Keep Women Young Do you think "True Motherhood" means devotion of mother to her family and neglect of herself? True?—No, the true mother is true to her sacred duty of preserving and protecting herself, that she may be of greatest service to her family. The mother needs health, strength, and lightness of heart that she may be a true wife—the delight of her husband, his joy, rest, social help and inspiration, not a slaving, suffering dead weight for his pity. The true mother keeps well, beautiful and young, that she may enjoy the confidence and admiration of her children.

If you could sit beside me, at my desk, I could, if I would, show you, daily, hundreds of letters from pupils I have helped. I never violate a confidence, never show a letter without permission; but here are a few snatches from one morning's mail:

I wish every nervous teacher could know what benefit is to be derived from your physical culture.

I have lost 73 pounds, and was never better. I look ten years younger.

My constipation and biliousness are entirely relieved.

Just think how I have gained, since I began with you, from 112 to 137½ lbs. in one year.

My catarrh and lungs are much better and my body, which was a bony, crooked structure, is actually beginning to look like your picture of correct poise.

My head is steady, the confused feeling having passed away. It is the best spent money ever used for myself.

Just think, Miss Cocroft, before I took up your work I could not eat anything without the greatest distress, and now I think I could DIGEST TACKS. I am so happy.

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Personal Instructions Besides the Book and free lesson, in answer to your first inquiry, is included my personal examination of your symptoms and my first advice to you. Write me fully about your case, also letting me know your faults of figure, etc. I will make a personal study of your case and will let you know whether I can help you or not. Your letter will be held in strict confidence.

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Dept. 18

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Round shouldered
Superfluous flesh
Prominent hips
Protruding abdomen
Height
Weight
Do you stand correctly
Thin chest
Thin bust
Thin neck
Complexion
Do you walk gracefully
Weakness
Lame back
Dullness
Irritable
Nerves
Headaches
Catarrh
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Indigestion
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Liver
Kidneys
Lungs
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Is your health or figure imperfect in any way not mentioned here?
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What is your age?
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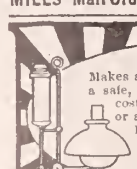

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By Mrs. M. Baxter

THE history of that wonderful day of miracles in Capernaum, described in the first chapter of St. Mark's Gospel, is an illustration of how the Son of God was manifested that he might destroy the works of the devil.

"And they went into Capernaum." This was Christ's second visit there with his disciples; the first is mentioned in John 2:12. "And straightway on the Sabbath Day he entered into the synagogue and taught, and they were astonished at his doctrine, for he taught them as One that had authority, and not as the scribes." Yes, Jesus' doctrine differed from theirs; it was sustained by a life which shone out of all which he taught; there was weight in his words, for they had creative power.

"And there was in their synagogue a man with an unclean spirit; and he cried out." The presence of the Son of God made it impossible for an evil spirit to remain hidden. "All things that are reproved are made manifest by the light, for whatsoever doth make manifest is light" (Eph. 4: 13). The evil spirit said, "Let us alone; what have we to do with thee, thou Jesus of Nazareth? art thou come to destroy us? I know thee who thou art, the Holy One of God." Even among the lost spirits there were witnesses to Jesus!

The Lord was independent of such testimony and did not encourage it. He rebuked him, saying, "Hold thy peace, and come out of him. And when the unclean spirit had torn him, and cried with a loud voice, he came out of him. And they were all amazed." No wonder: the devil had been holding fearful sway over many souls, and minds, and bodies among them, and now an open check was being made to his power; they saw the man delivered in their very midst. "And they questioned among themselves." There was a great stir, everyone was talking about it, and saying, "What thing is this? What new doctrine is this? For with authority commandeth he even the unclean spirits, and they do obey him."

While the people were talking over, and spreading abroad the news that Jesus of Nazareth had cast out an evil spirit by his simple command, and that the spirit had called him "the Holy One of God," Jesus and his disciples entered into the house of Simon and Andrew. Our Lord saw and felt the fleshly exultation of those who were ready to give all the glory to man, and who were blind and insensible to the presence of their God. But sickness was in the house; Simon's mother-in-law lay tossing in the burning heat, perhaps the delirium, of fever, "and anon they tell him of her." They make no petition, only call his attention to her, but it is enough; he only waits to be gracious. "He came and took her by the hand, and lifted her up; and the fever left her." There was health and life; no power of disease could hold its own against the touch of Jesus; sin and sickness, when brought by faith into real contact with him, must yield before the Lord our Saviour, the Lord our Physician.

This instance of the Lord's healing of sickness is perfect in all its details. Disciples tell the Lord about the sick one; he enters in; they bring him to her; then they have no more to do. He chooses to heal her by a touch—a word would have done—but he does not bind himself to a stereotyped method; immediately the disease departs, and the sick woman ministers to Jesus. Sickness is often sent as a means to compel a soul, too precious to the Lord to be abandoned to itself, to leave some path which has not been taken in obedience to the Word of the Master. If "he openeth the ears of men and sealeth their instruction," and the open ear does not hearken to his voice, then he is obliged to resort to another method; "he is chastened also with pain upon his bed" (Job 33: 19). God must gain the ear of his children; at any cost must be able to communicate with them. When Simon's wife's mother was ministering to Jesus, all was in order. Probably, if the one aim in life were to minister to Jesus in his way, as he chooses, listening always to his direction, there would be less need for the voice of sickness among us. Meanwhile, let us bless God that he takes the trouble to check us by any means, however painful.

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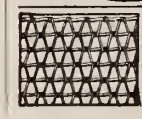

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In order that this award may be absolutely fair, we have divided the agents into ten classes, so that those in rural and thinly inhabited districts shall NOT have to compete with those in larger towns and cities. You may live in the country and only be able to send in a half dozen subscriptions and yet be the leader in your class and EARN $1,000.00 CASH, besides your regular commission. Those living in the larger towns and cities have the advantage of making larger commissions, because of the greater opportunity to secure subscriptions. It is fair on all sides, and whether you earn one of the $1,000.00 commissions or not you will be well paid for your work by the 25% commission which you keep out of each $1.00 subscription when you send it to us. IF YOU COLLECT IN ADVANCE, you do NOT have to WAIT for your commissions, you deduct 25 cents from each dollar subscription for your work, the $1,000.00 awards being extra and above the regular commissions.

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RULE 3. You can send to your friends in other towns and ask them to help you earn one of the awards by securing subscriptions for you and sending them to you, and you may solicit anywhere in the United States.

RULE 4. A subscription for three years at $3.00 will count as three subscriptions, and one for five years will count as five subscriptions, and one for ten years as ten subscriptions, etc.

RULE 5. The commission of 25% is to be deducted from the amount sent us when the subscriptions are collected for.

RULE 6. Agents should send in lists of new subscribers weekly, thereby avoiding accumulation.

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1706 BENJAMIN FRANKLIN 1906

An Instrument that Can Be Played by any Child. No Break Between Verses

Our Great Concert Roller Organ

A REVOLUTION IN HOME MUSIC!

$12 ON INSTALMENTS

ONLY A DOLLAR DOWN AND A DOLLAR A MONTH

Or, TEN DOLLARS SPOT CASH

Five Indestructible Tunes Go with Each Instrument and Others of Your Own Selection May be had, Express Charges Prepaid, at Only 30 Cents Each

..Special Offer..

WITH EVERY ORGAN PURCHASED FOR SPOT CASH BEFORE **Mar. 15,** WE WILL SEND FREE TEN ADDITIONAL TUNES OF YOUR OWN SELECTION (15 IN ALL), CONSTITUTING A FREE GIFT OF **$3** WORTH OF MUSIC. ☞ **GOOD ONLY TO MAR. 15, 1906**

These **Beautiful Instruments** are the result of many years' experience in the manufacture of organs, and are confidently offered to the public. These musical wonders use **no paper,** but music is obtained from **a roller** furnished with pins. These pins operate upon valve keys, made of hard steel. All the working parts of the instrument are easily accessible, and are made of solid metal, the rollers and keys being mounted on metal castings. Nothing has been omitted to give these grand instruments their crowning qualities of **extreme simplicity and durability.** There is no limit to either kind or quality of music. They will play **Hymns and Popular Airs,** with a clearness and accuracy, and degree of execution which but few performers can equal. **A mere child can play them.** They have the carrying quality of a **Large Pipe Organ,** and are the only instruments that will render slow and sacred music with a powerful, sustaining organ tone. **They will play tunes as long as desired, without any break,** instead of stopping to change the piece, as must be done with organettes. They are beautifully finished in solid walnut. The reeds are organ size, and the volume of tone will fill a hall. They are **Genuine Musical Instruments,** which **anyone can play,** without teacher or practice, and which good musicians can recommend. The price is nothing compared with their intrinsic value. They are equal in every way to a **$50 Music Box,** so far as the quality of the music is concerned, and also in point of construction, finish, and decoration. This organ is the *most simple, perfect, marvelous, instructive, enjoyable, and amusing musical instrument in the world.* **FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS,** it is just what is wanted. It will play all the sacred music, and as many verses as desired, without stopping to replace the music roller. *This great advantage* no other instrument has. By this means, a result is attained that was never reached before.

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1 The Sweet Bye-and-Bye
2 Nearer, my God, to Thee
3 I need Thee every hour
4 From Greenland's Icy Mountains
5 Duke Street
6 Onward, Christian Soldiers
7 Ariel
8 Sweeping through the Gates
9 I'll stand by until the morning
10 The Shining Shore—Nelson
11 Sicilian Hymn
12 Hold the Fort
13 Just as I am
14 America
15 Antioch
16 O to be over yonder
17 What hast Thou done for me
18 He leadeth me
19 I love to tell the story
20 The home over there
21 Is my name written there
22 Almost Persuaded
23 Where is my boy to-night
24 Bringing in the Sheaves
25 Let the lower lights be burning
26 Only an armor bearer
27 I will sing of my Redeemer
28 He will hide me
29 Pull for the Shore
30 Precious Name
31 Christmas
32 Hark, the herald angels sing
33 Harwell
34 Hendon
35 Manoah
36 Pleyel's Hymn
37 Zion
38 Warwick
39 Abide with me
40 Dennis
41 I hear Thy welcome voice
42 Even me
43 Watchman tell us of the night
44 St. Martin's
45 Federal Street
46 Hursley
47 Mozart
48 Webb
49 Bowen
50 Geneva
51 St. Catherine
52 Luton
53 Brownell
54 Hummel
55 Paradise
56 Wilson
57 Repose
58 In the silent midnight-watches
59 Portuguese Hymn
60 Wellesley
61 Rathbun
62 Come ye disconsolate
63 Belmont
64 Finnish National Hymn
65 What a friend we have in Jesus
66 Church
67 Rock of Ages
68 Sweet Hour of Prayer
69 Beautiful Valley of Eden
70 Greenville
71 Old Hundred
72 Pass me not
73 Jesus, lover of my Soul
78 Beulah Land
79 I'm a Shepherd of the Valley
80 Shall we meet beyond the river
81 We shall meet beyond the river
82 Fisk
83 Mendebras
84 Aletta
85 I am praying for you
86 More love to Thee, O Christ
87 Go bury thy sorrow
88 Whosoever will
89 Softly and tenderly
90 All the way my Saviour leads me
91 Rescue the perishing
92 Follow on
93 Come, Great Deliverer, come
99 Onward go
100 We're marching to Jesus
601 To the work
602 Only a step to Jesus
603 Knocking, Knocking
604 Thy Servant I will be
605 From Heaven I am coming
606 Be Joyful O my soul
607 It is now time
608 Thank Almighty God
609 Carried by the Angels
610 Move Forward
611 Some sweet day
612 Somewhere to-night
613 Wait and murmur not
614 Come, Spirit, come
615 Hiding in the Rock
616 When my Saviour I shall see
617 God be with you
618 Anywhere with Jesus
619 Trust and obey
620 Draw me closer to Thee
621 Seeking for me
622 Lebanon
623 The Garden of the Lord
624 Duane Street
625 Saul
626 Walk in the light
627 Sabbath
628 Balerma
629 Marlow
630 The Prodigal Child
631 Autumn
632 Leighton
633 When Jesus comes
634 Shall we gather at the River
635 Happy day
643 Coming to-day
644 Come to me
645 In the shadow of His Wings
646 Safe to Land
647 Will you meet me
648 The Story Never old
649 Stand on the Rock
650 My Sabbath Home
651 At the Door
652 Little children, you may come

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728 Wonderful Story of Love
730 Everlasting Arms
731 Blessed Rock
732 Hark, 'Tis the Song of Angels
733 Will There be Light for Me
734 Lead, Kindly Light
735 Jerusalem the Golden
736 It is God's Way (President McKinley's last words)

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Hague, James D.. 5 00
Hague, James D.. 5 00
Haines, Mrs L T.. 3 00
Haight, Stephen S 1 00
Hairland, E F.... 2 00
Halbert, Alice D.. 3 00
Haldane, Mrs F J.10 00
Hale, Mrs S..... 1 00
Hall, Charles 50 00
Hall, I R..... 1 00
Hall, Mrs James.. 1 00
Hall, Philip W.... 5 00
Hall, Thos R A... 5 00
Halls, Jr, Wm....20 00
Hallett, Elbert .. 1 00
Hallock, Mrs J W. 2 00
Hallock, Mrs J W. 1 00
Halsey, C H..... 1 00
Halsey, H A..... 2 00
Halstead, M G.... 3 00
Halstie, Mrs Chas. 1 00
Hamilton, J H.... 2 00
Hamilton, J H.... 5 00
Hamilton, Mrs J L 5 00
Hamilton, Rev Jos 3 00
Hamm, L 1 00
Hammond, Mrs JH 5 00
Handshaw, J E... 5 00
Haney, Edward J. 5 00
Hanking, E 2 00
Hardenbergh, MrsH 1 00
Harkness, E S....20 00
Harkness, Mrs S V20 00
Harlow, Chas 2 00
Harmon, H C..... 2 00
Harnier, Henry ... 2 00
Harnier, Heury ... 3 00
Harrington, Mrs B T 1 00
Harris, Arthur C. 2 50
Harris, A C, Co... 5 00
Harris, A C, Co... 5 00
Harris, Mrs Chas.. 1 00
Harris, Mrs G A.. 1 00
Harris, Mary E.. 50
Harris, Mrs W A. 1 00
Harrison, Mrs M L 3 00
Harroway, Mrs M W 5 00
Hartell, Marlan C. 5 00
Haseltine, Mrs C & C H 15 00
Hathaway, Chas...10 00
Hatton, J H..... 1 00
Hawes, Belle M.. 1 00
Hawes, Mrs G P.10 00
Hawkins, Ida M.. 1 00
Hawks, Mrs J Q.. 1 00
Hazeltine, Miss AI 1 00
Hazeltine, Alice I 1 00
Hazeltine, Mrs C. 1 00
Hazen, Mrs J S... 1 00
Haynes, W deF... 5 00
Healy, Mrs B.... 1 00
Heath, Mrs E H.. 2 00
Hedges, Mrs C S. 2 00
Hedges, Mrs C S.. 1 00
Hellsby, Mrs H... 1 00
Helmer, Julia A... 1 00
Hemstreet, Elvlra. 50
Hendricks, Mrs M E 2 00
Henry, F 1 00
Henry, William ...10 00
Hentz, H & Co... 5 00
Hermann Boker & Co 10 00
Herrick, D S..... 5 00
Herrman, Mrs E.. 2 00
Herrman, Mrs E. 2 00
Herrman, Mrs E..10 00
Herrman, Mrs E.. 5 00
Herrman, Mrs E.. 5 00
Hermiston, Mrs I. 1 00
Hess, Noah L..... 1 00
Hess, Noab L..... 2 00
Herzog, Mrs Lewis.25 00
Hewlett, Mrs I A. 5 00
Hitchcock, M 2 00
Hitchcock, Mrs L. 1 00
Hitchcock, Mrs H H 1 00
Hitchcock, Mrs E L 1 00
Hirt, Mrs E..... 3 00
Hirt, E 2 00
Hirt, Mrs Eliz'th. 5 00
Hinman, Mrs W A 1 00
Hinman, Mrs W A 1 00
Hillard, H R..... 1 00
Hills, Jr, William 2 00
Hill, Ruth S..... 1 00
Hill, Mary Ann... 1 00
Hill, Mrs J A.... 1 00
Hill, Grace E B.. 2 00
Hoag, Mrs Hannah 1 50
Hodder, R 1 00
Hoefer, C M..... 1 00
Hoefer, C M..... 1 00
Hoefer, C M..... 50
Hoff, Mrs Cath'ne, John & Nettie... 2 50
Hoffman, A W.... 1 00
Hogan, A M..... 2 00
Hogan, James D.. 5 00
Holbrook, Mrs F.. 1 00
Holcombe, & Bruso 1 00
Holcombe, & Bruso 1 00
Holcombe, & Bruso 1 00
Holden, Angeline . 2 00
Holden, J C.....10 00
Holden, James C..10 00
Holden, Mrs N.... 1 00
Holden, Wm C.... 5 00
Holdrege, Mrs W O 4 00
Holdrege, Mrs W O 1 00
Holley, Mr & Mrs Wm S..... 2 00
Hollingsworth, J.. 3 00
Hollingsworth, J.. 5 00

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Holmes, G B..... 5 00
Holmes, M J..... 2 00
Holmes, Mrs W... 1 00
Holmes, Mrs W... 1 00
Homaus, Mrs E C.10 00
Hone, Mrs 20 00
Hone, Mrs Jno....20 00
Houey, Ruth 18
Hooper, Mr P..... 5 00
Hopper, Mrs Wm. 5 00
Hopper, Mrs Wm. 5 00
Horne, Mrs I..... 5 00
Horton, Mrs C A. 1 00
Horton, Marg't S. 1 00
Hortou, Mrs Mary. 30
Horton, Mrs M S. 1 00
Horton, Mrs Thos. 1 00
Hoskins, Mrs Robt 5 00
Hotchkiss, Miss H 1 00
Houpe, Anthony P 2 00
Hover, Addie B.. 1 00
Howard, J K..... 2 00
Howell, Mrs C A. 1 00
Howell, Wm L.... 1 00
Howes, H R..... 1 00
Howes, H R & fam 1 50
Howland, Emily... 5 00
Howland, Mrs H. 2 00
Hoyt, Mrs 5 00
Hoyt, Miss Frank. 1 00
Hoyt, Mrs L T...10 00
Hoyt, Miss M M. 1 00
Hoyt, Samuel N..25 00
Hoyt, W M..... 2 00
Hubbard, Mrs E.. 1 00
Hubbard, T H....100 00
Hubbard, Mrs T S 5 00
Hubbard, T S..... 2 00
Hubbard, Mrs T S 5 00
Huber, Miss Carrie 1 00
Hudson, Paul H...10 00
Hudson, Paul H..10 00
Huggins, John F.. 1 00
Hughes, Mrs J A. 1 00
Hulse, Mrs Geo.. 50
Hungerford, R S..10 00
Hungerford, R S..10 00
Hunt, Mrs C I.... 1 00
Hunt, Charles 3 00
Hunt, Charles 3 00
Hunt, K M..... 50
Hunter, Chas S.... 1 00
Huntley, Miss F J10 00
Huntley, Frances J25 00
Huntley, Miss F J.15 00
Hurd, A B..... 1 00
Hurlburt, Edgar M 1 00
Hurlbut, Mrs F T 1 00
Hurlbut, Fannie T 1 00
Hurlbut, Fanny T. 5 00
Hurst, Mrs E H.. 50
Hurst, Mrs E H.. 1 00
Huss, Mrs H H.. 5 00
Hussey, Clifford... 25
Hussey, Helen ... 25
Hussey, Mrs S P.. 25
Hutchings, C V... 5 00
Hutchins, Frank D 2 00
Hutchinson, C E.. 1 00
Hutchinson John.. 2 00
Huyler, John S....10 00
Huyler, John S... 5 00
Hyde, E Francis.. 5 00
Hynes, Frank R.. 5 00
Hackes, Henry A.10 88
Hadder, R 1 00
Hadley, Mrs C L. 3 00
Hadley, E S..... 1 00
Haggins, J B.....10 00
Hague, James D.. 5 00
Haldane, Mrs F J. 5 00
Hall, Benj B & wf 1 00
Hall, C V R..... 1 00
Hall, Frederic ... 5 00
Hall, Mrs Gilman. 1 00
Hall, Geo P & son 1 00
Hall, Harriet W.. 2 00
Hall, Mrs James.. 1 00
Hall, Mrs Mary I. 1 00
Haller, Laura V. Harriet Hill & Mrs Rossman 1 50
Hallock, Chas H.. 1 00
Halsey, Mrs M P. 1 00
Hambleton, Mrs E 1 00
Hamilton, Mrs A P 1 00
Hamilton, Mrs J L 3 00
Hamliu, H F..... 2 00
Hammond, Wm W 5 00
Hammond, Wm W 5 00
Hanking, Mrs E... 2 00
Hanna, Jno 1 50
Hardy, Mrs L.... 50
Harkness, Mrs S V20 00
Harley, Harry ... 1 00
Harman, Miss E J 2 00
Harmon, Carrie R. 2 00
Harmon, Mrs Clara 1 00
Harnier, Henry ... 2 00
Harper, Mrs Robt 1 00
Harper, Mrs Thos & Mary Belling. 2 00
Harrington, Mrs S J 1 00
Harris, C D..... 50
Harris, Mary E... 1 00
Harris, Mrs W A. 1 00
Harirson, Elbert.. 5 00
Harrison, Mrs M L 5 00
Harroway, M W.. 50
Harroway, Mr & Mrs M W..... 2 00
Harsha, Mrs Mary. 2 00
Hart, H L..... 1 00
Hart, H L..... 1 00
Hart, H L..... 1 00
Hart, W L..... 50
Hartman, Miss S. 2 00
Hartwig, Jetta .. 25
Hardenburgh, S E. 1 00
Haswell, Misses . 1 00
Hasneder, Otto ... 1 00
Haseltine, Mrs C & C H 2 00
Hatch, Sr, Geo W 2 00
Haughton, Edward 1 00
Hause, Mrs A E. 1 00
Hawley, Florence. 50
Hay, K W..... 2 00
Hayes, Mrs R T.. 5 00
Haynes, Mrs Levi. 1 00
Hazeltine, Alice I. 1 00
Healy, Mrs B.... 1 00
Healy, Mr Chas... 1 00
Healy, Mrs Chas. 1 00
Heath, Mrs E H.. 1 00
Heck, J I & wf.. 1 75
Hedges, Mrs C S. 1 00
Heidenbeim, Miss Bertha 3 00
Heikel, Emil 5 00
Heitz, Gert'de M. 2 00
Heller, Mrs C L.. 1 00
Hemstreet, Elvlra. 50
Hendricks, Mrs F 25

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Henderson, Mrs J C 1 00
Hendricks, Mrs M E & Clarence P. 5 00
Henry, F H..... 1 00
Henry, Miss Katie 4 00
Henry, Miss Kate. 1 00
Henry, Mrs S J.. 1 00
Henry, William .. 5 00
Herman, Boker & Co 10 00
Hermann, D F... 1 00
Herman, Mrs E... 2 00
Herrington, H E..10 00
Herrington, Mrs W H 2 00
Herrman, Mrs E. 2 00
Hews, L Grace... 25
Hibbard, Helen M 1 00
Hibbard, Helen M 2 00
Hibbard, Helen M 2 00
Hickling, Fred ... 2 00
Hickox, Mrs A E. 1 00
Hicks, Isaac 2 00
Higbie, Sarah T D 2 00
Higby, Harlow S. 2 00
Higby, M F..... 25
Hill, Adelbert 5 00
Hill, Mrs C P.... 75
Hill, Chas & wf.. 2 00
Hill, Mrs E B L. 2 00
Hill, Mrs E M A. 2 00
Hill, Mr & Mrs J A 1 00
Hill, Ruth S..... 5 00
Hill, Sarah M.... 1 00
Hillman, Mrs C... 1 00
Hills, Wm 10 00
Hindley, Miss A.. 5 00
Hine, Mrs R..... 1 00
Hinman, Mrs W A 1 00
Hitchcock, M 1 00
Hjelark, Alex 2 00
Hoag, Geo 50
Hoag, Mrs Chas... 1 00
Hoag, Mrs Chas... 1 50
Hodgkins, Mrs F. 1 00
Hoehmann, H J... 5 00
Hoff, Mrs Cath'ne. 1 00
Hoff, John M..... 1 00
Hoff, L R..... 5 00
Hoffamn, A W.... 1 00
Hoffman, Mrs E A10 00
Hogan, Miss A M. 2 00
Hoggett, Mrs J... 1 00
Holdrege, Miss E. 2 00
Holdrege, Miss E. 2 00
Holley, Mr & Mrs W S 1 00
Hollister, Mrs E H 1 50
Holloway, Mary R 1 00
Holmes, Mrs M J. 2 00
Honghoy, Swend .. 50
Hooker, Mrs H W 1 00
Hooker, Mrs H.... 2 00
Hope, Mrs M B.. 1 00
Hopkins, Miss M A 1 00
Hopper, Mrs Wm. 5 00
Horne, Mrs J.... 2 00
Horton, Mrs Ellery 1 00
Horton, Mrs M L. 50
Horton, Mrs Thos. 1 00
Hortwig, H W... 25
Hotaling, Mrs G H 1 00
Houston, Joel W. 1 00
Hover, Addie ... 1 00
Howard, Mrs L E & Mrs Mary A James 2 00
Howard, M S..... 50
Howard, M S..... 50
Howe, E 10 00
Howe, Mrs John.. 5 00
Howe, Mr & Mrs Nelson H 1 00
Howell, E H..... 5 00
Howell, Mrs W C. 1 00
Howes, H R..... 1 00
Howland, Albert S 5 00
Howland, Mrs G H 1 00
Hoyle, Mrs B F... 1 00
Hoyt, Frances M.10 00
Hoyt, Mrs L T..10 00
Hubbard, Mrs Enos 1 00
Hubbard, Thos H.50 00
Hulbut, Mrs F I.. 3 00
Hull, Mrs H D.. 1 00
Hull, Mrs Walter. 1 00
Hulse, Mr Wm... 50
Hunson, Karen ... 1 00
Hunt, Charles ... 2 00
Hunter, Chas S... 1 00
Hunter, Mr Danl.. 1 00
Hunter, Mrs Geo.. 1 00
Hunter, Helen F. 1 00
Huntington, Mrs J W 1 00
Huntley, Frances J20 00
Hurst, Mrs E H.. 1 00
Hurst, Mrs E H. 2 00
Hurst, Mrs E H. 2 00
Hurtin, Abner, Addie & Mary..... 1 50
Huson, Jennie M.. 1 00
Hutchings, C A... 5 00
Hutchins, F D.... 2 00
Hutchinson, C E. 1 00
Hutchinson Jr, Dr R G 5 00
Hutson, Mrs Jos.. 1 00
Hyndman, J M & F L 5 00
Ingersoll, D G.... 1 00
Inslee, Mrs Eliza..10 00
Isley, A J & E M.10 00
Ives, Mrs D..... 2 00
Ivison, Mrs D B.10 00
Ivison, E M.....10 00
Iverson, Miss Ella 1 00
Ingalls, M E..... 10
Isbell, Mrs H E.. 1 00
Isley, Annie E... 5 00
Ives, Mrs D..... 2 00
Ives, Mrs Ida.... 1 00
Ivison, Mrs D B..10 00
Jacquelin, Jno H.15 00
Jaeger, Louisa ...10 00
Jaeger, Louisa ...10 00
James, A 1 00
James, Mrs Fred. 50
Jameson, S H.... 1 00
Jamieson, Mrs J.. 1 00
Jayne, E 5 00
Jenkins, A W.... 5 00
Jenkins, Alfred W 5 00
Jennings, Miss AA 1 00
Jennings, Miss C A 5 00
Jennings, Mary F. 1 00
Jensen, Chas 5 00
Jeremiah, Mrs T F10 00
Jeremiah, Mrs T F10 00
Jerrand, G 1 00
Jerrell, H S..... 5 00
Jesup, Morris K..25 00
Johnson, A R..... 1 00
Johnson, Deltha A 2 00

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Jobuson, E W..... 1 00
In name of Mrs G A Johnson 1 00
Johnson, Mrs J B. 50
Johnson, Miss L & five friends 2 50
Johnson, Mrs S.... 1 00
Johnson, Mrs S & Mrs R Ramey.. 2 00
Johnson, T S..... 5 00
Johnson, T S..... 5 00
Johnson, Wallace B 1 00
Johnston, A W.... 2 00
Johnston, A W.... 1 00
Johnston, A W.... 1 00
Johnston, Mrs A M C 1 00
Johnston, Wm G..10 00
Jones, A H..... 5 00
Jones, Mrs E G.. 1 00
Jones, Emma J... 1 00
Jones, Miss F M. 2 00
Jones, George F.. 5 00
Jones, N F..... 1 00
Joralemon, Mrs E 2 00
Judson, H S..... 5 00
Judson, Harry T.. 5 00
Judson, Henry I.. 5 00
Jackson, G A..... 1 00
Jackson, Mrs J W10 00
Jackson, Mrs J W. 5 00
Jackson, R C..... 2 00
Jacobie, Grace M. 50
Jacobs, Mrs J V. 50
James, Howard F. 1 00
Jameson, S H..... 1 00
Jayne, E A..... 5 00
Jayne, W F..... 1 00
Jennings, E 1 00
Jensen, Chas 5 00
Jepson, Anna 1 00
Jesup, Mrs B A.. 1 00
Johnson, Mr & Mrs B 2 00
Johnson, D A..... 2 00
Johnson, E W..... 1 00
Johnson, Mrs H.. 1 00
Johnson, T S.....10 00
Johnson, Wm A... 5 00
Jones, Mrs A K.. 1 00
Jones, Mrs C L... 2 00
Jones, Mrs D D.. 2 00
Jones, Mrs E..... 1 50
Jones, Emily G... 2 00
Jones, F M..... 1 00
Jones, Fannie M.. 1 00
Jones, Helen 1 00
Jones, James 1 00
Jones, Nancie A... 1 00
Jones, Mrs R A... 1 00
Jones, Robert H.. 1 00
Judron, Mrs C.... 50
Judson, Mrs C.... 50
June, Chas 1 00
Juno, John S..... 2 00
Kalplen, F L..... 1 00
Kanunerer, M 1 00
Keene, Mrs F M. 50
Keene, W M..... 2 00
Kellogg, F T..... 1 00
Kellogg, Mrs Wm. 1 00
Kellogg, W G..... 1 00
Kelsey, D W..... 1 00
Kelso, G R..... 5 00
Kendall, Jas S.... 1 00
Kennedy, Wm L.. 5 00
Kenyonville M E S Sch 2 00
Kibbe, Caroline .. 1 00
Kimble, Ellen L.. 1 50
Kimble, Mary M.. 1 00
Kimberley, O T.. 1 00
Kiug, Rev A B.. 1 00
Kiug, Miss M R.. 5 00
King, Mrs R H.. 1 00
Kinmonth, Mrs M D 10 00
Kinsey, Harry C.. 2 00
Kip, F E..... 2 00
Kirker, J & E.... 2 00
Kirkpatrick, Mrs C 1 00
Kissam, S H.....10 00
Kline, Emma 1 00
Klink, Miss L.... 2 00
Kmibloe, W E.... 1 00
Knapp, O W..... 2 00
Knapp, O W..... 1 00
Knapp, O W..... 2 00
Knapp, Misses V & Nellie 2 00
Kneeland, A C.... 2 00
Kniffin, Mrs T B. 5 00
Knigbt, Eliz'th S. 2 50
Knight, Eliz'th S. 2 50
Knight, Miss M S. 2 00
Knight, Miss M S. 1 00
Knowles, Estella . 1 00
Knox, Mrs Charles 1 00
Koch, Mrs & Mr E 1 00
Kock, Henry Fr... 1 00
Koehler, Mrs 1 00
Koppus, Andrew .. 1 00
Kreiss, Mrs Henry 1 00
Kritley, Anna B. 20
Kroupa, Barbara E 1 00
Kyte, Miss Eliz'th 1 50
Kammerer, M ... 1 00
Keef Mfg Co, N Y City 5 00
Keene, Mrs F M.. 50
Keene, W M..... 1 00
Keene, W M..... 1 00
Keidell, Hannah.. 2 00
Keidell, Hannah.. 2 00
Kelgard, Mrs C F. 5 00
Keller, James ... 1 00
Kelley, S E..... 4 00
Kellogg, E B.....10 00
Kellogg, Mr J P.10 00
Kelso, G Radford. 5 00
Kelso, G Radford. 5 00
Kendall, G & frd.15 00
Kennedy, M L.... 5 00
Kennedy, Wm L. 5 00
Ketcham, Alice .. 4 00
Ketcham, Alice A 3 00
Keys, Mrs S..... 5 00
Kibbe, Caroline ... 1 00
Kimball, H G....25 00
Kimball, Mrs M S. 5 00
King, Rev F L.. 5 00
King, John 1 00
King, John 1 00
King, Miss M R.. 5 00
King, Miss M R.. 5 00
King, Mrs Royal. 1 00
Kingsley, Mrs C A 1 00
Kiker, J & E.... 2 00
Klssam, S H.....10 00
Kline, Mrs R..... 1 00
Knapp's Mrs G M S S Class..... 1 50
Knapp, Henry C.. 1 00
Knapp, O W..... 2 00
Knapp, O W..... 2 00
Knantb, N & K..10 00
Knight, Eliz'tb F. 2 50

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Knight, Eliz'th F. 2 50
Knight, Miss M S 1 00
Knight, Miss M S 2 00
Knight, W T..... 1 00
Knowles, Mrs L... 2 00
Koons, Miss N J.. 1 00
Koven, L O & Bro 5 00
Koven, L O & Bro 5 00
Kullenberg, A 2 00
Kuney, Minnie A. 1 00
Ladenburg, T C.. 2 00
Lader, Fred 1 00
LaGrange, Carolyn. 1 00
Laidlaw, C E.....10 00
Laine, Mrs T N... 25
Lake, Mrs J..... 5 00
Lake, Julia A..... 1 00
Lamb, Ernest 1 00
Lamb, Mrs M..... 1 00
Lamson, Nathaniel 50
Lamy, Mary, Alice & Paul..... 60
Langdon, M W... 3 00
Langdon, Mrs R A & Miss Emily M Holloway 1 00
Langtree, Susie .. 1 00
Langworthy, Mrs I M 1 00
Langworthy, Mrs S C & Daughter.. 4 00
Lansing, Mrs A D 2 00
Lansing, Misses H A & E..... 2 00
Lansing, Mrs Robt 5 00
Langtree, Susie.. 2 00
Lapey, Miss J.... 2 00
Larocque, Jos 10 00
Lasher, Elias 1 00
Latbrop, Mrs E... 5 00
Lathrop, Rev E & wife 10 00
Larkin, Mrs Mary. 50
Lawrence, E N...25 00
Lawrence, F & E 2 00
Lawrence, John B 5 00
Lawrence, M C... 2 00
Lawrence, W A.. 1 00
Lawton, A C..... 3 00
Lawton, Mrs J M 5 00
Lea, Mrs W M... 2 00
Leach, Mrs Rev G W 50
Lee, Mrs F G.... 1 00
Lee, F W..... 1 00
Leech, Mrs John.. 5 00
Leech, Mrs J E...10 00
Leek, Mrs E B... 3 00
Legge, Alice E.... 1 00
Lemon, Geo W.... 2 00
Lemon, Geo W.... 2 00
Lent, Alletta 5 00
Lent, Alletta 5 00
Lent, Alletta 10 00
Lent, Mrs Cath'ne, (In name of)..... 1 00
Lent, C H..... 1 00
Lent, C H..... 1 00
Lent, C H..... 1 00
LeRoy, C E..... 2 00
Lesher, A L..... 5 00
Lesher, A L..... 5 00
Lesher, A L..... 5 00
Lester, Mrs M J W 5 00

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L'Hommedieu, Mr & Mrs C W.... 3 00
Lillie, Mrs I N.. 2 00
Litch, Mrs Thos.. 1 00
Lithgow, Geo W.. 1 00
Little, Mrs Ellz.. 1 00
Little, M V S.... 1 00
Littlefield, Miss H L 5 00
Livingston, Geo .. 2 00
Lloyd, Herbert M. 2 00
Lloyd, Mrs M W. 1 32
Lloyd, Mrs M W.. 5 00
Lloyd, Mrs M W.. 2 00
Lloyd, M W..... 2 00
Locke, Mrs S B.. 3 00
Locker, Alfred ... 1 00
Locker, Alfred ... 1 00
Lockwood, A M... 2 00
Lockwood, Mrs J L 2 00
Lockwood, Mrs J L 5 00
Lockwood, Mrs J L 1 00
Logg, M M..... 5 00
London, S M..... 5 00
Looker, Alfred.... 1 00
Loomis, F A..... 1 00
Loring, J B..... 5 00
Lott, John S..... 1 02
Lovejoy, Nelson .. 2 00
Lumbard R C..... 2 00
Lumley, Margaret. 1 00
Lusk, Wm C..... 5 00
Lyman, James H.. 5 00
Lyman, Margt B D 1 00
Lyman, Margt B D 1 00
Lyman, Mrs S A. 2 00
Lyman, Thos T... 2 00
Lynch, Mrs J E... 1 00
Lyon, E 2 00
Lyon, Mrs M B.. 2 00
Lyons, Capt Wm. 5 00
Lyons, Wm 10 00
Lyons, Wm 5 00
Lyons, Wm 5 00
Leach, Mrs M C.. 50
Lee, Mrs C S..... 75
Lee, Mrs C S..... 25
Lee, F M..... 1 00
Lee, F W..... 25
Lee, Mrs J H..... 5 00
Lee, Miss M J... 2 00
Leech, Mrs John E 3 00
Leek, Mrs E B... 2 50
Lefurgy, Mrs I S. 3 00
Legge, Albert & A 2 00
Legge, Alice E & dau Gladys 1 00
Lemon, Mr & Mrs George 2 00
Leonard, Mrs & A Requa 2 00
Leonard, Mrs R C.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 14, 1906

Bearing a Man's Burden

Off to their Slavery at Daybreak

Aged Before His Time

AMERICA'S LITTLE WHITE SLAVES

EVER in the forefront to do valiant battle
For the cause that needs assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, on January 24th, in an article entitled "Congress and the Children," opened a way to the study of existing conditions of child labor in our own fair land, from which the writer emerges, heart-sick and horror-stricken, with the world-old cry, "How long, O Lord, how long?"

Is this "the land of the brave and the home of the free?" Can we claim an advanced and enlightened civilization while such evils and abuses jostle us in every city mart—upon every village green?

Facts are "the fingers of God." Where do they point? There are three principal lines of child labor which are crushing the childhood of the present and poisoning the manhood and womanhood of the future—work in mines, factories and mills (canneries, glass works and all textile industries. Besides these, there are street trades, including newsboys and newsgirls, telegraph and hotel messengers, delivery boys, etc.), and the tenement house "sweating" system, Greater New York forming the chief seat of the last named evil. What are the laws which govern these employments and what their violations? Massachusetts prohibits the employment in workshop, factory or mercantile establishment, of a child under the age of sixteen years, who cannot read at sight and write legibly simple sentences in English, although younger children, provided they meet this demand, may work until ten o'clock at night. This for Massachusetts,—but her shield has another side! Alabama, with her black record of no school attendance requirement, her elastic age limit placed at twelve years, and her night work for children under sixteen—specifically authorized by restricting such work to forty-eight hours in one week—had a law in 1887 forbidding the employment of children in mills for more than eight hours a day. This beneficent law was repealed at the instigation of the New England owners of Alabama mills, and to-day a large percentage of the fifty thousand little "men and women of to-morrow" who are tending the spindles in Alabama mills, are paid their scanty wage by New England employers. There are seven million spindles in Southern mills! Over the four cotton growing states—North and South Carolina, Georgia and Alabama—the awful shadow of child slavery hangs its sable pall. Dr. A. J. McKelway, a secretary of the National Child Labor Committee, and himself a Southerner, says, "To-day there are 60,000 children in Southern cotton mills, from six to sixteen years of age, toiling twelve hours a day or night, and reducing the wages scale to what is necessary for the support of a child instead of what will support a family—or a manhood wage."

The laws of the North and West, on paper, are far more protective than those of the South; but a Southerner visiting the metropolis, and knowing its well-phrased newsboy law, may well exclaim as he sees the size of its little newsboys. A Carolina millowner, observing methods in the cotton mills of "little Rhody," finds there six thousand children under sixteen bent over the looms, with no educational requirement for employment, and exemption from school attendance given, at but twelve years of age for those already at work, and thirteen for new applicants.

Child-Toilers in the Bunkers of a Coal Mine

Vermont's law is in brilliant contrast to that of many of her sisters. Children must attend school one hundred and sixty days of every year, until their fifteenth birthday, and though they may work during vacation after they are twelve, it must be but eight hours a day, and they must read and write English.

Virginia, the Carolinas, Alabama, Louisiana, Texas, and Arkansas, have the twelve-year age limit, while Pennsylvania, Delaware, Vermont, West Virginia, Kansas, Oregon, and California, have a fourteen-year standard. But to what avail do Delaware, Maryland, and California make this law, since its provisions exempt canneries—large interests in these States—from the restrictions as to age and hours of labor? The busy season of the canning industry falls during the months of excessive heat, and holds many little children in its blistering atmosphere from four in the mourning until ten or eleven o'clock at night. California nullifies all possibility of good from its fourteen-year provision, by allowing a child of twelve to work any number of hours a day upon a sworn statement of physical disability in the parent, thus joining the ranks of those States that put upon the frail, bowed shoulders of "Christ's little ones," the sordid burden of maintaining themselves and their disabled or malingering relatives.

Indeed, the importance of obtaining trustworthy proofs of age, is recognized in but few States. The District of Columbia, seat of the nation's government, and twenty-two other States, require no proof at all; twelve States only require documentary proof, and in the very States whose industries bind the children in most cruel bonds, prosecutions for violations of laws—far too liberal at best—are so infrequent as to be ludicrous, were they not heart-breaking. New York, with its thousands of reeking tenement sweat-shops, teeming with tiny figures bent every waking hour over piles of unsorted, noisome rags, sewing buttons on the coarse, slop-work clothing, cutting and glueing artificial flowers, made but one hundred and twenty prosecutions during the whole of 1905. Rhode Island made none at all.

Illinois, in law, says that "children under sixteen shall be prohibited from all gainful occupations at night, and that those under fourteen shall be ineligible for any employment during school hours." Illinois, in fact, places upon the streets of Chicago an army of newsboys, which, in every particular constitutes a flagrant violation of the existing law. An investigation of a thousand newsboys proved that twelve per cent. were under ten; that seventy-five per cent. came under the compulsory

Before the Truant-Officer

CONTINNED ON PAGE 135

THE
AMERICAN PULPIT

SERMON BY
Rev. F. DeWitt Talmage, D.D.

The Stellar Glory

TEXT: DANIEL 12:3
"As the stars for ever and ever"

SOME people are spiritually far-sighted; they cannot see God's blessings near at hand; they will sing with great gusto: "I want to be an angel and with the angels stand;" but they never thank God for the present opportunities of Christian work and for the blessings of earthly Christian fellowship here and now; they are never capable of having their heart-strings bind them to a mundane tabernacle as the heart of John Fawcett, author of the noble hymn, "Blest be the tie that binds," and that of his dear wife, were bound to the little parsonage of Wainsgate, in Yorkshire, England. After young Fawcett had been a rural pastor in this humble village for a few years, he was called to a great metropolitan church, as the successor of the famous Rev. Dr. Gill of London. It was a pulpit of which any man might have been proud. The resignation was read, the farewell sermon preached, the wagons were loaded with the furniture to take the young pastor to his new field of labor. While the good-by words were being said, Mrs. Fawcett, her husband and the villagers all broke down and wept. Then Mrs. Fawcett said: "Oh, John, I cannot bear this! I know not how to go!" "Nor I either," said her husband; "and we will not go. The wagons shall be unloaded, and everything put in its old place." So the wagons were unloaded. A letter was sent to London explaining the conditions, and John Fawcett, who might have become Dr. Gill's successor in a great metropolitan pulpit, remained in his humble rural church, because of his affection for his people. Ah, ye whose hearts beat and throb to the keynote of love, can you blame him? Then he went into his study, and wrote his immortal hymn, which has done more good than all the sermons he has ever preached. Like John Fawcett are most of us. We thank God for the tender ties that bind our loving hearts to earthly friends, and for the ties that bind our hearts to the opportunities of Gospel work this side of the grave.

Celestial Rewards

But though we love earthly life, and all the dear ones who are now by our side; though we love our Christian work in the home, the church, the store and the study, yet we would not forget those who have gone beyond. We would not forget the celestial rewards that are to be ours, when our earthly work for Christ is done. Therefore, the purpose of this sermon is to tell you what glories await you on the other side of the grave, if you have been a winner of souls for Christ during your earthly pilgrimage. And I am going to tell you this by one of the most beautiful symbols of the Bible; it is the symbol of the stars, in stellar letters of gold, written upon the broad black pages of the night. It is in the mighty review of other worlds when the glittering hosts wheel into line, and stars, constellations, and systems, with their signals of light, singing as they sang on the morning of the Creation, move before the great God who created them and who rules them. To-day we have a beautiful subject—one which transports us to that glorious firmament to whose brightness Daniel appealed, when he said: "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever." The stars, the stars, the glorious stars, which we shall be like when the archangel puts the last trumpet to his lips and blows the reverberating blast of the resurrection. Canst thou not to-day catch an inspired vision of the heavenly firmament, as did the dying college student, Henry Kirke White, when he looked up and saw the harbinger of his future in the flaming glory of the stars?

Now, the first fact to which I want to call your attention is to the number of the stars. I would lead you out upon the hillsides of the night, as God led Abraham of old, and say unto you, "Look now towards heaven and tell the stars, if thou be able to count them." Can you count? Art you good at figures? "Yes," you answer with a laugh, "I am good at figures. I was the best mathematician of my college class. But I have not, nor has any other man mental force enough, nor time enough, to count the stars. You might as well ask me to count the sands of the Sahara Desert, or the drops of water contained in the mighty deep, as to count the number of the stars? I have neither the time nor the ability to do this." Then while you are speaking of the infinite number of the stars you recall a wonderful experience you had some years ago.

You were out camping. You had been living some weeks in the open. That day you had a long, hard pull over the mountains. You were almost fagged out when you made camp. But after the fire was built, the coffee prepared, and the supper eaten, there came over you a sense of contentment that no man ever experiences unless he is living out in the woods. This peace did not come from your companions, though there never were finer men to "rough it" with, than those who were your associates at that time. But somehow you did not care to talk that night. So you made up your bed of green boughs and covered them with the soft leaves. Then you spread your blankets and lay down. You did not lie down to sleep. You lay down to rest and commune with God. Before you, the sun, which had long since set, was throwing its light up over the western hills and dyeing the evening clouds in pigments of gold, and in some places making them look like great burning caldrons and lakes of fire. Then it began to grow darker and darker. You heard an owl hoot and a hyena call. Then the stars began to come out, one by one.

A Numberless Host

At first you tried to count them. You said, "One, two, three, four, five, ten, twenty, fifty." Then the heavens were lighted up with myriads of lights and your eyes became confused. You began to think of the numbers of the stars on the other side of the world. "Here," you said, "we have the Dipper. There is the Southern Cross we never see." Then you thought of the cyclopean eye of the telescope looking further and further into space, and everywhere it looked there were stars upon stars, thousands of them, myriads of them. Then you looked up and cried out, "O God! how many stars are there?" And the answer seemed to come to you, "There are as many stars as the leaves of the trees in the forests about thee. They are greater than any man can number." "Oh," you say, "it is impossible for any man to count the stars." Yes, my friend, you are right. It is impossible.

But here an overwhelming thought comes rolling over me like a tidal wave. They who have turned many to righteousness are a great multitude. Not only in our day but in past years and past centuries men have been winning souls for Christ and we, if we have been laboring for him, will live and shine among that innumerable throng. We are not going to be like a great flashlight shining in the heavens above, but our stars shall shine with other stars. All the prophets and the apostles will be there. All the evangelists and the sweet singers of Israel will be there. All the mighty leaders for God in the past ages will be there. No earthly "Hall of Fame" would ever be large enough to hold that vast assemblage of Gospel heroes and heroines. Cannot you feel the spiritual electric thrill of such an assemblage as that?

Inspiration in Contiguity

You know that an audience or a great collection of people has its peculiar entity as well as a single human being. A dear friend of mine, some years ago, was attending in London a great international gathering of the representatives of the Salvation Army. For hours he stood in the gallery watching the convention progress. "As meeting followed meeting," said he, "a strange spirit of consecration seemed to take possession of that vast assemblage. You could almost see this spirit as well as feel it. You were swept along by the holy enthusiasm of the delegates, whether you were a Salvation Army man or not. So powerful became this spirit that a man standing near me, who was not a Christian, said: 'There must be something in Christianity. There must be something supernatural about it. These people are in dead earnest. I cannot get away from it.'" Thus in heaven, when we get there, we shall all feel the spiritual electric thrill of being in close touch with hundreds upon hundreds and millions upon millions of soul-winners. When all these vast multitudes of soul-winners shall lift up their voices in praise, they will lift us up. Oh, my friends, do you not rejoice that in heaven you will spend an eternity with those who have glorified God on earth? There you shall be in touch with them in numbers, as the stars which shine for ever and ever.

Individuality Preserved

But though I like to-day to think of the multitudes of soul-winners who shall be enrolled among the inhabitants of heaven, I cannot think of an ideal heaven simply as a great mass of immortal souls, jostling each other on the boulevards of the New Jerusalem. I would not care for a heaven wherein every man and woman and child is to lose his individuality and cease to have affinities with other immortal souls. Oh no, I would not want a heaven like that. I believe that in heaven we shall meet multitudes of immortals who have been soul-winners on earth; but I also believe that those soul-winners shall keep their individualities, and that the same loves of earth which made husband cling to wife and wife to husband, and parents to children and children to parents, and friends to friends, will all be there. By the stellar glory of the night I think we may infer it. For "they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

The more we learn of the stars and their movements, the more clearly does this appear. The unscientific man can see nothing but chaos and confusion in the stars of the heavens. As he looks up into the firmament and says: "My, how many stars there are! They seem to be everywhere. There seems to be stars tumbling and stars jostling and stars pushing. Here is a falling star, and yonder, that mass of white is a collection of stars so close together that they seem to be a perfect mob of stars, running riot." But as he goes on thus, an astronomer by his side, says, "Nay, friend, you are wrong. The stars may seem to you to be running riot, but that is not so. The British Army upon the march towards Waterloo, with the Duke of Wellington for its commander, never was more orderly or had sterner discipline than the stars under Divine rulership. Each star has its appointed place; each moves in its own circle; and so systematic are these movements that astronomers can calculate down to the very minute whan a star will pass a given place or disappear." Thus we find that the firmament of the heavens is a great cosmos. It is a collection of stars gathered into groups, each star having its own place in a separate group with other stars.

Central Attraction

This was conclusively proved by William Herschel, the great English astronomer. Herschel for years studied the laws which bound star to star. In his day no man knew more about them than did he. "In nearly every branch of modern physical astronomy he was a pioneer," wrote his biographer; "he was the virtual founder of sidereal science. As an explorer of the heavens he had but one rival, his own son." After years of study, William Herschel evolved this beautiful theory of the heavens, which, I believe, is the symbol of our future celestial existence. The ancient Chaldeans first gathered the stars into groups or constellations. They had the Dipper and Orion, and the Bear and the Bull, the Ram, the Twins, the Water Pot, the Scales, the Fish, the Sea Goat, and others too numerous to mention. But it remained for the modern astronomer to show how these various groups were related. Herschel mapped the motion of these groups around their individual centres; then he went higher and higher in his astronomical theory, and he showed how these centres moved around other centres; and these other centres in turn, swing around other centres; then, at last, he swings all these groups and constellations and solar systems and all these centres around one great centre, which he calls the "Great White Throne of God." Cannot you grasp the parable?

In heaven, all the soul-winners of earth shall shine as the stars for ever and ever. But these stars shall not be simply a great multitude of stars shining as a mass of light. Each star will be the member of a certain group. What is the group? Why the family. We shall shine like Moses and Joshua and Paul and Peter. Yes; but we shall shine alongside of our fathers and mothers and

brothers and sisters and wives and husbands and children. In groups, in family groups, we shall be. Oh God, I thank thee, that in heaven my loved ones shall be by my side, as they have lived by my side on earth. All the soul-winners shall be there; but my dear ones shall live as close to me, as though our mansion in heaven were the only mansion built upon the Boulevard of Gold, down near to the Beautiful Gate.

Shining for Others

But there is another fact about these stars to which I would call your attention to-day. If we turn many to righteousness, we shall shine. What does that mean? Shall we be as miners, with our little flickering lamps, going into the dark places of the earth to hunt out gold for our own selfish purposes? Shall we become misers, who are ready to shut themselves up into solitary rooms, so that with a little flickering candle-light they can open their iron vaults, and in safety examine their jewels and piles of silver and of gold? Nay. If we turn many to righteousness, we can never shut ourselves up in heaven. We must shine as the stars. We must shine not so much for the benefit of ourselves, as for the benefit of others. Heaven is to be a place of eternal enjoyment, because it is a place where we shall spend the millenniums in helping to make others happy. Oh, blessed, thrice blessed is this thought.

When Cyrus W. Field was about to lay the first successful Atlantic cable, he had two vessels, the *Agamemnon* and the *Niagara*. Each loaded with the precious cable, they met in mid-ocean. Then the two vessels parted, and one sailed toward Valentia, and the other towards Trinity Bay. Farther and farther apart they went, each playing out its end of the cable. But during all that long journey towards the Old World and the New, these two vessels could keep sending messages to each other. So, on the great sea of space, the stars seem to be floating ships. Ay, more than that, they seem to be creatures of life. And these stellar creatures of life seem to be always signalling, always talking to each other. They seem to me to keep saying, "Oh, child of Christ, when thou dost shine as the stars for ever and ever, thou shalt be shining for other worlds and not for thyself." Is it not a beautiful thought to you that all through eternity you shall be shining to make your dear ones happy? Heaven can never be to your loved ones a perfect heaven, unless you are there to shine for their eternal joy.

But how are these celestial stars going to shine? Shall they all look alike and have just the same color and the same characteristics? Are they to be similar to each other, like the pictures we used to study of the angels, who were always dressed in white robes and had two wings with just so many feathers, so that each angel looked like every other angel? No, When you speak thus, I know you have not observed the stars. You have not noticed how they differ in brightness and size and color. The Bible distinctly tells us that "one star differeth from another star in glory." Heaven is not to be a place of monotonous similarities, but of varied and ever fresh contrasts. As in the material firmament one star differs from another star, so there will be differences in the spiritual stars. Each of these stars will emit a radiance peculiar to itself.

The difference between children born in the same family, the difference between any two birds, or any two flowers of the same species, or any two mountain ranges, is not more marked than the difference between any two stars. They differ from each other in color. Some are yellow or purple, or pale green or emerald green, or white or blue, or orange or sapphire, or crimson. Some stars give forth a steady light; others are variable. Citi and Mira, and Algol and Agnus are changing their volume of light incessantly. Some are stars of the first magnitude, others of the second, the third, the fourth, the fifth, the sixth, the seventh, the eighth, or even the ninth magnitude. Argelander, the great astronomer, catalogued the stars in reference to the different sizes, as a jeweler might classify his gems by the color, the size, and the purity of the precious stones, all of which implies that in heaven, when we shine as the stars for ever and ever, we shall all keep our own individualities and have our distinctive characteristics of light. Yes, heaven is to be a place of infinite variety of immortal life. But though you and I, when we reach heaven, will be different in many ways, there is one way which we shall all be similar when we shine as the stars for ever and ever. We shall all shine with a supernatural light.

The Source of Light

How do I know this? Why, also by the symbol of the stars. Let me explain. Now a star is not a planet like the earth. It is a self-luminous body, like the sun. It is a great furnace in the heavens, which goes on, year after year, and century after century, and millennium after millennium, giving forth its heat and light, as our own sun for millions of years has been heating and lighting our planet. Now comes the practical question. What fuel feeds those seemingly inexhaustible furnaces? It is absurd to suppose that here and there a stray meteor drawn into those awful masses of heat could keep up the supply and combustion, century after century, and millennium after millennium. What causes all this light of the star? "Oh!" you answer, "I cannot explain it upon any rational grounds. Let us say it comes from God." Thus say we in reference to that spiritual light which shall make us shine as the stars for ever and ever. Friend, no earthly light will make you thus shine for ever and ever. Have you the spiritual light? Have you that light which comes only from touching the living coals of the Spirit's fire? If you have not that spiritual light within you, will you let God put it there now?

Perpetual Light

But there is still another fact to which I want to call your attention to these spiritual stars. Though they may shine for ever and ever in heaven, their spiritual light will not be lost to earth as long as this world lasts. My text reads thus: "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever." Do you not see it? As the immortal soul-winner leaves this planet, he will not only shine in the other world, but also in this world. So there are great men whose existence has long since terminated, but the influence of whose spirit still irradiates our world. Milton, Shakespeare, and the great poets and historians and philosophers, though gone from our sphere, still shine upon it as stars of the first magnitude. If our light, for good or evil, is to shine and continue to shine after we have gone into the eternities, how can we neglect to make that light the spiritual light it ought to be?

Would you not be a spiritual star, winning souls for Christ? Sir David Brewster gives an account of a lost star. In the astronomical system to which our earth and sun belong, there is a certain comet which has gone astray. The astronomers can find no trace of this vagrant comet. By their mathematical calculations, this comet has appeared at least thirteen times since it was lost in 1770. But amid the spiritual stars which come to God in Christ's name, there shall be no lost stars. All shall shine for ever and ever. Friend, would you not be one? Would you not turn many to righteousness and have their effulgence shine by your side through all the eternities?

AMERICA'S LITTLE WHITE SLAVES

Continued from page 133

education law, and that in many instances the youngest boys were exploited by parents, who, finding that the earnings of their little sons upon the fertile fields of the street exceeded those of the father's labor for the day, were content to live upon the flesh and blood of their own offspring. Girls, too, have long been selling papers in Chicago. Investigating friends of humanity, last year, saw twenty such, and moderately estimated that there are three times that number.

The street trades produce an abundant crop of profanity, intemperance and gaming by day, and unnamable horrors by night, harvested by myriads of little gleaners not yet in their teens. To the everlasting honor of Illinois be it said, however, she stands first on the list of States for aggressive prosecution of violations of her child labor laws. She exacted penalties from employers and parents last year of nearly $11,000, covering thirteen hundred cases. This as against $1,100 in 1895, gained from three hundred prosecutions.

A Typical Group of "Breaker Boys" in the Coal Mines

Pennsylvania's glass industry has obtained exemption from the fourteen-year standard. Her own Child Labor Committee state that 7,500 small victims, many from eight to twelve years old, are at work nig'ht and day in the intense heat, which first stimulates, then stupefies, and surrounded by the lowest forms of immorality; for it is a peculiar and deplorable fact, elicited by careful observation, that labor demanding unusual risks in abnormal atmospheres, affects, in a superlative degree, the moral character of those thus employed. Said one glass-blower, upon being questioned, "I would rather send my boy straight to perdition than send him by way of the glass-house." Many manufacturers assert that the introduction of modern machinery and automatic devices does away with the necessity for the little child; but, though the industry at large would not suffer, proprietors oppose proper child legislation, lest it put them to the expense of an improved plant and force them to pay adequate wages to men and larger boys.

Remembering the historic protest of the English physician, who complained that "the hospitals were niggardly in not furnishing enough supports for the bent bones of the deformed children in the cotton mills," let us demand in trumpet tones that the bones shall have time to knit firmly before they are cramped over the spools, the heating oven or the coal chute.

Shall the poor, untaught mother, ignorant of the first principles of education, whose tiny daughter has already "got more school as me," be permitted to condemn that little woman-child to the modern galleys of child-labor, with its accompanying adjunct of blunted moral sense? Hers is the hand which rocks the cradle, hers is the hand which rules the world! How long will America rest passive under the imputation made by leading reformers that we rank below England, France, Germany, Switzerland, Holland and Scandinavia in our care of our working children?

"Race suicide" a menace? It is because the future of America is menaced by a race of pygmies, diseased physically, enfeebled mentally, embruted morally—that the call to arms is sounded from sea to sea and from the lakes to the gulf. The generations to succeed us are at stake! America's high place among the nations is at stake! Its citizens are false to their commission if they fail to meet this issue, to

> . . . Meet, to master,
> And make crouch beneath our feet—

this hydra-headed monster — this remorseless juggernaut of greed.

President Roosevelt, in a message to Congress, recommended in strong terms the passage of a model child-labor law for the District of Columbia, in order that Congress might set a worthy example to the States. Senator Crane's bill for a Children's Bureau will, if passed, be a long step ahead. Organizations of public-spirited men and women are developing schemes for more restrictive laws and their enforcement. But the cause is the people's cause. When the "cry of the children," who are wearing out pitiful lives in grinding labor, under the weight of burdens all too heavy, has penetrated to the homes of these United States, a wave—nay, a sea—of righteous indignation will rise, which shall sweep away the evils of this noxious system, as the sweet south wind scatters the mist of the morning.

HARRIET WASBURN STEWART.

The Bi-Centennial of Benjamin Franklin

Franklin Before the Lords in Privy Council, in Behalf of Massachusetts

TWO hundred years ago last month, there was born in the home of a tallow chandler in the town of Boston, in his Majesty's Province of Massachusetts Bay, a son, whose fame before his death was international, and which has increased with the passing generations, until this winter, America, Britain, France; the world of science and the world of letters, celebrate his natal anniversary. The tallow chandler's name was Franklin; the son was christened Benjamin.

Theodore Parker gives a graphic account of the way in which the elder Franklin hurried this, his seventeenth child, to the church for baptism the very day Benjamin was born, as it was thought in those times that evil spirits watched about the cradle of new-born infants, seeking an opportunity to bear their souls to the nether world, or instil evil in their minds. The child was baptized with the usual ceremonies, the officiating clergyman being an austere Puritan pastor. garbed for his Sunday service, in gown, wig, and Geneva bands.

In the present day, when so much stress is laid on heredity, and early environment and training, it is interesting to note the ancestry and surroundings of one who was destined to make such a stir in the world. The Franklin family had been settled for three hundred years at the little village of Ecton, in Northamptonshire, England. Their position was that of respectable middle-class people. While never apparently rising to any position of influence, they seem to have been fairly prosperous. The generation that came to America had at least a moderate love of knowledge and book learning. The old house in which Franklin's father was born still stands on the quiet old-world street in Ecton, strong as the day its walls of masonry were built, and likely to stand for generations to come. The villagers are apparently as unconscious as the old house itself of the interest it has for the stray American tourists that get off the main line of travel into this part of Northamptonshire.

In the old churchyard are the lichen-stained tombstones of Franklin's uncle Thomas, and of his aunt Eleanor. It was of Thomas that Franklin wrote to his son: "The account we received of his life and character from some old people at Ecton, struck you as something extraordinary, from its similarity to what you know of mine." Franklin and his uncle had the desire to write "varses." Some that the uncle wrote were fairly good, those that Benjamin produced were doggerel, according to his own account, and we believe that we can trust his judgment in the matter.

His father tried him at the candle-making business, but it did not seem suited to young Franklin. Among other notions, he had imbibed a strong desire to go to sea. He was saved from this, or otherwise the world would probably have never heard of him. It will be remembered that Washington himself had this early intention. At twelve, Franklin was apprenticed to his brother in the printing business. Later he quarreled with his brother, went to Philadelphia, and set up for himself.

It was at Philadelphia that he really began his life work. Though that life was filled with activities, dealing with almost innumerable subjects, only his career as a writer and publisher, statesman, and scientist will be considered here. He purchased in Philadelphia a paper, called the *Gazette*, of which he made a newspaper that was modern in every sense of the word. He ordered his country correspondents to inform him in regard to every "remarkable Accident, Occurrence &c. fit for publick Notice that may happen within their Knowledge, in Order to make this paper more universally intelligent." How delighted his newsgathering mind would have been with the modern facilities afforded by the telegraph and cable! He was so up-to-date in his methods, that he had long controversies with other publishers who had stolen interesting items from the columns of his paper. The editorial as we now know it, had not then come to the fore, but he followed many items of news with timely comment, that were eagerly read.

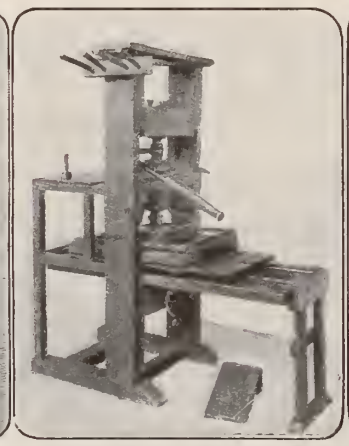
He also founded the second American magazine, the idea of the first having been stolen from him. It lasted only a short time, on account of the lack of public support, but in its main features it was the forerunner of the monthly publications of to-day. Throughout his life he was a great writer of pamphlets and letters, usually on topics of the day; those written in defense of the liberties of this country during the dark days before the outbreak of the Revolution, and during that conflict itself, were of great assistance to the cause of the American people, and exerted a tremendous influence in France, and among the colonies' well-wishers in Great Britain.

Although he had had little opportunity to attend school in his youth, he had, by hard study, become one of the best informed men of his time. His knowledge, mixed with his own homely good sense, was given to the American people in the columns of *Poor Richard's Almanac*. The proverbs and sayings of this publication are still quoted by thousands, who seldom realize that they first came from the fertile brain of Franklin. Previous to the Revolution there could be found many families that had a library consisting of but two books, the Bible and the Almanac. Franklin from early boyhood worked unceasingly to improve his style, and the result is seen in his autobiography, which, according to no less a critic than Miss Jeannette L. Gilder, will always rank among the best works of personal history, and as a classic in American literature.

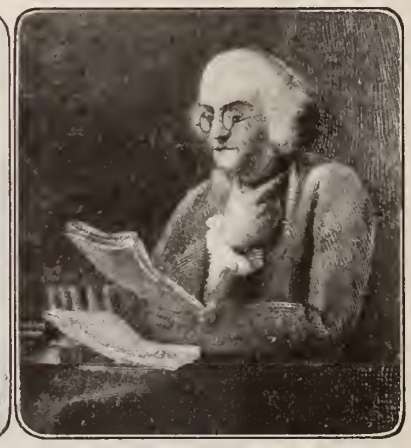
As a man of science he ranked in Europe among the greatest. Before he reached the age of twenty, Franklin was interested in natural philosophy, the common term at that time for the departments of science now designated as meteorology, physics, chemistry, mechanics, and kindred subjects. His first noteworthy invention was the Pennsylvania fireplace, that, in its later and improved form, is known to us as the Franklin stove. The ordinary colonial fireplace was a very pretty thing to look at; and, if one only cared to have one side of his body warm and the other chilly, it was a success. But it never warmed a room so that in extreme cold weather it was comfortable in all parts. Franklin wished to combine what advantages there were in the old fireplace, with those of the Dutch stove. The new invention appeared in 1742. In 1744 he urged the formation of an association to be called the American Philosophical Society, and offered to give his time as secretary. He was very much disappointed at the slow progress it made, but it finally became one of the foremost learned societies in the world, and still holds its place. From readers and school-books, we always associate the scientist Franklin with the famous story about his drawing the lightning from the clouds. Men had long suspected that the lightning of the sky and the mysterious fluid were one and the same, but it was left to this indefatigable investigator to furnish the demonstration during a thunderstorm near Philadelphia.

While he was in England, he proved to the Admiralty that oil poured upon water would calm the waves about a ship during the most tempestuous weather. How few of us realize that the common lightning rod was, in its early days, called Franklin's rod, in honor of its inventor. Among his friends he counted the great scientific men of all countries. He was made for his discoveries a member of the Royal Society of Great Britain, and Harvard made him Master of Arts.

Franklin in 1726
From the Portrait in Harvard Memorial Hall



Franklin's English Press
Used by him in Watts' Office, in London



Portrait of Dr. Franklin
By Martin, in possession of the Earl of Stanhope

CONTINUED ON PAGE 150

Japan's Famine Appeal is Heard

Christian America Will Help the Stricken Farmers of the North --- A Relief Fund Opened

JAPAN'S sorrowful plight has touched the hearts of the American people. Contributions from many parts of the Union are now being received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the purpose of sending relief to the famine-stricken farmers in the northern provinces.

Even at the best of times, the people of these provinces are very poor. When a drought comes, followed by crop failure, there is need of the greatest thrift to make ends meet. But never in the experience of those now living, have these provinces faced a condition like the present, when the almost total loss of the staple crop —rice—has reduced them to starvation and ruin.

Funeral Rites in a Japanese Rural Community

Our missionaries in Japan have supplemented the appeals of the people by a strong and urgent plea in their behalf. These missionaries know that the government cannot hope to cope successfully with the famine singlehanded, and that outside aid must come, if lives are to be saved and untold suffering averted. Rev. Mr. Loomis, of the American Bible Society in Japan, is now investigating in the famine field for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and will report fully as to the methods of relief. Meanwhile, the work of providing the needed relief must be pushed vigorously here, in order that it may be available at the earliest moment.

A correspondent writes: "The Japanese authorities are grappling with the terrible calamity, but it need scarcely be said that official charity can never be fully effective, and that it must always leave a large margin of unrelieved distress. We have seen some of the food on which the unhappy people are now sustaining life. It is in the form of *round briquettes consisting of seventy-five per cent. of chopped straw and twenty-five per cent. of foreign rice.* That human beings should have to subsist upon such fare is shocking, and soon even this resource will fail. It is to be feared, indeed, that not during the past fifty years has such widespread and vivid distress invited relief." The War Department is endeavoring to mitigate the suffering by forwarding quantities of superfluous stores, to be sold at less than cost; but even at the best, this government aid can reach only a portion of the whole. Besides, there are thousands who have already exhausted all their means and would be unable to purchase anything, even to save life.

The Emperor and Empress of Japan have given $25,000 from their own private means in aid of the sufferers. This is a large contribution, when it is remembered that the finances of a Japanese sovereign are arranged on a very modest scale in comparison with those of European rulers. But Emperor Mutsuhito has the welfare of his people earnestly at heart. Simultaneously with the announcement of his gift to the famine sufferers, comes the news that the annual deficit in the Japanese budget this year will be $50,000,000.

Late advices give many new details of the suffering in the northern provinces. In the village of Kamasaki, in Miyagi province, there is a population of 5,000. 685 acres of land were cultivated in the district. Last year, the villagers harvested a normal crop of 30,500 bushels of rice. This year, the total crop was 572 bushels! This was not enough to feed the village for a single day, and, of course, a desperate situation stared the people in the face. On account of the heavy floods, even the straw in this part of the country was worthless. Every resident in Kamasaki must be helped, as the only way to save the people from death by starvation. People who live in lands of plenty, where such a condition of things is unknown, can form no idea of the character of the suffering, nor of the straits to which these poor villagers have been driven, to keep the life within their miserable bodies. They are for the most part like a community of skeletons; and if it had not been for the aid rendered by government relief, small and totally inadequate as it is, they would have perished ere now. It is impossible to describe the situation in these village homes of the simple Japanese farmers. That of the women and the little children is peculiarly heartrending.

In Shibata township, in the same province, a similar condition prevails. "These people must starve," the reports in the Japanese papers declare, "unless outside help is received." Let us hope that it may reach them in time to save precious lives.

In another town, the Mayor reports that in a total population of 5,500, 4,000 will need to be helped. Thus far they have received only 300 yen (less than $150) from the government. The destitution here is awful, and there is a general cry for relief. A shipload of rice or flour, or even American corn or hominy, would be a most welcome gift to these sufferers, and would cause prayers of thankfulness to ascend everywhere.

Reports from the famine districts give some details that show the deep destitution which prevails. Many of the people have sold their clothing for food and are now little better than naked. As a result, they are freezing as well as starving. One native newspaper is collecting clothing for the unfortunates.

As long ago as November last the famine had begun to show its effects upon the people in many districts. The children especially had become thin and pale, the result of the meagre supply of food—often of the most wretched sort—with which they were fed. "Nourishment" is a word not to be used in this connection; it is simply a fierce battle for existence. Gaunt-eyed, hollow-cheeked mothers, with hopelessness written on their faces, look at their weak little ones who are growing feebler daily. There can be but one outcome to all the suffering, unless help arrives soon.

It is announced that the government is employing all the means of relief at its disposal. It is proposed to establish relief works (as was done in India during the great famine), so that the sufferers may be able to earn a livelihood. In view of the fact that the late war has deeply taxed Japan's resources, and that government relief, in the form promised, can hardly be expected for weeks, the urgent need of immediate steps to save the famine-stricken population becomes evident. Japan, while making no official appeal, has signified her willingness to accept outside aid, and will welcome any steps that may be taken in this country for the purpose of sending help in the speediest and most practical way to the northern provinces.

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Planting Rice in Flooded Fields

In response to the appeal published in these pages, contributions are now being received from the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to the relief fund. It is earnestly urged that all who sympathize with the Japanese farmers in their present unfortunate condition, should send in their gifts to the fund as early as possible, in order that the practical work of life-saving may be begun without delay. Even a small sum may save a human life, while a dollar given quickly may be the means of keeping an entire family from starvation. There are none in our own favored land so poor that they cannot afford to have a share in this work of Christlike benevolence. Give, much or little, according as your means allow, and send your gift with a prayer, and it will be abundantly blessed to both giver and receiver. Every contribution, however small, will be acknowledged in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

The following additional contributions to Japan Famine Relief Fund have been received:

James Davis	$5 02	Wm F Reece	1 00
Christian, Bellville, O	5 00	A E Susong	3 00
A Friend, Martinsburg, W Va.	1 00	Mrs Wm Holton	1 00
Walter Locke	10 00	Mrs E W T, Allentown, Pa	10 00
S Toms	2 06	E G T, Allentown, Pa	10 00
Mrs E Toms	50	Mrs J W Geyer	10 00
Mrs W F A, Baltimore, Md.	1 00	Mrs Wm E Geyer	10 00
Byron Detteron	50	N M C, Ortonville, Mich	5 00
C R Ridenour	3 50	A Jennie West	1 00
Mrs Ida A Simmons	1 00	A Friend, Battlecreek, Mich	1 00
—, Cartersburg, Ind	1 00	Geo A Nelson	5 00
Mrs N C Jensen	1 00	Geo Marshall	5 00
Mrs Harriet A Ingham	4 00	—, Newark, N J	1 00
—, Collins Centre, N Y	2 00	Emilie Goltz	2 00
K S Crook	1 00	Mrs Jane B Pierce	15 00
Byron Whitney	1 00	L R Oakes	5 00
Mrs M M Wiley	1 00	G S Clemans	5 00
E Moore	2 00	S Whitney	2 00
George E Vaughn, M D	5 00	A Sympathizer, Birmingham,	10 00
E Zahne	5 00	Henry Rhoades	5 00
—, Plattsmouth, Neb.	2 00	Mrs L A Winter	1 00
Mrs J Von Glahn	5 00	D N Wolf	2 00
—, Rockwell City, Ia	25	F O Wright	2 00
M T Gunderson	25 00	A Gilmore	1 00
George Rogers	10 00	J Nitran	30 00
"A Sunshiner," Marshall, Wis.	1 00	P Benjamin	2 00
Mrs E F Whited	5 00	Mrs Ellen E Smith	20 00
T Cr-ry	1 00	Mrs Charles H Knapp	50
Little Workers, Band of, Fulton Avenue Presbyterian Church, Baltimore, Md.	10 00	Mr and Mrs A Salians and Son	80
Mrs F M Pond	10 00	W M Ayers	3 00
Rev John C Voorhis	5 00	A Winger	50 00
J Shillerstrom	1 00	A S Campbell	10 00
Wm and Mrs Moores	2 00	Charles T Griffin	10 00
Wm R Reece	1 00	Mrs G V Bartlett	10 02
—, St Louis, Mo	25 00	C L Streng	10 00
John Grant	3 00	S M Whitmore	10 00
B J Long	2 00	Wesley Cross	25 00
P G Horine	1 00	Mr and Mrs F F Hamman	5 00
—, East Morris, Conn	1 00	Miss Olive Hamman	2 50
— —, Toledo, O	2 00	Mrs Celia Myers	2 50
John and E Brner	2 00	Mrs Alfred Downing	5 00
Dr and Mrs O C Dixon	2 00	Miss Belinda Downing	5 00
W C MacKenzie	1 00	Marion Hills	10 00
Mrs Annie Godfrey	5 00	C F Rehbein	5 00
O C and H R Burlingame	5 00	J M Wohlfarth	1 00
J A Weaver, M D	1 00	Samuel Milleysack	5 00
Mary Jenkins	1 00	David Gladstone	5 00
Andrew Johnson	2 00	—, Dickson, Tenn	2 00
W F Hick	6 00	Mother and Danghter, Chanute, Kans	2 00
P L Miller and Wife	1 00	Mrs A M Goohe	1 00
C A Beard and Sister Sallie	1 00	D P, Bucyrus, Ohio	2 00
Elnora Glick	2 50	Mr and Mrs J E Renaud	5 00
Olof Norling	50	W L Anderson	1 00
Mr and Mrs J C Matbews	1 00	Mrs John Thomas	5 00
Mrs Phebe McGraw	1 00	E P Hunter and wife	2 00
A Friend, Iowa	5 00	Mr and Mrs Thorsen	1 00
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Mrs E P Lewis	1 00	G S, Milwaukee, Wis	2 00
Margaret A Shoemaker	5 00	Mrs C K, Wimborough	2 00
Wm Ketcham	2 50	T M S, Philadelphia, Pa	5 00
Mrs Wm Ketcham	2 50	Edward Brett	1 00
John Fellow	1 00	Anna M Bloomer	1 00
H G Harrison	5 00	Miss L Hamm	5 00
Geo Bernhard	1 00	J R & E E Bradshaw	1 00
Mrs A W M Richardson	1 00	W S B, Salem, N J	1 00
Geo T Simmons	1 00	A E Bloom	1 00
Mrs Geo T Simmons	1 00	H N Tatro & Co	2 00
S P Coe	5 00	And Kern	1 00
Henry Winslow Abbett	5 00	—, Waterbury, Conn	2 00
Wm N Kinnecom	1 00	Herman E Martens	10 00
Cordie Williams	5 00	Mary Malick	1 00
Mrs Louisa Renick	1 00	A Frederick	1 00
Margaret Weaver	1 00	Geo H Stevens	1 00
Emma B Caldwell	2 00	Mr & Mrs John Kimball	2 00
T Williamson	10 00	Wm Foote	1 00
In as much, Lansing, Mich	1 00	Mrs L Robinson	1 00
Mrs H E Skinner	1 00	Lillie T Smith	5 00
—, Sabula, Iowa	1 00	Thomas C Scott	5 00
I H N, Fairfield, Iowa	1 00	Friend, Greenfield Hill, Conn.	1 00
Mr & Mrs C H Oxenreider	1 00	Two Friends, Winfield, Kan.	20 00
Lizzie Wild	70	Mrs E A Graves	25 00
Carrie Talkington	55	Eliza J Stockdale	5 00
Mrs H A Brewster	5 00	And many others to be acknowledged next week.	

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, Associate Editor — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, Associate Editor

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Canada's Revival

NOW that the remarkable revival services held in Toronto are over, the religious world is better able to judge of the results than it could have done while they were still in progress. It was a great conquest which the evangelists made for Christ in the representative Canadian city, where conservatism in religious methods had been the rule, and some of whose pastors were disposed to doubt the wisdom and permanent value of such gatherings as were witnessed in Massey Hall.

That all doubts and differences of opinion on this point have been swept away was soon made evident, however. From the very first meeting it was apparent to all that the Holy Spirit was in the work, and that the hearts of the multitudes were being reached as never before. The flame spread quickly and became a spiritual conflagration, which illuminated not Toronto alone but lighted up a great part of the Dominion. Clergymen of all denominations knew the signal, and felt that God was moving the hearts of the people. They gladly joined forces with the evangelists, and soon the scenes that have been familiar in every great revival were being re-enacted. Eight hundred persons, including men and women of all classes, from the highest to the lowest, publicly and fearlessly confessing Christ in a single day, is a record that should inspire God's people everywhere.

Many will be interested in the statistical showing of this extraordinary revival. Here are the unofficial figures:

Meetings in Massey Hall,	44
With business men,	8
With ministers,	1
At Yonge Street Mission,	14
Overflow meetings,	19
Conferences,	3
Total meetings,	89
Attendance, Massey Hall,	200,000
Total attendance,	240,000
Ushers,	300
Choir,	700
Workers,	600
Sheet music distributed,	25,000
Cards ("Get Right With God"),	400,000
Adults confessing Christ,	2,659
Children confessing Christ,	1,676
Total conversions,	4,335
Membership of committees,	70
Average attendance, Massey Hall,	5,000
Expenses (outside of gifts by the evangelists), upwards of	$5,000
Average receipts per meeting, Massey Hall,	$200
Guaranteed fund raised before the work began,	$1,200
Special excursions from other parts of the Province,	7
Hymn-books used,	between 6,000 and 7,000

From the foregoing, it can be readily inferred that a work of such proportions involves preparations on a vast scale of magnitude. To expect large results would seem to be the policy of these revivalists, and nowhere have their preparations been excessive or their hopes disappointed. Nor should it be forgotten that in every case where they have cast out the Gospel net there has been a season of earnest prayer and preparation in the churches and among groups of Christian workers generally. This attitude of prayerful expectation marks the true spirit which should precede revival efforts in a community.

Now that the scene of the evangelists' labors has been transferred to home fields, we hope to see a bountiful spiritual harvest as the result of their efforts. Our great cities may soon be expected to be scenes of spiritual refreshing, and the churches throughout the land will have a new infusion of life and activity, to which everyone who has the cause of the Gospel at heart will look forward in eager and hopeful anticipation.

The Uses of Joy

WE are always talking about the uses of sorrow. So much of it is in the world, there are so many losses and crosses, disappointments and depressions, that we often become oblivious to the corresponding experience of joy that far outweighs the sorrow. Our griefs come to most of us at intervals, and between them there are periods of quietness and ease, of household love, of the growing up of children, and the general comfort and prosperity of a simple, joyous life.

Joy is the dominant note of our hearts and homes, and sorrow is the minor key that comes only now and then. We know the uses of sorrow, how it sweetens and mellows us, how it helps us to be compassionate, how it makes us gentle and forbearing. But what of the uses of joy? Are they not the uses of the sunshine? Flowers expand, fruits ripen and harvests wave in the sunshine. So it is with us. Joy gives us life's continual fruitage and flowering. What joy there is over the cradle! How proud are the parents when they watch the development of their first-born! What gladness is in the home when the little one takes the first step and toddles across the floor! What satisfaction when the little lad brings home a good report from school, and the little lass, sitting at the piano, plays for the first time an air that her father can understand! After awhile the son goes into business, or is graduated from college; the daughter is betrothed or a ship comes in unexpectedly, bringing freight of fortune that seems rich beyond the simple hopes of the family. Then again there is joy—joy of the wedding, joy of the birthday, joy of the holidays, joy of success, joy of triumph, joy of faithful wedded love, joy of youth and joy of age. How much of it there is in this world!

Let us never think lightly of the uses of joy. Joy confirms us in good temper, gives us confidence in our powers, makes us stronger for work, and lights a lamp for us in the evening as it kindles our hearthfires by day. The Bible has as much about joy in its pages as about sorrow, and the notes of its singers are tuned to a Hallelujah Chorus.

Successful Failure

WHEN a man hurrying along a crowded highway on which are many others going in the same direction, comes to the end of the path, only to find that the prize they seek is not there, what is his duty? Is it not to warn others who are beginning the race that they are deceiving themselves? That would be the manly and the kindly course. Such an act is done in a letter to the New York *Sun* by a man who has made a large fortune. He finds that he does not gain from the fortune the happiness that he thought it would have given him. This is due to the fact that he made a mistake in what he considered was "good business," and he wishes to warn others against making the same mistake. He says:

> When I die I shall leave my children each a fortune, but when I think it over day after day, I can only be ashamed of it all. I suppose I was no worse than the others; I know some were worse than I. I could always say, "It's good business," but I forgot that there was such a thing as a square deal. If I could get the better of an associate or a customer or an employee, I did. Anything that I could do to attain my own success was good business, and I did it. . . . I would give all I possess to-night if I could say: "I have given every one a square deal. I have done no man a wrong." Think it over; it will mean a lot to you some day.

It is certainly worth thinking over. It implies that success may be purchased at too high a price. The writer of the letter has discovered the fact too late, and he does a kindly act in warning others of the mistake. Money is a blessing, and it is right that a man in his prime should try to make provision for old age and sickness, and for the support of those dependent upon him. That is a laudable ambition. But it is possible to be so intense in the pursuit of it as to overlook matters of greater importance. The story is told of a man so engrossed in thought of an appointment which he was on his way to keep, which was to secure his fortune, that he hurried from the car, leaving behind him the papers on which the whole transaction depended. It is possible to gain the wealth which men are apt to think is the sole source of happiness, and to find when they lift the cup of happiness to their lips, that there are other necessary ingredients that have not been provided. Even a millionaire is not happy if he has ruined his health in the struggle to acquire the million, or if, as in the case of the writer of this letter to the *Sun*, he has sacrificed peace of conscience in the effort. The recollection of the people he has defrauded or outwitted, rises to embitter his enjoyment and to disturb his repose. He realizes that his tricks were blunders that have become boomerangs. He finds that the old philosopher was right when he said, "As the partridge sitteth on eggs and hatcheth them, not so he that getteth riches and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at his end shall be a fool."

Leaving out of consideration for the moment, the question of a man's duty to God, his duty to himself, the question of what really pays in the end, ought to weigh with him in regulating his course in business. There is a law of our nature higher than the law of temporary self-interest. Whosoever breaks that law wrongs his own soul. He loses his self-respect, he wounds his conscience with lacerations that no remedy can heal, and the agony of self-reproach disturbs his rest. All that he has gained by his trickery, he would willingly restore if it were possible to gain the peace and quiet he needs. He has blundered, because he has paid out to amass wealth principles more precious than wealth.

The wrongs that this man has done to his fellows rise up to reproach him, and he finds the reproach unbearable; but it is only an echo of the thunders from the Eternal throne, denouncing him for his violation of heaven's law, and threatening him with condign punishment. Though his success had been a hundred times as great, though he had gained the whole world, it would not profit him if he has lost his own soul. There is no remedy for such a man but to go to God in profound contrition, confessing his sin and begging to be shown a way of restitution.

An Opportunity for Service

EVERY mail brings to us evidences of the kindly sympathy of our people for the famine-stricken Japanese farmers in their time of suffering. We feel that the response to our appeal in their behalf will be cordial and generous, worthy of the occasion; but to be of the greatest service, it is essential that relief should be forwarded quickly.

Let us, therefore, act at once. The need is urgent. Thousands are facing starvation. Precious lives are at stake. Relief *now* will be a hundred-fold more effective than a month hence. *Then* it may be too late. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will forward your offerings, and for every loaf of bread or pound of flour placed in the hands of a starving Japanese family, there will ascend a prayer of thankfulness to God, and of gratitude to the giver.

Send your gifts, small and great, to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD *to-day*. You can save at least one life; you may save many. Do not neglect so great an opportunity for service, in His name.

The Character of Franklin

ON another page of this issue will be found an article dealing with the early environment of Benjamin Franklin, and his claim to fame in letters, science and statesmanship. It is one of many such articles now appearing in American and foreign publications, written in commemoration of the two hundredth anniversary of his birth.

Hardly another character, with the exception of Washington, so appeals to the admiration of the average citizen of the Republic. Franklin, when studied, reveals himself as a "many-sided character," worthy of emulation in numerous ways. His faults were known to no one else so well as to himself, and he strove hard to overcome them. False pretences had no place in his make-up. His rise in the world did not change him. The boy landing at the wharf in Philadelphia, with scarcely enough money to buy a few loaves of bread, bears a close resemblance to the man who, sixty years later, landed at the same dock, and was received with the acclaim of thousands, as one who wrought inestimable good for his country.

One reason why he holds such a place in the regard of the world, is that he was so delightfully human. He seems like one of ourselves on whom the stamp of greatness has been set, instead of occupying the seemingly inaccessible position that we give to great historical personages.

Franklin taught the lessons of frugal living, hard work, strenuous study and high political ideals to the young men of his day; and his words may be studied with equal profit now. His writings are as readable to-day as when published, because they deal with real facts of life, that are the same for all generations.

Franklin held office fifty-two years, but not one of the positions of trust were sought by him; they sought the man. His country was so clamorous for his services that he was kept in harness until within six months of his death. He has been called a politician; if he was, we wish we had them of the same stamp to-day.

It is interesting to note that he was not a professional inventor. All of his mechanical and scientific devices were perfected during his spare hours, short periods taken from the affairs of State. It was to him a pleasure, almost a passion, to find better ways of doing the world's work.

Among the Workers

—REV. DR. DAVID H. KING recently celebrated the nineteenth anniversary of his pastorate in the First Presbyterian Church of Vineland, N. J. In that time there has been a total addition to the church membership of 664. Dr. King was one of the "800" who took the memorable cruise to the Holy Land two years ago.

—THE NEW hall of "The Boys' Industrial School," near Rome, Ga., which Miss Mattie Berry has so faithfully labored for, is now finished. Across the road from the "little coon-skin cabin," where Miss Berry first opened a school for the poor children near her, now stands a temple of knowledge, beautiful and perfect in every way.

The BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

A Regal Patriarch

BY the death of the King of Denmark, which occurred suddenly on January 29, one-half the royal families of Europe were plunged in mourning. The matrimonal alliances of his children extend into many countries. One of his daughters is Alexandra, the beloved wife of King Edward of England; another was the wife of the late Czar Alexander III of Russia. One of his sons was raised to the throne of Greece; and now a grandson, who is married to a granddaughter of the king, has been placed on the throne of Norway. The present Emperor of Russia is his grandson, while a number of other royal families are closely related. At a recent family gathering at the Danish Court, more than sixty of the venerable king's descendants—children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren were assembled. He was the oldest reigning sovereign in Europe. Had he lived three months longer, he would have attained the age of eighty-eight years.

Few things were more unlikely in 1818, when the king was born, than that he would ever occupy a throne. He was only a Prince of the House of Glucksberg, with very modest prospects. His marriage, however, to Louise, daughter of the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, brought him into prominence. The great King of Denmark, Frederick VII, was childless, and the succession, in view of Germany's ambitions, became a matter of concern to Europe. An international conference was accordingly held in London, at which it was found that the man most acceptable to the Powers, was the Prince of Glucksberg. The Danish Parliament ratified the choice, and, in 1863, when Frederick died, Christian IX ascended the throne. In the following year, the German claim to one-third of his dominions, embracing Holstein, Lauenberg and Schleswig, was presented. A brief war followed, in which, of course, Denmark was beaten, and the three provinces were wrested from Christian's possessions. Since that time the career of the king has been peaceful. He granted a new constitution, and devoted himself to the development of the national interests.

The brave stand the king had made for Danish rights, and, above all, the simple, unostentatious life he lived, gradually won his people's confidence, and eventually their ardent affection. A strong factor in producing this result was the personality of the queen, whose grace and kindliness and interest in the poor were notorious. In the days of domestic straitness, she had been a careful and economical head of the household, training her daughters to make their own dresses and to aid in the service of the home. As queen, she led a quiet, simple life, devoted to her children, and kind to her servants and to the humblest of her subjects. It was a day of sorrow in Denmark when, in 1898, she passed away. The king led a lonely life since her death, but to the last it was his delight to gather under his roof their descendants and to preside at the family celebrations. His counsels were uniformly for peace, and his influence, thus personally exercised over the heads of the nations, contributed in no small degree to its maintenance. He was not a great or a brilliant man, but he was a devout Christian, a conscientious ruler, intent only on the simple ambition of doing his duty. His personal character, his benefactions and strict adherence to just and righteous principles, made him the best respected ruler in Europe. He was such a king as the great law-giver described, in giving his ideal of the best ruler of his people:

That his heart be not lifted up above his brethren and that he turn not aside from the commandment, to the end that he may prolong his days in his kingdom, he and his children (Deut. 17: 20).

1. King Christian. 2. The Queen of Norway. 3. The Queen of England. 4. The Empress-Dowager of Russia. 5. The King of Greece. 6. The new King of Denmark, Frederick VIII. 7. The King of Norway. 8. The Emperor of Russia

The Late King Christian IX. of Denmark, and his Royal Descendants

Speed King of the World

This new title has been conferred on a Frenchman who has broken the record of automobile achievement. In a recent race at Ormond, Fla., he covered the two measured miles in fifty-eight seconds, travelling at the rate of a hundred and twenty-two miles an hour. The machine he used was one of a two hundred horse-power, and his achievement was witnessed by an enormous concourse of spectators. He had only one rival, who, on an American machine, covered the distance in fifty nine seconds. The successful driver, M. Victor Damogeot, was received with thundering applause, and a girl of fourteen years, in the name of the State of Florida, placed a crown of palm leaves on his head, and proclaimed him "the Speed King of the World." That the victor will be proud of the title cannot be doubted. He has succeeded in travelling at a faster rate than any man before him has ever done. That he risked his life need not be said. We can but wish that the object attained had been worthier.

Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown; but we an incorruptible (I Cor. 9: 25).

Clue to a Burglary

A crafty burglar made a haul recently in a suburb of Louisville, Ky. He succeeded in blowing open a safe in the office of a company and securing five hundred dollars in cash and some valuable securities. The police believed that there was absolutely no clue to the perpetrator of the crime, until one man, more observant than the others, noticed that there was a mark on a table which was thickly covered with dust. The burglar had rested his hand on the table, leaving its imprint in the dust. From this it was seen that the hand was crippled, so the police are now searching for a man with a crippled hand and are confident of being able to find him. It was strange that a man so crafty as this one must have been, should have left the tell-tale clue to his identity; but there seems to be a law that the most careful criminal shall never efface completely the track of his crime. It is so, too, with men who live in secret sin.

Thou hast set a print on the heels of my feet (Job 13: 27).

A Medical Discovery

The news comes from the Loomis Laboratory of the Cornell Medical School, that a cure is believed to have been found for "Graves' Disease," which has hitherto been regarded as incurable. The disease is rare, but is generally fatal. Its symptoms are bulging of the eyeballs and enlargement of the glands of the neck. One of the professors in the Loomis Laboratory extracted from the diseased gland of a patient who died from the disorder, a serum, which, after being treated by the usual methods, was injected into the gland of another patient. After the fifth injection the patient grew better, and finally recovered. If the remedy proves effective, efforts will doubtless be made to produce it artificially, but at present no other source is known than from a victim of the disease, and only sufficient can be obtained from that source to treat twelve cases. This appears to be an instance of the death of one bringing life to others. It is extraordinary in medical practice, but it is the glory of Christianity.

For if through the offence of one many be dead, much more the grace of God, and the gift by grace, which is by one man, Jesus Christ, hath abounded unto many (Rom. 5: 15).

A Schoolboy Suicide

A pathetic story is told by the principal of a school at Fishkill, N. Y. Among the pupils was an exceedingly bright boy, of whom his teachers had high hopes. He was a diligent, hard-working boy, exceptionally intelligent, and with remarkable talents. He was accustomed to boast of his parents, whom he loved intensely. No boy, he said, had so good a father or so dear a mother as he. Suddenly a change came over the boy. He became dull and spiritless. Inquiries from the teachers elicited the statement that there was trouble at home. The boy admitted that his parents had quarreled. He did not espouse the cause of one or the other, but grieved bitterly over the estrangement. News came that they were reconciled and he revived. But the improvement was brief. Last week he received a letter from the lawyers saying that the quarrel between his father and mother was renewed and the case was in the divoree court. His spirits fell, and that night, in a fit of depression, he took his life. What a grief his death must have been to his parents, when they learned that it was caused by their own disputes. Probably they had imagined that their quarrel was their own affair, little thinking how their son would be affected by it. None know how many people may be injured by inconsistencies in our conduct.

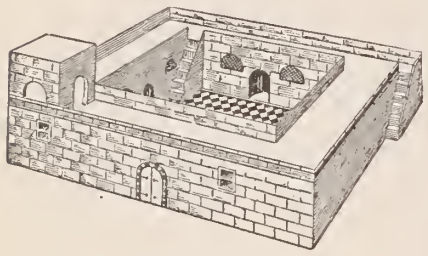
None of us liveth to himself and no man dieth to himself (Rom. 14: 7).

MASTER OF BODY, MIND AND SOUL

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS*

THE opposition of the Pharisees to Jesus was continuous. They industriously followed him to find grounds for accusations, from the time that he healed the impotent man at the pool of Bethesda on the Sabbath. As he went about teaching and healing, they were to be found among the crowd which everywhere gathered about him. When he came to Capernaum, the Pharisees and doctors of the law came thither from the towns of Galilee and Judea, and even from



An Oriental House with open roof

Jerusalem. It was a notable assemblage, and a crowd of people gathered to see them, so that Peter's house was completely filled, and Jesus sat in the midst teaching. Their faces were unsympathetic, and even supercilious, but they listened without speaking. Suddenly there was a movement overhead, and there appeared four faces peering down through an opening in the ceiling, and presently a helpless paralytic was let down in his quilt just in front of Jesus. Not a word was spoken by those overhead or by the sick man. But Jesus looked at the sick man and said: "Son, thy sins be forgiven thee." The faces of the Pharisees grew more hostile and derisive as they exchanged looks with each other. They said nothing, but Jesus knew their very thoughts, that only God can forgive sins, and so he said, "That ye may know I really have this divine power to forgive sins in the soul, I who am now reading your minds will also heal this sick body, for I am Master of body, mind and soul." Then Jesus looked again upon the paralytic and said: "Arise, take up thy bed and go thy way into thine house." At once the helpless man stood up and rolled his bed together and went out of the house, the whole company preceding and following that they might see what he was able to do. The four persons who had let him down through the roof, when they found it impossible to get their sick friend in by the crowded door, had carried him up the stairway on the outside of the house, and discovering by the voice of Jesus just where he was located below, they had broken up the temporary roof of the court (usually open, but in this case covered against the sun), in order to let him down—by ropes borrowed of a neighbor—at the feet of Jesus. They lingered but a moment to tell him this, and then hastened to join their saved friend, who was hastening homeward, leaping and rejoicing and praising God who had healed both his body and his soul.

Illustration and Application

This lesson reminds us that Jesus is Master of body, mind and soul.

1. Jesus is Master of the Body. Let this helpless paralytic prompt us to thank God for strong muscles, and to pour out to God the grateful song that Browning, in *Saul*, puts on the lips of ruddy David, the shepherd:

Oh, our manhood's prime vigor! No spirit feels waste,
Not a muscle is stopped in its playing nor sinew unbraced.
Oh! the wild joy of living! the leaping from rock up to rock;
The sharp rending of boughs from the fir trees, the cool silver shock
Of the plunge in a pool's living water, the hunt of the bear,
And the sultriness showing the lion is crouched in his lair. . . . . .
How good is man's life, the mere living! How fit to employ
All the heart and the soul and the senses forever in joy!

What a glimpse of the values of our daily unappreciated blessings, we get in the recent award, in Elizabeth, N. J., of $15,000 damages to a woman for the loss of the sense of taste and smell, in a trolley accident! What, then, is the cash value of our five senses? Forget not it is a Christian duty to guard the health.

But Jesus makes sickness also a blessing. Probably this paralytic might never have been forgiven if he had not been driven to Christ by disease. So others could not see until they were blind.

2. Jesus is Master of the Mind. Thoughtful people will see that the healing of this man's body was really a lesser miracle than the previous reading the malicious thoughts of the silent Pharisees. When he forgave the paralytic's sins, putting the most important thing first, they thought it blasphemy, "For who can forgive sins but God only?" And some thought, "Oh, it is easy enough to tell the man his sins are forgiven, and we cannot look into his heart or into heaven to see whether anything comes of the words, but what the man wants is healing, and that is something we could see if it was done." Answering such thoughts, that all might know that the Son of man hath power to forgive sins, Jesus bade the palsied man take his bed-rug and walk home.

"They let down the bed whereon the sick of the palsy lay"

I can read a book only when it is open. Is there any one who can read it when closed? He can also read our minds when we do not open our thoughts by words. "Oh, Lord, thou hast searched me and known me. Thou art acquainted with all my ways." As it is our duty to develop health and strength of body, so it is our Christian duty to seize every opportunity to develop and inform our minds, that we may the better serve God and our generation. In many cases it is nothing less than a sin, both in parents and children, that so many girls, and especially boys, leave school before they are half educated. Only in a few cases is it really necessary. The boy usually wants to escape the tasks of school and get spending money, and does not realize how he is not only diminishing his future earning power, but dwarfing his soul; and the parents weakly yield because it will take strenuous effort to keep the boy at his school duties, and sometimes because his premature business life, though threatening his future prospects, will help for the time to increase the family purse.

One reason that boys throng low shows and read bandit literature, is that they have not had schooling enough to appreciate anything better. Parents should see that to cultivate in their children's minds a capacity for the higher forms of recreation, such as nature studies, good reading, choice music, clean conversation on great subjects, and such glad and high fellowships as those of the Y. M. C. A., is one of the most important ways to defend their faith and morals. Education alone does not make men virtuous, but a well-trained mind not only shields a man against the temptations of idleness and low mental tastes, but also greatly increases his power for good.

3. Jesus is Master of the Soul. The Y. M. C. A. pin beautifully embodies Paul's words, "I keep my body under," in the child's version, "I keep my soul on top." More important than body or mind is soul, that part of our being that lifts us out of "the animal kingdom," where man has been placed by a classification as unscientific as it is unscriptural. Plants have mineral elements, but belong to "the vegetable kingdom," because they have also a higher quality of life. Animals have vegetable elements, since they live on vegetation, but they, too, are classified by their higher qualities of instinct, as belonging to "the animal kingdom." The story is worth repeating of William I., of Germany, the beloved old Kaiser, who asked some schoolchildren to what kingdom the mineral, and then the plant on the teacher's desk, belonged, and got the usual answers, "The mineral kingdom," "The vegetable kingdom"; but when he laid his hand upon himself, the children, wiser than their books, unanimously refused to say he belonged to "the animal kingdom." "To what kingdom do I belong?" said the beloved Kaiser. After a long silence, one child said, reverently, "To God's kingdom, Sire." She was right, for we belong, by virtue of our higher spiritual capacities, such as no animal possesses, to the spiritual kingdom, with God and angels. However, a man may sink into the animal kingdom, where he does not "belong," if the flesh is allowed to be "on top," and conscience, refusing to call the conquering Christ to its aid, is beaten in the battle of life.

Forgiveness of sins must not, in a "church," be crowded into a secondary place, as compared with healing, as it is in the world outside. Over and over again it needs to be noted that there were only a few short periods of the miraculous, even in Bible times. Miracles were bells to usher in new dispensations in the days of Moses, of Elijah, and of Christ. Even before the New Testament ends we see Paul using less and less bodily miracles and substituting the greater miracles of healed and resurrected souls. And in the miracle of this lesson, Jesus tells us the miracles are intended in large part as parables of prayer, to show us how God hears the cries of men for soul-healing and answers in varied ways. Their use as divine credentials of a Messiah or prophet is largely a present use for those who see them.

As has been said before in this page, the threefold present miracle that certifies Christ to our age as the Saviour and King of the world, is his matchless life, his matchless words, his matchless influence. "Electric lighting has reached such a stage of perfection that there appear almost no possibilities of limitation in the way of its effectiveness. It is now stated that the Lewis and Clark Exposition, which has recently closed, completed a successful series of experiments for illuminating the snow-capped mountain peaks within a radius of one hundred miles of the light. Vessels one hundred miles off the coast were also enabled to see the light, a thing that has never before been possible. The ordinary range of possible lighting, heretofore, has been only twenty or twenty-five miles. The beam, however, must be thrown vertically, instead of horizontally. A literal pillar of light, which suggests the position of the Pillar of Fire for the ancient Israelites, and the position of the Cross of Calvary whereon hung he who said, 'I am the Light of the World.'"

4. Bringing Others to Christ for the Forgiveness of their Sins. That is the supremely important truth in this lesson at this time of revivals all over the world. Let no community, or individual, fail to hear and heed the cry, "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." Oh, the pathos of lost opportunities!

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, "It might have been."

In a certain depot two men sat chatting merrily in a waiting train. They commented on the start of another train on the next track as it moved by their window. Presently, one of them turned to his watch and saw with alarm that the time they should have started was past. They were on the wrong train. The one they should have taken was the one they had noted indifferently as it passed the window. Important connections and engagements had been missed. A thousand times more serious for a revival to pass by, and leave souls behind that should have been borne by it into holiness and happiness and heaven. "He that believeth on me," said Christ, "hath everlasting life." He hath it here in this world and in this life.

Oriental Rug used as a bed

*International Sunday School Lesson for Feb. 25. Jesus' power to forgive. Mark 2: 1-12. GOLDEN TEXT: "The Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins." Mark 2: 10.

White House Wedding Preparations

Many Bridal Presents—The Bride's Gown—The Decorations—Where the Honeymoon will be Passed

IF Miss Alice Roosevelt is not completely spoiled by the attentions and adulation which are given her from all over the country, and other countries also, it will be because she is immune to the dangerous influence of too much happiness. Her life seems not only to have been of late a "glad sweet song," but a whole chorus of delightful harmonies, and there is not a woman in the land who grudges the fair young daughter of the President all the good things of life which have come to her.

Now that she is to be married, and we are assured that "it is a love match," every one is anxious for information concerning the details of this most important occasion.

A wedding in the White House is something to be interested in. What the bride will wear, and how the rooms will be decorated; where the wedding party will gather; how the ceremony will be performed, and who the fortunate guests will be, are all points of exceptional interest, at least to feminine America.

The secret of Miss Roosevelt's wedding gown, its material and style, has been well kept. To such an extent has this secrecy been carried, that in the establishments where the dresses are being made, not a seamstress has been informed for whom they are intended. When a dress arrives at the White House, it is not taken out of the box until night, when all trying on is done. Four cloth costumes have been made at as many different establishments in Washington. As Miss Alice considers the Princess style the most becoming to her, nearly all her gowns are made after that model. The "going-away" gown is of Alice blue, with hat to match, and should the weather prove suitable, the bride will wear her famous silver fox furs. It is said that in planning all her gowns, the President's daughter has had the benefit of Mrs. Roosevelt's taste and experience, who, if she had been the bride-to-be's own mother, could not have been more interested in the wedding preparations. Miss Alice's mother, who, before her marriage was Miss Alice Lee, a member of an old and aristocratic Boston family, died soon after her daughter was born. When his daughter was about four years old, Mr. Roosevelt married Miss Edith Kermit Carew, whom he had known from childhood. Loving and devoted, Mrs. Roosevelt became a second mother to little motherless Alice.

Wedding gifts have of late flowed a steady stream into the White House from all over the country and from other lands. So widespread is the interest in the approaching event that many presents have been received from persons absolutely unknown to any member of the Roosevelt family. One of the finest presents will be the gift of Mr. James Stillman, who had a superb silver pitcher designed and made especially for the purpose. The pitcher is three feet in height, and is one of the most magnificent gifts ever presented to a bride. A splendid dog-collar of pearls and diamonds is the gift of Ambassador and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, and a beautiful emerald chain is presented by Secretary of State and Mrs. Root. From the various branches of the Roosevelt family will come pieces of silver, old laces and art objects.

Miss Alice's grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. George Lee, of Boston, and other intimate friends and relatives in that city will present the bride with many costly and beautiful gifts. Mr. Anderson, a cousin of the groom, will present the couple with a souvenir of their trip to the Orient. The famous Rookwood Pottery, which was founded by a relative of Mr. Longworth, is sending a rare vase of beautiful design. The "Rough Riders" send a silver service, with a Rough Rider as a crest on every plate.

Not to be outdone in expressions of good feeling toward the daughter of the President, the farmers of Kansas and other States, have been raising the best and biggest vegetables with which to stock the future Mrs. Longworth's cellar. From South Dakota, where they raise potatoes large enough to feed six persons, it is said, word comes that a consignment of these immense tubers is on the way to Washington. Pumpkins, big enough to furnish the season's pies for a family, are keeping the potatoes company. "Col. Seller's Fruit," in the shape of the largest turnips ever grown, have reached the White House, from a Kansas farmer. All through Virginia, the choicest and best apples are being held for the delectation of the bride of the White House.

Miss Roosevelt and her Fiance

From a photograph taken during their recent visit to New York

It is said that Miss Roosevelt will dispense with bridesmaids and maid-of-honor, and be attended simply by her sister, Miss Ethel Roosevelt. By this arrangement, all disappointments among the bride's friends will be obviated. Mr. Longworth's best man will probably be his brother-in-law, Viscount de Chambrun. In the East-room, where the ceremony is to be held, space limits the number of guests to 850, and even these will not all be able to view the ceremony. There being no room for tables, the wedding breakfast will be partaken of by both bride and guests standing.

Many rumors are flying about as to where Mr. and Mrs. Longworth will spend their honeymoon. A wealthy man who has a beautiful residence in the South, has put his estate at their disposal, and it is most probable that there the honeymoon will be spent.

Miss Roosevelt will be married on February 17, in the same room, and will stand upon the same spot, where Nellie Grant was wedded. The East-room is large and airy, finished in gold and white, with no heavy hangings or draperies to detract from the wedding decorations. It makes an ideal setting for a home-wedding. Plans for decorating are not yet fully decided upon, but a wedding bower will probably be arranged for the bridal party. Southern smilax and laurel, intermingled with bride roses and ribbon, will form bower, and the *prie-dieu*, at which the bride and groom will kneel during the ceremony. The service will include choral music, among the selections being, "Be thou Faithful unto Death," and, "'Tis Our Wedding Morn."

CLOSE OF THE GREAT CANADIAN REVIVAL

THE last week of the Toronto Mission proved to be the crowning week of all. The tide rose higher and higher day after day. Tuesday morning, there was a meeting for ministers only. Five hundred came together from all parts of Ontario, some coming 100 or 200 miles. Dr. Torrey spoke on "Making full proof of thy ministry." It was an impressive occasion, and the presence of God was wonderfully manifest. Later in the day, many of the ministers testified to the great personal blessing they had received. At 4.30 in the afternoon the Presbyterian ministers met together in the Knox Presbyterian Church, and the Methodist ministers in the schoolroom of the Metropolitan Church, to pray and plan for a general revival throughout Canada. Many ministers offered themselves to go to other fields than their own, to hold evangelistic services, if wanted.

On Wednesday, a conference of ministers and Christian workers from all over Ontario was held, to take counsel and pray for a general revival. Meetings were held from 10 to 12 in the morning, from 2 to 4.30 in the afternoon, and from 6.30 until 10 at night. Fires were kindled, and reports are coming in that these fires have spread to different towns throughout the province.

Massey Hall, with its accommodation of between 4,000 and 4,500 people, has proved inadequate to accommodate the crowds. It has not held even the afternoon meetings, and great overflow gatherings had to be held, and thousands were turned away. The evening meetings have been largely reserved for special classes. On two evenings the first gallery has been reserved for working women. More than twice as many tickets were applied for as the gallery would hold. There have been many conversions among this class. Every night the floor of the hall was reserved entirely for men.

Wednesday morning, Mr. Melvin Trotter, of Grand Rapids, Mich., came to Toronto. He was of great assistance both in the regular meetings and the overflows. One overflow meeting which he led on Wednesday night in the Metropolican Tabernacle, lasted until 11.30, and many who attended said, "You need not tell us any more about the Welsh revival—we have seen it for ourselves."

A unique gathering was held on Wednesday from 1 to 2.30. Leading men in business and public life met Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander at lunch. Among those present was an ex-premier, also one who has been for years Speaker of the House, a senator, and many others prominent in the political life of Canada, and a large number of the leading business men of Toronto. Some were professed Christians, and some not. Dr. Torrey spoke on the duty of Christian men who were high in commercial and political life, and also on the obligation of those who were not Christians to become so. He never had a more attentive or sympathetic audience. When, afterward, Mr. Trotter in a few words told of the power of Jesus as illustrated in his own life, many men were in tears. A deep impresson was made. A number of business men of Toronto have been led to accept Christ.

The last day was the great day of the feast. There were three meetings, one for women only, from 2 to 4; one for young men and boys from 4.30 to 6; one for men only, from 6 to 10. Thousands of women were unable to gain admission to the afternoon meeting, and 2,000 of these were accommodated at the Metropolitan Church. Others could not get in even there. Thousands of men also were unable to gain admission to the men's meeting. Dr. Torrey spoke at each of the meetings. At the women's meeting, 174 women definitely professed to accept Christ; at the meeting for young men and boys, 356; at the overflow in the afternoon, 54; and at the men's meeting at night, over 200. Thus in the course of the day, over 800 persons made a definite profession of accepting Christ. Dr. Torrey said it was the happiest day he had ever known.

M. M. PARKER.

A Church of Many Activities

ONE of the most active of American churches in all missionary and Christian enterprises is the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church of New York. Since the beginning of the present year, the church has contributed $32,500 for foreign missionary work, and it is expected that the ladies of the congregation will give $10,000 more before the end of the season.

The varied activities of this church at home include four chapels and schools in New York City, viz.: Alexander Chapel, John Hall Memorial Chapel, Young People's Association House, and a Chinese Sabbath School. It also supports and conducts a farm school at Asheville, N. C., and home missionary workers at Point Barrow, Alaska; Sitka, Alaska; Muskogee, I. T., and one in Dakota and Minnesota. Its foreign work includes the support of seven missionaries in China, one in Persia, one in India, and one in Korea. The church keeps in constant touch with all of these workers, whose reports of progress are a powerful stimulant to spiritual growth. The pastor, Rev. J. Ross Stevenson, D.D., is the active leader in these various Christian enterprises and is enthusiastically supported by his entire congregation.

AROUND THE HOME HEARTH

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

A Real Wet Blanket

VAST areas of our territory along the coast and extending far inland were, not long ago, enveloped in a wet blanket. We are familiar with the phrase as a handy one for describing a depressing companion, whose pessimistic mood leads him to throw cold water on an enterprise the moment it is suggested. Women have a way of saying that most men are naturally in this gallery and belong to the order of the wet blanket. If there is any truth in this, it is because men out in the world have larger experience of difficulties and less confidence in success without preliminary rebuffs, than women in their home lives usually have.

A woman sees a thing from the personal view-point, while a man is apt to stand outside, walk around it, and survey it from the view-point of a disinterested observer. In consequence, if a trip to Europe is proposed, or a new carpet is wanted, or the house requires freshening up in the way of paint and paper, the man raises objections at first and vexes the woman by his opposition, although, as a rule, he finally comes round, and tells her to do precisely as she pleases, and he will furnish the cash. All the same, however liberal and generous he may be, he goes around the world labelled wet blanket. Or, if he is of the reverse disposition and of the over-sanguine type, even his womankind look upon him with a little indulgent contempt. Somehow, they are disappointed if the accustomed routine is interrupted, and the privilege of argument, appeal and persuasion eliminated from household economy.

But it is not of the metaphorical wet blanket that we are thinking at the moment. Forty-eight hours in the latitude of New York, of a thick, smoky, cloudy, impenetrable London fog, have given us a new sensation. A hot wave happening along in January, awakening dormant wasps and mosquitoes, starting the buds on the trees, and cheating the birds snugly abiding their time in winter quarters into the belief that summer had come, was itself unprecedented. Accompanied by a smothering dampness and a wall of black mist, it made every one ready to welcome a wild northeaster, or a furious blizzard, by way of change. The vagaries of American weather are renowned. Probably its record in the beginning of this year has thrown preceding chronicles into the shade.

There are some lessons for us in the fog. An invading squadron—had one been hovering on our shores—could not so effectually have been kept away by fort and fleet as by this veil of darkness, concealing harbor lights and encircling the land in its heavy folds. The homecoming and the outgoing ships, the ferryboats faring on familiar routes, all the passing to and fro of craft, large and small, on our waters, were delayed and interfered with by the fog. On the streets, men could not see one another, and lost their way within sight of their own doors. Is it not like this in the realm of the spirit? Because we indulge in foolish doubt and cannot solve the mysteries of Divine Providence, we walk blindfold in a chilling fog, and cannot so much as get a glimpse of our Father's face. Yet, as Cowper sang:

> God moves in a mysterious way, his wonders to perform.
> He plants his footsteps in the sea, and rides upon the storm.
> Judge not the Lord by feeble sense, but trust him for his grace;
> Behind a frowning Providence, he hides a smiling face.

Another comforting thought is, that let the sky be ever so thoroughly concealed by cloud and mist, it is still blue and bright, though, for the time, we cannot see it. Behind the clouds shine the sun. Above the fog burn the stars. There is always blue sky somewhere. By and by from the great ocean there sweeps a mighty wind, or the sun breaks through the lower strata of mist-laden atmosphere, and, lo! the fog is gone, and nature is radiant once more. Away with the wet blanket! Nature is robed in beauty, like the gracious mother she is, and our hearts go forth to meet her with glad song. So shall the Son of Righteousness one of these days dispel our mists of unbelief.

> Fair in the East, lo! a line of light
> Pulsed and quivered and broke.
> God's finger moved in its gentle might,
> God's silence tenderly spoke.
> The sea fog lifted! The fears took flight!
> The soul from its trance awoke.
> The gloom will pass, and the glory dawn,
> When the birds begin to sing,
> When the murk of the night is swiftly gone,
> In the day's rich blossoming,
> And garments of praise the soul puts on
> As it bows to its gracious King.

CROWN PRINCESS ELIZABETH OF BELGIUM, AND HER CHILD

Mother-love is the same hallowed thing, full of fragrance and sweetness, whether the mother be a princess or a peasant. And babies, in palace and cottage alike, are sovereigns by divine right, while their lovely infancy and serene helplessness last. God bless the mother and her babe, the wide world around.

Raising Mission Funds

FROM time to time we are shown that the consecration of a portion of the income, if persevered in and adopted by a number of persons, brings a goodly revenue into the Lord's treasury. Another proof of this fact has lately been given by the women of the Bethel Cumberland Presbyterian Church, near Danville, Ky.

The congregation is largely composed of farmers, and farmers' wives of course make the rank and file of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. Last October, at a missionary convention, Mrs. Nannie Nelm, wife of the pastor, proposed that the members of the society should reserve all the eggs laid by their hens on Sunday, for the missionary cause. These eggs were not to be converted to any private use, but their price put aside religiously for the missionary box. After some discussion the motion was carried, with the gratifying result recently announced that four new missionaries are to be sent to Japan, the income to support them being assured from the sale of the Sunday eggs.

There are very few societies or, for that matter, households in which a great deal more money could not, without very much strain, be raised for missionary objects and for benevolences, if only there were concerted action, and every one concerned would determine that some single source of income should be appropriated to a sacred use. Our Kentucky friends have set a good example.

A Mother's Gift

Mrs. W. M. Foote, a constant reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, kindly sends this beautiful poem, which she thinks mothers might like to place in their boy's Bibles. I remember reading the poem myself a long time ago, and I am glad to see it again, and very glad to insert it on this page.

> Remember, love, who gave you this,
> When other days shall come,
> When she who had thy earliest kiss
> Sleeps in her narrow home:
> Remember 'twas the mother gave
> The gift to one she'd die to save.
>
> The mother sought a pledge of love,
> The holiest for her son;
> And from the gifts from God above,
> She chose a goodly one.
> She chose for her beloved boy,
> The Source of light, of life, of joy.
>
> And bade him keep the gift, that when
> The parting hour would come,
> They might have hope to meet again
> In that eternal home.
> She said his faith in that would be
> Sweet incense to her memory.
>
> A parent's blessing on her son
> Goes with this holy thing;
> The heart that would retain the one
> Must to the other cling.
> Remember! 'tis no idle toy,
> A mother's gift—remember, boy.

An Observation Party

Each young man is handed a cardboard with a girl's name plainly written at the top, and from which a pencil is suspended. He seeks his partner, and is granted a ten minutes' conversation. At its conclusion, the young ladies withdraw. The young men evidently think they are to write out their conversation, and have taken particular pains to say witty things, but, alas! their chagrin when the hostess explains that each one is to give a description of the girl to whom he has just talked. The description consists chiefly of eyes, hair and dress. The fun begins. Such exclamations as: "Is she a blonde or a brunette; what color of eyes; tell me what's her dress made of?" overwhelm the hostess.

They are given ten or fifteen minutes for the description, when, after the cardboards have been collected by the hostess, the girls return to the room, and are again seated. The hostess reads the descriptions aloud that all may assist in judging. At the call of her name, each girl steps forward, that she may answer to her description. Some are quite laughable. After all have been read, and a decision taken, the first prize goes to the young man who gave the most perfect description, and the consolation prize to the one who gave the worst.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—RUFUS. Probably one reason that you and many another man are frightened at the approach of baldness, is that you wear your hat too constantly. If only people would go bareheaded most of the time, they would have good heads of hair to their latest day.

—A. P. Probably no discourtesy was intended by the lady who sent your name up as a caller, upon a visiting friend whom you did not know. The idea was to convey a compliment to you. In such circumstances the only thing is to accept the situation and run in at another time for an informal chat with your intimate friend.

—MARY. If you could arrange among yourselves to place the motherless children who seem to fit in nowhere very well, in some good school, they would probably come under wholesome discipline and become useful women. A semi-industrial school, such as that carried on under the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions at Asheville, North Carolina, would be precisely the place for them. As it is, their dispositions are being ruined and their future looks very doubtful, and the different aunts and the step-mother seem equally to have been inadequate to meet the peculiar case.

THE CHARIOTS OF THE LORD

A Story of the days of Religious Persecution in England

BY JOSEPH HOCKING

CHAPTER X.—Continued

"I AM the father of the woman who should have been Queen of England," said the stranger, addressing the gathering; "I am the father of Lucy Walters, who in her time was called the nut-brown mayde, the most beauteous woman in England."

"The father of Lucy Walters!"

"Of Lucy Stuart, ay, the woman who was married to Charles Stuart when he was an exile."

Some laughed incredulously.

"The late King took a solemn oath that he never married your daughter."

"Then he perjured his soul, and took his solemn oath to a lie. This I say boldly, for I have in my possession the marriage contract signed by the King—ay, and signed by two Papist priests."

"The story of the black box was proved to be a falsehood," said Donald Stewart.

"By whom?" said the old man. "Far be it in me to decry against my own son-in-law. He is dead now, and I would speak kindly of the dead. But look you—who here hath seen the handwriting of King Charles, second of that name, and son of Charles I.?"

"I! I!" cried voices all over the room.

"Then come hither and behold," said the old man. "Look and prove!"

He took the parchment from his garments and placed it upon the open Bible. "Those of you who can read in the French tongue, come! Those of you who know the Latin tongue, come! Those of you who know the signature of Charles Stuart, come!"

Many thronged around the table, and examined the parchment. "In truth, it is what the world hath been searching for these last twenty years," said the man who had spoken of the Duke of Monmouth as a child of shame; "but who can vouch for its genuineness? Who will attest to its value?"

Again Master Roland Rashcliffe came forward, and told how he, long years before, had set out to find this very parchment, and how he had found it buried in the bowels of the earth, five miles from the town of Folkestone. He also gave it as his opinion that the document was probably genuine.

The effect was electric. If King Charles had married Lucy Walters, then he was not only King in virtue of the will of the people, but by right of birth. Not only their religion, but loyalty to their country demanded that the usurper James should be dethroned, and that the true King should reign in his stead.

"The news of this should be taken to Monmouth without a moment's delay," was the cry. "It will quiet his fears, it will hearten his followers. It will ensure an army. Let the true King be able to show this as he wanders through England, and all men will flock to his standard."

"Many thronged around the table and examined the parchment"

"But who will take it?" cried the preacher. "The bearer must be both brave and wise. On every hand we are surrounded by danger. Only this day have men been arrested as disloyal to the King, and doubtless by to-morrow they will be hanged, for Jeffreys hath declared that he will make an example of them, so that others may learn what to expect."

"No man shall take it," cried the old man, with flashing eyes. "Let some one carry the news to my beloved grandson, and so hearten him to undertake his great work; but I, and I only, will place this in his hands."

At this there was some dissent, but presently it was agreed that it should be as the old man had said. For the council of Puritans decided that night that should Monmouth come to England, they would take up arms on his behalf, and that they would fail in no endeavor to gather recruits for his army.

"And now," said the preacher, after this was decided, "who shall carry our thoughts to Holland? Who are the messengers who are most befitting?"

A dozen came forward offering to go thither, but the eyes of nearly all were turned towards Master Roland Rashcliffe.

"I think the way is clear," he said, when appealed to, "and I will give you my reasons for selecting the two whom I shall presently name. I would have you bear in mind that the Duke of Monmouth—for thus I will still call him, until he sees fit, or the people see fit, to declare him King—hath been much disheartened because very few men of name and position have been among those who have asked him to come and claim the throne. Moreover, he is a man who payeth much attention to these things. Now it so happens that the only two against whom warrants are out are men of high standing. One is Master Donald Stewart, of Scotland, who hath in a marvelous way escaped from the hands of Claverhouse and upon whom a price is set, and the other is Master Benedict Trelawney, a member of one of the oldest families in England, who but yesterday faced the wolf in his den, and who hath also had a marvelous escape. These men are most fitting as our ambassadors, and moreover, they are in great danger while they remain in England. Is it not clear that they shall forthwith proceed to Holland, and tell the Duke what they have to-night seen and heard?"

In spite of the disappointment of many there was much approval at this, and all eyes were turned towards the Scotsman and the young Cornishman.

"As for me, sore as I am, and sick as I am," cried the Scotsman, "I would e'en go without a moment's delay. I believe the Almighty hath led me in strange paths for this purpose. Moreover, I desire no braver companion than the young Cornishman who hath been named this night."

As for Benedict, his brain was in a whirl as he heard this. The warning of the unknown maiden was still ringing in his ears. Moreover, although his heart was hot with anger against both the King and Jeffreys, he did not feel altogether at ease with those among whom his lot had been cast. Much of their religious talk seemed to him to be foolish fanaticism, while some of them spoke of the Church of which his uncle was a bishop, almost as bitterly as they spoke of the abominations of Rome. Besides, in going out of London, dangerous as it was for him to remain in the city, he was going away from the woman he longed to see again. She had captivated his young heart in a way he could not understand, and he thought continuously of her parting words, even amidst the wild speeches he heard that night.

"There is much sound judgment in the words of Master Rashcliffe," said Henry Dugdale. "It is true, we know but little of Master Trelawney, but all we know is in his favor. The Lord touched his heart when, yesterday, he cried out against that wicked monster who acts as the tool of a false and idolatrous King, and the Lord hath wondrously protected him since. Yet I have troubled sorely as to what was to become of him. On every hand he is being searched for, and in truth my house is no longer a safe refuge for him. By some means Jeffreys hath heard of the secret hiding-place in which both he and Donald Stewart escaped his clutches last night, and I know not where he can continue to hide in safety. For in truth Jeffreys hath his spies everywhere, worst among whom is his daughter."

"I knew not that Jeffreys had a daughter," said someone.

"Ay, but he hath; and she appeareth in various disguises that she may do her father's work. Lying and cruel as he is, she more than outmatches him. Jezebel was not more cruel, nor was Sapphira more false, than she. True, she is but a slip of a girl, about eighteen or nineteen, and yet is she learned in all wicked devices. One day she appears as a fine lady, and the next as a scullery-wench. She is fair to look upon, yet in her heart false. I hear that she is searching for Master Trelawney, and the King hath promised her great favors if she succeeds. She is not to be trusted in any way. Ofttimes she appears among God's faithful ones, and deceives the very elect. Moreover, her manner of action is mysterious, for while she seemeth to help, she plans to drag her victims into her father's net. Even those who to-day have been arrested, have been arrested through her. I mention this that you may beware of her, as well as to show you what danger our friends are in while they remain in London."

"What is she like? Who hath seen her?" asked someone.

"Young and fair to look upon, she is," said Henry Dugdale. "She hath

CONTINUED ON PAGE 146

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OUR MAIL-BAG

Questions and Answers

EVERY now and then inquiries reach this office, from generously-inclined friends, for the proper legal designation of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD charities. While the benevolent work of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD extends over the whole world, its special charities are the Bowery Mission and our Children's Home. The corporate name of the Bowery Mission is as follows: "The Bowery Mission and Young Men's Home of New York City." The proper designation of the Children's Home is as follows: "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home at Nyack, New York." Both are duly incorporated and entitled to receive legacies.

L. M. B., Avalon, Calif. 1. Does Iceland belong to Norway, and what progress has it made in Christian civilization? 2. Is it covered with ice, and are furs worn by the inhabitants?

Iceland belongs to Denmark. The people are Protestants, some of them quite well educated. The island has a constitution of its own. The Parliament meets twice a year. 2. The climate is mild for its latitude, but the summer is too cool for agriculture to be carried on with success. Heavy woolen and furs are worn in winter.

M. E. A., Pittsburg, Pa. 1, What is the plain family name of the royal family of Denmark? 2. What is meant by the salic law in royal successions?

1. It has no family name in the ordinary sense. King Christian IX., of Denmark, who was born in 1818, was by birth Duke of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glucksburg. His line of titled ancestors goes back of the time when family names were invented. They were known by the titles of the principalities they governed. Later royal families, in a few cases, have a name by which they were known before they were titled. 2. By the salic law only a male heir can ascend the throne, accordingly, if a king had only daughters, the crown would pass to his nearest male relative—brother, nephew, or cousin. Its object was to keep one at the head of the State who would lead armies in the field. The case you mentioned is not an historical fact.

Canadian, Reader, Toronto, Ont. You must distinguish between legitimate investment and mere speculation. The actual purchase of shares—the acquirement of the certificates—is a proper investment. Putting up ten per cent. margin on the rise or fall of a certain stock, to be sold when a given point is reached, is pure gambling, with the chances largely in favor of the broker, of course. It has brought countless thousands to ruin and has driven many to crime.

D. W., Port Elgin, Ont., Can. 1. In what year will Halley's comet be visible to the naked eye? 2. Is there any record of one planet eclipsing or passing over any part of another planet's disc, having been seen through the telescope?

1. Halley's comet, which appeared in 1835, has been returning since 1873, and will arrive at perihelion sometime in 1911. 2. Yes, the moon is constantly occulting stars and occasionally the planets, and undoubtedly the planets must also on very rare occasions occult and transit each other; but I have no record giving the time or which were the planets. LEWIS SWIFT.
Marathon, N. Y.

D. C. M., Inman, Kan. Which is the greater evil, polygamy, with all its evils, or the divorce heresy, which is a curse to humanity and a great enemy to Christianity?

They are twin evils, both of which call for reform through national legislation. The country needs a uniform divorce law. It demands also the complete suppression of polygamy. Both reforms are certain in the near future. Both these evils are in direct antagonism to Christianity, as any one will be convinced, who studies the Gospels and Epistles.

Apropos of the abbreviation "X-mas," recently discussed in THE MAIL-BAG, a reader, Mrs. A. Y., of Albina, Mo., sends us this from her home paper, the Richmond *Missourian:*

"X-Mas"—how common the term! The *Missourian* begs leave to ask you how you like the mark! X-Mas! How do you like it? Do you use the "word"? Aren't you ashamed or did you ever think about how it looks? Shame on us abbreviating the name of the Saviour of the world! Will you ever do the like again? X-Mas is a X-tian memorial of X-'s coming to bring X-tianity's light to an un-X-tian world for X-less sinners. Blessed X-mas for all X-tians!

D. D., Edgeley, N. Dak. I read in the "Cruise of the 800" that the traditional oak tree, where Judas hanged himself, was shown to the delegation. We find by Matt. 27: 5, that he (Judas) hanged himself, and in Acts 1: 18, it says Judas, falling headlong, "burst asunder." Please give us some light on this subject.

Meyer, Hammond, Lightfoot, and some other commentators do not try to reconcile the two accounts, but Gill and others suggest that the work of suicide by hanging was but half accomplished when the rope broke, and he fell. Hackett suggests that this is probably the true version.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

A New View of the Rock of Gibraltar

The International Conference, now sitting within sight of the Rock of Gibraltar, makes the renowned fortress once more a centre of public interest. With the general appearance of the Rock everybody is familiar. On every side except the west, the Rock is very steep; on that side the slope is more gentle and on its lower fringe, towards the bay, the town of Gibraltar is built. The village shown in the picture is on the opposite side at the foot of the Rock. It is called Catalan, and is inhabited by a race of fishermen of Genoese origin. Above this spot a piece of the real rock was recently quarried, and shipped to this country for The Prudential Insurance Company of America. It was of very hard gray limestone, showing no tendency to crumble, and, indeed, fully bearing out the proverbial phrase, "the Strength of Gibraltar."

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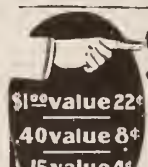

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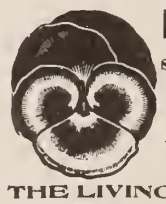

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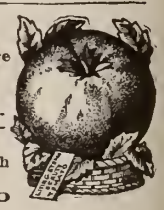

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OUR MAIL-BAG

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

C. W. G., Hoboken, N. J. When was it that the definite number "three" came to be used in regard to the three wise men? Is it true that there were three, or were there more?

The Gospel narrative states no number, but tradition and legend, which sprang up long after the events Matthew relates, have overshadowed much that should have remained clear and distinct. Thus we find the three Magi—named as Caspar, Melchior and Belthazar—represented in the early miracle-play of the "Three Kings." But the number three—which is known as a "cardinal number," and which in the faith of the early Christians represented the Trinity as well as being the symbol of supreme divinity—was applied in this connection probably as early as the third or fourth century.

Mrs. E. M. H., Montville, O. A dear friend of mine left the house angry. In a few minutes he was reported dead. I frequently dream of him, but he invariably comes fighting me. What is your opinion of this, and of his present condition, and can he be happy?

Your dream is doubtless caused by your recollections of the sad circumstances attending your parting, and has nothing to do with your friend's condition. It is altogether referable to your own state of mind.

Mrs. J. F. M., Chicago, writes:

I noticed in this week's CHRISTIAN HERALD, an article headed "Prayed for Cyrus and the Cable." I have known the Field family from childhood. David Dudley Field, D.D., was the father of the "Famous Field Family," instead of Jonathan, viz.: David Dudley, the noted lawyer of New York; Cyrus W., the successful lawyer of the Atlantic Cable; Stephen J., Chief-Justice of U. S. Supreme Court, and Rev. Henry M., for many years editor of the *Independent*. Dr. Field came to Haddom, Conn., my native town, in 1804, when my mother was a little girl, and he preached fourteen years, then went to Stockbridge, Mass. He came back to Haddom in 1837, and preached seven years, making twenty-one years in the two pastorates. He used to take me on his lap and tell me stories while he made his pastoral visits at my father's home. The dates of his pastorates are taken from the church records of Haddom.

F. B., Lexington, Ky. What is a "yen" (Japanese coin)? What is its equivalent in American money?

A "yen" is equal to about 49 cents of our money. A "sen" is the hundredth part of a "yen."

E. A. L., Gary, Fla. Prof. Lewis Swift has made the statement that the "planets affect our climate." If this be true, is it not reasonable to connect the nearness of Jupiter to us with the warm winter we are experiencing here in Florida? Does the nearness of these "Pleiades" answer that part of ancient history which states they had "periods of mild and cold winters"?

You are certainly incorrect, for I never have made any such statement or said anything that could be implied to mean that the planets affect the earth's climate, for they do not. What an idea you must have of the distance of the stars, by asking if the "nearness of the Pleiades had any effect in causing the recent warm weather."

Marathon, N. Y. LEWIS SWIFT.

Mrs. J. A. F., Sharon, Wis., writes:

I saw the item by Mrs. N. A. Black, Wyalusing, Pa., in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and would like to say that my father will be ninety-two years old next March, and he not only has a good memory, but is very interesting to converse with. He is able to do light work, and walks several blocks to attend church (and always remains to Sunday School), nearly every Sunday. He was born in Rhode Island, and has always been a strict Baptist.

This is a notable instance of a hale old Christian life. Perhaps there are among our readers' acquaintances some even older.

W. C., Metuchen, N. J. There is abundant Scriptural authority to show that God hears and answers prayer. If we pray to him in the right spirit, believingly, and in Christ's name, we are assured of being heard. See John 14: 13; Matt. 21: 22; James 5: 15, etc.

Peter D., Boston, Did Rembrandt Peale, the artist, paint any other picture of note excepting his portrait of Washington? If so, what are the subjects? Where and when did Peale die?

Rembrandt Peale painted a number of pictures, both historical and allegorical. Among these "The Court of Death," "Napoleon on Horseback," "Jupiter and Io," and "The Roman Daughter" were the most celebrated. The artist died in Philadelphia, in 1860.

Miscellaneous

A. B., Carthage, Mo. His writings recognize no special creed in religion.

L. W. R., Elgin, Ill. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S attitude on the liquor question is too well known to need definition here. It is uncompromisingly opposed to that traffic, and regards it as responsible for a very great part of the crime, misery, and suffering that exist to-day.

R. R. R., Washington, D. C. Betting on a horse-race is simply gambling. Refine the surroundings as you may, it is just as much gambling as though it were done in the company of the worst rascals in the business. "Gilded sin," is none the less sin, because gilded. Besides, there is hardly such a thing as "honorable gambling."

S. E. A., Maryville, Mich. In regard to the establishment of the first Sunday School, spoken of in MAIL-BAG of December 13 and January 17, it seems that the United States anticipated England by thirty years. Dr. Fahnestock, in his *History of the German Seventh Day Baptists* in this country, relates that a certain Ludwig Hœcker, a school-teacher in the village of Ephrata, Pa., started, in 1739, a school for Sabbath afternoons, in order to give instruction to indigent children. This school continued until the battle of Brandywine, more than thirty years after.

ANSWERED PRAYERS

K. M., Michigan. "I know the dear Lord hears our prayers."

Mrs. B., Michigan. "Through prayer God blessed me: of this I am assured."

Reader, Kansas. "I thank God for the help he gives, and will trust him to the end."

M. F. B., Tennessee. "I believe God hears and answers prayer. If we do our part, he is faithful in doing his."

B. K., Indiana. "I prayed for a dear one and my prayers were answered. Let us take our troubles to the Lord."

M. S., West Virginia. "I cried unto the Lord when in trouble, and he heard my cry. I shall ever love and trust him."

E. E. S., North Carolina. "I have often prayed for help when all human efforts failed, and my prayers were answered."

A Subscriber, Illinois. "Put my name on your list as one who trusts in God, and as one who knows he answers prayers."

Reader. "I know there is nothing impossible with God. He will always hear and answer our prayers if we fully trust him."

Mrs. W. H. L., Lockport. "I know that God will answer prayer in the way that is best for us, if not always in the way we want it."

Mrs. A. L. H., Mississippi. "The 'Answered Prayers' column has proven an inspiration to me. God has heard and answerd my prayers."

J. A. O., Mississippi. "I want to thank God for his answer to my earnest prayer that he would save two of my schoolmates here at college."

Mrs. I. K. R., Oklahoma. "I thank our Heavenly Father, because he has answered my prayers and restored my son to health from a serious illness."

M. A. C., Michigan. "God does hear and answer prayer. May I never doubt again. May this help some one else to cast their burden on the Lord, when weary and heavy laden."

B. W., Minnesota. "It seemed so necessary that my prayer should be granted, and yet, apparently, every avenue was blocked; but in the right time he took down the barriers."

Mrs. G. H. K., Ohio. "I want to testify to the power of answered prayer. I have been much blessed and encouraged, and have proven the Lord in this past year, which was an eventful one, and he led us safely through it all."

Mrs. A. A. L., Kansas. "I am seventy years old and believe God answers prayer, for he has answered mine many times. He has been most gracious to me all my life, and has never forsaken me when I called upon his holy name."

I. E. A., Pennsylvania.

"For precious gifts of thine,
I thank thee, Lord, for mine.
No priceless gem so fair,
As that of answered prayer."

G. T., Kentucky. "I had a dear friend who was very sick, and in a very precarious condition. We took it to the Lord in prayer. Almost from that very moment he began to improve; he is now well. We send this, hoping to encourage others."

E. M. L., Florida. "My heart is full of God's wonderful love in answering prayer. You will never know how much good is done by giving place to the 'Answered Prayers' column. The experience of others told there has saved many a soul."

Mrs. B., Nebraska. "I have been greatly helped and cheered by reading the answers to prayer. I should like to add my testimony to the efficiency of prayer. In answer to earnest and united prayer from Christian hearts, an affliction was removed, for which I praise God."

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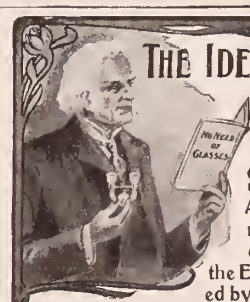

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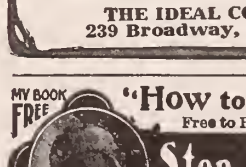

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The Chariots of the Lord

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 143

coarsened her hands by menial labor, so that she can disguise herself as a kitchen-wench; but she can, when needs be, assume the manners of a court dame. Fortunately, I have to-day had given to me a picture which was drawn of her by one who hath great gifts with brush and pencil."

Benedict, who was thankful that Henry Dugdale had at that moment drawn attention from him, made his way towards the spot where the old Puritan stood. When he drew near, he cast his eyes upon the portrait which the old man exhibited, and directly he saw it, his heart became like lead. The picture was rudely drawn, but no one could mistake the face. He remembered her face as he saw it the night before, in the light of the window, and the features traced on the paper before him were the same. The same laughing gray eyes, the same parted lips, the same crown of curling hair. His brain whirled as he looked at it, for the face seemed to mock him. This woman who had delivered him from Jeffreys' minions was Jeffreys' own daughter. The woman towards whom his heart was drawn as a needle is drawn by a magnet, was the child of the man whom he had sworn to hurl from his place of authority, and drag in the mire of disgrace. Nay, more, he had vowed that he would never rest until Jeffreys should suffer day by day the same torments as those to which, day by day, he was condemning others.

He looked again, and again. There could be no doubt about it. This woman, with a face as fair as an angel's, had a false heart. In her veins ran the blood of the foulest and most treacherous man in England. She rejoiced in her father's crimes, and helped him to perpetrate them. Even while she pretended to deliver him from her father's servants, she had some deep-laid scheme in her mind whereby he was to be dragged deeper into disgrace. Was that the reason why she had hinted at another meeting the next night?

He could have cursed himself for being such a fool. Why had he not realized that none but a tool of Jeffreys could have returned his sword, or had so much power with his minions? And yet she had appeared sincere, and she had given him his liberty!

"It is well that you should be informed against this Mary Jeffreys," went on Henry Dugdale, "for it is possible she may find means of trying to gain our confidence. That is, she may seem to render one of us a service, in order that she may discover something of our plans. But now that you have seen the face of this Jezebel, you will not be deceived."

"All this strengthened my reason for urging that Master Trelawney be sent away without loss of time," said Mr. Rashcliffe. "His life is in danger here, while he will be a fitting messenger to the Duke."

"Is the boat ready?" asked Henry Dugdale of Benedict.

"Yes, it is safely moored on the riverside, at the place you told me of," said the young man.

"And you will accept this commission at our hands?"

"Ay, gladly," he replied, but he hardly knew the meaning of his words.

For an hour or more they discussed the message which should be given to the Duke, carefully considering the amount of help they could promise him, and the probable result of his appearance in the country. Donald Stewart joined eagerly in these discussions, but Benedict Trelawney scarce spoke a word. He was forever thinking of Mary Jeffreys, the maid with a fair face and a false heart, the maid whose object was to lure him to destruction.

"She is worse than her father," he repeated to himself, again and again. "He, at least, doth not hide his cruelty; but she is a liar, and a spy, in order to carry out his designs."

But even while such thoughts filled his mind, his heart grew warm towards her. He longed to see her again, and more than once he found himself making plans whereby he could meet her at the Temple Church the following night.

"Then we start to-night?"

It was Donald Stewart who spoke. For a moment Benedict Trelawney had ceased to pay heed to what was being decided upon, so full was he of his own thoughts.

"Ay. The boat lies at the mooring. You will row quietly down the river until you see the two blue lights. There are those on the vessel who will be ready to receive you. They know the password."

"The password of to-night?" said Donald Stewart.

"Ay. 'Right is Might.' Then one of them will show you the palm of his hand. On it you will see a spot of luminous blood, shaped like a heart."

"Do you hear, Master Trelawney? We start to-night."

"Ay, this very hour," said Dugdale.

TO BE CONTINUED

PURITY OF LIFE*

PURITY of life is the first duty of the Christian. "Let every one that nameth the name of Christ (or taketh upon him the name of Christ), depart from iniquity." In the early days of Christianity, Paul's teaching that men were free from the law, was eagerly seized by corrupt minds to create the impression that the new religion allowed men to live in sin. The Apostle sternly and promptly corrected that idea. He told them that they were not freed from the law to disregard morality, but to be raised to a condition in which the law was not needed, because they would do right of their own accord. He contended that a man who really loved Christ, who had become a new creature in him, would shrink from sin, and if he fell into it, would deplore his fall and repent of it and seek forgiveness. The Christian religion did not let down the bars that men might stray into forbidden paths, but that it might be proved that bars were not necessary to restrain men who were intent on pleasing God. Christ taught the same thing. "Except your righteousness exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye cannot enter the kingdom of God." While he refused to join in the execration of the sinner, he added, "Go and sin no more." The essence of our religion is that it saves the sinner from his sin. If it does not do that, it is a failure in every case.

It is the elevation of the soul that Christ seeks, when he saves a man. It is to make the spirit superior over the body, to give it its rightful position as the supreme power in the kingdom of being, and to rule over the passions and appetites of the body. All the attempts to show that the spirit may be pure, while the body is vile, are sophistries. The body pollutes the soul when it gives itself up to drunkenness, to gluttony and to impurity. There are the two natures in us, but they are so closely united that they form one being, and each suffers and sins with the other. It is no excuse for a man to say that his physical passions are beyond his control. They are strong, they increase with indulgence, but they can be controlled, and if we are too weak to do it, God gives us the needed power.

*Topic of the Epworth League for Feb. 25, 1906. Deut. 14: 2; Ps. 32: 2; Isa. 35: 8; Matt. 5: 8; 29, 30, 48; Rom. 6: 15-23; II. Cor. 6: 14-17.

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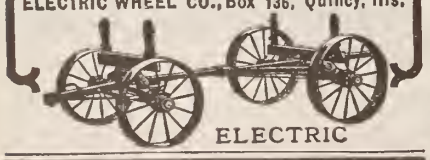

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Bowery Mission Bible Class

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128 Should a Christian take Communion whilst holding wrongful feelings against his neighbor?

No; certainly not. "Therefore if thou bring thy gift to the altar, and thou rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee; leave thou thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift." Matt. 5: 23, 24.

129 If a man states that he was converted half-a-dozen times in six months, is this correct? Was he really converted in the first instance?

I think not. It is a case where the good seed was sown by the wayside, or where it fell into stony places and forthwith sprung up, but not having much earth it withered away. See parable of the Sower, Matt. 13: 3-23, inclusive.

130 Can belief be made a matter of the will?

One cannot will to believe a proposition that is self-contradictory, as that the same person is at two different places at the same instant of time; but he can will to believe a proposition that is above and beyond his own reason, if said proposition is based upon strong and convincing evidence, as in the case of Nicodemus. John 3: 3-5. On the other hand, one may be so prejudiced in a given case, that no amount of evidence can make him believe to the contrary, as in the cases of disqualified jurors in the courts of justice, and as in the case of the Jews in the time of Christ, and in our own times: "Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life." John 5: 40.

131 Do you think that drinking is a disease?

No. It is a sad case of growing appetite, of weakening conscience, and of diminishing will power; this is the reason that no medical treatment can permanently cure the drunkard, and that even in the case of the reformed drunkard, as a rule, the appetite for strong drink remains with him. Thence the need that the drunkard should come at once to Christ, that his conscience may be quickened, that his heart may be regenerated, and his will power be restored.

132 What do you consider the best plan for a body of Christians like the Bowery Mission workers, to pursue in trying to abolish the liquor traffic?

It is by personal work with the individual. There is no hope of abolishing the liquor traffic in the district of the Bowery Mission, by the enactment of new laws or by the enforcement of old laws. The only effective measure left us is the Gospel of Jesus Christ, which is the power of God unto salvation, to every one that believeth; therefore Christian work as conducted here in the Bowery Mission, and in other Christian agencies in all this district, is to be done with all diligence and much prayer, and a steadfastness that never falters.

133 Ought not faithful ministers to warn young Christians against threatre-going? Is not this one of the prevailing evils which the apostle refers to when he speaks of men being lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God?

Yes. But the difficulty with Christians generally, especially with young Christians, is the lack of relish for spiritual things—for spiritual exercises, the devout study of the Bible, the habit of private prayer, the fellowship of Christian society, the relish for religious conversation and for Christian work, especially earnest and personal effort to bring perishing souls to the Christ Saviour. Without this spiritual life and desire, our people naturally seek worldly pleasure. The efforts of ministers in the pulpit and out of it to deepen the spiritual life of God's people, would turn them from theatres to higher and better things.

134 I am a Presbyterian, and have been in the habit of praying for the dear and loved ones who have gone home. Do you think that I do right? Do you believe in praying for the departed?

This question shows a tender solicitude for the loved ones gone, and while these prayers are innocent enough, they are certainly, according to the Scriptures, unavailing. Not a single passage in the Word of God to justify them; but, on the other hand, the whole trend of the Scriptures is to the contrary. How explicit on this subject is the word in Luke 16: 26.

135 Do you think that a man who has spent years as a gambler and drunkard has a chance to reform and become a Christian, when he has once been a Christian, but turned traitor to the teachings of his dead mother?

"All sins shall be forgiven unto the sons of men, and blasphemies wherewith soever they shall blaspheme." Mark 3: 28. "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." John 6: 37.

136 What are we to understand where the Bible speaks of a nation being converted in one day?

These tidal waves of salvation that sometimes sweep over mankind, as on the days of Pentecost. Read Acts of the Apostles, second chapter. As in the days of Rome, when Constantine was converted to the Christian faith, and the whole empire of Rome abolished their heathen systems of religion and adopted Christianity as the State religion.

137 Please explain the following words of our Lord to his disciples just before his crucifixion: "He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also: and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father."

After Christ's ascension to the Father, the Holy Spirit now to be given to the world as never before, to convince of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment, to guide into all the truth, and to glorify God in the salvation of souls as never before. In this great work God's people were to be the honored instruments in a much greater work than the work of miracles on the bodies of men. To save a soul from sin is a much greater work than to save a human body from death. James 5: 20.

138 Can a man by his sin drive away the Holy Spirit, and if so, can he know it?

A man, by continued disregard of the voice of conscience and the neglect of known duty, may become almost insensible to the operations of the Holy Spirit on his conscience and heart, but this growing insensibility is owing to his own neglect of duty, rather than the absence of the Holy Spirit. The alarm clock rings just as loud and long in the morning as ever it did, but it fails to awake the sleeper because he heeded not its calls in the mornings of the past.

Called Higher

Crossed the river to the better land, in December, 1905, Merritt A. Spinney, a much respected and beloved citizen of Mt. Morris, N.Y. Mr. Spinney was a member of the Presbyterian Church for over fifty years, having joined at the early age of eighteen years. A sincere, devoted Christian, and a kind and loving husband and father.

From her home in Olsburg, Kas., Maria Louise Johnson passed to her reward on Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 30, 1905, aged fifty-nine years three months and fifteen days. She was a consistent Christian, a member of the M.E.Church, a teacher in the Sunday School for twenty-five years, filling other offices from time to time; a member of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD family for twenty-six years.

Suddenly at his home in Pittsburg, Mr. Finley Torrens, on Nov. 18, 1905, in his eighty-eighth year. Mr. Torrens was a well known and respected business man, and for many years a ruling elder in the Presbyterian Church of Pittsburg.

Nicholas S. Greet, who will be remembered as the chalk-talk artist who became widely known in Y. M. C. A. and Sunday School circles, died recently in Torpoint, England. Mr. Greet was especially fond of children, who, in turn, showed their affection for him by lingering about his house and grounds during his last days. Shortly before he died, he remarked to his wife: "Don't drive away the children after I am gone. Let them cluster around the railing as ever." He had identified himself with the work of the "Bible Christian," in Torpoint, and before he was overcome by ill-health was an assiduous worker in the building of a new chapel.

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A New Mission in "Little Italy"

LAST year thirty-five thousand Italian child immigrants arrived on our shores. They were not responsible for their presence in America, but were brought here by parents or guardians. Are we not responsible if they grow up in ignorance and misery because we refuse to give them the Gospel, and show them how to become worthy citizens of the land of the free? The immigration from Italy has been much larger than that which comes from other countries. In New York alone there are more than three hundred thousand of them.

The Italian people are beginning to awake, and are groping towards a better light than they have yet found. In spite of all the obstacles, educational ideas have changed, and from Italy being a land of darkness, it has now become a land of light. From intellectual stagnation, the people have come to intellectual activity.

A visit to Rome a few years ago, gave me opportunity to study the people, and the desire grew to help in the uplifting of the Italians in my own native land. The schools, the missions, the chapels, in Rome, Florence, and Venice, were visited, and we said that with the throwing off of the old fetters, the people desired the light of the Word of God.

St. Ambrose Italian Mission, New York

An opening for work among the Italians of our city, in what is called "Little Italy," has been made by the earnest efforts of Archdeacon Nelson, of the Episcopal Church. St. Ambrose Mission is under the auspices of the Diocesan Missionary Committee of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. It is one of the seven missions of the different nationalities, for which seven chapels will be built in the Cathedral. Coadjutor Bishop Greer said in an address lately, "The Cathedral is not a mass of rude stone, as seen from the outside, but it has a soul, and represents the great Clearing House for missionary work. Its doors will stand open wide for all who choose to worship there."

Two years ago St. Ambrose Italian Mission was started in a small rented store room in East One Hundred and Ninth Street. It was soon filled with bright, intelligent children, who had never been in a Sunday School before. The numbers increased so rapidly that it seemed necessary for us to have more room. God sent the help. Three ladies of Grace Protestant Episcopal Church, who withheld their names, but who had become interested in this promising venture in "Little Italy," generously provided funds for placing it upon a permanent basis. Seventeen thousand dollars was spent by Archdeacon Nelson in purchasing a lot and altering a dwelling at 236 East One Hundred and Eleventh Street, into a parish house, and a brick chapel erected in connection with it, seating three hundred.

A beautiful stained glass window adorns the chancel above the altar, and "The Last Supper," in raised figures, is placed upon the side wall. The brass furnishings for the chancel are handsome, and a red velvet carpet adds to its beauty. The philanthropic agencies connected with the Mission include clubs for boys and girls, with an average attendance of from seventy-five to one hundred weekly. They meet on Monday evenings. A free kindergarten, numbering sixty small children, a clothing bureau, where a nominal price is asked for garments, and a free medical dispensary, have been added. Very soon an employment bureau will be established. The Sunday School has an attendance of over one hundred and fifty.

Italian children are very musical and artistic, most intelligent and quick to learn. It is a privilege to hear them sing. Archdeacon Nelson preaches in Italian nearly every Sunday evening, assisted by Rev. Prof. Camelo di Sano, a convert. The choir is composed of some of the Sunday School children. A Friday night service is also held for prayer and instruction.

St. Ambrose Mission is in the heart of "Little Italy." There are twenty thousand Italians within a few blocks. We give a welcome to all who are willing to come and show reverence for the house of God.

The striking difference between the Italian out of work and the average American in the same case, is that his idle hours are spent at home, or in the society of friends, and not in the saloon and pool-room. He is very fond of his wife and children, and appreciative of kindness.

One Sunday afternoon, a little girl asked, "Does our Lord love all Italian children?" It was a joy to tell her, Yes.

The children of Italian parents nearly all speak English fluently, and are able to interpret to their parents what we say. Many golden opportunities are given to minister to the sick, dying, and bereaved, through our Sunday School children.

A terrible lesson was taught them by the death of one of Paul Kelley's gang of desperadoes. The boy shot, had been led astray by bad company, and met his fate by the hand of his comrade. We were asked to go and speak to his grief-stricken mother. The mark of Cain was upon many a brow of the men and boys in that home. Such a company of desperadoes it would be hard to find, but death quieted them, and gave them a look into the other world.

The bright side of the work is to find hearts open to receive the word of truth, and whole families coming to the chapel, to hear the "Old, old, story of Jesus and his love."

Mr. Arthur Shirley Cookman, son of the deceased Rev. Dr. John E. Cookman, is superintendent of the Sunday School, assisted by twelve volunteers. Shall we obey the command, or sit idly down while sinners are perishing for lack of knowledge?

One kindly smile can glorify a day,
One word true hope impart.
The least disciple need not say
There are no alms to give away—
If love be in the heart.

MARY BARTON COOKMAN.

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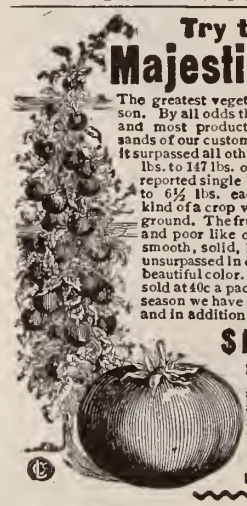

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prizes this year on them. Our large illustrated catalog describing the above and many other choice novelties will be sent free if you mention this paper.

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THE COLUMBUS CARRIAGE & HARNESS CO.
3114 South High St.,
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Christ, the Pardoner

By Mrs. M. Baxter

OUR Lord made a third visit to Capernaum, which is described in the second chapter of Mark. No sooner is it noised abroad that he is in the house, than the news is carried throughout the town that the great healing Prophet is in their midst again. The multitude gathers; those who were healed at his last visit, overflowing with love and gratitude, are eager to drink in the words of life which fall from his lips; those who were disappointed the last time are there again; the laborers come in from the field; the busy housewife leaves her cooking, or washing, or spinning; the market is deserted; many are come together, no standing room is left, even about the door. Simon's mother-in-law is there, strong and well, and the former sick ones are all seeking his recognizing smile. Then he who had compassion upon their bodies, opens to them the Gospel of the kingdom, and every eye and every ear is strained to catch the gracious words which proceed out of his mouth.

But there is an interruption. Somebody outside is pleading hard to be allowed to enter. Impossible for a band of four men, with a poor paralytic whom they are bringing to the Great Healer; there is no room. But these men are set upon attaining their object; they have given up a day's work to bring their sick comrade in contact with the Master, and they are not going to be foiled by little difficulties. Doors and windows are all blocked by the crowd outside. Probably one of them is a builder by trade, and he thinks of letting him down through the light roofing before Jesus. They lose no time; the covering is removed quickly and quietly enough to cause little disturbance to the audience beneath, who see the sick man on his mattress slowly descending, just immediately in front of the Speaker. No doubt the crowd are annoyed at the interruption.

We know not what was the subject of the Lord's discourse; it may have been the gift of God and everlasting life; but, suddenly breaking off, he says to the poor paralytic, "Son, thy sins be forgiven thee." It may be that when the sick man consented to be brought to Jesus, it never occurred to him that there would be any reference made to his sins. Perhaps he thought that if he regained the use of his limbs he would be more regular in his attendance at the synagogue, would be more exact in the payment of his tithes to the Levites, would give more alms, etc.; but he never dreamed, perhaps, about squaring accounts with God about his past sins. Or it may be that the question had troubled him, and that he had inquired, "How should man be just with God?" (Job 9: 2). And now he hears these words of absolution spoken with authority by him who spake as "never man spake."

There are men present who know a great deal about doctrine; "there were Pharisees and doctors of the law sitting by, which were come out of every town of Galilee, and Judea, and Jerusalem" (Luke 5: 17), some who are come in, perhaps, to criticise, while others are hanging on the lips of the Great Teacher; these are making their observations and weighing in the scales of political and ecclesiastical prejudice, all which they see and hear. Blinded still by their unbelief, they think, "Why doth this man thus speak blasphemies? Who can forgive sins but God only?"

The thought is no sooner formed than it is answered by the great Heart-searcher, and we think those men must have started and looked abashed when he answered them aloud, and said, "Why reason ye these things in your hearts? Whether is it easier to say to the sick of the palsy, Thy sins be forgiven thee; or to say, Arise, and take up thy bed, and walk? But that ye may know that the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins (he saith to the sick of the palsy), I say unto thee, Arise, and take up thy bed, and go thy way into thine house." Every eye is upon the paralytic. In an instant he arises; the withered hand which had been long moved by others, fills out in new muscular development; at once the contracted, helpless leg experiences the same power, and the transformed man arises, rolls up his mattress, shoulders it, and walks abroad, amid a shout of praise to God, for the voices of the spectators cannot be hushed; they glorify God, saying, "We never saw it on this fashion."

Try it At My Expense—Not Yours

Munsey's Magazine

IF you are not a reader of Munsey's Magazine I want you to become one. I want you to know what it is like, and to know, at my expense, if the magazine does not suit you. If it does suit you, and the price is right, you will naturally wish to pay for it. There isn't much in the theory of getting something for nothing.

Munsey's Magazine is worth your knowing. It was Munsey's Magazine that led off a dozen years ago in the low price for magazines—ten cents a copy and one dollar by the year. It was the fight we had with a giant News-Company monopoly that made Munsey's Magazine possible, and that blazed the way for all other publishers whose magazines are issued at the price of Munsey's. But this is too big and too graphic a story to be told in this advertisement.

HAS the biggest circulation of any standard magazine in the world—much the biggest. And it has made it and held it solely on its merits. In a dozen years we have not spent a dozen cents in advertising. We have no agents in the field—not an agent anywhere—we have given no premiums, have clubbed with no other publications, and have offered no inducements of any kind whatsoever. We have made a magazine for the people, giving them what they want, and giving it to them at a right price—that's all. And the people have bought it because they like it and because they could buy it at a right price. Our object in advertising now is to reach a few hundred thousand new readers—people who are not now taking Munsey's Magazine.

A Ten Thousand Dollar Magazine For Ten Cents

Though there are a good many three dollar and four dollar magazines in America, there is none better than Munsey's, whatever the price—not one. There is no higher grade magazine, there is none better printed or printed on better paper, and there is none better or more carefully edited—none better written, and few, if any, so interesting. It costs in round numbers about *ten thousand dollars a number* to go to press on Munsey's Magazine. That is to say, if only one copy were printed it would cost ten thousand dollars, but spreading this cost over our entire edition of *750,000 copies*, the amount gets down very thin on each individual copy.

When I first made this price, a dozen years ago, everybody said it was impossible—said we couldn't live—said we were bound to fail. We did live, however, and today are publishing *a thousand tons* of magazines a month, which is fifty car loads. This is more than three times as many magazines as were issued by all the publishers combined of the entire country when I came into the business.

It is because I am so sure of the merits of Munsey's Magazine, and so sure it will please you, that I am now offering to send it to you without any money in advance, and without any money at all if it does not please you. I can afford to take this chance which, as I see it, is a very small chance, because I believe thoroughly in the rugged honesty of the people. The percentage of dishonesty among the citizens of America is far too small for consideration in a business proposition of this kind.

There is no trick in this offer—no hidden scheme of any kind whatever. It is a simple, straightforward, business proposition, which will cost you nothing unless you wish it to.

FRANK A. MUNSEY, New York: 37

You may enter my name for one year's subscription to Munsey's Magazine, for which I agree to pay you one dollar ($1.00) at the end of three months, providing I find the magazine to be what I want.

In the event that I do not care for the magazine, I will so notify you at the end of three months, in which case I shall owe you nothing.

It is further agreed that in connection with this subscription you are to send me The All-Story Magazine free for three months, and that I am to have the option of changing my subscription, if I so desire, from Munsey's Magazine to The All-Story Magazine for the balance of the year.

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The All-Story Magazine Also Free

I will not only send you Munsey's Magazine, as stated above, but will send you three months free, in addition, The All-Story Magazine, which is another of our publications. I add this other magazine for two reasons. First, that you may have the choice of two magazines, and second, with the thought that you may want both.

If this proposition interests you, and I hardly see how it could be made more to your interest, kindly fill out the coupon in this advertisement and mail it to me, and you will get the magazines as stated herein.

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I was deaf myself for 25 years. I perfected and patented a small, invisible ear drum in order to help my own hearing. It is called "The Way Ear Drum," and by the use of these drums I can NOW HEAR WHISPERS. I want all deaf people to write me. I do not claim to "cure" all cases of deafness, neither can I benefit those who were born deaf. But I CAN HELP 90 per cent of those whose hearing is defective.

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The ONLY Infants' Food receiving the GRAND PRIZE at St. Louis, 1904.
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How Deaf People are Made to Hear

Sound Magnifiers Invented by a Kentuckian.

Invisible, When Worn, but Act Like Eye-Glasses.

Ever see a pair of Sound Magnifiers?

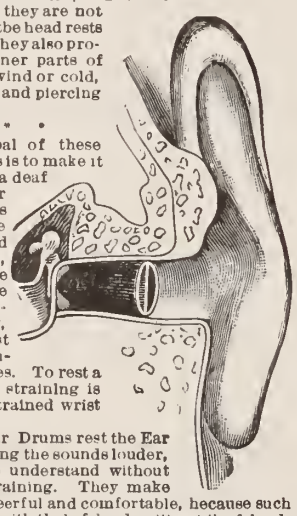
They are so soft in the ears one can't tell they are wearing them.

And, no one else can tell either, because they are out of sight when worn. Wilson's Ear Drums are to weak hearing what spectacles are to weak sight.

Because, they are sound-magnifiers, just as glasses are sight-magnifiers.

They rest the Ear Nerves by taking the strain off them—the strain of trying to hear dim sounds. They can be put into the ears, or taken out, in a minute, just as comfortably as spectacles can he put on and off.

And, they can be worn for weeks at a time, because they are ventilated, and so soft in the ear holes they are not felt even when the head rests on the pillow. They also protect any raw inner parts of the ear from wind or cold, dust, or sudden and piercing sounds.



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The principal of these little telephones is to make it as practical for a deaf person to hear weak sounds as spectacles make it easy to read fine print. And, the longer one wears them the better his hearing should grow, because they rest up, and strengthen the ear nerves. To rest a weak ear from straining is like resting a strained wrist from working.

Wilson's Ear Drums rest the Ear Nerves by making the sounds louder, so it is easy to understand without trying and straining. They make Deaf people cheerful and comfortable, because such people can talk with their friends without the friends having to shout back at them. They can hear without straining. It is the straining that puts such a queer, anxious look on the face of a deaf person.

* * * *

Wilson's Ear Drums make all the sound strike hard on the center of the human ear drum, instead of spreading it weakly all over the surface. It thus makes the center of the human ear drum vibrate ten times as much as if the same sound struck the whole drum head. It is this vibration of the ear drum that carries sound to the hearing Nerves. When we make the drum vibrate ten times as much we make the sound ten times as loud and ten times as easy to understand.

Deafness, from any cause, ear-ache, buzzing noises in the head, raw and running ears, broken ear-drums, and other ear troubles, are relieved and overcome by the use of these comfortable little ear-resters and sound-magnifiers.

A sensible book, about Deafness, tells how they are made, and has printed in it letters from hundreds of people who are using them.

Clergymen, Lawyers, Physicians, Telegraph Operators, Trainmen, Workers in Boiler Shops and Foundries—four hundred people of all ranks who were Deaf, tell their experience in this free book. They tell how their hearing was brought back to them almost instantly, by the proper use of Wilson's Ear Drums.

Some of these very people may live near you, and be well known to you. What they have to say is mighty strong proof.

This book has been the means of relieving thousands of Deaf people. It will be mailed free to you if you merely write a post card for it today. Don't put off getting back your hearing. Write now, while you think of it. Get the free book of proof.

Write for it today to The Wilson Ear Drum Co., 331 Todd Building, Louisville, Ky.

A HERO OF JAPAN*

FROM the pages of romance it would be difficult to obtain a more thrilling story than that of Joseph Hardy Neesima, the brilliant young Japanese, whose services to his country are now fully recognized. In the year 1864, Neesima, then twenty-one years of age, was on an American schooner bound for this country. He risked his life by coming, for at that time it was a capital offence for any member of the higher classes to quit Japan. He was in the service of a prince, was expert in the duties of his position, but was eager to learn the English language, and especially to know something of Christianity. He was unable to bring any money with him, but the Hon. Alphæus Hardy, of Boston, Mass., the owner of the ship on which he came, took him into his family, gave him an education at Phillips Academy, then at Amherst College, and finally at Andover Seminary. Never did philanthropist do a wiser and better thing. Neesima studied hard, and soon proved his capacity. Some services he was able to render to the embassy that the Japanese Emperor sent to the United States, were reported at the court, and a pardon for the offence of leaving Japan, was granted to him. He was also directed to examine the system of American education, and report upon it. In 1874, at the meeting of the American Board, he made an earnest plea for help to found a Christian college in Japan. The idea was well received, and in a short time $5,000 was placed in his hands for the purpose. With this he returned to Japan, and established the Doshisha (school of one purpose), which, in spite of the opposition of Buddhists and Shintoists, has become an influential seat of learning. Neesima's one desire was for the evangelization of Japan, and for this he labored incessantly. It was, however, not given to him to see the fulfilment of his desires. His arduous labors broke down a constitution never very strong, and in 1889 he contracted an illness that proved fatal. His work, however, was well planned, and it has gone forward with success.

The prominence Japan has now attained among the nations of the world, the proof of its vigor and prowess it has given in curbing the bully of the world, is in no slight degree the result of Neesima's labors. The Christianization of the country is slowly proceeding. In the face of enormous difficulties, opposed by the prejudices of the priests and the privileged classes and hindered by the inconsistencies of professing Christians who are unworthy of the name, who have gone to Japan to trade, the truth is making its way. Men of faith and courage are toiling to spread the Gospel, and assuredly God will give them the victory.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for Feb. 25. "Neesima and Missions in Japan," Isa. 50: 4-10

The Bi-Centennial of Benjamin Franklin

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 136

Franklin's great political services come under four heads, the scheme of uniting the colonies at Albany, for defence against the French, his steadfast and patriotic advocacy of their liberties in Great Britain, his diplomatic mission in France, inducing that country to aid the Americans, and his work on the Declaration of Independence, in conjunction with Jefferson and others. It was during the last part of his long mission to England as agent of the colonies that he made his famous appearance before the Lords in Council, the painting of which by Schuessele is reproduced in this article. Franklin discovered that Hutchinson and Oliver, of Massachusetts, were not loyal to the colony, and he appeared before the Council to support a petition for their removal. It was made a bitter ordeal for Franklin, the colonies and himself being ruthlessly attacked. He wore that day a suit of Manchester velvet. When he returned to his lodgings, the suit was put carefully away. On the thirtieth of November, 1782, Franklin signed the Treaty of Paris, wearing again for the first time the velvet suit in which he was dressed when he withstood insults for his country.

A BOY'S BREAKFAST

There's a Natural Food That Makes Its Own Way.

There's a boy up in Hoosick Falls, N. Y., who is growing into sturdy manhood on Grape-Nuts breakfasts. It might have been different with him, as his mother explains:

"My 11-year-old boy is large, well-developed and active, and has been made so by his fondness for Grape-Nuts food. At five years he was a very nervous child and was subject to frequent attacks of indigestion, which used to rob him of his strength and were very troublesome to deal with. He never seemed to care for anything for his breakfast until I tried Grape-Nuts, and I have never had to change from that. He makes his entire breakfast of Grape-Nuts food. It is always relished by him, and he says that it satisfies him better than the ordinary kind of a meal.

"Better than all, he is no longer troubled with indigestion or nervousness, and has got to be a splendidly developed fellow since he began to use Grape-Nuts food." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

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is digestible, easily assimilated, and may be taken continuously without causing gastric disturbance.

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Safety—
Convenience—
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This Company is strong, conservative, aggressive, and during the 11 years of its history it has never lost a dollar of all the money entrusted to it.

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Deposits may be made or money withdrawn at any time, without notice—

Accounts of $5 and upward are accepted and five per cent. interest is paid for every day the money is in bank.

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Everyone is interested in the songs of the old days, and very many of those contained in our one-hundred page book are out of print. Every household is delighted to have one of these books. To anyone sending us the names of seven people who are interested in music (to whom we will send our free catalogue), we will send this book of 100 songs, together with copy of our free catalogue. Write names plainly and send five 2c stamps to pay postage and mailing charges of the 100-page book.

McKINLEY MUSIC CO., 381 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

ANY MAN, WOMAN, BOY OR GIRL

CAN MAKE MONEY EASILY AND PLENTIFULLY

by taking subscriptions among your neighbors and friends for the **Woman's Farm Journal.** It is a great little paper, and only 10 cents a year. Almost every person you show it to, will pay 10 cents a year for it. You don't need any capital. Don't need to invest a cent. Just send us your full name and postoffice address plainly written and we will send you full particulars and outfit FREE.

$1,000.00 IN EXTRA CASH COMMISSIONS

will be given for the twenty largest lists sent in between now and MAY 31st, 1906. This $1,000.00 will be given in addition to the regular commission, so that you are sure to get the regular commission, and have as good a chance as any one else to get one of the extra cash awards. Don't put it off, but write to-day. A postal will do. Address **C. C. THOMPSON, Manager, The Woman's Farm Journal, St. Louis, Mo.**

Get This Gold Pair FREE

Listen! In the past year I received thousands of letters from spectacle-wearers all over the world, expressing their thanks and appreciation, and the one I give here is a good sample of what they all say. The Reverend O. C. Clark, one of the most prominent ministers in the State of Illinois, says: "I highly appreciate your famous "Perfect Vision" spectacles, for I can honestly and truthfully say that with them I now read the finest and smallest print both day and night, just as well as I ever did in my life Your spectacles are truly marvelous." Now I have no doubt but that the testimony of this noted minister of the gospel is sufficient proof to every fair minded spectacle-wearer that my famous "Perfect Vision" spectacles are really **THE BEST IN THE WORLD,** as I claim.

But I Want YOU to Judge Them For YOURSELF

and thereby get **YOU to send me YOUR testimonial also.** Hence, before placing them on the market for sale at their regular price of $5 per set, I make you the following special offer which will actually save you $4 cash: Just write me your name and address and I will mail you my Perfect Home Eye Tester, free, with which you will be able to test your eyes at your own home, perfectly. Then when you return me the Eye Tester with your test, I will send you a complete five dollar family set of my famous "Perfect Vision" spectacles for only $1 (which is an actual saving of $4 to you), and this will include a pair of my handsome Rolled Gold Spectacles absolutely free of charge. This set will last yourself and family a lifetime. With these famous "Perfect Vision" Spectacles of mine you will be able to thread the finest needle and read the smallest print, both day and night, just as easy as you ever did in your life, and this even if your eyes are so very weak now that you cannot read the **HEADLINES** in this paper. I also hereby agree to return you your dollar cheerfully if you **YOURSELF** don't find them to be the most perfect-fitting, clearest and best you have ever bought anywhere, at any price. Write today for my free Home Eye Tester. Address my company as follows:

DR. HAUX SPECTACLE COMPANY, Haux Building, ST. LOUIS, MO.

I WANT AGENTS ALSO And any man or woman (also storekeepers), without any previous experience whatever, can fit the weakest eyes with my Improved Home Eye Tester. This is so simple that any one can work it with perfect satisfaction and easily earn from $25 to $100 weekly selling my famous Perfect Vision Spectacles, either in their own homes, traveling or in stores. My agents need no license as I furnish necessary documents with the Agent's Outfit

A Great Movement

HOW shall the Bible be studied and taught with spiritual profit? All Christians hold that the truths of God's Word are essential in forming character, but it is generally admitted that the ordinary handling of the Book fails to open its treasures or to nourish the soul. Better methods are diligently sought. It is the purpose of the American Society of Religious Education to meet this great need. This organization is interdenominational, incorporated under the laws of the United States, with headquarters at Washington, D.C. It is governed by a Board of Regents composed of well-known professional gentlemen, with Rev. Dr. R. S. MacArthur as President and Rev. Dr. J. E. Gilbert as Secretary. The Society engages evangelical scholars in original investigations concerning the nature and the processes of the spiritual life, and the mode of its nourishment by the Truth, and applies the results of such investigation to improve the methods of Bible students and teachers. It has published courses for individuals, for the training of Sunday School teachers, for the help of parents and pastors, and prepares courses for use in the colleges. Its work will be continued and enlarged in all these lines, constantly seeking something still better. Institutes and conventions, wherever practicable, are held, setting forth plans and results. In the prosecution of this great undertaking the Society can judiciously use much money, and is wholly dependent upon the free-will offerings of the people. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD commends this worthy cause to its readers, and would be pleased to see the Society solidly supported by Bible students in all the States.

The Best Thing of Its Kind

DEAR SIR:—I thank you for your "Masterpieces of the World's Best Literature." It is beyond doubt the very best thing of its kind I have ever met with. It is impossible for words of praise to overrate it. I have done with the Masterpieces what I have not done for years with any other work, viz.: Sit up to burn the midnight oil, while with joy I indulged in a feast of good things without stint. What hours of pleasure, of real pleasure, is found stored up in these books. They seem full of the best selections, of the best to be had, of the best masters of literature.

Bobcaygeon, Ont. REV. A. E. BEATTIE.

Miscellaneous Contributions

Continued from page 132

Carter, Franklin	3 00	—, —	1 00
Cowell, B H & A M	1 00	—, —	1 00
Ellison, Martha M	1 00	—, —	1 00
Ferguson, E	1 00	—, —	1 00
Fobes, Mrs L E	1 00	—, —	1 00
Gibbs, P R, Monte Vista	1 00	—, —	2 00
Gytle, Mrs D G	3 00	—, —	3 00
Hird, S	1 00	—, —	4 00
Holt, T	2 00	—, —	5 00
Hurlbut, Mrs F T	2 00	—, —	5 00
Kentgen, Mrs G H & Mis P Hope	5 00	—, —	10 00
Knight, Mrs F	2 00	Easton, S B	1 85
Mergenthaler, I	1 00	Maggenhafen, Mrs M	50
Mills, Mr & Mrs	2 00	Martin, Mrs S A	35
Whitehead, Mrs A M	1 00	O P J Fund, P S A	1 00
Whyman Chas A	1 00	Stehlek, Michael, W S S Monongahela	4 00
Mrs C H	3 00	Wittet, Jos T	1 00
D D, —	25	E M W, —	2 00
—, S Bvegate	2 00	J L H, Ithaca	2 00
Friend, — —	25 00	R F S, Oxford	1 00
Friend, — -	1 00	W N Y, —	50
A Friend, Cornish	50	—, —	2 00
A Friend Detroit	1 00	—, —	1 00
A Friend, —	2 00	—, —	1 00
A Friend, —	2 00	—, —	1 00
A Friend of the B M, —	2 00	—, —	1 00
An Unknown Fr'd	1 00	—, —	1 00
In Christ's Name, —	10 00	—, —	5 00
In mem of Lyman B Bergen, —	5 00	—, —	25
From a Subr, —	1 00	—, —	50
A Child of God	10 00	—, —	3 00
For the Sake of the Master, Baywards	1 00	—, —	40
A Mother or a Widow	50	—, —	2 00
One of His Children, Deep River	1 00	Holmes, Mrs Cora —, Greenwich	10 1 00
Self Denial Gift, Beatrice	80	—, Nevada	1 00
Kemp, —	2 50	—, Norristown	20
Oregonian, —	1 50	—, Randolph	5 00
Oregonian, —	1 50	—, Unlontown	1 00
Yonkers, — —	2 00	Friend, —	1 00
Yearly Mite, Georgia	1 00	Friend, —	1 00
—, —	10	A Reader, —	1 00
—, —	50	A Friend	50 00
—, —	50	A Reader	1 00
—, —	50	I H N, —	15
—, —	50	Lake, Eugene	2 00
		Lemmel, G A	1 00
		Mackenzie, R T	1 00
		A Pilgrim and a Stranger, Paris	3 50

Miss Gould's Burdensome Mail

Since the publication of an article some time ago representing Miss Helen Miller Gould as distributing large sums of money every year, under the advice and direction of her secretary, Miss Elizabeth Altman, she has been overwhelmed with letters of request from this country and other parts of the world. Miss Altman has not been with Miss Gould for nearly two years, nor was the matter of gifts left to her when she was in Miss Gould's employ; for it has been Miss Gould's policy to make gifts only to a few causes in which she is personally interested, and with which she has been able to keep in touch, and she rarely goes outside of these. While it is a regret to Miss Gould not to take up the numerous causes presented to her, it would really be impossible for her to do so, and it is even somewhat burdensome to try to attend to so large a mail.

Books Received

The Teaching of Jesus: Concerning the Holy Spirit, by Louis Burton Crane. Pp. 175. Price 75 cents. Published by the American Tract Society, New York.

Yolande, Maid of Burgundy. By Charles Major; with illustrations by Charlotte Weber Ditzler. Published by The Macmillan Co., New York. Price $1.50.

BUTTERMILK
A Surer Way Out

The "buttermilk fad," which its followers insisted was the cure for all the ills that human flesh is heir to, has pretty well had its day.

Buttermilk is a pleasant and healthy drink, but there are a whole lot of desirable things that it cannot do. A Nebr. woman found something much more worth while. She says:

"Three years ago my stomach was in such a frightful condition that I could scarcely bear to take any food at all. Indeed there was once that I went for 14 days without a morsel of nourishment, preferring starvation to the acute agony that I suffered when I ate anything. And all this entailed upon me almost constant headaches and nervousness. My condition was truly pitiable.

"The doctor warned me that the coffee I drank was chiefly responsible for this condition, and ordered me to drink buttermilk instead. But I despised buttermilk and could not bring myself to use it.

"Then I was advised to try Postum Food Coffee. It has completely renovated and made over my whole system. The salutary effect on my poor stomach was simply marvelous, and that straightened out, the headaches, nervousness and other troubles soon vanished. For more than a year I have not felt any distress or pain, such as I once thought would kill me.

"I can truthfully say that Postum has brought me the blessing of the perfect health I enjoy, for I gave up medicines when I began its use." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Read the Directions

(ON EACH PACKAGE) and FOLLOW them. READ the label in front—be SURE that your SOAP POWDER is

Pearline

You may be using one of the many IMITATIONS which Unscrupulous Grocers tell you (and it's false) is

"Just as good as Pearline"

SUN PASTE STOVE POLISH

Polishes quickest, with most brilliant black lustre.
Makes old stoves look like new. Nothing so easy. Large package.
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Don't buy a Vehicle of any kind until you get our New Vehicle Catalog

WE SHIP on 30 DAYS TRIAL
We Don't Ask for Any Money With Order

Our Terms Are the Most Liberal Ever Made

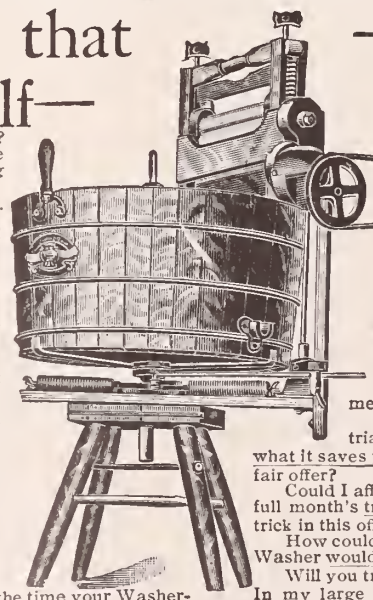
CUT THIS AD OUT send it to us and we will mail you free the most complete catalog of vehicles and harness ever printed. The cuts are very large, the descriptions are complete and plain. All vehicles shipped direct from our factory. Prices lowest ever made. Don't buy a vehicle or harness until you get our 1906 catalog and see our astonishingly low prices and the most liberal terms ever made. MARVIN SMITH CO. CHICAGO, ILL.

"EAGLE" FELT ROOFING, 60c For 108 Sq. Feet

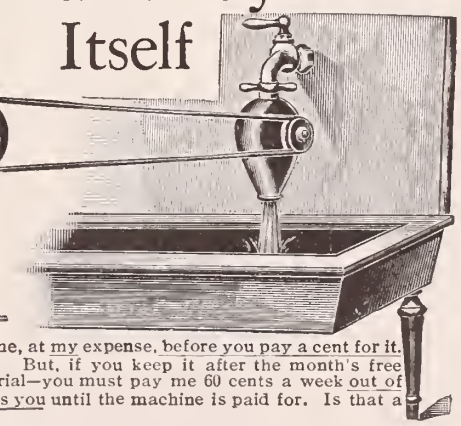
Two-ply "Eagle" Brand Roofing without Supplies, per square.....60c
Three-ply "Eagle" Brand Roofing without supplies, per square.....90c
Vulcanite Roofing with nails, caps and cement; does not require coating, per square.....$1.75
Galvanized Rubber Roofing, the finest ready roofing manufactured, good enough for any kind of Building, also useful and practical for lining purposes. Nails, caps and cement furnished. Does not require coating after it is on roof. Three grades, $1.50, $1.90 and $2.15 per square. Samples free. Galvanized Iron Conductor Pipe, size 3 inch, per 10 foot length, 42c. Galvanized Iron Eave Trough, size 3½ inch, per 10 foot length, 31c. Galvanized Iron Elbows, 3 inch, each, 14c. Eave Trough Corners, each, 18c. Eave Trough Hangers, per doz., 24c. Galvanized Ridge Roll, 2 in. roll, per ft., 4¾c. Ask for FREE 500 page catalog No. E373 on roofing, fencing, hardware, furniture and household goods and general merchandise from Sheriff's and Receiver's Sales.

Chicago House Wrecking Co. - - 35th and Iron Streets, Chicago

The Washer that Works Itself—



—and Pays for Itself



HAVE you running water in your house? Well,—if you have enough pressure on it I'll make it do all your washing without any work

Yes, and I'll make it turn the Wringer, too.

You can just throw the clothes into the tub, turn a tap, and our new Self-Working Washer will do the rest.

Now I know this sounds too easy and too good to be true. But it is true, every word of it.

Here is the proof that it is true.

I'll send you one of these Self-Working Washers, to your own house, on a month's free trial.

I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket and I won't ask you a cent on deposit, nor a note, nor Security in any form.

I'll just trust any one I believe trustworthy with this whole machine, I'll take all the risk and expense of the Test myself.

If you find our Self-working Washer won't wash clothes without your doing a thing to work it but turn a tap, then send it back to me at my expense.

If you find it won't do better washing than the Washboard, with far less Wear on the clothes, send it back to me at my expense.

If it won't do the Washing in less than half the time your Washerwoman could do it, without the machine, then send it back to me at my expense.

Half your Washerwoman's time costs you about 60 cents a week.

That is about $30.00 a year. Our Self-Working Washer will save you that $30.00 a year for the ten years it lasts, or $300.00 in all.

And I'll take my pay for it out of what it saves you, so that the Washer thus pays for itself.

Remember this: If you find it won't do all that I say, and save you half your washing each week, all you've got to do is send it back to me, at my expense, before you pay a cent for it.

But, if you keep it after the month's free trial—you must pay me 60 cents a week out of what it saves you until the machine is paid for. Is that a fair offer?

Could I afford to send this Self-Working Washer on a full month's trial, at my own expense for freight, if there was any trick in this offer?

How could I make any money out of this kind of offer if the Washer wouldn't do all that I say it will?

Will you try our Self-Working Washer a month at my expense?

In my large mail from all sections of the country, I get letters from some people who say they haven't got water pressure.

To meet the demands of these people, I have just invented a "Gravity" Washer that doesn't need water pressure, and yet does a washing easily and quickly in six minutes by the clock.

Just drop me a line today for further particulars about the Washer that works itself, as well as the "Gravity" Washer.

Remember, you can try either one a month at my expense, and then it must pay for itself.

Address R. F. Bieber, Treasurer, 1900 Washer Co., 7012 Henry Street, Binghamton, N. Y., or 355 Yonge St., Toronto, Can.

The Prudential

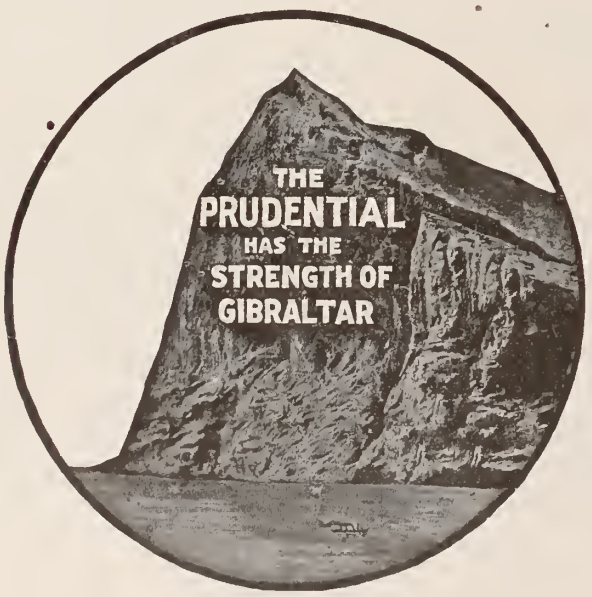
Advances in Security and Public Confidence

THIRTIETH ANNUAL STATEMENT, JANUARY 1, 1906, shows

ASSETS, over	107 Million Dollars
LIABILITIES (including Reserve $88,000,000)	91 Million Dollars
SURPLUS, over	16 Million Dollars
INCREASE IN ASSETS, over	18 Million Dollars
PAID POLICYHOLDERS DURING 1905, over	14 Million Dollars
TOTAL PAYMENTS TO POLICYHOLDERS to Dec. 31, 1905, over	107 Million Dollars
CASH DIVIDENDS and Other Concessions not Stipulated in Original Contracts and Voluntarily Given to Holders of Old Policies to Date, over	6 Million Dollars
NUMBER OF POLICIES IN FORCE, nearly	6 1-2 Million
INCREASE IN NUMBER OF POLICIES IN FORCE, over	1-2 Million
NET INCREASE IN INSURANCE IN FORCE, over	113 Million Dollars

Bringing Total Amount of Insurance in Force to over

One Billion, One Hundred and Seventy Million Dollars



Economical Administration.

Lower Expense Rate Than Ever Before.

Careful Selection of Risks.

Favorable Mortality Experience.

Dividends Paid to Policyholders during 1905 over

ONE MILLION DOLLARS

THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President — HOME OFFICE, Newark, N. J.

Write for information of Policies, Dept. 70.

Published 52 Times a Year

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 21, 1906

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

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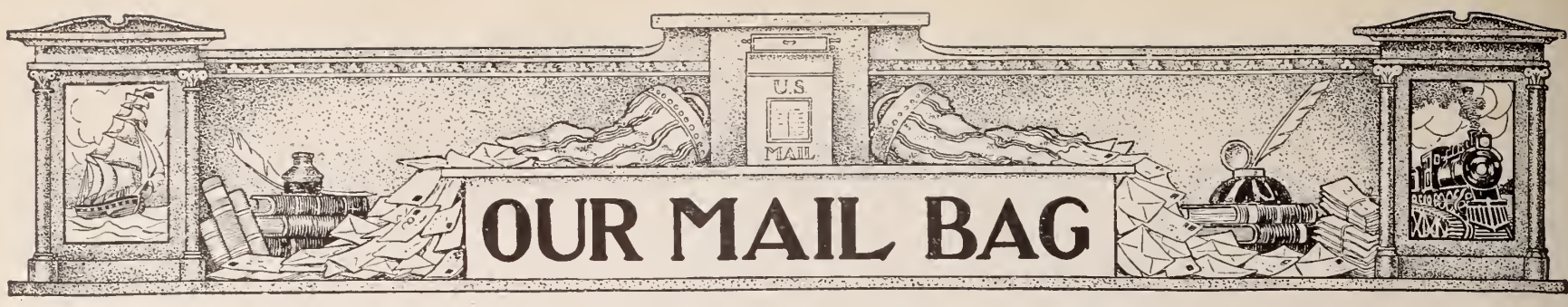
SEE PAGE 158

Washington's Journey Through the Alleghany Mountains, in 1753



OUR MAIL BAG

Questions and Answers

Letters for this department must contain name and address of the sender—not for publication, but in order that an answer may be sent by mail in cases where the inquiry is not of general interest.

Reader, Montville, Conn. Do you think it would be very wrong for a man to try and find a wife who is wealthy in her own right. Is it contrary to the teachings of the Bible?

A mere fortune-hunter, who wishes to marry for money, regardless of other considerations, is viewed with distrust and aversion by people generally. Such a man would deserve to be ostracised by decent society everywhere. There is nothing on the subject in the Bible specifically, but the whole tone of Scripture is opposed to such a course.

Reader, Mo. Is it right in a church meeting for a man who doesn't belong to the church to bring up things against members when they are trying to settle disputes? 2. Is there any Scripture showing that when anything goes wrong in the church the members may go out of the church, and then join again?

1. Ordinarily, an outsider has no voice in such matters. Should he be called in as counsel, however, and accepted, he would have a right to be heard. 2. No. All differences are capable of adjustment by the brethren themselves. If a member should leave temporarily, under the circumstances you suggest, his act would be attributed to pique.

John M., Shelbyville, Ky. What was the origin of the violin called "Stradivarius," and why is it so highly prized?

Antonio Stradivari (or Stradivarius) was an Italian violin-maker who was born in Cremona, Italy, about 1649. It was he who made the typical Cremona violin, and these instruments for tone and finish have never been excelled. The minutest details of form and proportion and the material of which each separate part of a violin is made, are matters of vital importance to the quality of the instrument, and very careful workmanship with extreme dexterity are necessary to produce the violin in perfection. Stradivari instruments bring all the way from $1,000 to $2,500, one being sold at Stuttgart a few years ago for $10,250.

How many of our readers have a system or method in their Bible reading? The following letter from a subscriber in Dwight, Ill., contains some good suggestions:

Do you read your Bible with a pencil in hand? For years I had read and marked passages in my Bible, which alone was a help to me. About a year ago I thought I would buy a Testament, mark every passage that has brought blessing and comfort to myself, and give it away. This I did, buying the kind with Jesus' own words in red letters and have started it on its journey. In addition to the marking on blank pages front and back, I copied some choice Old Testament verses, and some sweet, helpful verses of poetry. At the top of one blank page I wrote, "If the marked passages in this book are a help to you, mark another and pass it on." Will some one who reads this adopt the same plan? Our Father surely will add his blessing.

Mrs. V. H., Baltimore, Md. 1. What is the object of the extra hearing in the Smoot case? 2. When will the Women's Memorial be presented?

1. To bring out conclusive evidence of the interference of the Mormon Church in politics, and the treasonable nature of the Mormon apostolic oath. It is to hear new witnesses who were not known to the Committee when it met last winter in Washington. 2. The Women's Memorial will be presented immediately after the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections submits its report. It is contained in eighty volumes and is held in readiness by the Women's Committee.

Mrs. O. S. H., Springfield, Mass. In the picture in your issue of Jan. 31, "Christ Among the Lowly," I seem to see what appears to me an incongruity. I ask this question just for my own satisfaction. Were transparent glasses used for drinking purposes in the homes of the lowly at the time that our Lord was upon the earth?

We are afraid you have somewhat misapprehended the lesson of the picture, which is, that Christ is in the homes of the lowly to-day, to comfort and bless them, just as he blessed and comforted the earnest humble ones twenty centuries ago. As to the antiquity of glass, it was in use for various purposes as early as 5,000 or 6,000 B.C. Sham jewels, scarabs, beads, etc., were made of it. Pliny writes that the ancient Phœnicians accidentally discovered the secret of making glass. Glass bottles, jars, goblets and vases have been excavated from the ruins of the Babel mound, from the tombs of Egypt and from Pompeii — the last named, in some shape not unlike our own. The Egyptians have left, on the famous wall paintings at Beni-Hassan, representations of ancient glass-blowers who lived some 3,500 years ago. Winckelmann, a noted authority, believes that glass was more in general use in ancient than in modern times.

E. B. S., St. Louis, Mo. What sum is represented in our computation by the term lac? A correspondent in Bombay says the population is ten lacs, and I am anxious to understand better what she means.

A lac (or lakh), is 100,000 of anything. A "lac of rupees" is 100,000 rupees, equal to $33,000 American. Ten lacs is a million.

J. R. Pearse, Bristol, R. I. What is the source of the Gulf Stream?

The question brings in the entire subject of ocean currents, as the Gulf Stream is but part of a great system. Currents in the ocean are caused by differences of temperature and by prevailing winds. The Gulf Stream is first distinctly noticeable in the Gulf of Mexico, out of which it flows. Currents from the Arctic regions are constantly flowing southward below the surface, water being made heavy by the intense cold. To supply the place of the water which has sunk, a northward flow occurs on the surface, which brings the warm water from the tropics into the cold regions toward the Poles.

R. H., Mount Pleasant, Ill. Who was Valesius, and when and what did he write?

He was a French antiquarian and critic (1603-1676). His principal works are an ecclesiastical history of Eusebius, treatises on the Donatists and Anastasius, and a martyrology, editions of Socrates and Sozomen, a book on the Council of Nice, etc.

J. A., Kingsbury, Ind. What is the meaning of the word "Hoosier"?

It is a nickname of unknown origin. Many conjectures have been made in regard to it, but they can only be classed as guesses.

J. A., Lunenburg, Nova Scotia. Were there baths in the Roman prisons in the days of Paul the apostle?

Probably not: the public baths built were costly affairs, and not connected, as a general rule, with other public buildings.

C. B. K., Rothwell, Manitoba, Canada, writes:

The question is asked, "Is it right to say 'Xmas' instead of Christmas?" It is not right to say Xmas, pronouncing it as "exmas," for when we go into the derivation we see the error. This first letter is not our letter X but is the Greek letter pronounced "chi" and formed like our letter X, and is an abbreviation of the Greek word Χριστος pronounced "Christos," meaning Christ. As abbreviations are not in good taste, but are only allowable in business, etc., but never, as you correctly say, conversationally or in literature, where they become vulgar, it is as well to avoid them and write the word in question "Christmas," thus avoiding any chance of error in the pronunciation.

Mrs. H. B. H., Middletown, Conn. Will you kindly inform me when the death of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe occurred, and what was her age at the time of her death?

Mrs. Harriet Elizabeth Beecher was born in Litchfield, Conn., June 14, 1811. She died in Hartford, Conn., July 1, 1896.

Mrs. F. D., Allegan, Mich. Please tell me concerning the episode in the life of Handel as represented in the picture entitled "Young Handel's First Efforts"?

Handel's father looked upon his son's love of music and gifts with contempt. He had destined him for the law, a profession for which the young musical genius had no taste or liking. A spinnet was smuggled into the attic of his home by an aunt, and there the boy surreptitiously practiced and played. Fortunately the instrument was of so feeble a tone that it could not be heard in the lower part of the house, and thus "Young Handel's First Efforts" were not stopped by mistaken parental authority.

Apropos of a recent letter in THE MAIL-BAG, Mrs. K. E. Van C., Mattoon, Ill., writes:

In answer to Mrs. M. A. Black, in THE MAIL-BAG I would say that my father, G. W. Davies, will be ninety years of age on April 4th. He goes to Sunday School and preaching every Sabbath, walks without a cane, can read without glasses, can read or exercise from hour to hour and not seem weary, has an excellent memory, and at present is in perfect health.

Another Munificent Donation

A READER of this journal, who has on several occasions made very liberal gifts to good causes, domestic and foreign, but who modestly wishes to remain unknown, has placed the sum of **$2,904.01** in our hands, with the sole instruction that it should be apportioned among Home and Foreign Missions and worthy charities. Complying with his wish, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has distributed his generous gift as follows, drafts for the amounts indicated having been forwarded to all the beneficiaries:

Abigail Mission, New York	$25.00
Allen, Mary L., Nana Kroo, Monrovia	25.00
American Female Auxiliary Bible Society, New York	25.00
American Mission, Salonica, Turkey	25.00
American Sunday School Union, Phila.	25.00
Bowery Mission, New York	25.00
Benevolent Circle, Nyack, N. Y.	25.00
Catherine Mission, New York	25.00
Camphor, Rev. A. P., Monrovia, Liberia, West Africa	25.00
Central Union Mission, Wash., D. C.	25.00
Carvel, Rev. J. M., Kampur, Assam	25.00
The Christodora Home, New York	25.00
Christian Herald Children's Home, Nyack, N. Y.	25.00
Cremorne Mission, New York	25.00
Cooke, Bella, New York	25.00
Day Nursery, New York (Sarah Curry)	25.00
Deaconess Home, Chicago, Ill	25.00
Denyes, Rev. J. R., Buitenzog, Java	25.00
Doe Ye Nexte Thynge Soc., New York	25.00
Door of Hope, New York	25.00
Doyer St. Midnight Mission, New York	25.00
Eighth Avenue Mission, New York	25.00
Elhanan Home, Marion, N. C.	25.00
Emanuel Sisterhood, New York	25.00
Five Points Mission, New York	25.00
Florence Crittenton Mission, New York	25.00
Foreigner's Mission, New York	25.00
Fuller, Rev. M. B., Bombay, India	25.00
Fresh Air and Convalescent Home, Summit, N. J	25.00
Gilbert, Dr. J. E., Washington, D. C.	25.00
Gospel Miss. Among Cubans, Tampa, Fla	25.00
Hand in Hand Mission, Newark, N. J.	25.00
Hagquist, Rev. W., Shensi, China	25.00
Home for Blind Babies, Brooklyn, N. Y.	25.00
Harrow, Rev. J. M. L., Liberia, W. Af.	25.00
Home for Crippled Children, Englewood, N. J.	25.00
Haswell, Susan E. Moulmein, Burma	25.00
Home for Friendless Girls, New York	25.00
Hoover, James, Sibu Sarawak, Borneo	25.00
Home for Invalid Child'n, Verbank, N.Y.	25.00
James, Rev. Edward, Nanchang, China	25.00
Jacob A. Riis' Settlement, New York	25.00
Jagnow, Albert A., Ruk, Carolina Isl'ds.	25.00
Japanese Famine Fund	**29.01**
Jacobs, Hannah Yoseph, Tabriz, Persia.	25.00
Keswick Colony of Mercy, Camden, N.J.	25.00
Learned, Dr. D. W., Kyoto, Japan	25.00
Lincoln Univ., Cumberland Gap, Tenn.	25.00
Little Mothers' Aid Asso., New York	25.00
Living Waters Mission, New York	25.00
Loomis, Rev. H., Yokohama, Japan	25.00
Manhattan Trade School for Girls, N.Y.	25.00
Mayesville Institute, Mayesville, S. C.	25.00
McAllister, Miss Agnes, Garraway, Liberia, West Africa	25.00
McAuley Mission, New York	25.00
Malone, Rev. G. Howard, Advent Chr. Mission, Nan King, China	25.00
Memorial House, New York	25.00
Merrill, Selah, for Poor of Jerusalem	25.00
Minetta Mission, New York	25.00
Moody Bible Institute, Chicago, Ill	25.00
Nason, Miss E., Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.	25.00
National Child Labor Society, New York	25.00
New York Colored Mission	25.00
New York Diet Kitchen Association	25.00
New York Sabbath Committee	25.00
Nurses Settlement, New York	25.00
Olssen, Rev. Emilio, Adrogue, Argentine Republic, S. A.	25.00
Pacific Garden Mission, Chicago, Ill.	25.00
Patrick, Dr. Mary Mills, American College for Girls, Constantinople	25.00
Peoples' Mission, Brooklyn, N. Y.	25.00
Paton, Rev. John, New Hebrides Miss.	25.00
Peoples' Mission, Washington, D. C.	25.00
Peat, Rev. J. F., Chingking, China	25.00
Price, Dr. F. M., Work in Guam	25.00
Petersen, Rev. B. O., Vigan, P. I.	25.00
Richards, Rev. E. H., Inhambane Mission, Zambesia, W. Africa	25.00
Rounds, Mrs. T. C., Hebrew Mission, Chicago, Ill	25.00
Romig, Dr. J. Herman, Bethel, Kuskokwin, Alaska	25.00
Samaritan Home, Washington, D. C.	25.00
Salmans, Dr. Levi, Guadalajara, Mex.	25.00
Scandinavian Seaman's Mission, Bklyn.	25.00
Schmitt, Rev. Charles, Nain, Labrador,	25.00
Seamen's Mission, New York	25.00
Shields, Rev. R., Loanda, Angola, W. Af.	25.00
Shawe, Rev. Ernest, Moravian Mission, Leh, Tibet	25.00
Sobey, Rev. J., Costa Rica	25.00
Society for the Suppression of Vice	25.00
Soul-Winners' League, Wilmore, Ky.	25.00
Springer, Rev. J. M., Rhodesia, Africa	25.00
Steele Orphanage, Chattanooga, Tenn	25.00
Stark, Rev. A. R., Callao, Peru, S. A.	25.00
Sunday Breakfast Mission, Phila., Pa.	25.00
Taylor, Dr., Ahmedabad, India	25.00
Taylor, Miss Annie, Bengal, India	25.00
Taylor University, Upland, Ind	25.00
Tennesseetown Mission, Topeka, Kan.	25.00
The White Door, New York	25.00
Training & Rescue Home, Tappan, N. Y.	25.00
Tribune Sunshine Society, New York	25.00
Union Gospel Mission, New Orleans, La.	25.00
United Hebrew Charities, New York	25.00
Vaughan, Mrs. O. N. E., Dauphin Island Mission, Alabama	25.00
Vincent, Rev. H. S., Presbyterian Mission, Chieng Rai, Laos	25.00
Volunteer Student Movement	25.00
Wayside Mission, Philadelphia, Pa.	25.00
Weiss, Rev. Fred, Morocco, N. Africa	25.00
Wheeler, Miss Emily, Worcester, Mass.	25.00
Wilcox, Rev. Wm. C., Ifafa, M. S., Unzinto, Natal, South Africa	25.00
Working Girls' Vacation Soc., New York	25.00
Withey, Rev. H. C., Angola, W. Africa	25.00
Wodehouse, Rev. Mr., Rhodesia, S. A.	25.00
Woodberry, Mrs. J., Beulah Chapel, Shanghai, China	25.00
Wright, Rev. J. N., D.D., Presbyterian Mission, Tabriz, Persia	25.00
Yoder, Miss A., Khamgaon, Berar, India	25.00
Y. M. C. A. in Jerusalem	25.00
Zamora, Rev. N., Y.M.C.A., Manila, P.I.	25.00
Total	**$2,904.01**

Miscellaneous

Additional contributions from New York, Pennsylvania and Canada, to the work of the Bowery Mission, will appear in next week's issue.

Sarah B., Stuart, Tex. Victoria's family surname was Guelph.

Reader, Jasper, Ind. Write to Methodist Foreign Missionary Board, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Constant Reader, Brighton, Mass. There are many Catholic benevolent and charitable institutions. We cannot give you data for comparison.

Any one knowing the address of Anton Pohanka (otherwise Sharp), is requested to communicate the same to his mother, Mrs. Marie R. Pohanka, 312 W. Forty-ninth Street, New York.

Reader, Pine Village, Ind. 1. Abraham Lincoln originated the saying, "You can fool part of the people all of the time, and all of the people part of the time, but you cannot fool all of the people all of the time." 2. The lines you quote are from a hymn, beginning, "O, where shall rest be found?" They occur in the second verse.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 21, 1906

In the Office of the "Free Doctor" of the Parish

The Cooking Department of the Church

A CHURCH OF MANY ACTIVITIES

It is St. James' Protestant Episcopal, of Philadelphia, which was Signally Honored by the Liege Church Congress

CONSIDERABLE interest was aroused, a few months ago, by the action of the International Church Congress Exposition at Liege, Belginm, in awarding a medal to the Protestant Episcopal Church of St. James, in Philadelphia, as being the "ideal religious establishment" of its kind on either continent. This distinction—which of course was made without the slightest intention of discriminating against the extensive settlement and philanthropic work of other churches here and abroad, which were unrepresented in the Exposition—has drawn very general attention to the Quaker City church which was the recipient of the medal in question. Rev. William C. Richardson is the pastor of St. James. The church is rich in original ideas for the betterment of the poor of the parish. Perhaps the most interesting is the church grocery store. This featnre is not in favor with those tradesmen of the neighborhood who deal in domestic supplies, for the reason that the prices charged at the church establishment are made to fit the means of the very poorest persons in the parish. Further, if the would-be purchaser of groceries comes without money, she sometimes finds that provisions can be obtained as freely as the Gospel itself. During the twenty three months in which the store has been in operation, 4,351 customers have been served.

Speaking of the work done, the manager said: "Customers are still coming to us who began with our opening nights. We are retailing good quality groceries at wholesale rates, and we feel that this is an actual charity that should be a great help in the philanthropic work of our church. We have in our parish a large number of people of small means who must take advantage of every opportunity to economize. Our store has been established to help these people. The young ladies of the Sunday School have given me invaluable assistance through the past year, and have proven efficient,capable and faithful clerks."

In the Grocery Store of St. James' Church

Another unique department of the church is that which invites men who would otherwise be shivering in the streets on cold nights, or seeking the lonesome and doubtful comfort of hall-bedrooms, to come in and stay awhile at the club-house. Shuffleboard, checkers and a piano are among the attractions here. Coffee and sandwiches are served at half-past nine by the ladies of the parish, and dramatic, athletic and musical entertainments are gotten up for the entertainment of the guests. Magazines and newspapers are provided for the studiously inclined. No wonder the place is the rendezvous for nearly all the single, and a good many of the married men of the parish. It has not been a severe winter, so the church's coal department has not been so much taxed as usual, but nevertheless it has been a real boon to the poor parishioners. A method has been devised of distributing coal at a minimum cost. There is a society at the church known as The Fuel-Saving Fund. Its objects are to induce the worthy and industrious poor of Philadelphia to practice habits of economy. The society has an endowment which enables it to pay the salaries of its officers and five cents on each ton of coal purchased for depositors. By good business methods it has reduced the price of coal through contracts made early in the season, thereby getting its coal delivered throughout the winter at a low and uniform rate. It is now delivering coal to its depositors $1.25 per ton cheaper than it can be obtained from the retail dealers of the city. The small savings of the poor people throughout the year enable them to get coal at the lowest possible rate. Only the honest poor are allowed to use the fund. No dealer in coal may make deposits; nor keepers or inmates of houses of doubtful character or saloonkeepers. To freeze out speculators, there is a rule that not more than one dollar may be deposited in a week, and not more than three tons of coal may be purchased for a depositor in a year.

The parish has a physician of its own, who makes calls on the sick poor, and has office hours for the reception of ailing ones who cannot afford a regular practitioner. Calls are answered any time during day or night, and orders are given on druggists for medicine, where it is needed. Formerly, when there was no parish physician, many of the unfortunate people of the parish were obliged to run into debt to their doctor, and then apply for money to cancel this indebtedness. By the present system, unworthy people are guarded against. Nurses are ready for cases where such help is required.

The story of the numerous departments of this church, that has been declared by the Liege Congress to be the most completely organized of its kind in the world, would take long in the telling. There are departments for the instruction of the girls of the parish in cooking; Summer Outing funds for poor mothers of the parish; a Boot and Shoe fund, whose object needs no explanation; a Ministering Children's League; a Girls' Friendly Society; an Embroidery Guild; an Industrial School; an Indian Hope Committee; a Maternity Society, and many others. If any one can suggest a department that will do good to suffering humanity, the idea is welcomed. Pastor Richardson bears his honors modestly. He is satisfied to go on with his work, and, in conjunction with his people, to render all the service he can to humanity.

THE AMERICAN PULPIT

SERMON BY

Rev. Wallace MacMullen, D.D.*

HIDDEN TREASURE

TEXT: MATT. 13: 44

"The kingdom of heaven is like unto treasure hid in a field," etc."

LIFE is a dull gray thing when surprises are unknown. If the world has no bloom or wonder in it, it is hardly better than a prison. There is a story of a man of leisure, who, looking down upon the monotonous waste of years before him, and picturing to himself the endless exasperating round of movements, dressing, sitting, eating, sleeping, the days all cut on the same pattern, could not endure the prospect and so committed suicide. Monotony is often deadly. Even its virtues may be only apparent. Ruskin reminds us that the virtue of a stagnant, isolated village, where the interests of life are few and the stream of life is sluggish, may be only a surface thing, and indicates simply that the still souls who live there, have not been subject to strain and struggle, and their passions are not mastered but dormant.

Monotony is not the same thing as tranquillity. Tranquillity is a thing of life, poise, balance, power. It speaks of tasks done; of self control; of hearts that are quiet because they are brave; peaceful, because they are trustful. Its symbol is not stagnant water, but a steady soul looking quietly down into rushing streams. But monotony is a thing of death. It does not mean doing the same things steadily, constantly. Nature does that, and nature is never dull. It means rather the absence of content, vision, freshness from the soul. And the cure of it is not in change of place, of scene, of occupation. The cure is in getting peace, purpose, vigor, vision into the Spirit. To think, as some do, that unlimited money, with unchecked indulgences of all desires, will prevent monotony in life, is to be shortsighted. Such a course may postpone the problem of satisfaction, but will never solve it. Satiety and disgust lie that way. A weary Roman Emperor offered a fortune to the man who could give him one new pleasure, and so one new thrill of life. The true method for the cure of monotony is not to get the sameness out of circumstances, but to cure the distraction and blindness of the soul. The world is never dull to the soul that worships and sees. To such a soul the bloom and wonder of the world never vanish. Surprises are new every morning, and fresh every evening. Emerson said: "Every day is the best day in life."

The Treasure Found

Now this man had a surprise. He came upon treasure that he was not looking for. His field was doubtless uninteresting, perhaps stony and sterile, and the tilling of it difficult, but there was treasure in it waiting to enrich him. It is not necessary to go into the ethical question as to the man's right to the field, and his silence regarding the field's secret. This is a parable, and it is not necessary to the point of it to prove the man blameless in his conduct morally as well as legally. His course of action may be legitimately criticised. But the point is that the kingdom of God in a human life is a surprising treasure. It makes its discoverer jubilant and rich, and is worth all sacrifice. To this man it appears unexpectedly. He comes upon it by accident. In the associated parable it is the reward of search. But it is to be noted that the man's surprise came to him while he was doing his duty. His dull toil was far from attractive. The prospect of it probably did not gladden him. He plodded on wearily with plough or shovel, and then, in the twinkling of an eye, his prospects in life all change as his tools touch the buried fortune. If he had shirked his duty, cursed his lot, abandoned his distasteful task, he would have missed the treasure.

Duty has rare treasure in it, as history often proves to us. It was with no thought of leadership, statesmanship, immortal fame that Moses kept in touch with his enslaved people in Egypt; he had apparently nothing to gain and everything to lose by his fidelity. To identify himself with slaves in their sorrow and plead their cause was no natural result of his circumstances. He could have luxury and honorable distinction by holding himself aloof from them. But he was true, and sacrificed all his court favor and ruined all his Egyptian prospects in order to be true. And to that man, faithful to duty when faithfulness hurt him, God came in flaming, surprising glory, and equipped him with matchless wisdom and invincible power, and exalted him to a dazzling place of fame and influence as deliverer and law-giver and nation-builder.

It was with no dream of sovereignty that David watched the flocks of his father on the plains of Bethlehem. He was a simple shepherd, steadily true to his task of leading and defending the patient sheep, and one day the anointing oil touched his head. And whatever surprise and glowing vision came to him with that prophetic act of Samuel, he was

Not Won From Duty

He returned to his work and was faithful to it as its forms changed, until God put him on the throne. In the Persian court King Ahasuerus was weary one day, and to beguile the time asked to hear read the annals of his reign, And among other things he heard how Mordecai had foiled a plot and saved the king's life, and this the king had not known. And he sent for his prime-minister and asked what should be done for the man whom the king delighted to honor. And Haman recommended a triumphal procession through the streets of the capital with a herald crying the praises of the favorite. And the king accepted the suggestion, and had Haman arrange the procession and himself serve as herald to the man he so bitterly hated. And Mordecai was found at the gate, the humble place of common resort, and was exalted in the eyes of all the people, and then returned to his simple life of duty doing. The glory broke in upon his humble, faithful life as a flashing surprise. It came out of faithful service, which he had almost forgotten, and did not unsettle him. Cornelius was a good man, true to conscience, true to righteousness, kind to men, and God gave him a dream and the glorious light of the Gospel and the baptism of the Spirit.

Duty! If may seem hard, dull, exacting, exhausting; it is the daughter of the voice of God. A mine of inexhaustible wealth. The soul allied to it has a guarantee of revelation and increasing treasure. The slaves of duty are the heirs of God. Let a man be true to his sense of right, absolutely, rigidly obedient to every moral obligation, sensitive to all his own holiest instincts. Glory lies that way. He may be poor and lowly in the world's esteem, and the world may pity him, but he needs no pity. God honors him, and dowers him with moral wealth and flashes upon his humble soul spiritual surprises.

But the treasure of the kingdom is represented here not only as a thing surprising, but as a thing supreme. So great in value, that the man gladly sold all he had in order to possess it. The world has some quarrel with the New Testament, because it pays so little attention to, and even seems to depreciate, what are unquestionably real treasures. Houses and lands, material goods of all kinds, books, and pictures, and music, things of beauty and common use, jewels, and flowers, and industries, friendships and comradeships, services of healing and instruction, are these worth anything? Very much. But they are not the things about which Jesus was most concerned. He did not condemn them. A petition for bread is in the model prayer which he constructed. He assures us that God knows our need of things material, and we may safely trust him for them. But these are not the things emphasized.

The Supreme Values

The social value of His principles, His recognition of political rights, how His service brings and fosters material prosperity, all this might be pointed out. But these are not the supreme values. They are not ignored or sneered at, are not denied—they are simply dwarfed in comparison with that which is first. It is a matter of perspective. And Jesus, clear-eyed strong Son of God, says that God's kingdom, God's dominion over the soul, intimate, constant, everlasting, is the soul's supreme treasure; for it no sacrifice is great; in it all values are merged. And the world objects to that emphasis and that estimate—thinks they are overdone. Religion, thinks the world, is a good thing in its place and useful. But it belongs to special experiences and emergencies. It is hardly to be reckoned a tangible treasure with a constant value. It is a kind of moral luxury, a matter of taste, perhaps of prudence. Its out-and-out enemies say it is a delusion which makes man a coward and a slave, and some superior philosophers who regard it as irrational and even impious, nevertheless think it has an educational function, and is worth something in the way of restraint for those who are not brainy enough to know the truth about it. Well, over against all the scoffers, private or public, timid or daring, stands Jesus, with the assurance that the rule of God is worth more to a soul than anything else and all things else, and he implies that if one once gets a clear view of the kingdom, digs through the forms in which it may be hidden, sees its amazing treasures heaped together, at once that soul will know that there is no treasure so solid, none so vast, and that it is worth all sacrifice.

A Secret Thing

And then, besides the surprise and the supremacy of the kingdom, the parable urges its value as a secret thing. It must be uncovered. It must be sought. There are certain surface values which are easily seen, and which we may share without any special effort in laborious digging, but the distinctive values are hidden and are easily missed. Take the Bible, certain elements in its usefulness are undeniable. In its historical parts, it is interesting; in imagery rich; in ethical teaching lofty. Even in these particulars, it is not in the same class with other sacred books. Max Muller, who edited the remarkable series of sacred books of the East, already numbering about fifty volumes, said in his general preface: "It has been for many years a problem to me, and, to a great extent, is so still, how the sacred books of the East should by the side of so much that is fresh, natural, simple, beautiful and true, contain so much that is not only unmeaning, artificial and silly, but even hideous and repellent." And about the sacred books of Brahmanism, he said: "These works deserve to be studied as the physician studies the driveling of idiots and the ravings of madmen. Let us only try to translate these works into our own language, and we shall feel astonished that human language and human thought should ever have been used for such purpose." So that in regions of lower values, our Bible stands alone.

Its literary influence is unexampled. Luther's Bible, given to the German people in the vernacular, had much to do with the formation of the German language of to-day. Our King James' version has been the most potent influence in the shaping of our modern English. Tennyson is steeped in it. Browning delighted in its characters and truths. Shakespeare and Milton and Wordsworth abound in Biblical allusion. Carlyle finds in the book many an illustration and glories in its ethical grandeur. Ruskin said it affected his literary style more than any other force. And it has influenced the speech of household and street as well as the speech of students. As to its literary beauty and its ethical tonic there is no question. These are the

Surface Treasures

But they do not explain its place and power. To be content with acknowledging its literary charm and its ethical power is to be superficial. Its secret is that it discloses God. But some may say this is done by other writings, in other ways. Goethe said, "I find lessons in the pages written by both ancient and modern men, graciously endowed of God, as beautiful and useful and necessary to mankind as the Gospel." And Lowell said:

> Slowly the Bible of the race is writ
> And not on paper leaves nor leaves of stone;
> Each age, each century, adds to it,
> Texts of despair, or hope, of joy or moan.
> While sounds the sea, while mists the mountains shroud
> While thunder's surges burst on cliffs of cloud,
> Still at the prophet's feet the nations sit.

All this is truth. The end of the speech of God has not been reached. But the consummation has been reached in Christ. And the Bible secret is the revelation of God's redeeming love in history and in his Son.

Take our Christian religion. In what is its value? It has valuable moral teaching. Its ethical system is the loftiest with which men are acquainted. Its precepts may not be practical of application under some conditions of modern life, but notwithstanding it is ethically beautiful and lofty. It has a valuable moral example in Jesus. It has a worthy portrait of God. These are

* Preached in Madison Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, New York

the common admissions of all men. But none of these things is its real distinction. God as father, love as life's law, life after death, these are taught in other religions. Even the moral precepts of Christianity are not unique. What is its special value? Professor Everett of Harvard said it has no specialty, and the peculiarity of it is in the perfect balance of its truths.

Professor Harnack gave a good definition when he said, "Christianity is eternal life in the midst of time lived by the power and under the eyes of God"; but he fails to show the method and power by which such life may be realized. In Harnack's book, *What is Christianity?* the teaching of Jesus makes the substance of our religion and the fact of Jesus, his presence, his significance, his function, all these are ignored. Jesus himself, with the German theologian, is no part of his own Gospel. Prof. Curtis, in his recent book, says, "You can, in these lectures of Harnack, readily recognize Christianity, and yet after all it is not fundamental Christianity which you recognize. It is as if a very skilful artist had painted the contour and the body of a man so as to make recognition instant and indubitable and had left out the man's face altogether, never once suggesting by so much as a stroke that the man had any face." If we leave out the Christian facts of the coming of the Son of God, his death and resurrection, we haven't any Christian religion. We have no explanation of its history and no explanation of its power. There is a secret treasure. Christianity has a peculiarly intense revelation of God, given through special methods, awakening a peculiar response in the human soul, and producing there a peculiar life. If we do not find God in Christ, if we do not find life in Christ, life spiritual and divine, and therefore eternal, then we have not dug into the secret of our religion; we have been examining only its rim, its surface.

Take Jesus Christ, what is his secret? We would not say now, "There is no beauty in him that we should desire him." "Whatever the surprises of the future, Jesus will never be surpassed," so said Renan. "If the life and death of Socrates were those of a sage, the life and death of Jesus were those of a God," so said Rousseau. And Carlyle called him "our highest Orpheus ravishing the world with his sphere melody." And John Stuart Mill declared that he was "the best symbol of religion, and the best concrete expression of the rules of virtue." He does not lack admiration and appreciation. He is safely fixed among the heroes of history. But why? His character, conduct, teaching, may account for glowing literary estimates, but how shall we account not for words of praise concerning him, but for worship, devotion, obedience?

There is a secret in Jesus. What is it? Is it in his teaching? Is it in his character? These are surface things. And there is a frequent denial of any secret value in Christ. There is nothing in him that cannot be expressed in human terms and measured by human standards. To suppose anything else is to be fanciful. And yet that sort of estimate is a refusal to do more than glance at the record; it is a mere surface scratching of the facts, which makes a hopeless puzzle of Christian history and a hopeless chaos of Christian faith. Those who are content with that sort of verdict are refusing to look Jesus in the face and refusing to open their ears to his story. His origin, his nature, his purpose in his life and death and resurrection, these items must be put into the inventory if we are to arrive at any conception of his value. If there is in him nothing but moral example and moral wisdom, he will not be passionately sought. He may be admired, imitated, but the soul will not be enraptured with him, will not exult in him, will not worship him.

And now finally apply this principle to the church of Jesus Christ. The church must have secret treasure in her life to make her specially attractive. If church life be merely a thing of form, ceremony, philanthropy, she cannot be magnetic. The earliest church life had the secret of the Spirit, and though stakes and fires and wild beasts were the lot of those who were loyal, yet multitudes in increasing numbers rushed into the church. The blood of the martyrs became its seed. Not merely because there was a passionate, contagious heroism, but because in the church and in Jesus, its head, there was a life worth dying for. And then the church got cold; it increased in numbers and influence, but became an establishment of form, discipline, authority. Its organization became elaborate, its influence became commanding, it was allied with the State, and the life of the Spirit languished. Yet the real life may be found below the surface here and there through history in the Mystics, in the Waldenses, in the Franciscans, in the Lollards, who knew the secret of life in the Spirit.

And to-day what shall we say of the church? If it has no secret treasure in its life; if it is like the world, what possible attraction can it have for the world? It is the business of the church to include the world within its borders. But if its morals be the same as the world's, its amusements the same, its forms of service the same, why should the world be eager to enter? If there is no jubilant life, no deep experience, no radiant devotion, why come in? Is there any secret treasure in the church? Yes, thank God, to some extent. Is it in all the members of the church? Underneath all religious rites and ceremonies and order and work have we radiant, holy, spiritual life? If we have that, even though the field in which it is hidden—our personality. our manner, our culture, our social place—is not specially inviting, the life treasure will urge men to make themselves possessors of it. When King Arthur established his order of the Round Table, assuming rule over his knights, the knights sang to him a song of welcome:

> The king will follow Christ, and we the king,
> In whom high God hath breathed a secret thing.

God helps us in his Book, in his Son, through his church, to have and show the secret of the supreme glory of his own stainless, mighty life.

One of the Famous Bible Classes Conducted by Rev. D. M. Stearns, in New York

A Unique Missionary Work

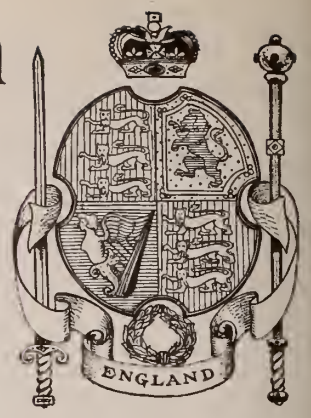
ONE of the most remarkable missionary organizations in the world, is the quiet, unostentatious service rendered by the Rev. D. M. Stearns, of the Reformed Protestant Episcopal Church of the Atonement, at Germantown, Pa. Mr. Stearns conducts Bible Classes in Philadelphia, Brooklyn, New York and several other cities, in addition to doing his own parish work. These Bible Classes have led to a whole-souled consecration of spirit among the members, the result of which has been a consecration of funds to the missionary cause. Mr. Stearns has a deep and abiding faith in missions. He believes in the duty of reaching every heathen land with the glad news of the Gospel of Christ, and knowing well that the chief difficulty in attaining that end is the lack of money, he encourages all who listen to his teaching to devote their means to the work.

So well has this lesson been learned, and so entirely have the members of his Bible Classes imbibed the principle of his teaching, that in the seventeen years during which the classes have been in existence, no less a sum than $322,464 has been placed in Mr. Stearns' hands to be forwarded to the missionaries in the field. Each year has shown a regular increase in the amount. It began in 1889 with the modest sum of $553. In 1905, the amount contributed was $42,100. Mr. Stearns' own church in Germantown, though comprising only about 150 members, gave $5,943 of this sum. It is doubtful whether any church of the same size in the whole world contributed so large a sum to the cause, in addition to paying its own expenses. It is a remarkable evidence of the effect of consecration, a testimony to the earnestness of the teacher, and an evidence that God continues to bless faithful work. The whole sums are promptly sent on to the various agencies employed in the foreign mission field, with no deduction besides that of the bare travelling expenses, incurred in reaching the classes. There are no costs of administration, nor even of postage, but the entire sum goes to the missionaries.

Mr. Stearns is a Canadian by birth. He was educated at Pictou Academy, and subsequently studied theology, while filling the office of principal of a public school at Halifax, N. S. In 1876 he removed to Boston, Mass., where he was ordained in the Congregational ministry. In 1886 he became pastor of the Reformed Episcopal Church of Scranton, Pa. Thence he went to Germantown, Pa., where he now is. The work of the pastorate to which Mr. Stearns is devoted has gradually been eclipsed by the wider service he has rendered in teaching the Bible Classes. It grew up very quietly and without any advertising. It began in preparing Sunday School teachers for their work in teaching the International Lessons. As people visited the class in the Church of the Atonement, news was carried of the simple, practical teaching given. Mr. Stearns was assured that if he would visit New York for a similar purpose, many Sunday School teachers would be grateful to him. Glad of the opportunity to be of service, he complied, and now he has an audience of upwards of two hundred and fifty in Brooklyn, and nearly as many in New York, at the classes he holds in those cities every Monday. Pleas for similar assistance came to him from Washington, D. C., Baltimore, Md., Morristown, N. J., Orange, N. J., Easton, Pa., and other cities, and classes were organized there.

A very modest man is Mr. Stearns. He insists that there is no special ability in him; that any minister or layman could do the work as well or better than he; but he loves it, and is profoundly thankful that God deigns to use him. It is a busy life, but it is a very blessed one, to be able to help some three thousand workers every week. Still more blessed is it to realize that there is a practical result from the service, that these classes are moved by their studies to give so liberally to the cause of Christ in heathen lands. Many a missionary laboring away from the home land, must have been cheered and encouraged as these substantial proofs reached him, of the interest the church at home was taking in his work.

Washington's First Mission



ON a cold, bleak November day, in the year 1753, a little troop of horsemen could have been seen riding in single file out of the western gate of the stockade of Willis Creek, in what is now called Cumberland, Md. The leader of the party, who rode his charger with the ease and grace of the Cid himself, was tall, athletic, and with a face already serious for the twenty-one summers it had seen. With the exception of the mouth, less stern, it had much the same expression of high resolve and dauntless purpose that was later to inspire the troops as he drew his sword beneath the elm at Cambridge, restore their spirits after the battle of Long Island, and to shine with the light of victory at Yorktown. He was dressed in a leather hunting suit; a long flintlock fowling-piece was thrown carelessly across his saddle, while from his belt swung the silver-hilted small sword of a major, in the Colonial forces of Virginia.

As the troop reached the rising ground at the edge of the clearing, Major Washington, for such was the young man's name, halted a moment, to wait for the rearmost, before the long march began. With him was the guide Christopher Gist, an old Indian fighter, his face tanned with exposure, rugged and set in expression, loving his long rifle and the pathless woods—a white man turned Indian in his habits. Next was Jacob Van Braam, Washington's old fencing-master, who had been taken along as interpreter, and following him came four experienced backwoodsmen, enlisted in the Colonial service, who had been chosen for their tried courage and reputations as frontier soldiers.

With one backward look at the little settlement, above which the banner of St. George snapped viciously in the keen and frosty air, the leader spoke sharply, there was a jingle of spurs and bridles, and a moment later the last rider had disappeared beneath arches of the forest, as completely as if snatched up by an unseen hand.

Before the young major and his men lay a journey of a thousand miles, beset with dangers from swollen streams, wild beasts, and, worse than all else, the ambush of some war-party of redskins, on a scalp hunt. No one knew when a shot might ring from the thicket, and a rider pitch headlong from his saddle. Each man as he rode forward, now bending low to save his head from an overhanging branch, now spurring his horse to the jump when some great log barred his path, kept ever a watchful eye to the right and to the left for the print of some moccasined foot or unusual chattering among the wood birds. Washington, on his first public mission, must have indeed felt the responsibility of his position.

The French in Canada and the Southwest had been building fort after fort along the line of the frontier claimed by the Crown of Great Britain, and pushing their outposts farther and farther in upon English territory. English traders were captured and taken to the French garrisons, under the pretext that they were in possession of valuable furs that belonged to the subjects of King Louis. Every now and then a band of painted savages, tacitly encouraged by the French commandants, would stream across some remote clearing against the frail palisades of an English settlement, leaving a heap of ashes, above which a few buzzards flopped lazily, where once was life and peace.

Washington bore in his pocket a commission from Governor Dinwiddie, authorizing him to demand from the French commander why he was building forts in the Ohio Valley, and capturing English trappers in times of peace. The King's officers in Virginia and the colonial officials were already collecting their forces in anticipation of hostilities. Washington was to deliver the demands, win over the Indians, and discover, so far as possible, the strength and positions of the French.

They were not on their way many days before snowdrifts greatly impeded their progress, and often compelled them to change their route. It had been arranged by the guide that they should meet a deputation of Indian sachems at Logstown, on the Ohio River. When at last they drew rein on the banks of the Monongahela, at the point where it receives the waters of Turtle Creek, they found it almost impassable. But time pressed, and, holding their powder-horns high above their heads, they rode their horses into the swiftly moving current, and at last reached the other side. A few hours later, wet to the skin, each fringe of their suits a clinging icicle, they rode up to the rendezvous. For five days Washington argued with the chiefs, and tried to bring them to a decision to enter into an alliance with the British Government. The Indians, however, were non-committal, always inclined to an alliance with the gay and laughing Frenchmen, with their easy manners and plentiful store of fire-water. They were still more impressed by the presence of the French garrisons in their vicinity.

The Major took three of the chiefs and pushed on to Fort Venango, and then on to the main fortress of Fort Le Bœuf.

When Major Washington caught the first glimpse of the forest stronghold, as he emerged from among the pines, he saw before him one of the main reasons for the success of France against the British arms. Fort Le Bœuf was strongly stockaded, at the corners were bastions, from whose ports glinted the muzzles of cannon, and a ditch, crossed by a mediæval-looking drawbridge, was drawn deep about the outworks. From the high staff on the parade, floated the white flag, broidered with the golden lilies of Bourbon. This sylvan fortress was the work of men who did not take up their swords by fits and starts, but whose trade was war.

The major's coming had been several days announced, and he was received with great courtesy. The spruce sentry at the main gate saluted with inverted musket, and the party was conducted to the log headquarters through triple ranks of white-coated infantry, whose arms crashed to the front as the young Virginian strode by.

Washington found at Le Bœuf nothing but vexatious delays at first. The French commander did everything to make the time pass pleasantly, but wished to have the opportunity to win over the chiefs that had come in Washington's train. The major at last demanded a formal conference for an immediate answer. It took place in the quarters of the French Commandant Monsieur de Saint Pierre. Washington had changed his dress from the frontier hunting-suit to the red uniform with blue facings of a field-officer. Attached to the ribbon about his neck was the small brass gorget that is seen in his earlier portraits. The French commander was as daintily attired as for a review at Versailles. His hair was powdered, his coat was white and trimmed with gold. After the usual salutes and compliments the major presented his demands. They were read in silence, and after some delay an answer was penned and stamped with an imposing seal. Washington gathered his party, and with the same martial display observed at his coming, started on his homeward journey, a journey fraught with greater danger than the trip westward. ROBERT STERLING BLAIR.

KING ALFONSO AND HIS FUTURE BRIDE

AS we have been constantly informed that "all the world loves a lover," it is probably true that a great many people outside of the families most concerned are interested in the engagement and approaching marriage of the young King of Spain to Princess Ena of Battenberg, one of the most charming members of British royalty. It is thought that the wedding will occur in the early part of June.

The king announced his choice to his ministers at a recent meeting of the Spanish Cabinet, and received their hearty congratulations. Prime-Minister Moret spoke in flattering terms of the future queen, and when he said that the entire nation approved the king's choice, he evidently struck a responsive chord in the breasts of those present. The Spanish people are most enthusiastic over the idea of their government becoming thus allied, in a way, with one of the great Powers.

The young couple will probably take up their residence in the Palace of El Pardo, as it is being entirely refurnished. Prince Alexander, brother of the Princess Ena, recently visited Madrid, and with King Alfonso, made an inspection of his sister's future home. The king has appointed nine titled women of his mother's court to act as ladies-in-waiting to the bride.

Alfonso was at Biarritz recently to meet the princess and her mother, and the photograph taken at the time is here reproduced. He is evidently deeply in love and has proved himself a most devoted suitor.

Photograph by V. Gribaycdoff

King Alfonso and Princess Ena, at Biarritz

The king is as much Austrian as he is Spanishin blood, and is much taller than any of the officers of his household. He took the oath as king when sixteen years old, and during the last three years he has taken a practical part in the government of the country, and its relation to foreign States. Last summer he made a tour which included France, Germany and Great Britain. It was during his sojourn in England (as guest of King Edward) that me met the Princess Ena for the first time. He had hardly returned to Spain before it was reported that he had chosen a British princess for the future queen, but who she might be was not disclosed until this fall.

Alfonso is quite English in his tastes, fond of hunting, motoring and other outdoor sports, traits that must be congenial to a princess brought up amid the constant activities of British royalty.

The Smoot Case

THE Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections, on Feb. 7, resumed its hearings in the case against Reed Smoot, the Mormon Apostle in the United States Senate. Some remarkable testimony was given during the first few days of the hearing. Prof. W. M. Wolfe, a teacher in the Brigham Young College, at Logan, Utah, and a former Mormon, who severed his connection with the church a year ago, testified that plural marriages still took place, and that "polygamous cohabitation has increased materially since Utah was admitted as a State." He had gone through the Endowment House twelve times, and each time had taken the Mormon oath of "chastity, sacrifice and vengeance." These words were included in the oath taken: "You and each of you do covenant and pray, and never cease to pray God to avenge the blood of the prophet on this nation," and to "teach your children to avenge unto the fourth generation." Several other witnesses gave similar testimony before the committee.

ALL EAGER TO SAVE JAPAN

Christian America Coming to the Rescue of the Starving Villagers---Contributions From Many States

EVERY day witnesses an increased interest here in the great tragedy of human sorrow and suffering that is now going on in Northern Japan. Christian America is awakening to its opportunity, and contributions to the Relief Fund are now pouring in in a steady stream in response to our appeal on behalf of the famishing people. We trust that these gifts may come in such volume that many thousands of lives may be saved through the generosity of our people.

Arrangements for beginning the practical work of relief in the field are progressing rapidly, and will be fully announced in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD as soon as completed.

Later reports of the local Relief Committees in the three afflicted provinces have been received. These give sad glimpses of the situation in the famine districts:

"Last week (says one report) Mr. Lampe and I devoted two days to Kurihara County, in Miyagi Province, on the invitation of Mr. Tatsumo, the head official of the county, who said his section was the worst of sixteen in the province. At the office, he showed us the statistics that had been carefully collected, the gist of which is as follows: There are 92,756 people, of which **41,541 are on the edge of starvation.** The county's average crop of rice is 162,000 koku, of which they were able to export 50,000 koku, but this year's crop is only 12,000 koku, or less than ten per cent. of a normal crop. Of course the result is widespread suffering, which bears most severely on the poor farmers and village people.

"We visited one town and four villages. We found one village of fifty houses, in forty-five of which the people are in a starving condition. Their clothes, bedding, tools, horses, everything that will bring a little cash, has been sold. The able-bodied men and women would gladly work; but the trouble is that the farmers are largely forced to the utmost economy to pull themselves through the year's losses, and can employ no one. What the outlook of these sufferers is from now till spring can best be imagined.

"Another village, Ichi-hasama, has a population of 5,356. Their average crop is 8,340 koku, but this year only 185! The **number of destitute people is 3,736** (two-thirds of the whole), and the amount of miserable food they have on hand is estimated to last them thirteen days from December 28th. After that——?

"The adjoining village is Nagasaki," the report continues, "with a population of 1,937, producing 4,449 koku on the average, but this year only eighty-two. The **number of destitute is 1,117,** and they have coarse food left for fourteen days only. Here we heard of a woman who had been **five days without food** of any kind, and at last, for the sake of her starving children, she came weeping to the village office, only to find there was no work and no food. This is the condition of all village and county offices, so far as I know. Of course, the village headman gave her some food.

"The *Jiji Shimpo* (another newspaper) correspondent, in going through this region two months ago, found an old man absolutely destitute. His report was read by two soldiers in Manchuria, who at once sent two *yen* (about $1) from their slim allowances.

"In one household of thirteen members, which included four generations, we found the wretched great-grandmother going through the motions of nursing her great-grandchild of two months, while the parents were searching the fields for **roots and grape-leaves to boil for food.** Yet the brave mother met us with smiles and even made light of her misery, as they nearly all do.

Stereograph, Copyright, by Underwood & Underwood

Japanese Peasants Gathering Rushes

"The most encouraging thing we saw was before the home of M. Utsuni, formerly a member of the House of Representatives and later of the House of Peers. He had sixty men, women and horses at work leveling some ground, just to give them labor. He kindly invited us into his house, and told us he could not let his tenants suffer without himself suffering with them.

"In Ichi-hasama there are 713 houses, of which 522 are in distress. In the 248 houses of Nagasaki, 173 are starving.

"The semi-famine of three years ago floored, temporarily, hundreds of families. While they were struggling bravely to get back on their feet, this unprecedented disaster came, with the result that the poor are swallowed up nearly out of sight by the large numbers that have been suddenly forced to swell the ranks of the unfortunate.

"We do not wonder that over **two thousand people have fled** from 'the sentence of death' that hung over them. We have begun the task of helping."

A leading Japanese newspaper, *The Asahi*, devotes considerable attention to the famine, and makes a strong appeal to public and private generosity to aid the poor northern country-folk. They now have to face the bitter cold of a rigorous winter, in addition to the cruel pangs of hunger and the anguish of lingering death by starvation. Incidentally, *The Asahi* ventures to question the wisdom of adhering to the old-fashioned notion that "agriculture is the life of the nation." Agriculture in Japan, it says, is generally regarded as meaning the cultivation of rice, almost to the exclusion of all other farm industries. It believes that this idea, fostered and encouraged under the feudal system, was often responsible for severe famines invading the country from time to time in former days, and especially in the northeastern districts. In localities favored with a mild climate, where the soil can produce intermediate or "off-season" crops, the system of rotation culture might be followed with profit.

* * *

An appeal has been issued by a Committee of leading Japanese in America, through Mr. S. Uchida, Japanese Consul-General in New York. It is addressed to the Japanese residents throughout the United States, and says:

As you are well aware, the almost total failure of the rice crop last year in the prefectures of Miyagi, Iwate and Fukushima, has resulted in the greatest famine in the last sixty years. To alleviate the suffering of the inhabitants in those districts the collection of relief funds has been already started, not only by the natives and foreigners in Japan, but also by the citizens of this country, to whom the sad news has recently reached through American missionaries in our country.

Under these circumstances, we, the undersigned, have decided to raise a relief fund for those unfortunate persons at home from our compatriots residing in the United States, and hereby appeal to you for your liberal subscription.

It further explains that all contributions in response to this Consular appeal will be forwarded through the Consul-General to the Minister for Home Affairs, at Tokio. The names of a number of prominent Japanese merchants in New York, are signed to the appeal.

Every reader of this journal wishing to have a share in this life-saving work in Japan, should forward, without delay, his or her contribution to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Every gift will be duly acknowledged.

ADDITIONAL CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE JAPANESE RELIEF FUND

Bliss, M B.....10 00
Bohl, Miss A C...10 00
Johns, C 52
Marden, Mr & Mrs T 5 00
Moore, Julia 5 00
Steele, Mrs S R.. 1 00
Steele, Mrs Wm M 1 00
F N S, San Francisco 1 00
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Friends, Oakland.. 5 00
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Mrs A T A, Morenci 1 00
Bolch, W H..... 2 00
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White, S C..... 50
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Harrell, Mrs A V & D J..... 2 00
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Adams, C N 5 00
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Callahan, Mrs E.. 1 00
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Hunter, Wm 5 00
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Kenward, John .. 5 00
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McCarty, W L.... 3 00
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Brinkerhoff, Jacob. 5 00
Brown, Laura A... 1 00
Camp, Mr E W.... 5 00
Cochran, Elizabeth 1 00
Colletta, J E..... 1 00
Drake, Mrs Lulu.. 3 00
Eshelman, J M.... 1 00
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Hall, G L..... 2 00
Hall, Mrs R S.... 1 00
Hamer, Samuel ... 1 00
Heron, Robt 4 00
Isaacson, C A.... 3 50
Kenyon, C M.....10 00
Rice, R A..... 1 00
Shigley, Sarah ... 1 00
Wager, Daisy 1 00
Wenner, Mrs W J 1 00
Wolfe, Mrs S E & husband 5 00
——, Abilene 2 50
——, Madison 5 00
A Friend of Japan, Green 5 00
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Burns, Mr & Mrs M D L..... 1 00
Myers, G L..... 1 00
Myers, Harry 1 00
Myers, Ruby 1 00
Nenmeister, Miss L 1 00
——, Louisville 5 00
——, Nicholasville .10 00
A Friend, Glendale 1 00
Huie, R W 50 00
Unnamed, Moncoe..10 00
Berry, Mrs S P.... 2 00
Berry, W W..... 5 15
Boothby, Mrs S M 5 00
Caswell, Mr H T.. 1 00
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Hodgdon, S C..... 5 00
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Murray, J E & wf 1 00
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Weld, Eliz'th F...10 00
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T A S, Allston... 5 00
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——, Northboro 1 00
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A Friend, S Boston 1 00
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Two Friends, Boston 2 50
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Hager, Julius 5 00
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Hitchens, Wm ... 1 00
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Oltmans, Harvey.. 25
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Todd, Mrs W L.. 50
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Maline, G 1 00
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An Old Subr, Haverhill 1 00
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OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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The Cry of Japan

"GIVE us bread, give us bread, or we perish!" is the pitiful cry which comes from the northern provinces of far-off Japan to Christian America. Mothers frantically pressing the emaciated little forms of infant children to their parched breasts, as if by embrace to keep the feeble spark of life from becoming wholly extinct; wives whose hearts are breaking as they see the bread-winner of the family growing weaker and weaker day after day, without prospect of relief, and husbands whose looks of hopeless agony speak louder than words of the terrible dread and apprehension that fill their hearts, are straining their eyes in the direction of this country, whence hail the missionaries who have told them the beautiful story of one Jesus, who went about doing good, who fed the multitudes, and whose followers in this blessed country are walking in the footsteps of their Master.

It is for these faithful but distressed people that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD appeals for help. Already our people have begun to respond with their usual promptness and golden-hearted liberality. Never yet has the generous American heart turned a deaf ear to the pitiful cry of the destitute, the desolate, the distressed or the hungry, and contributions have commenced to pour in from every direction; but so much is needed, so much is to be done, so much of misery and famine is to be relieved, that unless every one does a share, and does it quickly, little can be accomplished to stem the tide of suffering, starvation and death.

Mothers of America, will you not, because of God's goodness to you, and for the sake of those distracted mothers of Japan and their dying children, give out of your abundance at least enough to *save one child*, and thus keep one mother's heart from breaking? God will surely bless you, and in accordance with his promises—which never fail—reward you a hundredfold.

Let every village be represented. Let every church, Sunday School, home and foreign mission society do its share. Let Sunday School officers, teachers and scholars vie with each other in hastening to the rescue of this unfortunate people. This is an exceptional opportunity to do good in the Master's name.

A Helpful Church

VERY gratifying to American hearts is an item of news that comes from Liege, in Belgium. There has been a public Exposition in that city, of methods of Institutional Church Work. The prize medal for the best organization among those exhibiting has come to this country. It is awarded to St. James' Protestant Episcopal Church, Philadelphia. Doubtless there were many Institutional Churches in Europe and in this country that made no exhibit, but it is no small credit to our national enterprise and systematic efficiency that among so many competitors the palm should have been given to an American church. The fact will render this church a model, both here and in Europe, to churches already engaged in the work and to others that may be about to initiate such a movement. A description of its many activities will be found on another page, and doubtless a full and complete account will be gladly furnished by the officers of the church.

The methods of the Institutional Church have not escaped criticism, and that, too, from pious, earnest people. It is contended that the business of the church is to preach the Gospel, and that it impairs its efficiency in that service, when it undertakes to provide amusement and to do philanthropic work. It must be admitted that if such a charge could be substantiated, the criticism would be just. If in any church the preaching of the Gospel and the work of saving souls were neglected, the church would be like the barren fig-tree, that failed in the purpose of its existence. No triumph of philanthropy, no success in humanitarian work could compensate for failure in rescuing men from sin and proclaiming the way of eternal life. But is such an effect necessary? Is it not possible to do the one without leaving the other undone? Nay, does not philanthropy conduce to effective Gospel work? It is the contention of the friends of the Institutional Church, that it does so conduce, and that there are localities in which Gospel work can be carried on in no other way.

Christian workers who go much among the poor, know the hardships, and privations, and anxieties of their lives operate to close the ears to the message of salvation. Men who do not know where food for their families for the next day is to come from, naturally concern themselves with that problem, rather than that of the future life. So it has come about that in the quarters where the poor live, very few of them attend church, or manifest any interest in its work. Then the church too often closes its doors, sells its building, and moves into a more wealthy quarter. Then the glory of Christianity departs, for to the poor the Gospel is not preached. Now, if the church takes an interest in the poor, if it helps them in their economies, if it provides amusement to brighten their dreary lives, if it furnishes a doctor for the sick who are too poor to obtain medical attention, if it visits them in their homes, ascertains the causes of their poverty, and seeks intelligently to remove them, helping them to help themselves—if, in short, it fulfils Christ's law, to bear one another's burdens, the church is recognized as a friend, and the poor flock to it.

Christ himself fed the multitude, and in his description of the last judgment, emphasized the duty of caring for the poor, so the Institutional Church has the best of examples, and the best justification for its work. All honor, then, to the churches that are engaged in this double work. They are taking away from Christianity the reproach of indifference to suffering and want which has long alienated the poor.

The White House Bride

BY the time this reaches the eyes of those who read this page, the wedding bells will have rung for the President's daughter, and once more in its history the White House, which is our simple American substitute for a palace, will have witnessed the pomp and ceremony of a bridal occasion. Very few girls have been so popular as Alice Roosevelt, who embodies in herself an ideal of charming and exquisite maidenhood, who has been so womanly, so sweet, and so gracious, that she has made all hearts her own. Everybody is interested in a love match, for all the world loves a lover. During the time that has elapsed since the fair daughter of the White House was duly presented to society, her comings and goings, the incidents of her trip to the Orient, her visits here and there, and everything that she has done and said, have been chronicled as if she were a reigning princess. This is just what she is: Princess by divine right of American loveliness. Her choice of a husband has been universally approved, and the good wishes of a nation follow the happy pair as they set out together on the journey of life.

Other White House brides have had similar demonstrations, but none thus far have equalled in enthusiasm the interest taken in Mrs. Longworth. Other weddings in the White House have been those of Miss Nellie Grant, daughter of President Ulysses S. Grant, who was married to an English gentleman, Mr. Algernon Sartoris, nearly thirty-two years ago; Elizabeth Tyler, daughter of President John Tyler, married to Mr. Waller, of Virginia, in 1842; Maria Monroe, daughter of President Monroe, married to Samuel Gouverneur, in 1820, and Frances Folsom, who became the bride of President Cleveland, and was married to him in the White House.

No doubt the sentiment of popular approval rises higher than it otherwise would because this daughter of our Chief Executive has chosen to wed a son of the soil. She might have given her hand to a foreigner of distinction, and no one would have had any reason for carping criticism; but with the good sense that is an inheritance, and the straightforwardness that all admire, her heart has been bestowed on a typical American, public-spirited, loyal, and devoted to his country.

Spiritual Attunement

IN a Southern mining district, a scientist is now engaged upon a strange and unheard of experiment. Deep down in the bed of a coal shaft, hundreds of feet below the surface, he has placed in the earth the end of a wire, which is connected with a transmitter overhead. At a point many miles distant, another wire is sunk at an equal depth, and with this novel apparatus, the experimenter sends messages back and forth through the solid earth. These messages are not conveyed by means of the familiar telegraphic "click," but by distinct musical notes or tones. Both instruments, miles apart, are tuned precisely to the same key, and upon this accurate attunement depends wholly their responsiveness. Without this perfect accordance of harmony, however careful all other preparations, the result would be a failure to communicate. It is claimed by the inventor that by the same method of attunement, wireless messages can be sent through the earth, under mountains, seas, and continents, to any part of the globe.

This new and interesting discovery has a strange though not unfamiliar parallel in the invisible union which exists between the material and the spiritual world. But it is a union which can be realized only by the soul that is "in tune with the infinite." Not until we have learned to estimate at their true value the material things of life, and to comprehend that nothing is worth while which is not according to the Father's will and obedient to his laws; not until we come to know that sin carries its own discord and punishment by separating us from Him, and from all that is good and true and noble, do we feel awakening within us this new sense of spiritual perception.

This revelation may come in youth, in mid-life or in old age; but when it does come, it is very precious and uplifting. As the years advance, and we get nearer to that narrow strip of borderland which divides the here from the hereafter, if we have been steadily facing Godward and heavenward, the spiritual sense becomes keener and the veil between the two worlds grows so thin as to be well-nigh transparent. Life is sweetened and hallowed. We seem to hear the echoes of the celestial harmonies, and to feel the presence of the "cloud of witnesses" by whom we are encompassed. This spiritual attunement has brightened and illumined the closing years of God's servants in every age, and it is doing so to-day. It is the crowning mark of a Christian life, when one can wait patiently upon God and be happy and contented with whatever he sends, knowing well that "the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal."

☞ Additional contributions from New York, Pennsylvania and Canada, to the work of the Bowery Mission, will appear in next week's issue.

Among the Workers

—THE CENTENARY M. E. Church, an ideal structure, has just been dedicated at East Palestine, O. Rev. Geo. W. Orcutt is the pastor.

—REV. A. F. OWENS, a colored pastor of Mobile, Ala., was recently presented with a handsome testimonial by ninety of the principal citizens of Mobile, as an acknowledgment of his humanitarian and philanthropic work among the inmates of the county almshouse and the city hospital for twenty-eight years.

—"DURING THE massacre at Moscow," says a recent letter, "not one Stundist was killed. The Stundists now meet four times every Sunday in the Evangelical Mission House, and many times during the week. They have a very good preacher. His name is Mr. Nicholi Jakooleff. He is a very earnest man. Christian people in Russia and Finland help his work by systematic contributions. The meetings are always well attended."

—EVANGELISTS HART AND MAGANN, of Fairbury, Ill., have just closed a notable revival in Camden, N. J. It was held in the old historic Broadway M. E. Church, the largest building in the city, accomodating between 2,300 and 2,500 people. There were over 500 professions during January, many being from Philadelphia and surrounding cities. Over 1,000 requests for prayer were made. These evangelists are now engaged in revival work at Ada, Ohio.

A NEW COMBINATION OFFER

THE WATCHWORD AND TRUTH, edited by Robert Cameron, D.D., published monthly at $1 per annum, and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the brightest and best weekly family magazine, regular price, $1.50 per annum. The two together, for one whole year, for only $2.

"*The Watchword and Truth* is the brightest, most orthodox and helpful magazine that comes to my desk," says Dr. D. A. Blackburn, Pastor of the Church of the Strangers, New York. "I always push other papers aside and read *Watchword and Truth*. I wish every clergyman in America could take this paper. Its influence would be felt in many a pulpit, and its truths would dispel the doubt and uncertainty that lurk in the minds of many clergymen and their parishioners."

. . .

The Bible is being attacked on many sides as well as the doctrines of the virgin birth of Christ, the atonement, the second coming of Christ, etc. Timely articles on these subjects will appear during the year in the *Watchword and Truth*, which is edited by Robert Cameron, D.D. Among the distinguished writers will be the Rev. William H. Bates, the author of *Alleged Discrepancies of the Bible*; E. P. Vining, whose new translation of the Book of Hebrews has created such a sensation among scholars; Archibald Forder, the pioneer missionary to Arabia, and J. C. Brand, who is conducting a great evangelistic work among the Japanese. The Sunday School Department is ably edited by the Rev. Kenneth Mackenzie, Jr.

Send to-day $2 for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, every week for one year, *Watchword and Truth*, every month for one year, and our superb "Home-Coming of the Bride" calendar.

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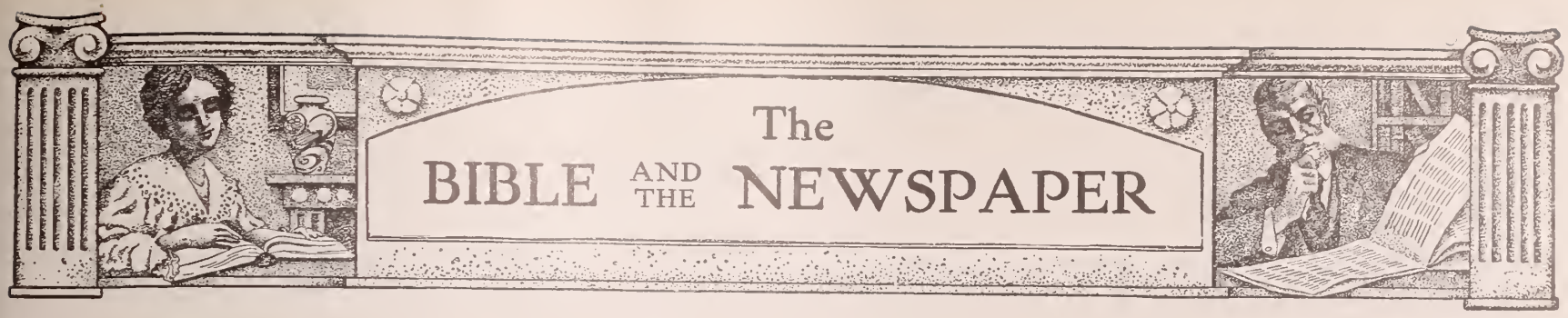
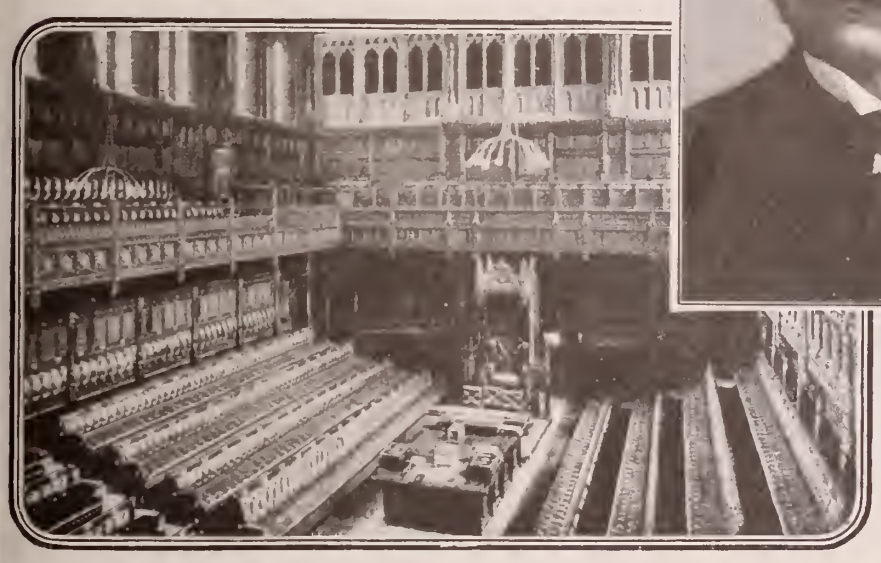


English Politics

NEVER before in the history of the British Parliament has one of the political parties gained so enormous a majority as that which the Liberals have in the new House of Commons. Of the 670 members, 376 are pledged to support the Premier, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman; the Unionists number 154; the Irish Nationalists 84, and the members elected on the Labor ticket, who will probably vote with the Liberals, 45. Thus the Premier can count on a clear majority of 41 over all the other parties combined, a position which no leader has ever before been able to attain. Even Mr. Gladstone, with all his genius and parliamentary ability, never had so strong a party at his back. It is evident that the country was thoroughly weary of the Unionists, and was determined to expel them from power. They had been "weighed in the balances, and had been found wanting."

Unless something unforeseen occurs, the country will be governed on Liberal principles and by Liberals for the next seven years. It is in the power of the King, and of the Premier to dissolve the House and have a new one elected at any time, but the natural and normal life of a Parliament is seven years. At the end of that time every member gives up his seat, and it is in the power of a constituency to re-elect him or to choose some one else. One of the most remarkable results of this election is the increase in the number of workingmen in the house. They now number forty-five, and there is thus a pledge that the interests of the laboring classes will be looked after more carefully than ever before. The composition of the House is curious and interesting. The number of barristers (the higher class of lawyers) among the members is 100. Manufacturers come next, numbering 70. They are followed by 60 merchants, 45 ex-army officers, 34 lawyers, 29 journalists, 20 shipowners and shipbuilders, 19 authors, 10 mine owners, 10 doctors and 10 brewers. Among the Labor members are 13 ex-pit boys, exminers and ex-factory lads, 5 compositors, 4 carpenters, 3 grocers' assistants, 2 mechanics, 2 stonemasons, 2 navvies and 2 railway guards, 1 newsboy, 1 blacksmith, and 1 agricultural laborer, and 9 unclassified. There are 9 bankers, 8 stockbrokers and 12 farmers.

The result of the election is a surprise. It was known that the Aristocratic Conservative Party had lost the confidence of the country, but no one had any idea that the change was so extensive and so radical. Probably one of the influences that weighed with the people was the attitude of the Conservatives on the subject of education. They had passed a bill giving the control of education into the hands of the bishops and clergy of the Episcopal Church, ignoring the claims of other denominations. Protests were made against such partiality, but they were met arrogantly and rejected. Many ministers and laymen of the Congregationalist, Baptist and Methodist Churches objected to pay the tax levied to support the system. Their objections were conscientious, but they were over-ridden. Their furniture was seized and sold to pay the tax, and in many cases they were sent to prison for refusing to pay. It is believed that the sufferers, and the friends who sympathized with them, had much to do with the defeat of the Conservatives who had ignored the conscientious attitude of godly men. Other causes, such as the tariff, had their share in the defeat, but the largest and most effective part was played by the opponents of the education policy of the late government. It was a cruel and infamous outrage, and it has been punished by exclusion from place and power.



The Interior of the House of Commons

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman

The Terrace of the House

How oft is the candle of the wicked put out, and how oft cometh their destruction upon them! God distributeth sorrows in his anger (Job 21:17).

Dr. Rainsford's Resignation

New York suffers loss in the retirement of Dr. William S. Rainsford from the rectorship of St. George's Church. For over a year he has been in Europe trying to recover from the strain of his work, under which he broke down. It was hoped that he would regain his strength, and the reports that came from him from time to time encouraged the hope, but now he realizes that his work in this city is ended, and he has finally and definitely resigned. There is general regret, not only in his own church, but in other denominations. When Dr. Rainsford came to St. George's, twenty-two years ago, it was a decadent church. The memories of Dr. Tyng and other famous preachers still hung about it, but the work of the church seemed to have ceased. Dr. Rainsford brought new life to it, he opened new avenues of usefulness, sent deaconesses into the surrounding tenements, organized clubs and trade schools, and neighborly associations. St. George's became one of the busiest scenes of church work in the city, and abundant means for extending it were placed at his disposal. He labored incessantly, and was ever seeking new methods of usefulness. By his energy a parish of seven thousand souls was built up, and the endowment fund increased by $300,000. Besides this he collected around him a band of earnest workers of the same spirit as himself, whom he trained to the work. It is gratifying to know that the work will go on though the master spirit is absent. His chief assistant, Rev. Hugh Birckhead, succeeds him, and will continue the work on its present lines. Like his Master, Dr. Rainsford has given his life to service, and though he must grieve to leave it in the midst of his days, he has the consolation of knowing that his labor has not been in vain.

Neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus (Acts 20: 24).

A Fraternal Guardian

Two little boys were brought into a court in New York one day recently, in charge of the Gerry Society. The officer explained that their father was dead, and their mother being an habitual drunkard, they were without proper guardianship. The judge was about to commit them to the care of the Society, when a tall youth of eighteen years stood up and interposed his plea. "Oh, Judge," he said, "do not do anything so cruel. They are my brothers, and I love them." He reached out his hands as he spoke, and drew the little curly-headed boys to his side. "I am earning good wages, I do not drink, and I am well able to take care of them. If you will let me have them, I will work for them, and bring them up honestly." The judge could not withstand the plea. "You are one boy in a thousand," he said, "and I will trust you with the children." The trio marched out of court together, the little ones clinging joyously to their brother's hands. Every one in court admired the brother's devotion, and believed that the Judge had acted wisely as well as kindly. The young man is willing to deny himself that his brothers may be cared for, and his act is applauded. But how many there are who hear unmoved of Him, who for the love of the human race actually laid down his life that they might inherit eternal life.

He laid down his life for us, and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren (I. John 3. 16).

Injured by Medicine

A singularly pathetic instance of fraudulent treatment occurred recently in a small town in Pennsylvania. A woman living there, found some years ago that she was losing her eyesight. She consulted oculists and tried various remedies, but her eyes grew worse, and at last she became completely blind. A short time ago a stranger went to her home and declared his ability to cure her. She had not much faith, having tried every known remedy, but the man was persistent and so confident in his power, that eventually she began to hope. The medicine he wanted her to take was expensive, but the hope of regaining her eyesight was so welcome that the poor woman agreed to buy it, and made sacrifices to raise the eight dollars that the man charged for the first bottle. She began to take the drug, but when she had taken seven doses she became very ill. Her friends were alarmed and sent for a physician, who expressed his doubts if he could save her life. Happily, after working over her for several hours, she began to improve, and there is now hope of her recovery. She came near losing her life by placing confidence in a person who was intent only on his own gain. There are some who risk losing their souls in the same way, through trusting in men instead of going directly to Christ.

Through covetousness shall they, with feigned words make merchandize of you, whose judgment now of a long time lingereth not (II. Peter 2:3).

BRIEF NOTES

Prayer meetings in the Armenian language are held regularly in Boston, Mass. Many Armenian families attend, the head of one of which is a member of Shawmut Church.

At a recent meeting in New York City of the executive committee of the Inter-Church Conference on Federation, a minute was presented recognizing the valuable services rendered by the Rev. E. B. Sanford, D.D., to the movement, to which he has devoted a large part of his time for over thirty years. He was in effect the founder of the National Federation of Churches and was the leader in the effort which culminated in the recent Inter-Church Federation.

Not What We Have, But What We Are

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON
BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS*

THAT true blessedness is not in having, but in being—that is the profound meaning of the beatitudes. They were not new, but, as Henry Ward Beecher truly said, a group of Old Testament bells that Jesus collected and lifted up in a chime, that all the world should hear. Indeed, almost everything in the Sermon on the Mount, was an Old Testament truth in a new setting. Christ having just selected out of many disciples twelve apostles, sought to show them how the Gospel was enfolded in the Old Testament, and unfolded in the New. It is a mistake as common as it is serious, to suppose that because this sermon is the first one recorded in the New Testament, it was Christ's first sermon, his inaugural, and that it sums up all that is important in his preaching, which, in that case, would be humanitarianism. When we read the story of Christ in its chronological order, we find, as we have said before, that this sermon was not preached until the second year of his ministry, and was preceded in the first year by the sermon on worship at Jacob's well; and that was preceded by the sermon to Nicodemus on regeneration; and that was preceded by John the Baptist's proclamation of atonement, "Behold the Lamb of God." Note Christ's order: atonement, regeneration, worship, humanitarianism. We should neither begin with humanitarianism nor end with worship.

There is really much more than outward action required by this sermon. Its opening beatitudes proclaim that blessedness is in being, not in mere having or doing or saying.

Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. This does not mean heaven above, but "heaven begun below," in fulfilment of the prayer which Christ could not have taught us if it was not to be answered some day, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, as in heaven so on earth." A "kingdom" is not an individual, but a social matter, and so God's kingdom on earth is a Christianized community, a "holy city coming down." And this kingdom is to be built up, not by the rich in earthly goods, but by the "poor in spirit"; not by the knights of force, but as another beatitude proclaims, by the "meek."

Blessed are they that mourn. "A flower has been discovered in South America which is only visible when the wind blows; it is of the species cactus, and when the wind blows, a number of beautiful flowers protrude from the little lumps on the stalks. So, beautiful lives are developed by adversity." "A German baron had a deep ravine near his castle, and thought to make a huge æolian harp of it. He stretched wires across it. In the gentle breeze it was silent, but when great storms blew down the ravine, the air was filled with music." "Stars may be seen from the bottom of a deep well when they can not be discerned from the top of a mountain. So are many things learned in adversity, which the prosperous man dreams not of."

Blessed are the Meek, for they shall Inherit the Earth. When Jesus rode into Jerusalem, on Palm Sunday, with no sword and no soldiers, the prophecy was fulfilled: "Behold thy King cometh unto thee, meek." Herod and Pilate, and their soldiers ridiculed such a kingship, but that meek King rules more widely and more permanently to-day than any monarch of the sword. Thus, meekness is inheriting the earth.

Not the godless proud, but the humble Christian "inherits the earth," by getting the highest enjoyment and the highest good out of this world. Lord Byron, who drank of every cup that earth could give him—Lord Byron, with a wealth of intellectual and physical nature equal to almost anything—just before he died, sitting among gay company, was meditative and moody; they said to him, "Byron, what are you thinking about so seriously?" "Oh," he said, "I was thinking of the number of happy days I have had in this world." "How many," was asked. "I can count but eleven, and I was just wondering if I could ever make up the dozen in this world of pangs and tears and sorrows."

Blessed are they that Hunger and Thirst after Righteousness. Men count those blessed whose every want is at once supplied, but Jesus here voices that profound truth that "the lack of goods for the higher wants is not so sad as the lack of wants for the higher goods." The saddest thing about the tramp is usually not his lack of food and clothes, but his lack of aspiration. As food is of no use to those who do not hunger for it, so the noblest blessings of the soul are vainly offered to those who, in their sin, have no divine discontent that seeks for something better.

Dr. Henry Clay Trumbull, says: "The philosopher Hume went so far astray, as to declare that humility, which Christ so constantly praises, should be stricken from the catalogue of virtues, and added to that of vices! Being out of sympathy with Christ, Hume missed a perception of the evil which is in man, a sense of which should humble us; and he mistook the very nature of humility, which is only a species of honesty—a willingness to be estimated at our real value, however low that may be. It requires spiritual intelligence and culture, to see that to forgive is a higher attainment, and requires more strength of mind, than to resent and retaliate. This latter power the feeblest and meanest are equal to, while the former trait is the characteristic of moral nobility, and indicates that one is 'a partaker of the divine nature.' One must be in accord with Christ, who could say, 'I am meek and lowly in heart,' before he can be sufficiently clear-eyed to see the falseness and meanness of pride, and the beautiful candor and needful acquiescence in the divine order, which are involved in humility."

Blessed are the Merciful. Thorwaldsen carved his statues in Italy, and sent them to his home in Denmark carefully packed in straw. The straw contained seeds, and soon his garden in Copenhagen was beautiful and fragrant with Italian flowers. So the merciful carry flowers of heaven wherever they go.

Blessed are the Pure in Heart, for They Shall See God—not alone in heaven but on earth. "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." Purity is a cleaned window through which we may see God and his kingdom now. The late Dr. Maltbie D. Babcock kept himself in what, using medical language, he called an "aseptic condition," for his ministerial work. Being invited to smoke, he declined, with the explanation that he was often called upon to visit the sick, and any odor of tobacco on him, would unfit him for his delicate ministry. Being offered the use at any time during the winter of an opera box, he courteously refused it, on the ground that he must keep himself spiritually aseptic.

The blessing is not to those naturally pure, else would it bring us no hope, but to the sinful who have been purified by Him who can wash us white as snow.

I passed a stagnant marsh that lay
Beneath a reeking scum of green,
A loathsome puddle by the way;
No sorrier pool was ever seen.
I thought; "How lost to all things pure
And clean and white, those foul depths be."—
Next day from out that pond obscure
Two queenly lilies laughed at me.

I passed a hovel 'round whose door
The signs of penury were strewn;
I saw the grimed and littered floor,
The walls of logs from tree-trunks hewn.
I said: "The gates of life are shut
To those within that wretched pen;"
But, lo! from out that lowly hut
Came one to rule the world of men.

That the boy who is pure and honest will get the largest blessedness, that is, happiness, even in this world, is illustrated by the following stories, one of a pure, the other of an impure boy. A poor boy in Pennsylvania was struggling to get an education. He studied and toiled and taught, and contrived in every way, and finally got through. Hearing of a vacancy in a Chicago bank, he decided to try for it. His mother objected and his friends laughed at him. But he felt that he must try the great world. He met the bank president in his office, who touched a button. The bank's detective stepped in, looked at the boy and went out. The president said, "Come back in a week." He came back. The president said: "There are forty-six applicants for this place. All have been watched for a week. Only two boys passed the character examination, which touched particularly the points of extravagance, vice, where evenings were spent, and the Sabbath day. All this is strictly business, not at all an inquisition into private character. This bank must take account of these things for its own sake. Of the two you have the best qualifications, and the place is yours."

"Seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain, and when he had sat down his disciples came to him"

In contrast we set another story. An artist in silk-dyeing had a secret, discovered by him before he had completed his apprenticeship. Wherever he worked he accomplished so much that he was paid nearly double the amount received by other workmen. High prices were offered him for his secret. He always asked a higher one, and finally made it prohibitive. Certain silk men, competitors of his, employed a beautiful French girl to obtain from him the secret of his success. After much trouble she succeeded. Experiments showed that the secret was the right one. After that, his work was worth no more than another's. Two months passed; he became more and more despondent, and soon killed himself. Another Samson slain through a Delilah.

Blessed are the Peacemakers, for They Shall be Called the Children of God. One day a little girl was looking at the pictures in the large family Bible. Her attention was drawn to a representation of Jesus blessing little children. The artist had pictured the Master seated on a low platform, with the children crowding about him. The little one gazed long and earnestly on the picture, and then putting her tiny finger on a vacant space near the Saviour's feet she said, "Mamma, when I det to heaven I'm do'in' to stan' wight there." The place where we should stand if we would be children of God, is among those who "seek peace and pursue it."

*International Sunday School Lesson for March 4. Jesus tells who are blessed. Matt. 5: 1-16. GOLDEN TEXT: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Matt. 5: 8.

THE CHARIOTS OF THE LORD

A Story of the days of Religious Persecution in England

BY JOSEPH HOCKING

CHAPTER XI.

A FEW minutes later, Donald Stewart and Benedict Trelawney made their way silently towards the river. It was now well on to three in the morning, and the city was silent as death. Not a sound, not a footstep was to be heard. The river rolled onward to the sea, but no lights were to be seen. London seemed to be the city of the dead.

"It's cauld," said Donald Stewart, as they stood in Farringdon Road.

"Ay——"

Benedict spoke like a man in a dream. Everything was unreal to him. Nay more, at that moment naught seemed to matter to him, he could not tell why. He felt as though his heart was numbed, even while it burned with a great anger. He hated both Judge Jeffreys and his daughter; nevertheless, the laughing eyes and fair face of the latter were constantly appearing before him. He almost hoped that something would happen to keep him from starting for Holland that night, so that he might meet her the next night beneath the shadow of the Temple Church.

"You know the exact place?" whispered Donald Stewart.

"Ay, I saw it four hours since."

"Dugdale prepared for it. He was sure of the result of the Council. It could not be otherwise. It is the call of God."

They struck into an alley, and crept cautiously along, Donald Stewart keeping a watchful eye on the right and on the left as they walked.

"Here's the place," said Trelawney, stopping.

The river at this spot encroached further upon the land than at any other spot close by, and thus a little bay was formed.

"But the boat is not here."

Each looked at the other in a kind of stupefaction, for what Donald Stewart had said was true. The dark waters of the outgoing tide glided rapidly towards the sea, and the waters curled into the little bay, but the boat he had seen a few hours before was gone.

"What shall we do?" said Stewart, like a man dazed.

"Draw swords."

The voice set Benedict's blood tingling. He knew it well, even although it was not loud.

Almost as if by instinct each of them obeyed the command of the invisible speaker; and it was well they did so, for four men rushed upon them with swords drawn. The command was evidently given to the enemy, not to them. They had only profited by their quickness of hearing.

The four men attacked them furiously, but spoke no word. The odds seemed terrible; how could they two meet four? A minute later they were more hopeful. Their assailants were not skilled swordsmen, and Benedict, who had not learnt the art of swordcraft for nothing, was able to disarm one of the four—all of whom attacked blindly, and without method—at the very outset of the fray. He could not tell whether he had wounded him, there was not enough light; he knew that only one man faced him, while Donald Stewart wielded a great claymore with great effect against the two men who attacked him furiously.

How the fight would have gone it is hard to say, for the man whose sword Benedict had sent flying into the darkness had recovered his weapon, and was returning for the attack. But before he reached them, the same woman's voice was heard again:

"Fly! A band of armed Puritans!"

"See! see!" whispered Trelawney, as he pointed to a dark object

The men hesitated, and seemed undecided what to do.

"Fly, I tell you. They will cut you to pieces. Hark!"

There was the sound of hoarse voices in the distance, and their attackers, evidently believing the newcomers to be enemies, fled precipitately.

"What doth this mean?" panted Donald Stewart.

"Hark!"

"It is all right," they heard the woman say. "They can never see the boat under the jetty, and before they can get away we will return with more help. No, not that way. The Puritans are there."

"The jetty?" whispered Trelawney.

"Ay, where is it?"

Without hesitating a second, the young Cornishman waded out towards the river.

"Come, come quickly," he said.

The tide was going out rapidly, and he was but little more than knee-deep in water.

"See, see," he whispered, pointing to a dark object, as Stewart came to his side.

"Yes, I see. Come."

They waded towards the jetty, and there they saw a boat fastened to a piece of wood.

Stewart laughed grimly. "It's good to have quick ears, Trelawney," he said. "The device is plain. They put away the boat, and then lay in wait for us. They will be one of the many parties on the watch. Master Dugdale told me to-day that a close watch was to be kept on the river, and that every one who sailed was to be questioned. Surely, the Lord is with us. That'll be Jeffreys' lass, I'm thinking. She did not think, when she told them to draw swords, that we should also hear. But it is well we did; we should be either dead or prisoners by now if we had not."

"This way! This way!"

They heard the noise of confused voices.

"But that is not the bay."

"Quick! quick, I tell you, or we shall lose them. A hundred pounds — you know the price."

By this time they had unfastened the boat, and were being carried down the river by the force of the outgoing tide.

"Use your oars, man, use them quick. I'll steer," said the Scotsman, in a low, hoarse voice.

"And thus tell them where we are. No."

"Ay, but the lad has a headpiece," muttered Stewart, as he felt himself silently carried down the river.

"She said the Puritans were coming," said Benedict, presently. "But they were not our friends."

"Nay, but she thought they were. Ay, that is where the cleverness of a woman always fails. Besides, the Lord bewildered her giddy brain."

"It seems as though she were in command of these men," said Trelawney presently, but he spoke more to himself than to his companion.

"Did not Henry Dugdale say this very night that Jeffreys used his daughter as a spy? Besides, Jeffreys hath asked the King for the right to seek out all who are not contented with his reign, so that he may have the pleasure of passing judgment on them."

"How did he learn this?" asked Trelawney.

"I tell you Henry Dugdale hath friends at court. The King discovered there was a movement on foot to bring back Monmouth, and Jeffreys is busy hunting down every man upon whom the least suspicion falls. He hath bands of spies everywhere, and chief among them is this evil-hearted lass. Hark," continued the Scotsman, presently.

"Well, I'm hearkening!"

"Do you hear nothing?"

"Nay, naught."

"Then you must be deaf. We are followed. I hear the sound of oars."

Trelawney listened attentively. "You are surely mistaken," he said; "I can hear nothing."

"But I can, and the vessel we have to board is seven miles away. There is some more fighting to do to-night, or I'm much mistaken. There are seven men on board that boat. Six are rowing, and one is steering."

"How can you tell?"

"I've not lived among the Scottish lochs all my life without knowing the sound of oars," he replied. "Mind, I'm not sure about the seventh, but there are six for sure. Ay, there are seven. They would not row so steadily if there was no man to steer."

He looked out over the murky waters of the river, and saw a dark object. Trelawney also saw that their pursuers had so gained upon them that even the darkness of the night could no longer hide them. The young man felt his nerves quiver, while his heart beat fast. He felt no fear, but he wanted to do something. It was he who had refused to use their oars when he started at first, now he was anxious to see whether they could not escape their pursuers by this means.

"Be quiet," said the Scotsman when he urged this; "we have better use for the oars than rowing with them."

"How? In what way?"

"Get one by you ready to hand. I'll tell you why all in good time."

Benedict did as he was bidden. He recognized the fact that the Scotsman knew what course to take better than he.

The little boat was carried silently down the broad bosom of the Thames. The tide was flowing rapidly and they made good headway; but, fast as they went, they could not help seeing that their pursuers gained steadily on them.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 164

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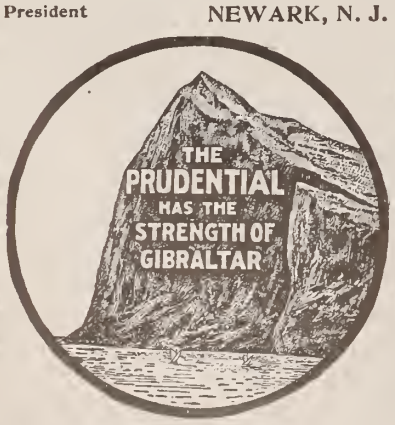

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The Chariots of the Lord

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 163

Evidently the six men at the oars were strong rowers.

"Could we not double, and escape in the darkness?" asked Trelawney.

"Nay, they have their eyes upon us. Our only chance is a bit of rough-and-ready fighting. Still, that chance is a good one."

"How can that be? There are seven against two of us."

"That's our chance. They look upon us as easy prey, and they are determined to get that hundred pounds. Never despise your enemy, Master Trelawney, no matter how weak he may seem to be."

"But—but——"

"Cease your buts, and keep your head clear and your hands ready. Have ye no read your Bible, man? In the First Book of the Chronicles we read about the men of Issachar who had understanding of the times, and knew what Israel ought to do. Well, I reekon that these two hundred men were about of as much value as all the rest of the nation put together. Now, those seven men know not what to do. They are told to capture us, and they just think they are going to do it easy. But they'll be mistaken, if I am not mistaken in you. Can ye swim, young Cornishman?"

"Like a duck."

"Ay, that is well, although I'm a-thinking you'll have no need for swimming. Hark, they're calling on us to stop in the King's name. Have your pistols ready."

"They are ready."

"Can ye see the oarsmen plainly?"

"Ay."

"They'll be by our side in a minute. Fire your pistols on the rowers on this side of their boat when I tell you. I'm thinking we ean cause a bit of a stir that way."

"And after that?"

"Well, in the course of my life, I've learnt the art of upsetting a boat, and this one looks just suited to my purpose. It's long and it's narrow. Now, mark: we wait until they are elose by our side, when we fire. On that, there'll be a bit of confusion. During that confusion I'll just give them a bath."

"Can I do nothing to help you?"

"Ay, keep your oar ready. It's long, and it's strong. Just you stiek it where you see me stick mine, and then put forth all the strength you have."

Benedict Trelawney could not help admiring the cool courage of the Scotsman. He sat quietly in the boat as though there were no danger, but every fibre of his being was alert. Donald Stewart was a dangerous man at that moment.

"Stop, in the King's name!"

"Is the King with you?" asked the Scotsman.

"Stop, or it'll be worse for you. Stop, or we fire."

"Fire away."

It might have been play-acting, so careless did he seem; nevertheless, both men knew that their lives were scarcely worth a groat.

The boat containing their pursuers was searcely as large as their own. In truth, it was far too small to carry seven men. Doubtless, however, in their departure to gain their reward, they had taken the first they could lay their hands on.

A moment later the pursuing boat shot close to them.

"Fire!"

A few seconds later the spark caught the powder; there was an explosion, followed by a yell among the King's men. Again, before they had time to recover themselves, Stewart and Trelawney diseharged their second pistols, and again there was a cry of pain and eonfusion.

"Now, then, Master Cornishman!"

The Scotsman seized his oar, and struck at a man who rose to fire. Then, before one eould well count ten the boat containing the King's men had capsized, while every man was floundering in the water.

"Now row for your life," cried the Scotsman, while the Cornishman obeyed.

The craft shot down the river at great speed now. Eaeh put forth his whole strength, and in a few minutes they were out of sight and hearing of the men they had so easily discomfited.

"It was just a trick," said the Scotsman presently. "Just a trick, and as easy as turning your hand upside down, when you know how to do it. Not but what it took a good bit of practice before I was what you eall proficient."

"It seems like a miracle," said Trelawney.

"Did I not tell ye that the men of Issachar were of more value than all the others? But for understanding of the times, Claverhouse would have given my carcass to the dogs long since; but I just knew what to do, and so got free. I'm a-thinking, Master Trelawney, that we'll e'en get to that vessel. But maybe ye'll have forgotten the password."

"Right is Might," said Trelawney.

"Ay. Right is Might, but even the right needs a bit of judgment mixed up with it."

Trelawney would hardly have recognized him for the same man he had seen at the house of Henry Dugdale the night before. Then, he had become almost fanatical in his religious fervor and his desire for vengeance; but now, he was cool and caleulating. Moreover, present danger had aroused in him a kind of grim humor.

"I would give something to see Judge Jeffreys' face when he hears the news," he said presently.

"How did they find out that we were going to the riverside to take the boat?" asked Trelawney, half to himself.

"Who knows?" said the Scotsman. "But I'm not far from thinking that Jeffreys' lass is at the bottom of it. Ay, but she must be a fiend, man! It was she who gave the eommand to draw swords."

"But everything was arranged in secret," urged Benediet.

"Ay, it was, but I have never yet known an enterprise but some woman got to the bottom of it somehow, and caused mischief. Besides, although Henry Dudgale is a godly man, he is somewhat long of tongue, Master Trelawney, and I fear that his friends at court learn just as much as they tell. What I feel just now is this: It behooves us to distrust that lass of Jeffreys as we distrust the devil himself. The blood of her father runs in her veins, lad, only she has the devil's cunning as well as the devil's cruelty."

Benediet Trelawney did not reply. He did not feel that he could tell the Scotsman all he knew, neither could he explain what had taken plaee, try as he might.

TO BE CONTINUED

Called Higher

Elizabeth C. Height, wife of Edward P. Hatch (of Lord and Taylor), died at her home, 1033 Fifth Avenue, New York, on February 2d, after a lingering illness extending over a year and a-half. She is survived by her husband, a son and five daughters. Mrs. Hatch was the daughter of Robert C. and Mary Riddell Height, and was born in Monmouth County, New Jersey. The Height family came to this country in the early part of the eighteenth century, from England, where they were people of substance and prominence—an old street in London taking name from this family. From the English Crown they obtained a large tract of land adjoining the holdings of William Penn, in what is now Mercer County, New Jersey, and in 1721 Heightstown was founded, John and Mary Height erecting the first house. Mrs. Hatch's grandfather was a Major-General under Washington in the Revolution, and her father was a Drum-Major in the War of 1812. In the War of the Rebellion her brother, Britton Height, was among the very first to go out—in the first New Jersey Cavalry, in which he was an officer—and served throughout the war. Mrs. Hatch was not alone the possessor of an illustrious name; she was also a noble Christian woman, of great personal force of character, tempering a superior capacity for affairs with a remarkable degree of tact.

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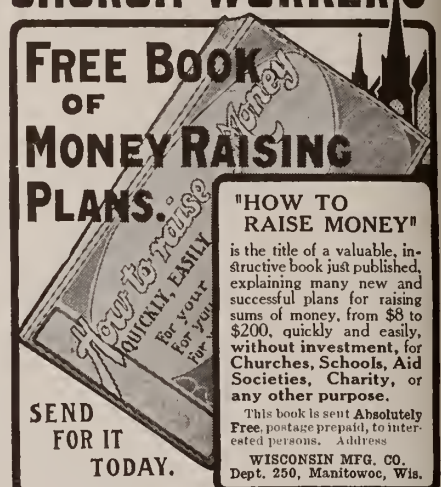

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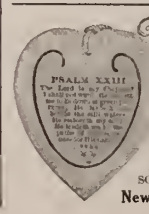

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THE HEROINE OF GUJARAT

Phulbai, "The Flower," and her Strange Story—Here with her Husband, Rev. Robert Ward, to Speak to our People

MRS. WARD is a native of Gujarat, India, now visiting this country, and is a picturesque personality. Her name, Phulbai, signifies "flower." She is the daughter of an Indian-Christian farmer, but lost both her parents at an early age. Mrs. Ward early in life consecrated herself to the spiritual uplifting and temporal amelioration of her people. She has ridden many hundreds of miles on camel-back, carrying the Gospel story to remote villages on the plains of India, where the heat is so terrific that last year it registered 114 degrees in the shade. Although by nature quiet and gentle, Phulbai frequently has proved what wonderful courage Christ bestows upon those who are willing to stand "in the breach" for him. Disguised as a beggar-woman, she sat outside a Mohammedan mosque for hours at a time, in order that she might get information which was needed. Hundreds of pulpits and platforms in Great Britain were thrown open to her when she accompanied her husband on a lecture tour, in an endeavor to arouse the churches of that country to a sense of responsibility in regard to the opium and drink traffic.

"Phulbai"—Mrs. Robert Ward

Ten years ago, Mrs. Ward returned to her native land and assumed the responsibilities and trials of a foreign missionary's wife. During the visit of Dr. Klopsch to India in connection with the great work which he and the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD were engaged in behalf of the dying multitudes of famine-stricken India, Mrs. Ward especially valued the privilege of entertaining him and assisting to make effectual the far-reaching philanthrophy of Christian America. A cargo of corn had arrived by the good ship *Quito*, and a portion of the same, amounting to twenty railway truck-loads was despatched to the portion of the field for which Mr. Ward was responsible. It was necessary to divert part of this great consignment from the main line to an interior post. But who could do it? There were no missionaries who were not fearfully overloaded with work; yet the corn had to go. Phulbai stepped forward, met the train, chartered sixty bullock-wagons—a long life-giving caravan—and, taking her seat upon the piled-up sacks in the cart at the end of the procession, saw the whole consignment safely to its destination! And this was at the time when the famishing hill-tribes were scouring the countryside, looting the shops of the grain dealers, and not sparing even the armed police of the government.

Phulbai also used her remarkable organizing power in establishing the Godhra Famine Orphanage, the bulk of the girls in which were supported for six years by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD orphan work. This institution has now been handed over to The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, which supplies the missionaries for its oversight.

Endowed with a sweet voice of good compass, Phulbai sings Gospel songs with winning effect, and also delivers addresses in English.

Previous to joining the mission staff, the Rev. Robert Ward was editor of the *Banner of Asia* and an active member of the editorial staff of the *Bombay Guardian*. He also served the mission field of Gujarat, as editor of the International Sunday School Lessons, which were published in the Gujarathi language, and eagerly read by thousands of converts and workers. Mr. Ward had lived among the people of India as one of themselves, wearing the Indian dress and eating the food of the country, thus making himself thoroughly acquainted with the languages, needs and feelings of those to whom he ministered. He has a large store of pathetic and entertaining incidents in connection with his mission work. The district from which he comes now has some 20,000 converts.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Ward, while they are here on furlough, will address churches, institutes, Sunday Schools, church societies, clubs, and similar gatherings. Both are fully equipped for platform work, and are charming and entertaining speakers. Pastors, Superintendents, Secretaries, and others, wishing to engage their services, may address Rev. Robert Ward, to the care of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York City.

A Novel Normal Bible Class

By REV. S. T. WILLIS

THE Church of the Disciples of Christ, at Troy, N. Y., has recently tried a most successful and helpful scheme of Bible study. In 1904 a general meeting was called to listen to an address by a prominent pastor in the city on the theme, "The Importance of Bible Study." This so awakened interest that an arrangement was made for a meeting at the church once a week, with Rev. Mr. Townsend as teacher, and the *Normal Instructor* as the text-book. The pastor, who led the class, divided the membership into two sections, called, respectively, "the Odds" and "the Evens," with a section leader for each. A scale of merits was put into operation, under which regular attendance each week by a member counted two points, and the bringing of a new member counted one point. This scheme of merits provoked emulation and friendly rivalry between the Odds and the Evens, and kept all deeply interested in building up the membership. In a short while the enrollment ran above the hundred mark and the regular attendance ranged from sixty to one hundred. At each meeting, an hour was spent in the study of the Bible, and much time devoted to drills, naming the books of the Bible, recalling great fundamental facts in Bible history, reciting outlines of Biblical chronology, giving outlines of dispensational history, stating synopses of the several books of the Bible, and such like—the idea being to give a stimulating and inspiring outline view, rather than exhaustive treatment of the great Library of Divine Truth.

At the close of each quarter's work, the course of thirteen lessons was reviewed and a general social held, when the points of merit for the two sections were added up, and the section having the fewest counts served supper for the whole class. The work proved so successful and spiritually helpful that it has been taken up again this winter.

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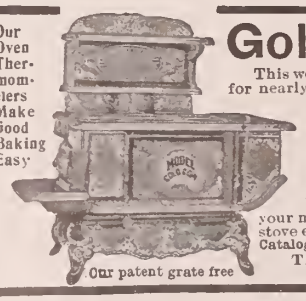

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Philadelphia's Revival Begins

11,000 Persons Gather at the Opening Day's Meetings—The Whole City Stirred by the Successors of Moody and Sankey

THE American revival campaign of Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander, which is expected to last two years, began in Philadelphia last Sunday amid stirring scenes and great enthusiasm. More than eleven thousand persons thronged the first two meetings of the evangelists, while thousands more were unable to obtain admission. Nearly two score persons arose to publicly accept Christ on the opening day, while a thrilling sight was witnessed when three hundred or four hundred professing Christians arose in all parts of the building, to say that they had failed in their duty in the past, but would henceforth make soul-winning the business of their lives. The opening meetings have aroused all Philadelphia, and it is expected that the Torrey-Alexander campaign will even surpass that of Moody and Sankey in 1876. One daily paper, in a long editorial, compares the coming of Torrey and Alexander to Philadelphia with that of Whitfield, one hundred and sixty-seven years ago.

. . .

The campaign in Philadelphia is to last three months. For the first three weeks, the meetings are being held in the Second Regiment Armory, a big structure on North Broad Street, which has been remodelled by the addition of two galleries, and fitted with chairs to seat 5,500 people. The organization of the campaign is exceptionally thorough. The choir numbers 3,000, of whom 600 will be present each night. There are 400 official workers with badges, and over 400 ushers. The ushers handled the big crowds at the first day's meetings without a hitch. As the audience poured into the building, the head usher stood on the platform, megaphone in hand, giving instructions to his lieutenants scattered about in different sections of the armory. After the building was filled, a man stood on the roof with a megaphone and directed the crowds, which thronged the streets outside, where to go to the overflow meetings.

Almost all the Protestant churches of Philadelphia are co-operating heartily in the movement. The campaign is being directed by a strong committee of business men and clergy, two of the most prominent leaders being John H. Converse, President of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, and Dr. Floyd H. Tompkins, Rector of Trinity Church, one of the most aristocratic Episcopal Churches in the city. Two Episcopal bishops have heartily endorsed the movement, while Bishop Foss of the Methodist Church is a member of the committee.

The opening meeting of the campaign was a memorable one. The service was timed to begin at four o'clock. Mr. Alexander first appeared upon the platform, and for three-quarters of an hour drilled the audience in singing the new revival hymns. The first hymn, "O Lord, Send the Power Just Now," gave the keynote for the revival, for it was a hymn asking that power be sent from on high. Again and again Mr. Alexander had the choir and audience sing unitedly and in sections, the first verse and chorus, which run as follows:

They were in an upper chamber,
They were all with one accord,
When the Holy Ghost descended,
As was promised by our Lord.

O Lord, send the pow'r just now;
O Lord, send the pow'r just now;
O Lord, send the pow'r just now;
And baptize ev'ryone.

At last, when the hearts of all were tender, Mr. Alexander asked the audience to bow their heads and sing the refrain softly, making it a prayer. As the strains died away softly, Mr. Alexander took his seat, while Dr. Torrey arose and preached a powerful discourse on "He that winneth souls is wise." He gave four reasons why every Christian should be a soul-winner: Because it is the work that Christ commanded us to do; because it was the business of Christ's life; because it is the work that brings the most beneficent results, and because it is the work that brings the most abundant reward. Several times in the course of his sermon, Dr. Torrey referred to recent events, and to men of the hour. A deep impression was made when he told an incident about a famous financier who recently died in New York. He said:

"There is a scene I never forget that occurred over and over again at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago, in 1893. At a certain place in the jewelry exhibit in the Manufacturer's Building, go along day or night, when you would, there was always a crowd. I was there morning and evening, and it was always the same; I could never get right at the place. If I wanted to see what the crowds were looking at, I had to stand on my tiptoes and look over their heads and shoulders. And what did I see? Nothing but a cone of purple velvet revolving on an axis, and toward the apex of that cone a large, beautiful diamond, worth a fabulous sum of money. And people by thousands, and tens of thousands, and hundreds of thousands—in the course of the Exposition by the millions—came just to look at that one stone.

"It was well worth looking at. But I never recall that scene without reflecting that the soul of one man, one woman, one child—not merely the soul of the great, the wise, and the rich, but the soul of the poorest, the most ignorant, the vilest man and woman who walks the streets of Philadelphia to-day, the soul of the most ragged urchin on the street—is of infinitely more value in God's sight than ten thousand gems like that. The man who bought that stone died just about a month ago in New York, and the woman for whom he bought it would not even go and see him on his dying bed, and was married again in a month.

"That is all the diamond was worth. Oh, but a soul saved! God gave me to save souls day after day while people were looking at that gem. The time is coming when I will meet them in a never-ending eternity, glad to welcome me."

On Sunday evening the scenes of the afternoon were repeated, the great auditorium again being packed to the doors and hundreds turned away. While Dr. Torrey preached inside, a Gospel meeting was held on the street outside the armory.

At the second day's meetings the revival spirit grew in fervor and intensity. The audience, both afternoon and evening, made the arches ring with such revival melodies as "The Old-Time Religion," and "The Hand that was Wounded for Me."

For three weeks the meetings will continue in the armory daily, except Saturdays, at 3 and 8 P.M. Will not each reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD endeavor to pray daily—for a moment or more, as you have opportunity—at each of these hours, that God's Spirit may be poured out mightily upon the meetings? During the campaign of Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander in England, thousands of people arranged to be on their knees in prayer during the hours when the meetings were in progress, and it is little wonder that the evangelists were so marvelously successful, with such a multitude imploring God to pour out his Spirit in mighty measure.

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A Great Soul-Winner Goes Home

FEW men on this continent have been better known in Rescue work or more generally beloved than Samuel H. Hadley, Superintendent of the old Jerry McAuley Mission, New York, who died of appendicitis Feb. 9. For over twenty years he had labored as a soul-winner among the very dregs of humanity, and through his influence a great multitude of unfortunates of both sexes have been rescued from sin and shame and led into the light of the Gospel.

The Late Samuel H. Hadley

Mr. Hadley was born in Ohio, Aug. 27, 1842. He was reared in a log cabin, and was used to hard work and roughing it from childhood. His home was a pure and sweet one, where God was honored and worshiped. His education was very meagre, and such as he did receive was in a log school-house at the district school. After the death of his parents he went to study medicine, but got into trouble through drink, and abandoned his classes. He then traveled from place to place, till, in 1870, he came to New York City, where he received a large salary as a traveling man, but he was a drunkard. After years spent in drunkenness and crime, when all hope was apparently gone, and the victim lying with the delirium tremens in a saloon in Harlem, his heart was suddenly opened, and he arose from the whisky barrel on which he had been sitting, a changed man. He called out to those who stood by: "Boys, I believe I am dying; but I'll die in the street before I ever take another drink!" That was the turning-point of his life. Every April 18th, after that eventful night, he visited again the scene of his conversion, and there on his knees lived the rare experience all over again. He declared in the most emphatic manner: "From the moment Jesus' precious cleansing blood touched my soul in the Cremorne Mission, I have never wanted a drink of whisky, and before that time I had never wanted anything else. I had not earned an honest dollar for years, but have not earned a crooked one since."

Mr. Hadley's twenty years of earnest, consecrated spiritual effort as Superintendent of the Water Street Mission, brought him into peculiar prominence among Christian workers of all denominations. He labored among drunkards, gamblers, and criminals, all of the very lowest class, and his work among them was wonderfully blessed. Hundreds of men who are now leading sober, law-abiding, Christian lives owe their first impulse toward reformation to Samuel H. Hadley. His connection with the Florence Mission, which extended over a number of years past, also afforded him an opportunity to do what he could in aid of the reformation of the poor, lost girls of the great city; but his principal work was among men. His "boys," as he called those who were converted at the Water Street Mission, always found him a willing helper in their time of need, and they would listen to and gladly take his advice when no other worker would have received a hearing. He visited them in jails, State prisons and penitentiaries; met them at the prison door when they were released, counseled them to quit their old associates, and even provided food, clothes and shelter for them, when these were needed. His Saturday evening free suppers to homeless men and boys attracted crowds weekly. It was his personal order that no man or boy should ever be turned away from the Mission hungry. He has even given up his own bed to some hapless wanderer, whose sin and folly had made him a penniless outcast. In a word, no sacrifice was too great for Samuel H. Hadley, if it might be made the means of winning a soul to Christ and turning some poor fellow's face heavenward.

The attendance at the meetings in the Water Street Mission aggregate considerably over 50,000 a year, the bulk of those who go there belonging to the homeless and destitute. In his mission work Mr. Hadley has been greatly aided by his devoted wife, and also by Mr. John Wyburn, who has been assistant superintendent for many years. Thousands of the poor and unfortunate will mourn the loss of their genial-hearted benefactor, whose place as head of the work in Water Street will not be easily filled.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Paths to Power, by Frank W. Gunsaulus, D.D. A series of sermons on the sources and varieties of power for service, for self-conquest, etc. Pp. 362. Price $1.25. Published by The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago and Toronto.

Telling Bible Stories by Louise Seymour Houghton. A guide to the mother and the teacher in the art of presenting to the child the narratives of the Bible. Pp. 286. Price $1.25. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

The Four Gospels. Oxford Bijou edition. Four tiny volumes, each containing a complete Gospel, printed in large, clear type on India paper. Size of page 2x1½ inches. These miniature books can be carried in the vest pocket, and are marvels of printing and binding. Venetian limp, round corners; the four volumes in a morocco slip-case, $2.50 the set, or 50c. per volume single. Oxford University Press, New York, publishers.

America's Aid to Germany, in 1870–71, by Adolph Hepner. The author has arranged his work with English and German text on facing pages, in order that it may be circulated among both nationalities. It gives a graphic idea of the help rendered the destitute Germans in Paris by the American Minister in Paris, during the dark days of the Franco-Prussian War. Published for the author, at St. Louis, Mo.

The Game, by Jack London. A vigorous story of the athletic life, with a romance interwoven. Illustrated. Pp. 182. Cloth binding. The Macmillan Co., London and New York, publishers.

Balance. The Fundamental Verity, by Orlando J. Smith. A book showing how the system of equilibrium extends through nature and human affairs. Pp. 286. Price $1.25. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, Mass.

Persons and Places, by Joel Benton. Illustrated from original photos and prints. This is a most entertaining volume of reminiscences of distinguished Americans, including Thoreau, Emerson, Horace Greeley, Barnum, Bryant and several American humorists. Mr. Benton has a fund of quaint anecdotes which he tells in a very delightful way. He brings vividly before the reader the personality of the men of whom he writes, and the charm of his own simple style no less than the freshness and originality of most of the matter make the book a most welcome addition to contemporary biography. Pp. 113. Cloth covers, $1. Broadway Publishing Co., New York, publishers.

St. Abigail of the Pines, by William Allen Knight. A capital story with a strong flavor of the sea, and plenty of romance and adventure in it. Price $1. The Pilgrim Press, Boston, New York, and Chicago, publishers.

Indian and Spanish Neighbors, by Julia H. Johnston. A work on the Christianizing of our wards, the Indians and the Spanish-speaking peoples. Pp. 194. Price 50 cents. Published by the Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, Chicago and Toronto.

The Fair Maid of Greystones, by Beulah Marie Dix. Many and manifold troubles beset the hero, Jack Hetherington, an honest young fellow full of fight, who is mistaken for a rascally cousin, whom he much resembles. However, with the help of the "Fair Maid," everything comes out right in the end. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. Price $1.50.

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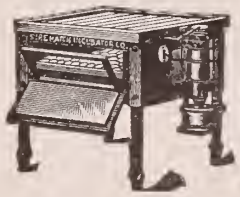

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The Home of Washington's Ancestors, at Sulgrave, England

THE American people will learn, with regret, that the recent rumor that the escutcheon had been stolen from the home of Washington's ancestors at Sulgrave, Northamptonshire, England, has proved true. The shield was carved in stone above the main doorway, and bore the three stars, beneath which were the red and white stripes that were painted on the panels of the coach of our first President. No trace of the shield has been found, but a large reward has been offered for its safe return. The house itself is of great interest, large, and of the picturesque type of the early sixteenth century. The Washingtons were a prominent family in Northamptonshire for generations, and as cavaliers bore themselves right gallantly, fighting against Cromwell, in the great English Civil War. The helmet of one of the Washingtons of Sulgrave is now in the possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society, having been presented to them about thirty years ago by an English lady.

True Happiness*

ONE of the saddest books in the whole Bible is Ecclesiastes, which describes the search after happiness, that a man made in olden times. Every advantage was in his favor; he had abundant means, he had position and power, and "whatsoever his eyes desired he kept not back from them," yet he made the humiliating confession, that all was "vanity and vexation of spirit." His experience has been before the world for three thousand years, but men still go on treading in his steps and seeking happiness in just the same ways, though he told them that was not the way to find it. There are still young men who believe that the greatest good in the world is money, and that if they only had enough of that they would be perfectly happy.

The blunder in every case consists in the fact that men expect happiness from what they possess, instead of from what they are. A wealthy merchant with a business yielding immense income, once asked a man, who had expressed sincere admiration for its success, how much he thought a man ought to receive for managing such a business. The reply was an enormous sum. "You would not undertake it for your board and clothes, would you?" asked the merchant. "No, sir," said his friend. "Well," said the merchant, "that is all I get." He was slaving day in and day out, planning and arranging, and had no real personal benefit from it. One of his humble clerks, with a salary sufficient for his modest needs, content with his lot, serving God in his life, helping others to the extent of his power, was happier than his millionaire employer. It is in the disposition, in being at peace with God, in living a clean, wholesome life, that true happiness is found. So the author of Ecclesiastes found it, and so it is in every age.

Unselfish Ministration†

NO law of our nature is more uniform, and certain in its operation, than that which insures happiness from doing good. The surest cure for an attack of the "blues" is to go out and render a service to some one who needs it. The recipient may be grateful, or he may not, but the doer is cured of his depression by his act. Money spent on personal gratification often fails, but doing good, never. The opportunity is not limited to the wealthy. The poorest may enjoy it. One of the men best acquainted with the poor of New York City, says, that this kindly service is more common among the poor than the rich. He tells the story of a man who, hearing that the widow of a fellow-workman was in need, actually took some necessaries from his own home, pawned them, and sent her the proceeds. That was genuine charity, denying himself to help another. The rich man might have written a check for a hundred times the amount, and as he did not feel the loss, his deed would not have been near so worthy. The poor man who will deny himself to help a sick brother, the poor woman who will go and clean up a room for a sick neighbor, knows a luxury that is unknown by the rich. It is an opportunity that every man may have, to help his brother in his need, and he will receive the reward.

What a changed world this would be if every such opportunity was used! It is not mere gifts that are needed. It is sympathy and personal service. Like the mercy of which the dramatist wrote, "It blesseth him that gives and him that takes." To take an interest in another's burden, to learn what he needs most and to strive to get it for him, that is the best form of helpfulness. We knew a man in New York who spent all his time in the tenements, visiting the sick, getting situations for the unemployed, interceding with landlords to give tenants time, collecting funds to take old people and children to the country, and in other ways rendering service to the needy. He was the happiest man we have ever known, always cheerful, always thankful. If men only knew it, there is no surer way to happiness than in service.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for March 4. "What is true happiness? The worldly idea; the Christian idea." Luke 6: 20-26; I. John 2, 12: 17; II. Cor, 6: 10; Phil. 4: 4-7.

†Topic of the Epworth League for March 4. Matt. 20: 27, 28; II. Cor. 8: 9; Rom. 14: 7, 8; I. Cor. 10; 33; Gal. 6: 2; John 4: 21.

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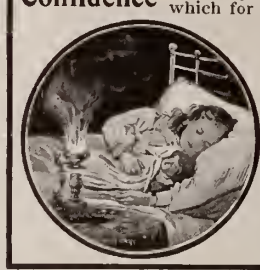

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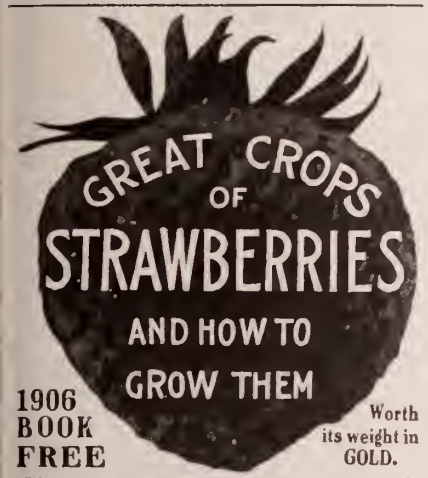

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Bowery Mission Bible Class

More Puzzling Spiritual Questions Propounded and Ably Answered by Rev. Dr. O'Hanlon

139 How is it that a man who has been saved once and has fallen, can come back again to God?

Because of God's abounding mercy. "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life." John 3: 16. "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live: turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die, O house of Israel?" Ezek. 33: 11.

140 Is sin premeditated and sin committed impulsively equally pardonable?

Yes. (See answer to Question 135.)

141 Why did Jesus Christ leave so many mysteries to be solved? One is the Trinity in Unity.

Mysteries of truth and fact there must be to all creatures of limited knowledge, such as men and even angels. To God alone there is no mystery, for he alone has infinite knowledge; to him alone everything is plain. "Neither is there any creature that is not manifest in his sight: but all things are naked and opened unto the eyes of Him with whom we have to do." Heb. 4: 13. The fact of three persons in the Godhead is clearly revealed, and partially illustrated in the Scriptures, sufficiently so for all practical purposes concerning our welfare. "For now we see through a glass darkly, but then [in the great hereafter] face to face." I. Cor. 13: 12.

142 What was the Bible written for? There are many answers to this question, but which is the right one?

Written for preservation and transmitting to posterity, and for distribution throughout the whole world. Had the Scriptures not been written, they would have been confined to the people to whom they were first given—we never should have had them; and how poor we and the whole world should be without the Bible.

143 What would you advise a young man who is leading a Christian life to do, when his vocation necessitates employing business tactics which are nothing but clever lies?

Seek other employment, whose duties you can discharge with a clear conscience. You need not fear; many doors of honorable employment are standing open wide for competent and conscientious employees. You may have to begin on a smaller salary, but as soon it is found that you are trustworthy and competent, you will be promoted—you will be cared for—God promises to help such a man, and he will do it. Psalm 37: 3-7. Then there will come into your soul the unspeakable joy of "a conscience void of offence toward God and toward men." Acts 24: 16.

144 Next to the Bible, what book would you recommend to Christians for their spiritual benefit? Kindly mention one or two that have been most beneficial in your own experience.

Pilgrim's Progress. Next, Philip, Doddridge's *Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul;* or William Joy's *Morning and Evening Exercises.* Read Christian biography (saintly people), and standard hymns: Isaac Watts, Charles Wesley, John Newton, Fanny J. Crosby.

145 Could the devil use the two passages of Scripture in Hebrews (crucifying the Son of God anew and trampling his blood under our feet), to prevent a backslider coming back to God?

This Scripture, Heb. 6: 4-6, does not apply to backsliders but to apostates, those who hold that Christ is an imposter, that his blood is an unholy thing, that his crucifixion and death had no meaning nor merit whatsoever as an atonement for sin in the case of the penitent, it applies primarily to the converted Hebrews who had become apostates from Christ. The backslider is one who has slidden back from Christ, with his face still towards Christ. The apostate, here referred to, is one who has turned his back contemptuously upon Christ and trampling his blood under his feet.

146 How can a man know when he is saved?

First, by the consciousness within yourself that you are a downright honest man before God and men. This is what is called the testimony of a good conscience. Second and chiefly, a divine revelation or assurance of the fact by the Holy Spirit. "For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, these are the sons of God. For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear; but ye have received the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father. The Spirit himself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God." Romans 8: 14-16.

147 How can I overcome the power of drink? How can I gain the blessing of being reunited to my wife and child?

You have never yet done your best to give up drink, or you would long ago have become a sober man. Do your level best to give it up, and look to Christ for help, and you must succeed. Thousand of drunkards lower down than you are, have won in this desperate battle, and so will you, if you are in earnest about it. Be a sober man once more, steadfast and immovable in your manhood, and it will then be only a question of time when you shall be reunited with your wife and child.

148 What is the best way for a new convert to progress in the love and knowledge of his Saviour Jesus Christ?

Make it the great purpose of your life, constantly to please God. "Whatever you do, whether you eat or drink, do all to the glory of God." "Be genuine; never deceive; be an Israelite in whom there is no guile." Read the Bible much, live a life of prayer, live so that those who know you best will have the greatest confidence in you. Seek every opportunity to do good.

149 The Bible says God is no respecter of persons. How is it then that God made one man white and another black? God must certainly have had a purpose in making them different.

The great weight of scholarship up to date accepts the origin of mankind as beginning with Adam, and dividing into three great streams, as under Japheth, Shem and Ham. The difference in complexions is ascribed chiefly to climate. It is a well-known historical fact that the Egyptians, descendants of Ham, dark-colored like the Africans, were at one time the most highly civilized people of the world; the evidence of their high position in art, architecture and learning, are still visible, especially in the Pyramids of Egypt. If in the allotments of human life there is inequality in heredity and environment, God makes allowance, and where less is given, less will be required.

150 When a man prays earnestly for months to become reconciled to his family, and does not hear from them, and is discouraged, and he asks a brother who could help him to do so, should not this brother grant his request?

Of course this man ought to help this brother if he can do it in justice to himself, to his family, and to his God. We are not to do evil to bring about a good result. Romans 3: 8.

Suffering in Persia

Rev. Robert M. Labaree, missionary in Persia, writes from Wrumia to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, that there is great suffering in certain parts of that country, and a famine seems probable owing to the rise in wheat and all other commodities. Last year's raisin crop failed; next the wheat crop failed, through the ravages of some insect, and these misfortunes, added to the disturbances in Russia, forced all sorts of food up to famine prices. Besides, many poverty-stricken refugees from Turkey are crossing the mountains into Persia, adding greatly to the general burden of misery and suffering. Mr. Labaree, in concluding his letter, writes: "I know not what we shall do unless our friends in America can help us." The Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York, has forwarded $800 to the missionaries, thus far. Any further help will be welcomed.

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A Soldier's View of the Canteen Question

AS a United States soldier in 1898, it was part of my experience to be stationed at a fort where a canteen was in full operation, under the direction and protection of the United States government. The soldiers, when off duty, were to a large degree forced to spend their time in the canteen as the only social gathering-place in camp, and the conduct of those who would drink in the canteen was strictly in accord with that of civilians drinking in our open saloons.

All the quarrels in the camp arose in or directly near the canteen, caused by drunken soldiers, and it called for constant vigilance of guards to keep order, arrests being continually made, and the culprits imprisoned for drunkenness and disorderly conduct. Many young soldiers who were new in the service soon learned the dissolute ways of older ones, and money that should have been saved or spent in harmless indulgences went into the canteen by the pernicious treating habit. The wild scenes that follow the regular monthly payday until the money is spent, is familiar to all at army posts.

It was my privilege, in the latter part of the year, to be transferred on detached service, there to remain till honorably discharged, to a new fort where no canteen had yet been established. The change in conduct among both volunteers and regular soldiers was a vast improvement over the other forts, few drunken scenes being in evidence. While the fact is true that there are drinking places outside the forts, yet they are, in most cases, inaccessible to soldiers on duty and without leave of absence. Soldiers who drink must conduct themselves as to be able to pass the lines and appear in camp in an orderly, soldierly manner, to avoid arrest. If they are otherwise, they are thus compelled to remain away until they can so return to quarters. Any trouble arising is remote from the fort, and thereby removed from soldiers used to and who do enjoy different surroundings. This fact alone should abolish the canteen.

In short, the removal of the canteen, or the absence of it, could be compared to the establishment of prohibition in a town where open license had previously existed. Why should not our soldiers who do not drink, or those liable to become habitual drunkards, or to form the habit by being thrown suddenly in contact with those who do, be given the same protection or privilege that is enjoyed by people in civilian life, who are at least given a vote on the saloon question?

A "prohibition post" shows practically in court-martials, money saved by soldiers (otherwise all spent for liquor), and better men, physically, mentally, and morally. It may be interesting to add that to be transferred to this post from the first named, was considered a privilege, and the list of those seeking to be transferred was large and always in excess of the number that could be sent.

Let no one be deceived by statements purporting to show that general desertions occur because of the abolishment of "canteens" in army quarters. If any desertions could occur solely for this reason, it would be for the good of the service, and their places would be filled by nobler young men. The strict requirements for enlistments in the U. S. service are supposed to attract moral men, and if honestly enforced, would keep out undesirables.

Let this class of soldiers predominate, and throw about them every possible moral protection, and in the interest of morality and good conduct, let every temperance society, and those officials in power, work against the restoration of the army canteen.

B. W. RATCLIFFE,
Ex-Member Battery "M," Third Artillery, U. S. A., Clarkston, Wash.

A One-Cent Coffee Stand in Operation

How a Penny May Save a Life

FOR nineteen years, the New York and Brooklyn St. Andrew's One-Cent Coffee Stands have been helping the very poor and needy, by giving one cent meals, that is, one cent per portion. The founder of this unique benevolence, Mrs. J. M. Lamadrid, says that although the cost of the coffee and food is far above one cent, yet the fact that the impoverished can pay even that sum for a nourishing bit of hot food takes away the taint of charity, making the recipient feel that he is not a beggar. The plan which has so far been instrumental in cheering, feeding and saving many from hunger, is very simple. Meal tickets, in perforated strips, are sold at one dollar per hundred to those who wish to distribute them among the necessitous. Five of these penny tickets given to a poor family, will enable it to purchase at the St. Andrew's coffee stand hot food sufficient for a good meal, which may be chosen from a variety that includes tea, coffee, chocolate, with bread; soup, pork and beans, fish-cakes, chowder, oatmeal, hominy, sandwiches, etc. Five stands are now in operation, and the founder is anxious to establish more of the same character.

BETTER THAN PIE

Not Only the New Food But the Good Wife, As Well.

When they brought the new food, Grape-Nuts, into the house, the husband sampled it first and said, "It's better than pie!" When it brought back the glow of health to the wife's cheeks, his admiration for it and her was increased, so she says, and the rest of her story follows:

"From childhood I was troubled with constant and often acute indigestion, and when my baby was born it turned out that he had inherited the awful ailment.

"A friend told me of Grape-Nuts and, I invested in a box and began to eat according to directions. It was after only a few days that I found my long abused stomach was growing stronger and that the attacks of indigestion were growing less frequent, and in an incredibly short time they ceased altogether. With my perfect digestion restored came strong nerves, clear, active brain, the glow of health to my cheeks, and I know I was a better wife and mother and more agreeable to live with under the new conditions.

"When the boy came to be 10 months old he developed such an appetite (his dyspepsia disappeared with mine) that his mother's milk was not sufficient for him. He rejected all baby foods, however, till I tried Grape-Nuts food, at Husband's suggestion. The youngster took to it at once, and has eaten it daily ever since, thriving wonderfully on it. He now demands it at every meal and was much put out when he dined at a hotel a few days ago because the waitress could not fill his order for Grape-Nuts." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.

$33 PACIFIC COAST

From Chicago, daily February 15th to April 7th.
Correspondingly low rates from other points.

Tickets good on the famous electric-lighted *Los Angeles Limited*, less than three days to Southern California without change of cars, via the Chicago & North-Western, Union Pacific and Salt Lake Route, and on *The China & Japan Fast Mail* through to San Francisco and Portland daily via the Chicago, Union Pacific & North-Western Line. Daily and

PERSONALLY CONDUCTED EXCURSIONS

in Pullman tourist sleeping cars in which a double berth, (two people if desired) is only $7.00, Chicago to the Pacific Coast. Choice of routes. No change of cars.
Round-trip tickets are also on sale at reduced rates

All agents sell tickets via the

Chicago, Union Pacific & North-Western Line

THE NORTH-WESTERN LINE

If you want to know about the resources, climate and opportunities on the coast we will gladly send you booklets, maps and full particulars on receipt of four cents for postage.

W. B. KNISKERN,
P. T. M., C. & N.-W. Ry.,
Chicago, Ill.

UNION PACIFIC THE OVERLAND ROUTE

PC135

$1.00 CREAM SEPARATOR OFFER

FOR $19.90 WE SELL THE CELEBRATED DUNDEE SEPARATOR; FOR $29.00 WE SELL THE FAMOUS AMERICAN CREAM SEPARATOR, WHICH HAS ALWAYS RETAILED AT $75.00 TO $100.00. READ OUR OFFER ON THE ECONOMY, THE BEST SEPARATOR IN THE WORLD.

OUR ONE DOLLAR OFFER. Cut this advertisement out and send to us, enclose one dollar, state whether you wish a separator of 300, 400 or 500-pound capacity per hour, for all purposes, we by all means recommend the large 500-pound capacity size. We will send you our celebrated Economy Separator by freight C. O. D., subject to examination. Examine the separator at your nearest railroad station, and if you are satisfied it is in every way the best cream separator made, then pay the railroad agent our SPECIAL PRICE and freight charges, then take the separator home and give it 60 days' trial, during which time put it to every possible test, compare it with any other machine made, and if you do not find it runs easier, skims closer, skims colder milk, cleans easier, wears better, easier to operate, more simple, less possibility of getting out of order, in short, if you do not find it in every way the best cream separator made you can return the separator at our expense, and we will immediately return your money, including any freight charges paid by you.

OUR SPECIAL PRICE for the WONDERFUL ECONOMY SEPARATOR is $33.95 for the 300-pound per hour capacity, $39.95 for the 400-pound capacity size, and $42.75 for the big 500-pound capacity size, the size which we especially recommend. DON'T DELAY; enclose $1.00, say whether you want the $33.95, $39.95 or the $42.75 size; Let us send the machine C. O. D., subject to examination, pay the balance to the railroad agent, then use it 60 days, and if you do not pronounce it by far the best cream separator made, regardless of name, make or price, return it to us and get your money back at once. IF YOU DON'T SEND $1.00 for the Economy, be sure to write for our FREE Cream Separator Catalogues and wonderful offers. On a postal card or in a letter to us simply say: "Send me your Free Separator Offers," and you will receive free, by return mail, postpaid, our three Special Cream Separator Catalogues, large pictures of our $19.90 Dundee, $29.00 American and all our Economy Separators, illustrations, descriptions, testimonials, copies of many diplomas and medals, our $1,000.00 quality challenge, our great guarantee free trial plan, pay after received terms and the most wonderfully liberal separator offers ever heard of. On a postal card or in a letter simply say: "Send me your Free Separator Offers," and get all we will send you free by return mail, postpaid.

WE WILL SEND YOU FREE THESE 6 BIG, CANE SEATED DINING ROOM CHAIRS when all your orders to us have amounted to $50.00, or, if you send orders to us, you can have your choice of hundreds of valuable articles, such as pianos, organs, buggies, rich pieces of furniture, etc. This wonderful offer will go to you free when you send for our Economy Separator or write for our free separator offers.

SEND ONE DOLLAR TODAY SURE, and let us send you an Economy Separator C. O. D., otherwise be sure, today (this minute), on a postal card or in a letter to us to say: "Send me your FREE CREAM SEPARATOR OFFERS." Address,

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The only remedy that stops toothache *instantly*. The only toothache gum that cleans the cavity and prevents decay. Imitations do not do the work. Get **Dent's Toothache Gum, Yellow Label.** All druggists 15c, or by mail. **Dent's Corn Gum** removes corns and bunions, 15c.

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CHRIST'S BEATITUDES

By Mrs. M. Baxter

OUR blessed Lord had no doubt many adherents who loved to be around him, to hear his words, and to see his wonderful works. But his doctrine was a new one: "Blessed are the poor in spirit" ran exactly counter to the ideas of man. It is thought worthy of a man that he should do the very best possible for himself, that he should make himself a name, establish a position, seek a fortune, stand up for his own rights, and defend himself against his enemies. Men in general despise one who does not thus show his spirit, or "show what he is made of," in the world. But the disciple of Christ is called to be "not of the world, even as Christ was not of the world" (John 17: 14); to deny himself instead of asserting himself; to seek no rights but the rights of fellowship with Him who was meek and lowly in heart; to seek neither fortune nor position; to love his enemies, and to abstain from defending himself.

"Blessed are they that mourn." The world must always have pleasure and excitement; anything to distract from the worries and anxieties of business and of family life. Therefore the theatres are crowded, and the daily papers are full of racing, sporting, cricket, football, new novels; anything to amuse, entertain, and distract. And in the midst of this "Vanity Fair" there is a people with smoother brow than these pleasure-hunters. They are people who are "not of the world," a people of eternity, for eternal life is already an experienced fact within them. And they mourn. They see men rushing to perdition, living only for themselves, and yet losing their own souls, and they mourn for them. They see God dishonored in the lives of men for the most part, and Satan, the prince of this world, in possession of souls for whom Christ has died, and they lay it to heart; they sigh and cry for all the abominations (Ezek. 9: 4); the drunkenness, the immorality, the gambling, the dishonest business, the untruthfulness, the oppression of the poor, etc., around them. And they are blessed. They have the ear of God, and "shall be comforted."

"Blessed are the meek." A meek man is one who does not retaliate. Moses was such an one, he sacrificed everything for the children of Israel, and yet the first test they had, they taunted him with the bitter reproach that he had brought them out of Egypt to die in the wilderness (Eph 14: 9-14), and he said no word of complaint, and he was blessed. Time after time the people reproached him in the most scathing terms, but he did not retaliate; he fell upon his face before the Lord. He was meek: "the meekest man upon the face of the earth" (Num. 12: 3). Seeking nothing for themselves, the meek become inheritors. "They shall inherit the earth." Even now those who refrain from retaliating are a power, and they shall in future inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; not only for themselves, but for other men's souls. They that have all their interest merged in the interests of God. Athirst for God at all times, they are never satisfied with what they know of God, and never satisfied with the souls they have won. Receptive souls are a joy to God, they lead a perennial life of prayer which is always fresh, they are wells of water springing up into everlasting life, which never run dry. "He that believeth on me as the Scripture hath said, always finding therein more to believe, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water" (John 7: 38). There are so many Christians who pray the same prayers over and over again, the living water in their souls is not a springing well, and still less a running river, spreading fertility where it comes. One who is always taking in more of God, cannot help always giving out.

I Can Make You Well, Strong and Beautiful

MISS COCROFT AT HER DESK

EVERY WOMAN should preserve her health, strength, beauty, poise and, with these, her happiness. It is my success in treating nearly 18,000 women and my knowledge of what my work has done for them that makes me know I can do as much for you.

Let me give you a perfectly balanced organism. Let me direct your breathing, your exercise, your diet; let me give you a perfect blood supply and circulation; a nervous system in harmony with itself and the rest of your body, each nerve center properly directing the organ it controls. The resultant strong vitality will enable you to resist disease, and I will make you what you were intended to be—strong, happy, graceful, beautiful—loving and beloved, with a mental calm which is life power and true beauty, making your life a satisfaction to yourself, making you the delight and admiration of your friends.

Only 15 Minutes a Day Give me 15 minutes of your time each day, in your own home, by following my simple directions. Just a little care is all you need to make you the ideal woman of your type. Do not say it is impossible, that nature has not given you the first requirements of health and beauty—I know it is possible; I have accomplished it for thousands.

Drugs are Dangerous

I use no drugs. I never treat a pupil I cannot help. If I cannot help you I will tell you so.

I Keep Women Young Do you think "True Motherhood" means devotion of mother to her family and neglect of herself? True?—No, the true mother is true to her sacred duty of preserving and protecting herself, that she may be of greatest service to her family. The mother needs health, strength, and lightness of heart that she may be a true wife—the delight of her husband, his joy, rest, social help and inspiration, not a slaving, suffering dead weight for his pity. The true mother keeps well, beautiful and young, that she may enjoy the confidence and admiration of her children.

If you could sit beside me, at my desk, I could, if I would, show you, daily, hundreds of letters from pupils I have helped. I never violate a confidence, never show a letter without permission; but here are a few snatches from one morning's mail:

I wish every nervous teacher could know what benefit is to be derived from your physical culture.
I have lost 73 pounds, and was never better. I look ten years younger.
My constipation and biliousness are entirely relieved.
Just think how I have gained, since I began with you, from 112 to 137½ lbs. in one year.
My catarrh and lungs are much better and my body, which was a bony, crooked structure, is actually beginning to look like your picture of correct poise.
My head is steady, the confused feeling having passed away. It is the best spent money ever used for myself.
Just think, Miss Cocroft, before I took up your work I could not eat anything without the greatest distress, and now I think I could DIGEST TACKS. I am so happy.

How to Stand and Walk Remember, I give you personal instruction, after careful study of your symptoms and condition. When you request details about my lessons, I send you my general book **free.** This outlines my methods, and gives you many valuable health hints. With this book I will send, also free, my lesson on **Poise,** which teaches you how to **stand and walk.**

Personal Instructions Besides the Book and free lesson, in answer to your first inquiry, is included my personal examination of your symptoms and my first advice to you. Write me fully about your case, also letting me know your faults of figure, etc. I will make a personal study of your case and will let you know whether I can help you or not. Your letter will be held in strict confidence.

I never publish letters without special permission, though I can send you hundreds of testimonials from women I have helped, who are only too glad to have me show their letters.

SUSANNA COCROFT, 57 Washington St., Dept. 18 CHICAGO

For details about MY PERSONAL INSTRUCTION mark thus (XX) on blank below, opposite the points MOST IMPORTANT in your case and mark thus (X) opposite those which also interest you. If there are any particulars in regard to your case which you feel I should know, write about them fully and I will frankly tell you, without charge, what I can do for you.

Dept. 18

Too Thin
Round shouldered
Superfluous flesh
Prominent hips
Protruding abdomen
Height
Weight
Do you stand correctly
Thin chest
Thin bust
Thin neck
Complexion
Do you walk gracefully
Weakness
Lame back
Dullness
Irritable
Nerves
Headaches
Catarrh
Dizziness
Indigestion
Constipation
Liver
Kidneys
Lungs
Heart
Throat
Colds
Rheumatism
Circulation
Blood
Is your health or figure imperfect in any way not mentioned here?
Occupation?
What is your age?
Married or single?

Name

Address

Fill out, cut off and mail this blank—NOW!

NOTE—Miss Cocroft, as President of Physical Culture Extension Work in America, needs no further introduction.

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FIVE-DRAWER DROP HEAD, SOLID OAK CABINET, HIGH ARM, HIGH GRADE, GENUINE MINNESOTA SEWING MACHINE (exactly as illustrated), FOR ONLY $7.65.

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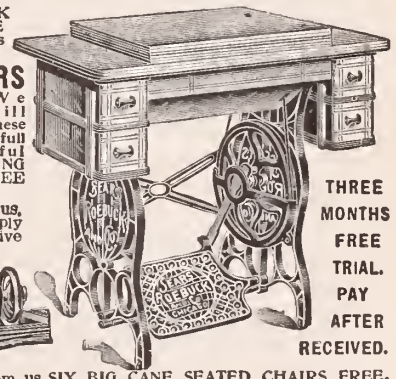

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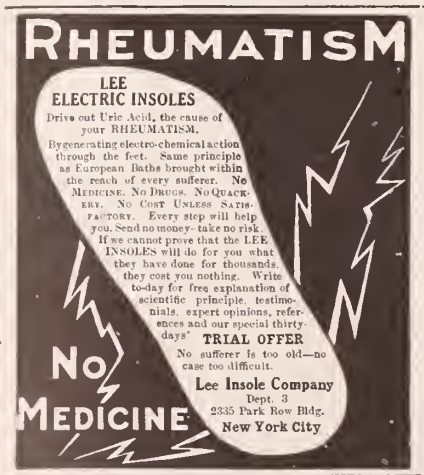

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Use GOLD MEDAL FLOUR
It makes better bread
for all kinds of bakers
than any other flour-
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bread the better the
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MAGAZINE NUMBER

CHRISTIAN HERALD

SUBSCRIPTION, $1.50 PER ANNUM
Published 52 Times a Year

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 28, 1906

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VOL. 29—NO. 9. PRICE 5 CENTS
Offices: Bible House, New York

From the Famous Painting by C. Schweninger

WINTER AND SPRING

SEE PAGE 190

Another Banner Year

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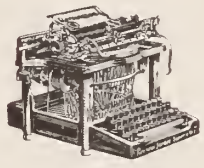

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Why They Are Just Rich Enough

Young and tender—that is the kind of pork, the only kind, used for Van Camp's Pork and Beans with Tomato Sauce.

Delicacy as well as richness is added by young pork—not too much of it—just enough to make the beans most delicious. Every housewife knows there is nothing like a bit of sweet pork to make beans good.

First of all, into each can goes just the right piece—more than twice as large as you find it in the can, because the rich juices have gone into and among the beans, leaving the solid meat—a strip of fat and a strip of lean—a spicy, tender delicacy, in the top of the can.

Do not overlook the bean—so rich in protein, the *tissue builder*. Beans are just full of nitrogenous elements—the kind that build healthy muscle and make bright minds, but do not add superfluous fat. Only think, 84 per cent. nutritious matter in Van Camp's beans—even more than in wheat—this is the Government standard for beans of high quality—the Van Camp kind.

For, don't forget, Van Camp's are the best of Michigan beans picked over by hand and carefully washed t hree times, and the very best of Indiana tomatoes—these are the materials, combined just right—in proportions known only to Van Camps to produce the most delicious Pork and Beans with Tomato Sauce.

Eat them hot, every Saturday night; then served cold, or warmed again, with hot muffins, for Sunday's breakfast.

The modern housewife saves nearly a day's time every time she uses Van Camp's—always ready.

The Van Camp Packing Company
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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 28, 1906

A Class of Candidates for Baptism

Dr. Geddes' First Mission at Aneityum

Native Women Clearing the Church Grounds

In a South Sea Paradise

The Veteran Missionary, Dr. John G. Paton, Relates an Adventure Among Cannibal Tribes

NEARLY eighty-one years old, but still busy in the Lord's service, and still deeply concerned for the welfare of the beloved people whom he has won from heathenism, Dr. John G. Paton, the Apostle of the New Hebrides, sends a message of thanks to the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and of hope and good cheer. Some time ago a sum of money contributed by readers of this journal, was sent by its proprietor to the venerable missionary. That the Christian people of this country remembered him in his far-off field, and ministered to his need, evidently touched the heart of the sturdy veteran. He writes:

DEAR DR. KLOPSCH:—Let me cordially thank you for your kind letter, which made me shed tears of thanks and praise to God. Through you, let me thank the readers of your excellent CHRISTIAN HERALD for the money you have so kindly sent me for the support of our New Hebrides Mission, and I pray God to reward and bless you all with ever increasing joy in Him, his service and salvation. It will please you all to hear that of late our mission has been very successful. One missionary, at his last communion, baptized and admitted to the Lord's Table fifty-one persons, and another at his, eighty-one converts, and another forty, another seventeen, and another forty, and so on at all our stations, and new stations are organized and additional schools opened wherever possible, as far as our means allow, among our forty thousand or more remaining savages. Near to where the eighty-one converts were lately baptized, a grand work is going on and is being extended by the natives.

Once, in our boat, another missionary and I went on shore to try to speak to a crowd of tall, powerful-looking savages, all without clothing, and from head to foot painted yellow, and armed with rifles or spears, pointed with sharpened spikes of human bone, very dangerous. We did not carry tracts and Bibles to them, because we did not know their language—it had not been reduced to a written form; but each of us had a bag in our hand filled with pieces of print and calico, strings of beads, Jews' harps, small butchers' knives and American tomahawks—all useful to them. But if we offered to go near them, up went every spear and rifle. We threw the pieces of cloth or knives as near as we could to them, and one ran and picked up what was thrown, the others protecting him with their weapons, but as we could not get near to them, we returned to our boat and moved along near the beautiful shore trees. At last a nude man of large proportions came running along, and by his hand, throwing kisses to us, clapping his breast, waving us on shore. We hesitated, till perhaps fifteen or more men came on shore from the bush near his village, and as they were all dressed in English clothing and had umbrellas of many colors up to protect them from the sun, my companion said, "there must be a colony of traders or Europeans here, and these will be their workers; we are safe to go on shore here." I expressed my fear that it was the reverse; but, entrusting ourselves to Jesus, we went on shore. They received us very kindly, and led us up to their village, about half a mile into the bush. The men all at once disappeared, the chief went into his house and brought his rifle, discharged it over our heads into the bush, and carefully re-loaded it and sat down on a fallen tree, keeping his eye upon us. We quickly emptied our baskets to a number of sickly-looking old women who crouched in a corner. We then moved round to where we had entered the cleared ground, and ran for our lives. Our boat's crew heard us coming, running, and had the boat as far out as possible, and by a long rope fastened to the anchor far ahead. One of our men was standing in the sea, bent, with his hands on his knees, for me to run and leap on to his back, when he ran and tumbled me into the boat; the other missionary also tumbled into it, and in a few minutes our crew of converted young men had us far beyond the reach of the cannibals on the shore, much disappointed, while we praised the Lord for such a merciful deliverance. Now, by the teaching of Jesus at the nearest station, contrast eighty-one of those savages and their children being baptized here. He has given us nearly twenty thousand converts since I entered the field, and I long and pray that I may be spared to see all our remaining savage cannibals conquered for Jesus by the Gospel.

Dr. Paton and a Group of Native Aniwan Children

In deep gratitude, wishing you and all our helpers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and otherwise, every blessing in Jesus, I remain,

Yours faithfully,
JOHN G. PATON.

P. S. Pray for us and our work's completion by our Master.

. . .

It is a privilege to help a man so heroic and so devoted. The record of his career is more thrilling than the pages of romance, while the triumphs he has been enabled to achieve excite our wonder and thankfulness. It was in August, 1858, that John G. Paton and his beloved wife first set foot in their sphere of labor. The New Hebrides comprise a number of small islands, six of which are of considerable extent. Tanna, the island mentioned by Dr. Paton, is eighteen miles long by ten wide. The danger of settling there was well known. John Williams had been killed on Erromanga, one of the islands, and other Christian missionaries had laid down their lives. Was it possible for these nude, painted savages to be won by the Gospel of Christ? To all human ideas it would appear a vain hope; but Dr. Paton was a man of strong faith, and he stayed and worked. Forty-seven years he has been laboring there, and his letter tells with what results. One island after another has been redeemed; and even in his advanced years the veteran missionary is planning to reach those still sunk in heathenism.

We are sure that our readers will be glad to see the portrait and the photographs this veteran missionary sends us, which we reproduce on this page. Few men have been privileged to labor so long, and to achieve so much. His labors testify not only to his own devotion, but to the mighty power of the Gospel.

THE
AMERICAN PULPIT

SERMON BY
Rev. F. DeWitt Talmage, D.D.

Triumphant Faith

TEXT: MATTHEW 9:29
"According to your faith be it unto you"

REV. JOHN WATSON, better known to Americans by his literary sobriquet of Ian Maclaren, wrote a powerful paragraph in a retrospect of his life's ministry. This is his message to the preachers of the present day: "The review of the past has convinced me that while preaching has various ends, the chief ought to be comfort. It is useful in its way to explain the construction of the book of Isaiah, and to give the history of Hebrew literature, but it is better to minister the consolation of Isaiah's fifty-third chapter to the weary heart. No one can blame a preacher for expounding Christian dogma, but his words will be more useful when they declare the Christ himself, of whom dogma at its best is but the garments. The preacher is justified in attacking sin with righteous indignation of soul and with burning invective of words, but perhaps he would come more quickly to his purpose if he turned the sinner from his sin by causing him to fall in love with goodness." In other words, according to Doctor Watson, the chief work of the ministry is not iconoclastic, but constructive. It is not so much to wield the dissecting knife and expose the awful ravages of the disease called sin, as it is to lead his congregation out into the flower gardens of God's love, and to show his people what is possible for them to attain if they are only willing to drink the water of life, of which, if a man once drinks, he shall never thirst again. I always did believe that the sight of a good man being honored for his virtues had a more beneficent influence upon a community than the sight of a gruesome gallows upon which a murderer has been strangled to expiate his crime. And I always did believe that Murillo's "Ascension" and William Strutt's "A Little Child Shall Lead Them," have had more power to eradicate evil than Michael Angelo's horrible agonies of lost souls, depicted in his great masterpiece of the "Last Judgment."

The Measure of Blessing

Thus we turn to my text to day with feelings of infinite joy. When we study the assurance which Jesus Christ gave to the two blind men of the East, who came to him crying: "Thou son of David have mercy on us;" we do not have to explore with Dante the dark caverns and the lakes of fire of an awful inferno, or have John Milton echo for us the despairful calls of his *Paradise Lost*, or climb with Ignatius Donnelly the funereal pyre of his "Cæsar's Column." But we can walk with Sir Thomas More amid the incense-laden avennes of his Utopia. We can watch men by the power of faith lifting mountains. We can see Christians, as mighty reforming chieftains, going forth to conquest, as David, the shepherd boy, went forth to overthrow the gigantic Philistine. We can see men assailed by the hosts of temptations, raising high the golden shield of faith, so that the fiery darts of Satanic attack fall to the ground with a harmless ring. Oh, Faith, thou art not a mere Gospel theory! Thou art a mighty workman, able to graft all the powers of the supernatural into our being. Thou art the messenger ready to lift man to God and to bring God down to man. "According to your faith be it unto you," spake Christ to the blind men of old. "According to your faith be it unto you," says Christ to the men and the women of the present day.

In order to make our subject a little more intelligible, let me remind you of the blessings of faith from a worldly or a temporal standpoint. Let us, in the first place, try to see what a mighty factor faith can be in developing our physical stamina. Archbishop Temple once said, "Faith is the laying hold of the future in the midst of the present, of the unseen in the midst of the seen" And so faith can so sustain and stimulate the physical powers, that a frame weak and feeble and even imperfect, can achieve tasks that would tax the powers of a vigorous constitution. Let me illustrate my thought by the scene of my text.

There is great excitement on the outskirts of Capernaum. Christ has just been working a number of his miracles. The most startling of these was the raising from the dead of the daughter of the ruler Jairus. Of course you can understand the tremendous sensation such an act caused. The news spread like wildfire. The people everywhere were flocking about Jesus. While the multitudes were following him, there were two blind men by the roadside. I believe, from the construction of this chapter, they were beggars. When the crowd surges past them, their acute ears hear the commotion. "What is the matter?" they ask. "Oh," someone says: "Jesus, the worker of miracles, is passing by." "Do you believe he can open my eyes?" tremulously asks one of the blind men. "I do not know," is the reply; "you were born blind, were you not? No one that is born blind has ever been known to see." "Yes," says the blind man, "but did not Christ raise the dead daughter of Jairus? I feel, I know he can give us sight." Then the blind men, who could not get near to Christ on account of the crowds, began to shout at the top of their voices: "Thou son of David, have mercy on us." "Be quiet!" says someone; "there is no good of your shouting. Your eyeballs are useless. Christ can do nothing for you." But still the blind men cry more vociferously: "Thou son of David, have mercy on us." Christ hears

Their Suppliant Voices

above the cheers of the multitude. He stops, and says to them practically this: "Blind men, do you believe I am able to open your eyes?" They answer: "Yea, Lord." Thus Christ says: "According to your faith be it unto you." At first, I think, the blind men could not realize the full import of the sentence. Then a smile irradiated their features, and then the curtains of the eyelids parted, and the men saw. That was the reward of their faith. The blessing was limited only by the measure of their belief. "According to their faith," and as they believed for the opening of their eyes, that boon was granted to them.

"Well," says some one to me, "I do not see any connection between the blind men of my text and faith in God giving to a man physical powers to do what God wants him to do." Instances of the stimulus of faith are to be seen in every walk of life. Everywhere, you can see men and women of slight physical frames doing the work of giants, because they have faith, triumphant faith. Here comes a frail little body like Frances E. Willard. Why, from the day that she was born, she was a physical weakling. She was a frail child. She was a frail girl. She was a frail young woman. Then came the call to the semi-invalid, to go forth as a warrior to fight the curse of the saloon. "Oh, Frances!" said her friends, "you have not the physical power for a temperance crusade. You have no chest, no throat. Why, that is the work which calls for the physical stamina of a giant!" But the young, frail-looking woman, Frances E. Willard, calmly answers: "If God calls me to this work, God will give me physical strength to do it." Did not God give to her physical strength in proportion to her faith? I tell you that the work Frances E. Willard did was enough to break down the physical resource of a Dumas had she not been

Re-enforced by Divine Strength

As an organizer of women, she was a marvel. As a public speaker, she went up and down this land addressing audiences night after night, year in and year out. The midnight cold sent the shrieking winds against her when she, night after night, had to change cars. Miserable hotel meals, badly ventilated audience rooms, mental strain enough to exhaust the strongest of nerves, were all hers. And yet that frail body went on and on in its herculean tasks supported by faith.

Open the leaves of history and what do you find? The greatest of workers have often been those who were working under the shadow of death. By the command of physicians and friends, and by the reasonings of every physical law, these men and women should have ceased to work: John Richard Green, an invalid; Alexander H. Stephens, an invalid; Robert Hall, an invalid; John Summerfield, an invalid; Richard Baxter, an invalid; Edward Payson, an invalid; Frederick W. Robertson, an invalid; U. S. Grant, writing his *Memoirs of the Civil War* when he was writhing in the agonies of physical torture; Robert Louis Stevenson, an invalid; Henry Fawcett, the ally and helper of English statesmen, yet blind from a youth of fourteen. Oh, do not tell me that the miracle of the blind men has not been duplicated in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. It has, it has! By faith they have compelled their frail bodies to achieve marvels.

Now, what is the practical deduction of this principle? Do not be hypochondriacs. Do not talk about your physical ailments. Do not spend most of your time telling your neighbors how bad you feel. Do not humor your pains and your aches by continually taking an inventory of them. There is nothing in the world which will make the body more of a weakling than the habit of getting the idea into your minds that it is weak and that it can do nothing. In almost every sanitarium in the world you can find these notices being hung up everywhere around the walls: "Don't talk about your sicknesses." If you have faith in God that he will give you physical strength to do your work, believe me, that physical strength, in most cases, will come to you. Better throw away those circulars which advertise the benefits of patent medicines. Get up and get out, and your body will grow in strength as you obey the call of duty.

But if triumphant faith is important in reference to the physical body, how much more is it important in reference to the mind. If it is important in reference to the action of my lungs and heart, how much more is it important in reference to the action of my intellect. I force my mind to do what I believe I can do, and that as a rule is the limit of the achievements, no more, and generally no less. Let me here illustrate my thought by some of the homely incidents of everyday life:

Faith in Capacity

I take the train and go out to the little country town where you were born. We get off at the station and go up the old, familiar street. It is surprising how little some of the old country towns change. There is the same little post-office, and the same little church covered with the same colored paint. When we walk around, it almost seems as though the same chickens were running about the yards as ran there thirty years ago. We enter the old farmhouse where you were born, and I find that the son of your oldest sister, now dead, has it. I turn to him and say: "Harry, what is the good of your burying yourself alive here in the country? You know this farm will never amount to anything. Why do you not get out of here and go West, or go to one of our large cities and make a name for yourself, as your Uncle Henry has done?" The young man looks up at me and says: "Oh, I don't know. I do not believe I could do it." What is the matter with your nephew? He has just as much brain as you, just as much chance to make a great success as you have made. There is just one trouble: he lacks faith—faith in himself.

Now for the other side of this question. Here is a boy born the son of a barber. His mother was a woman of ungovernable temper, who passed the last years of her life in an insane asylum. Poverty ushered him into life. His boyhood days were passed by an unhappy fireside. But one day, while going along the London streets, he looked into the windows of an art store and saw some beautiful pictures. They open to him a new world. He says, "I, too, am a painter." But his genius was not like that of Edwin Landseer, who, at fourteen, was able to win a prize at the Academy, by exhibiting there the picture of a majestic St. Bernard dog. But slowly, painfully, amid ridicule, with an empty purse and an empty stomach, he had to struggle on at his canvas. Every outside influence fought him back. Only the inward consciousness that he was a painter kept him at his task. Then what Boswell was to Samuel Johnson, John Ruskin became to him. Then Ruskin, the matchless art critic, led the English world to his feet. Then came success. William Turner became the most honored colorist of all the British Empire. It was the triumph of faith. Would William Turner ever have accomplished what he did with the whole world ignoring him for years, had he not been willing to starve and suffer, because he believed in himself?

Social Faith

Faith is everywhere practical in man's relation to man. I decide to take a trip from New York to California. I enter the railroad office and purchase a ticket. I pay down my money. I practically say by that act, "Here, Mr. Railroad President, is one hundred dollars. I have faith in you that you will keep your contract, and take me to my destination." After I receive my monthly wages, I take my money to the bank and say,

"Here, Mr. Cashier, is my money. Put it out at interest. I have faith in you. I will trust you with my all." Instead of living the life of a hermit and arming myself with pistol and gun and barricading my home at night, as the New England settlers did during the time of the Indian uprisings in 1630, I associate myself with my neighbors, into a nation. We elect a President, a Governor, and a Mayor. We say to these officials, "You guard us. You protect us. We have faith in you and your government." The business world, the domestic world, the political world, could not be run successfully a day, an hour, a minute, without faith.

Now, my friends, as rational faith is such an essential for man's physical, and mental, and social development, is it absurd for us to assert that Gospel faith is an essential for man's spiritual existence? We have logically proved that when a man lives for himself, or when a man walks with other men, he has to walk with the evidence of the things not seen. Shall man not walk thus with God? And, my brother, if man, in spite of himself, is compelled to trust man, in order to live in an earthly and social sense, is it absurd for man to trust God in a spiritual sense?

If you have faith in an earthly parent, why should you not have faith in a heavenly Father? Suppose you have been a wayward boy. Suppose you have been a drunkard, a gambler, and a libertine. Suppose you have run away from home, and not had any relations with the old homestead for months, aye, for years. Then suppose a friend meets you in a distant city, and sends back home your address. Then suppose your father sends to you an earnest, loving letter, which goes thus: "Dear Charley: For months and months your mother and I have been trying to find you. Under the awful strain of worry your mother has broken down. The doctors say she can only last a few weeks. Her one cry is, 'My boy! my boy! oh, why does not my boy come home!' Come home, Charley. Come home to your mother and to me. We will forgive all, if you will only let sin alone, and come back to our love." Would you not believe your father? Would you not have faith in his forgiveness? Would you not take the first train back to the old homestead, and throw yourself upon your mother's sick bed, just as you used to do when a little boy, and cry, "Oh, mother, mother, forgive me, mother!" If you have faith that an earthly parent will forgive your sins, then why have you not faith in God? Why do you not throw yourself upon his mercy and cry: "Lord Jesus, forgive me, Lord Jesus, save me?" Is the picture which John Bunyan drew of his pardon at the Cross of Jesus Christ an absurdity, when he said, "So I saw in my dream that just as Christian came up with his cross, his burden loosed from off his shoulders, and fell from off his back, and began to tumble till it came to the mouth of the sepulchre, when it fell in, and I saw it no more?"

If the pardon of sin through the blood of the atoning Lamb is not an absurdity, why should it be an absurdity that with God to help you there is nothing too great for you to do? We again follow the same analogy. Suppose an earthly parent should come to you and say, "My son, I am thy father. I want you to go forth on a mission in my name. All that I have shall be given to you for help. I will support you; I will protect you; I will care for you as long as you are true to me." Suppose your father should thus speak to you. "Why," you answer, "if my father spoke thus, I know he would spend his last cent to help me, and, if necessary, pour forth his last drop of blood for my protection." Then, my friend, if you have this faith in your earthly father's promise of help, why will you not trust your heavenly Father? Why will you not feel that all the reinforcements of heaven are thine, and, all the powers of God are thine to do his work, if you will only surrender your life to his service? Listen. I will quote to-day from Christ's very words: "If ye had faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye might say unto this sycamore tree, Be thou plucked up by the root, and be thou planted in the sea; and it should obey you." And in Matthew we can read about the same promise where Christ says, "All things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing ye shall receive." Oh, my brother, will you not to-day, become one with God? Will you not make his supernatural power yours? Will you not take God at his word, as by faith you would accept an earthly parent's promises?

But some one says to me, "I am ashamed to come to Christ. I have lived such an awful life of sin. I have neglected so many of his invitations. I am in exactly the same position as a man who has cheated a business partner, or one who has been untrue to his best friend." Ah, my friend, I am glad to have you speak thus. Say on. Pile up your sins mountain high. Then after you had finished, I would pile your sins up higher than the clouds. Then upon the top of these mountain ranges of sin, I would place the cross of Jesus Christ. And I would ask you this one blunt question, "Though your sins be as high as zenith and as low as the nadir, and as wide as space itself and as black as the darkest hour of the night, was not the sacrifice of the Son of God big enough to atone for them all?" Oh, why wilt thou refuse submission to God's will, when thou dost begin to fathom the depths of God's sacrifice in Jesus our Lord? Wilt thou not let his blood cleanse the awful record?

The words of my text are a promissory note. It has unlimited possibilities at the Bank of Grace. It has the name of theLord God Almighty at the bottom of it. Endorsed it is by the blood of a resurrected Christ. It does not read "I hereby promise to pay to a repentant sinner one hundred dollars, or one thousand dollars;" but it reads: "I promise to pay to a repentant sinner anything and everything that his Gospel faith is able to carry away with him." Will you come to this Bank of Grace to-day? Will you make your requests as big as the mercy of God, as big as heaven? "According to your faith be it unto you."

MINNESOTA NOW HAS A REVIVAL

Rev. E. V. Bjorkland
Swedish Mission Church

Rev. John Oliver
Baptist Church

Evangelist R. E. Johnson

Rev. P O. Ekstrom
Swedish Baptist Church

C. H. Grey
Singing Evangelist

A GRACIOUS revival, which began with the holidays, is still bearing fruit in the fourteen churches of St. Cloud, Minn. It is a campaign for righteousness and the salvation of the lost, and was led by Evangelist R. E. Johnson of the Bible Institute, Chicago, Ill. He obtained first the co-operation of six of the pastors and then engaged the most popular place of resort in St. Cloud,—the Opera House. It was a union effort signally blessed from the start, for the large auditorium was thronged, until a total of thirty thousand have been in attendance at the services.

The Opera House was engaged only for two weeks, but the interest grew, and the lease was extended for another two weeks. News of the revival spread, and people drove in from the farms and came from nearby villages and towns. In four weeks, despite the fact that the population is seventy per cent. non-evangelical, a record was made of six hundred and fifty-eight men, women and young people professing Christ as their Saviour from sin. Services were also held in the "Minnesota State Reformatory" where two hundred and seventy openly and definitely stood to confess their acceptance of Christ. The Spirit's power was strangely manifested in these brief services, lasting only from thirty to forty minutes. Strong, hardened men sat in tears as God spoke through the evangelist and the singer to their hearts. A guard who had been in the Reformatory said that "he had been there for sixteen years and in all that time he had never seen such deportment as since the services. One of the worst criminals there came to him and, with tears in his eyes, said that the service had changed his life and when he got out, the things of the past would never again be in his life."

Evangelist Johnson is an entertaining and convincing exponent of the Word. He is in love with it. One of his sermons was on the Holy Spirit, from Acts 19: 2, "Have ye received the Holy Spirit since ye believed." Said the evangelist,"There is no way to God except through the blood of Jesus Christ. May you see that way. His blood was the great atonement. The Holy Spirit applies the blood to the guilty conscience. Pray that the Holy Ghost will convict men of sin. The Spirit will show men that they are lost and undone and that only by the shedding of the blood of Christ is there remission. Many Christians fail because they try to meet temptation without the power of the Spirit. If the world fills us, we cannot be filled with the Spirit. The Church can gather in every soul in this city if it is filled with the Spirit. The reason that many church members cannot talk about religion and backslide, is that they are trying to live without the help of the Holy Spirit. The love of Christ is shed abroad by the Spirit, and the world is dying for love."

One of the most remarkable features of the revival was the help that came from unexpected quarters. The majority of the Board of Education became interested in the meetings as they progressed, and instructed the Superintendent of the Public Schools to close the schools from 2.30 to 3.30 when they had an "All day for God" service, to enable the children to be present in a body. It should be added that the City Superintendent of Schools, Prof. J. A. Cranston, favored the services, aided them by his spoken words and was one of the most active personal workers in the after-meetings. Night after night he was to be found trying to help his scholars to Jesus Christ.

In one of the Opera House meetings, a venerable minister, the Rev. E. V. Campbell, proposed that the following resolution be adopted.

"We respectfully but firmly request the Mayor of St.Cloud to enforce the laws of the State of Minnesota as follows: (1) To close all saloons from eleven o'clock P.M. to five o'clock A.M. (2) To close all saloons from eleven P.M. Saturday to five A.M. Monday, back door, front door, side door, and every other door, if there be one."

It was voted unanimously, and a committee waited on the Mayor, with the result that the saloons were closed for the first time in years. The local papers stated that the opposition tried to compel the Mayor to leave for Mexico until spring, without issuing orders to his police to enforce Sunday closing. However, the Mayor saw his duty and did it fearlessly.

Ninety-two persons professed conversion at what were termed the "All Day for God" meetings. All the churches have been quickened and the standard of commercial morality uplifted by this day of days. The Methodist pastor, the Rev. J. Wilber Stark, the Presbyterian pastor, the Rev. E. V. Campbell, and the other pastors have only begun to reap the rich harvest.

Evangelist Johnson was formerly associated with Mr. Moody. His wife is gifted in leading meetings for women and children. Mr. Charles H. Grey, also an earnest worker and fine musician, is his singer.

W. Jay Peck.

Children of the Diplomats

Some of the Bright Young Faces One Sees in the Social Life at the Nation's Capital

Photographs by Clinedinst

Grandchild of Speaker Cannon
House of Representatives

Daughter of Mrs. Van Kreuter
Translator, Russian Embassy

CHILDREN, with their fun-loving, happy natures, are very much alike, whether born under the Oriental skies of the Far East, in the sun-lit lands of Europe, or on our own broad prairies. No matter what the land of birth, the innate child-nature is the same, and this is evidenced every day in the merry group of little people belonging to the families of the Diplomatic Corps at Washington, in which are representatives from thirty-eight nations of the earth. What could prove this better than the recent Christmas celebration? In almost every home where there were children in the great capital city, regardless of creed, a Christmas tree shed forth its cheer. In the home of the Chinese minister, the scholarly, polished Sir Chentung Liang, who stands at the head of the legation from the Celestial Kingdom, on Christmas eve, in the stately dining-room of the legation, there was a gorgeous Christmas tree, as brilliantly lighted, as handsomely decorated, as any tree in the town. No three children in Christendom were happier than his seventeen-year-old daughter, Whan-Mi, and her two schoolboy brothers, Ardie and Arlu. To them the Christmas season brought just as much joy as it did to any of their young American friends.

They are genuine little Orientals, from the crown of their heads to the tips of their small toes, yet they have adopted Western ideas and customs with a surprising aptitude. As is well remembered, Sir Liang was a student at Amherst and studied in the United States eight years. He keenly appreciated the advantage this was to him, and is determined to give his children the same opportunity. Miss Whan-Mi, who is a petite, slender girl, with liquid, dark eyes, just a trifle almond shaped, an abundance of dark, glossy hair, and the tiny feet of the high caste Chinese women, inherits her father's love of study, and persists in remaining under her tutors, although she is constantly urged by her young friends to enter society. It is not surprising that her friends should want Miss Whan-Mi to enter society, for several of the brightest "buds," during the past season or two, have come from the Diplomatic Corps.

The Italian ambassador, who is absent in Europe, has no children, while the only daughter of the acting dean of the corps, Mr. L. Hengelmuller, the Austrian-Hungarian minister, is a captivating wee lassie of six summers. She is quite a linguistic prodigy, speaking three other languages as fluently as her own. Sir Henry Durand, the British ambassador, has a son who is in the English army, and a daughter who has completely won Washington society by her sweet and unaffected temperament. There are a number of children in the Russian embassy. The new ambassador, Baron Rosen, has a most attractive sixteen-year old daughter, while M. Wilenkin, the financial agent of the mission, has two very pretty children—Clarence, eight years, and fair-haired little Olga, six. M. Boutakoff, the retiring naval attache, has a little daughter, whose bright and engaging manners make her a general favorite. The translator of the embassy, Mrs. Van Kreuter, has a young daughter of sixteen, who is pursuing her studies under tutors.

M. Jusserand, the gifted litterateur, who is the French ambassador, and Mme. Jusserand, have no children; and the stately German embassy on Highland Terrace is also childless. The counselor of the latter embassy, however, Freiheer von dem Bussche, has three children—two little sons and a daughter. They are wholesome, fine-looking little Germans, and most popular with the guests of the Arlington Hotel, where they are staying with their parents this winter.

Daughter of Senor Quesada
Cuban Minister

Son of M. Wilenkin
Russian Embassy

Son of Baron Bussche
German Embassy

Daughter of Com. Boutakoff
Russian Embassy

Among our neighbors to the south of the United States, large families are evidently more popular than with us. M. Nabuco, the recently arrived envoy from the largest of the South American republics, Brazil, has two daughters and three sons, al of school age. M. Nabuco is, with out doubt, one of the most distinguished scholars and statesmen in the corps, and Mme. Nabuco is also a very cultured woman. They are taking the utmost pains to give their children every educational advantage. The two older boys have entered a Washington school, while the girls are studying with a governess, under the immediate care of their mother. Lieut.-Col. de Pederneiras, military attache of the embassy, has a remarkably bright boy of twelve years, who bears the historic name of Hamilcar. This fall he entered him in the public schools, at the Force building where President Roosevelt's son Quentin also attends, and in addition to Hamilcar's studies there, he is taking French and German in the evenings at home, from which it can be seen how diligently the members of the corps train their children

Daughter of Baron Bussche
Secretary German Embassy

Daughter of M. Wilenkin
Russian Embassy

Little Son of M. Quesada
Cuban Minister

Little Son of Senor Obaldia
Panama Minister

Little Miss Elliot
in Norwegian Dress

M. Cosasus, the Mexican ambassador, who only reached Washington last November, was largely influenced in accepting his present mission in order to educate his seven children in the United States. They have not entered school as yet, for soon after reaching here the entire flock, in some inexplicable manner, contracted scarlet fever, and were, of course, closely quarantined within the four walls of the embassy. They were not very ill, but it was a long and irksome confinement to the active little Mexicans, and no doubt quite as much so to their good parents. After the quarantine was raised last week the ambassador and Mme. Casasus, with their two daughters, went over to New York for a few days. One of the small sons of the family was telling a friend about it: "Father and mother and Evangelina and Margarita have gone to New York for a little rest, and," he added, with the merriest twinkle in his bright black eyes, "we boys are getting a little rest, too, after being jailed up so long with the scarlet fever, and having to mind girls and nurses so long."

Daughter of the Ex-Minister of Guatemala

Children of the Brazilian Ambassador

Miss Elizabeth Rosen
Daughter of Russian Ambassador

Senor Godey, for years the popular secretary of the Mexican embassy, but who has been appointed minister to Cuba, also has seven children. The eldest daughter, Miss Mercedes, who made her bow to the social world a few months ago, was educated in Washington and Paris, and is a bright, vivacious girl. The departure of this interesting family for Cuba is much regretted by their many friends, although the transfer is a distinct promotion for Senor Godey. The Costa Rican minister, Senor Calvo, who has been stationed at Washington since 1899, has an engaging family of eight children; and two of the prettist girls of "the smart set," are the young daughters of the Chilian and Bolivian ministers, Senoritas Martinez and Calderon. The skilled diplomatist of the Argentine legation, Senor Portela, has two sons; the Colombian plenipotentiary, Senor Mendoza, has no children; and Mr. Felipe Pardo, the Peruvian President's brother, who has but just arrived in Washington, as the envoy from the land of the Incas, brought with him his bride. The Cuban minister, Senor Quesada, has two children —a winsome little daughter of twelve years, Aurora, by name, and a handsome six-year-old son, Gonzalo. They, too, are working away at their studies; but during the holidays they had a large Christmas party, with a great tree, upon which hung presents for all their little guests. A young South American girl, who is much missed in Washington, is the daughter of the ex-Guatemalan minister, Senor de Lazo. She is the eldest daughter in a large family of children, and the lamented death of the mother, a few years ago, threw unusual care upon her inexperienced shoulders. With a beautiful spirit of devotion, she became a little mother, as well as sister, to her brothers and sisters, and has been an inestimable comfort to her bereaved father. Senor de Lazo left the diplomatic service and went into business in New York City, where they now live.

The often-spoken-of minister from Panama, the genial Senor de Obaldia, has eight children, three grown sons on his plantations in Panama, one a secretary of legation in Washington, two who are twins, at school at Fort Deposit, Md., and the baby, Domingo, who is five, and a daily attendant at a kindergarten near the legation. The other day the little lad came from school, and with a weary manner threw himself into his father's lap, saying: "'Mingo is nawful tired, papa!" His father laughed teasingly, and said: "You tired, my son! Why, what can you have been doing to make yourself tired?" The scepticism in his voice roused the little boy's wrath, and climbing from his knees much more rapidly than he had gotten on them, he said most haughtily, as he walked away: "I guess you'd be tired, my faver, if you'd been studying four languages all day!"

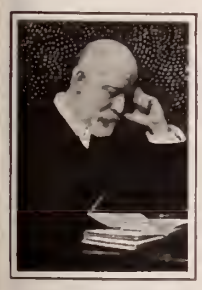
And as Domingo really is studying English, Spanish, French and German, he did seem to have the best of the argument. ABBY G. BAKER.

Osman Sureya
Son of Turkish Minister

Daughter of the Hungarian Ambassador

Ali Haydar
Son of Turkish Minister

HOW DR. TORREY BECAME A CHRISTIAN



Rev. Dr. Torrey

EACH day the great Philadelphia revival campaign, led by Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander, grows in power and fervor. Everywhere one goes people are talking of the revival, and revival songs are almost the only melodies that are being played and sung in the homes throughout the city. God's spirit is being poured out in power, and thousands of Christians are going out as never before to witness for Christ and to win souls for him one by one. Personal work is being done even on the streets and in the street cars. A lady told a friend how a car conductor, after collecting her fare, inquired if she was a Christian. The concern of the conductor —a total stranger to her—for her soul, deeply impressed her, and came to her mind again and again throughout the day. A city politician has expressed the fear that political issues will be almost lost sight of in the great religious enthusiasm.

Last Sunday was a day of glorious victory. At the afternoon and evening meetings, which were for women only, and for men only, nearly 12,000 people crowded into the big armory, while thousands of others were unable to obtain admission. Dr. Torrey preached on "What It Costs Not to be a Christian." In the midst of the sermon he told the story of his own conversion. He told how his father was a rich man and had sent him to Yale College at an early age, where, provided with plenty of money, he lived a fast life. He sought for pleasure in almost every form of worldly dissipation. He said:

"Did I find it? I did not. I found disappointment; I found barrenness; I found heartache and wretchedness. Then I plunged more deeply into dissipation and sin. Until at last, still a very young man, I sprang from my bed one awful night, rushed to my washstand drawer, drew it open, and put my hand into it to take out the weapon that would end the whole miserable business. For some reason or other I could not find it. I don't know to this day why I couldn't find it; I think it was there. And there beside that open drawer I dropped on my knees, and I told God that if he would take the awful burden off my heart, I'd preach the Gospel. I didn't expect to find joy; I did hope that I might get rid of some of my misery. But, to my utter amazement, I found a joy in Christ that I never dreamed of in the world; and though more than a quarter of a century has passed since, my joy is brighter to-night than it ever was before."

At the close of the sermon, when, amid a hush as all bowed in prayer, the invitation was given, seventy-nine women in the afternoon, arose and went to the front of the building to publicly profess their acceptance of Christ; while at night, following the preaching of the same sermon, 123 men streamed to the front seats of the big armory, making a grand total for the day of over 200 converts.

The results of the revival are already being strikingly felt in the diminution of crime and the sale of liquor. A few days ago, in the police court for the three districts in Philadelphia nearest where the revival meetings are being held, there was not a single prisoner brought before the magistrates. It is declared that such an event has rarely or never occurred before.

Last week Dr. Torrey preached a series of sermons on the power of prayer. He declared that every great revival in the world's history has been brought about by prayer. He told how every one in his Sunday School class was led to the Saviour in this way, saying: "I remember almost immediately after my conversion I took a Sunday School class. I didn't know anything about the Bible, and I didn't know anything about teaching a Sunday School class; but what I was taught by a teacher in a Sunday School, I never forgot—that people could be won to Christ by prayer. I had a class of young fellows just budding into manhood, and they are about as hard a class as any to manage. I commenced to pray for each one of these boys in my class, and God answered my prayer, as I had reason to believe that every boy in my class was converted, If you are a Sunday School teacher, pray for your scholars."

One man wrote Dr. Torrey a letter telling of the fight he had had and of the victory won. He said:

"When, last Monday night, you invited the Christian men and women to go through the aisles and speak with non-Christians, I found myself figuratively glued to the seat. I knew I ought to do as you asked, but pride held me back." The writer went on to say that after a hard battle with his pride, he conquered it. and the next day spoke to several persons about accepting Christ. The day following he had the wonderful joy of leading his first soul to a knowledge of Christ, and he wrote with a heart full of gladness, because he had begun to do soul-winning work. The writer averred that it was pride, and not laziness, that kept Christians from doing personal work, and advised them to put away their pride and begin the work at once.

Numerous visitors are coming to Philadelphia from long distances to catch the revival fire and share the work. One wealthy woman, who lives in another city in Pennsylvania, and who gave $500 towards the expenses of the campaign, has come to Philadelphia and taken apartments, in order to assist personally in the work. A business man who did active personal work in the London revival campaign of Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander, and who later followed the evangelists to Oxford, has appeared in Philadelphia, and is devoting his entire time to winning people to Christ.

GEORGE T. B. DAVIS.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, Associate Editor — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, Associate Editor

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The Danger in China

SINCE the beginning of the present year, affairs in China have claimed more than the usual amount of attention from those governments that have large interests in the Far East. Within the last few weeks, troubles, which at first were believed to be simply the agitation naturally resulting from the late Russo-Japanese war, have assumed very serious proportions.

According to the best-informed observers, China is now in the preliminary throes of a tremendous revolution, which aims at the overthrow of the present Manchu dynasty, and, incidentally, at the expulsion of the foreigners and the restoration to China of all the territory it has lost through foreign concessions and other causes. This movement, which is said to have honeycombed the army and to be especially strong in the South, is led by the Chinese Reform Association, a professedly patriotic organization, with a vast membership that is pledged to an active revolutionary programme. Branches of the Society are scattered through all the provinces. Its members have been secretly drilling, and, according to some reports, an early date has been chosen for a general uprising. The prevailing boycott of foreign goods, the violent demonstrations against missionaries, and the riots against local authority at different places, are all explained to be simply incidents in the general plan—premonitions of the approaching upheaval, which, once begun in earnest, will spread like flame from South to North, until it involves the whole empire.

Whether this interpretation of the present Chinese troubles be the true one or not, the conditions are sufficiently grave to warrant all foreigners who have interests in that country in taking protective measures at once. Our Missionary Boards would do well to order all their workers to places of safety without delay, if they have not already done so. We have not yet forgotten the terrible lesson of the Boxer uprising, when delays in adopting precautionary measures cost many valuable lives.

While the foreign Powers will doubtless do much toward maintaining a semblance of order at the capital and a few other important points, it will be physically impossible for them to extend their operations to remote localities. Were the missionaries gathered at the coast cities, they could be afforded ample protection till the storm blows over. Our own government, in conjunction with Great Britain, Japan, Germany and France, may succeed in preserving some degree of order by strong military and naval demonstrations; but China is a big country, and it would require a far greater force of land troops than can be made available now by the foreign Powers to effectively deal with anti-foreign demonstrations in the interior.

It seems to be inevitable that the civilized world should become excited periodically over China. That nation possesses such gigantic physical possibilities, that were its hordes once awakened and under skilful military leadership, they would be almost irresistible through sheer force of numbers. Thus far, no Chinese Napoleon has arisen. The literati are everywhere urging the populace to an anti-dynastic and anti-foreign war, and the native press is vigorously fostering the hatred of all aliens. Amid all this turmoil, Russia, more skilled in intrigue than in war, is probably planning to reap some substantial advantage when the opportune moment arrives. As the great Powers will be a unit against renewed attempts at the spoliation of Chinese territory, any movement of the kind would no doubt end in failure.

Altogether, the situation is one that defies prediction. Our own Government, with admirable foresight, has prepared for the emergency, and will be able, if the threatened storm breaks, to afford protection to all American citizens who come under our flag.

An Open Fire

OUR forefathers, and foremothers, too, were contented with great open fires, where an immense black log made the foundation for mighty sticks of hickory and oak, that made a splendid illumination when the flames leaped and sparkled, and the wind roared around the eaves. There are old farmhouses which can show chimney-places spacious enough to make a bed-room for the ordinary modern American family. The conveniences of later days have superseded the fire on the hearth, which, indeed, was apt to give warmth only to those who gathered closely around it, while in distant corners the atmosphere was freezing. In these days we depend for warmth on hot air furnaces or steam generators, and if a house be heated from a central plant beyond its doors, there may not be the suggestion of the means to the end anywhere in sight, unless we so describe steam pipes and registers. Neither father nor the boys are obliged to wrestle with the furnace, when a half-dozen contiguous houses are heated from the outside. We are contented with a gas log in the drawing-room, or perhaps a fire of cannel coal or pine knots in the library, if we demand the cheer of a visible fire.

There is real cheer in a fire that one can see. Nothing is more wholesomely alive than the flashing, dancing, glowing or perhaps smouldering fire on the hearth. It claims care and attention, but it repays vividly in comfort and pleasure. In the long winter evenings we may put out the lamp, and, drawing our chairs to the fire, tell stories by its light. The very spirit of home is symbolized in the flame, and the woman who lights it is the home-maker whom every one adores.

The Calamity in Japan

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, in his brief appeal to the American people in behalf of the Japanese famine sufferers, rightly calls the visitation "a calamity such as may occasionally befall any country." There is no land, however favored, which can depend upon invariable prosperity. Adversity may come with the drought, the flood, or the decimating scourge, and the people who but yesterday were accounted happy and contented, may be brought in one brief season to the extreme of want and suffering. The memories of Galveston, of Chicago, and of the great drought and hardship in four of our Western States some years ago, admonish us that we, even with all the indisputable advantages of our great and fertile territory, are not exempt from occasional visitations that wring the hearts and try the souls of men. It is through suffering that we learn the value of human sympathy.

To-day, Japan is the sufferer. Our friends in the Orient (they have been our friends for over half a century), need our aid. Theirs is a case that will not admit of delay. The proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, acting for the contributors to the Relief Fund, has forwarded by cable the **first $10,000** to succor the neediest cases. This money will be expended in food, and hurried forward to the famine districts, where it will be distributed by the Japanese National Red Cross Society. But what is such a sum where a million are starving? The great army of hunger's victims will be still unrelieved. How long can men, women and little children sustain life on a diet of straw and roots?

Send in your offering quickly, and let it be as liberal as a kindly and generous heart may dictate. It is an opportunity for service which you cannot afford to neglect—a work that will prove rich in blessing to all who have a share in it. Let us show to the people of Japan, that the Christians of America are such in more than the name alone, and that ours is a religion of practical helpfulness.

And when you send in your gift, let it come with a fervent prayer that it may not only be the means of saving a human life, but that, in God's good providence, it may be instrumental in turning a soul to Christ.

The Churches and Child Labor

IT is gratifying to note that the churches are taking up the question of child labor, which is now being fully discussed in the well-informed articles appearing from time to time in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Some time ago, the Child Labor Committee inaugurated a movement for the establishment of a National Children's Day, to be observed in the churches and synagogues throughout the country. It is proposed to devote the day to addresses, exposing the evils of the present system of juvenile industrial slavery in factories, mines, and sweat-shops.

When one realizes that at the present moment 1,752,487 little children—most of them under twelve years of age—are wearing their young lives out in what is literally "confinement at hard labor," one can better grasp the significance of such a movement as is now proposed. Surely there can be no better or nobler work than to rescue these little slaves from their taskmasters, and give back to them the freedom and enjoyment which are the birthright of all American children and the opportunities for education which every State pledges to the rising generation. We hope to see not a few, but all of the churches in line, working earnestly and harmoniously to bring about this reform. That half a million American children should thus be robbed of youth, health and education, and in bondage to a few score mercenary corporations and individual capitalists, seems almost incredible. But the facts which are at hand establish it beyond dispute.

If the churches and congregations of our land move *en masse* upon Congress, demanding the passage of Senator Crane's bill for the establishment of a Children's Bureau, the first outpost will be speedily won. After that the battle will be one of detail with victory assured.

To Rescue Mission Workers

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is compiling a complete directory of Rescue Missions and Rescue Homes in the United States and Canada. We invite all the heads of such charitable enterprises to send us the following information:

1st, Name of the Rescue Mission or Home; 2d, Where located; 3d, Whether for men or women, or for both; 4th, How frequently are meetings held; 5th, Name of the superintendent; 6th, Whether incorporated, and if so, when; 7th, State with which church or churches the Mission or Home is connected; 8th, What denomination, if any; 9th, Average attendance at meetings; 10th, Average expense per annum.

Free: Every Mission, or Rescue Home, furnishing the above information, will be entitled to a free copy of the Directory as soon as issued. When you write, address THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York City, and in the lower left-hand corner write the words, "Rescue Work Directory."

We ask every one interested in charitable work of this character to bring this notice to the attention of the superintendent or leader.

Among the Workers

—EVANGELIST C. R. HAUDENSCHIELD is now engaged in union meetings in Great Falls, Mont. The largest church is packed nightly to overflowing.

—REV. E. G. Page, of Oakland, Me., was born Christmas Day, 1814, converted at the age of sixteen, ordained to the ministry at twenty-four, and last Christmas Day he preached in the F. B. Church, being ninety-one years old on that day. He has preached nearly seventy years.

—THE PASTORS of three denominations at New Brighton, Staten Island, N. Y. (Rev. Dr. Crowder of the Episcopal Church, Rev. A. H. Allen of the Dutch Reformed Church, and Rev. Chas. Schneikert of the Baptist Church), are uniting in services every night for two weeks, Sundays excepted. The meetings are crowded, and much good has been done, not only uniting the congregations in brotherly love, but in awaking them to their responsibility in saving souls.

—DURING JANUARY Rev. Milton S. Rees, of Rochester, led a remarkable union revival meeting. The most marked feature was the campaign for men, with ten or more mass meetings for men only. Noonday meetings were held in the factories, which resulted in much good. One of the best features of the work is the organizing of groups by churches, according to age. These groups continue their work after the meetings close and help to assimilate the new material. Many were converted.

—THE SIXTEENTH anniversary of the Chicago Tract Society was celebrated January 29. The treasurer's report showed receipts for the year $14,464.72. Rev. Dr. Jesse W. Brooks, secretary, reported that twenty-two missionaries are in the employ of the society, able to speak fifteen languages, and circulating good literature in thirty languages. Eleven workers were engaged in Slavic work. Over 30,000 volumes of Bibles and good books were placed in the homes of the people. 63,600 homes were visited during the year.

—STOKESVILLE, VA., is in the midst of a revival, conducted by Rev. G. B. Fadeley, of the United Brethren Church, and Gospel Singer J. Owen Long, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Since the laying out of the town eight years ago, this people have had no religious services until January 7, 1906, when the United Brethren dedicated their little chapel there. Among those that assisted in the revival are Revs. A. S. Hammack, T. C. Harper, A. L. Staton, A. M. Horn, and Miss Litta Horn. A Sunday School has been started.

IN CASE YOU WANT TO

Help the Japanese Famine Sufferers

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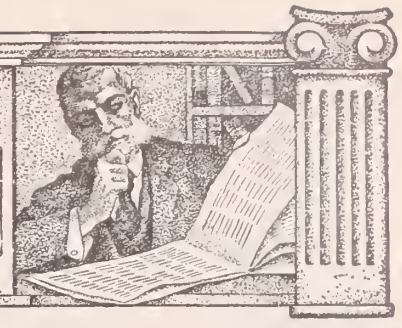
The BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER



Tunnelling Under the Hudson

ONE of the greatest engineering feats of our time, is the Tunnel constructed under the bed of the Hudson River, connecting the two cities of New York and Jersey City. In respect of the difficulties overcome, and of the dangers encountered, the history of the undertaking, when it comes to he written in all its details, will be a most wonderful and impressive story. The tunnel is about a mile in length, and is said to have cost over six million dollars. It was commenced about fifteen years ago, but there was an interruption in the work when the river broke through, flooded the tunnel, drowning a number of the workmen. There was then some thought of abandoning the undertaking, but a new company took hold, and has now practically completed the stupendous work. It was necessary to burrow under the bed of the river, and in the course of the excavation, to cut through solid rock in some parts, and in others through a mixture of clay and stone almost as solid. The system adopted was that of a caisson similar to that used in bridge building. The caisson was kept in place and pushed along as the excavating allowed, and supports of the strongest and finest steel inserted, to render the excavation permanent. Locks were made at intervals, which enabled the engineers to shut out the water, in the event of such a catastrophe occurring as that which interrupted the work in its early stage. It was thus possible to stop a leak in any section without endangering the other sections. Every precaution was taken, too, to save the men from the dreaded caisson disease. The illustration on the lower part of this page shows a temporary caisson, in which the men were kept after their work, for a short time, to prevent their being affected by a sudden change to the ordinary atmosphere. The tunnel is remarkable in the fact of its being in duplicate, there being two absolutely independent tubes thirty feet apart, to accommodate passengers going east and west. The curve in the tunnel, however, is its most wonderful feature. It is the only tunnel of that kind with a curve, in the whole world. At the outset, it was declared impossible, but the difficulty was eventually overcome, as shown in our illustration. In this, as in other achievements of the engineer's genius, the victory has been won by learning the operations of natural law, which is God's law, and adapting the means to the end. Not in opposing nature, but in yielding to it and working in harmony with it. Victory in the spiritual world comes in the same way. God is not capricious or variable in his methods of dealing with his children, giving or withholding for inscrutable reasons, but having revealed his law in his Word, he always blesses those who obey him and live according to his rule.

The law of the spirit of life hath made me free from the law of sin and death (Romans 8 : 2).

The Famous and Unique Curve in the Hudson River Tunnel

A Disastrous Earthquake

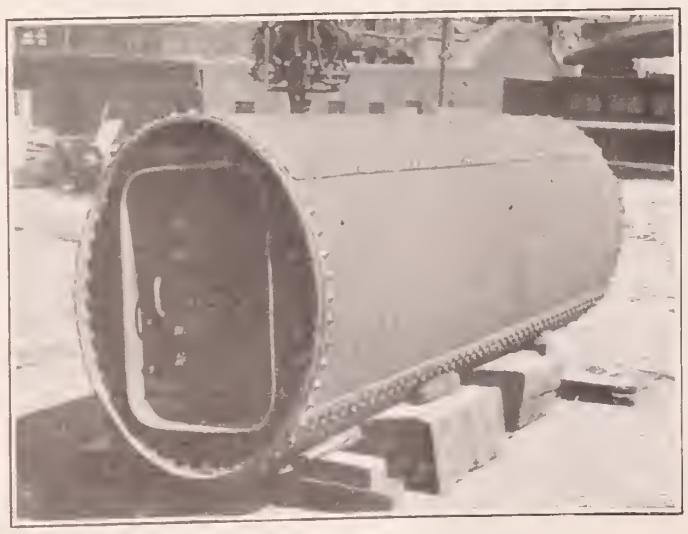
Reports of terrible loss of life and property are coming in from the northwestern coast of South America. The cable to Ecuador and Colombia was suddenly broken in two places on January 31. One break is located, as near as the telegraph instruments in New York can do it, near the coast of Buenaventura and the other near the Esmeraldas River in Ecuador. Since that time the only news received from those regions has been brought by incoming vessels. One report is that on the day the cable was broken, there was a destructive earthquake which was felt through a long stretch of the coast. The shocks continued through a period of eight days and are said to have numbered about thirty. The captain of one large vessel says that about ten in the forenoon his ship suddenly began to pitch violently and a four-inch steel hawser, by which it was moored to a pier at Cartagena, Colombia, snapped in two. The smaller craft in the harbor dashed wildly against the wharves and some foundered. Reports like those of a small cannon could be heard from the depths of the sea. Travellers along the coast brought news of the destruction of many villages. At Guacada, in Colombia, there was a tidal wave that drowned two hundred persons. Many lives were lost at Rio Verde through the collapse of a number of small houses. The survivors, panic-stricken, abandoned their homes and resorted to open spaces, fearing a repetition of the shocks. There appears to have been not the slightest warning—the morning was cloudless and the weather perfect. In a moment came the first shock and then overwhelming destruction.

When they shall say, Peace and safety then sudden destruction cometh upon them. (1 Thess. 5: 3.)

Enriched by Oranges

A dispatch from California to the New York *Herald* calls attention to the wonderful prosperity that has come to many towns in the southern part of that State from the cultivation of the seedless orange. The first specimens of this variety of fruit came to this country from one of our consuls in Brazil, who heard an account from natives of a few trees in the swamps on the banks of the Amazon, some sixty miles away. He sent a native up the river to get some of the fruit and to bring him some of the shoots of the tree. When the native returned, the consul was delighted with the specimens and sent six of the shoots, carefully packed in moss and clay, to the Department of Agriculture at Washington. The trees did not excite much interest at the department. Two, which were planted in the department grounds, died for lack of care, and the others were forgotten for months. Two, however, which were planted in southern California, in 1873, came to bearing. They were shown to ranchmen and fruit raisers and were eagerly sought. Since that time groves have been planted and the product has rapidly increased. It is now estimated, says the sender of the dispatch, that the wealth of the district has been increased by forty million dollars, through the introduction of this one fruit. Yet it was despised and thought worthless at its first appearance. So it was with the Gospel when first proclaimed. Its preachers were persecuted and its adherents put to death, but it has proved the way of life to millions.

To the Jews a stumbling-block and to the Greeks foolishness, but unto them that are called, the power of God and the wisdom of God (1 Cor. 1 : 23).



The Hospital Caisson for Workers in the Tunnel

To Create Animal Life

A remarkable prediction was made at Columbia University a few days ago by Professor Ostwald, of Leipsic, in a course of lectures he is delivering there. Referring to the biological experiments of Professor Loeb, he expressed the belief that eventually science would be able to produce living animals. At first it would be able to produce only protoplasm and sea-urchins, but afterwards it would result in the production of animals similar to our domestic animals. He could not say whether they would be quadruped, biped, fish, fowl, or reptile, but they would be a new order of life, which would propagate and multiply indefinitely. "Who knows," he asked, "but a new order of humanity may be created? Our science is young. Some of the most important branches of chemistry have been known but twenty years. We cannot yet fully explain the fact and phenomena of life and, after all, a living thing is nothing but a system of energy and life—it is but a matter of chemistry." The professor degrades humanity. He must be a poor observer of the varieties of human nature to have arrived at a conclusion so mechanical and material. A popular author once drew an imaginary conception of a monster she called Frankenstein, that was the product of human skill. Even that conception, imaginary as it was, was horrible—a being without soul or responsibility. Professor Ostwald's idea is equally bad, a blasphemous assumption of divine power and a reproach to the Creator.

Know ye that the Lord he is God; it is he that made us and not we ourselves (Ps. 100: 3).

Starved Amid Plenty

The death of a wealthy resident of the Bronx was reported a few days ago to the authorities of New York. The doctor who examined the body, pronounced the death as due to starvation. The circumstances were so peculiar, that an investigation was ordered. It developed that the deceased was a lady fifty-six years of age, who lived in a fine old house without any attendants. She had never been married, but had inherited a small fortune in real estate from her parents. The value of the estate had more than quadrupled, and she had saved the proceeds and bought more. The passion for saving took possession of her, and she could not bear to part with money even for food or fuel. She had not been seen for some days, and a neighbor going in to take her a meal found her lying dead. Yet she might have written her check for a hundred thousand dollars, and it would have been cashed.

There is a sore evil which I have seen under the sun, namely, riches kept by the owners thereof to their hurt (Ecclesiastes 5 : 13).

"An angry man stirreth strife"

Guard Heart and Speech

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

A LESSON on "tongue and temper" surely cannot come amiss in any class, whether of boys or girls, young or old, Christians or outsiders. And very few of the teachers will be so blind as not to find something in the lesson for themselves.

1. Profanity. The very worst abuse of the tongue, one of the most wonderful tools God ever made, is to use it to curse its Maker and his children. Jesus rebuked the Jews for swearing "By Jerusalem," and "By thy head," which correspond to our "Go to Halifax," and "By George," which we hardly consider to be swearing at all. But neither the Jews or any other people have been given to profanity to such a degree as Americans, which is partly due to the fact that every boy and man is told he is, or is to be, a "sovereign citizen," as good as anybody else, which checks reverence, and promotes a desire for strong self-assertion, which, in turn, in persons at once short in manners and short of words, leads to profanity for emphasis. Only a small part of the swearing is prompted by temper. A Congressman from the religious end of New Jersey, in his calmest moments, even when talking with a clergyman, being uneducated and poor in vocabulary, fills out his sentences with swear words. As a child who has not learned to use his mouth for talking, puts into it his fists, and his toys, and everything he can get hold of to fill the void, so people who have not yet learned to talk, fill up their mouths with cigarettes and gum, and spit for punctuation marks. This suggests as a cure for swearing, one that would be effective with some who do not respond to moral and religious appeals, "A list of strong adjectives for swearers short of strong words that are also polite."

All boys should memorize the following watchword:

> Maintain your rank, vulgarity despise,
> To swear is neither brave, polite, nor wise.

What is politeness but deferential consideration for others. Would it be polite for a boy or man to say ugly words of his mother? All would pronounce him a boor, unfit for association with well-mannered people. What would you think of a man who would slap a woman's face at a dinner table? To a Christian woman it is a greater discourtesy to hear a man use profanity in her presence. No man can be a gentleman and swear, any more than a stick can be straight and crooked at the same time. If one has no consideration for the God who made him, and for "the Name that is above every name," common politeness bids him have consideration for the great number, some in almost every group, who do have respect for the name of their Creator and of Christ, the most beloved of all that have walked the earth.

2. Exaggeration. But the words of Jesus forbid not only profanity, but exaggeration, and here again manners and morals both require that girls should abstain from overworking "awful," and from cruelty to "nice," and from lying with "splendid," and "grand," and "magnificent," when in truth the trifle under discussion has nothing really "grand" or "awful" or "magnificent" or "splendid" or even "nice" about it. It would stop much lying to turn to the dictionary, and see to what use those words can be truthfully applied. Here, too, adequate vocabulary would help, and it would also help to break up the ill-mannered habit of chewing gum. As boys swear for lack of words to express themselves otherwise, so girls lie by exaggeration for lack of thought about the true meaning of words, and because they have not learned that exaggeration is at once falsehood in morals and "loud" in manners. "Let your communication be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil" (Matt. 5: 37).

This does not limit our part in conversation to yes and no, but a fair application would cut off much that is said by all of us. "For every idle word that men shall speak they shall give account in the day of judgment." The Japanese images are needed everywhere. One with fingers on the closed eyes, meaning, "Be careful what you see"; one with fingers on the ears, meaning, "Be careful what you hear"; another with both hands over the mouth, meaning, "Be doubly careful what you say." On three of those fingers guarding the mouth might well be written three tests, to which every proposed utterance should be subjected before it is spoken: "Is it true? Is it kind? Is it necessary?" The tendency to speak unfavorably of others is naturally strong, because every human being has faults, and because naming another's faults seems to make our own less, if not to make us seem virtuous by contrast, as a backing train on the next track makes it seem as if our still train was going ahead. What an increase of suicides there would be if Burns' prayer, that we should see ourselves as others see us, were answered!

The tongue, wonderful in its relation to man's fundamental need of food, more wonderful in its relation to man's highest functions of speech, and song, and prayer, let us not only study to keep it from abuses, but to promote these high uses.

The Sunday School teacher, and even the preacher, should remind their charges that the tongue can be used to the glory of God even in eating. "Whether ye eat or drink, or whatever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

"Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect"

There is an important relation between diet and devotion, between dyspepsia and despondency. We should be more winsome Christians, "glory songs" in our very lives, if we kept food twice as long in charge of tongue and teeth, chewing more and swallowing less, so gaining in real nutrition, while saving half the food bills, and more than half the doctor's bills, to add to our mental food in the library, and to the spiritual food of others through the missionary collection.

The highest functions of the tongue are to speak to God, and for God. Some beasts excel men in almost every physical power, in sight, speed, strength. But there is one thing no beast can do, that every man should do, if only to prove himself a man—"Men ought always to pray."

One day, in New York City, one of the wealthiest men America ever produced lay dying. And as he lay there, he said, "Bring in the gardener." The gardener was a godly man, and when he came in to see his dying master, the rich man said to him, "Pray for me." The gardener did so, and when he had finished his prayer, the rich man said, "Sing

> 'Come ye sinners, poor and needy,
> Weak and wounded, sick and sore.'"

That is the sprit in which all, even the richest, come to God. "Be merciful to me a sinner."

The story of Professor Edward Everett Hale Jr., finding Christ as Saviour and Lord by prayer, in a revival at Schenectady, is familiar, and need not be given in full. He had gone to hear a famous preacher, Dr. Dawson, more for intellectual than spiritual enjoyment. The preacher had challenged unconverted hearers to try prayer, and Professor Hale said to himself as he walked away, "I will try it." He prayed that God would give him the best he had for him. Gradually the supreme interest of his mind changed from art and literature to doing good and helping others. He said, in confessing this conversion: "The call of the Cross is not merely a call to forgiveness, it is a call to love and work for Christ."

By contrast, let me tell you of a poor, sick widow, by whose bed on Christmas Day crouched two little girls, her children, ragged and shivering. The door opened, and in came Jack Jones, a converted prize fighter.

"I heard you was very ill, Mrs. Allen," said Jack, "and I've brought you a bit of breakfast. It's only a cup of hot tea, and a slice of bread and dripping, but maybe it'll warm you up a little. And these pieces are for the childer, bless 'em." After he had fed the half-starved woman with the best he had to offer, he said to the children: "Well, my dears, mother's pretty bad, I see. I'm not a parson, nor a Sunday School teacher. I'm only Jack Jones, as was the prize fighter. But you just kneel down 'longside of me, and we'll put up a bit of a prayer for mother."

"Aye, do," said the sick woman feebly; "but will God hear?"

"That he will," answered Jack, decidedly, "and if you come to the blessed Saviour, he'll take you in ever so willingly. I've got it marked in this Bible the gentleman gave me. See here, it says it quite plain: 'Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out.'"

"And you know it's true?" inquired the woman, wistfully.

"Should think I do," answered Jack, joyfully. 'Why, a month ago I never spoke the name of God except to swear by, and all I earned by fighting I spent in the public-house. Now all's changed; they say 'the lion's turned into a lamb,' and it's true."

"It's really wonderful," murmured Mrs. Allen.

"Aye, it is that," answered her visitor. "And the Lord Jesus, who has done it all for me, will do just the same for you, Mrs. Allen."

The poor woman proved for herself the truth of Jack's words. That's the best way to use the tongue, in speaking to God for others, and to others for God. Let those who plume themselves that they never swear, consider that silence is hardly less sinful when God bids us speak for him.

Canon Liddon, in a powerful sermon, after showing the sin of professing what we do not possess, shows it is equally sinful, when religion has brought help to our lives to be ashamed to confess it. Strange that really earnest Christians sometimes find it almost impossible to bear witness for their maligned Lord. Who would thus hesitate to go even to a rough court to testify for an earthly friend whom our testimony might help? It is largely the fault of our schools that any one who has been ten years a pupil cannot tell what he knows in public or private as easily as he can skate or swim. It is largely practice in all these cases that overcomes the fear. In a land like ours, where everybody is sometimes called to speak, every boy and girl of eight and over, should speak a piece every week until they can do it with as little nervousness as they ride a bicycle after due practice. What prayer meetings we would have when a new generation had been so trained, if all the children were so trained!

3. The Temper. More important than doing or saying is being. That is the root of everything. Christ in this passage seeks to show that gentleness is better than bluster, kindness more effective than force.

What is said in the Sermon on the Mount, must be interpreted with common sense. "Give to him that asketh thee," does not sanction harmful charity, but only inculcates an open-handed, rather than too reluctant charity. The general meaning of the whole group of verses (Matt. 5: 38-48), is that we shall "seek peace and pursue it," and cultivate the threefold love that looks up with esteem to God and the godlike; that looks out with sympathy to congenial fellow workers; that looks down with pity rather than scorn to those that the loveless might despise; loving even our enemies, that is, pitying them, because in unjustly wronging us, they are yet more wronging themselves.

*International Sunday School Lesson for March 11. The Tongue and the Temper. Matt. 5: 33-48. Golden Text: "Keep the door of my lips," Psalm 141: 3.

FIRST $10,000 FOR STARVING JAPAN

Cabled by The Christian Herald—President Roosevelt's Strong Appeal—More Aid Quickly Needed to Save Life

LATE news from Japan, received through official sources, confirm in every particular the earlier reports of the terrible famine now raging in the three northern provinces. Far more extensive than was at first believed, the famine is now growing to serious proportions. So ominous is the outlook, that President Roosevelt has been moved to address an appeal to the American people in behalf of the suffering nation, in which he says:

> **"The famine situation in northern Japan is proving much more serious than at first supposed, and thousands of persons are on the verge of starvation. It is a calamity such as may occasionally befall any nation. Nations, like men, should stand ever ready to aid each other in distress, and I appeal to the American people to help from their abundance their suffering fellow-men of the great and friendly nation of Japan."**

Meanwhile, the great heart of our nation has been deeply touched by the presentation of the cause of the Japanese farmers in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and contributions to the Famine Relief Fund continue to flow in from all parts of the Union. The proprietor of this journal, co-operating with its readers, as on previous occasions of a similar character when immediate action became necessary to save human life and avert a great calamity, on Feb. 14 advanced the sum of **Ten Thousand Dollars** in behalf of the Famine Fund, and this amount was cabled to Count Matsukata, President of the Japanese Red Cross in Tokio, through the American National Red Cross. The Japanese Red Cross had previously consented to undertake the distribution of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Fund in the famine districts. Our missionaries will co-operate in the work.

In acknowledging receipt of the money, the Chairman of the Executive Committee of the American National Red Cross telegraphed to Dr. Klopsch from Washington:

"Check received; money forwarded through State Department. Japanese Legation here have cabled request that it be expended for food."

This action on the part of the Japanese Legation, was in response to Dr. Klopsch's request that the money be cabled to the Japanese Red Cross "to be used **exclusively for the purchase of food,** to be distributed among the most needy people within the famine area."

Our State Department has received detailed advices concerning the famine from our Consul at Yokohama. The Consul writes:

"Three of the Northern provinces, Miyagi, Fukushima and Iwate, with a population of 2,821,557, are confronting a famine, the worst since the disastrous one of 1840.

"From authentic reports received from the committees chosen by the foreign community of Sendai to investigate the subject, it is stated: 'In a population of 899,279, at least **280,000** are in extreme distress, with no possibility of saving life without aid.' This in a single province.

"Official statements published by the Government reveal in part the terrible condition of the people in these provinces, and the suffering they must endure, not only through the winter but also through the spring months, before new crops are harvested. Thousands of people are living on roots and leaves of trees mixed with small quantities of rice and flour. Many are grinding acorns, and after abstracting the bitterness of the nut, are using the flour for food."

The report states that in Miyagi, upwards of **250,000** people are affected. In Fukushima province, fully **300,000** people are suffering for food, and immediate steps must be taken to avoid a calamity. In Iwate, a recent inspection by competent men engaged in relief work, estimates that **100,000** people cannot live without speedy and prolonged aid.

These conditions, showing an impending calamity far worse than war or plague, are no longer concealed by Japan. The reports from our consuls there, which describe a large part of the population in the famine provinces as "reduced to subsistence on roots of trees, leaves, bark and acorns," add that "**over half a milllion** are facing extreme conditions and **must succumb unless help is speedily given.**" These represent the worst cases only.

These statements are fully corroborated in letters from missionary and other sources, the most recent of which describe the desperation of the people, as driving many to robbery and acts of violence, in their eager desire to obtain food for their wives and children. Heavy snows have fallen in the northern provinces, aggravating the suffering. School children, maddened with hunger, fight each other to obtain possession of a morsel of food. In Fukushima, many persons must inevitably perish. The keenest and most widespread suffering, however, has not yet been reached, but will come in May, June and July, when the supply of acorns, nuts and grasses will be exhausted. A great effort, put forth now, would avert the loss of many lives.

In the consular advices, some of the recipes used by the people of the famine provinces are given, and they reveal, probably with more startling emphasis than anything else does, the desperate straits to which the sufferers have been reduced. These recipes are for the preparation of what is designated as emergency food, though it is hard for any one not similarly situated to understand how any nourishment could be derived from such a mixture:

Young Christians in the Famine Districts of Japan

Rev. W. E. Lampe(+), Reformed German Church, Chairman of the Sendai Relief Committee is here seen surrounded by a class of native converts

Straw Cakes.— Straw 7 parts, cheap flour 1½ parts; add ¾ pound of lime and ½ pound potassium bicarbonate. The straw is cut fine and boiled 1½ hours in 16 quarts of water. The roots and chaff are skimmed off and thrown away. The straw water is strained through the lime, after which the potassium bicarbonate is added and then more straw is put in. This boiled straw is washed with fresh water and strained, and the residue thoroughly mixed with cheap flour, forming the consistency of tough dough. This is made into cakes and allowed to dry, after which it is pounded and eaten, as it is mixed with water and boiled into soup. This receipt makes about eight quarts of food.

The leaves of the gobo trees, which grow in the mountains, are dried, boiled, mixed with cheap flour, and made into cakes for consumption.

"Up to this time," the consular reports continue, "the Government has taken no decisive measures looking to the relief of the masses involved. It has been stated that the Government proposes to issue a large number of local bonds, with the proceeds from the sale of which it was proposed to institute local improvements, and employ, as far as possible, those from the famine districts. This, however, is only a tentative measure, for it will require more concentrated effort to relieve the absolute suffering. Foreign missionaries are concentrating their efforts toward bringing out the facts and interesting the foreign residents and visitors in Japan."

A committee, composed of W. E. Lampe, chairman of the Reformed German Church; C. S. Davidson, M. E. Church; C. Jacquet, Roman Catholic Church; J. H. DeForest, professor of the Goo College of Sendai, as well as the American Congregational Board, M. D. Madden, Christian Church, and Wm. Axling, Baptist Church, were recently selected by the foreign community of Sendai. A subcommittee recently visited Yokohama, and spent considerable time among the consular representatives of the foreign governments, with a view to having them interest themselves and others in the work of relief. This sub-committee also visited Tokio, and laid the matter before the diplomatic representatives with the same object in view.

The following is a translation of a paper issued by the government concerning the famine, with special reference to the "emergency foods" used by the people:

On account of the scarcity and expensiveness of rice, the people of the famine district are mixing all kinds of things to the small quantity of staple products they are able to acquire. We have lately made analysis of each supplemental food with two objects—1. To find out how much nourishment the emergency food contained; 2. To determine whether it contained any poisonous matter.

From analysis the following was found:

1. Nara fruit cakes; nourishing and not poisonous.
2. Radish cakes; cannot be substituted for rice.
3. Radish and other leaves; cannot be substituted for rice.
4. Tara root bark food; contains no nourishment.
5. Persimmon cakes: if properly prepared, are nourishing.
6. Straw cakes; not nourishing.
7. Karatoriimo cakes; contain nourishment.

The foregoing shows to what desperate straits the people have been driven in their struggle with starvation. Who could withhold sympathy in such a pitiful case?

Wm. E. Lampe, Chairman of the Relief Committee, writes, telling of a two-days' sojourn in the famine districts. He says that in Curibara County there are 40,000 poverty-stricken people, and that nearly $100,000 would be required to feed them until next May. He saw children eating a mixture of boiled leaves and chaff. "Breakfast had been made of this stuff by the whole family . . . Some of the food was of a sickly green color, and my stomach was almost turned at the sight of it. . . In another home, the morning meal had been daikon leaves and husks." The Relief Committee was able to supply a few of the very worst cases with small quantities of rice—each grain almost as precious as gold. As a rule, the village officials have no money or other means available to fight the famine. The members of the Relief Committee speak very highly of the efforts made by the provincial officials to asist the sufferers.

Rev. Charles S. Davison, Presiding Elder of the M. E. Church in the Sendai district, Japan, writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, enclosing the following information relative to the famine:

Returns furnished by the police authorities show the state of affairs in the three famine-stricken prefectures as follows:

Prefecture.	*Number of households.*	*Number of people.*	*Number of distressed households.*	*Number of distressed people.*
Miyagi	134,421	899,782	46,766	284,865
Fukushima	165,129	1,170,598	69,084	483,588
Iwate	113,420	749,927	34,038	190,422
Totals	412,970	2,820,307	149,888	**958,875**

These figures are very shocking. The fact that nearly a **million of people** are actually suffering from want of food in the depth of winter, shows that the appeals hitherto made for charity have been only too well founded. It is difficult to understand why this terrible calamity should have awakened so little sympathy hitherto.

J. H. DeForest, also of the Sendai Committee, writes that the authorities, with the best intentions in the world, have only been able to arrange for the relief of one-quarter of the suffering in Miyagi province.

All contributions for the relief work should be addressed to

JAPAN RELIEF FUND,

The Christian Herald, 92 Bible House, New York

Every contribution will be acknowledged in the columns of this paper.

. . .

The Japanese Committee

The following are the members of Japanese Committee of Relief, as reported by the Japanese Consul-General, New York City:

R. Arai. New York; T. Furuya, New York; S. Hirose, New York; Z. Horikoshi, New York; K. J. Imanishi, New York; Editor Japanese-American Commercial Weekly; Editor Japanese Weekly Times; K. Mogi, New York; K. Seko, New York; J. Takamine, New York; S. Uchida, Consul-General of Japan, New York, and T. Yamanska, New York.

AROUND THE HOME HEARTH

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Wooer or Wooed?

A YOUNG girl rather depressed, because she lives in a community where the girls are in excess of the boys, writes her discouragement in a four-page letter over the defection of the only eligible young man of her acquaintance. "I was so nice to him," she innocently explains. "I put myself to much inconvenience to receive him; I found out his tastes, and had the things he liked when he came to supper; and, in every way I could, I showed him that I prized his friendship. But he has ceased calling at our house. He hardly sees me on the street any more, and he is said to be paying a great deal of attention to a perfectly horrid girl in the next town."

A few months ago, in one of the magazines, there was a story written by a favorite American author, and bearing the mysterious title of *The Grass-Green Maid*. This maiden, although warned by her mother of the danger she ran, persisted in telling each of her lovers a certain secret. No sooner had any man heard it, than his devotion changed to coldness, and he vanished into space. Many girls could not understand the meaning of this story, but it was plain enough to observers past girlhood. No man desires to be wooed. A confession of love and admiration too early made by a girl, whether it be in words, or simply in flattering, complimentary attentions, is almost sure to drive a man away. If my correspondent had been indifferent, proud and haughty, if she had been a trifle inaccessible, and if she had not foolishly allowed the young man in question to see that she very nearly worshiped him, he would have remained persistent in his attentions, and not have left her for the girl in the next town. Young men are very apt to become fearfully self-conceited in communities where the girls are as as ten to one. On the other hand, when a girl has a right estimate of herself, and when she has the good fortune to be the only young woman where there are plenty of unmarried young men, as may happen, for instance, at an army post, she has her innings. Woman should be courted. Man prizes what he wins with his bow and his spear. From the primitive days conquest has been his prerogative, and he cares most for the one whom he has had most difficulty in winning.

Ruskin, who had no end of wisdom, said something about woman after she has been won, which is worth repeating. Perhaps we would better say about woman and man: "We are foolish, and without excuse foolish, in speaking of the 'superiority' of one sex to the other, as if they could be compared in similar things. Each has what the other has not; each completes the other. They are in nothing alike, and the happiness and perfection of both depends on each asking and receiving from the other what the other only can give.

"Now their separate characters are briefly these: The man's power is active, progressive, defensive. He is eminently the doer, the creator, the discoverer, the defender. His intellect is for speculation and invention; his energy is for adventure, for war and for conquest, whenever war is just, whenever conquest necessary. But the woman's power is for rule, not for battle; and her intellect is not for invention or creation, but for sweet ordering, arrangement and decision. She sees the qualities of things, their claims and their places. Her great function is praise; she enters into no conquest, but infallibly adjudges the crown of contest. By her office and place, she is protected from all danger and temptation. The man, in his rough work in the open world, must encounter all peril and trial—to him, therefore, must be the failure, the offense, the inevitable error; often he must be wounded or subdued; often misled, and always hardened. But he guards the woman from all this; within his house, as ruled by her, unless she herself has sought it, need enter no danger, no temptation, no cause of error or offense. This is the true nature of home—it is the place of peace; the shelter—not only from all injury, but from all terror, doubt and division. In so far as it is not this, it is not home; so far as the anxieties of the outer life penetrate into it, and the inconsistently-minded, unknown, unloved, or hostile society of the outer world is allowed by either husband or wife to cross the threshold, it ceases to be home; it is then only a part of that outer world which you have roofed over and lighted fire in. But so far as it is a sacred place, a vestal temple, a temple of the hearth watched over by household gods, before whose faces none may come but those whom they receive with love—so far as it is this, the roof and fire are types only of a nobler shade and light, shade as of the rock in a weary land, and light as of the Pharos in a stormy sea—so far it vindicates the name and fulfils the praise of home.

"And wherever a true wife comes, this home is always round her. The stars only may be over her head, the glow-worm in the night-cold grass may be the only fire at her foot, but home is yet wherever she is; and for a noble woman it stretches far around her, better than ceiled with cedar or painted with vermilion, shedding its quiet light far for those who else were homeless."

CHILDREN TOGETHER

Grandmother's years are many, and the laddies' years are few;
But there is no gulf between them, and life for them all seems new.
She, who is near to heaven, has its glow upon her face,
As she reads from her well-loved Bible, of her Father s dwelling-place.

A Number Party

THIS is the way in which about forty young people were entertained one evening not long since:

As many small squares of cardboard had been prepared and numbered as there were to be guests. After the young people were all assembled, the numbered cardboards were distributed, the odd numbers being given to the boys, the even numbers to the girls. They were then divided into five groups, according to number, *i. e.*, those numbering from one to eight forming one group, those from eight to sixteen another, etc. They were told that each group must entertain the rest of the company for five minutes in any way they chose, but first they would all be allowed ten minutes to plan what they should do. The forms of amusement which the different groups thought up were odd and highly entertaining.

By this time supper was ready, but as the dining-room held but twenty, a potato race was held to decide who should be the ones to go to the first table. For this the company was again divided by number into two groups—those numbering from one to twenty going to one side of the room, and those from twenty to forty going to the other. Each group was then asked to select a champion from their number. Then potatoes of all sizes were brought in and placed in two piles on the floor at one end of the room; the piles being made as equal as possible in both size and number of potatoes. After drawing their piles by lot, each champion was given a teaspoon with which he was to carry his potatoes across the room and empty them in a basket provided for that purpose. The one who succeeded in getting all his potatoes in the basket first went with his followers to the first table, while the defeated ones waited on them.

An evening like this serves two purposes: the young people, in planning for their entertainment, become better acquainted with each other, and everyone is kept busy, a thing which is very necessary to insure a good time to each one present. With slight variations this would do for almost any number of young people.

M. H.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—MAY. If your sister thanked the man who was so polite to her on the occasion referred to, she fulfilled every obligation.

—MAUDE. If possible, do not air family grievances in public. Try to arrange the matter of payment for your services amicably with your uncle and cousin, but on no account continue to act as their housekeeper if they grudgingly refuse to pay you. Seek work elsewhere. You can procure *Good Manners for All Occasions*, by addressing the publisher of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

—SUBSCRIBER. It belongs to the order of nature that opposite sexes should attract one another in a way quite different from the attraction that draws members of the same sex together. This is not a thing to regret or deplore, if it is not indulged in by the wrong people at the wrong time. God meant that brothers and sisters should live together in families, and that a single man and a single woman, seeking each other out, and, loving each other truly, should wed and be faithful to the end of life.

One of Life's Tragedies

Broken-hearted and despairing over the hopeless separation of parents who had bitterly quarreled, a schoolboy of sixteen, away from home, the other day committed suicide. That a lad in the very bloom and flush of life's morning, with only joy and hope before him, if the condition had been normal, should see no way out of the coil of misery around him except death, is a mournful commentary on our period.

When husbands and wives can find no solution for the terrible problems that assail them, except the divorce court, with the train of sorrows that follow it, the children are the greatest sufferers. The blow falls far more heavily on them than on the two, who are so filled with wrath and hitterness, that they can see nothing but the present and take no special thought for the future. A sensitive boy or girl suffers more than words can express when ruin and wreck come to the home, and the winds of calumny assail a dear father or mother. If it happens that the child is of loyal fibre and loves both parents, the wound is almost beyond healing. No doubt there are numerous instances where a legal separation is justifiable, and yet, in the easy divorce that has come to be a blot on our fair escutcheon, it is hard to see, in many instances, much beyond selfishness, ill-temper, and passionate desire to gratify a longing that never should have entered where vows had been pledged. Infidelity may be in thought as well as in act, and the thought precedes the act. It is hardly too much to say that a return to earlier ideas of morality would be an untold benefit in some portions of this country. We can all remember when divorce was a thing to blush for, was exceptional and regrettable, and considered a family misfortune.

THE CHARIOTS OF THE LORD

A Story of the days of Religious Persecution in England

BY JOSEPH HOCKING

CHAPTER XII.

"IT hath been a wondrous voyage," said Donald Stewart, two days later. "Truly we have been beset on the right hand, and on the left: but we have been delivered out of the hands of our enemies."

Benedict had been sitting on the deck of the vessel, and watching with wondering eyes the land on the right hand and on the left. During those two days he had thought much of the mission upon which he had gone, and into which he had been drawn by a series of circumstances, which, it seemed to him, were beyond his control. All that had happened had been the outcome of what he had done in the court where Master Richard Baxter had been tried, and condemned to imprisonment. He had had no intention of denouncing Judge Jeffreys when, largely out of curiosity, he had been led to witness the trial. His tie of blood to the great Puritan divine was of the slightest nature. His father had married a relative, and that was all. But it had been enough to lead him to the trial. After that he could not help himself. The man Jeffreys had so aroused his indignation, that he would never have forgiven himself if he had remained silent. Having spoken, all the rest followed.

He had no doubt but that he had done what was right, and yet he felt that he was now proscribed as an outlaw. He was in league with those who would take up arms against their King. This, to the youth trained to uphold royalty, and the son of a man who had fought against the Parliamentary army, was a step of terrible import. And yet he could not have done otherwise. He had seen the King, he had come into contact with the King's willing tool. He had seen that James II., instead of upholding the principles of justice, as he had promised, sought to rule in his own way, a way that violated the first principles of righteousness. But more. He was bent on bringing the bondage of papacy back to England. Thus, in spite of himself, he was led to feel that he who would overthrow the King would be doing the work of God. Nay more, he had, in the heat of passion, made a solemn vow that he would never rest until he had robbed Jeffreys of his power, and made him suffer all that he had been making his victims suffer.

He knew but little of the state of feeling in England, but he did know that injustice was rife, and that the man who not only suffered it, but inspired it, was the King. He was a willing tool of Louis XIV. of France, who was himself a tyrant, and one who had caused the Protestants of his country to be murdered wholesale, while thousands more had sought refuge in other countries. It was also stated at the Council that Louis XIV. had promised subsidies to James II. only on the condition that he should seek to bring back the Catholic faith to England.

For the rest, he had acted largely according to the impulses of a youthful heart. He had fled from England, not so much from fear of what Jeffreys would do with him, as because he desired to break the power of the cruel tyrant that sat upon the throne, and the no less cruel tyrant who had been appointed his Chief Justice. Because of this, although he did not forget his family's code of honor, he forgot his family's traditions, and thus he was now sailing towards Amsterdam, bearing messages to the late King's son, who was said to be, in spite of his youthful follies, a Protestant, and an upholder of the people's liberties.

In the midst of all these things, however, he had not forgotten the maid who had so strangely crossed his pathway, and whose actions he could not understand. He said no word of her to Donald Stewart, and yet he could not help remarking that but for her he would even then be in prison. This Mary Jeffreys had enabled him to escape from her father's minions; she had brought back to him the sword which even then he wore by his side, and yet she had planned to deliver him into the hands of his enemies. Try as he would, he could not unravel the mystery that surrounded her. Doubtless she was her father's spy, doubtless, too, she rejoiced in his deeds of cruelty, and yet, as he had looked into her eyes, he had seen only what told him of a kind-hearted maiden, who rejoiced in her youth and loved to do that which was kind and womanly. But she was the daughter of Judge Jeffreys, and therefore she must be evil. During their voyage, Donald Stewart had related other matters concerning her, which Henry Dugdale had told him, and which proved beyond a doubt that she was a black-hearted creature who delighted in her father's evil ways.

Nevertheless, his lips trembled as he thought of her, even while his heart burned at the looks she had given him, and the words he had spoken to her. And even while he set his teeth, and vowed vengeance on both her and her father, he longed to see her again, longed to hear the music of her voice.

"Ay, we have had a wondrous voyage," repeated the Scotsman, "and in two hours we shall be in Amsterdam. Ay man, but the day of the Lord draws near."

"That's Ferguson," said the Scotsman, "as sure as I'm Donald Stewart"

Benedict Trelawney was silent.

"Man, but you seem sad of heart," said the Scotsman. "You have no repented so soon?"

"Nay, I have not repented," said Trelawney, "I would do the same again."

"The hand of God, the Lord of Hosts, is upon us."

"Ay, I trust so," said Benedict, "although I am not one to talk about such matters freely."

"Ay, I fear that the spirit of the Prelacy is still strong upon you. How can it be otherwise, when your uncle is one of them? But get rid of it, man. The Prelacy is but the natural child of popery. There can be no true religion unless under a Presbytery."

"As to such matters I know but little," said Benedict; "but of this I am sure, if you try to dethrone James on those lines you will miserably fail. You can never make England believe that such men as my uncle are the children of popery. He will fight against it to the very death."

Donald Stewart drew himself up for an argument. His light gray eyes shone with eagerness, and he began to arrange his thoughts in order that he might convert this young child of the Episcopacy. But fortunately at that moment the captain of the vessel came to him.

"We shall be asked questions on landing," he said. "Have you thought of what you shall say?"

"Nay, man, it's a' right," he replied.

"How is that?" said the captain.

"I mean that Amsterdam is not the Hague," said the Scotsman. "It's little I know of the land of Holland, but this I do know. If we landed at the Hague, the Prince of Orange might have to take some notice of us; but Amsterdam is a different matter. There, all Scotsmen and good Protestants go and come unnoticed. You see," added Stewart, "all Amsterdam men are ordered to be blind in one eye."

"I hear that the governors of Amsterdam have promised King James to take note of all English refugees and clap them in gaol," said the captain.

"I've heard something o' the sort myself," replied the Scotsman; "but the discipline in Amsterdam is wonderful man, simply wonderful. That's why I shouldn't be surprised a bit if Robert Ferguson himself will not be waiting for us."

"Robert Ferguson!" said the captain in surprise.

"Ay, man, that's his name."

"But I've heard that he's in hiding, that he dares not show his ugly face anywhere. That the King has offered a big reward for him, and that spies are hunting him down."

"Did I no tell you that the discipline of Amsterdam is wonderful?" retorted the Scotsman.

"Well, it's your affair," replied the captain doubtfully. "I was ordered to be in readiness to take you here, and risky as the business was, I undertook the work."

"Ay, and you'll be well paid," replied Stewart.

"The pay is all right," replied the captain, "but I wouldn't have risked my neck for that. I fought under Oliver Cromwell at Marston Moor, and I got religion there; that's why I'm ready to do my share in driving a popish King out of England."

"Ay, you are one of Cromwell's men, eh? Weel Cromwell was a man who could fight."

"I should like to know what your plans are," cried Benedict, for want of something better to say. They had discussed their mode of procedure a hundred times, and he knew exactly what the Scotsman proposed to do, but he felt sure that trouble would follow if the Scotsman finished the speech he had begun.

Donald Stewart had only revealed

CONTINUED ON PAGE 190

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The Chariots of the Lord

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 165

the theological side of his character during the last day. When first the Cornishman had met him, he was filled with savage fury against the cruelties of the King, and the bloody deeds of Claverhouse; during their sail down the Thames, and the first day of their voyage on the vessel they had found waiting, he had been a grim, intrepid fighter, cool in danger, and watchful as a cat; but as they drew near Amsterdam, the theological side of his character became uppermost. In whichever garb he appeared he interested the young Cornishman. Moreover, each hour increased his respect for him. Everything had proved him a brave man, while their commou danger bound them together. As fanatic, fighter or theologian, Trelawney was sure he was sincere and houorable, aud therefore he looked forward with interest to the experiences they might have together.

The vessel made its way up the broad river, and presently, as it drew near the harbor, the Scotsmau started to his feet.

"Ay, man it's as I thought," he cried, "it's as I thought. That's Bob Ferguson, as sure's I'm Donald Stewart."

Trelawney looked eagerly out on the wharf, expecting to see a man in the dress of a clergyman, but there was no man of that appearance anywhere. He saw what seemed to him a strange medley of mankind, but there was no man who seemed to call for special attention, save a tall, lean figure clothed in somewhat strange garments.

As the vessel drew nearer, he saw that he was almost evil to look upon. Lantern-jawed, his skin inflamed by an eruption, his shoulders deformed by a stoop, he repelled the young Cornishman from the first. His eyes, fierce and glaring as they were, looked malignant and cruel, while presently, as he moved nearer the wharf, the young man saw that he walked with a shuffle. His wig hung low over his eyes, which accentuated his sinister appearance, while once or twice when he turned and spoke to someone near him, he reminded Trelawney of a hornet which longed to sting.

He was watching the incoming vessel with great eagerness; evidently he was expecting someone, and so anxious did he appear that he came to the very edge of the wharf as the vessel drew up.

"I'll not show myself yet," said Stewart. "Ay, he belongs to the curious cattle, does Bob Ferguson."

He stood behind some bales as he spoke, and could see without being seen.

"What!" said Trelawney in amazement; "is that evil-looking fellow Robert Ferguson?"

"Ay, that's Bob Ferguson. But remember the Lord looketh not at the outward appearance, but at the heart. I'm free to admit that Bob is not over good-looking, and I've never heard that the lasses have run after him in great numbers. But he's sound in his doctrine, even although he did join the Independents after the Presbyterians kicked him out. He wears many coats, does Bob, but he knows the fundamentals. Now mark his face when I speak to him."

The vessel stopped at the wharf, amidst the creaking of timbers and the straining of ropes.

"And which family do ye most favor, Master Ferguson," said Stewart, coming into sight, "the Campbells, the MacGregors, or the Stewarts?"

The man's eyes gleamed with a strange light, his lips worked nervously; then he caught sight of the Scotsman.

"Ay, Master Donald Stewart," he said, piously, "ye are just a Joseph come to Egypt."

CHAPTER XIII.

A LITTLE later, the three men stood on the soil of the Netherlands. Trelawney, subdued and full of wonder at the strangeness of everything: Stewart, silent, watchful, and somewhat saturnine; Ferguson, looking from one to another, as though eager to ask questions, yet not decided whether it was wise to do so.

"The Lord hath delivered you from the den of lions, even as He delivered Daniel of olden time," he said, presently.

"Ay," replied Donald Stewart.

"I heard of ye escaping Claverhouse, and all his hell-hounds. A vessel came here tra Edinb'ro not lang syne," he went on, carefully watching Stewart all the time. "A man on board told me it was believed ye had gone to London. Then, knowing that Henry Dugdale was sending news from that Babylon concerning the work of God, I said in my heart, 'Maybe Donald Stewart will come.' Ay, Donald, ye'll never know how I've wrestled wi' the Lord in prayer for your safety."

"Nay, I never shall," replied Stewart.

"But the Lord hath answered my pleadings," went on Ferguson piously. "The Lord can do what He will, and He hath delivered you. Mayhap you've passed through many dangers, Donald?"

He spoke with a strong Scotch accent. Even although he had lived many years in England, his speech betrayed his birthplace far more than Stewart's who had spent but a little time away from his native land.

"Ay, we've had the wind in our faces as well as in our backs," was the reply.

"And who is this well-favored youth? Doubtless he also is one whose heart the Lord hath touched, although his garments speak rather of Babylon than Zion."

"There are many things which will be made known when we arrive at the proper place," replied Stewart.

"Ay, man, that is so. And sadly are we neediug ye, for the spirit of this world is getting hold of those in high places. The wind blows hot, and then it blows cauld. At present it blows cauld, so cauld that but for the grace of God, I'd be hanging my harp on a willow-tree and sitting down to weep."

Trelawney had a difficulty to keep from laughing, in spite of his dislike for the man. His lantern face, his overhanging wig, his stooping shoulders, and shuffling gait, all made him think of a harlequin rather than of a religious leader, who was said to have tempted Monmouth away from Lady Hamilton and a life of ease.

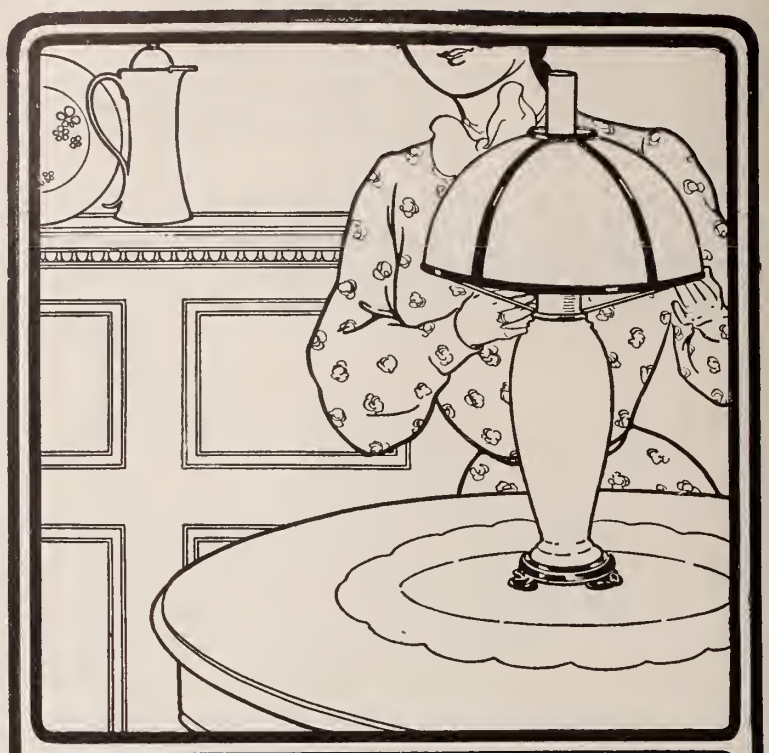
They passed through the streets unmolested. On all sides they were regarded with curiosity, but no one asked them questions, or tried to hinder them in their progress.

"You needn't be afraid to speak," went on Ferguson, "the people of this land know not our tongue, man; so you may speak freely to one who has not only worked, but prayed for the cause. Yea, one who is willing to lay down his life for the cause."

"Ay," said Stewart, "I can well believe that you are one of those of whom the world is not worthy."

"You speak the truth, Donald Stewart. I've been wondrously sustained. When I think of all I've done, I fair wonder at it. But for me, the lad James Croft would be still in the gall of bitterness and the bonds of sin; as for Argyle — well, I'm never one to boast. But ye may tell me the news, Donald. I'm e'en thinking that ye'll have much to say, and that ye'd rather pour it into the ears of a vessel of the Lord, than to the ears of those who are far from understanding sound doctrine."

TO BE CONTINUED



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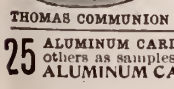

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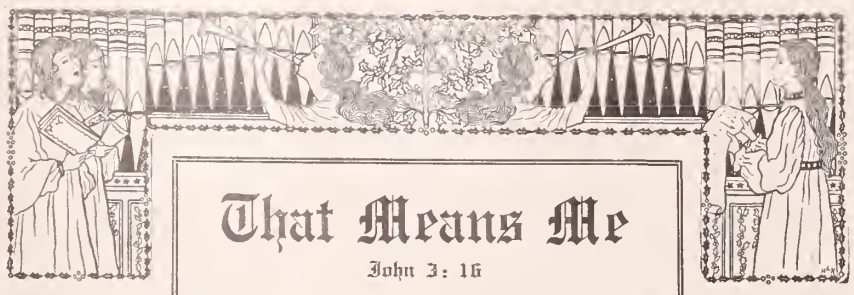
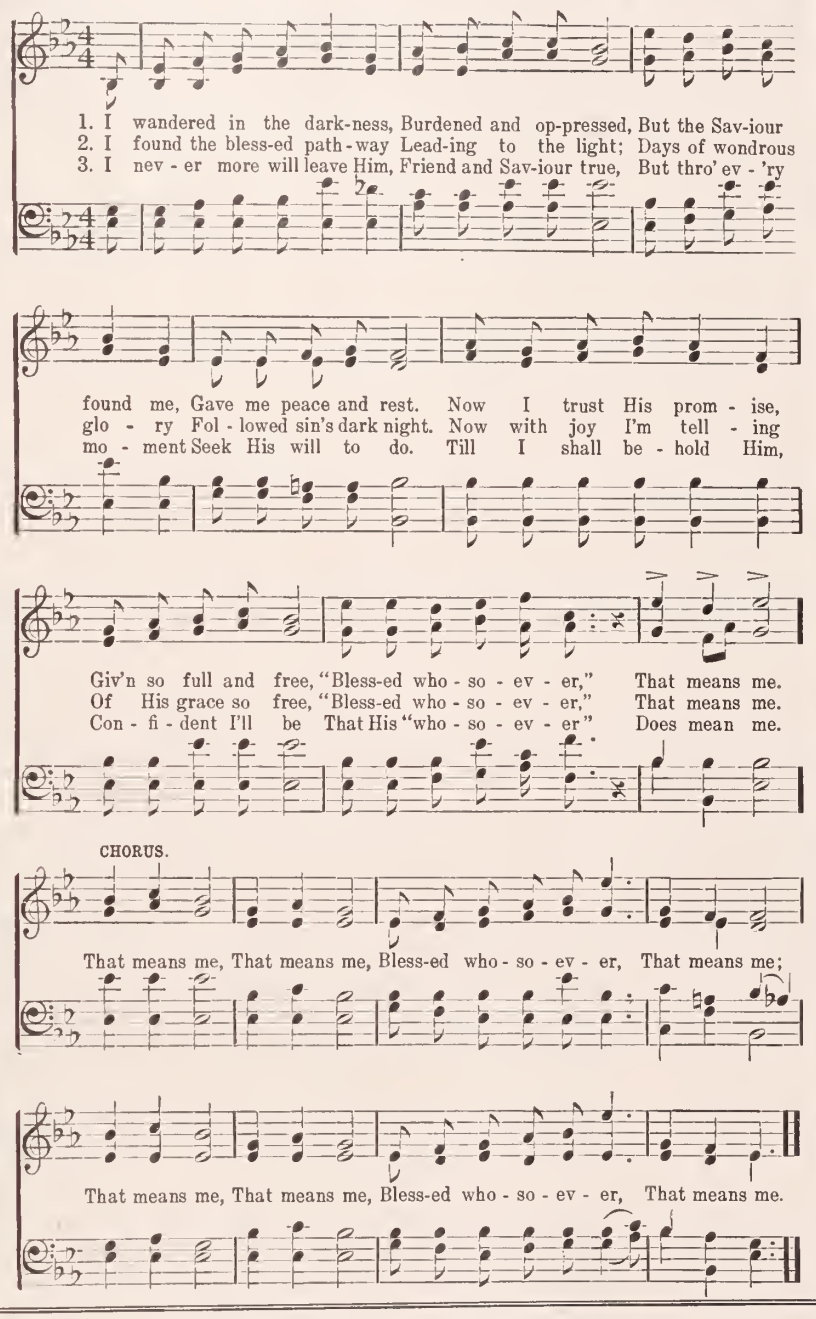


That Means Me

John 3: 16

Grant Colfax Tullar — I. H. Meredith



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ONE evening during the mission which was being conducted by Torrey and Alexander, at Sheffield, England, Dr. Torrey had selected John 3:16 as his text. After giving out the Scripture reference, he began quoting the words of his text: "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever—" and before he had time to proceed further with the quotation, an assertive Yorkshireman rose to his feet and shouted,

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Before the sound of his voice had died away, and in the flash of a moment, the words and melody of the above chorus began running through Mr. Meredith's mind, and feeling in his pocket for paper, he pulled out an envelope and sketched first the melody of his chorus, and after that a theme for the verse.

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Come back soon,
We can't get on without you,
Come back soon.

This hymn has been used of God in the salvation of many souls, and that is a sufficient recommendation for its use. The verses for this hymn were not written until after Mr. Meredith's return from England, when Mr. Grant Colfax Tullar wrote them, as they appear on this page.

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Questions and Answers

Letters for this department must contain name and address of the sender—not for publication, but in order that an answer may be sent by mail in cases where the inquiry is not of general interest.

G. W., Mattoon, Ill. Is the story of Tom Whittington, his cat, and his mayoralty of the City of London true?

The name was Richard, not Tom Whittington. He was descended from a good family in Gloucestershire, being the second son of Sir William Whittington. He was born about 1360. The story that for a while he made his living through the instrumentality of a cat, is considered not improbable. In 1398, he became Lord Mayor of London. He died in 1423, and left his property for charitable purposes. His life was written by Rev. Samuel Lysons, under the title of the *Model Merchant*, published in London in 1860. Write to Secretary of Royal Exchange, London, England, for answer to your second question.

Mrs. A. S. G., Terryville, Conn. Is there any established custom in this or any other country, as to releasing one inmate from prison upon Christmas day every year?

There are various customs of the kind. An outgoing governor sometimes exercises his right of official clemency. The power of pardon seems to have been vested, by long usage, in kings and princes, for we still find them employing it as a royal prerogative. Probably there are more pardons granted about Christmas, because of the sentiment of the time. In Jerusalem, it was apparently the custom to release one prisoner a year at the request of the people. Hence the course adopted by Pilate when he liberated Barabbas.

Wm. D., Chester, West Va. Why is Sirius called the dog star, and what influence has it in the northern latitudes during the so-called dog days?

The starry dome is divided into constellations or groups of stars, all having names, many bearing the names of animals, as the Great Bear, the Ram, the Lion, and the Little and Greater Dog. Sirius being far the brightest star, and being in the Greater Dog, is popularly called the Dog Star During our hottest weather in July and August, the Dog Star is in the neighborhood of the sun, and the ancients ignorantly ascribed the excessive heat to the dog star adding its heat to the sun's heat, and so were called dog days.

Marathon, N. Y. LEWIS SWIFT.

Mrs. R. L., Richland, Ia. What does it mean to give ourselves wholly to Christ? How can we "give to every one that asketh"? If we give ourselves wholly to him, have we a right to the money that we earn, except that which we need for the necessaries of life?

It is to consecrate your life, your abilities and your means to his work, and to make everything subservient to this purpose. The injunction to "give to every one that asketh" is a strong stimulant to sympathy and generosity to all who are in trouble and are really deserving. It does not mean, of course, that we are to voluntarily submit to imposition; yet it were far better to risk imposition, than to make the grievous mistake of refusing to succor even one whom we might save. Our possessions are, after all, only a trusteeship which we are bound as Christians to utilize to the best advantage, that we may give a satisfactory accounting to our Lord and Master.

Mrs. H. E., Los Angeles, Calif. Is there any place in the New Testament where one may learn positively that Christ worked at the carpenter trade, independent of his father?

No. All we are told in the Gospels is that Joseph was a carpenter, and that in all things Jesus, during his boyhood, was subject to them (Joseph and Mary). It was the custom of the times for a son to follow a father's trade, and according to the opinions expressed by Justin Martyr, Theodorus, Sozomen and other early writers, Jesus followed the calling of his adopted father. There is nothing authoritative on the subject. (See Mark 6: 3).

J. F. W., Osa, Mo. Who was Melchisedec, and what land did he rule over?

He was "the righteous king" of Salem, and the "priest of the Most High God," who went out to meet Abraham on his return from the pursuit of Chedorlaomer and his allies (see Gen. 14: 18, 20). He lived about 2080 B. C. He is generally accepted as a type of Christ. Josephus, in his *Antiquities*, book 1, chapter 10, § 3, mentions the meeting between the priest-king and the patriarch, and states that Abraham gave him tithes of all his prey. The person and office of Melchisedec have been fruitful subjects of discussion among Biblical scholars, some of whom held that he was a purely spiritual being.

Reader, Rutherford College, N. C. Is it true that the press alone does more to shape public opinion than all other agencies combined? 2. What other agencies are patent in forming public opinion?

1. The press unquestionably is the most potential influence in civilization to-day, as far as affecting public opinion is concerned. It has the longest reach, the most multitudinous voice, and the greatest audience. A single newspaper, or any of our great weeklies, or monthlies, in one issue has more hearers than a hundred preachers or lecturers with good-sized audiences. 2. The other agents in forming public opinion are the pulpit, lecture platform, and individual influence or example.

Reader. If the authorities of any district, and the citizens of the place, object to the presence of Mormon missionaries, it is within their power to notify the latter to move away. They have a perfect legal right to do this, not on the ground of objection to the Mormon creed (which any one may hold, if he chooses), but because the propagation of Mormon social ideas alone is sufficient to cause trouble in a community, and would ultimately result in breaking up homes.

T. A. S., Waterbury, Conn. Where can I find the promise of God to the Hebrews, in regard to those who curse them being cursed, etc. Does it hold good to-day?

See Gen. 12: 3, and 27: 29. It certainly holds good to-day, as all history proves. Modern nations that oppress and persecute the Jews and do not repent, sooner or later meet a fate like that of the ancient persecutors of the chosen people.

E. D. H., Oakland, Oregon. Why does the presidential mansion go by the name of the White House?

The name arose from the fact that the presidential mansion is built of stone and painted white. The paint was applied to cover the smoke-stains which covered the walls after the building was burned by British troops in 1814.

J. W. E., Los Angeles, Calif. When a man who believed himself to be converted falls under the power of a sin that formerly had dominion over him, is he to believe he was mistaken in thinking that he was converted? Must he approach God as an unconverted sinner?

He should approach God as a repentant child in need of pardon. The fact of his having fallen, is not evidence that his conversion was not genuine. It is evidence that he was not watchful, and perhaps that he was trusting too much in himself. There are too many instances in the Bible of good men falling into sin, for us to believe that a fall is evidence that they were not sons of God. God pardons his children when they repent and return to him. He does not deal with them as with strangers. Sin is more deplorable in the Christian than in the unconverted man, but God is rich in mercy, and, like the Father in the parable of the Prodigal Son, welcomes his wandering child when he humbles himself and asks pardon.

A correspondent in Picton, Ontario, has kindly sent the following information in regard to the standing of Canadian banks, a query in connection with them having been published some time ago. As it is from the latest report, the information is more accurate than we were able to give at that time:

	Capital
Bank of Montreal	$14,400,000
Canadian Bank of Commerce	10,000,000
Merchants' Bank of Canada	6,000,000
Bank of British North America	4,866,666
Imperial Bank of Canada	3,838,952
Bank of Toronto	3,481,815

Then follow eleven banks having a capital of $2,000,000 or over, and seven others of $1,000,000 or over.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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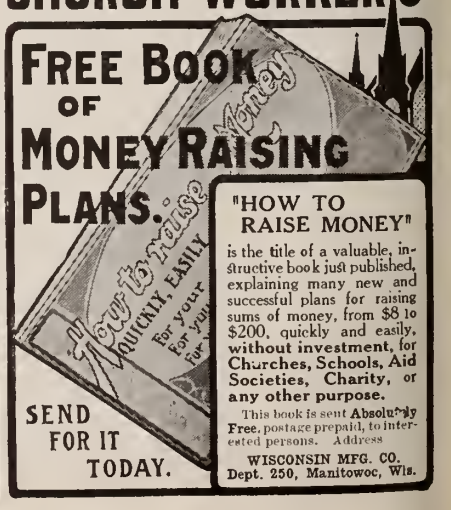

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CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

E. P. K., Clearspring, Md. Reference is made in Matt. 13.53-56 to Christ's brothers and sisters; Paul also refers to James as the brother of Christ; were they natural brothers or only brothers in faith?

The question is really whether they were brothers, or step-brothers, or cousins. The attempt to idealize Mary led to the suggestion that Joseph had a wife before Mary and that they were her children. But there is no scriptural foundation for the suggestion. Tertullian, who wrote about the year 200 A. D., thought they were natural brothers. Jerome, however, believed they were cousins. Learned Protestants agree with the former, learned Catholics with the latter.

J. K., Highlandtown, Md. 1. We think you would be justified in remaining as superintendent and doing the best you can. The probability is that you might be able to win over the entire support very soon. Get all the teachers busy and interested, ignoring no one, and treating all alike. 2. In many churches, the pastor is ex-officio member of the various committees, but it is seldom that he dictates or endeavors to control any of them. His power is usually advisory.

Subscriber, Tremont, Iowa. What was the meaning of the temptation of Christ? Was there any possibility of his falling?

That the temptation was real, there can be no doubt. You cannot imagine God permitting an imitation or sham trial of his Son. The probability is that Christ at the outset of his work went into the wilderness to be alone and think over his plans. Hunger overcomes him, and the thought is suggested to him that he make a test of his powers by turning stones into bread. The temptation is rejected instantly. Then the suggestion is made that by some startling and spectacular miracle he should open his mission and impress the people. That, too, is thrust aside. Then the final temptation to buy the world by an act of homage to Satan was presented, and that of course was rejected. It was not in the nature of Christ to yield.

Mrs. A. N. S., Moscow, Pa. Where will I find that "Paul, on his way to Damascus to persecute the saints, was riding a horse?"

Although there is no reference to horses in the New Testament narrative, it is a fair presumption that the entire party, having to pass through a hill country and over rough roads, were mounted.

Miscellaneous

D. M., Connecticut. Send it, if in good condition, to the Bowery Mission, New York City.

Mrs. C. R. McC., Opelika, Ala. God is no respecter of persons. All are alike in his sight.

Mrs. H. L. S., Springville, Ala. We have no opinion on the matter, as we do not know the publication sufficiently.

Reader, Ionia, Mich. If you will send us your name and address, we will send you all the information you wish as to price of Bibles, size of type, etc.

M. H., Tecumseh, Neb. Among the great questions of the day we should include (1) The world's peace and how to preserve it; (2) The control of trusts and corporations, and (3) Anti-Mormonism and anti-polygamy.

A. G. D., Lambett, Ont. For information in regard to P. Smyth's book, write to Leggat Brothers, booksellers, 81 Chambers Street, New York City, or to the Old South Bookstore, Old South Church, Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. Longworth's Presents

WEDDING bells have been ringing, and the nations of the earth have listened to their merry peal, and when the bride-to-be is the daughter of the President of the United States, it is no wonder that the dawning of her wedding day was universally hailed with joyous acclamations.

That the international interest has not been overdrawn is conclusively proved by the rare and costly gifts which have been sent to Miss Roosevelt. The Cuban Government commisioned its minister in Paris to select a superb pearl necklace as its offering; appropriation of $25,000 for the wedding gift being voted enthusiastically by the Cuban Senate. The Kaiser's gift is reported to be an exquisitely wrought bracelet. The Republican Congressional delegation of New York presented a complete outfit of delicate crystal for the table, while the Ohio delegation expresses its good wishes by sending a large silver loving-cup.

Mr. James Stillman's magnificent silver beaker, and a superb emerald chain from Secretary and Mrs. Root, have already been referred to in these columns. One of the bride's choice gifts is a large, solid silver punch-bowl, from Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Mills, of New York. A curious and valuable gift, perhaps the one which will receive the most personal attention from its fair owner, is that of Mr. A. M. Stillman, of Pittsburg, who sent to Boston to find a $1,500 prize bull terrier, fit to join the Longworth household.

France's Gift to Miss Alice Roosevelt

The wonderful Gobelin tapestry, designed by Ehrmann

France does not lose her reputation as the home of modern art. She sends an exquisite and priceless tapestry from the Gobelin looms—a replica of one of a set of four in the Mazarin Gallery in the National Library, in Paris.

Mrs. Levi Z. Leiter parts with one of her choicest possessions in sending from her collection of antique silver, a pair of silver vases; the Vicomte Charles de Chambrun, brought from Paris an artistic Louis XVI fan, one of several handsome fans received. Five jeweled watches and eight clocks are among the gifts, with silver plate enough to entertain a state dinner party at the White House. Mrs. Longstreet, widow of the famous Confederate General, has sent a sepia drawing, framed in hand-carved oak, of the Georgia home of Miss Roosevelt's maternal grandmother, Martha Bullock, with an inscribed plate attached, bearing the words, "To the Daughter of the Nation, on Her Wedding Day." In brief, princes and potentates, official and personal friends alike, have poured a wealth of wedding gifts at the feet of the young bride which far exceed in value the sum total of her own and her future husband's combined fortunes. The wedding took place at noon, on Saturday, the seventeenth, in the famous white and gold East Room of the White House. Right Rev. Henry Y. Satterlee, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Washington, performed the ceremony, which was witnessed by nearly 1,000 guests.

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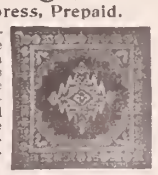

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Scene at Entrance to Conference Hall, Algeciras

The Deadlock in Morocco

AGAIN the nations are turning to America for aid, as they did in the dark days before the Treaty of Portsmouth, and it is hoped that our delegates at Algeciras, in Morocco, will solve the problems that have caused a deadlock between Germany and France. If our delegates cannot offer a satisfactory solution, then war in Europe is not a remote possibility.

The great stumbling block has been, from the first, the control of the international police that will be organized to keep order among the turbulent subjects of the Sultan, especially in the seaport towns where foreigners are engaged in business. France holds firmly to her position that she be placed in general control of the force, which will be a semi-military organization. The Germans declare that they will veto any proposition that will give France the dominant power in Morocco. The Germans say that they are disinterested, and are holding out for international control as the only means of preserving the open door. It is generally acknowledged that the country that has charge of the police will also direct the Sultan and his government. Germany, on account of the firmness of the French delegates, has brought forward a remarkable proposal, considering the weak state of the Sultan's authority. It is to place the entire force under the Sultan's command, with the understanding that he be assisted by some of the minor Powers in case his fanatical subjects indulge in another insurrection, which, of late, has been one of the most popular of Moorish pastimes. This would mean that there would be no police worthy of the name, and such a proposal can only be a bait for the favor of the Sultan, for which Germany has been working for the last few months. The Cabinet at Berlin knew that it would not be accepted, and that they could lay the blame on France if a rupture occurred. The German papers, while adopting a conciliatory tone, have not withdrawn their determined opposition to French interests in Morocco.

France, in order to preserve the peace of Europe, would undoubtedly accept a joint mandate for control with the Sultan's government. The *Matin*, one of the most influential of French papers, says that France does not demand the police of the whole country, but a force that would confine its operations to places inhabited by Europeans, Tangier, Fez, Casabianca, Rabat and Laraichi. About thirty officers would be required, with a force of trained Moors. The *Matin* further cites former declarations of the German Chancellor, Von Bulow, recognizing the special rights of France in Morocco, and demand that Germany withdraw her veto or give up all claim to a consistent policy in North Africa.

From this deadlock all the Powers have turned to America as the disinterested party, unfettered by special obligations to France or Germany. Mr. White, our legate, said on February 16, "I remain optimistic. I hope there will be an arrangement shortly." Marquis Visconti Venosta, on the other hand, compares the Conference to a sick man that has to be kept alive by oxygen.

The Great Chamber in which the Conference Meets

WINTER AND SPRING

(See illustration on cover page)

STATELY DAME WINTER, crowned by her years as with a diadem, yields nothing of serene beauty to the slender grace of her capricious daughter, Spring, fragrant in her promise as she is. There's a message which speaks to all in the fine, strong face already turned to the setting sun, as she gazes wistfully, but with no trace of bitterness, towards a radiant future in which she has no part.

"'Tis thine—the skylark of Hope's heaven—To-morrow!" she seems to say, while the joyous maiden Spring, trembles with eager longing to seize the sceptre which even now is falling from the tired hand. But the story is not finished—it is but the end of a chapter always to be continued, never to be concluded. "To-morrow comes the song!"

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Knitting and crocheting are essentially fireside occupations. They breathe the very spirit of home. And what possibilities of warmth and comfort they conjure up. Fashion decrees the wearing of knitted or crocheted garments and ordains that they be home made.

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A Poet at Rest

A FEW years ago, the American reading public became greatly interested in some short poems that began to appear in several leading magazines. As the poetry of the day was far from encouraging to lovers of this form of literature, these fugitive pieces struck them at once, by contrast alone, as coming from the heart and mind of one in whom "the divine spark" was already burning with no uncertain brilliancy.

These poems had inscribed beneath, the name of Paul Lawrence Dunbar. Who he might be few were able to tell, but the little groups of verse were their own sponsors, breathing the very life of the fields, the woods, and the glow of the Southland. Through them all ran a plaintive note that was pleasing to the ear, and also to the sense. It soon became known that Dunbar was a young colored man who was running an elevator in Columbus, Ohio, for a living, and writing verses because he loved them. Even after fame had scattered his name broadcast, he was compelled to keep his old position, as the income from his writings was insufficient to support himself and his aged mother.

He was educated in the public schools of Dayton, and proved an apt scholar, especially in English. His first two books were published by friends, but he did not receive much remuneration until a New York firm gave him a check for $400. It was the first time he had ever seen so much money. Poetry is not among the paying arts in these days, and Dunbar had to be content with fame instead of worldly prosperity. He did turn his mind to prose now and then, and was successful. *The Uncalled*, for example, will live for years to come as one of the books of the century that we can call literature. In his negro songs he caught the very spirit of his people, their religion, their love, their longings, their quaint and simple humor, and he must be considered the poet of the race. Those songs in which he uses half dialect are his best. Of him, William Dean Howells once said, "As far as I can remember, Paul Lawrence Dunbar is the only man of pure African blood and of American civilization to feel the negro life esthetically, and express it lyrically." His best book of poems is entitled, *Lyrics of Lowly Life*.

From boyhood, life had been to him a hard struggle. Over-exertion and overstudy at last did their work, and on February 9th the poet laid by his pen, and closed his eyes forever on that world that had seemed to him so beautiful, though his own journey between its gates had been far from an easy one and beset with briars, that may be called aspirations unfulfilled.

Evangelist Hadley's Funeral

TWO funeral services took place on Feb. 12th, over the remains of the late Samuel H. Hadley, for twenty years superintendent of the Jerry McAuley Water Street Mission, New York. The first was held in the Mission hall, and was attended by a great gathering of the class among whom Mr. Hadley had spent the best years of his life, and thousands of whom he had been instrumental in reforming. It was a characteristic service and afforded proof of the genuine love of these poor fellows for their friend and benefactor. The second service was held in the old John Street M. E. Church, which was crowded with converts of the Water Street Mission, and with other friends of the dead evangelist. There were some touching scenes, and when James C. Edwards, who claimed to be Mr. Hadley's first convert, stood beside the flower-covered coffin and told the story of his redemption, many were moved to tears. A number of clergymen assisted in the services, and the honorary pall-bearers included some of the leading business men of the city, who have long been active in Christian work. Charles M. Alexander sang the "Glory Hymn," Rev. A. T. Pierson read the Scripture lesson, and Rev. W. M. Smith conducted the service, assisted by Rev. J. Wesley Johnston and other pastors. It was a funeral long to be remembered as a remarkable tribute to a man who had consecrated his life to the uplift of the drunkard, the outcast, and the neglected men and women of the slums. A Memorial Service was held in the Bowery Mission the same evening, at which Superintendent Hallimond spoke on the life and mission of the dead evangelist and rescue worker.

Founders' Day at Northfield

The Northfield Schools observed Feb. 5th, Mr. Moody's birthday, by meeting in the Congregational Church to listen to an inspiring address by John Willis Baer, president-elect of Occidental College, Los Angeles, Calif. After giving some personal experiences with the founder, and paying a loving tribute to Mr. Moody, Mr. Baer made an earnest appeal to the students, based upon the text: "If a man compel you to go one mile, go with him twain." There were a number of the trustees and old students present, who made brief remarks reminiscent of Mr. Moody. As the years grow in number which separate the Northfield and Mount Hermon students from Mr. Moody's life, greater efforts are made to bring young men and women into an intimate knowledge of his great personality. Hence, the observance of this day and the important place it is taking in the life of the schools.

Called Higher

Mrs. Eliza Steenson, of Middlemiss, Ont., passed away lately in her eighty-third year. She was an exemplary Christian.

Alonzo F. Webster, who died recently at Pittsford, Mich., aged sixty-six years, was a steadfast Christian and a loving husband and father.

Last Christmas was the happiest of her fourscore years to Mrs. M. C. Franklin, of Whiteville, Tenn., who heard the heavenly summons on the 18th of December, 1905. She bore her afflictions with great patience.

The heroic soldiers of the Cross who have fallen on the fever-smitten fields of Africa, will form a shining host, drawn up before the throne of God. The last name written on the roll-call of immortal honor, is that of Oliver Mark Moody, born in 1881, at Evanston, Ill. Like Samuel, he heard the voice of God while yet a child, and was received into the Methodist Episcopal Church at nine years of age. In early youth came the special solemn call which God gives to his anointed, and Mr. Moody consecrated his life to the African mission field. Richly endowed intellectually, he was graduated from Taylor University, Ind., and in the autumn of 1904, sailed with Bishop Scott for the coast of Guinea. Repeated attacks of the insidious African fever sapped his strength, but never his enthusiasm, and he toiled unremittingly through the one year of service which was all God required of him. Not yet twenty-four years old, he "endured burdens like a good soldier." He died October 31, 1905.

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A College Man's Experience.

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Bowery Mission Bible Class

More Spiritual Problems for Dr. O'Hanlon, and His Enlightening Answers

151 A man who is serious regarding his soul's salvation, wishes to know how he is to make restitution for great sins of the past, which are a great hindrance and drawback, and keep him from seeking the Lord.

When you cannot make restitution, make confession to, and ask the pardon of those whom you have wronged. If they are dead, do this to the nearest of their surviving relatives. If you cannot reach them in person, reach them by other persons, or by writing to them yourself.

152 Will you kindly explain the meaning of the following verse: "Whoso curseth father or mother, his lamp shall go out in darkness"? Can it mean that such a one will lose his or her eyesight, or does it mean such a one is doomed to die in sin?

There is a special curse upon children who treat their parents as named in your question. There is a special blessing promised to the children who honor their parents; this implies a special curse upon the children who dishonor their parents. Deut. 5: 16.

153 In view of the tremendous evils of the drink traffic, is it right for a Christian man to vote for any other than a prohibition ticket?

Our government is a government by the majority of the people. If it is impracticable to elect the best to office, as in this case, then it is our duty to elect those who are next to the best, and not to cast our ballot so as (in effect) to elect the worst persons or political party to office.

154 Do you think that a man can serve God and work at anything he can get? I think that there are only certain classes of work where a man has the opportunity to live as God would have him live.

Better go without bread than to earn it against your conscience in a business detrimental to persons and to society, and contrary to the will of God.

155 Are those of our loved ones who have been redeemed and gone home to be with God able to see us, and know all our struggles, trials, and temptations, while we are on this earth?

I think the departed know nothing of our worldly affairs, but they may know something of our religious or spiritual status; the good may know of the good on earth, and the lost may know of the bad on earth: Luke 16:27, 28.

156 Two children are born, one lives a good Christian life for the allotted three score years and ten, and then passes to his reward; the other is brought up under adverse circumstances, leads a low, sinful life, for the same period of time, but is converted on his deathbed, then passes away. Do these two souls stand equal in the sight of God?

Yes, so far as their title to heaven is concerned; but not as to their life-work. "For as one star differeth from another star in glory, so also is the resurrection of the dead." I Cor. 15: 41, 42.

157 What is meant by Higher Criticism?

In its objectionable sense, it means destructive criticism; *i. e.*, it destroys the truth by its method of interpretation. In its good sense, it means a clearer interpretation of the Word of God.

158 At the last supper, our Lord (speaking in the Syro-Chaldaic language) said: "This is my body. This is my blood." Could he have used the word "Alethos," and conveyed a figurative meaning?

Yes. As in the case of washing the disciples' feet, the language is very literal, and, at the same time very figurative.

159 What are the first steps towards a Christian life?

Repentance is the first step, and by all odds the hardest step. Repentance is godly sorrow for your sins. II. Cor. 7: 10; such a deep penitence of sorrow as shall lead you at once to confess your sins (however secret and shameful), and to forsake your sins, however cherished or deeply-rooted these sins may be. I. John 1: 9. The second step is faith in, and confession of Christ as your present Saviour. Saving faith in Christ is simply to trust in him, to rely upon him now and always as your present and all-sufficient Saviour.

160 The Lord's Prayer reads like this: "Lead us not into temptation." Does God lead us into evil?

No. "Let no man say when he is tempted, I am tempted of God; for God cannot be tempted of evil, neither tempteth he any man." James 1: 13. The meaning is, "suffer us not to be led into temptation." The trials of God's providence are altogether a different thing from the temptations of the devil and our own lusts and evil companions.

A GREAT CHRISTIAN EDUCATOR GONE

WHEN Gen. John Eaton died in Washington recently, this country lost one of its greatest educators. A man of large heart and large mind, his life covered a wide field. He was born at Thetford, N.H., in 1829, and graduated from Dartmouth College at the age of twenty-five. He went to Ohio and taught school for a few years in Cleveland, and then went to Toledo, to become superintendent of schools. Always of a strong religious bent, he finally decided to enter the ministry. He took a theological course at Andover, and was ordained by the Maumee Presbytery in 1861.

Shortly after entering the active ministry, he was appointed chaplain in an Ohio regiment. He took great interest in the condition of the freedmen, and, as a result, was made their superintendent for Arkansas, West Tennessee, Northern Louisiana, and Massachusetts. At one time he had charge of 150,000 men, women and children, who had flocked into the camps of the Union Army. Their support was a great problem, but it was solved by Chaplain Eaton, who placed them on abandoned plantations, where they soon became self-supporting. About 70,000 were enrolled in the Union forces.

Of active mind and great physical force, Mr. Eaton soon entered the service as an officer, and rose to the rank of a Brigadier-General. He reorganized, after the war, the Bureau of Refugees, Freedmen, and Abandoned Lands.

He next turned his attention to newspaper work, and was editor of the Memphis *Post* from 1866 to 1870. He became United States Commissioner of Education, and his services during his term of office gave him an international reputation as an educator. He reorganized the Federal bureau from the bottom up, and placed it on a firm basis. He overtaxed his strength and was compelled to give up his arduous duties. After regaining his health, in a measure, he became president of Marietta College, going to Sheldon College, at Salt Lake City, in 1895. He held this position at the time of his death. For many years he was a frequent contributor to the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. He wrote many books and articles on educational topics, and his death leaves a gap that cannot well be filled. The funeral was held in Washington, the eulogy being given by Rev. Sheldon Jackson.

Revival in an Episcopal Church

On Sunday, Jan. 28, Mr. A. Sheldrick gave an address at the morning service and took charge of the Sunday School and preached in the evening at the Emmanuel Church (Reformed Episcopal), Toronto. The Rector, Rev. George Orman, said he had seen Mr. Sheldrick hold immense audiences together in England, and as many as forty persons rising to confess Christ at these meetings. Mr. Sheldrick had been following the Torrey-Alexander Mission all over Great Britain, and now he was attending these meetings in Canada and the United States on behalf of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of New York. Mr. Sheldrick spoke from Hab. 3: 2, "Revive thy work, O Lord." Deep spiritual feeling was manifest, and at the close of the services it was decided to have a series of special meetings in the early future. The Rector is making arrangements for a missionary to undertake the work.

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Christlike Lives*

WHEN Christ called disciples to him, his words, "Follow me," expressed more than mere physical association. They may not have thought so at the time, but later, as they perceived the perfections of that divine character, the initial words of their career must have recurred to their memory with new meaning. They are the words with which Christ still summons men. To follow Christ, is the ideal of the Christian character. To be like him, to act on the same principles, to have the same disposition, to seek the same ends—that is to attain the highest conception of human character. He is the supreme Model, the one perfect, unblemished Man that the best and noblest of the race may copy. Jesus laid aside his divinity—emptied himself, as Paul says, and became man, that the design of his Father should be fulfilled. In him we see what God designs every life to be, and by what life we may please him.

In making Christ the Model of life and character, men do not lose their individuality. The lines of that portrait are drawn on so large and majestic a scale that they leave room for infinite variety. It is not in worldly occupation, not in celibacy, not in poverty, that we find the characteristics we are to copy. The rich man may be Christlike, as well as the poor, the married man and the father, the statesman, the merchant, the mechanic all find in him the excellences they may emulate. To be Christlike it is not necessary that a man quit his business, or give up his property. It is only necessary that in his occupation he manifest the traits of character that distinguished Christ. We are to love, as he loved; to be self-sacrificing as he was; to be humble, patient, forbearing, sinless, guileless, obedient—all these men can seek to be, in any station. If every Christian set this aim before himself, and tried with all his heart and soul to grow more like Christ in these characteristics, the Church would then be so attractive that it would draw all men into it.

The Perfect Man†

WHAT is the effect of Christianity on life and character? It is by this test that the world judges of its power. A man may be regular at church services, diligent in study of the Bible, earnest in prayer, in public and in private, and liberal in his gifts to Christ's cause; but is is not in any of these ways that the world estimates the value and power of his religion. Has it power over his life, controlling his temper, purifying his speech, sweetening his disposition, making him kind, gentle and benevolent? That is the question the world puts, and if the answer is in the negative, it infers either that he is not genuine in his profession, or that his religion is worthless. Thus, apart from the Christian's own standing, there is a moral influence that goes out from him affecting all with whom he comes in contact.

A sketch of the character that Christianity should produce is given in the epistle of James. Special emphasis is laid on the duty of governing the tongue. Lying, slander, profanity, abuse, are strongly condemned. The perfect man, says the writer, bridles the tongue, and if he is able to do that, he is able to bridle the whole body. It is a difficult task, but the difficulty lies farther back than the tongue. If a man has a sour and malignant disposition, the bridling of the tongue is impossible. Only as the nature is changed by Christ's power is the change in speech and manner effectually worked. Mere self-control is not the end to be aimed at, but such a change of the self as to need no control. Envy and malignity and quarrelsomeness must be eliminated by the power of the Holy Spirit. The renovation to be sought is the renovation that is of the heart. When that is changed the speech and the conduct will be pure.

*Topic of the Epworth League for March 11. Mark 10: 43-45; John 13: 34; Phil. 2: 5-8; Col. 3: 13; I. Peter 2: 21-25; 3: 17, 18; Rev. 3: 12.

†Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for March 11. James' picture of the perfect man. Matt. 5: 48; James 3: 1-18.

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Tongue and Temper

By Mrs. M. Baxter

AN unbridled tongue and an unbridled temper generally go together; and wherever they are, they sow incalculable evil. In many parts of God's Word he speaks of the sins of the tongue. In the book of Proverbs, the contrasts are not few between one whose words are blessed and one whose words are cursed. "The words of a man's mouth are as deep waters, and the well-spring of wisdom as a flowing brook" (Proverbs 18: 4). Such were the words of Jesus; such are the words of his disciples, who, like him, speak not of themselves (John 14: 10), of whom Christ said, "It is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father which speaketh in you." But what a contrast is here! "A fool's mouth is his destruction, and his lips are the snare of his soul."

There is deadly power in an unconsecrated tongue. The apostle James says, "The tongue is a little member, and boasteth great things. Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth! And the tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity; so is the tongue among our members, that it defileth the whole body, and setteth on fire the course of nature; and it is set on fire of hell" (3: 5-6). How many a church has been set on fire by the tongue of a scandal-monger! How many a family has been disunited by the same "world of iniquity"! How many a heart has been wrung with sorrow, how many a wakeful hour has been spent, because of some unkind, perhaps untrue words spoken by an unconsecrated tongue! When self is the engine-driver of an unconsecrated tongue, no wonder immense damage is done. Self represents everything in its own light. Self does not question whether a thing is right or wrong intrinsically; self always considers how it affects me; and the tongue, which is self's prime minister, expresses everything in this light, and repeats, through its own colored vision, that which it speaks of. Now, as the self in every man puts its own special color upon those things which are said or done by others, it is an utter impossibility for two self-centred tongues to speak the same thing. It is only by referring disputes to Christ, who sits in heavenly places with all things under his feet (Eph. 1: 20-22), that quarrels and contentions can come to an end.

When the disciples disputed as to who should be the greatest, Jesus led them on to higher ground by showing how, in the kingdom of heaven, the greatest manifest their greatness by becoming "the servants of all." And so it is with the tongue: subjection is greatness. "Let every man be swift to hear, slow to speak" (James 1: 19). "He that hath knowledge spareth his words" (Prov. 17: 27.) "Be not rash with thy mouth, and let not thine heart be hasty to utter anything before God: for God is in heaven, and thou upon earth: therefore let thy words be few."

Power over the tongue is one of the rarest gifts. "If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body" (James 3: 2). Nothing is so untamable as the tongue. Man has learnt to tame steam, and apply it to his own purposes in moving vast machinery, to impel steamships across the ocean, to move immense trains of passengers and of goods. He has tamed electricity to make it obey his will in conveying messages with lightning speed from place to place, even from continent to continent. He has tamed wild beasts and wild savages; but there is one thing beyond his power to tame: "the tongue can no man tame" (James 3: 8). Even David, the man after God's own heart, attempted to tame his tongue, and found the work was too great for him. He said, "I will take heed to my ways, that I sin not with my tongue; I will keep my mouth with a bridle, while the wicked is before me" (Psalm 39: 1). Later on in his career he had learnt his own powerlessness, and we find him praying, "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth, keep the door of my lips" (141: 3). Thank God, he has power to keep the tongue, and to make it an instrument of infinite blessing.

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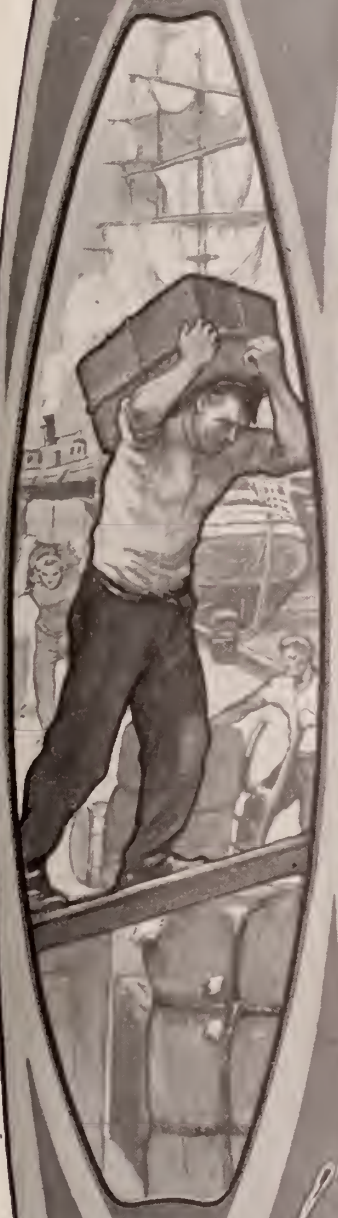

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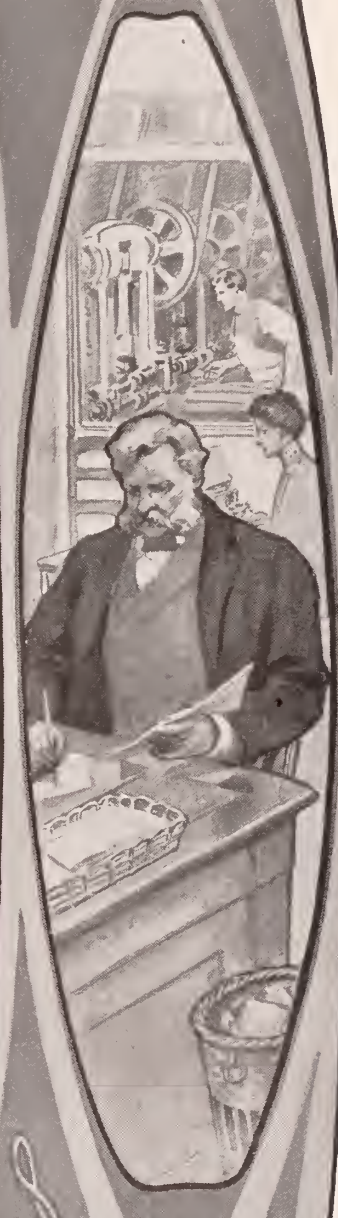

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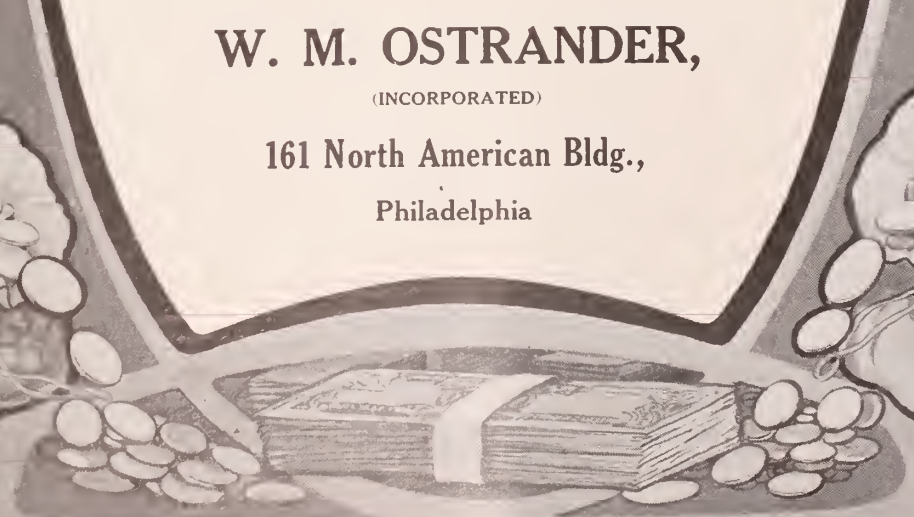

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Willets, Mrs E.... 5 00
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Williams, Mrs ...50 00
Williams, C E.... 1 00
Williams, C S.... 4 00
Williams, G P.... 5 00
Williams, Mary .. 1 00
Williams, Miss M. 50
Williams, Mary E. 1 00
Williams, C E.... 2 00
Williams, Mrs J B & dau 5 00
Williams, Mrs RW 1 00
Wills, C C..... 5 00
Wills, Chas T.... 5 00
Wills, Chas T.... 5 00
Wilson, Mrs E.... 1 00
Wilson, Miss E... 1 00
Wilson, Frances... 1 00
Wilson Mrs H S.. 5 00
Wilson, Mrs H S. 5 00
Wilson, Miss J A 1 00
Winney, D J..... 2 00
Winner, E E..... 1 00
Winthrop, Mrs B. 5 00
Wintringham, S...25 00
Wolcott, Mrs S C.15 00
Wood, Mrs H B... 1 00
Wood, Mrs H A... 1 00
Wood, Mrs H A... 1 00
Wood, Louisa 50
Wood, Mrs M E... 1 00
Wood, Ralph W.... 1 00
Wood, Thos J.... 1 00
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Woodruff, Mrs W G 1 00
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Woolverton, E B.10 00
Woolverton, Mrs W H 5 00
Work, Wm 1 00
Worthen, G S B... 1 00
Wotherspoon, F G 1 00
Wright, Anna ... 5 00
Wright, C H..... 3 00
Wright, Mrs C H. 1 00
Wright, J 1 50
Wyckoff, C D..... 5 00
Wyckoff, Minnie .. 2 00
Wynkoop, Gillette. 5 00
Waddell, Geo 1 00
Wadsworth, A ... 2 00
Wadsworth, Mrs G U 10 00
Wadsworth, J W.. 2 00
Wafler, Mrs Wm.. 1 00
Wager, M A & Mrs Geo Remyson .. 1 00
Wager, Mrs Mgt A 1 00
Wagner, Mrs M... 1 02
Wagor, C 1 00
Wagstaff, Geo 2 00
Wahrenberger, Mrs F 1 00
Wales, Franklin G 1 00
Walker, Mrs E H. 1 00
Walker, Mrs G B. 1 00
Walker, Isabel C. 1 25
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Walker, Mrs S E. 50
Walrod, Caleb B.. 1 00
Walters, F E F.. 1 00
Ward, Ella 1 00
Ward, Miss E M. 25
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Washburn, B G... 1 00
Washburn, Harriet 2 00
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Waterous, Delia S. 25
Watkins, Miss Lila 2 00
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Watson, Mrs A W &family 1 00
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Watson, H A..... 2 00
Weatherby, H ... 1 00
Webb, Miss E W. 5 00
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Webster, Mrs J S. 1 00
Webster, Libbie A 1 00
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Webster, Mrs M. J 1 00
Webster, Mrs Robt 50
Weil, L J.....10 00
Weir, John 1 00
Welles, Mr & Mrs John A 1 00
Wells, Mrs E C.. 1 00
Wells, F H..... 1 00
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Wells, Mrs J H.. 1 00
Wells, Mrs R.... 25
Wensley, R L.... 1 00
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Westcott, Oliver E 2 00
Wescott, Mrs S R 1 00
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Wheeler, W E.... 5 00
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Willets, Anna 5 00
Willets, Edward.. 2 00
Willets, Mary J... 1 00
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Williams, C E... 2 00
Williams, C S.... 2 00
Williams, Daniel.. 2 00
Williams, Emma C 2 00
Williams, Mrs G P 5 00
Williams, Mary .. 1 00
Williams, Mrs J.. 1 00
Williams, Mrs L. 1 00
Williams, M & M 2 00
Williams, Mrs OM 1 00
Williams, Mrs R W 1 00
Williams, Mrs RW 1 00
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Williamson, W C.. 2 00
Willston, Mary . 1 00
Wills, C C..... 2 00
Wills, Chas T.... 5 00
Wilmot, N E..... 3 50
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Wilson, Robt H... 52
Wiltse, Mrs P S. 1 00
Winner, Mrs D C. 1 00
Winslow, Mrs J T 5 00
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Wood, Mrs Allen J 5 00
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Wood, Ralph W... 1 00
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Wood, Thomas J.. 1 00
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Woodworth, Mrs C D 1 00
Woolever, Mrs C F 1 00
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Young, Isham 1 00
Youngman, Mrs C D 1 00
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Yost, Mrs E F....10 00
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A M, Circleville... 4 00
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H E F, Sandy Cr'k 3 50
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H W, Brooklyn... 1 00
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J W M, Oswego.. 1 00
K, Morrisville..... 2 00
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I DeL, TupnerLake 1 00
L M R, Syracuse..10 00
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M E B, Lordville. 1 00
M E S, Potter Hollow 1 00
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P C S, Catskill... 3 00
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R, Ithaca 2 00
R L, N Y C..... 1 00
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S C S, Cayutaville 1 00
S H C, N Y C.... 1 00
S N S, Middle Isld 1 00
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W H B, Canadea 5 00
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Charite, Bklyn .. 5 00
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From Ryders, Bklyn 4 00
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J S, Florence..... 1 00
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—, Clear View... 2 00
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—, Glens Falls .. 1 00
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—, Gloversville... 1 00
—, Greenwich ... 1 00
—, Ithaca 2 00
—, Jefferson Valley 50
—, Keene 1 00
—, Linwood 1 00
—, Little Falls... 1 00
—, Malone 1 00
—, Malone 1 00
—, Marcellus ... 1 00
—, Mattituck ... 2 00
—, Monroe 25
—, New Brigbton. 1 00
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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

NEW YORK. MARCH 7. 1906

The Flower of Venezuela's Army

Federal Palace at Caracas

Recruits Enlisted at Puerto Cabello

Copyright, 1902, by B. L. Singley

CASTRO'S BREAK WITH FRANCE

VENEZUELA has become the political Vesuvius of the Western Hemisphere, and, under her erratic president, continues to bubble violently, although France, at present, shows a strong desire to burn its fingers by attempting to put a cover on the spluttering republic. The troubles in which President Castro's government has become involved were not at first regarded as of great political import. Dictators, presidents, and revolutions come and go in South America, each having their season and regarded as necessary evils. Few have followed in the path of Mexico, which formerly had a revolution a week and now has none. In Venezuela, matters have grown from bad to worse, until the outcome is problematical and a matter of very serious concern to the United States, as well as to several foreign Powers, especially France. Castro, when anything unpleasant happens, evidently comforts himself with the fact that it is a long way to Washington, and farther still to France, and the Andes are bad hills for a foreigner to fight among. Castro's army is composed of veterans who are used to being under fire in the numerous insurrections that have disturbed the peace of the country, but what account they could give of themselves against a first-class Power remains to be seen. It is somewhat over-officered, to say the least, as there is one general to every fifty of the rank and file. As there are other officers, the exact number of privates is an uncertain quantity.

The rupture with France, although of comparatively recent date, will undoubtedly be the most serious of the complications in which Castro has become involved. The French Cable Company objected to paying Castro a tax of $35,000 a year. The French Government supported the company in its refusal, as it was understood, when the company received its concession, that it was to be tax free. Commercially the cable has been of more service to Venezuela than it has been to France. Castro, finding that the company could not be forced into paying, cut the cables and ordered the company's offices closed. This, naturally, caused a great deal of excitement among the French residents of Venezuela, who number over two thousand. It should be remembered that some time ago the French Government sent a number of warships into South American waters in order to enforce her claims, so far as she could, without giving offense to America or infringing the Monroe Doctrine, which is a term of no idle meaning to the governments of Europe.

The French Charge d'Affairs, M. Taigny, was snubbed at a recent reception given by President Castro, he being the only diplomat omitted from the invitation list. Personally, M. Taigny would care little. As a lack of respect to his government, it is of international importance. The final break between France and Venezuela came suddenly. On January 13, two days after the cutting of the French cables, M. Taigny went out to La Guaira to meet the steamer *Martinique*, that was to bring official despatches. M. Taigny had always been permitted to visit French ships without a customs permit, a courtesy always extended by governments to foreign representatives, and he did so this time. He had been aboard but a short while when a police official came out in a boat and informed the Charge that he had violated the regulations and would not again be permitted to land on Venezuelan soil. He was not permitted to settle his personal affairs, but compelled to sail on the *Martinique* to Wellinstad, Curacoa, and thence to New York and Washington.

President Cipriano Castro

The French representative having thus been literally thrown out of the country, all friendly official relations between France and Venezuela were at an end. To France it, of course, seemed an unpardonable insult. Castro claims in justification of his course that the Cable Company aided the insurgents in their attempts to overthrow Castro's rule, which, if true, would justify even the confiscation of its property. France declares, on the other hand, that the cable messages showing relations with the revolutionists, apparently signed by former Vice-Consul Quievreux, are forgeries.

Washington is more involved in Venezuelan affairs than ever before, as Venezuela on the 7th of February asked the United States Government to look after Venezuelan affairs in France, the request, of necessity, being granted through international courtesy. At the same time, our Government is looking after the interests of France in Venezuela, as that country has no representative there, a peculiar diplomatic mix-up, but one not at all beyond the capacity of our Government to handle well.

The United States will never allow any other Government to gain any permanent foothold in this hemisphere; yet that does not mean that the South American republic can constantly get itself into trouble, and look north for help against proper punishment or the payment of just debts, neither does it intend to become the international debt collector. The Monroe Doctrine will be respected, and no move will be made by France without the full knowledge and consent of the United States. The real justice of the claims of Venezuela are still involved in much obscurity, and Washington is trying to unravel the snarl.

One other fact of great importance to Castro, at least, should be mentioned. He declares that M. Taigny called him the "monkey of the Andes." This, M. Taigny avers, with his eyes rolled up in horror, and hand placed dramatically over that portion of his waistcoat, beneath which beats his heart, to be absolutely without foundation. "It is impossible, *craiment!*"

ROBERT STIRLING BLAIR.

THE

American Pulpit

A Sermon by the famous Evangelist

"GIPSY" SMITH*

Follow Me

TEXT—MATT. 9: 9

"And He saith unto him, Follow me. And he arose, and followed Him"

THIS is Matthew's modest way of telling all generations how he was converted. Matthew could have made a great deal more of that epoch-making moment in his life. Sometimes I think when he wrote just as much as my text he would not write any more that day. Can you not see between the lines what a story is there untold? He does not even tell you that he lived in a big house. He does not tell you that he made a big feast. He does not tell you that he invited all his old friends to come and meet with Jesus at the feast. He leaves others to tell you that little bit of the story. He simply says there was a feast.

Very modest is Matthew. He says Jesus saw a man, and said to that man, "Follow me," and the man followed; that is all. Some of us at certain moments of our lives cannot trust ourselves to tell all the story. We keep something back; we cannot trust ourselves to put the story into words. There are pages in every life that will never be written. There are stories untold to mortal ear over which the angels rejoice.

The Need of the Man

Why should Jesus go to this man? Because Matthew needed Jesus. I believe deep down in this man's heart he was longing for Christ. There were moments in his life when he longed to get a look at that dear face, to hear the music of that voice, and catch some inspiration from his life-giving message, and to feel the touch that healed. And I can imagine that even that day he could not see his books for his tears.

He was at his business, you remember; he sat at the place of toll, everything in front of him, and while he was thinking of the inward longings, while the soul-hunger was gnawing, while the man within the man was talking to him and setting in motion thoughts and feelings that were eternal, I can imagine him saying, "Oh, shall I ever see him?" And maybe he laid his head on his hands in his grief, and at that moment Jesus said, "Matthew, Matthew, follow me." You know Matthew was ready to do it. He did it instantly, without asking a question, without any hesitation. He acted as though he had made his plans as to what he would do if he had the chance.

He left all. He does not tell you that; he leaves the others to add that bit to the story; and his all was the possibility of becoming very rich. He left it all: he left his books, he left his business, he left his office, he left his position, he left his friends, he left all to follow Jesus. Matthew had counted the cost, and knew what he would do if the chance came. Jesus knew it too. He knew where Matthew sat, just as he knew where Nathaniel prayed under the fig-tree. He knows where you are, Matthew at the place of toll or Nathaniel under the fig-tree, or Zaccheus in the tree. He knows, he sees. There is no look heavenward, there is no desire heavenward, there is no aspiration after goodness, there is not an honest struggle for a nobler life in your heart, in your home, anywhere, everywhere, but what God sees and God knows. And, listen to me, there never is a good desire, there never is a noble thought, there never will be an aspiration for a holier life, but what is

God-given and God-inspired

He knows. And he knows where you sit, my brother. Here is a man handicapped, a jewel in an unlikely place; here is a man that nobody wanted, ostracized by his very profession, separated from decent folk by his calling, unpopular and hated. There he was; he never had had a chance. The church did not want him, and when Jesus Christ took the trouble to save him, the church of his day did not want him.

I am afraid there are some churches in our day who would not thank you to fill them with the harlots, the publicans, the gamblers, the drunkards, and the sinners. And yet they are the sort that heaven opens its doors to. Don't forget that. They are the people for whom Christ died—not the righteous, but sinners. And there are people who would sit in committee and dictate to the Son of God as to who he is to save. They did it in Matthew's day. There are people who would sit in judgment on the Christ of God. They would question the authority of Omnipotence to save the sinner. "This Man eateth with sinners." It shows how much they knew of this Man and his mission to the world.

The Worst Welcomed

What does this story mean? It means this: that for every man there is a chance. The Christ I have to preach gives a chance to the worst, to the most unlikely, to the most degraded, to the most hated, to the most sinful, to the most despised, to the people who were born into the world with the devil in their blood, the blood of the gambler in their veins, the blood of the harlot in their veins. And when I think of it all and look at some people, the wonder to me is that they are not worse than they are. God have pity on the little boys and girls in the world who are corrupted before they are a year old! God have pity on the child-life of to-day! For such Jesus came.

And he chooses to find out about these people, the people that nobody wants, and he says, "I want you; I am after you." It is a new way of treating sinners. Did you ever think of it? A new way of treating sinners, wrongdoers. Prison for wrongdoers, the law courts for wrongdoers; the whole fabric of society is built up to keep off wrongdoers, to keep away wrongdoers, to keep out wrongdoers, to shut up and shut off wrongdoers, and Jesus Christ comes and opens his arms to them, and says, "Come to me; I will receive you." That is the Christ for me! To set the prisoner free, to break the chains of them that are bound, to open the prison doors and say, "March out; I will make you free by my mighty power." It means a chance for every man. And Jesus sees far more in these people that are far from him than we have seen yet. If you and I had the eyes of Christ we should see in the filthiest wretch that walks the street something worth saving. If you and I only had had the vision of Calvary we should never weary, we should never tire, we should never lose heart, and we should never lose hope. We should believe that for the worst there is a throne, a song, an anthem. May God help us to believe our Gospel!

The Help Given

Why did Jesus go to Matthew? Because Jesus knew that Matthew needed him. Nobody could do for Matthew what Jesus could. Don't forget that. Matthew had never had a chance. Nobody but Jesus could give him one. He was in a bad setting; his whole life was a tangle, his whole life was knots. Nobody wanted him. And you know people like that. There are some connected with you that you would rather not see. You tremble when you see them, and when their name is mentioned. There are some names you do not talk about to others; you try to forget; you won't talk about them. There is a skeleton in every cupboard. The most of us here have somebody connected with us that we do not like to mention; we try to forget; and yet, God knows, the agony of it eats the life out of us. They are the people who need Him.

It is no good to say to some people, "Believe, believe." They need somebody's fingers to unravel the knots, to untie and straighten things out; and who is to do it? Those whose whole life has been cursed from their very birth, they are handicapped in their very blood, and who is to deliver them? Can anybody do it? Is there no God who can do it? Listen—the fingers that weaved the rainbow into a scarf and wrapped it around the shoulders of the dying storm; the fingers that painted the lily-bell and threw out the planets; the fingers that were dipped in the mighty sea of eternity and shook out on this old planet—the same fingers can take hold on these tangled lives and can make them whole again, for He came to make the crooked straight, and the rough places plain.

Christ's Need of Men

Let me go another step. There was something that Matthew could do for Jesus that nobody else could—and I say that reverently. Jesus needed Matthew. Ay, and he needs you. They looked at him and said, "He is a sinner." "Yes," said Jesus, "and he will write my first Gospel." Only give him a chance; you do not know what there is hidden in the drunkard. There may be a preacher, there may be an evangelist, there may be a gospel. You do not know. Give them a chance; give them all a chance. "A sinner." They were fond of using these words. "He is a sinner." They used them about the man in the tree. "Yes," said Jesus, "he is a sinner, and he is a son of Abraham." And it was Jesus who spoke on both occasions. You would not have gone for a scribe for the Son of God to a publican? No! But Jesus has a wonderful way of showing what he can do with

Unlikely Material

You saw the sinner, Jesus saw the man. He saw the sinner, too, and he knew what the sinner would be when grace had had a chance. The world sees the face, and the clothes, and the house; the street you live in, where you work, and reckons you up by how much your salary is. Jesus does not reckon that way. See that sailor—drunken, filthy, vile of lip and impure in soul—a drunken sailor. Nobody wanted him; nobody cared for him. God looked at him and saved him, and his name was John Newton, the poet, the preacher, but God could see the theologian, the preacher, in the drunken sailor. See that man, a swearing tinker, so swearing, he says of himself, that when he began to swear his neighbors shuddered. Nobody wanted that tinker. But God looked at him and saved him, and his name was John Bunyan, the immortal dreamer. You would not have looked for the *Pilgrim's Progress* in that swearing tinker.

God looked at that man, a saloon-keeper—and you know what that man must be—helping his brother to sell beer in Gloucester. God looked at him and saved him; and his name was George Whitefield, the mighty preacher. Look at that man selling boots and shoes in a shoe store in Chicago. God looked at him and saved him, and when he took the trouble to save him and that young fellow offered himself to a Congregational church as a church member, they saw so little in him that they put him back on trial for twelve months; and his name was Moody. And Moody has put one hand on America and another hand on Britain, and they moved towards the Cross.

See that man, the plaything of the village, full of devilry, mischief, roguery, fond of pleasure and sin. Nobody cared for him except his mates, and God saved him; and his name was Peter Mackenzie, a sunbeam in the lives of thousands. Look at this picture—a gipsy tent; there is a father and five little motherless children, without a Bible, without school. Nobody wanted them—who does want a gipsy? Nobody—outsider, ostracized, despised, and rejected. But God looked on that poor father and those five motherless little things and saw them in their ignorance and heathenism, hungry for God. And he looked again, and he said, "There are six preachers in that tent." And he put those arms that were nailed to the tree round the father and the children and saved them all; and I am one of them.

Love's Penetrating Vision

It takes love to see. Love saw more in Matthew than anybody; and sees more in you, my brother, than anybody else; and if no one wants you, He does, and if no one loves you, He does. If no one cares, He cares; and if you think there is not a friend in the world, you have more friends than you think, and they are closer to you than you dream. God is here, and he says, "Come to me, follow me, and I will save you; I will give you a chance for this world and the next. Only follow me."

Matthew never did a wiser or nobler thing than when he took Christ home. Everybody there had a chance of blessing that day. Think of what it would mean for your home if you, my brother, took Christ home with you. Your wife and children would have a chance they have never had before. If both of you—husband and wife—bow at his dear feet together, what joy there will be in heaven and on earth! It would mean your home for Jesus. You will give Christ a chance with every child in your home by taking him there. Matthew took Jesus home with him; and he will go home with you if you will ask him, and he will go with you now. God help you!

* From the new volume of twelve sermons, entitled, *As Jesus Passed By*, published by The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York and Toronto.

AFTER THE WHITE HOUSE WEDDING

IN the social history of the country, few events have attracted such interest among all classes of people as the recent marriage of Miss Roosevelt, "the daughter of the nation," as Mrs. Longstreet, the widow of General Longstreet calls her, to Hon. Nicholas Longworth, the Representative from Ohio.

When a member of the President's family weds, the ceremony assumes a semi-official character, as, in addition to the personal friends of the family, the official set, the diplomatic corps, and the Army and Navy are all represented on the invitation list. Nearly a thousand guests were present at the hour set for the ceremony on the seventeenth of last month, the most brilliant assembly, without doubt, ever gathered under the roof of the Executive Mansion.

A few minutes after twelve, Major McCawley, of the Marine Corps, and one of the President's social aids, gave the signal to the Marine Band, and the first strains of the wedding march from "Tannhauser" floated out over the expectant guests. The doors of the state dining room were thrown open and the wedding procession appeared. First came the ushers, among whom was the bride's brother, Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., walking in pairs about three feet apart. Six feet behind them came the bride, leaning on the right arm of the President. A pretty picture it was, this girlish, yet stately bride, her face radiant with the happiness of her day of days. She carried a huge bouquet of white and lavender orchids, mingled with lilies-of-the-valley and delicate spring sprigs of green. Around her throat was clasped the double-strand diamond necklace, the gift of the groom, and on the centre of her bodice was pinned the diamond and emerald brooch, the gift of the President and Mrs. Roosevelt.

When they reached the platform, the President presented his daughter to Mr. Longworth, and together they ascended the steps of the dais, the President remaining on the lower one. The beautiful service of the Protestant Episcopal Church was read by Bishop Satterlee, of the Diocese of Washington. When he asked: "Who giveth this woman in marriage," the President stepped forward and said, his voice filled with emotion, "I do," bowed, and a moment later the bride and groom knelt, the Bishop raised his hands in blessing, and Miss Roosevelt had become Mrs. Longworth.

"Friendship," the Country Seat Where the Honeymoon Began

Immediately after the ceremony the Bishop withdrew, and Mr. and Mrs. Longworth turned to greet their friends, who pressed forward to offer their congratulations. The President and Mrs. Roosevelt received in the Blue Room, which had been decorated with palms and flowering plants. Tall vases held large clusters of Easter lilies, ferns and asparagus. The guests, after being received, passed on to the Red and Green Rooms. The immediate relatives of the bride and groom were entertained at a wedding breakfast in the private dining-room, while over seven hundred others were entertained at a buffet luncheon in the State dining-room. It was at the breakfast that one of the prettiest incidents of the day occurred. The bride was asked to cut the cake, and as Mrs. Longworth was about to use a dinner knife for the purpose, Major McCawley offered the use of his sword. It was accepted, and the large cake was cut as skillfully as if the bride had been accustomed all her life to cutting cake with an officer's sabre. The other officers present all offered to trade their weapons for the Major's, but he laughingly declined.

Later in the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Longworth entered an automobile, and were whirled away to "Friendship" for the first days of their honeymoon. "Friendship" is a beautiful colonial estate, a short distance from Washington, and had been loaned to the bridegroom by Mr. John R. McLean, of Cincinnati. The bride and groom left three days later for Cuba.

A VIGOROUS WASHINGTON MISSION

THE sixth anniversary of the founding of the Peoples' Mission of Washington, D. C., was recently held in the Metropolitan M. E. Church, of which the late President McKinley was an active member. Dr. Frank M. Bristol, pastor of the church, welcomed the Mission and the audience that crowded the building to the stairways. "If I owned this church," said he, "I would give it to you. I rejoice in the wonderful rescue work in which you are engaged. The church is benefited by your coming. It brings blessing, and its influence is felt for days and weeks afterwards. The name of the Mission is beautiful—The People's Mission. That takes in everybody. I do not believe in a poor man's religion, or a rich man's religion, a yellow man's religion, a black man's religion, or in a white man's religion; but in the people's religion. That takes us all in, and so I welcome the Peoples' Mission of the City of Washington."

The Mission Hall is located at 910 Pennsylvania Avenue, N. W., within easy distance of those portions of the city most in need of aggressive evangelistic work. The workers there see life not as an ideal or theory, but as a reality—frequently a most sorrowful and sordid reality—and are in constant touch with conditions that tax Christian sympathy and zeal to the very utmost. Drunkenness, the social vice, and kindred evils, are all too common in this section of the city. The present force of mission workers is admirably adapted and equipped for service. They work harmoniously, and the Peoples' Mission is on the best of terms with its near neighbor, the Central Union Mission. Each of these missions appeals to a distinct class, and each has a great place in the religions life and labor of Washington.

Frequently strangers in the city pass along Pennsylvania Avenue, and, hearing the music, come into the hall to attend the meetings. They are always sought out in the audience, and gladly welcomed. Many unfortunate men and women have found lasting peace, and have begun a new life, within the walls of the Mission. A cheerful, optimistic tone is given to all the exercises, and a genial atmosphere marks every gathering. The doors are open every night the year round, a Gospel service being conducted each evening, and two services are held on Sunday. The total attendance for the past four weeks has been over twenty-five hundred. A large volunteer orchestra renders a high grade of music and this attracts many to the service.

A Service in the People's Mission—President Thomas C. Noyes

The Mission organization is an efficient one. The active business management is vested in a board of nine trustees, of which Mr. Thomas C. Noyes, of the *Evening Star* is chairman. Mr. Noyes, though one of the busiest men of the city, devotes no little time and money to the Mission, and it is largely through his efforts that it has been placed on a good business foundation. The spiritual work is under the supervision of two evangelists, and two associate evangelists, all of whom are annually elected by the people of the churches interested in the work. The ministers of the city of Washington and their congregations are invariably invited to participate in these annual business meetings, and to vote. All of the workers are experienced in Christian service. Dr. Edwin D. Bailey, pastor of the People's Church, in Brooklyn, and one of the founders of the work, is an associate evangelist, and his visits to Washington are always welcomed with delight by his many friends in religious work. Rev. Geo. W. Havell, another founder, has been engaged in mission and evangelistic work for thirty years. Rev. W. C. McMichael, another founder, is the resident evangelist, and is the only salaried officer connected with the Mission. The other associate evangelist, Rev. J. B. Clayton, has been engaged in pastoral and evangelistic service over twenty years. Mr. James P. McCurdy, 910 Pennsylvania Avenue, N. W., Washington, is treasurer of the Mission.

The actual expenses of the work are about $3,000 a year, every dollar of which is spent with rigid economy in the work at the Main Hall, and at the Mission branch, Gospel Hall, in southeast Washington.

It is the earnest hope of the Mission and its conductors that God's people in other cities will remember the work in prayer, and by such support as may lie in their power.

Hundreds Now Dying of Famine

Midwinter Cold Intensifying the Suffering in Japan—Another $10,000 Cabled by The Christian Herald to Feed the Famishing

SAD news comes to us from Japan. It was hoped that the relief work begun in the famine-stricken provinces of the North might have resulted in averting serious loss of life; but according to information just received, famine has already begun to score its victims by hundreds. This startling intelligence reaches us by way of Vancouver, B.C., where it has been brought by the steamer *Athenian*, just arrived from Japan. The report is to the effect that—

"In the famine zone, hundreds of persons, including women and children, are perishing from starvation, aggravated by the bitter cold."

In view of the urgent need, and for the purpose of saving as many lives as possible, the proprietor of this journal, acting in behalf of the contributors to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Famine Relief Fund, has cabled a **second sum of $10,000,** through our State Department in Washington, to Count Matsukata, President of the Imperial Japanese Red Cross Society at Tokio, with the request that, like the first $10,000, sent last week, **it be used immediately and exclusively in supplying food to the neediest** in those districts where the suffering is the keenest.

It is believed that this money will be an immense aid in saving life at the present critical stage of the famine. Food supplied **now** may result in greatly lessening the death-roll of famine victims hereafter. We again invite every reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to unite with us in the effort to succor the Japanese in their present distressed condition. With most of us, in our homes that are blessed with cheer and plenty, real hunger is a thing almost unknown; but in Japan it is a terrible daily and hourly reality. One can picture the suffering in the dwellings of those simple peasant folk, who see their children droop and die for want. Mothers, widowed by the war, are now fighting a losing battle with starvation. Children, hollow-cheeked and gaunt, fight for stray morsels of food—and such food! Surely the poorest of husks were epicurean diet contrasted with the "hunger-cakes" of chopped straw and daikon leaves, or tara-root bark, which the people have been warned against eating, since they contain no nourishment. But the claims of long unsatisfied hunger cannot be denied, and the results of the innutritious chopped-straw diet are now becoming evident. Unless **real** food is given, and that soon, the people will perish by thousands.

* * *

All the foreign missionaries in the famine districts are co-operating with the Japanese Red Cross in the relief work. Every dollar will be made to count; every dime may save a life. Send in your mite quickly.

Mr. M. B. Madden, one of the American missionaries in Sendai, describes the awful conditions of the people, based on his own observations. He says:

"Shibata Township, in Miyagi Province, is one of the worst afflicted districts, the crop being five per cent. of an average. An official from this township writes that in the schools eight out of ten children do not bring any lunch to school, either because they do not have any, or because it is so poor that they are ashamed to have it seen. The small children, however, in their innocence, show their lunch, and what a mixture it is! Ten per cent. foreign rice, twenty per cent. barley, and the rest made up of roots, nuts, leaves, and daikon (radishes) made into cakes. On account of this poor food, the children were pale and thin; even in November they were not lively and happy, as children ought to be—not even one. The number of children is decreasing every day and the schools will have to close. The year's rice, nuts, roots and barks will not last three months, then in the snowy season there is no work, so that many will die of starvation, or of diseases brought on by the poor food that no human being ought to eat."

Stereograph, Copyright, by Underwood & Underwood

Young Workers in the Field before the Famine Came

In a letter to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the Rev. H. Loomis, agent of the American Bible Society in Yokohama, writes:

"The methods employed by the Japanese for giving relief are both efficient and admirable. In a report of the work in Iwate Ken, Rev. Mr. Axling says, 'As the result of the sympathetic and helpful attitude of the officials, **not one sen of this money will be spent in administration. The whole will be used in buying food.** In no case will money be given. The money goes to the heads of the counties. There it is again divided in proportion to the need, and sent to the heads of the different towns and villages of the county. They, in turn, buy food for the amount and give it to the sufferers in daily portions.

"'Moreover, as here in the North, even in the best years, a great majority of the farming and working people do not use Japan-grown rice, but sell it and buy foreign rice, which is much cheaper; or buy millet, which is still cheaper, accordingly the food which is customarily used in that particular locality, is to be bought and given.

"'In this way the money will be made to go as far as possible, will serve as many people as possible, and will reach them just at the time when they need it most. It will also reach them in daily portions of food so that they will not be able to uselessly or harmfully waste any portion of it. Arrangements are also made by which the most needy and helpless class will be supplied first.'"

In a late report of the relief operations in Iwate, Mr. Axling says:

"The intense, almost unprecedented cold, has greatly augmented the need of relief work in this, as well as all three of the famine-stricken prefectures. It was found that the greatest distress is prevailing in nine of the thirteen counties of the province, and in the city of Morioka. It was decided that, as far as possible, the following classes of people should be helped first: Old people, sick people, people who for any reason are unable to work, and children who have had to stop school because they have nothing to bring for lunches. The famine-stricken people in Fukushima Ken are now in a most pitiable plight, in spite of the authorities doing the best they can. The weather is bitterly cold in the north, and many poor people, after enduring the cruel attacks of hunger have been starved to death. It is only too certain that there will be many more deaths in the next few months."

A leading newspaper, the *Mainichi* (Daily News) advises the central Government to hasten measures of relief. "A census of destitute and of self-supporting families should be taken," it urges, "and food supplies should be distributed till the time of next wheat harvest. Work may be provided and wages paid, or loans may be advanced, to be paid back in yearly instalments. Whatever is to be done, should be done at once."

All contributions for the relief work should be addressed to

JAPAN RELIEF FUND,

The Christian Herald, 92 Bible House, New York

Every contribution will be acknowledged in the columns of this paper.

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Williams, C S.... 4 00
Willis, Anna 25
Willis, Mrs F E.. 50
Willis, Mrs Helen. 25
Wilson, Mrs Geo. 25
Wilson, Mrs Harry 15
Wood, Mrs J..... 24
Wood, R W..... 1 00
Wood, Miss L..... 1 00
Wright, Arthur L. 2 00
Yeomans, Mrs J W 2 00
Yost, Henry 5 00
Young, Mrs C B.. 5 00
Young, Mrs C E..10 00
Zabriskie, Miss M S 1 00
Zinert, Mrs B & Mrs Schrader .. 4 00
Athertons, Whallonsburg 2 00
A H S, N Y C....10 00
E J R, Mt Upton. 1 00
H A B, Catskill.. 1 00
H C W, Gt Neck.10 00
John H W, —.... 50
N E H, Morris. . 10
Mrs M M A, Grove-land 5 00
M S, Shelter Isld. 1 00
S F, Shelter Isld. 1 00
S E B, Buffalo... 1 00
T L K & E T K, Goshen 2 00
—, Cammillus .. 5 00
—, Elba 25
—, Saratoga Spgs 5 00
—, Shortsville .. 5 00
—, Troy 1 00
—, W Brighton .. 5 00
Friend, N Y City. 1 00
A Friend, Fredonia 3 00
A Friend, Fishkill10 00
A Friend, Ilion... 20

and 50 more to follow

The Red Cross in Japan

A Great Army of Helpers who are Co-operating With Our Missionaries in the Famine Field

A Red Cross Physician

SEE ILLUSTRATION ON FIRST PAGE

As has already been stated in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the relief work in the famine-stricken northern provinces is being conducted by the National Red Cross Society of Japan, which is operating in harmonious conjunction with the missionary and other foreign relief workers. Never did any government enter more energetically upon such a task, nor extend a more cordial welcome to offers of benevolence from other lands. All needed facilities have been placed at the disposal of the relief workers, and we are assured that every contribution, great or small, will find its way undiminished, in the form of life-giving food, to the homes of the starving Japanese farmers.

The Red Cross Society of Japan had its origin with "Haku-ai-sha" or "Society of Extended Benevolence," founded by a number of philanthropic Japanese noblemen, with Count Tsunetami Sano and Viscount Yuzuru Ogiu at their head, when the Satsuma rebellion broke out in 1877. Its purpose was to give relief to the sick and wounded soldiers, rebels as well as royalists. In the eyes of law, the Satsuma fighters were rebels, but the Emperor took such a lively interest in the humane object of the Society that he contributed to its funds, and authorized one of the Imperial Princes to become its Honorary President. Prince Komatsu was the first Honorary President, and Prince Arisugawa Tarubito, Commander-in-Chief of the government forces, issued the permission to begin work. Nearly 9,000 sick and wounded Imperialists were treated in the Osaka Hospital alone, and the total number of injured and sick, including disabled rebels, probably exceeded 20,000.

After the rebellion was suppressed, the promoters of he "Haku-ai-sha," effected a permanent organization and made preparations for future emergencies, training surgeons and nurses for active field service. They established at Tokio the "Haku-ia-sha Hospital," or Hospital of Extended Benevolence, where poor patients were treated gratuitously, and where surgeons and nurses were trained. In 1866, the Imperial Government, having given its adhesion to the Geneva Convention, the Society placed itself in connection with the International Committee of the Red Cross at Geneva and entered into fraternal relations with similar societies in other nations. It also changed its name to "the Red Cross Society of Japan," and took part in the International Conference of the Red Cross held in Carlsruhe in 1887.

In 1893 the Society counted scarcely 36,700 members, "when the Chino-Japan war broke out in 1896, it had 55,061 contributing members; a year later the number had increased to 160,000; and on the 30th of April, 1896, when it closed its first military campaign, it had 201,011 members. The Society purchased and equipped two hospital steamers; enlisted and trained a supplementary force of 668 nurses; sent to Korea and Manchuria three corps of surgeons, nurses, and attendants, each of which was capable of caring for 200 patients; furnished 106 physicians and 312 trained nurses for service on military transports; supplied nurses to eleven inland hospitals in Japan; and carried on relief work, either independently or in co-operation with the medical staff of the army, in Wiju, Kinchow, Chinamopo, Port Arthur, and dozens of other towns in Korea and Manchuria, as well as a number of places on the Island of Formosa. Sixty-eight nurses devoted themselves exclusively to the care of Chinese wounded in the Japanese inland hospitals, while 6,965 sick or wounded Chinese, and Koreans were treated in the hospital on the Asiatic mainland. Altogether, the Japanese Red Cross sent into the field, in the course of the war, during seventeen months, 1,587 surgeons, nurses, and attendants, and afforded relief to 101,423 sick or wounded combatants and prisoners, spending $230,940.

In the Boxer campaign in 1900, the Red Cross Society sent into the field a trained force of 491 nurses, surgeons, and attendants, and gave relief to 11,348 sick and wounded soldiers at Taku, Tien-tsin, Tung-chow, Shanhaikwan, in China, and the military hospital at Hiroshima, Japan.

On January 1, 1904, it had 894,760 regular members, each of whom was pledged to contribute not less than three *yen* ($1.50) annually, for a period of ten years. In the report of the president at the beginning of 1905, its membership reached 986,852. If we estimate the present population of Japan at 47,000,000, and the number of its families at 6,714,000, it will be seen that the Red Cross Society has one member to every forty-eight inhabitants, or a member to every seven families.

The Society has a Central Board or headquarters in Tokio, and branch offices in all the prefectures, called "Sectional Boards" or "Local Sections." The General

Count Matsukata
President of the Japanese Red Cross

Assembly of all the members, held in Tokio once a year, is honored by the presence of the Empress in person. At this Assembly the election of thirty members of the Standing Committee, for the term of three years, takes place, candidates being chosen from the members resident in Tokio. The membership in this committee is honorary, and as the members are eligible for re-election, the Standing Committee elects from among its own members eight Administrators, of whom one figures as President and two as Vice-Presidents. These officers do not receive salary.

Prince and Princess Kanin
Honorary Presidents of the Japanese Red Cross

At present, Count Matsukata, one of the elder statesmen, who was twice Prime-Minister and several times Minister of Finance, is the President, and Baron Hanabusa and Baron Ozawa are Vice-Presidents. The Society has one Honorary President who belongs to the Imperial family. Prince Kanin, who fought bravely as the Commander of a brigade of cavalry, occupies the position of Honorary President. Besides the Administrators, three Comptrollers are elected to watch over the finances of the Society and report to the General Assembly. Sectional Boards are established in all the forty-seven prefectures and in Hokkaido and Formosa. There are also local committees, each having a Governor or a Mayor as its head.

Princess Hisako, a Red Cross Nurse

In order to give practical vitality to the patriotic and humane principles of the Society, her Majesty, the Empress, has condescended to place it under her most exalted patronage. The Emperor has endowed the Society with a fixed capital of 100,000 yen, producing an income of 5,000 yen ($2,500) a year, in recognition of the good service of the Society during the China-Japan war, and the Empress has granted an annual endowment of 5,000 yen ($2,500) to the hospital of the Society. To these are added, as the income of the Society, the annual subscriptions of 987,000 members, and such sums of money as may be received as donations or legacies from individual benefactors, etc.

On the twenty-fifth anniversary of the foundation of the International Committee of the Red Cross in Geneva, her Majesty, the Empress, tendered the gracious gift of 100,000 yen to the Society as a hospital fund and granted the free use of an immense tract of land, situated in the suburbs of Tokio, as hospital grounds. With the imperial gift the new building was immediately commenced on the model of the universal hospital in Heidelberg, Germany, and was opened on May 10, 1891, by her Majesty, the Empress Dowager, who made a donation of 5,000 yen. Their Majesties, the Emperor and the Empress, made a further donation of 5,000 yen per annum, for the term of ten years. In 1899 the sum was increased to 10,000 yen ($5,000) a year, for the term of twenty years, to begin from 1891.

The hospital is the object of the Empress' especial attention. She frequently visits it, to cheer the sick, and even to direct gratuities to be given them, this being generally done in her presence.

In 1898 the Society constructed the two sister ships, *Hakuai Maru* (or "Benevolence"), and *Kosai Maru* (or Charity). Both are fully equipped for hospital service, During the Boxer troubles in 1900, the two hospital ships were tried and found satisfactory in all respects. They were the first to appear before Taku, flying the Red Cross flags, and the *Hakuai Maru* made seven trips, carrying 1,536 patients altogether, and *Kosai Maru* seven trips, carrying 1,523 patients in all. In the last war the *Hakuai* and *Kosai* made about fifty trips between Japan and China, beside one army hospital ship, and twelve transformed ships.

In the statutes of the Red Cross Society the expression often recurs, "Relief in cases of political disturbance or natural calamity."

"The work already done by the Society," writes Dr. Nogao Ariga, Professor of International Law in the Military and Naval Academies in Tokio, "is not inconsiderable, for before 1896, Japan enjoyed long years of peace, and public calamity was almost the only means of exercising its staff in field works. When, in 1888, the eruption of Mount Bandai, in the prefecture of Iwashiro, took place, and there were more than 477 killed, and 41 wounded, the Society, upon the compassionate suggestion of Her Majesty, the Empress, sent to the scene of disaster, physicians equipped with all that was necessary to carry succor, which proved of greatest usefulness." It also did efficient service on many other occasions, notably in connection with the wreck of the Turkish warship, *Ertogoul*, in 1890, and after the great earthquakes in Aich and Gifu in 1891, and in Weijagi, Iwate and Aomori in the same year, when many hundreds of injured were succored.

In connection with the Society, there is a large and influential body called the Ladies' Volunteer Nursing Association. It was founded in Tokio by Princesses and the wives and daughters of nobles and prominent persons. It now has 538 members. Princess Kanin is Honorary President, and Marchioness Nabeshima the acting administratrix, assisted by almost all the Imperial Princesses. Mrs. Oyama, Mrs. Togo, and ladies of high rank take an active part. The Japanese Red Cross is thoroughly organized and equipped in all its branches, and in a position to render the very best service in the present emergency, in the famine provinces.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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A Backslider's Difficulty

VERY pathetic is a letter which comes to this office from one of our subscribers. Letters of a similar character are often received, showing that his trouble is a common one, though no easier to bear on that account. He tells us that not long ago, he passed through a spiritual experience that he believed to be conversion. There was intense sorrow for past sin, an earnest desire to get right with God, then a sense of pardon and peace. Afterwards he experienced a joyful consciousness of the divine presence, enjoyed the reading of the Scriptures, and felt an ecstacy, and an uplifting of the soul in prayer. These delightful experiences were with him for some time, but one day a besetting sin, to which he had been a slave in former times, assailed him with deadly power. He wavered and fell. He asks whether his fall is an evidence that his conversion was not genuine, and whether he must approach God as on unconverted man. Unhappily, too many have had occasion to ask similar questions, and some have lost heart, and have despaired of themselves altogether.

It is a great joy to feel justified in offering comfort to such mourners, and there is no doubt that the Christian is authorized to offer it. The great apostle bade his people comfort such an offender, "lest he be swallowed up of over much sorrow." So we would say to our correspondent, and all, who like him, are overwhelmed with shame and remorse; take heart, go to God in prayer, and confess your sin and your wrongdoing, and ask for forgiveness. Like the Prodigal in the far country, say: "I will arise and go to my Father." Your sin is heinous, worse than such a sin would have been before your conversion, but the mercy and compassion of the Eternal Father are infinite, and if you sincerely desire pardon, you will receive it. The promises of forgiveness to the penitent backslider are many and he is assured of restoration. More, there is a sweet delicacy about the assurance, "that none of his sins that he hath committed, shall be mentioned unto him."

It is not as an unconverted man that the penitent should approach God, but as a repentant son. He naturally feels that he "is no more worthy to be called a son," but it is as a son that he will be received. It is only those who continue in sin, or who remain away in sullen despair, who have reason to fear that their sonship is forfeited. They show that they do not understand God's character, that they doubt his promises. The sole condition required is that the backslider hate his sin and resolutely put it away from him. God sees the heart, he knows absolutely whether his child is hugging his sin and cleaving to it. If he is, he cannot expect forgiveness, but if he is sincere in desiring to be delivered, God will help him, will restore him to his favor, and be with him in his struggle.

Unknown Benefactors

AMID the many benevolences with which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has to deal, there is no feature more pleasing than the very frequent compliance with the spirit and letter of the injunction: "When thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right doeth." Almost daily, we receive letters from generous souls who have been touched by sorrow or suffering, and who, while doing what lies in their power to help the unfortunate, modestly ask that their own identity be kept secret. We are always glad to comply with such requests.

Let us turn to the other side of the picture and see how the recipient is affected by this anonymous beneficence. Here is a letter—a sample of many others of the same character that are constantly coming to us from recipients of the bounty of some good man or woman who desires to remain unknown:

"Please convey to the kind friends who have sent to us through you a contribution, our sincere thanks. It comes at a time when much needed. Who among our needy constituents shall we summon to thank their unknown benefactors? Shall it be the poor woman with a sick husband, who comes every week to be helped out; or the young girls, tempted and tried, whom we are seeking to keep from evil ways, or one of the shivering old people who are fed and comforted and helped on their way, or the forlorn young mother, who, even as this is written, stands at the door meekly pleading for a grocery order for her two babies and herself? On behalf of one and all of these, we do gratefully acknowledge the gift, most of all thanking our Heavenly Father, who puts it into the hearts of his children to befriend these needy ones."

What a glow of satisfaction such a letter brings to the unknown benefactor, who has been the means of giving so much joy to these humble hearts, and of evoking so much gratitude! There are scores—ay, hundreds of worthy, struggling missions, rescue homes, orphanages, asylums and similar institutions, where the daily existence is one of dependence upon God, and where the daily wants are unfailingly supplied by his people in the quiet and unostentatious way we have indicated. It is a way which has the peculiar merit of a double blessing, for the alms that are done in secret not only satisfy the necessitous, but bring to the heart of the giver the glad assurance of that Divine recognition which is far sweeter than the praises of the world.

There is in our land a great army of golden-hearted men and women who are living close to God, and who daily seek to serve him, not only with the heart and lips, but with their substance also. They are "continually doing good." We thank God for them! Their benevolences are scattered far and wide at home and abroad with lavish hand. They take no account of nationality or color. To them, all are the children of one Father. They have well won for themselves the honorable title of "The League of Help." May the day soon come when their devoted example will be followed throughout the world!

Child Training Run Mad

FOR the last few years we have heard a great deal about the scientific training of children, and that the child of to-morrow will be a creature far more developed, and capable of greater and better things than the child of to-day. As we all believe in progress, we hope that this is true, and there is no doubt that improved methods of home training, especially in hygiene and in school instruction, have already accomplished much in the right direction. The extremists, however, have at last reached a point where their studies in new methods should be checked, and children not made subjects for pseudo-scientific experiments. One case has recently been reported that is probably the worst of its kind. The mother in the case proudly related the facts to a mother's club in New York City.

The woman has a little son who is now about seven years of age. He has been trained physically from babyhood, perhaps a good thing if not overdone. Mentally his training has been of a kind we hope will make the Christian mothers of America stand aghast. Everything he has been taught to regard from the physical standpoint. He has never heard of God; the name of Christ has never been uttered in his presence; his first plaything was a human skull; and after the *Slocum* disaster he was taken to view the bodies in the morgue, the object being to make him "manly," with a disregard for all suffering. Such was the story told by the mother, and it is undoubtedly true. What the child will grow up to be, with all the finer, spiritual side of his nature warped or practically non-existent, it is easy, though not pleasant to imagine. There are already a superfluity of human monstrosities from natural causes, without producing them artificially.

The responsibility for the outcome of such training will, of course, rest with the parents. That they are totally unfitted for their sacred task is self-evident. Science cannot take the place of love in the tender heart of a child; nothing can compare with the story of the Christ child, told to the little lad at his mother's knee. Is not this robbery of the most cold-blooded kind to take from a child all the early and ennobling impulses that a proper religious training can give? The mothers' clubs should rise in indignant protest at such a travesty.

Saving Life in Japan

GRIEVOUS beyond expression is the latest news from Japan. There are whole districts in which nearly every family is on the verge of starvation. The poor, patient people are eking out their last grains of food, fearing that when all is used there will be no resource but to lie down and die. It is pitiful to read the stories of self-denial and self-sacrifice that are told; how one and another, though ravenously hungry, refuses to eat, lest they take the food that might keep life in some loved one. Others there are who have sufficient for a few weeks more, by reducing their daily meals to the lowest point at which life can be sustained.

When these reports came, the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, realizing the urgency of the situation, immediately cabled a second remittance of $10,000 to the famine field. He was sure that in acting promptly he was only anticipating the contributions of his readers and was fulfilling their wishes. They have never failed in the past to listen to the cry of the starving and to give food to the hungry, and Japan will not appeal in vain. The privilege of sharing in the blessing of Him who said: "I was hungry and ye gave me meat . . . inasmuch as ye did it unto them ye did it unto me," is too precious to be missed. Every one who bears the name of Christ and is trying to walk in his steps will follow him into that desert place in which he said, "Give ye them to eat."

What a lesson this will be to the people who have not yet given their allegiance to Christ! In the time of their prosperity they may have been reluctant to give up Shintoism or Buddhism, but when in the hour of their calamity Christianity sends them food, they will have a higher opinion of it. They have proved how ready and alert they are to draw inferences, and they will see that a religion that impels its followers to feed the hungry, must be a religion divinely sent. Let that lesson be liberally impressed on every Japanese. Let food be sent quickly and generously, that no lives be sacrificed, and that the glory and beauty of Christianity be unmistakably seen.

Among the Workers

—EVANGELIST J. J. WICKEN has just closed a meeting in Camden, N. J., resulting in one hundred and twenty professions of conversion.

—THE TOWN of St. Mary's, W. Va., has held a union evangelistic meeting for two weeks, Rev. Frank P. Hummel, of Pittsburg, being the evangelist. About two hundred professed faith in Christ. The second week of the meetings even the saloons closed at 7 P. M.

—EVANGELIST NICHOLAS ZAMORA writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD concerning his Gospel work in the Philippines: "During the first three months of 1906, I will have services almost every night in all the chapels of the district of Manila. To-day, I had three services, viz.: Ten A. M., four P. M., and eleven P. M. We had also the baptism of adults and children of both sexes." Pastor Zamora has now a very efficient corps of helpers in his Gospel work.

—RACHEL LEE, missionary, Adyar, Madras, India, writes: "In a gathering of missionaries representing several different denominations, December 29, 1905, to January 2, 1906, prayer and supplication went on three successive nights till two and four and five o'clock in the morning. Great blessings follow these times of waiting on God. Mission stations are awakened. The lukewarm native Christians confess their sins, are quickened and spend hours together in prayer for the unconverted. The unsaved are broken down and cry to God for mercy, and receiving salvation, they too become soul-winners."

—DURING THE "simultaneous" meetings in Buffalo, N. Y., in which seventy-five churches united, Rev. M. S. Rees, in charge of the work in one of the groups of churches, suggested an open-air service. A large audience marched with the pastors into the worst part of the city, and after an inspiring song service, Mr. Rees preached to the throng. The proprietor of the largest concert hall in the city invited them to hold service in his place, thus opening an avenue to those who seldom hear the Gospel. The bar has since been removed, and the hall rented by a committee of pastors for religious purposes for one year.

"Famine Breaker"

ITHACA, N. Y., Feb. 8.

EDITOR of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, I beg you, in the name of the suffering people of Northern Hondo (the main island of Japan), to blow the trumpet loudly in this emergency. May your name be that of one of the Emperor's servants, "Sasaki,"—that is, "tree of help"; literally, "help, help, tree." May THE CHRISTIAN HERALD stand for the healing of the most hopeful nation in Asia.

Now is the time to help. After an exhausting war, that sent the old men and women into the fields to till, because the strong men were at war, Iwate Ken is under the pall of black famine. Having no indemnity, it is a "dead lift" with the Japanese to pay the interest of the great war-debt, and the Government cannot be expected to do much, in justice to the other parts of the land and to the fifty million souls under its care.

In this emergency, "he gives twice who gives quickly."

Think of it, fellow Christians and Americans! Japan suffered often and long with famines in the old days of seclusion. In some years, two million corpses fed the cremation fires! The people of whole villages died of starvation, and left the floors of the houses filled with skulls and bones.

To-day, great ash-heaps, sometimes with trees growing on them, tell of thousands of human bodies cremated. Then, there were no railways, telegraphs, or rapid means of communication. The oxen "ate their heads off" before supplies could reach the secluded mountain villages. I am not certain that Buddhism ever had very deep searchings of heart on the subject of the duty of feeding the poor. That was left to the Government.

But Christianity helps body and soul. What a glorious record THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has as a famine-breaker! God give it supreme success this time also.

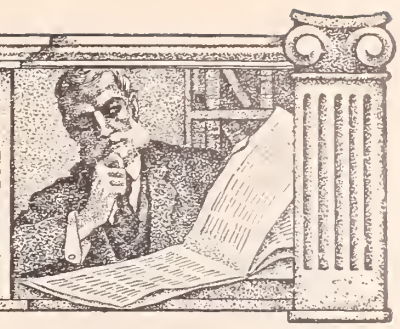
Men on the ground have made keen examination, and the facts are not exaggerated. Having myself extensively travelled and lived in the mountain regions of Japan, I know the need. I have seen famine's cremation heaps.

Now, the world has a nervous system. It feels. It thrills. Christ is Lord of the centuries. He taught us to pray "Give us this day our daily bread," and to "Our Father," which takes in all the race.

In His Name.

WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS,
Forty years with the Japanese.

The BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER



French Church Riots

RIOTS and unseemly disturbances have occurred in France as the result of a recent legislative enactment. The separation of the church from the state, which was decreed last year, involved difficulties as to the possession of property. The cathedrals and church buildings are not only of enormous value in themselves, but they contain treasures of priceless worth, the gifts of devotees ancient and modern. The actual commercial value of the sacred vessels alone is an immense sum. The Government shrank from turning this property over to an irresponsible body, without ascertaining what it was giving over. It was therefore decreed that it should be vested in boards of trustees and that an inventory be made of the various articles. Some of these treasures are of historical importance, and the Government wanted to protect the nation from their loss in the event of some cardinal or bishop taking a fancy to send them to Rome or to sell them to some American millionaire. The year 1801 was taken as the turning-point. All property acquired since that date was deemed modern, and was to be left in undisputed possession of the boards of trustees. Property acquired previous to that date was to be subject to Government supervision as having possible historical interest. The law passed by the Legislature excited the most intense opposition. The priests and the clerical party protested against the vessels being handled by the appraisers appointed by the Government. By the intervention of Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris, a compromise was effected. The agents of the Government were authorized to accept a list of the sacred vessels, with a statement of the valuation set upon them, which the priests would furnish, without seeing or handling the vessels. The remainder of the property, real and personal, was to be appraised and catalogued.

In spite of the agreement with Cardinal Richard the Government's appraisers met with infuriated opposition at several churches. At St. Pierre the arrival of the appraisers was the signal for the tolling of the bells. The doors of the church were locked, and inside a congregation of aristocratic men and women sang psalms and went through the service. No attention was paid to the authorities thundering on the doors and demanding admittance in the name of the law. A body of firemen was thereupon summoned, who climbed to the roof of the church and from an opening deluged the people with water. The doors were then flung open and the inventory was made. At the church of Ste. Clothilde there was also opposition. It was crowded with a fashionable congregation, who resisted the officials with the utmost violence. Revolvers were fired and red pepper was flung in their faces. Improvised barricades were erected at the base of the altars and rough fighting occurred before the inventory could be taken. Happily at the majority of the churches a better spirit prevailed. Priests met the officials at the doors, conducted them through the churches and courteously assisted them in their duty. These latter were evidently more obedient to the Apostle whom they regard as the head of their church than the others, for his special injunction was to peaceful submission.

Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake . . . for so is the will of God that with well doing ye may put to silence the ignorance of foolish men (I Peter 2: 13, 15).

The Riot at the Church of Ste Clothilde, Paris

An Artistic Treasure

Twenty-one pictures, long regarded as worthless, have been found to be gems of inestimable value and have been placed on exhibition at the English National Gallery. They are the work of the celebrated painter Turner, whom Ruskin regarded as the greatest of English artists. These pictures have been in the possession of the English nation for fifty years, but they have been lying neglected among rubbish, in the store-rooms, in Trafalgar Square. One of the officers of the Museum saw them there and had them brought to the light. Though the canvases were in bad repair, they were found, when cleaned, to be in excellent condition, so far as the paint was concerned. They had been hidden from the light and neglected in every way, and yet after having been simply cleaned and varnished with a coat of mastic, they are as fresh in color as ever and uninjured, and the texture is as if painted yesterday. How much human treasure there is that might be similarly rescued! It is deemed worthless, is neglected, hustled into prison, or left to rot in idleness, that if sought out and intelligently treated, might become jewels in Christ's crown.

Such were some of you; but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus (I. Cor. 6: 11).

To Reform Life Insurance

A sensation among the Life Insurance Companies has been produced by the report of the committee, which was appointed by the Legislature of New York to investigate the management of those companies. The committee reports that there has been gross extravagance, unsound and dangerous speculation and serious abuses of trusts, which have been going on for a long time in the majority of the companies. The solvency of the companies has not been impaired, and they are all abundantly able to meet their obligations, so that there is no ground for alarm among the policy-holders; but the fact that so much money has been wasted, and yet the assets are still huge, shows that the rates charged to the public have been unnecessarily high. It is, as the committee points out, a public danger to have these vast accumulations of capital under the control of men who are practically irresponsible, and who have been using these trust funds in speculation for their own benefit. The report shows that the supervision which the Government was empowered to exercise has been of the most superficial and perfunctory character, and that the policy-holders themselves have neglected to protect their own interests. The committee recommends radical legislation for the remedy of these evils. It advises that the Legislature enact laws to prevent the companies investing their surplus in the stock of any corporations other than municipal; that dividends shall be paid in specified proportion to the reserve fund; that the acceptance of new business shall be limited; and that the proxies by which the officers and directors have been enabled to keep themselves in power be valid for one year only. These and many other recommendations of a technical character designed to check the abuses hitherto existing, will be the subject of debate in the Legislature and will probably be adopted. Already the companies are voluntarily getting their houses in order and preparing measures to prevent a continuance of wrongful practices, and in some cases getting rid of the officers who have been guilty of them. So much public opinion has effected and legislation will doubtless make the reform permanent. Men who act as trustees must be taught that they have no right to use for their own purposes, or to put in jeopardy, the funds that are placed in their hands as a provision for the widow and the orphan. They must not follow the example of the men whom the prophet denounced:

Thy princes are rebellious and companions of thieves; every one loveth gifts and followeth after rewards; they judge not the fatherless, neither doth the cause of the widow come unto them (Isa. 1: 23).

The Oldest Human Body

A singularly interesting accession to the treasures of the British Museum has recently been placed in the Egyptian room. The *American Antiquarian* says it is the oldest known body of any human being yet discovered. "It is the body of a man who was buried in a shallow grave hollowed out of the sandstone on the west bank of the Nile, in upper Egypt. This man must have hunted along the banks of the Nile before the time of the earliest mummied king which the museum possesses —before the time of Menes, who was supposed to have ruled Egypt at least 5000 B. C. There were previous to that time two prehistoric races, one the conquerors and the other the conquered, from which sprang the Egyptian race of the earliest dynasties. It is with these remote stocks that this man had to do. Considering the condition in which he was found, it is evident that he was associated with a late period of the new stone age of Egypt. He was buried in a characteristically neolithic grave and his neolithic pots and instruments of flint about him. There is, of course, no inscription of any kind on the pots, knives or grave, all having been made long before the invention of any written language." The age in which the man lived is, of course, determined by the character of the utensils and tools found in his grave. Such articles have not been in use in historic times in Egypt. He must have lived and died long before Moses withstood Pharaoh; before Joseph ruled in Egypt, and even before Abraham left Ur of the Chaldees to go to Canaan. As we think of the centuries that have passed while that man lay in his grave, and of the events that have occurred during that time, the battles that have been tought and won, the empires that have arisen and fallen, we realize the force of the Scripture:

They shall perish, but thou remainest . . . thou art the same; thy years shall not fail (Heb. 1: 11, 12).

Analyzing a Thief's Brain

In accordance with his desire, expressed before his death, the brain of a noted burglar, who died recently in Jefferson Hospital, Philadelphia, will be turned over to the Wister Institute for scientific analysis and his body will go to Jefferson Hospital for anatomical purposes. The burglar, who was sixty-five years old, had spent nearly half his life in jail. A member of a respectable family, well educated and gifted with artistic talent, he always declared that he was a burglar not of his own free will, but impelled by some irresistible force. After his last release from the penitentiary, at the intercessions of influential persons who had taken an interest in him, he apparently lost all his criminal impulses. He believed that a study of his brain would throw much light on the causes which had impelled him into the ways of the criminal. It is very improbable that the analysis will disclose any reason for his thieving propensities. The causes of crime are not material but moral, and the only remedy for them that has ever proved effectual is that God has provided.

I will put a new spirit within you and I will take the stony heart out of their flesh, and will give them a heart of flesh: that they may walk in my statutes and keep my ordinances and do them (Ezek. 11: 19, 20).

A Saviour Sought and Found

SUNDAY SCHOOL REVIEW

BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS*

"He took the child and his mother and departed"

THE shepherds in the field, watching their flocks by night, told by the angels that a Saviour is born, arise and go to Bethlehem, and find Jesus in a manger. They tell the mother, Mary, all that the angels have told them, and return to their flocks, praising God all the way. Their daily task has been glorified. Christ became a child that every child may come to Christ to love and serve him, and may bring others to him.

In a southern hospital, a little girl was to undergo a dangerous operation. She was placed upon the table, and the surgeon was about to give her ether, when he said: "Before we can make you well we must put you to sleep." She spoke up sweetly, and said: "Oh, if you are going to put me to sleep, I must say my prayers first." So she got down on her knees and said: "Now I lay me down to sleep." The surgeon prayed that night for the first time in thirty years.

The midnight glory of Christmas shone not only upon the lowly shepherds, but even upon their flocks, and our very animals and birds have a brighter life because of the kindness Jesus puts in men's hearts. In some European countries, it is an ancient and beautiful custom at Christmas to place a sheaf of wheat on a pole, that the little birds may feast, and not starve.

The Wise Men Finding Jesus. They see his star in the East. They decide upon a long journey that they may find him, and do him homage. They bring him rich gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh. Many of our modern wise men have brought their talents to Jesus.

Agassiz began his open-air instructions in geology with silent prayer; Isaac Newton would remove his hat at the mention of God's name. Gladstone, recalling his long and wide acquaintance with the great men of the nineteenth century, testified that most of them were reverent believers in Christianity.

Richard I. of England took the best of his knights, and went to Palestine on a crusade. He left his brother John at home as regent. And in the Holy Land three times he hurled back the armies of Saladin. But coming home, he sought to pass through Austria, and was imprisoned. For months he lay in jail. Said John, in England: "My brother is out of sight, I will steal his throne." So he travelled and gave gifts, and, like Absalom, tried to steal the hearts of the people. Richard had been a power in the past. John had never thought of opposing that brother in England. But now he was out of sight, and John forgot the future. In disguise, at length, Richard landed in England. His throne had been stolen. But the "Lion hearted" would win it back. By wondrous feats of strength, and war-like skill the people are brought to their knees before him, and John, knowing all was lost, came tremblingly down, and was abased. Richard forgave the poor weak fool that forgot to look ahead. Christ is king of this world. Let us never think because he is out of sight we can set up to be masters of our lives. Let him whose right it is to reign conquer your rebellious heart. In feudal days, the vassal did homage by putting his folded hands in those of his feudal master, as a token of dedication of his active powers to his service in work and war.

Jesus Found in the Temple. At twelve years of age Jesus comes to the Temple at Jerusalem, to join the church, to become "a son of the law." He questions the teachers there, who are astonished at his knowledge and wisdom. There he is found by his mother Mary, and Joseph, and expresses his surprise that they should not have looked for him, first of all, in his Father's House." "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" Christ's orders are supreme. We have nothing to do with them but to obey. An officer under Wellington once pleaded that it was impossible to execute certain of his commands. The answer was: "I did not ask your opinion; I gave you my orders, and I expect you to obey them." It is our chief "business" in this world to do the bidding of God, which will be best for us and for the world.

John the Baptist Finding Jesus. John preaching in the wilderness to multitudes who come out to him from the cities, is preparing the hearts of the people to receive the Saviour sent of God. John was the first New Testament prophet to foretell the Cross: "Behold the Lamb of God that beareth away the sin of the world." That is the beginning of salvation, not for older people only, but for children, from whom some would withhold the story of the Cross and teach them to rely on their own goodness for salvation—the very error we have to work out of their minds again when they are older. But for us all, Christ's way is the way of the Cross. A young mother tried to point her little boy to God. She gave him a little book, which he called *The Dear Lord Book*. It was a story of the life of Jesus, illustrated by pictures, which the mother used to explain. One day he brought the book to her, and turning to a picture of Jesus on the Cross, said: "Tell me about that, mamma." She told him it was a sad story, which she would tell him when he was older; but he said: "Oh, mamma, darling, do tell me now." Taking him on her knee, she told him as tenderly as she could. When she had finished, he turned his eyes to hers and said: "Yes, mamma, I do understand. Wasn't he a dear Lord to die for me?"

"Then he took him up and blessed God"

Satan Finding Jesus. On the mountain top alone, Satan finds Jesus. Jesus has been fasting forty days, and Satan suggests that he use his power to make bread out of stones. Jesus rebukes him. Satan recognizes the loneliness of Jesus, and suggests that he may swiftly gain a following, by appearing upon the Temple, and casting himself down. Jesus rebukes him again. Satan observes that Jesus is a wayfarer, and proposes that he use his miraculous powers for securing wealth. Jesus rebukes him again. Satan departs, and angels take his place, and minister to Jesus.

Sin is ever as foolish as it is wicked. "Be sure your sin will find you out." Only a few weeks ago this news item came from London: A co-operative store had been robbed, and among the articles in the store which had been eaten, was some cheese which bore teeth marks. A plaster-of-paris cast was made of these marks, and also of the mouth of one of the prisoners, and evidence was given that the owner of the mouth and the person who had eaten the cheese were one and the same. If no one else finds us out, there are always two that know, the very ones whose good opinion is most important, God and oneself.

"He went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them"

Four Fishermen Finding Jesus. Jesus is preaching to a multitude by the seaside. Two small boats are close to shore, and the four fishermen to whom the boats belong are washing their nets. Jesus enters into one of the boats, which is Simon's, and tells him to push out from the land a little. Jesus continues his preaching, using the boat as a pulpit. The sermon is ended, and Jesus rewards Simon for the use of his boat by telling him to let down his net for a draught. His net is soon so full that he has to call on the other fishermen for help, to bring in his catch. Then Jesus bids them all leave their nets, and follow him.

A Turkish sultan died three or four centuries ago, in troublous times, when the succession might be disputed. Holding the death a secret, they sent private word of it to the son and heir, urging him to come at once to the palace. Receiving the message, he sprang into the saddle, shouting with lifted sword: "Whoever loves me, let him follow me now!" In the contest of Christ with the kingdom of darkness, hear his stirring summons: "Follow me, if you love me; follow now!"

Sick People Finding Jesus. A demoniac in the synagogue in Capernaum, at the hour of morning service, finds Jesus by being healed of his infirmity. A sick mother in the house of Peter finds a friend in Jesus, by being healed of her fever. Eager, expectant throngs of sick people come to the home of Peter, seeking Jesus that they may be made whole. He heals them all.

"Jesus put forth his hand and touched him"

A mother was dressing her child's doll. The child started back and exclaimed: "Oh, mother, what an ugly hand you've got! Oh, mother, please don't touch me with it." Mother first looked at the scarred hand, and then she looked very sadly and tenderly at her little girl. "Did you never notice it before, dear? Well, it is ugly, Elsie; but shall I tell you how it became so ugly; for it was once as fresh and nice as your own? Well, dear, you were a little tiny baby, and nurse was very careless. A young nurse we had then. She had placed you on the ground to crawl about, and was herself sitting near the window, to see the people passing in the street. I happened to come in at just the right moment. A small piece of blazing coal had fallen from the grate, and in some way your dress caught aflame from it. You were not hurt, dear, but this poor hand of mine was sadly burned in putting the flames out. That is why it is so torn, and twisted, and ugly." Elsie took up mother's ugly hand, and kissed it vehemently. "I'll never call it ugly again, mother. It's a lovely hand. It was hurt for me." And how lovely are the wounded hands of Christ; not alone because they suffered on Calvary, but because they help the sick and sad all those years before. The most beautiful is the most helpful hand.

*International Sunday School Review for March 18. GOLDEN TEXT: "And Jesus went about all Galilee, teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the Gospel of the kingdom, and healing all manner of sickness." Matthew 4: 23.

AROUND THE HOME HEARTH

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Forecasts of Spring

AN open winter such as this has been in many portions of our country, often prolongs its laggard severity into the spring. Every one predicts in an exceptionally mild December and January a rigorous February, and yet the latest month of winter has had this year comparatively few forbidding aspects. So far from being tired of snow, many of us were glad when we saw the white blanket tucked close over the fields, and heard the jingle of sleigh-bells on the road for the first time in months.

A cold winter with plenty of sleighing gets more suffrages from young people, at least, than does the opposite, when fields and roads remain naked and brown. The eye loves to dwell on the pale and austere beauty of winter, when snow lies white and glittering on roofs and fence-rails, and when every tree has its coat of glittering mail formed of crisp and sparkling ice.

A winter night, when the full moon sheds its splendor on a frozen lake and along deeply drifted high-road, is a sight so exquisite that language is baffled in attempts at description.

Though winter tarry late, spring always returns, bringing with it bluebirds, robins, orioles, grackles, wrens, catbirds, and the rest of the wonderful feathered family, who make music for us in the tree-tops and about the eaves, through the spring and early summer. Amazing is the migratory instinct that guides the birds in their wanderings, sending them now south, now north, as certainly as the leaves return to the forest and the buds to the orchard.

When we see the first bluebird, we know that spring is coming. When, later, we uncover the pansy bed, and see the dear little faces peeping up at us with smiles that seem human, we know that spring is here. Gardening has grown so popular that most of the women who read this paper have their flower-beds and their borders filled with beautiful things that will bloom richly when the right time arrives. Others will take greater pride in their early vegetables, their radishes and strawberries, than in their floriculture. Spring to them means gardening for the table, or, perhaps, gardening for pin-money, and the bringing of profit to the family exchequer.

In city streets, the forecasts of spring were visible in shop-windows soon after the new year dawned. The character of goods displayed changes wholly with the changing seasons, and from this time on fairylike textures of mull and lace, barege, voile and shimmering silk will replace the heavier fabrics suitable awhile ago. Women are busy now with spring shopping, are replenishing the linen closet, and are already engaged in fashioning the children's wardrobes for the summer. Where there are a-half dozen children, there are chances to cut down, furbish up, and make over to advantage, until old clothes look as well as new, but in the small family, outgrown garments must be given away.

A Novel Wedding

A novel and interesting wedding took place February 5. The bridegroom was a newspaper man, Mr. Charles W. Towne, and the bride Miss Edith Hahne Kellner. In the afternoon the bride and groom mounted their horses and rode across country, a distance of thirteen miles, to Plaistow, N. H., to the church where the bridegroom's father, the Rev. Charles A. Towne, is pastor. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Towne rode back to Amesbury, taking all the fences and ditches that came their way, and were in their home by six o'clock. This style of wedding journey would not be singular in West Virginia or Tennessee, but it is a new departure from old traditions in the North, and it has much to commend it in the simplicity and wholesome outdoor life on the part of bride and groom that it indicates.

By Way of Identification

So many accidents occur in travelling, in crossing crowded thoroughfares, and in going about on the ordinary errands of shopping, visiting, and the like, that every one should carry on the person some means of identification should the need for it arise. Several years ago, a man in middle age died suddenly on a ferryboat between New York and the Jersey shore. As he had neither cards nor letters about him, his body was removed to a morgue, and his family did not find it for many hours. Should one be knocked over by a cable car or automobile, seriously hurt, and removed to a hospital, there might be no way of communicating with friends for some time, if there were no writing to indicate name and residence in the pocket or bag.

In one instance, some years ago, a lady of middle age mysteriously dropped out of sight, and was not traced for weeks, being at last discovered in an insane ward, whither she had been carried when seized with mental aberration. Every one going from home, even for a few hours, should carry a visiting-card, letters, and, if possible, a note directing whom to notify, in case of accident. This little precaution might save untold anxiety and distress.

PLAYFELLOWS

I'd be awfully lonesome if it wasn't for Rex,
He stays by me just like a brick.
He won't stir away through the whole of the day
When he sees that his master is sick.

You say he is only a dog, but I
Think dogs are better than many men;
Just wait, old fellow, till by and by
We'll both have fun out of doors again.

Women's Clubs Abroad

SO many readers are interested in the club movement of to-day, because it more and more is tending to broaden woman's sphere, aid her in the management of her home, and give her an opportunity for self-help, that the story of the beginning of an international club in Berlin, will be found well worth attention. The Berlin Lyceum Club was established under distinguished patronage; its chief originator being Queen Elizabeth of Roumania, while women of the highest rank, including a sister of the German Empress, were among its founders.

The International Club followed, and was modelled upon the London club of a similar character, and at the brilliant opening, on the fourth of November last, Miss Constance Smedley of that club, made the first speech in English, while the second was made in German by Mrs. Hedwig Heyl, the president of the Berlin Club.

The Berlin Lyceum Club is founded upon a basis, which, by degrees, will probably be found to be the most serviceable model for women's clubs in many large cities. London made the beginning, in June, 1904, by opening a club-house in one of the finest localities near Hyde Park, for the furtherance of this newest humanitarian effort, through the above mentioned authoress, Miss Smedley, who, upon notice, founded the club, and from whom the idea spread among other artistic and spiritual women, to have a universal organization for a coming together, and to win friends among the very best people. Some of the heads were the sister-in-law of the Prime Minister, the daughter of the Duke of Argyle. The whole financial supervision and security of the London Club was undertaken by a group of public men.

The foundation of the Berlin Club began in a similar way. Here, too, belong the very best classes. The chief adviser, Mrs. Hedwig Heyl, is assisted by women of the highest social rank and of the most prominent families.

The peculiarity of these Lyceum Clubs, which distinguishes them from all other women's clubs, is the establishment in each club of different bureaus, whose task it is, in a scientific and skilful way, to promulgate, to exhibit, and to realize all they can for the working members, to assist them, and to give them whatever is necessary for their business or study. On account of the international character of this club, it is possible to place work wherever a Lyceum Club exists. It is by this means that women's work is extended, there is a broader field for her accomplishment and study: also alternate exhibitions are arranged for, in which each club is united. To-day, such interchanges should be encouraged, as they all tend to further advancement.

These Lyceum Clubs should also be appreciated from a practical standpoint, so that travelling members, in any city in which they may happen to be staying, may, for a moderate price, live comfortably. Besides that, it is expected and wished that each club should use its own national language: The Berlin Club, being conducted by German women, will be entirely German in character, furnishings, surroundings, etc. The London Club can speak from experience and results. The outward results are shown by the fact that there are 3,000 members, and that the first club-house, in order to meet the demands, will require an extension or a second club-house. Still another advantage is, that through the Lyceum Clubs the social attitude and respect of women is, in a large measure, advanced, and, as never before, pushed to the front. M. v. Bieberstein.

THE CHARIOTS OF THE LORD

A Story of the days of Religious Persecution in England

BY JOSEPH HOCKING

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued

"I'M thinking I'll wait a bit," replied Stewart.

"But ye come with good tidings," said Ferguson, looking at him keenly, "Ye come with good tidings. It's sair work, this dealing with worldly men, for the glory of this world is more to them than sound doctrine. Did the men of London promise well, Donald?"

"Ay," replied the Scotsman.

"They have faith?"

"Ay."

"But have they backed up their faith by works? Are they like the blessed Philippians, ready to minister to our necessity, or are they like the foolish Galatians who sent naught to the Apostle?"

"Mayhap you are thinking of the siller?" said Stewart.

"Ay, we need siller, Donald. I'll no deny that the Lord can do without it, but it seems his will that we shall need it. I have dealt mainly with spiritual things; nevertheless, I'm trusted much with material things, so if the men of London have sent you the filthy lucre, you may e'en hand it to me, so that I may see that it is wisely used."

"Ay, Master Ferguson," replied Stewart, "I wouldn't cumber ye with the stuff e'en though I were ower-much burdened with it. I should say to myself: 'What! burden Robert Ferguson, who thinks only of the glory of God and sound doctrine, with the flesh-pots of Egypt?' Nay, man, you are so keen about spiritual manna that you would despise such things as gold and silver."

Ferguson looked at the Scotsman with an angry gleam in his eyes, and appeared to be on the point of denouncing him; but evidently remembering the unwisdom of such an action, he closed his lips with a snap. Presently, however, he said:

"You haud tightly to carnal things, Donald."

"Ay, at the proper time and places, I do," replied his compatriot firmly.

Afterwards, Benedict Trelawney learnt more about this man Ferguson, and even though his history was related by one who believed much in both his wisdom and his piety, the impressions the Scotchman had made upon him on first seeing him, were not removed by what he heard.

He was told that Ferguson was wrongfully accused of being implicated in the Rye House Plot, and the Lord having watched over his own, he had been able to escape to the Continent. Before that time he had been both a Presbyterian and an Independent preacher, by which means he had learnt the art of being a powerful persuader. Arrived on the Continent he was still in danger, for the French Government had offered five hundred pistoles to any who would seize him: but again he had been able to elude his enemies, and finally reached the Low Countries. Here he began to form projects against the English Government; but although he was able to persuade many to listen to his counsels, a great number of those who had fled from English shores hoped that Charles would soon allow them to come back in safety. As for the Duke of Monmouth, who still hoped to resume his former position in the English Court, he utterly refused to listen to Ferguson, and while Monmouth remained obdurate all plans were hopeless.

When Charles II. died, however, the face of matters was utterly changed. All knew that no mercy would be shown by James II., and as far as Monmouth could see, nothing remained to him but banishment. Moreover, he knew that the moneys which his father constantly sent him would cease, and he had but little faith in the Prince of Orange.

This was Ferguson's opportunity. He made his way to Brussels, and pleaded, as he said, the cause of the Lord. James, his uncle, he told Monmouth, was but a popish, bloodthirsty usurper, "a man who had killed his brother, and who would never rest until popery was brought back to England. He persuaded the young Duke, moreover, that England was only awaiting his arrival to arise as one man, and hunt King James from the throne. The hope of the Protestant religion was in him, and children yet unborn would bless his name as the great deliverer of the nation.

The man told Trelawney, moreover, that although Ferguson's appeal to Monmouth was eloquent and full of Scripture promises, he did not yield until Lady Wentworth added her prayer to Ferguson's, and told him that all her rents, money, and diamonds were at his disposal. This, added to Ferguson's appeal, at length decided him, and Monmouth went to Amsterdam to discuss the position of matters with those who, like himself, were exiled from their country.

Night had fallen before the three men had proceeded far into the town, but there was light enough to reveal to the young Cornishman the kind of scenes through which he was passing. He was much impressed by what was called the New Church, and which had been founded two hundred and fifty years before. Many of the buildings, moreover, were so imposing, that, for getting for the moment the mission upon which he had come, he stopped and looked at them.

Ferguson looked at the Scotsman with an angry gleam in his eyes

"And who might this youth be, Donald?" asked Ferguson, when Trelawney for a moment lagged behind. "Methinks he is ruddy and of a beautiful countenance, like David of old. Is he a godly youth?"

"He is a brave fighter," replied Stewart, "and went so far as to call Jeffreys a liar in his own court."

"Ay, that sounds well. But is he a man of blood? It's little I care for such things, but I believe the Duke would rather have one man who bears an old name than fifty commoners. That's why I'm so pleased to welcome ye, Donald. The Stewarts may not be ower muckle rich in siller, but they bear a good old name."

"Ay, no man can deny that."

"And this youth, Donald, what do men call him?"

"He bears an outlandish name," replied Stewart, "he is called Benedict Trelawney."

"What, of the Trelawneys of Cornwall?"

"Ay."

"Any relation to the Bishop of Bristol?"

"Ay, I'll be thinking that the Bishop is his uncle."

"Nay, may the Lord be praised," said Ferguson quietly. "And has he siller, Donald."

"As much as Robert Ferguson," replied Stewart.

"Ay, I'm thinking ye are ower short with a compatriot, and a man of God, Donald Stewart; but I'll e'en forgive you as a Christian man, for are we not going to fight the Lord's battles together?"

"And will ye bear a sword, Master Ferguson?"

"I'll e'en bear the sword of the Spirit, which I doubt not will prevail mightily."

At this Trelawney joined them again.

"And what may ye be thinking of Amsterdam, Master Trelawney?"

"I think it is mostly canals and bridges," replied the youth, for he took no trouble to hide his dislike of the man.

"Ay, it strikes a man as strange at first, and maybe ye'll think it looks heathenish. But it's a godly town for all that. The doctrine is sound, and the people feed on the pure milk of the Word from week to week. The doctrine is Calvinistic, sound Calvinistic, with not a flaw in it. I inquired into it the very day I came. But we are at our journey's end now, and it is my purpose to take ye straight to the new King of England."

They made their way towards a passage which led to a large house. This Ferguson entered without let or hindrance, and ere long they heard the sound of many voices.

Ferguson opened the door of the room, and spoke to the man who kept guard.

"Ye must e'en be quiet for a bit," he said, "for there's a bit of discussion between Lord Grey, and MacCallum More. As for the Duke, he's in a sair temper."

As they entered they saw that some twenty or thirty men had assembled, and so eager were they in debate that they did not notice the newcomers.

Trelawney eagerly looked around the room, and was not long in singling out the Duke from the rest. As he looked, moreover, he did not wonder that he had been so favored in England. A more handsome or gallant-looking man he had never seen. Tall, dignified, and although not strongly built, his figure was one of peculiar elegance. Moreover, he was clad in brave attire, which added new charm to his frank and still somewhat boyish countenance. He did not seem happy, however. There was a somewhat impatient and petulant look on his face, although he seemed to agree with the sentiments uttered by the man who was speaking.

This was a man who appeared much older than the Duke, neither was he

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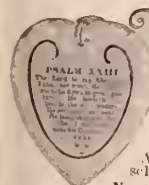

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The Chariots of the Lord

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 209

so elegantly proportioned. Nevertheless, he presented a brave appearance, and spoke with much eloquence and effect.

"I tell you I like it not," he was saying. "Never yet have I known a battle won by an army with many generals. It means confusion, indecision, and defeat."

"That's MacCallum More," said Ferguson. "A brave man, and a great man, but very stubborn. This hath been his bone of contention ever since we have talked of attacking the devil in two places."

"You speak," went on the Scotsman, "of the necessity of my going to my own people, and arousing the Campbells. And I say this can be done. You ask me to be the general, and yet I am to be no general. I am to be governed by a council. Ay, but a council means confusion; it means defeat."

"Ay, but my Lord of Argyle," said another, "you speak as though this were a mere carnal battle, where we depend on the power of the sword only. In the council will be godly men whom the Lord of hosts will guide. Besides, why should you object to what the son of a king hath consented to. Whenever hath there been a battle without a council of war? Besides, we do not want to dethrone one king in Scotland to set up another."

"What is that?" cried Monmouth.

"I mean to say, your Grace, that Master Ferguson hath been asked to draw up a proclamation to the effect that the King shall be chosen by Parliament."

Monmouth looked around the room angrily. "I like not the look of things," he cried. "As yet we have only vague assurances of either men or money. No man of standing hath communicated with us from England; as for the City of London, it seemeth to obey very much without question."

"So please your Grace," said Ferguson, stepping forward, "I think you'll be mistaken. The Lord is kinder to us than you thought for. For here are two noble gentlemen, who have but an hour ago come from the City of London bearing glad tidings of great joy."

"Ah, Ferguson," cried Monmouth, a change passing over his countenance. "Step forward, man, and tell your news."

"Nay, your Grace, as all the world knows, I am not a man of words, but a man of prayer and of deeds. I have prevailed with the Lord. This, your Grace, is Master Donald Stewart, who, as you know, bears one of the best names in Scotland, while here is Master Trelawney, a descendant of the great Sir John Trelawney, and nephew to the Bishop of Bristol."

Ferguson's voice grew sonorous as he spoke. He had evidently prepared this speech for effect, and it had not altogether failed.

The Duke's eyes shone with pleasure.

"Trelawney, eh," he said eagerly, "and nephew to Bishop Trelawney. I welcome you gladly, Master Trelawney, and trust you have good news for us."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE Duke of Monmouth seemed to take no note of Stewart; perchance this was because that worthy was a Scotchman. Not that he despised those who hailed from the north of the Tweed; nevertheless, he would rather have two men, bearing an old name from England, than twice as many from Scotland.

"My Lord Bishop of Bristol is your uncle, it seems," said the Duke presently.

"Yes, your Grace," replied Trelawney; "my father was his younger brother."

"And the Bishop, I have been told, is a stout Protestant?"

"Yes, your Grace. He upholds with all his heart the principles of the Reformation."

"Ah, that is well. And know you of the feeling which prevails in the town of Bristol?"

"Not much, I am afraid. My uncle told me there was much discontent there, on account of the King's behavior; but, as far as I can learn, it was mainly among the lower classes."

"Ah, it is always the same," said the young Duke angrily, and petulantly. "I am constantly hearing the same cry. The common people! the common people! But never do the heads of great houses send me messages. They all profess to uphold the Protestant faith, yet do they follow at the heels of my uncle like a flock of sheep. I did wrong to listen to you, Ferguson. A battle was never yet won by clodhoppers."

"As to that, I think your Grace is mistaken," replied Ferguson. "It seems not so long ago that the lairds, and men of high degree fell back before Oliver Cromwell. His men of the fens were sneered at because there were none of quality among them, yet did they rout Prince Rupert at Marston Moor, while even King Charles himself fled before them at Naseby."

"Yes, yes, but I am not Oliver Cromwell," replied Monmouth. "Besides, there were men of name in the Parliamentary army. But I have heard nothing of the news from London. Tell me what you know, Master Trelawney."

"It is difficult to answer," replied the young man. "There is much discontent there, especially with the King's Chief Justice. The cry everywhere there is, that the King is in league with a devil, and all good men would rejoice to see his power destroyed. Moreover, London is being filled with popish priests. This is causing much anger among the Protestants, and especially among the Dissenters."

"Ay, Dissenters, Dissenters! But among the Dissenters only a few men of influence are to be found. The dissenting clergy are good men, doubtless, but they have no following."

"Ay, but your Grace is mistaken," cried Ferguson. "They have a great following."

"But among whom?"

"Among men of God," cried Ferguson. "Among those who hate popery, and love the Word of God."

"Ay, but have they followers among the men who can command horses and swords? But you have spoken of a council in London. Who were at this council?"

Trelawney mentioned such names as he had heard of.

"Shopkeepers and commoners to a man," cried Monmouth. "Beyond Rashcliffe, there was not a man of family there. This Henry Dugdale, who seems to be a leader, is a man of no name."

"He comes of a good Scottish family," cried Ferguson again. "His father was a godly man, I myself knew him. A God-fearing merchant, that was what he was. A man who made plenty of siller, too."

"Ah, and that introduces another question," cried the Duke. "What promises of money were made?"

Trelawney again told what had taken place in respect to the promises which had been made, whereupon Monmouth again broke out impatiently:

"What is the good of that?" he cried. "If I am to dethrone my uncle we shall need great treasure to buy horses and provisions. When I have led armies to victory before, we have had gay uniforms, and merry music. The country will not arise because a few clodhoppers rally around my standard. I would you had left me alone at Brussels, Ferguson."

TO BE CONTINUED

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The Chapman Meetings at Syracuse, N.Y.

SYRACUSE is a city of about 125,000. Its church people are cultured and conservative along the lines of church work, and many ministers doubted and at first opposed the bringing of Dr. Chapman and his workers into the city. But doubters have become enthusiasts, and critics have become ardent champions. Never before in its history has Syracuse been stirred as by the Chapman Simultaneous Meetings, from January 21st to February 4th, inclusive. Two prominent laymen, the Hon. A. Judd Northrup and Mr. John Marsellus, both assert that neither have seen anything like it. Judge Northrup came to the city in 1859 and saw the Hammond, Mills and Moody meetings. He says the Chapman meetings, for wide and deep influence, far exceed the latter. Mr. Marsellus says the same thing. In the city proper were Dr. Chapman and seven other evangelists and their singers. Besides these were the Rev. Wm. Asher and wife, saloon evangelists, and the Rev. Mr. Schaeffer and singer, assisted by Miss Bertha Chapman. In the neighboring towns (Fayetteville, East Syracuse, and Fulton), evangelists and singers were also placed. Including everyone, there were about thirty workers.

* * *

In all, 141 meetings were held. Among these were three for men, and five for women, one Old Peoples' Meeting, and eighteen for children. Noonday meetings were held the last week, filling the Wieting Opera House. Twenty meetings were held in saloons and concert halls, reaching perhaps four thousand of these "neglected classes," scores of whom gave evidence of conversion. Fifteen shop meetings were held, and one midnight meeting in the theatre. The regular city work began in churches, each evangelist having a singer and chorus. But the people came in such great numbers to hear Dr. Chapman that, beginning with the second Sabbath and continuing through to the third Sabbath, inclusive, the Alhambra, the largest auditorium in the city, was rented, and from first to last, the night of a storm excepted, the great building was filled to overflowing. One Sunday night, two large adjacent churches which were opened, could not accommodate the overflow.

The last Sabbath afternoon men's meeting was one of the most wonderful ever seen. The great Alhambra was packed with men only. When Dr. Chapman asked those who wished to take a stand for Christ to go into the large main aisle, it was crowded from front to rear with men, who lifted up their hands for prayer.

The closing meeting, in the evening, in the Alhambra, and the last service for converts and workers at 10 p.m. in the First Methodist Episcopal Church, were of a like character. As we went to our homes last Sunday night, we could say, "We have seen strange things to-day."

It is too early to give results, but hundreds were saved, and many will unite with the church of their choice.

Syracuse, N. Y. FREDK. J. SAUBER, D.D.

ATLANTIC CITY SWEPT BY A REVIVAL

THE good people of Atlantic City, so long discouraged, are now rejoicing. All of the pastors of the city are now in the revival movement, which was brought about by Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, who, although unable to be present himself, except for one day, had Dr. Clarence B. Strouse, Dr. Robert Walton, and Dr. Arthur Smith, take charge of the work. Drs. Walton and Smith remained for two weeks, but Dr. Strouse, who had the Central District and took the leading part, was pressed by the pastors to continue ten days longer.

The largest churches would not hold the congregations, and the meetings were moved to the great Young's Pier Theatre, accommodating over two thousand people, where they have continued with great power; on several occasions as many being turned away as could get in.

Three very remarkable meetings for men have been held in the Savoy Theatre. Dr. Strouse is wonderfully used in getting great bodies of men deeply convicted and moved for God. He conducted all of the men's meetings. At least two hundred men came out in each meeting asking prayer, and many confessing Christ. On last Sunday afternoon great enthusiasm attended the services. An hour before the time announced the great Auditorium was packed with people, and many were turned away unable to get to the doors. A chorus of 210 voices, led by Mr. Harry Maxwell, has added greatly to the power of the meeting.

On many occasions, after Dr. Strouse had finished his powerful appeal, men have arisen by scores confessing Christ. When the invitation was given for them to come forward, they filled the aisles. Many say they have never beheld such wonderful scenes. The city is deeply stirred. A number of the prominent guests at different hotels have been in attendance. There have been many remarkable conversions from the worldly "society set," as well as those deeper in sin. A lady whose name is prominent in New York society, with tears in her eyes, rose for prayer in one meeting.

Pastors are enthusiastic, and many are arranging to continue meetings in their own churches. The wicked and worldly condition of the city makes this great awakening a remarkable one. An effort is being made to have Dr. Strouse return next summer, and take one of the great Auditoriums for meetings.

It is estimated that more than a thousand have accepted Christ. The greatest blessing has come in a quickening reclamation of the church. It seems as if God is ready to sweep our country with a mighty revival. G. B. FORT, *Sec'y.*

Present Sympathy

DO not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving, cheering words while their ears can hear them, and while their hearts can be thrilled and made happier by them; the kind things you mean to say when they are gone, say before they go. The flowers you mean to send for their caskets, send to brighten and sweeten their homes before they leave them.

If my friends have alabaster boxes laid away, full of the fragrant perfumes of sympathy and affection, which they intend to break over my dead body, I would rather they would bring them out in my weary and troubled hours, and open them, that I may be refreshed and cheered by them while I need them. I would rather have a plain coffin without a flower, a funeral without an eulogy, than a life without the sweetness of love and sympathy.

Let us learn to anoint our friends beforehand for their burial. *Post-mortem* kindness does not cheer the troubled spirit. Flowers on the casket cast no fragrance backward over life's weary way.

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The home is built, warmed, preserved, and sanctified by love. All true joy, mirth, discipline, culture, are rooted in affection. A palace, in which love is dead, is only a tomb; but even a thatched cottage, inhabited by it, is radiant with the light of the skies. G. A. WARBURTON.

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Philadelphia Mightily Stirred

PHILADELPHIA is being stirred to its centre by the revival campaign of Torrey and Alexander. Last Sunday at the afternoon and evening meetings about two hundred and fifty men, women and children arose to publicly confess Christ. Even on week nights, the Armory is regularly filled to overflowing with a throng of 5,500 people, while thousands are unable to secure admission.

The revival is not confined to the great mass meetings in the Armory, where nearly 10,000 people gather daily to listen to the evangelists, but the fire is spreading to the churches of the city and throughout the surrounding district. Day by day, pastors testify at the great meetings how God's Spirit is being poured out mightily upon their congregations, and week by week people are being gloriously saved. The members of one congregation have banded themselves together to pray and work especially for newspaper reporters, actors, policemen and cabmen.

The largest church in Philadelphia, the famous Grace Baptist Temple, is quickened as never before with revival fervor. In a recent sermon, Dr. Torrey told what Dr. Russell H. Conwell, the pastor of the Temple, had said to him the previous evening. Dr. Torrey said: "The most encouraging thing I have heard since I have been in Philadelphia is what Dr. Conwell said to me last night. He said, 'This mission is so different from other missions. The difference is that it is not so much a central mission as that it affects the churches. My church was never aroused as it is to-day; my people never went to work to win souls as they are doing to-day; never so many people were coming to me to find the way of salvation as are coming to-day.'"

At a recent testimony meeting a pastor arose and said: "We have had four converts at each of our Sunday evening services these last two weeks. Four others of our church were converted here, and twelve others were converted to personal work. Some of our members have been stirred up to do personal work everywhere. One man, whom I never thought would do it, has been speaking to people on the street-cars. He heard a conductor swear, and thought that was a good opportunity to invite him to the Mission. A lady in my congregation has been doing personal work with her milkman."

"Amen!" exclaimed Mr. Alexander, with fervor.

"We go out after blacksmiths and laborers," testified another.

"I have come from the coal regions to get some fire," said a man. "I shall carry it back, too."

* * *

Visitors continue to come from afar to witness the great work. One evangelist and his wife have come fifteen hundred miles to spend some time studying the revival. Another recent visitor was Dr. Cleland B. MacAfee, of Brooklyn, the successor of Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler. In a brief address, Dr. MacAfee said he brought greetings from Ira D. Sankey to Mr. Alexander, and that no one was praying more earnestly for the work of the evangelists than Dr. Cuyler. Among other visitors have been Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, Mrs. E. M. Whittemore, and Mr. E. O. Excell, the owner of the famous "Glory Song." The new revival songs used by the singing evangelist at the meetings have become instantly popular. Among the favorites are "The Pilot Song," written by Ada R. Habershon and composed by Robert Harkness, pianist of the Mission; "The Hand that was Wounded for Me;" "Only a Sinner Saved by Grace," and "The Old-Time Fire." Night after night the great gatherings sing the new songs with swinging enthusiasm, and no one can estimate their influence in deepening the revival fervor and in saving souls.

A telephone company has suspended a megaphone from the roof of the Armory in front of the big pulpit on which the evangelists stand, so that the preaching and singing are transmitted over the telephone wires throughout the city. All one has to do to listen to the revival service is to simply take the telephone receiver from the hook and ask Central to connect you with the revival auditorium.

One of the most striking and helpful features of the revival movement is the fact that, in response to the request of Dr. Torrey, thousands of Christians have made what are called "prayer lists," of their unsaved friends, and are praying and working earnestly for their conversion. Doubtless by this means tens of thousands of persons in Philadelphia are brought daily before the Throne of Grace. In telling the people how to make a prayer list, Dr. Torrey requested them to take a piece of paper and write at the top of it these words:

PRAYER LIST

God helping me, I promise to pray earnestly and work persistently for the salvation of the following persons.

He asked them to get down upon their knees before God and ask him to show them what names of their unsaved friends to put down upon their list. He tells them not to make the list too long, suggesting that it consist of from five to ten. He urges them to pray daily and work unceasingly as opportunity offers. He prayed for his own brother for fifteen years, and tells how he finally became a minister of the Gospel. Will not each reader of the CHRISTIAN HERALD follow Dr. Torrey's advice and form such a prayer list of unsaved friends? Such prayer and work might, with God's blessing, lead to a revival in your own community.

GEORGE T. B. DAVIS.

For Service in the Philippines

THE Second Battalion of the Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., which for three years and a-half has been stationed at Governor's Island, New York Harbor, is leaving for foreign service in the Philippine Islands by the way of San Francisco. It is rumored through the detachment that the Regiment will be held available for China. The Eighth Infantry was organized in 1838 and commanded by Colonel Worth, whose monument stands over his grave at the junction of Broadway and Fifth Avenue, New York City, a constant reminder to the busy world of this great soldier and his famous regiment. It served through the Seminole War, the Mexican War, the War of the Rebellion, through the Indian troubles on the frontier, the Cuban campaign, and finally in the Philippine campaign had an active part. On one occasion, through its persistent efforts, Gen. Calles and six hundred Filipinos, all well armed, were brought into subjection.

Over fifteen per cent. of the Battalion leaving for the Philippines are members of the Army Branch of the Y.M.C.A. Some of them are earnest Christians. One hundred belong to the Governor's Island Bible Study Club, which has had an average attendance during the entire fall and winter of about forty soldiers. One man has attended every session. There are about thirty members belonging to the Soldiers' Bible and Prayer League, an organization to promote systematic Bible study, which has enrolled 2,200 members in the United States Army. Several soldiers of this command are sons of ministers, who, as well as other boys from Christian homes, are followed by the prayers of parents. Surrounded as they are by peculiar and fierce temptations, they should be followed by the prayers of all who love the good name of our country.

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OUR MAIL-BAG

Questions and Answers

Letters for this department must contain name and address of the sender—not for publication, but in order that an answer may be sent by mail in cases where the inquiry is not of general interest.

L. B. P., Atlanta, La. Is it right to have a hot supper to get money to seat a church with?

Nothing absolutely wrong about it, we suppose, although we don't approve of such methods of raising money for church work. Gifts for God's house ought to be given spontaneously. There is too much of the old evil of commerce and money-changing in our modern church bazaars, fairs and suppers. All these things may add to the social life of a church, but they are very liable to detract from its spiritual character.

H. T., Crescent, N. Y. Where can this passage be found: "The Lord tempers the wind to the shorn lamb?"

It is from the writings of Lawrence Sterne, and appears in his book *A Sentimental Journey*.

J. H. B., Sharon Centre, O. What does Ecclesiastes mean by the spirit of the beast going downward? (Eccles. 3:21.)

The book of Ecclesiastes is the story of a man seeking happiness and contentment. He tries it in seeking wealth and influence and power, and turns away from each in disgust at his failure. The passage you quote is one of his exclamations of depression. He had arrived at the conclusion that the end of a man was no worthier than that of a beast. Death happened to both alike and who could tell whether the one was better than the other. Later on in the book, when he finds the solution to his problem, he had a different opinion.

W. S., Wichita, Kan. Please tell me where the following is to be found: "After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well"?

From Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, Act 3, Scene 2.

L. N., Kerkhoven, Minn. At revival meetings here, the pastor insists on calling for those coming out for Christ to rise to their feet. This has displeased some of the church-goers, who are staying away. Would it not be wiser to leave this out, thereby getting an audience to present the Gospel to, and then leave it to them personally to decide this most important question?

The pastor is right. There is nothing sensational in what you mention. Every one who claims to be a Christian ought to be willing to confess Christ before men. This open declaration of allegiance has a virtue all its own. See Matt. 10: 32, Luke 12: 8, Rev. 3: 5.

M. C., Waterford, Pa. Can you tell me where Columbus was buried?

He died at Valladolid, Spain, May 20, 1506, and was buried at Seville. His body was afterward taken to St. Domingo, but was removed, in 1796, to the Cathedral of Havana, Cuba. In 1898 the remains were returned to Spain.

Several weeks ago, the question in Mail Bag was asked if there is a day in every month when the moon never rises or sets. I answered no. I was in error. Suppose at a certain place the day is Monday and the time 11h. 45m. P.M., and that the moon is rising of course on Monday. In 15m. the day changes to Tuesday. The next night at midnight the day changes to Wednesday, but the moon is not rising, having by her monthly motion round the earth been at the time nearly an hour east, and so of course could not have been rising at the change of day on Tuesday. This singular fact I have never seen noticed or even hinted at in any astronomy published in the English language.

Marathon, N. Y. LOUIS SWIFT.

A friend, who has the cause of the famine-stricken Japanese farmers very warmly at heart, sends us this letter:

In the last faint flicker of an April day in 1904, the Japanese soldiers along the Yalu were reading a circular letter from their battalion chiefs: "All that the brave and loyal; all that the human are able to do, is certainly expected of you. That is not all. Your country and your emperor expect of you the impossible." And the expectation was fulfilled! Are not men made of such stuff well worth saving? With wounds yet unhealed, with tears yet undried upon the cheeks of the mourners, these invincible patriots have come back to waiting wives and mothers, sisters and sweethearts, only to encounter a more relentless foe than Russia. Before the dread enemy called Famine, even valor such as theirs must surrender.

Never let it be said that the people of America failed in appreciation of these heroes. Picture such courage, such high standards of honor, consecrated to the worship of the great Jehovah—to the service of Christ Jesus our Lord!

Do not call it charity. We are privileged in being allowed to sustain such a people through a sharp crisis. Send your tribute to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Japan Famine Relief Fund.

N. J., Hutto, Tex. Where does God first describe what he wants man to do?

The first material task is indicated in Gen. 2: 15, where the Scripture says he put man "into the garden of Eden to dress and to keep it." Thus the first divinely appointed work of man, even in Paradise, was that of a gardener—a tiller of the soil.

W. D., Indianapolis, Ind. What will be the saving in distance to steamers and sailing vessels by the Panama Canal?

San Francisco will be within fourteen days of New York, by 16-knot steamers, instead of sixty days. Chili, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, and other parts of the west coast of South America will be several thousand miles nearer to our Atlantic seaboard ports. It is impossible to over-estimate the advantages to our own commerce, and that of Europe also, that will be derived from the Canal.

J. S., Caledonia, N. Y. Artists in all ages have represented in their drawings the people and scenes with which they were familiar. In the temples of Pompeii, Thebes, Karnac, and other ancient cities, such pictures have been found. Modern artists have taken these as a basis for illustration. Photography is a comparatively recent invention.

A. L. M., Montville, O 1. In what year did the Dark Day occur? 2. When was Alexander Selkirk banished to the isle of Juan Fernandez, and for what crime?

1. The Massachusetts Dark Day (to which you probably refer), was May 19, 1780. The writers of that time tell how: "The whole visible heavens and atmosphere in New England were darkened, causing intense alarm to multitudes of people, as well as dismay to the brute creation. Thousands of good people believed the end of the world had come, and, giving up all secular work, betook themselves to religious devotions. The Connecticut Legislature did its business by candle-light. The phenomenal darkness began about 10:30 A. M. and continued all day. It was widespread, but its exact limits were never positively ascertained." Prof. Williams of Harvard, was of the opinion that excessive quantities of vapor floating near the earth's surface produced all the phenomena. 2. He quarreled (in 1706) with his commander and was "marooned," or put ashore, on the island, with a fowling-piece, ammunition, and a few necessaries.

Referring to an answer given in these columns to the question What is Christian Science, the following letter, giving a fuller explanation, has been received:

Will you allow me to supplement the kind definition you give of Christian Science in order that your readers may have a fuller knowledge of Christian Science healing? Christian Science teaches that God is Mind or Spirit, and that his creation is, therefore, ideal or spiritual; that "God saw everything that he had made, and, behold, it was very good"; that sin, discord and disease are not products of the divine Mind, hence have no existence in fact, and therefore, through such a communion with God as brings the patient into a consciousness of the divine omnipotence and omnipresence, the fear and consciousness of disease may be mentally destroyed and the body will respond accordingly. In Christian Science, bodily healing is the effect of spiritual regeneration.

Yours sincerely, ALFRED FARLOW.

Miss M. J. H., Jersey City, N. J. How can I raise goldfish in a globe? I am very fond of pets, but do not seem to have any luck with the fish.

Change the water in globe three times a week, keeping it the temperature of the living-room and first removing the fish in a cup—not a net. Feed once a day, with prepared fish-food, bits of raw beef, or, best of all, chopped worms.

Alberta, Dover, Del. Where is the Isle of Pines about which there has been trouble recently in Cuba and Washington?

The Isle of Pines (says a writer in the *National Geographic Magazine*), lies off the southern coast of Cuba. Its area is 986 square miles. It has two mountain ridges, which reach an elevation of about 1,500 feet. It has several small rivers of good water, and fine mineral springs, which possess remarkable curative properties. The climate is described as delightful and balmy. The wet season begins in June and lasts till October.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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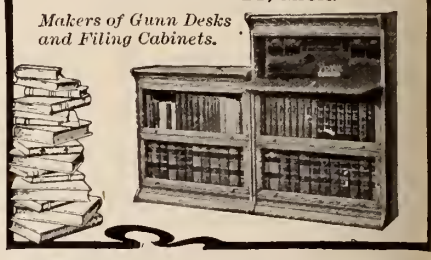

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OUR MAIL-BAG

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

R. B., Brookfield, Mass. When were the Young Women's Christian Associations founded?

In the United States they are an outgrowth of the Ladies' Christian Union of New York, established in 1858. The first Young Women's Christian Association was formed in Boston, Mass., in 1866.

S. M. D., New York. Will you kindly give information of the death of each of the twelve apostles? It has frequently been asserted that all of them suffered martyrdom, but I have in vain searched with all the means at my resouree for any recorded evidenee of the martyrdom of any of them except the two mentioned in the Bible, viz., James (the brother of John), and Judas.

The *Lives of the Apostles* give the following as the manner of their death: Matthew, martyred in Ethiopia; Mark, martyred in Alexandria; Luke, hanged in Greece; John, died a natural death in Ephesus; Peter, crucified at Rome; James the greater, beheaded at Jerusalem; James the less, beaten to death in Jerusalem; Philip, hanged at Hierapolis; Thomas, slain with a lance at Coromandel; Bartholomew, flayed alive; Jude, killed with arrows; Andrew, crucified; Simeon, crucified in Persia; Matthias, stoned and beheaded; Barnabas, stoned at Salamis; Paul, beheaded at Rome by Nero. These accounts are, of course, largely traditional.

M. H., Princeton, Mass. How are the floating islands, mentioned in physical geographies, formed?

They are often created by the detachment of portions of the river or lake bank; the interlaced roots of trees and plants forming a fabric strong enough to support sufficient soil for plants, or even trees, to grow in. In other cases, they are formed by the collection of driftwood, soil gradually accumulating on them. Some have been seen floating 100 miles from the mouth of the Ganges, bearing large trees. Lock Lomond, in Scotland, was long famous for a floating island that has since become stationary. There are a number near the Bay of Venice, in Italy.

N. R. R., Milford, Tex. Is it admissible for a preacher (or any one) to say "God can't do?" Would it not be better to say that he "will not do?" What seems impossible with man is possible with God. All things are possible with God.

In Heb. 6: 18, we are told that God cannot lie. As he is the source of all good, it is impossible for him to do evil. There might be some justification, therefore, for a preacher using the phraseology you quote, but it should be put in reverent language, to avoid misinterpretation.

E. F. C., Northern, N. Y. In this place a Y.M.C.A. has been started this winter with billiard, smoking and card rooms. Is it right to call this place a Christian association? Can a young man reach a high standard of Christian living and belong to this place, which is nothing better than a club?

A Y. M. C. A., with cards and smoking, is a step farther than any one we now know of. It is a step in the wrong direction. It is difficult to understand how such recreations, which are wholly worldly, can be reconciled with the avowed object of an organization which professes to bring young men to Christ.

Mrs. J. V., Germantown, Pa. What progress is being made in the Smoot case? Why doesn't the Women's Memorial Committee take some action, instead of waiting, week after week?

They will take no definite step until the Senate Committee, which has the Smoot case in charge, presents its report. Then the Memorials will be presented.

A. K., Bronxville, N. Y. In what part of the West are the Yaques Indians found?

They are in Mexico, in the south part of the State of Sonora, district of Guaymas. Their numbers are now greatly reduced. In the time of Cortez they numbered 300,000. Now there are about 15,000, of whom only 5,000 are able-bodied men. They are much superior in intelligence to other Indians, and are industrious and saving.

Four Generations

IN San Francisco, Calif., lives a somewhat remarkable Armenian family of four generations. The great-grandmother, Mrs. Mary Nadzigian, sitting on the left in illustration, is sixty-five years of age. The grandmother, Mrs. Ennice Kemalyan, holding the six months' old baby, is forty-eight. This lady has had a life varied with many interesting events, as her husband, Rev. C. G. Kemalyan, was a minister of the Gospel for fifteen years in various parts of Turkey, under the American Board of Missions in Constantinople. On coming to this country, Mr. Kemalyan was called to the pulpit of the Armenian Presbyterian Church in Worcester, Mass., where he preached for two years. He has been for many years a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. The younger woman standing in the centre of the picture, is Mrs. Lydia A. Matthews, twenty-six years old (a life subscriber of this journal), mother of the little ones, Grace Esther, four years old, and Baby Ruth Ennice, of the fourth generation. Great-grandmother, grandmother and mother were born and lived in Turkey, until the Armenian massacres, when they came to America.

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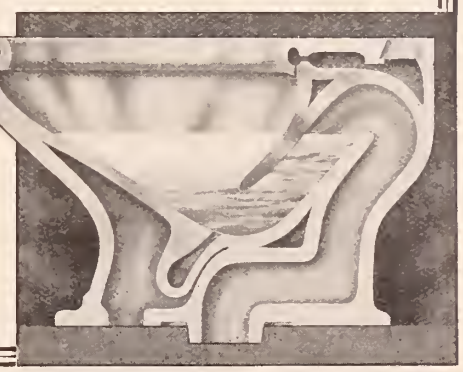

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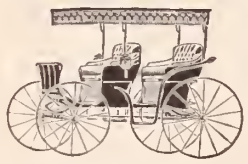

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MARTYRED IN CHINA

IN a letter from a missionary in Shantung Province, China, dated December 28, last, the writer gives the following details connected with the sad deaths of Dr. Chestnut, the woman medical missionary, and her associates, at Lienchow: "The terrible massacre at Lienchow came as a special shock to me. The lady physician who was killed, Dr. Chestnut, was a school friend of my late wife. The unfortunate woman was stripped of nearly all her clothing and thrown into the river, but being a good swimmer she swam to an islet where she stood for about a quarter of an hour, when one of the brutal murderers swam out with a spear and struck her down. It was all simply a sudden burst of unreasoning savagery, such as we may expect at any time in this as, too often, in our own country. Dr. Machle, of our mission there, objected to the occupation of some mission ground for the purposes of an idol festival. The point was conceded; but the rougher element were not appeased, and proceeded to loot the hospital, in which process they found a skull and some bones used for demonstrating anatomy to medical students. These they paraded through the streets as bones of 'victims of the ghoulish foreigners,' and the whole city was afire with excitement. They burned all the mission buildings and killed all the missionaries, except Dr. Machle and Miss Patterson, who escaped almost by miracle, though both, I understand, were badly wounded.

"The same thing may occur at any hour in any mission stationed in the interior of China. At the same time there is no use in being uneasy. We must be wise as serpents and harmless as doves and trust Him who sent us hither. If riot and death be our lot, his will be done. That is the only state of mind that one can harbor, if he would do good work in the interior of China. I have had myself to face a raging mob more than once, and our own premises here had a narrow escape from destruction some years ago as the result of an ill-advised act upon the part of one of our missionaries who had recently come, and did not fully understand the character of the people. I have recently completed my autumn's work of visiting the out-stations under my care. I had the privilege of examining thirty-seven candidates for baptism, of whom I received sixteen, and placed the rest on probation. I then extended my tour to Wei Hsien, and brought down my three older boys, who had come thither from school. A five-days' ride on a mule-cart, in the dead of winter, is not an enviable experience, and the little fellows thought that it was pretty cold at 3 A.M., at which early hour we had to arise from our hard beds in the wretched inns to get a good start for the day's journey. But we were wonderfully blessed with comparatively mild weather and good animals and (for China), good roads, so we made excellent time and came to no harm. Just at present I am engaged in teaching a class of thirty-eight inquirers, gathered from all parts of our field. Some can read and some cannot, but they all seem to be eager to learn the meaning of the Gospel which they have been led to accept. I give them an hour's lecture each morning on the fundamentals of Christianity; Mr. Armstrong gives the more advanced ones an hour on the outline of the Life of Christ, and one of the native preachers drills the less advanced pupils in the little catechism prepared by the wife of the late Dr. John L. Nevius, of Chefoo. The inquirers will be here about three weeks. I shall later take up the work of spring itineration. It is a very broken and strenuous sort of life, but there is no other way to carry on the work."

C.

ANSWERED PRAYERS

Mrs. C. B. S., Vermont. "I thank the Lord for his answer to my prayer."

W. O. S., Wyoming. "The Lord has answered many prayers for me, for which I praise his name."

Mrs. M. S., Illinois. "He heard my cry and answered me, and I am still trusting in his mercy."

Mrs. D., Missouri. "I believe in prayer as surely as I believe I am living. I have had many direct answers."

Mrs. E. R. M., Illinois. "Our prayers have been answered. What a wonderful Saviour is Jesus, my Lord."

Helen R., Ohio. "I prayed to the Lord and he answered my prayer. He is a kind Heavenly Father."

G. A. B., West Virginia. "I called upon the Lord and he heard me. He has heard my prayers many times."

A. M. G.O., Wisconsin. "My prayers have been answered many times. God hears and helps when no one else can."

F. W. J., Pennsylvania. "I know that if we ask in faith, we will be answered, and thank our heavenly Father for it."

Mrs. E. B. D., Michigan. "I wish to acknowledge God's goodness and thank him for his love, for he answered our prayers."

Mrs. W. B. L., New York. "My sister and I give thanks to our heavenly Father for his answers to our prayers of fifteen years."

Mrs. E. J. T., New York. "I asked God to care for my son and he has heard my prayer. I want to publicly acknowledge his goodness."

Mrs. M. P., Louisiana. "God has answered many prayers for me, and I still trust him for all things, both temporal and spiritual."

H. P. M., New York. "The Lord has answered our prayer after twenty years. Nothing is too hard for him. Praise his dear name."

G., Missouri. "I wish to publicly acknowledge God's goodness in answering my prayer for a dear one. For all things I give him thanks and glory."

Mrs. A. F. W., Michigan. "God has wonderfully removed a trouble from my heart in answer to prayer. I am glad to publicly acknowledge it."

Constant Reader, Maryland. "I wish to add my testimony to many others in regard to God's faithfulness in answering prayer. I know whereof I speak from experience."

A. E., Pennsylvania. "My prayers were not answered just as I wished and prayed for and thought could be the only way; but God in his goodness brought the same result."

H. F., Pennsylvania. "Encouraged by 'Answered Prayers' column, will you add my testimony. I was sick, and He healed me and restored my strength; for which I thank Him."

Mrs. M. D. H., Michigan. "Having been through the deepest waters of affliction, I earnestly prayed to God to spare me. I am now in perfect health. My heart is full of gratitude and praise."

A. O. R., South Carolina. "The answers to prayers I have had are more than I can number. Recently in our home we have had direct answers to prayer. I know that God takes note of our daily lives."

Mrs. J. F. D., Mississippi. "In time of great trial, the sudden illness of a loved son, our prayers were answered, and we were made to feel the nearness of the Lord, and his wonderful guiding power."

S. H., Pennsylvania. "I have been helped and encouraged by reading 'Answered Prayers.' I have enjoyed many precious blessed experiences at the hands of our loving heavenly Father, in answer to prayer."

M. B. C., Massachusetts. "My faith has been strengthened by reading the 'Answers to Prayer.' I wish to thank God publicly for many answers to my petitions, especially two very definite ones during the past month."

Constant Reader, New Jersey. "I wish to acknowledge publicly answers to prayers which I have received. Two burdens were lifted from my mind for which I render hearty thanks. O, that we would praise the Giver of all things for his goodness."

A Reader, North Carolina. "I read the 'Answered Prayer' column first. It alone is worth more than the subscription price of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. It helps me so much. I wish to testify again that I am sure God does hear and answer prayer."

Mrs. A. J. P., Wisconsin.

"This world is not just what it seems,
Our lives are full of empty dreams,
Of worry, toil and care;
Some do not call till 'tis too late,
Some bear it all for Jesus' sake,
But God will answer prayer."

Called Higher

With unshaken faith and mind clear to the last, though burdened with the weight of nearly ninety years, Mrs. Eliza N. Aiken, of Chicago, Ill., passed away on January 17, 1906. The procession which passed for over an hour before her coffin testified eloquently, though silently, to the love and reverence in which "Aunt Lizzie" was held by the Second Baptist Church, of which she had for many years been a member, and by the entire community in which she lived. For forty years she had filled a large place in the working force of the church; so unfaltering was her faith, so rich her experience, that young and old alike sought the ministry of her loving heart and willing feet. Shortly after her death, a unique incident occurred in the Bible School she loved so well. The question, "What was Aunt Lizzie to me?" was asked of the school; it brought such answers as these: "One who led me to Christ," "An inspiration," "A comforter," and best of all, "A living proof that there is joy in the Lord." Verily, her works do follow her.

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You save from 20% to 40% by buying a Kalamazoo Stove or Range direct from the factory at **lowest factory prices.** Moreover, you get a stove or range not excelled by any in the world. We guarantee quality under a $20,000 bank bond.

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360 DAYS APPROVAL
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Kalamazoo Stove Co., Mfrs.,
Kalamazoo, Mich.
All our cook stoves and ranges are fitted with patent oven thermometer which makes baking easy.

Oven Thermometer

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This is the best apron pattern ever offered and it is something every lady needs. You cannot fail to be pleased with this one and all new subscribers to the

People's Popular Monthly

will receive one free. This is a prize pattern. Takes 4¼ yds. of material one yard wide. Only 2 buttons. Small, medium and large size. THE PEOPLE'S POPULAR MONTHLY is a fine, 24-page beautifully illustrated home magazine for women and girls, filled with bright, interesting stories and well edited departments on Fancy Work, Home Dressmaking, Cooking, Flowers, Chats with Girls, etc. It is being improved with every issue and is now one of the most "popular" Story papers published. It would be cheap at 50c a year, but in order to introduce our magazine to new readers we send THE PEOPLE'S POPULAR MONTHLY a full year and the apron pattern for only 25c. Address,

Send for One Today.

PEOPLE'S POPULAR MONTHLY,
146 Manhattan Bldg.,
Des Moines, Iowa.

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(ESTABLISHED 1879.)
An Inhalation For
Whooping-Cough, Croup, Bronchitis, Diphtheria, etc.
Confidence can be placed in a remedy which for a quarter of a century has earned unqualified praise. Restful nights are assured at once.

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is a portable 100 candle power light, costing only 2 cts. per week. Makes and burns its own gas. Brighter than electricity or acetylene, and cheaper than kerosene. No Dirt. No Grease. No Odor. Over 100 styles. Lighted instantly with a match. Every lamp warranted. Agents Wanted Everywhere.
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FREEPORT MFG. CO., 391 Broadway, New York, Dept. 56

New Pansies, Sweet Peas, Carnations.

5 pkts, 5 colors, 10 cts.; 15 pkts, 25c.

Did you ever see 5 straight or circular rows of Pansies side by side, each a different color? If so, you know that the effect is charming. Did you ever see Childs' Giant Pansies, marvels in beauty and true to color? If not, you have not seen the best. Same with our new Sweet Peas and Carnations.

As a Trial Offer we will for 10 cts. mail 5 Pkts. **Giant Pansies,** SNOW WHITE, COAL BLACK, CARDINAL RED, PURE YELLOW, AZURE BLUE; also Five Pkts. **New Giant Sweet Peas** for **10 cts.,** WHITE, PINK, SCARLET, BLUE, YELLOW; also Five Pkts. new early flowering **Carnation Pinks** for **10 cts.,** SCARLET, WHITE, PINK, MAROON, YELLOW. **A Booklet** on Culture, big **Catalog,** and

All 15 Pkts. for 25 cts.

Will make 5 lovely rows of Pansies, 5 showy clumps of Peas, and 5 beds of Sweet Pinks that will bloom all summer in the garden and all winter in pots.

Our Catalogue for 1906—Greatest Book of Novelties,—Flower and Vegetable Seeds, Bulbs, Plants and New Fruits, 156 pages, 500 cuts, many plates—will be **mailed Free** to all who ask for it.

JOHN LEWIS CHILDS, Floral Park, N. Y.

PhiladelphiaRambler

This grand new Rose is the best hardy crimson kind. Very free in growth and bloom, flowers perfect, double and full. An Ideal Rose for all sections. Much stronger than the Crimson Rambler and does not mildew. Color is deep and intense crimson, and never fades. Blooms two weeks earlier than the Crimson Rambler, in clusters covering the bush.

A FINE PLANT FREE!

We will give you a strong, thrifty "Philadelphia Rambler" Rose if you will send us 10 cents for three months trial of our great magazine, FLORAL LIFE. It tells how, when and what to plant, prune and water; how to give winter protection; how to destroy insect enemies; of the soil and fertilizers which give best results, in short, all about how to grow flowers. Beautifully printed and handsomely illustrated. Six plants and six subscriptions, only 50 cents. Get five friends to join you and secure yours free. State when we shall ship plants.

Pubs. Floral Life, Bx 17, Springfield, O.

VICK'S (JAMES VICK'S SONS)
GARDEN AND FLORAL GUIDE
FREE FOR THE ASKING

Ten cents will bring you a packet of Vick's Branching Aster, mixed colors, our 1906 Catalogue, and a coupon good for 10 cents on next purchase of $1.00 from it. The Guide describes Vick's Violet King and Mikado Asters, two absolutely new ones, our own production, good specimens of Vick Quality. Send for the Catalogue anyway. Its free.

JAMES VICK'S SONS
409 Main St. Rochester, N. Y.

Wheeler's Seeds
Are Sold on Honor

For 10c. we will send Wheeler's Perfection Collection of 6 large pkts.—one each of Fancy Pansies, Giant Nasturtiums, choice Poppies, Perfection Dianthus, Giant Crimson Radish, New Peerless Tomato

Our Superb 100-page Catalogue describes all that is newest and best in Vegetables, Flowers and Roses. It is free, send for it to-day.

ELBRIDGE E. WHEELER
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BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

Northern Grown SEEDS
OUR GRAND NEW BOOK — Plants, Bulbs, Trees. — FREE TO ALL
L. L. May & Co., St. Paul, Minn.

TREES THAT ARE CHEAP in price and of the best quality, free from disease and true to name. Complete assortment. Due bill good for 25c and catalogue free. Freight paid on $10 Orders.

25 Grafted Apple Trees	$1.00
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FAIRBURY NURSERIES, Box H, Fairbury, Neb.

STARK FRUIT BOOK
shows in NATURAL COLORS and accurately describes **216 varieties** of fruit. Send for our terms of distribution.
We want more salesmen.—Stark Bro's, Louisiana, Mo.

Field and Garden

W. Atlee Burpee & Co., come out this year with a *Thirtieth Anniversary Edition* of their *Farm Annual*, its flower and vegetable illustrations so perfect that one almost smells and tastes them. Every page reveals fresh proof of the best of its kind from the "seeds that grow," while the record of gold medal prizes from National and State Fairs, is a sweeping one. Mr. Luther Burbank, the California "wizard of horticulture," testifies that Burpee's Fordhook trial grounds gave him his best object lesson in the East. On these grounds and at Sunny Brook Farm, N. J., 23,000 soil tests were made in 1905, and only the seeds possessing the largest percentage of vitality were put upon the market. Special anniversary premiums are offered. W. Atlee Burpee & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

The useful competes with the beautiful in the charm of Peter Henderson's *Catalogue for 1906*, which sets forth an artistic Dutch garden scene on its front cover, balanced by the ideal vegetable garden on the back. Between these covers there is a wealth of "Everything for the Garden" depicted in such alluring variety that one longs for seed-time and harvest, especially for the Fourth of July and a saucer of "Henderson's telephone peas." A table spread with such vegetables and garnished with such blossoms would make a cannibal turn vegetarian. A special collection of seeds for "Flowering garden annuals" gives promise that the desert shall blossom as the rose, illustrated by a brilliantly colored engraving of the garden as it will look next August. Peter Henderson & Co., 35 and 37 Cortlandt Street, New York.

Did you ever see an "America" gladiolus? It is worthy of its name, and a picture of it adorns the catalogue issued this year by John Lewis Childs, whose gardens at Floral Park, N. Y., occupy over three hundred acres of land, one hundred and thirty of which are devoted to gladioli alone. Mr. Childs advertises a large supply of improved varieties and novelties in seeds, bulbs and plants. He has recently established a ranch in California, taking advantage of its soil and climate to grow there a wonderful collection of semi-tropical flowers and fruits. Do not forget that most popular horticultural magazine, *The Mayflower*, is published by Mr. Childs, of Floral Park, at the nominal subscription price of fifty cents for three years.

Watermelons and onions, "phlox drummondi" and petunias follow each other in tantalizing profusion through the pages of Ferry's *Seed Annual*. A showing of single pinks, "dianthus heddewigi," holds the attention until the beauties of Chalk's early jewel tomato and the Tennessee green pod bean diverts the fickle mind from eye to stomach. "We sow rightly to reap abundantly," is an announcement which augurs well for the success of the customer who orders from this well-known firm. D. M. Ferry & Co., seedsmen, Detroit, Mich.

Seeds "grown in the golden grain belt of the world" are those of L. L. May & Co., St. Paul, Minn. Propagated in this climate, thoroughly tested and improved, seeds must reach the highest mark of perfection. Every order filled will be accompanied by a year's subscription to the *Farmers' Weekly Dispatch*.

A catalogue from Green's Nursery Company, Rochester, N. Y., shows a live-forever rose, used as a hedge, which every flower grower must covet. Green's hardy blackberry, also, is a triumph of the grafter's skill, but perhaps the specialty of these nurseries is their enormous mail-order trade in young trees and small fruit plants. Fruit growers will do well to note the Supply Department of the catalogue.

"There's pansies, that's for thoughts," turn their bright faces from the modest cover of an annual sent out by Miss Emma V. White, 3010 Aldrich Avenue, South Minneapolis, Minn. They are grown from her own Royal Challenge strain, and she asks only a trial of her seeds, which are sent out with a warrant for growth under normal conditions. Miss White issues a valuable little book, called *Culture of Flowers*, for the small sum of ten cents.

"Do you know how to beautify your yard?" asks the Conard & Jones Company, West Grove, Pa. If not, they will send you a book of instruction, giving a complete planting plan, with suggestive lists of things most sure to succeed. These flower-growers make a specialty of roses, and are constantly bringing out novelties, among which the Star of France, a tea rose, is exceptionally fine, either for forcing or cutting.

The Maule *Seed Book for 1906* is a boon to market gardeners. It includes a series of fine photographs of the Maule trial grounds, with views of their extensive mail order and shipping departments. No confusing discounts are offered, but for every dollar's worth of seeds ordered, you may select fifty cents extra in packets of flower or vegetable seeds. Mammoth Bimze turkeys and tidy Plymouth Rock poultry are among those classified as first-class for breeding purposes, while the farmer may select from many breeds fresh and reliable eggs for hatching. William Henry Maule, Philadelphia, Pa.

Miss Ella V. Baines, the woman florist of Springfield, O., puts the Baby Rambler upon the cover of her catalogue, as "the only rose that will bloom all the time." The "Elite" collection of six monthly carnations is a bargain at thirty cents. Miss Baines guarantees her shipments to reach their destination in growing condition at any season of the year.

THE PATH TO SUCCESS

Climb, by steady steps and slow;
Few can mount by canvas wings,
Or by buoyant, gas filled sphere
Up above the common things
That surround us here.

But the mountain path invites
All inspiring souls to rise,
Up into the very skies;
Step by step, and hour by hour,
Till, upon the loftiest heights
They shall stand in conscious power—
Power, the fruit of climbing so.

HENDERSON'S —GIANT— FLOWERING NASTURTIUMS.

NEW hybrids; flowers of great size and a richness and variety of coloring not found in other Nasturtiums, including shades of rose, salmon, bright red, pale yellow, etc., either self-colored or spotted, mottled, striped, and margined.

For trellises, fences, arbors, piazzas, etc., nothing can equal the gorgeous effect produced by their quantities of bloom, borne from early summer until frost. Of easy culture; 12 to 15 feet high.

Price of Seed: Mixed Colors, 10c. per packet.

To give these Nasturtiums the greatest possible distribution we make the following liberal offer:

EVERY EMPTY ENVELOPE
COUNTS AS CASH

To everyone who will state where this advertisement was seen, we will send the seed enclosed in a Coupon Envelope which, when emptied and returned, will be accepted as a 10c. cash payment on any order of one dollar or upward.

In addition, we will send free of charge,

Henderson's 1906 Catalogue
"EVERYTHING for the GARDEN"

188 pages, beautifully illustrated from photographs, 8 colored and 6 duotone plates, with descriptions of everything best in seeds, plants, bulbs, and garden accessories.

PETER HENDERSON & CO., —35 AND 37— CORTLANDT ST., NEW YORK.

BEAUTIFUL EVER-BLOOMING ROSES.

A Liberal Offer of Beautiful Roses, including the most beautiful hardy climbing rose in existence, the **"Crimson Rambler."** All handsome, well-rooted, hardy plants. Last year's offer was accepted by thousands and all were delighted. Your homes and flower beds made more beautiful at trifling expense. A very small sum secures a wealth of Beauty and Fragrance which will last for months. The Rose is the most popular flower and every family should grow them in profusion. This is the finest collection of **CHOICE EVER-BLOOMING ROSES** ever offered as a Premium at a popular price.

In order to more thoroughly introduce **The Housewife** we will send it for one year including Six Splendid Roses, as described below, for only **Forty** Cents.

THE HOUSEWIFE

The Most Helpful Household Publication in America. Nothing Frivolous, nothing Trashy, but Healthy and Wholesome Entertainment and Instruction for the American Housewife. Among the departments in THE HOUSEWIFE are the following: **Among the Flowers,** Edited by Eben E. Rexford, **Mother's Hour, The Kitchen, The Best Ways, Literary World, With Needles and Hooks** and others. The stories printed in THE HOUSEWIFE are always **Bright, Interesting and Wholesome.** Hundreds of **New Ideas, Useful Hints and Helps** in every number and Beautifully Illustrated. THE HOUSEWIFE aims constantly to be Timely and Practical.

The Roses given are as follows: **New Climbing Rose, CRIMSON RAMBLER.**—One of the striking characteristics of this Rose is its remarkable color, which is of the brightest crimson, which remains undimmed to the end. It is exceedingly hardy.

The Coppery-Yellow Rose, **FRANCISKA KRUGER.**—In its shading of deep coppery-yellow it stands unique and distinct from all others. The Charming Rose, **THE BRIDE.**—This is undoubtedly the finest white Rose ever offered to the public. The Famous Rose, **HELEN GOULD.**—The strongest growing, freest blooming and hardiest Hybrid Tea Rose now known. It is one of the largest and fullest of red Roses; long, plump buds, forming flowers of grand size and great beauty. The Prolific Rose, **STAR OF LYON.**—This magnificent Tea Rose is a rich golden-yellow; a strong, healthy and vigorous grower; immense bloomer, bearing flowers and buds early and late. The Beautiful and Hardy Rose, **BRIDESMAID.**—Popular pink Rose. It is a delightful shade of bright pink, very fine flowering and easily grown. These six varieties make a splendid and satisfactory collection. The Roses are carefully packed and sent by mail postpaid.

For only **Forty** Cents we will send THE HOUSEWIFE a **full** year and the **SIX ROSES** as above described. Early orders secure the best selections. Remit by P. O. money order or in postage stamps. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. This is a splendid offer by a reliable concern, therefore you can safely order.

Address THE HOUSEWIFE, 56 Duane St., New York.

LIVE-FOREVER PINK ROSE AS A HEDGE. 10 to 20c EACH PLANT.

This hardy and beautiful rose blooms abundantly every year, 500 roses on one bush, and succeeds everywhere. It is especially desirable for bedding, for the rose hedge or as a climbing rose. No garden is complete without this rose which endures more neglect than any other, and is less troubled by insects. Price of Live-Forever Rose; 2 year bushes, 20c each, 12 for $2.00, 50 for $7.50. Price of 1 year bushes by mail post-paid for hedges, 10c each, 12 for $1.00, 50 for $4.00.

TREES FOR SALE All of the best hardy varieties of fruit trees, small fruit plants and vines true to name. **Buy direct from grower and save 35 percent.** Green's New Illustrated Catalog, also a copy of Green's Big Fruit Grower Magazine Free. Send postal card for them today. Address, **GREEN'S NURSERY CO., 401 Wall St., Rochester, N. Y.**

Send Me 8 cents

and names of 2 flower loving friends. I will start you with 4 packets of pure, fresh seed—**Dwarf Nasturtiums**—20 kinds; **Royal Show Pansies**—100 colors; **Sweet Peas**—40 varieties; **Asters**—all kinds. **FREE—"Floral Culture"** and **14th Annual Catalog,** with big list of rare seed bargains; also my offer of $100 cash prizes for pictures of best lawns and yards sown with the famous Lippincott seeds. Write TODAY before you forget.

MISS C. H. LIPPINCOTT, 518 10th St., S., Minneapolis, Minn.
Pioneer Seedswoman of America.

DEAFNESS
"The Morley Phone"

A miniature **Telephone for the Ear**—invisible, easily adjusted, and entirely comfortable. Makes low sounds and whispers plainly heard. Over fifty thousand sold, giving instant relief from deafness and head noises.

There are but few cases of deafness that cannot be benefited
Write for booklet and testimonials.

THE MORLEY COMPANY, Dept. E.
31 South 16th Street, Philadelphia.

BURPEE'S SEEDS GROW! If you want the **Best Seeds** that can be grown, you should read **The Thirtieth Anniversary Edition of BURPEE'S FARM ANNUAL FOR 1906,** so well known as the "Leading American Seed Catalogue." It is mailed **FREE to all.** Better write **TO-DAY.** **W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO., PHILADELPHIA, PA.**

Strawberry Plants Large stock of thrifty, young plants from a strain of prolific fruit bearers. Also Trees, Vines, California Privet, Asparagus Roots, Garden Tools, Spray Pumps, etc. Catalog free. Write.
ARTHUR J. COLLINS, BOX 400, MOORESTOWN, N. J.

ALL LANDS SANG HER POEM

MRS. JEMIMA LUKE, widow of the Rev. Samuel Luke, who died at her home at Newport, Isle of Wight, on Feb. 2, in her ninety-first year, was the author of one of the most popular hymns in

The Late Mrs. Jemima Luke
Who wrote "The Sweet Story of Old."

the English language—"I think when I read that sweet story of old." The M.S. as it left her hands, was as follows:

THE CHILD'S DESIRE
Mark 10: 14-16

I think, when I read that sweet story of old.
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children as lambs to his fold,
I should like to have been with them then.
I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arms had been thrown around me,
And that I might have heard his kind voice when he said:
"Let the little ones come unto me."

JEMIMA LUKE, 1841.

Copied, Newport, I. W., Nov. 22, 1903.

The hymn was first published sixty-five years ago, in *The Sunday School Teachers' Magazine* of England. Mrs. Luke, who was a Congregationalist, became prominent two years ago as a passive resister, and was summoned for the non-payment of the education tax. She was very greatly beloved by a large circle of friends.

Christ's Sermon*

ONE step forward in the spiritual life is made in the Sermon on the Mount. It seems on the surface a small step, but the change it comprises is enormous. Moses had proclaimed the law given on Sinai in a series of prohibitions. "Thou shalt not" was a law of restraint. That law was satisfied if a man refrained from doing the things he was forbidden to do. But now Christ declares that in his kingdom that is not sufficient. The goodness that abstains must become active and must go deeper. It is not enough that the injured man shall exact no more than he suffered; he must love his enemy. It is not sufficient that a man keep himself from vice; he must not desire vice. The law of Moses, like our laws, has to do with overt transgressions; the law of Christ takes cognizance of motives and dispositions. The Levite broke no law when he saw the wounded man and passed by on the other side; but the law of Christ declares that he who sees another in need and does not help him is unfit for the kingdom.

The result of all this is character. The kingdom of heaven is for the heavenly-minded. They alone are blessed. Not what a man has, but what he is determines his standing. Here is the solution of the problem that so puzzled Ecclesiastes. The quest for the chief good in life ends not in great possessions, in fame or in power, but in character. To be good, to be loving and helpful, to be peacemakers, unselfish, merciful, forbearing, long-suffering—that is to be blessed. Such men may not only look for heaven at the end of their lives—they enjoy heaven in this life. The kingdom of heaven is within them. Their environment is hostile, and it is in the change of that environment that heaven consists. All that grieves, all that opposes, all that irritates and distresses will be removed, and the heavenly spirit will develop like a plant set in the sunlight. Finally, Christ explains how such character may be attained. It is in union with him, striving to follow him and in receiving and welcoming the Holy Spirit which he will give.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for March 18. Christ's Summary of Conduct. Matt. chapters 5, 6 and 7.

Glory in Victory*

MEN who go out to fight their country's battles, and having won the victory, are often spoken of as coming home covered with glory. They have slain the enemy, have overcome and vanquished their foes. Yet, as history testifies, such men sometimes fall before other enemies. Like Samson, their physical power, their courage and their valor, fail them in other conflicts. Delilah, as the event proved, was a more dangerous enemy than the Philistines. They could not overcome the ancient Hercules, but she, with her wiles, won the victory. So it has been in modern history. One of the greatest generals the world has ever produced, became weak and vulnerable when the temptation of money was presented to him. The really great man is he who is strong against enemies of all kinds, whose moral and spiritual strength and courage is equal to his physical courage.

Life is a confliet for every one; it is a severe conflict for the Christian. Enemies surround him on every hand, and he has enemies within the citadel. He must live among sin, yet remain pure. He is tempted, yet must keep his integrity. He sees opportunities for indulging the passions within him that are clamoring for satisfaction, yet he must not yield to their demands. There is many a man who daily fights a battle for principle and righteousness more intense and fierce than the soldier in the field. No one knows of it no one puts the crown of victory on his head if he wins; no one recognizes his heroism. But there is a glory in it that he realizes, and he has the satisfaction of knowing that the Master whom he serves, sees and knows what the struggle has been. To him that overcometh there are many promises, not one of which shall fail. But it is not of that he thinks in his struggle. To do the right, to resist the evil, to triumph over the baser cravings of his lower nature, that is the compensation he has in this life. It doth not yet appear what he will be, but whatever that may be, he knows it will be good, and that the glory of the struggle will be seen and known.

*Topic of the Epworth League for March 18. The Glory of Christlike Lives. John 17: 22-24; Col. 3: 9, 10; II Peter 1: 4; II Timothy 4: 7, 8; I John 3: 1-3.

Books Received

A Ray for Each Day from the Sun of Righteousness, by Rev. Allen H. Tupper. A convenient little book of texts for the whole year. Published by the author at Fifteenth Street Baptist Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

St. Cuthbert's, by Robert E. Knowles. A story that is appropriately dedicated to "The Canadian Pilgrim Fathers," and which will hold a deep interest for Dominion readers. Price $1.50. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, London and Toronto.

A Book of Old English Love Songs, with introduction by Hamilton Wright Mabie: and decorative drawings by George Wharton Edwards. A quaint volume that will please book lovers. Price $1.25. The Macmillan Co., New York, publishers.

The World Almanac and Encyclopedia for 1906 is replete with usefnl data and interesting information. An invaluable adjunct to student or business desk. Issued by the Press Publishing Company, Pulitzer Building, New York. Price 25 cents.

The Universal Elements of the Christian Religion, by Rev. Charles Cuthbert Hall, D.D. An attempt to interpret contemporary religious conditions. Pp. 309. Price $1.25. Published by the Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, Chicago and Toronto.

Miss Desmond, by Marie Van Vorst. This popular writer has produced a book whose interest is scarcely indicated by its title. Once began, the reader will be sorry to lay the story down until finished. Published by The Macmillan Company New York. Price $1.50.

The Old Family Doctor, by Henry C. Brainerd, M.D. The author, from his long personal experience, has written an interesting story, dealing with real life and real people in a way that cannot fail to interest his readers. Price $1. The Arthur H. Clark Company, Cleveland, O.

Greek Prose Composition, for Use in Schools, by Clarence W. Gleason, A.M. This book follows "a carefully prepared grammatical scheme," starting with the simplest sentences. It is one of the best efforts we have seen, to put a usually dry subject in an attractive form. American Book Company, New York and Chicago, publishers.

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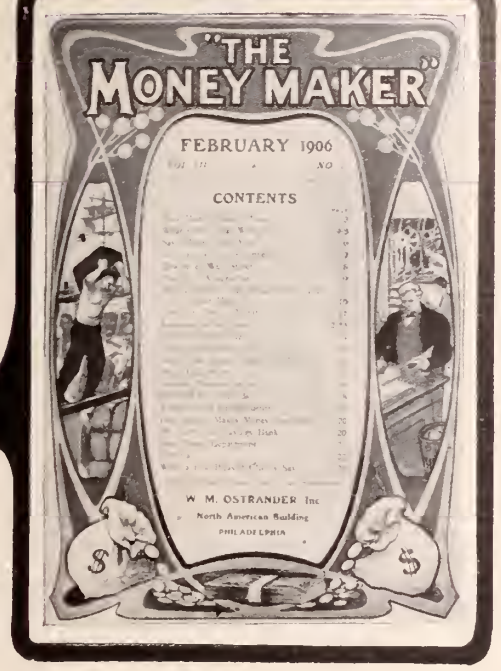

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Experience of a Minister Who Tried to Think That of Coffee.

"A descendant of the Danes, a nation of coffee drinkers, I used coffee freely till I was 20 years old," writes a clergyman from Iowa. "At that time I was a student at a Biblical Institute, and suddenly became aware of the fact that my nerves had become demoralized, my brain dull and sluggish and that insomnia was fastening its hold upon me.

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"I was so accustomed to a hot table beverage and felt the need of it so much, that after abstaining from coffee for a time and recovering my health, I went back to it. I did this several times, but always with disastrous results. I had about made up my mind that coffee was a necessary evil.

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Christ's Early Years

By Mrs. M. Baxter

THE high priest, and all the chief priests and scribes, were asleep, in more senses than one, when Jesus was born. They were not so much as on the outlook for him, as were those who "looked for redemption in Jerusalem" (Luke 2: 38). God is more at home with a child Samuel, a herdsman Amos, a few captives who were students in Babylon, a few shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem, than with the mighty and learned of the world, of whom "not many are called." Those who are not dazzled by their own greatness have eyes to see the greatness of God; and it was to such that the birth of the Messiah was made known.

The shepherds knew that unto them was born a Saviour, when the whole world which he came to save was utterly unconscious of the fact. The greatest things which God works are so done that those whose hearts are in the world, and who have no eyes for the Divine, continue in ignorance of what is happening. A Child was born to a poor woman in trying circumstances, on a journey, in an overcrowded inn-yard, where many tents were pitched, and her refuge was the stable. This was known to but a few. But there was a stir above, among the hosts of angels; they knew what was happening, and that this child was the Son of God. They knew that such an unprecedented event meant for this lost world of fallen creatures more than they could ever estimate. But the world went on as usual that day, and only the shepherds knew and carried the tidings to their acquaintances. And God was satisfied, and suffered "the Son of his love" to come, thus unmarked and unknown into this lost world!

But there were others that found Jesus: the wise men from the East. "They that were his own" received him not; but from a far country came those whose hearts God had opened, to do homage to a king who was not to be king over their land; but "King of the Jews." To them the new-born babe had a value and significance which the very people whose own he was could not see.

Our beloved Lord came as the infant, and grew to be the boy Jesus. We have thus a glimpse of his holy boyhood, intent on his Father's business, letting nothing take precedence; his heart was in the temple and in the conversation with the doctors about the Word of God, and yet he returned from Jerusalem with Joseph and Mary, subject to them. Thus as a boy he bore witness against that disobedience in the heart of man which brought about the fall, and he carried out to the full his own words: "I came down from heaven not to do mine own will, but the will of Him that sent me" (John 6 : 38). He dignified obedience, and made subjection royal. He learned first to endure in the family life at Nazareth among growing children of the family, who, even in the days of his ministry, did not believe on him.

And he, the pure and holy one, was baptized that he might in this figure take our nature with him into death, and in figure raise it again. But how few understood all it meant! Who was there looking on that knew how all humanity was represented and headed up in that one humble man whom John baptized? And then the Holy Ghost, who was the author of his human life, came upon him in power for his ministry: the very same power which is our only power to do or say or be what is holy. Oh, this wonderful life and power which he shares with us! All things are possible to him who dwells within.

And then the great and sore temptation of the desert, the forty days and forty nights fast, in such a presence as that of the devil; the mighty sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God, by which he conquered, all to show us how, and to empower us to conquer, too.

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MISS COCROFT AT HER DESK

EVERY WOMAN should preserve her health, strength, beauty, poise and, with these, her happiness. It is my success in treating nearly 18,000 women and my knowledge of what my work has done for them that makes me know I can do as much for you.

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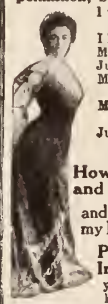
Only 15 Minutes a Day Give me 15 minutes of your time each day, in your own home, by following my simple directions. Just a little care is all you need to make you the ideal woman of your type. Do not say it is impossible, that nature has not given you the first requirements of health and beauty—I know it is possible; I have accomplished it for thousands.

Drugs are Dangerous

I use no drugs. I never treat a pupil I cannot help. If I cannot help you I will tell you so.

I Keep Women Young Do you think "True Motherhood" means devotion of mother to her family and neglect of herself? True?—No, the true mother is true to her sacred duty of preserving and protecting herself, that she may be of greatest service to her family. The mother needs health, strength, and lightness of heart that she may be a true wife—the delight of her husband, his joy, rest, social help and inspiration, not a slaving, suffering dead weight for his pity. The true mother keeps well, beautiful and young, that she may enjoy the confidence and admiration of her children.

If you could sit beside me, at my desk, I could, if I would, show you, daily, hundreds of letters from pupils I have helped. I never violate a confidence, never show a letter without permission; but here are a few snatches from one morning's mail:



I wish every nervous teacher could know what benefit is to be derived from your physical culture.

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My constipation and biliousness are entirely relieved.

Just think how I have gained since I began with you, from 112 to 137½ lbs. in one year.

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My head is steady, the confused feeling having passed away. It is the best spent money ever used for myself.

Just think, Miss Cocroft, before I took up your work I could not eat anything without the greatest distress, and now I think I could DIGEST TACKS. I am so happy.

How to Stand and Walk Remember, I give you personal instruction, after careful study of your symptoms and condition. When you request details about my lessons, I send you my general book free. This outlines my methods, and gives you many valuable health hints. With this book I will send, also free, my lesson on **Poise**, which teaches you how to **stand and walk.**

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I never publish letters without special permission, though I can send you hundreds of testimonials from women I have helped, who are only too glad to have me show their letters.

SUSANNA COCROFT, 57 Washington St., Dept. 18 CHICAGO

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the greatest newspaper in the world. The subscription price is $1.00 per year. 313 issues for one dollar. Among the many valuable features EACH DAY, will be the market reports of the nation. The telegraph news of the world. The daily fashion news from Europe. The letter from Washington, contributed by a well-known Government official, giving the real INSIDE of matters. A daily short story. Special articles of interest to women. Foreign correspondence from European capitals. Editorials by men and women who are doing things. Special articles of intense interest will appear from time to time, and this paper, the PEOPLE'S newspaper, will take up the battle of the people without fear or favor. One of the leading articles, beginning with the early issues, will be the story of the assassination of The People's United States Bank, with documents and evidence that will set every American to thinking HARD. We have set the mark at one million paid subscribers for the first issue. We want YOUR subscription. For one dollar, this great newspaper will be sent you every day for one whole year (Sundays excepted). We also want an active, responsible man or woman in each town or city as our representative. Liberal terms offered. No matter where you live or how many daily papers you now take, you cannot afford to miss the Woman's National Daily. There will be something in almost ever issue worth the year's subscription price to YOU. It will be one daily newspaper in America that will not fear to handle matters without gloves. Send us YOUR subscription TO-DAY. Address

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The extra $10,000.00 in commissions are for those who get to work NOW, the competition to close the day the first regular issue of the Woman's National Daily comes out. We cannot tell at present the exact date, as that will depend largely on the prompt delivery of the great new presses, but every effort is being made to bring out the first regular issue as *early* as possible, and agents will be notified *in advance* as promptly as possible of the date of the first regular issue.

The Lewis Publishing Company will, in addition to the regular commission of 25% (which each agent can deduct and retain from the money sent us), give ten special commissions of $1,000.00 each, or a total of $10,000.00 in cash to those who send us the greatest number of subscriptions to the new "Woman's National Daily" before the first regular issue appears.

In order that this award may be absolutely fair, we have divided the agents into ten classes, so that those in rural and thinly inhabited districts shall NOT have to compete with those in larger towns and cities. You may live in the country and only be able to send in a half dozen subscriptions and yet be the leader in your class and EARN $1,000.00 CASH, besides your regular commission. Those living in the larger towns and cities have the advantage of making larger commissions, because of the greater opportunity to secure subscriptions. It is fair on all sides, and whether you earn one of the $1,000.00 commissions or not you will be well paid for your work by the 25% commission which you keep out of each $1.00 subscription when you send it to us. IF YOU COLLECT IN ADVANCE, you do NOT have to WAIT for your commissions, you deduct 25 cents from each dollar subscription for your work, the $1,000.00 awards being extra and above the regular commissions.

Your subscribers do NOT have to pay for the paper in advance of publication of the new daily unless they wish to.

THE TEN CLASSES

Class 1. $1,000.00 will be awarded to the agent in a rural district, outside of any town or city, who sends us the greatest number of subscribers between now and the issuing of the first regular number of the Woman's National Daily.

Class 2. $1,000.00 will be awarded to the agent in a town of less than 500 inhabitants who sends us the greatest number of subscribers.

Class 3. $1,000.00 will be awarded to the agent in a town of less than 1,000 and more than 500 inhabitants who sends us the greatest number of subscribers.

Class 4. $1,000.00 will be awarded to the agent in a town of less than 2,000 but more than 1,000 inhabitants who sends us the greatest number of subscribers.

Class 5. $1,000.00 will be awarded to the agent in a town of less than 3,000 and more than 2,000 inhabitants who sends us the greatest number of subscribers.

Class 6. $1,000.00 will be awarded to the agent in a town of less than 5,000 and more than 3,000 inhabitants who sends us the greatest number of subscribers.

Class 7. $1,000.00 will be awarded to the agent in a town or city of less than 10,000 and more than 5,000 inhabitants who sends us the greatest number of subscribers.

Class 8. $1,000.00 will be awarded to the agent in a city of less than 20,000 and more than 10,000 who sends us the greatest number of subscribers.

Class 9. $1,000.00 will be awarded to the agent in a city of more than 20,000 and less than 35,000 inhabitants who sends us the greatest number of subscribers.

Class 10. $1,000.00 will be awarded to the agent in a city of more than 35,000 inhabitants who sends us the greatest number of subscribers.

The classification of towns will be made on the basis of population shown in last U. S. census.

This gives the agents in a small town or village the same opportunity as those in the large cities where there are more people to work on. Thus, you might only send us 10 subscribers from your town and yet earn one of the awards, because your town happened to be in Class 2. The reader who lives in a town of 2,000 inhabitants does not have to compete with one in a town of 10,000, but only with agents in the same sized tows. Furthermore, if you fail to earn one of the extra commissions, you receive the regular 25% cash commission for your work, anyhow.

RULES

Rule 1. Agents must send subscriptions in on special blanks, which we will furnish free of all charge on request.

Rule 2. Each subscription sent us must be a straight, bonafide subscription; that is, it must not be a fictitious name, or the name of some person that you send in simply to increase the size of your list; it must be a real subscription.

Rule 3. You can send to your friends in other towns and ask them to help you earn one of the awards by securing subscriptions for you and sending them to you, and you may solicit anywhere in the United States.

Rule 4. A subscription for three years at $3.00 will count as three subscriptions, and one for five years will count as five subscriptions, and one for ten years as ten subscriptions, etc.

Rule 5. The commission of 25% is to be deducted from the amount sent us when the subscriptions are collected for.

Rule 6. Agents should send in lists of new subscribers weekly, thereby avoiding accumulation.

If you fail to earn one of the *extra commissions* you will receive the 25% commission, which should be by itself a great inducement to solicit subscriptions, the $1,000.00 in cash awards being only good until the first regular issue of the great daily newspaper appears, and is intended as a special offering to our agents.

Bear in mind when you are soliciting subscriptions for the Woman's National Daily you are offering the most remarkably cheap publication of home reading in the world to-day. Its pages will be replete with original, well written stories of human interest, suggestions of dress, fashion, home decorations, floriculture, poultry notes, dairy, beauty hints, fun, wit and humor, in addition to the daily market reports and news of the world, and when you tell your friends it is ONLY ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR, you will be surprised at the eagerness with which they subscribe and the consequent rapid growth of your list.

If you desire to compete for these extra commissions, get to work at once. The time is short and it will be to your interest to organize a whirlwind campaign for your subscriptions.

Send in your name and complete post office address with first list of subscribers on the blank, and we will send you samples of the Woman's National Daily and subscription blanks free of all charge,and you can obtain just as many blanks as you can use whenever you desire them. We furnish everything necessary to compete without cost to you.

Don't fail to get your friends and neighbors to help you. The 25% commission is a handsome *compensation* by itself, and you are just as likely to earn one of the $1,000.00 awards as anyone else. No matter where you live in the United states, you are eligible to work for one of these extra commissions in addition to the 25% commission. The sooner you begin work the greater your opportunities are to secure an extra *commission.*

We expect to have one million subscribers to the "Woman's National Daily" by the FIRST ISSUE, making it the greatest newspaper in the world, and we want our friends who are willing to help us accomplish the greatest undertaking in all newspaper history, to be well paid for their assistance.

Address all letters plainly and in full to "Club Department" No. 12, Woman's National Daily, St. Louis, Mo.

NOW IS THE TIME TO INVEST AT

PINEHURST

Atlantic City's New Suburb

ARE YOU AMBITIOUS? Do you want to get ahead in the world? Then it will pay you to read this advertisement carefully. It will point the way to a safe and profitable investment, showing how you can lay the foundation of a comfortable fortune, beginning with so small a sum as *ONE DOLLAR.*

BEACH SCENE, ATLANTIC CITY—11 MINUTES FROM PINEHURST

Atlantic City's Wonderful Growth

It has taken little more than twenty years to transform the barren island on which Atlantic City is located into a cosmopolitan city—the greatest seashore resort in the world. America's Queen City by the sea now has an average population of 250,000, and its total real estate valuation is $92,000,000. A foot of beach-front property is worth $1000. It is a conservative estimate that within the past twelve years real estate values in Atlantic City have increased over 800 per cent. Compare this with the fact that the island originally sold for forty cents an acre!

What Some Have Made

A property bought within the past year for $50,000 cost originally $700.

The present site of the Grand Atlantic Hotel and all the land to low water mark on Virginia Ave., was sold 18 years ago for $30,000. Three years ago it sold for $150,000 and a little over two years ago it brought $350,00—$320,000 profit in a few years.

A lot 25x175 on New Jersey Ave., bought for $8.75 is now worth $3.000.

Instances like this might be cited without number.

This Growth Has Just Begun

Each year sees Atlantic City growing larger; new hotels under construction, and increased population both summer and winter. The city has already outgrown the narrow boundaries of the island on which it stands (only three-fourths of a mile wide). The accompanying map shows the problem.

There rests Atlantic City—on one hand the ocean, on the other the marshes, five miles in width, stretching toward the mainland. The only room for expansion is on the mainland adjoining.

This suburban territory is now connected with Atlantic City by the finest railroads in the world, and two electric lines. One of which is to be extended through Pinehurst. A boulevard has been built from Pleasantville across the inlet, at a cost of $200,000, making access to the shore most convenient for suburban residents and for the thousands of tourists who come by automobile.

The next few years will witness marvellous changes in this suburban district.

Points About Pinehurst

Located on the highest available building land near Atlantic City, and facing the inlet, Pinehurst now affords unequalled opportunities for the home-builder and investor. The Pennsylvania Railroad takes one to the shore in eleven minutes, and the new trolley line will make the run in twenty minutes.

The ground is gently undulating, on an average 75 feet above Atlantic City, free from swamps and malaria. The climate combines the invigorating salt-air of the ocean with the odor of pine and oak that grow in abundance on the property.

To secure the most favorable sites you should make your purchase at once. The present prices will continue only a short time.

SPECIAL ADVANTAGES

Every purchaser is definitely assured of successful development of Pinehurst. All improvements are free. No interest, notes or mortgages. No taxes until 1907.

Free deed to your heirs if you die before your lots are paid for.

We refund half the purchase price of lots to those who will build within the year. We loan you money to build. Building plans free.

Title guaranteed by the Integrity Title Insurance and Trust Company of Philadelphia, a company in existance for over 30 years.

An Opportunity for the Man with a Dollar

Are you a man with a dollar or a few dollars to invest? Do you want to get ahead in the world? Then take John Jacob Astor's advice, "Buy land near the Great Cities." Here is an unusually favorable opportunity to do it. A lot 25x125 at Pinehurst, 11 minutes from the most popular city in the world at prices and terms like this:

1 lot . . .	$25	$1 down and $1 weekly.
2 lots . . .	40	2 down and 1 weekly.
3 lots . . .	65	3 down and 2 weekly.
4 lots . . .	80	4 down and 2 weekly.
5 lots . . .	95	5 down and 2 weekly.

Weekly payments may be combined in one monthly amount. We will allow you a discount of 5 per. cent. for all cash.

If you have found it hard to save and invest a portion of your income, our system of easy payments will help you form this most desirable habit.

Owning a piece of real estate is a most important step towards success in life.

An investment at Pinehurst combines absolute safety with certain profit.

Better begin at once—to-day—to lay the foundation on which most of the greatest fortunes have been built—real estate.

Write at once for illustrated printed matter or better still, send $1 and the attached coupon at once to reserve as many lots as you want until you can investigate.

If not entirely satisfied, your dollar will be promptly refunded.

Read What These Prominent Atlantic City INVESTORS SAY:

From the Mayor of Atlantic City

Some months ago I purchased from the Atlantic City Estate Company several lots at Pleasantville Terrace, which to my satisfaction has been a good and substantial investment. Since success has been assured in this lovely suburb, I have purchased a small block in the Pinehurst tract, which is operated by the same company, and which bids fair to equal in value all the suburban building locations near the large cities.

Sincerely yours,
(Signed) F. P. Stoy, Mayor,
January 9th, 1906. Atlantic City, N. J.

From the President of the Marine Trust Company

It gives me pleasure to endorse your efforts in the building up of your suburban properties, Pinehurst and Pleasantville Terrace. Their proximity to Atlantic City assures success as values have greatly increased, and cannot help but make property there a paying investment, as the ground is high and transportation facilities good.

Yours truly,
(Signed) Louis Kuehnle,
January 8th, 1906. Atlantic City, N. J.

From a Contractor and Builder Who Bought 25 Lots

Having been in business in Atlantic City for the past eighteen years, I have had ample opportunity to observe its wonderful growth. No one who is familiar with the situation can fail to see that the increase of the population of this popular resort is having a marked effect on surrounding property. Personally I know of no property near the city which offers greater attractions for the investor or homeseeker than that of the Atlantic City Estate Company. With the completion of the improvements in transportation lines Pinehurst and Pleasantville terrace will become part of the city itself, and to prove my faith in its merits, I have purchased twenty-five lots from your Company.

Very truly yours,
(Signed) J. J. Claron,
January 6th, 1906. Atlantic City, N. J.

Two Hotels Going Up at Pinehurst

As a hotel man I am naturally interested in real estate and when my attention was called to the property of the Atlantic City Estate Company known as Pinehurst, I was convinced that the rapid growth of Atlantic City and the high price of real estate there was destined to make lots at Pinehurst a very desirable investment. Upon further examination, I purchased two entire blocks at Pinehurst, and will erect a hotel there soon.

I feel that I am fortunate in securing such a desirable location at Pinehurst, as I find that Atlantic City people are daily becoming more alive to the fact that this property has a great future.

Very truly yours,
(Signed) Wm. J. Storck,
Atlantic City, N. J.

I have bought one whole block of ground in Pinehurst. I have been on the ground, and I was so impressed with the location that I gave orders at once to fell trees and prepare for building a hotel at the earliest possible opportunity. It is most convenient to that world famous Atlantic City. I will cheerfully answer all letters in reference to Pinehurst.

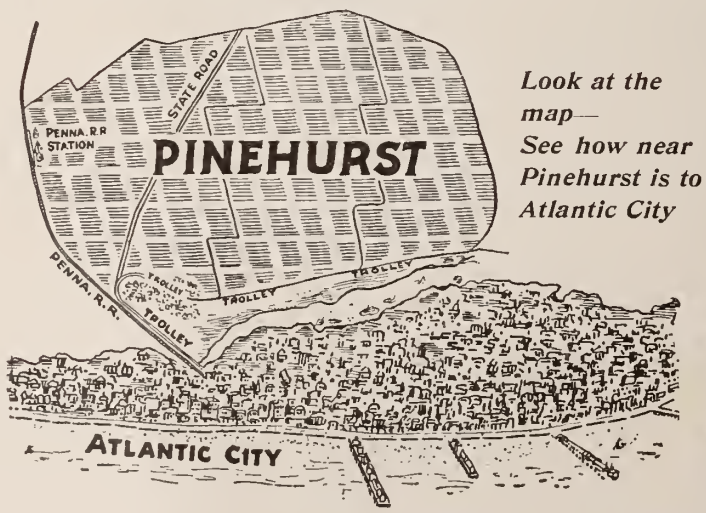
Very truly yours,
(Signed) Mrs. Louisa Taylor,
January 8th, 1906. Atlantic City, N. J.

ATLANTIC CITY ESTATE CO.

VICTOR J. HUMBRECHT, President

Address MAIN OFFICE:
1001 Drexel Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

ATLANTIC CITY OFFICE:
937 Boardwalk—Opposite Steel Pier



Look at the map— See how near Pinehurst is to Atlantic City

Atlantic City Estate Co.,
Suite 1001, Drexel Bldg.,
Philadelphia.

I enclose $1. Please reserve_____ lots in Pinehurst, with the understanding that you will refund my dollar if I am not satisfied after further investigation.

Name_____

Address_____

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LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor

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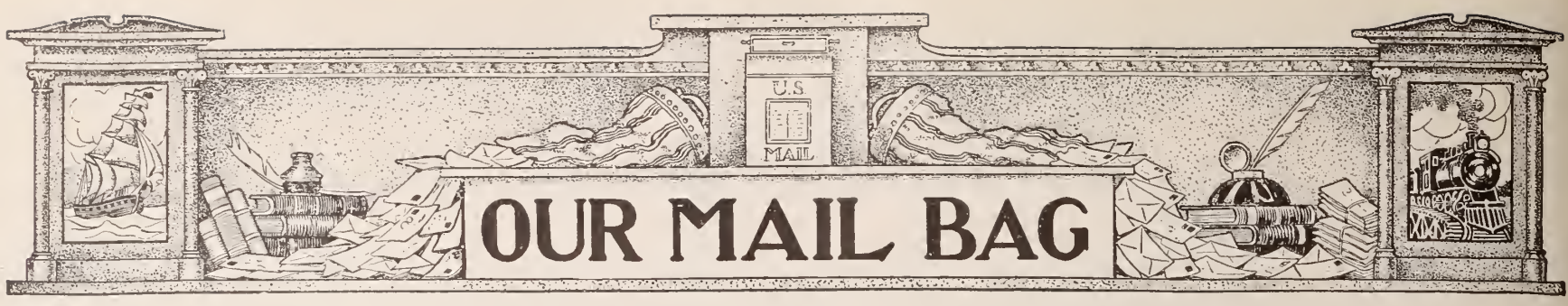
SEE PAGE 238

The Williamsburg Bridge, from the Engineer's Plans, as it will appear when completed

New York's Latest Suspension Bridge, Spanning the East River to Brooklyn



Questions and Answers

Letters for this department must contain name and address of the sender—not for publication, but in order that an answer may be sent by mail in cases where the inquiry is not of general interest.

C. C., Lebanon, Pa. What does the following mean: "Lead us not into temptation." Does God lead any person into temptation?

No. We are distinctly told that God tempts no man (James I.: 13, 14), and also that, if we trust in Him, he will not suffer us to be tempted beyond our strength (I. Cor. 10: 13). The more correct rendering of the passage you quote is: "Bring us not into temptation" (R.V.), or "Suffer us not to be brought into temptation."

Referring to a recent paragraph in THE MAIL-BAG on Systematic Bible Reading, Mrs. F. S., Altoona, Ia., writes:

I, too, always take pencil in hand when I read my Bible. I have marked several Bibles. One that I marked I presented to my son, to be kept on his stand in his place of business. Have made a beautiful scrap-book with the pictures of your paper; also I save a great deal of the reading matter. I believe your paper is doing more good in the world than all other publications.

A. G. B., Chandler, Okla. 1. Were not Adam and Eve the parents of the entire human family? 2. Who were the Ethiopians, and to what race did they belong? Are there any Ethiopians at present?

1. Yes, according to the Scriptural account they were the progenitors of the entire race. 2. Ethiopia lay South of Egypt, and embraced the modern Nubia, Sennaar, Kordofan, and Northern Abyssinia. The descendants of the original inhabitants are not now known as Ethiopians, although they doubtless have many racial traits that belonged to their ancestors.

Who can answer this, sent by B. C. Institute, W. Va.:

Who is the author of this quotation:

"Do you covet learning's prize?
Climb her heights and take it:
In ourselves our future lies,
Life is what we make it."

Martha W., Little Muddy, Ky. Paul was the first Christian missionary. His travels and those of his associates are recorded in the Acts of the Apostles.

Regarding the origin of Hoosier, Mr. H. P. G., of Newark, N. Y., sends this interesting note:

When the Prairie Schooner, close on the heels of the Indian, invaded the small prairies of Northern Indiana, families camping in the tall Buffalo grass could hear but not see each other. They would hail, "Who's there?" and from that originated "Hoos-ier." This is from a pioneer of Northern Indiana.

L. M., Hamilton, N. Y. What is the Navy League of the United States?

The Navy League of the United States was incorporated in 1903. Its object is, "to inquire and spread before the people of the United States, through branch organizations, and otherwise, information as to the condition of the naval forces and equipment of the United States, and to awaken public interest and co-operation in all matters tending to aid, improve and develop their efficiency." It is non-partisan. Hon. Horace Porter is president.

E. B. R., Mounds, Ill. 1. Is it safe to regard a man as converted, when he lived a worldly life up to a few weeks ago, and confesses that he does not know what conversion means? 2. How can the Jews be said to be God's chosen people, when they reject Christ? 3. What is meant by being poor in spirit (Matt. 5: 3).

1. Conversion is a change of heart and spirit. It may have taken place, even though, as you say, the man was living a worldly life a few weeks ago. He may not be able to clearly define conversion, yet he may know that he is a changed man. There is sometimes confusion of mind, but there are signs in the disposition and feeling that should show whether he is converted or not. 2. There is no doubt that the Jews were God's chosen people and Paul says (Romans 11: 1) that he has not cast them off. In that and the two preceding chapters the apostle fully discusses the question. 3. It is the opposite of the proud, the arrogant, the Pharisaic. It is the same idea that Christ expressed when he set a child among them and told them they must become as children, and when he said: "He that would be greatest, let him be your servant."

H. B., St. Joe, Ind. What is the meaning of Christ's statement (Mat. 11: 11) that the least in the kingdom of heaven was greater than John?

The coming of Christ made so vast a difference that the old Testament saints, including John, great as they were, did not reach the height of knowledge and privilege enjoyed by the most humble Christian. It shed a new light and brought a clearer understanding on all the former revelations. A boy in the schools now knows more of astronomy than Sir Isaac Newton did in his day.

Iowa Reader. Is it right for a student of the high school to study her lessons for the week on Sunday?

It is not right; yet knowing how frightfully overburdened the average high school student is with work (much of it of doubtful utility), we would rather feel like reproving the teacher than the scholar.

A. J. C., Newton, Alta, Canada. Who owns or controls the Great Lakes? We think Canada.

The line between Canada and the United States runs through the centre of Lake Ontario, Lake Erie, Luke Huron, and the upper part of Lake Superior. The greater portion of the Great Lakes is under United States control, as Lake Michigan is entirely within her territory, and she has half of the others.

Reader, Iowa. Is it morally wrong to use the opera house as a place of worship during a union revival, when the churches are too small to accommodate the audience?

By no means. It is our mission to carry the Gospel everywhere. A theatre, or barroom, or wherever sinners may be found, is the place for Christ's messengers to go.

It would seem that the phrase "Hobson's Choice" (that or none), so familiar in England, has its parallel here in "Hopkins' choice," whose origin is thus explained by A. C., Sun Prairie, Wis.

Many times I have seen the question asked where the story of "Hopkins' choice" originated. It was in the village or near the village of Truxton, N.Y. Ebb Hopkins and two of his neighbors went down the river, chopped holes through the ice to catch fish, and caught one large fish and three small ones. When they got tired of fishing, they divided the fish in three lots. The two men got Hopkins to turn his back and asked; "Who will have this?" (Jones). "Who will have this?" (Smith). "Who will have this?" (Hopkins). When Hopkins turned around the others had got their fish and only the little one was left for Hopkins. They told him it was his choice. This is how the saying started "It is Hopkins' choice."

M. W. C., Petersburg, Ill. What are the habits of the seven stars or Pleiades? Do they shine here all the year? If not, when do they appear, and when disappear? Some authors say they rise about the first of April. We know they are shining now. Why did Amos use the present tense, when he said, "Maketh the seven stars?"

The Pleiades, like all the stars, shine perpetually; but during six months out of the twelve their lights are overpowered by the sun's light. There is a vast difference between creating and making. Had Amos been speaking of the Creation, he would have used the past tense; but, speaking of making (which means guiding, overseeing, etc., etc.), he of course, had to use the present tense. LOUIS SWIFT.

Marathon, N. Y.

Subscriber, Calif. When revival meetings have been held in any place, is it right, when the meetings close, to speak of it as "the revival closing"?

Yes. It is merely a matter of terms. The revival meetings end, but the spiritual work there begun goes on indefinitely.

U. G. E., Bassy, Iowa. What is the meaning of being baptized for the dead, described I. Cor. 15: 29?

It seems to have been some practice in the early church, probably, of a living person being baptized as proxy for a deceased parent or relative who died before the Gospel was preached. Paul does not endorse or commend it in the passage you quote. He is arguing about the resurrection, and says that the practice showed that the people who did so exhibited their faith in a future life.

Here is another nonagenarian, bordering on the century mark. D. S. Boyakin, Nehalem, Ore., writes:

My uncle, W. F. Boyakin, now living near Blue Rapids, Kansas, will be ninety-nine years of age, May 30th, 1906. He is quite active, hearty, and takes great interest in national, as well as home affairs. A life-long Baptist preacher, chaplain through the war of '61 to '65. Crossed the plains three times in an ox-wagon. Stumped the State of Oregon for Lincoln.

"Now, when you boast of honesty," he said, "do not forget——"

"HONEST PONDRUS TAWKER"

WHEN MR. PONDRUS TAWKER
was approached the other day,
And asked to make a contribution toward the
preacher's pay,
He gave the meek solicitor a very full reply,
Refusing to contribute aught and frankly telling
why.

He said he was a man who paid his every
honest debt,
And every sort of obligation manfully was met.
No soul on earth could point to him and say
that in a trade
He ever had received a thing for which he had
not paid!

Not only coal and drygoods and the groceries
and meat,
But things concerning which so many think it
fair to cheat:
He paid, for instance, taxes on his property in
full,
And never took advantage of his strong official
pull.

Nor would he use a pass on any railroad in
the land,
Nor take a gift of any sort from any human
hand.
For all that is delivered him he pays in full,
and yet—
*He would not pay for anything he doesn't
really get.*

And Mr. Pondrus Tawker, you may guess,
was horrified
Beyond all measure, when the meek solicitor
replied
That, "since he was so honest, it was very,
very odd
That he should go on day by day so basely
robbing God,

"For, not to mention showers, and the sunshine
and the air,
And other earthly blessings which God gave
him everywhere,
Were blessings which can not be weighed or
measured by the hand,
And, lacking which, he could not live in peace
in any land.

"Just let him think how it would be in his own
native town,
If every church and Sunday School were torn
completely down,
And every pastor of a church, with every
means of grace,
Including all the Bibles, should be taken from
the place.

"If every man and woman there, and every
little child,
Should lose what comes to them from God,
the place would soon run wild;
Should lose the love that comes from Him,
restraint and sympathy,
And honor, truth and godliness—what would
the city be?

"A pure and loyal Christian wife, frank, artless
and sincere,
And children growing in a sweet and wholesome atmosphere,
And kindly neighbors who were honest as the
light of day—
For these God-given blessings he had never
thought to pay.

"Now, when you boast of honesty," he said,
"do not forget
That, 'till you square yourself with God, you
have an unpaid debt—
A debt that has been growing 'till it is so very
great
Its magnitude will awe you when you go to
calculate.

"And what I've said is merely of the profit
and the loss
In earthly things, without regard to Calvary
and the Cross:
Until you bow there with a contrite heart and
eyelids wet,
*You never can in all this world pay
every honest debt!*"

Bluffton, Ind. W. C. MARTIN.

Miscellaneous

A. S., Vancouver, B. C. Write to some good druggist, or see a reputable physician.

E. N., Cattaraugus, N. Y. The hymn is an old one and very well known—too much so to bear republication.

R. S. S., Brownsville, Oreg. There is such a settlement of monks of the Greek Church at Mt. Athos, Greece.

Mrs. E. A. Y., Bennington, Mich. The question of capital punishment has already been fully discussed in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

The Mission School at Grandview, Tenn. (Rev. A. V. Woodworth, principal) could use second-hand hymn books to great advantage.

G. C., The Dalles, Oreg. Reverend is a title of courtesy alone and not a degree. It was at first applied to clergymen as a courteous mode of address.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

NEW YORK, MARCH 14, 1906

SCENES IN THE LAND OF FAMINE

In a Famine Home in the Sendai District

First Photographs from the field Forwarded by a Christian Herald Correspondent

THE following Cablegram was sent from Tokio by order of Count Matsukata, President of the Japanese Red Cross:

TOKIO, March 2, 1906.

DR. KLOPSCH, Christian Herald, N. Y.

Received TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS for famine. Thanks.

JAPAN RED CROSS.

Praying in the Doorway, that Relief may Come

IN this issue, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD presents to its readers the first photographs from the famine-stricken provinces of Japan. These were taken specially for this journal, and afford some idea of the conditions that now prevail in Iwate, Fukushima, and Miyagi, where one million human beings are engaged in a life-and-death struggle with hunger. Now that the snowy season has set in, and the whole of the afflicted section of the country is in the grasp of a severe winter, the suffering, from both cold and famine, is intense and widespread. Relief work by the Japanese Red Cross and the local Relief Committees, assisted by the Foreigners' Committees, is accomplishing much good; but it is greatly feared that the death-roll from sheer starvation will be a startling one before the green grass shows on the hillsides and valleys in the spring.

These photographs tell their own story, and it is a sad one. They are forwarded by the Rev. H. B. Loomis, of the American Bible Society in Japan, who sends with them some pathetic details. He writes:

"One of the photographs shows a hut in which two old people live with three grandchildren, whose parents have fled from the famine. The grandmother, unable, on account of the deep snows, to go on the hills for wood to sell, tries to earn a few *sen* by going errands. The old man, who was formerly in comfortable circumstances, is now simply starving. Rev. Dr. DeForest gave temporary relief. Another picture shows a house which has no floor. Straw mats are spread on the ground, upon which a fireplace is dug. Dried hay is used to cook food. The boy attending to the fire is the third son. There are five sons in the house and the mother is dead. Only two of the five are able to work; the others are too small. There are holes in the wall of the house, where the winds and snows of northern Japan are freely admitted upon the five poor inmates.

"Another scene shows one of the most wretched spots in the famine districts. Here live Dengoro Magawa and his family, consisting of seven in all. When they sleep, they pile themselves up one upon another, just like puppies, with a thin covering placed over all to shut out the cold. The man in a foreign dress, who is handing some rice to a woman, is the County Clerk, and the other, standing by his side, is the Kucho (Sectional Head). The woman bowing before them is seventy years of age.

"Still another scene shows a poverty-stricken home, which the Imperial Chamberlain visited in person when he came to the Natori District. Here live an old man of seventy-two, and his large family, nine in all. They get a living by making paper. It is the coldest season of the year in Japan, and the piercing winds chill to the bone. These people work hard and are unable to make a living. Their wretched condition is beyond expression. Concerning the last picture of this series, Mr. Loomis writes: "This shows them making rice cakes. The black stuff in the bowl and the baskets is the crushed leaves of wild burdocks. They intend to mix with this a little rice flour and eat it in place of rice." And even this gruesome mixture, it may be added, is better and more palatable than the frightful compound of chopped straw and roots, lime, and gobo tree leaves, which is the only food in many a Japanese peasant home.

A Timely Gift of Rice for a Starving Home

From other sources come details that show how keen is the suffering, and yet how bravely borne. One man returned from the war expecting to be welcomed by his family with "banzais." Instead, he found them all scattered and gone to other provinces to avoid starving to death. Wholesale emigration to more fortunate provinces has begun. The unhappy people leave quietly at night, taking with them small bundles of their belongings. They do not give up the fight without a struggle. The soil of mountains and valleys has been upturned in the search for roots, ferns and weeds, to convert into food and appease the gnawings of hunger. In some instances, desperate parents are selling their children. A girl of nine was offered as a servant for $1, but the purchaser could only pay thirty-six cents. This was accepted, and the parents set out for Hokkaido, leaving the old grandmother in the house. She was too old to undertake the journey. Tokio newspapers have united in an appeal to the nation in behalf of the sufferers. Messrs. Hirashima, Fujisawa and Ahe, three officials, write of the terrible conditions in the three provinces, and of the immediate need of rescue. The actual state of the people, according to these witnesses, is far worse than has been pictured. Although the government and the well-to-do have done much in the way of giving employment, these measures are quite inadequate for so widespread a disaster as the present. To aggravate the misfortunes of the sufferers, the intense cold and the deep snows that cover the land make it impossible for them to get even roots of grass and bark of trees and shrubs for food any longer. They are simply facing starvation day by day.

An official table, showing the average crop in Natori county, a single section of Miyagi province, is instructive. It is prepared by Dr. Imai, Commissioner of Agriculture, and shows that the average product in an ordinary year is 84,335 *koku* (a *koku* is a measurement of grain equal to 5.13 bushels); but this year there was only 1,211 *koku*, or 00.16 per cent. of an ordinary year's crop—a reduction of 83,124 *koku*. The population of this country is 61,925, and the number of households 8,675. Under the present appalling conditions, 43,153 need relief, representing 6,460 households. Reckoning the lowest expense of feeding a person at ten *sen* (five cents) per day, 776,754.00 *yen* (or $388, 377) would be needed to support human life in this one county alone during the next few months. These official figures, taken in conjunction with similar

CONTINUED ON PAGE 225

THE
AMERICAN PULPIT

SERMON BY
Rev. F. DeWitt Talmage, D.D.

An Eastern Famine

TEXT: I. KINGS 17:14

"The barrel of meal shall not waste, neither shall the cruse of oil fail"

GOD grant that gaunt, haggard, parched-skinned, death-dealing famine may never stalk through the streets of our fair cities. Dore's most vivid conceptions of Dante's hell, and Hogarth's most horrible caricatures of degradation and vice, and Vassili Verestchagin's most realistic scenes of the blood-soaked battlefields of the Turkish and Russian war, cannot compare in horror with the terrible sights that have been witnessed when maddening famine gets in its work. Could any paintings be more awful than the simple photographs we saw of men and women and children, huddled together in sickening groups, who were slowly starving to death in the awful Indian famine of 1897 and 1900. Could any war be more fearful than the simple statement, which declares that in the famous Bengal famine of 1770, out of thirty millions of inhabitants, ten millions, or one-third of the whole population, were dead within a few months.

The same kind of a fearful famine that cursed Russia in 1892, to which the American ships *Leo*, *Tynehead*, *Conemaugh*, *Missouri*, and *Indiana* carried their breadstuffs, contributed by the generous readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD; the same kind of a famine that devastated Ireland in 1879 and in 1846 and 1844; the same kind of a famine as that which destroyed two-thirds of the inhabitants of the Cape Verde Islands in 1830; the same kind of a famine which blasted northern Africa during Joseph's premiership, and is now devastating the land of Japan, was depopulating Palestine. "Oh, God, give us rain!" is crying the rich man in his palace. "Oh, God, give us rain!" cries the poor peasant in his hut. "Give us rain! Give us rain, or we die!" were the universal pleadings. But no rain came. On account of King Ahab's sins, God had decreed that no rain was to descend upon Palestine hills and valleys for three long years.

The Widow's Plight

We leave the hills and the valleys of the interior. We come down towards the Mediterranean shore, to the beautiful city of Zarephath, situated near to Tyre and Sidon. There we find the desolation appalling. The horses, cattle and sheep died months ago. The drought has already lasted two long years. The cattle had no food to live on. They had to die. The grass and the wheat had long since disappeared. Men and women and children were dying by the scores and the hundreds. Fever and scurvy were every day adding to the death list. The whole city was becoming one great charnel-house. The fields where once grew the harvest were as hard as baked and cracked clay. As I stand in imagination upon the outskirts of the city, amid these scenes of desolation and death, I see an humble woman, weak and tottering, gathering a few sticks to build a fire. Along comes a tall, gaunt, dignified man. He looks like a born leader of men. He accosts the woman something like this:

"Woman, I pray thee, hasten and bring me drink." She turns to do his bidding. Then, in a matter-of-fact way, this stranger says, "Bring me, I pray thee, a morsel of bread in thine hand." He practically says: "When you go for water, bring a little food, too." The woman, weak and tottering from starvation, turns and looks at him in amazement. Then she speaks in this wise, "Man, what are you talking about. Are you mad? We are starving. We are dying. The dead in our streets lie unburied! I have starved and starved. I have cut the daily supply of food down and down, until now we are at the end. I have but a handful of meal and a little oil. I am going to cook this for my son, and then we shall both lie down and die." With that Elijah the Tishbite, said, "Woman, do as I say and God will take care of thee. For thus saith the Lord, the barrel of meal shall not waste, neither shall the cruse of oil fail, until the day the Lord sendeth rain upon the face of the earth." Such is the simple story of how God saved the poor widow and her son during the Zarephath famine, because she was willing to do what God's prophet commanded.

The Zarephath famine, in the first place, teaches that the good and the innocent must conjointly suffer from the evil results of the deeds of the bad. Sir Walter Scott's business partners did wrong. The innocent Sir Walter Scott had to suffer. The owner of Abbotsford, had to shoulder $600,000 debt. The son-in-law of Francois Grevy proved to be a scoundrel. Innocent Francois Grevy had to resign the presidential chair of France, because his son-in-law, Wilson, was convicted of selling the decorations and the offices of the government for cash. The April shower falls upon the just and the unjust, upon the wheat and the tares alike. The evil deeds of a husband curse not only himself but his wife and his children also. When the wayward Hebrew Prince was hung, David, the broken-hearted father, went to his "chamber over the gate, and wept: and as he went, thus he said, O my son Absalom, my son, my son, my son Absalom! would God, I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!" The prodigal, in his rags and in disgrace, in the far country, tending the herd of swine, sharing with them their fodder and chewing the husks thrown to the four-footed, unclean, filthy beasts, is not more pathetic than the mourning parent, waiting and watching for his youngest boy to come back home. Yes, yes; sin brings the famines which afflict the good and the bad, the innocent and the guilty alike. The evil deeds of an Ahab and a Jezebel caused the poor widow of Zarephath and her only son to starve.

Innocent Sufferers

Cannot you find any direct connection between the sins of Ahab's palace and the hunger gnawing at this poor widow's vitals? We ascend the beautiful hills of Samaria. We find there a heathen temple. We find there the king's palace, a place of licentiousness and immoral filth and drunken carousals. Then, we hear the prophet say, "Ahab, and Jezebel, on account of your sins, I will send a drought upon the land. For three long years not a drop of rain shall fall." "Aha!" laughed the sinful monarch, "I am not afraid. Such a beautiful country and such rich farm land as ours will never be turned into a desert. Threatening prophet, I defy thee!" But, day after day, the hot sun burned. Day after day, week after week, month after month, no rain or dew. Two long years of drought had passed over the land. The vineyards were gone. The harvests were gone. The orchards were gone. God was starving Ahab and Jezebel. But while he was starving the king and queen, the poor widow and her only son were also suffering in the Zarephath hut. The sins of the fathers are visited upon the children, even unto the third and the fourth generations. The good and the innocent suffer for the evil deeds of the corrupt and the befouled. Oh, man, be not an Ahab. Oh, woman, do not become a Jezebel. Avoid the sin which will bring a curse and blight on the hearts of the innocent ones by your side, as well as on your own lives.

This Eastern famine teaches us another lesson. God always honors the men and the women who honor his messengers. He honored this poor starving widow of Zarephath. Why? She was ready to care for and house his ambassador, Elijah the Tishbite. He honored Rahab the harlot. She secreted the spies that Joshua sent to Jericho. He honored Abraham. Abraham welcomed to his table the three angels who came to his tent on the plains of Mamre. He honored Naaman. Naaman was ready to obey the commands of Elisha. He honored David. David wept before Nathan. He honored Hezekiah. Hezekiah honored Isaiah. All through the Bible, you can find this mighty and far-reaching law enunciated and illustrated, whereby God blesses those who honor his representatives and denounces those who despise or turn their backs upon his ambassadors.

Ministration Rewarded

The teachings of the Old and New Testament in this respect are one. In the Psalms we read, "Touch not mine anointed and do my prophets no harm." Then, as an endorsement, we find the following in Matthew in reference to Christ's missionaries, spoken by Jesus himself. "And whosoever shall not receive you, nor hear your words, when ye depart out of that house you shall shake off the dust of your feet. Verily, I say unto you, it shall be more terrible for the land of Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment than for that city." But though God bids us honor his representatives, as the Zarephath woman honored and cared for Elijah, yet to-day there seems to be a tendency abroad to criticize and denounce God's ministers, and to patronizingly ridicule them a great deal more than you would any other class of men. The result is, that scores and hundreds of young men who ought to be preaching in the pulpit have been turned aside, because of the way some congregations treat their ministers.

In the first place, many churches are simply starving their preachers to death, while they themselves demand all the excellencies of earth and heaven in their pastors. Rev. Dr. Haven, some time ago, told about a letter which a Virginia parish sent to Professor Rice, requesting a minister. "The people," this letter declared, "wanted a man of first-class endowments." They wanted a literary preacher, for some of the young people were literary.

They Wanted a Minister

who would visit a good deal, for their former pastor had neglected to do as much of that as they could have wished. They wanted a man of winsome and fascinating social personality, for the people thought a good deal of that. They wanted a good organizer as well as a fine orator. After they had gone on describing the kind of a perfect minister they wished, they ended the letter in this wise: "We have been paying our last minister $350 a year, but if you could send us just the kind of a man we want, we think we can raise his salary $50 more and give to him $400 a year." With that, Dr. Rice sat down and wrote the following ironical letter to this exacting congregation:

"DEAR FRIENDS:—Your letter received and contents carefully noted. I know just the minister you need, if you can get him. Make out a call to Dr. Timothy Dwight, late president of Yale College, who is now in heaven. He is the only being I know who can meet all your requirements. And as Dr. Dwight has been living so long in heaven on spiritual food, perhaps he may not need any material food, and could therefore easily exist on your salary of $400 per year."

Then study how some ministers are ill-treated in other ways in some countries. God never spiritually blesses a country, a church, nor an individual that is not willing to honor, respect and care for his ambassadors, as the Zarephath widow cared for Elijah the Tishbite. Yet, to hear some men talk, you would think they were conferring an honor upon a preacher, or a kindness on a pastor, merely because they come to church at all. Joseph Parker once denounced the supercilious way some men have of looking down upon and despising the ministry. "A person once asked me to lend him five dollars," said he, "on the ground that he had long attended my ministry. Possibly the man richly deserved a sovereign for having done so. At the same time, it is

A Popular Mistake

to suppose that the minister is the party receiving the favor. He gives his hearers his best powers of all kinds, and it is, therefore, a pity to show him thankfulness by borrowing money of him." And, my friends, I go further than that: I assert that I never found any men or women a practical bit of use in church work, or in any spiritual line, unless they not only honored the ministry, but respected ministers when they stand in the pulpit expounding the Word of God. "One of the fundamental reasons why old Scotland became the spiritual power it was and is," said John McNeil, "is because old Scotland respected the ministry." May God help us to honor God's representatives as the Zarephath widow honored Elijah the Tishbite.

But as I come to the outskirts of Zarephath, and feel the hot winds strike my cheek, and see the bones of beast and bird bleaching on the dry sands, I see that this "Eastern Drought" had a famine within a famine. No sooner did Elijah appear and give to the Zarephath widow her daily supply of meal and oil, than I think I can hear her heave a great sigh of relief. "Ah," she says, "now I know my boy is not going to die." She felt just as you felt when a dear friend was put upon the operating table. The dreaded morning came. You were down bright and early to the hospital. She lay in bed a little flushed and her eye bright. Neither you nor she made any reference to the danger; but just as the doctors and nurses came into the room, dressed in white aprons, to give the anæsthetic, she flung her arms

about your neck and whispered, "Good-bye, mamma, dear. If I don't wake up, good-bye, good-bye!" Oh, yes, you remember that day. They carried her out on the stretcher. The door of that awful operating room was shut. You could not see; you dare not go in. You walked up and down the hall, up and down. You convulsively clasped your hands. You kept saying, "Oh, God, save her! Oh, God, give me back my darling! Oh, God, save her, save her! Give her back to me!" Then you remember the thankful prayer you uttered, when the doctor opened the door and put his head out of the room and said, "She is all right. Everything is all right."

This was the feeling of relief and gratitude of yonder mother of Zarephath, when she knew that her boy was not going to starve to death. The danger of starvation was past. We can see the boy growing fat and plump. The mother's step has become strong and elastic. As the lad plays before her door we can see her smile as she hears his happy laugh. Methinks, perhaps, she has been growing a little careless and forgetful of late towards God, as some of us do, when we are surrounded by many apparently permanent blessings. Suddenly the long arm of Death reaches through the opened window of this woman's hut. The arm may be covered with flesh. The arm may not be a skeleton from starvation, but it is the arm of death. Within a few hours the child is dead. At once the widow goes to Elijah and begs of him, by the power of God, to restore unto her the life of her boy. Elijah, by God's power, does so. What is the practical observation? Cannot you grasp it? In every drought of Zarephath there is a famine within a famine. There is always a death within a death—a temptation within a temptation. If you or I are ever going to be spiritually safe we must always keep living near to God, else the second death will be as bad as the first death.

When the first moral or spiritual dangers of life are past, it is easy to blind our eyes to the second and the third, and the fourth and the tenth and the twentieth peril. "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall." Here, for instance, is a man, who for years has been addicted to intoxicating drink. He has fought it and fought it, until at last, by the grace of God, he has triumphed. But though for years, he has never tasted a glass of liquor, he has become so absorbed in making money that he has gradually drifted away from walking with God. One day he has an awful awakening. He finds that his faith in Jesus Christ is gone, or that his only boy, who is now more to him than his life, is a drunkard, a libertine, or a thief. This is a danger he never dreamed about or guarded against. Famine within famine; death within death. And so, my friends, no matter how many dangers God has rescued us from in the past, that is no reason why we should turn our backs upon God now. Like the poor widow of Zarephath, we must live and continue to live close to God, for there are moral and spiritual dangers everywhere we turn and everywhere we look.

But did you ever stop to consider how long this supply of meal and oil lasted? Just as long as the famine lasted. No more, no less. No sooner did the rain descend upon the earth and the orchards began to give forth their fruits and the gardens their vegetables and the fields their harvests, than this miraculous supply of food stopped, as suddenly as the manna of the wilderness ceased when the children of Israel passed over the Jordan into the Promised Land. When man can help himself God always expects him so to do. God never takes care of a man who is not willing to help take care of himself.

Methinks I can hear a conversation between two lazy men of the Israelitish army the day after they had passed over into the Promised Land. Joshua was sending forth his foraging parties to provide food for the encampment. "Oh," says one of these men to the other, "there may be lots of rich grapes around here, and lots of deer and birds; but I guess I will not hunt after them. Hunting always makes me tired. Come, let's go out and get the manna. The manna is good enough for me. We do not have to work for that." And so they go forth to collect their daily supply. What has happened? For the first week-day in over forty years the ground is bare. God never helps a man when he can help himself. And so, methinks, I can see this poor widow, after the gardens are moistened with the rain, say to her son, "Come, my boy, let us go out and get the dinner." But when she looks into the barrel it is empty. Then she looks into the cruse and the oil is gone. God said, "The barrel of meal shall not waste, nor the cruse of oil fail until the day the Lord sendeth rain upon the earth." God never helps a man when he is able to help himself.

Standing by Zarephath of the East, are you ready to go to work in God's vineyard and do the best you can for God? Showers of blessings are falling everywhere aronnd us. Are you ready to give up your life to the service of the Master? Remember that when this poor widow gave to Elijah of the little she had, there was not only enough for the Tishbite, but also enough left for herself and her boy. Are you ready to give your all for Christ and trust him that he will care and provide for you? Are you ready to give of your portion to help others who need it sorely, like those poor farmer-folk in famine-stricken Japan? The reason some of us do not grow in spiritual life, is because we expect God to do all, and we are not willing to give all.

Is thy cruse of comfort failing?
Rise and share it with another.
And through all the years of famine,
It shall serve thee and thy brother;
Love-divine will fill thy storehouse,
Or thy handful still renew,
Scanty fare for one will often make
A royal feast for two.

And who was this Zarephath woman? Was she a Hebrew! Was she a believer in the true God? Oh, no, not in the beginning. She was a native of a city of Sidon. That city was not a Hebrew province. She was a Gentile. In other words, when Elijah spoke to this widow of Zarephath, he became as Dr. Lightfoot expresses it, "the first prophet to the Gentiles." To-day, like Elijah, I seem to be appealing not only to those who love Christ, but also to those who are of Sidon, or outside of the church of God. Like this woman of Zarephath, will you receive me as the messenger of God? Will you accept my Saviour as your Saviour? May we, in this famine of sin, be succored and saved by the God of Elijah, the God who saved the poor widow of Zarephath.

SCENES IN THE LAND OF FAMINE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 223

conditions in Iwate and Fukushima, tell the story of famine in a more eloquent way than words. They simply mean that unless some great beneficent influence intervenes, the mortality from hunger and cold in the next three months will shock the entire world.

Concerning the proposed government relief, Dr. DeForest writes in the Japan *Times*, that the idea is to give seed and manure for the next crop, and to distribute free food only in extreme cases, and for the shortest possible period. Plans are made for public works on a large scale, and covering a period of years. Taxes are postponed, and in some cases remitted. There is a movement on foot to have the national landtax wholly remitted, but it will require the passage of a law by the Diet, the present law of remittance being limited to earthquakes and storm calamities. Then comes the provincial tax on the land; a large proportion of which is remitted. Last comes the city, county, town and village tax; nearly half of which goes for education. It is a grave question how to keep the schools open, when so many children have no food, and teachers are unable to collect pay.

From the "emergency fund," which is now kept in many of the provinces, seed rice for the coming season has been bought, and will be given free to the impoverished farmers, also seed potatoes and early wheat. From this fund, also, quantities of army "hard tack," dried sweet potatoes, etc., will be supplied to the famine towns and villages, to be paid for at cost where possible, or given free to such as are unable to pay, especially to school children.

"The national pride of the Japanese," Dr. DeForest says, "prevents him from making any public appeal for aid. But to ask for aid is a very different thing from receiving aid proffered by sympathetic friends. It was solely in this spirit that foreigners ventured, with hesitation, to place an appeal before the foreign communities. It is our privilege to help soften the sorrow of thousands of homes, and if this be done as friends, the act will win the gratitude of all classes."

Count Matsukata, President of the Japanese Red Cross, has cabled to the proprietor of this journal an acknowledgment of the generous gift of $20,000 contributed by our readers for famine relief. His dispatch conveys the thanks of the Japanese Red Cross for this timely aid. It will be remembered that when the present relief movement began, Count Matsukata and his associates were informed by cable that the money contributed by Christian Herald readers was to be expended in the purchase of food, which was to be forwarded immediately to the field, for the relief of the neediest cases. To these requests the Japanese Red Cross gave hearty acquiescence. There is, therefore, no doubt that these first two remittances from The Christian Herald Fund have already reached the sufferers in the shape of life-giving food.

Making "Hunger-Bread" of Burdock Leaves and Rice Flour

Advices received at our State Department in Washington, state that "conditions in the northeastern provinces are extremely serious, and the suffering is very great. The government is contriving all means of relief."

The following letter explains itself:

February 23, 1906.

Dr. Louis Klopsch, Editor The Christian Herald: *Dear Sir:* — As Chairman of the Central Committee of the American National Red Cross, I desire to express to you, and through you to the readers of The Christian Herald, the sincere appreciation of this Committee, for its most prompt and generous response to the President's appeal for the starving Japanese. The **two contributions, of ten thousand dollars each,** have been duly forwarded by the State Department to the Japanese Red Cross. The promptness of this generous response from The Christian Herald to the great need of these hundreds of thousands of famine-stricken people will certainly greatly lessen the suffering, and prove a merciful relief in their time of distress.

R. M. O'Reilly,
Chairman of Central Committee.
(Brigadier-General Robert M. O'Reilly, Surgeon General, U. S. A.)

. . .

Some of the letters received from contributors show how deeply our people sympathize with the Japanese.

E. Z., Roanoake, Ind. ($5.00), writes, "I saw in The Christian Herald a call for help for the starving poor of Japan, and my sympathies went out to that country. I am sending my mite, and trust that many may do likewise."

All contributions for the relief work should be addressed to

JAPAN RELIEF FUND,
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
92 Bible House, New York

Every contribution will be acknowledged in the columns of this paper. See acknowledgments on next page.

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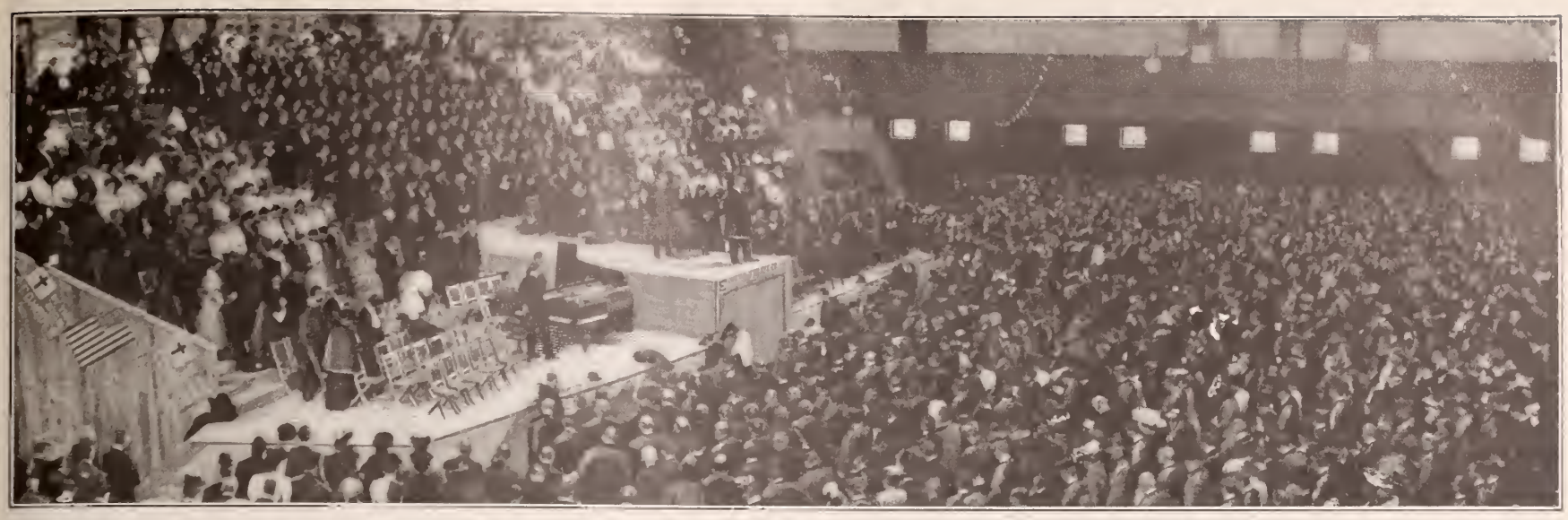
H E, Almond..... 1 00
H F C, Briar Patch 1 00
I H L, Dryden... 1 00
J E S, Ruhy..... 3 00
J G, Middletown.. 1 00
J S, Florence..... 1 00
L A Q, Palisades. 1 00
M, Port Chester... 5 00
M A F, Lyons.... 1 00
M J W, Jaquins... 2 00
——, Amsterdam .. 1 00
——, Rainho wLake10 00
——, Riverhead ... 2 00
Friend,. Sanhorn .. 1 00
A Friend, Elmira. 3 00
A Friend, Kent... 1 00
A Friend, Poughkeepsie 15 00
A Sympathizing Friend, Palmyra.. 1 00
Friends, Jamestown 3 00
Two Friends, Nunda 6 00
I H N, Newburgh 1 00
A Reader, Rensselaer Falls 2 00
Reader, Homer ... 1 00
W C T U of Little Falls 3 00
Little Helpers Cir, Sauquo

A Great Gathering in the Armory, Where 10,000 Often Crowd to Hear the Evangelists



THE REVIVAL REACHES THE CHILDREN

A Great Meeting in Philadelphia Attended by 5,000 Young People—450 Children go Forward to Accept Christ

PHILADELPHIA, stirred as never before since the great revival of Moody and Sankey in the seventies; many hundreds of converts, and thousands of Christians fired with a passion for soul-saving—these are some of the results of the first three weeks of the Philadelphia revival campaign of Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander. The last day was the crowning day of the three weeks series of meetings. In the afternoon the first Children's Meeting of the crusade was held, when 5,000 young people and their Sunday School teachers and friends gathered to hear the evangelists, and 450 of them went to the front to accept Christ; while in the evening sixty adults made a great decision, making a grand total of 510 converts recorded in a single day.

The closing days of the first part of the campaign were memorable ones. On each of the last two afternoons 5,000 attended the meetings, while at night the scenes almost defied description. 1,500 or 2,000 went to an overflow meeting; but other hundreds were so eager to gain admission that they braved the chill wintry wind for two hours or more, until the first part of the revival meeting ended, and they could get in to the second part of the service.

During the last few days, the meetings were in progress from 3 o'clock in the afternoon, until 11 or 11.30 at night, with less than two hours intermission for supper. Hundreds of people who attended the afternoon meetings, were so eager not to miss the evening service that they remained in the hall between the two meetings. Some had thoughtfully brought lunch with them, while others were kindly supplied with refreshments at a moderate price. The scene carries one back in imagination to the days when thousands flocked to hear the words of Christ, and were so interested that they stayed all day long.

The great Children's Meeting on the last day presented a beautiful and remarkable sight. It was held on Friday afternoon at 4 o'clock. By his happy, smiling manner, Mr. Alexander, the apostle of sunshine, quickly captivated the little people, and soon had them singing his revival melodies with rare zest and enthusiasm. Dr. Torrey first had the children repeat in concert again and again, Isaiah 53: 5, 6, until the picture of what Jesus had done for them was firmly impressed upon them. He then preached a sermon on "What a Child Can Do." He said that every child could do at least five things:—A child can become a true Christian; can live a beautiful Christian life; can pray; can witness for Jesus, and can plead for Jesus. In illustrating his last point Dr. Torrey said:

"One time a friend of mine was preaching out in Kansas City. He liked preaching to children better than to the grown-ups, and a great many children were being converted. One little girl who was lame was converted, and her heart was just full with love to the Saviour and everybody else. One afternoon she sat listening to my friend. In front of her were a number of reporters writing up the meeting for the Kansas City papers. One of them named Prentice was one of the best known reporters in the city; he was not a Christian, but a hard-drinking man. The little lame girl looked over there, and her heart just filled with love towards him, and she said, 'I do wish Mr. Prentice loved Jesus.'

"When my friend finished preaching the reporter grabbed his notes and started for the door as fast as he could go. The little lame child saw him, picked up her crutches, and went down the aisle as quickly as she knew how. She just managed to get in front of him, and stood right across the aisle on her crutches so that he could not pass. She looked up into his face, and said, 'Mr. Prentice, do you love Jesus?' He said, 'Step away, little girl; let me pass, please; I'm in a hurry.' She was lame, and he had a gentle heart at bottom, and wouldn't push her out of his way. She said, 'Mr. Prentice, I love Jesus. Oh, I wish you did.' And she burst into tears. And Mr. Prentice burst into tears, too, and sank into a seat and took Jesus as his Saviour, and became one of the most active Christian men in Kansas City."

. . .

One of the most striking features of the movement is the way in which the ministers of Philadelphia are being revived and getting a new passion for individual soul-winning. It is touching to see them stand up, and, with tremulous voices, confess that they have neglected personal work in soul-winning, but, that God helping them, they will do it henceforth. One afternoon a minister sitting on the platform arose and said:

"I have been a pastor for nine years, and it has always been much easier for me to talk to three hundred people than to do button-hole work with one man. I have sat condemned in these meetings, but now I have started out to do personal work."

"When did you begin?" asked Alexander.

"Since these meetings began," the minister replied, "and now I can't keep from doing it."

In a recent address, Dr. Torrey told how he never got on a railway train without asking God to give him a message to some one about their eternal salvation. He also urged his hearers to do personal work on the street cars. As a result, thousands of Christians, as they ride through the streets of Philadelphia, urge those sitting next them to accept Christ.

A notable feature of the first three weeks of the revival was the simultaneous distribution of 200,000 little white cards bearing on one side, in bold red letters, the words, "Get right with God." These were given to the people at an afternoon meeting, in order to increase the revival spirit and to lead souls to Christ. Mr. Alexander told how he had begun using them in Australia, and how throughout their tour of the world millions of the cards had been given away and hundreds of persons had been converted through the message of the four words. He told the people to send them in letters to their unsaved friends, to put them under doors and in private letter boxes and to literally flood the city with them. We shall soon doubtless hear of striking cases of conversion as the result of the distribution.

Last Saturday Mr. Alexander went to Princeton University, where he conducted some remarkable meetings for the undergraduates and for the students in the theological seminary. He was accompanied by Melvin E. Trotter, the rescue mission worker of Grand Rapids, Mich., and by Robert Harkness and Charles Butler, the pianist and soloist, who assist Mr. Alexander in the revival meetings. The visit of Mr. Alexander and his party started a revival flame among the students, which is destined to have far-reaching results. At the first meeting a number of students arose and declared that their lives were not right, but that God helping them they would be right and would win souls in the future. Students declare they have never before witnessed such scenes in the university. At the close of the meeting for theological students, two of them returned to their rooms, and after a time of silence one of them burst into tears, and then both fell upon their knees and cried to God for mercy and for a mighty passion for souls.

Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander are now resting for a few days before beginning the second of the three months' revival campaigns. The second series of meetings will be held in the Third Regiment Armory, in South Philadelphia, which is now being remodelled to seat 5,500 people. A gallery and large choir platform are being erected as in the Second Regiment Armory. The meetings begin next Sunday and will continue, afternoon and evening, for four weeks without intermission. Will not the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD pray that Philadelphia may be shaken as never before during the rest of the revival campaign?

GEORGE T. B. DAVIS.

Those "Old Treasures"

WILL you let THE HERALD readers peep over my shoulder and read some sentences from the wonderful letters I am receiving, as people are sending me their old treasures? They bring the tears to my eyes sometimes, and I feel almost guilty for taking these precious old things, even to hasten the preparation of missionaries and deaconesses. But, then, I remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, "It is more blessed, etc.," and I know these dear children of his are receiving the more blessed part. Here are some extracts from mothers, wives, daughters:

As you say, I cannot always keep the little baby-pin, so cheerfully send it. I know even the mites help in your beautiful, big plan.

My husband dug the gold in Montana, and had this ring made for me. My daughter wore it some. They are both dead now. I cheerfully send it for the fund.

My wife, now in heaven, gave me the ring. I lost it twice. I am in dread of losing it again, so now put it where it will never be lost again.

Then I began to think about my old treasures. I thought I had none to spare, but the Lord brought to my mind some gold coins I had treasured for years against a time of need. I decided to trust the future to the Lord, so I send you five dollars.

It gives me great comfort to put these two little treasures, that belonged to my boy who went to his heavenly home last April, into service for his Master,

Some funny things have come, too. A gentleman says:

I am delighted with your plan, with one exception, you do not invite men to join. I am sending you the gold plate of my grandfather's teeth, which cost him twenty dollars. It will provoke a smile, but I hope you may get something for it.

The Fund is still open. Every letter is answered, every gift acknowledged. Correspondence invited.

LUCY RIDER MEYER.

4949 Indiana Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, Associate Editor — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, Associate Editor

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A Pagan's Death

HOW to meet death is a problem that, sooner or later, every man must face. Though his days be prolonged by reason of strength, as the Psalmist said, the end is only postponed. Sometimes it comes so suddenly and so unexpectedly that there is no choice in the matter of meeting it and the man simply succumbs. But in other cases illness attacks and death is seen a long way off, steadily approaching, and the doomed man meets it according to his disposition and according to his faith. An instance of a curious and significant method of encountering the last enemy is described in the New York *Sun*. The dying man was "Falling Day," a sachem of the Snipe Clan of the Seneca Indians. He was an intelligent man, wearing at ordinary times the clothes of the white man, well educated and a prosperous farmer, but a Pagan. He was attended in his last sickness, not by the medicine man of the tribe, but by a white physician, who announced to the Indians in the room, that the hour of Falling Day's departure had come. They rose and, going to the bedside, dressed him in full war panoply. Moccasins were put on his feet, the regulation leggings on his thighs, the belt with beads woven in the woof around his waist, from which was suspended his war club, and on his head his feathered war bonnet. Then putting his arms over their shoulders, they lifted him to his feet. Thus supported, the old chief passed the last few minutes of his life grimly facing the last enemy. Then a sigh escaped his lips, his head fell forward on his breast and he was dead.

There is a breath of old-time romance about such a death; the courage and inflexible determination of the chieftain, who met his foe face to face, and held his own to the last. There was no weeping, no pleading for delay, no cowardice. Had such a death occurred centuries ago, we could have seen nothing in it but the admirable bravery, the indomitable spirit of the man. But this man had heard of Christ, had listened to the Gospel, and we deplore his passing away in that spirit. In his youth he had attended the mission school, and had listened to the teaching of Christianity, he had read much of philosophy, science and religion, and yet this was the way he preferred to die!

How different this from the peaceful yielding of the spirit at the call of the heavenly Father! The great Apostle, a man of as brave a spirit as that of Falling Day, and with the magnificent fortitude of one who had fought a good fight, could meet death with the words: "I am ready." The old chief's attitude was that of resistance to the very last, and that, too, to an enemy who must triumph in the end. Better, far better that the grim messenger should be received as one who brings a summons to a glory beyond human power to conceive. Life, with its sorrows and blunders, its temptations and conflicts, its sins and miseries, is not so precious a thing that we should cling to it. To do our duty, to fulfil our mission as far as we are able, to help others to the full extent of our ability, to wait all the days of our appointed time, and then at the last, in calm confidence in Him who has trodden the path before us, to go cheerfully to meet the unknown in full acquiescence in the will of our heavenly Father—that is a better way to die.

The Real Issue in the Smoot Case

SENATOR SMOOT'S attempt to "draw the fire" of the anti-Smoot forces in the United States Senate, has signally failed. When the petitions of the women of Wyoming and California, demanding the expulsion of the Mormon Apostle, were presented, the California Senator told his distinguished auditors that no one should be excluded from the Senate because of his religious belief.

In intimating that this was the basis of the women's protest, the Senator committed the egregious error of supposing that the Senate would accept such an interpretation. Nothing could be farther from the fact. The memorialists know that freedom of worship is guaranteed to every citizen as a constitutional right and they have never indulged the desire to interfere with that universal privilege. The case against the Mormon apostle goes far deeper. The women arraign him as the sworn servant of an organization "whose purpose is to establish a kingdom within this Republic," and which is inflexibly antagonistic to our government and the spirit of our laws and institutions. It is an organization which has confessedly violated its solemn pledge to abolish polygamy, and which, under the guise of religion, is dominating the political, social and commercial well-being of a number of States, to an extent that has forced their people to demand redress.

There is nothing whatever in this having any reference to Mr. Smoot's religion. He may be Mormon, Parsee, Pagan, or what not; he is entitled to his belief. But when any organization, religious or secular, steps out of its legitimate sphere to antagonize the best interests of millions of loyal Americans, as the Mormon apostolate has done and is now doing, it must be dealt with like any other body of law breakers.

There is little danger that the cuttle-fish attempt to befog the Senate by injecting the "religious issue" will receive any serious attention. The ruse is too palpable. The real issue is one which the Utah Senator's allies cannot side-track, however much they would like to do so.

Let Every State Help Japan

AS we are about to send this issue to press, there comes to us a letter which contains a suggestion that should commend itself to the respective Governors of all the States in the Union. The letter is as follows:

"EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, STATE OF SOUTH DAKOTA,
PIERRE

"*To the People of South Dakota:*

"In my mail this morning there came a very touching letter from a philanthropic lady in an adjoining State, saying that she was asking the Governors of all the States to call attention to the famine situation in Japan.

"THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, of New York City, is receiving subscriptions, and a few days ago telegraphed $10,000.00 for starving Japan. In the issue of this paper, for Feb. 28, they publish the following words from President Roosevelt:

> The famine situation in northern Japan is proving much more serious than at first supposed, and thousands of persons are on the verge of starvation. It is a calamity such as may occasionally befall any nation. Nations, like men, should stand ever ready to aid each other in distress, and I appeal to the American people to help from their abundance their suffering fellow-men of the great and friendly nation of Japan.

"For several consecutive years South Dakota has reaped bountiful harvests, and I trust that our people will contribute a little of their savings to help in this great work of relief.

"I suggest that some one in each community take it upon himself to solicit subscriptions, and forward the same to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, New York City, or the contributions may be sent to this office, and they will be receipted for and forwarded to the proper authorities.

"SAMUEL H. ELROD, *Governor.*"

Pierre, South Dakota, Feb. 28.

If the Governors of each and every one of our grain-growing States, where bountiful crops have rewarded the toil of the husbandman this season, were to adopt the plan of Governor Elrod and appeal to their people, the famine-stricken farmer-folk of Japan would be relieved within a month!

All honor to the generous-hearted Executive of South Dakota for his famine-breaking inspiration! It's a plan which, if undertaken vigorously and immediately, would result in saving a multitude of human lives.

The Situation in China

AS was foreshadowed in a recent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the irruption in China has begun, and there is every indication that it will be serious and extensive. It is to be regretted that the Missionary Boards did not discover, in the early intimations of approaching trouble, a sufficient reason to call the missionary forces to some rallying point of safety; but this is probably being done, even as we write. We trust there may still be time to bring them all safely to the coast. The rioting at Nanchang, where two English missionaries were killed by the mobs, indicates the serious nature of the danger to which these faithful workers may be exposed, if left unprotected, at points in the interior.

It is now conceded, even among the most conservative journals here and in Europe, that the new Chinese cry of "Asia for the Asiatics" is likely to find violent expression in the near future, with China as the starting-point. The truth would seem to be that these races have taken a leaf from our own Monroe Doctrine, and are minded to apply it vigorously against all foreigners. Added to this is the incendiary fuel supplied by the anti-dynastic movement in China; but, even if the latter should not attain formidable development, the anti-foreign crusade seems destined to spread. Japan's phenomenal rise to power and influence has aroused the whole Eastern world to new life, and the younger generation of Chinese scholars and statesmen see the future hope of China in the adoption of a policy of aggression towards all foreigners and the products of foreign lands. Hence the present situation, the seriousness of which it is folly to belittle.

Our well-informed contemporary, the Los Angeles *Times*, is authority for the statement that there are 6,000 Americans in China at the present moment, 3,000 being engaged in commercial business, 1,500 in a variety of occupations, and some 1,400 as missionaries. These latter are scattered throughout the vast empire, some being many days' journey from the capital or the coast. It is not reassuring to think of 6,000 men, women and children of our own flesh and blood in peril. Let us hope that the measures taken by the Chinese authorities, as well as the precautions adopted by our own government, will be effective for their protection. And let us pray that the great danger which overshadows all foreigners in China may be averted.

Among the Workers

—EVANGELIST E. R. HERMISTON has just closed a meeting of great power and blessing, at Harrisburg, Oregon. A teacher in the High School, and a prominent physician were among the converts. All the churches will reap a large harvest from the meetings.

—EVANGELISTS CROSSLEY AND HUNTER have concluded a Union Mission at Mesford, Ont., in which more than seven hundred professed conversion. The converts included a newspaper proprietor, an editor, many business men, students, one bartender, and several drunkards.

—AN EVANGELIST in Rutland, Vt., wrote to Postmaster Baker, of Louisville, Ky., lately, asking for a list of "unsaved men and women in your city," and the Postmaster promptly forwarded a city directory. "I believe," said Mr. Baker in his reply to the Rutland man, "that no one should be overlooked, so I send you 250,000 names."

—EVANGELISTS HART AND MAGANN, of Fairbury, Illinois, have closed two notable revival meetings, the first in Broadway M. E. Church, Camden, N. J., and the other a joint revival between the first M. E. Church, and the Ohio Northern University, Ada, Ohio. In the Camden meeting there were over five hundred professions of conversion. In the revival at Ada, there were 1,205 seekers who came forward, knelt and sought the Lord. There were between six and seven hundred professions during the nineteen days.

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THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

A SESSION OF THE ALGECIRAS CONFERENCE ON THE REFORM OF THE EMPIRE OF MOROCCO

1. Mr. White (United States). 2. Count Roziebrodzki (Austria). 3. Mr. Gummere (United States). 4. Count Welersheimb (Austria). 5. Count Von Tattenbach (Germany). 6. M. Revoil (France). 7. The Duke of Almodovar (Spain). 8. Sir Arthur Nicolson (England). 9. Ben Nis (Morocco).

Deadlock at Algeciras

WITH anxious minds and hearts full of foreboding, the statesmen of Europe are looking to Algeciras, the little Spanish town where the diplomats of the world are in Conference. There is fear that the deadlock in the negotiations will be broken by war. Germany and France stand face to face grimly determined on irreconcilable policies. To effect the needed reforms in Morocco two things are necessary: the reform of the finances and the reform of the police system. France, whose dependency of Algeria abuts on Morocco, has naturally the chief interest in the latter. The inefficiency or corruption of the police in Morocco causes disturbance in Algeria, and therefore France, having secured the acquiescence of Great Britain and Spain, undertook to reorganize the police force of Morocco. The Emperor of Germany foresaw that the effect of this scheme would be to make Morocco eventuly a territory of France, and he forbade its being carried out. The result was the summoning of representatives of the chief Powers of the world at Algeciras, to discuss the whole question. The preliminaries at the Conference were quite amicable, but as soon as the subject of the police and of a national bank arose opposition developed. Germany accepted the principle that reform was necessary, and was willing that it be undertaken by a concert of the Powers or by some minor country like Switzerland, but objected to its being confided to France.

On the other hand, France points out that a concert of the Powers has always failed and that no minor country could perform it and would probably become a tool of Germany, while France being near at hand, and having the largest interests at stake, is the natural and proper agent to have charge of the work. Thus the two nations are diametrically opposed and there is talk of the Conference being abandoned. The result would be a return to former conditions, which were bristling with menace of war. If a war did break out, Great Britain would probably go to the support of France, and possibly other nations would be involved. Earnest endeavors are being made by the Emperor of Russia and other potentates to effect a compromise, but at present without success. Mutual jealousy and ill-will increase as the discussion proceeds, and the hope of a settlement is becoming less and less probable. The message of the wise king would be an appropriate word to utter to the potentates who have now the peace of the world in their keeping:

The beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water; therefore leave off contention (Prov. 17: 14).

To Find a Polar Continent

The Danish Minister to Washington recently presented to President Roosevelt, the Danish explorer Captain E. J. Mikkelsen, who proposes to extend the dominions of the United States. He is starting northward to find a continent within the Arctic circle, which scientists have long believed to exist. In a recent address before the Royal Geographical Society of Great Britain, Sir Clement Markham said: "Professor Spencer and Dr. Harris concur with me that there is land between Prince Patrick Island and Siberia. I believe it will be found that there is a large island, skirting the edge of the continental shelf." It is this island that Captain Mikkelsen hopes to discover. The funds for the expedition have been furnished partly from Great Britain and partly from America, and the explorer pledges himself, in the event of success, to raise the stars and stripes over the unknown land and claim it for the United States. He proposes to go to Edmonton, B. C., and thence descend by steamer to the mouth of the Mackenzie River, where, with his party, he will await a favorable opportunity for beginning his exploration. That, even if found, it will add to our population, or to our wealth, is improbable, for it is little likely that it is inhabited; but it may be the means of increasing our scientific knowledge and may become a base for the discovery of the Pole. There is an inexhaustible fascination about those regions, in the search for which many have lost their lives. We can but wish that there was similar eagerness to learn all about the eternal kingdom, where those will be received who are fitted to enter.

Say not in thine heart, Who shall ascend into heaven? or, Who shall descend into the deep? But what saith it? The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart: that is, the word of faith, which we preach. (Rom. 10: 6-8).

A Mean Swindler

The New York detectives have arrested a man who they insist is the meanest crook in the city. They found him on the dock of a foreign steamship company at work among newly-arrived immigrants. His practice, as the detectives describe it, is to address a man who has just landed from a steamer and ask him where he is going. As he dressed in official-looking clothes, the immigrant usually tells him and shows his railroad ticket, probably to some Western State. The crook tells him the ticket is not sufficient, and he will have to pay some money—ten or twenty or fifty dollars—according to his estimate of the immigrant's possessions. In one instance, the immigrant could not find enough to satisfy the crook, so gave up his silver watch for the balance. In another case, he took a poor girl's whole savings. The detectives were greatly elated at catching a swindler so despicable, and hope to have him sentenced to a long term as a warning to others of the same kind. It would be well if the example were heeded by those people who use the superstitious fears of the ignorant to make them a prey. There are many who think that money given to a priest will facilitate their own or their relatives entrance into eternal blessedness, forgetting that the promise is free.

Wherefore do ye spend your money for that which is not bread and your labor for that which satisfieth not (Isa. 55: 2).

An Antiquarian Mistake

How easily our scholars may be deceived about the age of buildings has been proved by the investigations of Signor Boni, an Italian antiquarian. He is now convinced that a large number of the houses and tombs in Rome that were supposed to have been built in the first and second centuries are really composed of tiles, obtained in millions from the great conflagrations that devastated Rome. The aqueduct of the Aqua Traiana, the entire port of Ostia, near Flumicino, the hemicycle of the Forum of Trajan, the Horrea under the Basilica of Maxentius, many of the tombs on the Via Latina and the Via Appia, including the internal part of the tomb of Cecilia Metella, and many other buildings, are all formed of these remains. This would entirely alter the dates attributed to many buildings, which were formerly supposed to be unquestionably fixed by the stamps of the bricks of which they were composed, but which Signor Boni feels that he has now proved were taken from the remains of very much older constructions. It was quite natural for the antiquarians to conclude, if a brick in a certain house was stamped with a certain date, that the house was built in that year, but, as Count Boni shows, the inference is not safe. The discovery should act as a caution to those who presume to criticize the Bible. Those who dispute its statements may be relying on evidence similarly misleading.

The wise men are ashamed, they are dismayed and taken: lo, they have rejected the Word of the Lord and what wisdom is in them? (Jer. 8: 9).

Dementia in New York

It is a significant showing that is made by the report on Insanity, just presented to the New York Legislature. It appears that there are at present over 33,000 insane persons in the State, a larger number than ever before. The most disquieting fact is that the ratio to population is also larger. Two years ago the proportion was one insane person to every 377 of the population; now it is one to 299. The number of new cases is also unusually large. The number that developed last year was 5,346. It cost the State over four and a half million dollars to care for those who were under its charge. How much was expended on those in private institutions is unknown. It is gratifying to learn that extensive improvements to prevent overcrowding, and to insure the separation and segregation of the patients are being made. The Legislature has appropriated a million and a half for this purpose this year, besides providing for the support of the patients. The grievous fact is that the tendency to insanity, due to the strain and stress of city life, is increasing, and no remedy in medicine can be found for it. The remedy that is effective, which God provides, is only too often disregarded by the people who are most liable to suffer from the malady.

Thou will keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee (Isa. 26: 3).

A Dangerous Landslide

Passengers on a branch of the Erie Railroad were startled, a few days ago, when a few miles out from Jersey City, N. J., by the sudden shutting-off of steam and the sharp application of the brakes to the cars on which they were riding. The shock threw several of them from their seats and gave all a vigorous shaking. When they alighted to ascertain the cause, they were not disposed to complain. A short distance ahead the track was covered, twenty feet deep, with huge boulders and soil, which had fallen from the bank on one side of the cut. It is supposed that the frost and rain had loosened the cutting. When the wrecking crew arrived, it was found that over five hundred tons of rock had fallen, bringing down quantities of dirt. Happily no train was passing at the time, otherwise it would have been crushed. The engineer of the train that was approaching, saw the obstruction in time to stop before running into it. Thus the passengers owed their escape to his vigilance and prompt action. Had a man less alert been in charge many lives would probably have been lost. It would be well if in the journey of life, our ways were committed to Him who never slumbers, and who is able to preserve those who trust in Him from moral and spiritual wreck.

It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps (Jer. 10: 23).

BRIEF NOTES

Among recent converts of the Salvation Army at Dulwich was a Mohammedan, led to Christ by one of his own countrymen, a converted Brahmin and son of a priest.

Another Indian temple, with its native idols, has recently been surrendered to the Salvation Army, at a village called Ellyanarkoolam, in South India.

Perils of the Drink Traffic

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS*

IT is amazing, when the greatest peril of our Sunday School boys is that they will some day be spoiled by drink, that so many teachers either absent themselves on the day of the temperance lesson, or teach it half-heartedly and ineffectively. It is the duty of the teacher to fortify the child against the hour when, for the sake of good fellowship, he shall meet the devil's most serious modern temptation, to "take the risk" of adopting the drink habit. "Cast thyself down" says the tempter. "There is no danger in it for you, even

Slavs About to Bury a Girl Alive

though great men have become drunkards." Every up-to-date man or boy should know that it is not occasional drunkenness that is chiefly to be feared, but "alcoholism," the diseased condition of the habitual tippler who was never drunk in his life. Drunkenness is more dangerous to the neighbors, but alcoholism is most harmful to the tippler himself, and his children's children.

Who Hath Woe? "What will you have?" says one young man to another at the bar. "You will have woe, and sorrow, and contentions, and wounds without cause," says the Word of God. Centuries of history say the same. Not that every drinker will surely come to drunkenness, or even to alcoholism, but every drinker is setting an example and maintaining a custom that will surely bring others to woe and sorrow in any case. "No man has a moral right to do what, if all the world follows his example, would produce more harm than good." And when one does for selfish pleasure what is sure to bring sorrow to others, he is a traitor to the brotherhood of man.

Abraham Lincoln said: "The liquor traffic is a cancer on society, eating out its vitals, and threatening destruction, and all attempts to regulate it will aggravate the evil. There must be no attempt to regulate the cancer; it must be eradicated, not a root must be left behind; for until this is done, all classes must continue in danger of becoming victims of strong drink." If the liquor traffic is a cancer, are not those who keep it up, whether by their sales or by their example, cancer planters?

Who Hath Contentions? The *Chicago Tribune*, in an argument for high license, said: "The saloon business adds more than any other to the work of the police." That ought to be sufficient reason for prohibiting it, as other crimes that require the attention of the police are prohibited—many of them but children of what Senator Merrill called "the crime of crimes."

Who Hath Complainings? Much of the anarchistic discontent comes from those who have wasted their substance in riotous living. "Where is your carriage?" said the anarchistic demagogue from his dry-goods box street pulpit, to his crowd of tramps and loafers. "The rumseller's got mine," said one of his half-drunk auditors.

Who Hath Wounds Without Cause? One of the most terrible of the destroyers now used in war is the self-propelling torpedo, which is launched as a submarine boat, and goes swiftly beneath the water to an enemy's ship lying far away, to blow it suddenly into the air with all on board. The bottle is such a torpedo, shot from the brewery or the distillery to destroy the prosperity and happiness of the home. As the ancient Slavs buried some human being alive, as a sacrifice, under the corner-stone of every important building, so every saloon lays its foundations in the blood of broken-hearted mothers and children, and ruined young men.

Who Hath Redness of Eyes? Alcohol assails every part of the body, but the red flag of danger is most distinctly seen in the face. A recent test of Swiss soldiers in marksmanship, showed that total abstainers are the best shots. Drink mars the eye for work as well as for beauty. And it is drink that creates more than anything else the "lust of the eyes."

They that Tarry Long at the Wine. What a vast waste of time is due to drink. "Time is money" in a very literal sense, and enough time is wasted in drinking, and the loafing and sickness that goes with it, to change poverty to plenty in drunkards' homes.

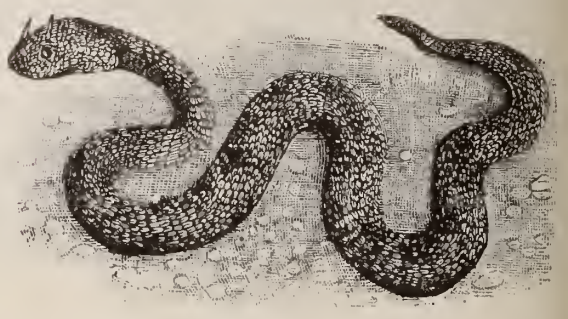
Look Not Thou Upon the Wine. In the front store-window of a dealer in wines and other intoxicating drinks, I several times noticed during the past winter, placards displayed, upon which were lettered the words: "Come in and look! You will not be expected to buy!" How like in sentiment, and accordant in rhyme, I thought, to the familiar ditty of my childhood: "Will you walk into my parlor, said the spider to the fly."

Little Henry had been very sick. When he was slowly getting better, and was just able to be up and about the room, he was left alone a short time. His sister came in eating a piece of cake. Henry's mamma had told him that he must eat nothing but what she gave him, because it would not be safe for him to have what other children did till he was stronger. He was hungry; the cake did look so good; he wanted very much to take a bite of it, and the kind sister would gladly have given it to him. "Jennie," said he, "you must run right out of the room away from me with that cake, and I'll keep my eyes shut while you go, so that I sha'n't want it." It is half the battle to keep our eyes from lingering on the things that would harm us. Here we see one of the chief benefits of Prohibition. Where liquor selling is forbidden, it cannot be set in windows to tempt the passer-by. To say that Prohibition does not lessen sales, would be to say that business men do not know their business when they set their goods attractively in costly show windows, and it would also imply that laws enabling men to collect legal debts are useless. The outlawed saloon has no rights in the courts.

The Rechabites Refusing to Drink the Wine Offered to Them (Jer. 35 : 2-6)

When it Sparkleth in the Cup. Here we have the same thought that Solomon put in another passage: "Wine is a mocker." It looks like a joy-bringer, a health and strength giver. For ages it fooled men with its claim that one could "drink health," and the idea that it gave strength was embodied in the lying name "strong drink." No intelligent people now believe the use of intoxicants as a beverage makes a man stronger or healthier. Some still think the same drink cools them in summer and warms them in winter, when it only dulls their senses, like chloroform, so that they do not know when they are in peril of heat or cold. The arctic traveller, Nansen, was guest at a dinner of medical and other scientists, held at Munich. A neighbor asked, "Did you take any alcohol with you when you left the *Fram* to make your heroic expedition by sledges!" "No," said Nansen, "for if I had done so I should never have returned." And yet so-called statesmen in Washington argue that liquors must be sold in Alaska because it is so cold, and in the Philippines because it is so warm.

A patient was arguing with the doctor on the necessity of his taking a stimulant. He urged that he was weak and needed it. Said he: "But, doctor, I must have some kind of a stimulant. I am cold, and it warms me." "Precisely," came the doctor's crusty answer. "See here. This stick is cold," taking up a stick of wood from the box beside the hearth and tossing it into the fire. "Now it is warm, but is the stick benefited?" The sick man watched the wood first send out little puffs of smoke, and then burst into a flame, and replied: "Of course not. It is burning itself." "And so are you when



"It Stingeth like an Adder"

you warm yourself with alcohol—you are literally burning up the delicate tissues of your stomach and brain."

"Wine is a mocker" also when it claims to be a stimulant. Its first effect is to stimulate, but its final work is depressant when nature pays the forced loan of stimulation. Beer is also a mocker, especially when it claims to be a harmless drink. The papers are full of the stories of people who have been tricked, but no man has been more fooled and defrauded than he who has taken intoxicants for health, or strength, or joy. What a mocker is the alcohol in patent medicines, that makes people topers under the pretense of medicine.

At the Last it Biteth Like a Serpent. A young man, some years ago, while in the jungles of Africa with an exploring party, caught a young boa constrictor, which, for amusement, he taught some wonderful tricks, one of which was to coil itself about his feet and body, and as it reached above his head, to curve over and kiss his face, and then at a signal drop to the ground. By his popular exhibition in England he made money, and then formed the habit of drinking. One night he gave an exhibition in Manchester. The scene, an African jungle. A traveller came on the stage, stopped, and listened, spell-bound. A rustle was heard as of a stealthily moving object, and there appeared the head of a great snake, with eyes like fire. It crept softly to the man, wound itself about him, and brought its head in line with his face. He gave the signal, but the serpent had him entirely in its power, and tightening its coil about his body, crushed out his life. Even a serpent knew no man could retain his mastery of others when he had been mastered by drink. How many tragedies of young lives crushed out by the serpent of drink this story calls up in those who read it. At first sweet, at last a serpent.

A whiskey firm at Atlantic City put its sign of the "best" whiskey on a wreck off shore. That brain must be dull indeed that does not see the fitness of a whiskey sign on a wreck, and does not see in such a sign a warning rather than an invitation. Many and many a life has whiskey wrecked. "I've discovered a cure for the drink habit," said a husband who had tried again and again to reform, and seizing a gun he shot himself.

As he that Lieth on the Top of a Mast. This refers to the "crow's nest" at the top of the mast in some ships, where a watchman looks out for schools of fish. At best it is hard to keep his place, but if he falls asleep, he is sure to be thrown into the sea. In the keen struggles of modern life it is hard enough to keep up with a clear brain, and the fuddled brain is almost sure to fail.

The Way of Escape — Pledge, Prayer, Prohibition. These three dykes will shut out the drink flood. Let every Sunday School circulate the pledge once a quarter—your class in any case—and let us remember that the pledge must be re-enforced by prayer.

*International Sunday School Lesson for March 25. A Temperance Lesson. Prov. 23: 29-35. Golden Text: "At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." Prov. 23: 32.

AROUND THE HOME HEARTH

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

"Follow Me!"

A WOMAN was busy in her kitchen. It was a spring day, but not warm and sunny, with the atmosphere that coaxes flowers and leaves into bud and bloom and persuades birds to begin building the nest, but instead a bleak, chill day, with threats of storm in the gusts that shook the house. The woman moved about listlessly among her pots and pans, for she was lonely and tired. Only a week ago she had said good-by to her only son, who had gone to seek his fortunes in the Far East. Untraveled herself, the mother dreaded she knew not what for her boy in the distant land. She dreaded miasma and physical disease, and even more the fear that her dear one might meet evil companions and encounter temptations too strong for him to resist, weighed upon her like an incubus.

Her life had been full of hardships, and poverty had barred her door against many of the simple pleasures that most people take as a matter of course. When the dinner was at last on the range and in the oven and the table set, she sat down beside the window and looked out over the dull fields. Her husband would be home at noon, and the younger children would hurry in from school, and she would be ready for them as she always was, yet, in the meantime, she thought only about John, and she did not appreciate the fact that her brooding melancholy was an injustice to the rest of her family.

Sitting in the old rocking-chair she closed her eyes. Perhaps she slept; for she had been up and on her feet since long before daylight. Whether she slept or waked she never knew. A voice, sweeter than any earthly sound, said in her ear: "Follow Me!" and the bare, worn kitchen was transformed into a room so glorious, that it might have been a chamber in a palace.

"Follow Me!" said the voice. "I have known loneliness and wistfulness and deep anxiety, but the path I went every day led Me straight into the presence of My Father, and there I found peace. Trust your absent boy to Me. I am with him now as I am with you. Neither on sea nor on land can your boy be out of My sight. He is as dear to Me as to you. Poor, grieving mother, follow me into the peace of God."

When father and children came home, opening the door softly they started, for the mother met them with a smile, and they were almost sure as they came up to the house they had heard her singing, and indeed they had. She had been singing this hymn:

In heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear;
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here.
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

. . . .

A man sat by himself in a prison cell. He had made a misstep at the beginning of his career, had wasted his opportunities and finally committed a crime. Hardened and rebellious he had entered on his term of service behind the bars, and as he counted the passage of the slowly creeping hours and looked on the felon's garb that he loathed, the dark tide of rebellion surged higher and higher in his heart. Nothing cheered him or moved him, and he was considered a desperate and suspicious character, ready to plunge into some terrible deed.

This man, though few knew it, had one soft spot in his nature, one avenue led into the innermost citadel of his soul, and that was his tenderness for a little sister who was growing up pure as a lily in the home that his transgressions had so deeply shadowed. It was Sunday afternoon as he sat gloomy and miserable in the comfortless cell, a child came to the door and said: "I have brought you a flower." She was the little daughter of the warden, and her mother was at her side. The locked door was unfastened, and the two entered, the child, in sweet confidence, looking up into the man's face. "I love you," she said, and her dimpled fingers clasped his hand. At that instant a voice from heaven penetrated his consciousness, and it said: "Follow Me. Follow Me. I know that you have been in the far country. I know that you have sinned, and that you have not yet repented; but now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation. No one has gone so far away that I cannot bring him back. It is not too late for you. Come back to your lost manhood, and in this world be once more redeemed and saved."

The child climbed on his knee and kissed him, and once more the voice in his heart said: "Follow Me." He obeyed the voice. Later he went forth from the prison to serve God and his fellow-man.

A young girl was robed for her bridal. She was giving her hand joyously to one who was worthy. As she stood before her mirror and fond hands fastened her wedding-gown and adjusted the long filmy veil, while the joy that flooded her made her cheek warm and bright as a blush rose, there came to her suddenly and peremptorily the voice of the King: "You are going," it said, "into the fairest sphere on earth and into woman's divinest realm. You are to be queen of a good man's home and to sanctify the hearth by your presence. You are yourself a King's daughter. Remember the word that was spoken of old. The King's daughter is all glorious within. In this new life of love and honor and privilege, O child of mine, follow Me."

As the bride walked down the long church aisle, every one noted the look of purity and radiance on her face. As she left the church on the arm of her beloved, there was an even higher consecration in her soul than that she had pledged to him.

So it is in this life of ours. In every vicissitude, in every situation, in every emergency, Christ is our Helper. In joy and in sorrow, in waywardness and in penitence, in youth and in age, Christ is calling, Follow Me! Let us heed that voice and follow Him into service, into hope, into peace, into the love that never ends.

CHILDREN TOGETHER

Children together, though grandma is old,
And the dear little maidens have gold in their hair;
They are glad in the sunshine and happy all day,
And not one of the group is o'erburdened with care.

Mothers in Council

SOME weeks ago a letter on this page touched upon the discipline of children, and one mother very frankly expressed her dissent from the well-known views of the editor, who is quite willing to be known as the advocate of gentle measures in the management of the young. This mother declared that she believed in the efficacy of the rod, and related her own experience in the bringing up of a family of little sons. Other mothers have written on the subject, and their opinions are interesting; some of them are quoted here.

A mother in British Columbia writes:

I am quite against the practice of mothers resorting to corporal punishment. There are many other methods used by good disciplinarians, which I think are far better, such as withholding some pleasure—if not already promised. Promise carefully, but fulfil truthfully in everything, is the first step to discipline. As a mother myself, very rarely did I resort to a mild whipping once in a great while, but insisted on obedience by being firm, keeping all promises, and sometimes preventing some little pleasure, many times by reasoning patiently, or encouraging when behaving better, the victory has been won. No correction should be administered in a temper, for self-control is the first element of a good disciplinarian. I have been successful in managing children under my care, as well as my own, but not with the rod.

The mother of a full nursery writes from California:

We have six little ones—one is with Jesus—but we always say we have him, for he is safe forevermore. Our oldest living child is six years old, the youngest, a tiny baby—I am rocking her while I write. The six-year-old is at school, while three-year-old John, four-year-old Honor, and one and a-half-year-old Faith, are all having their afternoon nap on one bed. This is my quiet hour. I often sleep myself, but I felt to-day I must put in my earnest plea for what, from my heart of hearts, I believe in regard to whipping children. I think there is no saying wiser or truer than, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." I've seen it many times; and oh, my dear sister, don't you see how terribly spoiled children are nowadays? Screaming and throwing themselves on the floor, and bringing parents to time, flatly refusing to obey—talking back. I might name a great many more that I've seen. It may be with just one or two children and a mother who had not much else to do, one could manage to train them right and make them mind with no whipping, but with five babies, I find it necessary to have my children obey me at once, and I find a sound spanking or a little switch brings about splendid results. It takes the naughty right out, and makes the child sweet and good, and full of love for mamma and for all. I'd take the whipping gladly every time myself, if it would answer the purpose, for it hurts me to punish my dear little ones—dearer far than my own life—but it's because I love them so, that I make them be good. They will have enough to fight in their future lives, if, when little, they learn to control their tempers, be unselfish, be true, be simply good.

Here is diversity indeed. A mother in Michigan speaks her mind as follows:

I believe more children are ruined soul and body by whipping, than the world has knowledge of. Look at that little boy; see him hang his head for shame. It takes him hours, possibly days, before he can hold up his head again. Parents often make liars of their children by whipping. No child with average intelligence, but would deceive to escape a whipping. I have heard a father say to his little son, "I shall give you a whipping to-night," then take his hat and go, feeling that he was lord of creation. But what of the boy? all day long his little feet dragged, he could not play, thinking of what was before him.

I do not altogether agree with the theory that children are taught to lie by means of a whipping. A deliberate lie is perhaps the one offense that can be cleansed only by chastisement. A great deal depends on the nature of the child, whether bold or timid. The real object of punishment is to arrest attention, and fix on the mind of a growing child the emphasis that should make right differ from wrong. This can often be done far better by withholding a pleasure, than by inflicting a pain. The somewhat old-fashioned method pursued by a father who promises a little offender a whipping some hours hence, cannot be too sternly reprobated. A child should be punished at once or not at all. Never should punishment be administered at bed-time. Children should go to bed happy, with the kiss of peace upon their lips.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—ELIZABETH. If you receive a card inviting you to a reception from four to six, you must either attend it or else send your visiting card by mail, so that it will arrive on the afternoon mentioned. At an informal reception you remove only your outside wraps, keeping on bonnet and gloves.

—MADGE. There is no reason why you should not give your friend an inexpensive present if you choose, but you certainly cannot accept a watch or other jewelry from a man to whom you are not engaged. It would be very embarrassing for you to make an explanation such as you suggest, but you may simply say that you prefer not to receive costly gifts from any one.

THE CHARIOTS OF THE LORD

A Story of the days of Religious Persecution in England

BY JOSEPH HOCKING

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued

"BUT the religion!" cried Ferguson, in apparent fury. "What of the call of God? 'Cursed be ye Meroz, ay, curse ye bitterly, because ye would not go up to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty.' Is that to go for naught? I tell ye, James is setting idols up all over the country, he is giving power to the Scarlet Woman, he is driving those who dispense only the pure milk of the Word from their churches. He is placing a crown on the head of the devil."

But Trelawney saw that this did not move the young Duke. The Protestant religion to him was only one of the cards which he had to play, neither had he any deep conviction concerning it. It soon became apparent to him, moreover, that confusion reigned among them. Each was more eager for his own interests than for any great cause. He saw, too, that there was no man of great power among them, no master mind to which all others yielded. MacCallum More seemed to be the only one fit for a great general, and yet they were seeking to hedge him around by conditions and restrictions. As for the young Duke, he was the creature of passing influences. When his vanity was appealed to, when he was pictured as King of England, and James humbled to the dust, then his eyes glistened, and he talked gaily, but when the cause for which they were supposed to fight was the chief topic, he grew petulant and gloomy.

Young as he was, Trelawney saw that here was no leader of men. In the day of victory he would be jubilant and over-confident, but if the battle went against him, he would be ready to cry like a disappointed child. He saw that scarcely one of them was filled with a great conviction, and that come what would, they must fight to the very last. There were a few soldiers of fortune among them, but the young Cornishman, taught as he had been to believe that hirelings always failed in the day of trial, thought little of them. As for the ravings of Ferguson, he paid them no heed. The fellow struck him from the very first as a time-server, a man who would be always ready to wear the livery of those whom he thought would pay him best.

One incident confirmed this after he had been in the Council Chamber some two or three hours. Donald Stewart, whose pride had been somewhat hurt because of the way Monmouth had ignored him, had kept silent, but at length he was led to speak.

"We have forgotten, too, that James is a usurper," went on Stewart. "There is one matter which Master Trelawney hath not mentioned. Not that it is his fault for keeping silent about it, for truly you have confused his mind with other matters. At the Council meeting in London, there was a document exhibited of great importance."

"What? what?" cried Monmouth.

"The marriage lines of the late King," said Stewart.

"By whom?" cried Monmouth.

"By your own grandfather," replied the Scotsman, "at least he said he was the father of Mistress Lucy Walters."

Monmouth did not reply, but a dozen others eagerly asked questions.

"I'll no say that I was altogether convinced," said the Scotsman, "but of a truth he showed a paper which purported to be the marriage contract of Charles Stuart with Mistress Lucy Walters. It was attested to by two Papist priests, and signed by Charles himself."

"And where is it now?" cried many.

"The old man is in safe keeping in London, and he saith he will give it to his grandson when he lands on English soil."

There was a great shout of joy at this, but Trelawney noticed that Monmouth did not seem so elated as one would have expected him to be.

"There was a talk of this not long after Charles came on the throne," said Lord Grey, "but Charles took a solemn oath that there never was a marriage. I have heard of this old man: but it is said that he had to fly to save his life. It is said there never was any proof that he was Mistress Lucy Walters' father at all, and that he was a madman or a wizard."

"But Master Rashcliffe told us he believed it to be a genuine document," cried Stewart, and thereupon he related the story which had been told in the Council Chamber.

"But what saith his Grace?" said MacCallum More, looking steadily at Monmouth.

"Say," replied Monmouth. "I say that this is the one thing that hath tempted me to leave Brussels. My mother was an honest woman, and was legally married to my father. I know that proofs of this exist somewhere, and who knows but this is what I have been searching for for years?"

But Trelawney saw that he spoke without conviction, even although he tried to make some show of belief.

"I tell you the Lord hath answered our prayers," cried Ferguson, who seemed anxious to fan the Duke's ardor into a flame.

"I tell you," he went on, "I have prayed for this while you have been asleep, and the Lord hath answered my prayers. The Almighty hath delivered power in our hands, and shall we not use it for his glory? Besides, who's to say it's not the genuine contract? The Duke saith it doth exist, and we have the word of Master Rashcliffe that he believeth it to be what we need."

Some assented to this, but many professed grave doubts.

"I tell you," cried Ferguson, "the Lord hath a meaning in all this. Do you go on with your councils. As for me, I, like Elijah of old, will go away and pray. If it be, in truth, the late King's marriage lines, it will be revealed to me."

He left the room as he spoke, protesting that the Lord would tell him what to do.

Trelawney, keen of sight, and hating lies, could not help seeing that this was pure chicanery, and his heart grew cold. Everything had proved to be different from what he had expected.

That night, as he and Donald Stewart were alone together, he thought of these things, but he said naught to his companion. The events of the last few days had been so confusing that he had a difficulty in comprehending all through which he had passed. He could not sleep, because a great battle was going on in his heart. Almost for the first time in his life he knew not what course to take.

"Proof! proof!" cried the Duke. "Here is what we have waited for so long"

CHAPTER XV.

BENEDICT TRELAWNEY did not decide what to do without many heart searchings. Warm-blooded and impulsive, he was not one to turn his back upon an enterprise once undertaken. He had come to Amsterdam with the full intention of throwing in his lot with the Duke of Monmouth, and he had expected to find a man wise in council and brave in the hour of danger. Instead, he had found him to be moody and petulant. One hour he was buoyant and hopeful, the next he was moody and despairing. His counselors were divided among themselves, and confusion prevailed. He saw, too, that many of them cared but little for the real issues at stake; rather they looked forward to the emoluments of office, and to a gay life at court. They talked much of a triumphal march from Somerset to London, and of the confusion and flight of the King; but they had but little thought as to the well-being of the country, and of doing justice to those religionists, who, ever since the coming of Charles, had been oppressed and persecuted. He saw, too, that those who were religiously inclined were the creatures of Ferguson, whom the wily Scotsman moved according to his will.

All these things he realized, and yet he felt he could not turn back. His heart burned at the thought of the cruelties and injustices of the King, and of the things which were done in his name by Jeffreys; he remembered the vow he had taken. No; he would go straight on. Possibly, ay, even probably, Charles II. had married Lucy Walters. If so, the Duke was the lawful heir to the throne, in spite of the Act of Exclusion. Moreover, he remembered when he had ridden through Devon and Somersetshire, how he had been told of the triumphal march which the Duke had made. The people worshiped him. Perhaps when he planted his standard the while country would flock to it. In any case there was a great cause to fight for, and he would not turn his back on those he had joined. Whatever the leaders were, the cause was noble, and that must be enough for him. So he joined with the rest in the cry: "Down with tyrants; down with popery! Fight in the name of the Lord."

It is not my purpose to describe at length the ill-fated expedition of Monmouth, only in so far as it affects the story of the youth whose history I am

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The Chariots of the Lord

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 231

writing. All the world knows how MacCallum More sailed for Scotland, and of the terrible doom he suffered. Had he been unhindered by counselors all might have been different; but he, the only man among his comrades capable of being a great leader, was not allowed to carry out his designs, and he became the sport of evil circumstances. He lived a brave man; he fought for a great cause, and he lost. When the end came, he died like the hero and the Christian he was. But Benedict Trelawney did not know of this. While Argyle was marching towards his doom, Monmouth and his eighty men were sailing towards Somerset, in full hope that the country would flock to the standard of the new King. For so the young Duke declared himself on landing on English shores, in spite of the Proclamation of Ferguson.

Often during the voyage had the young Cornishman dreamed of Mary Jeffreys. Many were the fancies that he had weaved, many were the dreams that had come into his heart. In spite of everything, he could not hide the fact from himself that he loved her, even while he was sure she was but the willing tool and spy of her father. At one time he set his teeth together, and vowed that he would never rest until she, like her father, had been sent to the gallows, and again he found himself making excuses for her, and trying to believe that she had all the time been acting as his friend, and without an evil thought in her heart.

. . .

On landing in Somersetshire, the whole countryside flocked to Monmouth, and for a time all went as merry as the marriage bells. Trelawney was given a captaincy in one of the new regiments, and every day he worked hard to bring his raw recruits into something like fighting order; but even although he did his best he had no great faith in the result. He could not help being depressed by the fickle character of the man who had allowed himself to be proclaimed King. The Duke, who had fought with great gallantry in Scotland, and who, after his victory, had been as merciful as he was gallant, was, during their campaign, more like a wayward child than a great general. One day when a fresh band of volunteers came flocking to his camp, he seemed like a child with a new toy; but the next he complained bitterly that no men of position came to his side, and suggested returning to Amsterdam, where he could live his life in quietness and ease.

On no occasion was this fickleness more manifest than at Frome, to which town Monmouth's forces had marched. On their way thither, a small company of the King's army had attacked them and had been routed, and when they met in Council that night, Monmouth, elated with their victory, spoke confidently of the future.

"Nothing seems to stand against us," he cried, "our arms are continuously victorious.

"The young captain did very well," said Ferguson; "but do not forget, your Majesty, that the Lord is on our side."

"Ay, ay," replied Monmouth impatiently; "but what think you, Captain Trelawney, ought we not to march towards Bristol without delay?"

"Bristol is strongly guarded," replied the young man, "and ought not to be attacked without assurance of victory. If we fail there, we fail everywhere."

"What! you think our fortune depends on this one throw of our dice," replied Monmouth. "Well, and what then? I am in favor of throwing it. I tell you I have no doubt about our success. We must press right onward; nothing but firm and steady resolution will give us our rights."

He had scarcely spoken, when a man entered bearing a dispatch. The Duke snatched it impatiently, and a moment afterwards gave a cry of despair.

"Lost! Lost!" he said, "all is lost!"

"What is it, your Majesty?" asked Lord Grey, anxiously.

"Poor Argyle, poor Argyle!" wailed Monmouth, and he laid his head upon the table and rocked to and fro in misery.

"Let us return. Let us tell the poor soldiers to go back to their farms, and then escape for our lives."

"But why?"

"Poor Argyle hath been taken, and put to death," he cried. "You know that we depended on him to draw much of James' forces to the north, while now he will be able to concentrate all on us."

For a moment all were staggered by the news, especially as the Duke went on: "All is lost in Scotland, all! all! Ay, and all will be lost in England. Oh, woe is me."

As he spoke an officer came forward, and stated that an old man asked to see him on important matters.

"Show him hither," cried Monmouth, "naught matters now."

A minute later, a very old man came forward. He still walked strongly, although bent nearly to a double with age.

Looking eagerly around, he at length cast his eyes upon Monmouth, and then moved rapidly to the place where he was.

"It is a long journey," he cried, "but I have come. Oh, joy! joy! joy! My daughter's son. Blood of my blood, and bone of my bone!"

"Who is this?" cried Monmouth, haughtily.

"It is I, the father of the fair maid whom your royal sire took as his first wife," cried the old man. "I, known under many names, but really Robert Walters, father of Lucy Walters. I, who have carefully treasured my daughter's marriage contract. I, who wondered why the Lord dealt so hardly with me through the long years, but who now that I lay it before your Majesty, can say: 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation.'"

"Ah!" cried Monmouth, his eyes flashing. "Have you of a truth the marriage contract of my father and mother?"

"It is here! here!" cried the old man tremulously. "Look. Look!"

He drew a parchment from among his garments, and placed it before the young Duke, who, having unfolded it, read with great eagerness.

"Proof! proof!" he cried, exultantly. "Behold, gentlemen. Here is verily what we have waited for so long."

"Did I not tell you?" cried Ferguson. "The Lord hath done this; 'He hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad. This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes.'"

Monmouth's followers crowded eagerly around him and read.

"This is worth more to us than ten pitched battles," said one.

"It is the doom of James the Usurper," cried another.

"To-morrow we will have this matter proclaimed," cried Monmouth. "It will mean that all the nobility will flock to our standard. Master Scrivener, see to it that copies of this are scattered broadcast. To-morrow we will march towards Bristol, and in good time we will speedily avenge the sufferings of Argyle."

All the effects of MacCallum More's doom had now passed away. The young Duke was full of eagerness, full of hope. He lavished kind words and deeds of kindness upon the old man who claimed to be his grandfather, and began to talk of the conditions he intended to place before his royal uncle.

TO BE CONTINUED

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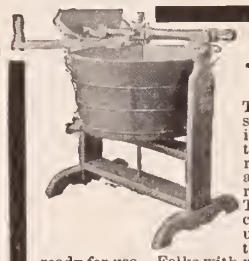

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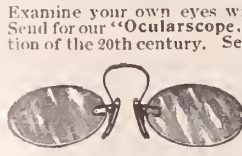

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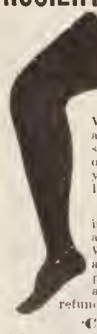

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The College of "Mountain Whites"

PRESIDENT W. L. STOOKSBURY, of Lincoln Memorial University, Cumberland Gap, Tenn., writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, thanking the readers of this journal for their gifts toward the work of the University. He says:

"Our Institution owns about six hundred acres of land, a sawmill, a gristmill, a planing-machine, matching-machines and a shingle-machine. Also we own steam and hand printing-presses. Many of our students who are not able to pay their expenses, work out a large part on the farm, in the garden, dairy, about the mill, or in the printing department. So you see we have quite an industrial feature connected with our school.

"While it is true that we do not neglect the normal and academic, we put considerable stress on the industrial. Studying school work and collegiate training, we have found that even in our best colleges and universities only a very small per cent. of those who matriculate finish the collegiate and university courses. So we decide with this fact before us, that the best training for all concerned, is to establish and maintain an Institution where the masses can obtain an education that will fit them for the manifold duties of life, rather than maintain a school for the education of a few in the higher branches of study. This is especially true of the 'mountain whites,' because they are compelled to work in order to secure an education, and the kind of education we offer teaches our students not only to know but to do something.

"The photograph sent herewith represents the Arthur property, which we purchased last fall, and is now used for our Conservatory of Music. Elocution and art will also be taught in this building. We were fortunate in securing this property, with three other small buildings, or cottages, and ten acres. This property has furnished room for three departments that are growing very rapidly.

"Two years ago the enrollment was two hundred and sixty students. The Institution dropped into debt $3,500. Last year, we enrolled four hundred and thirty-three students and paid all the running expenses and some of our indebtedness. This year, to date, we have enrolled four hundred and twenty-five students in the normal, academic and industrial departments, and one hundred in the medical department, Knoxville, Tenn. We have been compelled to add more to our teaching force, and to construct some buildings for the purpose of housing students. So far this year we are behind $2,000 on running expenses. We also owe for this Conservatory of Music. You can scarcely realize how it makes our hearts rejoice to learn that such a large number of Christ's people are remembering us in their prayers and that many are willing to aid us in a financial way. We feel that the Lord is blessing us and that his spirit is leading and directing in the work. Mr. Carnegie has just agreed to furnish the money for the erection of a large library building. Mr. Samuel P. Avery, of New York City, and his noble-hearted wife, have given us a girls' boarding hall, costing $20,000. So from what we have stated above, your readers can readily see that we are on the road to success."

Then and Now

WHEN only earth was fair and dear to me,
Content and happy I could never be;
My life was one of vain and careless ease,
But—oh! my weary soul could find no peace.

My mind opprest with earthly care and store,
I only wished to gather more and more
Of worldly goods, that vanisheth away;
Enjoy them here below—an earth's brief day.

An angry flash struck me from Sin-air skies;
It rent the veil of sin before my eyes,
And in that light from heaven I could see,
Dear Lord! I saw my life revealed to me.

I saw my danger in the ways of sin,
But found no help from misery within:
My soul was burdened with despair and pain—
To keep thy law, O God, I tried in vain.

At last thy Gospel light appeared to me;
I could look up, O Saviour! up to thee;
I saw thy love for sinners—love divine—
Flash rays of Glory from that Cross of thine!

And now I feel his prescnce ev'ry day;
He is my strength, He leads me all the way.
Although He tarrieth still to summon me,
I am content to know He'll make me free.

—E. M. HELTZEN.

Four Boys Who Would Not Drink

The recent graduation of Mr. John H. Towers, at Annapolis, brings to my mind an interesting family history. Some time before the Civil War, Col. John H. Towers, Sr., noticed that his son, W. H. Towers, the father of this young man, did not drink at all. He was very much pleased, and promised him if he would stick to his pledge that he would give him a fine gold watch when he reached the age of twenty-one. Young Towers, though very young, afterwards joined Forest Cavalry and remained several years, stuck to his promise, and when he was twenty-one he got his watch. Mr. W. H Towers thought it was a good idea, and he resolved if he ever had any boys he would make them the same promise. He had four in the course of time, and each one has won a nice gold watch on arriving at twenty-one. John H. Towers, Jr., was the last one, and he was twenty-one just about the time he graduated, and he got his watch. It is a rare thing for a man to raise four boys to manhood who never touched a drop. It would not be a bad idea for more men to extend the same encouragement to their sons. The three boys are now all prosperous men of business. M. F. G,
Rome, Ga.

The Women's National League

A number of contributions to the National League of Women's Organizations, which is working for Senator Smoot's expulsion, has been received by Mrs. Teunis S. Hamlin, treasurer of the organization. The names of the contributors are:

Mrs. Anna Myers, Mrs. H. C. Edgett, Mrs. G. A. Andrews, Mrs. Margaret Cronk, Mrs. C. M. Bock, Mrs. Harriet Muzzy, Mrs. E. A. Doremus, Mrs. M. B. Meyers, Mrs. M. L. Simpson, Mrs. N. E. Hisson, Mrs. E. J. Bedient, Mrs. S. C. Buch, Mrs. Edgar Schiller, Mrs. G. E. Utterback, Mrs. S. E. Johnson, Mrs. Lina E. Ducll, Mrs. C. P. Weaver, Mrs. J. H. Wells, Miss Amelia Joss, Miss H. M. Richards, Friends (4), M. M. P., T. Cunningham, Rev. Henry M. Goodwin, Miss N. Ethel Hoag, Mrs. A. E. Stone.

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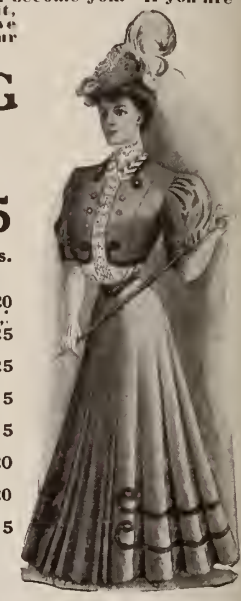

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Prince Eitel

The Duchess Sophia

Prince Eitel and his Bride

FOR the second time in less than a twelvemonth, a prince of the Imperial family of Germany has taken unto himself a wife, the happy bridegroom being the Kaiser's second son, Prince Eitel, and the bride, Sophia, Duchess of Oldenburg. The wedding day was one of double significance, as it was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Emperor's own marriage. Prince Eitel is twenty-three, and even more popular with the German people than his elder brother, the Crown Prince, who married Princess Cecilia last June; and, in appearance, he is more typically German. Last year, when ill with pneumonia, expressions of sympathy and deep interest came from all parts of the Empire that owes allegiance to the Black Eagle of the house of Hohenzollern. The Duchess Sophia, one of the most attractive of German princesses, is the eldest daughter of the reigning Duke of Oldenburg.

Five hundreds guests were bidden to the wedding, the ceremony taking place in the Palace Chapel in Berlin. While the guests were arriving, the marriage took place in the Elector's Chamber, and was witnessed only by the families of the bride and bridegroom. There the Empress placed on the princess's head, the crown of green velvet and diamonds, with a myrtle wreath.

The bride and the Empress were gowned in white, the latter also wearing a myrtle wreath. The religious service was performed with all the stately ceremonial used by the Kings of Prussia for centuries. Prince Eitel led his bride to the altar, she leaning on his right arm. Several pages bore her court train, which was four yards long, and heavily embroidered with silver roses. Dr. Drvander, the court chaplain, in his address to the bridal pair, made several happy allusions to the ideal life led by the Emperor and Empress, who that day were celebrating the anniversary of their own wedding. At the close, the chaplain presented the bridegroom with a Bible, so large and heavy that he had difficulty in holding it while receiving the congratulations of the guests.

The festivities ended in the evening with the mediæval "torch dance," the bride and groom passing in procession, accompanied by the court, about the palace hall, bowing to the assembled guests. The ceremony takes its title from the great wax torches, held by twelve lackeys, who head the procession.

The Mild Winter

THE remarkably long spell of mild winter weather through December and January has elicited many inquiries from all parts of the country, and has evoked much popular discussion as to its cause, and whether such mild winters are periodical and predictable. Aside from the study of Astronomy I have made the subject of Meteorology also a study, especially to ascertain if any known astronomical phenomenon—(as sunspots, the motion of the sun and planets through space, or the configuration of the moon and planets, etc.,)—affect our climate, but without arriving at any satisfactory conclusion. These investigations have afforded a strong conviction that the occurrence of the phenomena alluded to prodnce no effect on onr climate. The heat we feel from the millions of stars, the seven planets, the moon, and the six hundred and fifty asteroidal planets between Mars and Jupiter and their twenty-five satellites, does not amount to as much as the lighting of a friction match!

The sun only is the source of all celestial heat, and the daily amount the earth receives as a whole is an invariable quantity, as far as known, from age to age.

The sun, like a mighty locomotive, is dragging the entire solar system at the rate of twelve or fifteen miles a second, in our age, toward Alpha Lyra. In my earlier investigations, I entertained the idea that we might pass through regions of space of different temperatures and so account for the variations of our seasons; but it soon occnrred to me that space, being an absolute void, can have no heat. The problem remained unsolved and so remains to-day.

The Weather Bureau furnishes a vast amount of information on the meteorological conditions of vast areas, and would furnish more, if printed as it should be, in reverse longitude instead of the places being given in alphabetical order.

Marathon, N. Y. Prof. Lewis Swift.

. . .

U. S. Department of Agriculture
Weather Bureau, Washington, D. C.
Feb. 2, 1906.

The visible cause of the phenomenally mild character of the present winter, is found in the abnormal distribution of barometric pressure over the North American continent during the last two months. At this season of the year, the British Northwest Territory is usually covered by an area of high barometer, within the confines of which the air is cold and clear; and from this area our cold waves are drawn southward by the cyclonic action of storms that cross the United States from west to east. During the present season, the area of high barometer referred to has not appeared as a permanent feature over the British Northwest, and that region has, on the contrary, been crossed by a succession of low barometer areas, that have produced prevailing southerly and warm winds over the U. S.

In the primary cause of the visible conditions that have produced the mild weather, we find one of the unsolved problems of meteorology. H. S. Williams.

Acting Chief U. S. Weather Bureau.

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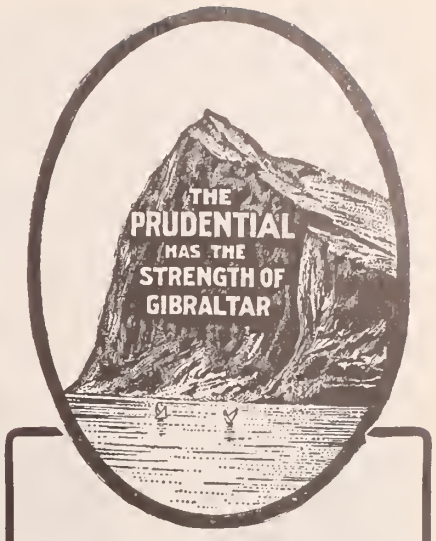
Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk and the Civil War Veteran are old friends." The Eagle Brand is still the standard. It is sold by all first class grocers. Avoid unknown brands.



"Another week gone—"

and the little family in your cheerful home is still unprotected from the trials of financial stress if you should be suddenly taken away.

Save them that trial. Save a little money which now goes for incidentals, and let it build a barrier wall against the attacks of want, when such protection is most needed.

The Prudential

can help you build that wall. It is no idle catch phrase that has inseparably linked the Prudential name with the Rock of Gibraltar. It *has* the strength of Gibraltar, and you may well use its resources, its solidity, its liberal terms of insurance to safeguard the financial welfare of your family.

Another week has begun. Write to-day for circular, "How Can I Invest One Hundred Dollars per Year to the Best Advantage?"

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THE CHINESE OUTBREAKS

IT needed but a very little foresight on the part of thinking people to realize what would be the ultimate result of the recent anti-foreign agitation in China, that has at last resulted in the spilling of Christian blood at Nanchang. The United States Government, which does not get agitated over small matters, has for months past been expecting trouble in the Chinese Empire, and has been sending troops into the Philippines, to be ready in an emergency for a campaign across the Yellow Sea. Secretary Taft has recommended large brigade camps in the country about Manila, not because any trouble is feared in the Philippines, but because the Administration believes that a small spark may set the Celestial Empire afire from one end to the other. In that event, the uprising will be more extensive than was the Boxer Rebellion of a few years ago, in the suppression of which our troops, under the command of General Chaffee, played such a gallant part. Only three weeks ago two large United States transports left Malta, in the Mediterranean, bound for the Far East, and loaded with troops. In the streets of Manila placards have been posted, asking for the enlistment of teamsters for a campaign in China.

Edward James

Mrs. Jennie V. Hughes

Shortly after the bloody riots in Shanghai, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD sounded a note of warning, and pointed out that danger was so threatening that our missionaries must be withdrawn to a place of safety, unless they were to be made a useless sacrifice to an indifferent and careless policy. Riots against foreigners and foreign influence have been occurring with frequency in the eastern part of the country, and in Shanghai the foreigners took their families to strong compounds, and then, as volunteers, strapped on cartridge belts, took down their repeating rifles, and forced the rioters into at least the semblance of order. Bluejackets were landed from the warships that had been hurriedly rushed to the scene, and did the greater part of police duty in the disturbed districts.

On February 26 a most alarming report was sent to our Department of State at Washington, from Consul-General James L. Rodgers, at Shanghai, that the Christian Mission Station at Nanchang had been attacked and destroyed by the natives. Eight or ten people were reported killed. A later report shows that six of the killed were Jesuit priests, and two were members of the Kingman family, English Protestant missionaries. There were about fourteen other Protestant missionaries in the town, but they managed to escape down the river in boats. The United States gunboats *Elcano* and *Quiros*, at Nankin, on the Yangtse River, were ordered to Kiukiang, to which place the American missionaries were expected to flee. It is in the province of Kiangsi, and not far from Kiukiang. The *Elcano* is commanded by Lieut. Train, and the *Quiros* by Lieut. Rodney. The combined crews muster 250 men. The British gunboat *Teal* and the sloop *Clio* were already at Kiukiang, while the French cruiser *Descartes* sailed with the American gunboats to the same point. Shortly after the ships left it was reported that the gates of Nanchang had been locked, and that the Chinese Government was doing all in its power to restore order and to punish the offenders. The governor of the province is friendly to foreigners and no blame for the trouble can be laid upon him.

The details of the outbreak are, of course, wanting, but it was probably an anti-Roman Catholic outbreak, the Catholic missionaries having issued an appeal on official paper and using the characters reserved for government documents. The Chinese protested, but the priests, it is alleged, refused to change the form of the appeal. There was a quarrel, and the subprefect was stabbed. According to one report the wound was self-inflicted. The riots began as soon as the news spread to the lower class of Chinese, and although the Protestants had no part in the affair, the populace, apparently, made no distinction, but attacked them all. The buildings belonging to the Plymouth Brethren were burned, but those of the Methodist Mission were left standing. The Methodist Board received on Feb. 26 a despatch from J. W. Bashford, resident bishop in China. The despatch read: "James Charles and families, and Lewis, Howe, Ogborn, Kahn, Newby, Hughes, all reached Kiukiang safe. Property unharmed." Rev. Mr. Kingman and his wife were killed, Mr. Kingman's eldest child was wounded, but the youngest managed to escape unharmed. Thirty refugees are now under the protection of the warships. The portraits above are those of some of the fugitives.

Mrs. Milton R. Charles

Spencer Lewis

An outbreak is also feared in Peking and the police have been armed with rifles instead of clubs, and have orders to shoot to quell the slightest disorder. The Imperial Government believes the outbreaks are caused by conspirators who wish to get the country into trouble with the Powers, in order to upset the present dynasty. They are taking necessary precautions.

31 Boxes of Gold

300 Boxes of Greenbacks

For the most words made up from these letters

Y - I - O - Grape - Nuts

331 people will earn these prizes.

Around the fireside or about the well-lighted family reading table during the winter evenings the children and grown-ups can play with their wits and see how many words can be made.

20 people making the greatest number of words will each receive a little box containing a $10.00 gold piece.

10 people will each win one box containing a $5.00 gold piece.

300 people will each win a box containing $1.00 in paper money and one person who makes the highest number of words over all contestants will receive a box containing $100.00 in gold.

It is really a most fascinating bit of fun to take up the list evening after evening and see how many words can be added.

A few rules are necessary for absolute fair play.

Any word authorized by Webster's dictionary will be counted, but no name of person. Both the singular and plural can be used, as for instance "grape" and "grapes."

The letters in "Y-I-O-Grape-Nuts" may be repeated in the same word.

Geographical names authorized by Webster will be counted.

Arrange the words in alphabetical classes, all those beginning with A together and those beginning with E to come under E, etc.

When you are writing down the words leave some spaces in the A, E, and other columns to fill in later as new words come to you, for they will spring into mind every evening.

It is almost certain that some contestants will tie with others. In such cases a prize identical in value and character with that offered in that class shall be awarded to each. Each one will be requested to send with the list of words a plainly written letter describing the advantages of Grape-Nuts, but the contestant is not required to purchase a pkg. These letters are not to contain poetry, or fancy flourishes, but simple, truthful statements of fact. For illustration: A person may have experienced some incipient or chronic ails traceable to unwise selection of food that failed to give the body and brain the energy, health and power desired. Seeking better conditions a change in food is made and Grape-Nuts and cream used in place of the former diet. Suppose one quits the meat, fried potatoes, starchy, sticky messes of half-cooked oats or wheat and cuts out the coffee. Try, say, for breakfast a bit of fruit, a dish of Grape-Nuts and cream, two soft-boiled eggs, a slice of hard toast and a cup of Postum Food Coffee. Some amateur says: "A man would faint away on that," but my dear friend we will put dollars to your pennies that the noon hour will find a man on our breakfast huskier and with a stronger heart-beat and clearer working brain than he ever had on the old diet.

Suppose, if you have never really made a move for absolutely clean health that pushes you along each day with a spring in your step and a reserve vigor in muscle and brain that makes the doing of things a pleasure, you join the army of "plain old common sense" and start in now. Then after you have been 2 or 3 weeks on the Grape-Nuts training you write a statement of how you used to be and how you are now. The simple facts will interest others and surprise yourself. We never publish names except on permission, but we often tell the facts in the newspapers and when requested give the names by private letter.

There is plenty of time to get personal experience with Grape-Nuts and write a sensible, truthful letter to be sent in with the list of words, as the contest does not close until April 30th, 1906. So start in as soon as you like to building words, and start in using Grape-Nuts. Cut this statement out and keep the letters Y-I-O Grape-Nuts before you and when you write your letter you will have some reason to write on the subject, "Why I Owe Grape-Nuts."

Remember 331 persons will win prizes, which will be awarded in an exact and just manner as soon as the list can be counted after April 30th, 1906. Every contestant will be sent a printed list of names and addresses of winners on application, in order to have proof that the prizes are sent as agreed. The company is well known all over the world for absolute fidelity to its agreements and every single one of the 331 winners may depend on receiving the prize won.

Many persons might feel it useless to contest, but when one remembers the great number of prizes—(331)—the curiosity of seeing how many words can really be made up evening after evening and the good, natural fun and education in the competition, it seems worth the trial; there is no cost, nothing to lose and a fine opportunity to win one of the many boxes of gold or greenbacks.

We make the prediction that some who win a prize of gold or greenbacks, will also win back health and strength worth more to them than a wagon full of money prizes.

There are no preliminaries; cut out this statement and go at it, and send in the list and letter before April 30th, 1906, to Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., and let your name and address be plainly written.

BURPEE'S Farm Annual for 1906

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WRITE TO-DAY!—the very day you read this advertisement. Mention this paper and address

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America's Florence Nightingale

THERE died recently in the city of Chicago a woman, whose career was so remarkable for its heroic self-sacrifice and dauntless courage that she should be ranked as high as the bravest soldier who does battle for his country. Her name was Mrs. Elizabeth Aiken, but perhaps this would have an unfamiliar sound to the grizzled veterans; but say "Aunt Lizzie," the angel of the hospitals of Memphis and Paducah, and they raise

The Late Mrs. Elizabeth Aiken

their hands to the salute, out of respect and love to America's Florence Nightingale.

She was born in Auburn, N. Y., in 1817, and went West with her husband, in 1837. She was living in Illinois when the Civil War broke out, and resolved to do her part and work among the sick and wounded, in the field hospitals at the front. With another devoted woman, Mrs. Sturgis, she offered her services to the surgeon of the Sixth Illinois Cavalry. They were at once accepted, and were sent to the overcrowded hospitals near Springfield. Here she received the name of "Aunt Lizzie," which she was to bear throughout the war. She and Mrs. Sturgis were going from cot to cot, trying to alleviate the sufferings of the wounded, when one of the men asked the surgeon, 'What shall we call these kind ladies?" 'Oh," said the surgeon, "you may call his lady"—indicating Mrs. Sturgis—'mother, and this one," motioning to Mrs. Aiken, "you may call Aunt Lizzie," and Aunt Lizzie she was to all the boys, both in blue and gray, who came under her tender care. From Springfield she went to Memphis and Paducah. Nothing was too revolting to overcome her desire to help. She assisted the surgeons and dressed wounds until she saved more lives than the doctors themselves. One officer said that she saved four hundred lives alone. At Ovington Hospital she had charge of an entire ward, with a hundred wounded men.

While here she was informed that her own brother had been brought in desperately wounded. When she went to find him, she walked back and forth along the line of stretchers that had been placed in the snow, but no familiar face greeted her. At last a gaunt figure reached out its arms, and called, "Oh, Lizzie, how much you look like mother!" It was her brother, but so changed that even a sister's love could not recognize him. From Memphis she sent him home—to die.

Mrs. Anderson, who has written a life of Mrs. Aiken, tells one pathetic incident of her hospital work. "As Aunt Lizzie stood at the further end of the ward, superintending the bestowment of the wounded men brought from Vicksburg, she saw two men bring in a youth of nineteen, entirely delirious. On seeing her he cried out at the top of his voice: 'Mother, mother, my dear mother; come to me.' As Aunt Lizzie passed down the ward to meet him, one of his comrades, with his arm in a sling, whispered to her: 'Call him Tommy, call him Tommy; that's his name.' Persuaded in his delirious fancy that it was really his mother, the sick youth clasped his arms round Aunt Lizzie's neck, and cried out:

"'Boys, boys, didn't I tell you I would see my mother before I died!'

"As she helped lay him on his cot, his first words were, 'Mother, now won't you kneel down and pray softly, as you did when I went away?' Dropping on her knees beside his cot, as his own widowed mother might have done, this childless mother laid him tenderly on the bosom of his God. As the morning sunlight came streaming through the windows he peacefully fell asleep in death, without a sigh, still under the delusion that his mother was near him."

In Chicago she engaged actively in Baptist missionary work until the day of her death, and did much for the advancement of the Y. M. C. A.

Answered Prayers

M. M. L., Pennsylvania. "I want to thank God for his direct answer to prayer."

Mrs. W. K., Louisiana. "Thanks be to God, by prayer he has restored me. Bless his holy name."

L. A. W., South Carolina. "God has answered many prayers for me, for which I am very thankful."

Mrs. C. S., Connecticut. "I wish to acknowledge God's goodness to me in answering many prayers."

A missionary in Kolai, South India, beseeches the prayers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers for her field of labor.

J. C. P., Mississippi. "I thankfully acknowledge the gracious love of our heavenly Father in answering prayer."

L. S., Washington. "Your 'Answered Prayer' column has helped me very much. May I acknowledge an answer to prayer?"

C. D., New Hampshire. "I wish to add my testimony to the Answered Prayers. I pray that my faith in God may be strengthened."

Mrs. E. S., Massachusetts. "I am a firm believer in prayer and the Lord has blessed me in the day of trouble. I am still trusting in him."

M. C. J., Maryland. "I believe in God's Word and trust him in all things, for I know by my own experience that our heavenly Father answers prayer."

Mrs. J. L., New York. "For long days of anxiety and suffering I took this promise to God, 'Call upon me in the day of trouble and I will deliver.' The Lord answered my prayer."

An Anxious Mother, New York. "A great trouble came to me. I prayed earnestly that God would deliver me from it. I thankfully acknowledge that my prayers were answered."

E. M. P., New Jersey. "God did answer a special prayer, giving me more than I asked for, and I thank him for it When Jesus says, 'If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it,' he means it."

A Constant Reader, Massachusetts. "I want to acknowledge through this column God's great goodness in answering my prayers. Recently, when in great trouble, I prayed to him and my prayers were answered almost immediately."

H. M. D., Minnesota. "The answers to prayer are very interesting. I can say that God has given me many direct answers and he will always answer; if not as we expect, it will be for our best good. 'No good will he withold from those who walk uprightly.' "

W. N. MacC., New Jersey. "I wish to add an expression of gratitude to our dear heavenly Father for the answering of prayers in behalf of a loved one who was sick both in body and soul, and who is now striving to carry the Gospel to those who are without it, in addition to his regular occupation in life."

Golden Milestones

Mr. and Mrs. John L. Lane, of Mount Vernon, N. Y., recently celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of their marriage. We trust this year of our Lord is proving indeed a jubilee year to them and that "the best is yet to be." The aged bride contributed a poem of her own composition on the festive day, full of the sweet philosophy of life her eighty years had taught her, and rich with confidence in the higher life to come ere long:

A joyous throng will meet us there,
Who crossed the river long ago;
All praise to Him who will be near
To help us battle with our fear.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Lincoln, of North Platte, Neb., entertained their friends at their golden wedding in November, 1905. They have belonged to the roll-call of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for a number of years. We are happy to offer them our hearty congratulations on having spent fifty years together.

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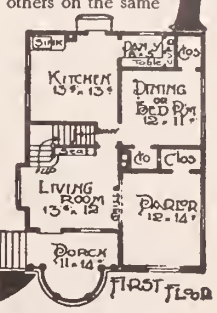

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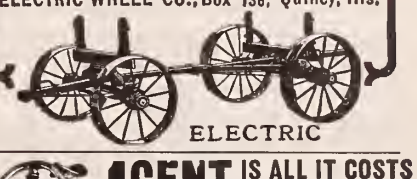

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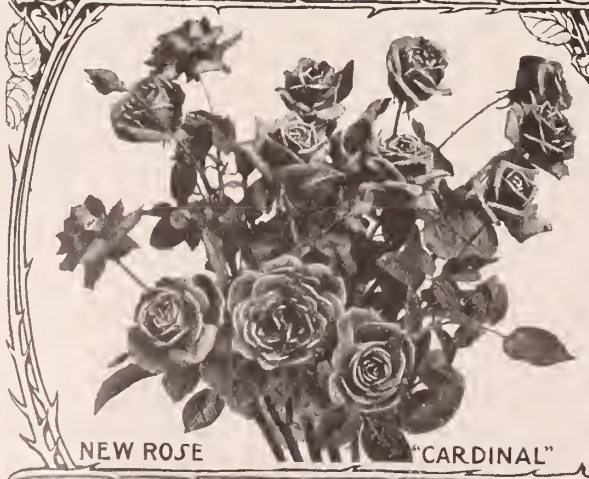

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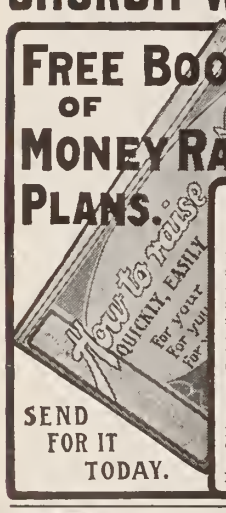

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THE EDITOR

Explains How to Keep Up Mental and Physical Vigor

A New Jersey editor writes:

"A long indulgence in improper food brought on a condition of nervous dyspepsia, nearly three years ago, so severe that I had to quit work entirely. I put myself on a strict regimen of Grape-Nuts food, with plenty of out-door exercise and in a few months found my stomach so far restored that the process of digestion gave me pleasure instead of distress.

"It also built up my strength so that I was able to resume my business, which is onerous, as I not only edit my own paper but also do a great deal of 'outside' writing.

"I find that the Grape-Nuts diet enables me to write with greater vigor than ever before, and without the feeling of brain-fag with which I used to be troubled. As to bodily vigor—I can and do walk miles every day without fatigue—a few squares used to weary me before I began to live on Grape-Nuts! Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little book, 'The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

New York's New Bridges

SEE ILLUSTRATION ON FIRST PAGE

WHEN the great Brooklyn Bridge was completed, twenty-three years ago, to connect the cities of New York and Brooklyn, people thought that the wonderful structure would be sufficient for all requirements for a generation to come. New York and Brooklyn continued to grow, however, until the bridge groaned with its daily burden of hundreds of thousands of people, electric cars, elevated trains, trucks, drays, and carts. Only a comparatively small proportion of the people who do business on the island of Manhattan can live there, and the question of ways and means in getting each day from Long Island, New Jersey, and the towns above New York became one of the most important problems with which these people had to contend. The crush on the Brooklyn Bridge at night, when people were returning from work, became so dangerous that the authorities saw that something to relieve the pressure must be done. Several times during the "rush hours," people were badly injured, and several trampled to death.

Subways were built the entire length of old New York City, now known as the Borough of Manhattan, since the creation of "Greater New York." Tunnels have been built beneath the Hudson River to the New Jersey shore, and two more are under construction. Others have been started to connect Manhattan with the Borough of Brooklyn, the tubes passing under the East River, the southwest end of Long Island Sound. These will connect with subways in Brooklyn that will have their terminals well out in the suburbs, these, in turn, connecting with trolley systems leading out into the smaller Long Island towns.

The scheme for bridging the waterways about New York has been conceived on a magnificent scale. There is to be one, and probably more, reaching from Manhattan to New Jersey. The Williamsburg Bridge to Brooklyn, while still in the hands of the engineers, has been sufficiently completed to permit traffic, and every night bears a swarm of tired humanity returning to their Long Island homes. Another bridge across the East River was begun in 1901, and when completed will bear the name of the Blackwell's Island Bridge. This will connect the upper part of Manhattan with the districts east of Brooklyn. Near the old Brooklyn Bridge, in lower Manhattan, the piers of another bridge, The Manhattan, have begun to show above the water. This also was started five years ago. It will be used to relieve the strain on the Brooklyn Bridge, and, it is thought probable, that as soon as it is completed, the Brooklyn Bridge will be closed for a year or more for a thorough overhauling.

The Williamsburg Bridge, that is pictured on the cover of this week's issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, is a triumph of American bridge construction, being one of the longest single span bridges in the world. The length of the river span is sixteen hundred feet, four feet six inches longer than the main span of the old Brooklyn Bridge. The entire length of the bridge from terminal to terminal is 7,275 feet. It is 118 feet wide, and stands 135 feet above high water mark. The centre of the cables on the tops of the steel towers are about 336 feet above high water mark. One of the caissons on the Brooklyn side is nearly 108 feet below low water mark, and the tower foundations rise to 23 feet above high water mark. Across the bridge are two carriage-ways, two foot-ways, four trolley car tracks, and two elevated railroad tracks. The elevated system on the bridge is not yet in working order. The picture shows the terminals as they will appear when completed, and is the first one that the Bridge Department has permitted to be published, showing the proposed changes. The elevated tracks will go down to the subway, the stations of which may be seen in the foreground. The entrance to the bridge tracks for the surface cars can be seen to the right of the picture, the cars at the left coming from Brooklyn.

The bridge will be of great importance to the East Side of New York, through which the approach has been cut. A new boulevard is being constructed from the Bowery to the New York terminal, that will not only make an additional breathing space for the overcrowded section, but will also be beautified by the Bridge and Park Departments. Hundreds of houses were torn down to make way for the bridge and the approach, including some of the worst tenements and "rookeries" in the city, the space taken being about two hundred and fifty feet wide, and over a half mile in length.

GIFTS TO CHRIST*

WHAT does a Christian man owe to Christ? That wonderful self-sacrifice that brought him from heaven, all the humiliation of his life on earth, and finally the horror of Gethsemane and the Cross—all this Christ gave freely, keeping nothing back. To save men from their sins, to give them peace and happiness in this world and the assurance of heaven beyond the grave, Christ bore misery, pain and death. What, then, is due to him from those who benefit by his sacrifice? Common gratitude demands that we give him all that is in our power. He asks for our love, our loyalty, our obedience, and that we carry the news of salvation, through him, to all the people of the world. Surely a small return this for the benefits conferred!

The story is told of a boatload of shipwrecked men who were reduced to dire straits. Food was running short, and at last is was reluctantly decided that lots should be drawn and some men be flung overboard that the others might survive. The lot on the first day fell on one of two brothers. His brother at once offered to die in his place, as the one on whom the lot had fallen was married and had children. After a protest his offer was accepted, and he was thrown out of the boat. But the love of life was strong and he kept himself up by swimming. He rested one hand on the stern of the boat. A brutal sailor raised an axe and cut it off. He caught the boat with his other hand and that, too, was cut off. At that moment a sail was seen on the horizon, hope revived in the breasts of the humane part of the men in the boat and the maimed man was taken back into the boat. Before sunset the whole party was rescued. What was the duty of that man toward the brother who had offered to die for him, and who had actually lost his hands? Would it not be his duty to work for him and to keep him as long as he lived?

We cannot thus show our gratitude for Christ, who died for us, but he has indicated the ways in which we can show it. One of these ways is to contribute to His cause. And He promises that a blessing shall attend those who contribute liberally. That was not necessary. The duty was plain. But Christ ever does more than we could hope, and this promise is fulfilled. He who gives always receives more power to give.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for March 25. Luke 6: 38; II. Cor. 9: 1-15.

Flowers

FLOWERS bloom in gardens fair,
Giving fragrance on the air,
Teaching us in silent ways,
How to brighten all our days.

Telling us in accents mild,
Be thou like a little child:
Cling to faith and do thy part,
Loving Him for what thou art.

Do the good you may do here,
Comes from them to attuned ear;
Lessons sweet and heavenly arts,
They transmit to earthly hearts.

By their lives they to us show,
Blessed things for us to know;
Proving thus so sure and plain,
That we too shall rise again.

Norwich, Conn. JOHN HOLYOKE BARNES.

CORNISH PIANOS AND ORGANS

LATEST STYLE UPRIGHT CONCERT GRAND.

Are the most satisfactory instruments that you can buy at any price. They are magnificent examples of the absolute perfection of the builder's skill and art. Combined with beautiful and artistic cases, the productions of the leading designers, is the most exquisite tone quality that ever delighted your ear. Moreover Cornish Pianos and Organs are famous for their durability. When you purchase a Cornish instrument, you buy for a lifetime. Only the finest material that money can buy is used in Cornish instruments and only the most skilled workmen are employed. Cornish Pianos and Organs are sold to you direct from the factory. You save all the agents' profit and pay at your own convenience.

$25 **CASH DOWN.** Balance on easy installment plan.

THE CORONA.

Artistic Cases
Newest Styles
Pure, Sweet Tone Qualities

OUR OFFER

We will ship you any Cornish Piano or Organ you may select on **30 Days' Free Trial** and guarantee safe delivery. If you are not fully satisfied with the instrument after a month's trial, return it at our expense. Even if after a year's use the instrument is not satisfactory we will refund your money with 6 per cent interest in addition, giving you

One Year's Free Trial

Would we make this offer if Cornish instruments were not thoroughly good?

$10 **Cash Down.** Balance on easy installment plan.

CHAPEL ORGAN FOR HOME, CHURCH OR HALL.

$5 **Per Month** only on our easy installment plan.

FREE

1. The Wonderful Cornish Album, a most remarkable piece of printing describing choicest of fifty styles of Cornish Pianos and Organs ranging in price from the least expensive to the finest ever built.
2. A set of embossed miniature Pianos and Organs.
3. Names and addresses of 5,000 registered purchasers.
4. Our plan to give you two years' musical education absolutely free.

Sit down and write to-day for these Free aids.

CORNISH CO. Washington, N. J.

Music Lessons Free

IN YOUR OWN HOME

A wonderful offer to every lover of music, whether a beginner or an advanced player.

Ninety-six lessons (or a less number if you desire) for either Piano, Organ, Violin, Guitar, Banjo, Cornet, or Mandolin, will be given free to make our home study courses for these instruments known in your locality. You will get one lesson weekly, and your only expense during the time you take the lessons will be the cost of postage and the music you use, which is small. Write at once. It will mean much to you to get our free booklet. It will place you under no obligation whatever to us if you never write again. You and your friends should know of this work. Hundreds of our pupils write: "Wish I had known of your school before." "Have learned more in one term in my home with your weekly lessons than in three terms with private teachers, and at a great deal less expense." "Everything is so thorough and complete." "The lessons are marvels of simplicity, and my 11-year old boy has not had the least trouble to learn." One minister writes: "As each succeeding lesson comes I am more and more fully persuaded I made no mistake in becoming your pupil."

We have been established seven years — have hundreds of pupils from eight years of age to seventy. Don't say you cannot learn music till you send for our free booklet and tuition offer. It will be sent by return mail free. Address: U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Box 7B, 19 Union Square, New York City.

THE DEAF HEAR

Home, Church or Theatre

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HUTCHISON ACOUSTIC CO

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BLUE BOOK ON PATENTS and list "WHAT TO INVENT," free to any address. Patents secured or fee returned.

GEO. S. VASHON & CO., 921 F Street, WASHINGTON, D. C.

NEW FOOD LAW

People now demand the right to know exactly what they eat.

To be told by maker or retailer that the food is "pure" is not satisfactory.

Candy may contain "pure" white clay or "pure" dyes and yet be very harmful. Syrups may contain "pure" glucose and yet be quite digestible and even beneficial. Tomato catsup may contain a small amount of salicylic or boracic acid as a necessary preservative, which may agree with one and be harmful to another.

Wheat flour may contain a portion of corn flour and really be improved. Olive oil may be made of cotton seed oil. Butter may contain beef suet and yet be nutritious.

The person who buys and eats must protect himself and family, and he has a right to, and now demands a law under which he can make an intelligent selection of food.

Many pure food bills have been introduced and some passed by State legislatures; many have been offered to Congress but all thus far seem objectionable.

It has seemed difficult for politicians to formulate a satisfactory bill that would protect the common people and yet avoid harm to honest makers and prevent endless trouble to retailers. No gov't commission or officer has the right to fix "food standards" to define what the people shall and shall not eat, for what agrees with one may not agree with another, and such act would deprive the common citizen of his personal liberty. The Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., perhaps the largest makers of prepared foods in the world, have naturally a close knowledge of the needs of the people and the details of the business of the purveyors (the retail grocer), and, guided by this experience, have prepared a bill for submission to Congress which is intended to accomplish the desired ends, and inasmuch as a citizen of the U.S. has a right to food protection even when he enters another State, it is deemed proper that the gov't take control of this matter and provide a national law to govern all the states. A copy of the bill is herewith reproduced.

Sec. 1 governs the maker whether the food is put up in small packages sealed, or in barrels, boxes or otherwise.

Sec. 2 governs the retailer who may open a barrel and sell the food in small quantities. When he puts the goods into a paper bag he must also enclose a printed copy of the statement of the maker which was affixed to the original pkg. and inasmuch as the retailer cannot undertake to guarantee the statement of ingredients he must publish the statement of the makers and add his own name and address as a guarantee of his selling the food as it is represented to him which relieves the retailer of responsibility of the truth of the statement and throws it upon the maker, where it properly belongs.

The remaining sections explain themselves.

The Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., for example, have from the beginning of its existence printed on the outside of each and every pkg. of Postum and Grape-Nuts food a truthful and exact statement of what the contents were made of in order that the consumer might know precisely what he or she was eating. A person desiring to buy, for instance, strictly pure fruit jelly and willing to pay the price has a right to expect not only an equivalent for the cost but a further right to a certainty as to what he eats. Or he may be willing to buy at less cost a jelly made part of fruit juices, sugar and a portion of glucose. But he must be supplied with truthful information of the ingredients and be permitted to use his personal liberty to select his own food accurately.

The people have allowed the slow murder of infants and adults, by tricky makers of food, drink and drugs to go on about long enough. Duty to oneself, family and nation demands that every man and woman join in an organized movement to clear our people from this blight. You may not be able to go personally to Washington to impress your Congressmen, but you can, in a most effective way, tell him by letter how you desire him to represent you.

Remember the Congressman is in Congress to represent the people from his district and if a goodly number of citizens express their views to him, he secures a very sure guide to duty. Remember also that the safety of the people is assured by insisting that the will of the people be carried out, and not the machinations of the few for selfish interests.

This pure food legislation is a pure movement of the people for public protection. It will be opposed only by those who fatten their pockets by deceiving and injuring the people. Therefore, if your Representative in Congress evades his patriotic duty hold him to strict accountability and if necessary demand equitable and honest service. This is a very different condition than when a faction demands class legislation of the Congressman. Several years ago the butter interests of the country demanded legislation to kill the oleomargarine industry and by power of organization forced class legislation really unworthy of a free people. Work people wanted beef suet butter because it was cheap and better than much unclean milk butter, but the dairy interests organized and forced the legislation. The law should have provided that pkgs. of oleomargarine bear the statement of ingredients and then let people who desire purchase it for just what it is, and not try to kill it by a heavy tax. Manufacturers sometimes try to force measures in their own interests, but contrary to the interests of the people, and the labor trust is always active to push through bills drafted in the interest of that trust but directly contrary to the interests of the people as a whole. Witness the anti-injunction bill by which labor unions seek to tie the hands of our courts and prevent the issue of any order to restrain the members of that trust from attacking men or destroying property. Such a bill is perhaps the most infamous insult to our courts and the common people ever laid before Congress and the Representatives in Congress must be held to a strict accountability for their acts relating thereto. But when bills come before Congress that are drawn in the interest of all the people they should receive the active personal support of the people and the representatives be instructed by the citizens. The Senators also should be written to and instructed. If, therefore, you will remember your privilege and duty you will at once—now—write to your Congressman and Senator on this pure food bill. Clip and enclose the copy herewith presented and ask them to make a business of following it through the committee considering it. Urge its being brought to a vote and requesting that they vote for it.

Some oppressively intelligent and carping critic may say this is simply an advertisement for Postum and Grape-Nuts. It is true that these articles are spoken of here in a public manner, but they are used as illustrations of a manufacturer seeking by example, printing on each pkg. a truthful, exact statement of ingredients, to shame other makers into doing the fair thing by the common people, and establishing an era of pure food, but that procedure has not yet forced those who adulterate and deceive to change their methods, hence this effort to arouse public sentiment and show a way out of the present condition of fraud, deceit and harm.

The undersigned is paying to the publishers of America about $20,000.00 to print this announcement in practically all of the great papers and magazines, in the conduct of what he chooses to term, "an educational campaign," esteemed to be of greater direct value to the people than the establishment of many libraries. This is held to be a worthy method of using money for the public good. Tell the people facts, show them a way to help themselves and rely upon them to act intelligently and effectively.

The reader will be freely forgiven if he entirely forgets the reference to Postum and Grape-Nuts, if he will but join the pure food movement and do things.

C. W. POST.

TEXT OF PURE FOOD BILL.

If it meets approval cut it out, sign name and address and send to your representative in Congress. Buy two or more publications from which you cut this. Keep one for reference and send the other to one of the U. S. Senators from your State. Ask one or two friends to do the same and the chances for Pure Food will be good.

A BILL

TO REQUIRE MANUFACTURERS AND SHIPPERS OF FOODS FOR INTERSTATE SHIPMENT TO LABEL SAID FOODS AND PRINT THE INGREDIENTS CONTAINED IN SUCH FOODS ON EACH PACKAGE THEREOF.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That every person, firm or corporation engaged in the manufacture, preparation or compounding of food for human consumption, shall print in plain view on each package thereof made by or for them shipped from any State or Territory, or the District of Columbia, a complete and accurate statement of all the ingredients thereof, defined by words in common use to describe said ingredients, together with the announcement that said statement is made by the authority of, and guaranteed to be accurate by, the makers of such food, and the name and complete address of the makers shall be affixed thereto; all printed in plain type of a size not less than that known as eight point, and in the English language.

Sec. 2, That the covering of each and every package of manufactured, prepared or compounded foods shipped from any State, Territory or the District of Columbia, when the food in said package shall have been taken from a covering supplied by or for the makers and re-covered by or for the sellers, shall bear upon its face or within its enclosure an accurate copy of the statement of ingredients and name of the makers which appeared upon the package or covering of said food as supplied by or for the makers thereof, printed in like manner as the statement of the makers was printed, and such statement shall also bear the name and address of the person firm or corporation that re-covered such food.

Sec. 3. That it shall be unlawful for any person or persons to purposely, willfully and maliciously remove, alter, obliterate or destroy such statement of ingredients appearing on packages of food, as provided in the preceding sections, and any person or persons who shall violate this section shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction shall be fined not less than one hundred dollars nor more than five hundred dollars, or imprisoned not less than one month nor more than six months, or both, in the discretion of the court.

Sec. 4, That the Bureau of Chemistry of the Department of Agriculture shall procure, or cause to be procured from retail dealers, and analyze, or cause to be analyzed or examined, chemically, microscopically, or otherwise, samples of all manufactured, prepared or compounded foods offered for sale in original, unbroken packages in the District of Columbia, in any Territory, or in any State other than that in which they shall have been respectively manufactured or otherwise produced, or from a foreign country, or intended for export to a foreign country. The Secretary of Agriculture shall make necessary rules and regulations for carrying out the provisions of this Act, and is hereby authorized to employ such chemists, inspectors, clerks, laborers, and other employees, as may be necessary to carry out the provisions of this Act and to make such publication of the results of the examinations and analysis as he may deem proper. And any manufacturer, producer or dealer who shall refuse to supply, upon application and tender and full payment of the selling price samples of such articles of food to any person duly authorized by the Secretary of Agriculture to receive the same, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction shall be fined not exceeding one hundred dollars, or imprisoned not exceeding one hundred days, or both.

Sec. 5, That any person, firm or corporation who shall violate sections one and two of this Act shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction shall be fined not exceeding two hundred dollars for the first offense and for each subsequent offense not exceeding three hundred dollars or be imprisoned not exceeding one year, or both, in the discretion of the court.

Sec. 6, That any person, firm, or corporation, who shall willfully, purposely or maliciously change or add to the ingredients of any food, make false charges, or incorrect analysis, with the purpose of subjecting the makers of such foods to fine or imprisonment under this Act, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and upon conviction shall be fined not exceeding one thousand dollars nor less than three hundred dollars, or imprisoned for not less than thirty days nor more than one year, or both.

Sec. 7, That it shall be the duty of every district attorney to whom the Secretary of Agriculture shall report any violation of this Act to cause proceedings to be commenced and prosecuted without delay for the fines and penalties in such case provided.

Sec. 8, That this Act shall not be construed to interfere with commerce wholly internal in any State, nor with the exercise of their police powers by the several States.

Sec. 9, That all acts or parts of acts inconsistent with this act are hereby repealed.

Sec. 10, That this Act shall be in force and effect from and after the first day of October, nineteen hundred and six.

The undersigned respectfully requests the Representatives from his district and Senators from his State to support this measure.

Signed..... City.....State.....

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Have Been Established

54 YEARS

and are receiving more favorable comments to-day from an artistic standpoint than all other makes combined.

WE CHALLENGE COMPARISONS.

By our easy payment plan every family in moderate circumstances can own a VOSE piano. We allow a liberal price for old instruments in exchange, and deliver the piano in your house free of expense. You can deal with us at a distant point the same as in Boston. Catalogue, books, etc., giving full information mailed free.

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on deposits subject to withdrawal without notice at any time.

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Are your savings earning that much?

Write to-day for the booklet.

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In business 11 years.
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"Lest We Forget"

Marble and Granite Monuments become discolored, moss-grown, and in time crumble and decay. Some cemeteries now prohibit marble.

WHITE BRONZE

Monuments are indestructible. Time and the elements do not affect them. White Bronze won both the

Gold and Silver Medals

at the Universal Exposition, St. Louis, 1904.

If in need of Monuments, Markers, Headstones, Posts, Grave Covers or Statuary, give us approximate sum you can spend and we will send a variety of

Beautiful Designs

Prices, etc. No obligations to buy. We deal direct and deliver everywhere.

Agents Wanted

THE MONUMENTAL BRONZE CO.
70-90 Howard Avenue, Bridgeport, Conn.

HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS

Bear the script name of Stewart Hartshorn on label.

Wood Rollers. Tin Rollers.

Wheel Chairs

We make a complete line of Invalid Rolling and Self-propelling Chairs, and sell direct from factory at WHOLESALE PRICES. 75 styles to select from. We pay freight and sell on

30 DAYS' TRIAL

Liberal discounts allowed to all sending for FREE Catalogue NOW.

GORDON MFG. CO., 536 Madison Ave., Toledo, Ohio.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

Recollections of Forty Years

TO a very large class of readers, Mr. George Presbury Rowell's book, bearing the title *Forty Years an Advertising Agent* (just issued by the Printers' Ink Publishing Co.), will possess a peculiar interest. Mr. Rowell founded his now famous advertising agency in 1865, the *American Newspaper Directory* in 1869, and *Printers' Ink* in 1888, and all of the three are so interwoven and identified with the material progress of American journalism, that they may be said to be a part of it.

Mr. Rowell's book is the outcome of a long business experience, such as seldom has fallen to the lot of any one man in a generation. It is a book that cannot fail to be at once helpful and suggestive to all who are connected with the publishing business. It contains fifty-two chapters or papers, each dealing with a different topic or phase of personal experience, and all rich in reminiscences of those men who have dignified and advanced American journalism and have scored its principal successes. Mr. Rowell's memory goes back almost to the primitive days of newspaperdom. He traces with equal facility and accuracy the evolution and rapid rise to fame and influence of the smallest country sheet, or the budding metropolitan newspaper. There is probably not one notable publication of this class in the whole continent, Canada included, with whose history he is not familiar; just as the family doctor knows the story of each and every member of the household circle.

In the course of these recollections we come across most of the famous literary names that were at one time a "household word" everywhere. The author has something entertaining to relate of all of them. Here we see the beginnings of the great dailies of New England, of the Middle States, the West and the South. Here are characteristic stories of rare interest about Artemus Ward; about the frugal salaries of the early Boston editors; about Day, Bonner, Bennett, Willis, Morris, Ballou, the Harpers, G. W. Curtis, and a host of others. Mr. Rowell's experience also brought him into contact with many prominent men in public life in Washington and elsewhere, and concerning these he gives pleasing personal reminiscences. He has much that is interesting also to say concerning the religious journals. On the whole, it would be very difficult indeed to recall any volume of an autobiographical order, issued in recent years, which covers so broad a field, or possesses so wide an interest for the average American reader as Mr. Rowell's book, whose clear, simple and direct style unfailingly holds the reader's attention to the end. There is an excellent index, and the book is illustrated with a number of portraits. Pp. 517, cloth binding, price $2.00. Printer's Ink Publishing Co., N. Y. City.

As to Joining the Church*

IN many communities there may be no choice of churches, for there is only one. In other communities one will be faced with the question, "With what body of believers shall I unite?" Do not waste your time looking for a perfect church. There is no perfect church. If you wait until you find a perfect church before you unite with any, you will unite with none, and thus you will belong to a church in which you are the only member, and that is the most imperfect church of all. I would rather belong to the most imperfect Christian church I ever knew, than not to belong to any church at all. The local churches in Paul's day were very imperfect institutions. Let one read the epistles to the Corinthians, and see how imperfect was the church in Corinth, see how much there was that was evil in it, and yet Paul never thought of advising any believer in Corinth to get out of this imperfect church. He did tell them to come out of heathenism, to come out from fellowship with infidels (II. Cor. 6: 14-18), but not a word on coming out of the imperfect church in Corinth. He did tell the church in Corinth, to separate from their membership certain persons whose lives were wrong (I Cor. 5: 11, 12), but he did not tell the individual members of the church in Corinth to get out of the church because these persons had not yet been separated from their fellowship.

As you cannot find a perfect church, find the best church you can. Unite with a church where they believe in the Bible, and where they preach the Bible. Avoid the churches where words are spoken open or veiled, that have a tendency to undermine your faith in the Bible, as a reliable revelation from God himself, the all-sufficient rule of faith and practice. Unite with a church where there is a spirit of prayer, where the prayer meetings are well kept up. Unite with a church that has a real active interest in the salvation of the lost, where young Christians are looked after and helped, where minister and people have a love for the poor and outcast, a church that regards its mission in this world to be the same as the mission of Christ, "to seek and to save the lost." As to denominational differences, other things being equal, unite with that denomination whose ideas of doctrine and of government and of the ordinances, are most closely akin to your own. But it is better to unite with a live church of some other denomination than to unite with a dead church of your own.

If you cannot find the church that agrees with the pattern set forth above, find the church that comes nearest to it. Go into that church and by prayer and by work, try to bring that church as nearly as you can to the pattern of what you think a church of Christ ought to be. But do not waste your strength in criticism against either church or minister. Seek for what is good in the church and in the minister, and do your best to strengthen it. Hold aloof firmly, though unobtrusively, from what is wrong and seek to correct it. Do not be discouraged if you cannot correct it in a day or a week or a month or a year. Patient love and prayer and effort will tell in time. Drawing off by yourself and snarling and grumbling will do no good. They will simply make you and the truths for which you stand repulsive.

*From *How to Succeed in the Christian Life*, by Rev. R. A. Torrey. A book that ought to interest every one who desires spiritual growth and experience. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago, and Toronto, Publishers.

Books Received

All About Japan, by Bella M. Braice. Published by the Fleming H. Revel Co. Price $1.

An Anti-Worry Recipe and other Stories, by Delia Lyman Porter. Published by The American Tract Society. Price 25c.

The Knowledge of God: Its Meaning and its Power, by A. T. Schofield, M.D. Pp. 194. Price $1.50. Published by Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York.

Mrs. Darrell, by Foxcroft Davis. A story of life in Washington, London and India. The tale is pleasant reading. Illustrated by William Sherman Potts. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.

Jonathan Edwards, by Isaac Cook, LL.D. A small biography, giving a comprehensive view of the life and works of the great preacher. Published by Jennings & Pye, of Cincinnati, O.; and Eaton & Mains, New York.

Prayers for Public Worship. Private Devotion and Personal Ministry, by Abbie C. Morrow. New Edition. A great help to Christian workers. Price $1. M. E. Munson, Bible House, New York, publisher. Also, by the same publisher, *Truth in a Nutshell*, or *The A B C of the Word*. Price 15 cents per dozen.

Daily Food for 1906. A text for every day in the year: a page for every month. A very attractive hanger, with beautifully illuminated cover, illustrating the verse, "Consider the Lilies." Published by G. W. S. House, Williamsport, Pa. List price 50 cents. Liberal terms to agents and Christian workers.

Great Pedagogical Essays, by F. V. N. Pointer, A.M., D.D. The author has taken the best things from all writers from Plato to Spencer. They are arranged in a way to be of instant use to all teachers, or those interested in our educational problems. Mr. Painter is a professor in Roanoke College and has written several works of merit on educational topics. American Book Company, New York and Chicago, publishers.

43 FLOWERS 30c

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" Diamond Flower	" Double Chinese Pink
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" Carnation Marguerite	" Washington Weeping Palm
" Forget-me-not "Victoria"	" Bouquet Chrysanthemum
" Hibiscus Crimson Eye	" Japan Morning Glory
" Poppy "American Flag"	" Petunia Hybrid
" Phlox Drummondii	" Roses, New Climbing
" Pansies, 10 colors, mixed	" Lovely Butterfly Flower

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1 New Begonia "Splendens"; 1 Summer Flowering Hyacinth; 1 Double Pearl Tuberose; 2 Butterfly and 2 Hybrid Gladiolus; 8 Fine Mixed Oxalis; 2 "Fair Maids of France"; 2 Hardy Wind Flowers; 2 Lovely Cinnamon Vines; 2 Splendid New Canna Lilies—1 Pink; 1 "Novelty."

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The Old Fashioned Coffee

She suffered from nervousness by day and sleeplessness by night.

"Up to three years ago," writes a young woman, "I was in the habit of drinking coffee freely and did not realize that it was injuring my health till I was suddenly made the victim of nervous headaches so violent that I was compelled to give up household activities and stay in bed most of the time. Then insomnia came upon me and the wretchedness of sleepless nights was added to the agony of painful days.

"This lasted till a year ago, when I was persuaded by a friend to give up coffee entirely and use Postum Food Coffee. The result was, in less than a week I began to feel the change for the better, my nerves grew stronger and I began to sleep a little. Day by day the improvement continued and in a short time I was restored to health. My headaches left me, the nervousness passed away entirely, and I enjoy good, sound sleep every night.

"This is what I owe to Postum, and I feel it but right to tell you of it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

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An Exquisite Finish, having the ***Exact Appearance of Wax,*** but without its slippery surface and capacity for catching dust and disease germs. FLORSATIN imparts to woods all the beauty of wax while possessing far greater durability. It is ***much easier to apply and care for*** and may be washed frequently without injuring the satinlike beauty of its surface. Send ten cents for a panel showing this beautiful finish and a copy of the new edition of the ***Home Ideal,*** by Margaret Greenleaf, a profusely illustrated book of 25 pages, 8½ x 11 inches, on house decoration.

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It gives the prices paid for eggs and poultry week by week for the past three years. It tells how and when a hatch taken off each week in the year could be most profitably marketed. It shows how you can make $2.00 on a large winter roaster. It tells what profits can be made with each of the popular breeds, and the costs of production.

I have helped thousands to make money with poultry. My Model Incubators and Brooders are used on the money-making farms. It is my business to teach those who use them to do so profitably. Whether your needs are small or large, I will furnish without charge, estimates and plans for a complete equipment that will insure success without your spending a dollar uselessly.

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Pictures and describes all breeds; gives plans for poultry houses and full directions for feeding, mating and caring for fowls, with lowest prices on fowls, eggs, incubators, feeds and all supplies. Book free for 10 cents postage.

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and Almanac for 1906 contains 224 pages, with many fine colored plates of fowls true to life. It tells all about chickens, their care, diseases and remedies. All about **Incubators** and how to operate them. All about poultry houses and how to build them. It's really an encyclopedia of chickendom. You need it. Price only 15 cts.

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GREIDER'S FINE CATALOGUE of Standard bred poultry for 1906, printed in **beautiful colors**, contains **Fine Chromo**, illustrates and describes **60** varieties. Gives reasonable prices for stock and eggs, tells all about poultry, their diseases, lice, etc. **This book only 10 cents.**

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TREES THAT ARE CHEAP in price and of the best quality, free from disease and true to name. Complete assortment. Due bill good for 25c and catalogue free. Freight paid on $10 Orders.

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We want more salesmen.—Stark Bro's. Louisiana, Mo

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$75 **Month and Expenses:** no experience needed; position permanent; self-seller. PEASE MFG. CO., Station O, Cincinnati, O.

The Blind Evangelist

THE Rev. Thomas Houston, of Elizabeth, N. J., has recently closed a series of most interesting revival meetings at Warwick, N. Y., where large audiences greeted him in union gatherings. Mr. Houston, who is blind, is gifted with a strong musical voice, and his songs of the

Rev. Thomas Houston
The Blind Evangelist

Gospel are sung with tenderness, and, at times, with a power that carries conviction to the hearts of all who hear him. He reads from a large Bible with the letters raised on the surface. He is now laboring in Western New York and Pennsylvania. During a recent visit to the North Baptist Church, New York City, the church was greatly revived, and over thirty persons confessed Christ.

Mr. Houston lost his sight through an accident when he was still very young. The story of his blindness, his conversion, his entrance into the ministry, and his experience and travels as an evangelist, is always listened to with deep interest.

The Gospel Train

An Old Hymn Republished by Request

THE Gospel train is coming,
I hear it just at hand,
I hear the car wheels moving
And rumbling through the land.

I hear the bell and whistle,
The coming round the curve,
She's plying all her steam and power
And straining every nerve.

O see the engine banner,
She's fluttering in the breeze,
She's spangled with the Saviour's blood,
But still she floats with ease.

This is the Christian banner.
The motto's new and old:
"Salvation and repentance,"
Are burnished there in gold,

She's nearing now the station,
O, sinner, don't be vain,
But come and get your ticket,
Be ready for the train.

The fare is cheap and all may go,
The rich and poor are there;
No second-class on board the train—
No difference in the fare.

She's coming round the mountain,
By river and by lake,
The Saviour he's on board the train,
Controlling steam and brake.

This train has ne'er run off the track,
She's passed through every land,
Millions and millions are on board,
O come and join the band.

There's Moses, Noah, Abraham,
And all the prophets too,
Our friends in Christ are all on board:
O, what a heavenly crew.

We soon shall reach the station,
O how we then shall sing,
With all the heavenly army
We'll make the welkin ring.

We'll shout o'er all our sorrows
And sing forevermore,
With Christ and all his army
On that celestial shore.

$33 PACIFIC COAST

From Chicago, daily February 15th to April 7th.

Correspondingly low rates from other points.

Tickets good on the famous electric-lighted *Los Angeles Limited*, less than three days to Southern California without change of cars, via the Chicago & North-Western, Union Pacific and Salt Lake Route, and on *The China & Japan Fast Mail* through to San Francisco and Portland daily via the Chicago, Union Pacific & North-Western Line. Daily and

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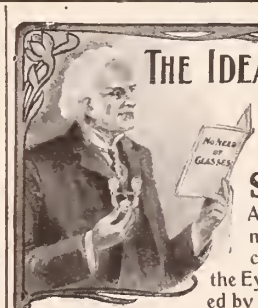

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All refractive errors, muscular trouble and chronic diseases of the Eye successfully treated by scientific MASSAGE. Illustrated treatise with affidavit testimonials free. Address

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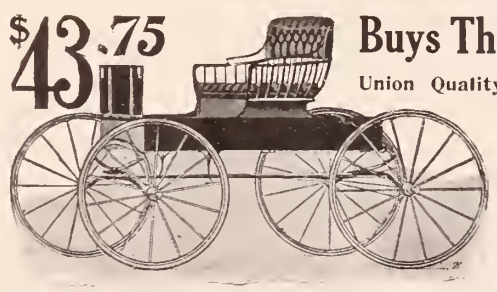

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It was before the day of **SAPOLIO** They used to say "Woman's Work is never Done."

How Deaf People Are Made to Hear

Sound Magnifiers Invented by a Kentuckian

Invisible, When Worn, but Act Like Eye-Glasses.

Ever see a pair of sound Magnifiers?
They are so soft in the ears one can't tell they are wearing them.

And no one else can tell, either, because they are ont of sight when worn. Wilson's Ear Drums are to weak hearing what spectacles are to weak sigbt.

Because they are sound magnifiers, just as glasses are sight magnifiers.

Tbey rest tbe Ear Nerves hy taking the strain off them—the strain of trying to hear dim sounds. They can be put into the ears, or taken out in a minute, just as comfortahly as spectacles can he put on and off.

And they can he worn for weeks at a time, hecause they are ventilated, and so soft in the ear holes they are not felt even wben the head rests on the pillow. They aiso protect any raw inner parts of the ear from wind or cold, dust or sudden and piercing sounds.

* * *

The principal of these little telephones is to make it as practical for a deaf person to hear weak sounds as spectacles make it easy to read fine print. And the longer one wears tbem the better his hearing should grow, hecause they rest up and strengthen tbe ear nerves. To rest a weak ear from straining is like resting a strained wrist from working.

Wilson's Ear Drums rest tbe Ear Nerves by making the sounds louder, so it is easy to understand without trying and straining. They make deaf people cbeerful and comfortable, because such people can talk witb tbeir friends without tbe friends having to sbout back at them. Tbey can hear witbout straining. It is tbe straining that puts such a queer, anxious look on the face of a deaf person.

* * *

Wilson's Ear Drums make all the sonnd strike hard on the center of the human ear drum instead of spreading it weakly all over tbe surface. It tbus makes tbe center of the human ear drum vibrate ten times as much as if tbe same sound struck the wbole drum head. It is this vibration of the ear drum tbat carries sound to the hearing nerves. When we make tbe drum vibrate ten times as much, we make the sound ten times as loud and ten times as easy to understand.

Deafness, from any cause, earache, buzzing noises in the head, and running ears, broken ear drums and otber ear troubles are relieved and overcome by the use of these comfortable little ear-resters and sound-magnifiers.

The picture at top shows just how these little sound magnifiers come to you, with the instruments for placing them in the ear holes, and the picture at the side shows one of tbem in actual use.

A sensible book about Deafness tells how they are made, and has printed in it letters from hundreds of people wbo are using tbem.

Clergymen, Lawyers, Physicians, Telegraph Operators, Trainmen, Workers in Boiler shops and Foundries—four hundred people of all ranks wbo were Deaf, tell their experience in this free book. Tbey tell how their hearing was brought back to them almost instantly hy the proper use of Wilson's Ear Drums.

Some of these very people may live near you, and be well known to you. What they have to say is mighty strong proof.

This book has been the means of relieving thousands of Deaf people. It will be mailed free to you if you merely write a post card for it today. Don't put off getting back your hearing. Write now, while you think of it. Get tbe free book of proof.

Write for it today to The Wilson Ear Drum Co., 516 Todd Building, Louisville, Ky.

$50.00 Split Hickory

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2-year guarantee. Sold on 30 days free trial. 100 points of superiority. Tell us what style vehicle you want. Send for 1906 catalogue free.
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LAWN FENCE

Many designs. Cheap as wood. 32 page Catalogue free. Special Prices to Cemeteries and Churches. Address
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Box D Winchester, Ind.

Africa Awakening*

SLOWLY, with stupendous difficulty, light is breaking on Africa. A century ago, little beyond a mere fringe around the coast was known. The interior on our maps was a blank. It was suspected that it was densely populated, but no man had dared penetrate the vast forests and deadly jungles of that immense region. Moffat, beginning from the south, pressed northward among the Bechuanas, winning converts and opening up other regions. His son-in-law, David Livingstone, entered the field with boundless energy, and early in his missionary career began his work of exploration. He it was who revealed the wonders of that amazing land. Wherever he went he found men living in heathenism, afflicted with superstition and practising horrible cruelties. Farther and farther he penetrated into regions never before trodden by the foot of a white man. When he returned in 1856 from his journeyings, he proclaimed to the civilized world the opportunities there were in Africa for the Gospel, for commerce and civilization. In 1858 he resumed his work, and from that time till the day of his death, May 4, 1873, he knew no rest, but continued his work for the salvation of Africa.

After his death Stanley took up the task from the secular side. Other explorers labored in the field, until gradually the whole of the vast country has been opened up to the enterprise of the white man. Inevitable greed and avarice soon manifested themselves. Gold and diamonds were found, and a troop of unscrupulous speculators went to gather riches. The Gospel was not thought of by such men. They wanted wealth, and they gained it by cruelty and oppression. The horrors of the Congo Free State, where the peaceful natives have been driven to labor for the white man's profit, are enough to bring the blush of shame to the cheek of civilization, and they have been paralleled in other regions. Without let or hindrance, the continent has been seized and divided among the European nations, and the natives, despoiled of their land and their rights, have been cursed by the vices of the nations calling themselves civilized.

Despite all these outrages, the Gospel has been slowly winning its way. There are now ninety-seven missionary societies represented on the vast field. More than three thousand devoted men and women are preaching the Gospel there, and already the converts number nearly three hundred thousand. But the entire population is estimated at 127,000,000, the vast majority of whom are still sunk in heathenism.

*Topic of the Epworth League for March 25. Joshua 1: 1-9.

PEACE

The Song of the Shakers of Mount Lebanon, N. Y.

M. J. Anderson

Rise, ye waves of joyful music, roll to earth's remotest bound,
Bearing notes of peaceful victory to the jarring kingdoms round.
Thrill the air with strains of gladness, swell the blessed song of peace,
Till the nations own its power, and all sound of discord cease.

Come, ye spirits, brave and earnest, work with purpose true and strong.
God will bless your faithful labors, right shall triumph over wrong.

Stay the work of desolation, still the pulse of fevered strife,
Where the marshaled hosts are treading, crushing virtue, hope and life:
Reason's rule aloud proclaiming arbitration's peaceful sway,
Opens now the pearly portal to the bright approaching day.

Haste, O day of golden promise, prophecy of human weal;
Swords shall be to ploughshares beaten, spears to pruning hooks of steel:
Then, as time with budding glory, brings the coming year's increase,
Men shall march to fields of labor, learning there the arts of peace.

Earth shall smile in youthful beauty, ocean sing from shore to shore,
To a brotherhood united, peace, good-will forevermore:
Fruitful fields and verdant valleys, mountain, plain and flowing stream,
Prospered home and gladsome labor, will the praise of peace redeem.

FREE We Will Give You This Reed Chair

Read How and Why

This $10 Chair made of best quality full German reed and finished in natural color.

WE don't want you to send us a penny of your mon y for it—we don't want you to sign any notes or agree to pay any thing later on.

We mean just what we say—

We want to send you tbe Chair, FREE, and it's your own the day you get it.

Sending you this handsome chair, Free, is a part of our WALKER PLAN of forming Walker Clubs all over the United States. We now have over a million members in these Clubs. A Walker Club is a simple thing to form. It's done this way:

Ten lady friends club together, and every week or every montb, send us a small sum for their household necessities, getting tbem at wholesale prices direct from our factory—and, *in addition*, getting bandsome premiums such as this Chair, absolutely FREE. In every Club, some one woman usually acts as Secretary to fill in the orders and send tbem in—and *to this Secretary* we will send this beautiful Reed Chair absolutely free.

Now te act as Secretary of a Walker Club is very little trouble and is congenial to any woman—and for the trouble the Secretary takes in forming the club, we send one of these beautiful chairs—without the payment of a cent of money. In addition to this handsome chair—upon which $10.00 is a low valuation—we want to send you other handsome pieces of furniture when the club matures.

All of your lady friends will be glad to have you explain the Walker plan to them, because they can buy all of their household necessities from our mammoth factories—at factory prices—and in addition, get handsome premiums such as this Chair, absolutely FREE. We want to tell you about the Walker Clubs—how easy it is to form one, and what handsome furniture you can get by our plan. You need not be a member of the club yourself—just act as Secretary that's all. We issue a handsome catalogue showing hundreds of other handsome premiums, together with description and prices of the Walker products. You should send for this catalogue at once and let us further explain the Walker plan to you.

Write now and get this free information—as this offer may have to be withdrawn at any time by overcrowding our factories.

W. & H. WALKER, Dept. K, Pittsburg, Pa.

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$1,000.00 IN EXTRA CASH COMMISSIONS

will he given for the twenty largest lists sent in between now and MAY 31st, 1906. This $1,000.00 will he given in addition to the regular commission, so that you are sure to get the regular commission, and have as good a chance as any one else to get one of the extra cash awards. Don't put it off, but write to-day. A postal will do. Address **C. C. THOMPSON, Manager, The Woman's Farm Journal, St. Louis, Mo.**

Get This Gold Pair FREE

Listen! In the past year I received thousands of letters from spectacle wearers all over the world, expressing their thanks and appreciation, and the one I give here is a good sample of what they all say.

The Reverend O. C. Clark, one of the most prominent ministers in the State of Illinois, says:

"I HIGHLY appreciate your famous "Perfect Vision" spectacles, for I can honestly and truthfully say that with them I now read the finest and smallest print both day and night, just as well as I ever did in my life. Your spectacles are truly marvelous."

NOW I WANT YOUR TESTIMONIAL ALSO, AND I THEREFORE MAKE YOU THIS SPECIAL OFFER:

Just write me your name and address and I will mail you my Perfect Home Eye Tester, free.

Then when you return me the Eye Tester with your test, I will send you a complete five dollar family set of my famous "Perfect Vision" spectacles for only $1 (which is an actual saving of $4 to you), and this will include a pair of my handsome Rolled Gold spectacles absolutely free of charge.

This set will last yourself and family a lifetime.

With these famous "Perfect Vision" spectacles of mine you will be able to read the finest print just as easy as you ever did in your life, and I will return your dollar willingly if you yourself don't find them to be the finest you ever bought anywhere, at any price.

Write now for my free Home Eye Tester. Address as follows:

DR. HAUX SPECTACLE CO., Haux Bld'g, ST. LOUIS, MO.

I WANT AGENTS ALSO And any man or woman (also storekeepers), without any previous experience whatever, can fit the weakest eyes with my Improved Home Eye Tester. This is so simple that any one can work it with perfect satisfaction, and easily earn from $25 to $100 weekly, selling my famous Perfect Vision Spectacles, either in their own homes, traveling or in stores. My agents need no license as I furnish them the necessary documents with the Agent's Outfit.

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For the Baby
FOOD

So many mothers have written us, telling how much Mellin's Food has done for their babies, that we have thousands of mothers' letters in our files. If you feel interested, we will send you copies of any of these letters, and you can write to the mothers yourself and verify them. Very likely we have letters from someone in your vicinity whom you may know. A sample of Mellin's Food sent free on request

The ONLY Infants' Food receiving the GRAND PRIZE at St. Louis, 1904.
Gold Medal, Highest Award, Portland, Ore. 1905.

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I was deaf myself for 25 years. I perfected and patented a small, invisible ear drum in order to help my own hearing. It is called "The Way Ear Drum," and by the use of these drums I can NOW HEAR WHISPERS. I want all deaf people to write me. I do not claim to "cure" all cases of deafness, neither can I benefit those who were born deaf. But I CAN HELP 90 per cent of those whose hearing is defective.

Won't you take the trouble to write and find out all about me and my invention? Tell me the cause of your deafness. Geo. P. Way, 302 Majestic Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

RHEUMATISM

LEE ELECTRIC INSOLES

Drive out Uric Acid, the cause of your RHEUMATISM.

By generating electro-chemical action through the feet. Same principle as European Baths brought within the reach of every sufferer. No Medicine No Drugs. No Quackery. No Cost Unless Satisfactory. Every step will help you. Send no money—take no risk. If we cannot prove that the LEE INSOLES will do for you what they have done for thousands, they cost you nothing. Write to-day for free explanation of scientific principle, testimonials, expert opinions, references and our special thirty days' TRIAL OFFER. No sufferer is too old—no case too difficult.

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Room 1235, 170 Fifth Ave
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No MEDICINE

Peter Moller's Cod Liver Oil

Should be Purchased for the Following Good Reasons:

It is a pure oil, so pure that it is positively free from disagreeable taste and odor. Children take it without persuasion. It digests readily, does not cling to the palate, and never "repeats."

It is made and bottled by Peter Moller at his own factory at the Norway fisheries—no adulteration possible.

Not sold in bulk. You know you get the genuine when you receive the flat, oval bottle bearing the name of

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SOLE AGENTS

Corns go away quicker than they came if you use A-CORN SALVE. No knife, no poison, no pain. Sure and safe, and costs but 15c. at your druggist's or by mail.

Giant Chemical Co., Philadelphia

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We have 25 kinds of Instruments to Assist Hearing. Sent on approval. Write for Catalogue.
WM. C. WILLIS & CO., 134 S. 11th St., Philadelphia

MONEY FOR WOMEN LADIES may obtain permanent employment selling Hosiery direct to wearer. Outfit Free. Write to-day. PEQUOT MILLS, 312 Pearl Street, Hartford, Conn.

Woes of the Drunkard

By Mrs. M. Baxter

DRUNKENNESS is of no recent date. God has pronounced his powerful woe to the drunkard: "Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night, till wine inflame them! And the harp, and the viol, the tabret, and pipe, and wine, are in their feasts; but they regard not the work of the Lord, neither consider the operation of his hands. Therefore my people are gone into captivity, because they have no knowledge; and their honorable men are famished, and their multitude dried up with thirst. Therefore hell hath enlarged herself, and opened her mouth without measure; and their glory, and their multitude, and their pomp, and he that rejoiceth, shall descend into it" (Isa. 5: 11-14).

It is no light thing when God himself declares that "hell hath enlarged herself, and opened her mouth without measure," because of the drunkenness which is found upon the face of this our earth. But does he overstate the truth? Who fill our prisons? Is it not the drunkards? Who fill our lunatic asylums? Is it not the drunkards? The official reports go to prove that at least fifty per cent. of the lunatics owe their condition to the drink. Who fill our hospitals? Ask the medical men what lies at the root of much of the sickness and debility of those who are carried into hospitals. Is it not the drink which is often the cause?

The words which come from the drunkard's lips savor of hell. Look at his home: his poor wife beaten black and blue, his poor children ragged and shoeless, his furniture broken, the panes out of his windows, the stove without fire, the bedstead without bedding. What has done it all? Surely the grievous sin against which God utters his woe. "Woe unto them," he says.

Drunkenness is contagious; one drunkard makes more. God's "woe" goes out also to those who encourage others to drink: "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that puttest thy bottle to him, and makest him drunken also" (Hab. 2: 15). God says of "the drunkards of Ephraim" that their "glorious beauty is a fading flower," that shall be trodden underfoot; and, alas! not only working people have erred through wine, and through strong drink are out of the way, but the priests and the prophets "have erred through strong drink; they are swallowed up of wine, they are out of the way through strong drink; they err in wisdom, they stumble in judgment."

Many put in a plea that they need strong drink to strengthen them. But we find Samson, the strongest man who ever lived, was born of a mother who was commanded to drink neither wine nor strong drink (Judges 13:7). And again, John the Baptist, who was strong in spirit, was commanded to "drink neither wine nor strong drink," that he might "be filled with the Holy Ghost.

The course of the poor drunkard is always to come to poverty (Prov. 23: 21), and then from glory to dishonor, from strength to weakness, from health to sickness. For six thousand years the poor drunkard has sought some good in his wine cups, and no record has been left in history of any good which has come from inebriation. How strange that with all the testimony to its fatal, impoverishing, maddening effects, men are not shy of the drink! It needs the grace of God to open their eyes, that they may see the terrible devastation which this drink-curse works upon the earth.

Oh, how little men care for God's thoughts about these things! Let those of us who are God's children stand on his side in this matter, and be clean from the blood of all men, lest by our example some poor soul go down to perdition through this dangerous thing.

$18.75 BUYS A $50.00 DRAPER TYPEWRITER AND 60 DAYS' FREE TRIAL GIVEN

Adapted to every kind of commercial work, suitable for large and small offices, guaranteed by us for ten years and offered on sixty days' trial. Visible writing, has the Universal Keyboard, so that anyone who has learned to operate any standard typewriter can at once operate the DRAPER. Heretofore sold by agents at $40.00 to $50.00, a standard machine in successful use for years, never sold to the closest buyers for less than $35.00, offered by us at the heretofore unheard of price of only $18.75.

OUR $1.00 OFFER.

If you have any use for a typewriter, if you want a strictly high grade, a most practical and durable writing machine, at by far the lowest price ever heard of, send us your order for this new DRAPER Typewriter, just as illustrated, and enclose only $1.00 with your order. Immediately on receipt of your order (the same day we receive it), we will ship the machine to you, securely packed, by express, C. O. D., subject to examination. You can examine it at your express office, and if it seems to be satisfactory, a high class typewriter, then pay the express agent the balance, $17.75 and express charges. If you are not pleased with its appearance, don't pay anything; the machine will be returned to us at our expense of express charges both ways and we will promptly return your $1.00 deposit. If you are pleased with its appearance, pay the balance, then take it to your home or office for a full SIXTY DAYS' free trial.

SIXTY DAYS' FREE TRIAL. Use the DRAPER Typewriter sixty days, give it a thorough trial, compare it with any standard typewriter on the market that is sold at three to four times this price, and if you are not thoroughly satisfied with the DRAPER, if you do not find it does any and all kinds of typewriting most satisfactorily, does any work that can be done on any other typewriter and does it as well; if you are not convinced that you have a first class, strictly high grade, reliable and practical writing machine, if you are not satisfied that you have received the most wonderful bargain in a type writer you ever saw or heard of, you will not be under any obligation whatever to keep the machine, but it can be RETURNED TO US AT ANY TIME WITHIN SIXTY DAYS, at our expense of express charges, and we will PROMPTLY RETURN TO YOU YOUR $18.75, INCLUDING WHAT YOU PAID FOR EXPRESSAGE.

THE DRAPER is the most compact, the most portable of any writing machine in the world. It weighs only 16 pounds and only 22 pounds, packed for shipment. The express charges will average about 60 cents for two hundred miles, greater or less distance in proportion; nothing compared to the enormous saving in price.

WE GUARANTEE SAFE DELIVERY. The machine will reach you in the same perfect condition in which it leaves our hands, carefully packed, complete, ready for operation, and we will promptly send you a new machine for any machine that might reach its destination broken or damaged.

OUR FURTHER TEN-YEAR GUARANTEE AGAINST DEFECTS.

TO PROTECT YOU FURTHER, as an additional assurance that we are offering, in the DRAPER, only a strictly high grade, high class, reliable new model, the latest improved visible writing machine, to prove that the DRAPER is made of highest grade materials and finished in the most workmanlike manner; that it is second to none in material and construction, we issue with every DRAPER Typewriter our written, binding ten-year guarantee. By this guarantee we warrant every DRAPER machine free from defects in material or workmanship, AND IF THE DRAPER PROVES DEFECTIVE IN ANY PARTICULAR WITHIN TEN YEARS, WE WILL REPLACE OR REPAIR IT FREE OF CHARGE.

THE DRAPER Machine is not an experiment in typewriter construction. It is a leading model and has been on the market for years, has been offered by the manufacturer through agents at prices ranging from $35.00 to $50.00, and never, under any circumstances has it been sold in the largest quantities to the closest buyers for less than $35.00. $35.00 has heretofore been the lowest price at which anyone in the world could buy this model. We have made a contract with the manufacturer of the DRAPER Typewriter by which we agree to take the largest number of machines ever contracted for by any concern in the world, a quantity that will enable him to so buy the material in such quantities and so increase his product that his manufacturing cost will be greatly reduced. Our price of $18.75 represents just a little more than the bare cost of the material and labor with only our one small percentage of profit added, just a few cents on each machine, the most wonderful low price ever named on a typewriter, a price no one ever before would suppose would be possible for a strictly high grade, high class, durable, reliable, absolutely perfect new model writing machine.

SPECIAL FEATURES OF THE DRAPER.

SIMPLICITY. The simplest typewriter ever devised. Requires no adjustment, ready to operate the moment you unpack it. Uses the steel type cylinder. All the characters are on one steel type cylinder instead of on independent type bars, and this immediately reduces the number of working parts over the several hundred found in all type bar machines to this one single piece of tool steel. Perfect and permanent alignment. The alignment of the DRAPER is the most perfect ever devised for a writing machine. As all the characters are on the one tool steel cylinder it is impossible for the characters to get out of alignment. Easiest machine to clean. The entire type wheel is only 3½ inches long, the cylinder itself, 1½ inches long and can be removed, cleaned and replaced in a few seconds without danger to the type or alignment.

VISIBLE WRITING. The writing is in sight; a big advantage over the old style blind machines. No stopping and losing time to raise the carriage to see what is written or to look for errors. Wonderful manifolding power. The DRAPER will make more copies and cleaner copies than most of the $100.00 typewriters.

PORTABILITY. The DRAPER Typewriter is the most portable machine ever produced. The mechanism is so simple, the entire machine is only 6½ inches high, 12 inches wide and weighs only 16 pounds. Has the Universal Keyboard with the double shift key system.

INTERCHANGEABLE TYPE. The style type can be changed in an instant, simply by sliding in another type wheel. We can furnish, at a nominal price, extra type wheels carrying any size or style type in any language.

SEND US YOUR ORDER TODAY. Either send $1.00 with your order or send the full price, $18.75; it makes no difference to us. Whether you send only $1.00, balance payable C. O. D. or the full price with your order, you have all the benefit of our liberal 60 days' free trial offer and we will return your money and all express charges immediately, at any time within 60 days if you have any reason to feel dissatisfied with the machine. This is the greatest opportunity ever heard of to get a high class, first class, reliable typewriter. No such price was ever before offered. You can order the DRAPER machine from us at $18.75 and sell it the day you get it for $30.00. You can get the wonder DRAPER Typewriter and sell five of them at a good profit to your friends, you would undersell every other high grade typewriter on the market, and your friends would be glad of the opportunity of getting a typewriter at a remarkably low price. If you send us orders for three DRAPER Typewriters at our special $18.75 price you can get this big Morris Chair FREE.

THIS MORRIS CHAIR FREE. As soon as all your orders to us amount to $50.00 you can get this handsome Morris Chair or your choice of six hardwood, cane seat dining room chairs or a big, full size 6-foot upholstered couch or your choice of other valuable articles.

Please let us send you a DRAPER Typewriter under our guarantee to please and satisfy you or immediately return your money; under our liberal 60 days' free trial plan, and we will send you such a writing machine as you never thought possible for the price, guaranteed for ten years, the most wonderful typewriter value ever offered.

WRITE US FOR THE FREE DRAPER TYPEWRITER CATALOGUE. If you don't send us your order at once (we urge you not to delay for a catalogue but send your order direct from this advertisement) then don't fail to write for a free DRAPER Catalogue, showing large illustrations of the machine, all parts, etc., showing why the DRAPER excels nearly every other high grade machine on the market.

FULL INSTRUCTIONS WITH EACH MACHINE. With every DRAPER Typewriter we send a booklet of plain and simple instructions showing how to operate the machine and how to take care of it. It is the simplest machine in the world; anyone can operate it; very little to learn; nothing complicated or easy to get out of order. Send us your order today, sure. Address,

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

Makes the stove an ornament. Used in Millions of homes.
Made perfect by forty years' experience.
IN PASTE FORM SUN PASTE STOVE POLISH.

THE SKIN HAS TEXTURE
And must be cleansed as a textile

CONSIDER the skin as a porous fabric. Do you cleanse it as a fabric, or merely wash it off as you would a china plate. To get the skin thoroughly clean the dirt must be worked out—the skin must be kneaded just as you would knead a cloth garment in the tub.

Pompeian
Massage Cream

is first rubbed into the pores, loosening the dirt imbedded in them, then it is rubbed out, bringing the dirt with it, removing the cause of the sallow, lifeless complexions, restoring the healthy circulation, taking away the wrinkles and animating the tissues.

FOR GENTLEWOMEN

POMPEIAN MASSAGE CREAM is the most wholesome and beneficial toilet preparation ever devised. It contains no grease, leaves no shine, and does not (cannot) induce the growth of hair. Makes the use of toilet powder unnecessary.

THIS IS THE JAR THE DRUGGIST SELLS FOR HOME USE

FOR GENTLEMEN

POMPEIAN MASSAGE CREAM takes away soreness after shaving. By removing the soap from the pores, it allays the irritation so distressing to those to whom a thick, fast-growing beard makes constant shaving a necessity.

THIS IS THE JAR THE BARBER BUYS

GENEROUS SAMPLE MAILED FREE

Also a complete book on Facial Massage. We prefer you to buy of your dealer whenever possible. Do not accept a substitute for POMPEIAN under any circumstances. If your dealer does not keep it, send us his name, and we will send a 50c. or $1.00 jar of the Cream postpaid on receipt of price.

Pompeian Mfg. Company
13 Prospect Street = CLEVELAND, OHIO

It is well to wash with ***Pompeian Massage Soap*** before applying the Cream.

ALL DRUGGISTS. BOX OF 3 CAKES, 50 CENTS

SUBSCRIPTION, $1.50 PER ANNUM
Published 52 Times a Year

NEW YORK, MARCH 21, 1906
Copyright, 1906, by Louis Klopsch
VOL. 29—NO. 12. PRICE 5 CENTS
Offices: Bible House, New York

CHRISTIAN HERALD

SEE PAGE 264

Philadelphia's Great Revival--A Gathering at which 450 Children Confessed Christ

Financial Statement Covering Five Years of India Orphan Work

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has not accepted a Dollar above Actual Outlay for the Management of the India Orphan Work. It Donates its Administration Charge of One Per Cent. to the "Any Good Cause" Fund, which goes to the Relief of the Destitute. It stands Pledged for the Further Support, to January 1, 1907, of Over 3,000 Orphans still under 14 years of age, Entailing an Aggregate Expense of Over $60,000.

STATEMENT OF RECEIPTS

Sept. 1, 1900	**Reserve Fund,** Guarantee 1st Year's Support for 5,000 Orphans, as per Statement published May 1, 1901	$75,000 00
Jan. 1, 1901	**Reserve Fund,** Guarantee 2nd Year's Support, as above	75,000 00
	Net Income from Orphan Support Propaganda to January, 1, 1901	26,404 19
	Transfer of Balance of India Famine to India Orphan Fund, as per Report published May 1, 1901	17,186 23
	Transfer from "Famine Fund" to India Orphan Fund, as per Report published May 1, 1901	5,000 00
	Sale of Goods for Orphan Fund Account	105 81
	Miscellaneous Contributions Received on Famine Fund since Report, Jannary 1, 1901.	4,697 45
	Contributions Received on General Orphan Account to April 30, 1005	15,739 02
		$219,132 70

Details of Income from Patrons of Orphans

January	31, 1901	Income during the month of January, 1901		$9.507 85
February	28, 1901	" " "	February, 1901	5,391 02
March	31, 1901	" " "	March, 1901	4.707 24
April	30, 1901	" " "	April, 1901	5,284 72
May	31, 1901	" " "	May, 1901	5,474 66
June	30, 1901	" " "	June, 1901	3,052 37
July	31, 1901	" " "	July, 1901	4,491 91
August	31, 1901	" " "	August, 1901	2,991 27
September	30, 1901	" " "	September, 1901	4,975 04
October	31, 1901	" " "	October, 1901	6,763 16
November	30, 1901	" " "	November, 1901	6,345 93
December	31, 1901	" " "	December, 1901	6,151 25
January	31, 1902	" " "	January, 1902	5,924 36
February	28, 1902	" " "	February, 1902	5,816 40
March	31, 1902	" " "	March, 1902	6,338 10
April	30, 1902	" " "	April, 1902	5,208 31
May	31, 1902	" " "	May, 1902	3,057 80
June	30, 1902	" " "	June, 1902	3,737 51
July	31, 1902	" " "	July, 1902	3,853 26
August	31, 1902	" " "	August, 1902	2,677 53
September	30, 1902	" " "	September, 1902	4,319 34
October	31, 1902	" " "	October, 1902	7,112 72
November	30, 1902	" " "	November, 1902	4,686 71
December	31, 1902	" " "	December, 1902	5,129 58
January	31, 1903	" " "	January, 1903	6,231 23
February	28, 1903	" " "	February, 1903	3,401 25
March	31, 1903	" " "	March, 1903	3,116 43
April	30, 1903	" " "	April, 1903	3,721 85
May	31, 1903	" " "	May, 1903	2,529 42
June	30, 1903	" " "	June, 1903	2,879 14
July	31, 1903	" " "	July, 1903	3,284 00
August	31, 1903	" " "	Aug., 1903	3,589 94
September	30, 1903	" " "	September, 1903	5,233 19
October	31, 1903	" " "	October, 1903	5,369 74
November	30, 1903	" " "	November, 1903	4,458 98
December	31, 1903	" " "	December, 1903	4,137 52
January	31, 1904	" " "	January, 1904	4,625 31
February	28, 1904	" " "	February, 1904	3,877 79
March	31, 1904	" " "	March, 1904	3,556 94
April	30, 1904	" " "	April, 1904	3,378 84
May	31, 1904	" " "	May, 1904	3,412 49
June	30, 1904	" " "	June, 1904	3,579 49
July	31, 1904	" " "	July, 1904	3,503 75
August	31, 1904	" " "	August, 1904	2,438 75
September	30, 1904	" " "	September, 1904	3,017 13
October	31, 1904	" " "	October, 1904	4,145 72
November	30, 1904	" " "	November, 1904	4,029 61
December	31, 1904	" " "	December, 1904	4,739 01
January	31, 1905	" " "	January, 1905	4,571 99
February	28, 1905	" " "	February, 1905	3,516 16
March	31, 1905	" " "	March, 1905	3,265 31
April	30, 1905	" " "	April, 1905	3,019 59
				$229,568 61

Total Income from All Sources **$448,701 31**

PUBLIC ACCOUNTANT'S CERTIFICATION

This certifies that having taken off the above Statement from the Books of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and examined the Receipts and Disbursements in connection with the INDIA ORPHAN WORK, comparing Vouchers and Checks and verifying additions, I find the same correct and in accord with above Statement.

SWORN TO before me this 8th day of March, 1906.

Notary Public

Public Accountant,
150 Broadway, New York

STATEMENT OF DISBURSEMENTS

Remittances to India for the Support of Five Thousand Orphans, at Fifteen Dollars per Year per Orphan

Sept. 4, 1900	Rev. E. F. Frease, D.D., Secretary and Treasurer, Bombay	$25,000 00	
Dec. 12, 1900	Rev. W. H. Stephens, Secretary and Treasurer, Bombay	25,000 00	
Apr. 17, 1901	Rev. W. H. Stephens, Secretary and Treasurer, Bombay	25,000 00	
Aug. 28, 1901	Rev. W H. Stephens, Secretary and Treasurer, Bombay.	25,000 00	
Dec. 26, 1901	Rev. W. H. Stephens, Secretary and Treasurer, Bombay	25,000 00	
Apr. 26, 1902	Rev. W. H. Stephens, Secretary and Treasurer, Bombay	25,000 00	
Aug. 27, 1902	Rev. W. H. Stephens, Secretary and Treasurer, Bombay	25,000 00	
Dec. 15, 1902	Rev. E. F. Frease, D.D., Secretary and Treasurer, Bombay	25,000 00	
Apr. 27, 1903	Rev. E. F. Frease, D.D., Secretary and Treasurer, Bombay	25,000 00	
Sept. 2, 1903	Rev. E. F. Frease, D.D., Secretary and Treasurer, Bombay	25,000 00	
Dec. 24, 1903	Rev. E. F. Frease, D.D., Secretary and Treasurer, Bombay	25,000 00	
Apr. 29, 1904	Rev. E. F. Frease, D.D., Secretary and Treasurer, Bombay	25,000 00	
Aug. 29, 1904	Rev. F. Wood, Secretary and Treasurer, Bombay	25,000 00	
Dec. 27, 1904	Rev. F. Wood, Secretary and Treasurer, Bombay	25,000 00	
Apr. 28, 1905	Rev. F. Wood, Secretery and Treasurer, Bombay	25,000 00	
			$375,000 00

Remittances for Support of Orphans Over the 5,000 Originally Provided For

Oct. 24, 1903	Rev. E. F. Frease, D.D., Secretary and Treasurer, Bombay	$2,450 00	
Mch. 23, 1904	Rev. E. F. Frease, D.D., Secretary and Treasurer, Bombay	405 00	
			$2,855 00

Miscellaneous Remittances to the following, by Request of Donors

Rev. W. H. Stephens, Poona	$657 32	
Captain Spence, Guindy, Madras	1,700 00	
Miss Spence, Guindy, Madras	1,826 00	
Rev. Fred Wood, Mazgaon, Bombay	1,198 68	
Dr. Alice Condict, Jubbelpore	1,200 00	
Rev. E. F. Frease, D.D., Bombay	904 88	
Rev. Dr. Lawson	229 12	
Rev. Dr. Keskar, Kolhapur	335 14	
Pundita Ramabai, Sharada Sadan, Poona	643 35	
Rev. C. H. Gill	155 66	
Rev. Dr. R. A. Hume, Ahmednagar	161 00	
Zenana Mission	274 40	
Church of England	105 70	
Dr. A. B. Leonard	40 00	
Mrs. Goheen, Kolhapur	85 00	
Miss K. Corbett, Rawal Pindi	50 00	
Dr Maud Aller	10 00	
Boys' Christian Home	10 00	
Rev. A. E. Ayres, Baroda	14 50	
Rev. D. H. Lee, Calcutta	20 00	
Mr. Mainwaring, Nasik	23 25	
Rev. Dr. J. E. Clough, Ongole	11 00	
Rev. Edgar M. Wilson, Sangli	67 50	
Society for Promotion of Gospel	11 95	
Rev. G. N. Thomssen, Bapatla	5 41	
Miss Brown, Kolhapur	5 00	
Rev. R. Winsor, 1 case books, Sirur	4 75	
Rev. Robt. Ward, Godhra	1 00	
Miss H. Bruce	1 00	
Miss K A. Spears, Baroda	1 00	
Mrs. Ada Lee, 13 Wellington Square, Calcutta	1 00	
		$9,753 61

Administration Expenses for Five Years

Dec. 31, 1901	American Bible Society, Rent from July, 1900, to date (18 mos.)	$450 00	
	Salary of E. B. Freer, Manager, and Clerks, July, 1900, to Jan., 1901	931 56	
	Salary of E. B. Freer, Manager, and Clerks, Jan. to Dec, 1901.	2,322 03	
	Administration Charge (One Per Cent.) Donated by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to the "Any Good Cause" Fund	2,866 43	
			$6,570 02
Dec. 31, 1902	American Bible Society, Rent to date	300 00	
	Salary of E. B. Freer, Manager, and Clerks, to date	2,206 52	
	Administration Charge (One Per Cent.) Donated by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to the "Any Good Cause" Fund	606 19	
			$3,112 71
Dec. 31, 1903	American Bible Society, Rent to date	300 00	
	Salary of E. B. Freer, Manager, and Clerks, to date	1,911 84	
	Administration Charge (One Per Cent.) Donated by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to the "Any Good Cause" Fund	484 96	
			$2,696 80
Dec. 31, 1904	American Bible Society, Rent to date	300 00	
	Salary of E. B. Freer, Manager, and Clerks, to date	1,943 59	
	Administration Charge (One Per Cent.) Donated by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to the "Any Good Cause" Fund	467 00	
			$2,710 59
Apr. 30, 1905	American Bible Society, Rent to date	62 50	
	Salary of E. B. Freer, Manager, and Clerks, to date	639 00	
	Administration Charge (One Per Cent.) Donated by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to the "Any Good Cause" Fund	144 88	
			$846 38

Miscellaneous Expenses for Five Years

Postage on Acknowledgments of Remittances	$574 00	
Postage, General, on India and Domestic Correspondence	867 01	
Printing and Stationery	637 17	
Cablegram, Telegram and Messenger Service	214 81	
Typewriter, Machine and Rental	107 58	
Office, Furniture and Maintenance	314 11	
Exchange on Uncurrent Money	270 41	
Baltimore & Ohio R. R., for freight	20 99	
Sundry Items	383 12	
Auditing	113 75	
		$3,498 95

Total Disbursements **$407,044 06**
By Balance on hand April 30, 1905 ..... **41,657 25**

$448,701 31

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

NEW YORK, MARCH 21, 1906

Remarkable Sculptures of Lions and Other Animals, in Relief, from the Walls of Nebuchadnezzar's Palace at Babylon

"Nebuchadnezzar the Wicked"

BY PROF. EDGAR JAMES BANKS

University of Chicago

"I AM Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, the exalted prince, the favorite of Marduk, the noble emperor . . . . . the possessor of wisdom, the seeker after truth, the untiring ruler . . . . . the wise, the pious, the first born son of Nabopolassar."

With these and similar words of self-praise, the proud Nebuchadnezzar began all of his inscriptions which have been discovered in the ruins of his city, Babylon. The image which their boasting brings to the mind of a haughty, fastidious, cruel king, ruling with the absolute power of a Czar, and satisfied with nothing but himself, is a true picture. Hardly a character in all Oriental history is better known; the fame of no other has spread so widely, or has been so continuous; his is one of the few names of Eastern kings which have not at some time been lost to history, to be recovered by the modern archæologist.

Cameo of Nebuchadnezzar

Specially about the name of Nebuchadnezzar time has woven many legends. It was not until recent years, when the excavator began to search among the cities which he restored or constructed, that much which is historical has been found to supplement the Biblical and traditional accounts of him. According to the legends of the Jews, who delighted in execrating the author of their exile, Nebuchadnezzar was a distant descendant of the Queen of Sheba and King Solomon. Modern scholars believe that Nebuchadnezzar belonged to the Chaldeans, a large number of whose descendants still live in Bagdad and Mosul, and are known as "Christians." He was named from Nabu, the Babylonian god of wisdom. Once in the Old Testament he is called Nebuchadrezzar, and it was by this name that he was known to his subjects, for the long name as it appears upon his own inscriptions, spelled out in cuneiform syllables, reads: "Na-hi-um-ku-du-ur-ri-u-su-ur." The three words which comprise the name, if translated, would read: "Nabu, protect the crown."

Tradition tells us that he married a Midian woman named Amytis. Another speaks of him as the son-in-law of Sennacherib, the Assyrian king who besieged Jerusalem, and who therefore was equally odious to the Hebrews. A third wife may have been an Egyptian princess. While still a young man, Nebuchadnezzar was not extremely popular with the Babylonians. Tradition tells us that he was frequently greeted in the street by the people who shouted the common Oriental proverb: "A poor dog has no good progeny." He became a great personage long before he reached the throne. We are told that he trained wild beasts, and on his expeditions of war he mounted a fierce lion, across whose neck a huge serpent was suspended. Thus did the later Jews picture the king who destroyed their nation. While still crown prince, he fought the Egyptians at Karkemish, in 605 B.C., and extended the Babylonian kingdom over Palestine to Egypt. Thus all of the Hebrew country became a Babylonian province.

Embankment on the Tigris at Bagdad, Every Brick Bearing Nebuchadnezzar's Name

The next year, in 604, Nebuchadnezzar became the emperor of all the Oriental world.

Thrice during his reign did his armies march across the great parched desert to Palestine, once to besiege the Phœnician city of Tyre for thirteen years, and again in 597 B.C., when Jerusalem was captured. It was then that he showed his cruelty by putting to death the Hebrew king Jehoiakim. Eleven years later, in 586 B.C., he destroyed Jerusalem, and taking the king Zedekiah to Babylon, he blinded him by boring out his eyes. The only remaining traces of these three expeditions are two inscriptions bearing his name. One is in the Nahr-el-kelb, north of Beirut; the other is in the wady near Hamath.

Of the life of the exiles of Babylonia, and the impressions which the Hebrews had of their captor, tradition has again given us an interesting picture. Josephus says that in the long line of captives were five thousand people of Judah and seven thousand others, that as they were driven along, they were chained together, and while the king feasted in his luxurious tent, the Hebrew princes were lying in fetters and naked before him. To taunt them of their religion, and to increase their sufferings, he made bags of the parchment of their books of law, or their Bibles, and filling them with sand, forced them to carry the useless burdens, and while the captives were weary and sick, he would force the musicians among them to sing the Hebrew psalms, but jamming their fingers into the mouth, they refused to sing. To the exiles in Babylonia the king was known as "The Wicked One," and while honors were heaped upon Daniel and a few others, most of the Jews in Babylonia, as at some time in nearly every part of the world, suffered a massacre. One story relates that 600,000 of their number were killed for not worshiping the idol in the plain of Dura. It is said that while he lived no one dared to laugh. With age, his pride increased; he called himself a god, and spoke of making a cloud upon which he might live in the sky. We are told that because of his evil he was turned to an animal, upper half ox, lower half lion, and for seven years he grazed grass.

Equally interesting is the new light which the excavator has brought from the ruins of the city of Nebuchadnezzar, from the temples and the palace, and even from the throne room. In every part of Babylonia, traces of his activity are constantly appearing. Inscriptions bearing his name are found not only in Palestine, but in modern Persia, near the city of Bushire. In nearly every ancient ruin in Babylonia are huge walls of masonry of bricks bearing his name. At Bagdad, projecting into the river, is a huge embankment of which each brick bears his inscription. While most of the city of the great Haroun-al-Raschid (the Calif of the *Arabian Nights*), has disappeared, this old construction is still one of the most solid in the city. Along the Euphrates, the embankment which he built still confines the river to its course. Hillah, a town of 10,000 inhabitants, is built largely of the bricks of Nebuchadnezzar, and portions of the

The King's Name as it Appears on the Inscriptions
[Translation] Na-bi-um-ku-du-ur-ri-u-su-ur

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THE AMERICAN PULPIT

SERMON BY

Rev. Ezra T. Sanford *

Faithlessness in High Places

TEXT: I. KINGS 13: 34

"And this thing became sin unto the house of Jeroboam, even to cut it off, and to destroy it from off the face of the earth"

THE shades of difference between doubt and actual sin are very hard to distinguish. Watch with me the sunset over yon Western slopes, as shadow follows shadow along the groves and hilltops, and the shade of darkness at one moment is of scarcely perceptible difference from that of the moment just preceding; yet in one short hour all is dark save the glimmering stars that show themselves one by one. Notice, if you will, the course of the sinner in his downward career; first a misrepresentation, then a lie to conceal it, then a forged check to cover his deficiency. With the most of mankind it is as it was with the Jews of Jeremiah's time; first a forsaking of the fountain of living waters, then the building of broken cisterns that can hold no water.

Sin is a monster of such frightful mein,
As to be hated needs but to be seen;
But seen too oft'—familiar with its face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

In order to understand the sin of Jeroboam it is necessary to consider his gradual forsaking the guidance of Jehovah, and the adoption, on his part, of a selfish, worldly policy. No character of Old Testament times receives so severe a condemnation in Scripture as the son of Nebat, who sinned, and caused Israel to sin. He sinned against light, for he believed in the existence of Jehovah, and was especially favored in the providence of God, yet, doubting and faithless, he would not trust in God's continued favors. More than a score of times we find the Scriptures condemning him for causing Israel to sin.

Responsibility for a Trust

First let us consider what events of his life should have increased the faith of Jeroboam. The kings of Israel had been accustomed to receive messages from the prophets—Saul, David and Solomon had been encouraged and condemned by the voice of God speaking through his prophets. Jeroboam had been with Solomon in the building of Millo, and had found favor with the King. When Ahijah led him from the wayside, and gave to him the ten strips of the rent garment, how his heart must have rejoiced to think of being the recipient of such Divine favor, and such a sacred trust as the care of four-fifths of the whole Hebrew nation. The message of Ahijah should have been trusted faithfully. Could the son of Nebat watch over the workmen of Solomon and not see the signs of the times? Could he seek to direct the King's forces in the erection of beautiful palaces, while the workmen dwelt in huts, and not notice the disaffection rapidly growing among the common people? Why did he not understand the trust that was awaiting him, to better the condition of the people and purify the morals of the leaders?

The promise of a sure house was conditional, it is true, but the example of David was given to encourage him as to the possibilities of his fulfilling those conditions. Why do Christians, when entrusted with such promises as those which the Evangelists record, seek to bolster up their position by seeking an alliance with the world? If we are kings, then let us rule the world by the truth exemplified in our character. Are we beggars, that we should adopt a worldly policy by preaching sensational sermons merely to draw crowds, and seek to adulterate the pure milk of the Word by supposing it will be any more palatable to the unregenerate heart? But Jeroboam, with all of these promises from the Prophet of Jehovah seeks to curry favor with Egypt?

The very fact that God had endowed him with a good constitution and grand physique should have given him courage to be the true servant of Jehovah. The Scriptures say he was a mighty man of valor, yet with all that health and strength and popularity with the people, he forgot that Jehovah had called him to do a great work for the unbelief of his heart made him a weakling. The bright prospects before him as he entered upon his kingdom should have made the most hopeful of sovereigns. As he trod the pathways of the Samaritan hills, with their vineyards and fields of ripening grain, as he watched the flocks that were grazing at Dothan and on the plain of Jezreel, as his eye caught a glimpse of the Syrian Mountains which separated his kingdom from Damascus, the seat of traffic with Egypt, what hopes and what desires must have found a place in his heart, and what ambitions as to the future of his kingdom. When he knew that the ten tribes were loyal to him because the heart of Rehoboam was hardened, a devoted people, a prosperous nation should have cheered his heart and increased his faith. When Rehoboam had attempted to subjugate the ten tribes with an army, the message of the Prophet Shemaiah that it was the Lord's doings, at least should have established him in the faith as to the position he held under the King of kings.

Repeated Warnings

And, again, when Jeroboam had pursued his wordly policy a long time, when about to offer a sacrifice upon the altar, the unnamed man of God that had come to reprove him, caused his hand to wither and be healed at his prayer, it would seem that this miracle would have taught him to return to the service of Jehovah with his whole heart. When we read of God's long suffering and his dealings with the children of men, we can but exclaim with the Psalmist "His mercy endureth forever." Men of the type of Jeroboam are lovers of this present world. Their profession is loud but their lives are not affected by their religion; when the cask is struck it yields a hollow sound. The form of godliness is nothing if the power is denied.

When unbelief has found a shelter in the human heart, we begin to see outward acts of disobedience, and although it may lurk hidden in the heart for a season, just as the murderer will flee at his own shadow because of the pricks of a guilty conscience, so sin gives no rest to its votary until the concealed desires are manifested in outward acts, and hence to understand the sin of the son of Nebat, let us notice some of his faithless acts.

His disobedience to the Divine will was shown in the erection of golden calves at Dan and Bethel, and although some claim that these were images of the cherubim found in the temple, yet he declared before the people, "these are the gods that brought you out of the land of Egypt." And that claim was enough to lead astray a weak and idolatrous nation. The use of images and crosses as an aid to worship may not, in its intention, be idolatrous, yet, for a weak people, the form is apt to take the place of the fact, hence in ignorant nations the images used by the Church of Rome are very apt to lead men astray. One may say that men in this age are not weak, with our educational facilities; but do you bow your head in the house of worship while the minister offers public prayer, and instead of allowing his words to go through your heart, and make the same desires your own with a silent "Amen," do you during the prayer think of the looms, the fields, the store or the workshop?

Seeking Social Advantage

Why did Jeroboam fear that if the Israelites went to Jerusalem to worship, they would be again drawn to serve Rehoboam? He well knew the dislike of the people for Rehoboam, and yet he feared if the people mingled at Jerusalem with the two tribes that were loyal to the king who reigned on Mount Zion, they should be alienated from him and the city of Shechem lose its prestige as the national capital. He wanted to use the two places of worship at Dan and Bethel to aid him in his ambitions and in carrying out his worldly policy. Do we not see men to-day who come very close to the sin of Jeroboam in going to church for business advantage? They say, "It does not make much difference what church I join, so I will unite with that one which will help my business most."

There is a worse evil still. The number that join the church for business policy is not to be compared with the number of those that join or attend church for social advantage. It is well for them and for the church that some such men are too conscientious to be hypocrites, and they do not join any church. A young man remarked to his mother, "If I get in the set I want to, I will have to attend a certain church." What is that but using the same wordly policy that Jeroboam followed when he sought to lay the foundation to his throne more securely by tampering with the religious obligations of the people. Join the church where you are needed. Christ came to a needy world. As he was sent we are sent to the needy. Join the church where you can do the most good, rather than where you can get the most good. This is one lesson to be derived from Jeroboam's mistake.

Another manifestation of the unbelief of Jeroboam is shown in the flattering courtiers and false prophets that found a home in the palace. This reminds us that we should beware of the days when churches and officers of churches heap to themselves teachers having itching ears. A king, even though he may desire to hear flattery for the moment, in time of distress wants the truth. We may complain of our critics, yet those who chide us are often our best friends.

Rotten at the Core

Jeroboam wanted the truth when his child was sick, and sent to the prophet he could trust. Ahijah had told him the truth concerning the kingdom, and therefore could be trusted; but with Jeroboam's unbelief of heart, do you think he would humble himself and go penitent to learn the fate of his son—the heir of his kingdom? An evil heart always seeks to commend itself. It sets up a righteousness of its own, and is like the stately oak that has been rocked in the tempest till a rent at the top has been opened and the rain has trickled into the heart of the great tree, and there, together with ants and beetles, it has become decayed, and, even to its very trunk, is useless, while, to outward appearance, it looks sturdy. When, however, the axe is laid at its root, the first chips may show bright, healthy wood, yet when another blow is struck, the brown powder and dust which fall from the opening, prove that it is decayed and unfit for anything but the fire.

Why did not Jeroboam go with penitence in sackcloth and ashes to God's servant instead of sending his wife in disguise to receive the message from Ahijah? Blind, decrepit as he was, but with spiritual discernment keen and so penetrating that he recognized her mission before she had even mentioned her presence. Ahijah knew the situation. How like the man who seeks Christ without giving up his own claims to righteousness. The reason many do not find Christ is because they do not seek him with their whole heart. Jeroboam was undoubtedly a religious man, a believer in Jehovah, for this very child which died after Ahijah's critical message, had been named Abijah, meaning "Jehovah, my Father." Yet his religious principles were corrupted, and he sinned by forsaking God's will to accomplish his own desire.

Incurable Restlessness

Finally, the evil of this man's sinful heart is shown in his uneasiness. How restless is the sinner who is not at peace with God; how he seeks occupation of mind and peace of soul from this world, and finds only a mirage. How he goes from this place to that to find pleasure, but has no peace of soul, because he is not justified by faith, and hence finds nothing to satisfy the longings of his spirit. When well established on his throne, Jeroboam fortifies Shechem; but although established on the spot so hallowed with precious memories of Abraham and his journeyings, a spot associated with Jacob and the well which he dug, which, in later years, became the pulpit from which Jesus himself preached his message of truth to the Samaritan woman; and, although from the top of the opposite mountains, Gerizim and Ebal, Jeroboam might have heard echoing through the ages the blessings and curses upon the nation—yet with his restless character, because of sin, the result of his worldly policy, trusting in his own strength, we soon find him across the Jordan located at Peniel.

And even at Peniel, though the father of the whole twelve tribes of Israel had here wrestled with God and here received a new name, these associations gave no comfort to the son of Nebat in his restlessness. Back again over the Jordan to Tirzah, where he erected a beautiful palace, we find the son of Nebat in the home which, in after years, Zimri burned over his own head. There, amid the luxury and such pleasure as this world can give, he died. Scripture says he slept with his fathers. But was there rest for Jeroboam, who sinned and made Israel to sin even in death? There remaineth a rest for the people of God, but the wicked man dieth, and where is he?

* Preached in the North Baptist Church, New York City.

THE "CHILDREN OF DARKNESS"

And the Important Part that We May Play in Bringing Them into the Light

By Jacob A. Riis

"FRETTING and fuming" over social problems—"is there any less poverty because of it?" I do not know. Perhaps not. A great city draws to itself naturally, besides those intent upon the big prizes of industrial life, a multitude for whom the crowd is necessary, who cannot stand alone, and these in the strife for life are thrust under to the slum level and stay there in their generation. And so it is that the visible wealth and its contrasting poverty both go on growing in a city like New York. In that it is merely a type of all cities with which, of course, the inquiry has to do. It may be that there are to-day as many or more, persons living from hand to mouth, uncertain where their next meal is to come from, as when I wrote *How the Other Half Lives*, in the year when the first Settlement was started in my city. Unless there are many more, the volume of poverty has been in fact decreased, for the city has doubled its population since then. The thing I do know is, that the abject, the hopeless poverty, is not the factor it was then.

And by that I do not mean simply that we have organized relief and stopped waste of life and revenue, but this, that we have headed off the heredity of poverty that made it hopeless. Dealing with the poverty problem is just like fighting a fire; you can chase it up with alms and it will go faster than you. But get in front of it, head it off, and you are in a way of winning your fight, if you fight hard enough and long enough. We have at last got in front of our problem. That is where the hope comes in.

But it may be that we have not quite the same understanding as to what the fight is about. We are not fighting poverty, meaning by that, frugal, perhaps scanty, fare and humble lodgment, in the hope of banishing it from the earth. That would hardly be worth while. Too much might go with it which we cannot spare, among it the incentive to do better, which is our most powerful ally. I would not give each of the thousand children that go in and out of our Settlement a fortune if I could, though, no doubt, they would think that the greatest kindness. I doubt if I could render them a poorer service. But I would give each and every one of them a chance to earn it for himself, if he can, a chance to fight his way out of poverty's clutches, because so I am giving him the chance, less to lay by money, than to develop the elements of character that make for independence, for strength, that make the man, in short. It is not a question of money; it is a question of manhood. Money, or the striving for it, may easily be a curse to the individual and to the nation. But men make the nation; the two are inseparable. The flower, the purpose of the race, is its manhood. All the money in the world cannot buy t h a t, but could easily corrupt it. Poverty can do that too, if it is of a kind that takes away a man's hope and self-respect, and it is of this power I would rob it. That is the fight.

Hence we fight for the home, which the slum puts in gravest peril. "They live," said the Tenement House Commission, of the whole mass of the population in our poor tenements, "under conditions in which all the influences make for unrighteouness, and tend to the corruption of the young." In that read our declaration of war. We are bound to rescue the home, for in it roots the family ideal, and that is the unit of righteousness in a nation. "Family, manhood, citizenship, patriotism," said the old Frenchman, "go with it if it goes." And he was right. Our first blow is for the home, and where it is hardest beset, men and women who carry the ideal in their hearts, settle to nurse it back into life. That is a prime function of the Settlement. Where the home is kept inviolate, the sting has been taken out. So the effort is to drive from the home and its setting all that would hurt or hinder it. The sweater—tenement-house manufacturer—has got to go. It has taken a deal of fretting and fuming and will take more, but it is worth it. And great progress has been made.

One of the New Public Playgrounds in New York City

Then there are the children in an environment in which "all the influences tend to the corruption of the young." They are the to-morrow. Their heredity may he that of their environment—of the dark tenement, of the foul gutter, of the crowded street—will be, unless we change it. For heredity, in my view, is little more than the crystallized environment of generations past that should have been bettered then, and was not, because no one thought it worth fuming and fretting about. And this being the case, it follows that by doctoring to-day's environment, you are doctoring the heredity of to-morrow and the day after, a thing the old pessimists vowed could not be done. But, you see, there is nothing in this world that is right that cannot be done; for it is God's world, not the devil's, and he merely wants us to seek the way with entire devotion, then he will show us. We are quite determined that it shall not be said in another generation that we let our children grow up in an environment that tended to unrighteousness and to the corruption of them, not if it is necessary to fret and worry over it from sunrise to sundown, and through the livelong night, too.

The New Generation in the "East-Side"

But it will not be necessary always. The very efforts that have reduced the death-rate one-third in a dozen years have brought light and air to the dwellings of the poor, and they bring privacy in their train. They have restored to the child the right to play, and have reformed our public schools, where he is fitted to take a hand in the fight himself. Surely the fuming and fretting has borne fruit even from my correspondent's point of view, for exactly in proportion as the home is restored and the young fitted to fight their way against besetting environment, is the load of shameful poverty lifted.

And this is our task. We are not children of darkness but of light, and we dare lay claim to our heritage despite all the powers of darkness. When I was in Denmark last year, I sat through a long evening into the summer night, telling the good bishop in my native town of our labors and our hopes. He wanted to hear it all, for he was a man with a heart for his kind everywhere. And when I had finished, he put his hand upon my arm:

"And now," he said, "what does it all mean? What does it mean to you?" And I saw in a flash the meaning of it all, and told him:

"This is what it means, bishop, that we are children of God, made in his image, and we will not have that image trodden in dirt and darkness, if we can help it; and, thank God, we can."

The things that do that we will fight forever. And when thus we have taken from poverty its shame and its degradation, what is left of it can take care of itself. It will not deserve to be called a hardship half the time. I do not see how, as Christians, we can do less. I said it before that the great philanthropic humanitarian movement of our day, the cry for the brotherhood, of which all the things I have spoken of here are the signs, is, in fact, the mighty revival of our faith, though strangely some of those who are in the very thick of it, have not had their eyes opened to the meaning of all this travail. They hear the cry of the brother without making the common 'fatherhood that gives him the claim. The men on the firing-line do not know, often enough, how the battle is going; but that does not mean that there is no plan in it. The important thing is that they do their part. And they are doing it all over the world. In Copenhagen, last year, I passed one day through a street where, in my boyhood, the old city wall ran. Over against it stood the soldiers' barracks. On the other side of the street there was, in the old days, a block of the vilest dives. I do not think there was ever anything like them on this side of the ocean. I noticed with satisfaction in passing that the dives were gone, and that a big, handsome, red building had taken their place. The barracks were still there. As my stay was prolonged and I learned the present ways of the Copenhagen people, it seemed to me that they had not improved in the forty years of my absence. The current of their life, s o c i a l and intellectual, seemed to me to run shallower than it did, and I felt sorry for my old city. But presently I found a counter-current setting in, deep and steady, and, as I traced it up, it led me back to the red building on the site of the old dives, as one of its strong feeders. I found it to be a Young Men's Christian Association building, as fine a one as I ever saw, a thing that did not exist in my boyhood; and when I became acquainted there, I counted as many as three, four hundred soldiers from the barracks in the reading room, bath, gymnasium and lecture hall on a Sunday evening, the kind that had been the steady patrons of the dives of old. They knew what it all meant, too, those men in the Red House, and they

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RUSHING MORE AID TO JAPAN

$15,500 More Sent this Week by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD—Terrible Tragedies of the Famine—Hundreds Perishing of Cold and Hunger, and Many Committing Suicide

FROM Japan comes news which is at once both depressing and encouraging. Famine continues to rage in the northern provinces with increasing severity. All the committees—natives and foreigners—are appealing loudly for help. The true situation there is not yet realized by the outside world. Japanese pride and stoicism have hidden much of the terrible suffering, but now that the keen and merciless midwinter cold has brought a new terror to add to the famine, the truth can no longer be concealed. From the letters of missionaries and other sources, the real facts are coming out. "Many are dying daily of starvation," writes Mrs. Gurney Binford, of the Friends' Mission. "If you can do anything to help these sufferers, it will be a merciful work. It is stated that unless help comes soon, more will die in the Tohoken district alone than died in Manchuria last year."

One of the missionaries in Japan, Rev. H. Loomis, has sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a sample of the "hunger-bread" upon which the people are living in many parts in the north. It is a horrible-looking mixture, from which even the poorest tramp in America would turn in disgust. It is in the form of a round cake. In some cases these cakes are composed of earth mixed with powdered rice, straw and acorns. Others are apparently nothing but crushed acorns and earth, while still others contain a little rice and earth, or powdered leaves, straw and acorns. Such food (it does not deserve the name!) is not calculated to keep in life very long and the result is that the entire population in many localities is sick. Some cases of insanity, as the result of unheard-of privations, are mentioned.

In one district, a family of honest, industrious people were facing starvation. All their resources were exhausted. The father said: "We have never begged—we cannot do that. We will die of starvation here; there is no hope for us." So he took his wife and his two children up the hillside to a cliff, from which they flung themselves. All were dead when found. Mrs. Binford vouches for the truth of this tragic incident. "There is a tremendous amount of suffering this winter," she adds. "So many, many suicides! The war against famine is just beginning; so many widows, orphans and maimed soldiers must fight starvation. Yes, the war is just beginning!"

A heavy fall of snow has taken place in the north, blocking trains and greatly increasing the distress and somewhat impeding the relief work. "The newspapers in Sendai," writes Mr. Loomis, "are printing daily lists of those who have died of cold and starvation. We want the help now!"

Rev. W. E. Lampe, Chairman of the Sendai Missionary Relief Committee, writes:

"When we issued our first appeal to the foreign communities in Japan in December, we estimated that 680,000 persons out of a population of 2,821,000 were on the verge of starvation. Since then members of our committee have personally visited twenty-six counties and as many towns in the provinces of Miyagi and Fukushima, and have distributed 9,000 yen ($4,500). Our first figures estimating those affected by the famine are inadequate to describe the actual suffering.

"Able-bodied men, ragged and hungry, are facing the snow and icy winds to bring wood from the mountains in the hope of earning enough through its sale to keep their starving families. Women are covering their babies with their own clothing to keep them warm, and such conditions as these can mean only death in the end. Families once proud and comfortable are now reduced to want."

Since the snowfall the public works instituted by the government have been suspended. "Very careful investigations have been made," writes Mr. Lampe, "and it is found that in these three provinces there are from 25,000 to 40,000 sick and aged persons and helpless children, not one of whom can support himself by his own labor and who must be helped for some months, whether it snows or not and no matter if the weather is cold or hot. But how bitter is their lot in this severe winter!"

From the Secretary of the Missionary Relief Committee at Sendai, Rev. C. S. Davison, two cable dispatches have been received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which state that the relief work is progressing and that food distribution is under way. The workers, native and foreign, are using every effort to reach and to aid the starving people, but the task is not an easy one. Meanwhile, the famine continues and all help from whatever source will be welcomed. The Missionary Committee is in the very centre of the famine, and

A Famine Home in Northern Japan

well located for effective work. All funds received by the Japanese Red Cross are expended in the purchase of food, which is distributed by the *sonchos* or headmen of the villages to the sufferers.

In response to the urgent appeals, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has forwarded **a third remittance of $10,000** to the Japanese Red Cross, to be expended, as were the two former remittances of **$10,000** each, in the immediate purchase of food for distribution among the neediest cases. We have also sent to the Missionary Relief Committee at Sendai, Rev. C. S. Davison, Treasurer,

Children Waiting for Food in a Snow-Bound Village

$5,000 for immediate use in that greatly afflicted district, and **$500** to Rev. H. Loomis, of the American Bible Society, to be applied to other parts of the famine field, where the need is urgent. Up to the present time a total of **$35,500** has thus been forwarded from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund, a considerable portion of which is now in the homes of the starving families in the form of wholesome, life-sustaining food.

This is the hopeful side of the picture—the news that the gifts of our readers are already doing their life-saving work. Every contribution in such a cause carries with it a blessing. Every dollar may be the means of saving a family from starvation. Surely, it is a high privilege, as well as a pleasant duty, to be represented in such a Christlike work of love and sympathy. It cannot fail to produce a lasting impression upon the minds and hearts of the Japanese, who are now realizing the truth that the Christianity of America is a religion of practical helpfulness.

Rev. H. Loomis writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD as follows:

"We have now secured definite and complete information as to the nature and extent of the distress in the famine districts, from the reports and from verbal accounts given by those who have visited the region. Two things are established: that the facilities for affording relief are complete and satisfactory, and that all that is needed is the money to purchase food. What is being done by the government is not proclaimed abroad, as a matter of expediency; but it is known that it is not shirking its duty. The expenses incident to the war were such as to tax the nation to the utmost; but still the sufferers are not overlooked. Arrangements are made to assist in various ways; but the want is so great that every possible means of relief will be needed, since the destitution will continue to a greater or less extent until the next harvest. It must also be remembered that, while the other parts of the country are not as destitute as the three famine provinces, yet the same cause resulted in a diminished crop of rice all over the country, and the nation depends upon rice for food and income."

Accompanying Mr. Loomis' letter, is the report of the Foreign Relief Committee in the Northern provinces. It is signed by Rev. Wm. E. Lampe, Chairman, and by Messrs. Davison, Jacquet, DeForest, Madden, and Forrest, all of Sendai, and by Rev. Wm. Axling, of Morioka, members of the Committee. The report says, that, while according to the first estimates, it was thought that about 700,000 persons were destitute, this number has increased and it is **now over a million.** The authorities are carrying out large projects of public works, which will give employment to many poor; but these projects will necessarily be slow of development, and what is needed is immediate aid. The report continues:

In going about through the famine districts members of the committee have found sick persons and some that required immediate help. The Committee will provide for such cases. So far all the money spent in such instances has been provided from private funds or with money sent "for immediate distribution."

Ten of the most afflicted counties of Fukushima province were helped, the proportion of relief given being in proportion to the need. In most of these cases this was the first relief these people had received from any source.

In some cases at least, the money in two days was in the hands of the head men of the villages (*soncho*) to be given as food to those in greatest distress. To Iwate province the same sum—2,500 yen ($1,250)—was voted as to Fukushima. In Miyagi province nearly a third of a million people were reported in need, but with a view to finding the most distressed, the Vice-Governor recently sent out blanks to be filled in by the *soncho*, giving details as to the most destitute. It was found that something over ten thousand people required immediate help to keep them from starving. Our committee met and voted 4,000 yen ($2,000), to be used in Miyagi province, but, as every corner of the province is in need, no county was omitted.

Chairman Lampe refers to the cases of death from starvation or freezing that were brought to the Committee's attention, and continues:

Under such circumstances, is it strange that moral ties are weakening? Even mothers are known to leave their starving children, never to come back. Men desert their families in considerable numbers. There's a village, called Devil's Head, snowed under eight feet, leaving 156 people without a particle of food of any kind. Immediately the neighbors, but little better off, raised sixty yen, by means of which pittance the lives of these 156 persons were insured until other aid can come.

* * *

All contributions for the relief work should be addressed to

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Monk, Mrs J A... 2 00
Myers, Mrs E.... 1 00
Naugle, Adaline... 1 00
Nelson, David 5 00
Nickle, Miss Ruby 1 00
O'Connor, Jennie.. 1 00
Paull, Mrs R..... 1 00
Paxson, Isaac 1 00
Pearson, Rev P H.12 00
Peters, Mrs L.... 1 00
Phelps, Mrs Emma 1 00
Philip, Dr A P... 5 00
Phillips, Amanda J 1 00
Phillips, Lewis ... 1 00
Phunner, Alice ... 1 00
Pickerall, Mrs ... 25
Platt, Mr & Mrs A 25
Polster, John W... 5 00
Poor, Rev W S.. 1 00
Pootes, S 1 00
Quigley, Mrs E C & Dau 2 00
Read, Miss Edith. 1 00
Reed, D T..... 5 00
Rhule, A J & fam 3 00
Rhule, E H..... 1 00
Richard, Mrs H M 2 00
Rieker, John J.... 3 00
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Robinson, Mrs K. 75
Robinson, Marion. 25
Robinson, Mrs R E 3 00
Robinson, Mr R E 2 00
Robinson, Sr, Mrs Wm J 5 00
Rodman, Mrs J T. 2 00
Rogers, Z 10 00
Rohrbaugh, Mr G.... 35

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Sands, Mrs H.... 20
Schoch, Mrs E M. 1 00
Schultz, Amos H.. 1 00
Schumaker, Mr & Mrs I W..... 2 00
Schumaker, Mrs M J 1 00
Scott, Mrs Chas.. 2 00
Secriest, Mrs M J 1 00
Seep, J 5 00
Seguine, Mrs 25
Sell, M 3 00
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Shadinger, A G.. 1 00
Shaulis, Lloyd S. 2 00
Shaw, R J..... 5 00
Sheffer, Jno S.... 25
Shenberger, Mr J. 25
Shiess, Mrs Mary 1 00
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Shirer, Bertie 50
Shirer, Mrs Geo.. 1 00
Shoemaker, Bessie. 50
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Shugans, John..... 1 00
Simkins, Mrs H M 1 00
Simpson, Margt... 1 00
Slear, Miss C M.. 2 00
Sloan, Amanda.... 50
Sloan, David 5 00
Sloan, Herbert ... 50
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Smith, Mrs Ida P 1 00
Smith, Levi 2 00
Smith, Minnie E..10 00
Smoyer, Wm T.... 50
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Snyder, Lizzie M. 2 00
Snyder, L R & wf 5 00
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Snyder, Mrs S H. 5 00
Spangler, Saml F. 1 00
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Stein, H C..... 1 00
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Stoltzfus, Sim G. 25
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Strout, John C.... 1 00
Suiter, Rosanna E 5 00
Swartz, Mrs Geo.. 1 00
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Tillatson, A C.... 50
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Ulrl, U G..... 1 00
Umstat, L W.... 1 00
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VanSickl, Alton J. 1 00
VanSickl, W S.... 1 00
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Walker, Mrs M F 2 00
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Ward, E A..... 5 00
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Weaver, Gertrude. 1 00
Weaver, Mrs H H. 5 00
Weir, Mrs Rebecca 50
Wellar, Jack 25
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Welles, C R..... 5 00
Wenrick, Wm B.. 1 00
Wentz, Mrs C A..10 00
Wertz, Aug C & Bros 10 00
Whitman, Mrs ... 1 00
Whitmer, G C.... 5 00
Wilbur, Edna 25
Wildennuth, Mr J. 25
Wildenstein, Mrs E 1 00
Wilhelm, Mr Hy.. 05
Williams, Miss F. 50
Willlams, Mrs O A 1 00
Williamson, H O. 5 00
Wing, Mr Ki..... 1 00
Wilseman, Mrs M.... 1 00
Wood, Mrs 20
Yohu, Mrs A L.... 1 00
Yohn, Clara J E. 2 25
Yost, C E..... 2 00
Zentmye, Annie E 2 50
Zentmye, Libbie .. 2 50
Zollinger, Mary... 2 00
Zook, Miss Ida F. 1 00
Rebekah, Kinzua.. 1 00
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S C D, Belleville. 25
R L R, Bklyn.... 1 00
E A J, Bulger... 5 00
I A W, Corry.... 2 00
J K, Germantown. 5 00
M F G, Indiana.. 5 00
R H, Linesville... 2 00
H M K, Mechanicsburg 50
M B F, Norristown10 00
G G H, Oxford.... 1 00
S R, Perrysville.. 5 00
A B, Phila..... 5 00
E L, Phila..... 1 00
H D O, Roxboro..... 2 00
Wm H P Jr, Fairhill Sta, Phila... 2 00
K G S, Overbrook Sta, Phila 5 00
L F S, Phila..... 2 00
S D B, Reading.. 2 50
W F, Reading.... 1 00
E C R, Tyrone... 1 00
B E O, W Finley. 1 00
——, Athens 1 00
——, Bernice 2 50
——, Boyertown .. 1 00
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——, Costello 1 00
——, Eatonville ... 1 00
——, Edella 5 00
——, Fairfield 5 00
——, Johnstown ... 5 00
——, Lancaster ... 2 00
——, Lewisberry .. 1 00
——, Mt Pleasant . 2 00
——, N Hope 2 00
——, Pittsburg ... 50
——, Phila 1 00

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——, Phila 5 00
——, Reading 2 00
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——, Scranton 25 00
——, Sewickley ... 2 00
——, Towanda 2 00
Y M C A, W Milton 4 25
——, Wilkes Barre. 1 00
——, York 1 00
Casb, Orwell 50
Cash, Orwell 1 00
Friend, Reynoldsville 1 00
A Friend, Conneaut-Lake 1 00
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A Friend, Harrisburg 2 00
A Friend, Lancaster 5 00
A Friend, Montoursville 2 25
A Friend, New Freedom 1 00
A Friend, Phila.. 1 00
A Friend, Phila 1 00
A Friend, Pleasant rGove 1 00
A Friend C L S, Allentown 2 00
A Friend of the Needy, Mechanicsburg 2 00
Friends, Harrisburg 6 00
Friends, Newton Hamilton 3 00
Friends, Wyalnsing 1 00
Two Friends, Pleasant Hall 2 00
Two Friends, Warren 1 00
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I H N, Danville... 1 00
I H N, New Freedom 1 00
A Reader, Apollo. 1 00
A Reader, Gordonville 2 00
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A Reader, Meshoppen 2 00
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Federation of Rescue Missions

WHILE the churches are waiting the endorsement of the principle of Federation by their governing bodies, another agency of aggressive Gospel work has felt the spirit of the new movement and applied it to itself. Scattered over our broad land, and most active in our great cities, where they are most needed, are Rescue Missions, working independently for the rescue of men and women who have fallen in the struggle of life, under the stress of temptation, to vicious ways. The victims of intemperance compose the vast army of these derelicts, and with them are sinners of other kinds whose transgressions have dragged them to the gutter. Noble work has been done in our chief cities by the missions which have proclaimed the Gospel to these lost ones, and many are the instances each can show of men transformed, redeemed and restored, who were once among the hopeless class. Their methods are similar, their object identical, and it is now proposed to organize a bond of union among them.

The Federation of Churches has furnished a model, which may easily be adapted to the missions. In their case, there are no difficulties of creed to overcome. They are too busy in raising the fallen to dispute over the niceties of theology. Their creed is, that Christ came to save sinners, and that he is able to save them. The chief difficulty that kept the churches so long apart, is therefore no obstacle to the Federation of Missions. The advantages of the proposal are obvious. One of these is a mutual interchange of suggestion. There is no copyright on their methods. The manager of a mission in Boston who discovers a new way of reaching the lost, is glad to communicate his discovery to the manager of a mission in New Orleans, and glad to have him adopt it. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has been serviceable in this capacity, and has made known to other missions the plans that have proved successful in any city, and its usefulness has prompted the desire for closer union.

There is no idea of impairing the autonomy of the missions. Each mission joining the Federation will remain under its present management. No legislation, no system of control is to be adopted, but each will render willing service to the others. Sometimes a mission is in sudden need of a superintendent or of some other officer. Or some special occasion calls for a particular kind of speaker. If there were some central organization to which the missions were attached, both these needs might be met speedily and intelligently. Other advantages will readily occur to the experienced mission worker.

The project has met with general and enthusiastic welcome from the managers of the missions so far consulted. Letters approving the principle and pledging co-operation, have been received from representative missions in New York, Washington, Boston, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, Louisville, Minneapolis, Detroit, and other cities. Details of the plan are being worked out, and in a short time a definite system of organization will be presented to the missions for examination and suggestion.

The Demands on the Pupil

IN our Mail-Bag Department, we published recently a letter from a reader of this paper, who asked if it is right or wrong for a high school pupil to prepare for Monday's lessons on the Lord's Day. The question was there answered, but it brought up a very important fact with which parents and school boards should deal—the over-cramming, over-crowding of pupils in our schools, with more work than they can do outside of school hours, unless eyes, mind, and general health be made to suffer.

We do not believe the young people of this country would prepare lessons on Sunday, unless they were literally forced to by the teachers under whose instruction they happen to be. People say, "but there is Saturday, why not prepare their lessons then?" The answer to this is that the lessons given out by the average high school teacher on Friday are about three times as long as those given to the pupils on any other day, the instructor evidently taking the stand that the student has two days to prepare them, and with the evident intention that he should put in parts of both days trying to get ready for the brain-racking process of the following Monday. The student is taught more subjects in twenty-four hours than any one mind should be compelled to master in the time given. If he does not study day in and day out, he has the prospect of being dropped from his class, if not from the school. Time for play, time for church, time for anything else except study, does not find place in the schedules laid down by the faculties for the pupils in our high schools. The teachers of mathematics have adopted the term of "brain-twisters" for the intricate examples they give the pupils to be done in the few waking hours they have at home.

There can be no doubt that an educational reaction will set at no very distant date, when a large number of the studies now taught will be placed on the optional list, and the young people will be allowed time for the religious and social duties that should belong of right to every young American, and are as essential to his mental and moral growth as the "brain-twister" with which they now have to exercise their already tired minds. The facts here given, while not excusing Sunday work on the part of the pupils, should be a rebuke to the teachers who are directly responsible for that work. To the instructor who has thoroughly mastered his subject, it may seem that the student has sufficient time to prepare six or seven subjects in a few hours, but the pupils, and the parents who anxiously watch their progress, could tell another story.

The Tribute of India

FIVE years ago the readers of this journal began a work of love and sympathy in India, the outcome of which has not a parallel in the annals of modern Christian experience. A summary of the expenditures involved in that work will be found in another part of this issue.

During the days of the great famine, when Dr. Klopsch was in India visiting the famine camps amid cholera and fever, he became impressed with the sad lot of the little orphans who had been bereft of their natural protectors by that awful scourge. Hundreds and thousands of them swarmed about the mission stations, or drifted hither and thither, like stray lambs without a shepherd. They were weak, emaciated, famishing. No one seemed to care for them. The good missionaries alone took pity on the waifs. They sheltered them, and fed them from their own slender means. They had not the heart to drive out again to perish by the wayside, those little ones for whom Jesus died.

It was then that the thought came to Dr. Klopsch, like a providential inspiration, to invite the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to join with him in an effort to save the little orphan children of India. On returning to New York he consulted with his associates and formulated his plans, which soon won the cordial co-operation of God's people here as well as that of the missionaries. The result was the adoption, within a few months, of several thousand orphans. In a year, over five thousand had been adopted by American patrons, greatly gladdening the hearts of the astonished missionaries. Support for the second year was guaranteed, and at the close of that term, further support for the three following years was willingly pledged, thus making five years in all. Our people had learned to love their little far-away proteges, and the children returned that love with a fervor and intensity that could not be resisted. They felt that, next to the good Father above, they owed their lives, their happiness, their all, to their generous foster-fathers and foster-mothers across the sea.

Now, the fifth year of this great spiritual and humanitarian work has come and gone. As we note the results, we cannot restrain our amazement at the wondrous way in which the work has been divinely used to accomplish purposes that no human mind could have foreseen. In obeying the call to rescue these perishing waifs, we all unconsciously set in motion the most tremendous agency for the redemption of heathen India that has ever been known. Missionaries of all denominations unite in pronouncing this the most glorious and most fruitful foreign missionary work of modern times. Already hundreds of the rescued children, after being trained and educated, have become Gospel messengers to their own race, and are to-day laboring as evangelists, Bible readers, or mission helpers, while others are engaged in a variety of capacities, all more or less intimately related to Gospel work. Christ came into the hearts of all of these children and transformed them, and now a great army of brave, young, consecrated soul-winners has arisen, which seems divinely destined to accomplish more toward the regeneration of heathen India than all agencies that have gone before. The seed that was sown in simple faith and compassion, and with earnest prayer, is bearing fruit a thousandfold.

But while we are deeply grateful for these results, we must not overlook the fact that they are due, in no small measure to our godly and devoted missionaries, who have borne the heat and burden of the battle in India. One of them, Rev. A. E. Ayers, of Baroda, speaking for all, sums up the situation in words that deserve to be written in letters of fire. We feel justified in reproducing them here:

"As a missionary, and responsible to heaven for the very best investment of my life on earth, I covet no higher opportunity than the privilege of co-operating as I am, in this work which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is so nobly pushing and sustaining. My thought is, that if it is projected into the future, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its readers will have done, when the final account is rendered, one of the mightiest and most far-reaching tasks to be found in the whole missionary history of the world."

India is now laying her tribute at the foot of the Cross, When it is all in, and when the last of her heathen sons and daughters have been won to Christ, then it will be made clear to the whole world that one of the mightiest agencies in bringing about the conquest was the loving, praying, trusting, self-denying Christian-hearted band, who came to the rescue of the famine waifs.

A Lesson from the Famine

ONE feature of the terrible famine in Japan, is the suffering it entails upon helpless little children. In some places the schools have been closed because the children were too weak to attend them without food, having little for breakfast, and nothing to take for luncheon. When we think of our own well-fed children, rosy, hearty, and sturdy in health, and then compare their conditions with that of these little ones over the sea, our hearts are filled with a great compassion.

Here comes in the thrill of human brotherhood. These little folk of the Sunrise Kingdom, are not of our own blood, yet we are fain to gather them in arms of tender pity, and to send them what they need. There are children and mothers in America who will gladly deny themselves for the sake of the starving ones in those famishing provinces of Japan, and thus we shall again be taught that the whole family on the earth is one.

For daily bread, we are dependent far more than we are apt to remember, on the bountiful crops that come springing up from the bosom of the earth. If in any region, crops fail and harvests are scanty, whatever the staple may be, wheat or corn or rice or potatoes, it matters little; then suffering ensues. Back of all industries stands the world's vast farming population, and the wheels of commerce are clogged whenever there is a check on the productiveness of the agricultural districts. This rule holds good in every quarter of the globe: not less is it imperative in America than in Japan. Therefore, we get a new emphasis on this added lesson, that the Almighty Creator sends the sunshine and the rain in their season, and under His Divine hand, the bread of the world grows, and the nations are fed.

Hero Anthony's Mother

Readers of this journal, who are interested in the welfare of Mrs. A. Anthony, the aged mother of "Bill" Anthony, the hero of the *Maine*, will be glad to learn that the old lady has been provided for, so that in her declining years she will be no longer in danger of destitution. By an arrangement just concluded with the Jefferson Trust Company, of Hoboken, N. J. (in which city Mrs. Anthony lives), the sum of $7 will be paid to her regularly every week during the remainder of her lifetime, the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD being responsible for the amount. On March 5, a check for $364 was deposited with the Trust Co. by Dr. Klopsch, to cover the first year's weekly payments. Mrs. Anthony is deeply grateful to those who have come to her relief.

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THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

Workingmen who have been Elected Members of the British House of Commons

Labor in Parliament

MOST interesting is the group of members of the British House of Commons, whose photographs appear on this page. They are all workingmen, who have been elected by their brethren to represent them in Parliament. It amazed the country when, some years ago, Joseph Arch, an agricultural laborer, was elected to the House. The privilege of sitting in Parliament and voting and making laws had been regarded as belonging to the aristocracy, to lawyers, merchants, and bankers. That a man who had thought himself fortunate if he earned by hard work four dollars a week, should be sent to the House of Commons by the suffrages of the people, was an innovation that caused a shock to conservative prejudices. Later two or three other workingmen managed to secure seats, but their number being so small, the whips could afford to ignore them in their estimates. Now, however, there are in this new Parliament fifty-one genuine workingmen, and they constitute a party to be reckoned with in a division. Among them are thirteen ex-pit boys, ex-miners and ex-factory lads, five compositors, four carpenters, three grocers' assistants, two mechanics, two stonemasons, two navvies, two railway guards, one newsboy, one blacksmith, and one agricultural laborer.

It is evident that the workingmen of Great Britain have realized their power and have resolved that their interests shall be represented in the Legislature. They have therefore elected men from among themselves who know the needs of the workingman by actual experience, and can tell the House and the country what those needs are. They are pledged to act independently of all parties and to attend definitely to the interests of their class. They will have their own secretaries, their own organization and their own caucus. In the main, they will, of course, vote with the Liberals, their sympathies being naturally with the party of the people; but on questions involving the interests of labor they will act independently. Already their power has made itself felt. Through their influence a proposal has been adopted, providing for the payment of members of the House of Commons. Heretofore the fact of the members being obliged to pay their own expenses has operated to keep poor men out of the House. It is now proposed that they shall receive a salary of fifteen hundred dollars a year. The measure for the appropriation of this sum is delayed at present, but the House has definitely accepted the principle. Other measures will doubtless follow making the system of government increasingly democratic. Thus the poor of the land will be protected from the injustice and oppression that too often happens when the laws are made by the nobles and the higher classes. The people in this instance have worked out the deliverance that in ancient times came from the ruler:

I rebuked the nobles and the rulers, and said unto them, Ye exact usury every one of his brother, and I set a great assembly against them (Neh. 5: 7).

Paramount Public Interest

A warning to all cities against granting permanent privileges to any corporation is given in the conflict now going on between New York City and the Central Railroad Company. Many years ago the company was permitted to lay its tracks in a thoroughfare that has now become Eleventh Avenue. The city has grown so hugely and so rapidly, that this district, formerly uninhabited and unused, is now absorbed within the limits. The tracks and the frequent passing of trains has involved loss of life and property, yet the company continues to use it under the rights long ago conferred. It stands on its legal rights regardless of the injury thereby inflicted on the city. The State Legislature has now interfered and has ordered it to lower its tracks to a subway, threatening, in the event of its failing to obey within a specified time, to have its franchise condemned and its tracks removed. The company stands by its contract, which granted the perpetual use of the avenue, and threatens the city with a suit for damages that may cost it a hundred million dollars. The company would prefer to go on menacing life and limb and causing inconvenience to a whole city rather than sacrifice any of its profits. This is not a new development of greed. Ages ago it was necessary to enact a law to compel the owners of property to provide for the safety of others.

When thou buildest a new house, thou shalt make a battlement for thy roof, that thou bring not blood upon thine house, if any man fall from thence (Deut. 22: 8).

The Voice of the Dead

A strange accompaniment to a funeral ceremony was witnessed in Chicago last week. The body that was being committed to the grave was that of a famous singer whose rendering of sacred songs had charmed many church audiences. Her death had been sudden. Not many days before it occurred she was one of a party of friends assembled aroimd a phonograph. She had been persuaded to sing into the receiver. During the service at her funeral, the instrument was placed beside her casket, and in the silence that ensued there floated out the strains she had sung: "Nearer, my God, to thee." The effect was thrilling and somewhat weird. Probably if the dead girl could have really sung, the sentiment would have been much the same. She had learned by experience the importance of being near to God in this life and so was fulfilled, by the aid of modern invention, the saying:

He being dead yet speaketh (Heb. 11: 4).

A Substitute in Court

Judge and jurors in a Brooklyn Police Court were puzzled one day last week by the appearance in the dock of a prisoner against whom no charge was pending. The name of a prisoner was called and the police thrust a man in the dock. But he declared that his name was not that called in court. On examination it was found that although he resembled the prisoner wanted he was not the man. He said that he was outside the court, watching the prisoners descend from the prison van, and was roughly seized and pushed into line. The police believe that he voluntarily took the place of their prisoner, who escaped. He was sent to the House of Detention to await the result of the search for the culprit. There is nothing of the heroic about such an act, even if he was a voluntary substitute, because he leaves the guilty man still liable to arrest. It is not so that the sinner, conscious of his guilt, is relieved of his fear by the doctrine the Evangelists preach. He learns that his divine substitute bore the penalty in his place.

He was wounded for our transgressions; he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and by his stripes we are healed (Isa. 53: 5).

Disappearing Paper

A new kind of writing paper has made its appearance, according to an announcement in the Boston *Transcript*. To all appearance the paper is of the ordinary kind, such as fifty or sixty years after it has been covered with a business contract, or the protestations of a lover, may be taken out of the cabinet and the lines it bears be read again in new circumstances. But it is not that kind of paper. The maker of it has soaked it in diluted sulphuric acid and has then glazed it to give it the ordinary appearance. But slowly the acid nibbles at the fibres under the glazing, until the substance of the paper rots away. The receiver of a letter written upon it goes to his desk to look again at the letter in a month or two and finds nothing but crumbling fragments, from which the writing has disappeared. It will of course be used only by those who intend to repudiate the promises and undertakings they make. There are, unhappily, only too many of such people in the world. It is the consolation and encouragement of the Christian to know that the God in whom he trusts is not of that kind.

There hath not failed one word of all his good promise which he promised (I Kings 8: 56).

Born a Count

Some of our leading newspapers have given prominence to the interesting fact that the young American wife of a European nobleman recently presented him with a son, who "is born a Count," the mother being a Countess by marriage. Commenting on this interesting event, a contemporary says: "The boy born in a palace has no show in this life compared with the boy born in the midst of humble surroundings, and early taught the necessity for winning what he would wear. The real plenitude of opportunity never exists for the lad bred in exalted station. The weight of caste is upon his shoulders. The enervating breath of luxury is in his nostrils. What is there to strive for, what is there for him to attain? If he but hold his own he has fulfilled the measure of social expectation of his caste." He is undoubtedly handicapped if his view of life is that of his own advancement, but if he have the higher idea of service, his station may be made a stepping-stone to achievement. He will not be embarrassed by the poverty and obscurity that prove obstacles to so many ambitious men. The way to true greatness that Christ pointed out is open to him as well as to all.

He that is greatest among you shall be your servant (Matt. 23: 11).

To Win a Crown

The cable brings the report of an imposing ceremony which took place at San Sebastian, Spain, recently. The central figure was the Princess Ena, daughter of the Princess of Battenberg, the favorite daughter of the late Queen Victoria of England. The young princess presented herself at the Roman Catholic church of that city and declared her desire to be accepted as a member. She abjured Protestantism, and sent a telegram to the Pope offering herself, with all her heart, as a "most devoted and loyal daughter." A Roman Catholic bishop received her into the church and administered the communion to her. There would have been little significance in her act to any one but herself, were it not that there is a suspicion of her motives. It appears that King Alfonso, of Spain, desires to marry her, but the laws of Spain prohibit his marrying any one but a Catholic. It is suspected that the princess has changed her faith in order to render herself eligible. If she has really become convinced of the truth of Catholicism it was right for her to enter that church, but if she has done it to win a crown her act must be deplored. Better far, if she desired a crown, that she sought it in the way the Apostle did.

I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord the righteous Judge shall give me (II. Timothy 4: 7, 8).

A Growing Canadian Mission

Rev. G. Merlino

Miss Marion J Levitt

The Late H. A. Massey

THERE is, perhaps, no Christian or philanthropic work better known in Canada than that of the Fred Victor Mission of Toronto, whose efforts in behalf of the poor, the hopeless, the ignorant and unconverted of the chief English-speaking city of the Dominion have already been referred to in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. This Mission has greatly extended its sphere of activity within the past few months. Its "Victor Home for Young Women," established through the charitable munificence of the Hart A. Massey estate, has proved a refuge for scores of friendless young women, most of them from the country districts, and many of them from abroad, who would otherwise have had difficulty in meeting the temptations and dangers of the Canadian metropolis. The Home is situated in a respectable neighborhood on Jarvis Street, and was formerly the parsonage of the Metropolitan Methodist Church, the leading Methodist Church in Toronto.

* * *

The late Hart A. Massey, a distinguished citizen of Toronto, and a devoted Christian, left $1,000,000 in trust for charitable purposes, and it was from this fund that the "Victor Home for Young Women" was purchased last fall. Hart A. Massey had a son, Fred Victor Massey, whose young life was given to earnest work in leading his fellow-men to the Saviour, and who passed to his reward at the early age of twenty-two while his father was still living. The stricken parent erected the Fred Victor Mission Home, to carry on the work in which his son had been so deeply interested. There could be no more admirable memorial to a Christian son by a Christian father than this noble Mission and its work. The whole Methodist Church of Ontario—the leading Protestant denomination in Canada in membership—helps to support it, and Christian men and women devote their lives to it.

The new "Victor Home for Young Women," is in charge of Miss Marion J. Levitt, a deaconess of the Methodist Church. Another deaconess, Miss Mary L. Cunningham, is at the Union Station, to watch for and assist young girls coming in from the country, and save them from falling victims to the many traps laid for the unwary. Many a weary one has been relieved by the Station Deaconess; many a one in perplexity and fear has been comforted, and not a few have been prevented from going astray. "If the reaching out of a friendly hand in the name of the Master is a Christian service," says Superintendent Fitzpatrick, "then this is certainly such."

Victor Home for Young Women

Another new undertaking of the Fred Victor Mission, and one blessed with marked success, is the Mission to Italians in the Agnes Street Methodist Church. There are many Italians in Toronto, and the number is constantly increasing. When it was determined to establish the mission for this nationality, Superintendent Fitzpatrick held a conference with a committee of the Toronto Presbytery, who had been appointed to deal with the same subject, and it was arranged that the Methodist Church should undertake the mission task among the Italians, the Presbyterian brethren agreeing to co-operate. Rev. G. Merlino, a native Italian, was engaged as missionary. He had been for about nine years employed in mission labor in the United States, and is proving to be the right man to carry on the new work in Toronto. The Italians are taught the English language as well as the lessons of the Gospel, and there is already evidence that many of them are genuine converts. The Woman's City Missionary Society made an appropriation to provide a lady missionary or deaconess, and Mrs. J.M.Treble volunteered to donate the plant to carry on a school of Domestic Science, and to train girls in the kitchen duties.

The Fred Victor Mission is carrying forward on broader lines than ever before, its grand work for mothers and children and in the homes of the poor, and some of those who have been trained in its schools have already grown up to be Christian young men and women, and to bless the institution which taught their childish feet to follow the path of the Gospel and avoid the ways of sin.

HENRY MANN.

A Most Valuable Premium

The "Masterpieces of the World's Best Literature" is certainly one of the most valuable premiums I have yet received with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. The keen judgment of Miss Gilder has been exhibited in her selections. The letterpress is good, the binding chaste, and the size convenient. I have felt refreshed after a day's toil by reading just one or two of the Masterpieces. I am delighted with them.

New York City. WM. CANN.

GOSPEL WORK IN CUBA

FROM Mrs. Kate A. Stewart, an earnest Christian lady living in Havana, Cuba, comes the following encouraging story of the progress of the Protestant Evangelical churches in the island. There are eight denominations now doing aggressive work there, besides the Y. M. C. A., which is making vigorous efforts to reach the young men:

Events among the Evangelical missions of Cuba this year have been of special interest. On January 8, in the presence of a large assemblage of people, the corner-stone was laid of the first Presbyterian Church to be erected in Cuba. The interesting ceremony was of historical significance. This massive church, which will cost $35,000, will give to the masses of Havana the assurance of the permanency of the work. The Presbyterian denomination began work here about seven years ago, when a young man, born in Cuba, and educated in the United States, who early in life had found Christ, and longing for the spiritual enlightenment of his fellow-countrymen, came and begun work for the Master. He opened a room for divine worship. For three years he carried forward this work. Then the Rev. Dr. Green came to superintend the Presbyterian Mission work in Cuba. They now have twenty different mission stations, and day schools connected with some of them, conducted by able Christian teachers.

On Jan. 10, the members of the Episcopal Church held their first annual Convocation in Cuba, Bishop Knight presiding; seven of their clergymen were in attendance, and many lay delegates; they, too, have much to rejoice over in their mission work; they expect soon to build a large church.

From Jan. 11-13, Bishop Candler of Georgia, held the annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, at Santa Clara. The Bishop pronounced the Conference very gratifying in every way. The faithful missionaries of his church, from all parts of the island, regardless of distance and difficulties in reaching Santa Clara, were there to make his heart glad by their presence and their offerings. The Bishop said that the membership of the church had increased more than twenty-five per cent. during the last year. Churches have been built in several towns, and several flourishing schools have been organized. The church owns valuable property in Havana, which is devoted partly to religious services and partly to Candler College. Two rooms are reserved for church purposes: one for the American congregation, the other for Spanish-speaking people. On the Lord's Day there are services in each. The hymns, the prayers, and the sermons in the one room in Spanish, and the other in English.

The most hopeful part of mission work in Cuba is the schools, where the young children of the people are carefully trained by faithful Christian teachers. We who have been in Cuba since the first year of American occupation, cannot but notice the beneficial effect of the evangelical work and Christian schools, witnessed in the moral atmosphere of Cuba. The Bible lessons, taught daily in the Protestant schools, and the precious Gospel hymns we now hear sweet young voices sing in homes and on the streets, cannot but have an uplifting power in the homes represented by the children.

Another important upward movement in Havana this new year has been an ordinance, passed by the Mayor and City Council, that stores, barber shops, and places of business be closed on Sunday. Heretofore all business houses have been opened, and our Lord's Day has been a day of many hours hard work to employees.

About one year ago a Y. M. C. A. was organized in Havana by the Secretary, Mr. J. E. Hubbard, a young man of much tact, financial ability, and of spiritual power. The membership is large. A commodious house, on our picturesque Prada, has been well fitted up for the Association—a home so greatly needed in Havana for young men, where there are so many cafes, theatres, and dance halls, and where gambling is an alluring amusement.

All of these combined Christian spiritual forces will surely bring to the inhabitants of this beautiful island of the sea God's own true liberty to his children, and hasten the coming of his blessed kingdom.

SPURGEON'S GOLDEN SAYINGS*

We will not forswear the sun till we find a better light, nor leave our Lord until a brighter lover shall appear; and, since this can never be, we will hold him with a grasp immortal, and bind his name as a seal upon our arm.

What the sun is to the day; what the moon is to the night; what the dew is to the flower, such is Jesus Christ to us.

To know him is "life eternal," and to advance in the knowledge of him is to increase in happiness.

If Christ were only a cistern, we might soon exhaust his fullness. But who can drain a fountain?

There is gold in the rocks which fringe the Pass of the Splugen, gold even in the stones which mend the roads, but there is too little of it to be worth extracting. Alas, how like too many books and sermons! Not so the Scriptures—they are much fine gold; their very dust is precious.

There will be no doubt about his having chosen you when you have chosen him.

A great sin cannot destroy a Christian, but a little sin can make him miserable.

Sin is a loathsome and hateful thing and no renewed heart can patiently endure it.

If you would find the men that serve God the best, you must look for the men of the most faith.

Giving to God is no loss; it is putting your substance into the best bank. Man is all outside to God.

I will die with my face toward God and holiness.

*From *Spurgeon's Gold*, compiled by E. Heghwein.

Among the Workers

—EVANGELIST MABELLE BIGGART has just concluded a series of revival meetings in the East Avenue Baptist Church, Long Island City, N. Y., at which a number confessed Christ.

—THE NORTH BAPTIST CHURCH, New York City, is taking on vigorous life under the leadership of Rev. Ezra T. Sanford. The combination of the old Macdougal Street church a few years ago with the Society in West Eleventh Street created an endowment which will perpetuate the work in the down-town field. Recently pastor Sanford has secured a $10,000 additional endowment, by contributing $500 a year on condition that the church build a parsonage of eight rooms in the portion of the gallery adjoining the street. This has been done, and it will pay for itself in about five years, and when paid for will equal a saving equal to a $10,000 endowment. There are many churches in congested sections where a similar proposition might be considered.

AROUND THE HOME HEARTH

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Marrying for a Home

YEARS ago it was a common thing to hear that a certain woman, usually a spinster of uncertain age, had married for a home. Her friends appeared to think the step on her part a wise one, and it did not occur to their minds that a home purchased by the surrender of individual freedom and on the basis of a business transaction might prove exceedingly disappointing and unhappy. An instance known to the writer is a case in point: A gentlewoman was left widowed with very small means. She was able to eke out a living by doing plain sewing for richer neighbors, and as she was skilful with her needle and industrious, she managed to support herself in comfort and independence. One day an old acquaintance called on her. In childhood, she had known him as a lad in a class several grades above her in the public school. He had been the son of well-to-do people, and she was aware that his means were large and that he owned a fine farm in good cultivation. Personally, he had never especially commended himself to her, as his manners were unpolished and his conversational powers were extremely limited. The man, like herself, had suffered bereavement, and was alone in his ample homestead. At his first call, he did not more than allude to old times; and on his second and his third, following one another in rapid succession, he sat uncomfortably silent, surveying her neat apartment and her dainty figure with a critical eye, that had in it something of the glance of one appraising values. When he called the fourth time, he bluntly asked her to marry him. She hesitated an instant, and then said: "You know, Benjamin, as well as I do, that I can never love any one again. All the love I had to give was given to John."

"I do not ask you for love," he replied. "I can promise you that I will be a faithful husband and I will give you a very comfortable home. You will not have to work for other people. You will be mistress of your own house and your own time, and we may be companions. At our age, we have left the folly of young people behind us. What is love anyway but a name!"

For this silent and taciturn man the speech was a long one. The woman's heart fought against yielding, but prudence and what she supposed to be common sense were on the side of her suitor. She was not very strong. Recently she had often been weary. She had wondered whether she could go on to old age earning her bread by the labor of her needle. Here seemed a way out. Perhaps it was a way indicated by Providence. Finally, she said yes, and it was arranged that she should be married in a few days.

With tears that blistered her cheeks as they fell, she put away in a little trunk the most precious mementoes of her married life, John's photograph, his letters, and the few trinkets he had given her, taking off at last the wedding-ring he had placed upon her finger. In the same trunk were the exquisite little garments she had fashioned for the babe that never drew breath on this earth. When she locked the little trunk and dropped its key into a compartment of her pocketbook, she felt that she had barred the door upon her old life. Indeed she had.

Benjamin took her to his home. To her dismay, she discovered before many days that she married a miser. His parsimonious economy took note of every morsel on the table, of every potato paring, of every grain of rice and sifting of flour. She had always been frugal, but she had never known the hateful pinch of sordid penury. As the wife of a rich man whose thrift had fathomed every descending scale of avarice and meanness, she found herself expected to perform menial tasks, including hard work, such as her hands had never known. Although the man hired helpers for his field work, he would allow no domestic aid. The new wife was not long in arriving at the conclusion that her predecessor was to be envied the rest of the grave. Finally, her own excessive fatigue and misery ended in complete nervous collapse, and in this pitiable state she was found by a brother, who took her to his own home away from the iron regime of her surly husband. In this case, every word of which is truthful and told without exaggeration, marrying for a home had proved to be a most disastrous failure. Probably it is never anything else. Marriage is too solemn and too intimate a thing, too sacred before God, too enduring for humanity, to be made a matter of bargain and sale. Home is built only on enduring foundations when true love is its chief corner-stone.

Fortunately spinsterhood has few terrors for women at present, and though the state of the widow is desolate, there are avenues in abundance outside of plain sewing, in which an efficient and capable woman may seek self-support. The ranks of the wage-earning women are so full, that at times it almost seems as though men were crowded out of some positions. No woman who has two hands and the ordinary mental discipline given by early training in school need fear defeat, if she enters the lists of the honorable and worthy bread-winners of her sex.

"CHILDREN'S DAY" IN A ROMAN CHURCH

The novelty of a child in the pulpit always attracts a listening crowd. The picture shows a lovely child speaking to a throng of people in the mediæval church of Santa Maria, in Aracoeli, in Rome. In this church, once a year, the children speak, and no others. They sing their hymns and repeat their verses, which are called "Child Sermons." We recall the words of the Psalmist, "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings, thou hast perfected praise," and of Jesus, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—MILDRED. The poem, "Little Mary" may be found in a volume entitled, *Sunday Afternoon Verses*, compiled by W. Robertson Nicoll.

—FRIEND. While in deep mourning, you are exempted from making and returning calls. After the first six months, you may make calls if you wish, in person, or by sending your visiting card. In return for letters of condolence, you may send a card with a narrow black edge, and the words: "Thanks for sympathy."

—HOMER. Handkerchiefs with a deep black border are not in the best taste. A very narrow edge of black is allowable. Men, however, seldom use a mourning handkerchief. A black band on the hat and black gloves cover the essentials. In stationery, the black-edged envelope must match the black-edged paper. A narrow edge is better than a broad one

—SADIE. It is not usual in the large cities for girls to drive alone with men. In country neighborhoods, where young people know one another familiarly, custom permits such drives. As a rule, it is better to have a chaperone. If asked by a friend whether he may escort you home from an evening gathering, say Yes or No, as you please; in either case with courtesy. Always present a gentleman to a lady. Thus, Mrs. A., may I introduce Mr. B.

The Faith Faculty

THERE is almost as much difference in the capacity for belief in truth outside of ourselves, in different people, as in capacity for art, music, professional life or business. In other words, faith is a quality that is not innate in all people. Very few children are without it; faith belonging to that period of life when, "Trailing clouds of glory we come from heaven our home." This may explain why our Lord said so plainly: "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven." Perhaps it is because we so soon allow children to lose the direct habit of carrying every little want to the Father above, that materialism creeps in upon them with its blighting influence. In our own lives, are we not too often practically without that child-like faith that leads us to go straight to the throne with every need and every thought, anticipating a swift accession of strength in return, and looking for answers to our prayers.

The faith faculty is susceptible of cultivation. In this spiritual department it is everlastingly true that to him that hath shall be given. I have used the phrase truth beyond ourselves. The truth which can be seen, measured, handled, touched; the truth inherent in facts, is very slight and limited in compass. It forms the smallest part of our experience. We may not handle love, hope, courage, zeal, enthusiasm, or any of the great intangible soul qnalities which go to make up the realities of our days. All these belong to that great realm of truth beyond ourselves, surrounding us like an atmosphere, giving us breath and strength as we go on.

When some one says "I cannot believe what I cannot see," or "I cannot believe what I cannot understand," the confession is made that not only is the life narrow, but the logic is weak. Every hour of every day we accept and act upon much that we can neither explain or understand. It is in the region of the spiritual alone that we halt, and allow the paralysis of doubt to prevent our progress. The faith faculty is cultivated precisely as other faculties are, by constant daily use, by the devotional reading of the Scriptures, by prayer and by aspiration.

If our hearts were but more simple,
We should take Him at his word,
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

A friend sends the following beautiful incident, illustrating a child's faith:

A little girl stole from the warmth of her bed into the chill of a winter's storm, and after travelling a dreary country road, she reached the home of an aunt. She was singing along the way, and as her voice came nearer, the good woman opened the door and exclaimed, when she saw her little niece so far from home, "Why, my child, how did you happen to be here at this time of the night?" "'Cause I saw auntie's light from my crib," explained the little traveller, who had seen the gleam of the distant light.

Oh, for the faith of this little one! No matter how dark the way, God's unfailing light is shining for us at the end of the journey.

About the Mock Marriage

From time to time there arise reports that heedless young people indulge in the practical jest known as the mock marriage. Occasionally, without the intention of the participants, mock marriages turn out to be binding, with exceedingly embarrassing results to all concerned. A wedding is perhaps the most solemn and sacred of civilized rites. It should not be made the subject of merrymaking, nor regarded as a fit number for an evening entertainment, where the principals are merely in fun.

On marriage rests the integrity of the home, and while all churches do not hold it as a sacrament, it is always in reality sacramental and binding on both parties, unless there be valid legal reason for its dissolution.

Marriage should not be lightly entered into, nor should its covenant, once mutually agreed upon, be lightly broken.

Young people in college or elsewhere, ought to avoid mock marriages as sources of amusement.

The False and the True Foundations

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS*

The Two Houses in the Storm of Wind and Flood

WE may imagine a conversation between Crispus, the converted ruler of the synagogue at Corinth, and the Apostle John. John says to his visitor: "You can no doubt give us some light on the teachings of Christ from a rabbinical point of view." Crispus replies: "I have heard it claimed that Christ drew his teachings from the Talmud. But I find the two systems vastly different in spirit. The Talmud is depressing. It contains only broken or isolated sentences, which for narrowness and formality are not to be surpassed. While on the other hand, the words of Christ are full of fresh and springing life. It has truly been said that 'He who has thirsted and quenched his thirst at the living fountain of Christ's teaching, can never again stoop to drink at the broken cisterns of Rabbinism.'"

John replies: "I have heard the Sermon on the Mount compared with the giving of the Law on Sinai. But I recall how different were the circumstances. At Sinai, God warned the people through Moses to keep away from the mountain, not to touch it on penalty of death, and God was hidden in the fire and the earthquake, which made Sinai as a furnace. But on the Mount of Beatitudes the people gathered close about the feet of their Lord, within sound of his voice, and in sight of his loving face.

Illustration and Application

What in this lesson is the main point to be illustrated? Words and works, creed and deed.

What is it like in the Bible? The chief message of the prophets was, that ritual without righteousness is a profane mockery; that sacrifices apart from service are worse than useless. It has been said that three-fourths of the Bible is addressed, not to sinners, but to professed saints, and it may be added that most of what is said to them is a Divine remonstrance against coming short of their calling and profession. Much of what Jesus said to the Jewish church of his time was in protest against their hypocrisy. Their phylacteries were large and their prayers loud, but their living was small and feeble. And there is only one Epistle of Paul to the new Christian churches, that to the Philippians, in which he finds no occasion for remonstrance against inconsistent conduct. To-day in heart-searching for sin, it is something said or done that is most likely to trouble the conscience. But the most frequent and most serious sins of most of us are sins of not doing. Many church members are idlers, and idleness is a sin. Matt. 25: 45. Only in faithfulness is faith made full. We are not saved by harmlessness, but by holiness.

An empty profession is to a faithful life as a sand foundation to one of rock, as mere leaves to fruit.

What is it like in Nature? The second of these illustrations of the lesson was used by Christ yet more impressively in an acted parable, when he found on a fig-tree "nothing but leaves," and cursed and killed the tree to show men how God regards a show of religious words and forms that is not accompanied by a fruitful and helpful life.

Faith and works should act together like heart and hand. James makes a yet more solemn picture of an empty profession as a soulless body, a dead form. What a picture of some soulless sectarians is the praying insect, the *mantis religiosa*. They, too, belong to that sect, judging by their backbiting over small matters. The "praying mantis" raises his arms toward heaven, as though wrestling in prayer, but he is only seeking what he may devour. He crushes everything that he can reach and master, or impales it on a spine for a future feast. In all this he is like the Pharisees, who devour widows' houses by modern methods of legal thieving, and for a pretense make long prayers. An ingenious writer has made a good point at the expense of those whose advice is better than their practice, by comparing them to the wood-pigeon, which cries, "Do, do, do" all day, but never does anything itself.

*International Sunday School Lesson for April 1, 1906. The Two Foundations Matt. 7: 15-29. Golden text: "Be ye doers of the Word, and not hearers only" James 1: 22.

Faith without works has been impressively compared to a wedding, in which the beautiful bride is

What is it like in Common Life? Faith, the daughter of God, and the bridegroom is stalwart Faithfulness. These God himself joins, and proclaims that no man shall put them asunder. Alas that some church members are like church steeples, ever pointing to heaven, but never going thither, and like guide-boards that point out the way, but never walk in it.

Dr. S. Parkes Cadman tells the story of a tiresome exhorter, whose endless speaking and very unworthy living were the horror and despair of all earnest Christians in town. He rose, near the beginning of a revival meeting, and proceeded with his usual interest-killing exhortations. In the course of his remarks he declared, "My feet are on the rock." "They ain't!" came from the back of the room—poor grammar, but splendid sense. "Why! what do you mean?" said the old fellow, angrily turning around. "They are in a pair of shoes you haven't paid for," was the prompt explanation. Undismayed, the exhorter continued his speech. "I do not pay any attention to the sneers of the world," said he; "my motto is that of the Epworth League, 'Look up and lift up.'" "Yes, and pay up, too," the voice in the back of the room insisted.

The success of Hampton Institute, for Indians and negroes, in spiritual and industrial training combined, is suggested by the statement of the Indian boy in a letter to his teacher: "I pray every day and hoe onions." Even work that is commonly called "secular" becomes sacred when done with a sincere desire to be of service to our fellow-men.

"You may consecrate an anvil or desecrate a pulpit." Many workingmen, as well as many idlers, need the great word of Carlyle: "It has been written, 'an endless significance lies in work;' a man perfects himself by working. Foul jungles are cleared away, fair seed-fields rise instead and stately cities; and withal the man himself first ceases to be a jungle and foul, unwholesome desert thereby. Blessed is he who has found his work."

A lawyer employed a carpenter to build a barnyard fence at a fixed, but small figure. The workman did such careful work that the lawyer, fearing it would cost him more, told him to do a rough job. The carpenter's reply was, "I shall do it well for the job's sake, and not for additional pay, sir." Later the lawyer, as a judge, had the awarding of one of the largest public contracts in this country. Noting the name of the fence-builder among the bidders, he awarded him the contract, feeling sure that it would be honestly and well built. This contract led to others, and made the man who built a fence for the sake of the job, an extremely wealthy man. On this incident some one has remarked, "Though not saved by our works, they are counted to us for righteousness, and are remembered in heaven."

Mr. Harvey was riding slowly along the dusty road, looking in all directions for a stream, or even a house where he might refresh his tired or thirsty horse with a good draught of water. While he was thinking and wondering, he turned an abrupt bend in the road, and saw before him a comfortable looking farmhouse, and at the same time a boy ten or twelve years old came out into the road with a small pail, and stood directly before him.

"What do you wish, my boy?" said Mr. Harvey, stopping his horse. "Would your horse like a drink?" said the boy respectfully. "Indeed he would, and I was wondering where I could obtain it."

Mr. Harvey thought little of it, supposing, of course, the boy earned a few pennies in this manner, and, therefore, he offered him a bit of silver, and was astonished to see him refuse it. "I would like you to take it," he said, looking earnestly at the child, and observing for the first time that he limped slightly.

"Indeed, sir, I don't want it. It is little enough I can do for any one; I am lame, and my back is bad, sir, and mother says, no matter how small a favor may seem, if it is all we are capable of, God loves it as much as he does any favor; and this is the most I can do for others. You see, sir, the distance from Painesville is eight miles to this spot, and I happen to know there is no stream crossing the road that distance, and the houses are all some distance from the road, and so, sir, almost every one passing here from that place is sure to have a thirsty horse."

Mr. Harvey looked down into the gray eyes that were kindling and growing with the thought of doing good to others, and a moisture gathered in his own, as a moment later he jogged off, pondering deeply upon the quaint little sermon that had been delivered so innocently and unexpectedly.

Religion is usually at first persecuted and pure, but it tends to fossilize as it grows popular and prosperous. And so Luther found similar conditions to those which Isaiah and John the Baptist condemned—a gorgeous ritual without righteousness, sacraments without real service of mankind. The Protestant who condemns an estimate of religion which makes it chiefly going to mass, in many cases estimates religion as mainly going to meetings.

What is it like in History?

In one of the great temples in Japan, the devotion of the worshipers consists in running around the sacred building one hundred times, and dropping a piece of wood into a box at each round, when, the wearisome exertion being ended, the worshiper goes home tired and very happy at the thought of having done his god such worthy service. On this some one has remarked: "Are there not some Christians whose activity is very similar to this, and of about as much value? They are ever on the street, running to all sorts of meetings, and ever bustling and hurrying from place to place. They feel and talk as if they were rendering most valuable service, and solace themselves in their weariness with the comfort that they are doing great good, and will have rich reward. Yet really they are accomplishing nothing. Their exhausting labor is really only running round and round the temple; no cause is advanced by it, God's name is not honored in it."

The third person of the Hindu trinity at Benares, a female idol called Subhardra, has arms but no hands. A handless god, however, is hardly worse than a handless godliness, which is merely a matter of thought and feeling without incarnation in action. An Italian life-saving station sent in its report to the government, and recounted the experiences of the men in attempting to save a wrecked vessel in which many lives were lost. The report contained this sentence: "We attempted to give assistance through the speaking-trumpet, but next morning twenty bodies were washed ashore."

Is this a fast to keep
The larder lean and clean
From fat of veals and sheep?

Is it to quit the dish
Of flesh, yet still to fill
The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast an hour,
Or ragged go—or show
A downcast look, and sour?

No! 'Tis a fast to dole
Thy sheaf of wheat and meat
Unto the hungry soul.

It is to fast from strife,
From old debate and hate,
To circumcise thy life.

To show a heart grief-rent;
To starve thy sin, not bin—
And that's to keep thy Lent.

ROBERT HERRICK.

My fairest child, I have no song to give you,
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray;
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day—
Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever:
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long:
And so make life, death and the vast forever
One grand sweet song.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THE CHARIOTS OF THE LORD

A Story of the days of Religious Persecution in England

BY JOSEPH HOCKING

Summary of Preceding Chapters

During the reign of James II., whose father, Charles I., was beheaded in the revolution under Oliver Cromwell, a determined effort was made by the King to win England to Roman Catholicism. He persecuted the Protestants and had a willing instrument in Lord Jeffreys, an ignorant man, who had been raised to the bench by the king. The story opens with a scene in his court, in which the hero, Benedict Trelawney, denounced Jeffreys to his face, as an unjust judge. He was committed to prison. On his way he was enabled to escape by a girl, who told him her name was Mary. She guided him to the house of a Protestant, who gave him shelter and introduced him to another refugee, a Scotchman named Donald Stewart. On the following day he received his sword, which had been taken from him, and found upon it a message from the girl who had saved him, asking him to meet her that night at a certain place. Trelawney met her and she begged him to have nothing to do with a conspiracy against the king, in which the man who had given him shelter, was engaged. He suspects that she is the daughter of Lord Jeffreys, but cannot get her to acknowledge it. Disregarding her advice, he proceeds to a secret chamber, in which the conspirators are assembled. He is chosen to accompany Donald Stewart to Holland, where they are to meet the Duke of Monmouth, a natural son of Charles II., and invite him to England to oust his uncle from the throne. Monmouth welcomes Trelawney and gives him a command in the army which is going to invade England.

CHAPTER XV.—Continued

THE young Cornishman walked away with an angry feeling at heart. He believed in the cause for which he was fighting, but he ill-liked some of the men with whom he constantly came into contact. He had not gone far, when he heard his own name.

"Captain Trelawney."

He turned, and saw one of his own soldiers by his side.

"What do you wish, William Bolton?"

"I was walking on the outzide of the camp to-night, Captain, when I yeard a woman's voice," said the man.

"A woman's voice, eh?" said Trelawney with a laugh. "Well, and what then, Bolton?"

"She axed me if I should by any chance be zeein' you?" replied Bolton.

"Seeing me?"

"Ay, you, sir. When I zed I wud, she comed up close agiu me, and axed me questious about you."

"What kind of a woman was she?"

"I c'n 'ardly tell ee, zur. She might be a laady born, or she mightn' be. She might be young or she might be ould. I cudden tell 'ee, zur. Zumtimes she spok as ef she was a lady born, and then again she didn'."

"But what did you tell her about me?"

"Telled 'er, zur? I telled 'er that you wos a nice young gentleman. I did fer sure, zur. One who was always kind to me, and one who knawed our ways, bein' as you might say, zur, one of oursells bein' a west-country man, though not Zomerset. Then, zur, she did give me this bit of paaper vur 'ee."

"What paper?" cried Trelawney, eagerly.

"This zur," and the man handed him a letter. "Directly she'd gived it to me, she skuttered like wind, and I cudden zee 'er no more." Zo I've kummed straight to 'ee, zur. And tha's oal I do reckon."

Directly Trelawney got away by himself and obtained a light, he tore open the wrapper, and read the following words:

"Even now it may not be too late. Return to your home. Your mission is hopeless, and if you persist your doom is sealed. Remember the pitfall in the Strand; remember the sword by your side, and remember Temple Church. But if you will be mad, keep not near the water that flows through Sedgemoor."

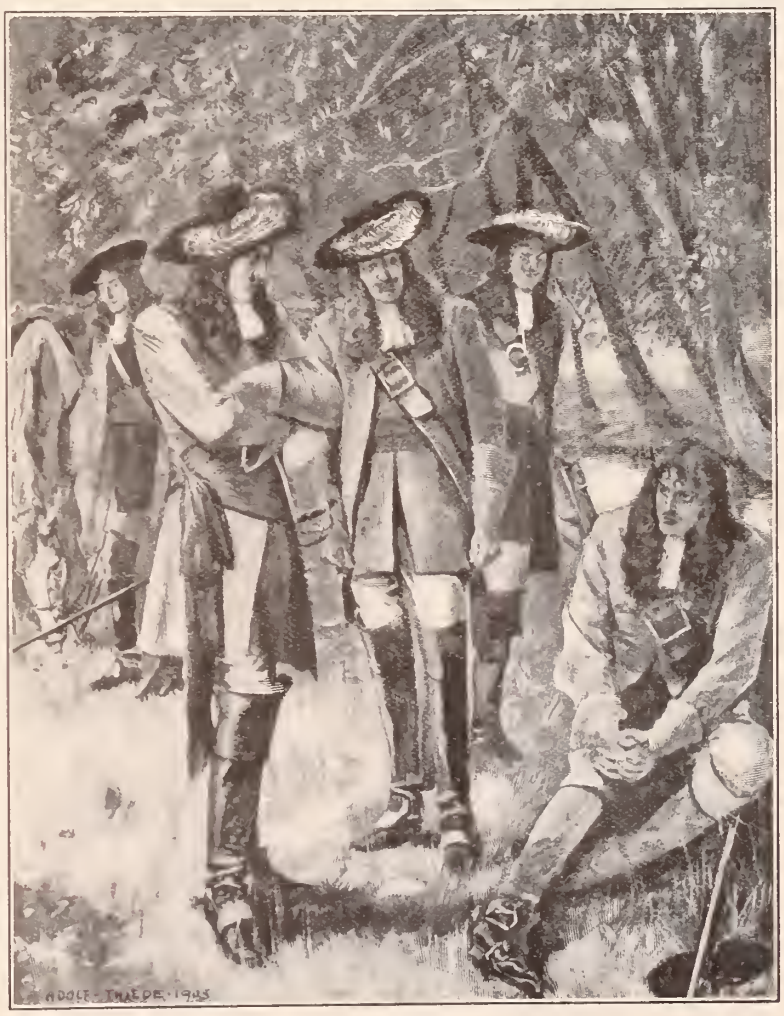
What was the meaning of this letter? His mind fastened itself upon the last sentence. "If you will be mad, keep not near the water that flows through Sedgemoor." Was not this the wile of a wicked woman, who sought to play him some cruel trick? True, she had led him to the house of Dugdale, but she had also informed her father, who himself came that very night to his hiding-place. She had warned him against following what was in his mind, but in the direst hour she had told Jeffreys' minions to draw swords. Surely the woman was false through and through, and he determined never to rest until he had denounced both her and her father, and yet all the while he longed to take her in his arms and cover her with caresses.

How had she come to Somersetshire? What was her purpose in coming? By what means had she been able to learn that he was there?

The mystery of the woman's life was past finding out, save that she was the child of the vilest monster in England, and that she delighted to do his will.

The next day, Monmouth started his northward march, still elated at the parchment, which he declared would draw all England to his feet, and still believing that his force was strong enough to capture the city where Trelawney's uncle held the high office of Bishop in the Established Church of the land.

On the evening of July 4, 1685, the men who were afterward known as rebels, camped on the south side of Sedgemoor, some little distance from Bridgewater. By this time the wind blew, to use Ferguson's phrase, "some-



"No man hath turned against you," cried the hot-blooded Trelawney

what cauld again." The proclamation of the news of the marriage contract had not drawn the recruits he desired. Volunteers it had in abundance, but they had neither horses nor arms, and because of the want of arms, many of them were rejected; but those whom he yearned for, kept away from his standard. Still, the parchment which the old man had brought had so elated him that he was still confident of success.

After they had camped, a council of war was held, and Monmouth was persuaded to attack Faversham's troops, which lay between him and Bristol, on the following day. Early on July 5, the little army of 2,500 foot-soldiers, and 600 horse-soldiers, were ready for the attack, and even Trelawney's faith grew strong as he saw them, so eager for the fray were they. Poor fellows, they little knew of the doom which awaited them, neither did they seem to care. To a man they were ready to die. They knew that King James was a Papist and a tyrant, and they believed that God had called them to fight his battles. They longed for liberty, and were ready to fight and die for it. Their fathers had suffered for their faith, suffered because they had determined to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences, and it was for them to fight for freedom, and the Protestant faith. Thus they went forward with songs of praise upon their lips, neither fearing nor doubting. God was on their side, and the victory would be theirs.

"Captain Trelawney," said the Duke, as he passed him, "to-day will be a great day; what think you will be the end of it?"

"If faith in our cause, and bravery count," said Trelawney, "then we shall give a good account of ourselves."

"Ay, we shall, we shall," cried the Duke. "Forward, then. You will keep near our person, Captain Trelawney."

The march began, and presently the young man's heart gave a leap, for he saw that which gave a new meaning to the letter he had received, and which he believed came from Mary Jeffreys.

CHAPTER XVI.

KEEP not near the deep water which flows through Sedgemoor."

These were the words which closed the letter Trelawney had received.

Not more than a mile or so away, Faversham's army was encamped. It numbered far more than the little company which Monmouth led to battle, but such was the zeal of the peasants who fought under his standard that nothing seemed impossible.

"Let us at them!" they cried. "Let us at them in the name of the Lord!"

And in truth it was not an army to be laughed at. If it had been a matter of fighting man to man without firearms, there is little doubt but that the King's men would have fled before them. Their minds were inflamed with the exhortations they had heard from the preachers, their hearts were on fire, because they believed in their cause. They were soldiers of God, fighting for liberty, the Word of the Lord, and the Protestant religion. Behind them were years of oppression and persecution; before them, if James continued to reign, was worse oppression, and more cruel persecution.

Their weapons, poor and clumsy though they were, consisting in many cases, not in implements of war, but in implements of agriculture, were dangerous things in the hands of strong, determined men. But muskets were few, ammunition was scarce. Their only chance lay in a hand-to-hand encounter, and this they longed for, prayed for.

"Forward!" cried the preachers. "Fight, in the name of the Lord. He is on our side. God, ay, even our God, will give us the victory."

And the men responded joyfully. They had obeyed their leaders with

CONTINUED ON PAGE 258

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The Chariots of the Lord

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 257

great eagerness when they had been commanded to march through the night, and to surprise the enemy in the darkness, and they showed no cowardice when, over the marshy lands through which they traveled, the sun began to rise. If ever men went to battle bravely, it was those miners and peasants at Sedgemoor.

The boom of a gun sounded in their ears, and then Trelawney saw what set his heart beating. Between him and the King's army was a stream of well-nigh stagnant water. On each side of it was bog; deep, treacherous bog.

"*Keep not near the deep water which flows through Sedgemoor.*"

This was the advice of Jeffreys' daughter; but it was only by crossing the ditch that they could touch the King's soldiers.

Again the artillery of the King sounded across the broadlands, and Trelawney saw with dismay that men fell on his right hand and his left.

"We must come to close quarters!" was the cry of one of the leaders. "Cross the water!"

A hundred rushed forward to obey, only to be swallowed up by the treacherous swamp.

When Monmouth saw this his courage went in a minute. "Doomed! doomed!" he wailed.

"Nay," cried Trelawney. "We must e'en give them shot for shot, until we can throw a bridge across this treacherous swamp."

"Impossible, impossible. Oh, why did I allow myself to be persuaded by that preaching fellow! All is lost, I tell you!"

"Nay, all is not lost. Let us fight to the very last!"

The young man's blood was on fire now, the heat of battle was upon him. But he soon saw that it was impossible to come into close quarters with Faversham's men without tremendous loss of life. Had they plenty of ammunition all might have been different, but the little powder they possessed was soon exhausted. Still, even as it was, it was possible to cross the stream, if they could withstand the fire of the King's artillery until a bridge could be thrown across. Ay, and the men would have withstood it, too. Calmly they stood in the face of death, while their companions were struck down on their right hand and on their left.

And now Trelawney's fears concerning Monmouth were realized.

"Fly, fly, Trelawney!" he cried. "Fly, I tell you. All is lost! Oh, woe is me! Fly for your life!"

"Fly!" cried the young Cornishman, "We are here to fight for liberty, ay, and to die for it, if needs be!"

"But it is useless, I tell you. God is against me. Besides, if I remain I shall be taken by my uncle," and, without another word, he put spurs to his horse and galloped away, leaving the brave fellows who had left all to follow him, to their terrible fate.

After that there was little more fighting. Like lightning the news went through the camp that Monmouth had fled, leaving them to their fate. Even then many of them would have struggled to have crossed the stream, but the others, seeing how hopeless their condition was, and knowing that their leader had fled, broke up in confusion.

"Oh, the coward! the coward," cried the young man, as he saw Monmouth's retreating figure. "What cause would not be hopeless when led by such as you?"

The little army fled, but even then they would have turned, had Monmouth been a brave man, so much did they believe in the cause for which they were fighting.

And now Trelawney realized the gravity of the step he had taken. He knew that acts which would be applauded if victory attended them, would in defeat be followed by execration and death. He saw, too, that everything was lost.

All these thoughts flashed through his mind in a moment. All around him he heard the groans of dying men. On his right hand and on his left he saw others flying for their lives; behind him were Faversham's men, endeavoring to close the deep dyke which had proved so fatal to those who fought against King James and tyranny.

"Keep not near the deep water which flows through Sedgemoor."

The words came back to him again, and yet he remained not far from the fatal stream.

A bullet passed by him, almost grazing his leg, and causing a slight flesh-wound on his horse's chine. The animal gave a cry and a bound, and then, before Trelawney was aware, his horse tore away across the plain, in the very track which Monmouth had taken. He did not seek to check him. Why should he? He had been betrayed, even as the bravest and best in that gallant little army had been.

The horse galloped on as if pursued by the furies. A large, raw-boned animal he was, but sound in wind and limb, and with great powers of endurance. He seemed to regard his rider as of no more than feather weight, and dashed on, regardless of hill and dale.

Presently Trelawney heard the sound of voices, and before he was scarcely aware of it, his horse had stopped. Before him were Monmouth, Grey, Buyse, and a few others. Evidently they had stopped for food. The horses had drunk from a clear stream of water which purled by them, and were now eagerly eating the fresh green grass that grew on its banks.

The men started to their feet as he came up, but, on recognizing him, welcomed him eagerly.

"Any news?" asked Lord Grey.

Trelawney shook his head. He dared not trust himself to speak.

"All is lost! all is lost! Oh, woe is me!"

It was Monmouth who spoke, and he was sobbing like a child. The gay, dashing, handsome Cavalier, which had attracted the young Cornishman at Amsterdam, had ceased to be. His clothes were disheveled; his face was haggard with fear and disappointment.

"Oh, why was I such a fool?" he wailed. "It was that villain Ferguson who tempted me, ay, he and Argyle. There never was a chance of victory from the first. I was happy where I was. Why did I not remain at Brussels with the woman I loved?"

"Because you said you were the King's lawful son, and because you believed in the Protestant religion," said the young Cornishman.

"Ah! this is how my friends turn against me," said the Duke.

"No man hath turned against you," cried the hot-blooded young man. "We were all ready to die by your side. But you left us; left us to fight without a leader."

"Oh, I am a doomed wretch! Let us on!"

"Whither?" cried Lord Grey.

"Where do you think, my friends? Oh, let us stand by each other."

"To Wales," cried Grey. "It is possible to remain there undiscovered."

"No," said Buyse, "let us push on towards Hampshire. We can hide in the New Forests till we find means of escaping to the continent."

"Ay, ay, that is best," cried the Duke feverishly. "I can eat nothing more. Let us on."

"Will you go with us, Trelawney?" cried Grey.

"No," said the young man, looking towards Monmouth. "No, I would rather not."

"What will you do, then?"

"I know not."

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An English school for Italians recently opened in that city by the M. E. City Evangelization Union, is entering on the third month of its career, with encouraging prospects. Already there are seventy-five names on the school-roll, the ages of the pupils ranging from twelve to sixty years, and all anxious to learn the language and customs of this their adopted country. Rev. A. N. Milanesi, who is in charge of the work, is convinced that with proper accommodations and help these figures would soon be materially increased. In line with the English school, it is proving an easy step to gather this alien class into the Sabbath services held at present in the Young Men's Christian Association Hall, their attendance being full of promise.

As soon as possible civic classes will be organized. The Italians need such teaching very badly, if they are ever to be fitted to perform their duties to the community and nation with knowledge and honesty. On account of their labor, age and lack of knowledge of the English language, the public school can reach but a small fraction of the large foreign population which enter our gates at the rate of nearly a million a year, a goodly percentage of whom reach Wilkes Barre and its vicinity.

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THE HADLEY MEMORIAL SERVICE

WHAT can be accomplished by the consecrated life of one man, who thought not of himself but of others, and the work his Master had appointed him to do, was the theme running through all the tributes paid to the late Samuel H. Hadley, Superintendent of the Water Street Mission, at the great memorial meeting held in the hall of the Methodist Publication Society, in New York City, on the fourth of this month. High and low rich and poor came to do him honor.

Three weeks had passed since "Brother Hadley," as all loved to call him, had laid down his work. Joy mingled with sorrow in the hearts of the great audience, for as one after another rose to tell what they knew of Mr. Hadley's life and work, all felt that though the outcasts of New York had lost one of their best friends, others, inspired by his example, would keep the beacon lights of hope burning in the dark places of New York's East Side.

On the platform were some of the most prominent members of the Methodist Church in New York, both clergy and laity, and back of them a solid line of converts who had been brought into the Christian life through the love and care of Mr. Hadley. A fine resolute body they were. They wore on the lapels of their coats little white knots of ribbon, and they were evidently proud to wear them. If one is skeptical about the power of the Gospel to regenerate the drunkard and the ex-convict, he should have seen these men. Alert, well dressed up and looking the world in the face, speaking from the heart when called upon, they were, indeed, "living witnesses" to have made glad the heart of Mr. Hadley if he could have seen them.

Mr. Samuel Bowne was chairman of the meeting and called for short speeches from various old-time friends of Mr. Hadley, both from those on the platform and among the audience. Rev. Crandell North, Mr. Hadley's first pastor, told of the mission-worker's reception into the Methodist Church, and of his great time of trial that came to him during the first twelve months that he was trying to lead a Christian life and work actively among the lowest dregs of humanity of which he himself had been one. "Few men," said Mr. North, "had been so tried, or so well won their victory."

Mr. Wyburn, for several years Mr. Hadley's assistant at the Water Street Mission, told of his own rescue from the slums of New York, through Mr. Hadley's influence, his conversion and work with him. "To me," said Mr. Wyburn, "he was father and mother and relations. I know him better than any one else here, and I cannot find words to tell how great is my sense of personal loss." Then, at the request of the chairman, Mr. Wyburn called on several of the men who had been rescued in recent years by Mr. Hadley. To the audience, the short five-minute talks of these men were of the most intense interest. They spoke with feeling of the Christlike life led by their friend, in whose steps they were endeavoring to follow, and when they had finished there were few dry eyes, even among the men who are used to the sad and pathetic side of the great fight for lost men in America's greatest city.

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OUR MAIL-BAG

Questions and Answers

Letters for this department must contain name and address of the sender—not for publication, but in order that an answer may be sent by mail in cases where the inquiry is not of general interest.

H. B. R., Mounds, Ill. Have we any Scriptural or other authority for supposing that Jupiter is not a star, as stated in your issue of January 3? What is the difference between a star and a planet? Are they not all stars or all planets?

There is no Scriptural authority, or any other authority, allowing us to call Jupiter a star. The ancients called all celestial lights stars, except the sun, moon, Venus, lightning and rainbows. All stars are self-shining, like our sun, which would be a star seen from other stellar suns. They are all intensely hot bodies, while the planets are cold, dark bodies, borrowing their light from the sun. Not an atom of heat reaches us from the planets, stars or moon. LEWIS SWIFT.
Marathon, N. Y.

W. P., Mount Carmel, Conn. Who was the last Dauphin of France?

Dauphin was the title bestowed on the eldest son of the old kings of France. The one in question was the second son of Louis XVI. He was born at Versailles, March 27, 1785, and received the title of Duke of Normandy. On the death of his brother, in 1789, he became Dauphin. He was a boy of great promise. In the first days of the Revolution he was sometimes dressed in the uniform of the National Guard, to gratify the populace. He was thrown into prison; and at last was put in charge of a coarse shoemaker, who did his best to corrupt him body and soul. It was reported that he died in 1795; but this has been doubted, many believing that he was taken away, perhaps to America.

Reader. Is it right and consistent for a minister of the Gospel to be the leader in worldly entertainments, theatricals, etc., and to use the money raised in that way for church purposes?

While we do not approve of such methods of raising funds for the Lord's work, yet not knowing all the circumstances of this particular case, we cannot express an opinion. You can safely set it down as a rule that methods of the sort described are a hindrance to the spiritual growth of a church. We advise you to read a little book on *Ecclesiastical Amusements*, published by A. W. Hall, Syracuse, N. Y.

I. E. S., Allegheny, Pa. Who was Cain's wife?

According to the view taken by eminent commentators, the Bible narrative implies the existence of a considerable population in Cain's time. The family of Adam may have increased largely before the birth of Seth (see Gen. 4: 15). All must have been related, but they had probably branched out into a considerable community. His wife, therefore (see Gen. 5: 4), may have been a relation. Some traditions call her *Save* and others *Azura*. The land of Nod, simply means "land of exile or flight." It cannot be identified.

G. W. H., Casey, Ill. Was Herod a Jew or a Roman?

The family was of Idumean origin, but Jewish in faith. Herod the Great was the second son of Antipater, an Idumean. He received from Rome the appointment of King of Judea.

P. F., Pawling, N. Y. 1. What is President Roosevelt's attitude on the question of expelling Reed Smoot from the Senate? 2. Is there any other Representative in Congress from Utah? 3. Is there any daily religious paper published in the United States?

1. We don't know. 2. Yes, in both Houses. 3. There are many clean, honorable and excellent dailies, but we know of none devoted exclusively to religion.

X. Y. Z., New York. If a man asks a woman to marry him and she consents, does that compel him to do so?

It obligates him, in honor, to do so, unless there is some good and valid reason why the pledge should be withdrawn. Apart from the question of legal obligation (which might be enforced by a suit), there is a moral obligation, which cannot be set aside justifiably, except for the very strongest of reasons. Ordinarily, however, a woman will release a man from his pledge, if the parties find that they are mutually unsuited to each other.

F. H. DeV., Grand Mich. In emptying a cistern, the water can be run out of its own accord, provided a pipe is used with a greater length outside than inside the cistern, on a downward slope. Is this due to air or water pressure?

The excess weight of water in the greater length of pipe keeps the water flowing after it is once started. Air pressure limits the height to which the water will flow.

J. F. H., Travilak, Md. What is our standard time reckoned from?

"Primarily, for the convenience of railroads, a standard time was established by mutual consent in 1883, by which trains are run and local time regulated. According to this system, the United States extending from 65 to 125 degrees west longitude is divided into four sections, each of 15 degrees of longitude, exactly equivalent to one hour, commencing with the 75th meridian. The first (eastern) section, includes all territory between the Atlantic coast and an irregular line drawn from Detroit to Charleston, S. C., the latter being its most southern point. The second (central) section, includes all the territory between the last-named line and an irregular line from Bismarck, N. D., to the mouth of the Rio Grande. The third (mountain) section, includes all territory

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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OUR MAIL-BAG

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

between the last-named line and nearly all the western borders of Idaho, Utah and Arizona. The fourth (Pacific) section, covers the rest of the country to the Pacific coast. Standard time is uniform inside each of these sections, and the time of each section differs from that next to it by exactly one hour. Thus at twelve noon in New York City (eastern time), the time at Chicago (central time), is eleven A. M."

A. I. Y., Cissna Park, Ill. You speak of the ancient cities being buried, some of them to the depth of seventy feet. How did those cities become buried so deeply?

Some were destroyed by earthquake, others by sieges or by fire, and still others were deserted because of plague. In the course of many centuries, layer upon layer of earth is deposited on the surface by the processes of nature. In the majority of cases, however (like Jerusalem, for instance), the cities were destroyed by enemies and debris scattered, and, in some cases, even levelled and sowed over. There are cities in the East, deeply buried, that were covered up by a long succession of sandstorms.

E. K. W., Anthony, Kan. 1. What are the divisions of the American army? 2. What are the different grades from private to commander in-chief?

1. If you mean divisions for tactical purposes, they are company, battalion, comprising four companies; three battalions to a regiment; the brigade, comprising two or more regiments, and in time of war, larger bodies, called divisions and corps. 2. Private, corporal, sergeant. Commissioned officers: second lieutenant, first lieutenant, captain, major, lieutenant-colonel, colonel, brigadier-general, major-general, lieutenant-general. The latter commands the army as chief of staff. There is the grade of general, but it is seldom given except for very unusual service.

M. B., Clay Center, Kans., writes:

I frequently see in THE MAIL-BAG some remarkable case of old people. Here in Clay Center, Kans., within two blocks of our door, is an old lady, Grandma Smith, who will be ninety-nine years old March 29, and who bids fair to reach the century mark. She does not wear glasses and reads a great deal. She has just finished piecing two quilts this winter. She is always cheerful and happy, and enjoys company very much. She has the greater part of the Bible at her fingers' end, and is ready with a Scripture quotation for any occasion. She is a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

A Maryland reader sends us some verses entitled: "The Giggling Choir,"

A row of women, young and fair,
Adorned with wondrous heads of hair;
Hatted in style of nineteen-six—
A wild delirious sort of mix,
Behind the preacher
Was each fair creature.
To sing the hymn
With vocal vim
The congregation leading.

The verses proceed to tell how—

Within five feet of the minister's ear
They nodded and giggled and whispered—queer—

Of course the audience was shocked, and the author rightly advises the frivolous singers to "practice their giggling and whispering role" elsewhere, and no longer disturb a worshiping congregation. We hope the advice has proved effective.

C. H., Denver, Colo. 1. Has every State in the Union three names: one proper name, as Tennessee, and two nicknames?

No; even one nickname is not popularly recognized for some of our States, and those having two popular designations, aside from the correct title, are, we believe, comparatively few.

T. T., Pittsburg, Pa. What is the value of the phrase, "the invincible people," which one finds so often in the months of speakers and writers? Wherein does the people's invincibility consist? Never, in any age, have the people led and carried through successfully any great reform. It has always been the work of some great and daring soul, ahead of his age, who went to the front, and, by virtue of his genius, persuaded or compelled the people to follow.

It is a two-sided argument, for an army without a leader, or a leader without an army, would be equally useless. Still, there are occasions when the common people, as if moved by some universal impulse, rise up and accomplish great results. Usually, however, they are impotent without able leaders. On the other hand, with a leader who has their confidence, they may be practically irresistible. It is probably fortunate, in some cases at least, that they do not realize their united strength, for if they did, and that strength were not intelligently directed, the results might prove disastrous. We believe that the common people of any civilized country are thoroughly good at heart; hence the importance of clear-headed and honorable leaders in any movement in which they are involved.

Vigilant, Brunswick, N. J. Is not the U. S., in interfering in the Morocco business, going against the national policy as defined in the Monroe Doctrine? Upon what grounds can our participation be justified?

Senator Lodge of Massachusetts has explained the matter very clearly, by saying that the United States accepted the latest invitation to a conference on Morocco, because we had participated in the previous conferences and treaties, and because the protection of our citizens and of our commercial interest in Morocco was involved. . . . The policy of Washington with respect to "entangling alliances," does not exclude the United States from agreements as to matters affecting trade and commerce, or from the promotion of the world's peace. We have joined in such treaties with Great Britain, France, Germany, and the Netherlands, the most recent being the Hague Convention.

Miss H. D., Groveland, Calif. Dancing is an amusement which has led thousands to moral and physical ruin. It has never helped any one in the direction of spiritual development, but, on the contrary, is one of the worst stumbling-blocks the church has to encounter at the present time. For the sake of example and of our influence on others, if for no other reason, it is well to refrain.

Miscellaneous

Will anyone who knows the present address of Clarence M. Fitch, 34 years of age, kindly notify his mother, Mrs. Mary E. Fitch, 1303 Eliza Street, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Mrs. John T. Quimby, Thetford Centre, Vt., would like some reader to inform her where the poem relating to the secession of South Carolina can be had, which begins:

She has gone, she has left us in passion and pride,
Our stormy-browed sister so long at our side.

J. R. Mc., Medina, Wis. Genesis 1: 3 refers to the creative act when light was brought out of darkness. In verses 16-18, the various sources of this light are specified.

Reader, Jersey City. You can procure a supply of Torrey and Alexander cards "Get right with God," by writing to M. E. Munson, 77 Bible House, New York. Cost 20 cents per 100; $1.50 per 1,000.

Mrs. M. B. B., Bradley Beach, N. J. The lines "Nearer than breathing, closer than hands or feet," occurs in a poem entitled "The Higher Pantheism," by Alfred Tennyson. We do not know the author of "Watch, Wait," etc.

Mrs. C., Warren Centre, Pa. We must not judge others. It is doubtless wrong to do the things you mention, but we should endeavor to lead the offenders into better ways by moral suasion, rather than by open denunciation. Try gentle means first.

F. A. F., Kingston, Ia. The chronology in the margin of the Bible is not a part of the Bible, but is the result of calculations by a distinguished prelate, Archbishop Ussher. The Bible nowhere says the world and the human race are only 6,000 years old. The Bible says simply: "In the beginning."

S. C. F., Lake Geneva, Wis. We have repeatedly defined our position on the liquor question. It is unnecessary as a beverage, and we believe it to be the cause of a very large percentage of all the crime, misery, and suffering in this nation, and throughout the world. We approve any and all measures for its restriction.

Mrs. W. C. P., Tuckerton, N. J. We believe that the first object of a Y. M. C. A., to which all others should give place, is to lead young men to Christ. It does not seem to us that this is to be accomplished by bowls, billiards or cards. If there is any good authority for using such adjuncts to Christian work, we have never heard of it.

Post Check Currency

Interest is growing in the proposed Post Check, as a means of sending money through the mails. Under this system, the remitter would be saved the trip to the Post-office, and would need but to take a one, two or five-dollar bill from his pocket-book, fill in the blank spaces upon its face, put a two-cent stamp in the space provided, as a fee, and enclose the bill in his letter—thus making the ordinary currency of commerce immediately convertible into what is practically a check on the government. This, it is claimed, solves the problem of furnishing the people clean money, through the frequent redemption and reissue of currency which would follow. The bill, which is bitterly opposed by the express companies, is again before Congress, with brighter prospects than ever.

The Chairman of the Post-office Committee of the House, has promised consideration by his committee at an early date, and the friends of the measure look for a favorable report. The Postmaster-General, who, more than any other incumbent for many years, is giving the needs of the service careful and conscientious study, has asked Congress for legislation.

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will be given for the twenty largest lists sent in between now and MAY 31st, 1906. This $1,000.00 will be given in **addition** to the regular commission, so that you are **sure** to get the regular commission, and have as good a chance as any one else to get one of the extra cash awards. Don't put it off, but write to-day. A postal will do. Address **C. C. THOMPSON, Manager, The Woman's Farm Journal, St. Louis, Mo.**

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"Nebuchadnezzar the Wicked"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 247

streets are paved with them. Higher up the river, a huge modern dam is constructed of them. For generations, scores of Arabs have gained their livelihood by digging bricks from the ruins of Nebuchadnezzar's constructions, to sell, and nearly every brick bears the name of this famous king.

The Germans have recently uncovered the walls of his palace. Upon its gate they found in relief upon the bricks, great bulls and lions, perfect in design and richly enameled. These images now form some of the most valuable objects in the Royal Museum at Berlin. Enameled bricks were in his time first commonly employed in Babylonia.

One of the Nebuchadnezzar inscriptions speaks of his wars. We may believe it to refer to his expeditions against Jerusalem, to the capture of the city and the exile of the Jews. This part of the long inscription reads:

By Marduk's exalted help, to far-off countries, over distant mountains, from the upper sea to the lower sea, immense journeys, difficult ways, in pathless places, where no foothold could be found, a road of hardships, without water, I pursued, and I subdued the rebellious. I repaired the temples and made the people prosperous. I removed the bad and the good of the people. Silver, gold, precious eut stones, copper, cedar, whatever there was of value, in great abundance, the produce of the mountains, the products of the sea, I brought to my city, Babylon, into Marduk's presence.

Not only was Nebuchadnezzar renowned for his cruelty, and as a builder, he was equally famous for his devotion to the gods and goddesses which he worshiped and to which he built temples. His greatest reverence was paid to Marduk, the national God of Babylon. One of his inscriptions ends with the following prayer:

O Marduk, lord of countries, hear my prayer! May I live to enjoy the palace which I have built! In Babylon may I live long and become aged! May I be satisfied with an abundance of children! May I receive large tribute from all the kings of all the world! And may my descendants rule forever!

Several years ago, an Oriental appeared at the Museum of Berlin with a small cameo, upon which was engraved a helmeted head of a Greek type. About its edge was an inscription in cuneiform characters saying that the face was that of Nebuchadnezzar. The Museum authorities who examined the cameo, decided that it was another of the spurious objects which the Eastern forgers are constantly sending to Europe. However, an impression of the cameo was taken, and the Oriental, with his stone, was dismissed. Years later, when the archæologist knew more of his subject, and could distinguish the false antiquities from the true, the old impression accidentally came to light. It was then known that the cameo was genuine, and that it bore a portrait of Nebuchadnezzar.

* * *

Tradition states that when he died, the people, suspecting that evil was behind the report of his death, refused to believe it, lest they make some expression of joy which might later bring them harm. Even his own son, Emil Marduk, the Evil Merodach of Scripture, who was then in prison, refused to believe his father dead until the body was dug from the grave and brought before him. Only then would he venture to leave the prison to ascend the throne. It is said that the body of the king was dragged by the rejoicing people through the streets of the city. If tradition is true, thus ingloriously ended the most illustrious king of Eastern history.

SERVING WITH CHRIST*

WHAT an honor it is that Christ confers upon us, of permitting us to work with him for the salvation of the world! To be joined with him in labor for the same object, to be partners with him in the toil and in the triumph, what higher honor could be given to men? It is conceivable that God might, by the exercise of his will, have brought the whole human race into harmony with him. He is almighty and nothing can stand against his power, but that is not the way he chose. It is a longer, a more tiresome path, but how much more glorious. To win men, to lead them to choose the good, to bring them through experiences of pain and sorrow and repentance to his feet, that is a better, grander way. We see how it is in the family. A father is distressed by his son's propensity to stay out late at night. It would be open to him to prevent his doing so by shutting him in his room and locking him in. But he reasons that as the boy grows older, that course will become impracticable. So he pleads with him, shows him the evil that may come from dissipation, takes him to see the consequences of wicked courses, provides him with clean amusement at home, and so wins him to decency and virtue. It is a longer road to the end and it involves more trouble, but the result is more successful. The boy is convinced and of his own will chooses better. So God is weaning men from sin, helping them in their struggles and drawing them to himself.

The privilege of working with him to this end is given to men. They are encouraged to win souls. They are rewarded by joy in the service, and they are promised a higher reward at the end. More than this, they receive power for the work. To every man sincerely and honestly striving to gain a soul for Christ, not for personal glory but for love of the wanderer, help is given. It often surprises the Christian worker to find how ready of speech, how strong in argument he becomes when he is laboring in Christ's cause. No such power comes to him in his business or in society. "Ye shall receive power," was the promise Christ gave and we know by experience how liberally it has been fulfilled. It is one of the proofs that Christ lives, that when a man seeks to serve him in the extension of his kingdom, the power and the love of the work never fail.

*Topic of the Epworth League for April 1. John 15: 1-8; Acts 15: 4; I. Cor. 3: 6-9; II. Cor. 9: 8; Phil. 2: 13.

Answered Prayers

An Old Subscriber, New York. "I took my trouble to the Lord, and he heard and answered my prayers."

Mrs. A. D., Kentucky. "I have had a direct answer to prayer for a friend in trouble. I know it was from God."

J. S. L., Virginia. "My prayers give me peace with God, and I always depend on prayer, that I may be directed in the right way."

Mrs. C. L., Washington. "I know if we go to our heavenly Father with penitent hearts and faith in Christ, he hears and answers our prayers."

A Lover of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Massachusetts. "The dear Father has heard and answered prayers of mine many times in trouble and sickness."

H. J. B., Virginia. "I have been reading the 'Answered Prayers,' and wish to add my testimony, hoping that it may help some, who are doubtful, to have more faith."

Mrs. R. N. H., New Hampshire. "The 'Answered Prayer' column has greatly interested me, and I too believe our loving heavenly Father is willing to hear and answer our prayers."

A Subscriber, New York. "God does hear and answer prayer. I can never doubt again, but carry all my trials to him. Though he slay me, yet will I trust him."

M. G. B., Pennsylvania. "I praise God that he has answered many prayers and thus strengthened my weak faith. I shall ever praise my Saviour for helping me out of all my trouble."

A Father's Lament

TWO little lads were dear to me,
They were my very own,—
The followed hard and near to me
And looked to me alone.

I did not walk in Wisdom's ways,
Nor heed my followers,
Too fond was I of worldly praise
And Pleasure's messengers.

Two noble lads went wildly down
To an unlovely fate,—
My hand withheld their golden crown,
The vision came too late.

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Business Stops During a Revival

THE beautiful little city of Fulton, N. Y., has been visited recently by a remarkable revival of religion. It is a busy manufacturing town of less than ten thousand inhabitants. The churches are exceptionally good for a small place, numbering among their members a very large percentage of the leading business men.

The city was organized as one of the districts of the J. Wilbur Chapman Syracuse Campaign. The Rev. John H. Elliott, D.D., was given charge of the Fulton work. He had with him Mr. Charles E. Rykert, soloist and musical director. Five churches united in the movement: First Methodist, Baptist, Congregational, Presbyterian, and State Street Methodist. Other churches gave sympathetic support. Before the evangelist arrived, the city had turned its thoughts and energies to religious things. Clubs, literary and social, suspended their work to make room for "the King's business." Business men and women ordered their affairs so as to be able to devote themselves to the work of Christ.

Rev. J. H. Elliott, D.D.

Chas. E. Rykert, Singer

Mr. Elliott arrived January 19, and after his arrival all the evening meetings were held in the First Methodist Church. Overflow meetings were held in the Presbyterian Church Sunday evenings. During the first week, afternoon meetings were held in the Presbyterian Church. The opera house was engaged for men's meetings for Sunday afternoons. Noonday meetings were held in factories and shops, and sunrise meetings in churches. On the day that Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman spoke, February 2, some of the factories and most of the places of business were closed to allow employees to attend. Many who had not time to go home to change their clothes, came to the meeting just as they had left the bench or shop.

The meetings were so quiet—except for the singing and an occasional "Amen"—that one could not but ask wherein their power lay. But the movement seemed to spread everywhere. Persons who did not attend the meetings at all, as the sick, became convicted of sin and sent, asking that some one would come and teach them how to find Christ.

Dr. Elliott and Mr. Rykert were in Fulton a little more than two weeks. Ten minutes after they closed their last service they were to take the train. About eight hundred people went to the depot with them, and, standing in the open air, with the mercury about zero, sang, "The Glory Song," and that great campaign song, "The King's Business."

It is too early to attempt to tabulate results. The churches are full and every pastor finds his hands full of labors caring for the converts. Old quarrels have been healed up, families have been brought together, family altars have been restored, and many new ones set up. It is a movement that has laid hold of men and brought them to their knees. Everybody seems to be open to the Gospel message. It seems that the Holy Spirit has overcome antagonism, silenced opposition, and given the people an overwhelming sense of their sin and their need of a Saviour.

S. D. Robinson,
Pastor State Street M. E. Church.

LIVES THAT ENDURE*

SHAMS live and thrive in this world, which judges from the outside only, but in the end, they fall inevitably by their own weakness. In politics, in business, and in religion, the thing that pretends to be what it is not, is doomed. The life that endures, that stands the strain, is the honest life that thinks not of appearance, makes no pretense, but is eager always for reality. In every age of the world there have been pretenders that have persuaded men to take them at their face value, who have in the end, been exposed and disgraced. It is but a few months ago that a man who speculated in shares and made a great show of wealth, was proved to be a man without capital, though he had made bargains involving millions. His life for years must have been a misery, with the sword of Damocles suspended over him. At last it fell, and the exposure of his pretences so shamed him, that he took his own life in the court in which sentence had been pronounced upon him. The minister who wins a reputation by preaching another man's sermons; the literary man who steals from some obscure work the thoughts that make his own articles brilliant; the employer who takes the credit of the work done by his employees—all these belong to the same category of frauds, who will, in the end, be exposed.

In no sphere have hypocrisies so flourished as in religion. In these days it pays to have a reputation for piety. The godly man is respected and trusted, and seeing that fact, men who are wicked at heart, make a pretence for the sake of gain. Regular at church, punctual at the prayer-meeting, liberal in gifts, such men win a name which serves their purpose. If at heart they know nothing of religion, if they care nothing for Christ or his cause, they come into the category of those whose overthrow our Lord so graphically described, as the builder whose house the flood swept away. It was easier to build on the sand than on the rock, as it is easier to gain a reputation by observances than by genuine righteousness; but the end is failure and confusion.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for April 1. Matt. 7: 24, 25; I. Cor. 3: 10-15; Eph. 2: 19-22; I. Timothy 6: 17-19; II. Timothy 2: 14-19.

Called Higher

Mrs. J. F. Wood, an earnest Christian worker in the Trinity Baptist Church, Philadelphia, Pa., passed away on August 18, 1905.

Zenas M. Woods, a native and long resident of Holden, Ind., departed this life on January 25th, at El Paso, Texas, leaving a wife and three children.

"All is well," were the words of comfort for his loved ones by Mr. Amos E. Owens, of Diggs, Va., as he passed from earth to heaven on November 5, 1905. Mr. Owens was not yet thirty years of age.

Mrs. Lydia C. Pine died in Pleasanton, Kans., in November, 1905, in her seventy-fifth year. An invalid for thirty-five years, her friends learned many a lesson of patience, faith and love in her quiet chamber.

On January 25th, Mrs. Mary L. Mirrell, of Wallaceton, Pa., went to her eternal home, aged seventy-six years. Her life was one that no community could afford to lose; she was active in every true reform and always found upon the side of right.

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Three "Miracles of Grace"

DR. TORREY TELLS ABOUT A TRIO OF WONDERFUL CONVERSIONS — THE REVIVAL SPREADS

THE Philadelphia revival, led by Torrey and Alexander, continues to excite unabated interest. Letters received by the evangelists and by leaders of the movement, tell of revival fires breaking out in other communities as a result of these meetings.

The second month of the campaign has begun in the Third Regiment Armory, South Philadelphia. The armory has been remodelled to accommodate 5,400 people. Two galleries have been put in, instead of one, and the choir seats will now seat more than 700 singers. Megaphones have been installed, so that the Gospel message in sermon and song is carried over the telephone wires throughout Philadelphia. The most encouraging feature of the opening meetings is the way the people went to doing personal work the moment opportunity was given. At the conclusion of Dr. Torrey's sermon, when he gave the usual five minutes for personal work, the whole place quickly became a beehive, the workers going everywhere, pleading with the unsaved to accept Christ at once. In a recent sermon on "Excuses," Dr. Torrey told how some people refuse to accept Christ because they say they are "too great sinners." In a striking manner the evangelist illustrated how the most wicked people in the world are being saved. He told how before he left Chicago three of the worst people he had ever known were saved, saying:

"I have met three people in my life who seemed to me to be the most hopeless cases I ever met. One was a man who had been a Christian but had backslidden. In utter despair, he had attempted suicide five times, and he had to be constantly watched lest he should do away with himself. He thought he had committed the unpardonable sin, that he had sinned away his day of grace, that he was possessed by the devil, and that there was no salvation for him.

"The second was a man who was a hopeless drunkard. In one of his drunken furies he had tried to kill his wife, and she had been forced to leave him and hide from him. He went down deeper and deeper. He used to come round to my office every few days and want me to lend him money to go down to some place to get a job, but I knew that every penny he got would go to the saloon. I suppose he got hundreds of dollars a year out of different persons about my office, which he simply squandered upon drink.

"The third was a woman who was a professional murderess. She came to hear me preach one time, and became under deep conviction of sin. She was bound she wouldn't give up her sin, so she deliberately got down and prayed to the devil to harden her heart. The next time I saw her she came up to me and said, 'You can preach all you want to now; you can't trouble me any more. You did make me uneasy; but I knelt down and asked the devil to take away my conviction, and he has done it.' And she laughed in my face. 'Ha, ha!' she said, 'you can talk all you please; it won't move me.'

"Those three appeared to me to be the most hopeless cases I ever met. I told the Lord that if He would give me to see those three persons clearly saved I would never despair of mortal man or woman as long as I lived. And God gave me the whole three."

One evening, during the rest week of the evangelists, Mr. Alexander spoke at a little United Presbyterian church, and the people were stirred as they had never been before. That one service seemed to transform the church, and the whole community is being aroused to unprecedented spiritual enthusiasm. The leading man in the church, who had been a member for more than ten years and had never spoken in public, seemed to receive a baptism of fire, and his actions since in righting his business affairs and seeking to save souls are the astonishment of the neighborhood. He is a wealthy real estate man, and formerly allowed visitors to inspect his houses on Sunday. He has now posted up notices in his scores of houses that no further inspections will be permitted on the Lord's Day.

Canon H. G. Dixon, of the Episcopalian Church of Toronto, who came to Philadelphia especially to witness the great work, said that as a result of the Torrey-Alexander campaign in Toronto there were 5,000 conversions. He had just learned of one striking case that was worth the entire cost of the campaign. He said:

"One of the smartest lawyers in Canada went down to be an outcast and a drunkard. The other day he rose before a great assemblage and said, 'Men and brethren, I see where I have been wrong; but to-day I take my stand as a Christian man.' I say that if nothing more had been accomplished than that man's conversion it was worth the whole month's work in Toronto."

GEORGE T. B. DAVIS.

Books Received

The Letters of Theodora, by Adelaide L. Rouse. Price $1.50.

The Little Hills, by Nancy Huston Banks. Price $1.50. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.

Knock at a Venture, by Eden Phillpotts. A collection of interesting tales of Dartmoor. These old-time stories are told in the author's best style. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. Price $1.50.

Sir George Tressady, by Mrs. Humphrey Ward. Admirers of Mrs. Ward's writings will be intensely interested in this tale, which is written in the author's best style. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. Price $1.50.

In Memoriam, by Alfred Tennyson, with the author's notes, which give a new literary value to what has been rightly denominated "the greatest modern poem in the English language." A handsome edition. Pp. 265, cloth covers. Price $1. The Macmillan Company, London and New York, publishers.

Her American Daughter, by Annie T. Colcock. An interesting and wholesome story of student-artist life in Spain. The characters are finely drawn, especially that of Dolores, the Spanish "mother" to the young American. Written in happy vein, with a sane and perfectly natural conclusion. Published by the Neale Publishing Company, New York and Washington. Price $1.50.

Uncle Zeek and Aunt Liza, A Tale of Episodes, by Hon. Henry C. Fox. Starting with a quotation from Lamb, that "A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market," the reader is carried along through thirty-three chapters, in which the sayings of Uncle Zeek and the doings of Aunt Liza furnish material for many a smile. The negro dialect may be a bit tiresome but its philosophy is sound, with a bit of wisdom in every sentence. A pleasant story of life in the South after the war. Published by Mayhew Publishing Co., 92-100 Ruggles Street, Boston, Mass.

A Self-Supporting Home, by Kate V. Saint Maur. A practical story of how a woman went into the country, within twenty-five miles of New York, and one mile of a railroad station, and in a short time found that the things she had always loved—animal and feathered creatures—could be made to pay. The book is in chapters, one for every month in the year, and full of such explicit directions that the wayfaring woman, though not of the keenest intellect, could not fail to understand. The author gives much good advice, and says that every woman who wants to make a financial success of a country home without capital, should learn how to use a hammer and saw. "A chicken woman must be able to make and mend things." The book is illustrated from photographs, the most attractive being a view of the house that rented for $15 per month, "Launcelot Gobbo," the pet goose, who would flop over on his back, and patiently wait for some one to feed him with chocolate-creams, is pictured in this interesting attitude. The book will prove interesting reading for any one with a taste for country life, and it has the added merit of showing that one must not expect to develop a self-supporting home without plenty of work and attention to detail. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York. Price $1.75.

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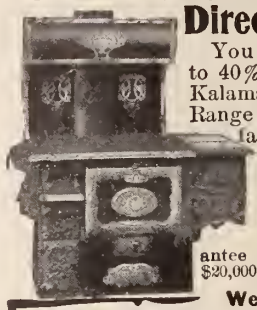

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The doctors and patent medicines did me absolutely no good. I was thoroughly discouraged.

"Then I gave up coffee and commenced Postum Food Coffee. At first I didn't like it, but after a few trials and following the directions exactly, it was grand. It was refreshing and satisfying. In a couple of weeks I noticed a great change. I became stronger, my brain grew clearer, I was not troubled with forgetfulness as in coffee times, my power of endurance was more than doubled. The heart trouble and indigestion disappeared and my nerves became steady and strong.

"I began to take an interest in things about me. Housework and home-making became a pleasure. My friends have marveled at the change and when they enquire what brought it about, I answer 'Postum Food Coffee, and nothing else in the world.'" Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

A Woman Pioneer in Japan

WHEN Mrs. Mary Pruyn, in 1850, applied to an American missionary society to be sent out as a missionary, she was not accepted, on the ground they "could not send a woman, as they had no work for women to do in foreign fields." In November, 1860, the Woman's Union Missionary Society of America for Heathen Lands was organized, which has recently celebrated its forty-fifth year of woman's work for women. It has mission

Miss Julia N. Crosby

centres in Burma, India, China, Japan, Greece and Cyprus, sustaining schools, orphanages, dispensaries and hospitals. Its Boarding School for Japanese Girls, established by Mrs. Pruyn, was the first of its kind in that land. Associated with Mrs. Pruyn was a bright, earnest helper, Miss Julia N. Crosby, a relative of the late Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby; she went to Japan in 1871, and is now the oldest lady missionary in continuous educational service. She is at the head of the "Kyoritsu Jo Kakko," or Girls' School at Yokohama. Under her spiritual training and fostering care, hundreds of Japanese girls have obtained a Christian education and have been sent out as teachers, Bible readers and evangelists all over the country. Miss Crosby's teaching staff is evangelical, and it is doing for Japan what the Northfield Seminary is doing in here. W. J. P.

The Children of Darkness

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 249

felt the kinship with their brethren fighting for the better day wherever they were. For when I went to speak to them, they gathered in the gateway of the building after the talk and gave me a regular American college yell, something I had not heard there before either, and the next day a deputation came and asked me to bring my message from across the sea on the following Sunday night, and they would pack the building with all the growing lads in Copenhagen. I was to sail that week and couldn't. But some day I shall go back there to do that thing. For now that the Lord has taken from my side her who made life to me one golden dream of love and happiness from childhood to chilly autumn, it seems as though the duty that remained was the doing not only of the things through which brother may find brother, and in giving him a helping hand find the best part of himself also, but the interpreting of it all into life as the answer to the prayer: "Thy kingdom come." And that is my message to the friends in the far-off Danish capital, and to my correspondent as well, for whose sake I have written this. He will understand then, I know. JACOB A. RISS.

Much Impressed

I received your beautiful premium "The Cruise of the Eight Hundred," and am very much impressed with its real value to any one who is interested in the Holy Land. The book is handsomely bound, the illustrations are as lifelife as photographs, and the print is so clear that it makes easy reading, thereby adding to the interest of the book. I received also the "Home-Coming of the Bride" Calendar. It is the handsomest I have ever received.

Mobile, Ala. MRS. J. H. WIENAND.

I Can Make You Well, Strong and Beautiful

EVERY WOMAN should preserve her health, strength, beauty, poise and, with these, her happiness. It is my success in treating nearly 18,000 women and my knowledge of what my work has done for them that makes me know I can do as much for you.

Let me give you a perfectly balanced organism. Let me direct your breathing, your exercise, your diet; let me give you a perfect blood supply and circulation; a nervous system in harmony with itself and the rest of your body, each nerve center properly directing the organ it controls. The resultant strong vitality will enable you to resist disease, and I will make you what you were intended to be—strong, happy, graceful, beautiful—loving and beloved, with a mental calm which is life power and true beauty, making your life a satisfaction to yourself, making you the delight and admiration of your friends.

MISS COCROFT AT HER DESK

Only 15 Minutes a Day Give me 15 minutes of your time each day, in your own home, by following my simple directions. Just a little care is all you need to make you the ideal woman of your type. Do not say it is impossible, that nature has not given you the first requirements of health and beauty—I know it is possible; I have accomplished it for thousands.

Drugs are Dangerous

I use no drugs. I never treat a pupil I cannot help. If I cannot help you I will tell you so.

I Keep Women Young Do you think "True Motherhood" means devotion of mother to her family and neglect of herself? True?—No, the true mother is true to her sacred duty of preserving and protecting herself, that she may be of greatest service to her family. The mother needs health, strength, and lightness of heart that she may be a true wife—the delight of her husband, his joy, rest, social help and inspiration, not a slaving, suffering dead weight for his pity. The true mother keeps well, beautiful and young, that she may enjoy the confidence and admiration of her children.

If you could sit beside me, at my desk, I could, if I would, show you, daily, hundreds of letters from pupils I have helped. I never violate a confidence, never show a letter without permission; but here are a few snatches from one morning's mail:

I wish every nervous teacher could know what benefit is to be derived from your physical culture.
I have lost 73 pounds, and was never better. I look ten years younger.
My constipation and biliousness are entirely relieved.
Just think how I have gained, since I began with you, from 112 to 137½ lbs. in one year.
My catarrh and lungs are much better and my body, which was a hunv, crooked structure, is actually beginning to look like your picture of correct poise.
My head is steady, the confused feeling having passed away. It is the best spent money ever used for myself.
Just think, Miss Cocroft, before I took up your work I could not eat anything without the greatest distress, and now I think I could DIGEST TACKS. I am so happy.

How to Stand and Walk Remember, I give you personal instruction, after careful study of your symptoms and condition. When you request details about my lessons, I send you my general book **free.** This outlines my methods, and gives you many valuable health hints. With this book I will send, also free, my lesson on **Poise,** which teaches you **how to stand and walk.**

Personal Instructions Besides the Book and free lesson, in answer to your first inquiry, is included my personal examination of your symptoms and my first advice to you. Write me fully about your case, also letting me know your faults of figure, etc. I will make a personal study of your case and will let you know whether I can help you or not. Your letter will be held in strict confidence.

I never publish letters without special permission, though I can send you hundreds of testimonials from women I have helped, who are only too glad to have me show their letters.

SUSANNA COCROFT, 57 Washington St., Dept. 18 CHICAGO

For details about MY PERSONAL INSTRUCTION mark thus (XX) on blank below, opposite the points MOST IMPORTANT in your case and mark thus (X) opposite those which also interest you. If there are any particulars in regard to your case which you feel I should know, write about them fully and I will frankly tell you, without charge, what I can do for you.

Dept. 18

Too Thin
Round shouldered
Superfluous flesh
Prominent hips
Protruding abdomen
Height
Weight
Do you stand correctly
Thin chest
Thin bust
Thin neck
Complexion
Do you walk gracefully
Weakness
Lame back
Dullness
Irritable
Nerves
Headaches
Catarrh
Dizziness
Indigestion
Constipation
Liver
Kidneys
Lungs
Heart
Throat
Colds
Rheumatism
Circulation
Blood
Is your health or figure im perfect in any way not mentioned here?
Occupation?
What is your age?
Married or single?

Address
Name

Fill out, cut off and mail this blank—NOW!

NOTE—Miss Cocroft, as President of Physical Culture Extension Work in America, needs no further introduction.

OUR PREMIUM COLLECTION OF ROSES.

Roses are the most popular Flowers in existence. Their BEAUTY, FRAGRANCE and ABUNDANCE fairly entitle them to the leading place in the affections of all lovers of the beautiful. Every home should be supplied with Roses, as they require little or no room, are easily cared for, and blossom freely. The Roses we offer are not cheap, common varieties, but the choicest and most famous, are well rooted, strong and healthy plants, and are guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded. In order to introduce THE HEARTHSTONE into new homes, we will send it for three months on trial, together with SIX CHOICE EVER-BLOOMING ROSES, which are briefly described as follows: New Climbing Rose, CRIMSON RAMBLER.—One of the striking characteristics of this Rose is its remarkable color which is of the brightest crimson, which remains undimmed to the end. It is exceedingly hardy The Unique Yellow Rose, FRANCISKA KRUGER.—In its shading of deep coppery yellow it stands alone and distinct from all others. The Charming Rose, THE BRIDE.—This is undoubtedly the finest white Rose ever offered to the public. The Famous Rose, HELEN GOULD.—The strongest growing, freest blooming and hardiest Hybrid Tea Rose now known. It is one of the largest and fullest of red Roses; long, plump buds, forming flowers of grand size and great beauty. The Prolific Rose, STAR OF LYON.—This magnificent Tea Rose is a rich golden yellow; a strong, healthy and vigorous grower; immense bloomer, bearing flowers and buds early and late. The Beautiful and Hardy Rose, BRIDESMAID.—Popular pink Rose. It is a delightful shade of bright pink, very fine flowering and easily grown: These six Roses make a splendid collection.

We will send the above collection of six FINE ROSES, together with The Hearthstone for three months, for only Twenty-five Cents. The Hearthstone is the best household publication for the price in the country. It prints the best stories that money will buy, and its departments, The Home Nook, The Social Circle, The Kitchen, Fancy Work, make it a complete family journal, and of peculiar interest to the ladies. This is the best offer of the kind ever made, and all who desire to secure a grand publication full of the best reading matter, and wish to adorn their gardens and homes with beautiful ROSES should accept it at once. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Remit by money order, or in silver if sent in a strong envelope. Postage stamps taken. Address plainly **THE HEARTHSTONE PUB. CO., 52 Duane Street, New York.**

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Extension Top Surrey. Price complete, $83. As good as sells for $25. more.

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All intensely interesting and helpful in a hundred ways to beginners in Bee-Culture. THE A. I. ROOT CO., MEDINA, OHIO.

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so well known as the "Leading American Seed Catalogue." It is mailed FREE to all. Better write **TO-DAY.** **W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO., PHILADELPHIA, PA.**

True Prophets

By Mrs. M. Baxter

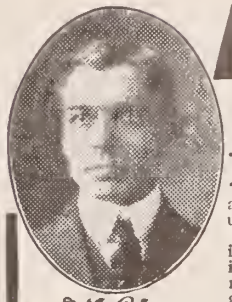
IN order to ensure that we are building on the right foundation, we must make sure that we have chosen teachers which do not mislead us. "Beware of false prophets." What persons are they who stand to us in the light of prophets? Surely not only preachers, although they exercise this office most directly. But also chosen friends, to whom we look up, and on whose opinion we rely; and also all those to whom we speak of our circumstances, and to whom we give a right to pronounce judgment upon our actions and the actions of those who are connected with us—all these are placed more or less, either by God or by ourselves, in the light of prophets to us. And the Lord warns us here as to our choice, that we should never allow ourselves to come under the influence of those who are false.

Scripture reveals to us two methods by which we may discover whether prophets are true or false. First, "Ye shall know them by their fruits"—*i. e.*, by the manifestation in their lives of all which they say and teach. They may come in sheep's clothing, outwardly appearing as the members of Christ's flock, but what is the spirit which actuates them? Is it that of the wolf which "scattereth the sheep" (John 10: 12)—*i. e.*, which causes division and dissension instead of disseminating love? "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" Only that which is Divine can bear Divine fruit; the thorn bears thorns, and the natural man can only produce what is natural, and not that which is Divine, while the nature of Christ in a teacher can only produce what is Christ-like.

The second method of discovering the false prophet is shown us in 1. John 4: 1-3. "Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God; because many false prophets are gone out unto the world. Hereby know ye the Spirit of God; every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God" (1. John 4: 2). Why should the confession that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh manifest a spirit which is of God? If Jesus Christ has come in the flesh, and introduced into man a new nature which is Divine, then He calls us to be Divine, like Him, and in Him "to put off the old man," and to "put on the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness" (Eph. 4: 22-24). A spirit which confesses that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is a spirit which can excuse nothing in itself which is contrary to Jesus Christ; expect nothing from itself, but all from Jesus: it is a spirit which sees, hears nothing of the world, but knows Jesus only.

How, then, are we to distinguish between false prophets and true? In Jer. 23: 22 we have a close test: the prophet is tried by his spiritual power over others. God says, regarding prophets, "If they had stood in My counsel and had caused My people to hear My words, then they should have turned them from their evil way, and from the evil of their doings." Here is the good fruit which manifests the true prophet—power to lead others to depart from evil. Let me not consider whether this prophet understands, or is sympathetic with me or not; has he the power to turn men from their sins? If so, let him be God's prophet to me.

In our Lord's teaching, as well as in that of John the Baptist, "the axe is laid unto the root of the trees," and "every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire" (Matt. 3: 10). The fruit which God looks for from the teacher and the taught is always the same. "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of My Father which is in heaven."



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St. Louis, Mo.

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You Pay No Freight to Try My Paint.

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I have a *new* way of manufacturing and selling paints. It's unique—*it's better*.

Before my plan was invented paint was sold in two ways — either ready-mixed or the ingredients were bought and mixed by the painter. Ready-mixed paint settles on the shelves, forming a sediment at the bottom of the can. The mineral in ready-mixed paint, when standing in oil, eats the life out of the oil. The *oil* is the very life of all paints.

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My paint is *unlike* any other paint in the world. It is ready to use, but not ready-mixed.

My paint is made to order after each order is received, packed in hermetically sealed cans with the very day it is made stamped on each can by my factory inspector.

I ship my pigment—which is white lead, zinc, drier and coloring matter freshly ground, after order is received—in separate cans, and in another can I ship my Oilo, which is *pure old process* linseed oil, the kind that you used to buy years ago before the paint manufacturers, to cheapen the cost of paint, worked in adulterations.

I sell my paint direct from my factory to user at my very low factory price; you pay no dealer or middleman profits.

I pay the freight on six gallons or over.

My paint is so good that I make this wonderfully fair test offer:

When you receive your shipment of paint, you can use *two full gallons*—that will cover 600 square feet of wall—two coats.

If, after you have used that much of my paint, you are not perfectly satisfied with it in every detail, *you can return* the remainder of your order and the two gallons will not cost you one *penny*.

No other paint manufacturer ever made such a liberal offer.

It is because I manufacture the finest paint, put up in the best way, that I can make this offer.

I go even further. I sell all of my paint on *six months' time*, if desired.

This gives you an opportunity to paint your buildings when they need it, and pay for the paint at your convenience.

Back of my paint stands my Eight Year, officially signed iron-clad Guarantee.

8 YEARS GUARANTEE

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For further particulars regarding my plan of selling, and complete color card of all colors, send a postal to O. L. Chase, St. Louis, Mo.

I will send my paint book—the most complete book of its kind ever published—absolutely free. Also my instruction book entitled "This Little Book Tells How to Paint" and copy of my 8 year guarantee.

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OUR ONE DOLLAR OFFER. Cut this advertisement out and send to us, enclose one dollar, state whether you wish a separator of 300, 400 or 500-pound capacity per hour, for all purposes, we by all means recommend the large 500-pound capacity size. We will send you our celebrated Economy Separator by freight C. O. D., subject to examination. Examine the separator at your nearest railroad station, and if you are satisfied it is in every way the best cream separator made, then pay the railroad agent our SPECIAL PRICE and freight charges, then take the separator home and give it 60 days' trial, during which time put it to every possible test, compare it with any other machine made, and if you do not find it runs easier, skims closer, skims colder milk, cleans easier, wears better, easier to operate, more simple, less possibility of getting out of order, in short, if you do not find it in every way the best cream separator made you can return the separator at our expense, and we will immediately return your money, including any freight charges paid by you.

OUR SPECIAL PRICE for the WONDERFUL ECONOMY SEPARATOR is $33.95 for the 300-pound per hour capacity, $39.95 for the 400-pound capacity size, and $42.75 for the big 500-pound capacity size, the size which we especially recommend. DON'T DELAY; enclose $1.00, say whether you want the $33.95, $39.95 or the $42.75 size; Let us send the machine C. O. D., subject to examination, pay the balance to the railroad agent, then use it 60 days, and if you do not pronounce it by far the best cream separator made, regardless of name, make or price, return it to us and get your money back at once. IF YOU DON'T SEND $1.00 for the Economy, be sure to write for our FREE Cream Separator Catalogues and wonderful offers. On a postal card or in a letter to us simply say: "Send me your Free Separator Offers," and you will receive free, by return mail, postpaid, our three Special Cream Separator Catalogues, large pictures of our $19.90 Dundee, $29.00 American and all our Economy Separators, illustrations, descriptions, testimonials, copies of many diplomas and medals, our $1,000.00 quality challenge, our great guarantee free trial plan, pay after received terms and the most wonderfully liberal separator offers ever heard of. On a postal card or in a letter simply say: "Send me your Free Separator Offers," and get all we will send you free by return mail, postpaid.

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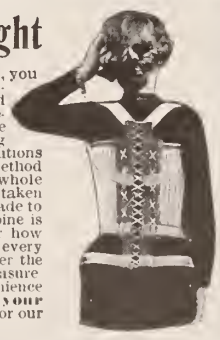

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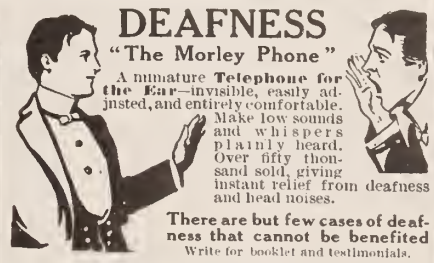

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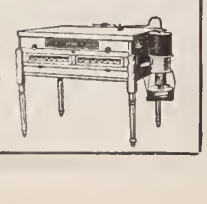

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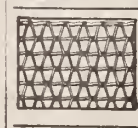

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A property bought 25 years ago for $14,000, was sold just the other day for $500,000.

Hundreds of similar examples abound on every hand.

People who a few years ago were farsighted enough to invest a few hundred dollars in New York suburban real estate are wealthy to-day.

The next twenty-five years will show even more rapid increase. By buying judiciously now you may win a fortune in the next few years.

The Astors, the Goulds, the Vanderbilts, the Rockefellers, and hundreds of other multi-millionaires made the bulk of their money from New York real estate.

Your opportunity to-day is as good as theirs was when they started. The greatest opportunities in the world's history are before you now.

Just a $5.00 bill, if you send it promptly, will secure for you a full sized lot in the beautiful New York suburb of Lincoln.

$5.00 to day and $5.00 a month for eighteen months will give you a deed to it.

And it is as certain as that the sun will rise to-morrow that in twelve months from now your $95 investment will have more than doubled in value. It should be worth at least $200.

If you want to make money, get somewhere, do something, be prosperous and enjoy the luxuries you see your neighbors enjoying, read every word of this advertisement, and read it carefully. Then act at once.

28 miles from Broadway
2 railroads
29 trains a day
Trolleys every 15 minutes
City water
Gas
Lighted streets
Sewers
Every modern convenience

50 lots in the heart of the town, at.. $95

With the opening of the Spring season, with the beginning of the extensive improvements we propose to make at the town and on our own property, with the opening of new streets, the establishment of new manufacturing plants, the building of dozens of new houses to accommodate the rapidly increasing population, there can be no doubt that your lot will be held at a price much higher than you have contracted to pay. But if you are content to hold your lot still longer, say two or three years, you will be certain to realize magnificently.

In our opinion every lot we sell to-day at $95 should be worth at least $1,000 inside of ten years—probably in a much shorter time. Look at the picture printed below.

One of the big Manufacturing Plants at Lincoln

This big manufacturing concern will double the capacity of its plant in the Spring. It already employs 200 men. With the addition of 200 more, think of the many new homes that will be needed. Think how this one concern will increase the value of Lincoln property.

And we expect that in the coming year several other new manufacturing concerns will build their plants on our property and bring their employees to Lincoln.

We have had years of experience in the real estate business in every section of this broad United States, but we are more enthusiastic and have a firmer faith in the future of this project than of any other real estate operation with which we have been connected.

LINCOLN

We have been appointed exclusive sales agents for a valuable tract of land situated in the very heart of the prosperous and rapidly growing town of Lincoln, New Jersey.

Lincoln is not a waste tract of farming land—a mere prospect, as are many of the suburban real estate properties being offered for investment to-day. Lincoln is not a prospect. It is a present day reality.

Lincoln is a flourishing suburb 28 miles from Broadway, located in Middlesex County, New Jersey, directly between the large towns of Plainfield and Bound Brook.

Six big manufacturing plants are daily sending forth smoke and steam, and are employing hundreds of busy workmen.

Lincoln is on the main line of the Central Railroad of New Jersey and the Lehigh Valley Railroad. Twenty-nine trains a day stop there. The stations of these two railroads are within easy access of every lot in the town.

Big electric street cars run through Lincoln with a fifteen minute service, taking the passengers to all the surrounding towns and to Jersey City. Ferry to New York City.

Lincoln has city water, gas, sewers, and it is lighted by electricity. It has its church, its school house and its hotel.

Lots in Lincoln have been selling in the past at from $150 to $500; never under $150.

In the Spring we will begin a big campaign on these lots, advertising them extensively all over the country, and thousands of them will be sold at prices ranging from $200 to $500.

But in the meantime and before the Spring sale opens, we have set aside just 50 lots and have them reserved for the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and offer them at the exceptionally low price of $95, payable at the rate of $5.00 down and $5.00 monthly for eighteen months, or for $90 cash.

A concern in Bound Brook has loaned $100 on these lots, proving them to be held at $200 value even now.

The time to invest in anything is when you can get in on the ground floor. Buy when you can get the goods at below their actual value and hold them for an increase that you are certain will come.

Lots at Lincoln are certain to increase in value. Nothing can stop them. Nor will there be a long wait.

BETTER THAN LIFE INSURANCE

One very unusual and particularly desirable feature that is included in the buying of a Lincoln lot is the insurance clause.

If you should die before you have made all the payments, your wife, children or estate will be given the deed to the property without a single additional payment. This is the best kind of protection. You can get it in force at once. The moment you deposit $5.00 in the mails your life will be insured for the full value of the lot, and the $5.00 will begin to earn profits on the entire investment.

This makes the purchasing of a lot not only an unusually good investment, but the strongest kind of protection as well.

The lot could be sold at any time, and your beneficiaries would thus realize on their property just as if it were an ordinary insurance policy.

FREE TRIP TO NEW YORK

We will agree to pay in cash your railroad fare if you live within 1,000 miles of New York—in case you make the trip to Lincoln and find one word of this advertisement a misrepresentation.

We know that if you will visit Lincoln you will purchase a lot. You could not help being as enthusiastic as we are now.

But even though you cannot visit Lincoln you can and should invest in one or more of its lots. You wish to make money—rapidly and easily if possible. Moreover, you do not wish to incur any danger of losing your money.

There is no better way to make money rapidly and easily than to invest judiciously in New York real estate.

Think of the wealthy people you know or know about. Did not most of them make their money, or at least their start, in real estate?

Your chance is every bit as good. No safer investment exists.

SOME EVIDENCE:

Now we want you to read a few letters we have received from satisfied citizens of Lincoln. See what others think. It's the best kind of proof.

LINCOLN, N. J., 1906.

Last July I located in Lincoln principally because I found it convenient to my business. It is a central point from which there is plenty of train service and a good trolley line passes the door. In the street there is gas and water, electric lights, and in fact every improvement, and as far as health is concerned I cannot recommend Lincoln too highly.

CLINTON C. PLUME.

LINCOLN, N. J., 1906.

I have lived in the town of Lincoln for the last five years, and would not change except for a big consideration. It is certainly the most healthful place I have ever seen. A doctor is unknown to our family.

I take pleasure in recommending this place to any one who wishes to make it his home.

CHARLES ROMPH.

LINCOLN, N. J., 1906.

I located in Lincoln eight years ago as a carpenter, as I was attracted to the place both for business and as it was one of the most healthful places in this part of the state.

My residence here has been very satisfactory in every way, and I hope soon to see lots of mechanics coming in.

J. C. DAVIS.

And notice in particular the following letter from the Atlas M. & M. Company, whose big factory affords employment to a great many Lincoln citizens:

LINCOLN, N. J., 1906.

With reference to your inquiry as to conditions at Lincoln, N. J., for manufacturing industries, would say that we located at this place nine years ago, and in that time have never had a single regret on account of having chosen this as a permanent location.

We find the facilities for handling freight both in and out to be excellent, the C.R.R. of N. J. connecting with all the "trunk lines" and giving excellent service. Coal supply is as favorable here as any location that we have knowledge of in the state of New Jersey, and certainly far more favorable than many points.

Owing to our ability to reach almost any part of New York City quickly and conveniently, it is possible for us to conduct almost all of the commercial details of our business direct from here.

Since locating here we have made several additions to our plant and are preparing at this time to further extend our business by adding to our present plant. Facilities for obtaining help of all classes are excellent, and we have never suffered from lack of help.

So far as our experience goes, all reasonable business and manufacturing requirements are met here. THE ATLAS M. & M. COMPANY.

These are only samples, but they reflect the spirit in which people who know regard Lincoln. Their endorsements mean more than anything we could say.

THE MATTER IN A NUT-SHELL

We are offering you an opportunity of making money easily, rapidly and with little outlay, with no risk and with no effort.

By sending $5.00 to-day you can secure a lot for $95, which will be exactly like the ones we are going to begin selling at much higher prices as soon as the Spring comes.

By paying for your lot in easy, little installments, you will in a comparatively short time own real estate that is almost certain to triple in value while you are paying for it. You will deposit your $5.00 each month through us just as you would in a savings bank. Your money will be just as safe and decidedly more profitable.

YOU WILL BE SAFE

You can feel perfectly safe in doing business with us.

We have been selling all kinds of real estate for eight years.

We have the largest real estate business in the country.

During all these eight years we have been right here in Philadelphia. We are not strangers to you. You have undoubtedly seen our advertising time and time again during the past seven years.

Most of the big houses in Philadelphia can tell you who we are. So can the big mercantile agencies, Dun's and Bradstreet's. We can refer you to National banks in New York, Philadelphia and Chicago as to our financial standing. We can refer you to thousands of satisfied investors who have placed with us over $2,000,000 for investment—and who have received in return, in the past three years, $524,500 in dividends.

Many of these people are in your own state. Some of them may be in your own town.

You are taking no chances whatever when you do business with us.

Decide To-day We do not want you to invest a dollar until you are absolutely certain that your investment will be a safe and profitable one. Make your decision as a result of your best judgment, but be prompt. Now, if ever, is the time to invest. Only 50 lots have been reserved for the readers of this advertisement. They must be sold within thirty days or they will be held for the regular price. These 50 lots are among the best in the town—right in the heart of the unsold territory. As soon as your $5.00 is received we will pick out one of the very best of the remaining lots for you. Then if for any reason you prefer some other lot, we will transfer it to you without extra charge. Or if the lot we choose for you is not in every way what we claim it to be, we will return your money with interest. But quick action is necessary here.

If you can save $5.00 a month from your income, and want to double your income, sit down, fill out the coupon printed below, pin a $5.00 bill to it, and mail it to us to-day.

If the 50 lots are all gone when your money comes, we will return your $5.00 promptly. Be sure of a lot by writing now—this minute—you will never regret it. It will be the best investment you ever made.

SIGN THIS COUPON, PIN A $5 BILL TO IT AND MAIL IT TO US TO-DAY

W. M. OSTRANDER (Inc.)
161 North American Building
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find $5 as first payment on a LINCOLN lot. It is understood that you will select for me a good lot, and that if the property is not as you represent it you will return my money with interest. I will pay the balance ($90) at the rate of $5 a month for 18 months. Yours truly,

Name .....

Address .....

.....

W. M. OSTRANDER (Inc.)

EXCLUSIVE SALES AGENT

161 North American Bldg., Philadelphia
New York Office: 25 West 42d Street

Just think of a rice cereal as dainty and light as a snow-flake, as wholesome and satisfying as meat, and yet so tempting that every child and every grown-up wants *more* when once they have tasted it.

Quaker Rice
(Puffed)

is that cereal. Made from the choicest white rice, by a patented "puffing" process that expands each grain or kernel many times in size, it has a dainty flavor, distinctively its own.

The same process that puffs the rice, also cooks it thoroughly. Quaker Rice is instantly ready to serve, with milk or cream and a dash of sugar, *after warming for a minute in a hot oven.*

While rice has a world-wide fame as a healthful and wholesome food, Quaker Rice is a revelation of its dainty deliciousness. Order a package of your grocer today, and learn how truly delightful it is.

Quaker Rice can be made into the most delicious and wholesome candies, such as Quaker Rice Balls, Quaker Rice Brittle, etc., recipes for which will be found on each package. Children can eat all they want without the slightest fear of consequences.

Quaker Rice is sold by grocers everywhere at 10c the package.

Made by the Manufacturers of Quaker Oats. Address, Chicago, U.S.A.

MAGAZINE NUMBER

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SUBSCRIPTION, $1.50 PER ANNUM
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See Page 273

The First White Woman Who Ever Visited King Sangama's Land, South Africa

Van Camp's

BOSTON BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE

PORK AND BEANS

Do You Ever Hanker After Something?

No, we don't mean, merely want something, long for something or hope for something.

Just plain Hanker.

Mere longing, wanting or hoping you can easily get away from.

But when you Hanker,—well that is a different story.

You just simply can't get away from old Hanker.

And that's just the thing about Van Camps Pork and Beans with Tomato Sauce that has made them necessary to thousands of housewives.

They're the kind—once you have tasted their delicious and satisfying goodness—that makes You Hanker for the time when they will again be served for breakfast, dinner or supper.

For their succulent and perfect flavor never disappoints.

You housewives who do not know, just try Van Camp's once and hear the clamor for beans, more beans.

You'll never be without a can on the pantry-shelf afterwards.

When you have done a thing for many years, year in and year out, You feel that you ought to be able to do that thing pretty well, don't you?

Well, that's the way it is with Us.

We have made the Best Pork and Beans for these many, many years, and we couldn't make them other than Best now if we tried.

Every can that goes into a housewife's hands we Know is the initial unit of an endless chain; we Know that that trial-can is a letter of introduction bringing a welcome guest that never wears out its welcome.

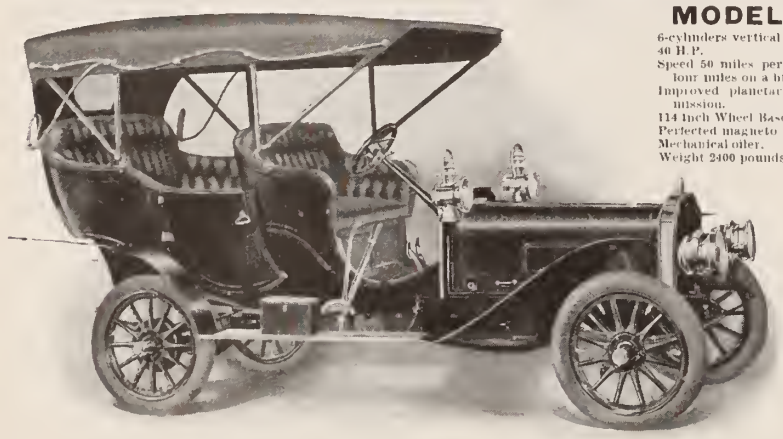
Order a can from your grocer today; note the handsome appearance of the contents of that can, every bean whole and firm,—note too, the delicate nicety of the strip of clean, fresh, young pork and the appetizing glow of the rich, full-flavored tomato sauce.

There's good money-value, wholesome, appetizing food-satisfaction for you.

It's the Van Camp method of perfect combination in their wholesome, cleanly kitchens of the Best that Nature provides that gives you Pork and Beans that are Pork and Beans superlative.

You will never know what Highest Quality means in Pork and Beans until You use Van Camp's.

The Van Camp Packing Company
Indianapolis, Indiana

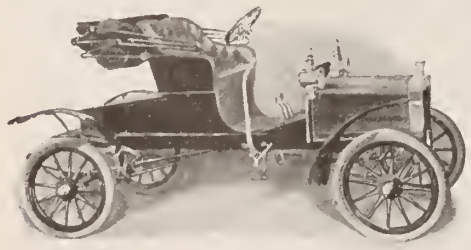


MODEL K

6-cylinders vertical 4½x4¼.
40 H.P.
Speed 50 miles per hour to four miles on a high gear.
Improved planetary transmission.
114 inch Wheel Base.
Perfected magneto ignition.
Mechanical oiler.
Weight 2400 pounds.

The FORD SIX CYLINDER

The *constant torque* of the *six cylinders* is like the steady power of the electric motor. *It is power*—power broken up into several thousand impulses *every minute*, following one another with such rapidity as to *become as one unbroken impulse.*



$500 FORD RUNABOUT

Six cylinders give great power *without* great weight or vibration, there is *less work* for each cylinder, longer life, less repairs, and they give an enormous *reserve power* ready for instant use.

The Bank that has only enough cash for its daily requirements is unsafe—the car with only enough power for ordinary use falls down in an emergency.

Write for full description of this car and also for the famous $500 Four Cylinder Ford Runabout.

FORD MOTOR CO., Detroit, Mich.

Canadian Trade Supplied by the Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited, Walkerville, Ontario. Member American Motor Car Manufacturers Association, Chicago.

ANY MAN, WOMAN, BOY OR GIRL

CAN MAKE MONEY EASILY AND PLENTIFULLY

by taking subscriptions among your neighbors and friends for the **Woman's Farm Journal.** It is a great little paper, and only 10 cents a year. Almost every person you show it to, will pay 10 cents a year for it. You don't need any capital. Don't need to invest a cent. Just send us your full name and postoffice address plainly written and we will send you full particulars and outfit FREE.

$1,000.00 IN EXTRA CASH COMMISSIONS

will be given for the twenty largest lists sent in between now and MAY 31st, 1906. This $1,000.00 will be given in **addition** to the regular commission, so that you are **sure** to get the regular commission, and have as good a chance as any one else to get one of the extra cash awards. Don't put it off, but write to-day. A postal will do. Address **C. C. THOMPSON, Manager, The Woman's Farm Journal, St. Louis, Mo.**

Copyright, 1906, by The American Cereal Company

Pettijohn Says:—

When you begin to know you have it, you are beginning to lose it. Your digestion, I mean.

News from it is always bad news. I never let my food get the best of me.

I get the best of food. I eat

Pettijohn

ALL WHEAT GOOD TO EAT

P.S.—Pettijohn is the wheat,

the whole wheat,

and nothing but the wheat.

Copyright, 1906, by The American Cereal Company

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

NEW YORK, MARCH 28, 1906

The "Haystack" Prayer Meeting, near Greylock Mountain, Massachusetts, in 1806, which was the Forerunner of America's Mission Work in Heathen Lands

THE "HAYSTACK" CENTENARY

AT the close of a Summer day in 1806—just one hundred years ago, five young students of Williams College were gathered in the cool shade of a little grove of maple trees under the shadow of Greylock Mountain, in a beautiful Massachusetts Valley. They had assembled there, as was their custom, to hold a quiet prayer-meeting. In the west a dark and threatening cloud was rising. Soon it began to thunder and lighten and the little group of young men left the shadow of the maples and sought shelter under a haystack in a field nearby. On the protected side, which shielded them from the driving rain, they talked awhile of the moral darkness of Asia and the need of missionaries.

In the party were Samuel J. Mills, James Richards, Francis L. Robbins, Harvey Loomis and Byram Green. Mills proposed that they should do something to send the Gospel to the heathen of Asia and all were agreed to make an earnest effort. Loomis, however, thought it premature and said the missionaries would be murdered; but the others contended that if it was the will of God to have the Gospel spread there and if the Christian people of America gave the plan their active support, then the work should be done regardless of all other considerations.

"Let us pray over it," said Mills, earnestly. "We can pray here, under this haystack, while the storm is passing and the sky is clearing."

All knelt, and one after the other raised his voice in petition for foreign missions. Mills was enthusiastic, and prayed that the Lord might "strike down with his lightnings, the arm that should be raised against a herald of the Cross."

These meetings, thus picturesquely begun under the shadow of the haystack, were continued in the grove until cold weather set in, when they were transferred to the kitchen of a house nearby, the good lady who owned the place having readily granted this privilege to the enthusiastic students. The consecration which these young men made of themselves at that first memorable meeting in the thunderstorm, to engage personally in the mission to the heathen, resulted in one of the grandest movements which Christian America has seen within a century. The work they undertook advanced wondrously. "We can, if we will," they said at the haystack, when there was nothing on which they could build their hopes except the promises of God. The result proved that that confidence was not misplaced. Two years later, as the outcome of their effort, the first Foreign Missionary Society in America was formed. The haystack had become the birthplace of a great religious movement. On the exact spot where it once stood and around which the young men knelt in prayer, there now stands a monument of silver-blue Berkshire marble, inscribed with the words: "The Birthplace of American Foreign Missions." Thus a hundred years ago was inaugurated the first "Student Volunteer Movement." It was the forerunner of the organization of that name, which came into existence eighty years later, and which has now become a mighty, world-wide agency for the inbringing of the heathen in many lands. Soon the pioneer movement begun at the haystack spread to other colleges. Among "the Brethren," as they were called, who pledged themselves for work in foreign fields, were: Adoniram Judson, Richards, Mills, Gordon Hall and others, who became famous as missionaries. The Foreign Missionary Society in this country, was "a society not for the purpose of sending others, but of going to the heathen." Its constitution so declared, and stipulated that no person should be admitted to its membership who was under "engagement of any kind which should be incompatible with going on a mission to the heathen." The movement ultimately led to the organization of the American Board of Foreign Missions, and through it to extended plans for the extension of Christ's kingdom.

The Haystack Monument at Williamstown, Mass.

Now, Christian churches of all denominations are uniting to commemorate the hundredth anniversary of this remarkable prayer meeting. The "Haystack Campaign" has reached New York. Two mass-meetings were held recently in the Broadway Tabernacle, and another in Brooklyn. This commemorative movement, organized as the "Campaign of Fifty Cities," is for the immediate purpose of enlarging the public interest in and giving a fresh impetus to the cause of foreign missions.

At a recent meeting in New York, the Rev. Frederick B. Bridgman, who has been a missionary among the Zulus for several years, spoke on "The New Africa." "There is a new Africa now, both commercial and industrial," said Mr. Bridgman, "and there is also a new native African. The new conditions result in a new people, and these require new methods of missionary work. The African of to-day is hungry for education and improves his chances for getting it. Many pulpits in that country are occupied by native pastors educated in mission schools, and the preaching compares favorably with some I have heard since my return to this country."

Dr. Cornelius H. Patton, of Boston, Secretary of the American Board, stated that the pupils in colleges and schools in foreign lands, under the care of the Board, outnumber the pupils in all the Congregational schools in this country, including even those colleges established by Congregational influence. "We need $1,000,000 to carry on the work during the coming year," said Dr. Patton. "The needs are greater yearly; the apportionments have had to be less."

The Rev. Arthur H. Smith, D.D., gave an interesting account of the mission work among the women of China. He spoke from an experience of over twenty-five years in that country.

Centenary meetings have been arranged to take place in a large number of cities, when addresses, sketching the wonderful progress of foreign missions, will be delivered by leading missionaries and others. It is expected that the Haystack Centenary will mark a new era of activity in foreign missions and give a splendid impulse to the work all over the globe.

THE AMERICAN PULPIT

SERMON BY

Rev. F. DeWitt Talmage, D.D.

A HOME GREETING

TEXT: II. KINGS 4:26

"Is it well with the child?"

SOMETIME ago, it was my privilege to spend a day with a dear friend, who, for many years, was a Utah missionary. In one of his tours he became lost. He stopped for the night at a farmer's home away back in the mountains. Next morning this farmer said, "Come, I want to show you a wonderful sight." Then he took my friend and they rode off for many miles, until they came to a great lava-bed, about two miles wide and four or five feet high. This lava must have begun vomiting forth from a volcano hundreds if not thousands of years ago. There upon the top of this lava-bed were to be seen the footprints of a woman, and just behind them the footprints of a little child. My friend told me he believed that those footprints must have been made when that lava was in process of cooling. They must have been made by a woman of the mound building period, or of one of the other prehistoric ages. And yet those indentations in that lava were just as clear and distinct as though made but yesterday. After my friend had ceased talking, I said to myself, "Yes, that is a wonderful record, but perhaps we might see the habits and customs of some of those prehistoric ages reproduced in our own lives, if we could only trace them out."

Survival of Habits

We often say to ourselves, "How surprised our grandfathers and grandmothers would be, if they could awake and get up out of their graves and see the modern inventions—the automobiles and railroad trains and telegraphs and telephone wires and sky-scraping office buildings." But I often think how surprised we might be, if our great grandparents could come back to earth and tell us how many of the customs of our present lives were practiced many centuries ago. Dr. Schliemann, the great German archæologist and the discoverer of the ancient site of Troy, was such a devotee of the past, that he gave his wife a Homeric name and called his servants by the nomenclature of the heroes and heroines of the Odyssey and the Iliad. He also called his children Agamemnon and Andromache. But methinks, if Hector and Achilles and Ajax and Helen and Paris could come back to the world in the flesh, they would have been just as much surprised at the ways of Dr. Schliemann, as Dr. Schliemann would have been surprised at their ways. For in many matters their customs were the same.

I speak thus, because I want you to realize that the human life depicted in the Bible is just the same kind of human life that we have in modern times. When we study the life of Elisha in 895 B. C., we are studying the lives of the men and the women of the present day. Now this Shunammite woman of my text had a very sick boy, and he died. What did the mother do? What would you and I have done under the same conditions? She said, "I will go and hunt up the prophet of God." When she came to Elisha, what did he do? For years this prophet, when he was journeying that way, had been accustomed to stop at this woman's house and sup with her, her husband and her boy. Thus, when the Shunammite woman drew near, Elisha accosted her in the language of the twentieth century, as well as in that of the millenniums which are gone. Elisha says, 'How are you? How is your husband? How is your child?" To speak literally, he said, "Is it well with thee? Is it well with thy husband? Is it well with the child?" Now I am going to accost you with only one of the questions with which Elisha greeted this mother. I am going to inquire from you as to the welfare of your babies, of the boys and the girls.

Physical Well-being

How is the child physically? Is it well with his lungs and heart and stomach? Is he growing aright? Is he taking enough exercise? Is he eating the proper kind of food? This is not a superfluous question. This is the salutation which Elisha gave to the Shunammite woman. This is the question which every father and mother should be able to answer intelligently. The picture of every true, loving parent ought to be that which I saw in an advertisement some years ago. There in a crib lay a beautiful child. The cheek was aglow. The eyes were laughing. The lips were parted as though he was cooing with joy. And over him bent the sweet face of a loving mother, while under this picture were the words, "A mother's love goes out for the health of her child." Does your love thus go out? How is your child physically? Is it well with him?

A biographer of Ralph Waldo Emerson tells us that Emerson had three beautiful brothers, all as gifted as himself. But all found premature graves with the exception of Ralph Waldo Emerson, who, though he lived to be seventy-nine years of age, yet lived for the most part a life of invalidism. All this shortening of life, as well as the suffering from physical pain, can be traced for the most part to the indifference of the mother to the physical health of her boys. This can be readily seen from the following letter which Ralph received from his mother. The young man had just matriculated as a Harvard student. The boy of fourteen years wrote home, as the biographer says, "telling his mother about his furniture, his boarding-house and other details of his corporeal existence." This was the letter Mrs. Emerson wrote back to her brilliant son: "My dear Son: You did right to give me so early a proof of your affection, as to write me the first week of your college life. Everything respecting you is doubtless interesting to me, but your domestic arrangements, the least of anything, as these make no part of the man or the character, any further than he learns humility from his dependence on such trifles as convenient accommodations for his happiness. You, I trust, will rise superior to these little things, for though small indeed, they consume much time that might be appropriated to better purpose and far nobler pursuits. What most excites my solicitude is your moral improvement and your progress in virtue." Do you wonder a mother who would be so indifferent to the physical welfare of her boys, should lay most of her children in premature graves?

As intelligent parents, you have no right to blind your eyes to the physical necessities of your offspring. Is it well with the child? Is it well with the food he eats and the clothing he wears and the room in which he sleeps? Is it well with him in the exercise he takes and in the games he plays? Are you developing good health in the nursery and in the playground? Remember, the body is the temple of the Holy Spirit. Are you building the right kind of physical cathedrals? If your children are not strong physically, what is the reason? Are you to blame? Are you like Ralph Waldo Emerson's mother, who thought so much of his brain that she forgot that a brain without a stomach is just as useless as a St. Mark's Campanile, with walls tottering on account of the loosened cement which should hold its stones together. "Is it well with the child?"

Mental Development

But our "Home Greeting" should not stop here. If I enter your domestic circle, and as a pastor become one of your family, I practically come into your children's mental existence. I see the boys and the girls sitting around the library room, with their books in their hands. I ask, "How are the children getting on at school? Do they like their teachers? Is their work satisfactory?" "Oh, finely," you may answer me. "They are intensely interested in their work. They are laying the foundations of their education securely." But another parent may answer, "Well, to tell the truth, I do not know much about how they are getting along. The simple fact is I am so busy at the store, or in my social engagements, that I have not time to look into their studies."

What, I say, can it be that you have no interest in your children's mental growth? Can it be that you have more interest in the overseer of your ranch, or in the foreman of your factory, or in the coachman of your horses, than you have in the school-teachers who are placing the stamp of their intellectuality upon your boy's mind? As you look into the past, you fully realize that all you are, in a mental way, is due to the training you received from certain school or college teachers now in glory; and can it be that you have no interest in and no supervision of those later teachers who are moulding your children's future lives? If the colt is once broken in a wrong way, it will never amount to much. Thus the owner of a stock farm carefully watches every movement of his trainers. Can it be that a Kentucky horseman is more careful of training his thoroughbred colts, than you are of the mental development of your own flesh and blood? Is it well with the child?

Elevating an Obelisk

In this age of rapid advancement and of the specialization of talent, no child has any chance for success in life unless he is developed aright for life's struggle. There is a story told that, many years ago, a fallen obelisk was about to be raised in Rome. The risk was very great. For if this obelisk was partly raised and should be allowed to fall, it might be shattered into a thousand pieces. The greatest architect of his time, Domenico Fontana, prepared special machinery for the work. The momentous day arrived. The great pulleys were put into their places. The heavy ropes were placed around the backbone of the fallen monster. Higher and higher the mass of stone was lifted. Higher and higher it rose. Almost it was lifted to the perpendicular, when the cable refused to budge another inch. Then it was that a sailor cried out at the top of his lungs, "Wet the ropes!" Promptly Fontana grasped the mechanical truth. The ropes were soaked. On account of the wetting, these ropes contracted. Then, slowly but surely, the obelisk was drawn higher, until it stood straight upon its own foundations. Ah, the wetting of the ropes did it! And when the great obelisks of the future, the great pyramids, the great arches of the bridges, are to be built, our children must know exactly how to do the work, else they will be pushed aside as useless, and others will take their places. They must not only be like Domenico Fontana, but they must be like Domenico Fontana, plus the intelligence of the sailor boy who suggested wetting the ropes. How is your boy getting along in school and in his mental development? Is it well with the child?

Bracing Discipline

But I have another "Home Greeting." How are your boys and girls morally? What is the character of your children? Are they like a great magnificent ship, which has been launched and is fitted up with superb machinery, with its furnaces full of coal, with its provisions in the store-room, with passengers crowding the cabins, with sailors at their posts, and with captain upon the quarterdeck, and with wheelman a-hold of the wheel, with compass and chart, and yet with no rudder for the steering gear to move? Are your children morally drifting upon the sea of life?

If you are true parents, you know that it is no easy task to make your children obedient to moral law. It is only by the most rigid kind of discipline that they are taught to govern themselves, so that some day they may be able to govern others. Dr. William M. Taylor, late pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle, once gave a powerful illustration of this thought. He said that many years ago, a distinguished botanist was exiled from his native land, and he obtained employment as an under-gardener in the service of a nobleman. While he was employed in this inconspicuous position, his master received a rare plant as a gift. This gardener, thinking it a tropical plant, put it in the hothouse, where it began to wither and to die. One day this under-gardener saw it, and he went to the head gardener and said, "Sir, you have made a mistake. This is not a tropical plant; but one that is used to the cutting blasts of the Arctic winds." Then the amazement of this nobleman was unlimited, when he saw his under-gardener not only take the plant out of the hothouse and place it in the open air, but place ice around the stems of the plant. Then the plant, which was dying under the heat of the tropics, began to grow strong under the cold of the Northern icebergs. Thus with character. It is not by yielding to the wishes of our children that we make them morally what they ought to be. It is not by making excuses for them when they do wrong, that we teach them how to do right. But it is only by stern, firm, inexorable teachings of right and wrong that we develop their moral character as it ought to be developed. Do not make the mistake of old Eli, who had two sons, and they both turned out to be bad boys because "he restrained them not." Is it well with your children, in a moral sense?

Spiritual Teaching

Then, how is it with your children spiritually? We will suppose that you have cared for them, physically, mentally and morally, but have you aided them in their spiritual lives? Have you ever interested yourself in their Sunday School lessons? When the evening hours come, have you ever taken them upon your lap to show them the Bible pictures? Have you ever told them about the great sacred characters of the Old Testament and the New? Have you tried to teach them to love Jesus Christ and lead them to walk hand in hand with their Saviour? You know, by the law of pedagogics, there are two ways of teaching. The first is to bring out or develop what is in the child. The second way is to continually have before you an "Ideal Child," and then try to pattern all your children after the "Ideal Child." In your religious life, have you continually tried to hold before your little ones and your boys and girls the "Ideal Child?"

By the higher spiritual law, could you say what the Shunammite woman of my text said, if your child was dead? Supposing one of those terrible quick and fatal diseases should come to your home and take away your

baby in a night, and that, as your pastor, I come to your home and accost you in the words of Elisha, "Is it well with the child?" Could you answer like the Shunammite woman, "It is well. Yes, he is well with Jesus. He is well with my dear ones who preceded him. Yes, my child is well, because he is forever safe from sin. He is well in heaven"? Could you say that? If you could not say that, you had better beware. For the Death Angel seems to be partial to our little ones. Oh, how many small graves there are in the family plots. It almost seems that to some of us, life may have a reproduction of that of a poor washerwoman, who, some years ago, came to a photograph gallery in a Western city. The proprietor looked at her sharply, for she was evidently very poor, as he said, "Well, my good woman, what do you want?" She said, "I want to have my baby's picture taken if I could, please, sir. But I ain't got no money. But if you will let me, I will clean and scrub up the floors for you, in order to pay for the picture."

Then, when the baby began to utter a plaintive wail, this poor woman said, "You see, sir, he don't cry like a well baby. He ain't never been strong. None of my babies are. I've buried four, and I ain't got no picture of any of them. So I thought I'd try and get a picture of this one, in case anything should happen. I'd do any amount of scrubbing if you would only take this picture, for I'm afraid this little one might go like the rest." The proprietor brushed away a tear as he said, "Yes, good woman, I will take a picture of your baby. Sit right down now." As I read that story, I said, "Oh God, art thou going to take away any of my babies as thou hast taken so many other babies? If they are taken away, shall I be able to have any comfort? Shall I be able to say, 'They are well with thee,' because I have given them to thee? And if I am myself taken away shall I still be able to say ere I go, that it is well with my babies, because I have taught them already to meet me before the Great White Throne in Heaven?"

But I cannot close this "Home Greeting," without giving you still another salutation. I would salute you with the words, "Is it well with thy neighbor's child, as with thine own child?" And when I accost you thus, I would tell you why I do it. I have had in mind for some time to preach upon our duty to care for the abused and neglected children of the slums. I wanted to do so to-day, but the more I thought upon this subject, the more I felt that if a parent did not realize his responsibility to his own children, he could not realize his responsibility to his neighbor's children. Now, I do believe we realize our responsibility to our own. Therefore, can I not say just a word or two in reference to our duty towards those poor little waifs of the street, or those worse than orphans, the children of the outcasts of sin.

You know how hard it is to develop children aright, even under the very brightest conditions. And if there is a bad boy in your neighborhood, at once you can see the influence of his life upon the actions of your own little son, if they go together. What chance has that little child, whose mother is a drunkard and whose father is a libertine? What chance have those little girls, who are growing up surrounded by the vitiating and appalling atmosphere of licentiousness, unless the Christian Society of our large cities come to their rescue? Do you not know that in our large cities, some lewd and debauched parents have been willing to sell their children into a life of crime, when they have not yet entered their teens? Oh God, as we are giving our children to thee, can we not reach out the hand of rescue, and help this Christly work of taking the little children out of the slums and putting them into thine arms, as the mothers of old gave their little ones to Christ that he might bless them?

If Christian Society in the name of Jesus Christ will not rescue these children, in all probability no power on earth will. Years ago, three men were camping in the Indian jungle. Suddenly, with a mighty bound, a tiger leaped upon the back of one of the party. The two untouched men at once climbed a nearby tree. Then the tiger called to her young to come and have an evening meal. The cubs were not very hungry, so the old mother allowed them to play with their prey for a little while. After a few minutes, the man came to. He saw the cubs. He saw the old mother. Then he staggered to his feet and started to run. His companions not only saw him but heard his screams, as the tiger brought him back and laid the man again in the midst of her young. Three or four times the mother beast did thus. Then, after awhile, hunger asserted itself; the play stopped, and the sound of the crunching bones was heard. Ah, I said to myself when I read that story, how often do we see sin playing with her victims like that? And in no way does sin seem to play with more fiendish glee over her prey than when sporting with the children of the slums, or with those dissolute or cruel parents. Oh, my friends, if amid the brightest of conditions, we have such hard work to raise our children aright, shall we not in Christ's name try to rescue these neglected little ones of the slums? If we to-day try to give our own children to Christ, shall we not try to offer him our neighbor's children also? "Whoso shall receive one such little child in my name, receiveth me. But whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck and that he were drowned in the depths of the seas."

ADVENTURES ON THE AFRICAN TRAIL

A MANICA NATIVE

BY HELEN E. SPRINGER

Old Umtali, South Africa

WE all accept the adage that variety is the spice of life, but the missionary in Rhodesia, South Africa, does not have any more of that article of diet than is healthful for his mental digestion. Occasionally, it is his good pleasure to drop his regular work and, donning his khaki and putties, bid farewell to comfort, cleanliness, decent food and the luxury of a house, and be off to take the Good News to the "regions beyond." Last June I was able to accompany Mr. Springer on a twenty days' "trek" to the north. We had no lack of variety during those days. After sweltering for over a week in the Zambesia basin, where the rivers all flowed north, in two days' time we had climbed the Inyanga heights, from which the rivers all flowed southeast and the thermometer fell below freezing at night, and the cold winds nipped us to the bone during the day. We had planned to sleep at an outspan, but were afraid to risk our boys, as it is no uncommon thing for natives to die there from the cold. So we sought shelter with a Colonial farmer.

Having heard for the first time that day of a populous Hundi Valley, beautiful and warm, we decided to go down there the next night to explore this new valley, and take the Gospel to its people. No missionary work had ever been done there. Later, we understood why it had been so well let alone. We also learned later that some of our pupils at old Umtali had come from this valley, but as they had merely given us the names of their kraals, we had not been much enlightened.

Near noon, we reached the Pungwe Falls, not far from the source of that river. Here we sent our boys on ahead, and turned aside to get a better view of one of the finest pictures in Africa. And thereby we missed our trail where it descended into the Hundi Valley, and followed a narrow ridge of land some 1,500 feet above the bottom of the magnificent gorge through which the Pungwe made its way.

A Village or "Kraal" of the Manica Tribe

The trail led us down the ridge, though it might appropriately have been called the "jumping-off place." It took nearly a half hour to get our donkeys started and past the first six feet. I did not wonder, for I myself was afraid. Then on we went like goats, jumping from boulder to boulder, or squeezing our way between huge rocks. There was nothing for us but to leave the trail and take to the veldt.

We now had to plunge through long grass, up and down precipitous ravines until we were dizzy, and so weary that we were constantly falling; for riding is out of the question in that district. At eight o'clock we staggered into a kraal, and were pleasantly received by the chief and two of the elders, who had built a cozy fire at the village loafing place.

Next morning, quite a large crowd gathered to hear a Gospel service for the first time. That day, we held nine or ten services at kraals as we passed through. The kraals were close together, but between each was a steep ravine from 500 to 800 feet deep, and by sunset we were ready to go into camp, but preferred, if we could, to reach the big chief's kraal, which they all said was near. Just at sundown, we came to a small kraal, and asked a young buck if Sangama's kraal was far away. "O, no," he said, "it's right over there." A mile farther we came to one of the worst canyons in the whole of Rhodesia. It was quite dark when we reached the bottom and plunged into thick jungle, close to a roaring mountain stream. The stream was narrow, but full of huge boulders and deep pools, and the water was very cold and swift. It took all of an hour to get the donkeys across. At times it seemed as if they certainly would drown. We felt grateful for the bright, tropical moonlight, which alone saved us.

When at last they were over, I started to cross; but in midstream I found I could not go further except barefooted. So I balanced myself on two stones and stripped off my complex footgear and managed to get over. Now we had to climb the bank amid thick jungle, too dark to go otherwise than by feeling a step at a time. It was nine o'clock when we reached the first kraal, and Sangama's was three miles farther on. But we did not go there.

MTASA
King of the Manica

Next morning we asked for a hut, and had a big congregation crowded into it while we told again the Gospel story, the women sitting on one side with me and the men with Mr. Springer on the other. They listened with respect and interest and the men asked some intelligent questions.

At ten o'clock the sun came out and we took courage and started, but ere long it was raining again and soon our feet and limbs were so wet that even a climb of 4,000 feet could not warm us up in that chilling damp. We pressed on till dark, when we came to a little Kaffir store where we changed our wet garments, but as there was no fire, we suffered another night of bitter cold. But we had had a vision not to be forgotten—a vision of a beautiful, fruitful valley, well-populated, with people sitting in spiritual darkness, never having heard of the Light.

We ask the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to join us in prayer, for the work of evangelizing this Dark Continent must be largely through native agency. Pray that that day may not be so far distant when all these darkest corners shall be lightened, and when all, from the least to the greatest, may at least have offered to them, in a language which they can understand, the Salvation of God and his Christ.

The Margaret Statue

In Beautiful Metairie Cemetery, New Orleans

McDonough, the "Children's Friend"

RELIGIOUS LIFE IN THE SOUTH

The Churches, Pastors and Congregationists of Beautiful New Orleans

NEW ORLEANS is chosen to typify "religious life in a Southern city," for the obvious reason that it is the representative city of Dixie. It is the largest city, the capital and metropolis of the Southern States. Its churches are to-day thoroughly organized and are recognized moral and spiritual forces in the city. It has over one hundred churches of first importance, each denomination having several fine edifices, with eloquent and forceful preachers and large congregations. What is true of religious life in New Orleans, is true, in a general way, of Atlanta, Memphis, Chattanooga, Birmingham, and dozens of other cities of the first class throughout the Southern States. Yet, in two distinct features, the church-going population of New Orleans is different from that of other Southern cities. The first of these distinctive features is the friendly association of Gentile and Jew. Here cordial relations between Protestant and Hebrew have been developed to an extent existing in no other city in the Union. Protestant ministers have spoken from the pulpits of synagogues, and rabbis have made eloquent addresses from Protestant platforms. Dr. Beverly Warner, one of the most popular and eloquent Episcopal preachers in the city, lately accepted a call to Philadelphia. Immediately prominent citizens of New Orleans signed a petition, begging him to remain as rector of Trinity Church, a post he had occupied for twelve years. The signers included the foremost bankers, merchants, and professional men, among whom were many of the faith of Israel. Rabbi Leucht, in particular, called personally upon Dr. Warner, urging upon the latter strong inducements to decline the invitation from Philadelphia. Several rabbis assured Dr. Warner that if his contemplated change was a matter of money, they would see that all financial considerations were satisfactorily settled. Dr. Warner, however, went to Philadelphia, but soon returned to his post in New Orleans, "homesick for the Southland."

On the Way to Church, near New Orleans

In telling the story of worship in New Orleans, it is necessary to devote special mention to the Creoles. In the Creole churchgoers, is found the second distinctive feature of religious life in this Southern city. Like most of the Latin races, the Creoles are devout Roman Catholics, and they are very assiduous in the observance of their religious duties. The difference between them and their Protestant neighbors is at no time so remarkable as at Christmas. While the Protestants celebrate the season, as at the North, with gaiety and festivity, the Creole observes it with strict religious sanctity. They are, too, a highly moral people. Their respect for womanhood approaches reverence. Among them there is never a breath of scandal, nor any immodest speech or questionable conduct. The Creoles are not, as many suppose, a mixed race of white and black. The only person entitled to be called Creole is one of pure, unmixed European blood, born of French or Spanish parents in America. The genuine Creoles of to-day, therefore, are the direct descendants of the ancient French or Spanish population of Louisiana. They are of the oldest, best families—the "Knickerbockers" of the "Sugar Bowl State." Step into one of the churches attended by the Creoles on Sunday, or on any weekday, and you will find whole Creole families at their devotions. Their church doors are open most of the time. Much of the teachings of their religion is brought into their home life, which is one of affection, refinement and repose. They love one another, cherishing especially the tenderest consideration for their kinsmen, no matter how widely the ways of different families may have been separated by adversity.

The Quaint Chapel of St. Roche

Such are the Creoles of the Southern capital, who, in themselves, represent the second of the two distinctive features of the religious life of the city. There has been a mistaken impression in certain quarters that the people of New Orleans were not a churchgoing people—that there was a dearth of religious life there, compared with other cities. All this may have been simply because of the merry carnival-making nature of the citizens. When I set out to see the active Christian side of these people, however, I was not long in discovering that, as a whole, they were just as devout, earnest, and sincere in their worship as people elsewhere. At noon-time on a Sunday, the streets were thronged with people, all on their way home from service. "Yes," said a lady whom I met, the widow of a celebrated Confederate General, "our morning services have a large attendance, but we have never found a way to get more than a handful of worshipers out to afternoon or evening service." Saturday and Sunday newspapers in the city print announcements of church services, after the custom elsewhere, only instead of the ordinary headlines of Northern papers, some of the New Orleans papers head their "church column" with a verse from the Bible. While the Catholics form the largest body of churchgoers in this city of French and Spanish origin, the Episcopalians are the greatest in numerical strength among the Protestant denominations. 1905 was the even one hundredth year of the existence here of the Episcopal

Burial Urns in St. Louis Cemetery, New Orleans

St. Louis Cathedral, the Centre of Creole Religious Life

An Artistic Cemetery at Houston, Tex.

Lafayette Square, Presbyterian Church, New Orleans

CHURCHGOING IN NEW ORLEANS

Church. On July 15 next the Episcopalians of New Orleans will celebrate the centennial of the establishment of their church in this city. For on that day, Sunday, in 1805, in a house on Royal Street, occupied by a Mr. Freeman, was held the first Protestant service in New Orleans. The people at that meeting organized Christ Church, the first Protestant Church in the city. A meeting had been held previously, in May, in Francisque's ball-room, for the purpose of arranging for organization. So much in doubt were the fifty-three persons who attended the meeting as to what denomination their prospective church should belong, that they put the question to the ballot, which resulted in forty-five votes for Episcopal, seven for Presbyterian, and one for Methodist. Then came the first Protestant minister to New Orleans, the Rev. Philander Chase, from New York, who arrived October 20, 1805. He was sent by Bishop Moore, of New York State.

The present head of the Episcopal Church in Louisiana is one of the youngest men ever elected to a diocese of that denomination in the United States—Bishop Davis Sessums. He succeeded his father-in-law, under whom he had been assistant bishop for a year or so previous to his election. Bishop Sessums' headquarters in New Orleans is Christ Church Cathedral—the Cathedral representing the development of one hundred years of the Christ Church already mentioned as the first Protestant Church organized here. Under Bishop Sessums is Dr. Beverly Warner, rector of Trinity Church, before referred to. He has done much for his parish, city and State. In order that unemployed men may have work, he conducts a coal and wood yard on a business basis. He is actively interested in a Brotherhood of Young Men, the members of which look after the comfort of patients in hospitals and the poor in the slums. Besides, he gives his attention to "the child of Trinity Church," Kingsley House, a non-sectarian institution for aiding the children of the poor. Here boys and girls are taught basket-making, woodcarving, furniture-making, sewing, and other useful trades. Opposite the House is a field where the children are taught flower and vegetable gardening. He has also established a kindergarten and mothers' club.

Many other New Orleans ministers, too, are from the North. The Rev. Frank P. Johnson, of St. Andrew's Church, is a Massachusetts "Yankee." Dean Wells, of Christ Church Cathedral, is from Minnesota; Rev. Mr. Rennie, of St. Paul's, is a Canadian; and Dr. Lott, of St. Paul's, and Rev. Mr. Holley, of Grace Church, are also Northerners. The second Protestant denomination to gain a foothold in New Orleans was that of the Presbyterians—which still stands second in numerical strength. The first Presbyterian sermon preached in New Orleans was by the Rev. Cornelius, who had been sent out by the Connecticut Missionary Society. That was in 1818, when the First Presbyterian Church was established. The service was held in a warehouse on the site of the present church, which is the leading one of this denomination in the city. Rev. Dr. B. M. Palmer came to the pulpit of the First Church fifty years ago, and for years was the central figure of all church life in New Orleans. He was called the "Nestor of Ecclesiastics" in the South. He died in 1902, at an advanced age, as the result of a railroad accident, and it is his nephew, I believe, who now occupies his pulpit. Besides the seven or eight principal Presbyterian churches, there are several German churches of this denomination.

After Presbyterianism came Methodism. The first Methodist service in the Mississippi Valley was held by the Rev. Lorenzo Dow, a century ago this very year; but not until 1825 was the first Methodist Church established in New Orleans. This was the Carondelet Street M. E. Church, where, not many years ago, Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage, then editor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, preached before a representative Southern audience. This church—a brick edifice, built in 1852—is to-day not only the oldest, but also the principal Methodist Church in Louisiana. The Rev. J. E. Wray is pastor. The present head of the Methodists, South, is Bishop John C. Keener. He and Bishop H. C. Morrison are both prominent throughout the South. Then came the Baptists, the first candidate being baptized in the Mississippi River in 1820. The First Baptist Church of the city was established in 1843, and now occupies a building, which, I believe, was formerly a theatre. Congregationalism followed in 1833, the foremost worker in which was Judah Touro, the philanthropist, who did so much for the city. He gave the Congregationalists the edifice now known as the Church of the Messiah, and when the first building burned, he gave them a second. There are, of course, several churches of other denominations—Lutheran, Unitarian, and even a Greek church—the ornaments for the altar of which were presented by the Dowager Empress of Russia.

But it is the Catholics of the city who have the largest congregations and the strongest foothold, their domination dating back to the time of De Soto, who brought twenty-two ecclesiastics with him. The centre of Catholic life in the city is the Cathedral of St. Louis, which is therefore the focus of the religious life of the Creoles. Perhaps the most interesting of the Catholic churches, because the oldest and quaintest, is the Chapel of St. Roch. Tall and shallow, like a tower without, it is not much larger within than a small rural schoolhouse. It has kneeling benches, but no pews. It is a kind of American Lourdes, for here those afflicted with many bodily ills come to be cured. The religious life of this Southern city involves very directly the charitable side of the people. New Orleans had so many epidemics, sweeping away parents and leaving orphans, that it long ago became necessary to provide asylums for the homeless children of the poor. The result is that few other cities have so many institutions of the kind, and there are few in which charitable work enlists so much popular sympathy.

Getting Ready for Church on a Louisiana Plantation

One of the largest charities is the Camp Street Female Orphan Asylum, one of the founders and foremost supporters of which was the famous and benevolent baker, Margaret. What her other name was, no one I asked could say. In the little park in front of the asylum, is a statue erected to her memory. Her name is greatly revered in New Orleans for her good works, and her opportune aid in establishing and sustaining Homes of Mercy. The "Margaret Monument" was, by the way, the first statue raised in America in honor of a woman. All her life she devoted herself to the aiding of orphans. As a poor girl, she peddled milk, and accumulated enough to buy a bakery, in which business she made the money which she devoted to orphans, regardless of sex, nationality or religion.

Besides orphan asylums, there are, of course, many other institutions for the helpless and indigent. There is St. Anna's Retreat for Gentlewomen; the Widows' Home, managed by a committee of women from various churches, "Ladies of Providence"; homes for homeless men and women; Seamen's Bethel, under the charge of the Seamen's Friend Society of the Presbyterian Church; and many fine hospitals.

The soil of New Orleans is below the river level. Dig down two feet or so and you find water. This condition has led to a manner of burial different from that of any other city. Only the very poor are buried below ground, and even such are laid in the shallowest of graves. All others are buried above ground in tombs of granite and marble, costing all the way from $100 to $1,000 or more. Thus a New Orleans cemetery is truly a City of the Dead, the place presenting the appearance of a city of little white houses which serve as tombs. Each tomb has a number of niches or vaults, called ovens. Each oven is just large enough to contain a full-sized coffin. The niche is well cemented to prevent exhalation, and rigorous laws prevent re-opening too soon after burial. The niche, if needed for another person, is opened, the coffin burned, and the bones deposited in a lower vault provided for the purpose. Thus there may be many burials in the same tomb. On All Saints' Day, Nov. 1, each year, the people of New Orleans visit the cemeteries. In accordance with the custom, on that day the tombs are decorated with flowers and ornaments, and services are held in the graveyards. In the afternoon the various societies visit the cemeteries, with bands playing dirges. In the Creole cemeteries, lighted candles are placed before those who once lived "the religious life of New Orleans."

New Orleans, La. GILSON WILLETS.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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"In Remembrance"

AS the Lenten season draws near its culmination in Passion Week, our thoughts dwell with solemn interest on those last days of our Lord's humiliation. They were days of bitter suffering to him, but days of precious import to us. He endured so much for our sake, that his slightest wish expressed in those hours of his ordeal, comes to us with the force of a binding obligation. He was human in this, that he desired to be remembered by his followers. As the husband, entering the dark valley, craves the remembrance of his wife, or the wife, passing from her husband's side, hopes that she will live in his memory, so our Lord, knowing that his end was approaching, longed for some permanent token of future recollection. It was a touching and tender thought of his to institute the ceremony, by which, as Paul said, "we show the Lord's death till he come." It was no splendid mausoleum that he desired, no grand cathedral that he asked to have reared to his memory; we could have had no share in that, but with prophetic thoughtfulness for future generations, he chose a ceremony in which all, to the remotest ages, could join, and said, "This do in remembrance of me."

It is a remarkable proof of human perversity that this simple memorial, so tender, so loving, and so familiar, should have been made the battle ground of the ages. The Roman Catholic Church has based upon it the ornate ceremonial of the Mass. All kinds of occult and abstruse meanings have been read into it. The Protestant churches have erected barriers to keep Christ's loving, but erring followers away from his table. The acceptance of certain creeds has been made a condition by some, and certain rites made a preliminary by others. So the symbol of social fellowship which Christ in loving solicitude chose for his memorial, has been turned from its purpose.

It is pitiful that Christ should have been so thwarted, for it was the only purely personal request he ever made to his people. There are reasons for his other commands, some benefit for us, some duty to others, but this was a matter of personal affection. It was as if he had said: "You who love me and are to love one another, may commemorate my life and death, by laying aside social distinctions and meeting together as one family to eat and drink a common meal in company." He wanted none in that company but those who loved him, but he wanted all those. Love for him, and fellowship with one another—those were the ends he sought to have us express by this simple institution.

The Smoot Case

FROM Washington, the report comes that only four members of the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections favor the retention of Reed Smoot in the United States Senate. On the other hand, nine members of the Committee are represented as being in favor of his expulsion. When the Committee's report is submitted to the Senate a few weeks hence, it will be taken up immediately as privileged business. Then will come up for discussion the question whether the seat of the Mormon apostle can be declared vacant by a majority vote, or whether a two-thirds vote is necessary to his expulsion.

Step by step the great work of national purgation goes forward. As a nation, we seldom do things by halves. Over all this land there is the deep conviction that the time has come to deal with the polygamous Mormon hierarchy, which has broken laws, violated sacred pledges and flaunted its shame before the eyes of the nation. Seldom has there been an exhibition so unblushing in its depravity, so Oriental in its wickedness, so utterly out of tune with the spirit of our people and our time, as was furnished by the evidence of the leading men of the hierarchy given before the Senate Committee. It was like a section of the darkest side of mediævalism let in upon our twentieth century Christian civilization. If there is one man in this nation outside of the hierarchs and apostles, who can be found to defend the acts and to applaud the lives of those witnesses, we should be sorry for him.

As we have already said on a previous occasion, Reed Smoot personally is merely an incident. But in this campaign for national morality, incidents have their significance. Brigham Roberts was an incident—but he went out of the House of Representatives at the demand of the sovereign people. Reed Smoot, though not a polygamist, represents in a far more important and intimate sense than Roberts, the depraved hierarchy and its servile apostolate. It has been said in Utah, and justly, by citizens of that State, who believe in American loyalty, that the Senator-Apostle is to all intents and purposes the ambassador to Washington from an alien government, which we have permitted to grow up in the very heart of the Republic, and whose secret councils are disloyal, and whose principles, pledges and plans are all opposed to our own.

We confidently expect that the Senate, at the proper time, will satisfactorily demonstrate its appreciation of the general desire, by quietly retiring the Apostle-Senator from public life, as one who should not make laws for the American people.

Let Us Be Fair

MOST desirable is it on all accounts—business, social and religious—to establish amicable relations between this country and China. There is an immense market there for our products, and there is a vast population practically sunk in heathenism, which the church is anxiously desiring to evangelize. But the Chinese have a prejudice against us; they boycott our goods and they hate our people. It would be better for us and for them if this prejudice were removed. That it might be done if the attempt were made intelligently, is very probable.

Some idea of this character seems to have inspired a recent address from a distinguished missionary. Dr. Arthur H. Smith, who has been thirty-three years in China, speaking before the Presbyterian Union in New York recently, deplored the alienation of China and propounded a plan of his own for reconciliation. He says that we have $20,000,000 in the United States Treasury which China paid to us as indemnity at the end of the Boxer troubles, in 1900. Dr. Smith's scheme is to use this sum for the benefit of China. He proposes that part of it be spent in educating students whom the Chinese Government shall be invited to send here; that another part be used to promote the circulation of Chinese translations of American text-books; and another part be given to undenominational Christian agencies, such as the Young Men's Christian Association, to aid in the work of Christianizing China.

A memory of the old story of the council summoned for the defence of an ancient city is revived by Dr. Smith's suggestion. At that council, after representatives of various trades had given their advice, a currier rose and declared that for defensive purposes there was "nothing like leather." Well, Dr. Smith's plan has very much the same sound. He knows the benefit of education and of the Gospel, and he would utilize them, and we are not inclined to dispute his theory. China's most urgent needs are Western education and Christianity. We can do her no better service than to supply those needs. But is it fair to China to use the indemnity for that purpose? If our Government suffered such losses as to make an indemnity necessary, the indemnity should be applied to reimbursement. If we suffered no losses, or only such as could be repaired at a smaller figure, we were overpaid, and the honest course would be to return the surplus to China. If a man were sued in the courts and were compelled to pay excessive damages for some injury inadvertently inflicted, he would not be placated by the plaintiff undertaking to educate his son, especially if the proposal was to educate him in a way he particularly disliked. Dr. Smith's long residence in China gives him the right to speak authoritatively on Chinese modes of thought, but to the Western mind the plan does not seem reasonable or honest. By all means let China be educated and evangelized, but do not let us take for the purpose money obtained on another plea.

Crusade Against Race-track Gambling

THE movement is strong for a national crusade against gambling. A million race gamblers in New York City in 1895, in defiance of the anti-gambling law adopted the previous year, secured a state law by which gambling on races, though a felony under the Penal Code, should be exempt from all criminal penalty when done within their race-tracks. They have been endeavoring ever since to secure the same monopoly in other States. They were defeated by the International Reform Bureau in an effort to get such a law from Congress for the District of Columbia, and were again defeated by the same influence in an effort to capture the State of Pennsylvania, notwithstanding that they were backed by the strongest political machines. They recently succeeded by trickery in passing such a law in the closing days of the New Hampshire legislature.

These gamblers have now introduced in different States a similar race gambling monopoly bill, which is still pending. They will probably make an attempt to carry the measure, in some unguarded moment, in every legislature now in session where it has been introduced. This should be accepted by churches and Christian citizens generally as a challenge, and they should combine to defeat the plot to establish this particularly odious form of gambling. Bribery is resorted to by the gamblers to silence the "moral element" in the rural districts, the gamblers giving five per cent. of the "blood" money to the management of agricultural fairs, etc., which effectively silences the very element that is usually most active in proclaiming moral reforms. The Reform Bureau, having defeated their plots in Washington and Harrisburg, is fighting them now at Albany with a fair prospect of success. Its object is to disabuse the minds of the country people of the impression that they are in any way gainers by the five per cent. devoted to their fairs, when it is at the sacrifice of public morality. But the war should by no means be confined to New York. Literature should be sent out to every State where the race track gambling evil exists and a strong public sentiment aroused against all forms of gambling.

The Madness of Hunger

THERE is a pathetic story of silent suffering in the details from the Japanese famine field. They tell of a battle with want, carried on bravely indoors in mid-winter—a stern, silent struggle, in which hearts are wrung and hopes are cruelly slain, though there may be no outcry to proclaim the tragedy to the world. We can see these patient, thrifty farmer-folk of Japan in their frail houses, fighting hunger and cold and trying to keep in life a few days, or it may be hours longer, on revolting food. We can picture the madness which impels some to make an effort to escape from those scenes of suffering by flight, under cover of darkness.

When famine comes, and the long weeks of hunger draw on to months, conditions gradually become intolerable. The suffering is no longer to be borne, and the victims are normal neither in body nor brain, nor are they responsible. In many cases the whole nature seems to undergo a transformation. Natural affection is dulled and the moral sensibilities are partially obscured. We are not surprised, therefore, to hear that in some severely stricken localities men and women have deserted their parents, while in others parents have actually sold their children. Let us charitably hope that in the latter case the object was to have them fed and kept alive, even though the parents might perish, rather than to profit by such a sale. This terrible sacrifice, prompted by love, was one frequently found during the great famine in Shansi, China, a few years ago.

God grant that our own land may never come through such deep tribulation. We have now sent $85,500, the gifts of God's people, through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, to afflicted Japan. We have the satisfaction of knowing that, even as we write, these gifts are doing efficient service in the famine field. May the measures that are now being taken for relief result in the saving of many thousands of precious lives!

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THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

RUSSIAN CLERKS PREPARING A LIST OF VOTERS FOR THE DUMA, IN ST. PETERSBURG

Preparing for the Duma

DOUBTS have been expressed within and without Russia whether the Emperor would keep his promise of giving the country representative institutions. The enemies of the government said frankly that the Emperor's promise was given at a time when an outbreak was impending and was intended to avert it. As the outbreak did occur, they believed that the Emperor would consider himself relieved of his pledge. The uncertainty has now been authoritatively removed by a declaration from the throne. The Duma, or Parliament, is to be constituted and orders have been issued for the necessary elections. Scenes such as that depicted in the illustration on this page are now being witnessed in the chief cities of the empire. The Russian people are not familiar with the system of elections and in many places the Emperor's plans are not understood, but obviously the first business is to ascertain what persons in every community are entitled to a vote, and to prepare lists of them. This is the business now being performed. It is not so easy to prepare such lists under the restricted franchise that is granted, as under a manhood or household suffrage, and probably there will at first be some friction that will not be easily removed. Already the local authorities are endeavoring to defeat the measure by the arrest of radical politicians who they do not wish to see elected to the Duma, and there is a determined effort to keep out all Jews. The significant fact, however, is that there is to be an election, and for the first time the Russian people are to have a share in the government.

The constitution, as promulgated by the Emperor, provides for the existence of two houses. The Upper House is called "The Council of the Empire," and the Lower House, the "Duma," or National Assembly. The Emperor promises to convoke them both annually, by imperial ukase. Either House may initiate legislation, and a bill passed by both will become law when it receives the Emperor's endorsement. The Upper House will consist of members representing certain interests. One-half of the whole number will be nominated by the Emperor; each Zemstvo or local assembly elects one, as our senators are elected by the State Legislatures; six members will be elected by the Church Synods, six by the Universities, twelve by the Bourses of Commerce, and eighteen by the nobility. The President and Vice-President are to be appointed by the Emperor. Complaints are made that a House so constituted will be able to block all really remedial legislation that may be initiated in the Lower House, and perhaps the Court party may base their hopes on the precaution, but the example of the British Parliament shows that it may prove ineffective. There the nobles and the clergy form the entire House of Lords, but they do not dare to oppose persistently the will of the Commons. Other safeguards of the autocratic power are also provided, which, on the face of them, make the constitution a mere pretense. But it may be safely predicted that these will gradually disappear as they have done in other constitutional countries, and, eventually, Russia will cease to be ruled by a despotic potentate. It is a huge step that the Emperor has taken, greater, probably, than he realizes at this time, but he and his successors will discover as the years pass, what its significance really is. We may hope for the sake of the people so long enslaved and oppressed, that the issue may be as the wise king declared:

Where no counsel is, the people fall; but in the multitude of counsellors there is safety (Prov. 11:14).

A Railroad Hero

A remarkable instance of heroic devotion to duty, in trying circumstances, is reported from New Jersey. It was that of a signal operator stationed at Denville, a solitary place near Morristown, where trains of several kinds pass. The tower is reached by a flight of steep steps. Descending these, one morning during last week's storm, the operator's foot slipped and he fell under the balustrade to the ground. He was unconscious for a few moments, and when he rose he found he had a deep gash in his forehead and was suffering intense internal pain. If he had thought only of himself he would have sought surgical assistance immediately. But he was alone at his post, and he knew that the safety of many trains depended on the signals being properly set. In a few minutes there would be a train due on the main line, and later, trains on the Morris and Essex division, and on the Boonton branch. With a nerve that amazes the doctors, he dragged himself up the steps to the tower and set the signals against all trains. He then started off for treatment. The engineers of trains, wondering at the stationary signals, ascended to the tower and seeing the bloodstained handles and floors, thought a murder had been committed, but when they sent to the man's home the facts were learned. Happily there are prospects of the heroic man's recovery. Men who in such plight would have thought of anything but their own extremity are scarce. One there was, an example for all time, to whom the need of the world was more important than even life itself.

He humbled himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross (Phil. 2:8).

Wrecked by Her Cargo

A wreck in which twenty-seven lives were lost, occurred off Sable Island on March 11. The Leyland steamship *Bostonian*, which reached Boston three days later, brought the news of the wreck, and seventeen survivors. She also reported that eleven more were on the German steamer *Mannheim*. It appears from the story of the survivors that the steamship *British King*, from New York to Antwerp, encountered a severe storm on March 9. The waves lashed the vessel remorselessly and eventually swept from her deck a number of barrels of oil, which formed part of her cargo. These were driven by the waves with such force against her side that huge holes were torn in the ship, through which the water poured, extinguishing the fires and rendering her engines powerless. The American and German steamers were providentially in sight and made heroic efforts to reach the sinking vessel. At the risk of their lives, the crews of the two vessels approached the wreck and brought three boat-loads of the sailors away. They were setting out to bring the remainder when the wrecked vessel suddenly buried her nose in the waves and went to the bottom. Several of the rescuers were hurt in their gallant feat, but they made light of their bruises and regretted only that they had not been able to save the whole crew. It was impossible in such a storm as was raging at the time. We may be sure that the imperilled men were anxious to be saved. They did not act as men do who are in peril of eternal death and will not accept the salvation that is offered to them.

Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life (John 5:40).

A Historic Relic

A priceless memento of the past has recently been discovered in England. It is an autographic copy of the instructions which Admiral Nelson issued to the captains of his fleet on the eve of the battle of Trafalgar, Oct. 20, 1805. It is quaint and forcible in style and is characteristic of the man. It makes no provision for defeat, but assumed without doubt that although the combined fleets of France and Spain outnumbered the British, there would be a certain victory for the latter. Nelson provided for any uncertainty that might ensue in the smoke of the battle, in a fashion peculiarly his own. He wrote that if a captain was unable to make out the signals from the flagship, he could not do very wrong if he placed his ship alongside one of the enemy's. This intensely precious document has been lost for a century. It was accidentally found in the possession of a private family who had no idea of its worth. It was sold at auction in London recently for $18,000. The Admiral's confidence in bidding his captains engage the enemy without hesitation, is an example to the Christian in his conflict with the enemy of souls, of whose defeat he has ample assurance.

Resist the devil and he will flee from you (James 4:7).

Died at His Work

There is a trench being dug in Brooklyn, New York, for the new subway. The work was hailed with pleasure by men out of employment, and many who had been accustomed to a very different occupation gladly went to work on it. Some of them, who had done nothing heavier than lifting a ledger to the desk and posting accounts all day, found the task of shoveling soil a trying one. Among these was a man, who as the work progressed showed signs of breaking down. One day last week the sympathetic foreman said to him: "Man, you are not fit to work, go home." But the shoveler shook his head. "I know I am sick," he said, "but I must work. My wife is worse than I am, and I must earn bread for the family, ill or well. We have not a cent in the house besides what I shall take home to-night." The foreman could do nothing more. He passed on, but half an hour later, returning to the place where the man was at work, he saw the spade fall from his hands, and the man sink to the ground, dead. It was a sad thing, that should not be possible in this age of Christian civilization. That a man should have to work in his death hour lest his wife and children starve, while others pile up the millions they can never spend, shows how far we are from the ideal of brotherhood.

Whoso hath this world's goods, and beholdeth his brother in need, and shutteth up his compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him? (1 John 3:17).

DO GOOD ON THE SABBATH

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS*

"Jesus went on the Sabbath Day through the corn, and his disciples began to pluck the ears"

EVENTS OF THE LESSON

JESUS and his apostles, being on their way to the Temple to be present at the hour of morning worship, nine o'clock, pass by a field of grain. The apostles, being hungry, gather some of the heads of wheat and rub it in their hands to loosen the chaff. They then eat the grain. A company of Pharisees, also on their way to the Temple, see the apostles gathering and eating the grain, and they are scandalized, because they consider what they have seen as "harvesting," which is contrary to the Jewish law of the Sabbath. They protest to Jesus against his followers. Jesus defends their act, on the ground of necessity to satisfy hunger, and quotes as a precedent the great King David, whose taking of the shew-bread in the Temple would have been unlawful if he had not done it to satisfy hunger. And to the Pharisees Jesus declares himself the Lord of the Sabbath, and as such he is a law unto himself, not subject to their man-made restrictions.

But the Pharisees are not convinced that Jesus is right, and they are wrong. They keep watch upon him even until the courts of the Temple are reached. And there they see Jesus meet a man with a withered arm. They think that Jesus may give him healing; they propose to head him off by asking the question: "Is it lawful to heal on the Sabbath day?" According to their law it is not. Jesus reminds them that their law permits them to give relief on the Sabbath day to a sheep in distress, and asks them if a man is not of more consequence than a sheep? Still the Pharisees are not convinced, but in the face of their opposition Jesus tells the man to stretch forth his hand, and he restores it whole like as the other. The Pharisees are so aroused that they hold a council against Jesus how they might destroy him.

Illustration and Application

There is a fourfold appropriateness in studying this lesson on the day assigned for it. First, because the day is Palm Sunday, which celebrates the kingship or lordship of Christ, of which "the Lord's Day," by its very name, is the sign and ensign. Second, also, because other days of this holy week are connected with the transfer of the Jewish Sabbath to the Lord's Day, which is called "the little Easter" because it celebrates every week, as Easter does every year, the lordship of Christ over death and life, over time and occupation. Third, because this same Holy Week has been appointed appropriately by Sabbath associations in many lands the "World's Week of Prayer for the Sabbath." Fourth, because the best way to head off the summer flood of Sabbath-breaking is to build dykes of prayer and argument in the spring, before the weather draws from church and Sunday School those who neglect them whenever outdoor life is inviting.

Jesus Went on the Sabbath Through the Wheat Field. He was doubtless on his way to the synagogue, into which he entered a little later, and at any rate his conversation in this walk afield was of great themes suitable to the day. The writer finds nothing in the Bible that would discountenance a father and mother and their children walking quietly through the fields on the Lord's Day, if, like the disciples in the lesson, they take Christ with them, and the talk is such as he would approve, no one being deprived of Sabbath rest to transport, or feed, or entertain them, all being done in loyalty to the motto, "Rest and let rest on the Rest Day." Such quiet outdoor air and exercise is one of the things permissible on the Lord's Day. This does not mean that we may ride with holiday crowds to picnic and public playgrounds, where some get exciting, if not also sinful amusements, by depriving others of their divine right to the Rest Day.

Sunday picnics are seldom even restful. They are usually dissipation rather than recreation. Manufacturers testify that those who come to work on Monday most promptly and in the best condition are those who spend Sunday at church and at home—not the Sunday picnickers, many of whom stay at home on their "blue Monday" to get over the effects of their Sunday "pleasure exertion." He who made man, made the Sabbath law "for man," and as James Russell Lowell makes Hosea Bigelow say, "You'll have to get up early to get ahead of God."

His Disciples Began to Pluck the Ears of Wheat. Here we have an instructive illustration of the works of necessity that are permitted on the Sabbath. Oriental hospitality allows people to pluck not only wheat but fruit wherever they pass, and so that feature of the story need not detain us. The meaning of the incident is that the Sabbath is not a fast, and such work as is required to feed us reasonably, is permissible on that day. There is, however, nothing here to justify the growing custom of making a laborious feast day of the Lord's Day, such that both the servants and the stomach are overtaxed, and both rest and worship are crowded out.

The Sabbath breakfast of the apostles that Jesus defended, was of cracked wheat, and kept no one from church. The Sabbath may even have some extra dainties, such as fruits and foods that can be prepared the day before or before or after church, without cutting off another's soul or our own from its Sabbath portion of rest and worship for the sake of anybody's stomach. When breakfast is almost universally eaten at least an hour later than usual, friends of the Lord's Day should promote the less universal custom of having dinner also at least an hour later than usual, that, whatever of it cannot be prepared before church, may be prepared after, and many be saved from the heathenism of spending all of the Sunday morning ministering to the stomach, with no chance for the soul.

In this Place is One Greater than the Temple. This great utterance reminds us, for one thing, that a dozen true worshipers loyally gathered about Christ, with no church building at all, and no forms of worship, constitute a greater church than the most gorgeous temple that lacks his presence and lacks the heart worship; but the words also connect with the story of David eating some of the priest's bread, when, in a larger priesthood of heroic action as God's anointed King battling with Saul, he was a-hungered, and them that were with him. The thought seems to be that, as the anointed King might in that emergency eat the priest's bread, setting aside an ecclesiastical bylaw for a great act of necessity and humanity, so the Lord of the Lord's Day might override the merely ecclesiastical Pharisaic provision that forbade men to eat a self-prepared meal of cracked wheat on the Sabbath, because in their perverse casuistry that was called "harvesting." In those days Jesus found it necessary to reproach some for being too strict on the Sabbath, but to-day he reproaches us whose consciences are not seared for being too lax.

I Will Have Mercy and Not Sacrifice. This suggests that one form of Sabbath breaking is to go through the forms of religion without a spirit or life to correspond to them and vitalize them. Prayers and songs in which we take sacred words in vain are real profanity. "If thou bring thy gift to the altar and there remember-est that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift." Much more if you there remember you are persisting in some sin of flesh or spirit, be rid of the sin before you enter upon your sacrament. In the case of the Pharisees it was not sins of the flesh—they fasted twice in the week—nor greed, for they outdid most of us with their tithes, but it was envy and jealousy and hatred that later grew to murder, that led Jesus to condemn even their punctilious Sabbath worship as Sabbath breaking, because God rejects sacrifice that lacks mercy.

The Son of man is Lord of the Sabbath. Here is a truth that should be recalled by the very name "Lord's Day," a name given to the first day of the week, more especially because it is the day of our Lord's resurrection—an act which was itself a legislative "act" in effect, to make that the best day of the week forever to all who revere him, as the Saturday could never be again after it had become the darkest day in the week as the weekly anniversary of his full day in the tomb. There was no need of any specific word of command to make the day of the tomb give place to the day of the resurrection. That is not the New Testament way. All Jewish forms gradually gave way, including the Saturday Sabbath, as stars disappear as the day gradually dawns.

The day is here the Lord's Day, and God has put manifest blessing upon it. Let not a little handful who insist that the other ninety-nine per cent of the Church is wrong, tempt us to waste precious hours in debating why and how the change of day occurred. Much is made of the claim that the Catholic Church changed the day, but on investigation it will be found that the claim really is that the Catholic Church changed it in the days of the apostles. If we were going to debate at all we should begin by requiring proof that any day of the week, Saturday or any other, is in direct succession from the Sabbath of Eden, which surely cannot be done until someone discovers an inspired almanac covering six thousand years of unbroken weeks and months. Surely while we respect the earnestness we cannot respect the judgment of those who call the United States government the "third beast" (Rev. 13) and prophecy it will follow pagan and papal Rome in Neromic persecutions.

Let us each crown Christ Lord of the Lord's day, and put all its acts and words and thoughts under his control, by way of learning to make him Lord of our time and occupations on every day of the whole year of our Lord.

*International Sunday School Lesson for April 8, 1906. Jesus and the Sabbath, Matt. 12: 1-14. GOLDEN TEXT: "Remember the Sabbath Day, to keep it holy." Ex. 20 8.

Christian America's Gift to Japan

Fifty Thousand Dollars More Cabled by The Christian Herald to the Famine Field — Tokio Grateful for Timely Aid

THIS week, The Christian Herald forwarded by cable through our State Department, for relief work in the three famine-stricken provinces of Japan, the sum of $50,000, (the equivalent of 100,000 yen, Japanese). This magnificent gift, the contributions of our readers throughout the Union, added to $35,500 previously forwarded by the Fund, makes a total of $85,500 sent to date. Added to the $20,000 remitted by the Red Cross, it makes a grand total of $105,500 thus far sent from America to the famine field. Hon. Eki Hioki, Charge d'Affairs at the Japanese Legation, Washington, D. C., per long distance telephone informs "The Christian Herald" that he has received official dispatches from his Government at Tokio, to the effect that "the money sent from America has all been received, and has been sent to the different centres in the famine district, and *there expended for food.* The present famine conditions are such as to fully warrant the Government in asking for further outside assistance." Good work is also being done by the Missionary Relief Committee at Sendai. Rev. C. S. Davison, Secretary-Treasurer of the Committee, cables to The Christian Herald, acknowledging receipt of the first remittance of $5,000, and conveying thanks to the contributors. He confirms the reports of urgent need, and asks that further assistance be cabled liberally and quickly.

THAT the great loving heart of God's people in our own favored land has been touched by the sufferings of the peasant-folk in northern Japan, is made very evident by the hundreds of letters, full of words of sympathy and kindness, that reach us by every mail. These letters show that the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are loyal to the call for the relief of human suffering, and that now, as in the past, the cry of the distressed, come from what quarter of the globe it may, is not sounded in vain. Churches and church societies, Sunday Schools, Bible classes and religious organizations of every description have united in this life-saving, Samaritan work, and many of their gifts are now in the homes of the famished Japanese, strengthening the weak and helping to check the deadly ravages of the famine. From the missionary workers at Sendai, as well as from the Japanese Red Cross, comes the welcome news that lives are being saved and suffering alleviated by these welcome gifts.

Many of the letters sent by contributors to the Relief Fund contain expressions which, if they could be translated to the Japanese people, would be to them a new revelation of brotherly Christian love. Some donors send their gifts with a desire that they themselves should remain unknown. Others accompany their offering with a prayer that thousands more may be moved to help. Many say a kindly word for the famishing mothers and children. A large number have gone around among their good neighbors and now send forward their joint contributions. Very many send offerings that are the result of personal self-denial. Others, having read of the reign of black want in Japanese homes, and having looked at their own well-filled tables surrounded by happy faces, are moved by a generous impulse to "give of their abundance." Many have sacrificed their little store of pocket money to help feed some hungry mother and baby. Some frankly say they could not eat until they had done their part toward helping the sufferers. In many letters there is an earnest hope that the gifts may not only save the bodies of the starving people, but be a step towards bringing the Bread of Life to their souls. There is not a single letter that does not breathe the true spirit of willing, earnest, prayerful Christian helpfulness.

One little incident is well worth relating, as illustrating the sympathy of a little child. Among the patients at the Clifton Springs Sanitarium is E. Payson Hammond, a little boy of about four years, whose smiles have caused many to forget their troubles. The day after a concert, which had been given for the benefit of the Relief Fund, he heard at table that the little children of Japan were starving, and quickly turned to his grandparents with the request that this meal he was about to eat be sent to them at once. A young minister, who had been interested in the concert for the Fund, spoke to Payson, and the child's face brightened instantly. He would take up a collection for Japan. The great dining-room cheered the proposition to help little Payson, and he waited at the door for their gifts, with a smile and "thank you." All seemed pleased to help. Those who had left their purses went for more, so that the sum of ten dollars asked for, was quickly raised, and all were surprised that the gifts amounted to $30.50, concert included. Little Edward Payson Hammond virtually gave up his meal that he might greet all at the door. He did it for the sake of his little brethren and sisters in Japan and for the love of Christ, the friend of all the little children.

"Send us food, or we die!"
A scene in a Japanese famine cottage

Another incident, of a somewhat different order, may be related here. A gentleman called at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD offices in the Bible House, New York, and accosted one of the clerks at a window in the counting room. "Is this where money is received for Japan?" "Yes," was the reply. "Here is a contribution to your fund to help the famine people," he said, handing in an envelope, "and here is a dollar to send it to them," and he laid the latter on the desk beside the first. The clerk opened the envelope, which bore neither name nor address. It contained five one hundred dollar bills—not a note or scrap of writing to indicate the donor's name or address. The astonished clerk called after the departing visitor, asking his name, and inquiring whether he would not wait for his receipt. "No, no," was the smiling reply, as he stood in the open doorway. "No receipt is needed; never mind the name; send it to Japan. That's all." He was a type of many other contributors, who love to do good in secret and who would rather win the approbation of a good conscience than the praises of men. In the present famine, the economical habits of the Japanese and their thrifty ways of utilizing everything that can possibly be used as food, have been very strongly in evidence. One benevolent lady, Mrs. Naruta, of Wakuya, has taught to a number of peasant mothers the art of converting what is described somewhat indefinitely as "the coarsest stuff" into palatable food, so that four sen (equal to two cents, American), will provide a meal for six persons. Her recipes have been published for the benefit of all, and her name has been handed up to the Emperor as that of a public benefactor who deserves to be honored. The peasant women look upon her with gratitude and almost with veneration.

E. Payson Hammond
The boy who gave his dinner for Japan

Writing of a visit to the famine districts, Mr. Francis Owston, who was accompanied by Mr. DeForest of the Sendai Missionary Relief Committee, says, he went to the village of Tamaura, twelve miles south of Sendai. There the village headman told the visitors about the condition of the people, which was probably a fair example of many other villages. In fifteen houses there was not a particle of food, but the callers did not go to all. After inspecting five or six they had seen quite enough of misery and suffering.

Rev. Wm. E. Lampe, Chairman of the Missionary Relief Committee at Sendai, writes that the local Japanese papers are printing names, addresses and details of a number of deaths by starvation and freezing. This is an exceptionally cold winter. Horses with loads cross the Kitakami River on the ice. In many places, the relief work instituted by the government has been suspended. He estimates that the snow and cold have thrown 100,000 able-bodied men and women out of employment. These are the self-respecting class, willing to do any kind of work to keep from starving. There are from 25,000 to 40,000 sick and aged persons, and helpless children, not one of whom is able to labor, and these must be fed and sheltered.

In one section of Miyagi Province, it was found, upon investigation by the authorities, that over 10,000 people required immediate help to keep them from starving. The missionary Committee at once voted an appropriation for this special work. Members of the Committee who undertook the work, were compelled to travel over roads almost impassable from deep snow.

The *Risodan*, a Tokio association, is helping the famine relief work by filling a large number of small bags, called *do-jo-bukoro* (or "Bags of Sympathy," somewhat after the fashion of what are known here as "comfort bags"), each containing a small quantity of rice. These bags are now being sent to the northeast provinces.

All contributions for the relief work should be addressed to

JAPAN RELIEF FUND,
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
92 Bible House, New York

Every contribution will be acknowledged in the columns of this paper. See acknowledgments on next page.

Mother and Children in a Peasant Home of Japan

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AROUND THE HOME HEARTH

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Lenten Days

LENT is observed by large numbers of Christian people who do not belong to those communions that distinctively hold it as one of the periods of the church year. More and more in the Christian life most people are feeling the need of occasional seasons of repose and meditation, of withdrawal from the activities of religion, and a deepening of the spiritual life. Little can be drawn from an empty well. There are perennial sources that feed the springs of the soul, if only we go to the fountain-head. Few of us at any time spend so much endeavor as we ought on strengthening the devotional part of our service. Yet in every age, from the century that saw the Incarnation to the present day, there have been those whose delight it was to lean their heads on the bosom of Christ, and, like John, to find themselves his best beloved.

Augustine, Ignatius, Luther, Calvin, Wesley, Whitfield, Spurgeon, Talmage, the great preachers and confessors of every age have known what it was to be taught directly by the Master, and to sit at his feet. In every age, too, devout women, following the example of her who broke her alabaster box for his anointing, have had intimate fellowship with Christ. It is this that we seek in Lent. Not merely a mortification of the flesh, or a self-denial that prides itself on fasting and renunciation. What we want and long for in Lent, is a pause in social engagements, an occasional retreat from business cares, and a heightening of our communion with the Master who has promised us his friendship and his continual blessing in our daily lives. More love to Thee, O, Christ, should be our Lenten prayer.

A Word in Season

Many a time, if we only knew it, there is some one near us who is longing for a word of cheer, of encouragement, and of sympathy. Our garments on the common way brush those of the heartbroken and desolate. One evening, the pastor of a great metropolitan church observed sitting in the congregation, a woman whose hopeless distress touched a chord in his heart and made him sure that she needed instant help. So, soon as the service was over, he hastened from the pulpit and went directly to the stranger in the pew. Speaking with gentle authority, he said: "I want to speak with you, and I ask you to tarry a few moments until I am at leisure. Do not go away until I return."

Rather reluctantly the woman addressed agreed to remain. The preacher who had noted her, and who found it in his heart to detain her, was one whom men and women instinctively obeyed. When he took a seat by her side, he said: "My child, I do not know your name or your trouble, but you have trouble of some sort, tell me all about it."

Little by little he drew from her the story of disappointment, perplexity, and want, and even ascertained that she had meant that very night to turn her steps to the river and find an asylum beneath its waves, but God had led her first to seek warmth and shelter for an hour within the open doors of the parish church. She did not take her own life. Instead, a word in season, and a strong, helping hand, led her to a safe and firm foothold, and she has now achieved success, and is in her turn helping others.

On a windy day, when furious northeastern gales drove all before them, a woman thinly clad, shivered near the terminal of a bridge, over which thousands passed every day. In her arms was a tiny babe wrapped in an old shawl. A big, genial-looking policeman came up to her, bent his head, asked a question or two, then slipped a silver coin into her thin hand, beckoned a car to stop, and put her in it with friendly care. The incident was slight, but it revealed the goodness that may lie behind a uniform, and showed that the official was a man with a man's kindliness of heart.

No one has the monopoly of the word in season. It may be spoken by the maid to the mistress, and equally may be addressed by the mistress to the maid. Many a time the toiler has it in his or her power to say it to one whose worldly goods are greater than his fund of inner happiness. As we go on in life, if we take a neighborly interest in those about us, we shall not forget to add to their sunshine by our words of loving cheer.

The Adoring Mother

Probably the mother who bores her friends until they are almost beside themselves, is not she who is always discoursing on the manner of her discipline, but her opposite, whose motherhood expresses itself vehemently in a passion of adoration for her offspring. Meet this mother where you may, and she talks to you about her girl's beauty and talent, and her boy's genius and originality, until you are more than tired of the subject. You try very tactfully to introduce something else, but in vain, for the mother can only think of Marion or Francis, and, in her case, all roads lead to Rome. Doubtless her children are paragons and her methods of training them are praiseworthy, but still she is in error in constantly pushing them into the foreground of conversation, and showing indirectly that while her geese are swans, yours are conversely only ugly ducklings. They have had every advantage she could procure for them, but, alas! people grow weary of her and of them alike, and avoid her for the reason that they have heard so many times about the brains and behavior and the unique excellence of her brood, that they want nothing more to do with the well-worn theme.

MOTHER'S COMFORT

Mother is busy all day long,
Weaving and working from morn till night,
But in her heart is a bit of a song,
And her eyes are filled with the true love-light.

Ah, baby-dear, when God sent you here,
He sent you for comfort and help and cheer,
And mother is happy when your sweet kiss
Brims her cup with a drop of bliss.

Looking for Work

AMONG the trying experiences which either men or women undergo at times, perhaps nothing is harder than being out of a job. When looking for work, the outsider discovers that the number of people who are comfortably installed in remunerative positions is surprisingly large. The applicant trudges from door to door, presents letters of introduction, sets forth his or her claim, often drops lower and lower in the amount of salary asked, and finally declares a willingness to undertake anything. Even then nothing comes. If the man out of work be married and a family is dependent on him, he starts day after day on the weary search, hope springing up in the morning only to flicker to die as the evening shadows gather. How he dreads the inquiry in the face of the wife, when he is compelled to report no progress and no outlook! If it be a young woman without friends or kindred and far from home, she, too, finds a heartbreak in the long and eager search for a vacant niche. The world is not heartless, people in business are not without feeling, and there is always room somewhere for a man or woman who is honest, diligent, and well-trained. For every vacant position there are hundreds waiting, but when the hundreds are sifted down to tens, and the tens in turn sifted to twos and ones, it is often the mournful complaint of employers that incompetence and incapacity far exceed fitness and fair equipment. A man who remains out of work for a term of years, finding no paying occupation, is generally somehow to blame; either he is too proud to take certain kinds of work, or he has some fault of character that makes him untrustworthy. Women are handicapped by their greater fragility and their unfitness for the more difficult and nerve-exhausting occupations. Still they have a very wide choice, and a woman in earnest can always find remunerative work if nowhere else, in the domestic line. The kitchen presents a field where supply never equals demand. But American women do not appreciate the opportunities that are afforded in household service.

There is always room at the top, and capitalists say very truly that while they can without trouble fill positions that require only ordinary talent, those which exact administrative and organizing ability, and which can be filled only by men and women of the finest intelligence and best training, are often those which give them the most anxiety. For instance, to take merely the one field of the railway service, in which men rise by regular gradation, it is comparatively easy to obtain careful and satisfactory conductors, while it is hard to get competent yardmasters, and when it comes to choosing division superintendents, the right men are greatly prized.

To all persons seeking work, this counsel should be given: Be not easily discouraged. Keep on trying, however frequently you fail. Consult constantly the advertisements that appear in the papers. Answer every one. Be absolutely sure of your fitness. If you do obtain a foothold, stand fast and do not be afraid of work. Make few conditions. The chief thing you want is the beginner's opportunity. Once in a place, do not watch the clock that you may leave at the earliest possible moment. Advancement is the reward of ambition.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—RUTH. Please do not use the phrases "lady friends" or "gentlemen friends." Both are odious. Friends should not be qualified in this way.

—S. S. W. I thank you for your letter, and only wish that there were room on this page to use the stanzas you have sent. I like the spirit of them very much.

—ESTELLA. Kipling's "L'envoi," Longfellow's "Psalm of Life" or a selection from Tennyson's noble poem, "The Princess," would be suitable for the purpose you have in mind.

—T. M. A widower who proposes before long to enter upon marriage a second time, should lay aside mementoes of his previous state, including, if he wears it, a marriage ring. He owes it to the woman he is choosing to go to her, having left all that he can of his former life behind him. It is a closed and finished chapter.

—A READER. If one is trying in earnest to lead a Christian life, she must not shrink from bearing a cross. If you are asked to sing secular songs on the Lord's Day, while your conscience tells you that you should sing only hymns and songs of praise, you must not violate your conscience. You would far better seem rude to your friends, and your firmness on the point might be a lesson to them.

THE CHARIOTS OF THE LORD

A Story of the days of Religious Persecution in England

BY JOSEPH HOCKING

Summary of Preceding Chapters

During the reign of James II., whose father, Charles I., was beheaded in the revolution under Oliver Cromwell, a determined effort was made by the King to win England to Roman Catholicism. He persecuted the Protestants and had a willing instrument in Lord Jeffreys, an ignorant man, who had been raised to the bench by the king. The story opens with a scene in his court, in which the hero, Benedict Trelawney, denounced Jeffreys to his face, as an unjust judge. He was committed to prison. On his way he was enabled to escape by a girl, who told him her name was Mary. She guided him to the house of a Protestant, who gave him shelter and introduced him to another refugee, a Scotchman named Donald Stewart. On the following day he received his sword, which had been taken from him, and found upon it a message from the girl who had saved him, asking him to meet her that night at a certain place. Trelawney met her and she begged him to have nothing to do with a conspiracy against the king, in which the man who had given him shelter, was engaged. He suspects that she is the daughter of Lord Jeffreys, but cannot get her to acknowledge it. Disregarding her advice, he proceeds to a secret chamber, in which the conspirators are assembled. He is chosen to accompany Donald Stewart to Holland, where they are to meet the Duke of Monmouth, a natural son of Charles II., and invite him to England to oust his uncle from the throne. Monmouth welcomes Trelawney and gives him a command in the army which is going to invade England. In the battle that ensues on Monmouth's landing in England, the King's forces defeat the invaders, and Monmouth deserts his supporters and flies. Trelawney overtakes him and reproaches him, but without result.

CHAPTER XVI.—Continued

TRELAWNEY watched Monmouth and his friends ride away, and then he sat down by the banks of the stream. What should he do? Where should he go? He knew not. Before long, searching parties would be out everywhere and most probably he would be taken. Well, what then? The love of life burned in his heart, but he was not afraid to die.

His safety lay in getting out of the country, and of hurrying with all speed to the continent; but the thought that Mary Jeffreys was probably within a few miles of him led him to discard this plan. Probably, if he stayed in England, he might be able to see her. It is true he had been warned against her. He had been told that she was more cruel than Jeffreys himself, yet the thought of seeing her decided him. He would not leave England.

He mounted his horse again, but he had formed no plans as to his movements. He knew he must be full twenty miles from the place where the fatal engagement had taken place; that, however, meant but little. The whole countryside would be scoured. Even now pursuers might be close upon him.

He still possessed money. Perhaps if he were able to get a few miles farther away he could lie in hiding until the King's vengeance was satisfied, and then he could again go to London.

Hours passed, and his horse wandered on, he knew not whither. He was in a desolate part of the country, and he noticed no sign of human life. He was utterly weary, and as the hot sun poured its rays upon him he felt that he cared little what might happen.

Presently he heard stealthy steps, and turning, he saw a young Somersetshire yeoman, who had been given command of one of Monmouth's regiments.

"Captain Trelawney," cried the young yeoman. "Ah, thank heaven, it's you!"

"Ah, Ridgeway," said Trelawney; "you've escaped, then?"

"So far, but it hath been by a miracle. I lay in a ditch for hours, a ditch covered by long rank grass. Oh, may I be spared from ever again seeing such things."

"Why, what have you seen?"

"Seen, man? I have seen hell at work."

The young man was pale to the lips. In his eyes was a look of terror, and his words were uttered by gasps.

This roused Trelawney from his lethargy. He felt the blood of interest flow through his veins again.

"I've seen it go on all about me," continued Ridgeway. "I lay there in the deep ditch, the rank grass all around me, yet could I peer through it, and see what took place."

"But what hath taken place?"

"Oh, man, I can hardly tell you. I have seen men quartered by the score. Many were caught all around me, and Faversham commanded that they should be put to death by torture. I tried to close my eyes, but I could not. I dared not move, I dared not cry out. But, hark! what is that?"

Both heard the sound of voices in the near distance.

"They are coming," said Ridgeway, "they are coming. I would not mind being put to death, but to be—oh, heaven help me. Hark! they are coming nearer, and I am too spent to go another mile."

"Jump up behind me," cried Trelawney; "my horse is still fresh."

A second later Ridgeway was behind him, and the horse darted forward.

"Down the hill, Trelawney. If we can keep out of their sight for a couple of miles I know a place to hide. I know every inch of this countryside. Did I not, I should have been taken before now, and perhaps have been – that's it; faster, faster!"

The sun was now sinking low in the West. Before them was a hill, most of which was bare, but on the eastern end was a belt of trees.

"Make for the trees, Trelawney. They will help us to keep out of sight. If once we can get over the brow of the hill without being seen, I can save us both."

But even as he spoke, the sound of men's voices and the clatter of horses' feet drew nearer.

CHAPTER XVII.

BENEDICT TRELAWNEY'S lethargy had all left him by this time. Throughout the day he had been so stunned, so bewildered by what had taken place, that he cared little as to what might happen. But the appearance of Ridgeway had aroused him; the old passion had come back, and he determined to sell his life as dearly as possible. The horse dashed down the hill bearing his double burden without difficulty; but before they reached the belt of trees which Ridgeway had said would hide them from sight, they heard a savage sound behind them.

"I fear they have seen us," said the young yeoman, "but all is not lost yet. There, we are out of sight now. Dismount Trelawney, dismount. The horse is no use here. He will only be in the way."

The young man did as he was bidden, but he was careful to take his pistols from the holster. The old fighting instinct was strong upon him again. As for Ridgeway, the rest which he had been taking while seated behind Trelawney, and the sound of a friendly voice, had given him new strength. He led the way to the top of the hill, unheeding the undergrowth that hindered Trelawney sorely, and then stopped and listened.

"Trelawney saw his companion descend into the darkness"

"We are safe yet," he cried. "Follow me quickly."

The young Cornishman looked around him, and noticed that this side of the hill was covered with trees. Moreover, the nature of his surroundings had changed. Instead of broad lands the countryside was broken into small hills and dales, and he imagined that a hiding-place would be easier to find. He followed Ridgeway in silence, and presently they came suddenly upon a small space which was shut in on every side. Around them, moreover, were great heaps of overgrown debris, which reminded Trelawney of the disused mines of Cornwall.

Here Ridgeway stopped. "We are safe," he panted; "no man can find us here."

"Why?" asked Trelawney. "If we came here why cannot our followers come also?"

"Why? Come, man, you shall see!"

He led the way over one of the heaps of rocks and rubbish, but still crouching among the bushes and ferns which well-nigh covered them, until he came to a shaft which was nearly hidden by the undergrowth. To his surprise, Trelawney saw a ladder suspended.

Again they stopped and listened, and again they heard the sound of voices.

"Not a minute too soon," whispered Ridgeway. "I will go down first, and you shall follow."

Benedict saw his companion descend into the darkness, and then when he was out of sight, he still heard his footsteps on the ladder staves. Presently the footsteps ceased.

"Now, come."

He did not hesitate a second, but followed the example of his companion. A few seconds later he stood by his side again.

"Now then, stay there. Do not move; it means death if you do."

They had descended several fathoms into the shaft, but there was light enough for him to see that Ridgeway lifted the ladder, and then dropped it slowly and steadily down the shaft, which was cut still deeper into the earth.

Presently the bottom of the ladder rested upon solid earth, many feet farther down, while the top was some feet above him.

"Did I not tell you we could be saved?" asked the young yeoman. "Ah, and I owe it all to my Martha."

"To whom?"

"To my Martha. My sweetheart. I should never have thought of it but for her. I expected it would have been a triumphant march to London. Even now I cannot believe we have been

CONTINUED ON PAGE 283

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The Chariots of the Lord

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 282

beaten Was not the Duke chosen like David of old to lead his people to victory?"

"He ran away, like the coward he was," cried Trelawney.

"Is there not some mistake?" cried Ridgeway. "Was it not some other bearing a resemblance to him who ran away? How could one so brave and so strong fly like that? Was he not chosen of the Lord? Did he not come in the name of Liberty and the Protestant religion?"

"Ay, but his heart was never fired with a great zeal. Why, I saw him at seven o'clock this morning whimpering like a whipped child."

"You saw him?"

"Ay, I saw him with Buyse and Lord Grey."

"They were running away?"

"Ay."

"But only to return again. The battle is not lost. It is only a seeming defeat. Meanwhile we are safe here, as I told you. I thought we should march straight to London. I told Martha so; but she had her fears. So we decided upon this place. We found it as we came out here a-courting one day, and it was decided between us that if we were beaten I should escape hither. It was she who thought of the ladder. True, I made it, but it was she who thought of it. Her father had worked in this old mine, and had told her about this shaft, and this platform which he called a sollar, and of the great winze close by."

"The great winze?"

"Ay, it's a big open space close by here, as big as a house. Twenty men could hide here, and no one be the wiser. Oh, I wish I could have spoken to King Monmouth. I could have brought him here, and kept him till all danger was over."

"But what about food?" asked Trelawney.

"Ah, trust my Martha for that. She would have brought food, as she will bring it to us. Bless you, sir, when she hears of the defeat, she will hie here with all speed, bringing us what we need. I laughed at her when she told me what she was going to do, but she knew better than I. Her father was only a miner and mining hath never been prosperous in Somersetshire; but he made money by it, and bought land, ay, and good land, too. Besides he gave Martha schooling, so that she can read and write like an attorney. Why, a great lady from London who hath been staying at Holdworthy, thinks greatly of her."

"A great lady from London?" cried Trelawney.

"Ay, she hath been staying at Holdsworthy, Martha's home, for a goodish while, almost ever since King Monmouth landed."

"But what should a great lady be doing at a Somersetshire farmhouse?"

"Pardon me, sir, but Holdsworthy is better than a farmhouse; it is wellnigh a manor house. As I told you, her father, John Bagshaw, made a deal of money, and he bought the place. This lady from London told him that some relation of hers once owned it, and that was why she wanted to stay there through the summer months."

"And what is her name?"

"I have forgotten, although Martha told me the last time we were together."

"And have you ever seen her?"

"Nay, I never saw her, although Martha thinks great things of her. She is great at many things, and hath been very kind to my sweetheart.

"She is a carefnl soul is my Martha, and she is ever one who looks ahead. Besides, she never believed that Monmouth would be victorious. I believe the great lady persuaded her that we should never stand against the King's men. Let us look. Here, I have tinder and steel."

He struck a light, and ere long came across a package which had evidently been placed there quite recently. They found candles, a loaf of bread, a piece of boiled bacon, and a jar of cider.

"Just like my Martha," said Ridgeway. "Now let us eat, sir."

Trelawney nothing loth, joined him in his repast, after which they fell to talking again

"It hath been a terrible day."

"Yes," replied Trelawney.

"Do you think all is lost?"

"Ay, all is lost."

"Have you any plans?"

"No, have you?"

"Yes, sir. My Martha thought it all out for me. As I have told you, she hath not believed that the Duke of Monmouth would win the crown. It seems also that the great lady who is staying at Holdsworthy hath told her that no mercy would be shown by King James if he routed King Monmouth."

"Well?" said Trelawney, as the other hesitated.

"Well, she planned that I should escape, and then hide here till the trouble was over, after which we should sail to the New World. Oh, Martha is a careful maid—I expect she will be here before daylight in the morning. God is very good giving me such a sweetheart. But oh, the other! Great Lord, sir, I can't get them out of my mind. Never did I see such sights, and I pray God I never may again."

He placed his hands before his eyes as he spoke, as though he would shut out the ghastly sights which were constantly appearing before him.

As for Trelawney, he soon became too utterly weary even to think. The events of the day seemed very far away, and even while he heard the booming of cannon, and saw men falling on his right and on his left, everything through which he had passed a few hours before seemed to be a ghastly dream, rather than a reality.

Presently he fell asleep, neither did he awake for many hours. He was aroused by whispering voices, and then his heart gave a great leap, for one of the voices was that of a woman.

"Oh, my love, my love," he heard her say. "I grieve for you; but never fear, I will save you."

But it was not the voice of Mary Jeffreys. His senses had sufficiently returned for him to understand that this was Martha Bagshaw, the sweetheart of William Ridgeway.

He did not speak, but lay looking at the two who were clasped in each other's arms. Close by them a tallow candle was flickering, the light of which fell directly upon the face of the farmer's daughter.

She was an honest-looking girl, not destitute of homely beauty. Moreover, she gave the young man confidence as he looked at her. There was nothing timid or shrinking in her demeanor; rather she looked strong, and brave, and confident. The light of resolution shone in her quiet gray eyes, while her face suggested courage and faithfulness.

"You told me, Martha, but I would not believe you," said William Ridgeway. "You were right and I was wrong."

"Lady Mary told me," said the girl. "She said that the King had thousands upon thousands of trained soldiers, and I could not help believing her. Still, I do not blame you, William. You did what you believed in, and you fought for the Lord. Besides, you are safe and sound, that is why I am rejoiced. I can keep you here for days or weeks. I can come at night-time and bring you all you need. No one will know—and then when danger is over we can go away together. Master Barchester will marry us, and we can sail to that land where we can worship God according to the Bible."

"But say nothing to Lady Mary."

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Questions and Answers

Letters for this department must contain name and address of the sender—not for publication, but in order that an answer may be sent by mail in cases where the inquiry is not of general interest.

G. P. S., Leavenworth, Kan. Is it proper for a church to make violin music the principal part of the evening service?

It would be rather a startling innovation, and we don't like startling innovations, because, as a rule, they are more apt to offend than please. There is, of course, no good reason why the violin should not be used in church music; but to give it undue prominence would seem to most people to be radically changing the character of the service, and making it more of a musical performance, pure and simple, than an act of worship.

Reader, Albany, N.Y. What is the relative naval strength of the leading nations at the present time?

It is as follows:

Nation	*Tonnage*
Great Britain	1,537,682
France	614,045
Germany	415,824
United States	386,428
Italy	261,411
Japan	253,401
Russia	226,780
Austria	112,336

Within a few years, when the vessels now building and to be built are completed, the United States will stand fourth on the list.

Mrs. A. R., Jr., Milwaukee, Wis. What are the general features of the Pure Food Bill now before Congress?

The Heyburn Pure Food bill is directed against the manufacture and sale of any article of "food, drugs, medicine or liquors," that is adulterated or misbranded or which contains any ingredient of a poisonous or unwholesome character. It affects business carried on between the States only and for foreign commerce, all business confined to any one State being left to be dealt with by the State itself. The Bureau of Chemistry of the Department of Agriculture is to make the examinations, and all violators convicted are subjected to heavy fine or imprisonment, or both. The object sought is the detection and punishment of the actual adulterator rather than the vendor. Artificial food products that are harmless and are sold under their own names are not interfered with.

J. H. W., Knapp, Wis. 1. How many children can they care for at one time at Mont-Lawn? 2. How many years after the prophecies of Isaiah was Christ born? 3. How old was the apostle Paul when he was executed at Rome?

1. From 200 to 250 at a time, or upwards of 2,000 during the season. 2. Isaiah is supposed to have been born 760 years B. C. 3. Paul was born somewhere between A.D. 0, and A.D. 5. He is supposed to have been executed during the great persecution by Nero in A.D. 67 or 68. He would, therefore, have been somewhat over sixty, though very probably much worn by feebleness and the hardships he had suffered.

Miss Emma Vick, Chicago, writes:

There seems to be doubt on the part of some who have read the article in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD about little El-Joseph Raycroft, whether it is a story of fiction or the truth. Every word contained in this article was true, without one word of exaggeration. Both Mrs. Raycroft and myself have received letters from people who say they have read the article.

S. S. P., Newcastle, Pa. What caused the eclipse of the moon, Feb. 8-9, 1906?

The sun is the only self-luminous body in the solar system. The planets and satellites, being dark, opaque bodies, cast tapering shadows of ever varying lengths. The earth casts such a shadow, coming to a point a long way beyond the moon. Owing to the inclination of the moon's orbit around the earth, to the earth's orbit around the sun, she semi-monthly crosses the line (as it is called). She often crosses it a little within the earth's shadow, producing a partial eclipse, and sometimes wholly within the shadow, causing her to be totally eclipsed. All eclipses of both sun and moon recur at intervals of 18 years, 10 days, 7 hours, 42 minutes, 48 seconds, thus allowing them to be calculated both ways for thousands of years, often allowing disputed chronological events to be absolutely settled. Sometimes the number of days is eleven, depending on the number of leap years. It is a matter of history that there was an eclipse of the moon on the night of Herod's death. Calculation gives us the day it happened.

Marathon, N. Y. LEWIS SWIFT.

Mrs. M. B. B., Adrian, Mo. A noted physician who has had wide experience in the treatment and care of tuberculosis patients, stated in a recent lecture, that the communion cup should be discontinued, as there was danger of contagion. Is he right?

Many churches now use individual communion cups, for the reason above stated. There is, of course, more or less danger of contagion in using the same cup for a number of people.

F. W. T., Hancock, Minn. 1. The term "aristocratic" is simply used to indicate that the family was one well-known and respected. 2. Japan is doing all that lies in its power to help its famine-stricken people. There is no famine in Korea.

A. H., Glace Bay, N. S. Where may I obtain the poem "God," written by Derzhavin, a Russian poet? The first two lines are:

"O, Thou Eternal One, whose presence bright,
All space doth occupy, all motion guide."

The poem is given complete in the *Library of Religious Poetry*; published by Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York City. The title is not "God," but "Ode to God."

E. E. M., Lima, O. Who are the five Americans chosen for the Hall of Fame?

The Hall of Fame is for famous Americans exclusively, and no others have ever been admitted.

Reader, South Branch, N. J. Do you consider it right for a Christian, when sick, to refuse medical or surgical aid?

No. He should use the best means at hand—all the available skill at command—and pray God to bless these means to his recovery. Jesus set the example when even He used clay and spittle in opening the eyes of the blind.

F. L., Lakeside, Wash. Does the Bible prohibit polygamy, and if so, where?

It does in many passages, by implication. In the first place (Genesis 3d chapter), the Lord provided Adam with one helpmeet. See the passages in Psalms and Proverbs about the model wife and her duties. See Prov. 18: 22; Eph. 5: 23; I Peter 3: 7; I Tim. 3: 12 and many similar passages; all these recognize monogamy as the divine order.

Mrs. G. F. M., Fargo, N. D. If the first or given name has been incorrectly spelled on a license and certificate of marriage, would this error make the marriage void?

No; it would not invalidate the marriage.

J. H. B., Paris, Ill. 1. Is there any religion besides Shintoism that teaches ancestor worship? 2. Has the Jacobite religion any connection with the partisans of that name, adherents of James II. in England?

1. Ancestor worship is to be found, in various forms, among the New Caledonians, Solomon Islanders, Maoris, Fijians, Malays, Damaris, Bechuanas, Gold Coast natives, Ostiaks of Siberia, the Confucians and Taoists of China, the Brahmans of India, and the Tibetans. 2. The Jacobites are a religious sect in Syria, Mesopotamia and Babylonia. They are followers of Jacob (or James) Albardai, a monk of Phasilta, and not of James, the brother of Christ. They have no connection with the Jacobites of England, who are, or were, a political party, pure and simple.

Margaret K. R., Clarksdale, Mo., writes:

In THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of February 28th, E. D. H., Oakland, Oregon, asks: "Why does the presidential mansion go by the name of the White House?" The home of Mrs. Custis (afterward Mrs. Washington) was named the "White House." At that "White House" was celebrated the marriage of Washington and Mrs. Custis, and for three months after marriage Washington resided with his bride at the "White House." I have seen the statement that the President's mansion was named for residence of Mrs. Washington.

H. H. W., Oakland, Cal. I can see why Mormon men like polygamy; but why do women willingly marry men who have other wives?

Many women have become the wives of Mormons against their will; others have been led into such marriages by deception; still others have been born and raised in Mormon homes, and polygamy has become a part of their creed. We believe there are very few, if any women, born and reared in non-Mormon homes, who deliberately become Mormon wives.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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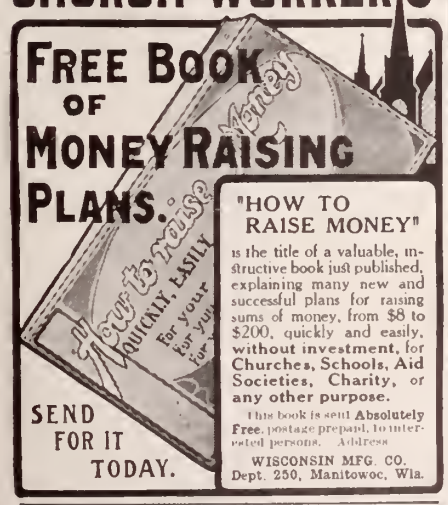

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CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

W. A. S., Little Rock, Ark. When will the Panama Canal be finished?

It is impossible to tell. Its construction will take a number of years. We believe that the question whether it will be a canal with locks, or a tide-water canal, is still under discussion by the engineers in charge; nevertheless, work is progressing on certain portions.

Mrs. D. B. K., Van Buren, O. Was the baptism performed by John the Baptist, Christian baptism?

John himself answered this question, when he said (Luke 3: 16), "I indeed baptize you with water; but One mightier than I . . . he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire."

C. W., Philadelphia, Pa. We advise you to connect yourself with some nearby church, and take part in all of its activities. We are enjoined not to neglect the established ordinances. If there is any mission or rescue work conveniently near, you might be able to do good service there also. If no other avenue is open, there is visitor's work in jails and hospitals.

C. W. D., Kenwood, N. Y. I have just been reading in a recent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of a man's body having been found in Egypt, who is claimed to have lived some 5000 B. C. I would like to know how such figures are harmonized with the dates given in the Bible. The comment below the quotation says that "he lived before Abraham left Ur of the Chaldees." But how could Egypt have been a nation before the flood, and that is given as in the year 2349 B. C.

As we have repeatedly explained in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the chronology you see in the margin of the Bible is not a part of the Bible, nor is it in any sense inspired. The chronology was compiled by Archbishop Ussher, an Irish prelate, about 1650, and has been retained. The Bible itself does not even suggest any date for the Creation. It simply says: "In the beginning" (Gen. 1: 1).

J. T., Tiffany, N. D. What is *koku* in our language and *yen*?

A *koku* is a Japanese measure, the equivalent of nearly five bushels. A *yen* is equal to forty-nine cents (American).

Miscellaneous

H. V. H., Hinsdale, Ill. *Quo Vadis?* means, "Whither goest thou?"

Reader, New Orleans. Not knowing the facts in the case, we cannot give an opinion.

Geo. H. D., Cottage Grove, Oreg. See answer to C. W. D., Kenwood, N. Y., in this issue.

M. J., Columbia, S. C. We have not been able to find the address of the authoress you mention.

R. D., Bellevue, O. If you write to the Secretary of the Treasury, Washington, D. C., he will undoubtedly supply the information you desire.

Mrs. C. H. L., Blanchard, Mich. All the "great parties" are so allied with the liquor interest, that they would insert nothing in their platforms to antagonize that interest.

M. D. W., New York City. Your suggestion that the churches should appoint a "Japan Day," and devote the collection to famine relief, is an excellent one. We hope to see it carried out.

J. W. W., Leal, N. Dakota. Write to the Surgeon-General, War Department, Washington, D. C. For information in regard to the militia, it would probably be necessary to write to the adjutant-generals of the several States.

R. L., Port Blakely, Wash. The Monroe Doctrine has nothing to do with the case. We suppose you refer to "entangling alliances." But there is no connection there either. Our participation in Moroccan affairs was simply for the protection of American citizens and American trade, and in the interest of justice.

A. L. G., Beatrice, Neb. Dancing and dance music are of the world, and belong to that class of amusements which is distinctly unprofitable to those seeking to make progress in the Christian life. We know there are people who hold a different opinion, but we believe that our position, as stated above, is unassailable. It is supported by Christian men and women all over the world. This has no reference to exercises that are undertaken for the health.

A GREAT REFORMER GONE

WHEN it was telegraphed from Rochester, N. Y., on the thirteenth of this month, that Miss Susan Brownell Anthony had passed away, the world felt that it had lost one of its brightest minds and energetic workers. This feeling was shared by those who have opposed her in her demands for equal suffrage for men and women, but who, nevertheless, respected her ability and sincerity of purpose. Although the general public is apt to think of her as the chief exponent of the woman's suffrage movement, she accomplished more in other fields for bettering the legal status of women.

Miss Anthony was born in South Adams, Mass., in 1820, the daughter of Daniel Anthony, a Quaker. As he was a prosperous cotton manufacturer, he was able to give his daughters as good an education, under the instruction of private tutors, as was afforded to the young men of the period. It must be remembered that this was the age, when it was considered by many people the height of folly to teach a girl more than reading and writing and enough arithmetic to enable her to keep the household account. Later, Mr. Anthony moved to Washington County, New York, and his daughter was sent to complete her education in Philadelphia. When she was nineteen she took the profession of teaching, practically the only one then open to women. She had hardly begun her career as a school-teacher when she became painfully aware of the discrimination against her sex in the matter of remuneration. She asked the school commissioner why it was that if she did a man's work she did not receive a man's pay. The question cost her the position.

The Late Miss Susan B. Anthony

In 1840 Miss Anthony took great interest in the three great moral questions of the day: the abolition of slavery, temperance, and woman's suffrage. She resolved to give up teaching, and spend her life in aid of these causes. In 1854 she was refused admittance to a temperance convention on account of her sex, and immediately called one of her own, that far eclipsed the one from which she had been excluded and laid the foundation for her future fame.

Her greatest success was the removal of the many legal disabilities under which women were placed fifty years ago. When a woman married in 1860, she and all she owned became practically the property of her husband. Now all this is changed, and the women of the country owe it to the untiring energy and devotion of Miss Anthony. For many years she wrote and lectured on her favorite topics, and until she was nearly eighty, she would deliver about two addresses a week on the suffrage question. Her eighty-sixth birthday was celebrated recently by several hundreds of her admirers in the city of New York. Miss Anthony was too ill to be present, but she hoped to attend the celebration next year. Miss Anthony was naturally of a retiring disposition, and disliked publicity. It was only the firm conviction that her sisters needed her to fight their battles, that brought her to the lecture platform and before Congressional committees.

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How He "Got Right with God"

THE revival flame in Philadelphia burns more brightly every day. A new and significant feature of the campaign led by Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander, is the remarkable hold it has taken upon the business men of the city. The first of a series of noon-day meetings for business men was held in the Academy of Music, in the heart of the downtown district. An audience of over 1,000 gathered and listened with hushed attention to Dr. Torrey's convincing address on "Why I believe the Bible to be the Word of God." The evangelist told how he had once been a sceptic, but now believes every word in the old Book.

Recently, Mr. Alexander went out to a little United Presbyterian Church in West Philadelphia, and held a meeting in the basement of the church, at which there were not more than 200 present. But before the meeting ended, the power of God came upon certain members of the community in a remarkable manner. A business man present was filled with such fervor that, one morning shortly afterward, he called his employees together, before they began the day's work, and had a prayer-meeting, asking God to keep them from profanity and other evils during the day. A leading real estate dealer, Mr. J. H. McBride, was converted at the basement meeting, although he had been a member of the church for twenty-five years. He is now going about witnessing everywhere for Christ, and declares that his one aim is to win men to his new-found Saviour.

A few days ago, Mr. McBride invited thirty or forty bright young business men to attend a luncheon he was giving in honor of Mr. Alexander at the Colonnade Hotel. The luncheon opened with prayer, and the singing of the twenty-third Psalm, and soon developed into a genuine revival meeting. Remarkable scenes were enacted. One after another of the men at the table arose, and with tremulous voices told how they had been spiritually cold in the past, but would henceforth win souls as never before. Then before the meal concluded, amid tears and fervent "Amens," four men stood up and made a public confession of Christ as their own personal Saviour. The pastor of the church, who was present at the luncheon, declared that his congregation had been transformed by that one meeting. At the meeting for men only, in the Armory last Sunday night, Dr. Torrey prefaced his sermon by relating a striking experience which had occurred the night before. He said:

It was determined in the choice of a subject tonight by an event that happened late last night. After I had gone upstairs in my home, and the lights in the lower part of the house were all put out, there came a ring at the front door-bell. At the door stood a man with a satchel in his hand, who had just come into town and hadn't taken time even to go to a hotel before calling. I took him into the reception room. He talked on and on for a little while; finally he stopped short and said: "Well, I'll tell you what I have come for at this late hour of the night. I'm a backslider, and I'm wretched, and I want to get right with God." I said: "Are you at the present time connected with any church?" "Yes," he said, "in fact I am Sunday School superintendent; but I am not right, I am all wrong. And it makes me wretched to be teaching others, and to know all the time that I am wrong myself." I said: "Then why don't you get right?" He said: "I'd like to." I said: "It's very easy. Will you surrender your will absolutely to God?" He said: "I'd like to; but it means a great deal. I am in business; I did very well indeed last year. But if I surrender to God, I'll have to change my way of doing business. To get right with God is going to cost a great deal." I said: "It will cost a great deal more not to." He said: "It will." He said: "Talk about a man being in hell hereafter, hell is in me to-night. If I don't get right, I'll do something desperate. But if I do get right, I have a wife and two children to support, and if I lose my position I don't know what I'll do. It will cost a great deal." I said again: "It will cost a great deal more not to." He said: "I'll do it." And we knelt down in my parlor, and he came back to God. And he left my house last night determined at any cost to serve God. He did a wise thing.

After giving his usual address to the converts, Dr. Torrey asked if any one wished to say a word, and a fine-looking, stalwart young man arose and said:

"I want to say that this is the happiest time of my life. I am the man who went to Dr. Torrey last night, and whom God has accepted again, and I am going to trust him, no matter what it costs. I want all Christians to pray for me." In a closing prayer, Dr. Torrey prayed that the man might carry the fire back to his home city.

GEORGE T. B. DAVIS.

FIELD AND GARDEN

It is difficult to choose between sweet peas and red peppers, as the Livingston Seed Company present them upon the cover of their new catalogue. Those same peppers, "Livingston's New Ohio," are immense in size, mild in quality and heavy in weight—all desirable attributes in the perfect pepper. The new sweet pea for 1906, "Helen Pierce," is a very bright blue, mottled with pure white, and is unqualifiedly recommended. Visitors who inspect the True Blue Seed Farms may indeed wonder at the heights to which gardening has attained in America. The Livingston Seed Co., Columbus, Ohio.

The hardy garden is being revived. The "sweet, old-fashioned posies, quaint in form and rich in hue," are returning in new and more delightful forms. The Storrs & Harrison Company, of Painesville, Ohio, have a goodly stock of seed on hand to produce them. Their line of melons, also, is well worth looking up in their catalogue.

Miss C. H. Lippincott, 602 South Tenth Street, Minneapolis, Minn., shows a wonderful "Asparagus Sprengeri," for which she claims, apparently with reason, a prominent place on the list of new plants. A feature of her catalogue is a marvelous "Sulpho-tobacco" soap (8-oz. cake, postpaid 28c.), which positively exterminates all insects, whether found on plant, beast or bird.

The painstaking operations of the Iowa Seed Company, Des Moines, Iowa, indicate a justifiable confidence on the part of their customers. It requires the seed crop from 8,600 acres to supply their trade, and the farms are so widely isolated as to avoid any danger of mixtures. Their cauliflower seed, grown in Denmark, is of superior value.

"What varieties of the different kinds of orchard fruits shall I plant and where shall I buy my trees?" is the burning question of the day in many a farmer's mind. Send for a catalogue from Stark Brother's Nurseries and Orchards Company, Louisiana, Mo. The apple tree in full fruitage on the front cover is worth the price of postage, to say nothing of the luscious new King David apple, a deep red in color, of which they are making a specialty this year.

James J. H. Gregory & Sons, Marblehead, Mass., are a firm who carry weight in the seed-growing world. Marblehead mammoth cabbage, Mexican sweet corn, Miller's cream melon, Burbank potatoes and Golden Bronze squash, with a dozen more toothsome selections of fruits and vegetables, form a triumphal arch upon the cover of Gregory's catalogue for 1906. If you want a magnificent bed of pansies, plant their "Special Mixture."

The Kellogg Correspondence School of Strawberry Culture, R. M. Kellogg & Co., Three Rivers, Mich., is unique in its own field of enterprise. The company undertakes, through its monthly illustrated magazine, *The Strawberry*, to cover every phase of strawberry culture and commerce, devoting pages to answering personal inquiries. When you send for their catalogue, send one dollar for subscription to the magazine.

Miss Jessie M. Good, Springfield, Ohio, embodies a beautiful thought in her dainty little catalogue of "Seeds that Grow and Bloom." With every dollar order she gives a 25-cent seed premium, and she suggests that her customer share the profit and pleasure derived from them with some flower-loving friend.

The brilliant, feathery asters, portrayed upon Vick's "Garden and Floral Guide," divert the mind from the boisterous winds of March. If signed testimonials from reliable sources are any proof of excellence, James Vick's Sons, Rochester, N. Y., need no further announcement to the public.

Glad news for the West! Most of the railroads running out of Minneapolis give half rates of freight on all varieties of grain seed during the spring months. This arrangement gives the prospective purchaser an opportunity not to be ignored, to order promptly his seed for this year's planting from Northrup, King & Co., Minneapolis, Minn., who, for nearly a quarter of a century, have supplied the best grade of seed to thousands of satisfied customers.

Wheeler's seeds are sown "on honor." His winner collection of five magnificent roses for $1.25, delivered free, are all two-year-old, field-grown plants, and worthy of consideration. Market gardeners, truckers and farmers' clubs are called upon to give attention to all vegetables marked with a star in the catalogue of Elbridge E. Wheeler, of Bridgeport, Conn.

Whoever pays a visit to Mr. Childs' gardens at Floral Park, N. Y., should make a point of seeing the less extensive, but well-appointed grounds of Miss Mary E. Martin, in Jericho Road. Miss Martin hopes to make a specialty of catering to the school gardens which are becoming popular with American educators, and offers flattering inducements to flower growers for the best method of teaching practical methods of horticulture in our public schools. An open letter, sent with her catalogue, incorporates her proposition.

The F. Gilman Taylor Seed Company, of Glendale, Calif., have classified their products in a very alluring manner. Mr. Luther Burbank is a name to conjure with, and the Taylor Company are fortunate in being able to catalogue so many of his successful introductions. Notable among these are the crimson winter rhubarb and the phenomenal red raspberry, the latter yielding last year $1,400 per acre. Observe that seed and plant shipments are accompanied by full directions for planting.

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"The Postum seems to be no less a food than the Grape-Nuts, and the two together fill all requirements. My wife has tried several of the recipes in your little booklet and we have enjoyed the result, but to my mind Grape-Nuts food is best when served with sliced fruit and covered with cream." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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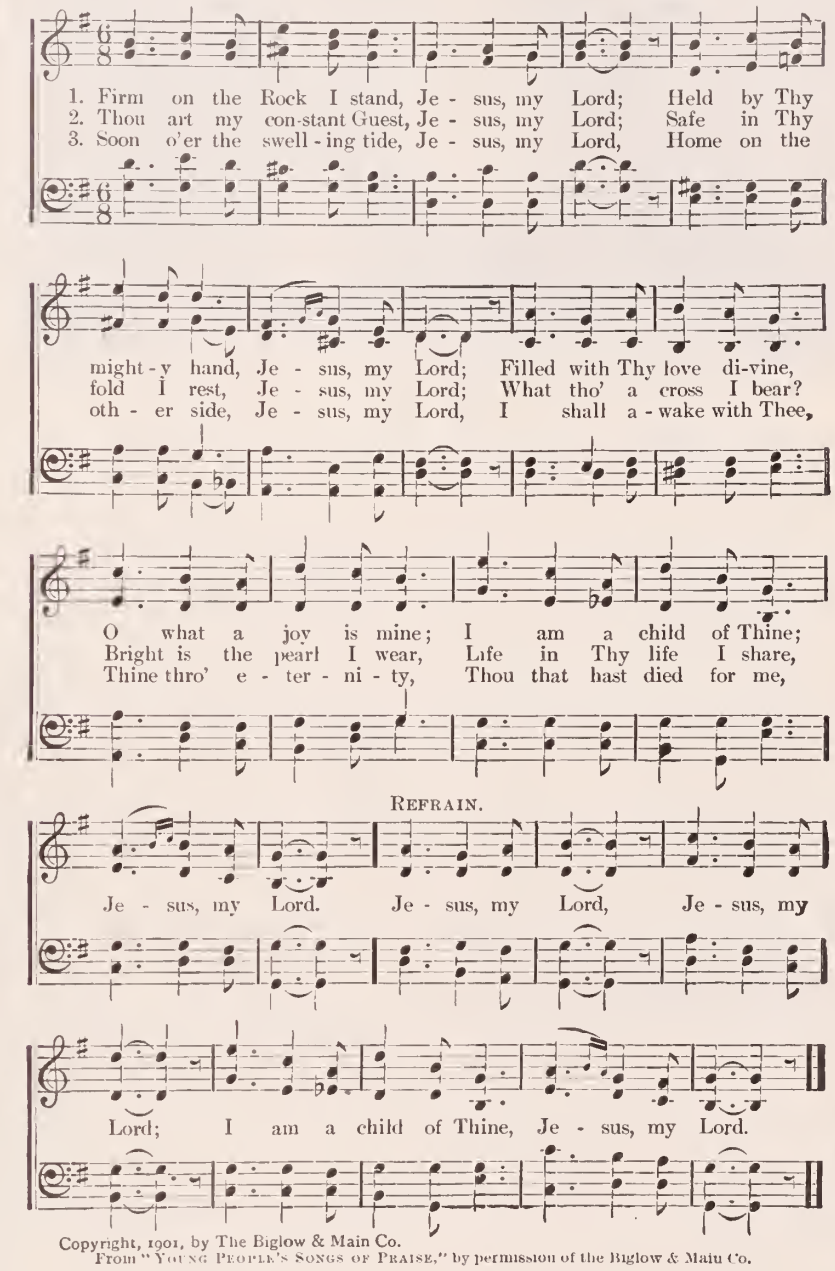

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THE COST OF SERVICE*

OUR Lord never disguised or minimized the cost of discipleship. To the eager aspirant who offered to follow him withersoever he went, he said: "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head." He told those who came to him that they must expect persecution, slander, and the loss of goods. They must take up their cross. They must return good for evil. They must not stand up for their rights, but if any man took their coats, they must let him have their cloaks also. They must not lay up treasure, but give to those who asked, and lend to those who would not pay them again. To the rich ruler, he said: "Go sell all that thou hast and give to the poor." Possessions and associations precious as a right hand or a right eye, would have to be sacrificed. No wonder that many asked themselves whether the compensation Christ had to offer was worth such sacrifices.

The same question is still asked, and there are many among his nominal followers who are there in the hope of obtaining the reward without paying the cost. What a weeding out there would be if Christ's requirements were enforced! If every one who calls himself by Christ's name were obliged to fulfil Christ's injunctions, there are thousands who would give up their Christian profession. He foresaw that it would be so, and described the consternation of such followers. They would come, he said, to him in the day of rewards, declaring that they had done this and that in his name, and had eaten and drunk in his presence, to whom he would say, "I never knew you; depart from me." "Let him deny himself and take up his cross," he said, on another occasion, as the first requisite of the Christian profession. It would be well if those who are urged by evangelists to "accept" Christ, understood the facts. We are accustomed to think of him as humble, gentle, meek, and so he was, but he had royal claims and he never hesitated to state them. Many were called, but few chosen. To the penitent, to the afflicted, the heartbroken, he was ever kind and received them willingly, but once received, he expected from them absolute fealty. The claims of father, of wife, were as nothing compared with the claims he made and these claims he still makes on all who "accept" him.

*Topic of the Epworth League for April 8. Matt. 18: 24, 25; Luke 9: 23; Mark 10: 21; Rom. 6: 6; Gal. 6: 14; 5: 24.

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"This lasted till about a year ago, when my attention was called to Grape-Nuts food by a newspaper ad. and I concluded to try it. Since then I have used Grape-Nuts at nearly every meal and sometimes between meals. We railroad men have little chance to prepare our food in our cabooses, and I find Grape-Nuts mighty handy, for it is ready cooked.

"To make a long story short, Grape-Nuts has made a new man of me. I have no more burning distress in my stomach, nor any other symptom of indigestion. I can digest anything so long as I eat Grape-Nuts, and my brain works as clearly and accurately as an engineer's watch, and my old nervous troubles have disappeared entirely." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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A Family of Villagers Near Van, Victims of Kurdish Persecution

DARK DAYS IN ARMENIA

LITTLE Armenia is being again pushed to the wall. What with chronic poverty, oppressive taxation, the mortgaging of crops a year ahead, and the frequent seizure of fields and flocks by lawless Kurds, the poor Armenians are having a hard time of it. It almost looks as though those who had escaped the sword and bullet were doomed to ultimate extermination by slower methods.

Writing from Van to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the missionaries of the American Board say that a sad condition of destitution now exists there:

"In the early winter, one of our missionaries visited some of the nearby villages, to investigate their condition. In the first house entered four out of the seven members of the family were found to be ill, with food enough to last the well ones but a few days. In another house, the winter supply of food consisted of less than two bushels of unthreshed wheat.

"The 'man of the house' in another place was ill, and his wife had gone off to beg in other villages. Not long ago, they were forced to sell their last ox to buy wheat and they had enough of that left to last perhaps two weeks. In the second village many people were so scantily clothed that they could not go outdoors. Very little grain or flour was found.

"It is often said that as long as a single house has a bit of food left to share with more needy ones no one will be allowed to die of hunger. The reason many have not succumbed long ago is that the scanty hoard of a village is held in common, and a few families support all the rest.

"In one village four out of the fifty houses were found supporting all the rest; twenty, if they helped no one else, had enough for three months, and fourteen had nothing and lived on charity. In another village thirty families were living on bread made from grape skins and seeds. We are sending as much grain as we can spare to them, but we can do but little. It only takes one dollar to keep a villager from starvation for 125 days, or an average family for a month.

"Foodstuffs have doubled in price within the past five years and no work can be found for the unemployed. Many beg in the streets, but they are a small minority compared with those who cannot and will not beg. As far as our means have allowed we have supervised industrial relief, but here again we have to turn many away. This year, owing to the general poverty, typhus fever has become common. Unless we have outside support we may be obliged to close the hospital. All aid sent to us will be used economically and wisely."

ANSWERED PRAYERS

A Friend, Ohio. "I want to speak a word for Jesus; that he does answer prayer. All my expectations are from Him."

An Aged Subscriber, Rhode Island. "The dear Lord has delivered me from a very great trouble. I believe in answer to prayer."

Mrs. H. B. H., Pennsylvania. "God heard my prayer. He will answer all those who come in faith believing. Take all your troubles to the Mercy Seat."

A. N., Missouri. "I want to testify to the goodness of God in answering prayers. I know he has answered my prayers a great many times. I love the prayer column."

W. T. K., Oklahoma. "I desire to acknowledge the Lord's faithfulness in answering prayer when made in the name of Jesus. 'All things are possible to him that believeth.'"

Mrs. S. M. F., Illinois. "I want to thank God for his answer to my prayer. May I never doubt again. May this help others to cast their burden on the Lord when weary and heavy laden."

D. M., North Carolina. "I also want to testify to the power of answered prayer. I was in great trouble; I took it to the Lord and he answered my prayer. I know he is a prayer answering God."

A. G. W., Michigan. "I wish in this manner to acknowlege an especial answer to prayer. I am more and more persuaded that God does hear and aoswer prayer, if we only have faith and believe."

Mrs. J. D., New York. "My many friends aod I prayed that if it was God's will, I might be spared through a dangerous operation. God heard and answered. I ask the prayers of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for my two sons."

Reader, Massachusetts. "I acknowledge God's answer to prayer very definitely, and almost immediately, when in deep distress and trouble from which there seemed to be no deliverance. Jesus Christ, 'the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.'"

Mrs. A. K. Z., Indiana. "I know that God hears and answers prayer. When in the greatest anxiety, we went to God, and he lifted the burdeo. We are trusting him to completely restore our loved one to health and strength."

Mrs. A. S. C., Idaho. "I prayed much over the health of both my baby and myself. From a long and severe illness, my baby was completely restored, and I am very much better. I am still praying for a more complete restoration, and know God will answer in his own time and way."

Mrs. M. F. B., Massachusetts. "Your column of prayer has been such a help and inspiration to me. I can testify to God's saving power; for he has heard and answered my prayers when there seemed not a ray of light in my life. I want always to trust Him."

M. E. C., Pennsylvania. "Now I want to say the 'Answered Prayers' column does me so much good! I have such stroog faith in God. I will ask for the prayers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers for my dear son, who is all a son can be to a mother, but has lost his hold on God."

S. H. W., Massachusetts. "God has said: 'Call upon me in the day of trouble. I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.' I called upon him in time of trouble, and he answered my request. I will with gratitude glorify him by acknowledging it in the 'Answered Prayers' column."

A Student, Pennsylvania. "I desire to acknowledge through the 'Answered Prayers' column the frequent answers the Lord has seen fit to bless me with. Innumerable times his strength, granted me in answer to prayer, has assisted me with studies as well as other difficulties."

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MISSIONARY RECRUITS

MEN and women who witnessed the scene at Nashville, Tenn., when the platform of Ryman Auditorium was crowded with young people, who solemnly pledged themselves to Christian service in heathen lands, will not soon forget the impressive spectacle. "I am going to work for Christ in Burmah," said one; "I am preparing for service in China," said another; "I am to be a messenger of the Cross to Central Africa," said a third, and so on, briefly and concisely, hundreds of students under appointment, rose one after another, and stated the consecration and the destination of their lives. It was an object lesson in Christian heroism. Highly educated, skilful in medicine, deeply read and carefully trained, these young men and young women had renounced home and family and native land, that they might carry the good news of salvation to the peoples who are sitting in darkness, without hope and without God in the world. We are often told that this is a money-loving land and age; but here was an exception to the spirit of the time. These men and women, splendidly equipped for the struggle of life, capable of playing their part well in the spheres of civilized life, turning their backs on the world's prizes that they may labor for Christ and the welfare of alien peoples. Their salaries will be of the smallest, their chances of distinguishing themselves, poor, their comforts none, their dangers many and serious; but all these things count as nothing with them, for they have "respect unto the recompense of the reward."

The occasion of this wonderful spectacle was the twentieth anniversary of the beginning of The Student Volunteer Movement. Five times has such a celebration been held since that memorable day at Northfield, Mass., when, at the appeal of Mr. D. L. Moody, the foundation of the movement was laid by the offer of one hundred students for missionary service. There were 251 delegates, representing eighty-nine colleges in the United States and Canada, present at that time. Gradually the movement has extended until now over one thousand institutions of learning have been reached, and 2,953 of their students have gone to foreign fields as missionaries through its instrumentality.

More than fifty denominations were represented in this great meeting at Nashville. They were delegates chosen in proportion to the number of students in the institutions. It was not expected that all would respond, but when the answers were received, it was found that no hall in Nashville would hold the delegates. It was, therefore, reluctantly decided to scale down the representation so as to leave two thousand off the list. The remainder, four thousand strong, came eager and enthusiastic into the Convention. It was announced that in the four years that had elapsed since the previous Convention, one thousand volunteers had sailed for their respective fields of labor. Dr. J. Ross Stevenson, of New York, aroused unbounded enthusiasm by reading the following resolution, which had been adopted by the Conference of Foreign Mission Boards:

A CHALLENGE TO THE CHURCHES

It is the judgment of this Conference that, in order to arouse the churches to a sense of their privilege and responsibility, and, in order to meet, but inadequately, the present needs in the mission fields under the boards represented in this Conference, there ought to be at least one thousand volunteers ready to be sent out each year, until these fields are occupied in force. We, therefore, appeal to the students represented in this International Student Volunteer Convention that they, by asking to be sent to these needy waiting fields a thousand strong each year, challenge the churches, where final responsibility must rest, to provide the necessary funds.

The motto of the movement is "The Evangelization of the World in this Generation," and that was the burden of every speaker's address. Rev. J. Campbell White, of Pittsburg, Pa., was specially insistent on this duty. He said, "If the railway employees carried out the instructions of their superior officers as we carry out Christ's commands, none of us would be safe on the trains. If the Japanese soldiers obeyed their commanders as Christ's soldiers obey him, they would not in a century have accomplished what they did in a single year. Until Jesus Christ can get enough soldiers to obey him absolutely he can never complete the conquest of this world."

Among the distinguished visitors to the Convention was the British Ambassador to Washington, Sir Mortimer Durand, who referred to his experience as a boy in Burmah during his father's administration and to what he had personally witnessed of the results of Adoniram Judson's labors. Hon. John W. Foster, ex-Minister to Russia, was also present, and speaking on his seventieth birthday, added his testimony to the value of missionary services in maintaining the peace of the world and extending civilization. The prominent position of the United States among the nations of the world and the corresponding responsibility entailed was referred to by several speakers, and Dr. Arthur J. Brown brought the thought home by a vigorous speech, which he concluded with the pointed quotation: "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" A thrilling confirmation of the appeal was contained in the following cablegrams received by the Convention from three spheres of missionary effort:

From Calcutta—Threshold greatest revival India's history. Supreme opportunity.—Carter and Eddy.

From Shanghai—Awakening China; opportunity ages.—Fletcher Brockman.

From Tokio—Japan leading Orient, but whither?—Fisher.

One scene in the Convention was pathetic, but it was not so sad and mournful as it would have been under other circumstances. The congregation rose and stood silent with bowed heads while a secretary read the roll of Student Volunteers who had died in the field during the past four years. Among the thirty-eight names were two of martyrs: John R. Peale and Miss Eleanor Chestnutt; also, Boon Itt, one of the original one hundred who volunteered at the Northfield student gathering twenty years ago. Not all of loss was this memorial of fallen comrades. They are dead and the world has no longer the benefit of their heroic labors, but they have departed to be "with Christ, which is far better."

Longing to Go

WHEN shall I go? I long to go,
Where Jesus has ascended:
And there to sing, both high and low,
His love with mine is blended.

But ere I go, O may there be
That sunrise of his blessing,
Yet so unlike what here we see,
Aye, rising, never setting.

When shall I go? I long to go
My starry crown to wear:
Though robed in its radiant glow,
'Twill never with His compare.

And ere I go, O may He come
From the third heaven above,
With tidings from the starry dome,
To fill all lands with love.

When shall I go? I long to see
The heaven's wide open portal:
Invited in my soul shall be,
Forever more immortal!

Marathon, N. Y. LEWIS SWIFT.

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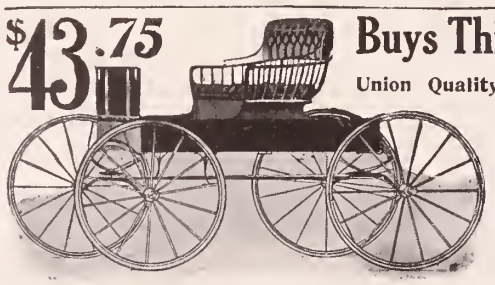
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MORNING HYMN

By Joseph Hamilton, Wilson, N. Y.

Author of *Our Own and Other Worlds; The Spirit World, Etc.*

ETERNAL FATHER! Throned in heaven high,
Yet to thy feeble children always nigh;
We rise to bless thee for the morning light,
And all thy tender care throughout the night.

Strong Son of God! Who ere creation's morn,
Before the angels or the worlds were born;
To die for sinners wast ordained—O may
Thy precious blood wash all our sins away.

Spirit Divine! Thou fount of Life and Fire,
With holy zeal our hearts and lives inspire;
Guide, guard, control; allay our needless fears;
Revive our hope, and wipe away our tears.

Thrice Holy Trinity! Thou Three in One!
Whose love eternal, like the circling sun
Sweeps round our sinful world—for this we pray,
That all the world may see a heavenly day.

The Endeavor Pledge*

LOYALTY to Christ is the keynote of our pledge. The pledge might have ended with the first clause, if it had not been advisable to stipulate for habits which conduce to the fulfilment of that clause. To "strive to do whatever Christ would like to have us do," covers the whole duty of the Christian. Orthodoxy is important, a knowledge of the doctrines of Christianity is important, but they may, with all else, be dispensed with, if we have that one essential, loyalty to Christ. To know him, to believe on him, to follow him and obey him, is to be a Christian. The man who does this is a Christ's man, belonging to him, partaking of his spirit, fulfilling his will. Better than a code of laws, better than an elaborate creed, is the pledge of personal loyalty. It penetrates deeper, it reaches over a more extensive field. If every Christian took that pledge of loyalty and honestly and sincerely fulfilled it, Christ's church would indeed be like a city set on a hill, a light to illumine the whole world. The millennium itself will be nothing better than this, a universal striving to be and to do what Christ would have us do.

How can that pledge be kept? In the same way that business and social pledges are kept. When we desire to be under a certain influence, either that of a political leader, or a successful business man, or of the person to whom our troth has been plighted, we seek their society, we study their character, we learn about them all we can. We think of ways in which we can please them and of things we can do for them. It is so in our relations with Christ. This very object has been provided for in the Gospels. John tells us at the conclusion of his Gospel, that these things were written that we might believe, and believing, might have life. That is the foundation. As we study Christ's words and deeds, we learn the kind of Being he was and learn what he came to do. The deeper we study that wonderful life the more we see in it. Then we go to him in prayer, firmly believing that he hears us and will keep his promises to us. To realize that he lives, that we are not speaking into the air when we address him, and that he accepts our consecration and will set us to work, giving us all the power we need, and will be with us, as he said, unto the end of the world—that is the way to keep our pledge.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for April 8. 'Our pledge and how to keep it." Matt. 28: 20; Eccles. 5: 1-7; Ps. 51: 6.

Dr. Condict Goes to India

THE readers of The Christian Herald will be interested to know that Dr. Alice B. Condict, of the North India Medical College, sailed Feb. 24 for London, where she will speak in Exeter Hall, at a meeting in behalf of the school. She will start the next day with Dr. Edith Brown, Principal of the college, for India. Dr. Condict lectured in the Medical College before she left India, but as she was a homeopathist was not allowed to fill a more important position in the school, because the English government does not recognize homeopathy. She returned to America, and took the four years' allopathic course in one year. Now she is both a homeopathic and allopathic physician. She is also fully qualified to instruct the native Christian students in the X-Ray machine which The Christian Herald readers so kindly gave the school. As a result of Dr. Condict's whole-hearted efforts for the school, good medical instruments have been given, valuable additions have been made to the library, and Christian Herald readers have taken several scholarships. She is on her way to India now, where she has been urged to return to do the work that is waiting for her. Dr. Condict's salary as a medical missionary is not guaranteed. Any reader who would like to aid her in her work so that she may have something definite to depend upon from year to year, may address, A. R. Lee,

Field Secretary for the American Committee, 7 Perry Street, Morristown, N. J.

Her Message to the Children

IT is now about a generation ago since the Rev. E. P. Hammond began his great evangelistic work among the children. The Torrey and Alexander meetings, too, will be remembered by their great meetings for children and the throngs of young people enrolled for Christ in Toronto and Philadelphia. The times are ripe for evangelism among the young. In a suburb of New York there has lately been organized a "Children's Church," or "Junior Church." In this movement for

Mrs. C. H. Morgan

the children, Mrs. C. H. Morgan, as speaker, and Miss Marie Blanche Hollinshed, as singer, have been conducting services together in the Union Church, at Corona, N. Y., and have been instrumental in quickening and leading many young souls to Christ.

Mrs. Morgan is the wife of Rev. C. H. Morgan, one of the organizers of one of the great Young People's Societies, and the author of text-books on Bible study. In one revival conducted by her at Adrian, Mich., 235 converts united with the church, a hundred being children. In the summer of 1905 she was the children's worker in the New York Tent Evangelistic Campaign. She emphasizes four steps for the children to take in coming to a decision for Christ—repent, confess, believe and accept. D. L. Moody once said: "I would rather see a boy of ten saved than a man of forty, for there are thirty years saved from sin for God." This is the key to Mrs. Morgan's work. W. J. P.

Books Received

Sunday Talks With Boys and Girls, by Barbara Yechton. A book well worth the study of mothers and Sunday School teachers. Pp. 212: cloth covers. Price $1.25. Thomas Whitaker, 2 and 3 Bible House, New York, publisher.

Into the Depths, by James Cloyd Bowman, General Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, Valparaiso, Indiana. A story told in dialogue and blank verse of the domestic misery caused by licensed liquor traffic. Pp. 112. University Press, Valparaiso, Ind.

A Maid of the Foot-Hills; or, Missing Links in the Story of Reconstruction, by J. W. Daniel. The author, a clergyman, is a Southerner, and writes of the South in the days immediately following the Civil War. Pp. 248: cloth covers. Price $1.50. The Neale Publishing Company, New York and Washington.

The Physical Nature of the Child and How to Study It, by Stuart H. Rowe, Ph. D., head of Department of Psychology and Principles of Education in the Brooklyn Training School for Teachers. A work of value to educators in primary and intermediate grades. Pp. 186: cloth covers. Price 90 cents. The Macmillan Company, London and New York, publishers.

People who care for a sweet, wholesome story, well told, owe a debt of gratitude to Mrs. Mary Dillon, author of *In Old Bellaire*. It is a tale of love, and proves that novels on the Civil War are not "written out" yet, transporting the reader from the commonplace realities of every-day life to an atmosphere alive with the brave men and fair women of days of yore. It is reported that Mrs. Dillon's new story is exciting much comment in Carlisle, Pa., which has been identified with "Bellaire." Price $1.50. Pp. 363. Published by The Century Company, New York.

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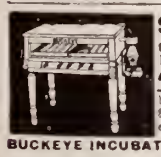

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The Lord's Day

By Mrs. M. Baxter

WITH all the solemn teaching of the Old Testament before them, of which the priests and Levites at any rate were aware, the children of Israel in Nehemiah's time were guilty of breaking the Sabbath. Nehemiah saw "in Judah some treading wine-presses on the Sabbath, and bringing in sheaves, and loading asses; as also wine, grapes, and figs, and all manner of burdens, which they brought into Jerusalem on the Sabbath day." Only about a century previous to this time, the Prophet Jeremiah was sent of God to "stand in the gate of the children of the people, whereby the kings of Judah come in, and by the which they go out, and in all the gates of Jerusalem," to say, "Thus saith the Lord; Take heed to yourselves, and bear no burden on the Sabbath day, nor bring it in by the gates of Jerusalem; neither carry forth a burden out of your houses on the Sabbath day, neither do ye any work, but hallow ye the Sabbath day, as I commanded your fathers" (Jer. 17: 20-22).

How came it, then, that they were doing now in Jerusalem the very identical thing which they had been commanded not to do? No doubt these Jews said, "Others do it, and we only do it in self-defence. Others will get their wheat and their wine into the market before ours, and so secure a better price, and we cannot afford thus to lose." This is how men speak nowadays. But how few say, "I cannot afford to lose my soul eternally!" Men live as though they had no souls. The practical unbelief in an eternity is awful. This bad example told upon the heathen; the latitude with which the Jews regarded the Sabbath emboldened the fishermen of Tyre and other heathen traders to come and drive their traffic in Jerusalem on the Sabbath day.

But Nehemiah had God's cause at heart, and he was not to be daunted by the spectre of common custom or the necessities of commerce. He knew that when God had given a command there was a way of obeying that command, and he went straight to the nobles, as being the responsible party, and said to them, "What evil thing is this that ye do, and profane the Sabbath day?" If he came into our great cities he would reprove the brewers, whose names, painted high upon their saloons, sanction the breaking and pollution of the Sabbath day by the drunkenness and blasphemy of those who spend their Sundays there.

This man of God took the matter in hand energetically, and he carried it through. He knew that his people had been chastised for this very sin. "Then I contended with the nobles of Judah," he says, "and said unto them, 'What evil thing is this that ye do, and profane the Sabbath day? Did not your fathers thus, and did not God bring all this evil upon us, and upon this city? Yet ye bring more wrath upon Israel by profaning the Sabbath'" (Neh. 13: 17, 18).

So on the eve of the Sabbath he commanded that the city gates should be shut until the Sabbath was over. The pedlers came as usual, but they found the city gates closed against them. Then, with an obstinate persistency, they lodged without the gates. And Nehemiah went and addressed them, threatening to lay hands on them if they continued to do so. He was known well to be a man of his word, and so they discontinued the practice. And he "commanded the Levites that they should cleanse themselves, and that they should come and keep the gates, to sanctify the Sabbath day." Would that there were Nehemiahs amongst us now!

But there are some who profess and call themselves Christians, and who argue that the Sabbath is not binding upon us, "because we are not under the law."

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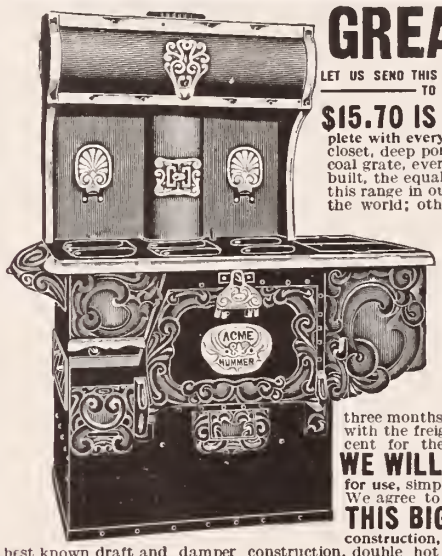

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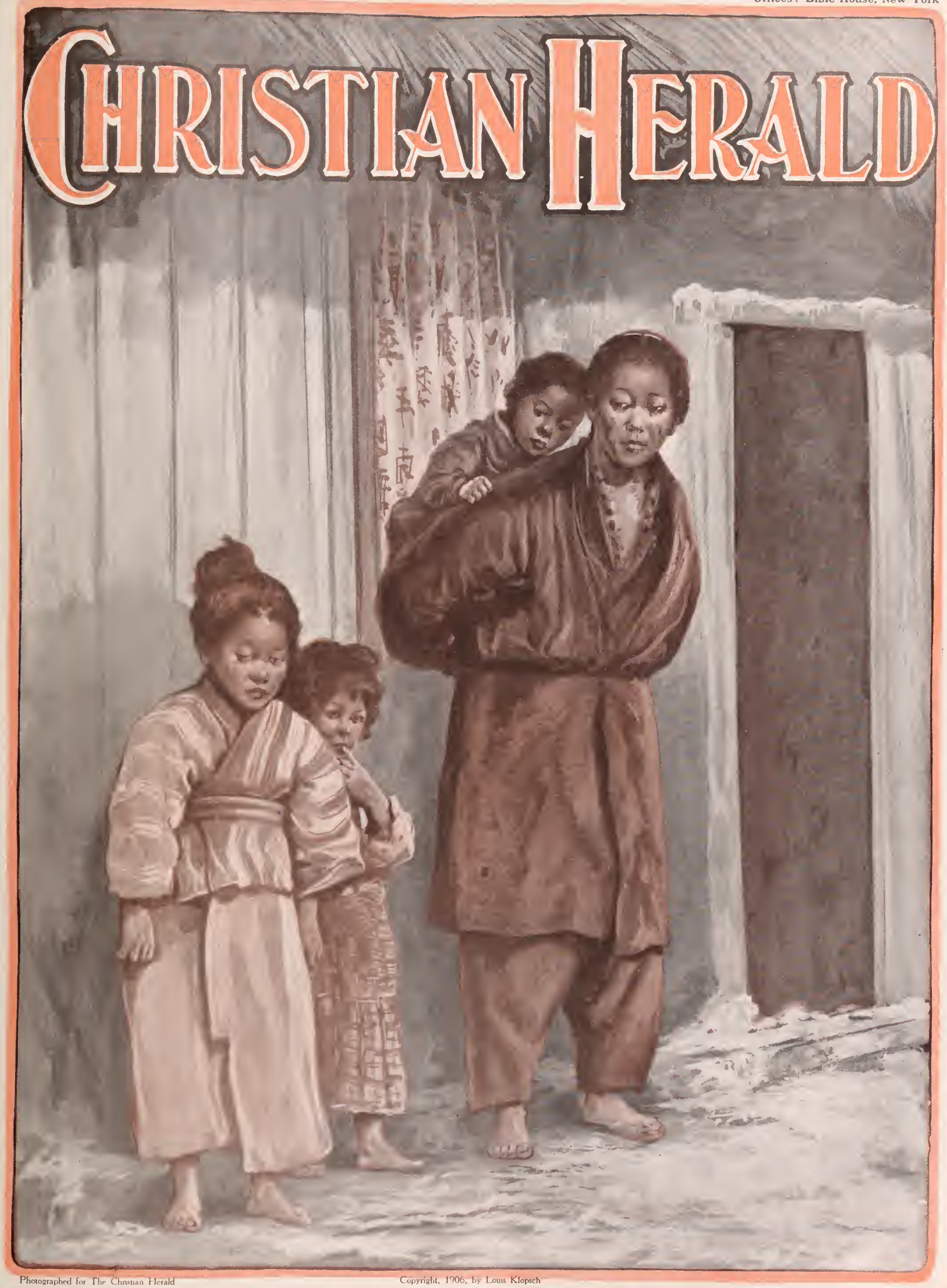
CHRISTIAN HERALD



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WALKING TO THE RELIEF STATION----A SCENE IN NORTHERN JAPAN

Riches Never Bring Real Happiness

AS a result of the Philadelphia revival, led by Torrey and Alexander, a burning passion for souls has come upon hundreds of Christians. They are going about everywhere, witnessing for Christ. A business partner in a prominent firm recently addressed 300 employees of a hat factory. Twelve men stood up and accepted Christ. A worker on the street-cars led four conductors and two motormen to Christ. Several policemen are doing personal work.

In a recent sermon at the Armory, Dr. Torrey drew a vivid parallel between the lives of Christians and those of worldlings. He declared that neither riches nor worldly pleasures give anything like the real joy possessed by the Christian. He said:

"Andrew Carnegie was recently reported to have said that millionaires almost never laugh. That is pretty nearly my experience of them. Have you ever seen a millionaire with a radiant countenance? They are the pictures of unrest. Did you ever hear a company of millionaires singing, 'I am satisfied with money here?' Plain people, with radiant faces and joyous hearts, however, sing 'I am satisfied with Jesus here.' Five years ago I said in Chicago that of the five wealthiest men in that city, not one would be worth a penny in ten years. A few weeks before I came to Philadelphia the last of the five died. All the land they now own is that occupied by a box. A son of one of the great money kings told me that he found nothing in his millions but unrest. A New York millionaire is reported to have said on his deathbed, 'I am the most miserable devil on earth.' Another sent for his gardener and asked him to pray for him, and those standing about him to sing, 'Come, ye sinners, poor and needy.' If Mr. Alexander had a congregation composed solely of millionaires, he could never organize a choir among them.

"This world does not satisfy. It never satisfied any man, no matter what he got. The saved man has two heavens—one after the grave, and the other before. You have never seen anybody happy who rejected God for the riches or pleasures of this world."

Wonderful cases of transformation are continually coming to light. One of the recent converts at the Armory was a man who had not been to a religious service for nineteen years, and was on the point of committing suicide. Another interesting convert was an actress, the wife of a theatrical manager. She is now working and praying for the conversion of her husband. From another actress Dr. Torrey has received the following letter:

"My Dear Sir,—I thought you might like to hear from me in my new life. Oh, it is so sweet to trust in Jesus; I am so happy, although I had to give up my life on the stage. But it is paying, and I know if I am only true to Christ, he will be true to me. I am stopping here at the Deaconess Home, Troy, N. Y., and they are just lovely women; I mean to go in training, if God opens the way. It was the 19th of January that I took my stand in Canada, and oh, the way seems so much brighter." GEO. T. B. DAVIS.

A Japanese on the Famine

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY,
NEW YORK, March 20, 1906.

Editor The Christian Herald:—I am heartily thankful for the remarkable help you have given our people in the northern part of Japan. The people there are in great need of help. Thousands are now crying for food. All are suffering in body and soul and many are doomed to death. Helpless women and children try in vain to get bread to keep in their lives. The wild storm of famine sweeps them away with unspeakable cruelty. Mothers and children are dying on the cold earth, the babes frozen on the mother's breasts. Some are weary with crying, and their eyes fail while they are waiting for help from God.

All that I am, all that I hope in my life is with my people: let me work for them and my whole heart is in it; and by the blessing of God, this shall be my living and dying sentiment.

Most respectfully yours, B. H. KAWASHIMA.

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TWO Magnificent Vols. Regular Price, $3.75 The Set will be Sold at ONLY $1.00

ERNEST THOMPSON SETON, and his wife, Grace Gallatin Seton, some time ago issued two books under very strange titles. The one volume, containing 500 large pages and over 300 pictures, was christened, **"TWO LITTLE SAVAGES."** It is as brimful of delightfully interesting reading matter as an egg is full of meat. It has charmed tens of thousands of families, and is as fresh to-day as it was the day it was first put on the market.

It is a most fascinating story, into which Mr. Seton has put all the knowledge of woodcraft and of wild animals, which he has accumulated in a lifetime of study and experience, and will be widely read by lovers of nature, adventure and out-door life. To read such a book is as invigorating and vitalizing as a mountain trip. It is redolent with the piny odors of the forest.

Mrs. Seton has written a companion work to her husband's book, and this bears the strange, yet fascinating title, **"A WOMAN TENDERFOOT."** One would suppose that the book dealt with a woman out in the old-time Wild West, or in the mining camp, or among the Indians, but not so. It simply speaks of the delights which an able-bodied, healthy American woman enjoyed who determined to study nature for herself, with her own eyes, and from personal experience, rather than from the pages of some beautifully illustrated gift-book.

MRS. THOMPSON SETON

In her introduction, Mrs. Thompson Seton says:

"This book is a tribute to the West. I have used many Western phrases, as necessary to the Western setting. I can only add that the events related really happened in the Rocky Mountains of the United States and Canada, and this is why, being a woman, I wanted to tell about them, in the hope that some going-to-Europe-for-the-summer woman may be tempted to go West instead."

So many narratives of adventure in the mountains and plains have been told, that it is almost incredible there should be a new and better way of telling them. It would hardly be fair to her predecessors to say that Mrs. Thompson Seton has surpassed them all, and yet there is a charm in **"A WOMAN TENDERFOOT"** that is in no similar story. There is no effort after literary superiority; the incidents are tame, even commonplace by comparison; the evident enthusiasm of the writer never passes into grandiloquence or rhapsody. Perhaps it is the wholesome simplicity of the book which captivates and holds attention, but afterward it is a realization of the tenderness, the kind immensity of nature in her wildest and most rugged forms, even toward a gently nurtured woman, that gives the book its most gracious and abiding quality.

This very attractive volume, like its companion, is superbly illustrated in the unique style of which Mrs. Thompson Seton is sole mistress. Pictures drawn for the text, that really illustrate the text, are printed anywhere on the page—top, bottom, margin, in with reading matter or elsewhere—just where it struck her fancy to put them. In contains **361 pages** and **148 pictures.**

TWO FAMOUS VOLUMES

The two books together aggregate about **900 Pages,** and **500 Pictures.** They are artistically bound in art cloth and packed in a suitable box, and this is the famous **"Camp Life Library,"** which last Fall was advertised from Maine to California, and from the Gulf of Mexico to the St. Lawrence.

The Christian Herald ordered a special edition of this **"Camp Life Library,"** after first subjecting it to the rigid test of editorial scrutiny in search of anything that might offend against good taste, and from the result of the investigation, we are satisfied that these books may be safely received into any household, however fastidious or discriminating.

ALMOST GIVEN AWAY As before stated, the price of this set was originally $3.75, but as we are now closing out all the premium books of the past season in order to make room for our new premiums, **These Sets Must Be Sold.** Some are perfectly new, others are very slightly rubbed, so little, in fact, that it would take an expert to discover a blemish. We very much dislike to sacrifice these books, but as **we must have the room, the books must go,** and hence we offer them at the absurdly low price of $1.00 per set: that is, $1.00 for the two books, transportation to be paid by the purchaser.

If you live near New York, it will cost you about twenty-five cents to have the set delivered. If you live at a distance, you would do better to send us forty cents to prepay expressage, as **the set weighs 5 lbs.** Money refunded if not pleased.

PLEASE DO NOT DELAY **This is an exceptional offer, and if you want value for your money in "good measure, pressed down, shaken together and running over," THIS IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY! In case your order comes after the stock has been sold, we will immediately return it to you AT OUR OWN EXPENSE. Other offers may be made in these columns from time to time, in order to close out all the remnants of our premium books, but no other proposition will offer such great value for the price.**

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A Great Bible and Mission Class

SOMETHING new in Bible study and missionary effort was evolved by the officers and delegates to the Young People's Interdenominational Missionary Conference, which held its sessions recently in the Y.M.C.A. Building in New York City. Every person who has been actively engaged in Sunday School work, and who also wished to work for the missionary cause in their school, has often felt the desire for a closer connection between the two, and an attractive way of presenting the subject of missions to their scholars. It was decided at the conference to form an Interdenominational Bible and Study Class, where Sunday School teachers and scholars, and all others interested in the subjects, might study the Scriptures as they relate to missions, as well as receiving much useful information of the actual work in the field.

Over three hundred pupils enrolled before the close of the conference, and new recruits have been coming in ever since. Fourteen denominations were represented at the session when the class was formed, and a report was sent to each denomination, recommending that a committee be formed for the promotion of missions and missionary study in the various young people's organizations, such as the Epworth League, Young People's Union, Women's Auxiliary, and others. The chairmen of these organizations will form a committee, which will have charge of an interdenominational movement for the study of missions.

The work of Sunday School superintendents and what they were able to do for missions, was one of the subjects discussed at the conference, and warmly debated. Mr. Morris W. Ehnes, secretary of the Young People's Missionary Movement, devoted an entire session to missionary methods in the Sunday School, he asking questions, and the delegates answering and making suggestions.

"Why don't you have systematic mission study in your Sunday School?" was asked, and it brought replies from all over the hall.

"Our superintendent is not interested in missions," was one.

"What is the best way to convert this superintendent?" asked the chairman.

"We had a superintendent like that," said one delegate. "The way we converted him was to invite him into the women's missionary meetings. He went, and was so interested that he admitted it looked as if there was something in it, and now he is so enthusiastic that we have a mission in the Sunday School once a month."

Dr. W. W. White, president of the Bible Teachers' Training School, has charge of the class, assisted by Dr. H. P. Sailer, educational secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. At the first rally, which was held in the Marble Collegiate Church on Fifth Avenue, the delegates came prepared on the following topic and assignment: "A bird's-eye view of the Old Testament, with examination of three notable key passages, one from each: the Law, the Prophets, and the Psalms. Will you bring the passage from the Pentateuch, which you think most important in relation to missions; also the one from the prophecy of Isaiah." If you were asked to select the most missionary of the Psalms, which one would you choose? They were also requested to read Chapter 3 of *Daybreak in the Dark Continent,* and to be ready to discuss the question: "To what lack in the attributes of its deities can you ascribe the evils of African paganism?"

The success of this great class will undoubtedly result in the formation of others.

Immigration Abuses

That reform is urgently needed in our immigration system is become more and more evident. Here is an illustration of the abuses that thrive under the present system: An investigation in Philadelphia disclosed the fact that of 589 young unmarried girls who arrived there, 46 had been released to people under misrepresentation, 179 could not be traced at all, 9 had been released to men under promise of marriage, but only 2 had married, 18 were released to places which never existed, 64 went to disorderly houses, and a number of the youngest were working in violation of the child labor laws, instead of being sent to school. This is a very bad showing, and would seem to justify the conclusion that the laws are inadequate or the officials totally incompetent.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

NEW YORK, APRIL 4, 1906

A MINISTRY OF HELPFULNESS

WHEN one man comes into a community with such strength of purpose, with such a message for the people that it seems inspired in its sympathy for men of all creeds, or no creeds, as did Dr. Rainsford, of St. George's Church, in New York City, takes a church that would not be taken as a gift by a clergyman of any other denomination, and builds it up in a few years until it is one of the greatest churches in America, he becomes knit into the religious and philanthropic life of the community, until it seems that one cannot do without the other. So it was with a feeling of deep regret that people heard, not only his own congregation, but also those of other denominations, that he has made final his recent resignation from the active charge of the large parish with which his name has been identified for twenty-three years. Dr. Rainsford was in reality the founder of the institutional church in New York, and his ideas on the place and purpose of a church in the life of the community, while opposed and ridiculed at first, have now become the working code for the largest and most successful churches of the city. St. George's is, in the minds of many people, a great business institution. It is an institution that is doing business for seven thousand people; looking after their spiritual, moral, mental and physical needs; not preaching high ideals to them on Sunday, and then closing the church doors for six days, so that all the opposing influences of the week can get to work; but looking after its people seven days in the week, teaching the children in its kindergartens and schools, and providing reading rooms and places of entertainment in the evening, in order to keep the young people off of the streets. Dr. Rainsford does not believe that all of these things should be placed permanently on the shoulders of any church organization, but as long as the city does not provide for them, he believes that the church must step in and do its part.

Dr. W. S. Rainsford

Dr. Rainsford, large, athletic, full of mental and physical vigor, has always believed in the church militant; that is, a church aggressive, with a definite aim for the people the church is trying to reach. In his early youth it was his ambition to enter the army; he knew he would enjoy the fighting. Later, when he entered the church, he believed in the church's leadership, not holding back and setting itself apart, and he chafed when it showed signs of inactivity.

Dr. Rainsford's father was a clergyman in charge of a large parish in the North of Ireland, and it was a remark of his that changed the son's career. One day, when they were in the study of the rectory, he said to young Rainsford: "It is the desire of my heart that you should become a clergyman." The result was that Mr. Rainsford went to Cambridge University, England, and later to a curacy at Norwich. During his university days he did evangelical work in the East End of London, preaching whenever opportunity offered, and at Norwich he was able to do much for the working people, who were gradually drifting away from church influences. The young clergyman gathered other young men as helpers; he preached in the town hall, in the Sunday Schools, and on the streets. The people of Norwich never forgot him, and when he went back after fourteen years in America, he received an ovation, and the church was packed to the doors.

From Norwich he came to New York to conduct a summer mission, and attracted so many people that the rector was afraid that his congregation would want Mr. Rainsford as the permanent head of the parish. Later he went to the Cathedral Church of St. James, in Toronto, Canada, and in 1883 he came to St. George's Church, on Stuyvesant Square, New York. St. George's, once "way up town," is now down town. The old families had nearly all moved north toward Central Park, leaving their former homes to be filled with swarms of foreigners, then invading the "East Side." The church was greatly reduced in membership and a wreck of its former self. The new rector told the committee that he would need a certain number of assistants and $15,000 a year for three years, to be used as he saw fit. It was granted and St. George's took on a new lease of life. He found that most of the pews were owned by wealthy families, who considered them as much their personal property as the homes they lived in, and who kept the deeds to the pews even after they had given up attending the church. Only about twenty of the old families were still attending the church in 1881, and for the first few months Dr. Rainsford had very small congregations; but he started out to reach the people of the neighborhood, who were without any church connections whatever. He believed that the church should be absolutely free to those people, and that the free pew system should prevail at St. George's. Most of the pews were bought up by the church, and those of owners who refused to sell were always filled by the ushers whenever anyone wanted to sit in them. Those who did not like the new methods remained away, and St. George's flourished in consequence. Those who did remain were workers. In six years the church was firmly re-established in the religious life of New York. A parish house was built where the educational, social and philanthropic societies could have a common meeting ground. There was a gymnasium for the young men, and a battalion for the boys who wanted to drill. For the girls there were sewing clubs and cooking schools. The young people of the district have been given the opportunity to meet socially and under proper conditions. Before they had only the street or some of the dance halls of the neighborhood. The whole general tone of several thousand homes has been changed by the lessons of politeness and consideration taught, almost unconsciously, by the large body of lay helpers, both young men and young women, who come from homes of refinement, and are giving one, two, and even more evenings a week for the benefit of those who are less fortunate. Over one hundred and sixty thousand dollars are spent annually for the work of the church. None too much when one considers the vast amount of work it has set itself to do.

St. George's Protestant Episcopal Church, New York City

The Sunday School of St. George's is one of the strongest departments, and is carried on, so far as possible, as the public schools are conducted. The younger children, those under eight, are taught in kindergartens. When they pass from this, they enter on a regular graded course of study. The teachers and clergy of the church prepare their own lesson leaflets for the classes. There are over a hundred and fifty teachers in the school, many of them coming long distances every Sunday, some from upper New York and from Brooklyn. Dr. Rainsford never believed in the haphazard methods of selecting a leader for a class, that is so often followed. They are taken from among the brightest and most active young men and young women of the parish, and they are made to feel the heavy responsibility they have taken on their shoulders, in giving the first religious impressions to the active minds committed to their care. They meet regularly for discussion of methods and topics connected with the school. A large proportion of the scholars become regular communicants of St. George's

Rich and poor kneel side by side in the crowded services at the brownstone church on Stuyvesant Square, a convincing sight to those who have wavered in their belief that it was unable to meet the great social problems of the present century. Rich and poor meet on common ground at the meetings of the various societies in the parish-house, learning to know and to respect one another in a way hitherto impossible, all working for the benefit of the church they love so well.

A large part of Dr. Rainsford's success was due to the fact that he had his own trained corps of assistant clergy, who took turns visiting the needy and sick of the vicinity, regardless of their religious affiliations, and who preached in turn at the regular services. Twenty-five of these young men have gone out to take charge of churches of their own, carrying to new cities the inspiration of the religion of service that has been the keynote of Dr. Rainsford's ministry.

THE AMERICAN PULPIT

SERMON BY

Rev. W. R. Huntington, D.D.*

Temptation Vanquished

TEXT: MATT. 4: 1

"Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the Devil"

HOW strange that the wilderness should have been selected as the scene of a temptation! In a wilderness, which is strictly such, crime is impossible. Crime is an incident of social life, and can be committed only where there are people to be injured. Unless personal rights or property rights are invaded, there is no crime. But in an unpeopled wilderness there are neither persons nor property. Society has not planted itself there; Nature, in her most crabbed mood, is in full possession. Set a solitary man down in such surroundings, and he cannot become a criminal if he tries, for it is a place where custom, statute, edict, decree have never entered. Law, there is none. And yet, when Christ was to be tempted, it must needs be that he should be led up into the wilderness, of all places, the wilderness.

Temptation in Solitude

Now, pray, why the wilderness? Why not rather some city? Why not Capernaum, where the merchants would have jostled him? Why not Jerusalem, where priests and scribes, lawyers and Pharisees were ever ready with their traps and snares? But no, it is to the wilderness he must be sent. It is there, with only the wild beasts for company, there, that he must undergo his trial. He is to be tested. Son of God, though he be, there is some mysterious necessity that he should face the possibility of fall.

I spoke just now of his being led, that is, you notice, St. Matthew's word, but the next evangelist uses a far stronger one, Mark says he was driven. "Immediately the Spirit," the same Spirit, remember, which only a little while before, at the Baptism, had descended upon him in gentlest guise, immediately this self-same Spirit "driveth him into the wilderness." So, then, it was by a God-given impulse that he went. That very thing which he has bidden his disciples pray may not happen to them, happened to him; he was led into temptation,—a temptation in a wilderness.

I find the resolving of the perplexity to be this. The wilderness was chosen for the scene of Christ's temptation, with a view to emphasizing the fact that in the last resort the soul of man must reckon not with those companion souls who make up what we call society, but with that King to whom the allegiance of all souls is due, whether they be souls living together in comradeship, or, hermit-like, dwelling apart. We become so engrossed in our relations to one another, we are so tangled up in the meshes of the social network which covers all the habitable parts of the earth, our lives are so completely filled with the rights and duties which are strictly human, that we forget that aside from the accounting which we must make with our fellow-creatures, every one of us shall give account of his own separate self to God most High.

Alone with God

I began by saying that in a wilderness crime was impossible. I was very careful not to say that in a wilderness sin was impossible, for sin is distinctly transgression against God, and although in a wilderness we find ourselves alone, yet, after all, it is only that sort of loneliness in which we are alone with him. We do not know, for instance, where David may have happened to be when he uttered that lamentable cry, which has become the standard note of penitence, "Against thee only have I sinned," but it is clear that there would have been no inappropriateness in wilderness surroundings. The One to whom he spoke is present everywhere, and whether David's voice was echoed back to David's ear from his palace-walls, or from the rocks of some Jordan wilderness, to which in shame and sorrow he had fled, it made no difference; the case was a case between his Maker and himself. He had offended against man, but against God only had he sinned.

But this is one of the least of the many mysteries which environ that unique event in spiritual history, the temptation of Christ. Let me speak of others, not for the sake of raising difficulties, as you will readily believe, but rather in order that the intense solemnity of the thing may make its due impression on our imaginations and our consciences.

*Preached in Grace Church, New York, and published with twenty-three other sermons in a volume of 296 pages, entitled, *A Good Shepherd*. Price $1.25, by Thomas Whittaker, Bible House, New York.

I shall not be particularly careful about the order of treatment, but shall take up various points as they may happen to suggest themselves. I should like you, for instance, to think a little while about the bearing of this strange event upon St. Paul's doctrine of the first and the second Adam. You remember what the doctrine is, for it is set forth in that chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians, which the burial office of the church has made so perfectly familiar; you remember, in a general way, what the doctrine is, but it may not have occurred to you to notice how much light it throws upon a multitude of questions which now, for some years past, have been harassing the modern mind.

St. Paul seems to conceive of man as having made two distinct starts here on earth; one a false start, so to speak, the other a true one. He appears to use the name "Adam," not to designate an individual, but in a representative way, as summing up the race. The first Adam is the natural man, how far lifted above the brutes we cannot say, but not far enough lifted to safeguard him against the alluring voices that address themselves to the brutish instincts in him. He is tried, and he fails. He has eyes given him to see what he might accomplish and become; but his will breaks down under the stress of trial. He is not sufficient for the life spiritual. With all his endowment of splendid possibilities, he is content to remain of the earth, earthy.

The Better Start

Then comes in at the right time the second Adam, the Lord from heaven, "conceived of the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary," empowered to start the race afresh. He, also, must endure temptation as the former Adam did. That earlier struggle was in a garden, this shall be in a wilderness. The first man was tried on the sensuous side of his nature, this second man shall be tried on the intellectual and spiritual sides, as well, that the victory, when won, may be complete. Cardinal Newman has beautifully paraphrased St. Paul's doctrine in his tender and subtle poem, "The Dream of Gerontius," where he makes one of his choir of Angelicals, as he calls them, sing thus:

O loving wisdom of our God,
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.

O wisest love! that flesh and blood
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against the foe,
Should strive and should prevail.

You see at a glance what dramatic power and beauty are imported into the story of man's life upon the earth, when it is thus interpreted. Instead of being a mere string of detached and meaningless events, history takes on symmetry and proportion; a plan is dimly perceived that penetrates, and in a measure, at least, lightens up the whole fabric of it,—"God's hand has been in man's affairs from the first" we cry. "If these things be so, it must be that there is hope for us." Our lives are not running out into nothingness as they look to be doing, but in the maturing of this grand purpose of the Almighty we, also, insignificant as we seem, helpless as we are, we also count for something. The Christ, who conquered where all before had failed, gives us lot and part in the sure fruits of that, his battle of the wilderness.

Three-sided Temptation

Another thought, disconnected from this, upon which we have been dwelling, but quite germane to our general purpose, is this:—It is common to explain the three temptations by saying that the first of them, "Command that these stones be made bread," was addressed to the animal element that is in every man; that the second, "Cast thyself down," was an appeal to spiritual pride, and that the third, "All these things will I give Thee, if,"—was an attempt to work upon ambition in the common, worldly sense. But I think we shall understand the unity better, discern the oneness of the threeness more distinctly, if we look at all the temptations as intended to accomplish this one thing, namely, to undermine the Son's confidence in the Father. You recall the wording of the tempter's appeal,—If thou be the Son of God,—do this. If thou be the Son of God, do that.

We must keep it in mind that this crisis in our Lord's life followed close upon the Baptism. Jesus had just been inducted, as we may say, into his office as the Christ. The voice had said from heaven, "This is my beloved Son," and John, the Baptizer, had solemnly borne witness to the coming of the greater than himself.

Full of this consciousness of a heavenly mission, awakened, perhaps, for the first time to a clear understanding of all that he really was, the Son of Mary had come into the wilderness to ponder these things, to feed upon them, as it were, while denying himself all other food. This, then, was the grand point of attack, the confidence in the heavenly Fatherhood. If the tempter could only shake this trust of sonship, only break up this filial sense, his bad end would be accomplished.

A Propitious Time

"If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread." "If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down from this pinnacle." These are challenges—challenges coupled with a sneer. The suggestion is that the powers of God's world, the forces of his universe, are hostile, not friendly, and that, because of their being so, the Divine Fatherhood cannot be trusted or depended upon. We must remember, that up to this time Christ had wrought no miracle. Possibly he did not then know that the miracle-working power was to be his. The scene at Cana in Galilee had yet to be enacted. The tempter's words, therefore, came to him with all the bitterness of a scoff. Practically, what they mean is: You think yourself, in a peculiar sense, under divine protection, well then, try turning these stones into bread, and see; you will starve first. You fancy that the old promises of the prophets and psalmists apply to you, personally; well then, leap down from this high turret and perish miserably.

My dear friends, is there nothing in the experience of modern man that tallies with all this? Have not you and I, in our measure and degree, to grapple with these same temptations?

It is true that the temptation of the Son of God had in it elements that differenced it widely from the temptations to which his disciples are subjected. It was singular, pre-eminent, unique, just as his agony was singular and his sacrifice unique; but when it is written, as it is written, that he was in all points tempted like as we are, surely it is implied that we also are in some points tempted like as he was. Now is not this just one of those points which his temptation and ours have in common?

Sonship Challenged

We are not, and cannot become sons of God in the peculiar sense in which he is Son of God, and yet, are we not told that as many as received him to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name. If, therefore, we have with honest and true hearts received him, if in sincerity we have believed on his name, there must be a real sense in which we have a clear right to account ourselves sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty.

But are you and I under no temptation to be shaken out of this faith, cheated of this confidence, robbed of this sure trust, by observing how often nature seems to be against us? Of course we are. Is it not this very same lurking suspicion that cuts the nerve of prayer, and makes what the Bible says about an over-ruling providence seem like an idle dream? Who, we cry, can be counted upon to turn the stones that strew so thickly the wilderness of this life of ours into bread that shall satisfy our hunger? Who, in the midst of the many and great perils that compass all our ways, will keep us from being dashed to pieces if we fall? Not God, surely, for God works through Nature, and Nature is under the hard rule of law, and there is nothing for us save simple acquiescence in what seems to be our doom.

There is nothing very unfamiliar about this—is there? This is no strange temptation that thus befalls us, but such a one as is common to modern man—the temptation to distrust God's love, the temptation to disbelieve in his care, to repudiate the sonship.

But, after all, the only thing we need to help us out of our distress is patience. In wonderful ways, and with a rapidity never before observed, the Author of Nature is making Nature plastic to our hands. She is

no longer the cruel mistress she used to be. Gradually we are learning how to make her forces minister to our good. All things come to him who waits, and to man, who through the many genenerations of the past, has waited, to man all things are coming in due time. We cannot suddenly, and on the spot change stones to bread by any angry cry, nor can we defy, with impunity, the laws of falling bodies; we shall starve before we suceeed in one attempt, and we shall be crushed if we venture upon the other. Nevertheless, breadstuffs are constantly increasing, and men, to-day, are braving safely a thousand perils to which, in old times, they succumbed.

God is not our enemy; he is our Father: Nature is not our foe, she is our friend. When Nature presses us hard with her pains and bruises, her accidents and sicknesses, and we feel moved, almost to despair, at the thought of all her waves and billows going over us, let us say to ourselves, "This is my temptation. God is my Father all the same. For reasons of his own he is letting these forces buffet me, letting me be tossed about, battered and bruised, but he is all the while just as truly my Father, just as really my friend, as if he were turning stones into bread at my appeal, or giving angels charge to bear me miraculously in their hands lest I strike my foot against gargoyle or capital."

Be sure, dear friend, that whatever voice bids us think otherwise is a tempting voice, a scoffing voice, a voice against which we shall do well to shut our ears.

The third of the temptations stands alone and by itself. The devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain, and showeth him all the kingdoms of the world in a moment of time. These, he says, are mine, and to whomsoever I will I give them, and thou shalt have them if thou wilt only fall down and worship me. But even in this case, different as the subject matter of the temptation is from that of the other two, even here we discern the same bad motive lurking in the background, the same malicious resolve to break down, if it can possibly be done, the soul's confidence in the fatherhood of God. It is Satan masquerading as the king. "Consider all this grandeur," the tempter says, "see all this magnificent paraphernalia of war and peace, of enterprise and achievement. Look yonder at those parliaments and congresses, those armies and navies. contemplate those huge industries symbolized by factory and workshop and warehouse; watch the emigrations that are going on, the commingling of races, the peopling of continents, and think of what it means to have the ordering of all this. Think of the honor and advantage of being my prime-minister in the government of so various and interesting a realm."

But this temptation like the others, rests on the rotten substructure of a lie. This that the tempter says, is false, utterly, absolutely, everlastingly false. It is the power of goodness, not the power of evil, that really rules the manifold affairs of men. God, not Satan, is the sovereign Commander of all the world. The vain pomp and glory of the world may be in Satan's gift, but the true, the solid glory of the world is God's affair, not his.

The great activities of human life are under the guidance of him whose never-failing providence ordereth all things both in heaven and earth. This great administration, which covers and comprehends both State and Church, is carried on in the interests of righteousness, and any voice which whispers in your ear that to succeed you must sell yourself to Satan, is cajoling you to ruin. The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof. Do not imagine that any save this Supreme Proprietor can ever give you a clear title to the permanent possession of any single square foot of it. It is the meek-spirited, and they only who can expect to hold in perpetuity; these shall inherit the earth.

And so we sum up all in Christ's comprehensive edict, "Get thee behind Me, Satan." That was the end of the temptation in the wilderness. Resolutely uttered it will end any and every temptation to distrust the eternal goodness that may befall you or me.

"THE GENTLEMAN IN WHITE"

Jean Henri Dunant, Founder of the Red Cross and his Beneficent Career, now Nearing its Close

IN a cablegram from Geneva, Switzerland, the intelligence is conveyed that M. Jean Henri Dunant, the famous philanthropist and founder of the Red Cross Society, is dying at his villa on the shores of Lake Constance. He is seventy-eight years of age.

Mr. Dunant's career has been a remarkable one. He was born at Geneva, May 8, 1828, and is of Swiss-French extraction. His mother, M. Anne Antoinette Colladon, came of a family which was distinguished even before the Reformation and which had been ennobled many generations ago. On his father's side he came of a patrician family which had among its members some of the leading judges of the Swiss nation, the father himself being a member of the Geneva Council up to the political upheaval of 1842.

From his earliest manhood, Jean Henri Dunant gave evidence of a love of works of charity and benevolence. He made the cause of the poor his own cause; he was an ardent advocate of peace, and he was always happiest when relieving some case of urgent necessity. Three women, by their splendid examples, influenced his whole life in a remarkable degree, viz: Florence Nightingale, Elizabeth Fry, and Harriet Beecher Stowe. Their experiences he longed to make his own and their ideals were his ideals.

During the Italian war of 1859, young Dunant was travelling in that country. After the battle of Solferino, he visited the field, and, seeing the terrible sufferings of the wounded soldiers who lay around untended, he, with the assistance of several peasant women, formed an ambulance service, with its headquarters in a little church at Castiglione. He helped with his own hands to bind up the wounds of Frenchmen, Italians and Austrians alike. "They are all brothers," he said. "A wounded enemy is an enemy no longer." And he and his corps of helpers brought water and medicine, and smoothed the pallets of straw, and cheered the unfortunates, and closed the eyes of the dead, and performed the last kind offices for the dying. Dunant was regarded by the hundreds of wounded as a miracle of goodness—little less than an angel. "The gentleman in white," was the way in which the officers spoke of him, as he moved around among the sick, his light clothing making him conspicuous on the field.

His experiences at Solferino, where he saw that the willing hands of a few untrained helpers actually saved many lives, and comforted hundreds of others, inspired him with the grand idea of an organization, planned on a broad scale, and fully trained for the relief of human suffering, especially in time of war. Bit by bit the plan grew in his mind, and it gradually elaborated itself. He had a vision of a great international work of humanity, operated with the mutual recognition of many governments, and under a distinctive flag—the Cross. To-day the Red Cross flag—red on a white ground—is the recognized symbol of humane work on all fields of suffering throughout the civilized world.

By his account of the great battle of Solferino, which appeared shortly after the event itself, M. Dunant created a decided sensation in Europe. He described war in all its horrors — not as it is popularly supposed

Jean Henri Dunant

to be by those who remain at home, but as it actually is. It was a piece of literary realism which until that time had been unsurpassed, and it stripped the military art of all its glamor and picturesqueness, and revealed it as sheer scientific butchery and legalized murder, the bloodthirsty savageism of which nothing could extenuate. He showed the dead piled in heaps on hills and in ravines; crushed and dying foes straining like wild beasts to kill each other; the smashing of skulls; the horrible gashes of sabré and bayonet in men's bodies; the orgie of madmen, drunken with the lust of blood and slaughter. He told how even the frightened horses, more humane than their riders, tried to avoid crushing the fallen, while the artillery cut a path through the heaps of dead and dying. Above all and at every point on the blood-soaked field, might be heard groans and curses, the cries of rage, and the shrieks of pain and despair. This battle, which the world had been told was a "brilliant engagement," M. Dunant's truthful pen revealed in its true aspect as a mere massacre, with accompaniments of such startling brutality that it seemed to have been fought by hordes of savages, rather than civilized men. Such was the picture of real war which this apostle of peace and humanity set before the world less than half a century ago.

Dunant's splendid service in succoring the wounded in the Italian war was quickly recognized. Friends of "the gentleman in white" sprang up everywhere, and gifts of money flowed in upon him. Napoleon III. interested himself in Dunant's project for an international humane organization, and many distinguished prelates and statesmen did likewise. The first organization was a small committee composed of leading Genevans in 1859, which was called "The Committee of Succor." Soon similar committees were formed in Milan and other cities. The movement spread and was accorded a generous welcome by many nations, sovereigns and peoples included. It was not, however, until the International Congress held at Geneva in 1863, that the Red Cross, known as such, was actually founded. To M. Dunant, as a great public benefactor, was universally awarded the credit for originating the idea and giving form and character to the movement. For six years previous to the Convention, he had gone from court to court, pressing his plan on the acceptance of the different Powers, invariably with success. At the Convention (which was held Oct. 26-29), all the leading European governments were represented, and almost all of the smaller principalities also—fourteen governments in all. The resolutions adopted provided for the organization in each country of a Committee of Succor for Wounded Soldiers, to co-operate with the Army Sanitary Corps in war time, and to be employed in the consideration of humane measures in time of peace. All associated in this special work were to wear a distinctive badge—"a red cross on a white ground." Moreover, the operations of the corps were to be neutralized on the field of battle. In the following year, 1864, a Diplomatic Convention was held at Geneva, which still further defined the functions, extended the scope, and increased the facilities of the Red Cross.

In the various wars since 1859, the Red Cross has done magnificent service in caring for the sick and wounded in war, earthquake, famine, plague and general disaster. In the Franco-German war of 1870 it cared for 509,837 French and German soldiers. In the Chino-Japanese war, the Servian war, the South African Campaign, and the recent Russo-Japanese war, it performed signal service. It has united the continents in the bonds of human sympathy, and its founder, the young Swiss student, whose solicitude for the wounded and the suffering at Solferino, opened to him a vision of a world-wide organization of kind hearts and willing hands, has lived to see his hope fully realized. With the passing away of Jean Henri Dunant, the world will lose one of the noblest and most Christlike men who ever came to bless humanity and to advance the cause of universal peace.

Foreign Mission Notes

—Missionary E. H. Richards of Inhambane, East Africa, writes that the Mission is preparing to issue a native paper called "Kuca Ka Mixo" *(The Dawn of the Morn)*, and primers in three languages for three millions of heathen. Help for this work is greatly needed.

Contributions to The Christian Herald Japan Relief Fund to March 16, 1906

ABOUT 1,500 NEW YORK CONTRIBUTIONS ALSO RECEIVED BEFORE THIS DATE, WILL BE ACKNOWLEDGED LATER ON

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Memory of Baby Ellison, Cooperstown 5 00
A Reader, City Island 1 00
A Reader, Pike.... 1 00
A Reader, Poughkeepsie 2 00
From C H Readers, Troy 1 00
Readers of Geneva Daily Times, Geneva 21 00
"Subscriber," Accord 1 50
Subscriber, Salem. 3 00
Life Subscriber, Riverhead 5 00
A Sub, Skaneateles 2 00
S S Times Subr, Java Village....1 00
Mother & Daughter, Brooklyn.... 4 00
Mother & Daughter, N Y City..10 00
Sincere Sympathizer, Glenora..... 2 50
One Who Sympathizes, Amawalt. 1 00
Sympathy, Binghamton 1 00
The Widow's Mite, Brooklyn 1 00
Widow's Mite, Camillus 20
Clifton Springs Sanitarium, Clifton Springs.....120 00
A Poor Widow, Buffalo 1 00
Diamond Saw & Stamping Works, Buffalo 10 00
Berkshire Industrial Farm, Canaan Four Corners....11 60
Daughter of the King, Carmel.... 50
Red-bird, Gallatinville 50
"A Christian," Geneva 1 00
"Contributions," Geneva 4 75
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Y P S C E, 1st Bapt Ch, Batavia 5 00
Sands St Mem M E Ch, Brooklyn. 7 00
Preshy Ch, Elliottville 8 50
Missionary Soc of Trinity Ch, Fredonia 6 20
Cong'l Ch & S Sch, Lebanon 2 30
Presby Ch, Montgomery 3 00
7th St Mission, Rochester 1 23
Presby Ch of S Amenia 21 77
Elmwood Preshy Ch, Syracuse....10 00
1st Presby Ch of Brunswick Troy Presbytery, Troy. 8 55
Friends Ch, Upperville 5 00
St Stephan's S Sch, Buffalo 3 00
J S Sch Class Preshy Ch, Castile 50
Meth Episco S Sch, Cattaraugus 5 00
So Gates Union S Sch, Chili..... 6 00
M E S School, Ft. Ann 1 00
The Kingshoro Ave Presby S Sch and Its Friends, Gloversville 50 00
Universalist S Sch, Hudson 2 50
1st Bapt S Sch, Jamestown 69 00
Reformed S Sch, Saugerties 5 00
Teachers & Scholars of Crocker District S Sch, Lockport 5 00
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S Sch Church of the Stranger, N Y C.17 00
A Class in the Presby S Sch, N Tonawanda 4 00

NEW YORK—Cont'd

Preshy S Sch, Nunda 14 25
Highwoods Ref. S Sch & C E Soc, Saugerties 27 25
Union S S, Orwell. 5 00
Olivet M E S Sch, Syracuse 11 75
Presby S Scb, Wilson 7 25
Teachers of Public Sch No 74, Bklyn 8 00
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Foreign Miss Soc 1st M E Church, Amityville 3 25
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W Smyrna C E Soc, Bouney..... 3 00
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Ep

The President and the Famine Fund

He Thanks The Christian Herald and its Readers for Rendering "A Very Real Service to Humanity"

WHEN President Theodore Roosevelt, sometime ago issued his proclamation warmly commending the cause of the famine-stricken Japanese to the generous consideration of the American people, it was regarded as something more than merely a timely official expression of the sympathy of our nation for a friendly people in distress. That our nation, as a whole, has taken the President's appeal, and rightly interpreted and heeded it, is evident from the thousands of contributions that have come from a great army of good men and women in all the States to their chosen channel of benevolence, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, for transmission to Japan. Rarely has appeal for a worthy cause met with so magnificent and so ready a response. So spontaneous and liberal have been the contributions, that President Roosevelt has seen fit to personally commend the work of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers, in the telegram which he sent Dr. Klopsch on Wednesday, March 21, and which appears above.

[COPY]

TELEGRAM.

The White House,
Washington.

Mr. Louis Klopsch,
The Christian Herald, March 21, 1906.
New York, N. Y.

Let me heartily thank you, and through you, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, for the admirable work done in connection with the famine sufferers in Japan. You have now raised $100,000, and you have rendered a very real service to humanity and to the cause of international good will.

Theodore Roosevelt

Facsimile of President Roosevelt's Telegram of March 21, 1906

This recognition from the Chief Executive of the nation is one that cannot be other than grateful to all who have had a share in the present life-saving campaign in Japan. His kind words apply with equal force to the givers of all contributions, large and small. In recognizing their work as a "real service to humanity," he shows his appreciation of the true motive that underlies all the works of benevolence and kindness in which our people have been engaged in the last fifteen years. These enterprises of body-saving and soul-winning in heathen lands and in remote parts of the homeland, are not done for the applause of men or for self-glorification in any sense. Indeed, for the most part, they are done in secret, that He who seeth in secret may reward openly. The following reply was sent to the President's telegram:

NEW YORK, March 21.

To His Excellency the President:

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT:—It was a very gracious act to wire me your personal appreciation of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD work for the Japan famine sufferers, and for our readers, our staff and myself, I thank you most sincerely, and beg to assure you that your very generous message will stimulate us all to greater achievement. LOUIS KLOPSCH.

In all the leading cities of Japan, intense interest in the famine is displayed, and the citizens are actively supporting the relief work by contributions. It should be remembered, however, that the whole country has suffered by the war, and that the same crop failure which brought such disaster to Iwate, Miyagi and Fukushima provinces has been felt throughout the whole empire, though in less degree. Had this not been the case, the contributions from native sources would have been much larger.

Rev. J. H. DeForest, of the Sendai Missionary Committee, writes under recent date, urging those intending contributors to the Famine Relief Fund who have been waiting for "the supreme moment," when the crisis of the famine should be reached, to wait no longer. He says: "Now is the time. I do not care how the money gets to the dying people. We will put to speedy use every cent that comes to us, not the least fraction of any gift being taken for distribution. Every cent goes to the poor in the most fitting food. There is no cost of transportation. All that is wanted is money. When we think of the tens of thousands in this one province (Miyagi), who are in bitterest want, our small means makes one almost frantic for its insufficiency." He continues: "Two unspeakably bitter months are right before us, with the whole region of death open. God bless those who help in this terrible extremity!"

Rev. W. E. Lampe, Chairman of the Missionary Committee, writing from Shiraishi, in the same province, says:

"I have been out in the famine districts for four or five days, and find the state of affairs worse than even I had expected. . . . In one village in the hills near here there are at least a hundred families who are living *on one full meal in two days*. The acute stage has been reached."

. . .

Mrs. Van Petten, a foreign lady of Yokohama, who at the request of a Ladies' Committee went through a large part of the famine districts with Japanese officials and members of the Sendai Missionary Committee, makes an interesting report.

A Japanese Home in a Straw Shaek in the Famine Provinees

The *sonchos*, or headmen whom they visited, were very courteous, and furnished an exact description of the condition of every family in each of the villages. Investigation proved the accuracy of these representations. Many families had no *futons* (blankets) and only thin and ragged clothing, although the snow lay deep all around. Some had no sleeping mats and slept on bundles of straw. Their food was rice flour mixed with leaves, and daikon, boiled with beans; the leaves were those of the daikon or the fern. In one family visited, the baby was crying from sheer hunger, the next youngest was wailing and fretting, and all the other members looking starved and utterly hopeless. A child of ten was starting out in the snow to try to beg some rice. All the families visited were given enough aid to help them to live for a month, and arrangements were made to supply clothing for those who needed it.

Rev. W. H. Smart, of St. Stephen's Church, Fukushima, writes of the situation in that province, that in many of the famine sections, a meal known as *dango* is served, which consists of almost "anything that can be mixed together," and is quite black. On this terrible stuff even the children are fed. A similar state of things exists in other counties. Dr. Smart, in the course of a journey of 160 miles, visited many villages. A friend had placed a few hundred yen (a yen is forty-nine cents), at his disposal, and he purposed giving these children a hot meal two or three times a week. Many cases of distressing starvation were found. In one home a family of seven lay in a one-room shed, on straw spread on the bare earth. The aged father was a cripple, the mother blind. There were three young grandchildren. Another family of seven was found in a hole seven feet by six, and four and a-half feet high, dug out by the hillside. A piece of straw matting served for a door. All were sick. These were samples of many similar cases. "Others besides myself have found the same state of things," writes the good pastor. What are we doing to help?

A recent letter says: "The government officials say the hardest time for the famine sufferers will be May, June, and July, while the people are all planting the new rice crop, and have no time to do the work provided by the government to keep the people from starvation. With no food in the house and no money to buy food, outside help will be more urgently needed, even than now. I believe this, too, is one of God's plans for bringing the people to a knowledge of the truth. The families who assemble for help listen with earnest attention to the Good News spoken to them. We believe a great harvest of souls will result."

Bishop H. C. Harris, D.D., who has just completed a tour of the famine districts, writes commending the foresight of the foreign committee which acted so promptly in the relief work and thereby saved many lives. "All the money contributed," the bishop adds, "is certain to reach the needy and not a cent is deducted for expenses. The Committee is international and nonsectarian. Its machinery is now in motion, but money is insufficient." Its appeals are based on well-ascertained facts and do not exaggerate in the least, but rather fail to make fully known the wide extent and acuteness of the misery which prevails.

At the request of the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, our State Department has cabled our Legation in Tokio, to send one-half of the latest remittance of $20,000 to the Treasurer of the Missionary Relief Committee at Sendai, to be applied to immediate relief in the districts in which the Committee is now operating. This sum of $10,000, added to the previous remittance of $5,000, makes a total of $15,000 cabled to the missionaries.

All contributions should be addressed to

JAPAN RELIEF FUND,
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
92 Bible House, New York

Contributions will be acknowledged in these pages.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, Associate Editor

LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor

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President Roosevelt's Greeting

IT is a matter of general remark that our distinguished President is a man who does nothing by halves. More than once he has brushed ancient conventionalism aside, and put himself boldly on record in behalf of some great and needed project for the nation, or for humanity. It took more than kingly courage to come before the world as the advocate of peace between warring nations; but the outcome abundantly vindicated the wisdom of the experiment, and established a new precedent in international mediation.

It was in keeping, too, with his nobility of character to commend the cause of suffering Japan to the generous aid of the sympathetic American people, as he did in his recent proclamation. His still more recent message, conveyed by telegraph to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, in which he records his appreciation of the splendid gifts contributed by our readers to the famine-stricken peasants of Japan, is equally characteristic of the man whom all Americans, of all parties, have learned to love and respect for his cordial frankness, and his readiness at all times to help along a really deserving cause.

To the thousands of Christian men and women of all denominations who have generously and promptly given of their substance to feed the starving Japanese, the greeting of the President comes with a special significance. It is a message from one who is himself a loyal son of the Christian Church, to fellow-Christians throughout our land. It stamps the Chief Executive of this nation as a man of Christian feeling and principle, and one who does not hesitate to openly avow the fact. It conveys to each contributor, young and old, a "Well done," which is at once grateful and deserved. It is high recognition, and shows that the writer is in close touch with the kind hearts of the people who have so nobly responded to his official appeal.

We commend the President's encouraging message to all the churches, the church societies, and other religious organizations, and to those who love to serve the Master, wherever they are to be found. May it stimulate them to still greater effort in this life-saving campaign. We hope and pray that it may result in such an outpouring of contributions for the afflicted nation that this work will stand before the whole world as evidence that ours is a practical Christianity—a faith of deeds, not words. And so, if God wills, we may yet be the means of saving thousands of precious lives, and of bringing multitudes into the knowledge that leads to salvation.

An Impossible Task

IN the courts of one of our Eastern States, a case is being tried that interests both the world of art and the religious world. A wealthy man wished to present to his church a memorial window, one of the most beautiful that ever intercepted the rays of God's sunshine, and turned it into a thousand tints, glowing like opalescent jewels in the crowns of kings, shimmering on the robes of angelic hosts, and giving life to the upturned faces of holy men. He studied the great picture windows in cathedrals and chapels, and, beautiful though they were, he wished for something that would startle all beholders with its richness of color, its width, heighth, its magnificence. At last he decided that the subject for the window should be the New Jerusalem, the city of the redeemed.

An artist, famed for his originality of composition, his delicacy of touch, his passion for all that was beautiful in art, was chosen to make the design. Overjoyed at an opportunity to deal with such a subject he threw himself ardently into the work.

He went in the fall to the hillsides, and studied the masses of foliage as they turned to the glorious reds and yellows of October. He lived upon the tops of mountains and watched the sunset skies, as the brush of the greatest of all designers caused the West to burn and glow with the gold and crimson of departing day. When the long, shimmering tongues of light glowed in the East as they heralded the approach of morn, the artist was there, waiting to catch upon his canvas the impressions that came to him, as far below, in God's beautiful world, farm and hamlet, village and city came to life and spoke up through the morning with a thousand voices. At last his visions worked themselves into one and became fixed upon his canvas. The design was incorporated into glass and the glass into a window. To the artist it was extremely beautiful, and with pride he showed the results to his patron. The latter looked at it, and said, with disappointment, "That is not the New Jerusalem; it's a country village," and he refused to accept it. The artist now sues for compensation for his labor and wounded pride.

There is a great lesson here for the impatient, restless Christians of to-day. The rich patron had constructed in his mind's eye a heavenly city modelled upon an earthly one; its buildings and towers were only larger in size and of more costly material; his worldly mind had attempted to measure the city built by the heavenly architect, and was disappointed when he could not see it done into the colors of a church window. The artist, though far nearer the truth, of course failed, as all men must fail who, with finite minds, attempt to portray the workings of an infinite one.

Critics try to measure faith, the future life, the miracles of God, with a carpenter's square, and failing, because they have tried to compass the greater with the less, say all is false, because they do not know the root and reason for all that comes in human experience.

Throughout this world men and women struggle to comprehend some great thing reserved for God's revealing, instead of seeing with the eye of faith, and knowing that it must be good, as from the Giver of all good it comes to us. Let us remember when we try to have all made plain that we are but children in the view of the Most High, "that eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

The Apostle of Humanity

WHAT a lesson we may learn from the inspiring story of the life of Jean Henri Dunant, the founder of the Red Cross, whose wonderful career is now drawing to a peaceful close in Switzerland.

Men have been acclaimed as "great," because of their achievements in war, in exploration, in science, in invention, in philosophy, in literature and art, in money-getting, and in any and all of the various fields of human effort. But this man was none of these. He had no surpassing endowment of genius which lifted him high above the multitude.

He had a gentle heart; a heart full of kindness and compassion; a Christlike sympathy with human suffering. That was all. It was his sole gift, but it has sufficed to kindle the whole world to deeds of kindness.

Before Dunant saw a battlefield, or penned a line of his famous pamphlet, *Le Souvenir de Solferino*—which opened the eyes of men and women to the horrible nature of real war—he was ridiculed and abused for what the world termed his soft-heartedness. This world of ours makes much of its "men of iron," who make history and beat down and lift up thrones and empires, and amass vast fortunes, even at the cost of untold suffering. Many who derided the "quixotic notions" of the young Swiss in those dark days, lived to witness his later triumph, when all Europe hailed him as the Apostle of Humanity, and the creator of a movement which has taken away much of the sting from human suffering.

Forty governments now hold the principles which Dunant laid down fifty years ago. The whole race is his debtor, and will hold him in grateful remembrance. His life is a magnificent illustration of the power and influence of the man who, having but one talent, employs it to the best advantage for the glory of God and the benefit of mankind. His career demonstrates that the only true nobility is that which is conferred by goodness and unselfish service to humanity, beside which all worldly distinctions are as worthless tinsel.

Easter Emblems

THE Easter emblems are typical of the constantly recurring and uninterrupted sequence of life. The seed lies bare and brown in one's hand, but drop it in the earth and it soon germinates and springs into being as flower or grain. In turn and forever, the flower and the grain perpetuate themselves. There is no death, though there is slumber and change. The familiar simile of the kernel of wheat buried with a mummy for three thousand years, and then awaking and sending forth shoots and waving at last in a green harvest, must occur to everyone. In nature there is no such thing as death. Life is always being reproduced. The children roll their Easter eggs, and go about holding them, brightly colored, in their little hands. Every bird's egg is an Easter in epitome.

For ourselves there must always be that down-dropping of the curtain between this world and the next, which we have agreed to call Death. It seems very thick sometimes, very cold and dismal, as it hides from our sight those who have been the desire of our eyes. Yet it is not thick. It is the thinnest of veils, and a breath from the other shore will one day blow it aside, and we, having passed through its folds, shall join the innumerable company of the first-born whose names are written in heaven. This is for us the message of Easter. In the beautiful words of a hymn that we love, we may say:

Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die that so I may
Rise glorious in that awful day.

He who died and rose again looks down on us in blessing on our Easter Day. We follow Him, and He is leading us home.

Notes of Revival

—EVANGELISTS DEPPER AND MITCHELL have just closed a series of meetings in Tuckertown, N.J. Nearly 200 confessed Christ. The Evangelists are now in Knoxville, Pa.

—EVANGELIST SMITH has lately concluded a series of revival meetings at Cape May, N. J., at which many confessed Christ. Dr. Smith was assisted by Prof. Stiles, singing evangelist.

—THE BAPTIST ACADEMY at Coyle, Pa., has been blessed by a special spiritual awakening. Rev. G. Lusty, of Bon Air, Tenn., held services at Doyle from February 5 to 12. Many confessed Christ.

—EVANGELIST H. O. PARRISH, of North Platte, Neb., has recently concluded a series of meetings in that place with excellent spiritual results. He is the founder of a new movement: "The Three A's," viz: Anti-Card, Anti-Dance, Anti-Theatre.

—PASTORS OF CHURCHES, wishing the services of revivalists, can be placed in communication with experienced workers by writing to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Evangelists open for engagements are invited to write us, stating the fact, and they will be placed in communication with churches wherever this is possible.

—LARGE CONGREGATIONS attend the revival services held in Stamford, Conn., by Evangelist Baker, with Miss Marie Hollinshead as Gospel singer. Many have signified their desire to lead a Christian Life. Miss Hollinshead will be the singing evangelist in the tent campaign in New York City from June to September next.

—EVANGELISTS HART AND MAGANN, of Fairbury, Ill., have just closed a remarkable revival in Troy, O., where over four hundred professed conversion. Three aged G. A. R. comrades confessed Christ the same night; and a rich gambler, who was saved, promised to get rid of all his fast horses at once. These evangelists are now engaged in revival work at Grand Island, Neb.

—EVANGELIST WM. A. SUNDAY and his singer, Prof. Fischer, have just concluded a very remarkable series of meetings, at Princeton, Ill. Out of a population of five thousand, 2,325 confessed Christ. The churches received large accessions. The revival lasted thirty-eight days; sixty-nine sermons were preached, and nearly $9,000 was taken in collections and contributions.

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Morocco's Troubles

WHILE the Conference of European nations is disputing over the right to control Morocco, the country itself is in the throes of insurrection. The pretender to the throne, who has already disturbed the Sultan's peace and threatened to eject him from supreme power, has won another victory and is advancing to the capital. The wildest of the tribesmen are following his banner, and in some secret way are obtaining arms. No better argument for reconstruction in Morocco could be found than in the recurring rebellions that retard the development of the country and render it unfit for peaceful commercial occupations. It is a singular coincidence that the Sultan of Turkey should have been succeeded as "the sick man" of international politics by the Sultan of Morocco, who is evidently in as urgent need of the attention of political surgery. Mohammedanism appears to be a bad religion for rulers, involving them in laxity, irresolution and general incapacity.

At Algeciras there are prospects of a settlement. President Roosevelt has made a suggestion, through Mr. White, our delegate to the Conference, which appears to solve the difficult problem that has produced the deadlock. It is that a mixed police force, composed of men appointed by France and Spain, be employed under a commander appointed by Austria. This plan would get rid of the rivalry of spheres of influence which would inevitably arise under the former proposition of assigning certain towns to Spain and others to France. How far this plan will commend itself to the contending Powers will be seen at the adjourned meeting. Considerable irritation is manifested by Emperor William against Russia, on account of "the extreme support" given by the Czar to France in the Conference. To this the Russian delegate replies that only in France and Spain can officers be found qualified to do duty in Morocco.

The impression grows that Germany will not be satisfied with any terms acceptable to France. That in fact it is not the peace of Morocco nor its prosperity that Emperor William is seeking, but a pretext of quarrel with France. On the other hand, his ambassador in Washington has been authorized to say that he has no hostility to France, but is concerned only for the freedom of Morocco. He contends that the French policy is to absorb Morocco and hold it as Algeria is held, and all other nations would be excluded from participation in Moorish trade and influence. The Emperor is, he says, fighting in the interest of all other Powers for the open door. If this is true, it is a strange fact that England, Russia and Austria fail to appreciate his motives or to value his services. Thus mutual jealousy keeps the European Powers in a continual turmoil. As the prophet predicted, this will continue until the end comes, when Christ will reign supreme.

I will overturn, overturn it: and it shall be no more, until he come whose right it is; and I will give it him (Ezekiel 21 . 27).

Typical Soldiers of the Pretender to the Throne of Morocco

By Balloon to the Pole

The attempt which Mr. Walter Wellman proposes to make, under the auspices of the Chicago *Herald*, to reach the Pole by balloon, is now under preparation. Mr. Wellman has published a description of the airship which he will use, which is now being constructed by Engineer Godard, in Europe. The length will be 164 feet and the diameter 52 feet. It will be cigar-shaped and have a surface area of 21,098 square feet. Its carrying capacity is to be 16,600 pounds. This weight consists of the steel car, with its three motors, having a combined force of eighty horse-power, two propellers, a steel boat, a motor sledge, five men and their food for seventy-five days, scientific instruments and tools. Its composition is of two webs of cotton and one of silk, covered with a triple coat of rubber. The whole, as Mr. Wellman says, is perfectly dirigible, and every precaution that previous experiments suggested has been taken to insure safety and success. Thus the terrible ice and the rough sleighing are to be avoided, and it is hoped that the airship will sail safely over the site of the Pole. If the daring explorer's hopes are realized, this country will have the glory of having made the discovery which explorers of other nationalities have sought in vain. The results will be valuable to science, but the explorers will probably see no wonderful sights in those regions of silence. As the patriarch said:

He stretcheth out the north over the empty place (Job 26: 7).

A Crime of the Dead

A beautiful girl of nineteen years, the beloved daughter of a citizen of Paterson, N. J., died recently in a peculiarly distressing way. She had been engaged, in her early girlhood, to a schoolmate of the same neighborhood. Her parents knew nothing of the schoolboy lover, or if they suspected anything, regarded it as the attachment of two children. But when the young lover grew up and his attentions became noticeable, the girl's parents forbade the match. The young people took the matter to heart, but as the young man was about to go to Scranton, Pa., to take a situation, it was hoped that the separation would lead the girl to forget him. She went down to the depot to bid him good-by when he left, and he gave her a box of candy and told her to take some when she was thinking of him. A few days later the papers published a notice of his sudden death. The girl was overcome when she read it. Some days afterwards she found the box of candy he had given her and, remembering his farewell words, she ate some of the lozenges. Shortly after she was prostrated with severe pain, and in spite of the efforts of the physicians who were summoned, she died in great agony. Before her death she told of eating the candy, but said that she did not think it was that that made her ill. On analyzing what was left of it, however, the doctors found it contained a deadly poison. If her lover had been alive, he would certainly be tried for her murder, but the law is powerless to punish a crime of the dead. Of the evil as of the good the law holds:

Their works do follow them (Rev. 14 : 13).

A Bishop in a Saloon

An unusual experience for a church dignitary is related by Bishop Talbot in *Harper's Magazine*. When the Bishop first went to his diocese, Wyoming and Idaho, he visited a tough mining town and arranged to preach. But he was warned that few would know of his coming, and probably the dance-hall, that he engaged for the services, would be empty. After considering the difficulty for some time he determined to give a personal invitation. He had noticed seven saloons in a single street and went direct to them. Entering the first, he says: "I introduced myself to the proprietor. I told him I was the Bishop of Idaho, and had come in to pay my respects to him. He met me cordially, saying 'Why, Bishop, I am proud to know you. What will you have?' I thanked him and told him I should be greatly indebted to him if he would kindly introduce me to those gentlemen, pointing to a large room back of the saloon, where the men were gathered. 'Do you mean the boys in the poolroom?' he asked. 'Yes, I presume I do.' Thereupon he came out from behind the counter, put his arm in mine in a familiar way, as though we had been boon companions all our lives, and escorted me to the open doorway of the poolroom. 'Boys,' he cried, 'hold up the game. This is the Bishop right among us, and he wants to be introduced.'" The Bishop goes on to say that he was received by the men politely, and on learning his errand, they promised to attend the services. A clerical friend who saw him coming out of the saloon afterwards, was much scandalized, but the Bishop had the satisfaction of having obeyed the Master's command:

Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled (Luke 14 : 23).

A Canine Suicide

The Anchor Liner *Columbia*, from Glasgow, which reached New York last week, brought a pathetic story of a dog's attachment. Among the passengers was a golden-haired girl who, with her parents, was making her trip across the Atlantic for the first time. She was greatly admired by the sailors and was soon a favorite with all on board. She had brought with her a big Scotch collie, who followed her about the deck, and slept at night outside her cabin door. The two were inseparable and the dog seemed to understand his mistress's moods; always ready for a frolic, or sedately walking by her side, but always with her. On the fourth day of the voyage a fierce North-wester struck the ship, and for the next three days the rolling and pitching of the vessel were incessant. The child was deathly sick. She was a frail creature and suffered terribly. One morning the doctor came on deck with the sad news that she was dead. It was decided to bury her in the deep. The coffin was brought up, the dog following. All through the simple service he whined piteously, and when the coffin was cast overboard he leaped after it and was not seen again. "The clearest case of suicide that was ever witnessed," said the Captain. It was an evidence of faithful love. A better way is open to humanity. Not by death, but by a devoted life, does the Christian show his love for his Lord.

That they who live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him who died for them (II Cor. 5 . 15).

Sisters Reunited

A press dispatch from Worcester, Mass., describes a remarkable reunion of two sisters, who had not seen each other for thirty years. Both had married in early life and had become immersed in family affairs, and had removed from place to place with their husbands. One day one of the sisters, who lived at Warren, Mass., met an old friend on the street whom she had known since her girlhood. In the conversation that ensued, the friend asked how her sister was. In reply, she told her how she had lost sight of her. "Why," said her friend, "she is living at Ware, not five miles off, and has been living there eleven years." Instantly she set off to find her, and there was a glad reunion, It was a useful service that this friend did. A similar service of infinitely greater value may the Christian do sometimes by reminding a backsliding brother that his Lord is still accessible to him.

Go and proclaim these words and say: Return, for I am merciful, saith the Lord (Jeremiah 3 . 12).

AROUND THE HOME HEARTH

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Mothers in Council

LET us imagine that a number of the mothers whose eyes fall on this page, are met together in one large room. The topic that engrosses them is of course the welfare of their children. Mothers are never indifferent to the real good of the little ones they love, and nowhere on earth is there self-abnegation equal to that which reigns in, and permeates the heart of a loving mother. The mother who shall take the chair has brought up a family, and has had the advantage of experience, and her face is tranquil and serene, as it may easily be, for her boys and girls do her honor, and are filling with credit their several positions in life. Before her and about her sit mothers, some of whom wear an anxious expression, because their children are in the thick of the world's combat, and are encountering trials and temptations, or because their little folk are still in the nursery, and they are afraid of making mistakes in their training. No one is quite so solicitous about doing precisely the right thing as the young mother who has theories, and tries to shape her course so that the theories may fit into the day's work.

This is why the elder children in a household often receive an undue share of discipline, and the younger an undue share of indulgence. By the time the fourth and the fifth child has arrived, the mother begins to distrust her theories, and to depend more than she once did on nature and individual judgment, and on a wholesome atmosphere.

The mother in the chair opens the meeting with a word of prayer, and then announces the subject for the hour as "How shall we spend Sunday so as to make it a really happy day for childhood?" "In my early days," she says, "we were taught to revere God's Word and keep the Fourth Commandment. Our Sunday began in the morning and lasted all day. On Saturday afternoon, preparations were made for the morrow, toys, books, and secular newspapers were laid aside; clean clothing was taken from the drawers of bureaus and the pegs of closets, and placed so that it would be ready for Sunday morning, and every care was taken that there should be neither hurry nor bustle when the Lord's Day came. We attended both Sunday School and church, we recited Bible verses and hymns at home, and we never played or did anything that would have violated the Sunday peace or been appropriate on a week-day. We did not study Monday's lessons on Sunday evening. The garments of Sunday were free from the soil of the week. It was a day of unbroken rest in our home, and though we kept it strictly, we loved its hallowed hours."

A mother in the group, rose in her place, and observed with some asperity, that she doubted the wisdom of compelling children to abandon playthings and go regularly to church on the Lord's Day. She said: "I do not wish to antagonize my children. My husband says that he did too much churchgoing in his childhood and that he often stays at home now."

"Well," said a neighbor, "my little boys would like to stay at home from school pretty often on week-days, but we never let them do so unless they are ill. They are not at all fond of arithmetic and geography, but we know that they must study them, and we simply smile at the idea of their being antagonized by their teacher. I believe in having children in the family pew. I think they should be there whenever they are well, and that there should be a decided difference at home between Sunday and the rest of the week."

A sweet, low-voiced lady, here took the floor. "Will my sisters pardon me," she said, "if I suggest that Sunday be made beautiful to the children by its extra pleasures? They do not see much of their father through the week when he is away toiling unselfishly for the family living. When the Lord's Day comes it is father's day, too, and they should be encouraged to spend a great deal of time with him. He might read the Bible with them, tell them stories, and in the afternoon, between services, go with them for a pleasant walk. Flowers and birds and sunshine belong to Sunday as well as to the week-day. The children should not be little prisoners shut up in a cage, they should have freedom to walk in the garden and in the fields. If the little girl has a doll that she loves, it is cruel to forbid her to hold it and love it on Sunday, for the doll is her baby just as she is her mother's. There might be Sunday toys: blocks with which to build churches and villages, and dissected maps to fit together, and other quiet occupations to please an active, energetic child. Children would never dislike Sunday if they were not wearied by *ennui* and made to feel that the day was slow and tedious."

The president beamed approvingly on this speaker. Already another was on her feet to say that in her home they always had a garden party at dinner on Sunday.

Several mothers looked rather shocked, the president asked the speaker to proceed and explain. She did so. "I have three children, Myrtle, Edmund and Elsie. If Myrtle has been obedient and amiable all the week, she has the right to select the flower for the garden party. The child who has behaved best has this honor. Sometimes he or she chooses a rose, sometimes a lily, sometimes trailing arbutus, as the case may be. This flower decorates the centre of the table. The child is then helped first, and is told a story about the country where the flower first came from, and about the other flowers that bloom in that locality."

"Preserve us!" ejaculated a woman, who looked as if her seven children kept her too busy to think of schemes so elaborate as this. Then politely, she said: "I beg pardon, but flower gardens of that sort would never do in our house. We are too literal, but we have plenty of singing. My oldest daughter plays the piano, and her father has a good voice, and they all sing hymns an hour every Sunday evening; then the children sit up later than on other days, and I try to feel that we are all together journeying toward heaven."

At this time the meeting adjourned, with a promise that some letters on the subject should be read at its next session.

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AT GRANDMOTHER'S KNEE

Dotty and Dimple at Grandmother's knee,
Where shall you find a happier three?
The baby whose little wants are fed,
When grandmother gives her daily bread;
The little sister with smiling face,
The dear old mother with look of grace,
Seldom one finds a happier three, [see.
Than the trio of loved ones whom here we

In Behalf of the Blind

NO worthy class in the community has borne with fortitude a heavier burden or been more neglected by the charitable than those who have become blind after reaching maturity. Beneficent institutions in most of our States make provision for the education and training of blind children, who are taught various handicrafts for which they show an aptitude, or who receive cultivation in music, always the great consolation of the sightless.

For a man or woman deprived of vision after twenty-one, or in middle life, there have been few avenues open to self-support.

From *Charities and Commons* for February we quote the following statement, noting, first, that three great States, Massachusetts, New York and Pennsylvania, are taking the initiative in the right direction. We are also interested to learn that Helen Keller, who is in some particulars the most remarkable woman of her time, is interesting herself for the aid of the blind.

The first step is a demand for facts—to find out who the blind are, their age, the age when they became blind; therefore the work of these State commissions and the advocacy of permanent registries of the blind. The second step is a demand that the scholastic institutions dealing with blind youths shall prepare them more concretely for after life. To train a blind boy to read embossed letters, to appreciate literature and music, to do some simple task, does not necessarily mean that he can earn his salt when he is turned loose on the community. The third step is a demand that agencies be devised to train industrially those who become blind after maturity—not, in most cases, as permanent industrial backwater groups where the inefficient may be cared for because of their sightlessness—but as way stations through which the trained blind may gain a footing in the economic life of their generation. These ends are aimed at in bills now before the New York and Massachusetts legislatures.

Connecticut was the pioneer State to provide by a legislative enactment for the instruction of adult blind. Mrs. Foster, of Hartford, stumbled over a blind Italian boy in a dark passage of a tenement in 1888. She became interested in him, and in a short time discovered more than fifty blind people in Hartford. Almost before she herself was aware of the fact, her heart, time and purse were enlisted in the work. Through her efforts F. R. Cleaveland, a lawyer, blind from early manhood, became interested, and in 1893 the State Board of Education for the Blind was created and the present Connecticut State Institute for the Blind is the result. There over one hundred blind persons have received industrial instruction to render them self-supporting. In Brooklyn, the Industrial Home for the Blind has become a factory where broom-making, mattress-making, cane-seating and net and hammock-weaving give steady employment to a group of blind workers living in the community.

Whenever you see a basket or a piece of willow-ware with the coat of arms of Wisconsin and inscribed with these words, "Independence through industry," you will know that it comes from the Wisconsin Workshop for the Blind, started in 1904, which is not only transforming paupers into wage-earners on a business basis, but has created a demand for the cultivation of an entirely new staple on the American farm.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—READER. Perhaps some reader knows why May is considered an unlucky month for marriage. I do not know.

—SUBSCRIBER. Get some musical friend to write an air for your poem, and then submit both to a house that publishes music. Punctuation is easily learned by any one who observes the style usual in good books.

—LILLIAN. In choosing colors, avoid pale grays and other light hues. You will appear slimmer in dark colors than in light, and black with white garniture will suit you very well. Still, if I were you, I would sometimes wear white. For shoes, select broad soles and low heels, and your trouble will disappear.

"Little White Slaves" of the Mills

By Harriet Washburn Stewart

IT was a day well fitted for such melancholy quest, "heavy with mist and rain." The foreman of the room, in the New Jersey silk mill, did not even stay to ask my business until he had me safely in the outer hall. Indeed, previous experiences had taught me that New Jersey mill-owners are not eagerly courting observation. However, my reply must have been conciliatory, for I soon found myself in the presence of the proprietor, whose anxious frown faded to a benevolent smile as I explained that my purpose was not unfriendly.

The new Child Labor Law in New Jersey prohibits the employment of children in manufactures under the age of fourteen, and requires attendance at school to that age. But children arriving at fourteen years old from Syria, Russia, Italy or any foreign country need prove no intelligence, no educational achievement, before at once proceeding to work. This the mill-owner explained to me, meanwhile exhibiting with much pride the birth certificates or passports (for foreign children must present passports bearing sworn record of age) of every child in his employ. The certificates were signed by minister, town recorder or priest, for the law wisely refuses to accept parents' affidavit as proof.

Confidence restored, I was escorted through this, and later three other silk mills in the neighborhood, all of which bore witness to good light, good ventilation, and generally careful supervision. The children were comfortably clad and looked the age they claimed; many of them were foreign. Some were stolid, but more sly and suspicious, alert with the sad precocity with which premature battling for bread shapes the undeveloped features. Many could neither read nor write, even in their own language, while few knew anything of printed or written English. One employer triumphantly announced the fact that his daughter was a member of a Children's Aid Society: was it reasonable to suppose that he would violate a law for the protection of children?

A noon hour passed at the gates of a fourth large mill, was rewarded by a glimpse of hurrying workers, old and young, dinnerward bound—wholesome-looking children—giving evidence of the daily hot meat and potatoes, which, they assured me, were awaiting them, but with little more mental training than the sleek and well-fed animals that drew the coal for the mill engines.

The mill proprietors had all borne testimony to the rigor with which the State factory inspector of the district enforced the laws on child labor. Accordingly, to the State factory inspector I next turned my steps. During the first ten minutes of my call upon this gentleman, he ran the gamut of emotions, passing from cold mistrust and "nothing to say," to kindly and communicative friendliness. From the half hour's conversation one learned more of the duplicity of the human race than could be forgotten in a life-time. The inspector is evidently striving to do the right as he sees it; but he is contending with a tide of shiftlessness, drunkenness, and disregard for word or oath which it seems practically impossible to stem. Not long since, a father, himself robust and stalwart, brought his little son to secure a permit for mill employment. "But," said the inspector, "you must have either a birth or baptismal certificate." This the father agreed to produce, and in a few days the certificate of baptism was on hand, a close inspection of which brought out the fact that after it had been procured, the figure "3" in the date 1893 had been obliterated by the use of some chemical, and a "1" inserted in its place, thus representing the child to be fourteen years old instead of twelve, his correct age. The instance is but one of many. So prevalent became this form of imposture, that the parish priests, in making out certificates, are obliged to place the seal of the church over all figures, in order to avoid erasures.

"Do you believe the greed of the manufacturer is the root of the child labor evil in New Jersey?" I asked.

The reply came quickly: "Not so much as the greed of the parents; the manufacturer is indifferent, and the work must be done. To many of these parents a child means, at worst, another mouth to fill and body to cover; at best, a factor towards filling their own mouths and covering their own bodies. A foreman yields to the importunities of the parents, takes on the children under age during school vacation, and then keeps them, unless the vigilance of the inspector results in a prosecution. If you want to find conditions that will make your heart ache," continued my informant, "go to the jute mills and then down to the flax-spinning mill. However, let me tell you, before you start that you can't get in, and I don't propose to help you."

I had heard dark whispers of this same flax-spinning mill. Within these walls, it was said, was "the wet spinning-room," where the floor was kept under water, with gutters on each side to carry off the surplus flow, and where little girls and young women worked with bare feet. I presented myself before the manager in charge, only to find admittance firmly refused. At another mill a visiting card won access to the presence of the manager, but his jaw squared uncompromisingly at a request to be permitted to go over the mill. "No, ma'am; no woman has been through this mill yet, except the sanitation inspector, and we wouldn't let her if we could help ourselves." A little further persuasion succeeded, however. I was pledged to speak no word to any child. It was a needless pledge. The deafening roar of machinery, the intense heat, the swaying, hurrying forms seen through a cloud of loose lint, all made conversation impossible to an unaccustomed visitor. My eyes, however, were open, and, passing by the grown workers, they fixed upon the little figures flitting here and there, light-footed and agile, doffing, piecing, winding, and trundling the finished spools in baskets from section to section. I cannot say they were not fourteen years old; but they were, with scarcely an exception, pallid, slender, and under-sized; all dirty, and usually ragged; stoop-shouldered and sunken-chested, while each bore

" . . . the emptiness of ages in his face."

Glad to leave the tumult and the lint-laden atmosphere behind, I returned to the office, claiming as a reward for previous silence the privilege of conversation with one frail-looking little man, whom I had marked in the spinning-room. In a moment he stood by my chair. He had been taken on by special permit, pending the arrival of a birth-certificate (which I subsequently learned was mythical). Not above twelve years of age, I know; broken shoes; frayed, out-grown, much-soiled trousers; a ragged shirt, streaked with dirt, these completed his costume. Above the delicate frame rose a well-shaped head, though covered by an unkempt shock of hair; his features, though thin and pinched, were clear-cut and pure Anglo-Saxon; and the steady gray eyes which gazed wistfully into mine, were brimming with glorious possibilities.

"I can't write, nor even read; I don't know the letters," he said. "Mother says I am fourteen; I don't know. Once I went to school a little while, about five or six years ago, but I've forgot what they told me. I've got four brothers and sisters littler than me. I can't go to school; I have to work. I get t'ree dollars and t'irty cents a week. We used to live on a farm over in Tewanock, but father couldn't pay any more, so we lost it. I liked to work on the farm." "But, Sammy, what are you going to do when you're a man?"

There was no answer, but the steadfast eyes brimmed over. Nobody is to blame, as the law stands. If Sammy is fourteen, he doesn't have to know anything; there is no "educational requirement" law for employers in New Jersey. Sammy is only one little stranded bark upon the sea of life.

I picked my way through the dank mill street to the gloomy tenement which the little lad calls home. As I crossed the threshold of that squalid room, I felt that I knew why Sammy couldn't read, why he was pale and wan, why his small skiff was wrecked before it had left the harbor of childhood! I have visited many homes of the poor of every race and color, but never one like this. Vegetable skins, dropped in careless preparation, were scattered on the uneven floor, upon which lay a sodden, tattered remnant of an old-fashioned rag carpet — relic of "the farm." From the rear of the room opened two gloomy cupboards, containing each a low and lumpy bunk, which furnished a resting-place by night for the family of seven. At a window—idle, listless, with no visible change upon her absolutely expressionless face at my entrance—sat a woman with a baby at her breast, and as I slipped a coin within her hand to excuse my trespass, I shuddered at the contact with her dirt-encrusted fingers. Here sat Sammy's mother!

No need now to ask why the boy had never been to school! No need now to ask why the work of the father's hand was not worth food and raiment for the family! The absence of book or paper held a sad significance: father and mother alike were plunged in an ignorance as deep and black as that of any East Indian pariah or Chinese coolie—and they were both "born and raised in York State." No excuse here of "the illiteracy of the immigrant." I was sitting with one of our own American women, and the poor bedraggled victim of State lawlessness and indifference, speaking of her own life, told me "there was nothin' to make me go to school, on'y my folks, and they didn't." As I listened, Sammy's sweet face and gentle manner rose up before me, and I knew now better than before what it meant for such a boy to have "no chance."

But it is not too late for the men and women of our country to secure the "blessing of liberty to our posterity," which our Constitution solemnly pledged more than a century ago. How are we keeping that pledge to such as Sammy? Heavy, heavy will be the penalty which future generations must pay, if the present selfishly, heartlessly, repudiates it longer.

The Noon Hour Among the "Child Slaves" of the Mills

Christians in Japan's Army

MR. C. V. HIBBARD, of the Tokio Y. M. C. A., Tokio, Japan, writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD: "I have just been on a trip into the famine region to the north, and everywhere I went, I heard from pastors the testimony that the men came back from the army with an altogether changed attitude toward the Christian faith. Everywhere we find that it is the same. Recently, one of the very highest officers in the army, not himself a Christian, said that heretofore Christianity had always been regarded as a menace to the loyalty of the army, and that it had been the policy to exclude it absolutely; but now their experience with the field work of the Young Men's Christian Association was that it met a need, long-felt."

Is he the Oldest Preacher?

SOME time ago, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD referred to the remarkably prolonged and successful ministry of several aged preachers of the Gospel in different parts of the country, among them the Rev. John Schaeffer, of North Benton, O. A friend of Mr. Schaeffer sends the following facts concerning his pulpit career:

Mr. Schaeffer was born of German parents in 1805, in Westmoreland county, Pennsylvania. At twenty he was placed for instruction in theology in the care of Rev. John Wegenthals, a fine scholar of the Lutheran Church. At the end of a year he obtained a license to preach in the Lutheran Church. This was the beginning of a ministry that has lasted for eighty years, and which is, perhaps, the longest in the world. Until 1834 he preached for the Lutheran Church. That year he identified himself with the Disciples of Christ. In his native tongue he was a strong preacher.

Rev John Schaeffer

Like many others in his day, Mr. Schaeffer preached without stipulated salary. His income came from a little farm of thirty acres. Friends helped him and his family did not suffer. He thus describes the financial condition of most preachers eighty years ago:

"I preached for them, but I had to 'dig,' too. One of the congregations agreed to pay me one dollar a visit every four weeks, or one-fourth my time. A certain brother and sister were exceedingly hurt because 'Brother Schaeffer' was receiving a salary for preaching. I received only thirty-seven dollars of the amount, and, unwilling to give further offense, I never asked for the balance."

Mr. Schaeffer has lived to see a great change in the remuneration of preachers, and to see the body of religious people with whom he identified himself grow from a hundred churches and a few thousand members in 1834, to 11,110 churches and 1,238,515 members; 8,761 Bible schools, with 850,500 members, and 6,675 ministers, in 1905. These churches contributed for local work, missions, education, and benevolence for the year ending September 30, 1905, the aggregate of $7,907,540. He has lived a long and well-spent life, and in the serene glow of the setting sun he yet lingers surrounded with kind friends, and with such comforts as his extreme age requires, amply provided for him. For one of his age he is yet stroug and hearty, and his mental faculties not seriously impaired.

Among the Workers

—MRS. E. M. WHITTEMORE, founder of the Door of Hope, is in California. On her way thither she addressed meetings in Pennsylvania, Illinois, Kansas, and Missouri, speaking to large audiences, with good results.

—MRS. A. S. STEELE, founder of the Steele Home for Needy Children in Chattanooga, Tenn., has now been twenty-one years in this Christian and humanitarian work. In that time she has received 1,072 inmates. The work is a most deserving one and worthy of support.

—MISSIONARY JOHN G. PATON, of the New Hebrides Mission, writes: "Many thousands of cannibals yet remain unconverted in our group, chiefly in the interior of the larger and more recently occupied islands. Our converts, however, are increasing. We plead your prayers."

—REV. S. K. BRAUN and Mrs. Braun are conducting a most deserving work in Newark, N. J., among the Hebrew youth of that city. They have a large class of girls and another of boys, who now meet twice a week for spiritual instruction. They hope soon to have larger quarters than the present mission at 240 Broome Street, Newark, affords.

—THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S UNION of Yonkers, together with the Y. W. C. A. and the Y. M. C. A., have just completed a series of Bible conference meetings, under the experienced leadership of Mr. Don O. Shelton, secretary Congregational Home Missionary Society, in the fine auditorium of the First Reformed Church. The last meeting was held on Friday evening, March 16. The executive committee in charge, consisted of Chairman Mr. Walter F. Haskett, secretary Y. M. C. A.; Secretary, Miss Gertrude M. Breed, secretary Y. W. C. A.; the officers of the local union, and the officers of the various young peoples' societies in the city of Yonkers. The average attendance was about two hundred and fifty. One of the important results of this conference was the forming of a National Bible Institute, to promote Bible study in large cities throughout the United States.

The Christian Herald Children's Home

FINANCIAL STATEMENT FOR 1905

DISBURSEMENTS

Improvement and Maintenance

A. L. Henry, for plumbing	$103 65	
Devoe & Reynolds, for paint	86 82	
J. N. Wesel, for painting	73 87	
Geo. G. Williams, for painting	114 56	
Howard Garner, for hardware	55 09	
Rider Erickson Co., for repairing	3 00	
T. D. Garrabrant, for carpenter work, contractor for repairs, etc.	283 37	
Anchor Post Iron Works, for iron fence	201 88	
Geo. R. Wyman & Son, for iron fence	275 00	
W. H. White & Co., for cement	122 72	
Monarch Acetylene Gas Co., for installation of gas generators	288 25	
C. Schmidt, for gravel	102 85	
Miscellaneous painting, etc.	185 95	
Sylvanus B. Huested, for trees	103 23	
J. Kuhn, for flowers	16 80	
W. E. Meushall & Co., for seeds	24 00	
Henry Wibert, mowing grounds	62 50	
Henry Wibert, ploughing and manure	60 50	
Wages of workmen, building and improvement	2,595 69	
Sundry items	34 05	
		1,783 78

House Furnishings, etc.

John Wanamaker, for furnishings	$614 36	
Frank A. Hall, for beds	123 50	
A. J. Borst, for cot card frames	39 00	
Harrison & Dalley, for dry goods	173 78	
Townsend Bros., for dishes	8 50	
Ernst Bros., sundries	31 18	
M. R. Kunkely, for tents	21 60	
Jacobs Bros., for piano rent	50 00	
Sewing	27 00	
Sundry cash purchases	98 87	
		1,187 79

Medical

Dr. E. V. Agnew, for professional services	$165 09	
Dr. L. B. Conch, for professional services	150 00	
Dr. Lewi, for professional services	60 00	
J. D. Blauvelt and others, for medicines	13 75	
		388 84

Food Supplies

A. J. Gross, butcher	$207 98	
Gramercy Market, sundries	358 52	
J. E. Morris & Co., groceries	416 74	
Randolph Bros., groceries	99 39	
W. B. Lum, groceries	150 75	
Lydecker Bros., groceries	101 40	
Collins Bros. fish	24 68	
H. Kolb and others, bakers	820 76	
G. F. Wood and others, milk	515 83	
John Dondero and others, fruit	39 25	
Savona Elgin Butter Association, butter	101 00	
Sundry cash purchases	59 32	
		2,895 62

Livery and Stables

Peter De Bann, oats, hay, etc	$159 66	
Blauvelt Livery	190 50	
Philip Wibert	317 00	
A. E. & J. H. Christie, harness repairing, etc	94 42	
D. Albright, horse shoeing	21 50	
Purchase and sale of horses	90 00	
Sundry cash items	16 00	
		889 08

Freight and Transportation

North River Steamboat Co., on children & freight	$476 38	
Miscellaneous railroad fares	194 85	
Miscellaneous expressages	57 57	
		728 80

Salaries and Wages

Salary of superintendent	$469 25	
Salary of teachers	709 34	
Salary of office help	267 33	
Caretakers, hostler and kitchen	873 75	
		2,319 67

Miscellaneous

Consolidated Fire Works Co.	$41 34	
W. H. White & Co., for fuel	70 03	
Blauvelt & Morrell, for insurance	192 49	
Children's clothing and supplies	64 01	
American Bible Society, for rent	150 00	
Union Carbide Co., for carbide	22 50	
Nyack Ice Co., for ice	76 26	
Cash advance, for help in school work	30 00	
John Wanamaker, for office furniture	12 45	
Office maintenance	55 29	
Spalding Bros., for out-door gymnasium	250 00	
Telephone and telegraph service	208 22	
Miscellaneous printing and stationery	297 17	
Miscellaneous postage	83 64	
Laundry	237 21	
Photographs	97 51	
Miscellaneous expenses	350 18	
Taxes, Rockland County	110 70	
Administration, one per cent. donated to "Any Good Cause" Fund	191 62	
Sundry cash items	59 04	
Auditing	50 00	
		2,629 66

Total	**$15,823 24**
Total Receipts, 1905	**$18,971 85**
Balance carried forward to Real Estate Account	**3,148 61**

Public Accountant's Certification

This is to certify that I have carefully examined every item of receipts and disbursements in connection with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home, and have diligently compared every stub, receipt, voucher and check, and find the same correct and in accord with the above statement in every particular

Public Accountant,
150 Broadway, New York

SWORN TO before me this 23d day of March, A. D. 1906

Notary Public

Pastor Sheldon's Experiment

FOURTEEN years ago a kindergarten school was begun in the heart of a negro settlement in Kansas, where the record of crime and disorder, of immorality and general looseness of life was notorious. After fourteen years of kindergarten work, about three hundred boys and girls have been graduated from the school. Out of that number, not one has ever appeared in a police court, which is, for the negro, a record in that part of the city. I am speaking out of my own experience of the kindergarten work among the negroes in Topeka, Kan.

Charles M. Sheldon

For the sake of illustration as to the cost of crime in a particular case, some fifteen years ago, before the establishment of the kindergarten, I traced carefully from the records what it cost to arrest, try, and punish a negro for a criminal offence—a case of assault with intent to kill. This occurred in the very centre of Tennesseetown—almost in front of the present kindergarten building. The boy was only eighteen years of age. He was arrested, tried, convicted, and sentenced to the state penitentiary for six years. Counting the entire legitimate expenses from the moment of his arrest to the end of his imprisonment, I reckoned that it cost the State, from beginning to end, **nearly $3,000**—counting, of course, his maintenance in prison, and the cost of the machinery of police and district courts, so far as it could be divided up; in consultation with court officers and prison officials, who agreed that this was a fair estimate. Three thousand dollars spent on kindergartens in the negro districts of Topeka, would, I think, reduce the amount of crime one-half. That is a modest estimate. In practical operation, in Tennesseetown, where our kindergarten is located, it has reduced it three-fourths, according to the statements of the police officers themselves.

The indirect results of the kindergarten have also been seen in the rise of the standard of living among the people in their homes. According to the Poor-Commissioner, there is a great saving in the number of calls for help during the winter. It is seldom that the people apply now for assistance, whereas, fifteen years ago, they made a great number of calls upon the Poor-Commissioner for help. It is an economic question, aside from the moral issue, with the State, to face the problem of either prevention or punishment. Punishment is a costly process. The $3,000 which one criminal costs would, it is fair to say, prevent two or three from becoming criminals—and probably five or six,—to say nothing of the saving to the individual himself.

When this country shall learn this economic lesson, that it is cheaper in every way to make good citizens, rather than punish bad ones, we shall make a long stride forward towards the ethics of criminology. If this government would spend as much money some one year as it now spends for its battleships, in planting kindergartens over the South for the negro, and in the northern cities for the slum children, the results would economically pay for the investment, I believe, twice over, and I do not think myself that it is a very good illustration of the practices of a Christian nation to spend millions for warships and armament, and begrudge an equal amount for the saving of life at its beginnings.

Whatever may be thought of the negro question in America, there is no question whatever concerning the results of work with the children. They are practical and can be seen. Only those who are deaf and dumb and blind to the real needs of the brotherhood can possibly deny the facts in the case.

I submit to the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the question, whether it is not about time in this age of the world, that Christian America spend more money to prevent than to punish. Which shall we do: Save life at its easiest point or correct it at its hardest? Shall we punish or prevent? CHARLES M. SHELDON.

Topeka, Kansas.

Delighted with the Selections

DEAR SIR:—After scanning most of the "Masterpieces of Literature," I feel I must write to you and add my tribute of praise to those you have already received. I am delighted with the selections and they form a valuable addition to the library of any minister. They are of such handy size that one can pick them up and enjoy them, when to take down a more ponderous volume would be a weariness to the flesh.

F. BLATCHFORD BALL.

The Easter Call: "Little One, Arise"

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS*

ON this Easter Sunday, which finds us, in our lesson studies, in the midst of the life of Christ, it is fitting to recall the three whom he raised from the dead before his own resurrection; the little daughter of Jairus, raised from her bed soon after she died (Matt. 9: 23-26), the son of the widow of Nain, in the lesson story, raised from his bier as he was carried forth for burial (Luke 7:11-15), and Lazarus, raised from the grave after bodily decay had begun (John 11). Christ's words to the little maid, "Little one, arise," and to the widow's son, "Young man, arise," may well be considered as calls to the young to spiritual resurrection, in accordance with Paul's words, "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things that are above." The Golden Text is taken from the story of Lazarus, whom Jesus called by his own name from his grave, "Lazarus, come forth." So he calls each of us by name to spiritual resurrection, "Come forth from death to life." "Come forth." A little girl, whose baby brother had died, said, "How glad he will be when Jesus says, 'Baby, come forth.'" How glad in this life every one will be who hears and heeds Jesus' call to truly live.

What is it Like in Nature? It was no accident that Jesus rose in the springtime from a garden with multitudinous floral resurrections all about him.

All silently, and soft as sleep,
The snow fell, flake on flake.
Slumber, spent earth! and dream of flowers
Till springtime bid you wake.
Again the deadened bough shall bend
With blooms of sweetest breath.
O miracle of miracles,
This life that follows death!

—THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

In New Sharon, Michigan, a child of great promise sickened and died. The little one, all beautiful, robed for the grave, was laid in its coffin, and in its little hand was placed a bouquet of flowers—the central flower of which was an unopened bud of the "Rose of Sharon." On the morning for burial the coffin lid was removed for the surrounding weepers to take their farewell look at the peaceful dead; when, lo, that bud had become a full-grown rose while grasped in the dead child's hand. That beautiful flower seemed to say, "Weep not, for her life, which only budded on earth, has burst into full bloom in heaven."

At the deathbed of the Dowager Empress Frederick, a butterfly brought a similar message, that Theron Brown has told in song:

O rare wings! O fair wings!
There was no answer why
Like a blossom dropped upon her breast
The milk-white butterfly.
But it thrilled the silent company
That saw the Empress die.

In the hush that round her pillow
Fell like the falling dew.
From the palace window joyously
The insect angel flew.
"The golden gate swings wide," they said:
"Our mother has passed through."

This incident may well be carried higher by quoting the words of Alice Freeman Palmer:

From that creeping thing in the dust
To this shining bliss in the blue!
God, give me courage to trust,
I can break my chrysalis too!

What is it Like in Common Life? An eccentric Scotch preacher came in suddenly on one of his parishioners who was busy in his shop. "Did you expect me?" said the preacher. "No, sir." "What if I had been death?" he said, and suddenly went his way.

Gen. Fisk tells of a soldier stricken with fever, whose ideal of desirable soldier life was activity "at the front." Visiting him in the hospital, the general asked, "Can't you tell me in a few words, exactly how you feel about dying?" "Yes, General," said the expiring soldier: "it seems just as if I was going to the front."

A kindly nurse will come some day
To us, with solemn mien, and say:
"'Tis time to go to bed, and sleep."
And we, mayhap, will sigh or weep
To leave our playthings and our play,
And pray a longer while to stay.
But she, unheeding our alarms,
Will fold us close within her arms,
Until upon her mother breast
We sink at last to sleep and rest.
And wake to read in angel eyes
Our welcome sweet to Paradise!—ZITELLA COCKE.

Two little boys are very ill with diphtheria. The elder is trying to get the other to say hallelujah. Before he can pronounce it the Master calls him away, and being told of the death of his little brother, the survivor whispers to his mother, "Johnnie knows how to say hallelujah, now!"

A Christian mother, when her only child died, in rapture looked up, as with the face of an angel, and said, "I give you joy, my darling."

Another child was dying: "O mamma, see the beautiful children!" Her mother said, "Where?" "O, all around!" she replied; and she turned her head as though she saw them in every direction. No written words can describe the rapture of her look and voice. "They are coming, they are coming, they are close to me!" she said in a transport of joy. She put up both hands, laughing out with that gleeful, ringing sound peculiar to little children, and so she passed on to heaven.

Mr. Finley, of Edinburgh, spoke habitually of death as only a step which would take him into his Father's house. In one of his many errands of mercy, he called on a young girl sinking in a decline. Looking on her wan face, he took her hand, and said with a smile: "Weel, my dear, you're afore me. You're only nineteen, an' you're almost across the river; a step or twa mair, and ye'll stand on the ither side. I'm almost seventy, an' maybe I'll hae some hard steps afore I can hear its ripple. O lassie, this is a sweet day for you. Ye'll get hame first."

"I have not found so great faith: no, not in Israel"

Present Resurrection of Character. In a gaily painted gipsy wagon, one winter's night, by the light of a swinging lantern, a lady was reading to an old woman and her son. The two gipsies listened in breathless attention to the story of the crucifixion of our Lord. And they were actually hearing it for the first time in their lives!

As Mrs. Beverley read very slowly of his being nailed to the cross, a big tear rolled down the withered brown cheek of Hannah Smith. And when she read of his burial, and the sepulchre being sealed up, a cry of deep sorrow echoed through the van: "Oh, to think that was the end of it all! That he should have suffered all that for nothing!"

"No, no," said the visitor, "it was but the beginning of it all. And a most important beginning it was. Listen," and as she repeated his own words, "He is not here, for he is risen," her two hearers broke in, rejoicing, "And he's alive now, you say! Well, that is good news," exclaimed the man. "Go on, go on."

Then she read of his saying, in the glory, "Fear not, I am the Living One, and I was dead, and behold I am alive for evermore" (Rev. 1: 17, 18).

The mother and her son accepted the truth with simple faith and joy, and before many weeks were over, God had "shined in their hearts, giving the knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ."

It was for such present resurrections of character that Jesus rose from the dead and ever liveth with God and with us. In 1885, three Christian lads, living far away in Uganda, were told that unless they gave up their faith in Jesus Christ they should be put to death. A mocking crowd led them forth to a dismal swamp at Busega. "You tell us you know Jesus Christ," they jeered; "you think you will rise from the dead, as you say he did. Well, we shall burn you. Burn you, and just see if you do rise again from the dead! We will make an end of this new religion."

But the Living One was close beside his young disciples. Even when they were most cruelly mutilated, they refused to deny Him. The youngest, Lugulama, was only thirteen.

Even when the three lads stood amidst the flames, their quivering lips joined in a hymn of praise to Him who is alive for evermore, and who was with them as surely as he was with Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego in the burning fiery furnace, when the heathen king saw four men loose, "and the form of the fourth was like the Son of God."

It is but a score of years since those cruel flames devoured the bodies of those Christian martyrs. Their ashes await the Resurrection morning in an East African swamp, but their spirits are with Christ. Instead of an end being made of the new religion, at least fifty thousand tongues in that once dark land can share with us our Easter joy. Thus churches slain with martyrdom are multiplied in spiritual resurrection.

Here is another resurrection story of a drunkard in England, the terror of his children, the anxious burden of his wife, ever suffering from the disgrace of his conduct. One day he came home with a new look. Something had seemed to turn him back as he was about to enter one drinking place and another. He felt a desire to walk into the fields, and when he sat down to rest he saw a piece of paper which he picked up and read. "If any man be in Christ he is a new creature." As he reached this point he said to his wife, "What do you think of that?"

"I don't know, as yet; there don't seem much to lay hold on."

"What!" cried Jim. "Not much? Why, if 'tis true—and it is true, because God says so—don't you see as I've only got to believe it and to act upon it, and I'm a new creature? I've heard it, and known it, in a way, before; but this beats all. Who stopped me from going into that pub? Who set me down by the roadside just where he knew I should see them words? Who made me feel as you was desperate because of me? I know, 'twas God." Thus he who was dead in sin and shame rose to a new and nobler life.

But even though we are not drunkards, all who are not risen with Christ into newness of life are dead in sin. To every unsaved youth Jesus says this Easter day, "Young man, arise," "Little one, arise." A missionary in South America tells this sweet story: "Three new pupils had been received into the Argentine mission school. I suggested that before beginning the Bible study we spend a few minutes in personal testimony, intimating that each should tell when she had given herself to Jesus, saying that I had myself done so at the age of fourteen.

"At that word I noticed a quick flash of intelligence pass over the face of one of the new girls, followed instantly by a very serious expression that continued until it came her turn to 'take the word.' I asked,

"'Are you a Christian, Deolinda?' There was a doubtful nod in response. I varied the question. 'Have you given yourself to God?' This was answered by a decidedly more positive nod. 'Do you realize that Jesus is your Saviour, and that you are God's child?'

"All at once the black eyes flashed with joy, the whole face was transfigured, and the nod was accompanied by a very soft 'Si, Senora' (Yes, ma'am).

"'Since when?' I asked, my own heart filled with gladness. 'Since now,' was the unequivocal testimony. And from that hour she set herself definitely and joyfully to prepare for a life-work in his service."

*International Sunday School Lesson for April 15, 1906. Jesus' Power Over Disease and Death. Luke 7, 1-17. GOLDEN TEXT: "Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection and the life." John 11: 25.

THE CHARIOTS OF THE LORD

A Story of the days of Religious Persecution in England

By JOSEPH HOCKING

Summary of Preceding Chapters

During the reign of James II., whose father, Charles I., was beheaded in the revolution under Oliver Cromwell, a determined effort was made by the King to win England to Roman Catholicism. He persecuted the Protestants and had a willing instrument in Lord Jeffreys, an ignorant man, who had been raised to the bench by the king. The story opens with a scene in his court, in which the hero, Benedict Trelawney, denounced Jeffreys to his face, as an unjust judge. He was committed to prison. On his way he was enabled to escape by a girl, who told him her name was Mary. She guided him to the house of a Protestant, who gave him shelter and introduced him to another refugee, a Scotchman named Donald Stewart. On the following day he received his sword, which had been taken from him, and found upon it a message from the girl who had saved him, asking him to meet her that night at a certain place. Trelawney met her and she begged him to have nothing to do with a conspiracy against the king, in which the man who had given him shelter, was engaged. He suspects that she is the daughter of Lord Jeffreys, but cannot get her to acknowledge it. Disregarding her advice, he proceeds to a secret chamber, in which the conspirators are assembled. He is chosen to accompany Donald Stewart to Holland, where they are to meet the Duke of Monmouth, a natural son of Charles II., and invite him to England to oust his uncle from the throne. Monmouth welcomes Trelawney and gives him a command in the army which is going to invade England. In the battle that ensues on Monmouth's landing in England, the King's forces defeat the invaders, and Monmouth deserts his supporters and flies. Trelawney overtakes him and reproaches him, but without result. Guided by a comrade named Ridgeway, he finds a hiding-place underground, where they are fed for several days by a girl who is betrothed to Ridgeway.

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued

IT was Trelawney who spoke, and the girl started up as she heard his voice.

Evidently Ridgeway had told her who he was, for beyond surprise when he first spoke, she showed no fear.

"Say nothing to Lady Mary, whoever she may be," continued the young Cornishman. "Do not let her know that you came here, take every precaution against her seeing you."

"Why, what do you know of her?" asked the girl.

"Nothing," replied Trelawney; "but if you wish to save your sweetheart's life, never let her know, even by a whisper where he is."

"She is a kind, beautiful lady," said the girl.

"What is she called beside Mary?"

"Beaumont," replied the girl.

"Lady Mary Beaumont?"

"Ay, Holdsworthy was once the property of the Beaumonts. Her grandfather lived there, that was why she came to stay with us."

"Tell me what she is like," said Trelawney.

The maid's description was not very clear, but Trelawney felt that every word might apply to the woman whom he loved, and feared, and hated. Besides, he had every reason to believe that she was in Somersetshire. Who but she could have written him that letter, what woman but she could have known that he was with Monmouth's men. It is true the letter seemed to warn him of a grave danger, but he remembered past events, and he felt sure that she was her father's spy.

"Have you told her anything about your sweetheart?" he asked presently.

"She knows that he went to the wars."

"Hath she ever seen him?"

"No."

"Have you told her of this hiding-place?"

"No. I have told her that I knew of a hiding-place which William would fly to if Monmouth's army were routed, but nothing more."

"Doth she know you are here now?"

"No, how could she? She is doubtless fast asleep, seeing it is yet early morning. Late last night news came that the Duke had fled, so as soon as all was quiet at home, I e'en came hither as I had said."

"Then tell her nothing more. Nothing. I tell you this for your own love's sake."

"Do you know aught of her?"

"I am not sure. But you cannot do wrong by taking every precaution. Keep out of her sight, tell her nothing, and be careful when you come to see your sweetheart, that she knows naught of your coming."

"I will be carefnl, young master," replied the girl; "nevertheless, I do not believe there is any danger."

"The eyes of both the yeoman and his sweetheart were fixed on him"

After that, Benedict Trelawney said no more, and a little later the girl departed.

For three days they remained in the great winze near the shaft, and each day just after sunset Martha Bagshaw visited her lover. She made known her coming by a curious whistle, and when William Ridgeway heard it, he lifted up the ladder out of the lower shaft, placed it on the sollar, which was some few fathoms from the surface, and then the brave girl descended, bringing food not only for her sweetheart, but also for the young Cornishman.

During the first two days she seemed cheerful and brave. She seemed perfectly certain that her lover would be able to escape, although the whole countryside was filled with soldiers who were searching every nook and corner in order to discover runaway rebels, but on the fourth visit her eyes were filled with a great terror, and she lay trembling in her lover's arms, as though she sought to shield him, and yet begged his protection at the same time.

"What it is, my dear maid," asked the young yeoman, "Tell me, Martha; tell me everything."

CHAPTER XVIII.

OH, it is terrible," went on the girl. "Never did I believe that such things could be. Oh, William, my love, my love!"

"Tell me, Martha, my dear," cried Ridgeway. "Who has been frightening you?"

"Oh," cried the girl, "on my way hither I took another road than that which I have come these last two mornings. You see I was afraid I was watched, so instead of coming by Coombe Lane, I took Sadler's Road. I thought it safest. Well, just as I was crossing Bayswater Downs the sun began to rise, and right by the roadside I saw three men hanging. Oh, it was ghastly. One of them I knew. He was one of father's shepherds, David Dawe, you know him, William. I ran away with a scream. But I had only gone a little way farther when I saw two more. And, oh, William, one of them looked like you!"

"My little maid, my little maid!" said the yeoman tenderly.

"I hear they are everywhere," sobbed the girl. "Lads we used to know; goodly lads, God-fearing lads. They have been hanged up without a trial. Some of them were tortured first. I heard one crying not far from Walzick farm only yesterday. Oh, merey! mercy!"

"Never fear," said William; "they died in a good cause, and their souls have gone home to God."

"Oh, it's terrible, terrible! but that's not all. It is said that the dreadful Judge Jeffreys is on his way here, and soldiers are everywhere. There's not a port, there's not a farm, or a house, in all the West of England but is watched night and day. Oh, William, William! how can we escape?"

"God will provide a way," said the young yeoman, his lips trembling.

"But that is not all," sobbed the girl. "I believe I am watched. If I am, how can you live? Oh, sir," turning to the young Cornishman, "you are clever and wise, can you not think of something?"

"Have you found out any more about this Lady Mary?"

"No, sir. How could I. She is a great lady, and she hath her own rooms at Holdsworthy. All the same I cannot help wondering why she stays there. For why should she, a London lady, stay at my father's house? It is true she saith she is staying there for her health, and because she loved the house in which her grandfather lived; but I cannot understand."

"Cannot understand what?"

"Cannot understand why she should turn pale and tremble when I told her that the terrible Lord Jeffreys was coming to Somersetshire. Besides, I saw her talking yesterday with one of the King's officers."

"And do you think she is watching you?"

"I am not sure, but I am afraid so. Only last night she asked me to sleep in the same room with her, and when I refused, she watched me like a cat watches a mouse. Then she kept me up talking with her after she saw I wanted to go to bed. That was why I was so late in coming this morning."

"You are sure she did not see you coming?"

"Yes, for I crept down the servant's stairs, and went through the orchard, but I dread to think what she'll say when I go back. You see, sir, I dare not ask father to help me. He does not like William, and wants me to marry Thomas Dawe. He has a better farm than that belonging to William's father, and he says that Thomas is a better match. But I cannot marry him. How can I when I love William? Can you think of anything, sir? I am strong, and I am not afraid to do anything to save William."

Trelawney saw that the eyes of both the young yeoman and his sweetheart

CONTINUED ON PAGE 307

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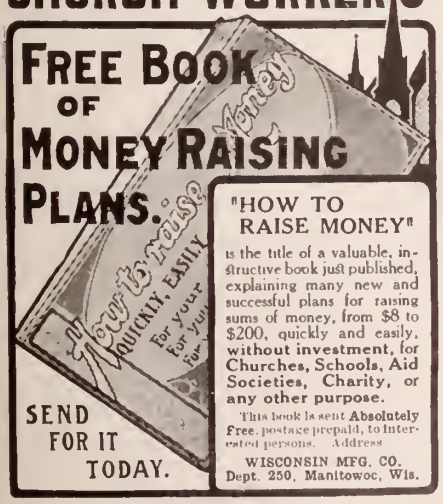

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The Chariots of the Lord

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 306

were fixed on him, and his heart went out towards them. William Ridgeway was one who had been oppressed because of his religion, and who firmly believed that in fighting for Monmouth he had been fighting for God. The maid, on the other hand, seemed to care not so much for religion as for the man to whom she had given her heart. It was easy to see that he was her king, and that she was willing to dare all, and to suffer all for his sake. That she was brave and loyal it was easy to see. A country girl she was, simple at heart, and strong in faith. Moreover, she was wiser than he had at first thought. The more he saw of her, the more he realized that she thought less of herself than of her sweetheart.

"Have you told me all?" said the young man presently. The girl hesitated a second, and then went on.

"My father is a loyalist, and hates Dissenters," she said.

"Yes, and what then?"

"Only this. I heard him say to Lady Mary, 'if you watch my maid, you'll soon find out where that rascal William Ridgeway is.'"

"Have you ever talked with Lady Mary about the war?" he asked.

"Yes. She is very bitter against those whom she calls rebels. She says they all deserve to be hanged."

Benedict Trelawney's heart grew bitter. He felt sure that this was Mary Jeffreys, and he could not help believing all he had heard concerning her falseness and cruelty. She had inherited her father's nature, rejoicing to see suffering, even as he did. Yet in spite of everything, he loved her. Even at that moment he recalled to mind her bright eyes, as he had seen them on the night when she had helped him to escape from Jeffreys' men.

"There is something else I am afraid of," said the girl presently, with a shudder.

"What?"

"I have heard that they frequently put people to torture," said the girl. "It was told me only yesterday, that Anna Davis knew where her brother was. The King's men asked her to tell them, but she refused, and then they put her to torture."

William Ridgeway gave a cry like a wounded animal. "Let us give ourselves up, Captain Trelawney," he said. "We can't stand that. Oh, we can't stand that!"

Trelawney thought a minute.

"We have enough food and water for three days," he said. "In the meanwhile you, Martha, must not come hither. You must go back, and talk as though you had a light heart. In the meanwhile try if you cannot get horses for us. But more. Can you not get some clothes whereby we can be disguised? If you can, bring them here; bring them just after sunset, and we will ride westward towards my old home. Once there, I know of hiding-places where the King's soldiers cannot find us. From there, too, we can find means of escaping to another country."

"Yes," she said eagerly, "I can do that. You will take me with you, William, will you not?"

"Yes," cried the young man, "I'll not go without you."

"I know it is a bad plan," cried Trelawney; "but it is the best I can think of. We must simply make a dash for it. If we ride hard through one night, we shall get beyond the suspected district before morning."

"But if we are taken?" cried the girl.

"We must not be taken. You know the country, Ridgeway?"

"Every inch of it, sir."

"That is right. Then go back, Martha, and keep a brave heart. But say nothing to the woman called Lady Mary. Remember, I believe she is our enemy. But do nothing to arouse her suspicions. Nay, let me think again. It will be better not to bring the horses near here, only to some place whither we can find them."

"Yes, sir, I see, I see. Do not be afraid. I will save you both."

She tenderly embraced her lover, then, he having placed the ladder for her to ascend, she climbed to the surface.

"I hope she will not be seen near here," said Trelawney, after they had dropped the ladder into the second shaft.

"Never fear. Martha will be a match for the whole lot of them. She was always better than her word. I should not be surprised if she doth not think of a better plan than yours."

"I hope she may, for mine is poor. But I must think again. Perhaps things are not as bad as she says."

"I trust not, sir, but I fear terribly, all the same. I thank God every day for Martha. With her by my side I fear nothing."

Three days passed away, and the young woman did not come near; still another day passed and she did not come.

"She is afraid," said William. "She knows that she is closely watched, and will not endanger us. Oh, I trust in Martha. Besides, we have food enough for a day or two more."

At the end of the fifth day, however, their courage began to fail.

"I fear something hath happened to her," said the young yeoman. "Merciful heavens, suppose they are putting her to torture!"

"I feel I cannot bear this much longer," cried Benedict Trelawney. "If she doth not come by to-morrow night——"

"We will go to her!" cried Ridgeway.

"And to our death!" said Trelawney.

"I care not. I tell you she is in danger. Perhaps one of those King's men hath got hold of her."

"What o'clock is it now, think you?"

"It is two hours after sundown."

"Anyhow, she will not come just yet. She will most likely wait until all the people at Holdsworthy have been in bed full two hours, before she starts to come to us."

"Hark! what is that?"

"It is a woman's voice," said Trelawney.

"It is my Martha's voice."

"Are you sure?"

"Sure! As though I could be mistaken!"

"Hark!"

A low whistle followed. The whistle which was agreed on as a signal between them.

They waited a second, and the whistle was repeated.

"It is Martha; but why doth she not come down? Shall I speak to her?"

"No, wait a second. It may be a trick."

Listening intently, they heard a woman's voice overhead:

"William, come up quick. I have arranged everything, and there is not time for me to get down."

"Is all safe?"

"Ay, all is safe; but come quickly."

The young farmer lifted the ladder from the shaft, placed the end of it on the sollar and began to climb.

"Keep close to me, Master Trelawney," he said.

With many doubts in his mind, yet longing to get away from the imprisonment which had become almost unbearable, Trelawney kept close at the heels of Ridgeway. He heard the latter leap from the ladder to the earth, but the night was dark, and he could see nothing. He felt that he was breathing the fresh, pure air of heaven, however, and was about to speak to his companion when he heard a cry, a fearful cry.

TO BE CONTINUED

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OUR MAIL-BAG

Questions and Answers

Letters for this department must contain name and address of the sender—not for publication, but in order that an answer may be sent by mail in cases where the inquiry is not of general interest.

W. A. Ottumwa, Ia. God promises to hear humble, earnest prayer: will he hear my prayer to receive the soul of a loved one, who died without joining any church?

God does promise to answer prayer, but he does not promise to give us everything we ask of him. That would be putting too much power in our hands. The condition of your loved one is in his hands, and you may be sure that he has dealt with her in mercy and in love you must not too hastily infer from the fact of her not joining a church that her heart was not right with God. It may be that God saw in her fitness for his kingdom, and has received her into rest. There is nothing, so far as we know, in the Bible, that encourages us to hope that the condition of the dead will be changed in answer to the prayers of the living.

H. C. Shepherd, Osburn, Neb., writes: I notice in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of March 14, that Mr. John H. Towers of Annapolis, tells of his four boys, not one of whom drinks. I have seven boys, not one of whom ever took a drink of liquor, or used tobacco, or danced, or played cards. Four are grown and married and they all go to church.

F. G. M., Philomath, Ore. When Jesus said (Matt. 26: 52) that "they who take the sword shall perish with the sword," did he not endorse the Mosaic law, which fixes the penalty for murder as capital punishment. Would not the abolition of capital punishment be a violation of God's law?

Christ's words do not appear to have been a command, but a general statement of the fact that violence leads to violence. He was submitting to arrest according to his own principle of non-resistance, when Peter interfered. Peter's act could have done no good if he had killed the man. A brawl would have ensued in which Christ and his disciples would have been overpowered. You surely do not suppose that Christ intended all soldiers—they who take the sword—to be put to death. The remark does not appear to us to apply to capital punishment. The Mosaic law prescribed death for many offences, which now are punished by imprisonment. Death is still the penalty for murder, but many murderers escape punishment altogether, because jurors shrink from bringing a verdict of guilty when there is the slightest doubt. Whereas if the penalty was imprisonment for life, the guilty would more frequently be convicted.

A. A. P., Harleysville, Pa., writes: In answer to the query of B. C., Institute, W. Va., I will say that J. Willis Westlake is the author of these lines:

Do you covet learning's prize?
Climb her heights and take it.
In ourselves our fortune lies:
Life is what we make it.

N. M., Ottawa, Kans. 1. Will the Jews be restored to Palestine if they do not accept Christ? 2. How is it so many of a race so persecuted are so rich? 3. Is it right for children of ten years old to be received into church membership?

1. Many expositors of prophecy think that the conversion of the Jews to Christ will not occur until after their restoration to their own land. They believe that the Jews will go back in unbelief. 2. The persecution of the Jews drove them to trade, as in many countries they were not permitted to own land. They became adepts, and soon gained a skill that enabled them to outstrip their competitors. Nevertheless there are many poor Jews, but they are usually provident and able to make the best of their opportunities. 3. The age of a child is not the best criterion. If a child of ten gives evidence of being converted and shows that he understands the principles of Christianity and loves Christ, his age should not exclude him. The best Christians are those who were converted in childhood.

Mrs. H. A., Raleigh, W. Va. Does "Look not thou upon the wine" (Prov. 23: 31), mean that we should not use it as a medicine?

It means that we are not to be caught by its color and sparkle; because, through the eye, the senses may thus be deceived. The passage should be read as a whole (verses 29-32). It is an arraignment of drunkenness in every form; a caution against even small indulgences, and an expose of the results of drinking. There is no reference to the use of wine as a medicine. Our own observation leads to the conclusion that the less it is used in medicine, the better; and better still if not used at all. Many who have become habituated to the use of alcohol in sickness, have ended by becoming drunkards.

J. W., Eau Claire, Mich. We are told (II Thess. 4: 16, 17), that the dead in Christ, with living saints, will be caught up to meet Christ in the air—what then will happen to the wicked?

It is evident from this and other scriptures, that the apostle believed that the wicked would remain on earth to go through the horrors of the great tribulation described in Revelation, which would close by Christ's coming in the second stage to the earth. The gathering you mention, takes place when Christ comes to the air.

E. E., Hammonton, N.J. 1. There is no historical data regarding the year, month or day of St. Patrick's birth. Ancient writers in stating the year, vary from 373 to 396 A.D. By general consent, however, the Irish people long ago settled on March 17. 2. Such a celebration as you mention would be out of place.

H. M. G., Lebanon Springs, N. Y. Are Christ's precepts as to non-resistance (Matt. 5: 39, 40) to be understood literally and acted on in the present day?

Christ's teaching in this and other passages was intended to inculcate principles, rather than blind, literal servile obedience. He would have his followers patient, gentle, forbearing, submitting to be wronged rather than resisting. His own example in yielding himself to death, when by the exercise of his miraculous powers he could have delivered himself, is an illustration of his meaning. Yet he scourged the traders in the Temple, and in denouncing the Scribes and Pharisees he showed that he was not deficient in manliness. There have, however, been many instances of men literally obeying the command to turn the other cheek, and in some, the effect on the striker was to produce shame and humiliation greater than could have resulted from a fight. There have been many, too, who after painful experience have wished they had submitted to a wrong instead of going to the courts.

Miss I. P., Leetonia, O. What does the following mean: "Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth"?

The "meek," means the "poor in spirit," the mourners, the humble ones, those who are lowly and of "gentle carriage," obedient to authority, quietly disposed, submissive, kind and temperate. In God's sight, a "meek and quiet spirit" is of great price. It is the opposite of the high-minded, the arrogant, turbulent, selfish, aggressive and quarrelsome. It suffers wrong rather than seek a quarrel or revenge. The meek delight in serving God, and as their character and righteousness are pleasing to him, they are in his eyes the only rightful occupants of the ground and the heirs of things to come.

M. V. B., Paterson, N. J. Has the custom ever prevailed of burying people facing the East?

Yes, for centuries it was an almost universal custom in Christian countries. The sunrise was symbolic of the resurrection, and the dead were placed facing east, to catch the first rays of the resurrection morn. In old New England graveyards, almost all graves are placed east and west.

V. L. M., West Jordan, N. S. 1. Did Jesus really join a church, as is stated in a recent Sunday School Lesson? 2. Does infant baptism take the place of circumcision? 3. Did Jesus baptize the children when he took them in his arms?

1. He became a Son of the Law, a ceremony something like the confirmation in the Protestant Episcopal Church. The ceremony is still observed by the Jews, who bring their boys to the rabbi to be recognized as members of the Jewish race. 2. Infant baptism is always represented as an act of dedication. Circumcision was not exactly that, but was an initiatory rite. 3. Probably not. It is distinctly stated (John 4: 2), that Jesus did not baptize any one.

F. F., Fort Wayne, Ind. What is the history of the obelisk, called Cleopatra's Needle, in Central Park, New York City?

The obelisk formerly stood in the Temple of the Sun, at Heliopolis, Egypt, and was erected by King Thothmes III, over 3,500 years ago. Later it was moved to Alex-

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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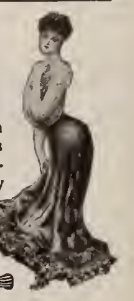

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OUR MAIL-BAG

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

andria. It is of pink-red Nubian granite, sixty-nine feet high, and weighs 220 tons. It is the sixth in size of the famous obelisks of Egypt. In 1877 it was presented to New York City by the Khedive, Ismail Pasha, and transported to America at the expense of William H. Vanderbilt.

J. C., Fort Washington, Pa. Is there any history that can inform us if there was any metal used in the building of Noah's Ark—iron, copper, or anything but wood? How was it framed? Was there any boring of holes or mortising? If they bored holes, what was the instrument or tool they used?

As the art of working in brass and iron (see Gen. 4: 22) was known before Noah's time, it is not improbable that these metals were employed in the construction of the Ark. No metals are mentioned, however, in the instructions to Noah (see Gen. 6: 14-16). Josephus, the Jewish historian, makes no mention of metals.

Mrs. H. A. E. Milan, N. H. The amusement you mention is a pernicious one and had better be avoided. As to the games, there are so many that are unquestionably innocent, as well as enjoyable, that we wonder why people should give doubtful games a moment's consideration. The safe rule is to avoid that which has even "the appearance of evil," or concerning which you are in doubt.

A. P. S., Dunham, Me. 1. What are double stars? 2. What constellations have them? 3. How can they be distinguished by the naked eye? 4. What are nebulæ supposed to be? 5. What appearances do they present to us? 6. In what parts of the heavens can they be found? 7. Are they visible to the naked eye? 8. What is the Milky Way or galaxy, supposed to be? 9. What is its appearance? 10. Why can it be seen on some nights and not on others? 11. What are the names of some of the largest fixed stars, and their sizes in comparison with our sun? 12. In what direction is our solar system travelling, in other words, towards what heavenly body is it pursuing its course? 13. Does the direction in which it moves ever change?

A double star is one that has another so close that a telescope is required to separate them, often requiring the highest powers to even elongate them. Some 12,000 are known, scattered all over the sky. Nebulæ are vast patches of luminous gas. One that would fill the orbit of Neptune would be a small one. Several are visible to the naked eye. The one in Andromeda is a conspicuous one, considerably elongated. The Milky Way is a belt of stars forming a luminous, broad ring, extending clear round the sky. It is visible on every clear, moonless night. Mammoth telescopes, and especially the photographic camera, reveal at least one hundred million stars, causing the blended light, every one a self-shining sun like ours. Probably planets like ours are revolving round them the same as here, and with people on them. Our solar system is travelling in our age towards the constellations of Hercules and Lyra at the rate of from ten to twelve miles a second. It is not yet known whether its motion is curved or not; if curved, then it is orbital, and must take millions of years to make a revolution. LEWIS SWIFT.

Marathon, N. Y.

S. E. C., Scranton, Pa. I have heard of a celebrated family of criminals which involved great expense to the country. Can you tell me the facts?

You probably refer to the Jukes family. The record of the family, starting with Max, who was born about 1720, shows that sixty were habitual thieves; seven were murderers; fifty vicious women; ninety-four convicted of various crimes, and three hundred and ten inmates of poorhouses. The total cost to the country of maintaining, convicting and punishing the members of the family is estimated at nearly a million dollars.

Miscellaneous

Reader. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is interdenominational and evangelical. It represents every denomination known to Protestantism.

R. S. L., Williamstown, Mass. You can get a copy of John Hay's poems from Leggatt Bros., 81 Chambers St., New York City.

B. F. W., Emerado, N. M. "Judge not, that ye be not judged." "God alone knoweth the heart." The man you mention may be sincere.

J. S., Mount Carroll, Ill. The pictures are good; indeed, some of them are taken from the celebrated paintings by the "old masters," which the whole world praises.

F. S., Millbrook, N. Y. There is an abundance of salt in the Jordan Valley, especially in and around the Dead Sea, which is probably the saltest body of water in the world.

Rosa B., Idaho. 1. We should imagine that a young man of the peculiar cast of mind you describe, was of doubtful sanity, and one to be avoided. 2. We never killed a deer and consequently can't answer your question.

C. D., Melbourne, Fla. We never heard of the ship *Wanderer*. Write to the State Librarian of the State of Georgia, and to the collector of customs at Savannah, Ga. They may be able to inform you where the records can be found.

Mrs. M. B. C., Broughton, Kan. When essential to the performance of any work of necessity or mercy, it is not wrong to use any means of travel on the Sabbath that may be available. We should certainly regard the case you mention as one of necessity. We are all apt to judge each other too harshly in such matters. (See Col. 2: 16).

CALLED HIGHER

Mr. L. D. Jolly, of Stilesboro, Ga., died on January 8th, at the age of seventy-eight years. Eight children mourn his loss and testify that he served the Lord long and well.

A true Daughter of the American Revolution, and a true daughter of God as well, Mrs. Lucretia White passed peacefully away on January 29th, at Richmond, Mass., aged ninety two years.

Mr. T. S. Miller, of Nebraska City, Neb., departed this life during the month of October last, in his forty-eighth year. The friends he left are comforted by the fact that he was a true and devoted Christian, always at his post of duty.

Samuel T. Adams died in his seventy-sixth year at his home in Boistfort, Wash., October 21, 1905, after a lingering illness, which he bore with the Christian fortitude which has always marked his life. A devoted husband, a loving father, an honored citizen, having "fought the good fight," has gone home.

The Rev. J. P. B. Smith, a faithful minister of the Gospel, died in South Omaha, Neb., on January 17, 1906. Years of his life were spent in the missionary field of Nebraska, laboring for the Master whom he devotedly served. He leaves a lonely widow, who looks forward to reunion in the heavenly home.

Thomas Miller, an aged minister of the Friends denomination, died on February 13, 1906, near Carthage, Indiana, in his ninety-fourth year. According to his own statement, he drove 1,700 miles the year he was ninety, attending his own yearly and quarterly meetings, and receiving a warm welcome from the aged and infirm.

Sarah A., widow of Daniel L. Parsons, died at her home in Dannemora, N. Y., on January 27, aged eighty-four years. Seven of her twelve children survive her, and she lived to see the fifth generation of her descendants. Earnest and fervent in her devotion to the cause of God, she leaves many to mourn a loss which is her gain.

Christina, widow of Adam Baumhardt, was called to her heavenly home on December 9, 1904, aged nearly eighty-eight years. She had been the mother of eleven children, and she left thirty granchildren and twenty great-grandchildren. She endured the hardships of life cheerfully for her family, who rejoice in the memory that she was a "prayer-believing mother."

Mr. Irving L. Bradley, a former promising Brown University student of Providence, R. I., died in that city in January, after a lingering illness of ten years, aged twenty-six. His mother writes that for six years she read nearly every word of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to him, the "Answered Prayers" column especially, giving him much pleasure and comfort.

Mrs. Katherine Nivin Harriott, aged eighty years, died recently in Brooklyn, N. Y. Mrs. Harriott was an active Christian worker and was identified with the work of many philanthropic organizations. She was greatly beloved by a large circle of friends and held in honor in the Simpson Methodist Episcopal Church, of which she was one of the founders, over forty years ago.

"She yielded up her years without a sigh,
Well knowing that to die was but to live;
No doubt was in her heart, nor question why—
She knew the Lord who took would surely give."

Mary, wife of John Preston, died at her home near Holloway, Mich., on December 27, 1905, after a lingering illness, aged seventy years. She is survived by her husband, one daughter and one son. She united with the Presbyterian Church when a young girl, and remained a faithful member until called to join the church triumphant. She was an old subscriber of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and loved to read it, next to her Bible.

Mrs. Harriet Alabama Barnett, was born January 2, 1847, and died at her home in Louisiana, Mo., February 11, 1906. She was the mother of six children, two sons and four daughters, all but one of whom survive her. She was a devout member of the Presbyterian Church, and highly respected by all who knew her. The faith and grace which kept her in life, sustained her in death, which was that of the righteous. She died in peace, and her works do follow her.

Mrs. R. W. Magee, passed to "the larger life serene," from her earthly home in Proctorsville, O., on February 13, 1906, aged sixty-three years. She leaves an aged husband to mourn her loss, and the seven children who gathered about her casket "rise up and call her blessed." She was an example of well-tried Christian duty to the last, and her many friends in the Presbyterian Church and Sunday School, will remember her as one who constantly scattered seeds of kindness along their pathway.

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MISS COCROFT AT HER DESK

EVERY WOMAN should preserve her health, strength, beauty, poise and, with these, her happiness. It is my success in treating nearly 18,000 women and my knowledge of what my work has done for them that makes me know I can do as much for you.

Let me give you a perfectly balanced organism. Let me direct your breathing, your exercise, your diet; let me give you a perfect blood supply and circulation; a nervous system in harmony with itself and the rest of your body, each nerve center properly directing the organ it controls. The resultant strong vitality will enable you to resist disease, and I will make you what you were intended to be—strong, happy, graceful, beautiful—loving and beloved, with a mental calm which is life power and true beauty, making your life a satisfaction to yourself, making you the delight and admiration of your friends.

Only 15 Minutes a Day Give me 15 minutes of your time each day, in your own home, by following my simple directions. Just a little care is all you need to make you the ideal woman of your type. Do not say it is impossible, that nature has not given you the first requirements of health and beauty—I know it is possible; I have accomplished it for thousands.

Drugs are Dangerous

I use no drugs. I never treat a pupil I cannot help. If I cannot help you I will tell you so.

I Keep Women Young Do you think "True Motherhood" means devotion of mother to her family and neglect of herself? True?—No, the true mother is true to her sacred duty of preserving and protecting herself, that she may be of greatest service to her family. The mother needs health, strength, and lightness of heart that she may be a true wife—the delight of her husband, his joy, rest, social help and inspiration, not a slaving, suffering dead weight for his pity. The true mother keeps well, beautiful and young, that she may enjoy the confidence and admiration of her children.

If you could sit beside me, at my desk, I could, if I would, show you, daily, hundreds of letters from pupils I have helped. I never violate a confidence, never show a letter without permission; but here are a few snatches from one morning's mail:

I wish every nervous teacher could know what benefit is to be derived from your physical culture.
I have lost 73 pounds, and was never better. I look ten years younger.
My constipation and biliousness are entirely relieved.
Just think how I have gained, since I began with you, from 112 to 137½ lbs. in one year.
My catarrh and lungs are much better and my body, which was a hony, crooked structure, is actually beginning to look like your picture of correct poise.
My head is steady, the confused feeling having passed away. It is the best spent money ever used for myself.
Just think, Miss Cocroft, before I took up your work I could not eat anything without the greatest distress, and now I think I could DIGEST TACKS. I am so happy.

How to Stand and Walk Remember, I give you personal instruction, after careful study of your symptoms and condition. When you request details about my lessons, I send you my general book free. This outlines my methods, and gives you many valuable health hints. With this book I will send, also free, my lesson on **Poise**, which teaches you how to stand and walk.

Personal Instructions Besides the Book and free lesson, in answer to your first inquiry, is included my personal examination of your symptoms and my first advice to you. Write me fully about your case, also letting me know your faults of figure, etc. I will make a personal study of your case and will let you know whether I can help you or not. Your letter will be held in strict confidence.

I never publish letters without special permission, though I can send you hundreds of testimonials from women I have helped, who are only too glad to have me show their letters.

SUSANNA COCROFT, 57 Washington St., Dept. 18 CHICAGO

For details about MY PERSONAL INSTRUCTION mark thus (XX) on blank below, opposite the points MOST IMPORTANT in your case and mark thus (X) opposite those which also interest you. If there are any particulars in regard to your case which you feel I should know, write about them fully and I will frankly tell you, without charge, what I can do for you.

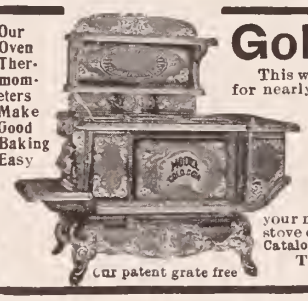
Dept. 18

Too Thin
Round shouldered
Superfluous flesh
Prominent hips
Protruding abdomen
Height
Weight
Do you stand correctly
Thin chest
Thin bust
Thin neck
Complexion
Do you walk gracefully
Weakness
Lame back
Dullness
Irritable
Nerves
Headaches
Catarrh
Dizziness
Indigestion
Constipation
Liver
Kidneys
Lungs
Heart
Throat
Colds
Rheumatism
Circulation
Blood
Is your health or figure imperfect in any way not mentioned here?
Occupation?
What is your age?
Married or single?

Name _____
Address _____

Fill out, cut off and mail this blank—NOW!

NOTE—Miss Cocroft, as President of Physical Culture Extension Work in America, needs no further introduction.



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Our patent grate free

Gold Coin Ranges FREIGHT PAID

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Wholesale Prices

safely delivered, freight prepaid, highly polished, ready to put in your home, with the privilege of

A YEAR'S FREE TRIAL

Return stove at our expense if not satisfied and we will return your money at once. Gold Coin is the first Standard Trade-Marked stove ever offered at the wholesale price. Write for our Free Illustrated Catalogue. It tells all about stoves, and gives wholesale price on each.

THE GOLD COIN STOVE CO., 11 Oak St., Troy, N. Y.
(Successor to Bussey & McLeod, Est. 1860)

33 Years Selling Direct

No. 516.
Stanhope. Price complete, $68. As good as sells for $25. more.

Our vehicles and harness have been sold direct from our factory to user for a third of a century. We ship for examination and approval and guarantee safe delivery. You are out nothing if not satisfied as to style, quality and price.

We Are the Largest Manufacturers in the World

selling to the consumer exclusively. We make 200 styles of Vehicles, 65 styles of Harness. Send for large free catalogue.

Elkhart Carriage & Harness Mfg. Co., ELKHART, INDIANA.

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Combination Top Buggy. Price complete with extra stick seat, $50.50. As good as sells for $25. more.

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By Pickett & Culpepper.

Our various song books have sold a million copies. This is one of the best. Thousands of it are selling. Suitable for Sunday-school, League, Endeavor, the home and the revival. Liberal discounts in hundred lots. Round notes or shapes; always state choice.

"TELL MOTHER I'LL BE THERE"

Is only one of the 186 choice songs new and old in this book. Among other favorites are "Beyond the Silent River," "Victory," "Sing on, Trust on," "The Old Account Was Settled Long Ago," "Keep Your Heart Singing," "Joybells," etc. It contains beautiful solos, rousing choruses, thrilling new songs and standard old favorites. A great book for evangelistic work. A leading evangelist recently used 800 in one meeting and writes, "It is the best book I ever saw." Price 25c. Order now, name this paper and we will give you a free copy of the thrilling tract, "A bottle of tears."

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(ESTABLISHED 1879.)

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Whooping-Cough, Croup, Bronchitis, Diphtheria, etc.

Confidence can be placed in a remedy, which for a quarter of a century has earned unqualified praise. Restful nights are assured at once.

Cresolene is a boon to asthmatics

All Druggists

Send postal for descriptive booklet.

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A WOMAN FLORIST

6 HARDY EVERBLOOMING ROSES On their own roots. ALL WILL BLOOM THIS SUMMER. **25c**

Sent to any address post-paid; guaranteed to reach you in good growing condition.

GEM ROSE COLLECTION

Burbank, deep rose.
Cardinal, bright red.
Killarney, grandest pink.
General McArthur, deep red.
Snowflake, pure white.
Bouquet of Gold, golden yellow.

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5 Beautiful Coleus, ... 25c.
4 Grand Orchid Cannas, . . 25c.
8 Sweet-Scented Tuberoses, . . 25c.
6 Fuchsias, all different, . . 25c.
10 Lovely Gladiolus, ... 25c.
10 Superb Pansy Plants, . . . 25c.
15 Pkts. Flower Seeds, all different, 25c.

Any Five Collections for One Dollar, Post-Paid

Guarantee satisfaction. Once a customer, always one. Catalog Free.

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"In a pinch, use Allen's Foot-Ease."

Allen's Foot-Ease, **a powder for the feet.** It relieves painful, swollen, smarting, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. **It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age.** Allen's Foot Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain relief for ingrowing nails, sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. **TRY IT TO-DAY.** Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. **Do not accept any substitute.** Sent by mail for 25c. in stamps.

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE sent by mail.

MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS, the best remedy for Feverish, Sickly Children. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Trial Package **FREE.** Address,

ALLEN S. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N. Y.

[Mention this paper.]

The Dear Little Heads in the Pew

IN the morn of the holy Sabbath,
I like in the pew to see,
The dear little children clustered,
Worshiping there with me.
I am sure that the gentle pastor,
Whose words are like summer dew,
Is cheered as he gazes over,
Dear little heads in the pew.

Faces earnest and thoughtful,
Innocent, grave and sweet,
They look in the congregation
Like lilies among the wheat.
And I think that the tender Master,
Whose mercies are ever new,
Has a special benediction
For dear little heads in the pew.

Clear in the hymns resounding
To the organ's swelling chord,
Mingle the fresh young voices,
Eager to praise the Lord.
And to me the rising anthem
Has a meaning deep and true:
The thought and the music blended,
For the dear little heads in the pew.

When they hear "the Lord is my Shepherd,"
Or "Suffer the babes to come,"
They are glad that the loving Jesus
Has given the lambs a home,
A place of their own with his people.
He cares for you and for me;
But close in his arms He gathers
The dear little heads in the pew.

So I love in the great assembly,
On the Sabbath morn, to see
The dear little children clustered
And worshiping there with me;
For I know that the gracious Saviour,
Whose mercies are ever new,
Has a special benediction
For the dear little heads in the pew.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

The Problem of Hawaii

OUT in the blue Pacific, a six days' trip from San Francisco, lie a group of islands belonging to the United States, where problems of greatest interest are being worked out. These islands are the link in the chain which connects the East and the West, and as the commerce of the Pacific becomes yearly more important, so their importance is going to increase.

Ever since the annexation of Hawaii, the Chinese have been excluded, but the Japanese are coming there by the hundreds, many of them as plantation laborers. They work in the field, stripping the leaves from the cane, work which, on account of the great heat, no white man could stand. In Honolulu, hundreds live together in so-called "camps." Here they preserve their native customs, just as they do in Japan. There are now some 70,000 Japanese in these islands. Forty-four out of every one hundred persons in the islands are Japanese. They have come to stay. It is becoming an interesting question. What is to be the fate of these islands, where Orientals are forming each year a larger majority in the population.

The Chinese now there—some 25,000 in all—are at least three generations ahead of their brothers and sisters in China. When they came there they were placed in the midst of an English-speaking population, where Christian customs and ideals prevail. They sent their children to the public schools, became Christians themselves through the teaching of the mission schools and churches, and now we find them graduates of the high school and colleges, serving in the banks, and holding positions of authority. At the same time they are carrying on a vigorous Christian work among their own people.

The great problem in the Hawaiian Islands to-day is the Christianization of the Japanese people there. Little Christian work has been done for those Japanese who have been in the islands some length of time, and the mass of the people are still in spiritual darkness.

Not long ago, Mrs. I., a Japanese lady who had lived for many years in Honolulu, was telling the story of a little kindergarten she had for Japanese children. In the afternoons, she was helped in her work by two school girls, who enjoyed playing with the children. She became very fond of them. Then she and her husband left for a visit of several years in Japan. On their return to Hunolulu, she at once hunted up these two girls in whom she had taken such an interest. With tears in her eyes, she went on to tell she found one of them when it was too late to save her for a respectable life. She was only sixteen, and her parents, Buddhists, did not care what became of her.

Bishop Restanik, of the Episcopal Church, in the United States, is eager to begin work among this people. A deaconess has been appointed to go to Honolulu in September to work among them. Land must be bought, and a settlement house and chapel built as a centre, where the people can gather and be taught the truths of Christianity, and where native workers can be trained. It is hoped that those who are interested in the work will take this opportunity to aid in establishing it where it is so urgently needed. Any inquiries may be addressed to Miss Evelyn Wile, New York Training School for Deaconesses, 228 East Twelfth Street, New York City.

Why Hair Turns Gray

The color of the hair depends on little granules, which can be seen if the hair be examined under a powerful microscope. Sometimes the hair may become white in a night. Brown-Sequard tells us that when he was forty-five years old, his beard turned white in two days. This took place when he was perfectly well and without any especial cause. Sometimes, however, sorrow or illness produces the change earlier in life than it would usually take place. As to the cause, some have said that the hair becomes filled with small air particles which make it look gray; others have said that the outer part of the hair becomes altered, so that it is like ground glass, and you cannot see the color. But a man by the name of Metchnikoff, tells us that the real reason is because small movable bodies in the hair devour the grains of coloring matter, and move then to the root of the hair. Sometimes poisons in disease, or some results of sorrow, bring about an effect upon these small migrating bodies (cells), causing them to become active in the above fashion. That is said to be the reason why the hair grows gray.—*St. Nicholas.*

Miscellaneous Contributions to the Japan Relief Fund

Bergen, Mrs M H.	2 00	Friend, ——	5 00
Binkley, Miss K L	5 00	A Friend H M O,	
Burrucker, Miss J	1 00	——	5 00
Carsley, Mrs M...	1 00	Suhr, ——	1 00
Cornell, S & Vera	20	One of His little ones, ——	25
Drury, Mr & Mrs C H & Miss E A Perry	3 00	Member of C E Soc, Cong'l Ch	35
Foulke, Mary E...	1 00	Member of C E Soc, Cong Ch, ——	10
Granberry, Miss H A	1 00	I H N, Cairo	1 00
Granberry, Miss V	1 00	I H N, Newton-Newtouville	1 00
Hutaf, H F	5 00	A Sympathizer, Norwood	1 00
Lundy, Mrs E	1 00	A Mother at rest.	3 27
Lundy, Winifred..	1 00	A Sister at rest..	5 68
McBride, Miss B..	2 00	—, ——	50
McBride, Jas M ..	5 00	—, ——	50
McBride, Mrs J M	2 00	—, ——	3 00
McElhinny, Mr J.	50	—, ——	1 00
McMinn, Mrs F A.	10 00	—, ——	1 00
Schofield, Mrs E..	1 00	—, ——	25
Thomas, James ..	10 00	—, ——	2 90
Wittnebert, Chr ..	2 00	—, ——	29 01
A N C, ——	1 00	—, ——	2 00
A R C, ——	5 00	—, ——	1 00
I R, ——	2 00	—, ——	10 00
—, Stamford	5 00	—, ——	25
—, Taylorsville..	2 00	Albert M, ——	5 00
Friend, ——	2 00	Boger, Mrs N J...	1 00
A Friend, Burr Oak	1 00	Hibbard, Mrs P ..	1 00
A Friend of the Starving Japanese, Indianapolis.	5 00	Houghton, Marietta	25
A Friend, Chatham	1 00	Marshall, Herbert.	5 00
A Friend, ——	1 00	Pintler, K	16
A Friend, ——	25	Rowland, Mrs M..	1 00
A Friend, Lincoln.	5 00	Stively, Martha S.	1 00
A Friend, ——	1 00	Sumner, Mr & Mrs G A	5 00
A Friend, ——	10 00	W T, ——	1 00
Hopkins, F L....	6 00	A Friend, ——	1 00
Winslow, Jacob W	4 00	A Friend, ——	2 00
H & E, ——	5 00	"Friends," Troy..	2 00
—, ——	1 00	Friends, ——	2 00
Anon, ——	10 00	A Widow's Mite, ——	1 00
—, ——	5 00	—, ——	1 00
—, ——	5 00	—, ——	2 00
One of His children, Mt Fern...	1 00	—, ——	1 00
One of His Childres	25	—, ——	50
Mt Fern	1 00	—, ——	1 00
A Friend	1 00	—, ——	1 00
Cash from Dixie..	10 00	—, ——	1 50
Arbuthnot, A M..	5 00	—, ——	10
Barttoo, Mrs	25	—, ——	1 00
Beem, John	2 00	—, ——	1 00
Julius, Theo S...	1 00	—, ——	1 00
Lake, Mrs J.....	1 00	Jung, N	2 00
Montelth, Mrs	25	—, Monticello ..	1 00
Morris, James ...	1 00	A Friend	1 00
Pierce, E	2 00	I H N, Lineville..	1 00
family	5 00	I H N, E, Douglass	50
Wright, Mrs Jos..	1 00	A Mother	25
J M B, Roxboro..	1 00	Little Folks	1 50
I C, ——	40 00	One of the Little Ones	5 00
V D, ——	1 00	—, ——	1 00

"COFFEE JAGS"

The Doctor Named Them Correctly.

Some one said "Coffee never hurts anyone." Enquire of your friends and note their experiences.

A Phila. woman says:

"During the last 2 or 3 years I became subject to what the doctor called 'coffee jags' and felt like I have heard men say they feel who have drank too much rum. It nauseated me, and I felt as though there was nothing but coffee flowing through my veins.

"Coffee agreed well enough for a time, but for a number of years I have known that it was doing me great harm, but, like the rum toper, I thought I could not get along without it. It made me nervous, disordered my digestion, destroyed my sleep and brought on frequent and very distressing headaches.

"When I got what the doctor called a 'coffee jag' on, I would give up drinking it for a few days till my stomach regained a little strength, but I was always fretful and worried and nervous till I was able to resume the use of the drug.

"About a year ago I was persuaded to try Postum, but as I got it in restaurants it was nothing but a sloppy mess, sometimes cold, and always weak, and of course I didn't like it. Finally I prepared some myself, at home, following the directions carefully, and found it delicious. I persevered in its use, quitting the old coffee entirely, and feeling better and better each day, till I found at last, to my great joy, that my ailments had all disappeared and my longing for coffee had come to an end.

"I have heretofore suffered intensely from utter exhaustion, besides the other ailments and troubles, but this summer, using Postum, I have felt fine." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.

Restaurant cooks rarely prepare Postum Coffee properly. They do not let it boil long enough.

43 FLOWERS 30c

Worth $1.25 Special offer to introduce our goods. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

20 Pkts. Seeds

1 pkt. Mary Semple Asters, 4 colors
" Alyssum, Little Gem, mixed
" Diamond Flower
" Heliotrope, mixed
" Carnation Marguerite
" Forget-me-not "Victoria"
" Hibiscus Crimson Eye
" Poppy "American Flag"
" Phlox Drummondii
" Pansies, 10 colors, mixed
1 pkt. Giant Verbena, mixed
" Umbrella Plant
" Double Chinese Pink
" California Sweet Peas
" Washington Weeping Palm
" Bouquet Chrysanthemum
" Japan Morning Glory
" Petunia Hybrid
" Roses, New Climbing
" Lovely Butterfly Flower

23 Bulbs

1 New Begonia "Splendens"; 1 Summer Flowering Hyacinth; 1 Double Pearl Tuberose; 2 Butterfly and 2 Hybrid Gladiolus; 8 Fine Mixed Oxalis; 2 "Fair Maids of France"; 2 Hardy Wind Flowers; 2 Lovely Cinnamon Vines; 2 Splendid New Canna Lilies—1 Pink; 1 "Novelty."

Above 43 flowers worth $1.25; a return **check worth 25c.** on first $1 order; and our New illustrated **Floral Guide** about Roses and 400 other choice flowers all postpaid, only 30c. Order to-day.

Growers of the Best Roses in America

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FREE TO AGENTS

Flat thin knife cuts loose a perfect cake. **$2 Outfit free Exp. prepaid.** (Steam Cooker, mixing spoon, 3 other articles.) Dept. 7
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7 SUTHERLAND SISTERS Hair Grower and Scalp Cleaner keep the hair and scalp in healthy condition.

WANTED: Good agents, both sexes, to represent us throughout the country to sell an article that appeals to every housewife. Quick money maker.
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SONG WRITERS Your Poems May Be Worth **THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS.** Send them to us to-day. We Will Compose the Music.
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Address, CHAS. S. CRUMBLING, Marysville, Pa., U. S. A

100 for $3 Gospel Song Book, 8 Songs with music. Sample 5 cents in stamps.
E. A. K. Hackett, Pub. Ft. Wayne, Ind.

12 SOUVENIR POST CARDS, 10 cts. Liberty Bell, etc. SELBY MFG. CO., 1106 Walnut St., Phila., Pa.

Victory Over Death*

THAT Jesus was Lord of life and death had to be demonstrated for the sake of all those who in later generations would believe on him. The great question which has concerned men of all ages, was that which the patriarch asked: "If a man die shall he live again?" There have always been materialists who have insisted that death was the end, and that when a man died, that was the end of him. It was a natural belief, which one cannot avoid feeling for a moment, when he looks upon a corpse. The utter collapse, the appalling vacuity of that inanimate clay, seems to protest against any further life. No one had seen the soul; no one had witnessed the departure from the body of any part of the being. The brain was still there with all the vital organs, but the breath was gone, and that was mere atmosphere. The physician dissecting a corpse and comparing it with what he has seen of the organism in his operations, could find nothing absent from the corpse that he had ever found in the living body. It was natural, therefore, that men should have believed that death ended existence.

Yet there were doubts. This life was so evidently a preparation for something beyond. There were so many problems that required another life for solution, so many misconceptions that required vindication, so many wrongs that in simple justice must be righted, that some doubted. Many suggestions were made. The Egyptian preserved the body in the hope that it would be reinhabited. The Hindu looked for reincarnation. But these did not satisfy. Something more definite was needed. Christ brought the message for which all were waiting. David, Isaiah, Daniel had uttered preliminary hints, but it was Christ who brought "life and immortality to light." He declared: "I am the resurrection and the life, he that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." "I have the keys of death." In proof of it he brought back to life the three whose record is the subject of consideration in the Topic. Finally, as the supreme proof of his power, he rose himself from the dead, and gave by that triumph the assurance of his victory over the last enemy. From that time forward his followers in all lands and all ages can say: Because he lives, we shall live also.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for April 15. "Lessons from the Resurrection Miracles," John 11 : 1-46 . Luke 7 . 11-17; 8 · 41-56.

Helping the Ex-Prisoners

MRS. Maud Ballington Booth's "Prison League," under the auspices of the Volunteers of America, is already recognized as a powerful factor for good in the problem of making a useful place in the world for the man who comes out of prison, bewildered and hopeless, and with no plan for the future. Mrs. Booth believes in laying a foundation, and says: "Begin in time. Reach the man with hope and encouragement and with the touch of human sympathy, while he is yet within prison walls. Many of these, on their discharge from prison, we have been able to welcome to the homes we have for them; then, of course, comes the time when others can help us in starting these men in the new life." These homes, each appropriately known as "Hope Hall," are established in several districts throughout the country, and are open to the released prisoners who are willing to place themselves entirely under the guidance of the League, thus giving assurance of their desire to leave the old life and start out in new fields. Some are capable of filling positions requiring skilled labor; though a majority are unskilled. Mrs. Booth's address is 38 Cooper Square, New York City, and she will be glad to enter into correspondence with any person who may feel interested.

In the Bread-Line

If my Sáviour were tramping the long night through
In the wind and the sleet and cold.
For want of assistance that I could bestow,
Could I the mere pittance withhold?

If He were exposed to the pitiless storm
For want of a home and a bed:
If He were hungry, could I hold back
From giving him shelter and bread?

And yet in that line of famishing men
Some loved ones the Saviour may see
Of whom he will say: "As ye do unto them,
The same have ye done unto Me."

The Coffee Debate

The published statements of a number of coffee importers and roasters indicate a "waspy" feeling toward us, for daring to say that coffee is harmful to a percentage of the people.

A frank public discussion of the subject is quite agreeable to us and can certainly do no harm; on the contrary, when all the facts on both sides of any question are spread before the people they can thereupon decide and act intelligently.

Give the people plain facts and they will take care of themselves.

We demand facts in this coffee discussion and propose to see that the facts are brought clearly before the people.

A number of coffee importers and roasters have joined a movement to boom coffee and stop the use of Postum Food Coffee and in their newspaper statements undertake to deceive by false assertions.

Their first is that coffee is not harmful.

We assert that one in every three coffee users has some form of incipient or chronic disease; realize for one moment what a terrible menace to a nation of civilized people, when one kind of beverage cripples the energies and health of one third the people who use it.

We make the assertion advisedly and suggest that the reader secure his own proof by personal inquiry among coffee users.

Ask your coffee drinking friends if they keep free from any sort of aches and ails. You will be startled at the percentage and will very naturally seek to place the cause of disorder on something aside from coffee, whether food, inherited tendencies or something else.

Go deeper in your search for facts.

If your friend admits occasional neuralgia, rheumatism, heart weakness, stomach or bowel trouble, kidney complaint, weak eyes, or approaching nervous prostration, induce him or her to make the experiment of leaving off coffee for 10 days and using Postum Food Coffee, and observe the result. It will startle you and give your friend something to think of. Of course, if the person is one of the weak ones and says "I can't quit," you will have discovered one of the slaves of the coffee importer. Treat such kindly, for they seem absolutely powerless to stop the gradual but sure destruction of body and health.

Nature has a way of destroying a part of the people to make room for the stronger. It is the old law of the "survival of the fittest" at work, and the victims are many.

We repeat the assertion that coffee does harm many people; not all, but an army large enough to appal the investigator and searcher for facts.

The next prevarication of the coffee importers and roasters is their statement that Postum Food Coffee is made of roasted peas, beans or corn, and mixed with a low grade of coffee and that it contains no nourishment.

We have previously offered to wager $100,000.00 with them that their statements are absolutely false.

They have not accepted our wager and they will not.

We will gladly make a present of $25,000.00 to any roaster or importer of old fashioned coffee who will accept that wager.

Free inspection of our factories and methods is made by thousands of people each month and the coffee importers themselves are cordially invited. Both Postum and Grape-Nuts are absolutely pure and made exactly as stated.

The formula of Postum and the analysis made by one of the foremost chemists of Boston has been printed on every package for many years and is absolutely accurate.

Now as to the food value of Postum. It contains the parts of the wheat berry which carry the elemental salts, such as lime, iron, potash, silica, etc., etc., used by the life forces to rebuild the cellular tissue, and this is particularly true of the phosphate of potash, also found in Grape-Nuts, which combines in the human body with albumen, and this combination, together with water, rebuilds the worn out gray matter in the delicate nerve centers all over the body, and throughout the brain and solar plexus.

Ordinary coffee stimulates in an unnatural way, but with many people it slowly and surely destroys and does not rebuild this gray substance so vitally important to the well-being of every human being.

These are eternal facts, proven, well authenticated and known to every properly educated physician, chemist and food expert.

Please remember we never say ordinary coffee hurts everyone.

Some people use it regularly and seem strong enough to withstand its attacks, but there is misery and disease in store for the man or woman who persists in its use when nature protests, by heart weakness, stomach and bowel troubles, kidney disease, weak eyes, or general nervous prostration. The remedy is obvious. The drug caffeine, contained in all ordinary coffee, must be discontinued absolutely or the disease will continue in spite of any medicine and will grow worse.

It is easy to leave off the old fashioned coffee by adopting Postum Food Coffee, for in it one finds a pleasing hot breakfast or dinner beverage that has the deep seal brown color, changing to a rich golden brown when good cream is added. When boiled long enough (15 minutes) the flavor is not that of rank Rio coffee, but very like the milder, smooth and high grade Java, but entirely lacking the drug effect of ordinary coffee.

Anyone suffering from disorders set up by coffee drinking (and there is an extensive variety) can absolutely depend upon some measure of relief by quitting coffee and using Postum Food Coffee.

If the disease has not become too strongly rooted, one can with good reason expect it to disappear entirely in a reasonable time after the active cause of the trouble is removed and the cellular tissue has time to naturally rebuild with the elements furnished by Postum and good food.

It's only just plain old common sense.

Now, with the exact facts before the reader, he or she can decide the wise course, looking to health and the power to do things.

If you have any doubt as to the cause of any ache or ail you may have, remember the far reaching telegrams of a hurt nervous system travel from heel to head, and it may be well worth your while to make the experiment of leaving off coffee entirely for 10 days and using Postum in its place.

You will probably gather some good solid facts, worth more than a gold mine, for health can make gold and sickness lose it. Besides there's all the fun, for it's like a continuous internal frolic to be perfectly well.

There's a reason for

POSTUM

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

San Diego Harbor

ONE of the only two natural, deep water harbors in all the thousand miles of California coast line and therefore a location of increasing strategical and commercial importance.

San Diego is the first port of call in the United States north of Panama and the shipping and distributing center of the wealth of the vast Southwest. Population in 1904, 25,000; 1905, 30,000; 1906 a still greater increase.

We want everybody to know about San Diego, its resources and wonderful climate and will mail maps and literature gratis. A request for copies creates no obligations: we send them gladly.

Investors seeking safe and pre-eminently profitable investment should buy on **Normal Heights**, the cream of San Diego semi-suburban property. A few Normal Heights building lots at **$200 each** while they last. This property is selling rapidly and the first orders will receive first choice. All sightly, level lots, plenty of water, magnificent views. Terms of purchase, **$20 down and $10 monthly** without interest, title guaranteed.

San Diego realty values easily increased over 100 per cent. during 1905 and will make a far better showing this year. Big profits will be realized in the near future upon purchases made now. Send check or money order for $20.00 at once and receive contract of sale by return mail with full description of lots selected.

We agree to refund money upon request made within thirty days if purchaser is dissatisfied. Our reference: any bank.

Ralston Realty Co., Normal Heights Dept.
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"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"

You save from 20% to 40% by buying a Kalamazoo Stove or Range direct from the factory at **lowest factory prices.** Moreover, you get a stove or range not excelled by any in the world. We guarantee quality under a $20,000 bank bond.

We Ship On
360 DAYS APPROVAL
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If you do not find the Kalamazoo *exactly* as represented, the trial does not cost you a cent. It will pay you to investigate.

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All our cook stoves and ranges are fitted with patent oven thermometer which makes baking easy.

Oven Thermometer

This is the BABICHAIR Can be instantly attached to or removed from ANY CLOSET SEAT by means of a Self-Adjusting Spring.

THE BABICHAIR

(Patented.)

Comfort for the little one. Less steps for mother or nurse. Does away with the unsightly and unsanitary nursery chair. May be hung in any convenient place in bath room or closet. Fine for traveling, compact and weighs but three pounds.

Combination tray and guard has a safety catch, readily adjusted but which a child cannot unlock, making it entirely safe to leave the baby alone. Back is correctly shaped, supporting the baby's body above the hips. Beautifully finished, cannot warp or crack, as it is constructed of the best three-ply veneered woods.

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is a portable 100 candle power light costing only 2 cts. per week. Makes and burns its own gas. Brighter than electricity or acetylene and cheaper than kerosene. No Dirt. No Grease. No Odor. Over 100 styles. Lighted instantly with a match. Every lamp warranted. Agents wanted everywhere.

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Gluten Grits AND BARLEY CRYSTALS,

Perfect Breakfast and Dessert Health Cereals. PANSY FLOUR for Biscuit, Cake and Pastry. Unlike all other foods. Ask Grocers. For book or sample, write

FARWELL & RHINES, Watertown, N. Y., U.S.A.

Agent's Outfit Free.—Rim Strainer, fits any pan. Agents make 3 to 5 dollars per day. Large catalogue new goods free. RICHARDSON MFG. CO. Dept. 6, BATH, N. Y.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

Uncle William as Critic*

THE man, who wore on his coat the decoration of several orders, had turned a little and was looking back over the crowd.

The girl clasped her hands tightly. "Oh, it is," she said under her breath. "It is."

Uncle William looked down almost jealously. "You set a good deal o' store by seein' him," he said.

"It isn't that. I like him, yes, but he knows good work. If he really takes them in, he'll not let them go."

Uncle William adjusted his spectacles again. "You mean—"

"He will buy them, yes. Hush!" She held out her hand.

The man had turned back to the pictures. He lifted a pair of eyeglasses that swung at the end of a long chain and placed them on his nose. He looked again at the picture before him. The glasses dropped from his nose, and he dipped to the catalogue he held in his hand.

Uncle William's glance followed him a little uneasily. "You mean he'll buy that picture my house?" he asked.

She nodded, her face overflowing with happiness.

Uncle William surveyed it. "I was cal'atin' to have that one myself." He said it almost grudgingly.

"You were? Could you?" She faced him, open-eyed.

"Couldn't I have it as well as him?" He nodded toward the man in the distance intent on his catalogue.

The girl's brow wrinkled a little. "He is rich," she said. "I didn't know—"

"Well, I ain't rich," said Uncle William, "but I reckon I could scrape together enough to pay for a picter."

The girl's face lighted. "Of course, Alan would rather you had it. And he may buy one of the others."

The man had moved on a little, out of sight. The picture remained facing them. For a minute the crowd had parted in front of it and they saw it at the end of a long pathway. Uncle William drew a proud breath. "How much will it cost?" he said.

She took up the catalogue from her lap and opened it, glancing down the page. "It must be here—somewhere. Yes, this is it—'The House on the Rocks,' $2,000."

Uncle William's jaw clicked a little as it came together. He held out a hand. "Will you just let me look at that a minute?" he said.

He ran his great finger down the page. When it came to the $2,000, he pressed it a little with his thumb, as if expecting it to rub off. Then he looked at her, shaking his head. "It's a leetle higher'n I can go," he said slowly. "I wa'n't expectin' it would cost so much. You see, the house 'tself didn't cost mor'n three hundred, all told, and I thought a picter of it wouldn't cost more'n five or six."

"Five or six hundred?" Her eyes laughed.

Uncle William shook his head guiltily. "Not more'n five or six dollars," he said. "I reckon mebbe I did put it a leetle low." A smile had bloomed again in his face. "If he can pay the price, he'll have to have it, I reckon—for all o' me."

The Country Preacher†

THE country preacher has a special privilege of interpreting the wider movements of the age. The tendency of rural life is to beget a shrinking from the progress of the world, and to develop a jealous and pessimistic temper. Not the least of its services to the social life, is the contribution of the country pulpit to the hospitable and expectant view of modern progress. The success of the young people when they go out into the greater world, is due in no small degree to the sympathetic and inspirating interpretation of the age by the preacher in the village church. To inspire in the hearts of young men and young women, confidence that modern industry and progress rest upon honesty and fidelity and ministry and sympathy, and to drive from the mind the lie that success is won by smartness and craft and selfishness, is well nigh the greatest of all contributions to society.

For such teachings as these the country offers a favorable field. In the rural town there is a certain ripeness for the kingdom of heaven—the final social achievement. Organization is but elementary; a new social order may come with the least opposition and at the lowest cost. Economic and social quality are not such tantalizing dreams as in the city. The richer and more highly educated are elevated but slightly above their neighbors, and they cannot leave behind them the common scale and style of living. In hastening the coming of the kingdom within its narrow borders, the country church renders a great social service to the world at large, for the simple type of the better social order embodies the essential principle—the microcosm reveals the order and beauty of the larger world.

*From *Uncle William*, by Jennette Lee, a simple, wholesome and altogether delightful little book, in which the reader meets with a typical old "salt" of the Nova Scotia coast, a couple of young artists, and no end of exhilarating philosophy and genuine humor. Pp. 293, cloth covers. Price $1 The Century Company, New York, publishers.

†From *The Country Town*, a Study of Rural Evolution, by Wilbert L. Anderson. Pp. 207. Cloth covers. Price $1. The Baker & Taylor Co., New York, publishers.

Books Received

The Most Popular Home Songs, secular and sacred, selected and arranged by Gilbert C. Noble. Price 50 cents. Hinds, Noble & Eldredge, New York, publishers.

In Field and Pasture, by Maude Barrows Dutton, 190 pages, and *Thirty More Famous Stories Retold*, by James Baldwin, 235 pages, both issued by the American Book Company, New York.

In giving to the educational world a *School History of the United States*, Mr. Henry William Elson, of the faculty of the Ohio University, departs from the dull style of the traditional textbook, and succeeds in making the narrative interesting as well as accurate. A book calculated to lead students into a larger field of historical literature. Ninety cents. Macmillan Company, New York and London.

Eden Phillpotts, author of *The Children of the Mist*, etc., loses nothing of his literary reputation in his latest production. In *The Portreeve* Mr. Phillpotts gives evidence that he has been a reader of Thomas Hardy and of George Eliot, though he builds himself upon neither. It is a book portraying the simple folk of the Devon coast of England and is rich in local atmosphere. Pp. 452. Price $1.50. The Macmillan Company, New York, publishers.

In *The Vision at the Savoy*, by Winifred Graham, an unusual note is sounded in the realm of fiction. It is a novel written frankly and strongly, and with a purpose, but carrying a vivid human interest through every page. The Torrey-Alexander revival meetings in London are reverently and graphically depicted, the mission the book seeks to fulfil being to "teach society not to be ashamed of the Gospel of Christ." Pp. 320. Price $1.50. Fleming H. Revell Company, publishers, New York.

Answered Prayers

Mrs. L. I., Indiana. "Thank the Lord for answering my prayer."

C. R., Indiana. "I praise the Lord for answered prayers in my behalf."

N., New Jersey. "Your 'Answered Prayers' column, strengthens my faith."

Mrs. N. J. R., Iowa. "I do believe God answers our prayers; he has answered mine."

M. R., Connecticut. "I acknowledge God's goodness in answering my prayers."

Mrs. S. S., Kentucky. "I have been praying for a wayward son's conversion. I believe in prayer."

L. B., Pennsylvania. "We called on God in trouble and he heard and answered our prayer. Thanks be to his holy name."

Subscriber, Indiana. "My Saviour has wonderfully helped me, and I am trusting him for a complete answer to my prayer."

Reader, Nebraska. "I prayed earnestly to God to remove my trouble and he did, for which I praise his great and holy name."

Mrs. W. S. S., Kentucky. "I acknowledge answered prayers. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has done more for my family than anything else."

A Reader, New Jersey. "The 'Answered Prayers' have been a great help to me. I have been under a great burden for many months; but God has lifted part of it, and I trust him for the rest."

Mrs. H. D., New York. "God has heard and answered me, and I take everything to him in prayer. He has given me greater things than I asked."

H. J. G., Iowa. "I have prayed for a friend of mine for three years, and now he has accepted Christ as his Saviour. I can never praise Him enough!"

Mrs. R. G., Georgia. "I have a great burden on my heart. I desire an interest in the prayers of your readers. I know that our Heavenly Father does hear and answer prayers."

E. M. M., Connecticut. "I wish to acknowledge God's great goodness in answering prayer. Truly the 'Lord is good to them that wait for him, to the soul that seeketh him.'"

A Mother, Missouri. "I would like to tell you many instances of prayers answered for me. Will every Christian who reads this, pray for the salvation of my only son."

L. A. R., Oregon. "I feel it a great privilege to acknowledge God's goodness to me. When great trouble and anxiety overshadowed me, I took it to him in prayer until the answer came."

Mrs. A. L. W., Illinois. "From my youth God has heard and answered many earnest prayers, and now out of the depths of great bondage he has delivered me. I wish to give him the glory."

Constant Reader, Texas. "I read the 'Answered Prayers' column always first. It is most helpful to me. God has answered many prayers for me, and when not answered, I feel that he knows best."

Old Subscriber, Massachusetts. "I would like to add my testimony to the goodness of the Lord in answering prayers. I am praying for the reformation of a dear friend, and ask the prayers of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in her behalf."

We Want You to Have This Roll Seat Oak Columbian ROCKER FREE

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We mean every word of this. We don't want a cent of your money, now or at any time. We want to furnish you the chair free for simply interesting you in our

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You don't have to pey us eny money, simply interest yourself in our plan of doing business—that's all—and the chair is yours ebsolutely FREE.

We cannot explein it in this advertisement, so drop us a postal, and we will send full informetion. It's the most liberal plan you ever heerd of.

Be sure to write us now while you think of it, before the supply of chairs is exheusted.

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CORK AND HAIR COMBINED

with benefits of both. Sanitary and health-preserving. Prevents Rheumatism, Cold Feet and Pneumonia.

The best insole ever produced. Satisfaction guaranteed.

TWO PAIRS POSTPAID FOR 25 CENTS.

State size of shoe and whether men's or women's.

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FENCE STRONGEST MADE. Bull-strong chicken-tight. Sold to the Farmer at Wholesale Prices. Fully warranted. Catalog free

COILED SPRING FENCE CO., Box 47 Winchester, Indiana.

POWER TO HEAL

By Mrs. M. Baxter

THERE was nothing of routine about the life of Jesus during the days of his ministry. Sometimes he would be occupied with large multitudes of people, sometimes with the little company of his disciples, and then again he would give all his attention to a single individual. Hurry and pressure were unknown in his life, because he simply took from his Father's hand whatever his Father brought before him to do.

Having ended his second preaching of the Sermon on the Mount, he "entered into Capernaum. And a certain centurion's servant, who was dear unto him, was sick, and ready to die." The servants of those days were slaves, and it was rare indeed for a master to be really attached to a slave, whom he regarded as he did a horse or cow, as a part of his estate, and according to his monetary value. But this centurion must have known something of the fear of God, and probably was acquainted with some part of the Jewish Scriptures, and his conduct was affected by them. Among the heathen, the treatment of a slave was subject simply to the will of his owner; among the Jews, God provided for the defence of the slave.

The God of love became a real, living person to the Centurion, and his heart was touched with love to his slave. "When he heard of Jesus he sent unto him the elders of the Jews, beseeching him that he would come and heal his servant." In his humility, he imagined that some of his own people would be more likely to prevail with him than he. Yet why should he or any other question the willingness of Jesus to heal?

When these elders came to Jesus, they "besought him earnestly, saying that he was worthy for whom he should do this, for he loveth our nation, and he hath built us a synagogue."

Oh, how mistaken are men's ideas of God! Just as though by their service and gifts they had put the Lord under a special obligation to them, and he was more sure to convert their children for this reason. When will men learn that God blesses us and hears our prayers, not because of what we are, but because of what Jesus is. "I do not this for your sakes, O house of Israel, but for mine holy name's sake" (Ezek. 36: 22). It is always of grace, not of merit, that we receive answers to our prayers.

But Jesus saw through all this flattery of the Jewish elders into the heart of the centurion as he sat in his house, and he knew the heart which trusted him, so he "went with them. And when he was now not far from the house, the centurion," having probably heard of the way in which his request had been urged upon Jesus, "sent friends to him." Disclaiming their adulations, he sent word, "Lord, truble not thyself, for I am not worthy that thou shouldest enter under my roof; wherefore neither thought I myself worthy to come unto thee; but say in a word and my servant shall be healed."

Others said of him, "He is worthy," he said of himself, "I am not worthy," but at the same time showed his complete trust that a word from Jesus was enough; he had no idea that any goodness of his was to add to the power or merit of the work of Jesus "For I also am a man set under authority, having under me soldiers, and I say unto one, Go, and he goeth, and to another, Come, and he cometh; and to my servant, Do this, and he doeth it;" implying that if he, in his little sphere, could command obedience, how much more could Jesus, who had power over all sickness. It was a deep joy to the heart of Jesus when he found this firm simple faith in the Gentile centurion. "He marvelled at him," and said to the flattering elders and to the people that followed him, "I say unto you, I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel."

BARRELS OF AIR BURNED AS FUEL

New, Remarkable Heating Stove---Ohioan's Great Invention---Consumes 395 Barrels of Air to One Gallon of Common Kerosene Oil Making Oil-Gas---The New Fuel that Looks and Burns Like Gas!

Wood, Coal and Oil All Cost Money. ONLY FREE FUEL IS AIR! Unlimited Supply—No Trust in Control. Air Belongs to the Rich and Poor Alike. We Can't Burn Air Alone, but See Here! Our Wonderful Stove Burns Air and Gas—Very Little Gas—Principally Air. Takes its Fuel Almost Entirely from the Atmosphere.

A Miniature Gas Works—Penny Fuel for Every Family—Save ½ to ⅓ on Cost—Save Dirt and Drudgery. No More Coal or Wood to Carry—Ashes Unknown—Absolute Safety.

SEE HOW SIMPLE! TURN A KNOB---TOUCH A MATCH---FIRE IS ON. TURN AGAIN---FIRE IS OFF! THAT'S ALL.

Astonishing but True—Time-Tested—Proven Facts—Circulars Give Startling Details—Overwhelming Evidence.

NO SUCH STOVE SOLD IN STORES—UNLIKE ANYTHING YOU'VE SEEN OR HEARD OF.

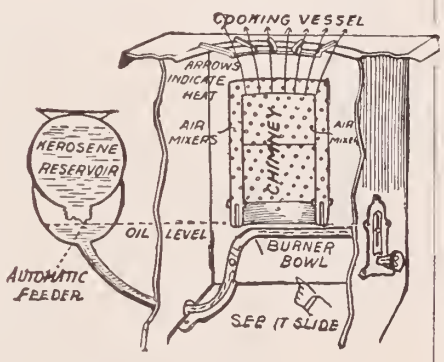
Because air is the only free fuel and no trust in control inventors have tried for years to find a way by which properties could be drawn from the atmosphere and used as fuel for general household purposes, thus producing the cheapest fuel obtainable.

To a Cincinnatti genius heretofore unknown to fame must go the credit of solving this great question Understand, you cannot burn air absolutely alone, but this new air generator actually takes its fuel almost entirely from the atmosphere, so much so as to take in 395 barrels of air while consuming one gallon of oil.

The time has come at last when the readers are no longer compelled to continually drudge in hot, fiery kitchens with coal and wood fires so ruinous to health and looks, for every family who desires can cook, bake and heat with oil and air gas, the wonderful new fuel which frequently saves from ¼ to ½ on fuel bills. What a blessing this is to women folks, who for the first time in their lives can say, no more coal or wood, nor deadly gasoline to burn and kill, nor smoky oil wick and valve stoves.

Thousands a Week

Upon calling at the factory we find that this invention has caused a remarkable excitement all



SECTIONAL CUT OF GENERATOR

over the U. S.—that the factory is already rushed with thousands of orders, and the Company's representatives and agents are making big profits, as they offer splendid inducements.

As will be noticed from the engraving, this oil-gas and air generator is entirely different from any other stove—although its construction is very simple—and durable—last for years—no wick—not even a valve, yet heat is under perfect control—no leaks, nothing to close or clog up

Your hand upon a knob—a turn to right or left, the oil is automatically led to a small steel burner bowl or open trough, when it is instantly changed into gas, which is drawn upwards between two red-hot perforated steel chimneys, all the while drawing in about one barrel of air to every large spoonful of oil consumed, making quick, intense heat, which is condensed into a small space for cooking or distributed through oven for baking.

Every drop of fuel consumed—goes into heat—making hottest gas fire—nothing wasted—requires no pipes or flue connections—use it anywhere about the house, office, or store—move it about as often as you like.

This invention has been fully Protected in the U. S. Patent Office, and is known as the Harrison Valveless, Wickless, Automatic Oil Gas and Air Generator, the only one yet discovered that consumes the carbon and by-products of the oil.

The extremely small amount of kerosene oil that is needed to produce so large a volume of gas makes it, we believe, the most economical fuel on earth, and the reason for the great success of this generator is based on the well-known fact of the enormous expansiveness of oil-gas when mixed with common air.

Kerosene oil from which oil-gas is made is sold by all grocers—buy as consumed—as you would for a lamp—gallon lots or two—let pennies do the work of dollars and save the difference. At last humanity is blessed with a cheap fuel that makes no dirt, ashes, soot—removing forever the greatest nuisance that women folks ever suffered.

What a pleasure to just turn the knob—touch a match—a beautiful gas flame appears—hottest fire—always ready—day or night—on or off at will—self-regulating—no more attention—could anything be more perfect?

It generates the gas only as needed—simple, handsome, durable, easily operated, and another feature is its perfect safety.

Not Dangerous Like Gasoline

Which is liable to explode at any moment, causing fire, loss of life and property. This stove is so absolutely safe it won't explode and if a match were dropped in the oil tank it would go out.

This Oil-Gas and Air Generator does any kind of cooking that a coal or gas range will do—invaluable for kitchen, laundry, summer cottage, washing, ironing, canning, picnics, camping, and by placing an oven over the burner splendid baking or roasting can be done.

Combination Cooking & Heating Stove

Another important feature is the invention of a small Radiator, which placed over the burner makes a desirable heating stove for cold weather, so that it is adapted for any time of the year, and many people do away with the ordinary stoves entirely by using this stove with radiator for both heating and cooking.

While at the factory in Cincinnati, the writer was shown thousands of letters from customers who were using this wonderful oil-gas stove, showing that it is not an experiment, but a positive success and giving splendid satisfactiou, and as a few extracts may be interesting to the readers, we reproduce them:

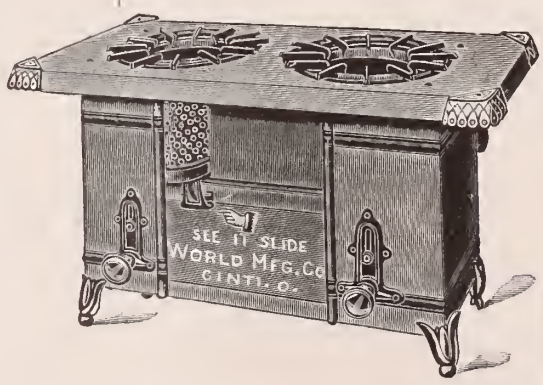
L. S. Norris, of Vt., writes: "The Harrison Oil Gas Generators are wonderful savers of fuel—at least 50 to 75 per cent. over wood and coal."

Mr. H. Howe, of N. Y., writes: "I find the Harrison is the first and only perfect oil-gas stove I have ever seen—so simple anyone can safely use it It is what I have wanted for years. Certainly a blessing to human kind."

Mr. E. D Arnold, of Neb., writes: **"That he saved $4.25 a month for fuel** by using the Harrison Oil Gas Stove; that his gas range cost him $5 50 per month, and the Harrison only $1.25 per month."

J. A. Shaffer, of Pa., writes: "The Harrison Oil Gas Stove makes an intense heat from a small quantity of oil—entirely free from smoke or smell—great improvement over any other oil stove. Has a perfect arrangement for combustion—can scarcely be distinquished from a natural gas fire."

Mr. H. B. Thompson, of Ohio, writes: "I congratulate you on such a grand invention to aid the poor in this time of high fuel. The mechanism is so simple—easily operated—no danger. The color of the gas flame is a beautiful dark blue, and so hot seems almost double as powerful as gasoline."



Mrs. J. L. Hamilton writes: "Am delighted—Oil-Gas Stoves so much nicer and cheaper than others—no wood, coal, ashes, smoke, no pipe, no wick, cannot explode."

Hon. Ira Eble, J. P., of Wis., writes: "Well pleased with the Harrison—far ahead of gasolene. No smoke or dirt—no trouble. Is perfectly safe—no danger of explosion like gasolene."

Charles L. Bendeke, of N. Y., writes: "It is a pleasure to be the owner of your wonderful Oil-Gas Stove—no coal-yard, plumbing, ashes or dust. One match lights the stove and in ten minutes breakfast is ready. No danger from an explosion—no smoke, no dirt—simply turn it off and expense ceases. For cheapness it has no equal."

Agents Are Doing Fine—Making Big Money.

WONDERFUL QUICK SELLER.

Head & Frazer, of Tex., write: "Received stoves yesterday and have already disposed of them. Enclose order for $81.00. Rush—we need them now. Sell like hot cakes Prospects very bright Sold 50 stoves in our own town."

J. H. Halman, of Tenn., writes: "Already have 70 orders."

C. W. Workman, of Ohio writes: "Sold 15 to 18 stoves the last week."

J. C. Waterstraw, of N. Y., writes: "Am having wonderful success getting orders Been at it 4 days and received 33 orders."

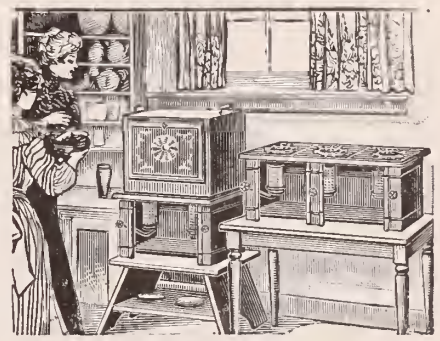
B. L. Huested, of Mich., writes: "Been out one day and sold 11 stoves They sell themselves."

This is certainly a good chance for the readers to make money

Thousands of other prominent people highly endorse and recommend oil-gas fuel, and there certainly seems to be no doubt that it is a wonderful improvement over other stoves

The writer personally saw the Oil-Gas Stoves in operation—in fact, uses one in his own home—is delighted with its working, and after a thorough investigation, can say to the readers that this Harrison Oil-Gas Stove made by the Cincinnati firm is the only perfect burner of its kind.

It is made in three sizes—1, 2 or 3 generators to a stove They are made of steel throughout, thoroughly tested before shipping—sent out complete—ready for use as soon as received—nicely finished with nickel trimmings, and as there seems to be nothing about it to wear out, they should last for years. They seem to satisfy and delight every user, and the makers fully guarantee them.



HOW TO GET ONE.

All the lady readers who want to enjoy the pleasure of a gas stove—the cheapest, cleanest and safest fuel—save ¼ to ½ on fuel bills and do their cooking, baking, ironing and canning fruit at small expense should have one of these remarkable stoves.

Space preveuts a more detailed description but these oil-gas stoves will bear out the most exacting demand for durability and satisfactory properties.

If you will write to the only makers, **The World Mfg. Co., 7037 World Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio,** and ask for their illustrated pamphlet describing this invention, and also letters from hundreds of delighted users, you will receive much valuable information.

The price of these stoves is remarkably low—only $3 00 up And it is indeed difficult to imagine where that amount of money could be invested in anything else that would bring such saving in fuel bills, so much good health and satisfaction to our wives

DON'T FAIL TO WRITE TO-DAY

For full information regarding this splendid invention.

The World Mfg. Co. is composed of prominent business men of Cincinnati, are perfectly responsible and reliable, capital $100,000.00, and will do just as they agree The stoves are just as represented and fully warranted and sent to any address.

Don't fail to write for Catalogue

$40.00 Weekly and Expenses

The firm offers splendid inducements to agents, and an energetic man or woman having spare time can get a good position, paying big wages, by writing them at once and mentioning this paper.

A wonderful wave of excitement has swept over the country, for where shown, these Oil-Gas Stoves have caused great excitement. Oil-Gas fuel is so economical and delightful that the sales of these Stoves last month were enormous, and the factory is rushed with thousands of orders.

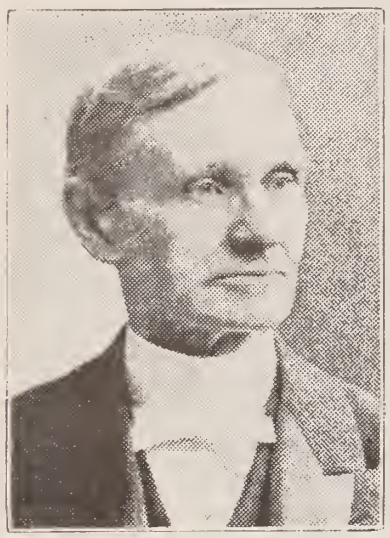
Many of the readers have spare time, or are out of employment, and others are not making a great deal of money, and we advise them to write to the firm and secure an agency for this invention. Exhibit this stove before 8 or 10 people and you will excite their curiosity and should be able to sell 5 or 8 and make $10.00 to $15.00 a day. Why should people live in penury or suffer hardships for the want of plenty of money when an opportunity of this sort is open?

A Temperance Leader Gone

BY REV. HERVEY WOOD

REV. JAMES BLAIR DUNN, D.D. was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, March 6, 1833, and passed from earth to heaven March 19, in the city of Brooklyn, N. Y. In 1852, at nineteen years of age, he came to New York, and at once identified himself with the Presbyterian Church, of which he was a member.

He had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of that merchant prince and



The Late Rev. J. B. Dunn, D.D.

godly man, the late Wm. E. Dodge, who was conducting a Bible class, which young Dunn joined. The brightness of the young man in connection with temperance work arrested the attention of the teacher, who urged him to prepare for the ministry.

Mr. Dunn was at this time engaged in business. He had learned a trade before leaving Scotland. During the first six years of his residence in New York, while engaged in business, he was preparing for his life work, by hard study and perseverance, beginning his ministry in the metropolis, where he spent several years as pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church.

In 1856, Mr. Dunn organized the Juvenile Temperance Society, which afterwards became the Band of Hope. Constitution, by-laws and exercises were all drawn up by him. When the Civil War broke out, he was on the Christian Commission, and was present on the field of Gettysburg. In 1865, Mr. Dunn, Wm. E. Dodge, Rev. T. L. Cuyler, D.D., and others, organized the National Temperance Society, at Saratoga, in the First Presbyterian Church. For two years, 1865-67, he served as Corresponding Secretary. In 1868 he accepted a pastorate in Boston, where he did a wonderful work.

In 1880 he became pastor of the Bethany Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia. Here he met John Wanamaker, who from that time became his warm friend. After some years in Philadelphia, Dr. Dunn's health failed, and he was compelled to go South to Florida. On recovering, he accepted the editorship of the Boston *Traveller*, which position he held for four years. During this time he rendered splendid service as the secretary of the Committee of One Hundred that was organized to defend the "Red School-house" against the Catholic attacks made upon our public schools. A presentation was tendered to him by the citizens of Boston, Hon. John D. Long making the presentation speech.

In 1896 Dr. Dunn accepted the position of General Secretary of the National Temperance Society, and this was destined to be his last position in life. For nearly ten years he labored early and late as editor, publishing agent, general secretary and overseer of the Society's work. He was a many-sided man—artizan, merchant, minister, editor and author. He was a living cyclopedia of information concerning temperance reform, and knew more about this burning question than any other man the writer ever met. He "feared not the face of any man." Better than all, he was a genuine Christian, a true minister of Jesus Christ.

Last July he asked the writer to take part of his burden; he realized that his end was nigh. On Monday, March 19, he "slippit awa," as his comrades say, and he was home!

A BIBLE SCHOOL ON A FARM

ABOUT a year ago, a little party of experienced and devoted Christian workers decided to establish an Industrial Home and Bible School within easy distance of New York City. Rev. Mr. Kimball and wife, who were leaders in the movement, had already had considerable experience in city mission work. Mrs. Kimball gives this story of their struggles to accomplish the work they had in view:

"We had often wished for a school farm, and three years ago my father gave us the needed facilities, and we had a group of fourteen the first summer in West Charleston, Vt., with alternate periods of work and study. We continued this plan the second season, when a friend called our attention to a place in Tappan, N. Y., admirably suited to our work. We sold all we had in Vermont and moved to Tappan. After some delay we rented the place, and later made arrangements with a view to ultimate purchase, when means are forthcoming. We want to take some of the hundreds of homeless men from the missions of New York and give them a home and set them to work in a clean, wholesome atmosphere, and amid Christian surroundings. A man, though converted, still needs clean clothes, and food and shelter."

The Industrial Home is situated on one of the best farms in Rockland County, N. Y. The house itself is an old colonial mansion of goodly proportions, the main building measuring 36 x 80 feet, with shed room, summer kitchen, etc. The farm has 243 acres, about 100 acres being good field land.

Rev. Mr. Kimball has already begun active operations in both the spiritual and industrial branches of the work, confidently trusting in the Lord to open the way as it progresses. It is to be a Home for those who are earnestly endeavoring, with Divine help, to break off evil associations and sinful habits, and to make progress toward Christian manhood. Classes are planned in Bible study, home mission methods, dairying, agriculture, and general industrial work.

Last year, shortly after opening the school at Tappan, eight young men were received from a mission in New York City. The conductors are looking forward to operations on a larger scale during the coming summer. Mr. Kimball, whose project is deserving of confidence and support, has associated with himself Mr. C. F. Wortheris as manager of the agricultural work. G. E. Hoffman, Tappan, N. Y., is Treasurer.

"Miss Amanda"

EDITOR, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD: Having noticed in a recent issue of your paper, an account of a lady who had been a Sunday School teacher for over twenty years, I thought your readers might like to know of another faithful teacher. Miss Amanda Doucine has been primary superintendent at the Citadel Square Baptist Sunday School, in Charleston, S. C., the old historic "city-by-the-sea," for thirty two years, having first taught the younger parents, and later their children. Nearly all the present Sunday School officers have been her pupils. She is a dear little woman, so bright and cheerful, with whom to come in contact is a great pleasure so much is her religion a part of her daily life. The children are devoted to her. "Miss Amanda," as she is lovingly called, has no immediate relatives, but many devoted friends. She is small of stature, very modest and unassuming. Her rooms are models of daintiness, filled to overflowing with pictures and curios, while her plants, with which she has wonderful success, fill every niche and window, aside from her flower-garden. She is a great admirer of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which is circulated among the homes after she reads it, and then carried to the Star Gospel Mission to carry on the good work there.

READER.

Charleston, S. C.

BACK TO NATURE

Natural Food for the Old Dame's Use.

"For 8 months Grape-Nuts was my almost sole food," writes a New York City woman.

"I had become a complete wreck, so to speak, had no appetite or relish for any kind of food, lost flesh, dreaded the simplest daily tasks and was dragging out a most wretched existence.

"The Grape-Nuts food took hold of me at once, renewing all the vigor of my nature, and my work became a pleasure to me instead of a hardship. This was 4 years ago, and this happy condition has remained, except when, at times, I have left off Grape-Nuts. Whenever I did so, Nature speedily brought me back to the health-giving diet—back to Grape-Nuts and the joy of renewed health." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

1900 Washer FREE!

Any worthy person can have a "1900" Gravity Washer free to try four weeks just by writing for it. We pay the freight and take all risk. You don't risk a penny. Test it four weeks at our expense. If you like the Washer, keep it on the "1900" plan, which we will explain to you. If you don't like it return it at our expense, so you are nothing out. Washes a tub full of dirty clothes clean in Six Minutes. Get it FREE by addressing a postal today to "1900" WASHER CO., No. 5460 HENRY STREET, BINGHAMTON, N. Y., or 355 Yonge Street, Toronto, Can.

GREGORY'S SEED CATALOGUE FOR 1906

After 50 Years we still keep up the old habit of giving special directions, when asked, in addition to those for raising each variety of vegetable and flower contained in our catalogue—sent free.

J. J. H. GREGORY & SON, Marblehead, Mass.

STEWART'S ROOFING

AND ROOFING MATERIALS OF ALL KINDS

LEAKY ROOFS

Made Permanently Watertight by Using IRON-FIBRE

ROOF CEMENT

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W. H. STEWART MFG. CO.

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Charcoal

is a sweetener and purifier of the stomach. It arrests fermentation, and causes complete digestion. Eat and drink anything you like in moderation, and use charcoal daily.

The finest preparation made is

MURRAY'S CHARCOAL TABLETS

FOR 10c. in stamps, a full size 25c. box mailed for trial. Once only.

A. J. Ditman, 2 Astor House, N. Y.

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"Modern Furnace Heating" tells how to select and run a good furnace—how to set it up yourself and how you can buy

THE LEADER

No. 45 Steel Furnace for $49. It heats 8 rooms, a store, school or small church—burns any fuel; has a brick fire box and is strong and durable. (Other sizes for other work). Write to-day for our book—it will pay you.

Hess Warming & Ventilating Company, 711 Tacoma Building, Chicago

MODERN FURNACE HEATING

OUR PREMIUM COLLECTION OF ROSES.

Roses are the most popular Flowers in existence. Their BEAUTY, FRAGRANCE and ABUNDANCE fairly entitle them to the leading place in the affections of all lovers of the beautiful. Every home should be supplied with Roses, as they require little or no room, are easily cared for, and blossom freely. The Roses we offer are not cheap, common varieties, but the choicest and most famous, are well rooted, strong and healthy plants, and are guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded. In order to introduce THE HEARTHSTONE into new homes, we will send it for three months on trial, together with SIX CHOICE EVER-BLOOMING ROSES, which are briefly described as follows: New Climbing Rose, CRIMSON RAMBLER.—One of the striking characteristics of this Rose is its remarkable color, which is of the brightest crimson, which remains undimmed to the end. It is exceedingly hardy. The Unique Yellow Rose, FRANCISKA KRUGER.—In its shading of deep coppery yellow it stands alone and distinct from all others. The Charming Rose, THE BRIDE.—This is undoubtedly the finest white Rose ever offered to the public. The Famous Rose, HELEN GOULD.—The strongest growing, freest blooming and hardiest Hybrid Tea Rose now known. It is one of the largest and fullest of red Roses; long, plump buds, forming flowers of grand size and great beauty. The Prolific Rose, STAR OF LYON.—This magnificent Tea Rose is a rich golden yellow; a strong, healthy and vigorous grower; immense bloomer, bearing flowers and buds early and late. The Beautiful and Hardy Rose, BRIDESMAID.—Popular pink Rose. It is a delightful shade of bright pink, very fine flowering and easily grown. These six Roses make a splendid collection.

We will send the above collection of six FINE ROSES, together with The Hearthstone for three months, for only Twenty-five Cents. The Hearthstone is the best household publication for the price in the country. It prints the best stories that money will buy, and its departments, The Home Nook, The Social Circle, The Kitchen, Fancy Work, make it a complete family journal, and of peculiar interest to the ladies. This is the best offer of the kind ever made, and all who desire to secure a grand publication full of the best reading matter, and wish to adorn their gardens and homes with beautiful ROSES should accept it at once. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Remit by money order, or in silver if sent in a strong envelope. Postage stamps taken. Address plainly THE HEARTHSTONE PUB. CO., 52 Duane Street, New York.

1 CENT IS ALL IT WILL COST YOU to get our large Bicycle and Tire catalogues, showing the most complete line of high-grade bicycles, tires and sundries at LOWER PRICES than can be made by any other manufacturer or dealer in the world. Simply write us a postal card saying, "*send me your catalogues*," and all the catalogues will be sent you by return mail, FREE, postpaid. In them are fully illustrated and described every detail of construction of all our models; you will be shown the difference between high class work and cheap construction. We explain how we can sell bicycles with coaster brakes, puncture proof tires and best equipment direct to the rider at less than dealer's cost.

WE EXPLAIN HOW we ship to any person, anywhere ON APPROVAL without a cent deposit, pay the freight and allow TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL on every bicycle we sell, and other new and marvelous offers. You will learn everything by simply writing us a postal.

WE WILL CONVINCE YOU that we can sell you a better bicycle for less money than any other house that ever made or sold a bicycle. These offers are genuine; our sole protection is *good bicycles, low prices*, and *pleased purchasers*. Deal direct with the factory, who make and guarantee their bicycles. YOU CAN MAKE MONEY without interfering with your other work. We need a Rider Agent in each town to represent us and are prepared to offer a very profitable opportunity to suitable young men who apply at once. IF YOU OWN A BICYCLE write to us anyway; there are suggestions and information in our catalogues that will be of immense value to you.

TIRES, COASTER-BRAKES, built-up-wheels, saddles, pedals, parts and repairs and everything in the bicycle line are sold by us at half the usual prices charged by dealers and repair men. Ask for our tire and sundry catalogue.

DO NOT WAIT but write us a postal today. Do not think of buying a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone until you know the new and wonderful offers we are making. It only costs a postal to learn everything. Write it now.

MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, Dept. 71 A, CHICAGO, ILL.

The Martyrs in China

Mr. and Mrs. Kingman and Family

READERS of this journal will doubtless recall the account published in a recent issue, of the anti-foreign rioting at Nanchang, China, on Feb. 25, during which two English missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Kingman, were murdered. The death of the oldest child is also reported. Mrs. Kingman was a daughter of Very Rev. Dean Pownall, of Western Australia. Our illustration shows the missionaries in their garden at Nanchang, and is from a photograph taken shortly before the unfortunate incident which brought their missionary careers to a sudden close.

The Women's Memorial

FROM the National League of Women's Organizations, we have received the following for publication:

"It is due to the million women who have signed the Memorial to the Senate asking for Reed Smoot's removal, that they should know the present status of the Smoot case. The prosecution has closed its case. Valuable testimony was presented confirming the continuance of the practice of polygamy, the control of the hierarchy in commerce, politics and civil life, and the treasonable oath taken in the Endowment House. Witnesses who testified to these things were men of high standing in the community. Counsel for Reed Smoot requested ample time to secure witnesses for the defense. The Chairman, Senator Burrows, said in closing the prosecution, 'I only want to say that the Committee is anxious to close this matter as soon as they can, giving ample opportunity to the Senator to make such suggestions as he desires to make. With that understanding, the case is closed, so far as the protestants are concerned, except that Mr. Carlisle reserves the right to offer certain things which are not here now. The Committee will adjourn, and when you are ready to proceed, Mr. Worthington, I will call the Committee together to proceed.'

"This was early in February. Senator Burrows, after waiting for some time for the defendants to present their testimony, notified them that the case must be continued to the 26th of March, Mr. Smoot then to present whatever evidence he desires to close his side of the case.

"The Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections will make its report soon after this. The Women's Memorial will not be presented until after the Senate Committee has made its report. Senatorial courtesy forbids any Senator to speak on behalf of the women until after the Committee has made its report, and unquestionably this report will inform the Senate of much which has been revealed that is not known by those outside of the Committee. The women who have conducted this campaign desire to have the Memorials count for all that is possible, and the Executive Committee determined that the proper time to present the Memorials was after the report of the Senate Committee.

"Hundreds of signatures to the Memorial have come in since THE CHRISTIAN HERALD announced that the petitions could no longer be received.

"The National League of Women's Organizations and the Interdenominational Council of Women have published an epitome of the testimony, giving briefly the gist of what has been revealed to the Senate Committee. They can furnish copies of this if desired, for twenty-five cents each, to those who want copies. Senator Kearn's speech on 'Conditions in Utah' can still be supplied."

Resurrection Life*

VERY vivid is the idea the Apostle presents in the passages associated with the topic. His conception of the Christian life is of a man who has passed through death and is wholly transformed. It is not natural, physical death that he has suffered, but a death to the world, its principles, its motives, its ambitions. As St. Augustine said, there has been a complete change of nature. One who had been his companion in the dissolute life of his youth, met him after his conversion and complained of his passing her without recognition. "August, it is I," she said. He replied, "I am not August any longer. I am a new being, and have renounced forever the pleasures and amusements of the past." The worldly desires and appetites the Christian once indulged and in which he found his happiness, are not suppressed, but eradicated. They would no longer afford him pleasure if he went back to them. They lose their power over a man who has died with Christ and has been raised again.

The teaching of this doctrine often seems paradoxical, but we recognize the truth of it from our common experience. There are many instances of transformation of character in ordinary life. A young man wholly given up to pleasure and dissipation, is brought to the verge of the grave by severe illness. Things look very different to him as he lies on his sick bed, uncertain whether he will ever rise from it. His mother, bending over him, grieving, and striving to help his recovery, the purity of home and all its associations, are in striking contrast to the life he has been living. Anxiously the doctor's face is watched for some encouragement to hope. If that young man recovers, he cannot fail to show the effect of that time of anxiety. It surprises no one if he lives a different life afterwards. Sometimes transformation is caused by a less painful experience. The love of a pure, good girl has often redeemed men from a sinful life. For her sake a man gives up the vice and dissipation of his past. We understand it perfectly. It would be discordant, hateful, degrading to her as well as to himself. He becomes dead to the temptations which formerly held him in their grasp. Such, in an infinitely higher degree, is the change that comes on a man who gives himself to Christ, and dies in his death, rising with him to new life.

The man who is conscious of the infinite price that was paid to redeem him, puts a new estimate on his own life. It becomes too precious a thing to be wasted or turned to unholy purposes. He was redeemed that he might live for Christ, and if he fails in that, Christ, so far as he is concerned, died in vain.

*Topic of the Epworth League for April 15. Gal. 2:20. Rom. 6:4-14; Eph. 2:1-7; Col. 2:10-15; 3:1-17.

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Electric lighted, Less than 3 days Chicago to San Francisco and Portland. Chicago, Union Pacific & North-Western Line daily.

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Electric lighted. Every day in the year to Pasadena and Los Angeles. Chicago & North-Western, Union Pacific and Salt Lake Route.

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$1.00 CREAM SEPARATOR OFFER

FOR $19.90 WE SELL THE CELEBRATED DUNDEE SEPARATOR; FOR $29.00 WE SELL THE FAMOUS AMERICAN CREAM SEPARATOR, WHICH HAS ALWAYS RETAILED AT $75.00 TO $100.00. READ OUR OFFER ON THE ECONOMY, THE BEST SEPARATOR IN THE WORLD.

OUR ONE DOLLAR OFFER. Cut this advertisement out and send to us, enclose one dollar, state whether you wish a separator of 300, 400 or 500-pound capacity per hour, for all purposes, we by all means recommend the large 500-pound capacity size. We will send you our celebrated Economy Separator by freight C. O. D., subject to examination. Examine the separator at your nearest railroad station, and if you are satisfied it is in every way the best cream separator made, then pay the railroad agent our SPECIAL PRICE and freight charges, then take the separator home and give it 60 days' trial, during which time put it to every possible test, compare it with any other machine made, and if you do not find it runs easier, skims closer, skims colder milk, cleans easier, wears better, easier to operate, more simple, less possibility of getting out of order, in short, if you do not find it in every way the best cream separator made you can return the separator at our expense, and we will immediately return your money, including any freight charges paid by you.

OUR SPECIAL PRICE for the WONDERFUL ECONOMY SEPARATOR is $33.95 for the 300-pound per hour capacity, $39.95 for the 400-pound capacity size, and $42.75 for the big 500-pound capacity size, the size which we especially recommend. DON'T DELAY; enclose $1.00, say whether you want the $33.95, $39.95 or the $42.75 size; Let us send the machine C. O. D., subject to examination, pay the balance to the railroad agent, then use it 60 days, and if you do not pronounce it by far the best cream separator made, regardless of name, make or price, return it to us and get your money back at once. IF YOU DON'T SEND $1.00 for the Economy, be sure to write for our FREE Cream Separator Catalogues and wonderful offers. On a postal card or in a letter to us simply say: "Send me your Free Separator Offers," and you will receive free, by return mail, postpaid, our three Special Cream Separator Catalogues, large pictures of our $19.90 Dundee, $29.00 American and all our Economy Separators, illustrations, descriptions, testimonials, copies of many diplomas and medals, our $1,000.00 quality challenge, our great guarantee free trial plan, pay after received terms and the most wonderfully liberal separator offers ever heard of. On a postal card or in a letter simply say: "Send me your Free Separator Offers," and get all we will send you free by return mail, postpaid.

WE WILL SEND YOU FREE THESE 6 BIG, CANE SEATED DINING ROOM CHAIRS when all your orders to us have amounted to $50.00, or, if you send orders to us, you can have your choice of hundreds of valuable articles, such as pianos, organs, buggies, rich pieces of furniture, etc. This wonderful offer will go to you free when you send for our Economy Separator or write for our free separator offers.

SEND ONE DOLLAR TODAY SURE, and let us send you an Economy Separator C. O. D., otherwise be sure, today (this minute), on a postal card or in a letter to us to say: "Send me your FREE CREAM SEPARATOR OFFERS." Address,

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CAN MAKE MONEY EASILY AND PLENTIFULLY

by taking subscriptions among your neighbors and friends for the **Woman's Farm Journal.** It is a great little paper, and only 10 cents a year. Almost every person you show it to, will pay 10 cents a year for it. You don't need any capital. Don't need to invest a cent. Just send us your full name and postoffice address plainly written and we will send you full particulars and outfit FREE.

$1,000.00 IN EXTRA CASH COMMISSIONS

will be given for the twenty largest lists sent in between now and MAY 31st, 1906. This $1,000.00 will be given in addition to the regular commission, so that you are sure to get the regular commission, and have as good a chance as any one else to get one of the extra cash awards. Don't put it off, but write to-day. A postal will do. Address C. C. THOMPSON, Manager, The Woman's Farm Journal, St. Louis, Mo.

STARK FRUIT BOOK shows in NATURAL COLORS and accurately describes 216 varieties of fruit. Send for our terms of distribution. We want more salesmen.—Stark Bro's, Louisiana, Mo.

NEWTON'S Heave and Cough Remedy—A Veterinary Specific 14 years sale. *One to two cans will relieve Heaves.* $1.00 per can. Of dealers, or express prepaid. Send for booklet. The Newton Remedy Co., Toledo, O.

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GOLD DUST

have made it indispensable in every well-ordered home. Just look over this list and observe the numerous ways in which GOLD DUST can be of assistance to you in lightening the burdens of the household.

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Clean Tables and Oil Cloths
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Clean Windows, Book-cases, China Closets, etc.
Clean Refrigerators
Clean Gas Ranges
Clean Bath Room, Tubs, Pipes, etc.
Wash Clothes, Blankets, Linen, etc.
Wash Brushes and Combs
Wash Brooms
Wash Dress Shields
Wash and Sterilize Milk Cans, Bottles and Dairy Utensils
Scrub Floors, Hearths, Woodwork, Counters, Shelving, Mantels and Marblework
Clean Wicker or Willow Chairs
Clean Paint Brushes
Make an Emulsion for Plants and Trees
Make the Finest Soft Soap
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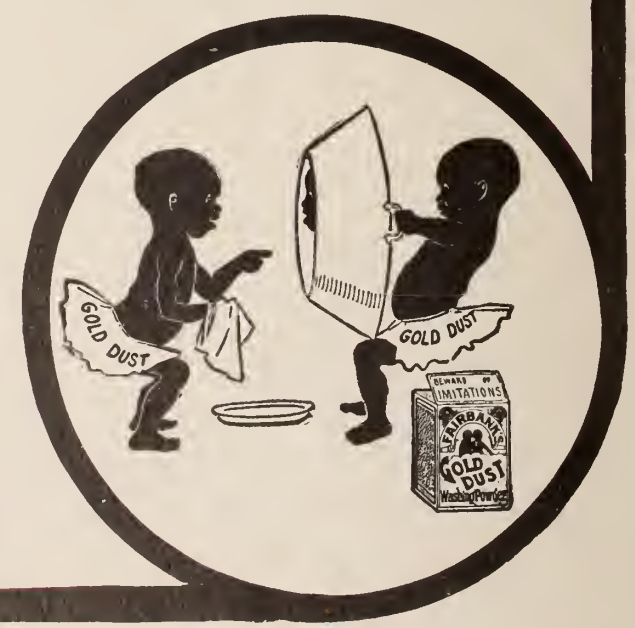

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AN EASTER MELODY

Pettijohn Says:—

The food
that attends to
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leaves you to
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You can't be of much use to yourself or anybody else if your mind is in your stomach.

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Give yourself a square deal—choose the food that builds—

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ALL WHEAT GOOD TO EAT

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

NEW YORK, APRIL 11, 1906

The "Huipile" Head-dress

A Home on the Banks of a Tropical Stream

Another Form of the "Huipile"

Photographs Copyrighted by C. B. Waite, Mexico City

IN THE HEART OF THE TROPICS

Quaint Old Tehuantepec and the Isthmian Railway

WHILE the United States is slowly getting down to the work of digging the Panama Canal, a neighbor country has been building a railway across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. Some people think that this railway will be a competitor of the Canal. However, since no one expects the great ditch to be opened for traffic for several years to come, this Tehuantepec railway may be useful in helping to transfer the freight which the Panama Railway will be too busy to carry because of the need of using the line for the Canal work. The Tehuantepec Railway is very important for many reasons. It has been built by the Mexican government in partnership with the famous English contracting firm of Pearson & Son. Many persons in Mexico think that it is the most important enterprise that has been carried out by the administration of General Diaz. Certainly, the railroad is an interesting piece of engineering work, but the country it crosses and the people who dwell in that country are even more interesting.

If you will look at the map you will find that the strip of territory in southeastern Mexico, lying between north latitude sixteen and eighteen degrees, seems to furnish a very short route from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific Ocean. As the crow flies, it is only one hundred and twenty-five miles, or about two and one-half times as long as the Panama Canal route. But railways cannot always be built in a straight line, and the railroad across Tehuantepec is one hundred and ninety miles long. It is over this railway that the Mexican government expects to tranship a great amount of freight, the company operating it already having contracted to carry about two-thirds of the sugar crop of the Hawaiian Islands. The sugar will be received at the port of Salina Cruz on the Pacific coast and carried to Coatzacoalcos on the Gulf of Mexico, where it will be transferred to vessels running to New York and New Orleans.

The Mexican government has spent immense sums at these two points in providing harbors. Salina Cruz is hardly more than a bend in the coast line of the open sea. The storms from the North which come down over the Gulf of Mexico sweep across the Isthmus, and their force is greatest when they reach the Pacific. That is why the "Northers," as they are called, at some seasons make it impossible for vessels to lie at anchor anywhere off the coast. A harbor of refuge was constructed, with two great breakwaters far out into the ocean.

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Market-Day in Tehuantepec, Showing the Strange Head-dresses of the Women

At Coatzacoalcos, a harbor of refuge was not so necessary; but since a bar lies at the mouth of the river, this had to be dredged out and the channel kept clear. The plan adopted was to confine the waters so that they constantly scour out the basin. This is secured by building long jetties. The plan is the same as that followed by Captain James B. Eads at the mouth of the Mississippi River.

These harbor works have excited the attention of engineers all over the world, yet they are much like other harbor works in the United States. The railroad itself is like nothing that is found elsewhere. It is unique. Its route is along the Coatzacoalcos River, through a country of wonderful tropical vegetation, palms, rubber trees, and tangled jungle, until the base of the Sierra Madre Mountains is reached. These mountains in crossing the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, drop into a saddle-like depression known as the Chivela Pass, about 900 feet above sea level. The railroad follows this Pass. In the words of railroad builders, the trains have to be lifted 900 feet and then dropped to sea-level. However, the lifting is simply a gradual system of grades, which is the way railroads climb mountains.

The unique feature of a trip across the Isthmus on the railway is the swiftness with which the traveller passes from a very moist country, in which much of the time it is raining, to a dry, desert region. There is a place called Santa Lucrecia, a railway junction on the Jaltepec River. This little railway town is in the very heart of the tropical jungle. It is peopled by natives of the Isthmus, by Chinamen, and by Americans. A great steel bridge spans the river here while all around are the forests. These forests are constantly dripping

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

FOUNDED TO HELP WORKING GIRLS

"The Co-operato" and its Excellent Influence Among a Poor but Deserving Class

AMONG the many agencies established in New York City for the benefit of special classes, the Co-operato, at 348 West Fourteenth St., occupies a unique and beneficent place. It is designed to give help to a class whose need is sometimes very urgent and whose dangers, as the recent reports in the daily journals prove, are very formidable.

A few years ago, Dr. J. A. B. Wilson, the kindly and sympathetic minister, then pastor of the Eighteenth Street Methodist Episcopal Church, became interested in the welfare of a young working girl, who attended his ministry. He learned that her entire earnings were only four dollars a week. Her parents were dead and she was obliged to live in a boarding-house. He was anxious that she should live in surroundings that were clean, morally and physically, but after long inquiry he was unable to find a shelter of that kind for her, at a rate that would leave her a margin for carfare and clothing. He thonght how many girls, alone and friendless, there must be in the great city in similar circumstances, and with the energy and kindliness characteristic of the man, he set himself to provide a solution of the problem. He rented a floor for the use of such girls, put in some cheap furniture and placed a sympathetic lady in charge as housekeeper. From that humble beginning has grown the Co-operato, which now shelters thirty-six girls, and has applications from many others for which it has no room.

The Parlor of the Co-operato

The need of such a shelter has been abundantly proved by many pathetic stories during the growth of the Institution. In the great city, many girls are driven by bereavement to earn their own living. A lady who has a class of ten girls in a Sunday School, found, when she visited them, that seven were fatherless, two motherless, and only one had both parents living. Besides such cases, there are many who are attracted to the city from country districts by glowing reports of the good salaries to be earned in New York. On their arrival, they watch the advertisements, and search the city for employment in offices and factories. Their slender store of money is soon exhausted, and they are glad to accept any service that is offered. Few of them, unless they have special skill or training, can earn more than four or five dollars a week. They are expected to dress decently, there are shoes to be bought and carfares that must be paid. Yet a small, unheated hall room with board, in any respectable neighborhood, costs four or five dollars a week. What is to be done? How can the girl live and clothe herself? One case that came to the knowledge of the managers of the Co-operato, was of a girl who was unable to obtain work, and was becoming weak from starvation. She was urged to enter a vicious life, but she had been religiously ought up, and shrank with horror from such a course. She made her way to the river, preferring drowning to immorality. Happily she was seen, and told of this Institution, where she found a refuge, and is now doing well.

Girls Working in their Rooms

The privileges of the Co-operato are extended to stenographers, milliners, dressmakers, saleswomen and self-supporting girls, other than domestic servants, who do not need such help. The one condition is that their salaries are less than $8 a week. They are charged from $2.50 to $3.50 a week for board and lodging. If they prosper and are able to earn the sum of $8 a week, they are requested to leave and make room for those who are less fortunate. Sometimes it happens that a boarder loses her position in the store or office. In a boarding-house she would generally be turned into the street, but at the Co-operato she is permitted to stay on for a few weeks without pay, until she can secure employment. The Co-operato cannot be called a charity, because each girl pays rental for her room and for her board. Yet, in its true sense, it is charity of the best kind, because it gives needed aid and does not impair the self-respect of the beneficiaries. The receipts from the boarders do not cover the expenses. It was not expected that they would. The rent of the house, the cost of fuel to keep it warm, the supply of good, wholesome food, and the unavoidable expenses of maintenance always leave a balance on the wrong side of the account. But the work done is so helpful and the results so beneficial, that the Institution has won its way to the hearts of such men as Mr. John S. Huyler, Mr. William T. Wardwell, Dr. Klopsch of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and others, who have contributed to meet the deficiency. Crises have come in its history, but they have been weathered, and the Co-operato still goes on doing its wise and generous service among the poorly paid but deserving class for whose benefit it was planned.

The hope of the Board of Lady Managers has been that the benefits of the Institution might be extended. All the available room is occupied, and still girls come who deserve the help that it renders. If the Institution had a home of its own instead of having to pay rent, its efficiency might be trebled. With a room for every inmate, with a larger parlor, and class-rooms for teaching typewriting, millinery and dressmaking, it would become a source of help of incalculable value. As usual, the difficulty is one of money, and the managers will be grateful for assistance in developing the work and enlarging its scope. Any contributions sent to this office will be promptly forwarded to the treasurer.

IN THE HEART OF THE TROPICS

moisture because of the frequent rains; but after a couple of hours slow travel through a very wild country, where there are some rubber plantations, and a few clearings in the river bottoms where corn is grown, the town of Rincon Antonio is reached. This is almost at the summit of the Divide. It is the headquarters of the railway, and is where the shops have been built. The hills on which it lies are very dry. One can start from Rincon Antonio down to Santa Lucrecia and be almost sure of running into the clouds, which give the wonderful greenness and freshness to all the vegetation; or he can go the other way towards the Pacific coast, and quickly enter a dry and barren desert region, which is never bathed by the clouds.

On this trip to the Pacific side, there is a remarkable town from which the Isthmus is named, or which it is named after the Isthmus. This is Tehuantepec on the river of the same name, a dozen miles back from the Pacific coast. The town is celebrated because it still preserves much of the Indian civilization that existed before the Spaniards came. Every one will tell you that Tehuantepec is the place to see the Indian life as it was before the time of Cortez and the conquest. The Spaniards built many very strong buildings of adobe, or mud and mortar, but it is a curious fact that most of these have fallen into decay, while the natives still live in the huts made from reeds or bamboos.

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The people belong to the Zapoteca Indian family, one of the two chief Indian races that the Spanish conquerors found, the other one being known generally as the Mexican race. Tl people of Tehuantepec speak Spanish, but they also preserve the Zapotec language and use it among themselves. They never have fully yielded to other customs.

It is a remarkable scene any day in the market, where groups of them are found bartering their wares, laughing and chattering, always civil to strangers, but not very communicative. The women do most of the buying and selling. They come to the market wearing the *huipile* or head-dress, which is rarely found anywhere else on the Isthmus. In Tehuantepec, it is worn not only on festive days but on ordinary occasions. This head-dress is so peculiar a creation that to describe it is difficult.

It has come down through many centuries. Originally it is said to have been slipped over the head and worn with arm sleeves like an ordinary garment. But this custom seems to have changed a long time ago, and though the sleeves are still made part of the *huipile*, they have no use except as an ornament. The head-dress is worn in various ways according to the haste with which it is put on, or the importance of the occasion. In the market and on the streets it is thrown back very carelessly. One reason for this is that the Tehuantepec women carry their dried, gourd-like pumpkins on the head, just as the water jars were carried in the days of Rebekah. These pumpkins are decorated and serve as basins or general receptacles. Like the women everywhere who use the head instead of the arms for carrying burdens, their gait is very easy and graceful.

While civil to strangers, these Zapotec women are rarely willing to sell either the *puipile*, head-dress, or the decorated basin. One day, after many hours' search, I succeeded in buying a *huipile*, but was unable to get one of the basins. Mr. Waite, the photographer, was more fortunate, for he secured one of the latter, though he paid a good price for it.

Most of the Americans on the isthmus are employed on the railroad, but there are a good many engaged in tropical agriculture, and who have plantations of their own. Some of these were deceived into investing in rubber plantations and other schemes which were of doubtful value. But because they had been misled they did not give up. Those who had the pluck to stay, now have good chances of doing very well. Yet I would not advise anyone to take any chances in a Mexican rubber plantation.

CHARLES M. PEPPER.

Easter Lilies and Sulphur Smoke

BY E. RYERSON YOUNG*

"WHAT is Easter without flowers!" exclaimed the Rev. Maurice Stewart. "Resurrection morn to be celebrated, and no Easter lilies!"

Pastor Stewart was stationed in the mining town of Greenstone, a town that had no flowers in it. They were all destroyed by the sulphur smoke. Not a daisy, buttercup or dandelion grew by the roadside. The smoke even entered the houses and, with its insatiable appetite for green things, had, in spite of unremitting care, devoured the house plants. The trees seemed to have been eaten up by their roots, only rude stumps and dried roots were now to be seen. The grass had long since bade farewell to the sulphur-infested place.

Spring rains had turned every atom of earth into mud, but brought no trailing arbutus or violets. The summer sun had dried the mud kiln-dry, and the high winds, unhindered by trees, swept down the hillsides, through the valleys and over the plains, beating the arid earth to powder and rolling it over the land in great dust clouds that rivaled the smoke in its density, its unpleasantness and its ability to penetrate human frames and habitations. In his mind, Mr. Stewart saw other towns with their luxurious grasses and nicely mown lawns, that kept the dust in its place, and wondered why he had never before stopped to thank God just for grass. The autumn came, but Greenstone had no maple trees, not even a sumach bush, with leaves to be washed in gold or decked in enchanting crimson. The cold winter brought up another phalanx of the enemies of the flowers. But winter, except its transient aftermaths, had passed, the day of the singing bird had come. Easter was again near at hand.

"I must see some flowers. My soul is thirsty for them," said the pastor rising to his feet from his study-chair. Then, with a sudden gripping of his hand, he declared: "And we shall have them." Seating himself again at his table he wrote a note hastily and inclosed it in an envelope. Then putting on his hat he walked down the hill to the post-office. Strolling across the bridge, he called upon Mrs. Shaver, his "Mother Confessor," as he facetiously styled her, a sweet little woman from old England, who had taken a motherly interest in her young pastor.

"Mrs. Shaver, I have determined to have some flowers for Easter," he said a little bluntly, and with a naughty boy's defiance after a wrong deed.

"Good!" replied the little woman, to the young man's great relief. "I am almost sick to see a flower. I have tried almost everything. My geraniums lasted the longest; but, you remember, just before Christmas I woke up one morning and found the house surrounded with smoke. Some had got in and my plants were yellow. I cried, and I did all that I could to restore them, but it was no use. I wanted Bob to take me right out of this horrid place. What's a home without a flower?" Tears sprang into her eyes at the remembrance of her lost flowers.

"And what's Easter without lilies?"

"That's so. Here's spring. Every other place must be green and every hillside nook purple with violets. Why, I'd be glad to see a dandelion or an ox-eyed daisy, and I remember how my father hated them and fought them in lawn and roadside!"

"Just look at this, will you?" she exclaimed. Jumping up she led the minister to a window-box, which was full of stems and leaves recently turned yellow, some even shrivelled and dry.

"There," said she; "I planted some buttercup seeds in this end and some foxglove in that. They came up and were doing bravely. Now look at them!"

The seeds had taken root and had sent out some good shoots and leaves. The foxglove stems were up several inches, but now they hung their heads and were of a sickly yellow hue.

"That's my tenth experiment," she said sadly. "I do not know what to try next. That wretched sulphur smoke kills everything."

"Yes," said the young moralist, "like greed and selfishness, it kills all that is good and beautiful. But, Easter is coming, and we are going to have some flowers!"

"Where are you going to get them? There is not a house in town that has a flower in it."

"Then I'll import them."

"Where from?"

"Never before had they seen such a glory of the flowers"

"From the city. I have ordered a supply for Easter."

"You have ordered flowers—from the city," said the little woman, trying to comprehend the surprising statement.

"Yes," said the young preacher quickly; "you know that orders must be in early or we shall not be able to get a flower at all. I fear that even now my order is late."

"But flowers at Easter are expensive, and who'll pay for them?"

"The one who orders generally pays, doesn't he?"

"You'll do nothing of the kind," said Mrs. Shaver, impulsively.

"I'll not ask the church trustees for a cent."

"How many did you order?"

"Well, we have a good big church. It will seat four hundred people. So I thought it would take a hundred carnations and a half-a-dozen lilies to brighten it up."

"You naughty man!"

"I may be, but I can save it some other way and it will do good. I do believe that some souls will respond to flowers who would never be touched by a sermon. Then we have so many foreigners, you know, who cannot understand English, the Finlanders, the French and the Italians. They can appreciate flowers."

"There are others beside foreigners. There's Tom Tudhope. I believe that flowers might bring him. Poor Tom! what a transformation there is in that man! One would hardly think that such a change could take place in any person. We lived beside him for a couple of years in Frontenac before we came up here. He was a great worker, both in the church and out of it. He was the Superintendent of the Sunday School, and was an active, useful citizen. In his home he was the centre of life and brightness, and such a home as he had, with its beautifully kept lawn, its arbors, and such flower-beds! Everybody loved and respected him."

"Then there has indeed been a great change in the outer and inner man."

"Yes, he's hard, cruel, selfish. He came up here to make money. At first, he was going to return to Frontenac after he had made his pile, but now he has sacrificed about everything for money. Soon after he came here he began working on Sundays. The grasping spirit then grew rapidly. He took a big house, filled it with boarders and made his wife look after it. He has nearly worked the life out of the dear little woman; and such a pretty, happy woman she used to be. He has taken his boys from school and sent them to the gloomy mines or into the dirty rock-house. His one cry for years has been, 'Money, money, money.' I don't believe the fellow has been inside of a church for five years. But he still loves flowers. I believe that he has been fighting the sulphur smoke and has succeeded in keeping a cactus alive."

"Then there is hope for him. You tell him of the flowers, and perhaps we shall see him again in church. But Mr. Tudhope is only a sample of what greed has done to scores, if not hundreds, in this very town."

At a quarter to three, ladies of the congregation began coming into the pastor's study. There was a shyness and a gentleness in the manner of all that was noticeably different to the usual loud good-fellowship common amongst them.

"I haven't seen an Easter lily for three years," said Mrs. Morris.

"I've tried every summer for five years to grow plants, but the sulphur smoke gets in and cuts them off before flowers come. I'm just that hungry to see a flower," declared Mrs. Thomas.

"My Jennie is ten years old," whispered Mrs. Morton, a hard-working, sweet-faced, horny-handed widow, "and my Eddie is six, and I do not think that either of them has seen even a sunflower."

"Then it's about time we had flowers here, ladies," said Pastor Stewart. "Here is Easter coming and I am as hungry for the sight of a flower as any one."

"If we have flowers for Easter," said Mrs. Shaver, "I speak now for an Easter lily."

"I want one, too," said Mrs. Thomas.

"And I;" "And I;" "And I," came from several others.

"We had better have a Flower Festival," suggested Mrs. Shaver.

"The sulphur smoke will kill the flowers before you can use them," persisted Mrs. Morris.

"I'll sleep by them to guard them from the smoke," declared Mrs. Shaver, and all the other ladies smiled at her ardor.

"And I'll help you, Mrs. Shaver," said Miss Gilman, another sturdy little lover of flowers.

As a result of the gathering, it was arranged that the church was to be decorated with flowers on Easter Sunday, and on Easter Monday they were to have a Flower Festival. The pastor's order for flowers was doubled, and other varieties and green stuff were ordered. It was impressed upon the city florist that the flowers were coming to a distant northern town and must be had for Easter, so that he must not only pack them well but also send them in good time. He did his part so promptly that a large box of beautiful cut flowers, per Express, "RUSH," was, on the Friday afternoon before Easter, deposited in the church study of the pastor.

The ladies appointed to take charge of the flowers, the "Flower Guards," were immediately notified. With some other helpers they came, with pails of water, to liberate and freshen the closely packed blooms.

"Oh, you precious, lovely things," exclaimed Mrs. Shaver, as she opened the box and gazed at the flowers. Then, taking up a lily, with dainty touch she smoothed out its petals, and kissed it.

"Will they keep for Monday?" asked Miss Gilman fearfully, but with her eye upon the sales.

"They will, if we can find a dark, cool place for them."

"The church cellar will be just the place then," said Miss Gilman.

"You'll find plenty of cool places, Miss Gilman, before night," commented Mrs. Morris.

The rain and sleet came on the wings of the wind that evening, and was eddied round the church. The wind whistled, shook every loose door and window, and roared like a lion seeking his prey.

Inside the church the women were working hard. The flowers had been put in the church cellar, but the storm blew in a window and so the frost nearly nipped the flowers. They were quickly carried up into the body of the church and a fire was put in the corner stove to keep out the cold. The storm soon spent

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*There are a few mining towns in newer Canada where the raw ore, especially nickel and copper, is roasted in the open. As found, these ores contain sulphur and arsenic, inimical properties which must be burned out ere the ore is of commercial value. The fumes, popularly called "sulphur smoke," from these open-air roast-beds are very destructive to vegetable life, and it is only a matter of a short time when a place becomes denuded of all its trees, flowers and grass.

THE AMERICAN PULPIT

SERMON BY

Rev. F. DeWitt Talmage, D.D.

THE Easter Tomb

TEXT: Matthew 28 : 6

"Come, see the place where the Lord lay"

THE world's most sacred shrines are the vaults or cathedrals which cover the bodies of the honored dead. When the American tourist alights in the London depot, to begin the exploration of the British metropolis, one of the first places he visits is Westminster Abbey. He does this not because Westminster Abbey is near to the Parliament Buildings, where assemble the legislative bodies of the British Empire. He does this not because its stones form the most beautiful architectural coronet of England. He does this because for years, ay, for centuries, the greatest dead of the British realm have been buried there

When you cross the Channel and go to the most beautiful of all modern cities, the French capital, what journey do you first make? Do you say, "Let us get a carriage and drive out upon the boulevards, and ride up the Champs Elysees and see the Arc de Triomphe? No, not if you are like most American tourists. You want to see where the great dead sleep. You wish to go to the Notre Dame, or to the Madeleine, or to the Pantheon, or to that greatest of all tombs where sleeps the mighty Napoleon. The graves of the great dead have for the most of us, more fascination than the palaces and the thrones of living men, greater than their ancestors though they may be.

But though Cæsar may travel hundreds of miles to stand at the tomb of Alexander the Great, and Otto III. went far out of his way to open the vault which contained the body of Charlemagne, and Napoleon himself went forth to find the tomb of Cæsar, and though great may be our fascination for the tombs of great men, that fascination is as nothing compared to the yearnings that draw us to the family plots where sleep our own beloved dead.

Companions in Sorrow

Now, Mary Magdalene loved the Lord Jesus Christ with her whole heart. He was to her the Divine Being who forgave her past sins. And as we see her going to the tomb of Christ on that Easter morning, we find her taking along one of her dearest friends—Mary the mother of James, who also loved the Lord. These two women are wending their way to Christ's sepulchre, weighed down with a common sorrow. As they come near to the tomb, an angel meets them and says, "Fear not ye, for I know that ye seek Jesus who was crucified. He is not here, for he is risen, as he said." Then the angel spake the eight words to which I wish to call your attention in our meditation on the events of that Easter Day: "Come, see the place where the Lord lay." If a holy fascination drew Mary Magdalene and the other Mary to the tomb of a dead Christ, surely it is important for us to visit the rifled tomb of a Risen Lord. Easter Day should be the happiest day of all the year to us. It is the mighty day when the Lord's humiliations and services came to their glorious eternal consummation, and Jesus became the first fruits of them that slept.

Let us find out, in the first place, in what kind of a grave Jesus was buried. Let us see how his body was laid in that crypt. The condition of his tomb and of his clothes ought to teach us just as many helpful Gospel lessons as his cradle of Bethlehem and the swaddling clothes in which he was wrapped as a new-born child. I suppose the easiest way to find this grave is to have Mary Magdalene for our guide. Without some help we shall never find it at all. The cemeteries or graveyards of the Far East are just like the graveyards of the West—they all need a guide to take the tourists through.

Rank in the Tomb

"What?" you say, "I never thought of that. Does Jerusalem have its nearby cemeteries, as Brooklyn has its Greenwood, and Philadelphia ils Laurel Hill, Boston its Mount Auburn, Chicago its Rose Hill, New York its Woodlawn, and Paris its Pere la Chaise?" Yes, and the amazing fact about the Jerusalem cemeteries is that you can distinguish the different graves there, just as you can pick out the different graves in Calvary Cemetery of Long Island. As you go through them, you can say, "Here is the tomb of a wealthy family," or "Here is the family plot of people who lived in moderate circumstances," or "Here is a Potter's Field, where the poor are buried." You can tell all this by studying the tombstones and the elaborate mausoleums and the neglected graves. Now, as Mary Magdalene is leading you and me among the tombs and graves which surround Jerusalem, to the grave of Christ, much to my surprise she does not go towards Potter's Field, or to the place where the poor are buried. She directs her steps toward a beautiful garden, in the centre of which a magnificent tomb has been chiseled out of the solid rock. This must be the tomb of a very rich man. As she goes along, I feel that she is beside herself with grief, and I say, "Stop, Mary, stop! You are going the wrong way. This is the tomb of one of the wealthy men of the East." Then Mary turns with a sweet smile and says:

Buried Among the Rich

"Nay, friend, I am not wrong. Christ may have lived and died a poor man, but he was buried as a king. Dost thou not know that Joseph of Arimathea, a member of the Sanhedrin and one of the great leaders of the Jewish nation, went and asked Pilate for Christ's body after it was dead, and that Pilate gave it to him? And dost thou furthermore, not know that Joseph of Arimathea took Christ's body and buried it in his own family vault?" "But," I again say, "how could Joseph do that? Jesus did not own a particle of clothes when he died. The soldiers even gambled for the coat that he wore on his way to the Cross." "True," says Mary. "True, but didst thou not also know that as one rich man gave Christ his own tomb in which to be buried, so Nicodemus, another rich man, furnished the funds whereby Christ's body was appropriately arrayed for the rich man's sepulchre?"

Now, what is the deduction of these two thoughts? Why, as Nicodemus, the rich man, gave the expensive spices with which to preserve Christ's body for the burial, and as Joseph of Arimathea, another rich man, gave Christ his sepulchre for the burial, therefore, it means that all the rich men of the world and all the brains of the world shall yet stand by the empty tomb of Christ and declare him Lord of lords and King of kings. Oh, my friends, I am glad Christ's cradle was in a manger. That proves that Jesus came a Christ for the poor and the outcasts, the sorrowing and the afflicted. But I am also glad that Christ's dead body was wrapped in the spices of a Nicodemus and laid in the family vault of a Joseph. That symbolizes to me this other fact, that some day all the mightiest men of earth shall yet acclaim Him not only the Risen Lord, but also their Redeemer and Friend. May that glorious day be not far distant!

But as we approach a little near to the rifled sepulchre we find another startling fact. "The body of Christ is gone!" you say. Is that the startling fact? Oh, no. I expected to find the body gone. All historians have alluded to this one fact. I expected to find the body of Christ gone. Next, I want to call your attention to the fact that the grave-clothes were lying in the crypt, just as they were put there by Christ's friends, when Jesus' body was laid away in the tomb. He arose, and the grave-clothes were left in just the same positions as Christ's friends had placed them. "Come, see the place where the Lord lay."

The Garments of Resurrection

What is the significance of all this? It means that when we are resurrected, we shall leave all earthly associations and infirmities behind. We shall not arise with a struggle, but we shall simply move quietly out of all the struggles, all the heart-aches, all the sufferings of this world. It means that when you get up at the trumpet blast of resurrection, your back will never ache again, your head will never be weary, your heart will never bleed. All these sorrows and trials of earth have had their mission in fitting us for the future life, but when that life comes, the mission of Paul's thorn in the flesh shall be forever done away. Oh, the glorious day when we shall be emancipated from our binding grave-clothes which have always been the symbol of sin and of sorrow and of earthly parting! In heaven we shall all have new wearing apparel. Would you like to catch a glimpse of the garments of the resurrection? "Who are these which are arrayed in white robes, and whence came they?" is asked in the apocalyptic vision. "These are they which come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." Glorious, glorious is to be the change of our resurrection garments. Thank God that, like Christ's, our binding shrouds of earth shall be left in the sepulchre and be exchanged for the coronation robes of heaven.

Every note with wonder swell,
Sin o'erthrown and captive hell;
Where is hell's once dreaded king,
Where, O Death, thy mortal sting?

There is another startling fact about this emptied sepulchre to which most people give but little heed. That fact does not deal so much with the emptied crypt, emptied of Christ's body, as that the angels of God were watching by that silent tomb. In the last chapter of Matthew, we read that an angel of heaven descended on the first Easter morn and rolled away the stone that was in front of the door of the tomb, and sat upon it. This was the angel who was speaking to the Mary Magdalene of my text.

Now, as the angels had such a large part to do in the earthly life of our Lord Jesus Christ, the question which comes to our mind is this, "Who are these angels? If they were important to Christ's life are they important for ours?" Angels are mentioned at least two hundred and eighty different times in the Bible. They were important to the lives of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob and Moses and Joshua and David and all the other mighty servants of God in the Old and the New Testament, and they are important to our life as they were to Christ's. When we shall arise from our graves, God will send his angels to greet us as he sent his angels to greet Christ. We may be pardoned for wondering if the heavenly messengers who shall stand by our open graves will be those dear ones who have gone beyond and have come back to earth to take us to our celestial home. We wonder if the messenger who will open our closed eyelids on our first Easter morn shall be mother, or father, or brother, or little child. Lord Jesus, who art thou going to send to us at that time? Will it be one of our loved ones who is to be thy messenger?

Greeted by Friends

When the great Henry Clay was about to die, he looked up, and suddenly his face was radiant with a smile, as he called, "Mother! Mother! Mother!" Who will say that his mother did not come as God's messenger to meet him at the grave? Remember, an angel, in the scriptural sense, is a messenger of God. Christ had his angels at the Easter tomb, and we, too, shall have ours. Will they be our own dear ones? Oh, God, we are so anxious to see some of them that it does seem we cannot wait any longer. We want to hold the dear hands and kiss the dear lips. Father, send them to us if it be thy will. Let their redeemed spirits hover over our dying pillows.

But there is still another startling fact about this Easter tomb, to which I would call your attention. That is the garden surrounding it. In ninety-nine times out of a hundred, when you have pictured this tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, it has been in the midst of a garden. Then you have turned to the books of Biblical lore and studied the flora of the springtime in the Holy Land. These writers have told you that in March and April there are flowers everywhere about Jerusalem. The valleys are covered with them. The hillsides are cove d with them. They push their golden heads between the crevices of every rock. And when you think of this angel of my text greeting Mary Magdalene, and Mary the mother of James, you think of him with piled-up banks of roses on every side and amid great white calla lilies, as sentinels lifting up their heads to keep watch, and amid great hosts of carnations and blue-bells and sweet violets and jonquils and tulips and orchids and dahlias and asters and pansies and heliotropes and wistaria. You say to me, "I do not care whether there are Oriental flowers or no. When I think of the garden surrounding Christ's tomb, I think of the most beautiful of all flowers, and then I say Joseph's garden was like those flowers, and not only like them, but far more beautiful than they."

The Grave in the Garden

You are right, my brother. No garden of the Western Hemisphere can be as beautiful as the garden of the Palestine hills, where Christ was buried in Joseph's tomb. But alas! you would be very much in error, if you thought this garden about Joseph's tomb was beautiful when Mary Magdalene and Mary the mother of James entered it on that Easter morning. If you would go with these women there, you would find the lilies and the roses and all the other flowers trampled down. It was once beautiful, but now it is a wrecked garden. This beautiful garden looks as though it had been uprooted by a herd of swine, or knocked down by a pelting hail-storm. What was the matter? No sooner did this angel of the resurrection appear and Christ come forth from the tomb, than the Roman soldiers fell down like dead men. They fell flat among the flowers. Then, as soon as they recovered from their swoon, they rose, and in wild terror fled. Those flowers were torn from their roots, or crushed as though a herd of stampeding cattle had jammed their hoofs into them. What lesson do we, therefore, learn from these crushed flowers, lying around in the wrecked

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SAVING THE EX-PRISONERS

Col. Holland Talks with an Ex-Prisoner

THE Prison-Gate Mission of New York City is now under the immediate supervision of The Prisoner's Aid Department of the Salvation Army, whose headquarters are in West Fourteenth Street. The army is well organized for affording prompt and practical aid to those who are discharged from the prisons within the city's jurisdiction. During the one month since this organization undertook the management of the Mission, it has mapped out a systematic plan of action which augurs well for far reaching success in time to come. The first step has been to secure the approval of the City Commissioners, and, after them, the good will and concurrence of the several wardens. Impressed with these conditions, Colonel Holland, the secretary of the prison work of the Army, has secured the co-operation of Warden Fox, of Blackwell's Island, to this end: when the men and women "line up" each morning for discharge, the warden selects such as he believes, with his inside knowledge of the situation, to be in the least degree within the scope of the "Prison-Gate's" work, and sends them by a separate boat to another pier, where they are met by special details from the Army's ranks (three men and two women), who, with friendly hand-clasp and urgent appeal, endeavor to encourage and help. Does a man want work? He is sent to one of the Salvation Army's seven Industrial Homes in and about New York, where his self-respect is fostered by work being given him, to make the comfortable shelter and food offered him a matter of earning, not charity. He stays here temporarily, pending the securing of a permanent position.

The soldiers, who serve God and humanity alike, are working inside prison walls as well as outside. Since the fourth of March, four hundred prisoners, already or about to be released, have been approached and given an opportunity for beginning a new life. Of this number, one hundred and twenty-eight have shown some degree of responsiveness in the heart talks which they have had with the representatives of the Mission, and a fair proportion of them have later turned up at the Army's Headquarters, receiving just the help they needed. But very few are capable of skilled labor, such situations as that of waiter, elevator man and dishwasher, being especially sought; in many instances, also, the "tools of the trade" are provided, without which the work in view could not be obtained.

Chaplain Munro, the founder of the Prison Gate, thus tells the story of its founding and transfer: "With the passing of the Prison-Gate Mission to the care of the Salvation Army, I wish to express my great indebtedness to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its proprietor for the success that has attended the work during the past few years. I will always remember with gratitude the encouragement, sympathy and material help extended toward the work during its most trying moments. During the past few months, the work of the Prison-Gate Mission has increased so rapidly as to require several more helpers to carry it on successfully, and, as I could not devote any more time to it myself, I concluded, after consulting several friends, that it would be best to pass it over to some other organization. Early in January I entered into negotiations with the Salvation Army, and, after a little delay, the work of the Prison-Gate Mission, with the same name and purpose for which it was originally organized, was placed in the hands of the Army, February 1, 1906.

"No rescue work in this city has given such splendid returns as the Prison-Gate Mission for the very small outlay expended on it. It is certainly very gratifying to know that from its beginning God's blessing has been upon it. As Chaplain of the Tombs Prison, I had opportunities of meeting men before and after their return from prison. One of the last things convicted men would say to me was, 'When I serve my time will you try and get me a job?' It pained me not to be able to answer this question in a satisfactory manner. But I thought of it hundreds of times, without knowing what to do. I have met men known as backsliders in crime, who told me, with tears in their eyes, that if work had been given them when they came out of prison they never would have gone back to the old life again. Nobody would employ them, and the pangs of hunger drove them back to crime, to get food and shelter. When I thought of these things I asked God on my knees what he would have me do for the ex-prisoner? And the result was the founding of the Prison-Gate Mission.

"In the latter part of 1898, a broken-down old man was discharged from one of our penal institutions in the Adirondacks. He had spent nearly a score of years in prison. He was disheartened, because he had made

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The New Headquarters of the Prison-Gate Mission

THE EASTER TOMB

Continued from preceding page

garden surrounding the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea? Why, this is the lesson: If we can only bring our Risen Lord into touch with the entrenched armies of sin, he will scatter the satanic hosts as he made the Roman guard drop before him in the sunrise burst of that first Easter morn. Oh, my friends, will this not be your purpose, that Christ may triumph over all the forces of evil entrenched in our city streets?

We can never rid this world of sin, unless we make the Risen Christ our leader and companion. Almost everywhere we turn, even among the beautiful flowers about the tomb of the dead Christ, we can hear the hiss of the serpent, the touch of whose fang means eternal death, unless the wound is healed by divine medicament. Bishop Meade relates how one day he was out walking in a beautiful garden with a young lady. "Oh, Bishop," she cried, "look at that lovely flower." With that she reached over to a bush heavily laden with the most exquisite roses. She reached far forward to pluck the most beautiful of all, when suddenly, out of that bush there darted the fang of a snake and fastened itself upon her arm. So in the world about us. Even in the most beautiful of flower-gardens we find the satanic serpents wriggling, twisting, hissing, as the Roman guard was encamped about the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea from "Black Friday" to Easter morn. Oh, my friends, will you not strive to bring forth this Risen Christ and let him make sin under the flash of his eye crouch and trample and die?

And if it is important to let the Risen Christ come forth to scatter sin out of the hearts of the human race, how much more important is it to let him come in touch with our own hearts, and make us pure and true and good and noble and Christian. There is a beautiful legend told, that, many years ago, a poor, blind pilgrim was journeying towards Jerusalem, the City of Peace. After he had been many days and weeks and months on his way he met another traveller going that way. This stranger said, "Friend, submit thyself to me and I will guide thee to the City of Peace and give to thee whatsoever thou wilt ask." After the twain had journeyed on for some days more, at last the pilgrim, utterly wearied, turned and said, "Oh, good friend, thou who hast said that thou wilt do everything for me if I submit myself to thy will, open for me my blind eyes." The stranger said, "I will. 'Blind eyes, be ye opened.'" Instantly, the blind man opened his eyes, and he saw that he had been walking along the edge of a precipice. And he saw that his guide was Jesus Christ.

Lord Jesus, at this Eastertide we are pilgrims. We are journeying to the New Jerusalem, the City of Peace. We are journeying thither by the way of the garden, in the midst of which stands a rifled tomb. We are blinded by sin. We are lost and we want a guide. Oh, Thou Christ, who didst appear unto Mary Magdalene, come to our rescue. Open our blind eyes. Cry unto us as thou didst to the sinful woman of old: "Thy sins are forgiven thee. Go in peace." Grant us this prayer, oh Jesus. And may thy angel, who spoke to Mary Magdalene and Mary the mother of James, speak to us in thy name the glorious message of our sins forever pardoned and forever past.

"SOMETHING MAKES US GAZE IN WONDER"

SOMETHING makes us gaze in wonder on the dappled Eastern sky,
There are notes of joy and laughter in the brook that hurries by;
Winter's scars upon the hillside, and the looks of fields forlorn,
Now are changed by flowers and bird-songs on this grateful Easter morn.

Lawns and fields and trees are brightened by a spirit wholly new,
The broad sky from its horizon domes the earth with purest blue,
And a fragrant touch of softness from the far-off tropic seas
Comes in warming, wooing wavelets on the April-wafted breeze.

It is Life from Death returning, it is "seed time's" holy trust,
It is faith that Life is primal, and shall triumph over Dust;
That the seeming earthly losses are not fashioned to remain,
But at last a Resurrection makes Life's knotty problems plain.

In the wonder and the sweetness of that life in Nazareth,
Nature joins and holds the forces that shall triumph over Death;
And her symbols, dear and dearer to the dullest eyes appear,
In the earth's new painted glories, never failing, year by year!

JOEL BENTON.

Jesus, the Penitent Sinner's Friend

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON, BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS*

ONE day, when Jesus was a guest in Simon's house, a sinful woman came in to seek him. She was in a repentant mood, and wanted her past to be forgiven, so that she might lead a good life. Scornful looks were cast upon her by every man at the feast save Jesus, for they knew that she was a sinner.

When she looked at Jesus, she saw her opportunity of doing something for him, for he alone had the dust of travel upon his feet; all of the other guests had had their feet washed with water provided by Simon. But Jesus had been slighted in the foot washing. The woman, seeing his soiled feet, knelt down, and washed them with her tears, and wiped them with her hair, for water and towel she had none. And that was not enough. She brought out from the folds of her garments a vase of costly perfume such as women of her class carried to enhance their charms, and she poured it upon the feet of Jesus. By that act she proclaimed that she would no longer live as in the past.

The perfume filled the room, and so increased the scorn of the men, that Jesus felt he must speak, and he addressed himself to Simon, the master of the feast. He did not at first refer to the woman, but asked Simon a question concerning two debtors who owed money to the same creditor; one owed five hundred pence, and the other fifty. Jesus said the creditor forgave both debtors, and asked Simon which man after that had the most love for their creditor. Simon answered, "Of course, the man who had been forgiven the larger debt." Then Jesus said to Simon: "So it is with this woman. She has a large debt of sin to be forgiven, and so she loves much, while I am thinking your life is so good, you have little or nothing to ask forgiveness for. And so you have not even been courteous to me, neglecting the attentions which you have given your other guests."

Jesus then said to the woman: "Thy sins are forgiven. Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace." And the woman went out to her home, and from that time forward she never went back to her evil ways. There is a tradition that she joined herself to the band of holy women whose lives were filled with kind deeds for prisoners and others in sore distress.

She sat and wept with her untressed hair,
Still wiped the feet she was so blessed to touch:
And he wiped off the soiling of despair
From her sweet soul, because she loved him much.

Illustration and Application

In order to get the full force of the lesson picture, which sets the repentant sinner in contrast with the proud Pharisee, several other pictures giving the same contrast in varied form should be hung in the same gallery of thought, and all should be viewed together. [Four frames on blackboard or pad will help the imagination to paint these word pictures.] In one picture we see two men who have gone up to the temple, the one to brag the other to pray, "God be merciful to me a sinner" (Luke 18: 13).

One nearer to God's altar trod,
The other to the altar's God.

The parable of the prodigal and the prodigal's brother tells the same story (Luke 15: 11). So does the story of the woman taken in adultery, accused by Pharisees, who disappeared when Christ wrote their own sins in the sand (John 8: 2-11). Again we see the same contrast on the cross in the penitent and impenitent thief. All these are but illustrations of one text, "God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble" (James 4: 6).

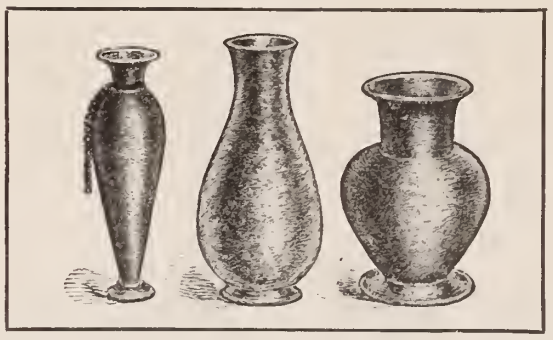
What is it like in Nature? Turgeneff, the Russian novelist, one day went out hunting golden pheasants with his father. One was seen; he fired and wounded it, then followed it into a thicket, where, with the instinct of the mother, she was trying to reach the nest where her young brood was huddled. She reached them, spread herself upon them, her head toppled over, and she died. Turgeneff there and then vowed he would never again destroy any living creature, and he kept his vow. Are we anywhere assured that the proud Pharisees, who scorned the sinful but repentant woman, refrained thereafter from bitterness toward women of her class? Did they take to heart the lesson Jesus tried to teach them? No, they went on in the same hard, critical way, holding down those who were already down.

"O Spirit, thou knowest what is in me. What is weak, strengthen. What is low, raise and support."

An old monk in the garden of Gethsemane told me, in the garden one moonlight night, that the tradition had been handed down through all the ages, and he believed that it was true, that on the night when David uttered this text, "Oh, that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest;" Ps. 55: 6, over and over there was a pigeon, a golden pigeon, with a broken wing, upon the roof of his house. It could not fly, but the bird with a broken wing arose and sailed into the sunset. If that tradition were true, how it would illustrate this thought! David had a broken wing, and so had the woman of this lesson. God gives the penitent grace to rise, despite the broken wing.

"This woman, since the time I came in, has not ceased to kiss my feet"

What is it like in Common Life? There was an unusual stir on the platform of a little country station. A desperate-looking prisoner was struggling for freedom, proving himself almost a match for two stalwart policemen. Among those looking on was a wee girl, who held her father's hand more tightly, as they approached the struggling man. Presently his strength was spent, and he lay back exhausted. At that moment



Oriental Alabaster Jars

little Evelyn stepped up to him and said, "Man, I am sorry for you." In a moment she was back at her father's side. The convict's eyes followed the child who had spoken to him so kindly. As Evelyn walked up and down with her father, again she came near the prisoner. "Man, I love you," she whispered, and once more she was gone. A third time she came up to him. "Man, Jesus Christ loves you too," she said in her sweet, gentle way.

The train came up. Without making any resistance, the prisoner stumbled into a car, and, as the policemen said, "became as meek as a lamb." The sudden change in the convict's conduct mystified them all. They questioned the man about it, and with a surprised look, he said, "Why, that little girl said as how she loved a miserable fellow like me, and how Jesus Christ loved me too, and what more do I want?"

A man once stopped a preacher in a street of London, and said: "I once heard you preach in Paris, and you said something which I have never forgotten, and which has, through God, been the means of my conversion." "What was that?" said the preacher. "It was that the latch was on our side of the door. I had always thought that God was a hard God, and that we must do something to propitiate him. It was a new thought to me that Christ was waiting for me to open to him."

What is it like in History? An African chief one day ordered a slave to be killed, for a very small offense. An Englishman who overheard the order offered the chief many costly things if only he would spare the poor man's life. But the chief turned to him and said, "I don't want ivory, or slaves, or gold; I can go against yonder tribe and capture their stores and their villages. I want no favors from the white man. All I want is blood."

Then he ordered one of his men pull his bowstring, and discharge an arrow at the heart of the poor slave. The Englishman instinctively threw himself in front and held up his arm, and the next moment the arrow was quivering in the white man's flesh. Then, as the Englishman pulled the arrow from his arm, he said to the chief: "Here is blood; I give my blood for this poor slave, and I claim his life."

The chief gave the slave to the white man, saying, "Yes, white man, you have bought him with your blood, and he shall be yours." In a moment the poor slave threw himself at the feet of his deliverer, and with tears flowing down his face exclaimed, "O, white man, you have bought me with your blood; I will be your slave forever!" The Englishman could never make him take his freedom. Wherever he went the slave was beside him, and no drudgery was too hard, no task too hopeless for the grateful slave to do for his deliverer. And so the sinful woman who had been forgiven much, did the part of the servant, washing the feet of Jesus with tears of heart-felt penitence, because she lacked water, and wiping them with her hair, lacking a towel.

The failure of Pharisaic forms and philosophy to save men is illustrated in the ineffective religions of philosophic India. "The discovery of India by Dias in 1486, brought to light a vast empire, which for centuries had been intensely religious, and just as deeply corrupt. If anywhere, certainly in that land of teeming millions, it has been made clear that men need more than a philosophy in order to live a true life, and be brought back to God. To India, philosophy is native. Brahmanism and Buddhism, to which India's millions are devoted, are skilful systems of the most profound and subtle philosophy, metaphysics, and worldly wisdom.

"No class of people ever so tested a philosophical religion as did those of India, and consequently they stand as a fair specimen of what human reason can do. Forty centuries are surely time sufficient to test the merits of a philosophy! And what did it do for India? The answer is found in the vices and superstitions, crimes and ignorance, debasement and corruption prevalent. Philosophy's arm had been proved to be too short to reach down to the depravity, and too weak to lift up the people of India. There is, however, a power in the Gospel, which is able to save to the uttermost. Philosophy will no more save in America than it can in India. But now and always and everywhere, Christ is to all who accept him, whether Oriental or Occidental, wisdom, redemption, and sanctification."

THERE IS A VAST DIFFERENCE

Between being sorry for sin and being sorry you are "caught."

Between confessing your sins and confessing some other fellow's.

Between seeing your own faults and seeing some other person's

Between conversion of the head and conversion of the heart.

*International Sunday School Lesson for April 22, 1906. Jesus the sinner's friend. Luke 7: 36-50. Golden text: "Thy faith hath saved thee: go in peace." Luke 7: 50.

Miss Pamela's Easter Flowers

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

A GROUP of young women lingered in the vestibule of St. Stephen's Church one morning after service. Easter Sunday was two weeks in the foreground, and at the moment there was nothing especially triumphant in sermon or song. The services, in fact, were rather grave, hut no gravity was reflected in the faces of the girls. Their eyes were sparkling, their cheeks flushed, and their voices reached an eager note before Alice Dorset laid a warning hand on the arm of Lucy Elder, and a hush fell upon the circle.

The minister was coming, and they did not wish him to hear anything they said. He was tall and spare, with melancholy dark eyes and a scholarly stoop, his fine head a little gray, although he looked young. The Reverend Eugene Ainslee was a widower, with one little girl. She was seldom distant from his side, except when he was in the pulpit, and then in her black dress, with her long golden curls falling half-way to her waist, she sat all by herself in the pastor's pew, a picturesque little figure, and the magnet of much interested attention.

"How happens it," asked one of the girls, when the minister, passing them with a courteous salutation, had gone on his way, "that Stella is not with her father to-day? I hope the child isn't ill."

No one seemed able to answer, but presently Bertha Payson, who knew about most things in the parish, explained that she had seen Miss Rand, a trained nurse, at the parsonage window that morning, and hazarded the remark that as measles were epidemic, very likely little Stella had taken the infection.

"We are not here to discuss Stella," said Margaret Judson, with emphasis, "but to arrange about the Easter flowers. Mr. Ainslee has publicly requested that no collection be taken for flowers this year, as he feels that all money donated should go either for the new hospital or for foreign missions. The spring has been so late, that we have none of us house plants, to speak of, that will furnish bloom for Easter. There isn't a florist's shop in this town, and if there were that would not help us when we have no money, and I for one, see nothing before us but Easter Sunday without the least adornment. Think of it! Easter Sunday treated just like any common day, without a flower or a palm, or a single extra bit of decoration. To my mind this is positively shocking."

"The choir are making preparations," said Lucy, "and Mr. Cameron will have anthems and carols and two or three exquisite solos. We are to have singers from other places, and the music will be fine."

"Of course," assented Margaret. "Mr. Cameron is a superb choir-master, and St. Stephen's has been noted for its good music as long as anybody can remember. But what are we to do for flowers? I would willingly contribute if I were not so poor. For that matter not one of us is rich, and we cannot go around begging against Mr. Ainslee's expressed and earnest wish."

"Miss Pamela Maynard has a conservatory, and her lilies and azaleas will be in full bloom by Easter," timidly suggested a young lady who had not hitherto spoken. She was Salome Rudd, and lived at Miss Pamela's as companion to that gentlewoman.

Silence fell on the group after Salome had spoken. Every one knew that Miss Pamela had not entered a church on Easter Sunday in fifteen years, and that her flowers were raised and culled only with a view to the ornamentation of the graves in the hillside cemetery, where Miss Pamela's stately kindred slept until the Resurrection day. She had never been known to use a flower for any purpose except this, to her, sacred and sufficient end, the adornment of graves. Weddings and funerals were alike nothing to her, and although she had at one time taken sufficient interest in the community occasionally to send flowers to the sick, she had not done this since the death, three years ago, of her little orphaned niece. This child, Eva Price, had stolen into Miss Pamela's guarded heart, and was gradually wooing her to be more human and more like other people, when, suddenly, with only a day's illness, she had been snatched away.

Salome Rudd had come to live in the dreary house after that event, and desolate enough she found the position offered her by the solitary spinster. Nothing but dire necessity would have induced her to remain in that grim atmosphere, but there were those in her own home to whom the salary she earned meant much of comfort, and something of luxury, and so, in quiet patience, she bore her gloomy lot.

She went straight to Salome Rudd and put her arms about her

As the girls separated and went their several ways to their homes, Salome could not help thinking how lovely it would be if Miss Pamela would send her flowers this year to decorate the church, letting them, if need be, first do duty there, and later waste their sweetness in the upland cemetery, where the white stones glimmered ghost-like in the moonlight, and shone radiantly in the sun. "What good did the flowers do and what did they mean," thought Salome, "to the quiet sleepers under the turf? while massed around the chancel rail and behind the pulpit every leaf and spray, every bud and flower would tell its story of opening life, of spring that follows winter, of morning that follows night, and of heaven that shall follow earth."

Salome had just reached the foot of the hill, at the top of which, among ancestral elms, stood Miss Pamela's ample house, when she met the minister faltering with an odd hesitation, as if he knew not whether to proceed or return, yet evidently bending his steps in the same direction as her own. It was very odd to see Mr. Ainslee falter or hesitate or show the least indecision, for he was a man who made up his mind firmly and went on his way once he thought he was right, with little regard for other people's conclusions. He addressed Salome, lifting his hat and looking at her with a great deal of deference.

"May I walk with you?" he said, "I am going to call on Miss Pamela. My little Stella is very ill, I am afraid, and she has taken a fancy that she will feel better if Miss Pamela will come and see her."

He looked doubtfully, almost entreatingly at Salome, and she glanced at him with blue eyes, full of tears. Hastily she put up her little ungloved hand and brushed the tears away. The wistfulness in her face touched a sympathetic chord in the heart of her companion.

'I know," he said, "that Miss Pamela will not wish to come, but I could not deny Stella. She is very ill."

Salome made no reply. They reached the house together and entered it: the minister taking a seat in the library and Salome going with his message to Miss Pamela, who was moving silently like a shadow among her flowers. She had seen the two come up the avenue together, and turned when Salome approached her, with an inquiry in her still gaze. She was a gaunt woman, with gray hair and a stern expression. "Life," she thought, "had robbed her of everything, leaving her only wealth, and for that she did not care."

Since little Eva died she had grown older and colder and more selfish, day by day. Most people disliked her and she knew it. Most people feared her and she preferred it. Salome both feared and disliked her, and the fact did not in the least distress Miss Pamela, who said to herself that she was not paying for affection or confidence, but only for honest service, and that Salome gave without stint. There was one person in St. Stephen's Church who liked Miss Pamela, and who was not afraid of her. For the last twelvemonth, ever since Mr. Ainslee with his motherless child had been in St. Stephen's parish, the child had shown that she at least cared for Miss Pamela. The pews side by side, and the old woman had many a time seen the child's bright hazel eyes fixed on her lovingly. Once or twice the child's little snowflake of a hand had touched the lady's dark gown. The child did not look at all like the little lost Eva, but something about her was pleasing to the woman who had buried her last darling, and who meant to live in rebellion the rest of her days.

"Mr. Ainslee is downstairs," said Salome. "He wants to see you."

"I am engaged," said Miss Pamela. "Ask Mr. Ainslee to excuse me."

"Little Stella," said Salome, turning in the doorway, "is very ill. Her father fears she may not live. She keeps calling for you. She made him come to ask you if you would not come and see her; but I will tell him that you are engaged, and cannot go."

"You will tell him nothing of the sort. You take too much upon yourself," said Miss Pamela, wrathfully. "Why do you suppose that I will refuse to visit a sick child and that child little Stella Ainslee? Go down and tell Mr. Ainslee to go on without me, and tell Stella that I will be there just as fast as my feet can carry me."

Salome stood transfixed and bewildered. She had never seen Miss Pamela look so alive as she did at that moment. Under her breath she heard Miss Pamela whispering, "She wants me, a child wants me." Then she thought she heard her say, but she must have been mistaken, "From blindness of mind and hardness of heart, Good Lord deliver me. A child cares for me!"

"Cut the prettiest rose in the window and three or four white carnations," she said to Salome; "wrap them up in tissue paper, and have them ready by the time I get on my wraps. I will take them to Stella."

Salome had never before been allowed to touch those sacred flowers. Her hands trembled as she picked up the scissors, but she obeyed her orders. As she saw the old lady go out and walk with rapid steps across the driveway and into the street, following the path the minister had taken, she felt within herself that she had witnessed a miracle. Old bits of Scripture floated into her memory about the lion and the lamb, and the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and a little child shall lead them.

Miss Pamela stayed a long time. The children on the street went back and forth to Sunday School, and the bells chimed for afternoon service. Salome went to the latter, and shook her head when Margaret and Bertha afterwards anxiously asked her what she thought of their writing a note to Miss Pamela with a plea for just a few of her flowers.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 343

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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Humanity's Problem

TALKING with the members of a famous Bible Class a few days ago, the leader remarked that men who think more of their riches than they do of God, violated the first commandment. There was scriptural warrant for his assertion, because we are taught that God claims the first place in every man's heart and soul. That, however, is a question between the rich man's soul and his God, and may properly be left for settlement to the great day of account when every man will receive judgment for the deeds done in the body. It is not for us to anticipate that judgment, but there are aspects of the subject which are of public concern. These are the rich man's relations to his fellows.

When Christ related the parable of Dives and Lazarus he did not charge the rich man with breaking the first, or any other, commandment. He was clad in fine linen and fared sumptuously every day, but he might do that without violating the commandments. His fault was in his indifference to the want and suffering at his doors. He had good qualities, as he showed by his concern for his brothers, and may not have been guilty of special transgressions, but he beheld want without relieving it. It does not appear that he ever thought that the money he wasted in luxury would have provided Lazarus with the necessaries of life. Perhaps, when he saw him—and he could not avoid seeing him, for he was at his very gate—he may have thought that Lazarus had been improvident, or had lacked the faculty of making his way, or was one of the idle, vicious classes, or in some other way have justified his indifference to the man's poverty. Or, more probably, he drove past him without giving him a thought. That was, so far as the parable shows, the whole sum of his wrong-doing. He was indifferent to the other's need.

The picture is not obsolete. If Christ had been in New York the other night, he might have seen on the Bowery a long line of hungry men, waiting at the doors of the Bowery Mission for the repast given out an hour after midnight. It was bitterly cold, an icy wind was blowing, and most of the men were thinly clad. While they waited, an automobile filled with merry men and women, richly dressed and defended from the cold by abundant furs, dashed past. There were the elements of Christ's parable—no evidence of a violated commandment, but complete indifference.

What is to be done? How long will the church and the world remain guilty of this awful indifference? How must it look to the Ruler of the Universe, as He sees some men with more money than they could possibly spend, and others nearly dead of starvation? As He sees that spectacle, does He think of his first commandment? Is not his thought rather, that his creatures are not fulfilling their duty to one another? Will the time never come, when men of sagacity and humanity, not to say of Christianity, will take up this problem and cease talking of the survival of the fittest, cease protesting that they are not their brothers' keepers, and set themselves to its solution?

Sabbath Desecration

DURING the last decade there has been a greater change in Sunday observance, than in all the preceding years back to the time the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock, and, while not advocating a return to the "blue-laws" of the seventeenth century, one cannot but admit that the change has not been for the better. Instead of an American Sunday, we are getting the European Sunday. On the other side of the Atlantic, especially on the Continent, Sunday is not, nor has it been in modern times, a day of rest. People there may, or may not go to church in the morning, but practically all go for a picnic, or to the theatre, or the races, and other places of amusement in the afternoon. The evening resembles a carnival. There is no spirit of worship, no sense of restfulness. With the great influx of foreigners from continental countries, things in America began to take on an European aspect. Amusement places at our beach resorts began to open their doors on the Lord's Day, then we got the Sunday concert, which has now degenerated to the level of an ordinary vaudeville show.

All this involves a great many bad features, and no good ones, so far as we have been able to discover. Our young people must necessarily lose reverence for a day that is devoted to athletic sports and social affairs, while theoretically it stands for something else. The thought of church-going becomes irksome to them, and is finally abandoned altogether. Thousands of people who are entitled to their day of rest are debarred from it, through the selfishness of the amusement seekers. Motormen and conductors must take them to the parks and beaches, and the people who are employed in stores and restaurants must rush themselves to the point of exhaustion, so that on Monday, instead of rising refreshed, and heartened for the week's toil, they appear at their work unfitted for the task before them.

Several organizations have been formed for the protection of the American Sunday, and they are being aided, to a certain extent, by labor bodies, who believe that their members should have the rest accorded to others! Europe is feeling that a reaction must come, unless its people become moral degenerates! In England, the Bishops are preaching against the desecration of the day by fashionable week-end parties, racing and cards being popular Sunday diversions.

If we keep on at the present rate, much that we have gained in national character by keeping Sunday as a holy day, and not as a holiday, will be lost, and, once lost, cannot be regained, unless there comes a marked quickening of the public conscience. Sunday should mean a day that stands apart from the others of the week, when men's thoughts can turn to something higher than the sordidness of money-getting and money-spending, a day for worship, for the reunion of parents and children, a day of preparation for the week to come.

"As a Little Child"

IT would seem to be inevitable that each successive age should produce some "scientific theologian," whose chief purpose in life, apparently, is to assail the Bible and to undermine the fundamental truths of Christianity. Materialism's latest champion has been found in the person of a professor of the University of Chicago, who has written a book in which he attacks the principles of orthodoxy, including the belief in miracles, in prophecies, in Biblical inspiration, in personal faith and in the resurrection of Christ. This accomplished reasoner, who has trained his batteries on what that great Christian statesman, W. E. Gladstone, called "The Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture," has set himself the humanly impossible task of rectifying what he conceives to be popular misconceptions regarding the spiritual world.

We are not surprised that a professor, coming with the unction of the chair upon him, should approach these sacred things in the wrong spirit, and thus should miss the precious truths that are "revealed to babes." The trouble is that many learned critics plant themselves upon the platform of human reason, while the believer is on the higher plane of simple faith. There can be no point of common contact until both get on the same level. Each is surrounded by totally dissimilar elements. To the one, spiritual perception is a meaningless phrase; to the other it is an intense reality, illuminating the whole of life, and endowing it with a new meaning and a fuller and nobler purpose. Tolstoi calls it "the force of life"; Bailey, "a higher faculty than reason"; and Dr. Young declares that it alone can bridge the gulf of death from this world to the next. No man ever realized this vital truth through human scholarship or research, unless divinely guided. "For I say unto you," spake Jesus, "that whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein." It can only come through prayer and the voluntary exercise of simple trust in God—a confidence at which our Chicago professor rebels as illogical. Was not the faith of great inventors in many instances denounced as illogical? Yet their dreams came to pass.

It is clear, from the quotations we have seen, that the professor's inquiry has led him to mistake ecclesiasticism for Christianity, and to confound credulity and superstition with the faith of the simple. He cannot conceive of other than material methods and experiences. Yet, we feel assured that if, fortunately, he should be led into the light of the Gospel, all his difficulties would vanish like the mists at sunrise. His "eyes would be opened," and he would see as never before, the Divine message coming down to man by inspiration through the ages, and culminating in the life, sacrifice and resurrection of Jesus, the Saviour of the world. He would see that "not many wise after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called, but God chose the foolish things of the world, that He might put to shame them that are wise." He would then know that Science and Revelation are one, and that there is no true revelation without science, and no true science without revelation.

We are about to celebrate the anniversary of Resurrection Week—next to the Nativity the most glorious of all Christian celebrations. To the countless millions of believers throughout the world—who have sprung from that little company in Jerusalem—the Resurrection is the keystone of the spiritual life. They live in Christ, and they rejoice in the knowledge of a Risen Saviour who has triumphed over death. They rejoice in the Bible, which stands secure and enduring because it is God's Word. They rejoice that Christianity is making progress; that it has withstood the assaults of two thousand years successfully, and that it thrives the better for opposition. They rejoice also that, almost without exception, the great leaders in the movements for the world's betterment, here and in other lands, are beginning to recognize in the teachings and example of Jesus Christ the only solution of the troubles that afflict society. Thus, both in a spiritual and in a social sense, is Christ being acknowledged as the Deliverer, the Uplifter, the Saviour, the Regenerator of the race.

The Famine's Death Roll

WHAT has been dreaded in the Japanese famine is now coming to pass. In the daily newspapers of Tokio and other large cities there is now printed the goomy death-roll of victims who have already perished of starvation and cold. It is a long winter in these cold, northern latitudes, and the ground is usually white with snow until the middle of May. With the famine already at its worst stage, and dreary weeks of suffering in prospect, the outlook is ominous, unless the people in those foodless homes, not yet reached, are promptly succored. After June, the Committee tells us, conditions will improve, although the distress will continue to be felt until October, the time of the next harvest.

Meanwhile, the inevitable death-roll will continue to grow daily. Old and young, the strong and the weak, cannot long survive such terrible privations as these poor peasants have had to face during the last ten weeks. Surely, death can come in no sadder form than sheer starvation and cold. The pens of descriptive writers and the pencils of sympathetic native artists have vainly attempted to picture the scenes in these peasant homes, but the things that would reveal the worst are far too sacred to be touched. Who can picture the agony of the mothers, as they watch their little ones dying for lack of food? Yet even the crumbs that are swept up from many an American table would make a feast for these hapless ones.

Through the prompt generosity of the contributors to the Relief Fund, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is this week enabled to cable $25,000 more to the famine field. We pray that this, added to previous benefactions, may be the means of saving thousands of lives, and greatly diminishing the extent of the suffering.

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Egypt's Treasure Trove

ONE of the most interesting discoveries of ancient relics in recent years is just reported from Egypt. Mr. Theodore M. Davis, Mr. Quibell, and M. Maspero were present at the opening of a tomb discovered in the Valley of the Kings last month, which proved to be that of the father and mother of a queen. In the dim past, when the Israelites were mourning the death of Joshua, whom they had just buried in the hill Gaash, there was a Pharaoh reigning in Egypt named Amenhotep III. He married a lady whom he styled Queen Tii, who became famous because of her efforts to change the religion of the Egyptians, and was bitterly hated by the people for that reason. When her parents died, she had them embalmed, and was about to give them royal sepulture, when there was a national protest. She accordingly seized a tomb that was being prepared for some noble of the time, and put her parents in that, to await the time when they could be peaceably removed to some grander resting-place. That time never came, and they remained where they were first placed. It is that tomb which this year, more than three thousand years later, has been opened to the light of day.

The chief interest of the discovery consists in the light it sheds on the daily life of the period. Queen Tii was evidently greatly hurried about the obsequies, but she took care that her parents should be amply provided with all they might need during their sojourn in the tomb. She seems to have put there all the furniture of their house, concerned that nothing they had been used to have, should be omitted. There was no order or arrangement, but everything was crowded in, probably in the hope that all might be put in order afterwards. Even a chariot, slain by breaking its pole, was included. A bedstead, richly carved, and two chairs, curiously like the modern fashion, were there. With these was a trunk for clothing, and an exquisite embroidery stand, inlaid with ivory and supported by four decorated legs. Provision had also been made for the appetites of the dead. Mummies of ducks, legs of mutton, and other meats, and seventy-two hermetically sealed jars full of rich fruits were placed near at hand. Queen Tii had also remembered the rank of her parents, and had put in their tomb models of servants, garbed according to their position and duties, to wait on them.

The mummied bodies of the couple, inscribed with their names, Ioua and Tioua, were in an excellent state of preservation, though thirty centuries had passed since they were laid in that tomb. They were old people, and may have remembered the mourning over the first-born and the catastrophe when the Egyptian army was drowned in the Red Sea. The woman's face looked wistful, the man's strong featured and keen. Little had they thought in their lives, that the secret of immortality that they sought so eagerly was with the God of the poor despised people whom they had enslaved. All the loving care of their royal daughter had availed nothing, and they had lain among the medley of food and treasure through the centuries, while the world went its way and empires rose and fell.

Also their love, and their hatred, and their envy, had perished; neither have they any more a portion for ever in anything that is done under the sun (Eccles. 9. 6).

A Richly Carved Chair — Model of a Servant — Ancient Embroidery Stand

Relics From a Tomb in Egypt Three Thousand Years Old

An Ancient Bond

A press dispatch from Worcester, Mass., reports the good fortune of a citizen who happens to be the possessor of a government bond long believed to have been lost. It appears that in 1780, a family of some distinction in New England, one member of which became the first Mayor of Boston, lent the Government $10,000, receiving in return bonds of $20 denomination, bearing no date of redemption. One of these bonds fell into the hands of a citizen of Worcester, who kept it as a curiosity. He was advised to send it to Washington for redemption. Scarcely expecting that its validity would be recognized, he sent it, and it is now reported that it is believed to be good. The treasury officers have not yet finally decided upon it, but thus far find no flaw. The accumulated compound interest upon it, if it is accepted, will raise its value to upwards of twelve thousand dollars. Such instances of appreciation are rare, but the time is coming when they will sink into insignificance compared with the results of investments that God will honor.

Do good and lend, hoping for nothing again, and your reward shall be great and ye shall be the children of the Highest (Luke 6: 35).

Prayer Speedily Answered

One of those sad instances of lost daughters, now, alas, becoming alarmingly frequent in our great cities, occurred in New York last week. A mother whose daughter, only fifteen years of age, had been absent from home for three days, was almost distracted with grief. Search was made for her in all the places that she was likely to visit, but no tidings of her could be obtained. Weary with her search and broken-hearted, the mother, instead of going to her desolated home, turned into a church on East Fourteenth Street to pray for her child's return. She knelt a long time weeping as she prayed. At last she rose from her knees to go home, and to her astonishment, as she passed down the church, she saw her lost daughter kneeling in a pew. The two went out together and the daughter told her sad story. It was the usual one of an infatuation, an elopement and a realization of her sin. She had escaped, and was running home when it occurred to her that she had no right to expect a welcome. She went into the church to pray that her mother's heart might be softened toward her. Her prayer, like her mother's, had been instantly answered according to the promise.

Before they call I will answer: and while they are yet speaking I will hear (Isa. 65: 24).

To Europe by Rail

The project of a railroad to connect America with Europe has been revived, and appears to have enlisted hearty support in Russia. It is now stated that the engineers who have studied the plans see no insuperable obstacle in them. The critical part of the scheme is, of course, the tunnel under Behring Strait, where the American line of railroad would cross to Siberia. The two points of land are about thirty-six miles apart and there is an average depth of water of 180 feet. There are, however, three islands in the middle of the strait which would facilitate the construction of a tunnel. It would be possible by their means to divide the under sea journey in half, which would be an advantage in construction and operation. The length of each tunnel would be about eighteen miles. Since the construction of the tunnel under the Alps, which is over nine miles long, the project of making a tunnel twice that length, does not seem impossible. The question of the financial benefit has been considered and has been pronounced hopeful. There are vast stretches of land in Siberia which are said to be of boundless mineral wealth, at present wholly undeveloped. If they were traversed by a railroad their value would be vastly increased. Travellers would probably still continue to go to Europe by sea, but it is thought that the freight would make the experiment a paying one. The cost, of course, would be enormous, but it would be small in comparison with the cost of a great war and the end to be achieved would be far nobler. The subjugation of nature and the triumph over such difficulties may be the achievement that the twentieth century will boast.

Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world (Ps. 19: 4).

Caught in a Trap

One of the workmen employed in the construction of the tunnel under the Hudson River, from Jersey City, N. J., to New York, had an unpleasant experience recently. He was alone in the lock in which men are placed to prevent the outer air being too great a transition from the compressed air in which they work in the caisson. Usually many are there at the same time, who know how the complicated machinery works, but through some inadvertence this man was alone. The apparatus is such that one door cannot be opened unless the opposite door leading to the shaft is closed. The man did not know this. Through the bull's eye in the side of the lock he could be seen tugging at the door that leads to the outer air. Then he would sit down on a little bench, and drop his head in his hands in an attitude of despair. The men outside shouted to him to close the other door, but he could not hear them. They wrote on paper the same directions, and held them close to the bull's eye, but either he could not read or did not understand English. It seemed for some hours that the only way of saving the man's life was to destroy the costly mechanism. Happily, however, it was remembered that his brother was living in Jersey City. He was sent for, and on his arrival, was informed of the difficulty, and the means of escape. He called out the directions in Polish, and the door was speedily opened. The man had been more than twelve hours in the lock, and was very weak, but soon recovered. His plight was like that described by Bunyan, of the Pilgrims, who got out of Giant Despair's dungeon by using the key of Promise, that they had had about them all the time. So it is with the heathen who undergo tortures in the hope of gaining salvation, until by the glad news that the missionaries take to them they are delivered.

Where there is no vision the people perish (Prov. 29 : 18).

BRIEF NOTES

Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, the son and successor of Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, is expected to visit this country next summer. He will preach in Tremont Temple during July and August.

Major George A. Hilton has been holding services in Newark, N. J., at the Sixth Presbyterian Church. Efforts are being made to secure his services for tent work during the summer.

A Sunday School Convention will be held in Broadway Tabernacle, New York, April 26-28. Among the speakers will be Dr. C. E. Jefferson, Dr. William B. Forbush, Dr. F. N. Peloubet of Boston, and President George B. Stewart, of Auburn Seminary

Rev. E. J. Peck, a missionary, who has lived thirty years among the Esquimaux of the Arctic regions, says that his most successful service was in a church made of sealskins sewed together and stretched over a framework of whale's ribs. The furniture of the church was of boards laid across empty provision boxes.

Questions at a Revival Meeting

By George T. B. Davis

ONE of the most interesting meetings held since the beginning of the Philadelphia revival occurred a few days ago, when Dr. Torrey devoted the entire time at the noonday meeting for business men to answering questions sent in by people from all over the city. A large audience of about 1,500 business men and women gathered to hear the evangelist. One of the most interested listeners was Mr. John Wanamaker.

Dr. Torrey being asked by an interrogator how the whale could have swallowed Jonah, replied by telling how a man had been present in one of his meetings in Minneapolis, who had been in the belly of a whale for ten hours, and had been finally extricated in an unconscious condition, but recovered and lived for years afterward. He further told of a shark fifteen feet long, which had been found inside of a dead whale.

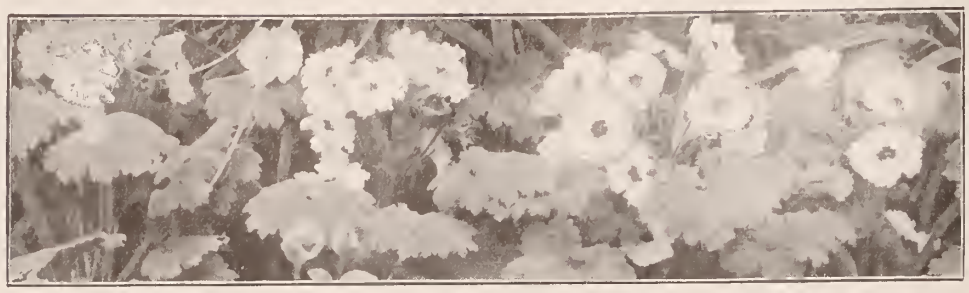
"What caused light before the sun, moon and stars were created?" he was asked.

"There was cosmic light before there was solar light, if the nebular hypothesis is true, and that is the commonly accepted hypothesis. And any man that talks about the Bible because it talks of light before the sun, is simply exhibiting his ignorance of science."

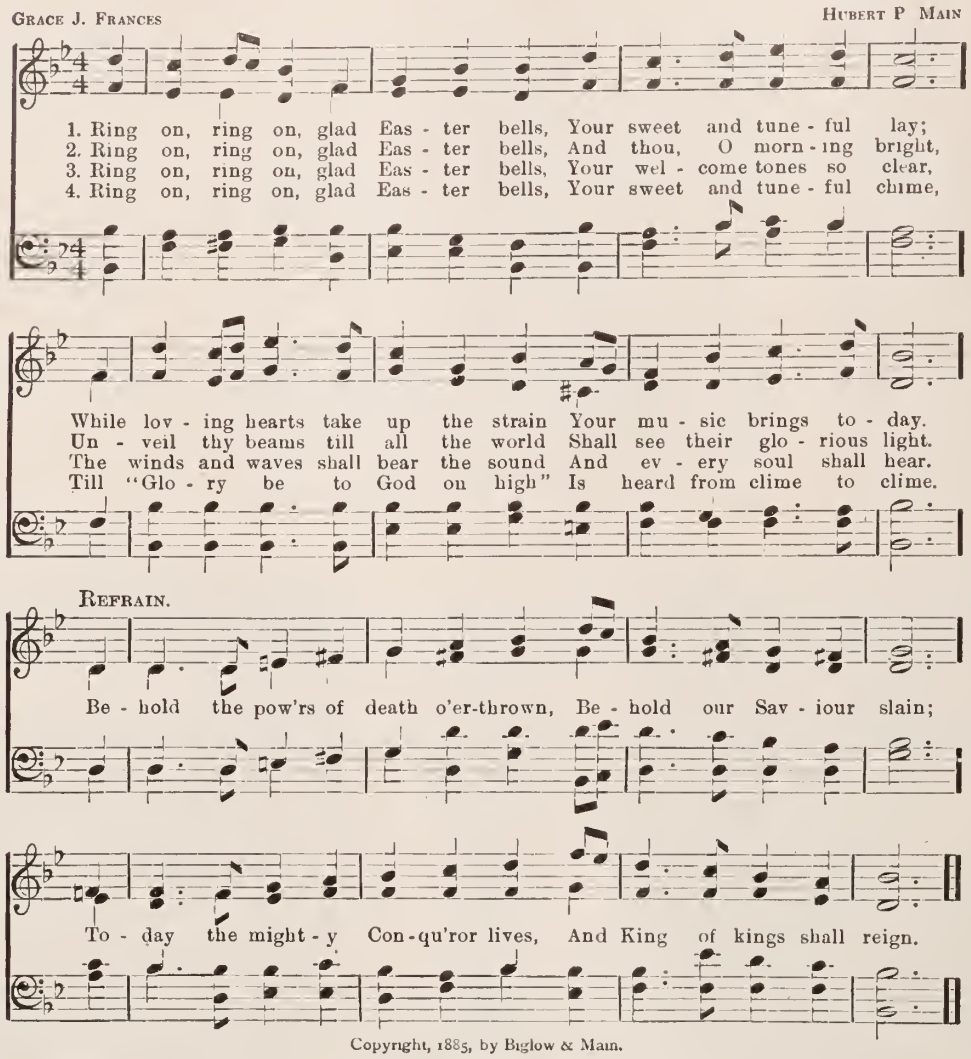
"Was God a man that could talk, or how did Adam and the prophets hold conversation with him?"

"God is a person, not a man, and he can talk. He has talked to me. I think he has talked to some of you—told you to quit your sin. You had better do it, and then if you will surrender your will to him, he will talk to you about some better things."

Continued on last column



Ring On, Glad Easter Bells



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Questions at a Revival Meeting

Continued from first column

Being asked about Abraham Lincoln's belief in the atonement, Dr. Torrey said:

"It is not my business to pass judgment upon any person, but if he did not accept Jesus Christ, he would have the same destiny as anyone else who did not accept Christ as his Saviour. I have reason, however, for believing that Abraham Lincoln did accept Jesus Christ as his Saviour."

God's Spirit is being mightily poured out at the revival meetings. Men of high position, as well as outcasts and drunkards, are being saved. Two recent converts at the Armory were prominent politicians in the southern part of the city. At an afternoon testimony meeting at the Academy of Music, a man arose and told how both the converts had given beautiful testimonies.

The articles in The Christian Herald are proving a blessing and are arousing a longing and prayer for a great national revival. One reader writes me from far-off Nova Scotia, saying: "I have been following Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander in their work for some time, and my soul is fired to do something more than I have been doing. I have been doing some mission work for the past twenty years, but not until the last year have I given myself entirely up to the work. I have read some of your articles in The Christian Herald and have been blessed in reading them. I am praying God to bless the work there and all over the whole country. Oh! for a baptism of fire from on high!"

It is stated that in one Pennsylvania town 100 persons have been converted by reading the reports of the meetings.

JAPAN'S FAMINE DEATH-ROLL GROWS

IT is evident, from many indications, that the crisis of the great Japanese famine in the three northeastern provinces is near at hand. Government and local aid, the generosity of foreigners in Japan, and the contributions from abroad are all doing their work, yet the tide of suffering has not been appreciably diminished. Reports indicate the spread of the famine among all classes in the affected districts, and the black death-roll, which Japanese pride would fain have hidden, has begun to be printed in the daily newspapers.

The Sendai Missionary Committee, on March 30, cabled to The Christian Herald as follows:

"Famine has reached worst stage. Easier from end of June, but distress will continue until October."

This week The Christian Herald has forwarded by cable, through our State Department, direct to the famine field, another remittance of **$25,000**, making a total of **$130,500** cabled to date from the Relief Fund contributed by our readers. A cablegram from Rev. C. S. Davison, of the Sendai Committee, conveys the welcome news that the gifts from foreign lands have "touched the hearts of the nation and relieved much suffering."

The contributors have thus the satisfaction of knowing that their gifts are being applied, without diminution or delay, to the work of life-saving, and that every dollar they have sent may be the means of rescuing some poor Japanese from the fate which has already overtaken so many unfortunates.

According to the Tokio *Manichi*, a prominent paper, the situation in the famine provinces is far worse than has been described. Many of the poor people in that province are meeting death by freezing or starvation. Within a period of ten days (from February 1 to 10), according to official report, in the Miyagi prefecture, the following deaths from these causes were officially reported. No one knows how many met a like fate, unknown to the authorities:

Inasabiro Saio, a man fifty years old, of Taka Kura, Shida County; frozen to death.

Nao Kimura, a woman fifty-four years old, Sanbruki, Shida County; frozen to death.

Ei Iwayama, a woman fifty-five years old, Kozaki Shibata County; died from freezing.

A Man, about fifty years old, was found dead of starvation in the woods of Tomioka, Shibata County.

A Woman, of fifty-four years, was found dead near Kaminabu Railway, of Shibata County, of starvation.

A Man, about sixty, was found dead of starvation at Wakuya, Tooda County.

An Aged Man is found dead at Nakawaku, Tonda County; cause, starvation and freezing.

A Man, about fifty, was found dead of starvation in the garden of the Hakusan Shinto temple, Numabe, Tanda County.

A Man (famine victim, middle-aged), was found dead of freezing in a field of Moto Wakuya, Tanda County.

A Woman (famine victim, forty-two years old), was found dead of freezing at Shizukawa, Moto Yoshi County.

The Wife of Kinji Endo, Ichikuri, Tamatsukuri County; died of starvation. Next day, Kinji, her husband, also died of hunger, leaving a child twelve years old.

Yosaburo Endo, of the same village as the above, died of starvation, leaving a son, Komutaro, eleven years old.

A Tokio cable dispatch gives this description of conditions in the famine provinces:

> The local authorities are trying to provide work for the able bodied, but the extent of the work is inadequate, and thousands are still on the verge of starvation. The contributions from American sympathizers are already effective, and the relief, in the form of food and clothing, is received with the heartiest appreciation.
>
> Many parents are parting with their children, sending them to the already crowded Okayama Orphanage. The severity of the suffering undergone by the children is clearly shown in the faces of those who are compelled to leave their homes, where the food consists of flour mixed with straw and weeds.

On March 27, the total number of persons classed as famine sufferers was as follows: Fukushima, 483,588 sufferers; Miyagi, 284,865 sufferers; Iwate, 190,492 sufferers; total, 938,945. This is the latest official estimate, but it is well known that there are many thousands more who suffer in silence, and strive to keep their misery from becoming known. The officials admit that the actual number of sufferers calling for aid exceeds **1,000,000.** Food and clothing are needed in a majority of cases. Assistance, both private and official, is active, but entirely inadequate to the necessities of the occasion.

In a late issue, the Japanese *Graphic* (a leading illus-

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

How Japan's Artists See the Famine

Sketches by Native Artists of Actual Scenes on the Famine Field. See description below

trated publication) prints a series of pathetic pictures of famine scenes, drawn from life by its own artists, who accompanied the officials during their visits to the famine fields. Several of these pictures are reproduced in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to-day, and they show far more eloquently than words the true situation as it strikes the educated Japanese observer. Some of the *Graphic's* pictures, if printed here, would bring a shock to sympathetic Americans, but these we have not reproduced.

Several of the illustrations show conditions in the villages where the sufferers seem to have little choice between freezing and starving. Not the least touching in this group of realistic sketches of the famine is the picture (1) showing the interior of a village school at Iihi. Some of the pupils are attending to their lessons, with their baby brothers or sisters strapped to their backs. Few of the number, in all likelihood, have been able to bring even a scrap of food with them for lunch. But this has been a common occurrence during these terrible weeks and months of famine. A scene at Moji-mura, another village, is depicted in No. 2. "It was a pitiful sight," wrote the artist. "The poor mother and her child clasped in each other's arms were waiting for the coming of gruel, which is daily distributed to the sufferers." Another scene (3) shows the wife of a soldier at Ouchi-mura. She has tried to support her sick and aged parents and her four children while her husband was away fighting for his land. She bore up bravely till the famine came. Saddest of all, in a certain sense, is the scene shown in No. 4, which the artist thus describes: Umezu Kesagoro, a brave soldier, has just come back from Manchuria, to find that during his absence his wife has died. His old father is caring for the two little children, one a babe, and all three are on the verge of starvation. There are, alas! too many cases like that of Kesagoro. Illustration No. 5 gives us a glimpse of the desperate condition of affairs at Shinobu-gori, Fukushima province, where crowds of famishing people are seen demanding relief at the village office. One scene (No. 6), shows how a few generous citizens of Furukawa-machi (in Myagi province), saved their starving fellow-villagers by gifts of rice.

A touching incident connected with the famine relief work occurred recently in New York City. Mr. Frank A. Vivanti, a gentleman who had travelled much in Japan, wrote an appeal in behalf of the Japanese peasants. He died soon after finishing his plea, but his message of Christ-like sympathy will continue to do its work in behalf of the afflicted people.

All contributions should be addressed to

JAPAN RELIEF FUND,
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
92 Bible House, New York

Contributions will be acknowledged in these pages.

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THE CHARIOTS OF THE LORD

A Story of the days of Religious Persecution in England

By JOSEPH HOCKING

Summary of Preceding Chapters

During the reign of James II., whose father, Charles I., was beheaded in the revolution under Oliver Cromwell, a determined effort was made by the King to win England to Roman Catholicism. He persecuted the Protestants and had a willing instrument in Lord Jeffreys, an ignorant man, who had been raised to the bench by the King. The story opens with a scene in his court, in which the hero, Benedict Trelawney, denounced Jeffreys to his face, as an unjust judge. He was committed to prison. On his way he was enabled to escape by a girl, who told him her name was Mary. She guided him to the house of a Protestant, who gave him shelter and introduced him to another refugee, a Scotchman named Donald Stewart. On the following day he received his sword, which had been taken from him, and found upon it a message from the girl who had saved him, asking him to meet her that night at a certain place. Trelawney met her and she begged him to have nothing to do with a conspiracy against the king, in which the man who had given him shelter, was engaged. He suspects that she is the daughter of Lord Jeffreys, but cannot get her to acknowledge it. Disregarding her advice, he proceeds to a secret chamber, in which the conspirators are assembled. He is chosen to accompany Donald Stewart to Holland, where they are to meet the Duke of Monmouth, a natural son of Charles II., and invite him to England to oust his uncle from the throne. Monmouth welcomes Trelawney and gives him a command in the army which is going to invade England. In the battle that ensues on Monmouth's landing in England, the King's forces defeat the invaders, and Monmouth deserts his supporters and flies. Trelawney overtakes him and reproaches him, but without result. Guided by a comrade named Ridgeway, he finds a hiding-place underground, where they are fed for several days by a girl who is betrothed to Ridgeway. The girl promises to bring them disguises and aid them to escape. But to their surprise, she leaves them alone for several days, and when she did come, is followed.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued

"BETRAYED! Save yourself," cried Ridgeway; this was followed by a gurgling noise.

Soon Trelawney felt his feet on *terra firma*, and in the darkness he saw two men coming towards him.

For a moment he knew not what to do. In the excitement it seemed to him as though he had lost his power to act.

"Quick! take him!" said a voice which he knew well, and which made his blood rush through his veins madly.

"Escape, Trelawney, they've got me," cried Ridgeway, and then he felt his strength and power of action return to him.

He gave a leap over the brush-covered *debris*, while he heard savage oaths come from the dark forms which he dimly saw in the darkness of the night.

"After him. You know what Captain Faversham said."

It was Mary Jeffreys' voice, and to the young man it was full of mocking cruelty. At that moment everything was plain to him. She had somehow obtained the secret of their hiding-place from Martha Bagshaw and then had communicated with the soldiers. They dared not rush upon him while he stood at the mouth of the shaft, but now they would follow him like sleuth-hounds.

He rushed madly on; now stumbling over great rocks, which had been hidden by the growth of years, and again, making progress as he passed an open place. But he had little hope of escape. His pursuers were close upon him, and they were two to one. Still, he was fleet of foot, and he determined to sell his liberty, and most likely his life, as dearly as possible. He drew his sword as he ran, the sword which Mary Jeffreys had returned to him, and vowed that he would give a good account of himself before he should be taken prisoner.

"Stop, in the King's name."

He ran straight on, never heeding the command.

"Stop, I tell you," again panted the voice behind him.

But he still ran on, feeling sure that whatever the upshot of the race might be, he was outstripping them.

It seemed to Benedict Trelawney like fatality, but just as he fancied that he might escape, his foot caught in the root of a tree, and he fell heavily. He sprang up quickly, however, but before he could start running again, his pursuers were upon him.

"Now we have you," they cried, as they endeavored to seize him.

"How does the vow progress, Master Carpet Knight?" said the girl mockingly

But Trelawney was in a dangerous mood. His sword-hand was free, and he struck a furious blow at the foremost. The man fell with a groan.

"Ah!" cried Trelawney fiercely, and he made a leap at the other, a giant of a fellow, who was ready for battle.

Trelawney's only chance was either to kill or wound his adversary before help could come to him. The moon, which had been hidden by a great black cloud, now emerged into the clear sky, and thus the young man was able to see his antagonist plainly.

For a minute they fought with seeming equality, then Trelawney, by the practice of a well-timed ruse, caused the other's sword to go spinning to the ground.

"Ah!" cried the young fellow again. He leapt forward to finish the encounter, when he felt his sword-arm gripped as if by a vise.

"Quick! Quick! I'll hold him while you get your sword."

Again it was Mary Jeffreys who spoke, and her voice made him mad with passion. He struggled to free himself from her, but in vain. She hung at his sword-hand like grim death. A moment later he felt his other arm pinioned, and then he knew that all was over. Two other soldiers had come up, and they bound him fast.

"Stand back from him," cried Mary Jeffreys, when they had closely pinioned his arms and legs.

The men stood back, while the girl went and stood before him.

"Well, Sir Squire," she said with a laugh.

He looked straight at her. The moonbeams shone upon her face, revealing every feature clearly. Even then Benedict Trelawney could not help softening toward her; she looked so bewitching in the pale light of the moon. Her eyes shone like stars; her lips were slightly parted, and her whole face betokened eagerness and excitement. She looked so fair, so girlish, that he could scarcely believe in the black heart that beat beneath her bosom.

"You do not speak, Sir Squire," she continued, and her voice seemed tremulous with joy.

Still he was silent. The sight of her beautiful, girlish face stunned him while it maddened him.

Then she laughed, and as she did so Trelawney felt as though he would have gladly struck her dead.

"It is a long journey to Taunton, soldiers."

"Fifteen miles, mistress."

"Fifteen miles!" she repeated, like one musing. "And you have the other safe?"

"Yes, thanks to you, mistress, we have him safe."

"Is he wounded?"

"No, he's not wounded. We took him too easily for that."

"You say that Lord Jeffreys is expected soon?"

"It may be to-morrow; but we cannot tell. He hath Mistress Lisle to deal with."

"Have you nothing to say, Master Squire?" she said, turning to Benedict Trelawney.

"Nothing to you."

"Ah, but I think you have. Even if you have not, I have something to say to you. Captain Gorham, could you give me a horse to ride to Taunton with you this night?"

"It is not a journey for such as you," said the officer; "but if you will deign to be our sunlight this dark night, it will give us great joy."

"Then will I accompany you. The horses are near by?"

"They are at the place you told us to bring them."

"That is well."

Upon this she tripped away ahead of the others, while Benedict Trelawney followed like a man in a dream.

CHAPTER XIX.

"OH, here are the horses!"

"Come, Master Rebel, mount."

"That's it, tie his legs firmly. Are his arms pinioned?"

"Treat him gently," said Mary Jeffreys. "Yes, I mean it, treat him gently. He is but a carpet-knight, and he is as tender as a young girl."

"Oh, anything to oblige you," said Captain Gorham. "Besides, you have a reason for saying this."

"Yes, I want to talk with him on the way, and although he'll have enough pin-pricks by and by, I cannot bear to see such a gay Cavalier suffering while I hold converse with him."

The Captain laughed as he gave his orders.

"You have rendered us such services, Lady Mary," he said, "that I can refuse you nothing."

"Ah, that is kind of you. Do you know I have been looking forward to this night? When I heard that you were baffled in your endeavors to find the carpet-knight and the lover of Martha Bagshaw, I determined I would make it my business to help the cause of justice. Besides, I want to see Taunton gaol. I want to see the rebels waiting their doom."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 332

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The Chariots of the Lord

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 331

"It will be but a sorry sight for you, Lady Mary."

"Still, let me see it. Besides, it is but fair that I should see my prisoners safely lodged, for are they not my prisoners?"

The party rode forward. William Ridgeway and Benedict Trelawney bound closely to their horses, while the rest rode close by them watching them narrowly.

"Are you Lady Mary?" asked William Ridgeway.

"Why?" asked the girl.

"Because I would have you tell me what have you done to my Martha?"

"Your Martha! Do you call her your Martha? Have I not heard that she hath promised to wed someone by the name of Dawe?"

"No, you have not!" cried Ridgeway savagely. "Whoever says that, be it man or woman, is a liar."

The girl laughed merrily.

"Well, it doth not matter, but rest assured that Martha Bagshaw is safe and well. She will also receive a reward from the King for telling me where you were hiding."

"You say that Martha told you?"

"Else how should I know?"

"How? A spy who is clever enough can find out anything."

The girl started as though she had been stung.

"A spy!" she said, almost hoarsely.

"Ay, a spy, for that is what you are," said Benedict Trelawney. "The spy of your father, the most cruel, and the most fiendish man in England."

Again she laughed, but even Trelawney detected that there was no merriment in it.

"Do not believe anything she saith," went on Trelawney. "And never doubt your sweetheart because of what she saith. Martha Bagshaw loves you, and tried to save us."

"Then this woman——"

"Hath ferreted out our hiding-place. But the end is not yet."

"Oh, my Martha, my poor dear Martha," cried Ridgeway bitterly; "but there is one thing that comforts me, they cannot hurt her now. It is only I who have to suffer."

"Let us not give up hope," said Trelawney.

"Hope. I have no hope. What hope can there be now? Look, look!"

Right across the road on which they traveled, a great oak tree had thrown its bough, and on it hung two men. Evidently they had been lately placed there.

The soldiers laughed. "A couple of rebels," they said, "Look, Master Cornishman; look, master farmer. There is a goodly sight."

Trelawney glanced at the woman, and noticed that she urged her horse forward, as though she wanted to be away from the ghastly spectacle.

They rode on through the night, until presently they found themselves near Taunton.

"You will see to it that the two men are placed together."

"You only have to breathe a wish for it to be granted," said the officer gallantly.

"And they must be guarded carefully, very carefully."

"Trust me for that."

"And you will be staying in Taunton?"

"I have orders to stay there until after the Chief Justice hath been. And would you believe it, soldier as I am, I almost dread the thought of the butchery I shall have to witness?"

The little party clattered into the town; but the time was midnight, and no notice was taken of them. They made their way straight to the gaol, where they were received with surly glances.

"A separate cell," grumbled the Governor; "nay, it cannot be found."

"It must be found," said Captain Gorham.

"And I tell you it cannot be. There are so many prisoners here waiting for the coming of Bloody Jeffreys that I know not where to put them; as for asking me to provide the two newcomers with a private cell—why, man, why do you not ask me for the use of my own best parlor?"

Mary Jeffreys stood by and listened without a word, but now she came forward.

"I am Lady Mary Beaumont."

"Lady Mary Beaumont! I never heard the name before."

"That is because you never lived in London town," said the girl. "It is well known there."

"Still orders are orders," cried the Governor, "and they have come to me from General Faversham. I do not say that money will not count at headquarters, but not with me."

"But this will," said the girl.

"What will?"

"This bit of paper. These are no ordinary prisoners, Master Bilsom. They must be especially guarded. There, read."

The Governor took the letter Mary Jeffreys had given him, but whether he was able to read it, I cannot say. There could be no doubt, however, but that he examined the signature carefully and seemed about to speak.

"Hush, not a word," said the girl.

"It came from him?"

"From his own hands. You see what it says. He must be treated with special care, because he is to receive special punishment."

"You shall be obeyed, Lady Mary," said the Governor.

"Now, then, this way, Captain. It's very late, and I need sleep sorely."

The prisoners were led along a corridor, until they came to a door at the end thereof. "You need not fear, Lady Mary, they will be safe here," said the Governor.

He unlocked the door as he spoke, While Trelawney and Ridgeway, who had been watching and listening closely, entered.

"How does the vow progress, Master Carpet-knight," said the girl mockingly.

Trelawney drew himself up angrily.

"It goes well, Mistress Spy," he replied. "Never fear, the vow will be brought to pass."

"And yet your great Duke of Monmouth, with his Bible, and his Protestant religion, is to die in two days," said the girl. "Ah, you did not know? He offered to become a Papist if he might have his life. The King was very kind to him, and offered him a priest, but as for his life—well, you have seen King James. Oh, your King Monmouth has turned out to be a great man, a noble man. He kissed the King's feet; he swore eternal loyalty; he said it was not his fault. He declared that he had been urged on by Argyle, and Ferguson, and a young Cornishman named Trelawney."

"Coward!" cried the young man.

"Oh, but he is to die by the axe, Master Cornishman. As for you, it is said that a special torture is being invented. You have heard of Titus Oates; well, what he suffered was only child's-play to what you will suffer."

The Governor and Captain Gorham laughed.

"You see you have much to hope for."

"I never give up hope," said Benedict Trelawney.

"That is a part of the Trelawney code, is it not?"

"It is, Mistress Spy."

The girl looked as though she would have annihilated him, she even stepped forward as if to strike him, but she refrained. She only said——

"Judge Jeffreys will soon be at Taunton, Master Rebel."

TO BE CONTINUED

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OUR MAIL-BAG

Questions and Answers

Letters for this department must contain name and address of the sender—not for publication, but in order that an answer may be sent by mail in cases where the inquiry is not of general interest.

Reader, New Orleans, La. Why did Jesus forbid Mary Magdalene to touch him when she saw him after his resurrection?

Her movement was probably one of familiar affection, such as friends might give to one another. We suppose that the experience through which Jesus had passed, had spiritualized his frame, and that he shrank from the contact of ordinary intercourse. Henceforth he would be a Being to be worshiped, not the humble friend of past times. When he had ascended to the Father he would come still nearer to his

Stereograph, Copyright, 1905, by Underwood & Underwood

A Group of Moros at Zamboango, Philippine Islands

The report of a recent battle in the Philippines between a large band of Moro robbers, intrenched in an extinct volcano, and a small force of Americans and native scouts, has been read by the public with great interest. The robbers in question had been a source of terror to the people of the island, and their suppression was hailed with delight by the peaceable inhabitants. The Moros are all Mohammedans, and have no use for modern progress or civilization. They are very active and strong, though small in stature. The above picture shows their size compared to that of a well-built American officer. They seldom fight in the open, depending on ambush attacks and assassination.

followers, but the old social familiar association would be out of place in his glorified state.

S. P. C., Westfield, Pa. A writer in the Toledo *Blade* of March 22, 1906, makes this statement: "It has been stated, and I concur, that there is not a Chinese of sound mind made a convert to Christianity." Is the statement true?

The statement is so obviously unprovable and absurd that we would be justified in suspecting the sanity, not of the Chinese converts, but of the writer who makes the statement. It is impossible for anyone to substantiate such a statement. Of course it is untrue. In China we have to-day several hundreds of the most eminent Christian missionaries, and they, one and all, as well as others who know the great army of native converts, could testify to the fact.

S. H., Staten Island, N. Y. When and where was Miles Standish of Plymouth Colony born, and when did he die?

He was born in Duxbury, Lancashire, England, about 1584. He served in the Netherlands, and was induced by the Pilgrims, while at Leyden, to take charge of their military affairs, when they should reach America. He came on the *Mayflower* in 1620. His skill and valor several times prevented the extermination probably of the English settlers. He died in 1656, at Duxbury, Mass., where his grave was recently discovered. A monument one hundred feet high was erected to his memory on Captain's Hill, Duxbury.

L. H., Topeka, Kan. How is it that Easter is not always celebrated at the same time every year, as Christmas is?

The celebration coincides with the Jewish Passover. The death and resurrection of Christ were so closely identified with the Passover, that the identity of the celebration was preserved. The Jews, as commanded (Ex. 12: 18, and other passages), kept the feast on the fourteenth day of their first month. As their months were lunar, the period varied with the phases of the moon, and Easter, therefore, follows the same system. Easter Sunday is the Sunday following the first full moon that occurs after the equinox, March 21.

Mrs. G. G., Snyder, Tex. Do you think it is right for missionaries to go to places where people treat them barbarously? If so, what is the meaning of Luke 10: 10, 11? I do not understand the fearful loss of life among Christian men and women to be necessary.

The "great Commission" to go to the ends of the earth and preach the Gospel is as binding upon Christ's followers to-day as in apostolic times. The passage in Luke means that the effort must be made. Responsibility for rejecting the Gospel lies with the rejectors.

Mrs. J. G., Willard State Hospital, New York. What were the names of the shepherds who were watching their flocks by night when our Saviour was born?

Hofmann and Beda, in their writings, give their names. Beda says there were three shepherds; but Hofmann says there were four in the group, and calls them Misael, Acheel, Cyriacus, and Stephanus. This is, of course, pure tradition. There is no Scripture on the subject.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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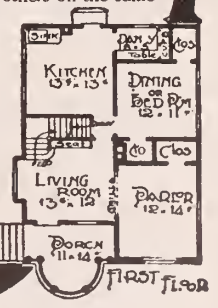

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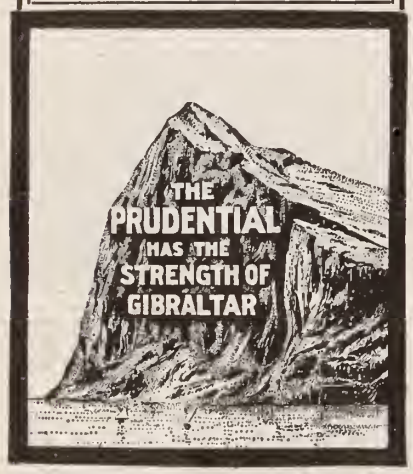

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CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

M. B., Gresham, Oreg. Why does Christ say (Luke 8: 10), that he veiled the truth in parables that the hearers might not understand? Did he not wish them to understand?

His method was the same that Nathan employed to convict David (II Samuel 12: 1-7). They could see the force of a parable and act on it, without seeing how it applied to themselves. It was the only way to get the truth into their minds. They would not have listened to direct teaching, lest they should be converted. They would listen to a story, and by that means Christ forced conviction upon them. So far from his not wishing them to understand, he chose the only way of making them understand.

M. S., Elroy Wis. What were the circumstances in connection with Paul Jones' death that he should be buried in France?

He did not receive the consideration his services called for from Congress, and in 1788 he entered the Russian service, but owing to the jealousy of Russian commanders he soon retired. He returned to Paris, where he died in poverty July 18, 1792. It was expected that the United States would at some time send for his body, and the burial in Paris was intended to be but temporary. The cemetery was built over, and the burial-place remained unknown, until its discovery last year by General Porter. We are unable to answer your second question.

J. F. P., Neffs Mills, Pa. Does Christ's address to Peter (Matt. 16: 18), imply that Peter was to be the foundation of the church, as a friend of mine contends?

No, Christ is the one and only foundation of the church. The fact that the same chapter (verse 23) contains a sharp reproof of Peter, in which Christ addresses him as Satan, indicates that it was not on Peter that Christ would build his church. The statement Peter had just made, that Christ was "the Son of the living God," may have been what Christ meant. His church is founded on that doctrine. Peter's name means a stone or rock, but what we know of his life shows that he was no rock by nature. Like the further words about the keys, which occur in that connection, and which were fulfilled in Peter preaching at Pentecost and opening the kingdom, the words have been made the basis of an ecclesiastical system repugnant to Christ's principles.

Subscriber, Philadelphia, Pa. Is there any difference of temperature between the Arctic and the Antarctic regions?

The records received so far, show that the southern polar regions have the lowest average temperature, but the northern has the record for the greatest extreme. In the Antarctic the thermometer was never above the freezing point, while in the Arctic the midsummer temperature approached fifty degrees.

L. C. S., Clifton Hill, Mo. Was Judas Iscariot ever a good man? If not, why did Christ make him an apostle?

He probably had good elements in him. The fact that when he realized what he had done, his remorse drove him to suicide, shows that he was not altogether bad. He was avaricious and ambitious. He probably believed that Christ was too modest and retiring. He wanted him to go boldly forward and claim the royalty that was his right. It was doubtless his hope that, when Christ was brought to bay by arrest, he would deliver himself by a miracle.

Reader, Jersey City, N. J. Why is the President's salute at sea twenty-one guns?

It was probably so fixed because of the custom in England of giving twenty-one guns as a salute to the sovereign. Many of our naval regulations were derived from the English. It is supposed that originally the idea was to give a salute of three sevens, the symbol of perfection.

M. L. B., Sycamore, Ill. What answer would you give to a man who says that God is unjust in visiting the sins of the parents on the children?

The visiting is not penal. God expressly says (II Chron. 25: 4), "neither shall the children die for their fathers; but every man shall die for his own sin." All through the Bible it is clear that it is for ourselves we must give account. But it is a natural law that the children suffer for their parents' wrongdoing. How can it be prevented? If a man squanders his property, do not his children suffer poverty? The children of a drunkard or a libertine inherit the taint. But God does not hold them responsible for anything but their own offenses.

A. M. C., York Beach, Me. How did the ancients, who believed the earth was flat, account for the sun's disappearance at night?

They accounted for it by supposing the earth to be at rest and in the centre of the universe. All the heavenly bodies are revolving around it really, while we do the same apparently. Their apparent motion is caused by the earth's rotation on its axis and its revolution round the sun.

LEWIS SWIFT.

W. R. D., Roachdale, Ind. Did the men who accompanied Paul to Damascus, when he was converted, hear the voice as stated in Acts 9: 7, or not hear it, as stated in Acts 22: 9.

The construction of the former passage in the Greek, which is not clearly expressed in the translation, appears to indicate that they heard the sound of the voice, but could not distinguish the words. The expression is peculiar, implying an inarticulate noise. The difference is really of small importance.

C. D., Blackville, N. B., Canada. 1. Who are the poor in spirit whom Christ blessed (Matt. 5: 3)? 2. In what does the harm of card-playing consist?

1. Persons who are humble, teachable, reverent. It is the same idea as He expressed when he took a child and set him in the midst, and said whoso did not become as a child could not enter the kingdom. 2. In their associations with gambling, and in the element of chance which exists more or less in most of the games. There is harm, too, in example. A youth, seeing his Christian father play cards in the home, may think there is no harm in the practice, and go into society in which cards are used to strip him of all his money.

W. P., San Francisco. Who was the first volunteer officer sworn into the Union Army at the outbreak of the Civil War?

Charles Pomeroy Stone. He was born in Greenfield, Mass., in 1826; graduated from West Point, and became a regular officer. After serving in the Mexican War he resigned, and settled in California. At the outbreak of the Civil War he was the first officer of volunteers sworn in. He died in New York City, in 1887.

Miscellaneous

M. S., Shepherdsville, Ky. Write to the State Librarian, Raleigh, N. C., who will undoubtedly be able to supply the information you desire.

Mrs. A. S. G., Vicksburg, Miss. It is a distinction without a difference. Verses that do not reach the standard of true poetry cannot be a poem. We should make the question read, "between rhyme and poetry," which would be clearer.

L. S., Marion, N. Y. Unquestionably, the professing Christian who helps in any way to perpetuate the liquor traffic, has his share of moral responsibility for the traffic and its results, although legally he may be exempt from responsibility.

T. F. B., Atlanta, Ga. The Japanese deficit, in consequence of the war, is $50,000,000. The government is doing all it can to help the sufferers in the northeastern provinces. But even if it were not doing this, it would be our duty to relieve suffering wherever we could, irrespective of all other considerations.

B. R., Canonsburg, Pa. 1. Lobbyists are men who try to influence legislation improperly, or who use bribes, promises and similar inducements to pass or defeat certain laws. 2. Great Britain. 3. Don't know. 4. She is a lady of superior education and wide literary experience. 5. Before Christ the world was under law; now it is under grace.

Emma B., Paterson, N. J. Mrs. Craigie, better known to the world of letters as John Oliver Hobbes, in a recent lecture in London, made some rather original observations concerning American women. She said: "American women spent more for clothes and gems than any women in the world except rich Orientals. It was astonishing to find this Orientalism in a race with Puritanism."

A. R. E., Ore Hill, N. C. The young girl who wrongfully accused the servant of stealing should have acknowledged her mistake, and asked the accused to forgive the error. There is no other way out of it. If we hope to be forgiven for our faults, we must endeavor, as far as possible, to undo a wrong we have done to others. It is not too late to do so yet.

A. M., Middlefold, N. Y. 1. You mean the Dunkards, or Dunkers. They are a very worthy religious sect, otherwise known as German Baptists or Brethren. They originated at Schwarzenau, Germany, in 1708, and came here in 1719 to escape persecution. The *Baptist Year-Book* will give you all details. 2. "Debts" or "trespasses" in the Lord's Prayer, have the same meaning substantially. The passage means "forgive us our offences as we forgive those who have offended against us."

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MARY'S LITTLE LAMB

The True Story of the Famous Incident, and How it Came About

A bit of fun now and then,
Is relished by the best of men.

THEREFORE, when the question reached the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD from one of its esteemed subscribers, "Who is the author of the poem, 'Mary had a little lamb?'" it seemed quite worth while to trace that classic of childhood to its source.

Nobody offered helpful suggestions, but the writer evolved a memory from the "dear, dead days of long ago," in which, during a merry jaunt, a fellow tourist proudly claimed the little town of Sterling, Mass., as her home, protesting that it had an assured niche in the hall of fame, because it was the birthplace not only of Mary, but of her lamb as well. A line addressed to the postmaster of Sterling, brought a prompt and courteous reply from Mr. Edward P. Bartlett, who wrote: "Mary and the lamb story is all true; the old home of Mary is located here on 'Redstone Hill,' but the old schoolhouse is gone." In proof of his statement, Mr. Bartlett inclosed a picture of the little home where Mary dwelt, and to him also we are indebted for the details of the pretty story which follows:

"Once upon a time," certainly seventy-five years ago, a little girl named Mary E. Sawyer, lived and played and went to school in Sterling. One raw, March morning, she found in the barn a tiny lambkin, which had been born during the night, almost perished with cold. So Mary carried it in her arms to the home fireside, wrapped it snugly and fed it with warm milk. The little animal gained strength rapidly and soon became its adopted mother's inseparable companion and plaything. One day it followed her to "the old red schoolhouse," trotting confidently at the heels of its girlish mistress and tucking itself quietly away under the old-fashioned boarded-up seat. Alas, detection and disgrace soon followed; for when Mary's class was called, the patter of tiny hoofs followed her to the teacher's desk. Of course the children giggled — what normal children would not? — and Miss Polly Kimball, who knew how to scold as well as to teach, gave an example of her ability then and there, while her new four-footed pupil was summarily ejected from the schoolroom.

The Home of Mary, at Sterling, Mass.

It so happened that a Mr. John Roulstone, a prospective Harvard student, was "visiting school" that momentous day, and he immediately proceeded to give evidence of his fitness for collegiate honors, by composing the rhymes which have given, and will continue to give, far more pleasure than many an ambitious and heroic epic.

A cruel fate decreed that Mary's lamb should meet an early death by attracting the notice of an angry cow, who gored it in the home barn-yard, but it breathed its last in the arms of its little mistress. Mary fulfilled the law as old as humanity, grew to womanhood, married Mr. Columbus Tyler, and died at a ripe old age. The ambitious young author has gone the way of all flesh—even the old schoolhouse is gone, too—but the simple lines live on, affording by their pretty word picture a world of innocent pleasure to thousands of children who nightly gather at mother's knee, to listen with absorbed interest to the "bed-time story" of this exciting episode in the lives of "Mary and her little lamb." HARRIET W. STEWART.

ANSWERED PRAYERS

A Trusting Reader, Iowa. "I am glad to tell of God's goodness to me. He has heard my earnest petitions and filled my soul with hope for advancement in the Christian life."

Mrs. A. B., Ohio. "It would take many pages to tell how many times I have proved Him. How many have a prayer-list of persons that they feel they must see brought to God?"

D. D. McC., Pennsylvania. "The list of answered prayers has been very helpful to me. I want to publicly acknowledge that I know our heavenly Father will hear and answer prayer from a penitent heart."

Old Subscriber, Virginia. "I have had so many direct answers to prayer, I am very thankful. Will the members of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD family pray with me for a loved one, that he may be brought into the fold of Jesus Christ."

Mrs. G. H. S., Colorado. "During a recent revival in our church, I went on my knees one evening, and poured out my soul to God in prayer that he would bring my son back into the right path. My son and I could and did testify that God does hear and answer prayer. This is only one of many instances. Praise his name."

Mrs. E. M. T., Pennsylvania. "I desire to express my thanksgiving to my Heavenly Father for his goodness to me. I was in great trouble and he heard and answered my prayers in a way that was direct.

"Great our need, but greater far
Is our Father's loving power."

Sufferer, Texas. "I beg space in your blessed paper for the insertion of an earnest appeal for prayer. I have faith that should Christians intercede in my behalf, I will be restored to full mental power. A horrible sufferer from a brain disease, earnestly begs prayers that God would mercifully restore his reason. Also, that the sufferer might have full assurance that he has been forgiven for having cursed God while afflicted."

F. M. W. "The 'Answered Prayers' column is a great comfort, and the sweetest hour to me is the hour of prayer, for Jesus always hears. I could not count the times he has heard me. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.'"

From one who has suffered, Illinois. "I know through personal experience that God does answer prayers, and it is always such a sweet comfort and help to read what he has done for others. I now want to ask all THE CHRISTIAN HERALD family to pray that if it be the Divine will, the present bitter cup may pass from us, and peace and happiness be given our family. May God's choicest blessings rest on you, each and everyone."

V., Ontario. "I wish to acknowledge an especial answer to prayer. I was in great distress and anxiety where no human help was possible, but I took my trouble to my Heavenly Father and left it with Him. He not only took away all my fear, but also removed the cause of my anxiety. I would earnestly urge all troubled ones not to think anything too great or anything too small for our Heavenly Father's help and loving care."

Direct answers to prayer are also acknowledged from Mrs. L. O. S., Oregon; A Canadian Reader; Mrs. A. B. C., New Jersey; Mrs. M. A. S., Louisiana; L. W. N., North Carolina; Mrs. L. L., Minnesota; Mrs. C., Pennsylvania; Mrs. B. E., Arkansas; Mrs. D., Ohio; Mrs. R. J. M., Tennessee; L. M. R., Iowa; Mrs. W. A., Indiana; Mrs. J. M. N., Florida; E. D., Arkansas; J. M. S., Massachusetts.

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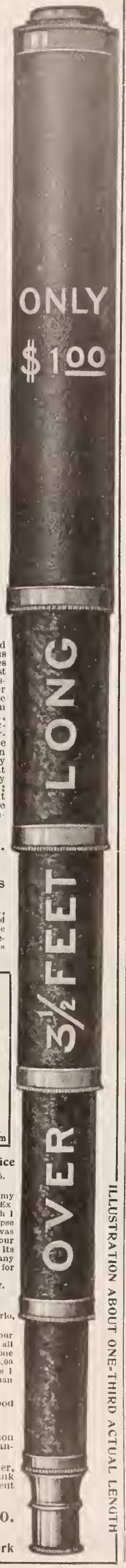

ILLUSTRATION ABOUT ONE-THIRD ACTUAL LENGTH

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

Christ's Holiday*

BEFORE the sun was up everybody had gathered at the fountain. The fathers and mothers and the older children were going to leave for a ten days' tour. They were going to the capital for the great annual feast, to celebrate the nation's birthday.

Donkeys were being loaded by the men with baggage, the mothers were saying good-by to their little children, who were left in their grandparents' charge, and the children whom we met yesterday were under the donkeys' feet and in everybody's way, having a glad time in prospect of the holiday. For a town with nobody in it but grandparents and children must be a very jolly one.

Soon the cavalcade started, the old rabbi and the chief men with the village banner riding ahead, surrounded by a crowd of boys, among whom was Jesus. The rest followed, all except the women on foot.

Jesus parted with reluctance from his younger playmates and his little brothers and sisters. Even when the pilgrims could be faintly heard by the villagers left behind, singing their marching song from the hilltop, he was seen waving his hand to them in farewell. But then his eyes turned eagerly to the pathway before him.

For this was Jesus' first journey from home.

The procession straggled down the Nazareth hills to the great plain of Esdraelon. As soon as it entered the old royal road it joined a great throng of travellers, some their countrymen living in foreign lands, others Romans, Greeks, and even Ethiopians, coming for trade or curiosity, to the feast. Here were stately camels and gray mules covered with gay saddle-cloths, bearing bales of silks and clothing and bundles of spices and merchandise. And as they travelled slowly on through the grain fields, dotted with wild flowers of blue and purple and scarlet, they were to the shepherd boys watching their sheep beside the placid river, and to the farmers and their wives, standing knee deep in the yellow grain, a vision of wonder. The distant hills had a delicate veil of green after the recent rains and the air was sweet with the breath of wild thyme.

They crossed the Kishon River, now at full springtime flood. Jesus looked with interest at Shunem, where Elisha gave the little boy back to his mother, saw the weird caves of gloomy Endor, where the old witch used to live, and gazed in silent wonder at the huge broken sculptures of ruined Jezreel, Jezebel's old summer home. Toward night they reached a sheltered spot between grassy Mount Carmel and barren Gilboa, where the road begins to climb the tableland, which was the route of their to-morrow's journey.

WORK AND REST†

THE will of God for man is that he should work. It is also that at the seventh day interval he should cease his work, and worship. The work of the six days, being the carrying out of a Divine purpose, is in itself practical worship of the highest description. Each is the complement of the other. He who never works is unfitted for worship. He who never pauses to worship is rendered incapable of work. Man fulfils the ideal relationship to God, contained in the statement of the first three commandments, only as he is a worker and a worshiper.

The reason for this is found in the fact of the kinship of man to God. Every side of his nature is a result of Divine thought and action. It is constructed upon the basis of thought and action. Consequently, the threefold nature of man, resulting in the one person, fulfils its highest possibilities within this realm only.

The first word of God, therefore, is—"Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work." The complex system of present-day civilization, makes it possible that some men may live without work. That, however, is only possible in the proportion in which men have departed from the Divine ideal. Man is placed in a world which contains all that is necessary for his physical being, but to obtain it he must work. The soil is stored with forces of life, but man must bend over it and smite it with labor before it will answer the demands his need is making upon it. The harvest comes by the way of human work. Man needs bread, and works upon the soil, and the golden harvest is God's crown upon human labor.

This fact of labor is not the result of the Fall. It is part of the original intention, for man was placed in the garden of Eden "to dress it and to keep it." In the process of the centuries, men have been discovering the secrets of God long locked in the treasury of Nature. These all, rightly understood and applied, minister to the possibilities of increased power to do the work that provides for the needs of the race. To that side of the commandment the vast mass of human beings are obedient, not willingly always, but of necessity.

It is well worth a careful note that the old essential Hebrew idea of the Sabbath, was not that of gloom, but rather of gladness. The Sabbath was a day of delight, a holiday, a day in which man found, in cessation from toil, the possibility of entering into the realization of his own nature's capacity for enjoyment. To think upon Jehovah, to commune with the Infinite, uprising from the earth to stand erect, conscious of affinity with God, man was to foretaste the larger life for which the present was but a probation, and thus be equipped for taking hold with new consecration and firmer grip upon the work of the coming days.

Thus the Sabbath had its ethical meaning. From the quiet calm of the Sabbath day man returned to the necessary and swift movements of the six. As he did so, the integrity and justice of the things with which he had communed in the hours of rest, touched and influenced him in all the hours of work. He delved deeply, and measured justly, and weighed righteously for six days, because on the seventh he became conscious of the balances of the sanctuary and the righteousness of God.

Called Higher

Mr. D. R. Smith died at Forks, Md., on August 1, 1905. He was actively connected with the Methodist Church of his township.

Mr. L. S. Reynolds, a devoted member of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD family for a quarter of a century, passed away on Feb. 14, aged ninety-two years.

Pinkney J. Power died at his home, Cleburne, Tex., on the 12th of March, in his fifty-sixth year. He was a Christian man, and his widow and two sons, though in sorrow, are "not without hope."

Mrs. Louisa Folsom Cavett, of Green City, Mo. passed away Feb. 8, aged seventy-seven years. She was a constant reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and was noted in the community in which she lived for her deep piety and remarkable faith in God.

Mary, wife of John Miller, of La Otto, Ind., departed this life after months of suffering, on Jan. 12, in her sixty-ninth year. She was a charter member of the Lutheran church, and by her faithful Christian life endeared herself to a host of people.

In the death of Mrs. R. J. Chubbuck, on Sept. 5, 1905, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD lost a faithful and appreciative reader. Mrs. Chubbuck was born in New York State in the year 1818. After the death of her husband she engaged in educational work in Bryant, Ala., where, for many years, she lived an ideal Christian life.

Susan, wife of Jeremiah Kepler, of Otsego township, Indiana, passed to the better land on Feb. 23, 1906, aged seventy years. She leaves a husband, five children, and twelve grandchildren to mourn her loss. The death of Mrs. Kepler removes one whose every-day life was filled with love, and who sought ever to live an upright, Christian life. she had been a faithful member of the Methodist Episcopal Church for over forty-five years.

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* From *The Boy's Life of Christ*, by William Byron Forbush. A biography of our Lord, prepared for boys; the scenes and incidents following the Gospel narrative, aided by what we know of Palestine in those times. A book that a boy will love to read. Pp. 318; illustrated. Price $1.25. Published by Funk & Wagnalls Co. New York.

† From *The Ten Commandments*, by Rev. G Campbell Morgan, Pp. 126. Price fifty cents. Published by The Fleming H Revell Co., Fifth Avenue, New York.

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An Easter Gift in Distant China

IN opening up a recent number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, we were delighted to read the announcement of a magnificent gift from a friend, to be used in home and foreign mission work. As this is on the same line that I have written and prayed about, I especially thanked God for it. Later on, I saw that $25 of this gift had been given toward my own work here. This was received with many thanks, not only to the unknown friend, but to God for his faithfulness.

I believe God would have many more of his children give largely, as he hath prospered them, even as this friend gave, silently and quietly, expecting no glory here, but willing and glad to do so for his glory and the advancement of his kingdom. Gifts received by missionaries in this way can always be put to use in some needy place on the field, where much good can be accomplished and where the need would not be supplied from any other source.

A Scene on the River Han

The $25 which I have received will be used to pay for a thatched school-building at Han Shan, a city up into the interior, but where earnest native Christians are laboring and doing a good work. In the same mail, I received $15 more from Dr. Klopsch, for the work under my care. Five dollars of it will be used to keep THE CHRISTIAN HERALD house-boat going, and $10 to support an evangelist to travel on the boat. This sum will keep him three months, preaching the Gospel to those who may never have heard. This man goes from place to place, telling the story of redeeming grace. At the last day, we may meet many who have been saved by the faithfulness of these men, and of those who are at home, "holding the ropes."

Our work at present is most encouraging, and I believe there is a bright outlook for missionary service in the near future. It is a joy and comfort to see the smiling faces of the native Christians, when we visit them at the inland stations. Hundreds of them quickly gather to give us a hearty welcome when we take our trips, which we try to do monthly. We praise our Heavenly Father for faithful, loving friends, who have so nobly stood by us while we have been in this dark land. We are, as it were, down in a mine, digging diamonds—for these souls are very precious in his sight—so we ask you to pray that we may have the needed wisdom and strength for all. God bless you the proprietor, the editor, and all the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, is my prayer.

Wuhu, China. Z. CHARLES BEALS.

Saving the Ex-Prisoners

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 323

many efforts to reform, but met with no response. In his last efforts to retrieve his lost opportunities, his old friends 'turned him down,' and would have nothing more to do with him. The only thing he now could do was to commit another crime, and end his days in prison, or leap into the dark waters of the North River. What chance is there for an ex-prisoner in this great city, unless some good Samaritan is found who will take him by the hand and vouch for his future? When the police find such a man at liberty and idle, he is arrested, and forthwith railroaded to prison, before he has a chance to carry out any good intentions he may have. This man walked the streets for nearly four months, seeking employment, but nobody wanted him because he was a jailbird. In this condition the unfortunate ex-prisoner was found by the prison chaplain. He told the story of his ruined life, and desired an opportunity to live down his past. He was fed and sheltered, and, after a little time, employment was found for him. Since then he has been living an honorable and upright life, and, best of all, he became a follower of Christ, and was able to shun the saloon and the companionship of evil-doers.

"I went regularly to Sing Sing Prison, and the jails of New York and vicinity, to meet men as they came out to freedom. In brief interviews I found out the weaknesses of the ex-prisoners, and where they failed. On such occasions I was able not only to give them advice, but also to commit them to God in prayer, and these first interviews were often the beginning of a new life in Christ.

"The thing that attracted so many persons to the Mission rooms was, that no matter what their former life had been, we always received them kindly. Often these men would regard us suspiciously, and were reluctant to tell their past life, lest we might use it against them, but as soon as we disarmed them of all such fear, they would make a full breast of it, and the scene, as a rule, closed with prayers and tears, and an expressed desire to live a Christian life.

"One day last summer two men called to ask about our work. We found out that they were contractors on a city job. Years before they had been in State Prison and when released they found it hard to get along. They had just heard of the Prison-Gate Mission, and were glad such a place was in existence. They came to say that they would help it all they could. We sent many ex-prisoners to these men, and they gave them employment."

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Far below the town, however, in the very bowels of the earth, thirteen brave men were making a desperate fight to keep breath in their bodies, until the longed-for help should come. For twenty days they groped their way about the vast labyrinth of the mine, falling now and then over the prostrate form of some dead miner, gnawing the bark from beams, and finally eating the decomposed carcass of a horse. At last they found an unused, open shaft, and then reached the surface. Haggard and hollow-eyed they appeared to their overjoyed relatives as people "risen from the dead."

Their families had lost all hope of ever seeing them again, and were at first inclined to believe that they were visions sent from another world. A man named Nemy kept the party together and cheered them on until they found their passage out.

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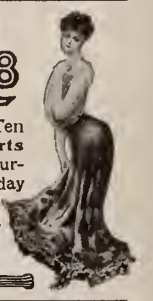

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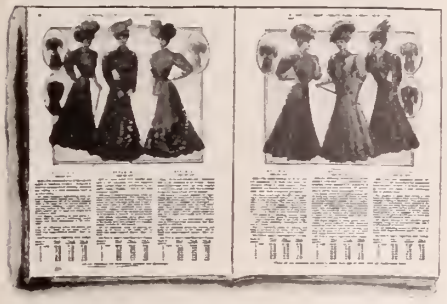

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Many interesting letters might be quoted to show the results of this work.

A man in Phœnix, Arizona, writes: "I gave *The Way to God* to a deaf and dumb young man in our jail. He read it through twice, and I believe he has found the way."

This comes from Newark, N. J.: "Yesterday was a great and blessed day in our work. Over fifty raised their hands for prayer, and fifteen came forward and signed our pledge and were prayed for. Each of these men received a copy of the Gospels for instruction."

A friend in Schenectady, N. Y., writes: "The last lot of books you sent we personally handed out. As there were more inmates than books, we added small Gospels, so that every inmate had something."

A friend in Auburn, Me., writes: "You sent me forty copies of John's Gospel for the prisoners. I was made very happy yesterday. A man came to deliver a piece of furniture. He asked me if I did not know him. I looked at him and said, 'In the jail?' He said, 'Yes, and I have the little blue-covered book you gave me.'"

For the use of prisoners, the Moody Colportage Library books are admirably adapted, being full of Bible truths, popular in style, attractive in appearance, of handy size, some titles in five languages. Ten dollars will pay for a hundred or more books sent to the prisoners. Those interested in the work should address A. P. Fitt, 250 La Salle Avenue, Chicago.

Smoot and the Mormon President

In a somewhat remarkable article published in the Chicago *Tribune*, Elder C. W. Musser (formerly of the Mormon Church, but who lately withdrew from it in disgust), has this striking paragraph:

President Smith declares he has the power and authority to guide any man in the church in all matters. Senator Reed Smoot cannot get out from under that authority without apostatizing from the church. If President Smith saw fit to instruct Reed Smoot how to vote on any legislation that was up before Congress, Reed Smoot, as a member of the church, is bound to take that instruction as the word of God unto him. And it is the same way with every member in the church in full standing. Joseph F. Smith is not only his spiritual guide, but his guide in all things of a temporal nature. He has not only the right—thought to be divinely bestowed upon him—to proclaim the spiritual law unto members of the church, but also the right to say who shall hold the political offices the gentiles have always believed to be within the gift of the State, and that he exercises this power no person informed on conditions in Utah can truthfully deny.

The Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections has concluded its final hearing in the Smoot case. Some interesting testimony was introduced. President Linford, of Brigham Young College, at Logan, testified that he believed polygamy to be right. Mormon hymnals were introduced, containing "The Star Spangled Banner," "America," and other patriotic tunes, but it was shown that these tunes had been inserted since the present investigation began and were not in previous editions. Evidence was submitted proving the existence of a number of cases of alleged polygamous practices. The next step will be the presentation of the Committee's report to the Senate.

The Cleansing

THE brown leaves scurry down the slope;
The glorious, sweeping wind
Drives all before; no smallest hope
Can useless, dead things find.

'Tis a clean, clearing, silent force,
No man knows whence it flow:
And the dry leaves of past resource—
No man knows where they go.

So doth the Holy Spirit come
In God's soul-cleansing hour;
The dead things of ourselves make room
Before God's mystic power.

The stony heart from out our flesh
Is taken quite away.
And in our new heart, sweet and fresh,
His Spirit comes to stay.

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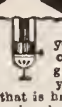

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Easter Lilies and Sulphur Smoke

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 321

its fury, the bitter atmosphere changed, and by ten o'clock at night the weather was quite mild. Then with great relief the Flower Guards went to their homes.

Smiling, the sun came up the next morning and looked upon streets full of mud and slush. In the afternoon the air become foggy; great cloud-banks of sulphur smoke settled over the town and gradually rolled westward towards the church. Here they seemed to rest and to gather in intensity. Soon the sight of all the neighboring houses was obliterated. The ladies with lanterns struggled through the smoke and slush, sneezing and choking. They entered the lower part of the church and quickly shut the door behind them. Hastening to the flowers, they were delighted to find them with their heads up, and smiling in innocence of the foe that had passed and of the terrible enemy that was now besieging the place. Every window was examined, and with paper wads was made air-tight. The doors were covered with shawls. The flowers were placed on the floor between the seats and covered with paper. Everything that could be thought of was done to save those flowers from the pitiless smoke. Having done what they could, and being fatigued by their labors, the Flower Guards went out the way they entered, their hearts full of fear for their pretty charges.

The fate of those flowers was the subject of the conversation of Greenstone.

"It's just throwing good money into the gutter," said Tom Tudhope to Mrs. Shaver. For the last half-hour this good woman had been trying to induce Tudhope to promise to attend church on the following day, but had so far failed. "And mighty little good either your flowers or your preachers do anyway," persisted Tudhope.

"You didn't talk that way in Frontenac," said Mrs. Shaver sadly.

"This is no place for either of them," was the impatient reply.

"Easter and flowers bring hope," said Mrs. Shaver quickly, "and don't you miss seeing them to-morrow."

"If your flowers are there in the morning, I'll see them," he replied, and turned away.

The next morning, a crisp Easter morning, the sun came up in a cloudless sky, and a south wind, that had just arisen, was blowing the smoke up through the northeastern valley. Pastor Stewart was early at his desk, and was reading in the Scriptures: "In the end of the Sabbath, as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week, came Mary Magdalene and the other Mary to see the sepulchre." Pausing a moment to meditate upon that event, he looked out of his window and saw two little women, with downcast looks, trudging up the hill, coming with a pail of water towards the church. They were the Flower Guards.

"I wonder what we can do to bring them back to life?" asked Miss Gilman.

"When sulphur smoke touches flowers it burns," replied Mrs. Shaver, "and there seems to be no hope."

They opened the lower door and went in, sniffing as they entered.

"The horrid smoke, I smell it. It has got in. Oh, the poor flowers!"

"I smell it, too, but it is not much. Perhaps this got in by the broken cellar window but has not got upstairs."

Though panting from their walk and labor of carrying up the water, the women raced upstairs to the flowers. Mrs. Shaver reached them first, and lifting off the paper she almost shouted in her delight.

"Oh, they're all right. How thankful I am."

More careful examination showed that three of the lilies had suffered from the enemy, and their beautiful white leaves were touched as with a blight. But all the rest were smiling and healthy.

With thankful hearts and eager fingers they washed the stems of the flowers and arranged them in vases and jardinieres, in saucers and bowls, on the pulpit and on the stands inside the altar railing. Then they hurried back to their homes, telling the good news to all they met. The news that the flowers had stood the night's siege spread quickly, and long before the hour of worship the church was filled with people, decked in their new spring clothes. From doubts and fears about the flowers, the hearts of the people sprang into exultant gladness. The music, the Scripture readings and the sermon were full of spiritual joy and resurrection triumph. The preacher used the parable of the siege of the flowers by the frost and the sulphur smoke and the victory with good effect, and applied it with power to the lives and hearts of the people.

At the close of the service many lingered around the flowers. The children looked in wonder. Never before had the majority of them seen such glory. Men and women also came and gazed and wept.

In the midst of these onlookers appeared Tom Tudhope. At first he peeped at the flowers around the others, but gradually he came forward. For a moment he stood beside the vase of lilies. His frame quivered and he passed on. Before a little bowl, filled with crimson carnations, that stood inside the altar rail he stopped. In his intentness he became oblivious to the people around him, and he sank on his knees to feast his eyes on the blooms and to smell them. His wife, with her babe in her arms, came and knelt beside him.

"Aren't they lovely," said she; "they are just like the red ones you used to grow!"

"May the Lord forgive me, wife," said the man, not daring to look around for fear others might see the tears that had sprung into his eyes; "I was just thinking of that, too, and of how I had taken the red out of your cheeks and out of the children's."

"And out of your own, Tom."

"Mary, I've sinned against God and you and the children."

"Oh Tom, this is Easter morning."

"Thank God, wife, for the thought. It is Easter morning. Then there is hope. By God's grace, Mary, the dead will come to life and your cheeks will make these carnations pale again."

"Amen," said the pastor, as he stepped beside the kneeling figures. Then placing his left hand affectionately on the man's shoulder, he reached over with his right and pulled two red carnations out of the bowl.

"I think," said he, "the ladies will forgive me if I give these flowers to you to seal that vow."

He gave one of the flowers to Mrs. Tudhope, who had risen quickly to her feet. She received it eagerly with a smile of thanks. Mr. Tudhope rose slowly, tears filled his eyes again and he was much shaken. He was trembling so that the preacher both pitied him and rejoiced.

"I'll pin this flower here," he said cheerfully; "right on your breast, an Easter pledge of new love and new life in Christ Jesus."

At first Tudhope could not speak, and he stood stiffly. The preacher was about to turn away when he said desperately and in a strange voice:

"Sir, let me thank you."

"Thank God," said the preacher.

"Yes, I will, and you, too, sir. Once flowers grew in my garden and my conservatory. My home was then filled with happiness and my heart with peace and joy; but I killed all those flowers. It is as you said this morning, sir; selfishness and greed are worse than frost and sulphur smoke. They did it. But by God's power there will be a resurrection."

* * *

The service on Sabbath evening was a greater triumph than in the morning. The Flower Festival was also a success, and into a hundred homes in that mining town, desolated by sulphur smoke, "God's Smiles" entered with their messages of beauty, love and life; and into several others with the same eloquence and power as into the home of Thomas Tudhope.

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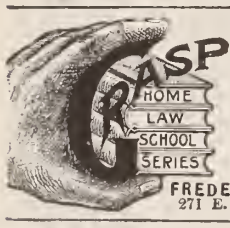

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The Resurrection Morn

THEY took him from the cross—"The Master"—
He who had walked among them
With such gentle mien and kindly deed;
He to whom loving hearts gave reverence, and
Little children stretched out their baby hands, the while
They saw upon his face its winsome smile.
Dead? Why his touch had healed disease
That no man's skill could reach,
And opened eyes that never saw the light;
To weeping Mary had restored the brother, by whose tomb she mourned,
And to the desolate widow given back her only son!
Could the mocking words of his enemies be true—
"He saved others; himself he cannot save"?
With troubled hearts they wrap the form, from which all life has fled.
In vestments of the grave and lay him in the sepulchre.
And when the heavy stone has shut him in, with darkness and with death,
With heads bowed low upon their breasts they silently depart.

The Jewish Sabbath comes—
Up to the temple priest and people take their way;
Kept has been the rite of sprinkled blood and paschal lamb.
O! blind, and slow of heart to discern the truth!
The Lamb slain from the foundation of the world
Lies under Roman guard and seal;
The blood of sprinkling was shed on Calvary but yesterday.
The long waited for—the promised Deliverer—
"Came unto his own," and they received him not!
O, Jerusalem! Jerusalem! wept over by your rejected king,
Weep bitter tears, through coming ages, for yourselves.
He would have gathered you, as the mother bird
Her brood beneath her wings—but ye would not.

Again the dawn has come—
All through the night the watch untiring vigil kept;
A solemn hush lies on the garden,
While in the East a golden glow heralds the day;
The whir of insect life awakes;
Birds rustle, and chirp their morning call;
Clouds brighter grow, and anon the sun
Throws back its azure covering and looks upon the world.

But dimming its brightness, through the ambient air,
On gleaming pinions, comes the sweep of wings!
"He giveth his angels charge over thee!"
Earth trembles—
Powerless are Roman guards or seal, against the "Prince of Life!"
And when the faithful few, who followed
His weary steps the blood-stained way, to Calvary,
Sought "very early in the morning" his resting place,
With love's offering of spices rare,
Lo! the stone was rolled away!
His last enemy was under his feet—
God suffered not "His Holy One" to see corruption,
Nor left his soul within the tomb's dark night.

Gentle Master! Take for us, from death its sting,
And from the grave its victory;
From the sepulchre of our hearts roll back the stone,
And chase away its shadows and dark fears,
With the brightness of thy resurrection morn.

AMANDA M. WHITEHEAD

AMONG THE WORKERS

—THE TWELVE leading Baptist pastors in New York have pledged their support of the summer Gospel tent movement in the metropolis during the coming season.

—EVANGELIST OSCAR LOWRY, assisted by his singer, Prof. J. D. Stentz, recently closed a series of religious meetings at Springfield, Minn., during which many made public profession of Christian faith.

—PASTOR EDWARD PIRINEN, of Astoria, Oreg., writes of a revival among the Finnish people in the State of Washington. Many have accepted Christ, and the Finnish churches in various localities have been greatly strengthened.

—A MOVEMENT is on foot, to establish a place for a Young People's meeting in Asbury Park, similar to the meetings in Ocean Grove held by Evangelist Charles H. Yatman for the last quarter of a century. Mr. Yatman has been urged to come to the Park for the summer, and hold a "Sunshine hour" daily.

—CHAPLAIN J. WESLEY SULLIVAN has just concluded a three weeks' revival service in the first Baptist Church of Manasquan, N. J., Rev. J. L. Kreamer, pastor. Every night, except one, there were requests for prayer. One of the leading hotel-keepers was among the converts, and gave up the business to join the church.

—THE NATIONAL CONGREGATIONAL Evangelistic Committee have invited Gipsy Smith, the English evangelist, to spend five months in America, beginning October 1. It is the plan of the committee to arrange for united evangelistic meetings in the cities to be visited by Gipsy Smith. He will spend October in New York, November and December in New England, and January and February in the middle West.

—ONE OF THE most interesting meetings ever held in Saratoga County, in the interests of religious matters, was lately held in the Parish house of the Episcopal Church of Ballston Spa, for the purpose of organizing a County Federation. Twenty-two of the clergy of the County, representing the Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, Episcopal, and reformed churches responded. A County Federation was formed, and Gen. J. B. Babcock, U. S. A., Ballston Spa, was elected President, with a full Board of officers.

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A Food Problem.

An Asheville man tells how right food did that which medicines had failed to accomplish:

"For more than fifteen years," he says, "I was afflicted with stomach trouble and intestinal indigestion, gas forming in stomach and bowles and giving me great distress. These conditions were undoubtedly due to the starchy food I ate, white bread, potatoes, etc., and didn't digest. I grew worse with time, till 2 years ago, I had an attack which the doctor diagnosed as appendicitis. When the surgeon operated on me, however, it was found that my trouble was ulcer of the pancreas, instead of appendicitis.

"Since that time I have had several such attacks, suffering death, almost. The last attack was about three months ago, and I endured untold agonies.

"The doctor then said that I would have to eat less starchy stuff, so I began the use of Grape-Nuts food for I knew it to be pre-digested, and have continued same with most gratifying results. It has built me up wonderfully. I gained 10 pounds in the first 8 weeks that I used Grape-Nuts, my general health is better than ever before, my brain is clearer and my nerves stronger.

"For breakfast and dinner, each, I take 4 teaspoonfuls of Grape-Nuts with cream, a small slice of dry toast, an egg soft boiled and a cup of Postum; and I make the evening meal on Grape-Nuts and cream alone—this gives me a good night's rest and I am well again." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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Miss Pamela's Easter Flowers

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 325

"Girls, " she said, "go home and pray. Let us all pray. God does strange things when people pray. There are yet two weeks, who knows what change may come in two weeks?"

"I don't know," said one of the girls, "whether it is right to pray for flowers."

"Yes," said the other, "it must be when we want them for the altar. Jesus said, 'Consider the lilies how they grow.' I am sure it would be right. Let us pray for them."

In Stella Ainslee's little room at that moment, a scene that would have surprised all St. Stephen's congregation, was visible to the waiting angels, though no mortal eyes saw it. The little girl with eyes burning with fever flames, was looking at Miss Pamela. Her utterance was faint and choked, but Miss Pamela heard her say, "You stay with me, please, I want you. I love you." And the lady answered, "Yes, my child, I will stay. Shut your eyes and sleep."

All that night the minister, Miss Pamela and the nurse watched by Stella's bed. In the early dawn a change came, not for death, but for life. The child was better. She had passed the crisis. She would live. The minister's fervent "Thank God" was echoed by the woman who had fancied her heart too numb to thrill to the cry of any human want.

At breakfast-time, pale and tired, but with a look of youth that made her thin old face for once beautiful, Miss Pamela returned to her home. She went straight to Salome Rudd and put her arms about her. "Oh, you poor girl," she said, "what a wretched time you have had here with me! I have left undone the things I ought to have done, and I have done the things I ought not to have done, but my eyes have been opened. God has taken pity on me. That dear little Stella is not going to die. She has somehow broken up my ice. I am going to love people now, and not to hate them. Salome, take pity on me. Do not shrink from me, nor be afraid of me any longer. Tell me, dear girl, what I can do to show that I am going to turn over a new leaf?"

Salome took her courage in both hands. Everything had altered in a moment, and this new Miss Pamela did not seem like the old, but like somebody many years younger and a life-time sweeter.

"Dear Miss Pamela," she said, "you can send all your flowers to church on Easter Sunday."

Miss Pamela gasped. She was taken at her word. All her flowers to church on Easter Sunday! Then without an instant's waiting she replied, "I will. If this is the little thing the Lord asks me to give him as a sign, I will do it. I surrender. My flowers shall be sent every one of them, and you and Stella and the young girls of the parish shall see them there, and if you want to you may manage all the decoration yourself."

They left the breakfast-room and went to the conservatory. The air was moist and sweet, the flowers were opening in the morning sun, the lilies with their great chalices were fragrant as if they were incense bearers, the roses were perfumed and lovely, the azaleas were like drifted snow. There were many flowers yet to open, and the Easter bloom would be glorious. Miss Pamela and Salome stood still among the flowers. For the first time in fifteen years Miss Pamela felt that she could lift up her heart without a single thought of rebellion or reservation to the God who loves all his children alike, his children on earth, and his children in heaven.

Down in the village the minister sat in his study. He, too, was giving God praise. A new Easter was coming to him. He was glad and thankful through and through that his little Stella, the star of his lonely life, was to stay with him. But somehow, faint and tremulous, a new hope was unfolding wings in his soul. There floated before him like a cloud the shy, girlish face of Salome Rudd, her wistful eyes shining through tears. For the first time since Stella had been motherless, there came to the minister's heart the thought that he might bring some one who would mother her, into the home that had been too desolate to be the best nursery for his little one. . . .

Everything in this story ends happily, as Easter stories ought. Miss Pamela's flowers were in the church on Easter day. In another Easter-tide some of her fairest treasures would go there to help make bridal pomp at the minister's wedding.

The Government as a Stamp Collector

EIGHT postage stamps were sold for $2,501, recently, in New York City, the purchaser, J. M. Bartels & Co., buying them, it is said, for the United States Government. The face value of the stamps is $1.75, and if put on letters or packages would be legally received for that amount and no more. Their great value comes from their extreme scarcity, as they are of the issue known to collectors as the "issue of the fourteenth of August, 1861." When the Civil War broke out there were several million dollars' worth of stamps in Southern Post-offices, and a new issue in the North at once became necessary. It consisted of 1, 3, 5, 10, 12, 24, 30, and 90-cent stamps. They were unsatisfactory in design, and within a month a new set was issued. The ones in question still had the gum on, the condition most prized by collectors. A gentleman from New York found them in a little shop in Sweden or Denmark, a short time ago. The shopkeeper did not know their value and sold them for a small price. They were sold again at a large advance, and at last were incorporated in the Scholl stamp collection that was sold a few weeks ago at auction. The government lacks this set, and is undoubtedly the purchaser, as it is extremely anxious to have a complete collection of all its issues.

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That is shining in a monarch's diadem:
Of unestimated worth.
'Mong the treasures of the earth,
'Tis a sign of royal birth,
Like the Star of Bethlehem.

There's a priceless gem which every man may own,
From the peasant to the ruler on his throne.
All the wealth at the command
Of the rich of every land
Could not buy this jewel grand,
Worn by noble men alone.

It is Rectitude—this gem which you may own:
In the hovel and the palace it has shone.
It is better, far, than fame,
Empty titles, worldly gain,
For without it life is vain.
And true happiness unknown. [tread,

Would you care, unarmed, some jungle path to
Where a deadly cobra raised its ugly head?
And can you afford, my boy,
Soul and body to destroy,
For a transient, fleeting joy,
That to ruin oft has led?

From intoxicating drinks you should refrain:
They will bring you untold sorrows in their train.
They are only base alloy,
Gilded, like some gaudy toy:
You will find a greater joy,
If your manhood you retain. [flower,

Would you risk your life to reach a mountain
That might wither in your grasp within an hour?
There's a vile, "red rose of lust:"
In its beauty do not trust:
Soon 'twill crumble into dust,
And the charm will lose its power

Oh, my boy, my girl, now standing on the brink
Of a life of sinful pleasure, stop and think.
Do not heed the siren's call;
Don't submit to Satan's thrall;
Shun his pitfalls, shun them all;
Do not of the poison drink.

Will you heed the danger signals by the way?
Will you keep your record spotless while you may?
If you've sinned, do not despair;
For a better life prepare;
Christ the damage can repair
To the "gem" that's marred to-day

In this world of sin and trouble, be a man.
You can conquer in the struggle, yes, you can.
Keep "the priceless gem" unmarred;
Jealously this jewel guard;
Steer your vessel heavenward,
In accordance with God's plan.

Washington, D. C. E. G. QUACKENBUSH.

The Holy Day*

OUR weekly day of rest has been in many families turned into a day of gloom and weariness. It was so in olden times. The day God gave for a day of delight and happiness was made a burden and a provocation. The same spirit that Christ encountered in the Scribes and Pharisees, which condemned healing on the Sabbath, appears now among ourselves. This and that must not be done on the Lord's Day, which many Judaizing Christians still persist in calling the Sabbath. Their idea of keeping the day holy is to make it as gloomy as possible, thus thwarting God's purpose in giving us the day. He would have us withdraw from our secular pursuits, from the drudgery of providing for the body, that we may give our attention to the concerns of the soul. Considering the relative importance of the body and the soul, it is not much to require of us that one-seventh of our time should be devoted to spiritual concerns. If that day were dropped out of our lives, we should inevitably deteriorate into mere animals, with no thought or consciousness of our higher nature. This day comes to remind us that there is another life beside this, and that there is need for spiritual development to prepare for it. It is a poor kind of preparation to adopt a stupid literalism that only irritates and depresses the soul.

To keep the Lord's Day holy is to consecrate it to him. The enlightened Christian puts aside, as far as he is able, the worries and anxieties of his daily life and centres his thoughts on spiritual and divine things. He does not perplex himself with questions of whether it is right to do this or that on the Lord's Day. The day is an opportunity, of which he gladly avails himself, to reach to a higher plane of spiritual attainment. Every day should be a day of consecration and devotion, but on Sunday, relieved of ordinary occupations, he can come nearer to God. He does not make it a Sabbath, a day of inaction and idleness. It is an opportunity for service. He can go to the Sunday School and try to lead the children to Christ, or he goes into the homes of the sick and the poor to comfort and encourage them. It is the Lord's Day, in which he does the Lord's work, and in communion and service its hours pass happily and usefully away.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for April 22. "The Lord's Day: how to keep it holy." Luke 6: 8-10: Ex. 20: 8-11: Rev 1: 9-18.

Here is a Poultry House Covered with Rex Flintkote

On request we will send you a book showing *all* kinds of structures from poultry houses to railroad terminals and public buildings covered with this same remarkable roofing.
There is only one reason for this wonderful range of uses.

Rex Flintkote ROOFING

has unmatched roofing qualities, and yet it is as easily laid as a carpet. Tin will rust in spite of paints. Shingles warp, crack, blow off, blaze at the touch of a spark. Both require expert labor. Any one can lay Rex Flintkote and be sure of a roof absolutely proof against all kinds of weather, chemical action and fires from sparks.

WE SEND SAMPLES FREE

Make your own tests. Read our Free Book on roofing. The best dealers keep Rex Flintkote. Of course, there are "just-as-good" kinds, made to sell at bigger profits for the dealer and less roofing-value for you. Your protection is the trade mark. "**Look for the Boy**" on every roll.

J. A. & W. BIRD & CO.
28 India Street, Boston, Mass.
We Have Agents Everywhere.

THIS COUCH IS FREE

We will actually give you this handsome, comfortable couch absolutely free of cost. No money to pay, no obligations to assume now or later on! This is only one of the many pieces of Household Furniture given to customers of ***Crofts & Reed*** absolutely free.

In this small advertisement we cannot tell you about the wonderfully liberal plan, other than to assure you that we actually do give away this couch and other valuable household articles without asking for a penny of money. You see we want to interest you in the ***Crofts & Reed*** method of Household Economy. We want to tell you how you can buy household necessities from our factory at factory prices, thus saving big money. All you need to do, is interest yourself in our method of merchandising. Then you can secure this couch without paying us any money. This offer is so liberal that we may have to withdraw it at any time, so write today and get the full particulars. You can ask any Bank in the United States about our responsibility.

CROFTS & REED, ***Couch Dept. H. CHICAGO***

Don't buy a Vehicle of any kind until you get our New Vehicle Catalog

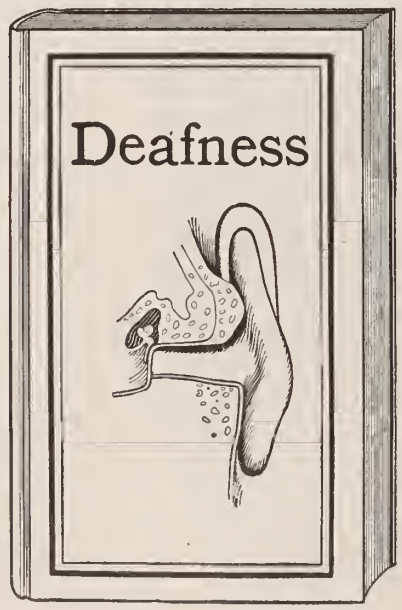
WE SHIP on 30 DAYS TRIAL
We Don't Ask for Any Money With Order

Our Terms Are the Most Liberal Ever Made

CUT THIS AD OUT send it to us and we will mail you free the most complete catalog of vehicles and harness ever printed. The cuts are very large, the descriptions are complete and plain. All vehicles shipped direct from our factory. Prices lowest ever made. **Don't buy a vehicle or harness** until you get our 1906 catalog and see our **astonishingly low prices and the most liberal terms ever made.** **MARVIN SMITH CO. CHICAGO ILL.**

The "EAR=BOOK" For Deaf People

By George H. Wilson



SUPPOSE you knew a man who had been Deaf for twenty years?

Suppose you met him today, and found he could hear every whisper you spoke to him?

Suppose you enquired about him, and found that he was one of the most reliable, and responsible, citizens of Louisville, whose word could be absolutely trusted.

Wouldn't you want that man to tell you just how he got back his full Hearing after twenty years of Deafness?

Wouldn't you want to know some of the things he found out about the Ear, and about Deafness, in fifteen years study of both, and of his own case?

* * *

Well,—that is just what George H. Wilson of Louisville, Ky., tells in his 200 page "Ear Book."

Mr. Wilson is almost as well known in Louisville as Marshall Field is in Chicago, or John Wanamaker in Philadelphia.

And, he was, for twenty years, almost the Deafest man in his native city.

Any one of the thousands who know him today will certify that his Hearing is now as sharp as their own,

Few men have studied the Ear so earnestly, and thoroughly, as Mr. Wilson had to do, for his own sake.

What he positively knows about Deafness is personal and practical.

It is not mere book knowledge, but the actual facts tested out by his own hard experience.

"The Wilson Ear Book" therefore should be read by every man or woman, who has Ear trouble,—who is Deaf, or threatened with Deafness.

This "Ear Book" will be sent Free to any Doctor, or other person, who will clip out this advertisement and send us, with it, the name and address of one Deaf person in his locality. Address—

The Wilson E. D. Company,
1038 Todd Building, Louisville, Ky.

MELLIN'S For the Baby FOOD

Dr. Chapin says, "Fresh cow's milk should be the basis of an infant's food."

Mellin's Food is always to be used with fresh milk as a basis, -- that is why Mellin's Food gives such good results. Send for our free book of "Mellin's Food Babies."

The ONLY Infants' Food receiving the GRAND PRIZE at St. Louis, 1904. Gold Medal, Highest Award, Portland, Ore. 1905.

MELLIN'S FOOD CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Are You DEAF?

I was deaf myself for 25 years. I perfected and patented a small, invisible ear drum in order to help my own hearing. It is called "The Way Ear Drum," and by the use of these drums I can NOW HEAR WHISPERS. I want all deaf people to write me. I do not claim to "cure" all cases of deafness, neither can I benefit those who were born deaf. But I CAN HELP 90 per cent of those whose hearing is defective.

Won't you take the trouble to write and find out all about me and my invention? Tell me the cause of your deafness. Geo. P. Way, 417 Majestic Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

Rider Agents Wanted

in each town to ride and exhibit sample 1906 model. *Write for Special Offer.*
Finest Guaranteed 1906 Models **$10 to $27**
with Coaster-Brakes and Puncture-Proof tires.
1904 & 1905 Models all of best makes **$7 to $12**
500 Second-Hand Wheels All Makes and Models, good as new **$3 to $8**
Great Factory Clearing Sale. We Ship on Approval *without a cent deposit*, pay the freight and allow TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL. Tires, coaster-brakes, sundries, etc., half usual prices. Do not buy till you get our catalogs. *Write at once.*
MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. 71-B Chicago

Buy SPLIT HICKORY Buggies and save 2 profits. Factory to you.

25% MORE VALUE

30 Days Free Trial
2 Year Guarantee

THE OHIO CARRIAGE MFG. CO. Station 236 H. C. Phelps, Pres Cincinnati, O.

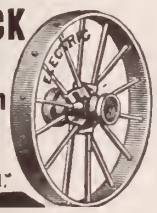
$41

Write and tell us what style vehicle you want. 1906 Catalog, 180 pages, now ready.

SAVE YOUR BACK

Save time, horses, work and money by using an

Electric Handy Wagon



Low wheels, broad tires. No living man can build a better. Book on "Wheel Sense" free.
Electric Wheel Co. Bx 136 Quincy, Ill.

Corns

A-CORN SALVE always removes corns—takes them out by the roots. No risk of blood-poison as with cutting. No pain, no trouble, no poison. 15c. at your druggists or by mail.

Giant Chemical Co., Philadelphia

Take Your Choice.

Guaranteed Self Regulating Incubators **RENT** at $1 and $2 per month. Let rent pay for it. We pay freight. Buy on **40 Days Trial** or buy parts and plans and build one. Prices, ready to use: $5.00 up. Free catalog—tells all.

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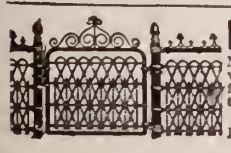


LAWN FENCE

Many designs. Cheap as wood. 32 page Catalogue free. Special Prices to Cemeteries and Churches. Address

COILED SPRING FENCE CO., Box D Winchester, Ind.

Redeeming the Lost

By Mrs. M. Baxter

IN their ignorant, sinful pride, men have trodden on those whom they have thought to be lost, those who are morally lost to society, the drunkards, criminals and the fallen, and common opinion gives them no hope of rising again, but treats them as utterly hopeless. And it is these whom Jesus came to seek and to save. "For thus saith the Lord God: Behold I, even I, will both search my sheep, and seek them out . . . Iwill seek that which was lost, and bring again that which was driven away, and will bind up that which was broken, and will strengthen that which was sick." (Ezek. 34: 11-16).

Jesus had just repeated the reproach made against him, that he was "a friend of publicans and sinners." The imputation was that their sin was an attraction to him—that his tastes accorded with theirs; for they who accused him had no conception of doing anything, or of seeking the society of anybody, except for self-interest. Knowing their thoughts of him, the Lord Jesus entered into the house of a Pharisee who had desired him to eat with him. Scarcely was he entered, when a well-known sinner of the city, knowing that he was there, came and sought him out.

A man who lived for himself might have thought, "How unfortunate that this poor woman should come just now! it will justify the untrue remarks that are made about me," and he might have avoided her. But it was Christ's vocation to seek and to save the lost. Jesus never avoids those who make a claim on him. He says, "Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out" (John 6: 37); her need was his attraction.

The poor woman sought only Jesus—was occupied with none other. Neither the Pharisee nor the other guests were anything to her. Remarks were going round, but she heard them not; glances were cast, but she saw not. She was lost, this she knew, and in him there was salvation for such as she. What was all the world to her by the side of the Saviour? The poor sinner stood at Jesus' feet behind him, weeping, and she perceived a service which she might render him. She "began to wash his feet with tears, and to wipe them with the hairs of her head, and kissed his feet, and anointed them with the ointment."

He did not draw his feet away. Others might have thought that the tears of such a one tainted them; they might have considered what would be thought and said of their proximity to such a one; but the Master put himself and his own reputation out of the question; he saw and rejoiced over the broken heart, and maybe there was more of oneness between her who wept for her own sin and him who wept for the world's sin, than between any other members of the company.

The Pharisee's only treatment of a sinner was to condemn. Tenderness or pity towards those who had erred would never occur to him; he would think it an encouragement to sin. Forgiveness was far from his thoughts. His religion consisted in just retribution. The woman was a sinner, an outcast, let her be treated as one; and he judged that Jesus was no prophet, because he tolerated her presence. But he to whom the hearts of all men are open, answered the thoughts of Simon by the parable of the two debtors, as though to say, "Simon, thou thinkest that thy debt to God is tenfold less than this woman's, that she owes five hundred pence, and thou but fifty; yet if thy debt and hers are both forgiven, which will most love him who extended pardon to both" In this woman there is proof of love.

The lost one was found and saved. The coming fact of Jesus' death for her sin was already accomplished in the eyes of a God who sees the end from the beginning. Her sin met with its retribution when the Son of God cried, in the anguish of his soul, "My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken me." The lost one, because she was nothing, came nearer to God than the man who had never sinned so deeply, because her cause was undertaken by the great Redeemer.

Van Camp's BOSTON BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE PORK AND BEANS

The Neatness with Which They Are Prepared

The most particular housewives approve of Van Camp's Pork and Beans with Tomato Sauce.

Remember about the neatly sanded floors of the Dutch housewives—famed for cleanliness? Everything is like that in the great Van Camp Packing Houses—spic and span. First, all the beans, selected and Michigan grown, are picked over by hand and the poor ones thrown out. Then the good ones are washed three times, in fresh, running water. Any broken or poor ones remaining will rise to the top and are carefully skimmed off, leaving only the whole, sound beans.

Just the way they are done in the most immaculate home kitchen—in every step of the process—that is characteristic of the Van Camp way. Even in the parboiling, care is exercised to see that they are stopped at the right moment, before the skins pop open—that is one reason why Van Camp's Pork and Beans are never "mushy" but always roll out plump and whole.

The thrifty housewife always has something she can serve quickly in case of emergency, when unexpected guests arrive or when the butcher is late. Nothing so completely fills the bill as Van Camp's Pork and Beans with Tomato Sauce.

Beans cooked the Van Camp way require great care and much time, but the modern housewife is saved all this. Van Camp's are always ready, wholesome, nourishing, piquant. Their fine flavor is due to the quality of the materials used and the Van Camp way of combining—the result of experience.

They may be prepared in a hundred appetizing ways and are ready to serve in ten minutes. Merely set the can into a kettle of boiling water, turning it over when partly heated, then open.

When served hot garnish with parsley. The refreshing green is an appetizing touch.
Van Camp's are economical. Keep a good supply in the house.

The Van Camp Packing Company
Indianapolis, Indiana

The KING Settee Folding Bed

Something New

Made of fine Quarter-sawed Oak; *dust-proof* and *bug-proof*. A handsome **Settee,** roomy **Wardrobe,** two **Shirt-Waist Boxes,** and a comfortable **Bed**—all in one. Just the thing for crowded houses, flats and offices. Sold direct from **factory** to user, at a price so small that anybody can afford to own one. Delivered **Free** of freight in U. S. east of the "Rockies." Liberal freight allowance elsewhere.

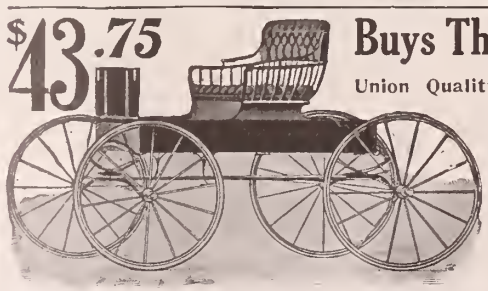
Write for Catalogue "A." mentioning this advertisement

KING SETTEE FOLDING BED COMPANY Louisville, Ky.

RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

Gives the shine which lasts. Makes rust impossible.
Never cakes on iron. Will not burn red.
DURABLE AND ECONOMICAL.

$43.75 Buys This Rubber Tire Wagon



Union Quality. Fully Guaranteed. Best hickory wheels, ¾ in. **Rubber Tire,** long distance, dust proof, high arched axles; oil tempered springs. First quality material and finish. Worth nearly double our **Factory Price.** We ship for your examination, without a cent in advance, if desired, and allow

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL

Money refunded on all purchases not satisfactory. **You save dealers' profits.** We build 150 styles of vehicles, from $26.50 to $150.00. 50 styles Harness, $5.00 to $60.00. Write to-day for our 200 page **Illustrated Style Book. Free** for the asking.

UNION BUGGY CO.
49 Saginaw Street, Pontiac, Mich.

SO CHANGED!

By W. C. Martin

So changed! He was so weary heretofore,
And stumbled as the heavy cross he bore;
And sorrow marred the beauty of his face—
But now he stands in regal might and grace.

So changed! He was attended heretofore
By timid men, of lowly rank and poor,
Who trembled at the threat of loss and pain—
Now, mighty angels follow in his train.

So changed! He prayed with anguish heretofore,
And sweat of blood distilled at every pore;
He was submissive, but in sore distress—
Now he displays unmeasured happiness.

So changed! And all the weary and oppressed
Who bear, in him, their burdens, wanting rest,
Shall be transfigured like the risen One,
And all of grief and weariness be gone.

Resources in Service*

FEW men who have tried to do God's work in the world, have been without the sense of their own inadequacy at frequent times. They have seen some duty that lies before them, some task which they are called to do, and they shrink with an overpowering sense of their own inability to perform the work. There are some bold spirits who feel equal to any service and go boldly into the arena, confident in their own powers, but it is not so with the truly great leaders. These have a modesty that makes them diffident. They know themselves and their own limitations and while longing for achievement, are conscious of their own need of help. Such was Moses, such were Joshua, Gideon, David, Isaiah, and, in later times, even Paul, the man of undaunted moral courage. It is to such that the promise of divine help is given.

"Who is sufficient for these things?" Paul asked. Afterwards he was able to say, "I can do all things through Christ, who strengtheneth me." He had learned the secret in many a bitter struggle. The same secret is within reach of the humblest Christian. The hand of Omnipotence is stretched out from the skies to the diffident, the trustful worker, and he finds that a power not his own is working in him and with him and enabling him to do deeds beyond his own capacity. He has bread to eat that the world knows not of and power that amazes the onlookers. "I will send thee to Pharaoh," God said to Moses, and the man began to think of his own stammering tongue and his own incapacity. But God tells him that he will go with him and so Moses found it. The man with Omnipotence at his back is a match for the whole world.

When Knox was summoned to the pulpit, he shrank back in terror and hid himself, but afterwards he was known as the man who had no fear. Faith and experience had done their work. The man who believes and ventures out on the promise is a man who learns quickly. He does not expect that God will lift him over mountains, but he knows that God will give him strength to climb the mountains. He becomes a worker together with God, and there is no failure in that service.

The Faith of a Child

A very touching story is told of a widow, with several small children, living on the East-Side of New York. After the death of her husband, she struggled to keep her little family together. First one thing was sacrificed and then another, but without avail. She became so poor that her children did not even have warm bed-covering. She was too sick to go to church, but she said to her young son, "Johnnie, I want you to go to church on Sunday, and hear the sermon, and remember the text, and tell me all about it." The boy went, and on returning home, his mother asked him to tell her what the minister said. He replied, "I don't know anything about the sermon. I only remember the text, which was, 'I will send you a bedquilt.'" His mother did not understand what he could mean; but in questioning him closely, she found that the text had been, "I will send you a comforter," which the child, in his extreme need, interpreted, "a bedquilt," and hastened home to tell the good news, that help was coming.

"Except ye become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven."

M. B. C.

*Topic of the Epworth League for April 22. Phil. 4: 19; II. Chron. 16: 9; Ps. 37: 23-25; Isa. 41: 10-13; Matt. 7: 7, 8; John 14: 12 14.

INSOMNIA

Leads to Madness, if not Remedied in Time.

"Experiments satisfied me, some five years ago," writes a Topeka woman, "that coffee was the direct cause of the insomnia from which I suffered terribly, as well as the extreme nervousness and acute dyspepsia, which made life a most painful thing for me.

"I had been a coffee drinker since childhood, and did not like to think that the beverage was doing me all this harm. But it was, and the time came when I had to face the fact, and protect myself. I therefore gave it up, abruptly and absolutely, and adopted Postum Food Coffee for my hot drink at meals.

"I began to note improvement in my condition very soon after I took on Postum. The change proceeded gradually, but surely, and it was a matter of only a few weeks before I found myself entirely relieved—the nervousness passed away, my digestive apparatus was restored to normal efficiency, and I began to sleep, restfully and peacefully.

"These happy conditions have continued during all of the five years, and I am safe in saying that I owe them entirely to Postum Food Coffee, for when I began to drink it I ceased to use medicines." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

RHEUMATISM

LEE ELECTRIC INSOLES

Drive out Uric Acid, the cause of your RHEUMATISM.

By generating electro-chemical action through the feet. Same principle as European Baths brought within the reach of every sufferer. No Medicine. No Drugs. No Quackery. No Cost Unless Satisfactory. Every step will help you. Send no money—take no risk. If we cannot prove that the LEE INSOLES will do for you what they have done for thousands, they cost you nothing. Write to-day for free explanation of scientific principle, testimonials, expert opinions, references and our special thirty days' TRIAL OFFER

No sufferer is too old—no case too difficult.

Lee Insole Company
Room 1235, 170 Fifth Ave.
New York City

NO MEDICINE

Queens Park Lots

on Hempstead and Jamaica Turnpike at Franklin Square, L. I., on trolley just beyond Queens. High-class section, cement sidewalks, shade trees. All property fully restricted. Rare opportunity for home-seekers and investors.

$200 and Upward, $2.50 Down

Balance $1.00 per week. Not less than two lots sold. Free deed in case of death. Values will double. Titles guaranteed free of cost by

Lawyers' Title Guarantee Co.

Send in your application at once and get a choice location.

QUEENS PARK REALTY CO.
176-B BROADWAY BROOKLYN, N Y

GREIDER'S FINE CATALOGUE
of Standard bred poultry for 1906, printed in beautiful colors, contains Fine Chromo, illustrates and describes 60 varieties. Gives reasonable prices for stock and eggs, tells all about poultry, their diseases, lice, etc. **This book only 10 cents.**
B. H. GREIDER. RHEEMS, PA.

GET THIS GOLD PAIR FREE

Listen! In the past year I received thousands of letters from spectacle wearers all over the world, expressing their thanks and appreciation, and the one I give here is a good sample of what they all say.

The Reverend O. C. Clark, one of the most prominent ministers in the State of Illinois, says:

"I HIGHLY appreciate your famous "Perfect Vision" spectacles, for I can honestly and truthfully say that with them I now can read the finest and smallest print both day and night, just as well as I ever did in my life. Your spectacles are truly marvelous."

NOW I WANT YOUR TESTIMONIAL ALSO, AND I THEREFORE MAKE YOU THIS SPECIAL OFFER:

Just write me your name and address and I will mail you my Perfect Home Eye Tester, free.

Then when you return me the Eye Tester with your test, I will send you a complete five dollar family set of my famous "Perfect Vision" spectacles for only $1 (which is an actual saving of $4 to you), and this will include a pair of my handsome Rolled Gold spectacles absolutely free of charge.

This set will last yourself and family a lifetime.

With these famous "Perfect Vision" spectacles of mine you will be able to read the finest print just as easy as you ever did in your life, and I will return your dollar willingly if you yourself don't find them to be the finest you ever bought anywhere, at any price.

Write now for my free Home Eye Tester. Address as follows:

DR. HAUX SPECTACLE CO., Haux Bldg., ST. LOUIS, MO.

I WANT AGENTS ALSO And any man or woman (also storekeepers), without any previous experience whatever, can fit the weakest eyes with my Improved Home Eye Tester. This is so simple that any one can work it with perfect satisfaction, and easily earn from $25 to $100 weekly, selling my famous Perfect Vision Spectacles, either in their own homes, traveling, or in stores. My agents need no license as I furnish them the necessary documents with the Agent's Outfit.

ANY MAN, WOMAN, BOY OR GIRL

CAN MAKE MONEY EASILY AND PLENTIFULLY

by taking subscriptions among your neighbors and friends for the **Woman's Farm Journal.** It is a great little paper, and only 10 cents a year. Almost every person you show it to, will pay 10 cents a year for it. You don't need any capital. Don't need to invest a cent. Just send us your full name and postoffice address plainly written and we will send you full particulars and outfit **FREE.**

$1,000.00 IN EXTRA CASH COMMISSIONS

will be given for the twenty largest lists sent in between now and MAY 31st, 1906. This $1,000.00 will be given in **addition** to the regular commission, so that you are **sure** to get the regular commission, and have as good a chance as any one else to get one of the extra cash awards. Don't put it off, but write to-day A postal will do. Address **C. C. THOMPSON, Manager, The Woman's Farm Journal, St. Louis, Mo.**

I Am the Paint Man

2 Full Gallons Free to Try—6 Months Time to Pay

You Pay No Freight to Try My Paint.

O. K. Chase.
St. Louis, Mo.

I AM the paint man.

I have a *new* way of manufacturing and selling paints. It's unique—*it's better.*

Before my plan was invented paint was sold in two ways — either ready-mixed or the ingredients were bought and mixed by the painter. Ready-mixed paint settles on the shelves, forming a sediment at the bottom of the can. The mineral in ready-mixed paint, when standing in oil, eats the life out of the oil. The *oil* is the very life of all paints.

Paint made by the painter cannot be properly made on account of lack of the heavy mixing machine.

My paint is *unlike* any other paint in the world. It is ready to use, but not ready-mixed.

My paint is made to order after each order is received, packed in hermetically sealed cans with the very day it is made stamped on each can by my factory inspector.

I ship my pigment—which is white lead, zinc, drier and coloring matter freshly ground, after order is received—in separate cans, and in another can I ship my Oilo, which is *pure old process* linseed oil, the kind that you used to buy years ago before the paint manufacturers, to cheapen the cost of paint, worked in adulterations.

I sell my paint direct from my factory to user at my very low factory price; you pay no dealer or middleman profits.

I pay the freight on six gallons or over.

My paint is so good that I make this wonderfully fair test offer:

When you receive your shipment of paint, you can use *two full gallons*—that will cover 600 square feet of wall—two coats.

If, after you have used that much of my paint, you are not perfectly satisfied with it in every detail, *you can return* the remainder of your order and the two gallons will not cost you one *penny*,

No other paint manufacturer ever made such a liberal offer.

It is because I manufacture the finest paint, put up in the best way, that I can make this offer.

I go even further. I sell all of my paint on *six months' time*, if desired.

This gives you an opportunity to paint your buildings when they need it, and pay for the paint at your convenience.

NOTE—My 8 Year Guarantee backed by $50,000 Bond

Back of my paint stands my Eight Year, officially signed iron-clad Guarantee.

This is the longest and most liberal guarantee ever put on a paint.

For further particulars regarding my plan of selling, and complete color card of all colors, send a postal to O. L. Chase, St. Louis, Mo.

I will send my paint book—the most complete book of its kind ever published — absolutely free. Also my instruction book entitled "This Little Book Tells How to Paint" and copy of my 8 year guarantee.

O. K. Chase *The Paint Man.*

701 C Olive Street,
St. Louis, Mo.

I Want to Send You My Magazine Six Months FREE

I want you to read my magazine "The Money Maker" and so become acquainted with my method of doing business.

I am a broker in reliable investment securities that offer the investor a good conservative profit and much more than the usual amount of safety.

I am not selling the stock of one company or one security, but am handling nearly a dozen—everyone good and on a paying profitable basis—and my clients select the security that seems best to them—I have no interest in influencing them toward any especial stock.

All of these investments are offered on an easy payment plan, so that any person who can save $5 or more a month can share in their profit.

These small investments multiply enormously and as a result my clients have placed over $2,000,000 through me and in return, in the past three years, they have received over half a million dollars in dividends.

The whole theory of my plan of business is based on the co-operation of small amounts. I believe that the $100 of one thousand people is as good as the $100,000 of one person.

I am responsible and trustworthy and I can refer you to National Banks in New York, Chicago and Philadelphia and to Duns and Bradstreets. I can also refer you to satisfied clients all over the land—some of them quite possibly in your own town.

I want to get in touch with men and women of moderate income or savings, who want their money to earn more than the 3 to 6 per cent. afforded by Banks, Trust Companies and Building and Loan Societies and who can still feel the same sense of security that these investments afford.

I have an interesting proposition for them.

I don't want a cent of their money until they know all about me and our business. But I do want them to learn about us.

My monthly investment magazine, "The Money Maker," tells all about our business—what we do and how we are doing it. It not only tells about the various investments we are offering, but gives a great deal of information about investments and money matters in general.

If you are interested in making a dollar earn a dollar, ask me for "The Money Maker" and I will send it to you Six Months FREE.

Your name on a postal card will do. Write to-day and address me simply

W. M. OSTRANDER, President

161 NORTH AMERICAN BUILDING, PHILADELPHIA

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

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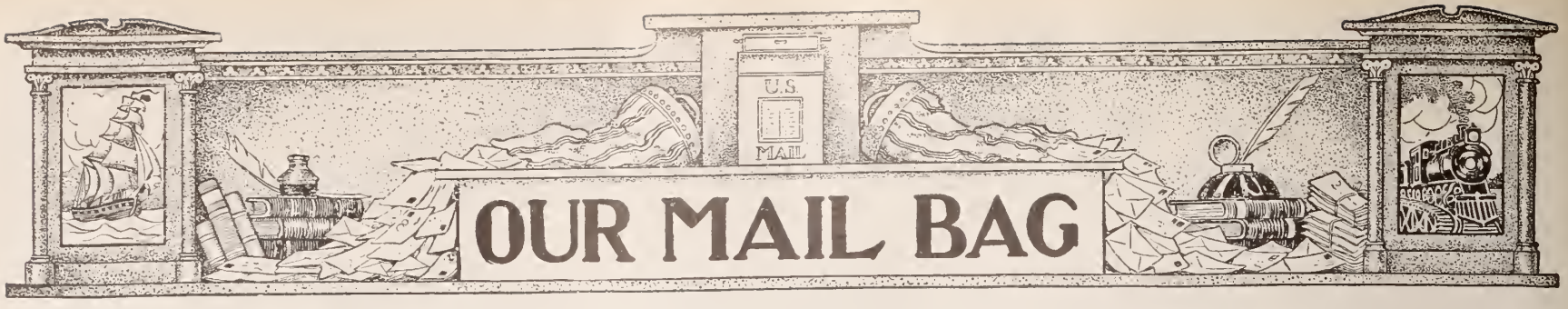
Historic St. Paul's, now Overshadowed by the "Sky-scrapers" of New York



OUR MAIL BAG

Questions and Answers

Letters for this department must contain name and address of the sender—not for publication, but in order that an answer may be sent by mail in cases where the inquiry is not of general interest.

R. T. McM., Lansing, Mich. 1. Is it necessary to secure a passport in order to visit the Turkish dominions? 2. If so, what is the manner of procedure?

1. Yes. 2. You should procure the passport from the State Department, Washington, and have it vised by the Turkish Consul at the nearest seaport in this country. This Turkey requires in all ordinary cases, we believe.

Puzzled, Akron, O. As the clothes in which the body of Jesus was wrapped, were found in the tomb after his resurrection, what garments did he wear when he appeared to his disciples?

They must have been heavenly garments. The fact that he entered the room when the doors were shut; that at Emmaus, he vanished out of sight and was seen shortly afterward in Jerusalem, and that he was accustomed to appear and disappear suddenly, shows that he was no longer a material being, with material associations and with material limitations. The miracle of the resurrection was so great, that the question of clothing the body becomes insignificant in comparison.

J. B. C., Argyle, N. Y. Who was the author of the book in which the character of "Frankenstein" appears?

Mary Godwin Shelley. *Frankenstein* is the title of the book itself, taken from the name of the man-monster, who is its leading character.

A Troubled Mother. Is it right for a member of a church to join a club, with the minister, where they play cards and other games, and dance?

It is difficult to understand how a Christian, be he minister or layman, can reconcile card-playing and dancing with the profession of Christianity. We believe in a cheerful religion and in young people having all the legitimate amusement they want; but when we contemplate the evil that has been wrought through card-playing and the promiscuous dance, we are compelled to class these as among those dangerous amusements at which the line should be drawn. We advise you to get a little pamphlet entitled *Ecclesiastical Amusements*, published by A. W. Hall, Syracuse, N. Y.

J. F. W., Delaware, O. Will not some one give us a suitable name for those people who, in Christian lands, may be called "Nominal Christians," but who in other lands (where the word "Christian" means "one who knows and serves Christ,") are among those who make and sell liquor, who engage in the slave trade, who trade in young girls, and carry on other wicked business? No wonder the African mother, when she heard that the whites were coming to her village, cried out in the anguish of her soul: "We don't want Christians, they bring liquor, and steal our children!" They may be told that such people are not true Christians; that they are only called Christians: but it is confusing, and they cannot grasp the difference. Besides, it is an insult to the sacred name.

Give us a word that means, "no religion," or "one who worships the money made by the destruction of their fellow-beings"; a word that can be sounded out among the nations, and which will place such people where they belong in the eyes of the whole world.

The people you describe are so readily distinguished by their conduct, that there is no danger of confusing them with real Christians. Even the "raw" heathen recognize the difference between the genuine and the make-believe. The latter belong to that class described in Neh. 5 : 9. See also Isaiah 29: 15; Titus 1:16.

P. G. R., Newark, N. J. 1. Is it positively known that the earth, with all the solar system, has not moved millions of miles from where they were last year, as there are no bounds to space? 2. Could not some unperceived sun or planet have crossed through space where we are now, and partially warmed (the 200 below zero) before the whole solar system entered it, thus causing a mild winter?

1. It is positively known that all the stars are in motion in all directions. The fact has long been known, but it was reserved for the spectroscope to determine their velocities and the refinements of their direction of motion. All celestial bodies are in motion. Our sun and all the planets and satellites and periodic comets, are moving at from ten to twelve miles a second towards the constellations of Hercules and Lyra, whether in a curved or straight line is unknown, so, of course, we do not know whether its motion is orbital or not. If orbital, its period of revolution must amount to millions of years. 2. All stars are self-luminous, and none could come within a distance capable of producing the effect imagined, without being seen.

Marathon, N. Y. LEWIS SWIFT.

Flora B., Richland, Mich. 1. Where can the Book of Canticles be found? 2. Is Madame Guyon the author of said book? 3. Do Eph. 5: 27 and Ps. 45 : 14, also other places, have reference to the Canticles?

1. The "Book of Canticles" is simply another name for Solomon's Song, or, as it is termed by the Hebrews, "The Song of Songs." 2. Madame Guyon, the famous French author and mystic, was born in 1648. One of her books, which appeared in 1685, is entitled, *The Song of Songs Interpreted in the Mystical Sense.* You may find it in any good collection of her works. 3. The passages mentioned have no reference whatsoever to the Song of Solomon.

H. S., Wis. I am in a confused position. I'm trying to live a Christian life, but it seems such a hard thing to decide what is right. I'm living on a farm, with brother and father. Half the land belongs to father, but the cattle and things in general belong to my brother. Father does almost all the chores in winter, except in the morning, when brother helps. Half the time almost brother is not at home, being most of the time in town in the saloons. He comes home at midnight or later, and sometimes doesn't come home for two days. Father does all the chores except milk, which he can't, and I'm doing all the housework. I do not get any wages, nor does he give father any money for his share of the land and work. Is it my duty as a Christian to do the milking and separating, which are beyond my strength?

If the facts are as you state them, then you are wasting your time and strength in supporting a selfish drunkard, who is consuming your rightful income as well as his own. Such a bondage is hopeless, unless the man is changed through religion, and brought to see the error of his ways. There must surely be some way of saving your lawful earnings from being swept into the liquor saloon till by another. Pray over it, think over it; but don't give him up. Light will come after a while.

S. E. M., Wenona, Ill. 1. Who was the first Pope in the Roman Catholic Church? 2. Is the Danphin you speak of in the last issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the one of whom we read in the story *Lazarre?*

1. The title Pope, or "Papa," the Latin equivalent, was originally used for all bishops. The first writer who applied it to a Roman bishop was Ennodius of Pavia, who thus addressed Pope Symmochus, in the fifth century. The Roman Catholics, however, claim that the Apostle Peter was the first Pope of their church. In 1076 the use of the title was restricted to the bishops of Rome, at the instigation of Pope Hildebrand. The office was one of slow growth, the Roman bishops acquiring a position of greater influence than the rest, finally becoming recognized as senior bishops, and then supreme head of the Roman Catholic Church. 2. Yes.

Inflating the Balloon for a Flight from the Aero Club Grounds

New York City has a very active club devoted to scientific ballooning, but their latest venture resulted in the death of Paul Nocquet, the Belgian sculptor, who had taken up the navigation of the air as a relaxation. He had his balloon filled in the Bronx on the afternoon of April 3, rose high above New York, and then sailed over Long Island Sound and disappeared. One day later the smashed balloon was found on the south shore of Long Island, and the body of the unfortunate aeronaut two days after. He had evidently tried, after his balloon was wrecked, to reach the town of Amityville. He swam a number of salt creeks and crossed fifteen marshy islands, before he fell dead from exhaustion. Although young, he had produced several notable works of art, and critics felt that there was a great future in store for him.

High School Teacher, New York, apropos of a recent editorial in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, writes:

Call together principals and teachers of high schools and ask the cause of overcrowding, shattered nerves, poor school work, and the answer will be, "The pupils try to crowd in too much of the social life during their school days." Parents who allow the pupils in our high schools to attend social functions several nights in a week are to blame for the failure of those pupils in school work, or for the shattered health that follows an attempt to make up lost work. In our best schools the pupils can carry the required amount of work—four subjects—and not work more than three hours outside of school. This means, of course, that all study time is profitably employed and the references are given by the teacher. In normal schools the students are allowed to carry more work, but are not forced to do so. This, however, is no more than will be expected of them as teachers.

Reader, N. Y. Can you give me any information regarding Brodenhausen, the painter of one of the most celebrated Madonnas?

Cuno Von Brodenhausen was born at Witzenhausen, Germany, in 1852. He studied under Lundershmidt, in Munich, and showed a special taste for the historical subject. In 1877 he made his debut as an ambitious painter. His picture of "Mignon" was much admired. He continued his studies at Rome, taking up chiefly religious subjects, as well as those of history and romance. "Nydia," "The Blind Girl of Pompeii," and "Virginia on the Beach," were among his best works of this period. His famous Madonna was produced in 1889. It is called "The Vision of Mary," and in the original represents a dreamer, who beholds Mary with the child Jesus in her arms enthroned in the clouds. Beneath her appears the cross of Golgotha. The faces of mother and child are very beautiful. E. T. S.

J. J. E., Mullica Hill, N. J. Does the jesting spoken of in Eph. 5: 4, mean that we shall not even jest or joke?

No; pleasant wit and innocent humor at the proper time and place, are nowhere condemned. It is the frivolous talk, the silly persiflage, the low jest, the vile insinuation, the mixture of folly and sin, to which the apostle had reference. He probably had in mind, too, the habit some persons have of indulging in humor at unseemly times, when trifling talk is out of place.

L. C. J., Winchester, Ky. How much was the late Queen Victoria's private fortune, and how much did she realize annually from the British Government?

No one knows the amount of Queen Victoria's fortune, as the royal family is exempt from death dues, and no public announcement is made in regard to the sovereign's private bequests. She received from the government the sum of $1,845,000 a year; but of this she had to pay numerous salaries and pensions to old servants, etc. Before her reign, the sovereign had various sources of income, consisting of taxes on various commodities, etc.; these she gave up for a regular grant from Parliament, as being a more convenient system for both sovereign and people.

Ed. B., Davenport, Ia. Who are the members of the Missionary Committee in the Japanese famine field and what denominations do they represent?

They are Rev. W. E. Lampe (German Reformed), Chairman; Rev. C. S. Davison (Methodist Episcopal); Rev. J. H. DeForest (Congregational); Rev. M. B. Madden (Christian); Rev. William Axling (Baptist), and Prof. G. A. Forrest (Episcopalian), a teacher in the government college.

Miscellaneous

Mrs. H. C. B., East Chatham, N. Y.: Mrs. M. A. M., Akron, O., are directed to Mr. Ernest Bick, 107 Twenty-second Street, Irvington, N. J., for the information they wish about violins.

F. I. R., Homebrook, Minn., writes, in response to B. C., Institute, West Virginia, that the author of the lines—

Do you covet learning's prize?
Climb her heights and take it,

was John G. Saxe. Another correspondent gives the author as Prof. J. Willis Westlake.

Abram S., Philadelphia. We have repeatedly explained that the chronology found in the margin of the Bible is not a part of Scripture, but was compiled by Archbishop Ussher in modern times. The Bible fixes no date for Creation. It simply says: "In the beginning."

C. J., San Pedro, Cal.; J. D. R., Woodville, Ky.: C. M. S., Boulder, Col., and others, may obtain information concerning Stradivarius violins and their makers, by putting themselves in communication with the Lenox Library, New York City, which has an extensive department in music.

F. H. B., Grove City, Pa. 1. Advertising for a wife or a husband is a cheap and vulgar path to matrimony. It renders the advertiser liable to be victimized by swindlers or adventuresses, who are constantly on the watch for such victims. 2. Earnest prayer and loving expostulation will win the wanderer back. Make her acquainted with your home pastor. Surround her, as far as possible, with Christian influences.

Mrs. A. E. W., Oxford, Pa. The Portsmouth Peace Treaty was beneficial to both Russia and Japan. Russia's campaign was hopeless, and its continuance would have simply meant prolonged slaughter. Japan had already gained her principal object, which was to drive Russia from Korea and the Peninsula. To attempt to force the Russians out of Manchuria, might have involved a long, expensive and useless campaign.

Mrs. H. D. K., Rochester, N. Y., writes: "I see in your paper that Mrs. Black, Pennsylvania, writes of her father's age. My mother, Mrs. Julia DuMond, was ninety the 14th of January. She was born in Rhode Island in 1816, came to Rochester, N. Y., when she was about four months old, and has seen the city grow up from a wilderness. Her memory is good. She is a great reader and has subscribed for your paper for fifteen years.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

NEW YORK. APRIL 18. 1906

Jefferson's Law Office, Monticello

Jefferson Drafting the Declaration of Independence

Lodge Gate, Monticello

A GREAT AMERICAN SHRINE

Stately Monticello, the Home of Jefferson, to Which Many April Pilgrimages Are Made

AMERICA, until recent years, has looked more to the future than to the past, and has permitted many of her historical mansions and places to be destroyed or altered, whenever the so-called march of improvement so desired. Mount Vernon, the home of Washington, and Monticello, the home of Thomas Jefferson, the most important to all patriotic Americans, have fortunately been preserved, and are now carefully guarded, to stand for generations as Meccas of historical pilgrimages from every State of the Union. Jefferson was born in April, and every year, as the month comes round, men of all classes, all creeds, and all parties, may be found wending their way to the colonial mansion, on its picturesque mountain top, to do honor to the memory of the man who drafted the Declaration of Independence.

From orators of the fervid type, we hear much of Jeffersonian simplicity. If they mean the simplicity found in a republican form of government, they are perhaps right, but when they apply it to ways of living they are decidedly wrong. Jefferson was one of the wealthiest men of his time, and long before he was thirty, was able to gratify his artistic, literary, and musical tastes, to an extent far from common in the Colonies. He dressed always in the height of European fashion, wore a silver-hilted rapier on ceremonial occasions, and wrote the famous Declaration, according to one legend, dressed in a coat of scarlet velvet. He was a lover of blooded horses, and the finest stock that could be purchased in America. The coach he had constructed at Monticello was drawn by four horses ridden by colored postilions. His exquisite taste in architecture is shown by his mansion of Monticello, of which he was the architect, and, for the most part, the supervising builder.

The Main Front of Monticello in Winter

Shadwell, the home that Jefferson had inherited, was burned, and he built Monticello in 1771. It was not yet completed when he took his bride there the following year. Monticello, literally the little mountain, is far from little, as it rises over five hundred and eighty feet. It is shaped like a sugar-loaf, and the house occupies a small plateau at the top, the land falling away sharply a short distance from the walls. The estate consisted, in Jefferson's time, of ten thousand acres, ten being cleared, levelled and terraced.

After passing the picturesque lodge gate, and reaching the lawn, the visitor sees before him one of the most beautiful homes in America at the present time, notwithstanding the fortunes that have been spent to erect the palaces and villas at Newport and Lenox. It is constructed of brick, the main portion being only one story high. The stately Doric porticoes at the front and back, the graceful dome rising above the pavilioned roofs, and the elaborate railings about the eaves, at once strike the eye. The builder's love for anything connected with the Italian renaissance in architecture was noted by early visitors from France, who had seen the structures, of which Jefferson had only read in books. The main hall reaches to the roof, and from it passages run through to the ends of the house, where there are large rooms which form the exterior octagons shown in the accompanying illustration. In the hall are many pieces of furniture of historical interest, marble busts of Washington and Franklin, together with a number of family portraits. The reception room reaches out some distance from the main structure and is one of the most attractive apartments in the house. The floor is constructed of blocks of wild cherry, each one surrounded by a border of beech wood. In addition to these there are a large number of bed-rooms, one named after President Madison; a writing-room, library, and a drawing-room with dainty furniture of the style in vogue in France about 1780.

Stirring scenes were enacted about Monticello in the days of the Revolution. English soldiers raided the district, and visited Monticello, in the endeavor to capture the patriot, but were unsuccessful. The slaves expected that the place would be looted, and concealed the family plate. One unfortunate was nailed under the floor along with the silver, as his companion, hearing the hoof-beats of the troopers' horses, would not wait until he came out. It was three days before he was released. His sufferings were needless, as the British officers who were captured at Saratoga, had been hospitably treated by Jefferson, Baron de Riedesel being his guest for some time, and the raiders were ordered to molest nothing about the house, except its owner.

In Jefferson's later years, his grandchildren made their home with him. Visitors came constantly until the year of his death, among them the Duc de la Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, and the Marquis de la Fayette, who came when he and Jefferson had both reached an old and honored age.

ROBERT STERLING BLAIR.

THE

American Pulpit

A Sermon by

Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, D.D.*

THE

Tests of Christian Life

TEXT—MATT. 12: 30

"He that is not with me is against me, and he that gathereth not with me, scattereth."

THE Bible presents only two things to men; either right or wrong, good or bad, life or death. There are no intermediate choices between these two. The life is either positive or negative, and the marks of a positive life are always clearly cut and definite. Among them may be mentioned:

An Immediate Choice

The positive life says, "I will seek God and his righteousness now." The negative says, "Wait until to-morrow." The positive says, "No time like the everlasting now." The negative says, "After I have made this money; after I have received this education; after I am out of debt; after I have enjoyed something more of the world, then, perhaps, I will become a Christian." Someone tells the story of a beautiful girl who had been urged to make a definite decision for the Christian life, but who had put it off, giving the usual excuse of "To-morrow." Her mother was taken very ill and a nurse was installed in the home. This nurse was a devout Christian woman. The mother began to recover, and one day her daughter came into the house with a bouquet of beautiful carnations. She was about to go upstairs to take them to her mother, when the nurse stopped her and said, "I think we had better keep the flowers downstairs for a few days." The daughter seemed astonished. She said, "Why, will they hurt her?" The nurse said, "No, I think they would do her good." "But why not take them to her now?" "But," said the nurse, "to-morrow will do, or the next day. Let us enjoy them here ourselves." "No," said the daughter, "they belong to my mother. I bought them for her." "But to-morrow or the next day would do just as well," said the nurse. The daughter became angry. She said, "No, they would lose their fragrance and beauty if kept down here so long." "Yet," said the nurse, "you yourself are willing to keep your youth and fragrance for your own enjoyment and give to God something of it to-morrow or the next day, after the beauty and the fragrance have departed." It is always thus with the negative life. It is never thus with the positive, which is never satisfied with anything short of the immediate present.

Strong Convictions

Another mark of the positive life is the presence of strong convictions in the life. Over against this is the negative quality of indifference. One reason church prayer meetings are not attended by a majority of the members is because there are no convictions on the subject of prayer. I am in receipt of a letter received from a large city in one of our great Western States. The writer says: "Since coming here, I have been to prayer meeting to a large church which numbers 800 resident members. There have been an average of eighteen or twenty at the prayer meeting. There is a vast amount of Sabbath desecration here. The best excursions, theatres and theatrical entertainments are on the Sabbath. During a recent fair held in the city 16,000 people went in one Sunday, many of them church members. There are three breweries, 500 saloons and no temperance union." What shall we say of an attendance of eighteen or twenty people out of 800 church members on so vital an organization as a prayer meeting?

Here is absolute lack of conviction, and the same lack is found in the political life of nominally Christian people. They have no moral convictions in the matter of the saloon or dishonesty in commercial life, and their consciences are so dead, that even when convicted of absolute crime against the State, they express astonishment that anyone should think they have done anything wrong. If there is anything the Church needs to-day it is the presence of this positive factor, so that we are not guessing or expressing doubts concerning the great fundamentals. The fact of Christ's power and essential divinity which is able to redeem; the fact of a positive future existence; the fact of the presence of the supernatural in daily life; the fact of the need of the brotherhood of mankind expressed in terms of service—these things should be taken for granted, so that no time nor strength should be wasted in attempts to prove them or bolster them up, but all the strength put into actually trying to establish them in the world, and this the positive life is trying to do.

Another mark of the positive life is the fact of its permanency. These convictions of which we have spoken are not removed by sorrow or loss. In the Mohammedan mosques may be seen numbers of ostrich eggs suspended from the ceiling. These eggs represent to the faithful Mohammedan the spirit of patience in prayer, as the ostrich is one of the most patient of birds, sitting upon its eggs under circumstances of peril or great hardship. On the other hand, the negative life is marked by temporary or spasmodic action. Australian bushmen who become servants in the cities, almost periodically go back into the bush and revert to their old physical savage habits, and after they have indulged for a certain length of time they creep back again to civilization. Some church members have no enthusiasm except at periods of time. There is nothing constant and enduring about it. Near the equator the winds are variable; they blow in all directions. The wise sailor goes south until he reaches the trade winds, which blow regularly and constantly in one direction. The mark of a positive life is always the mark of permanent effort.

Enthusiastic Conduct

Positive convictions bring enthusiastic conduct. One of the great New England preachers said to me one Sunday morning as we were going to church, "I feel hungry to preach." This same man preaches on every opportunity. When he is lecturing he will, if possible, secure a hall and invite the people to come and hear the Gospel message. Over against this spirit of enthusiasm in the positive life is the spirit of criticism in the negative life. Any fool can tear down a building, but only an architect and skilled builder can put one up. All Christianity worthy of the name is constructive. The criticism which is after the truth, for example, of the Bible or of Christ, is not destructive, but constructive. The criticism, however, which simply means to find fault and destroy, without putting anything in the place of what has been taken away, is the negation of existence. The man of negative life sees no beauties or wonders to create enthusiastic energy. He lives in a dead and deadening circle, doing nothing himself and hindering others from doing anything.

The positive Christian life does not need to be bolstered up by the actions of others. It does right even if the whole world does wrong. Someone, I do not recall who, tells the story of a boy who left home for college and determined that there were five things he would not do. Among them was this: He would not touch intoxicating liquor under any circumstances. He joined a fraternity, and one of the first things to which he was invited was a banquet where a loving-cup was circulated. He sat at the end of a long table and watched this cup pass from hand to hand coming towards him. He hoped that some one of the boys would refuse or pass the cup by and so give him more courage to refuse; but every boy tasted of the champagne. When the cup finally reached him he hesitated a moment and then passed it on without drinking. That took courage, the courage of independence, and it is always the mark of a positive life.

Alone in the Right

Over against this positive factor is the spirit of yielding because others do. The recent investigation of certain methods employed by railroad companies in the United States, brought out the testimony from a very prominent railroad official, that his road had broken the laws of the United States in regard to rebates, and the unblushing statement made by the distinguished witness was that he did it because the other roads do, and that it was necessary to take rebates in order to live as a railroad. But the law of Christ says it is not necessary always to live. The only thing that is necessary is to live right, and railroads have no more reason to live than an individual, if in order to live they must break the laws of God and of men. The finest thing that could happen to the commercial world would be for large numbers of commercial enterprises to be ruined commercially by doing right, rather than succeed, as we say, by doing wrong because the others did wrong. There is, however, no probability that individuals or corporations will ever act on an independent plane of righteousness until they have been born again in the spirit of Christ, who said, "He that findeth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it."

The positive life of a Christian is marked by the selection of the most important things in the world for the realm of conduct. It is at this point that the weakness of the professions of Christian people is perhaps most distinctly seen. Christian America spends $515,000,000 for tobacco and $5,500,000 for foreign missions, while the drink bill of America is $1,200,000,000 over against salaries paid to all the ministers of the United States, amounting to $14,000,000. The people of New York, it was said, last Christmas-time spent $10,000,000 on diamonds for Christmas gifts. Over against that how much money did they spend to relieve the sufferings of little children or provide for the real wants of those who go hungry to school? It is said that in the richest town in the United States, that is, the town containing the largest number of millionaires in proportion to its population, not one of these multimillionaries has ever spent anything to beautify the town or release the large numbers of little children who work in the mines, which have, to a large degree, made the wealth of these men possible.

A Painter of Shingles

Holman Hunt, the great painter, was once watching one of his students paint a landscape. It was a sunset scene, and the young man was putting a good deal of time on the painting of the shingles of a barn in the foreground. Hunt criticised him by saying, "If you devote all your attention to that side of the picture you will learn to paint shingles, but you will never learn to paint sunsets." A good many people are spending their lives painting shingles. That is, doing things that are not worth while. The positive Christian life is not satisfied unless it can discover what the important things of life are, and then pour out the majority of time and strength upon them. It is to the shame of Christianity that the well-fed, well-housed, well-clothed, luxuriously surrounded people, members of churches, will spend twice as much upon their amusements, their physical luxuries, the unnecessary food upon their tables, as they spend for their church life, for missions, for the relief of the starving and the hungry and the enslaved childhood of civilization. We can never excuse ourselves at the Judgment for magnifying the little things of life and minimizing the great things.

The keystone, the corner-stone of all positive Christian life is summed up in the creed of Christ, which is love to God and men. As some one has said, the height of the water in a great boiler is determined by the height of it in the little gauge. We can tell always how great our love to God is by the height of the love which we have for men. If there is no water to be seen in the gauge, in all probability there is very little in the boiler. Dr. Lyman Abbott says that on some Western farms the farmer plants out about the whole quarter section of one hundred and sixty acres in corn and fodder for his cattle, and reserves a small part of an acre around the house for his wife to use for flowers and a little vegetable garden. Something like that the negative side of life does over against

The Positive Life

It reserves for itself the great field of pleasure and tries to appease conscience by little private devotions, by church attendance once a week, or by the payment of a small sum to religious and philanthropic work. The great balance of the field of life put in for gain to self. A very small tract given to God.

It is significant that immediately following our text, "He that is not with me is against me, and he that gathereth not with me, scattereth," is the word "Therefore"; and then Jesus goes on to say that all sins against men will be forgiven, but the sin against the Spirit will not be forgiven. Even a sin against himself would be forgiven because men might not have time, during the brief earthly existence of Jesus, to determine his character or his divine message; but as the years go on the evidence of the Spirit is unmistakable. It is in the atmosphere of men's lives, it is all about them, in human experience, in the history of their temptations, of their defeats and victories, that is, God and the spiritual influences of the world are beyond question and dispute so clear and strong, that to sin against that is to sin against the very first reality of existence. "Therefore, he that is not with me is against me." "Therefore, he that gathereth not with me, scattereth."

There is no excuse for any man living the negative life. The evidence of divine reality is so overwhelming, that the man who does not live the positive life which makes its choice now, which is regnant with convictions, which is a permanent thing, which is shot through with enthusiasm, which has the courage of independence, which does the things that are worth doing, and which is crowned with love to God and men—that life which refuses this programme of a positive creed is a life which "scatters," and is open to the condemnation of Christ, is living a life which is guilty of the sin which cannot be forgiven. "This is the light that came into the world which lighteth every man that comes into the world that they might not walk in darkness, but have the light of everlasting life."

* Preached in the First Congregational Church, Topeka, Kans.

In a Coral Island Paradise

Amid Quiet, Palm-Lined Paths

A Natural Arch of Coral

LAVED by ceaseless surgings of the Atlantic, seven hundred miles at sea, southeast of New York, and about the same distance east of Savannah, lies a cluster of coral gems, on which nature has lavished a rich bounty, ample for the bettering of some human ills, and a witchery of charm that is winning for those seeking pleasure alone. The Giver of all good has been signally generous in hygienic gifts to this little paradise at sea. Protected and favored by the Gulf Stream, it enjoys a happy mean between extremes of heat and cold, ranging from 49° in winter to 85° in summer, apparently justifying the claim of Bermudians that their climate is the most equable in the world.

Eighteen years ago, the writer first saw Bermuda. Now, visiting it for the twelfth time, he is more enamored of it than ever. It is a charming country, where fact matches fancy, and the real rivals the ideal; a lovely land that words cannot well describe, but which must be seen to be appreciated.

Bermuda is practically an unknown land to most Americans. Few realize that forty-eight hours from New York is an Eden—an Elysium—where flowers bloom the year round out-of-doors; where malaria never comes; where frost and the white mantle of winter are unknown, and where sleep-giving, health-bringing breezes, the panoramic beauty of sea and shore, and the quiet, restful life, combine to make halcyon days.

The houses are, almost without exception, built of the coral of which the islands are composed. This coral is white, and so soft that it can be cut with saw and chisel; but it hardens quickly on exposure. The roofs are thin slate of the same material. These are annually white-washed, and, rising amid their emerald surroundings, they give a fine charm to the general landscape which is exceedingly grateful to the eye.

Acres Upon Acres of Glorious Lily Blooms

Bermudians are a church-going folk, and pastors and people are active in religious work. There are churches of various denominations, the leading one being that of the Church of England, the next the Methodist. There are, besides, Presbyterian, Methodist Episcopal (colored), and Catholic churches. The Salvation Army has several posts here, the leading one in Hamilton attracting throngs, being a power for good. Drunkards have been reclaimed, and fallen ones of both sexes, lifted up and brought under its helpful, spiritual influences, are now leading new and better lives. Just now the Salvation Army garrison is enjoying a visit from Lieut.-Col. Sharpe, second in command in Canada, who has been making a tour of the colony camps.

Local Option is looming up in Bermuda, and the local solons in Parliament are wrestling with the subject, with promise of ultimate good. Some weeks ago, on petition from the W. T. C. U., Hon. Mr. Vesey, M.P., introduced a local option bill, which has passed its first reading. The present status of the rum question in Hamilton is a colony scandal. In this city of less than 2,500 there are thirty-five gin-shops. In a certain area, in which are 300 people, mainly women and children, there are of these pests—one to every forty-three.

Years ago I read a striking story, called "The Wickedest Man in Bermuda." I don't know who he was or where he lived, but I fancy it must have been near or among these drinking dens. Be that as it may, I have faith to believe the better sentiment of Bermuda will assert itself, and wipe out this blot on her 'scutcheon.

One of the latest of Bermuda's natural attractions is the recently opened but not yet fully explored "Admiral's Cave," about eight miles from Hamilton, on the road to St. George. It is lighted by gas and has several chambers, one of which is called "The Organ Gallery," from its likeness to a pipe organ front.

Visitors are shown the base of a stalagmite column, once nine feet long, but most of which was cut and carried away in 1819 to the Museum of the Royal Society, Edinburgh, where it now is. This column, it is estimated by scientists, was 600,000 years in process of formation. The roof of the cave is studded with stalactites, some of them five feet long, and looking much like the great icicles that grace Niagara in winter.

Doubtless in the not distant future, when Bermuda's charms receive the recognition they so richly deserve, the surpassing attractions of this winter Eden—this bit of beauty worth sailing many hundred miles to see—will be enjoyed by multitudes to whom they are now unknown.

J. B. MATTISON.

MANY HUNDREDS CONFESS CHRIST

THE last day of the second series of meetings in the spiritual campaign led by Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander, in Philadelphia, was a red letter day. Glorious scenes were witnessed at the meeting for women in the afternoon, and again at the meeting for men only at night. At the former, about seventy-five women, and at night about 125 men went to the front when the invitation was given, and publicly accepted Christ as their Saviour. It was the climax of the four weeks' campaign in South Philadelphia.

But the revival fire is not confined to the big armory. The flames are spreading to churches and homes and stores through the city and surrounding country. Before beginning his sermon one night recently in the armory, Dr. Torrey prayed:

"May we have house revivals, church revivals, Sunday School revivals, revivals on the street, revivals in the shops, revivals on the trolleys, revivals in the trains, revivals everywhere. Lord, we thank Thee that we have four weeks left, and may they be weeks of tremendous power."

This prayer—together with the prayers of thousands of Christians throughout America and the world—is being literally answered. The fire is burning everywhere.

The newest phase of the revival is the establishment of "Inquiry Rooms" in an office building in the heart of the down-town business district, where anxious souls may come to talk about salvation. This is probably unique in the history of revivalism. The Inquiry Rooms, which are three in number, and have been handsomely fitted up, are the outgrowth of the business men's revival luncheon recently tendered to Mr. Alexander. When the Gospel singer broached the subject to the young men, who are now on fire with a passion for soul-winning, they endorsed the plan and quickly raised the funds. During the first month, Rev. W. S. Jacoby, the assistant pastor of Dr. Torrey's church in Chicago, will be in attendance at the rooms each day. Throughout the city this week thousands of little cards will be distributed bearing the words:

> Men who want to have a serious talk about their spiritual life with one who knows men, and can sympathize with them, come to the Inquiry Rooms 607 Hale Building. Office hours 10 to 2, and 3 to 5 daily, except Sunday.

Last Friday a second children's meeting was held in the armory at four o'clock in the afternoon. An eager, interested audience of about 4,000 boys and girls and their friends gathered and listened intently to Dr. Torrey's sermon on "How to Live Always in the Sunshine." He imagined a great sheet in front of the audience, on which were two circles just touching each other. One was of gold, and had written on it the single word, "Jesus." The other was all black, and had written on it the one word, "Self." The evangelist declared that every boy and girl in the audience was in either the gold or the black circle, and said that they could get from one to the other by just taking one step. When the invitation was given, the young folks went forward to the front by scores and hundreds. There is new joy and sunshine in homes all over Philadelphia as the result.

Throughout the past week Dr. Torrey's addresses to Christians in the Academy of Music have been on "The Second Coming of Christ." Great audiences gathered daily and listened attentively.

"Some people speak of the great revival sweeping around the world," he said, "as the second coming of Christ. But that is not the coming that is told about in the Bible.

"Be warned in time; when Jesus comes to us he will come visibly and it will be without warning. It may be a year hence—it may be to-morrow. Think if you can of the sound of the trumpet, of the presence of Christ in this city, the women playing bridge, talking scandal and envying others; the politicians engaged in their rascally schemes; the men and women of business about their daily avocations; the theatres will be in full blare; euchre parties all over town. And, suddenly, without any previous announcement, the Lord himself shall descend, and we who are his shall be caught up to meet him in the air. It will take even Christians unexpectedly; but, thank God, it won't take the real Christians unprepared. As surely as God reigns in heaven, so surely shall we see Christ as the men and women of old saw him when he walked the earth, bringing to its people the blessing of his personal presence."

GEO. T. B. DAVIS.

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Cash, Cazenovia... 1 00
Cash, Glens Falls. 50
Cash, Glens Falls. 25
Cash, Glens Falls. 25
Cash, Glens Falls. 25
Cash, Glens Falls. 25
Cash, Johnstown... 1 00
Cash, N Y C..... 5 00
Friend, Bath 1 50
Friend, Cazenovia..10 00
Friend, Clinton .. 1 00
Friend, Hamilton.. 1 00
Friend, Jamestown. 1 00
Friend, Jamestown. 1 00
Friend, La Grange. 1 00
Friend of the cause, Monticello 1 00
Friend, Scipio 2 00
A Friend, Alps.... 5 00
A Friend, Alps.... 1 00
A Friend, Alps.... 5 00
A Friend, Alps.... 15
A Friend, Bklyn... 1 00
A Friend, Buffalo. 5 00
A Friend, Big Hollow 25
A Friend, Caledonia 1 00
A Friend, Canandaigua 5 00
A Friend, Cannonsville 2 00
A Friend, Chenango Bridge 1 00

NEW YORK—Cont'd

A Friend, Cohocton 1 00
A Friend, Coxsackie 50
A Friend, Cortland 5 00
A Friend, Dresden. 2 00
A Friend, Ellenville 1 00
A Friend, Fulton. 5 00
A Friend, Goshen. 2 00
A Friend, Granville 1 00
A Friend, Hemlo. 1 00
A Friend, Hempstead 2 00
A Friend, Hillsboro 5 00
A Friend, Holley. 25
A Friend, Ilion... 3 00
A Friend, Ithaca.. 1 00
A Friend, Johnst'n 1 00
A Friend, Kingston 10 00
A Friend, LaGrangeville 1 00
A Friend, Leonardsville 12
A Friend, Leonardsville 38
A Friend, Louisville 1 00
A Friend, Lyons.. 1 50
A Friend, Mechanicsville 2 00
A Friend, N Y C.15 00
A Friend, Nmda.. 5 00
A Friend, Ogdensburg 50
A Friend, Ogdensburg 50
A Friend, Oneida. 1 00
A Friend, Perry... 1 00
A Friend, Perth.. 75
A Friend, Portageville 2 00
A Friend, Prospect 50
A Friend, Quaker Spgs 10
A Friend, Quaker Spgs 15
A Friend, Rossville 1 10
A Friend, Sag Harbor 1 00
A Friend, Scottsville 1 00
A True Friend, Shelbyville 1 00
A Friend, Treadwell 1 00
A Friend, Warsaw 1 00
A Friend, York.... 50
Friends, Branchport 8 00
Friends, Buffalo .. 1 00
Friends, Castile .. 5 00
Corona Friends, Corona 2 00
Friends, Eldred ... 5 00
Friends, Elnora .. 3 50
Friends, Fillton .. 1 15
Friends, Florena.. 2 00
Readers of Geneva Daily Times, Geneva 13 00
Friends, GlensFalls 2 25
Friends, Ilion 4 25
Friends of Japan in Ithaca 54 00
Friends, Keller Hill & Cuba 1 25
Friends, Lockport.. 2 00
Friends, Martville.. 1 25
Friends in N Bergan 2 85
Friends, Patchin...10 25
Friends, Smiths Basin 2 00
Readers, Solon ... 5 00
Friends, Wolcott.. 5 00
Several Friends, Amityville 2 00
Two Friends, Canojoharie 2 00
Two Friends, East Randolph 2 00
A Number of Fr'ds, Fabius 1 40
Two Friends, Homer 75
In Redeemers Name, Alpine 1 00
I H N, Cambridge 1 00
I H N, Coopers Plains 50
I H N, Fowler.... 1 00
I H N, Ithaca.... 1 00
I H N, Lake George 2 25
I H N, Marilla.... 1 00
I H N, Middle Granville 1 00
I H N, N Y C.... 1 00
I H N, Pedrce R'd. 10 00
I H N, Randall... 1 00
In mem of Baby, Canadice 5 00
In mem of Baby Sterling, Cincinnatus 5 00
In mem of Raymond C Grannis.. 2 00
Herald Reader, Corfer 1 00
A Reader, Goshen. 1 00
A Reader, Rochester 1 00
A Subr, Bluff Pt. 2 00
A Subr, Buffalo... 1 00
A Subr, Oneida... 1 00
A Subr, Yonkers... 1 00
A Sympathizer, Auburn 1 00
A Sympathizer, Churchville 1 00
A Sympathizer, Ft Edward 3 00
A Sympathizer, N Y C 5 00
A Sympathizer, Scottsburg 1 00
Citizens of Batchellerville & Vicinity, Batchellersville 8 00
Two Sisters, Blue Point 5 00
Academy Grange No 62, Canandaigua. 10 00
A Follower, Chatham 20
The Little Fords & their Friends, Cleveland 2 70
Clifton Spgs Sanitorium, Clifton Spgs 1 00
A Servant of Christ, Corning 1 00
3-15, Cazenovia ... 1 00
Collected by Dale People, Dale 28 00

NEW YORK—Cont'd

Eleventh, Fair Grd 5 00
The Widow's Mite, Freehold 50
A Widow, Glasco.. 1 00
Citizens of Granville 82-15
Hammonsport Cooperage Co 1 00
Veteran, Horseheads 1 00
Hook Club, Howells 5 00
A Disciple, Lebanon 1 00
Poor Woman, Leroy 50
Father & Daughter, McGraw 6 00
A Little Boy, Mt Vernon 50
Present Money, New Paltz 10 00
Teacher, N Y C... 5 00
Christs Followers, N Manlius 43
The Widow's Mite, Otego 1 00
A Mother & her children, Schenectady 5 00
2d S D Bapt Ch, Alfred 12 00
Presby Ch, Almond 15 00
M E Ch, Avoca.... 8 75
Cong Ch, Bangor. 8 78
M E Ch, Barker...29 00
The Memorial Ch, Bellona 3 50
Meml Ch of Bellona 1 00
Bapt Ch, Braman Corners 16 66
Italy Hill Bapt Ch, Branchport 10 00
Holy Apostles Epis Ch, Bklyn 5 00
Jefferson St Church of Christ, Buffalo 12 00
Perrys Mills Ch, Champlaine 10 00
M E Ch, Churchville 3 16
Cong Ch of Churchville 10 67
Cong Ch, Coventryville .....1.. 5 00
The Cowles Settlem't Ch, DeRuyter 2 87
1st Bapt Ch, Farmersville Sta 7 00
E L Meth Ch, Fly Creek 2 25
Ref Ch, Fonda....30 00
F M Ch, Forestville 5 00
1st Cong Ch, Gasport 13 34
M E Ch, Hensonville 16 15
M E Ch, Hermon. 6 00
Cong Ch, Hillsboro Bridge 8 00
M E Ch, Kendall. 9 10
Bapt Ch, Knowlesville 6 00
M E Ch, Lake Placid 15 00
Semi Annual Mtg. S D B Chs, Little Genesee 14 50
M E Ch, Lockport. 7 25
M E Ch, Millers... 2 00
Union Ch, N Bangor 5 36
Wurtemburg Luth Ch, Rhinebeck ..14 00
Canadice M E Ch, Springwater 7 50
M E Ch, Wappingers Falls 7 67
Arcade Bapt S S, Arcade 31 23
Chapel S S, 1st Ref Ch, Athens.. 1 00
Prim Class of 1st Bapt Ch, Athens. 1 28
S Sch of 1st Bapt Ch, Athens 3 00
Pres S Sch, Bath. 15 00
Beerston S S, Beerston 2 20
Chinese S Sch Un, Brooklyn 50 00
Public Sch No 107, Bklyn 15 00
Ref Ch S S, Bklyn 48 15
S S, Ch of Christ, Buffalo 5 08
School Dist No 3, Canandaigua 18 75
School Dist No 12, Champlain 5 10
Island Mission Infant Cl, Cohoes.. 5 00
E Aurora Pres Ch S S, E Aurora...25 00
Meth S S, E Bloomfield 8 06
M E S S, Fayetteville 6 00
Saturday Afternoon Study Class, Ft Plain 10 00
S Sch of St Thomas Ch, Hamilton. 10 00
M S S, Hensonville 3 85
N Danby M E S S, Ithaca 6 00
1st Baptist S Sch, Jamestown 6 00
Prim Dept Pres S Sch, Johnstown.. 5 00
Bapt S S, Kennedy 4 00
Pres S Sch, Little Britain 10 00
Fairfield M E S S, Little Falls 53
P S, Mineville....10 00
S Sch, Montauk... 9 00
Pres, Meth, Bapt, Epis & Cath S Sch, Mt Morris..26 47
Sab Sch, Newburg 4 00
School Dist No 14, Newfane 1 00
Chinese S Sch, Old Forsyth M E Ch, N Y City.....10 93
Prim & Inter Cl's, Willis Ave M E S S, N Y C... 3 00
Beckman Ave M E Ch & S S, N Tarrytown 4 00
F M S Sch, Pendleton 3 50
Prim Dept Un S S, S Otselic 1 88
1st M E S Sch, Yonkers 23 52

NEW YORK—Cont'd

The Happy Workers S S Cl, Yonkers 2 00
Memh of Bible Cl, Mrs R H Garfield, Mr & Mrs Hy Weis, Mr M E Chency & Mrs J & Mrs Luciem & M J Frissell..... 6 00
Chr Endv Soc, Adams Ctr 5 00
Lottie Cauldwell Meml Cir of the K Ds' 1st Bapt Ch, Albany 1 00
W H & F M Soc, Pres Ch, Albion. 25 00
Young People of Loyal Temp Leg, Almond 3 00
Kings Daus Circle, Amagansett 5 00
The Kings Daus of Calvary Pres Ch, Auburn 10 00
M E Ch, Jr Lea, Barker 2 00
Y P S C E, Beaver Dam 5 00
Smyrna Legion No 195, N P L, Bonney 6 00
Y P S C E, Bristol Spgs 13 00
Childrens Miss B'd of the S Bklyn Gospel Ch, Bklyn 5 00
Ladies Aid Soc of 1st Presby Ch, Brownville 5 00
Womans Miss Soc, Pilgrims Cgl Ch, Buffalo 5 00
Cent'l Ch C E Soc, Buffalo 7 00
C E Soc of U E St Pauls Ch, Buffalo 5 00
Guided Circle, Kgs Daus, Buffalo ... 5 00
Y P Miss Soc, Cgl Ch, Camden 6 00
Womans Miss Soc of 1st Cgl Ch, Camden 10 00
J E Soc of Ref Ch, Cananjoharie 5 00
S E Soc of Ref Ch, Cananjoharie ... 4 72
The Stone Mill C E Soc, Claverack. 6 50
Y P S C E of the Ref Ch, Cohoes.. 5 00
Ep Lea, Homer Av Ch, Cortland 5 00
The Dairyland Un C E Soc, Dairyland 5 00
Flat Rock Y P S C E, E Chatham... 8 00
C E Soc, E Fishkill 3 00
Bapt Miss Society, Fabius 5 00
Y P S C E, Hermitage Bapt Ch, Galnesville 2 00
J C E Soc, Presby Ch, Greeneville.. 6 00
Womans Miss Soc, Ref Ch, Herkimer 10 00
Pres Miss Circle, Highland 5 00
The Home & For Miss Soc of the 1st Pres Ch, Ilion 6 50
Bapt C E, Ilion... 9 50
C E Soc, Pres Ch, Irvington 5 00
Y P S of the St Pauls Germ Ch, Jamaica 10 00
Womans Bapt For Miss Soc, Kingbury 5 00
C E Soc of the Knoxboro Ch, Knoxboro 5 00
Y P C E, Knoxboro 5 00
Kings Daus of La Fayette Pres Ch, La Fayette 5 00
Union Soc, C E Luth & Ref Chs' Lawyersville 5 00
C E Soc & S Sch, Cgl Ch, Lebanon. 10 00
Jr C E Soc, Lockport 1 00
Jr L T L Soc, Lockport 5 00
Jr & Sr C E Soc, Pres Ch, Mooers. 10 00
Jr C E Soc, Hope Chapel, N Y C.. 3 00
Philethea Soc of B Ch of Nyack ... 2 00
S S & Y P S C E Un Mission Ch, Ogdensburg 7 34
Womans Miss Soc, Pres Ch, Oneonta 10 00
Ref Meth Ch & C E, Otisco 8 50
Cong Ch & Y P S C E, Otisco.....16 00
Panama Rock Grange No 526, Panama. 10 00
C E Soc of 1st Ref Ch, Rochester... 5 00
Ladies Miss Circle, Mt Upton Bapt Ch, Rockwell Mills... 5 00
Y P C Union of Un Pres Ch, Salem..23 02
C E Soc of Presby Ch, Scipioville. . 2 00
Sunshine Band of Bapt Ch, Springville 1 35
Epw Lea of Canadice, Springwater 5 00
Prayer Meeting Soc, Wainscott 6 00
Jr Soc of the Whitesboro Baptist Ch, Whitesboro 5 00
W C T U, Wyoming 6 50
Ladies Aid Soc of Pres Ch 15 00
—, — 2 00
—, — 1 00
—, — 25
—, — 25
—, — 50
—, — 2 00

FIGHTING BACK THE FAMINE

Its Grasp Gradually Relaxing, but Energetic Relief Work Still Needed

A Famine Hut in Miyagi

PROSPECTS are brightening in the famine-stricken provinces of Japan. Already one can see the fringe of the dark cloud perceptibly lighter. For many weeks the grim battle between hope and despair has been waged, with nearly a million lives hanging in the balance. At times it seemed an almost hopeless fight. Even the forces of nature seemed arrayed against the workers, who were held back from many a starving home by the deep snows and the bitter cold winds that piled up the drifts and made the valleys impassable. But they worked on, and did not spare themselves in their efforts to reach the starving people.

Meanwhile, many agencies were co-operating to assist in the great relief enterprise. The Japanese government sent quantities of both army and navy supplies, the well-to-do portion of the native population gave liberally, the foreigners in Japan assisted, and the faithful missionaries at Sendai nearly wore themselves out in the heroic struggle to save the perishing people. Gifts came from distant lands and the very earliest of these were from the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, whose liberal contributions, beginning like a small stream, soon swelled into the proportions of a mighty river of helpfulness, blessing and refreshing whatever it touched.

Up to the present time, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has cabled to Japan **$155,500,** another remittance of **$25,000** having been made during the past week, of which **$10,000** goes to the Missionary Committee at Sendai. Every dollar of this last remittance of $25,000, like all those that have preceded it, is applied to the immediate purchase and distribution of food for the famine sufferers.

Mr. Uchida, the Japanese Consul-General in New York, at the request of the Chairman of the New York branch of the American National Red Cross, cabled a few days ago to the Imperial Government at Tokio, requesting the latest information as to the present status of famine conditions, and the prospects for the immediate future. He received a cablegram from Marquis Saionji, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, as follows:

"At present, the number of destitute persons in the famine districts is over 300,000. Of these, about 136,000 must have food supplied to them free, and others are being supported by work specially provided for them by the government authorities.

"Measures taken by the government since the end of last year, and strong efforts made by natives and foreigners, have been very effective in the relief of sufferers.

"The government expects by the beginning of June that no further assistance may be necessary."

This official despatch from Minister Saionji, proves that the energetic relief work is producing excellent results in narrowing the famine area and greatly reducing the number of the destitute.

A recent notable contribution was the munificent sum of 150,000 yen, sent as the personal gift of the Empress-Dowager of China to the famine sufferers.

From the Rev. Wm. E. Lampe, Chairman of the Missionary Relief Committee at Sendai, we have received a number of photographs and sketches of the famine, several of which appear on this page. These present actual conditions, not imaginary ones. Dr. Lampe writes: "The photographs and sketches were made by an artist employed by the Osaki *Shimbun*, one of the leading newspapers of Tokio. The members of our Committee are hard at work, doing all we can to relieve the distress. Some of us, since last Fall, have spent more than half of all the days out in the country among the people. Sendai is the geographical centre of the famine region. Knowing perfectly the exact condition of affairs, and having the confidence and co-operation of officials, we are able to use to the best possible advantage all funds entrusted to us."

In the schools, the effects of the famine have been very marked. In Miyagi province, in December, the number of children kept away from school (elementary and high), through lack of food or clothing, or both, was 2,160. In the month of April the number will easily reach 4,500. At the present time the parents of some 17,300 children in the primary and high schools of the same province are so poor, owing to the famine, that they are unable to provide their little ones with the ordinary school necessities; 10,100 of those who do attend are too poor to bring any food with them for luncheon, and at least 5,000 are insufficiently clothed. Just how to help these little sufferers is a problem which the authorities are striving to solve. This, it should be remembered, relates to conditions in part of a single province.

The newspaper *Mainichi*, of Tokio, states that a petition has been introduced in the House of Representatives by Messrs. Asakura and Hiroshima, two of the members, which is signed by 3,772 persons in Soma County, and 3,669 persons in Shinobu County, Fukushima. It pleads with the State (1) to remit the land tax for a year in all places where the crop has failed; (2) to lend to the farmers the money needed for food until next crop; and (3) to forego the compulsory education tax for the current year.

The governors of the three famine provinces have planned various relief enterprises. These include mending the banks of rivers, cultivation of lake shores, and the planting of mulberry trees. It is hoped in this way to employ many of the poor. It is hardly believed, however, that these plans can have any appreciable effect for weeks to come. The most important thing the people need to-day is food for their starving bodies.

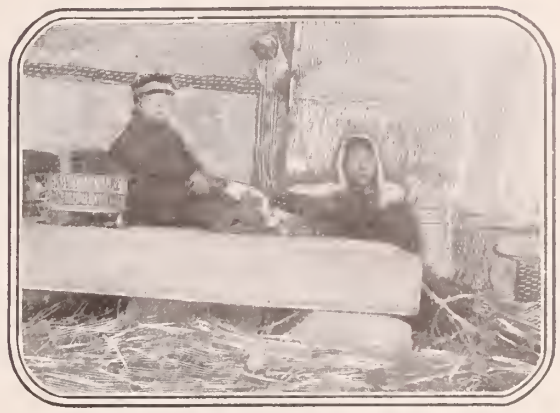
Open to the Snow and the Cold

A cablegram from Tokio says: "The heads of counties and of villages gave their free services to relief work. The Japanese Government has started relief works throughout the districts. Stores of hard tack brought back from Manchuria have been sent to the famine districts. President Roosevelt's appeal is resulting in generous responses. It has been published throughout the country. The population of Sendai has invited Huntington Wilson, Secretary of the American Legation in Tokio, and Mrs. Wilson, to visit Sendai, so that the people may personally return their thanks for the relief given by the people of the United States.

"The distress in the famine districts will last until October, but the acute stage will be over by June, when other crops will be harvested. The severity of the ordeal through which the people have passed will hardly be realized by those accustomed to a higher standard of comfort. Eight feet of snow covered wide tracts of country, where helpless people and their hungry children cowered in flimsy hovels."

Details of the suffering in outlaying districts are still coming in.

Missionary J. H. DeForest in a recent article, writes:



A Kitchen Bare of Food

"The worst village of this county (Sendai district) has a population of 3,384, where their average crop is 20,000 bushels of rice, but this year only 200. The wretched stuff called food, on which thousands are now living, is made of acorns, grape leaves, radish leaves, rice-straw and coarse radishes, mixed, in some fortunate cases, with a sprinkling of poor rice. We left $7.50 in one village of over 300 starving families, and the next day received a letter saying that it had sent joy into sixty families in the shape of four quarts of poor rice each!

"The provincial governments are grapling with the problem of feeding this army of poor until next summer's crops. Large public works will be carried on for which bonds will be issued. But this leaves more than half of them—children, the aged and sick—for whom prolonged aid is necessary. For the soldiers who are returning to these wrecked homes, the new year opens with anything but happiness. The sight of wife and children, whose clothes and furniture have been sold, with only starvation confronting them, is indeed a lamentable ending to a series of unparalleled victories."

Writing of the famine in the *Record*, of Tenafly, N. J., the Rev. J. H. Ballagh (who has spent many years in missionary work in Japan), gives this estimate of the relief work accomplished by the readers of this journal:

"The initiative in raising funds, among foreigners, to aid the sufferers, was taken by a committee of missionary brethren, well-known, and residing in the cities of Sendai and Morioka, the chief towns of Miyagi and Iwate. They put forth a carefully prepared statement, taken from official sources. One of these was sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the foremost paper in Christendom in championing the cause of the afflicted and oppressed of every nation, and suggesting its hearty endorsement of this undertaking. How heartily it and its readers have come to the rescue is well known, when the Chief Executive of the nation sends 'thanks for raising $100,000,' and the report is they hope to make it reach $250,000. It speaks well for a pure Christianity, of which St. James, the Apostle of good works, says, 'Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, that a man visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction, and keep himself unspotted from the world.'

"In Japan, among Christians at least, the same divine spirit of love and pity is shown, some Christians living on two meals a day, to give one to the needy, and schoolgirls are working night and day making kimonos and futons—all for the sake of the famine sufferers. One mission school of less than one hundred boarders made four hundred garments, and mostly of small pieces like patchwork—so Joseph's coats will be quite in evidence in some localities. As in the war, the schoolgirls manifested their loyalty and interest in making thousands of comfort-bags and stocking them for the soldiers, so now a new and higher call to the cause of charity is training them for the highest service to God and their suffering fellow-men."

All contributions should be addressed to

JAPAN RELIEF FUND,
THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
92 Bible House, New York

Contributions will be acknowledged in these pages.

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A False Christ

FROM a correspondent at Portland, Ore., we learn that a man in that section is preaching that a new Messiah, who has been banished from Persia, has appeared. The preacher takes "the Old Testament prophecies, which foretold Christ, and applies them to his master, who, he declares, was a descendant of Mohammed. He claims that this master is Christ, and that in him, Christ has appeared again in the world. In short, that this is Christ's second coming."

This statement is interesting as a fulfilment of Christ's own prophecy: "There shall arise false Christs and false prophets and shall show great signs and wonders. . . Wherefore, if they shall say unto you, Behold, he is in the desert; go not forth: Behold, he is in the secret chambers; believe it not. For as the lightning cometh out of the east and shineth even unto the west, so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be."

We do not know the teaching or the pretensions of this new preacher, but there is little doubt that he is a successor of Ibrahim Kheirallah, who lectured at the World's Congress of Religions, at Chicago, in 1893. That man was a follower of Aga Mohammed Ali, a leader of the Babists, who number nearly a million believers in all parts of the world. The sect originated in 940 A. D., when a certain Imam separated from the Mohammedan faith, and after teaching for some time, disappeared. His followers, several centuries afterward, believed he was still living in the mysterious city of Jabulka, even if he is not living yet. They believed that he communicated his will to them through a number of chosen persons, who were called Bab, or the Gate. This conception so closely answers to Christ's reference to the "secret chambers," as to identify the Imam with the false Christ beyond a doubt.

The faith of the Babists spread through Persia and the words of the hidden Imam were eagerly received by his followers. One of these declared that in every generation there would be one Bab, or perfect man, who would be commissioned as his channel of communication. One "perfect man" thus succeeded another until 1844, when the last Bab died without appointing a successor. About this time a young man of Shiraz, named Mirza Ali Mohammed, arose, who had been foremost among the students of the dead Bab. He belonged to a good family and was well educated. He held close relations with the Jews of Persia and with Protestant missionaries, under whom he studied the Gospels. This man declared that he was the new Bab, and had been appointed the mouthpiece of the hidden Imam. A few years later, after he had been persecuted by orthodox Mohammedans, he went a step further, and declared himself to be not the mouthpiece of the Imam, but the Imam himself, now revealed to the world for the second time. In 1850 his following had become so great that he was seized and executed by the Persian authorities. From that time to the present, his followers have preached his doctrines, which are a strange medley of Christianity, Judaism and Mohammedanism, combined with a philosophic theory of numbers. He propagated a new calendar, in which the year has nineteen months of nineteen days and had other quaint vagaries. It is almost inconceivable, were it not for Christ's own warning, that, in these days of enlightenment, such pretensions could find believers.

A Fatal Error

NONE who read the story of the æronaut who lost his life recently on the shores of Long Island, N. Y., could fail to pity the daring adventurer. He had gone out alone in his balloon from a yard in the Bronx, and had been seen afterwards drifting over New York City to the east. The night closed in and he was lost to view. What occurred subsequently is a matter of conjecture. The balloon was found partially exhausted on the Long Island shore, and two miles farther the body of the æronaut was found, lying on his face. It was evident from the condition of the body and from the tracks on the sand, that he had landed safely, and had then set out to reach the village of Amityville, the lights of which must have been plainly visible. But between him and the village there are several creeks, and a stretch of heavy sand and long grass and deep mud. If he had walked three-quarters of a mile along the beach he would have found refuge in a life-saving station; or if he had remained where he was, he would have been met by the life-savers who patrol the beach. But apparently the lights of Amityville lured him on to make the effort to get there. He had swam a dozen creeks and had plodded through the mud and grass, until, weak and weary with the long and toilsome journey, he fell forward and died of exhaustion.

How many there are whose lives have been wrecked by an analogous blunder! The light and glamour of some high office, or of some brilliant fortune, beckon them. The lights seem so near, so easy to reach, that they spend time and strength in the struggle to attain, little knowing the pitfalls and quicksands that lie in the way. They overrate their own power, and underestimate the difficulties to be overcome, and, trusting to their own wisdom and skill, find at last that they have deceived themselves. Happy they who heed the warning of the prophet, confiding the direction of their lives to God, and say: "O Lord, I know that the way of man is not in himself; it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps."

Progress in Famine Relief Work

WITH the remittance of $25,000 to the sufferers in Japan this week, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund has now cabled to the famine field a grand total of $155,500. Every dollar of these gifts from the benevolent Christian people of America, as soon as it reaches its destination, is immediately expended for food, which is distributed among the needy multitudes. We have the very best authority—that of the missionaries and the officials of the Red Cross of Japan—for the statement that by means of these prompt and generous contributions from this country, many thousands have been saved from starvation. Our hosts of friends, banded together as a great Relief Army, have thus won another glorious victory for humanity in driving back hunger, despair and death from the afflicted homes of Japan.

Although weeks must yet elapse before all danger can be regarded as safely past, we believe we are justified in saying that the splendid energy shown in this life-saving campaign has been the means, under Providence, of so far checking the famine that deaths will now be fewer and suffering less keen than before. Many centres have been reached, and the faithful workers are laboring day and night to succor all who are in need.

Let us hope that brighter days are near at hand for the Japanese peasants, and that soon the glad news may be flashed across the seas that the famine is a thing of the past. Meanwhile, our duty is to hasten this much-desired result by continuing the help so freely and lovingly extended, and which has been already so greatly blessed.

The Coming Hague Congress

WHILE peace lovers are looking forward hopefully to the approaching meeting of the Hague Conference next July, pessimists may well be forgiven for smiling at the assumption that the world is making any real advance in the direction of universal pacification. Its progress is marked by so many ugly slips backward, that our old globe, with its weight of struggling, fighting humanity, between its paroxysms has hardly time to listen to the great Voice that is calling it upward into its true orbit.

Since the last meeting of the Hague Conference, there have been wars that have developed the hugest armies and the mightiest floating batteries of modern days. There have been little wars, too, with comparatively small forces engaged on either side; but the lesson learned from all of these, big and little, has been the same, viz., that, wholly apart from the sheer inhumanity of battle, and even from the merits of the disputes themselves, the resort to arms is the costliest luxury in which any nation can indulge. Our own little affair in the Philippines has cost us dear, and the Russo-Japanese war has left both these nations financially prostrated. Germany's profitless campaign in South Africa has already run far into the millions in excess of her anticipations, and now England is discussing higher taxes and compulsory military service, while she is at the same moment on the verge of serious complications in Natal, caused by an uprising of the Zulus and Swazies. Austro-Hungary, though unable to pay her regular troops, is calling her reserves to the colors, in expectation of trouble. France is still bristling as a result of the Moroccan dispute and her quarrel with Germany, and the Kaiser's empire is a veritable armed camp. Even aged China has been bitten by the tarantula and is drilling a million men. There is hardly a single Power on this bellicose old planet that is not making frantic preparations, with an eye to possible trouble with some neighbor in the near future.

What should be the course of the Hague Conference under such extraordinary conditions? In what way can it best serve the interests of peace and harmony among the world's quarrelsome children? It is true that the Czar, who was the originator of these Hague meetings, has intimated an intention to submit to the Conference some questions affecting (1) the rights of neutrals at sea, and (2) the definition of what is contraband, with possibly a few other problems that have arisen out of his painful experiences in the "late unpleasantness" with Japan; but these, however important in themselves, might well be made secondary to questions of greater urgency that are just now engaging the attention of the civilized nations. Among these we would include the charges of shameful and inhuman mismanagement by Belgium in the Congo Free State; the revelations, founded on undeniable evidence, concerning the slave traffic in Portuguese South Africa, and particularly in Angola; the Franco-German Morocco dispute (involving, as it does, nearly all Europe); the Venezuelan affair, which President Castro some time ago offered to arbitrate, and last but not least, the "extermination policy" of Turkey in dealing with the unfortunate Armenians. The last named has ceased to be a local question, confined to Ottoman territory; it has attained the dimensions of a world-wide cause. "Abdul Hamid," writes a former Turkish diplomat, now an exile, "is threatening Europe with fresh massacres of Christians, should the financial control be thoroughly enforced in Macedonia." He is even now planning to repeat the butcheries of Sassoun and the towns and villages of Anatolia, which he has again and again drenched in blood. Why should not the Hague Conference find a way by which a stop may be put to the infamies of this crowned madman, whose repeated atrocities have shocked the world and put civilization to shame?

If the Hague Conference is ever to do real service in the cause of international peace, let it set theoretical discussion, fine speeches and idealism aside, and take up the questions that lie nearest at hand. It should deal with prospective as well as with settled quarrels. Let us hope that some bold and fearless leader may arise to call the Conference to the performance of duties that will do much not only to avert war, but to compel the recognition and application by despotic and tyrannical Powers, of the broad principles of humanity. It may not be possible, in our age, to wholly abolish war; but if the Conference should succeed in abating, in any considerable degree, the horrors attending the Jewish and Armenian persecutions, and the abominations that are enslaving and devastating Angola and the Congo, it will be entitled to universal gratitude.

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AMONG THE WORKERS

—THE REMARKABLE Union Revival at McPherson, Kan., under the leadership of Evangelist French E. Oliver, has closed after five weeks of ceaseless effort. It has been the greatest religious event in that section in many years, and has greatly strengthened the churches.

—IN A PARAGRAPH which recently appeared in these columns concerning evangelistic work among children, by Mrs. C. H. Morgan as speaker, and Miss Marie Blanche Hallinshed as singer, it was stated that the meetings were held in the Union Church, Corona, N. Y. The services were held in the Corona M. E. Church, of which the Rev. W. C. Blakeman is pastor, and were remarkably successful.

Disputes in the Coal Field

PUBLIC interest in the difficulty between the mine workers and the operators has been kept in a state of tension for many weeks past. Recollections of the inconvenience and hardships experienced in the great strike of 1902, were vivid and impressive. The high prices that were demanded, and the scarcity of supply, made life very hard for many families at that time. When, therefore, it was learned that employers and employees were again at issue, and another strike was impending, there was a very general feeling of alarm and annoyance. The former strike, it will be remembered, was settled by the arbitration of a committee called into existence by President Roosevelt, and its terms were to be binding on both parties until the last day of March of this year. It was understood that the operators were willing to continue the arrangement of the same rate of wage. The workers, however, demanded a readjustment of conditions both as to hours and pay. There were several technical changes asked for, which are understood only by men engaged in the industry, but the main demands were for a day of eight hours for specified classes of workers, for a general rise in compensation, and a recognition of the Union by an arrangement for collecting the dues it levies. These proposals were promptly rejected by the operators. Both sides, however, recognized the serious consequences of a strike, and when the miners suggested another conference in the hope of averting the trouble, the operators consented. No satisfactory result was achieved. On April 2, about half a million men quitted their work. A new suggestion was then made by Mr. Mitchell, the leader of the miners, proposing that the differences be submitted to arbitration. To this the operators rejoin that the present scale is the verdict of arbitration, and that it is unreasonable to submit the decision of one committee to the arbitration of another committee. This answer, it is obvious, does not take into account any changes which have occurred in the trade since the former decision, and these, the miners contend, are important, and fully warrant the advance and readjustment demanded by the men.

John Mitchell
The President of the United Mine Workers of America

Mr. Mitchell is confident that there is material ground for a new decision, and that the former one is unjust and unnecessarily vexatious in many details. He promises, if the operators will agree to send the entire matter to arbitration, that the whole of the men will at once return to the mines without waiting for a decision from the arbitrators, and promises that they will accept the decision, whatever it may be. He has, throughout the negotiations, treated the operators with deference and courtesy, and is still patiently waiting a change in their attitude. Foreseeing such a situation, an immense reserve of coal has been accumulated, and huge mounds, such as those shown in the photograph on this page have been reared. The merits of the dispute must be left to those who are familiar with the system in operation, but the aspect of the question to the public view, is that if there are means of averting the calamity they should be taken, even though the result may be a decrease in the incomes of the wealthy operators. It may be hoped, therefore, that Mr. Mitchell's offer to submit the questions to arbitration will yet be accepted.

Is it so that there is not a wise man among you? No, not one that shall be able to judge between his brethren (I. Cor. 6 : 5)?

Morocco Under Control

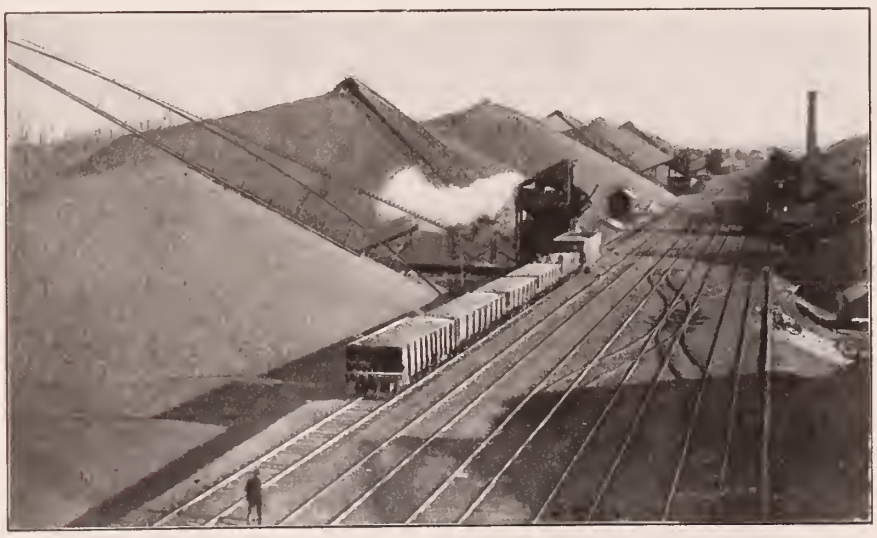
European statesmen breathe more freely now that the International Conference at Algeciras has completed its labors. It has ended in a formal agreement between France and Germany which, at one time, seemed impossible. In fact a war between those Powers appeared to be imminent in the early stages of the Conference. The conciliatory attitude of France, and the cordial support given by other Powers, finally effected an agreement. Neither Power, however, has gained so much as it expected. The Kaiser's desire was to secure a Moroccan port for Germany, but in that he was foiled; France desired a free hand in the control of Morocco, but Germany has compelled her to share the control with Spain, and to have it clearly limited and defined. Mr. White, the delegate of the United States to the Conference, is of opinion that the results are eminently just and satisfactory. Others of the leading delegates confirm Mr. White's opinion, and say that the agreement was in so small measure due to the efficacy of the mediation on the part of the United States through its chief representative. In former times, such a settlement could not have been reached without a war, which would not have decided on the equity of the case but on the respective strength of the contending Powers. We may hope that the peaceful issue will commend the Conference as a precedent in future difficulties, until all disputes are ended by the reign of the divine Arbitrator.

He shall judge among the nations and shall rebuke many people . . . nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more (Isa. 2: 4).

Stricken in the Pulpit

From Carson, Ia., comes the report of a remarkable tragedy, involving the sudden death of a preacher. It appears that Rev. John H. Lentz, a young and popular minister of that section, was announced to deliver a sermon on, "Character building." He had nearly reached the close of his sermon when a heavy rainstorm broke over the building. The noise of the pattering drops on the roof, followed by the roar of the thunder, was disconcerting, and the minister stopped his discourse to dismiss the congregation. He was importuned by his hearers to go on, and consented. He had not, however, uttered many words when there was a blinding flash and a crash that shook the building. The congregation saw a bolt run down a wire, from which an incandescent light was suspended, immediately over the pulpit. Instantly the preacher fell to the ground, and when assistance reached him he was found to be dead. It was remembered as a singular coincidence, that the last words he uttered, as he described a young man attracted by an evil resort, were: "An unseen force was reaching out its hand to draw him in." In earlier times such an event would have been regarded as a Divine judgment, but in the clearer light of Christ's teaching we learn to draw lessons for ourselves from such catastrophes, rather than harsh and superficial criticism of the victims.

Be ye therefore ready also; for the Son of man cometh at an hour when ye think not (Luke 12: 40).



Reserve Store of Coal in the Lehigh Valley Yards, Plainfield, N. J.

Thieving Somnambulism

A peculiar defense has been made by a youth in Jersey City, N. J., who is charged with having stolen small articles of jewelry. As various rings and watches were found in his possession which could be identified by their owners, it was useless for him to plead not guilty. It was supposed that his conviction was certain, but he made a plea which caused him to be held for further examination. He declared that he had no idea how he came into possession of the stolen property. He thought he must have taken them in his sleep. He said that he often waked up with things in his pockets that he knew were not his. He was afraid to show them or dispose of them lest he should be arrested. He therefore hid them in his room. One night, he said, he went to sleep in his own room as usual, and to his amazement waked up in a strange room with a man beating him. He shook himself free and escaped. Whether he really is a somnambulist or is only making an ingenious plea to escape punishment, is to be determined by physicians who are appointed to examine him. It is thought that he may be demented. There are many who have no grounds for making any such plea, who will one day look back on their evil deeds as a folly akin to insanity.

Behold I have played the fool and have erred exceedingly (I Samuel 26 : 21).

An International Dispute

The announcement is made that a Turkish commission has reported that Tabah is Turkish soil, and that any claim made by any other Power on it is a violation of the Sultan's rights. The significance of the news is that Great Britain has seized the territory on behalf of Egypt and it is rendered interesting, because the claim includes the historic Mount Sinai. The Turks have for a long time been trying to strengthen their hold on the peninsula of Sinai, which England contends is Egyptian territory. They did this partly to get a better hold on the route the pilgrims have to take to Mecca, and also to be better prepared in case they might wish to invade Egypt, nominally still a vassal state of the Sultan. As a matter of sentiment, one would wish to see a mountain of such sacred associations in possession of a Christian, rather than of a Mohammedan Power. But the time is coming when the possession of the mountain will be a matter of small importance, compared with the question of obedience to the law once delivered there.

Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things that I say? (Luke 6 : 46).

A Belated Wedding

A romantic story is back of a wedding that was solemnized in New York last week. The couple were verging on three score years of age, and their first troth was plighted when they were children nearly half a century ago. They had been playmates from their earliest years, and had often prattled of the time when they would be married. But as the years passed and they grew to young manhood and womanhood there was more reserve in their talk and neither felt sure of the other's affections. It became necessary for the youth to seek a fortune, and he set out for Kansas. Before leaving he thought he would speak of his love, but the opportunity did not come, and he left without giving or taking a pledge of affection. A few years later, as he did not write to her, the girl, concluding that he had forgotten her, married another. A few months afterwards he returned to marry her and was broken-hearted at finding he was too late to win her. Recently he learned that her husband was dead and lost no time in hurrying East to see if she still loved him. He was heartily welcomed and the wedding last week was the result. He deplored, as did his wife, the silence that had led to the long separation. Nothing can give them the happiness lost in those past years. So it is with those who are drawn to Christ in their youth, but do not confess him until old age comes on them.

I love them that love me and they that seek me early shall find me (Prov. 8: 17).

IN THE TIME OF SEED-SOWING

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON, BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS*

ONE day Jesus took a boat for his pulpit, and from it preached a sermon to a crowd of waiting people on the land. It was on the sea of Galilee, not far from Capernaum. Beyond the people were the fields in the glorious beauty of harvest, and so it suited Jesus that day to compare the people with the fields. He told them of a sower who went forth to sow. The seeds were all good, but there were four kinds of soil in his field: first, hard, where it was crossed by a path or highway; second, stony; third, thorny; fourth, good ground. In all these he cast the seed. On the hard ground nothing grew, for the birds ate it up before ever it had time to sprout. On the stony places the plants came up, but there was not enough soil to keep the little plants alive. Plants came up among the thorns also, but only to be choked. A few days more and the only green spot in the field was on the good ground.

Jesus saw among his hearers people whose hearts corresponded to the four kinds of soil. He had come to them with the Word of God upon his lips, as a sower to sow good seed. Some hardened their hearts, so that his teachings could find no entrance; some were stirred to make good resolutions, but did not hold out; some were so full of sin that goodness could not thrive in them, and some, Jesus knew, would hear his words and do them, and these were like the good ground.

Illustration and Application

It is very timely that Christ's parables of the sower come in our lessons just when Nature is proclaiming the same parables all about us. Spiritual illustration is not a merely accidental or occasional use of nature, with the production of food, and wood, and wealth as its main function. As in every true life, service of God and man is the main thing, and salary a secondary incident, so nature's main purpose is to proclaim God to man, with material enrichment as a secondary function. Nature is first, and most of all, a book of divine parables. The miracle of growth proclaims God. The food that comes of it is a minor matter. Every plant and tree by its very life points straight to God. Every bush aflame with roses is a burning bush out of which God speaks again. An old lady who was too poor to have any other kind of flowers in her dismal city attic, kept a strawberry plant in a broken saucer on her window-sill, to remind her, by its growth and blossom and fruit, that God was always near.

In the lesson of next Sunday, Satan and his followers are the sowers, with evil words and bad influences as the seed. To-day, Jesus and his friends are the sowers, with the Bible as the seed basket. In both cases souls are the soil, and youth the seed-time, and character and destiny the harvest.

1. The Sower. Jesus is the sower, and let it not be forgotten that it is the spiritual messages of nature as well as of Scripture that he sows. How it would glorify the farmer's toil if he was a seer of nature's higher message: "The life is more than meat." Let him find spiritual truth in his fields, and sow it in his daily conversation.

The Sower went forth to sow. This refers to the fact that Oriental farmers live together in villages, from which they go forth together, to plough and sow together, a dozen farmers joining forces in a farming bee for the whole season, drawing lots as to the order in which their various farms shall be worked. This is partly because of the social instinct, which our modern farmers might well take more into account, and by bringing the houses of adjoining farms together at junction points, and by working near farms cooperatively, keep on the farms boys who are now driven to the cities from sheer loneliness. But the farmers lived together and worked together mainly to protect themselves against the Arab robbers, to whose frequent attack on farmers reference is probably made when it is said, "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy." Many a family recalled a seed-time when husband or father had gone forth to sow only to be slain. The Divine Sower came forth from the safety of heaven to sow earth's Gethsemane gardens with his tears, aye with his blood. We, too, should be sowers with him and sharers in his sufferings and his joy. "Blessed are ye that sow" (Isa. 32: 20).

The Four Kinds of Soil Described by Jesus in the Parable

II. The Seed. The seed is the Word of God. Many a word has come into some life like an influence, but no other words have proven seeds that grew to deeds in so many centuries, so many countries, so many classes of people, as those of the Bible. No other ancient book is the book of the people to-day. It has been translated into four hundred languages, and the British and American Bible Societies alone distributed more than two hundred and fifty million copies in the hundred years from 1804 to 1904. No other book has so transformed men and nations. We have spoken in another connection of an infidel who ordered her grave covered with a heavy stone, in defiance of the resurrection. But a seed that got below it grew to a tree that raised the stone from its place. The Bible is such a seed of might that overthrows entrenched infidelity and superstition and tyranny and slavery.

When Dr. Judson had just finished translating the New Testament into Burmese, he was cast into prison. His wife took the precious manuscript and buried it in the ground. But if left there it would soon decay, while to reveal its existence to its foes would surely lead to its destruction. So it was arranged that she should put it within a roll of cotton, and bring it to him in the form of a pillow, so hard and poor that even the keeper of the prison did not covet it. After seven months this pillow was taken away, and then his wife redeemed it by giving a better one in exchange. Some time after he was hurried off to another prison, leaving everything behind him, and his old pillow was thrown into the prison-yard to be trodden under foot as worthless cotton; but after a few hours one of the native Christians discovered the roll, and took it home as a relic of the prisoner, and there, long afterwards, the manuscript was found within the cotton, complete and uninjured. And so this precious, hidden seed was providentially guarded, and has grown into a tree of life for the healing of the nations.

The Source and Process of Spiritual Life

Picture to yourself a pretty, dark-eyed Spanish girl of twelve. And imagine her interest when her father told her that he had bought the old house next to their own, and that she and her brother might go into it and its garden whenever they liked. Her brother preferred the garden; she, the house, and with childlike curiosity she peeped into every corner. In the quaint, bell-shaped chimney of the kitchen, she noticed a loose brick, and pulled it out. Behind it was a book, which she quickly recognized as the prohibited New Testament. She did not tell her mother of her discovery, fearing to expose her, as well as herself, to the persecution of the "Holy Office." Taking her new-found treasure from its hiding place, she went to a quiet little room, and there devoured its contents. In the eleven months that the place remained empty, Isabella eagerly studied God's Word. She was quick and intelligent, and learnt portions by heart. And very simply, but truly, she believed on the Lord Jesus Christ, and her long after life showed that her faith was real and true. In this case it was a hidden copy of God's Word that carried the seed to a young heart, where it "did yield fruit, that sprang up and increased."

The Centennial of Chinese Missions in 1907, recalls that for the first ten years there was not a single convert. The seed seemed to be dead, but its century fruitage is glorious, and the outlook for the second century brighter yet.

III. The Soil. Wonderfully true to nature are the four kinds of soils, that is, souls. First, we see the hardened, indifferent wayside soil and soul that receives the Word of God only in the ear, not in the soul. The birds devouring the seed remind us of the Sioux Indians who ate up the grain sent them for seed, sacrificing the future for present enjoyment, less seriously, however, than those who sacrifice eternity for a moment's pleasure. There is in Palestine a counterfeit olive tree called the oleaster. It is in every way like the fruitful olive tree, except that it bears no fruit. There are many false olive trees among men, taking up room in the orchard, using the sunlight and the soil, but giving no real fruit. Let us not be oleasters. "Nothing but leaves!" The Spirit grieves over a wasted life. "The greatest trouble with my pupils," said a music teacher, "is that they will not practice their lessons." Many a Sunday School teacher might say the same.

The second kind of soul and soil is the shallow ground. Simon Magus, in Acts 8, is a good example of the shallow ground. He accepted the truth no doubt sincerely, but presently the thought of making money by giving spiritual power to men for a fee, proved that his good impulses were too shallow to last.

A mother was seated at a table with her little son, a child about nine years old. She had been reading the Bible to him for some time. He had been very attentive to what she had said, and seemingly a great deal impressed by it. "It says in the Scripture," she said, "'Therefore be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh.' Now this may be said in respect to death as well as to the coming of the Saviour; for we cannot tell how suddenly we may be called away from the world. Are you ready, my love, if it should please God to take you to himself?" The child replied, after a few minutes of silence, "I think, mamma, I am only about half ready." And so many might say, "I am only about half in earnest."

The third kind of soil and soul is that in which the good seed is choked by anxiety about money, not the possession of it, but rather possession by it. Such was Demas, who started out to work with Paul, but ere long, the apostle wrote sadly: "Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world." Does Christ have the same sad word to say of us? Few things need to be taught more earnestly to-day than those words of Jesus: "A man's life consisteth not of the abundance of the things that he possesseth."

The fourth kind of soil and soul is the good ground, representing those who hear and heed. In Washington there is a modest-looking orange tree from which all the navel oranges in the United States have been propagated. Not less wonderful are the results that have come from such a fruitful life as Franklin's for instance, whose ambition was to be a "doer of good."

*International Sunday School Lesson for April 29, 1906. The Parable of the Sower. Mark 4: 1-20. Golden Text: "The seed is the Word of God." Luke 8: 11.

TO GIVE A NEW START IN LIFE

The "Whosoever Mission," of Philadelphia, and Its Unique Christian Work

Busy Workers in the Broom Shop

PITY for men and women who fall on life's highway is the distinguishing characteristic of the Christian faith. That they have fallen through their own evil propensities may be true, but that fact does not exclude them from the services of men who follow in Christ's steps. He who said: "Neither do I condemn thee, Go and sin no more," is the Model and Pattern of Christian philanthropic effort, and He who watches the workers who labor in that spirit keeps his promise to them that they shall have fruit from their labors. It is a noble, Christlike work to lift the fallen, and the joy that comes in it will be followed by a glorious reward.

It is ten years now since an organized effort to do this beneficent work was commenced in the Germantown section of Philadelphia. There were some who looked askance at it at the beginning, and others who predicted failure both in results and in financial support; but the work has gone on, and neither prediction has been fulfilled. Its object was avowedly to reach those without hope—the lost, the despairing—and to give them a new start in life. The means on which the workers relied were the promises of the Bible, and the assurance that none who came to Christ would be cast out, and that none were sunk too low to be raised. The Gospel and the power of Christ to save and to keep, were the only, but sufficient basis for hope, and on this, the workers, now encouraged by ten years of experience, still depend. They gave their effort the appropriate name of the "Whosoever Mission," and it has been true to its title. Whosoever will, may enter there, and kindly hands are stretched out to give him welcome and show him the way to restoration.

A specimen case, one of hundreds, shows the kind of work that is done. A poor outcast, ragged, dirty, not quite sober, and with all the marks of a confirmed tramp upon him, was plodding along the streets of Philadelphia, on Easter Sunday afternoon, in the year 1898. He was weary and discouraged, as well he might be, for he could remember when he had a good home and was loved and respected by worthy people. He had lost the home and lost the respect of those dear to him. And the worst of it was that, as he knew, it was his own fault. Misfortune, even when it comes with heavy and repeated strokes, a man can bear, but when he knows that the bitter harvest he is reaping is the fruit of the seed he himself sowed, then the iron enters the soul. The miserable man stumbled along, with no hope of finding a refuge, but his attention was arrested by that wide invitation that seemed to include even such an outcast as he. Whosoever—there were no limits to that, and anyhow it was worth trying. Of course if the line were drawn at the worthy poor, or at those who were unfortunate, he could not hope for admission, but the whosoever implied that there were no lines. So he applied and was received and the title of the Mission was made good. The first thing after his being cleansed and reclothed was to bring him in touch with Christ. It was not a new story to him, but it was brought home to him in a new way. He was urged to trust, and feebly, falteringly, almost blindly, he obeyed. He was encouraged, work was found for him, and gradually he began, as he said, to feel his feet. Not long ago, a letter was received from him, saying that he was in a good position, with the full confidence of his employer and with the affection of his own family fully restored to him. The natural and too common course would have been for such a man to drift into crime and into the penitentiary, but the work begun that Easter Sunday prevented it, and he who was dead became alive again, and he who was lost was found.

During the ten years that the Whosoever Mission has been engaged in such work as this, it has admitted to its home 5,328 men, has given shelter to 53,952, and has supplied more than a million meals to the hungry. It has established workshops, where brooms are made, chairs are reseated, and carpets and rugs are woven, and in these, men who want to make a new start, can begin by earning their board and taste the joy of evoluting from the ranks of charity to those of wage-earners. It is a beginning, and gives them encouragement.

The managers of the Mission are devoutly thankful for the success that they have had. They have failed in some cases, but the trophies they have won have been bright and valuable. The work has won the confidence of the public, and donations have been sent by those who have witnessed its success, in such volume as to enable the Mission to pay the mortgage on its property. An effort is now being made to obtain funds to enlarge the building and extend the departments. That it will receive them there can be no doubt. Christ will take care, that men who are following in his steps and continuing his work shall not lack the means.

Dining-Room of the "Whosoever Mission"

The Newark Mission to the Jews

OVERCROWDED New York is emptying a portion of its surplus of Hebrews into Newark, N. J. In certain localities they are crowding out the Christians, and several edifices once dedicated as Christian churches, have, within the last two years, been purchased and converted into Jewish synagogues.

Some time ago, Mr. C. M. Busch, while travelling in the Orient, was impressed with the deplorable lack of Christian civilization among the people, and their great need of the Gospel. On returning to America, he lost no time in seeking a place to establish a Mission among a Jewish population sufficiently large to promise results. Newark, with its 40,000 Jewish inhabitants, naturally presented itself to his attention.

Rev. S. K. Braun, a converted Bohemian Jew and the son of a rabbi, was recommended to Mr. Busch as a suitable leader for the work. Mr. Braun had been, for more than a quarter of a century, closely identified with religious and evangelistic work throughout New Jersey, and had built up churches and organized prosperous congregations in a number of towns in that State. A mission was opened in what had been a beer saloon, at 240 Broome Street, in a strictly Jewish neighborhood. When it was learned that the newcomer was to open a Gospel Mission, an angry mob gathered and stoned the building, until every pane of glass was broken and the lives of the family within were greatly endangered. But persecution and opposition gradually died out, and now the Mission workers are accorded respect by the community. The present dimensions of the Mission hall are quite insufficient to accommodate all who desire admittance to the meetings.

Since the work began, a number of young Jewish men have confessed Christ and become members of Christian churches, and many children have been influenced to regularly attend Sunday Schools. Wednesday and Friday evenings are devoted to services for adults. A special boys' meeting is held each Wednesday afternoon, while on Tuesdays and Thursdays, classes of girls, with an enrollment of seventy-nine, meet for instruction, along the several industrial lines. Many more apply, but are barred out for lack of room.

Children of the Newark Hebrew Christian Mission

Mr. Busch, the stanch patron of the work, has thus far met all expenses, but it is evident to all connected with the Mission that if it is to grow, enlarged accommodations will be needed. The present Mission Hall has a seating capacity of fifty, but it would often be filled if it could accommodate three times that number. It is estimated that a suitable building, site and furnishings included, will cost about $10,000. The affairs of the Mission are administered by an official board, composed of clergymen of standing in Newark.

A Touching Gift to Starving Japan

Editor Christian Herald.

DEAR SIR: The children of the Invalid Children's Home, at Verbank, N.Y., are very much aroused over the conditions in Japan, and wish to divide their blessings with the starving children of that afflicted land. The entire family has been doing without the usual amount of butter and sugar, and it gives me great pleasure to forward to you five dollars, part of which is from that self-denial, and part of which was contributed by different members of the family. It is sent in Jesus' name, with a fervent prayer that, through their affliction, these Japanese may learn to know and love our Christ.

Our babies asked that they might "go with us when we took the money over to the hungry children," but were quite contented to allow it to go by mail.

FLORENCE MAHIN, Sup't.

Watts de Peyster
Hospital and Home for Invalid Children, Verbank, N. Y.

THE CHARIOTS OF THE LORD

A Story of the days of Religious Persecution in England

By JOSEPH HOCKING

Summary of Preceding Chapters

During the reign of James II., whose father, Charles I., was beheaded in the revolution under Oliver Cromwell, a determined effort was made by the King to win England to Roman Catholicism. He persecuted the Protestants and had a willing instrument in Lord Jeffreys, an ignorant man, who had been raised to the bench by the king. The story opens with a scene in his court, in which the hero, Benedict Trelawney, denounced Jeffreys to his face, as an unjust judge. He was committed to prison. On his way he was enabled to escape by a girl, who told him her name was Mary. She guided him to the house of a Protestant, who gave him shelter and introduced him to another refugee, a Scotchman named Donald Stewart. On the following day he received his sword, which had been taken from him, and found upon it a message from the girl who had saved him, asking him to meet her that night at a certain place. Trelawney met her and she begged him to have nothing to do with a conspiracy against the king, in which the man who had given him shelter, was engaged. He suspects that she is the daughter of Lord Jeffreys, but cannot get her to acknowledge it. Disregarding her advice, he proceeds to a secret chamber, in which the conspirators are assembled He is chosen to accompany Donald Stewart to Holland, where they are to meet the Duke of Monmouth, a natural son of Charles II., and invite him to England to oust his uncle from the throne. Monmouth welcomes Trelawney and gives him a command in the army which is going to invade England. In the battle that ensues on Monmouth's landing in England, the King's forces defeat the invaders, and Monmouth deserts his supporters and flies. Trelawney overtakes him and reproaches him,but without result. Guided by a comrade named Ridgeway, he finds a hiding-place underground, where they are fed for several days by a girl who is betrothed to Ridgeway. The girl promises to bring them disguises and aid them to escape. But to their surprise, she leaves them alone for several days, and when she did come, is followed. Trelawney is seized, tied on horseback and carried to prison. Among his captors is Mary Jeffreys, who accompanies him to his prison.

CHAPTER XX.

"GREAT news, sire! The Lord hath been on your side. Your enemies have been smitten by the angels from on high, and you may have your vengeance."

King James smiled grimly.

"No one can grumble now if I show no mercy on these canting Dissenters," he said quietly, but his voice was hoarse with passion.

"No man. Naught could have been better. Hitherto they have had much sympathy; they have been looked upon as an oppressed people. 'Look,' men have said; 'see what a beautiful pious book the Bedfordshire Tinker hath written, is it not wrong that they be treated harshly?' That was why your sainted brother signed the Act of Indulgence. But now they are rebels. They have lifted up their hands against the King, they have followed Lucy Walter's baseborn son. They have killed many of your Majesty's soldiers. Think of it, sire! And you have everything in your own hands. Monmouth is in London with the rest of the chief ringleaders; thousands more lie in Somersetshire prisons waiting your justice."

"And they shall have it," said the King. "It was not for nothing that I appointed you Chief Justice."

"I will see to it," cried Jeffreys, his eyes gleaming with savage cruelty.

"Have you heard aught of that young springald, Trelawney, who escaped from you so easily?"

"Ay, you shall be avenged, your Majesty. It is true he escaped from London; but he is in Somersetshire. He landed with Monmouth, and I have given special instructions concerning him. He shall not escape."

"That is well. I like not men of his name. You are having the Bishop of Bristol watched?"

"A faithful Catholic, who pretends to be a Protestant, hath been placed near him to watch his every movement, and to note every word that falls from his lips."

"If he drops a word of treason——," the King ground his teeth savagely, "if he be guilty even of a breath of treason, he shall die."

"Trelawney is a name much beloved in Cornwall," said the Chief Justice.

"Ay, and in Bristol too. Episcopalian as he is, he hates my religion. He might almost be an Independent by the way he is forever glorifying the Protestant cant."

"The whole family is tarred by the same brush," said Jeffreys.

"One might think you were a Catholic yourself," said the King.

"Ah, I have had my eyes opened since I have known your Majesty. I have also learnt many things by attending the services which you have caused to be conducted by the Catholic priests. Ah, they have been very beautiful."

"You see it yourself," said the King eagerly.

"See it," said Jeffreys piously; "how can one help seeing it? After all, the Episcopal Church is but a mockery. It broke away from the true Church, and since then it hath claimed powers of which it became deprived when it became a schismatic body."

"True, true," said the King; "but be silent about this, Jeffreys. The time for you to publicly proclaim yourself as one of the true faith is not yet come. You can do my work better as a Protestant. But you have much to do, and there must be no delay in punishing the rebels. If you wait, people will begin to sympathize with them."

"Sympathize!" cried Jeffreys; "let any one dare! But your Majesty is right in this as in all things. I will go."

After Jeffreys had gone the King sat for a long time in deep thought. Again and again a smile would come across his coarse, unhealthy-looking face, but only to be followed by a look of sullen vengefulness.

"King! King!" he muttered. "Yes, I will be King, even as our brother Louis is. He will have none but Catholics in his realms, and neither will I. He will drive out the Huguenots; even so will I destroy Dissenters, root and branch. As for the Episcopalians, I know not. They profess loyalty, and the Holy Father tells me the time is not yet ripe for a religious reformation. But it must come; ay, it must come. But how? how?"

He rang a bell as he spoke, and his *valet de chambre* appeared at the door. "Tell Father Leyburn that I await him,' said James II.

The *valet de chambre* disappeared, and a few minutes later a priest appeared.

"Good day, Father Leyburn," said James, as he gave him his hand.

"Good day, your Majesty," said the priest; "and surely your Majesty must be a happy man to-day."

"I have much to be thankful for, but I have also much to do," said the King.

"You have done so much, sire," said the priest.

"I have done something," said the King, "but nothing to what I will do. I have been King only a few months, but there hath been a change made already. What would men have said but a short time since if they were told that such as you would have been received at St. James' Court?"

"The Lord, through your Majesty, hath done great things," said the priest; "nevertheless, I need not remind your Majesty that even the Holy Father is of opinion that we should make haste slowly."

"The Holy Father doth not know what we know," said the King. "He is not aware of this Monmouth rebellion, or how it hath ended. He doth not realize what a tremendous weapon this hath put in our hands."

"That I quite realize," said Father Leyburn; "although he will be acquainted with these events in the course of a few days."

"You have sent messengers?"

The priest bowed.

"What can I do?—that is, how can I do it?" asked the King.

"The whole matter needs careful treatment," said the priest; "but the Lord, with his saints, is working for us. People are now believing that his late sainted Majesty, King Charles II., died a Catholic by his own will. That is one great step. Moreover, the people are becoming accustomed to our presence, and to the rites of the one true Church. Titus Oates and his followers are regarded with loathing; the Rye House Plot stinks in the nostrils of all but rabid Dissenters. All this is to the good."

"Yes, yes," said James II. eagerly.

"Then, sire, at the proper time, we must make our charges against certain of the bishops who are most pronouncedly Protestant."

"But charges have to be proved. Even Jeffreys cannot do what he will with them!"

"The charges shall be proved, sire. I have already placed spies in every diocese in England. The actions of every one of them shall be watched closely."

"Jeffreys told me he had arranged for Trelawney of Bristol to be watched."

"Did my Lord Jeffreys tell you that? Well, let him have all the credit. Perhaps it is better he should have it. I am content to work quietly and in the dark. But did he tell you he had also arranged for the Faithful to mark the deeds of even their Graces of Canterbury and York? Did he tell you that, unknown to the world, their every word and deed shall be reported to your Majesty? No, he did not, because he did not know."

"But if nothing can be proved?"

"The wise and faithful can find proofs. The men and women I have appointed are both faithful and wary. It is not always that Dominicans and Jesuits work harmoniously together, but in this matter they will."

"And how long will this take?"

"In two or three years all should be ready."

"Two or three years!"

"There is much to do," said the Dominican father. "During this time our people will be working in a hundred ways, and thanks to the aid which your Majesty gives us, our work shall go on everywhere. Down among the mines of Cornwall, as well

CONTINUED ON PAGE 361

"Good day, Father Leyburn," said the King

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The Chariots of the Lord

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 360

as among the bare hills of Scotland."

"And this shall all come to pass, your Majesty; ay, all this and more. When once the curse of heresy is lifted from this land, you shall be free from the dominion of France. You shall crush the heretics of Holland, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in your hand."

After the priest had departed, James again sat in deep thought. Father Leyburn had evidently caused hope to burn strongly in his heart, for his usually dull eyes were bright, and his features worked nervously.

CHAPTER XXI.

WHILE King James II. rejoiced in the fate of Monmouth, and made plans concerning the future, Benedict Trelawney and William Ridgeway remained in Taunton gaol. Altogether about a thousand prisoners were huddled together in various places in Taunton town. Some were in the great woolmarket, many more were in the gaol, while others were stowed away in the most convenient places which could be found, in order that they might await the coming of Jeffreys. At first, Benedict thought his judgment would be speedy, but week after week passed away before the terrible judge appeared.

At last news came that the dreaded judge was on his way to Taunton, which was the centre of rebellion, and where it was expected that the most frightful scenes would be enacted.

"Well, one thing is in our favor," said William Ridgeway, "it will soon be over. I hear that hanging is not such a very hard death."

"Ay," replied Trelawney, "besides, we have much to be thankful for. For although we have been guarded with special care, we have been better treated than many. We have been able to sleep at nights, and the straw is clean."

"Ay, and the food hath been good, too. Hark! what is that?"

"They are putting up the scaffolds. Do you hear them driving in the nails?"

"Yes; well, we shall be soon hanging there; but I do not fear. I have fought with a clear conscience, and I am not afraid to meet my Maker. There is only one thing that——"

"What?" asked Trelawney as the yeoman ceased speaking.

"I have been thinking about my Martha," said Ridgeway. "Not a word have I heard from her. I can't make it out."

Trelawney was silent. He, too, had often wondered what course the hatred of Mary Jeffreys would take. Hour after hour he had pondered over her behavior towards himself, but although he pondered long and sorely, nothing could he understand. Never since he had been immured in the gaol had he heard of her.

Another day passed away, and still naught happened, but the day following they could not help being aware that there was a great stir in the town.

"Judge Jeffreys is on his way," said a gaoler as he came to them with food. "In an hour he will be here."

At this William Ridgeway looked at Trelawney sadly.

"He can but hang us," said Trelawney after the man had gone.

"He may torture us," replied Ridgeway.

"Torture us!" repeated the young Cornishman like one in a dream.

"Ay, was not that what Lady Mary said to you? I have often wondered why she hates you so, Master Trelawney. Evidently, moreover, she hath much power. When she told the Governor that her name was Lady Mary Beaumont, he treated her with much reverence, and when she gave him that bit of paper, he obeyed her as though she were the Queen herself."

At this Trelawney was silent. He had not told Ridgeway of his previous meetings with this girl. Somehow he could not, for even as he lay in gaol, he thought tenderly of the way she had delivered him in Fleet Street, and treasured in his heart the words she had spoken to him in the shadow of Temple Church. Moreover, she still remained a mystery to him, for while at one hour she had seemed to be his friend, she had at the next become his most determined foe.

Presently they heard a great shout, which was soon after followed by a silence, save that they heard the trampling of feet outside the walls of their prison. "What can it mean?" asked Ridgeway.

"Perhaps some one hath sighted the Judge's carriage," replied Benedict.

Neither of them knew that at that moment the Judge's carriage was passing along the road outside the prison walls. Yet so it was. When he had entered the town, the King's soldiers had given him a cheer of welcome, but it was not heartily given, for even they looked with loathing upon him. The crowd of yokels had filled the street to see the man of whom the whole country was talking; but no man regarded him with affection, rather they looked on him with fear and loathing, although they dared not express the rage that burned in their hearts.

And yet many wondered as they saw his face. He lay back in his carriage, occasionally giving a careless glance on the crowd, and then closing his eyes as if in pain.

"He's only a young man either," one townsman would say to another.

"Not much above forty, I should think."

"And not a bad looking man either."

"Bad looking! Why, he's handsome. Surely people have told lies about him."

"Have they? Well, I shall see tomorrow. I shall be in the courthouse."

"So shall I. I'm summoned as a witness."

On the following morning the whole town of Taunton was in a state of great excitement, for the trial of the thousand prisoners which lay in their prisons was about to commence. In the court-house officers and men of law were fluttering hither and thither, some of them laughing merrily, while others were talking eagerly of the trial which was soon to come off. The Judge's bench, as well as the wall behind, was all hung with red, while even the table on which gray goosequills, bottles of ink, and rolls of paper were placed, was covered with material of the same sanguinary color.

"What time is the trial to commence?" asked one.

"It's timed for nine, but it'll be later."

"How is that?"

"Why, my Lord Jeffreys was up drinking half the night with Colonel Kirke, so he's sure to be late."

"Ah, then, that will mean that he'll be in an ugly temper."

"Ay, that's well known. I hear that in Dorchester on the night before their trial the rebels used to pray that he might be led to go to bed early, and get a good night's rest. They said it meant that he would be a little more mild with them, and perhaps condemn them to the Colonies, instead of to the gallows."

"Well, for that matter I should think hanging would be better than the Barbadoes and the Indies, where they are to be slaves. Hark! what's that?"

"The Judge's trumpeter. Now then, the fun will soon begin."

TO BE CONTINUED

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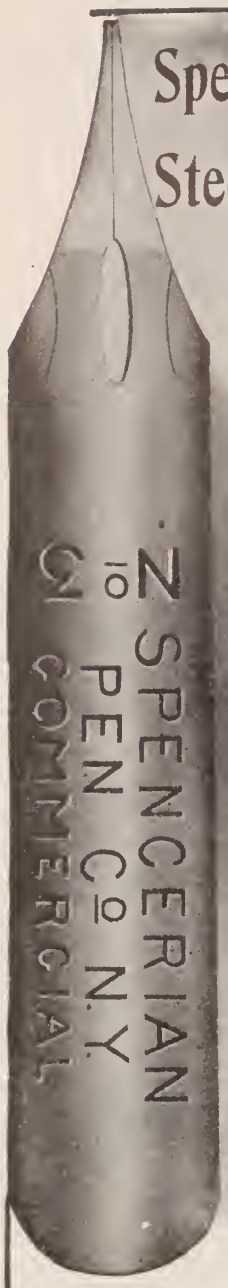

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Prominent Men of the Hour

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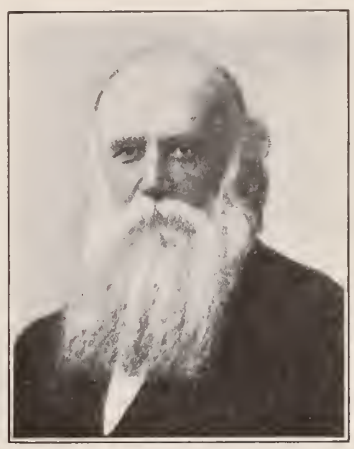
Earl Grey

EARL GREY, Governor-General of Canada, was in New York recently as the guest of the famous Pilgrims' Club. This club was formed for the purpose of promoting international good feeling between the two great branches of the English-speaking races, and, in consequence, the Earl's visit had a semi-official character. There is a Pilgrims' Club in London, also, the honored guests being distinguished Americans. Ex-Ambassador Choate was the Earl's host, and delivered one of his witty and scholarly addresses. State banquets and receptions to honored guests are often scoffed at as of little moment, while the truth is they will do more to establish friendly relations than a treaty of peace. It is interesting to note that the first Earl Grey, the ancestor of the Governor-General, was a distinguished English officer in the Revolution. The present Earl, the fourth of his line, was born in 1851. He was educated at Harrow School and Cambridge University. Interested in politics, he entered Parliament as a member for Northumberland, and later became Administrator of Rhodesia. He has taken an active part in all that affects the welfare of Canada, and has made it a point to become acquainted personally with every member of Canada's Parliament, and, from Canadian reports, he seems to be very popular with our neighbors in the Dominion.

. . .

JOHN ALEXANDER DOWIE, of Zion City, and Mexico, is again appearing prominently in the public prints. A new spirit seems to have come over his followers since Mr. Dowie left for the South for the benefit of his health. He suffered some time ago a stroke of paralysis, and went to Mexico for rest, and also to find a suitable site for a colony in that country. While there, he sent his orders, from which hitherto there has been no appeal, to Zion City. Recently he deposed one of the most popular of the overseers, and then ordered the ejectment of another. The board met, refused to comply, and reinstated those who had been put out. The result is awaited by the general public with great interest.



John Alexander Dowie

. . .

M. JEAN MARIE FERDINAND SARRIEN is the new Premier of France, succeeding M. Rouvier. The latter resigned, owing to the trouble in the Chamber of Deputies over the rupture of relations with the Roman Catholic Church. France is determined to make the separation complete, and is making an inventory of church property, in order to ascertain what belongs to the State and what to the church. The new Premier must carry out the law, although there are strong grounds for belief that he will be lukewarm in its support. The clergy and royalists are undoubtedly in alliance, for in Brittany they are attacking the troops, and a well-known nobleman, when arrested, shouted, "Long live the king!" With the country in such a state of unrest, M. Sarrien has an opportunity by wise measures to make his name honored in the history of France.

A FAMOUS ENGLISH CHAPEL

A GENTLEMAN in Nebraska, Mr. E. F. Francis, who has been a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for many years, sends us the following interesting account of one of the historic chapels of London, England: "I read in one of your March issues," he writes, "a notice of the death of Mrs. Luke, the wife of Rev. Samuel Luke. She was an intimate friend of my wife's at the time Mr. Luke was pastor of the Orange Street Chapel, Leicester Square, London. The chapel was built for the French refugees, the Huguenots, who were driven out of France by the Edict of Nantes, in the latter part of the seventeenth century. It was over two hundred years old, and the walls were two and a-half feet thick. The windows were made of pieces of colored glass, set in lead, and the roof was lead covered.

"Before the church was modernized, I was the sexton. The pulpit was a large box affair, and it was the sexton's duty to take up the books for the preacher, and then shut him in. The pews also had doors. Next to the chapel was a house that was part of the same property, and was at one time occupied by Sir Isaac Newton, who studied the heavens from a room he had constructed almost entirely of glass. The room was sold, and placed in the Crystal Palace in London. The church had many famous preachers in its history." Mr. Francis, the writer of the letter, was a friend of Sir George Williams, the founder of the Young Men's Christian Association, having become acquainted with him in Exeter, England.

In the Foreign Field

—HON. SELAH MERRILL, United States Consul at Jerusalem (and for many years a valued contributor to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD), writes us: "Yours of February 16, with check for twenty-five dollars for the poor of Jerusalem, was duly received. Accept many thanks. Very many charitable people see only the suffering around them; others lift their eyes and see the needy ones in the distant places of God's world. We are thankful that a few look as far away as Jerusalem. The 'poor and needy' are numerous here now, as they have always been in the past and possibly always will be. Your generous gift will be a real blessing to some of those helpless ones."

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Pastor

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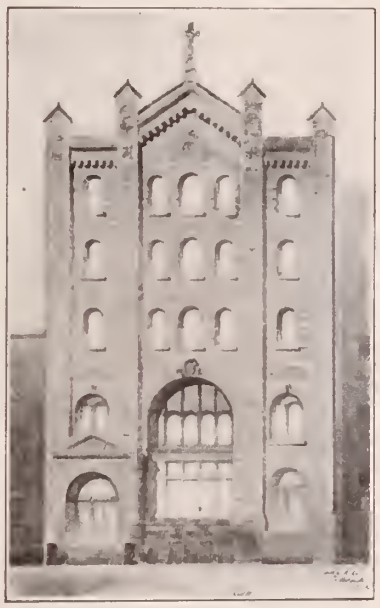
Assistant Pastor

ONE of the most important enterprises for the foreign speaking peoples of our great cities ever undertaken by the Methodist Church is now upon the threshold of accomplishment. Sunday, April 8, 1906, will stand as a significant date in Protestant Italian history of the present era, for that day has witnessed the laying of the corner-stone of the Methodist Church for Italians in the centre of America's metropolis. To the Italian people of the community who have for years expected it, and to the workers and executive officers of the Society who have carried the purpose upon their hearts for a decade, this ceremony serves as an occasion for profoundest gratitude.

At present there are not fewer than 400,000 Italians in New York City, and of these at least 25,000 are located in a densely populated community north of One Hundred and Fourth Street and east of Second Avenue; here is what seems likely to be for generations to come, a distinctive Italian settlement, ever supplied by immigration and a prolific birth-rate with new material for Americanizing and Christianizing influences. For ten years an earnest and fruitful ministry has been maintained in "Little Italy," as this uptown Italian section is called, under the direction of the Rev. Filoteo Taglialatela; the church has an enrollment of over two hundred communicants, and only equipment and resources have been lacking to create here a great centre of Christian power which would be felt in the Italy on both sides of the sea.



The New Italian Church
As it will appear when finished

Earnestly believing that it is a part of Methodism's business to give the Gospel to men of every kind, everywhere—the Society has been steadily moving in purpose and plan toward a genuine and complete church for these strangers within our gates. The concentrating fact was the gift of a plot of ground, fifty by a hundred feet; then began the mighty venture which beholds its fruition in the suitable and convenient edifice, the laying of whose corner-stone was celebrated on the 8th of April with solemnly appropriate services. The programme of the hour began with a rendition of Luther's grand old hymn by the Italian band of thirty pieces; this band is entirely composed of regular attendants of the church many of whom are members. Reading of the Scripture and prayer by the pastor, followed; the venerable and revered Bishop Andrews, for so many years the most notable figure in New York Methodism, performed the ceremony of laying the corner-stone. Short addresses were delivered expressive of the sympathy and encouragement of sister churches by the Rev. Dr. F. Mason North, Corresponding Secretary of the Methodist Episcopal Church Extension Society of New York City; Mr. John M. Cornell, Chairman of the Forward Movement Committee of the same society; Dr. James M. Buckley, editor of the New York *Christian Advocate*, the organ of Eastern Methodism, and others. Among the prominent men of the denomination present, was Mr. John S. Huyler, who has given signal evidence of his interest in the enterprise from its inception.

Mr. Charles Perley Tinker, Field Secretary of the Society, courteously places at the disposal of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD material for the foregoing description, covering also an account in detail of the building plans of the new edifice. The building is of a simple and dignified style of architecture, Italian in feeling, yet keeping strictly in mind the utilities of plan. The material is of light brick, with trimmings of stone and terra-cotta, and although the conveniences provided are certainly unusual in such a structure, yet the entire composition preserves an ecclesiastical appearance in harmony with its purpose.

The basement includes a large room for meetings, as well as a gymnasium, lockers, baths, etc.; the main auditorium is located upon the first floor, the Sunday School rooms and galleries upon the second; the third floor comprises rooms for social purposes and has a kitchen and other conveniences provided—it also becomes a roof garden above the auditorium, where, in hot weather, open-air meetings may be held. The fourth floor is comfortably arranged for the home of the pastor's family, while the fifth remains unfinished for the present, its existence pointing toward accommodations for settlement workers, in the golden future of the enterprise.

When in successful operation, the work of this church will deeply affect Methodism, not to say Protestantism, in Italy, as well as in every Italian community in the United States and South America, as a tangible expression of confidence in the future of Italians in America.

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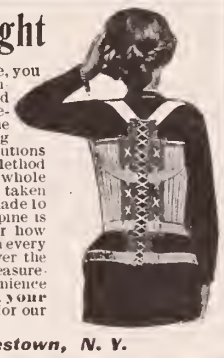

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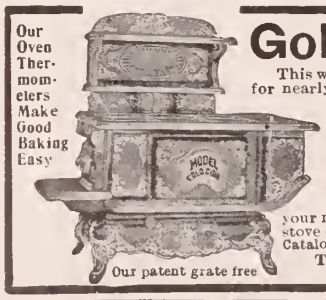

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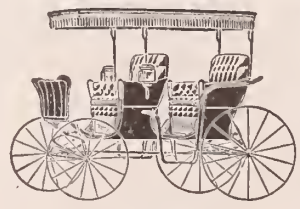

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Old St. Paul's and its Tall Neighbors

SEE ILLUSTRATION ON FRONT COVER

HISTORIC old St. Paul's Church, on lower Broadway, in New York City, stands overshadowed, but not overcome, by the sky-scraping office buildings that tower above it on every side. The large church-yard that surrounds it has saved it from being crowded into an insignificant position, and when the building is compared with its modern neighbors, the skill of its designer commands our admiration, although he conceived its plan nearly two centuries ago. It was built in 1764 and is the oldest offshoot of Trinity parish, which has seen so many of its chapels grow into strong and independent churches, as the tide of life gradually ebbed from the parent body. St. Paul's stands at the corner of Broadway and Vesey Street, named from its first rector, and as Trinity has been rebuilt it is the oldest church in all New York. The front has a fine Greek portico, and the spire, oddly enough, is placed at the back in the churchyard. This spire is one of the most beautiful of the "Wren spires" in America, so called from their resemblance to those designed by Sir Christopher Wren, who built St. Paul's, in London. It bears a marked resemblance to a number in New England, especially that of the Old North Church in Boston, where the signal lights flashed their message to Paul Revere, and to the Park Street Church in the same city.

In the Broadway front of the building stands a monument to the memory of General Montgomery, who fell before the walls of Quebec, one winter's night, during the first year of the American Revolution. Above the tablet is a memorial urn, surrounded by helmets and trophies of arms. Congress erected the memorial in 1776; but the remains of the intrepid soldier were not laid beneath it until 1818, when they were brought down the Hudson, accompanied by one of the greatest funeral pageants this country had ever seen.

The interior of the church is one of those that are called "restful." Once across the threshold, the casual visitor seems to step from the mad rush of the twentieth century in the world's busiest city, back into the stateliness and quiet of the early part of the eighteenth, when New York was a great country town, when the Declaration of Independence was yet unheard of, and George the Third, who hated to part with this same country town, was king. The outside noise of moving carts and moving crowds, comes in only as a low and indistinct murmur, not loud enough to disturb the meditations of the kneeling worshiper. On one side is shown the pew in which Washington sat when he came here to attend divine service, after taking the oath of office as first President of the United States. When the one hundredth anniversary of the inauguration was celebrated, the church, and especially the historic pew, were beautifully decorated and a memorial service held. So, once again in its history the church gathered within its walls the great in arms and in government, as it had done so frequently in its earlier history.

The view given on the cover page of this week's issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD shows the back and most picturesque part of the edifice. At the left of the church, rising over the corner of the Astor House, may be seen the roof of the American Tract Society, with its ornamental loggia. The building in the centre, capped with its twin turrets, is the famous Park Row Building, towering hundreds of feet above the city. Behind the church spire is the St. Paul Building. The low structure, of five stories, shows the sort of building that excited the admiration of people thirty-five years ago, while the one to its left shows the advance made a few years later. New York is in a state of transition architecturally, and the days of these smaller edifices are numbered, as Broadway seems destined to be lined with walls of such height as to make it appear like a man-made copy of the Grand Canyon of Arizona.

R. S. B.

THE UNCONQUERED "BERBERS"

IN an article contributed to the March number of *The National Geographical Magazine*, Ion Perdicaris, lately a prisoner in the hands of the Berbers of Morocco, tells some interesting facts concerning that strange people. He writes:

"These Berbers antedated Phœnician, Carthaginian, Roman, Gothic, Byzantian, and Arab occupation by centuries upon centuries; it is probably one of the oldest races; and there are certain ethnologists at the present day, at the head of whom is an Italian writer named Sergi, who maintain that the theory of those successive invasions of Caucasians, about which we have all read, and which are generally believed to account for the origin of the races of Southern Europe, did not furnish the main part of the population of the Mediterranean basin, but that the latter was derived from these Berbers, a white race which has many resemblances to the ancient Etruscans. They are quite like the pictures also of some of the ancient Egyptian dynasties.

"These people have always been opposed to any attempt to bring them under control, and they have never been kept in subjection by any of these successive governments for any great length of time. Their desire is never to recognize any more authoritative control than that of their own village elders. It is from this race that the two great sects of the early church of the fourth and fifth centuries, known as the Donatists and Cercumceliones are descended. These were really a sort of Christian Nihilists, a sect which swept away many of the towns and villages of the Roman Senators—a destruction which was finally completed by the great Arabic invasion which swept over much of that country, and which seems to have been itself on very friendly terms with these Berbers.

"The Berbers joined the Arab invaders and formed a large contingent of the Saracen tribes who overwhelmed the Gothic kings of Spain. They did not speak of themselves generally as Berbers; they called themselves Schleuh, and described the various dialects of their tongues as of the Schilhak language. They could not even understand or communicate with the Arab tribes without an interpreter. Some of them learn Arabic, but many of them cannot communicate at all with their fellow Arabian laborers.

"When the successive Arab invasions, beginning in 711, broke upon the country (that was in the year 200 of the Hegira), this Berber population was ultimately driven by the Arabs from the plains and from the richer valleys and forced to take refuge among the Atlas Mountains; and in these mountain ranges they have always remained, a thorn in the side of the Arab rulers and a great menace and danger to the people of the lowlands, whenever the central authority was weakened by a disputed succession with a feeble Sultan at the head of affairs."

Book Received

The Bitter Cry of the Children, by John Spargo, issued by the Macmillan Company, is a careful study from the inside of the effects of poverty upon children. The first three sections of the book treat, respectively, the relation of poverty in all its aspects to excessive infant mortality, child labor and the subject of underfed school children. Mr. Spargo writes from personal experience and observation and presents a candid statement of facts without sensationalism. Pp. 337: illustrated: cloth covers. Price $1.50.

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A Rhythmical and Grateful Chant.

A teacher in a Terre Haute public school, joins in the chorus:

"Teaching is a business which requires a great deal of brain and nerve force. Unless this force is renewed as fast as expended the teacher is exhausted before the close of the year. Many resort to stimulating tonics for relief.

"For 3 years I struggled against this almost complete exhaustion, getting what relief I could from doctor's tonics. Then in the spring of 1903, I had an attack of la grippe and malaria which left me too weak to continue my work. Medicine failed to give me any relief, a change of climate failed. I thought I should never be able to go back in school again.

"I ate enough food (the ordinary meals, white bread and vegetables) but was hungry after meals.

"I happened at this time to read an article giving the experience of another teacher who had been helped by Grape-Nuts food. I decided to try Grape-Nuts and cream, as an experiment. It was a delightful experience, and continues so after a year and a half of constant use.

"First, I noticed that I was not hungry after meals.

"In a few days that tired feeling left me, and I felt fresh and bright, instead of dull and sleepy.

"In three months, more than my usual strength returned, and I had gained 15 pounds in weight.

"I finished the year's work without any kind of tonics—was not absent from duty even half a day.

"Am still in the best of health, with all who know me wondering at the improvement.

"I tell them all, 'Try Grape-Nuts!'" Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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Foreigners in America*

ONE of the saddest verdicts of recent times is that sent home by an intelligent visitor from Japan, who, having spent two years among us, wrote home last month, that Japan has nothing to learn from America in philosophy, morals or religion. He had observed our lives and our institutions and had come to that most humiliating conclusion. We have been sending missionaries to the Japanese and to other nations, and yet this foreigner resident among us believes that his country would not be improved by adopting our philosophy, our morals or our religion. He must have been singularly unfortunate in the class of people he has met, or society among us is far below the standard that we ought to have attained.

A verdict like this ought to lead to self-examination. It is useless to talk in a smug, self-satisfied way about "Home missions to the foreigners in America," if our lives do not commend our religion to the man who sees them at short range. The foreigner who comes here furnishes us with an opportunity to advance the cause of Christ. If he can report to his people at home that the religion of Christ makes men better, more moral, more honest, more benevolent, he can do more good than the missionary whom we have sent to his people. They will believe him, because he has witnessed the effects of the religion that the missionary preaches. Can it be possible that we in the home land are, by our lives, nullifying and denying the work of the devoted men who have left home and friends to carry the news of salvation to the heathen? If they believe no other of the Master's words, they will believe that pregnant utterance of his, "By their fruits ye shall know them."

We may hope that some discrimination will be exercised by our foreign guests. Their own experience should tell them that the whole must not be condemned for the part. Handicapped as the missionary is who labors among the immigrants, his work must not flag. For our own sake, as well as for his, the immigrant should be taught the truths of Christianity. Now, as in apostolic days, Christianity is the power of God unto salvation, regardless of nationality.

Perils of Prosperity†

WE boast, and with good cause, of the progress our nation is making in population, in the arts, in inventions, in business, and in wealth. It is absolutely wonderful how rapid and how huge are the strides of the past few years. Within the memory of men still living, the population has grown from nine millions to seventy-six millions. The stage coach has given place to steam, and steam is giving place to electricity. The mail, formerly the wonder of the world for speed, is put to shame by the telegraph and the telephone. The ocean voyage, formerly a slow and risky adventure of the sailing ship, is now accomplished with ease and precision. Manufactures have been transformed by the sewing machine and the power loom. Huge department stores do as much business in a day as the merchant formerly did in a lifetime; and the United States, once so poor and uninfluential among the nations, now occupies a place of the first rank in international councils. We glory in such progress, and we have a right to glory.

Has our moral and spiritual progress kept pace with our material progress? This is an important question, because it is not by what we possess, but by what we are, that we must be judged. As Emerson told us long ago, the boast of bigness was unworthy. The quality, not the quantity of a community, was the test of value. The lie sent by telegraph is as bad a thing as when it was sent by the mail. The eternal principles of right and truth and justice are not changed by the multiplication or the amplication of our appliances. If, under our improved systems, we are turning out more rogues and tricksters than formerly, the less we boast the better. There is always a danger in periods of prosperity of the moral standards being lowered. We think less of fraud, of vice, of moral turpitude of all kinds than in times of stringency. The number of millionaires has vastly increased, but before we congratulate them, we have a right to ask how they made their millions and how they are living now they have made them. It is not by its wealth, nor by its material progress, nor even by its education, that a nation becomes great, but by the righteousness that alone exalteth a nation.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for April 29: "Home missions among foreigners in America." Eph. 2: 13-19.

†Topic of the Epworth League for April 29: City Evangelization: the Perils of Prosperity: Civic Righteousness. Ezek. 28: 1-10.

Answered Prayers

Mrs. D. R. S., Nebraska. "I want to join the list of answered prayer believers."

Mrs. N. Maxwell. "I gladly acknowledge God's goodness in sending direct answers to my prayers. He always answers his children."

J. D. A. F., North Carolina. "Twice within a few years God has directly answered my prayer and restored my dear wife to health."

A. E., Pennsylvania. "I thank God the Father, Son and Holy Spirit for my many answered prayers. I cannot be thankful enough."

An Anxious Mother, Maine. "A great trouble came to me. I prayed that God would remove it and he did. O, pray that other troubles hanging over me may be removed."

Mrs. J. T., Rhode Island. "I wish to add to your many 'Answered Prayers' that my prayers have been answered so many times that I could not remember them all. Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

A Nova Scotian, Canada. "I am a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and I enjoy the 'Answered Prayers' column very much. I want to say that it has encouraged me often, and to testify to God's great goodness to me and to my family, in saving us from a very great trouble that threatened us. He does hear and answer prayer."

Called Higher

Mary Wright, of Holliday, Mo., very recently went home to Heaven. Devoted to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, during her last illness, she begged a friend to turn its pages before her fading eyes, that she might once more linger over its treasured columns. Through its instrumentality she had for years been an interested friend and contributor to the Bowery Mission.

Mr. Benjamin Bridgman died at his home in Saskatoon, Can., on the 24th of January, in the eighty-eighth year of his age. He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church and lived his religion day by day, constantly turning to the Scriptures for guidance, and deriving great pleasure from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. He leaves two daughters, eight grandchildren and six great-grandchildren.

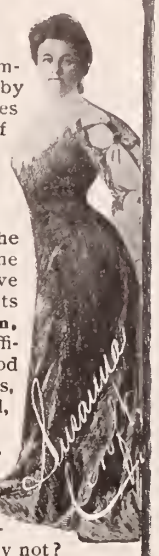
Rev. William Rees Goodwin, D. D., died March 23, 1906, at Los Angeles, Cal., in his seventy-fourth year. Dr. Goodwin was graduated from DePauw University, in Indiana, and later filled the President's Chair at Brookville College, from which he passed to a professorship in the Illinois Wesleyan University. He was a well-known contributor to the periodicals of his denomination and took high rank among Methodism's pastors and preachers. He leaves a widow and three adult children.

Miss Minnie Lavis, beloved daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Lavis, of Ontario, Can., died early in the month of March, in her forty-eighth year. Her entire life was characterized by a devoted Christian spirit, and she was an active worker in the Methodist Church of which she was a member. Many hearts were saddened by her unexpected passing. Her aged parents especially mourn their great bereavement, but they are comforted in knowing that their daughter awaits their coming on the "shining shore."

In December, 1905, two years after celebrating the golden anniversary of his marriage to the tried and true wife of half a century, Mr. Leonard Pershing went to join "the great majority" who have put on immortality. Conscientious, tender-hearted and beloved by all who knew him, he was a fearless advocate of total abstinence, doing all that he could to fight against the evil of strong drink. The sympathy of a large circle of friends surrounds the aged widow, who sits in the twilight of this life, awaiting the summons to "eternal day."

I Can Reduce Flesh

Would You Like to Reduce It By Natural Means and In a Dignified Manner?



I have reduced 7,000 women in the past three years by a series of simple exercises practiced in the privacy of their own rooms and by use of merely a rational diet which will not weaken.

I can reduce you and at the same time strengthen the **stomach, heart** and relieve you of such chronic ailments as **rheumatism, constipation, weak nerves** and such difficulties as depend upon good circulation, strong nerves, strong muscles, good blood, correct breathing.

You can be as good a figure as any woman of your acquaintance—no drugs, no medicine.

If I can reduce 7,000 others I can reduce you. Why not?

Write to me, I will cheerfully tell you all about my work and whether I can help you.

SUSANNA COCROFT

Dept. 18 57 Washington St., Chicago

PLAN YOUR NEW HOME TO INCLUDE THIS FURNACE

We help you avoid mistakes in your building plans; get them correct now. Read our free Furnace Book which tells how and where to place a furnace. It also tells how to replace your dusty stoves or worn-out heater with a dust and gas-proof

LEADER STEEL FURNACE

$49 Sent freight paid anywhere east of Omaha. Brick firebox, rocking grates. No. 45 heats small church, store, 7 to 8 room house. (5 other sizes made also.) You can erect it yourself. Write for free book. Today's the day.

HESS WARMING & VENTILATING COMPANY,
711 Tacoma Building, Chicago.

Have you the "O-HI-O" Cooking Habit? If not get the

O-HI-O Combination Steam COOKER—BAKER Sold on easy payments. Price $4 and up.

Easy to Clean. Guaranteed to save 50 per cent. in fuel, labor, time and provisions. A whole meal cooked over one burner on any style stove. It assures you deliciously cooked hot meals. **30 days' trial.** No intermingling of odors or tastes. Fine for use in summer cottages. A necessity every day of the year. The only healthful way to cook foods and breadstuffs. **Handsomely Illustrated Catalog Free.** $1.00 Cook Book for 4c postage. **We Want Good Agents.** $30 and $40 weekly and expenses. 1905 agents' sales 50,000 cookers.

"O-HI-O" COOKER CO., 427 Jefferson Ave., Toledo, O.

Queens Park Lots

on Hempstead and Jamaica Turnpike at Franklin Square, L. I., on trolley just beyond Queens. High-class section, cement sidewalks, shade trees. All property fully restricted. Rare opportunity for home-seekers and investors.

$200 and Upward, $2.50 Down

Balance $1.00 per week. Not less than two lots sold. Free deed in case of death. Values will double. Titles guaranteed free of cost by

Lawyers' Title Guarantee Co.

Send in your application at once and get a choice location.

QUEENS PARK REALTY CO.
176-B BROADWAY BROOKLYN, N. Y.

ASK US HOW WE Give this Chair

and nearly 1000 other nice things for the home with orders for groceries—tea, coffee, extracts, perfumes, etc. Send for our 2 free books, "How the Housewife Can Furnish Her Home Without Cost," and "How the Housewife Can Save $10."

Crofts & Reed, 827 Kinzie St., Chicago, Ill.

MELLIN'S For the Baby FOOD

Does your baby sleep well?

A baby should not fret and be restless at night, but on the contrary, after his evening meal, if his food is right, he should go to sleep and sleep sweetly and peacefully until early morning. Use Mellin's Food and your baby will sleep well, and grow strong and good natured day by day. Send for a free sample for your baby.

The ONLY Infants' Food receiving the GRAND PRIZE at St. Louis, 1904. Gold Medal, Highest Award, Portland, Ore. 1905.

MELLIN'S FOOD CO., BOSTON, MASS.

A WOMAN DOCTOR

Was Quick to See that Coffee Poison was Doing the Mischief.

A lady tells of a bad case of coffee poisoning and tells it in a way so simple and straightforward that literary skill could not improve it.

"I had neuralgic headaches for 12 years," she says, "and have suffered untold agony. When I first began to have them I weighed 140 pounds, but they brought me down to 110. I went to many doctors and they gave me only temporary relief. So I suffered on, till one day in 1904, a woman doctor told me to drink Postum Food Coffee. She said I looked like I was coffee poisoned.

"So I began to drink Postum and I gained 15 pounds in the first few weeks and am still gaining, but not so fast as at first. My headaches began to leave me after I had used Postum about two weeks—long enough I expect to get the coffee poison out of my system.

"Now that a few months have passed since I began to use Postum Food Coffee, I can gladly say that I never know what a neuralgic headache is like any more, and it was nothing but Postum that relieved me. Before I used Postum I never went out alone; I would get bewildered and would not know which way to turn. Now I go alone and my head is as clear as a bell. My brain and nerves are stronger than they have been for years." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

I Can Make You Well

Without Drugs or Medicine

I study your case as a physician. Instead of prescribing medicine I strengthen weakened organs by giving special exercise for the muscles and nerves controlling them, bringing a good circulation of warm, pure blood through them. I purify and strengthen the blood by giving you the foods adapted to your system and by teaching correct **breathing.** By bringing a **good circulation** to vitals, strengthening **lungs, heart** and **nerves,** I put my pupils in the normal condition of the child.

Miss Cocroft at her desk

No **drugs,** no **medicine** — simply fresh air, pure food, pure water and sunshine.

Write to me, I will cheerfully tell you all about my work and whether I can help you.

Send 10 cents for instructive booklet, with card for your dressing table, showing **correct** lines of **a woman's figure in poise.**

SUSANNA COCROFT

Dept. 18, 57 Washington St., Chicago

NOTE—As President of the Physical Culture Extension work in America, Miss Cocroft needs no further introduction.

$7.98 for SUIT and EXTRA TROUSERS

We make a suit guaranteed to fit perfectly, in latest style from fashionable cloth, durably trimmed, for **$7.98** equal to any **$15.00** suit made and give you **Free** an extra pair of Fancy Worsted Trousers. **You run no risk.**

If suit and trousers are not exactly as ordered you may return them to us at our expense. **We will return to you at once all money** paid us thereon. Besides **you keep the elegant suit case,** in which suit was shipped.

Write at once for samples of latest cloths for suits at $7.98 and up. They will be sent free with fashion plates, tape, measurement blanks, &c. **Send no money** but write to-day.

THIS ELEGANT SUIT CASE **FREE** EVEN IF YOU DON'T ACCEPT A SUIT MADE BY US

The Gents' Complete Outfitting Co. Dept. E-165 242-244 Market Street, Chicago.

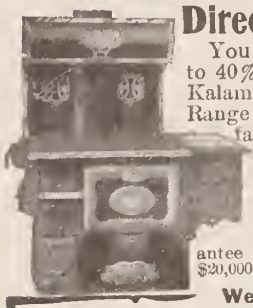
Ref.: Royal Trust Co. Bank, Chicago. Capital and surplus $1,000,000.00.

THE "BEST" LIGHT

The only light that **makes** and **burns** its own gas at the extremely low cost of 2c per week and gives perfect service with **NO GREASE, DIRT, SMOKE OR ODOR.** Every burner equal to 100 candles burning at one time. Think of it—brighter than electricity or acetylene and cheaper than kerosene. You cannot afford to be without it. Over 100 styles. Every lamp warranted. **Agents** Wanted Everywhere.

THE BEST LIGHT CO., 3-70 E. 5th St., Canton, O.

"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"



You save from 20% to 40% by buying a Kalamazoo Stove or Range direct from the factory at **lowest factory prices.** Moreover, you get a stove or range not excelled by any in the world. We guarantee quality under a $20,000 bank bond.

We Ship On
360 DAYS APPROVAL
and We Pay the Freight.

If you do not find the Kalamazoo *exactly* as represented, the trial does not cost you a cent. It will pay you to investigate.

Send Postal for Catalog No. 103.

All Kalamazoos are shipped promptly, blacked, polished and ready for use.

Kalamazoo Stove Co., Mfrs., Kalamazoo, Mich.

All our cook stoves and ranges are fitted with patent oven thermometer which makes baking easy.

Oven Thermometer

Vapo-Cresolene

(ESTABLISHED 1879.)

An Inhalation For

Whooping-Cough, Croup, Bronchitis, Diphtheria, etc.

Confidence can be placed in a remedy, which for a quarter of a century has earned unqualified praise. Restful nights are assured at once.

Cresolene is a boon to asthmatics

All Druggists

Send postal for descriptive booklet.

The Vapo-Cresolene Co.
180 Fulton St., N. Y.
Leeming-Miles Bldg.
Montreal, Canada.

RHEUMATISM

LEE ELECTRIC INSOLES

Drive out Uric Acid, the cause of your RHEUMATISM.

By generating electro-chemical action through the feet. Same principle as European Baths brought within the reach of every sufferer. No Medicine. No Drugs. No Quackery. No Cost Unless Satisfactory. Every step will help you. Send no money—take no risk. If we cannot prove that the LEE INSOLES will do for you what they have done for thousands, they cost you nothing. Write to-day for free explanation of scientific principle, testimonials, expert opinions, references and our special thirty days' **TRIAL OFFER**

No sufferer is too old—no case too difficult.

Lee Insole Company
Room 1235, 170 Fifth Ave.
New York City

No Medicine

DEAFNESS

"The Morley Phone"

A miniature **Telephone for the Ear** invisible, easily adjusted, and entirely comfortable. Makes low sounds and whispers plainly heard. Over fifty thousand sold, giving instant relief from deafness and head noises.

There are but few cases of deafness that cannot be benefited

Write for booklet and testimonials.

THE MORLEY COMPANY, Dept. E.
31 South 16th Street, Philadelphia.

$41.00 Split Hickory

Top Buggy, made to order, guaranteed 2 years; sold on 30 days Free Trial. Tell us the style vehicle you want. 1906 catalog, 100 styles, FREE. Send today.

The Ohio Carriage Mfg. Co.
H. C. Phelps, Pres.
Station 236
Cincinnati, O.

$41

THE FOUR SOILS

By Mrs. M. Baxter

THE parable of the sower gives a clue to both Christ's teaching and much that we see in our daily life and work for God. He says with regard to it, "Know ye not this parable? And how then will ye know all parables?" The understanding of this first parable, which deals with conversion to God, makes it possible to understand other parables; upon our relation to God depends all our spiritual life and service.

"Behold, there went out a sower to sow," and "the sower," whoever he may be, "soweth the Word." "He that soweth the good seed is the Son of Man" (Matt. 13 : 37); but there are other sowers of the Word also: "Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters" (Isa. 32 : 20). The seed, good in itself, is sown on divers soils. The first mentioned is the "wayside." What an apt picture of the unconverted, open to every influence bad and good. Any foot may tread there; religious impressions may come, but they soon go away; there, all passes on, nothing gets in; it is hard, unyielding, unfruitful. Such souls are brought into contact with the Word, and "Satan cometh immediately and taketh away the Word that was sown in their hearts." They are not sufficiently moved by the truth of God to be against it, they have no objection to attend religious meetings, but nothing touches them. Satan takes good care that when anything is said which is calculated to arouse them, something shall be occupying them; and if you ask them, "Did you hear such-and-such a part of the discourse?" you will find they have never heard it at all. Thousands upon thousands, the majority of those who are around us, are in this condition. The active opponents of God's truth are a much smaller company.

Some seed "fell on stony ground, where it had not much earth; and immediately it sprang up; because it had no depth of earth; but when the sun was up, it was scorched; and because it had no root, it withered away." Our Lord does not leave us in ignorance as to the meaning of this, "These are they . . . . who, when they have heard the Word, immediately receive it with gladness;" there is a fair promise of fruit; signs of life are there. Joy in the sense of God's pardon, delight in the company of Christians, in Bible-reading, in the singing of hymns, are found in these, so long as their pleasure is increased thereby. But a time comes when it is a question of following Christ. If they follow Jesus, some attachment to a worldly man or a worldly girl must be renounced; some long-cherished pleasure, or perhaps some darling ambition, is seen to be inconsistent, and they have not yet found Jesus sufficient to fill all the space able to convert the unsaved companion, and willing to make all their interests his own, if they will let him. Not having been converted from themselves to himself, they do not follow him, although they have once heard his voice.

"Some fell among thorns, and the thorns grew up and choked it, and it yielded no fruit." Oh, the wretchedness of divided hearts, which have tasted and seen that "the Lord is gracious!" and yet "the cares of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches, and the lusts of other things entering in, choke the Word, and it becometh unfruitful." When God comes by his Word into a heart, he wants all the room; there is none for anything else; and this miserable attempt to harmonize what is so totally distinct is a wrong to our beloved Lord. When he saves a man, he is ready to save him entirely, and to make him as free from care as from sin.

But happily there is the "good ground." "These are they which are sown on good ground; such as hear the Word, and receive it, and bring forth fruit with patience" (Luke 8 : 15).

Wash Fabrics

DELICATE SUMMER WEAR, COLORED OR WHITE, LINEN, LACE, SILK, will last twice as long when washed with PEARLINE only—look better too.

Pearline's gentle treatment WITHOUT RUBBING or help of any sort, loosens all dirt, and EASY RINSING frees it, leaving no trace of Soap or unpleasant Odor.

BAR SOAP cannot be made which rinses so easily, quickly and thoroughly as PEARLINE. A chemical analysis or practical home test will prove this statement.

Millions Use Pearline

S 16 E

LE PAGE'S PHOTO PASTE
IN JARS AND TUBES.

For photo or general use. Dries quickly—never discolors print. Very strong—corners will not curl. Largest bottle now sold for 5c. (by mail, 10c.) In bulk for large users, carton work, etc.

LE PAGE'S MUCILAGE
2 oz. size retails 5c.; by mail, 10c.

LE PAGE'S GLUE—1 oz., 10c.; by mail, 12c., bot. or tube. RUSSIA CEMENT CO., 154 Essex Avenue, Gloucester, Mass.

Let Me Tell You The Special Price
On this Genuine 1906 Chatham Incubator.

If you say so we send it to you at our expense to try 84 days. You see it—you see it work. If not entirely satisfied, return it at our expense. We return your money and ask no questions. Anyway send for free catalogue. Find out about it, then try it. Write today

The Manson Campbell Co. Ltd. 278 Wesson Ave. Detroit, Mich.

GET THIS GOLD PAIR FREE

Listen! In the past year I received thousands of letters from spectacle wearers all over the world, expressing their thanks and appreciation, and the one I give here is a good sample of what they all say.

The Reverend O. C. Clark, one of the most prominent ministers in the State of Illinois, says:

"I HIGHLY appreciate your famous "Perfect Vision" spectacles, for I can honestly and truthfully say that with them I now can read the finest and smallest print both day and night, just as well as I ever did in my life. Your spectacles are truly marvelous."

NOW I WANT YOUR TESTIMONIAL ALSO, AND I THEREFORE MAKE YOU THIS SPECIAL OFFER:

Just write me your name and address and I will mail you my Perfect Home Eye Tester, free.

Then when you return me the Eye Tester with your test, I will send you a complete five dollar family set of my famous "Perfect Vision" spectacles for only $1 (which is an actual saving of $4 to you), and this will include a pair of my handsome Rolled Gold spectacles absolutely free of charge.

This set will last yourself and family a lifetime.

With these famous "Perfect Vision" spectacles of mine you will be able to read the finest print just as easy as you ever did in your life, and I will return your dollar willingly if you yourself don't find them to be the finest you ever bought anywhere, at any price.

Write now for my free Home Eye Tester. Address as follows:

DR. HAUX SPECTACLE CO., Haux Bldg., ST. LOUIS, MO.

I WANT AGENTS ALSO And any man or woman (also storekeepers), without any previous experience whatever, can fit the weakest eyes with my Improved Home Eye Tester. This is so simple that any one can work it with perfect satisfaction, and easily earn from $25 to $100 weekly, selling my famous Perfect Vision Spectacles, either in their own homes, traveling, or in stores. My agents need no license as I furnish them the necessary documents with the Agent's Outfit.

LET THE CITY OF NEW YORK

WORK FOR YOU

INVEST $5 TO-DAY in New York's Model Industrial Suburb

Last month's offering of 50 lots at $95 have been taken up. ***To-day you cannot obtain a lot at such a price.***

This month the price jumps to $115, and last month's investors are ahead just $20.

The present price of $115 is *good only until June 1st,* when it will jump to at least $135.

INVEST TO-DAY

IF YOU WANT TO MAKE MONEY EASILY, safely and quickly, and are in a position to invest $5 or more a month, put your money in New York Suburban Real Estate.

There are no doubts to consider—no possibility of loss—if you use only ordinary caution in making your investment.

New York must grow, and the value of real estate surrounding New York must grow with it.

The possession of suburban real estate around New York gives you a gilt-edged security that amply protects both your principal and future profits.

Shrewd capitalists and business men—men who have made money before—are setting the pace and are devoting every dollar they can rake and scrape to the purchase of land around the metropolis. And people in moderate circumstances are wisely following in their footsteps.

People who live right in New York and work there—many of them for small wages—are putting aside little sums, penny by penny, and buying a lot or two in some suburb, as their means will permit.

These people live in New York—are on the spot and know—and you can make no mistake in following their example.

No matter where your home is, or what your means, you can afford an investment in New York Suburban Real Estate at present prices, and it cannot fail to prove a profitable investment for you.

It is perfectly safe to say that every acre of land with transportation facilities within a radius of fifty miles of New York, will, within a few years from now, be worth four or five times its present price.

All New York is rushing to the suburbs to live and to invest. Their very action is increasing values, and the people who are far-sighted enough to judiciously invest a little money to-day will be well-off within the next 20 years.

Hundreds of rich men have made the bulk of their money through New York Real Estate.

Your opportunity to-day is as good as their's was when they started.

The greatest opportunities in the world's history are before you now.

Just a $5 bill, if you send it promptly, will secure for you a full-size lot in the beautiful New York Suburb of Lincoln.

$5 to-day and $5 a month for 22 months, will give you a deed to it.

Read every word in this advertisement.

LINCOLN

We have been appointed exclusive sales agent for a valuable tract of land situated in the very heart of the prosperous and rapidly growing town of Lincoln, New Jersey.

Lincoln is not a waste tract of farming land—a mere prospect, as are many of the suburban real estate properties being offered for investment to-day. It is a present day reality.

Lincoln is a flourishing suburb 28 miles from Broadway, located in Middlesex County, New Jersey, directly between the large towns of Plainfield and Bound Brook.

Six big manufacturing plants are daily sending forth smoke and steam, and are employing hundreds of busy workmen.

Lincoln is on the main line of the Central Railroad of New Jersey and the Lehigh Valley Railroad. Twenty-nine trains a day stop there. The stations of these two railroads are within easy access of every lot we offer.

Big electric street cars run through Lincoln with a fifteen-minute service, taking the passengers to all the surrounding towns and to Jersey City, Ferry to New York City. Every lot we offer is within easy access of this trolley line.

Lincoln has city water, gas, sewers, and is lighted by electricity. It has its church, its school-house and its hotel.

Lots in Lincoln have been selling in the past at from $150 to $500—never under $150.

Beginning June 1st, we will begin a big campaign on these lots, advertising them extensively all over the country. Hundreds of them will be sold at prices ranging from $135 to $500.

But for the month of April we have decided to offer another block of fifty lots to the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD at the exceptionally low price of $115, payable at the rate of $5 down and $5 monthly for 22 months, or for $105 cash.

A concern in Bound Brook has loaned $100 on these lots, proving them to be held at $200 value even now.

The time to invest in anything is when you can get in on the ground floor—when you can get the goods at below their actual value and hold them for an increase that you are certain will come.

Lots at Lincoln are certain to increase in value. Nothing can stop them. Nor will there be a long wait.

In our opinion, every lot we sell to-day at $115 should be worth several times $115 within a comparatively short time.

WHEN SUMMER COMES

When Summer comes we will begin further development on this property. Strong efforts will be made to locate other big manufacturing interests there. One of the big concerns already there intends to double its capacity in the Spring.

Along with this great industrial development will come a great many people who are working in New York, but who will come to Lincoln to live and build their homes.

To meet this certain increase in population and in order to more fully provide for the present needs of the community, new houses will be needed and arrangements are now under way, with one contractor alone to put up fifty new houses.

Many of the individuals who have purchased lots have also decided to build in the Spring.

We are certain that prices will jump forward with surprising rapidity this Summer.

If you are going to buy at all, buy now.

As you could have saved $20 by buying a lot last month, so you can save $20 by buying a lot now before the June 1st increase.

BETTER THAN LIFE INSURANCE

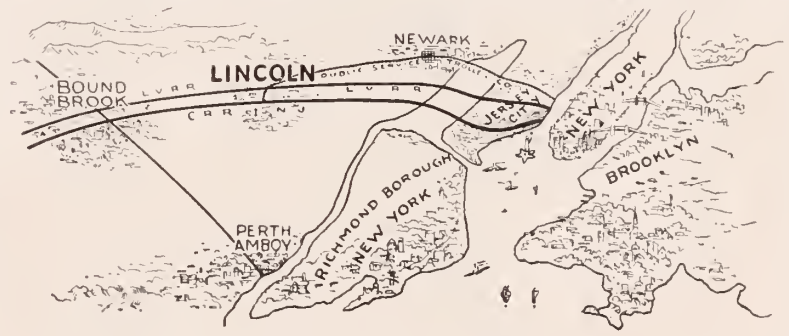
One very unusual and particularly desirable feature that is included in the buying of a Lincoln lot is the "better than insurance" clause.

If you should die before you have made all the payments, your wife, children or estate will be given the deed to the property without a single additional payment.

This is the best kind of protection.

You can get it in force at once. The moment you deposit $5.00 in the mails, your life will be protected for the full value of the lot, and the $5.00 will begin to earn profits on the entire investment.

This makes the purchasing of a lot not only an unusually good investment, but the strongest kind of a protection as well.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF LINCOLN

FREE TRIP TO NEW YORK

We will agree to pay in cash your railroad fare in case you make the trip to Lincoln and find one word of this advertisement a misrepresentation.

We know that if you visit Lincoln you will purchase a lot. You could not help being as enthusiastic as we are now.

But even though you cannot visit Lincoln you can and should invest in one or more of its lots. You wish to make money—rapidly and easily if possible. Moreover, you do not wish to incur any danger of losing your money. There is no better way to make money safely, rapidly, and easily than to invest it judiciously in New York real estate.

Think of the wealthy people you know or know about. Haven't most of them made their money, or at least their start, in real estate?

Your chance is every bit as good.

No safer investment exists.

SOME EVIDENCE

Now we want you to read a few letters we have received from satisfied citizens of Lincoln. See what others think. It's the best kind of proof.

LINCOLN, Feb. 12, 1906.

GENTLEMEN: I recommend Lincoln as a good healthy town. It is located on high land and the air is splendid. It makes a good location for factories and for home sites. I was the first settler in Lincoln and am thoroughly pleased with the place. There is good transportation, two railroads, the New Jersey Central and Lehigh Valley, and trolley to Jersey City and Trenton. There is plenty of work here but not enough homes. Most of the people working in factories here now live in Dunellen and Bound Brook. Every house in town is occupied. As many more could be built and occupied at once, if someone would only undertake the work. Yours truly, P. W. HANSEN.

And notice in particular the following letter from the General Passenger Agent of the Central Railroad of New Jersey, whose four track line runs through the heart of Lincoln.

"To my mind Lincoln is capable of very great development. It is located in one of the healthiest belts of the State; the surrounding country is attractive, with innumerable beautiful drives, and when taken into consideration with the fact that it is located but twenty-eight miles from the largest city in the country, with liberable train service, there should be no difficulty in bringing it favorably before the public eye, especially at this time, when all New York is becoming interested in suburban property."

C. M. BURT,
Gen'l Passenger Agent, Central R.R. of N.J.

These are only samples, but they reflect the spirit of the people who know regarding Lincoln.

Their endorsements mean more than anything we could say.

YOUR PROFITS

We do not positively guarantee any certain increase in value within a specified time, as we want to be conservative. We have every reason to expect, however, that values will increase from 30% to 50% during the coming year. They should be more than that each succeeding year for many years to come.

We are offering you an opportunity of making money easily, rapidly, and with little outlay, with no risk and with no effort.

By sending $5 to-day you can secure a lot for $115 which will be exactly like the ones we are going to begin selling at much higher prices during the summer.

By paying for your lot in easy little installments, you will, in a comparatively short time, own real estate that will rapidly increase in value while you are paying for it. You will deposit your $5 each month through us just as you would in a Savings Bank. Your money will be just as safe and decidedly more profitable.

YOU WILL BE SAFE

You can feel perfectly safe in doing business with us.

We have been selling all kinds of real estate for eight years.

We have the largest real estate business in the country.

During all these eight years we have been right here in Philadelphia. We are not strangers to you. You have undoubtedly seen our advertising time and time again during the past seven years.

Most of the big houses in Philadelphia can tell you who we are. So can the big mercantile agencies, Dun's and Bradstreet's. We can refer you to National Banks in New York, Philadelphia and Chicago as to our financial standing.

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Be Fair to Your Skin, and it will be Fair to You—and to Others

A BEAUTIFUL SKIN can only be secured through Nature's work. Ghastly, horrid imitations of Beauty are made by cosmetics, balms, powders, and other injurious compounds. They put a coat over the already clogged pores of the skin, and double the injury.

Now that the use of cosmetics is being inveighed against from the very pulpits, the importance of a pure soap becomes apparent. The constant use of HAND SAPOLIO produces so fresh and rejuvenated a condition of the skin that all incentive to the use of cosmetics is lacking.

THE FIRST STEP away from self-respect is lack of care in personal cleanliness; the first move in building up a proper pride in man, woman, or child, is a visit to the bath-tub. You can't be healthy, or pretty, or even good, unless you are clean. USE HAND SAPOLIO. It pleases every one.

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We cannot undertake the former task—that lies with yourself—but the latter we can aid with HAND SAPOLIO.

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WHY TAKE DAINTY CARE of your mouth, and neglect your pores, the myriad mouths of your skin? HAND SAPOLIO does not gloss them over, or chemically dissolve their health-giving oils, yet clears them thoroughly by a method of its own.

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SO PURE that it can be freely used on a new-born baby or the skin of the most delicate beauty.
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SO EFFICACIOUS as to bring the small boy almost into a state of "surgical cleanliness" and keep him there.

MAGAZINE NUMBER

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SEE PAGE 386

THE KEEPSAKE

OUR MAIL BAG

Questions and Answers

Letters for this department must contain name and address of the sender—not for publication, but as evidence of genuineness and good faith. Where an answer by mail is desired, ten cents in postage stamps must be forwarded by the writers, with full address.

N. B., Marlboro, Mass. In a recent article you speak of Israel being restored to Palestine as well as the Jews. What is the distinction? Are not the Jews Israel?

The Jews are descendants of Judah and Benjamin, with some of the descendants of Levi. Israel is the name given to the descendants of the other tribes. The nation separated in the time of Rehoboam (see I. Kings 12.) The tribes of Judah and Benjamin remained faithful to the house of David, while the other tribes constituting the kingdom of Israel made Jeroboam their king. Israel was conquered in the year B. C. 721, and dispersed. What became of the people is unknown. They were doubtless absorbed by the nations among whom they were driven. Many believe that their present representatives are the Anglo-Saxon race. The kingdom of Judah was overthrown B. C. 536, having lasted 185 years after Israel. The Jews were restored under Cyrus, and were finally scattered in A.D. 70, but have never been absorbed.

W. B. H., Ann Arbor, Mich. Where in Africa is Freetown?

It is on the west coast, in the district of Sierra Leone, Africa. If you write to Miss Mary Sharp, Monrovia, Africa, she can tell you of missionary conditions in the country about Freetown.

A. M., Arlington, Wis. Ministers tell us that the dead will know much that the living do not know; but is not that a direct contradiction of the Bible, which says, "The dead know not anything?"

It was Ecclesiastes who said that (9: 5). If you read the book carefully, you will see that much that he says is not to be read as literal truth. He is describing the course of his philosophical speculation, and states at intervals the conclusions he reached at various stages of his study, and later goes on to show how mistaken he found himself to be. If you believe in a future life at all, you must conclude that those who have passed into it, know many things that are hidden from the living.

D. L., Albany, Neb. 1. What was the maiden name of Martha Washington and was she related to Chief-Justice Waite? 2. Will you name some good school of engineering west of the Mississippi?

1. Martha Dandridge. We do not know of the relationship. 2. The University of California and Leland Stanford University; the University of Wisconsin would be nearer. All have fine departments of engineering.

L. E. B., Skowhegan, Me. 1. What are we to understand by the account given of Melchisedec, in Heb. 7: 1-3? 2. Do you think there is any sin that God will not forgive to the penitent?

1. Simply that Melchisedec was a man of obscure origin, whose parents were unknown to fame, and that he was in his priesthood a type of Christ. 2. We believe that sin of every kind will be forgiven, through Christ, to all who sincerely repent. The one exception to which Christ referred (Matt. 12: 31), is one so heinous that he who commits it is hardened and is never inclined to seek forgiveness for it.

Apropos of a recent letter, here is a very good hint to fathers and mothers:

I read in your paper of a man in Georgia giving his boys watches for not drinking intoxicating drinks. We raised two grown sons and have two more. I promised them when twelve years old if they would not use liquors of any kind and tobacco in any form, by their eighteenth birthday I would give them a nice gold watch and chain. The two eldest have their watches with their name and age and "total abstinence" engraved inside the case. They are now grown men and have kept their promise and are sober men.

H.G.T., Anita, Ia. In our Sunday School Lesson Notes, the date of our Lord's birth is given as B.C. 5. Should it not be A.D. 1?

No, the year B.C. 5 is probably correct. There was an error in fixing the Christian era. The way the date is ascertained is by the record of the death of Herod. As he ordered the slaughter of the infants after the birth of Christ, it is obvious that Christ's birth occurred in his reign. The exact date of his death is unknown, but it is certain that it was before the Passover of the year B.C. 4, which in that year fell on April 12. The seven days of mourning for him had just been observed by his son Archelaus when the Passover that year was celebrated. Christ must, therefore, have been born before that time, and most likely in the preceding year, B.C. 5.

L. N., Henleyville, Calif. Will you please tell me how and where each of the twelve apostles met his death?

See answer in MAIL-BAG in our issue of March 7, page 213.

T. V. W., Spokane, Wash. In the miracle of the man sick of the palsy (Matt. 9: 2) and in other cases, it would appear that the afflicted persons were passive and that it was the faith of their relatives or friends that brought healing. Does this indicate that the faith of another can save a soul?

We do not know what faith there may have been in some who were healed. Some, we know, exercised it, and some, like the demented, were not in a condition to exercise it. But the miracles were for signs, that the people might believe that Christ was endowed with authority and power, and might listen to him as a teacher. They were not in all cases types of conversion. We believe that in answer to believing prayer, Christ does often bring a sinner to conversion, but never against the sinner's own unbelief. The sinner must himself believe, but he may be led, or influenced, to believe through the faith and prayer of another.

A.D.G., Corning, N.Y. What is the difference between disciples and apostles?

Disciples were adherents, learners; apostles were men sent out to teach, to organize, to represent their Master.

C. H., Sebeka, Minn. To what is the twinkling of the stars due?

The twinkling is owing to the vibrations of the air caused by the difference of its density, heat, etc., thus producing differences in refractions. LEWIS SWIFT.

F. M., Petersburg, O. Sickness may come through accident, through neglect of nature's laws, or as an inheritance from our ancestors. To all such questions as those you send we have but one answer: Use every proper available means which medical skill places within your power, and ask God for his blessing on the effort.

M. M. C., Potsdam, N. Y. Although the Bible marginal chronology is manmade and not inspired, it is not necessarily misleading, if used in the proper manner. In all things, it is necessary to have some fixed point of departure. The point agreed upon by chronologists is the birth of Christ—all dates before that event count as so many years *before* it, and those that follow it count as so many years *after* it.

E. V. Swann, Trenholm, Va., writing of Japan's famine, sends these verses:

O, heed the Macedonian cry,
And to the starving freely give;
Then God will bless you by and by;
He'll send sweet comfort while you live.

Blest are they who feed the poor,
When their times of trouble come
God to them will mercy show,
And ever smile upon their home.

W. H., San Diego, Calif. "God is no respecter of persons" (Acts 10: 34), not in the sense of capricious favoritism, but that he has respect only to personal character, and that social, ecclesiastical, and national distinctions are of no account with him. He looks at the heart, not at the outward surroundings, and in this sense the poorest and humblest stand on an equal footing with the richest and most famous of men.

Miss E. P., Emporia, Kan. Who discovered the Mammoth Cave?

It was discovered by a hunter named Hutchins, in 1809, while in pursuit of a wounded bear.

Reader, Brooklyn, N. Y. What is the leading characteristic of Gorky's writings? I have not been able to find out by the reading of his books?

He represents the tendency of the times among the lower classes in Russia. Long generations of ignorance, poverty, and oppression have led to distrust of all things official (church and State included), and a jealous hatred of the rich and prosperous classes. Some of his books deal with the lowest social depths—the tramp, criminal and outcast. His pen is, in this sense, a voice to the voiceless; but it has not always an agreeable sound in civilized ears. He is an uncompromising realist, a sort of Muscovite Zola.

L. T. Rightsell, LaGrange, N. C. It would seem, from a reading of their productions, that every writer of fiction feels it incumbent on him to make his male characters smoke, swear, and feel that religion is a thing entirely for women. Now there are some men who smoke, swear, and scoff at religion in real life, and many others who do not. Why cannot fiction allow as great a variety of characters as real life? Does it not show an inclination to degrade human nature, when none are placed above the vices that injure the race? You may say that the tastes of the reading public to-day demand that religion and morality be left out of fiction. It is too common a thing for writers of fiction to contrast unfavorably ministers, Christian workers, and others who cherish high aspirations and purposes, with men of ruined lives, unregulated passions, and no aspirations. The inference which the novel-reading public eagerly draws is that every man who would be good, upright, and respected, is a hypocrite, and that every rake is entitled to respect and imitation, because he has a few redeeming qualities.

We do not think your criticisms apply generally. They may apply, however, to the average story-teller who is catering to the omnivorous reader, and who is more desirous of making a cheap literary sensation than of producing real literature. There are many writers who might be named as exceptions, and who excel in the depiction of the nobler side of human nature. On the other hand, if a writer is to be true to nature, he must make his characters act naturally and spontaneously, as they would do in real life, with their virtues, their faults and their foibles apparent. Most people have no sympathy with writers who make war on morals and religion, or who hold up orthodoxy and good behavior to contempt. The successful novel of to-day is, more than ever before, the novel of character, wherein manliness or womanliness and sterling worth triumph in the end.

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Andrew Carnegie Speaking at Tuskegee Institute

The Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, in Alabama, celebrated this month its twenty-fifth anniversary. Booker T. Washington, its Principal, must have felt that it was indeed a quarter of a century of progress, when he saw before him in the chapel, two thousand students of the race to whose service he has devoted himself. Among the distinguished guests present were: William H. Taft, Secretary of War; Andrew Carnegie; President Eliot, of Harvard University; Robert C. Ogden, Lyman Abbott, and many others, from both North and South.

Miscellaneous

M. H. R., Oregon. For the books you mention, write to Whittaker, or the Revell Company, publishers, New York.

Mrs. Eva H., Malaga, N. M. We have replied in recent issues of this paper to questions concerning dancing.

M. C., Vedersburg, Ind. Write to A. C. McClurg & Co., 215-221 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, for information in regard to the *Wrestler of Philippi*.

Mrs. W. V. P. Solomon was a Semite, probably with a clear olive complexion and straight hair. The passage quoted refers to an Ethiopian, not to Solomon.

M. K. R., Clarksdale, Mo. Mr. J. M. Levy, we believe, is the present owner of Monticello. Jefferson had several grandchildren, but we do not know whether any are living.

A. K. S., Tarrs, Pa. Miss Helen Keller authorizes the statement that no person who has been deaf from early childhood can sing. It is with greatest difficulty that the deaf are taught to speak in a not unpleasant voice.

E. W., Columbus, O. No definite statement can be made regarding the time consumed in building the ark. The only reference that can possibly be held to bear on the subject is Genesis 6: 3.

D. L., Schenectady, N. Y. Write, inclosing stamp, to the secretary of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City, who will probably send you the information you desire in regard to the donor of the Lorillard Wolf collection.

Rachel V., Horton, Kan. The question is one that we cannot answer. We believe that if the heir to a throne could satisfactorily prove his heirship and true lineal descent, his claim would be recognized, even though he might never reach a throne.

J. A. F., M. D., and others. *Hymns That Have Helped*, by W. T. Stead, sold at Scribner's, 153 Fifth Avenue, New York City; *Annotations on Popular Hymns*, by Robinson; *English Hymns*, by Duffield; *Immortal Hymns and Their Authors*, by Banks; *English Treasures* (just out). All sold by Methodist Episcopal Book Concern, 150 Fifth Avenue. *Story of Gospel Hymns*, by Sankey, sold by the F. H. Revell Co., 156 Fifth Avenue, New York. We cannot undertake to furnish prices.

C. M., Rochester, N. Y. Of the many curious theories which have been advanced as to the derivation of the word "Yankee," the simplest seems to be that it is a corruption of the term "Yengeese," which the Massachusetts Indians employed to designate the English settlers. The Dutch, who settled on the Hudson River, used it as a term of contempt, when speaking of the inhabitants of New England. The word, used in derision, was accepted and redeemed by our fathers, until it came at the beginning of the eighteenth century to mean "excellent."

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

NEW YORK, APRIL 25, 1906

Steam Rising From One of the Craters

The Main Cone of Vesuvius

MOUNT VESUVIUS IN ERUPTION

VESUVIUS, the volcano of ill-omen for many cities and towns of Italy for centuries past, has again awakened from its troubled sleep, and, spouting streams of molten lava and clouds of cinders, has destroyed several villages near its base. Eight hundred feet of its lofty cone has been sent skyward, accompanied by terrific explosions, and, breaking into ashes, deluged the beautiful city of Naples across the bay, until walls and roofs sagged, and at last crashed down beneath their weight. At the moment this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is going to press, Naples seems in danger of becoming a second Pompeii, whose gaunt ruins and broken pillars, unearthed by the pick of the archæologist, are silent witnesses of the mountain's fury eighteen centuries ago.

The first week of this month Vesuvius became unusually active. A small cone that formed recently at the summit, collapsed in a cloud of dust and broken lava, and above Pompeii a new crater appeared, belching great clouds of black smoke, mingled with jets of steam. Yet the people, although somewhat alarmed, had become too much accustomed to their fretful and irritable mountain to mind even this show of temper, and stayed by their homes. If the peasants in the threatened districts had left for places of safety fifteen miles distant, there would have been little loss of life, but, like the people of Martinique, they clung to their household gods, and the death-roll numbers hundreds. The exact number will probably never be known.

The village of Boscotrecase, a place of about ten thousand inhabitants, lies, or rather did, between dead Pompeii and Vesuvius. The people were ordered from their homes, and not a moment too soon. Fine sand filled the streets and houses, and then, like a huge snake, here black and oily in the shadow, there hissing red, as it struck an obstruction, a great stream of lava coiled and rippled down the mountain, over the vineyards, and over doomed Boscotrecase, licking up the farmsteads as it came. As the second week wore on, the mountain was obscured by a dense black cloud, which floated far inland, and out over the sea, until even distant Capri felt day turn to night. Through the sable mass broke flashes of lightning, dazzling in the obscurity, and hills and valleys shook as if the artillery of the world played about Vesuvius.

Great masses of sulphur smoke came down like a pall toward the sea and over the inland country; stifled in the fumes, the fleeing peasants, here and there on the highways, would pitch forward to the dust—their journey's end. New craters opened on the sides that face toward Naples, ripping wide with detonations that threw people, who were miles away, about as if they were playthings of the air. Two streams of melted rocks threatened to sweep over Ottojano on the southeast, and Torre del Greco on the Neapolitan coast. Their inhabitants number about thirty thousand. From a little schoolhouse in the outskirts of Ottojano the children rushed screaming, and when the master ran in search of them, only three were found. Prostrate before their altars, the frantic peasants invoked the aid of heaven and the saints. Thousands of prayers were offered before the shrine of St. Anne, patroness of Naples, and at one point her statue was placed facing the mountain to stay the lava flow; as it came on remorsely the statue was moved back step by step. The authorities ran trains day and night about the mountain to accommodate the fleeing people who could reach the railway, while the carbineers, with great courage, went to the points of extreme danger, to assist those left behind.

Military engineers built barricades at Annunziata to divert the lava flow, but in vain. Almost in the twinkling of an eye eighty homes near Torre Annunziata passed from sight. The people deserted the place in panic. At Pompeii, on the seventh of the month, it was found that a river of lava five hundred feet wide and twenty feet deep was flowing rapidly toward the town. Definite reports have not been received, but it seems probable that the city is destined to sleep again beneath a hard and stony blanket, the work of years in its excavation obliterated in a week. On one spur of the mountain, Dr. Mattucci, a noted scientist, stuck to his post in the observatory, in order to warn the people of changes that might threaten other districts. He could see, at times, incandescent rocks shot two and three thousand feet into the air, streaking, like rockets, the black sky with light. If he survives, the King will bestow high honors on him for his courage and self-sacrifice.

Vesuvius, Viewed From Naples

The hearts of the loyal Neapolitans were gladdened by the arrival of their heroic King and Queen, who came to do what was possible to relieve the sufferings of their subjects. The royal train was nearly overwhelmed with ashes, and the royal party took their lives in their hands when they decided to make the journey. Ashes poured into Naples until they had to be shoveled from the car-tracks, and as a car passed little tongues of flame would spring up and run after it. Thousands of visitors ventured out of Naples toward the mountain, in order to get a better view of the mountain, and many of them will probably never be heard of again. The city was panic stricken, and martial law was declared. The Government seems able to handle the situation, and will do all it can to alleviate the conditions of the refugees, but it will be years before the district can again show the smiling face it had a few short weeks ago.

Vesuvius was not known as a volcano until in 63 A.D., during the reign of the Emperor Nero, there was a series of violent eruptions that did much damage to houses about Pompeii and Herculaneum. It was not until 79 A.D. that the historic eruption occurred that has been so graphically described in *The Last Days of Pompeii*. Herculaneum, Pompeii, Stabiæ, and other towns were completely covered with ashes and lava. Up to the year 472 three violent eruptions took place. The mountain had a way of sleeping for over a century at a time, until the disasters were but myths. Why people continue to live in its near neighborhood, is still a puzzle to travellers.

R. S. B.

THE AMERICAN PULPIT

SERMON BY

Rev. F. DeWitt Talmage, D.D.

Secret Sins

TEXT: Psalms 90: 8

"Our secret sins in the light of thy countenance"

MOST men are born cowards. They were as babies, rocked in the cradle of fear. As boys, they always by night disliked to travel the road which leads to the bridge over which Tam o'Shanter was chased by the hobgoblins. "Of course, we do not believe in ghosts," once said a great English evangelist; "but most of us feel squeamish when, alone, we have to walk past a silent country graveyard in the dark hours about midnight. And most of us are afraid of the valley of the shadow of death when, like the Psalmist of old, we look at it in the dim vista of the future, although like him we know it is nothing but a black shadow." Of course there may be men born, like Horatio Nelson, who never know what the name of fear means. But if such men exist, they are very few and far between. They are almost as scarce as clovertops growing in a January snowbank, or as diamonds embedded in a vein of copper ore.

Slain by Fear

The members of the human race do not dwell all the time in the "City of Courage." They nearly all live for a little while, at least once a year, in the "City of Timidity." They more often cry and tremble before the imaginary dangers which threaten them, than they suffer from the wounds inflicted by mortal foe. The legend is told that one day a traveller met the Black Plague journeying to the famous Eastern capital of Bagdad. "Where are you going?" asked the Eastern pilgrim. "To Bagdad," was the answer, "to kill five thousand people." A few weeks later, so goes the legend, the same traveller met the Black Plague on the same road, but now returning from Bagdad and going home. "Why," said this traveller, "did you not do as you said you intended to do? You said you were going to Bagdad to kill five thousand people. From the awful reports I hear coming from that doomed region you have killed fifty thousand people, instead of five thousand." "Ah," answered the Black Plague, with a gleeful, fiendish grin, "I have kept my word. I only killed five thousand people, on account of my fatal touch; but the other forty-five thousand people who also died, perished of fear. They killed themselves. I had nothing to do with it." Yes, the old legend is right. A great many plagues stalk through this land destroying their victims everywhere. But the dead that lie in their tracks are not all slain by those swinging scythes. Most people are born natural cowards. More people die from fear than ever die from the ravages of disease.

Hidden Faults

This assumption is almost a self-evident fact or an axiom. Now, as most of us are cowards in more ways than one, the greatest check on wrongdoing in this world is the fear of future punishment. The would-be murderer is afraid to shoot his victim, for fear he will be executed. The young clerk who is getting into the habit of betting upon the races, is afraid to risk any of his employer's money, for fear he will be found out and sent to jail. The women or the men who would like to violate the seventh commandment, often are afraid to do it for fear the newspaper reporters will get upon their track and the whole scandal will be published in the daily newspapers, and then they will be ostracized from all decent associations. But if a man could sin without being found out, or the sinner not be brought to judgment, then where there are now two sins there would be twenty, and where men err once now, they might do wrong ten times over. That means, of course, if our sins would never be brought to trial.

Now, as I was thinking along this line the other day, my eyes were scanning the Nineteenth Psalm of David. Suddenly, my attention was attracted to these words. "Our secret sins in the light of thy countenance." "What," I said to myself, "can it be that there are sins so secret, so completely hidden, that our most intimate friends do not know of them? Sins that God knows and sees, and which our consciences convict us of. I do not now refer to the open sins, the faults that the world takes note of; but are there not others hidden away in the inmost recesses of the heart that will one day be set in the penetrating light of God's countenance? Let us examine ourselves this morning as in God's presence.

Neglected Prayer

Let me, in the first place, speak about the sin of robbing God of those hours of sacred devotion in which we should hold secret communion with God, those hours of secret prayer and Bible reading, which are so essential for our own spiritual life. You know that in that discourse on prayer in which our Lord describes that exercise, he commands us to pray in secret as well as to pray openly. In Matthew, we read, "When thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door pray to thy Father who is in secret, and thy Father who seeth in secret shall reward thee openly." But though God commands us to have our secret hours of holy communion with him, and though the Christian world thinks that we, as professing Christians, have those sacred hours, yet how often do we steal away from God these hours which should be devoted to him. In other words, we want to try to do spiritual work and win spiritual conquests, without first making the necessary spiritual preparation for our own souls.

Religious Overwork

Sometimes it is religious work itself that monopolizes the time. I remember a dear classmate of mine, who, as a theological student, was asked to preach in a little church near to where I used to preach as a student. This church was not able to support a regular pastor. It was way back in the country. So when it got a man to preach for a Sunday, it worked him as hard as some people drive a horse which they hire from the livery stable for a day. They wanted to get the full worth of their money. Thus they got this young man up early to lead the Sunday School and teach a Bible class. Then he conducted a morning service. Then, after a hurried dinner, they drove him back into the mountains, where he had another Sunday School to lead and another sermon to preach, and a Christian Endeavor Society to address. Then they ran him back to the main church again, where he had a Young People's Society meeting at which to speak and then another sermon to preach. In other words, from early morning until ten o'clock at night, he was speaking or working all the time. I met him next day and said, "Well, Howard, how did you get on?" "Get on," he answered. "Why, I had so much to do that when I crawled into bed that night, I was completely fagged out. I was so tired that I could not even say my prayers. I just said, 'Oh Lord, I have been praying so much for other people that I am just too tired to pray for myself." I laughed. But for years and years, that picture of that tired boy has always been before me. Ah, I say to myself, how often we get so tired with meeting the many engagements of life that we do not take the needed hours for prayer, for Bible reading and for communion with God, for our own souls.

Usefulness Undermined

But though you and I may have many engagements, have we any engagements so important that we can afford to neglect the sacred hours we ought to take every day of our life for secret communion with Christ. You know that many and many a literary man's usefulness has been destroyed, because by the flattery, or the success of the world, he has been enticed away from his study. What is true of the literary man is absolutely true of the Christian. Many a Christian's spiritual usefulness has been absolutely destroyed, because that Christian has been enticed away from the sacred hours of holy communion with Christ. Are you neglecting your proper spiritual preparation for Christian work? Are you taking the proper spiritual nourishment for your own soul? Then, if you are not doing this, in the sight of God you are committing a secret sin. You may hide that sin from the world, but you can never hide it from Christ.

Next to our neglect of secret prayer and quiet Bible reading, I believe our greatest secret sin is our unwillingness to bravely and firmly go forth to advocate the causes of right which are on the unpopular side. We see blatant sins stalking around everywhere. But because those sins are well dressed, or the perpetrators of those sins are influential men and women in the community in which we live, we close our mouths and say nothing. We are afraid to antagonize them and those men and women who are their powerful supporters.

Shrinking from Duty

The man who dares to attack sin that is strongly intrenched, is liable to be assailed in character and person. His friends come to him and say, "Let it alone! You will make enemies who can ruin you." Have you never had such advice given to you? If you have not, you have been all your life a "trimmer," a hedger, a politic man. You have not come forth boldly and decisively and attacked wrong wherever you have seen it lift its hideous head. In other words, you can be classed among those moral cowards whom James Russell Lowell excoriated when he said:

> They are slaves who fear to speak,
> For the fallen and the weak;
> They are slaves who will not choose,
> Hatred, scoffing and abuse,
> Rather than in silence shrink
> From the truth they needs must think.
> They are slaves who dare not be
> In the right with two or three.

The world looks upon you as an honest man. Are you honest? I mean in the higher sense of the word, are you honest with yourself? The city in which you live is in a death grapple with the saloon, or as is Los Angeles, with an infamous gambling corporation. Dare you lift up your voice in protest? "Oh, no," you answer; "if I did those men would boycott me, and they are my customers. They buy lots of goods at my store." In your silence, are you not before God committing a secret sin? Are you ready to denounce sin in high places, or in low? Are you ready to defy the sin of your friends, as well as the sin of your enemies? Or are you going to be numbered among the "trimmers," the hedgers, the politic men, who dare not be "in the right with two or three?" If you do thus, the world may say you are honest, but in the sight of God, you are guilty of a black, heinous secret sin. You are guilty of the sin of cowardice, the sin of not being an out and out disciple of Jesus Christ.

Cherishing Evil Thoughts

But we must not stop here. In this catalogue of secret sins, we must name the malformed offspring of our minds, called "Evil Thoughts." By this name I do not mean those "Evil Thoughts" which some of us are willing to voice in public. But I do mean those carnal thoughts, those licentious thoughts, those revengeful and brutal thoughts, those debasing thoughts, which some of us, at times, to a greater or less degree, are ready to foster and let live in our hearts.

When there are born into the nursery of the brain licentious thoughts, revengeful thoughts, brutal and accursed thoughts, thoughts which come to us from reading bad books, or going with improper companions, or evil thoughts which come to us we know not from whence, then we shield these thoughts. We are foolish enough to suppose that because the world does not know about them we are safe. Ah, no, my friends, though the world may not see a man's evil thoughts, yet God sees them. "And as a man thinketh in his heart so is he in the sight of God." "For God shall bring every work into judgment with every secret thing whither it be good, or whither it be evil." Beware how you trifle with those bad thoughts: those evil thoughts. By the grace of God crush them out of your life as you would mash the poisonous fang of a deadly adder under your heel. God will condemn you not for what you do, but also for what you think in the inmost recesses of your mind. Oh, God, make us pure in mind, as well as pure in deed!

But there are still two other classes of secret sins, to which I would call your attention. One of them is the sin of covetousness. The other is the sin of selfish indifference to the misery and wants of others.

Now, this sin of covetousness is such a repellent sin in God's sight that he wrote a whole commandment against it. But through God in most vehement words has hurled his denunciations against covetousness, yet there are many people who almost every hour of every day of their lives are guilty of this secret sin. They never walk along the streets, or see a fine home, but they keep saying to themselves, "I wish I lived in a house like that." "I wish I could ride in a carriage like that." "I wish I might be able to dress like that." "I wish I might have a servant to wait upon me like that." And all their lives, instead of thanking God for their mercies, some men and women are in secret rebellion against God, because he has not done as much for them as he has done for some one else. Now, my friends, I firmly believe that this sin of covetousness is one of the most infamous and repellent of all sins in God's sight. And yet it is a sin which to-day thousands of us are practicing in secret.

But the second secret sin is like the first. The same evil characteristic which makes a person wander around the streets saying, "I wish I could have my neighbor's house, my neighbor's wife, my neighbor's manservant and his maidservant," is the same evil characteristic which makes a person ignore the calls for help which are being spoken to him on every hand. Therefore, though the hands for succor are being stretched forth towards these people, they act as did the priest and the Levite when they saw the poor bleeding traveller of the Good Samaritan Parable. They pass by on the other side. If we are false to God with our little, we shall be false to God with our much. If we refuse to give to those who are in financial trouble when we have one loaf of bread we will not give a crumb to the hungry when we have a whole granary full of wheat.

And, my friends, if we refuse to help those who are in financial trouble, how much more sinful are we in refusing to help those who are in spiritual trouble. The world looks at us as good, respectable church members! Are we? Down in the deep recesses of our own hearts are we? Have we done anything during the past year to win at least one soul to Christ? Oh, God, forgive our spiritual indifference and selfishness. When we appear before thy judgment throne may we be able to show an honest desire and an honest zeal to save thy wandering prodigals even as thou hast forgiven our sins and brought us back into the Gospel fold.

Thus, to-day, I would have the searchlight of the Holy Spirit turned onto our lives so that in God's sight we should examine ourselves as we truly are. Are you ready to be cleansed of your secret sins? Are you ready to say, "Oh, God, purify my life. Oh, God cleanse thou me from secret faults. Oh, God make me clean every whit. Oh, God, thou great reader of thoughts, may I live and think and plan and work only for thee?" If thou art not ready to say this, then thou cans't never be saved by grace. For the Bible says, "God shall bring every work into judgment with every secret thing whether it be evil." To-day, I lift up for your inspection the records of your secret sins. May God by the power of Christ's blood, blot out that debasing and condemnatory past and give to us a glorious and a radiant future, with no secret sin to mar the white pages of the Book of Life.

NEW METHODS IN THE REVIVAL

THE new Gospel-Inquiry Rooms in the Hale Building, Philadelphia, where men who wish to know the Way, or to talk over spiritual perplexities, can go at certain hours of the day, are proving very successful. During the three days since they were opened, four have professed conversion, five backsliders were restored, and about a dozen others have been helped spiritually.

Rev. W. S. Jacoby, the assistant pastor of Dr. Torrey's church in Chicago, who is in charge of the rooms, says that "all sorts and conditions of men" are coming in to find the Way of Life, or to have difficulties removed. Among the visitors in three days were business men, travelling men, an attorney, drunkards, a street car conductor, gamblers, an agnostic, and several regular church members.

Mr. Jacoby told me how one visitor, an attorney, confessed Christ before he left the rooms. He said:

"He was an attorney from the West and he was here to transact some business, but was drawn away into sin. For several years has been away from home and wife, and going deeper and deeper into sin. He had almost come to the conclusion that he had committed the unpardonable sin, for he had once known God and Christ. In showing him the passages of Scripture suited for one in his condition, he finally, through God's Spirit, saw the truth."

Thinking that your readers would be interested in seeing the picture of these unique revival rooms, I had them specially photographed to-day for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers. The picture shows Mr. Jacoby seated at the desk and Mr. Alexander, who is the originator of the plan, seated near him.

Rev. Mr. Jacoby and Mr. Alexander in the "Gospel-Inquiry Room"

Here the Evangelists Meet Business Men Seeking the Way of Life

One of the most stirring meetings of the entire revival campaign in Philadelphia, led by Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander, was a recent meeting for converts, led by the Gospel singer. It was held in the Academy of Music, in the heart of the downtown district, and was for men only. Ere the service closed, sixty-eight men stood up and confessed Christ as Saviour.

Judge Briggs, nearly sixty years of age, rose, and told how he had gone to the meeting and had been converted through hearing Dr. Torrey say, "If you accept Jesus Christ, God will accept you; but if you reject Jesus, God will reject you." A well-known real estate dealer and the manager of an insurance firm were the next to testify.

The Philadelphia manager of a world-famous firm also gave a stirring testimony of how his Christian life had been transformed through doing personal work in soul-winning, for which he had gained such a love that he engaged in it everywhere.

Mr. Alexander called upon John Wanamaker, the well-known merchant, to say a few words to the gathering. Mr. Wanamaker said, in part:

"I am deeply affected by this wonderful sight. The first great meeting that I remember in this Academy was when General Grant was nominated for the Presidency; the sight of so many men filling the Academy from top to bottom reminds me of that wonderful scene. Another occasion was when Mr. James G. Blaine spoke from this platform, when he had to be carried over the heads of the people to get in. But the sight of these three regiments of men—there are certainly 3,000 here to-night—stretched on the street, marching in companies, would make a wonderful impression in Philadelphia. Three regiments of men here to-night, praising God, nominating Jesus Christ for King, discussing not the tariff, but prayer and the way to Heaven. It is a wonderful moment in our lives. God has been speaking to you through the testimonies of these men, telling us that no man can rise to the highest possibilities of his life without Jesus Christ.

"In the Providence of God, these two men have come to our city; they have presented the truth to us; they have taught it, they have sung it; and this man, who leads the meeting to-night, has tried to love us into the Kingdom, God bless him! Let us not resist the wonderful power that is near us to-night."

GEORGE T. B. DAVIS.

. . .

Torrey and Alexander in New York

THE recent evangelistic rally at Carnegie Hall, New York, was a great success. Last year there were five tents at important centres, such as Abingdon Square, Catharine Slip, Hell's Kitchen, etc. The need was apparent, by the fact of two hundred and twenty immigrants an hour arriving day and night in New York City, or nearly four a minute!

The great feature of the meeting, and attraction to many, drawing an audience from a distance, packing the great hall, and overflowing into Dr. MacArthur's church, was the presence of Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander from Philadelphia. The latter soon evinced his power over the great choir and the congregation, carrying his conquests into the galleries, leading them to carry alone the choruses sung. "An Italian band," used at one of the Italian tents, played the Portuguese Hymn. Mr. Harkness at the piano, Mr. Fuller as soloist, and Mr. Thomas as choir-master, all gave assistance, while the four Park sisters, all in white and with silver cornets, discoursed beautiful music. The chairman said, New York had honored Mr. Moody, and he felt sure it would Dr. Torrey, Mr. Moody's own choice of a successor.

Dr. Torrey spoke from Proverbs 11:30: "He that winneth souls is wise." If he set out to ask men who was wise, the answer would be the man of capacity, who had amassed millions; the statesman, who had risen from the lowest to the highest position in office; the general or admiral; the scientist or philosopher; but the Bible, with its 3,000-year old answer, says, "He that winneth souls is wise." This he showed powerfully by being God's purpose, Christ's spirit, the Christian's duty, and of the greatest value. A most effective application of Scripture was that in St. James, "He that converteth a sinner, etc., shall save a soul from death." "These three words," said Dr. Torrey, "burned into men's souls would send every man on a mission of mercy to his fellows."

His last and most effective illustration was of a story of Evanston College, which, when he first heard of it, he doubted if it were true, but had since verified it. The story was of the brothers Will and Ed Spencer, on the occasion of a wreck on Lake Michigan. Of the latter fastening a rope around his waist, and throwing the end to his comrade, cast himself into the sea and saved one, and another, till a tenth was saved, and faint again he flung himself into the billows five times, and when exhausted, discovered a man's head by a spar, and a woman, the man's wife presumably, and the spar being carried past a point that meant destruction; against all entreaties he cast himself again into the sea, and turned the spar in and was brought safe to land.

Coming down Columbus Avenue, the crowds pouring out of the popular places of resort, at that late hour, showed the need of the higher, as the lower classes, of something more elevating, more satisfying, than the fleeting pageantry of this Vanity Fair. "The Cry of the City has come up unto God." What shall the answer be? That is for each man and woman, rescued like Jonah, to proclaim, in their experience and personality the resurrection of Jesus. That is God's hopeful answer to the "Cry of the City." JAMES H. BALLAGH.

HOPE DAWNS IN STRICKEN JAPAN

Rev. W. E. Lampe

Energetic Relief Work is Greatly Reducing the Famine Area—Our Missionaries Send Cheerful News of the Outlook

STEP by step, slowly but surely, the battalions of help are driving back the hosts of famine in Northern Japan. Every day witnesses an improvement in the situation. With the melting of the snows and the coming of spring weather, the conditions have changed everywhere in the three afflicted provinces, and there is now comparatively little difficulty in pushing forward the relief work on systematic lines, which may soon be expected to embrace the entire famine area.

From week to week THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has cabled for exact information from the famine field, and the cablegrams published from official and missionary sources have accurately stated the situation at the moment. Last week, Marquis Saonji's cable message, which we published, represented the number of destitute as steadily decreasing. This is confirmed by the following cablegram from Rev. C. S. Davison, Secretary of the Missionary Committee at Sendai:

SENDAI, JAPAN, April 11.

KLOPSCH, New York:

Half a million now receiving aid. Immediate prospects better, owing to public works and warmer weather. Abundant sympathy been shown by foreign lands. Missionary committee received 100,000 yen [about $50,000], and made four distributions of relief, one being made exclusively with contributions received through Christian Herald. We plan to close work end of May, meanwhile doing everything possible to help.

[Signed] DAVISON.

It is cheering to know that the outlook is now so hopeful, although the efforts of the relief workers will not be relaxed for another month, as Mr. Davison intimates. Meanwhile, details of the great battle that has been waged in the lonely, snowbound villages and hamlets of the north are now being received from the missionaries. Rev. W. E. Lampe, Chairman of the Foreign Committee of Relief, from Sendai, under date of March 21, writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD as follows:

"I have just returned from another trip of four days among the famine-stricken people, for whose relief I took several thousand yen. The officials had thought that the worst would be reached by the middle of this month, but there is still some increase in the number of those who need help. Hundreds of thousands will have to be helped during April, May and June. Then there will be a great decrease, and comparatively few will have to be helped until the new crop is harvested in October.

"These are estimates—the opinion of officials. This morning I had a talk with the vice-governor of Miyagi and yesterday with the Councillor of Fukushima on this subject.

"What might be called the lower class is especially large in the north. Financially this is the poorest part of Japan. The soldiers of the Second Division who come from this region especially distinguished themselves in the late war, but whatever may be said of the bravery, sturdiness and honesty of these people, not many of them are rich in this world's goods. This year, when food-stuffs must be brought in from the outside, when they have no money to buy after the food is brought in, and when the farmers have no work for even themselves, the poorest people must receive help from somewhere. In Miyagi Ken more than one-third of all the people are already on the official lists as paupers *(kyumin)*, and unless looked after by village, town and city offices many of them will soon die of hunger.

"The policy of the officials is to give no help except where absolutely needed. Many will suffer inconvenience, and many will know by experience what are the pangs of hunger, but somehow or other more than 2,000,000 of the people will be able to get along. But what of the others? In order that there may be no epidemic among the poor, their food is being carefully examined by official physicians. The Government, national and local, is doing all in its power to provide relief work, but as yet there are no plans to care for the sick and the aged. Here in North Japan there is much room for generous giving to help the people in this their time of great need. WILLIAM E. LAMPE."

Rev. J. H. DeForest, of the Sendai Missionary Committee, writes:

"I have just returned from five days in some of the worst parts of the famine region, and have seen hundreds of these poor people and have talked freely with the local authorities. Twenty years of my thirty-two in Japan have been spent in Sendai, and I know fairly well the people of the north.

"Now, in Miyagi province, of which the capital is Sendai, there are sixteen counties, some of which are thirty or forty miles long, averaging about a dozen villages, which are made up of four or five groups of farmers' houses. It fell to me to carry our funds to Kuribara County, the worst of all the sixteen. The Vice-Governor kindly made out a schedule of the amounts we should take to each county, in proportion to the number of suffering families in each, 1,000 yen ($500) being the standard. Thus some counties received 40 yen, and the worst one 120 yen. Whenever we distributed several thousand yen, we followed the prescribed proportion. We have made three distributions in this one province of 20,000 yen, of which I took to Kuribara County 2,400 yen. Ours was *the first distribution of food* made in these three provinces.

"The heavy snows (it is snowing heavily here in Sendai while I am writing this), prevent work in the fields, but we can pull through for two weeks more.

"In December there were in this county over 3,000 persons wholly destitute. In February there were 6,662. The number of people who have used up their last little money, sold off every article of bedding, clothing, utensils, and are falling into the ranks of the absolutely destitute, will double every two months until July or August.

"The county chief expressed profound thanks for what sympathetic America is doing for suffering Japan. 'I want to send to America something just a little better than words. We can never repay your kindness, but I would like to send some photographs of our present condition.' Of course there are no photographers in the famine region, and so he engaged one from Sendai, who will spend a part of next week in that region.

"There is amid all this misery much of noble suffering and richest sympathy. Of course, a mother with a true heart will go without food for days in order to save her little ones from the pains of actual starvation. But what a rich vein of altruism, when you see scores of school children who have had little or no breakfast and have brought no lunch to school, called one side by the teacher and given the free lunch provided by charity—to see several of them slyly conceal half or more of the food 'to take home to my sick mother,' or 'to give to my baby brother.' Surely the people are worthy of the world's best sympathy, are worthy of being saved.

"There have been famines from times immemorial, but, in my judgment, there never was one handled with such scientific precision as this. Every one knows how Japan handled her victorious army and navy. Nothing was left to chance. So, in this great calamity, the organization extends clear down to the individual sufferers, including even babies. Every village is subdivided into companies of twenty-five or thirty houses with its elected head, who is responsible to the village chief. Each company must take care of its own, as far as possible. Every man who receives aid, has his record filled in on a blank, giving age, amount of annual tax hitherto paid, occupation, the value of his house and utensils, the members of his family and their ages, those who can work and those who cannot, the amount all can earn in a day when work is given, the amount of food necessary to sustain the entire household above what the wage-earners can get, and the nature of the disease any one may have. All these individual records are kept in duplicate, and to those in necessity, three days' rations are issued from the local office, each issue being entered on this record and stamped with the seal of the recipient.

"There is wide suffering, and it will be wider every week now till the summer and autumn crops come. It will be years and years before the North will recover from this terrible calamity.

"I have just received a huge pile of individual receipts for rice distributed by our money, and of documents showing the condition of each family receiving aid. I enclose samples, just to show the great care with which the work is done. I carry across the mountains next week some 2,000 yen ($1,000), for five distressed counties, and shall go where I have never yet been, where none of our Committee has been. Though we go as brothers to brothers and never distribute money as missionaries, yet we and the Christian pastors are so well known as Christians that even people way up in the hills—charcoal burners—have been known to say, on seeing Japanese Christians coming with rice, 'Really, Mr. Christ has come! How grateful!'

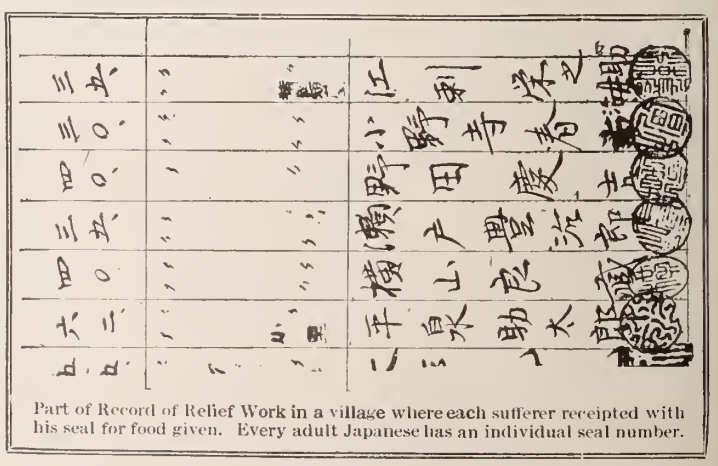
"J. H. DEFOREST."

Photographed for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

Government Relief Work—Famine Peasants Making a New Road

The sum of **$25,000** has this week been cabled from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Fund to Japan, through our State Department, to be expended, like the previous remittances, in the purchase and distribution of food for the sufferers. Up to the present time the remittances by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund to the famine field have reached a grand total of **$180,500.** Due acknowledgment of all contributions to the Fund is made in these pages.

Aeknowledgments of recent contributions will appear in next week's issue.



Part of Record of Relief Work in a village where each sufferer receipted with his seal for food given. Every adult Japanese has an individual seal number.

Araucanian Indians Making Blankets

The Great Falls of Laja (Pampa de Los Angeles)

Strange Tribes of South America

BY EMILIO OLSSEN

DARKEST Africa is better known today to the civilized world than the heart of South America. Many people are pleading for Africa, China and India, and I am very glad I have this opportunity to plead for South America, a stupendous continent, with an area of 7,000,000 square miles—nearly twice the size of Europe. It contains one-eighth of the land surface of the globe, with the most magnificent rivers in the world, and a coast line 16,500 miles long. The mighty chain of the Andes Mountains extends almost from Cape Horn to beyond the Equator.

I have traveled 50,000 miles during the last twenty years. Often I have been in peril. Twice I suffered shipwreck; once I had to swim for my life. I have endured many hardships and dangers when traveling through the almost impenetrable forests of South America, surrounded by savage tribes and wild animals, where deadly serpents hung overhead and crawled under foot.

I have been thousands of miles through the interior without meeting a single Protestant Missionary. Truly, South America is the "Neglected Continent." Wild tribes roaming about through the great forests like beasts, unclad, untaught, uncared for, speaking a babel of strange tongues, and practising in pathetic ignorance, cruel and revolting customs, yet eager for something better than they know. When among the tribe of Chiquitanos, to whom I was preaching through an interpreter, I said, "The Bible is the Word of God." Some wanted to kiss the book, and kiss my hand. At another time a man of eighty-six years said, "Blessed be God for the good news; this is the first time I ever heard it."

The tremendous difficulty of reaching these inland tribes, and the attending dangers, furnish explanation of the world's ignorance of them. My last journey from Buenos Ayres to the Amazon was through the heart of the continent. I had to wait six months before a letter from my family could reach me. The perils which we had to encounter, and the dangerous climate, were indeed trying. One morning, near by our camp a tiger was seen by one of the peons, who fired at him, but happily the shot frightened the animal, and he left without doing harm. At another time, the Indians were about our camp all night. I slept soundly, as I was very tired after a hard day's ride. In the morning the Indians had gone, but their footprints were seen in the brush. Once a big snake came up against my mule, but before I could get my gun it wriggled away In the swamps of "Mojos," the mule I was riding sank twice in the mud. No Bunyan could picture a more real and awful "slough of despond" for pilgrims, than one through which I passed.

The plains of "Mojos," in the El Beni country, are completely under water in the rainy season of the year. If it keeps on raining for a month or more, the people have to travel in canoes overland as far as Guarajos. In crossing the great plains, we had wet feet for several days, and at Lavario our mules had to swim across the river. There we shot a big alligator two metres long. We fired six bullets into him before he was killed, and then he did not die until we pulled him to land.

By God's help I have been enabled to circulate over 20,000 copies of Scripture in the "Neglected Continent," and I have traveled 3,000 miles on mule and horseback, carrying my precious load of Bibles. Forty-two different nationalities and tribes I have presented with the Word of God, and I have reached with the Gospel over 1,000,000 souls. Six times I have crossed the Andes, and been to many places where hardly a white man has ever been before.

On my journey down South, I had some very remarkable experiences among the Gauchos. At night they lay down without any shelter, their revolvers underneath their pillows and at their sides, ready to jump up and fight one another at a moment's notice. I had no revolver; I only once in my life carried one, and it was the most miserable day I ever spent. My poor Indian was nearly eaten by an alligator, and at night we lost our way in the depths of the forest, with no water or food, 2,000 miles in the interior. The night became so terribly dark that I could not see my Indian guide, nor anything else. It seemed that God had forsaken us. At last my Indian could go no further, and he had to lie down. After a few minutes he jumped up and screamed most terribly, and I wondered what would become of us. We had been attacked by ants about an inch long. We were all covered with them. We sped along through the darkness of the forest, and it was not until daylight that we found a stream of water to quench our thirst, and to cool our bodies after such a narrow escape. Before the day was over we reached a place of refuge, where I had an opportunity to rest and recover from my awful experience. It does not do for missionaries to carry revolvers. If one carries a revolver as well as a Bible, he might be led to depend too much on the weapon, and too little on God. Since that day I have never carried a revolver, and I never expect to. I would rather trust in God and his faithfulness than in all the revolvers in the world. I had no revolver in the Pampas, but plenty of Bibles. I put them under my pillow, and slept as a prince in his palace. The Gauchos asked me to tell them something about Jesus Christ, so I told them the wonderful story of the Master and his love. I asked one poor Indian if he had ever heard of such a person as Jesus. He answered, "No, who is he? Where does he live?"

Slavery is carried on in parts of the interior. Men and women are bought and sold like cattle, and very little of it is known to the civilized world. Wherever the Gospel of Christ is proclaimed, slavery ceases to exist.

The lively interest of Christian people in the circulation of the Word of God leads one to hope that they may be led to send the Gospel to the dark interior of South America, which is sorely in need of "the Light of Life." There is no part of the world in greater need of evangelizing than South America. Millions of Indians still inhabit the interior of South America who have never yet heard the Story of the Cross. Possibly there are hundreds of Indian tribes in the heart of the continent whose names are almost unknown to the world. I know the names of forty-two in "Darkest South America." It is a pathetic plea that comes to us from that dark land, and it is sad to think of the spiritual need of millions of people wholly unevangelized, after nineteen centuries of Gospel dispensation!

A South American Sheep Ranch

A Patagonian Indian

A Gentleman of the Pampas

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, Associate Editor — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, Associate Editor

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Summer Gospel Work

THERE are indications that the approaching summer will be one of phenomenal activity in outdoor work among the churches generally. "Tent campaigns" will be conducted in our leading cities, on a more extensive scale and with greater zeal than in any previous year.

We welcome these signs of a desire to carry the Gospel to the multitudes who are outside the ranks of the regular church-goers. In no other way can they be reached than by the messengers of the Word going out into "the highways and hyways," as the Master directed. A Gospel tent pitched in some vacant lot, or in an available field, will attract the very class He intended his disciples should strive to win.

Churches in other cities would do well to follow the example of the New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago Tent Campaign Committees, and make plans for a summer of spiritual effort under canvas, in addition to their regular work. Wherever such services have been held heretofore, they have resulted in great blessing and in wonderful additions to the churches.

Even more wonderful is the fact they have made apparent that the old Gospel is still the most potent magnet the world knows of to draw men's souls. Dogmatic theology is sadly out of place in a summer campaign, for the simple souls who go to these gatherings are hungry for the Bread of Life. Good music and plenty of it there should be, for it is sweet to sing the Lord's praises in harmonious assemblage, under skilful leadership. Music's marvelous power as an aid in the presentation of the Gospel has been illustrated most convincingly in all the recent revivals here and abroad. It is the means of drawing many to the Cross.

We desire to give all aid and encouragement to this class of summer religious effort. We therefore invite those who are interested in preparing for tent campaign work to communicate the facts concerning such work to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, in order that others may be stimulated to do likewise. Thus, by the power of a good example, the work may spread and we may have a glorious summer Gospel harvest.

The Question of Spelling Reform

THERE has been a movement among a number of American educators in favor of some modification of our present system of spelling. Recently the New York Board of Education ordered an official investigation of the proposed changes, in order to see if they were worthy of adoption by the public schools of the city. Many of the changes advocated by various spelling reform associations during the last few years have been undeserving of serious consideration. They often ignored the etymology of words they intended to change, and apparently made them derivatives of words that had an entirely different significance. Some words were reduced to such a simple form that they were wholly ridiculous. We have strong objections to our garments being designated as "close," no matter how snugly they may fit. There was a certain gentleman named Artemus Ward, who made his living by writing things that way; but the young man of to-day who would adopt that style when he writes for a position, would find it a dangerous experiment. Simple spelling should not mean bad spelling.

There are, however, a large number of words, that in good usage have strayed far in pronunciation from the way in which they are spelled. Many of these have been derived from foreign languages, and have been anglicised in pronunciation but not in form. These should be brought into harmony with existing conditions. Many in which the last syllable or letters are not pronounced, could drop dead syllables or letters with advantage to the American and foreign student—such a word as catalogue is an example of the latter. Words ending in "ough" have had that ending changed to simple "o" in one recent dictionary. This is often done, however, where the "gh" sound is really required.

Great care should be taken in tinkering with this mother-tongue of ours or great confusion will inevitably result. The language has always been growing and changing. The Bible of three hundred years ago cannot now be read except with difficulty, so much have words changed its meaning, forms, and spelling. Other changes may be looked for in the future, but there is grave doubt whether one or a hundred committees can do it satisfactorily. The changes come naturally, and we find them at last accepted, but no one set of men can change the ideas of an entire nation by simply declaring that certain specified things should be as they wish.

The dignity of the language should be preserved, and changes should not be made that would be regretted, and at last discarded for a return to the older form. The eccentric should be avoided, no matter if people will be compelled to add a letter or two, in order to demonstrate that they have spent at least a few weeks of their existence in the company of a schoolmaster. Spelling reform will come, but it should come as all reforms have, that have amounted to more than a mere flash in the pan, that is slowly, with each step receiving the most careful consideration.

Vesuvius in Eruption

ONCE more the attention of the world is concentrated on Vesuvius, the terrible volcano in southern Italy, which overwhelmed Pompeii and Herculaneum more than eighteen centuries ago. Since that fearful disaster, the full extent of which has only been learned by the excavations of recent years, the dreaded monster has been comparatively quiet. There have been some thirty slight eruptions at intervals, but they have been comparatively harmless. It was believed, and earnestly hoped by the peasants around the base of the mountain, that its forces were spent. But in 1902, shortly after the Martinique disaster, it burst once more into fury and has been in angry mood ever since. A few weeks ago a paroxysm of violent force shook the mountain, huge molten rocks were flung high into the air, and a stream of lava ran down its sides, destroying houses and vineyards in its path. From its summit a torrent of ashes burst forth, as in the eruptiou of A. D. 79, which have fallen as far off as Naples. It is thought now that the chief danger is over for this time. Dr. Mattucci, the director of the Observatory, who has bravely remained at his post, predicts from the signs he has observed that little further is to be feared, and that the volcano will gradually resume its normal quietude.

The distress among the people is very great. Their houses and crops are destroyed, and they are temporarily ruined. The loss of life, however, has not been serious, and there is no doubt that their losses will be compensated. They will return to their dangerous positions and will begin again to cultivate the soil. They cling to their villages in spite of the peril, against which they have no defence. They are even calculating on the rich soil which the ashes will make in a year or two, and are reckless of the danger they must face. They show an optimism that to people in other lands is positively amazing.

To live on the side of that treacherous, volcanic monster, not knowing from day to day when its death-dealing eruption may break forth, would seem to be a life not worth having. Yet the disposition is common everywhere in other ways. Men live daily absorbed in their vocations, indifferent to their eternal future, knowing that accident or illness may precipitate them from this life into an abyss of which they know nothing, and for that inevitable change they make no preparation.

The Missionaries at Sendai

IN the letters which appear on another page of this issue, our missionaries in Japan, grateful for the prompt aid cabled to them from the famine fund contributed by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers, furnish a most interesting account of the progress of the relief work. These letters, written at the very height of the famine, show that the cabled remittances arrived at the critical moment, when they could be most effective in saving life and lessening suffering.

It is not necessary that we should repeat here the fervently grateful utterances of these workers, who, casting all thought of self aside, at great personal risk and discomfort carried the American relief into remote, snowbound villages. They were heroes, the men composing that little missionary band at Sendai. First to sound the alarm, they were also the first to be the bearers of the gift of bread and blessing. "They not only set this great ball of relief rolling," says *The Japan Gazette*, "but by their promptness enabled the first distress to be tided over until the main reinforcements arrived. . . . They kept hunger at bay, until they converted the outside world to a true knowledge of the situation—an excellent manifestation not only of the beneficence but the power of missionary effort, when thus directed in legitimate channels, such as the alleviation of human misery."

As our readers may gather from the letters of Rev. Mr. Lampe and Dr. DeForest, there is yet great need of benevolent assistance in the three provinces, though the worst is probably over. Famine's fangs have been drawn, and from now until June, the suffering will slowly diminish. The invalids, the women and the children, unprovided for in the scheme of governmental aid, will now be the principal objects of solicitude, and their numbers run up into the hundreds of thousands. May God's richest blessing go with every gift.

Among the Workers

—EVANGELISTS EVA AND ANNIE LUDGATE, of Oak Park, Ill., are conducting a series of services in the M. E. Church, Darlington, Wis.

—EVANGELIST J. D. FLEMING of Memphis, Tenn., some time ago conducted meetings at Scotland, Ark., at which there were forty additions to the church as the result.

—EVANGELIST W. E. NEEDHAM, of West Chester, Pa., continues to do effective Gospel work by his rapid crayon pictures, which prove very attractive to the large audiences that greet him.

—REV. S. P. W. DREW, the colored evangelist, of Washington, D. C., has just concluded a series of remarkable meetings at Annapolis, Md., which have been productive of great blessing.

—REV. E. H. RICHARDS, of the M. E. Mission at Inhambane, West Africa, reports that native children are coming in every day for adoption. Six have been provided for by readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

—MISS AMY L. DUNCAN is the leader in a somewhat unusual movement among the society women of New York. She holds religious services weekly in an uptown hotel parlor, which is generally crowded by apparently earnest inquiring souls.

—THE CHRISTIAN LEAGUE of Philadelphia is exercising a supervisory authority over the bill-board advertisements in that city, and is succeeding in excluding such as are indecent and objectionable. It would be well if New York and other large cities made the display of vicious posters a punishable offence.

—IN THE TEN years of their existence as an organization, the Volunteers of America have cared for 2,703 women in homes of mercy, visited and aided 26,705 families, lodged 279,507 persons in homes and institutions, fed 510,496 persons with substantial meals, helped 40,000 prisoners, given over 120,000 adults and children an outing, and held 13,932 open-air Gospel services.

—REV. H. LOOMIS writes from Yokohama, that at a recent religious service in one of the Tokio hospitals where a number of sick and wounded soldiers were present, about fifty came forward and expressed a desire to consecrate their lives to the service of God. It was an impressive sight to see this band of brave men asking for prayers that they might be kept by the power of God and made strong for his service. All want the Scriptures. "In the distribution of food to the famine sufferers," Mr. Loomis adds, "the opportunity is being improved to give them also some portion of God's Word. I have sent 10,000 Gospels to be used in this way."

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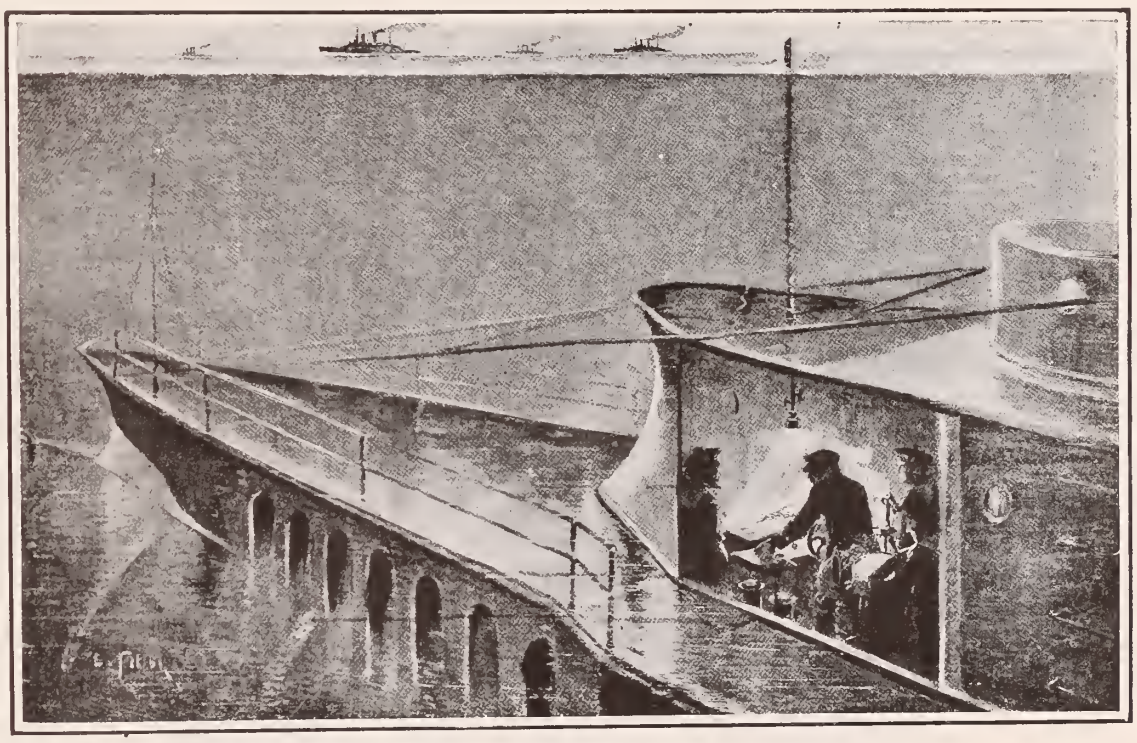
A New Submarine

UNDER the auspices of the French Naval Department, new developments of a most important character have recently taken place. Experiments have been made in submarine vessels, which, it is believed, will revolutionize that mode of warfare. The results have necessarily been kept secret by the Government, and at present very little of detail has leaked out. As a general idea, however, it appears that the ingenuity of the French constructors has been directed to the difficulty of directing the course of the submarine while under water. The vessel desiring to destroy an enemy's warship has difficulty in locating it. The torpedo it carries may explode harmlessly at a distance, unless the submarine rises to the surface and exposes itself to the hostile guns. How is it possible to navigate the submarine to the place where its armament can make the most effective attack? The engineers grappling with this problem have invented a combination of lenses and mirrors, which, it is believed, will solve the difficulty. A tube is fixed on the submarine, which reaches above the surface of the water. It is of small circumference and is almost invisible, being painted like the color of the waves. Mirrors are fixed in the upper part of the tube, which reflect the position of a hostile vessel. Lenses are set at intervals in the tube, the lower end of which is fixed about three feet above the navigator's table in the submarine. The captain, watching the board on which the reflection is cast, sees precisely where on the surface an enemy's ship is, its character, and the course it is following. By this means, if the combination of mirrors and lenses works accurately, the submarine can be run under the hostile vessel, or to one side or the other as required, and destroy it. There is a horrible precision about such a method of naval warfare, that involves an appalling danger to a fleet and renders the most formidable vessels liable to destruction. Heavy guns and a trained crew are helpless before such a foe, which, secretly, invisibly and noiselessly makes its deadly onslaught. The time will come, we are assured, when men will devote their ingenuity to better purposes than that of more surely sending their fellows to destruction. Then the object of their lives will be to serve and save one another. Their best aid then, as now, as they work in this lower world, will be that guiding light from above which God promises to all who seek it.

I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way thou shalt go; I will guide thee with mine eye (Ps. 36: 8).



French Method of Navigating Submarine Boats

The Russian Elections

There is general surprise at the ease with which the elections to the Douma in Russia have been carried out. We have been told by the Russian aristocrats over and over again, that the lower classes were ignorant, and incapable of conducting constitutional institutions. Yet it appears that at the very first elections, they have succeeded in placing themselves on record in a very intelligent way. The parties whose representatives sought election, roughly enumerated, were the reactionaries, who desire the perpetuation of the despotism; the Octoberists, who are content with the reforms outlined in the Czar's Manifesto of October last, and the Constitutional Democrats, who seek an extension of constitutional powers. The result of the election was an overwhelming majority for the last-named party, and though in some instances the Government unseated the candidate elected, the majority are sustained. It speaks volumes for the intelligence of the Russian people, that, unused as they are to political elections, they should have given so clear an expression of the national will. We may hope that the Czar will find in the Douma, as did that other potentate,

In the multitude of counsellors there is safety (Prov. 24: 6).

A Jewish Protest

One of the most remarkable speeches ever made in Congress was that of Mr. A. L. McDermott, of New Jersey, on April 11. It was an earnest, indignant protest against the persecution of the Jews, especially in Russia, where the smouldering hatred of the race is apt to break into acute fury about Easter. Mr. McDermott voiced the Christian feeling of America and of England, when he declared such racial antipathy as insane and stupid as it was cruel. It will be remembered that Lord Beaconsfield, himself a Jew, reminded his English friends of their obligations as Christians to the Jews, and called their attention to the fact that one-half of Christendom worshiped Jesus, a Jew; and the other half, Mary, a Jewess. The Congressman scarcely did justice to Christian ministers here, when he reproached them with bringing reproach on the Jews by their reading of history. He claimed that Jesus was executed by the Romans, not by the Jews; but he appears to have forgotten that the Roman Governor who passed sentence, was reluctant, and would not have yielded if he had not been menaced and intimidated by the Jews. There is no doubt that the Jews were responsible, but none who follow Christ's teaching would persecute them on that account. Persecutors of the Jews are false to Christianity and a disgrace to it. Nor was the apologist of the Congressman in the press justified in claiming the Gospels as "an integral portion of Hebrew literature." They may have been all written by Jews, though that is doubtful in one case, but they were the very basis of Christianity and were written by enthusiastic followers of the Nazarene. It is not by misrepresentation that the Jewish cause is advanced, but by a closer and more intelligent obedience to Christ's own teaching.

That repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations beginning at Jerusalem (Luke 24: 47).

To Identify a Criminal

For the first time since the New York police began the system of identification by finger prints, the impression of a criminal's fingers have been sent to London. They recently arrested a man who is suspected of having committed a series of thefts at a fashionable hotel in New York. He had a fancy for jewelry, and had never been known to steal anything else. When he was caught, the police found in his pockets a number of pawn-tickets calling for diamond pins, and rings, and watches. Some of these were identified by patrons of the hotel, and others by persons who had reported being robbed in other places. The police had received inquiries from London, describing a man who had operated there, and asking to have him detained if found. The description tallied in some points with the man under arrest, but not in others. To make the identification certain, an impression was taken of the man's finger-tips, which has been sent to London. The police there have long used the system, and are confident that no two persons have exactly the same markings on their fingers. The result is eagerly awaited in Police Headquarters, and on it will probably depend the continued use of the system. It is strange that the ancient patriarch should have conceived of the same principle being used to betray a man's wanderings from his God:

Thou lookest narrowly unto my paths, thou settest a print upon the heels of my feet (Job. 13: 27).

A Gigantic Canal

A prominent European engineer is now in this country endeavoring to enlist the interest of capitalists in a bold and vast project. He proposes to construct a canal connecting the Baltic with the Black Sea, passing through Russian territory. The project, he says, is not a new one but has been under consideration for fourteen years. During that time the country has been carefully surveyed and an accurate estimate has been made of its cost. The canal is to be a thousand miles in length, two hundred feet wide, and thirty feet deep. Its estimated cost will be one hundred million dollars, and it is expected to take ten years in building. The difficulty is one of money, and it is to obtain this that the promoter has come here. He asserts that the Russian government is in sympathy with the project, and if Russian materials and labor alone are employed, will give it substantial assistance. It will cede to the company a strip of land on each side of the canal, which alone will be of large value. It is expected that beside the advantage of affording the country an outlet for her warships from the Black Sea, which she does not now possess, the canal would develop enterprises on its borders, which are rich in minerals, coal, and timber. Thus the projects for locomotion grow in all quarters of the world, and no enterprise seems too large for attempt. So, as the prophet said:

Seal the book to the time of the end; many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased (Daniel 12: 4).

A Mother's Sacrifice

A pathetic story of a mother's love for her children comes from Mount Vernon, N. Y. She was a woman of thirty-five years, passionately devoted to her two children. An important errand into an adjacent town called her away from home a few days ago. She was alone in the house, and could not take the children with her. Cautioning them as to their conduct while she was away, she set out. Having done her business, she hurried home, but the house was empty. Looking out, she saw her children on the railroad track at some distance. Running at her utmost speed, she reached them just as a train came up, and pushed them from the track, but she could not clear it herself. The locomotive caught her skirts as she sprang out of its way, and crushed her under its wheels. She had given her life for her children. When they grow up and hear the story of her heroism, how they will love her and cherish her memory. They will not be like those who hear unmoved of Him who, to save them from eternal death, gave his life on the cross.

I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep (John 10: 11).

"What Shall the Harvest Be?"

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON, BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS*

Wheat and Tares

AGAIN Jesus confronts a crowd eager to listen to his teachings, and to be helped by his healing power. By means of a parable, he holds a mirror before them, in which they may see themselves. He likens to good wheat those who respond to his teachings, and so become "the children of the kingdom." And he likens to the tares the darnel weeds that at first resemble the wheaf, those who yield themselves to the influence of Satan, and so become children of the Evil One. But these two classes must live in the same world, under the same sun, until the end, when separation will come, and each kind will go to its own place—the good to the garner which Jesus had prepared for them, the wicked to regions where Satan and his wicked associates abide. Let us call one place heaven, and the other place Hell, as Jesus did.

Illustration and Application

I. The Mixed Seed. In the world field we saw Jesus in the preceding lesson, seattering seed in souls, some of them good, others goodish, others goody, others good for nothing. Such is the real signifieance of the good soil, the thorny patch, the shallow ground, the wayside. This time we get a new touch in the picture: another sower, not seen, but his night work discovered by tares coming up among the wheat, in which evil thought and feeling, implanted in human hearts in dark hours by Satan, come to visible expression in evil character and conduct, in evil men and women who mingle, scarcely distinguishable outwardly from good people, the children of the kingdom, the wheat of Christ's own planting. The practical question here is one we need to discuss over and over again, the question of mixed motives, the mingled seed (Lev. 19: 19). The saintliest know that tares and wheat mingle in their own lives. At first they might almost assent to a Unitarian's frank criticism of Christ's parable of the sheep and goats (which is a mate to that of the wheat and tares), that "the line of division runs not between people, but through them." He would have us believe that in the world of morals every sheep is part goat, and every goat part sheep. There are indeed mixed motives in us all, but in every man at last, if not at first, good or evil predominates. Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde alternate in control, but at last Mr. Hyde holds permanent sway. The character proves itself a tare. In the 7th of Romans, the spirit at last conquers the flesh, and the bitter cry "Who shall deliver me?" is answered, "I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord." This time the perfected plant proves itself wheat.

Archbishop Cranmer recanted his faith under Roman Catholic threats of persecution. He looked like a coward, but when he got his "second wind," he went to the stake for his convictions, and held out to be first burned in the martyr fire, the right hand, with which he had signed the recantation. He proved to be wheat "No. 1, hard." Ever the test is, whether salary or service stands highest. We are commanded to love not only God and neighbor, but also ourselves, for the two commandments are really three. The test is whether Shakespeare's greatest word, "Love thyself last," pictures the relative place of our self-regard, with mankind second, and God first.

II. The Permitted Sower. Jesus evidently believed in a personal devil who sows evil thought and feeling in human souls. Here is a description of Satan's ways of sowing tares: "That he might try Job, Satan assumed the appearance of an angel of light; he comes to Jesus in the guise of a friend. 'You are hungry, I wish I had something for you; if I had not come so far I would have brought you food. But you are the Son of God, make bread to satisfy your hunger.' Friendly, harmless, benevolent. This is the devil's method. If you would support your family, what harm in adopting 'get rich quick methods,' or why should you not use the Lord's Day if you need means to procure the comforts of life? The suggestions seem innocent, but they are of the devil. He has great volumes of excuses for worldliness and carelessness, out of which he would instruct you in spiritual indifference. Beware of his insinuations." But Satan cannot plant the tares in us if we bar the gate. "Satan hath desired to have thee," said Jesus to impulsive Peter, "but I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not." Satan desires our hearts for his gardens, but the decision is ours. The shadow of evil thoughts may fall on us, as from a passing raven's wing, but he cannot rest in our hearts without our consent. Jesus can "bring into captivity every thought to obedience that is in Christ." He can make not only the "words of our mouths," but our "meditations" also "acceptable." Next to God, the mightiest thing in the world is a human will, which is stronger than the devil, and, with God's help, may defeat all his plots to make us tares for burning.

It will occasion less surprise that ill weeds grow apace, when it is known that single plants of purslane produce 388,800 seeds; the common thistle, 65,366; the plantain, 42,200; and the burdock, 38,068. Equally prolific may be an evil word or deed. A moment's yielding to sin may ruin a life, that shall, in turn, ruin a thousand others.

"Every one has a garden called Conversation. If the unpleasant words which blossom into thoughts are kept out, the garden becomes beautiful and interesting. There are a few kinds of weeds which unconsciously creep into this garden, and unless they are put down, or better, pulled out, they injure or spoil the good flowers.

"Behold, a Sower Went Forth to Sow"

"1. *Untruth.*—This is dark-leaved, and so small at first that it is scarcely noticed. In its early stages it is called exaggeration. You are not sure whether you saw three or four things, and you say four. The next time the number becomes larger, and so the weed grows until it is strong and hardy. Be sure and pull it up.

"2. *Slang.*—This spoils many a garden of choice flowers. It is sometimes overlooked among boys, but is not considered to have any beauty.

"4. *Gossip.*—Every one knows this ugly weed, which works mischief wherever it appears. It is one of the worst varieties, and has been known to completely overrun and spoil the garden in which it was allowed to grow.

"These are the principal weeds which find their way into the garden of conversation. Examine the one belonging to you and see what weeds are making headway."

III. The Harvest of Good and Evil. "Be not deceived, God is not mocked; whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. He that soweth to the flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption," in this world and the next. But many who are not much tempted to sins of flesh forget that God condemns no less the sin of unfruitfulness. Doing nothing is almost as bad as doing evil.

Seed:	Lev. 11: 37, 38; Ps. 126: 6.
Conditions of Sowing:	II Cor. 9: 6; Ps. 126: 5; Hos. 10: 12; I Cor. 15: 36; John 4: 36.
Rules for Sowers:	Isa. 32: 20; Jer. 4: 3; Eccl. 11: 4; Eccl. 11: 6; Isa. 28: 24; II Tim. 4: 2; John 9: 4.
Results:	Lev. 26: 16; Jer. 12: 13; Hos. 8: 7; Hag. 1: 6; Prov. 22: 8; Job 4: 8; Gal. 6: 8; Prov. 11: 18; II Cor. 9: 10, Gen. 26: 12; Matt. 13: 23.
A Royal Gift:	Gen. 47. 11, 23; Ps. 97: 11.

A man once bought a lot of apple trees from a travelling salesman for a nursery. They were planted and tended with care, while the owner awaited the time of fruit. One, in particular, was purchased for a large, luscious apple. When the first blossoms turned into fruit, there were bright anticipations. But all the result, not counting the chagrin of the owner, was some sour little crabs. The greatest disappointment on earth is occasioned by some one's failing to meet the just expectations of his Christian friends. They hope for a cheerful worker of great force, and, behold, a little sour crab-apple.

Those who read the Bible carefully will see that in Christ's pictures of hell it is not the sins of wrong-doing, so much as the sins of not doing, that are condemned. Dives is in hell, not because he got wealth by fraud but because he used it selfishly (Luke 15). So also with that other rich man, who said to his soul, "Take thine ease," to whom God said, "This night thy soul shall be required of thee." And those who in the severest chapter of the Bible are pictured as banished from God are those who had neglected the hungry and the sick and the prisoner. "Ye did it not — depart from me" (Matt. 25). The tares are often very like the wheat in exemption from coarse vices. The difference that comes out at last is between the selfish life and one in which serving God and doing good are the dominant influence.

The harvest of good and evil comes to partial fruitage in this world. Here is a golden sheaf of this world harvest. A boy was toiling up hill with a heavy basket, on a sultry August day. The load was almost beyond his strength, and he was forced to stop often to rest. It seemed as if he would never reach the top. When he was about half way up a gentleman overtook him, noted how he struggled with his load, and said, "Let me help you." He took the basket and carried it to the top of the hill. "Thank you, I can carry it now very well," said the boy.

Twenty yéars passed, and an old man sat in his armchair, looking anxiously into the open fire. He rose and paced to and fro in great agitation. Then he stopped and listened. The door bell had rung. The visitor said, "My name is Greer, of Greer, Miller & Co. You have bought several bills of goods of us." Then in a changed tone of deep sympathy he said, "Mr. Mason, I learned to-night that you are financially embarrassed. Tell me frankly. If it is so, I want to help you." "It is so," said the old man sadly. "How much will save you? Will $20,000?" The astonished, speechless old man could only nod assent. "Then put away your anxiety. You shall have it to-morrow. And now you wish to know why I, a comparative stranger, have made this offer. It is because twenty years ago, when I was a poor boy, struggling up hill with a load beyond my strength, you kindly gave me a lift. You do not know how that kind deed sank like a living seed in my heart. Often afterwards, as I met you in the street, though you had forgotten me, and perhaps the deed, I longed to do something in return. And now I rejoice in the opportunity."

Those who scatter seeds of kindness (Eccl. 11: 1), shall reap in this world, or the other, or in both.

Let us think also of the field of the world as a mission field we are to sow and reap. "Lift up your eyes," said Jesus, pointing to eager Samaritan multitudes coming to him through the harvest fields, themselves to be living wheat through his teaching, "look on the fields, white for the harvest." There let us sow, knowing we shall reap in due season if we faint not.

With his reward
He comes; He tarries not; His day is near:
When men least look for Him will He be here.
Prepare for Him!

*International Sunday School Lesson for May 6, 1906. The Parable of the Tares, Matt. 13: 31-35, 44-53. GOLDEN TEXT: "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Gal. 6. 7.

AROUND THE HOME HEARTH

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Relations-in-Law

A YOUNG girl who was to be married this spring, writes that the one crumpled rose-leaf in her otherwise perfect happiness is that she must, for a time at least, dwell in the home of her mother-in-law. No other arrangement appears feasible at present, and she has acquiesced, because to have resisted would have been indefinitely to postpone her marriage. She is not acquainted with her husband's mother, who is a widow, residing in her own home, and she is almost certain that they will not have enough in common to be real friends.

Well, they will have in common their love for John. If John's mother shall prove to be a broad-minded, large-hearted and sympathetic woman, who will receive John's wife as a daughter, and manifest no spirit of criticism or jealousy, the daughter will no doubt respond to her affectionate advances. If John's wife, on her side, shall be ready to accept a daughter's place in the household, shall not endeavor to push aside the older woman, nor interfere with her accustomed management, if the rule to bear and forbear shall be supreme for her as for her mother, the in-law part will soon be forgotten. Since the days of that sweetest love story, the idyl of Ruth and Naomi, there have been mothers-in-law and daughters-in-law who have dwelt together in complete mutual understanding.

Undoubtedly the origin of suspicion and dislike toward relations-in-law dates far back in human history, and has its root in Oriental lands and custom. In the Far East, sons bring their wives to their father's house, and the system being patriarchal, there is no separate home, and the old mother sways the household with an iron sceptre, her daughters-in-law being without a voice and without influence in such domestic life as there is.

All things considered, here in America the ideal home is the separate one, in which each family lives by itself. A young husband and wife starting together with no outsider present, in the simplest home, have a better outlook for comfort and peace than they have in ampler quarters, where there are already mothers and sisters, who may dictate or comment, or give advice on occasion.

Sometimes family reasons make it needful that a widowed or aged father or mother should abandon the home which has been their own, and take up life in the home of a married son or daughter. In this case a great deal of tact and gentleness should be brought into daily use. Bickering and quarrelling are always undignified and seldom lead to any worthy conclusion. Minimize the unhappiness, if unhappiness come, by the reflection that there must be a blessing for those who do their duty without a murmur. Rise above discontent, try to put self wholly in the background.

In Nancy Huston Banks' beautiful story, *The Little Hills*, there is an extreme instance of amiability on the part of a generous daughter-in-law, and of obtuse indifference on that of a cross-grained and perverse mother-in-law. One wonders how two people so dissimilar can manage to spend a single hour with one another without rebellion on the side of the younger. Yet the deed is done, and as the story has the rare merit of an agreeable ending, one leaves it with singular pleasure.

Few situations in this life are without a flaw. To the expectant bride, the best counsel is to remember that we live only a day at a time. Strength for the day is always given in answer to prayer.

For Valor

Rarely have rewards of merit been more thoroughly deserved than the medals and emoluments distributed by the Committee on Heroism, administering Mr. Carnegie's fund among Captain Castro and his men. Sailormen are dauntless and adventurous folk, and they are not wont to be cowardly; but when Captain Castro and his brave volunteers ventured forth in their gallant determination to save the lives of the passengers on the ill-fated Clyde liner *Cherokee*, one stormy Sunday, some weeks ago, they took their lives literally in their hands. The thousands who stood on the shore and rent the sky with cheers, saw that the peril was great and the risk tremendous when the little schooner put off to save the people on the big vessel stranded on the reef, amid a boiling sea.

Captain Castro undertook his deed of courage without an afterthought, but his home freed from a mortgage, his money in bank to educate his boy, and the medal given him for valor, will be testimonials through all his life of the way in which his countrymen regard his prowess.

Thus far we have seen no mention of medals and presents bestowed on another brave soul, who has certainly earned them. The stewardess of the *Cherokee*, whose steadfast courage and presence of mind elevated her to the highest rank among heroines, ought to be remembered. Hundreds of brave deeds go unnoticed every year and commonplace people, when the opportunity comes, show themselves fine and noble. Earthly honors are not always theirs, but they are not unnoticed by the Heavenly Father.

FAITHFUL FRIENDS

Friends and playmates, tell me true,
Do you love me as I love you?
We have happy times together,
Heedless we of wind or weather.
Playmates dear, now tell me true,
Do you love me as I love you?

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—S. Y. H. *Quo Vadis* is the Latin for "Whither goest thou?"

—Estella. You would better consult your teacher of English. She will give you appropriate selections for Commencement.

—May. Unless a man be crippled or infirm, let him put on his overcoat without offering assistance. It is not customary for a woman to offer this sort of help to a visiting friend.

—Inquirer. A good deal depends on your definition of spirituality, but in general terms it is unsafe for people to marry, if they are not in accord on the most vital of all subjects, true religion.

—W. H. I read your letter with amazement and with sympathy. You were treated with strange ingratitude by one you had befriended. It seems a great pity that your kindness should have been thus rewarded.

—Jane. I cannot answer your questions. If you are about to marry a man of entirely opposite faith to your own, you must ask him about the religious ceremonial: that is, unless he will consent to be married by your minister.

Large Bills and Small Change

AN entertaining story was once written about a man who was sent on a long journey with a check in his pocket for a million dollars, but who had not besides that a single coin in his purse. He met with strange adventures, and was often in embarrassing predicaments. There were times when he would gladly have bartered his million-dollar check for the wherewithal to purchase a loaf of bread.

Everybody knows the inconvenience of travelling without small change. Of course, the owner of the large bill may usually get it cashed at a bank, and transmute it into coin current that he can use. This is in the material world. But in the ideal world it is not uncommon to meet people who have about them bills of large denominations of heroism, of unselfishness, and of integrity, but who have absolutely no small change of fun, of humor, and of courtesy. They would not defraud a neighbor for the world, but they do not hesitate to snub him; they are not unkind to animals, yet they thrust out a foot and push away the cat or the dog that comes confidingly to their side. Animals that are petted are as sensitive as children, and their owners invariably resent any rudeness displayed toward them. The person who has no small change in the way of light banter and graceful repartee in society, is at a disadvantage. There are people who can discourse solidly on the tariff and the Panama Canal, and the life insurance troubles, but who are silent and embarrassed if the table talk turns on lighter every-day topics. In the reciprocal intercourse of the family, as well as in going to and fro on the road, small change is more convenient than large bills.

Coming Home from School

One of the happiest hours in the mother's day is the one that brings the children home from school. She has had hours of tranquillity and silence in which she has gone about her work, done her sewing, written her letters, read her favorite books, and planned her housekeeping. Between three and four o'clock the scene changes, doors fly open, sturdy feet rush in, there is a cry of "Where is mother?" and her rosy daughter and manly little son, and it may be a troupe of their friends, are at home and ready for the afternoon's play. Happy is the mother who has three or four bright faces to greet her when the door opens. She is to be congratulated rather than the mother of one, who is very apt to be perturbed and flustered if the child is a moment or two late, behaving very much like a hen with one chicken. Children bring life and fun and brisk activity into the house with them. Never mind if it loses a trifle of its immaculate neatness, for dust and dirt are easily swept away. School being over, the children should be turned loose while daylight lasts, and the older ones who are too large for romping should have errands devised for them so that they may not be defrauded of wholesome outdoor life.

The Bible in Literature

When we stop to think about it, nothing is more wonderful than the interpenetration of the Bible in all literature. One can hardly take up a book, a pamphlet, or a newspaper without discovering an allusion to, or a quotation from the words of inspired Scripture. Although at this period there is too much neglect of the Bible; although it is not read and studied in the family as it formerly was, yet it is still by far the most powerful literary influence in the world. It has entered into the common life and common speech of the people whom we every day meet. It elevates our schools, and almost without our knowing it, its beauty of style and grandeur of thought have colored whatever is noblest and most enduring in poetry, history, and the great field of biography. The finest types of manhood in our land have been the product of home training, where the Bible was honored, and therefore when one reads the memoirs of great men one finds many illustrations drawn from the one immortal Book.

. . .

Much of this biographical illustration is unconscious, for we draw from the Bible life and health precisely as we draw strength and vigor from a pure atmosphere. It is a little surprising to note that the shallow and superficial among writers sometimes quote the Bible without knowing it, while the great masters handle it with skill and reverence at all times.

BY JOSEPH HOCKING

THE CHARIOTS OF THE LORD

A Story of the days of Religious Persecution in England

CHAPTER XXI.—Continued

BUT the Judge did not enter immediately. Evidently he had gone into some ante-room; nevertheless, there was much excitement in the court-house, for a large number of prisoners were brought in. For the most part they were simple country fellows, who had spent their lives on the farms, but who, at what they believed to be the call of duty, had taken up arms for a Protestant King.

Among these came Benedict Trelawney and William Ridgeway.

They had not long to wait, for although Jeffreys might have spent half the night drinking with Colonel Kirke, he seemed eager for his first day's work in Taunton. Scarcely had Benedict gazed around the court-house than a cry of silence was heard, which was immediately followed by a great hush, while every one looked eagerly towards the door at the back of the platform.

Clad in a flowing red robe, and his head covered with a great white periwig, entered the terrible Judge. For a moment he stood still, and gazed around the chamber, then he went to the seat prepared for him.

He took a piece of paper, and began to read the names of some of the prisoners who stood before him.

"Yes, yes," he cried, "these be all guilty, every one of them, there is no doubt about that—ay, as guilty as Judas Iscariot himself; but I see no names of the so-called Puritan Divines here. Where are they?"

In answer to this, someone said that Faversham had hung all that he could catch on the day of the Battle of Sedgemoor.

"All the preachers, your Lordship."

"Then seeing I have no shepherd, I must e'en deal with the sheep. Sheep, did I say? Nay, wolves, wolves."

Again he looked down the list of names as if in search of some particular one, and suddenly his eyes gleamed with savage joy.

"Ah, who have we here?" he cried. "Benedict Trelawney, one time captain in Monmouth's army. Let Benedict Trelawney stand out from among the rest."

The young Cornishman felt the blood rush into his face as he heard his name mentioned, nevertheless he did as he was commanded.

"Ah, Master Benedict Trelawney," he cried exultantly. "Your sins have come home to you, eh? What, even Master Helstrop hath not a word to say for you, eh? No wonder, no wonder! A youth, ay, a youth, bearing an old name to be such a sink of iniquity. Ay, look at him well, gentlemen; look at him well. Yes, he, that villain there, hath some of the best blood in England in his veins. True, he belongs to but an obscure branch of the family whose name he bears, nevertheless, his name is Trelawney. But that is not all; he hath Dissenting blood in him. He is related to that arch hypocrite and Dissenter, Richard Baxter, who is even now in prison. Well, let me tell you this. I have had this villain before me ere this. In London he was guilty of the foulest of crimes yet managed to escape justice; but he shall not escape this time, I'll warrant. Now, what have you to say for yourself?"

"Nothing," replied Benedict.

"Nothing! I should think not. Hath some sense of shame come into your heart at last? Else, why nothing?"

"Because it would be useless to say anything."

"Ay, useless, that it is; but why useless?"

Trelawney was silent.

"What, will you not answer me? Why, you blackguard, why? Do you expect justice?"

"No."

"You do not expect justice, why? Tell me that, scoundrel."

"Because you are the Judge," replied Trelawney, not able to resist the answer that sprung to his lips.

"What!"

The man's eyes flashed fire. His dark skin became purple, he gnashed his teeth in his rage, while his voice was hoarse with passion. He started from his seat as if he would rush upon Trelawney; but seeing that all eyes were fixed upon him, he managed to control himself.

He was about to proceed, when some one passed a piece of paper to him, which he read eagerly.

"Ah!" he cried exultantly. "Ah, my painful duty hath been spared to me. Listen, gentlemen, listen!"

"Ay, ay," said the young man, his heart all aflame with anger, "do your worst; but do you think God will let you escape? I tell you your doom is sealed, and the day of God's vengeance will fall upon you."

Jeffreys seemed too astonished to speak. During the whole of what the King had called "Jeffreys' holy campaign," no one had dared to oppose him. He had cowed to silence any who had even dared to raise a dissentient voice, and for this young man to defy him to do his worst, and to beard him while in his seat of authority almost bereft him of his power to speak.

As for Trelawney, all thoughts of caution left him. But he did not speak the things which rose to his lips; he did not utter a word. Rather he felt a shiver pass through his veins, and a great dread come into his heart. And it was no wonder, for at that moment a great hoarse cry rang through the building.

Ah, Master Trelawney," he said; "not dead yet? His Majesty hath a special interest in you"

CHAPTER XXII.

SO great was the silence in the judgment-hall, that it seemed to make a noise. It was such a silence as one experiences far from the rush of life; in some deep valley, or away among the mountains when the winds have gone to rest. No man dared to move, or speak. Many seemed to forget to breathe. All eyes were fixed on the Judge as he again scanned the paper which had been handed to him.

Benedict had no fear of Jeffreys now. He had prepared his mind to bear the worst, and thus he even took a delight in opposing the man of whom every one seemed afraid.

"Seize him!" cried Jeffreys. "Throw him into the foulest hole in this nest of Dissenting vipers. Pour ants upon him, let wasps and hornets sting him, let rats tear the flesh from his bones."

"Woe, woe, woe upon the unjust Judge," said the voice. "The boy hath spoken the truth, and the vengeance of the Lord is at hand. He hath heard the cry of his afflicted people, and He will tread down the oppressor. Ay, tremble, monster, for the murderer of Lady Alice Lisle rushes on to his doom. See, see! I behold the armies of the Lord, and the chariots thereof. I see the chariot wheels flashing in the sun. The Lord cometh in his wrath to pour out his vengeance upon a bloody King, and his bloody-hearted servant. Ay, the day of the Lord is at hand; his chariots are appearing, and the Papist King, and Bloody Jeffreys shall fall by the might of his power."

"Who is this?" cried Jeffreys. "Who dares blaspheme by daring to mention the name of his sacred Majesty."

"It is Peter the Madman," said a voice.

"Peter the Madman, eh? Some Dissenting viper who hath taken part in the rebellion, I warrant."

"No, your Lordship. He is a harmless old madman, over seventy years of age."

"Let him be hanged! Let him be hanged, I say."

But no man laid hands on the old man. Rather many eyes were bent upon him pityingly.

"He is dead," said someone, "he hath fallen down dead."

"Then drag his carcass out of the Court," said he. "Ay, drag him out, and cast the carrion to the dunghill."

He wiped his brow, for thick beads of perspiration had gathered there, and his hands trembled.

"Ah," he went on. "He called down vengeance on the King, did he? He told of the doom which was to come on the King's Chief Justice, did he? And the Lord hath stricken him down dead. Surely, surely, gentlemen, this is the judgment of God; this is the voice of God telling us to proceed in our work."

During this time Benedict Trelawney looked around like a man in a dream. To his imaginative nature it seemed as though God had indeed spoken.

There is no need to describe what took place further. The story has been recorded too often. Enough to say, that nearly a hundred were condemned to die that day, and before the sun went down the town of Taunton was made terrible by the ghastly sight of old men and boys, besides young men and strong dangling on the hideous gallows that had been erected.

"Despatch them quick," cried Jeffreys, as he prepared to leave the hall. "There is a big week's work before us all. How many prisoners are there?"

"Nearly a thousand," replied the clerk.

"Ay, and every one of them guilty of death, I'll warrant, in spite of witnesses to prove *alibis* and all the rest of it."

He was moving towards the door which led to the ante-room, when again the hoarse-cry which all heard in the morning reached them.

"Woe! woe! Woe upon the King who clothes himself with robes of the Scarlet Woman! Woe upon the unjust judge. The day of God's vengeance is near! The chariots of the Lord are coming."

"Who is that?" cried Jeffreys, his face livid with rage.

"It must be Peter the Madman," replied someone in a frightened whisper.

"You said he was dead! Seize him, I say. Here, you constables, you soldiers! Haste to the street and seize him, and let him be brought before me to-morrow."

A few minutes later the Court was cleared, while Benedict Trelawney, and not only he but William Ridgeway were taken back to their prison again.

"What is the meaning of this," cried Ridgeway, "for by my faith, this hath been a terrible day?"

"I heard someone whispering that we were to be brought before the King," replied Benedict.

"Ay, you; but not I. Why am I allowed to live?"

"I do not know. It is passing strange."

"Can it mean liberty?" said the young yeoman hopefully.

"Liberty. Liberty from King James? Nay, Jeffreys is but his tool. It is even as he said, we are to be reserved for a more fearful doom even than the others."

"I can understand why you should be brought before the King," said Ridgeway, presently, "for you are of

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The Chariots of the Lord

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 380

a grand family; but not I. No, I cannot understand that."

"Then why are you here with me?" said Benedict. "For I heard Master Helstrop say that the letter which was handed to Jeffreys contained a message from the King, telling him that I was to be brought before him. Perchance it hath been told the King that we have been taken prisoners together, and so he hath willed that you appear with me."

"I see my Martha's hand in this," said Ridgeway.

"My dear friend, it cannot be."

"I do not care. She is a sharp girl, a clever girl, is my Martha. Do you think she hath been idle all this time? Nay, not so. Her hand is surely in this matter. Hark! what is that?"

"It is only the gaoler bringing our supper. Listen."

The door opened and the governor of the gaol entered.

"Ah, Master Trelawney," he said, "not dead yet. It seemeth that his Majesty hath a special interest in you."

Benedict Trelawney looked steadily into his face. "What have you heard, Master Bilsom?" he said.

"Only that I must keep a special eye on you, seeing the King hath sent a special message concerning you."

"What message?"

"That to-morrow you are to be sent with a strong guard to London."

"To-morrow?"

"Ay, to-morrow."

"And what is to become of William Ridgeway?"

"Faith, I do not know. I have received no orders concerning him."

"None at all?"

"Not a word."

"Then why was he not condemned with the others?"

"As to that, I know not; but it doth not matter. Judge Jeffreys will deal with him. I'm sore afraid William Ridgeway will be hanging outside the White Hart Inn before to-morrow at this time. Well, all is safe here, anyhow. To-morrow, Master Trelawney, you will be on your way to see the King." Master Bilsom laughed as he went away, while William Ridgeway looked eagerly into the young Cornishman's face.

"I tell you, I see Martha's hand in this," he said.

Trelawney was silent. The proceedings of the day were not only terrible, they were mysterious.

"I have never been able to give up hope," continued William. "I have prayed and prayed for light and guidance; I have tried to prepare myself for death; but I have a feeling that I am not going to die. Not that I fear death," he added, presently, "especially after what I have seen to-day."

"After what you have seen to-day?"

"No, how can a man fear death after the way our companions met it? Did not Jeffreys bully them, swear at them, scowl upon them, threaten them? And did they flinch? Did one ask for mercy? Did one turn pale? Nay, not one man showed the white feather. They said good-by to each other with a smile upon their lips. They thanked God for his mercies, and comforted each other by the thought that they would all soon meet in heaven. Shall I fear death after that? No; but for all that, I can't feel that I am going to die. I believe Martha is working for me, planning for me."

Benedict had no hope in his heart, but he would not say a word to cast a gloom upon his companion.

"That was wonderful, those words of old Peter," continued Ridgeway presently.

"Do you know aught of him?" asked Trelawney.

"Many think of him as mad," replied Ridgeway, "but there are others who say that he hath the prophetic gift. He is what they call a Quaker, and is a follower of a man who came to these parts a few years ago, called George Fox. How he got into the court-house, I do not know. He spends most of his time in prayer, and in the reading of God's Word. I tell you, Master Trelawney, I believe he saw a vision."

"A vision?"

"Ay, a vision. He saw what he cried aloud. Monmouth may be a false king; but the true King will surely come. He saw the chariots of the Lord, master. He saw them, he saw them. Master Trelawney, I feel happy."

TO BE CONTINUED

ANSWERED PRAYERS

A. L. M., Nova Scotia. "I give grateful thanks to my Heavenly Father for answered prayers."

W. J. L., Virginia. "The Lord has answered many prayers for me and I am still trusting him."

J. E. S., New York. "God is true to his promises, and many times has he heard and answered my prayers."

Mrs. M. C. W., Virginia. "When in great trouble I prayed to the Lord and he has heard and answered me. I ever thank him."

Miss L. M. F., Indiana. "I want to tell you I believe He has heard and answered my prayer this day, for which I am thankful."

A Grateful Reader, Texas. "I want to acknowledge through your paper, God's goodness to me. He always answers fervent prayer."

J. A. D., Maryland. "God has answered my prayers so often and very lately. Place me in your column of Answered Prayers."

E. B. T. Colorado. "I, too, believe in prayer. I know He hears us if we pray in good faith, and I have been answered many times. Glory to his name."

N. W., Tennessee. "The prayer column is a great comfort to my mother and to me. We have had numbers of our prayers answered. The Lord is our refuge."

Mrs. S. F. P., Indiana. "I wish to acknowledge, through your beloved paper, what I believe to be two direct answers to prayer. I am a true believer in prayer."

C. E. H., Illinois. "God has been answering my prayers for a few years and I can say he is true to all he promised; I want to serve him all my life. God wants to help all."

Mrs. M. F. B., New Hampshire. "I believe in a prayer-answering God. He will hear and answer in his own way and his own time, if we trust him. His way is always best."

Mrs. W. H. S., South Dakota. "I wish to acknowledge God's mercy in sparing the life of a very dear one. I know and feel that God hears and answers my prayers."

Miss H. J. M., Kentucky, is a home missionary among the mountaineers, and asks the friends of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to pray for her and for those among whom she is laboring.

Mrs. J. M. K., Iowa. "I wish to acknowledge God's goodness to me. He gave me strength when I asked for and needed it, and has answered many of my prayers. I know God is good."

A Reader, New York. "I am living through a great trouble. Words cannot express the comfort the 'Answered Prayer' column has given me; it has brought me to prayer. May God bless all those who spare me one moment of prayer."

Kettledrums for Church

Rev. Ernest Shaw, a missionary at Leh, Ladak, on the borders of Tibet, writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

"It may possibly interest you and your readers to hear how part of the sum you kindly sent was used. You will be amused to hear that we bought a pair of kettledrums with it. We had started a Sunday preaching at a village about eight miles from Leh, and the difficulty was to know how to call the people together. There are no bells here, gongs can only be got from India, and are dear, and the sound does not carry far; but somebody hit on the brilliant idea of a pair of kettledrums, such as are used at all entertainments here. The sound is heard a long way off, and the people know what it means. So we used part of the money you sent, and Sunday after Sunday, through the winter, the drums have called the people to the preaching."

Fanny Crosby's Birthday

On Saturday, March 24, a party of ladies and gentlemen, friends of Miss Fanny J. Crosby, the blind song writer, met her at the office of The Biglow & Main Co., 135 Fifth Avenue, New York, to celebrate the 86th anniversary of her birth. Among those present were I. Allan Sankey, president of the company; Miss Carrie Dyer, secretary; Hubert P. Main, treasurer; Miss Anna Irving, of Bridgeport, Conn.; Miss Anna Van Loan and Miss Florence M. Walsh, Mr. Sidney A. Saunders, Mr. L. B. Glatz, Mr. Joseph DeCamp, Mr. Wm. K. Callow, and Mr. Henry T. Deutscher. After an interchange of birthday greetings, the gathering enjoyed a luncheon, interspersed with stories and poems. Miss Crosby made a very touching address, in the course of which she said she "hoped to meet her friends each year until her 103d birthday."

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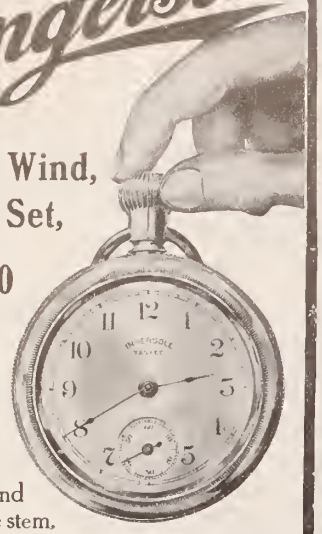

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Gipsy Smith's American Tour

MANY years ago this journal had the pleasure of introducing Gipsy Smith to its readers. Knowing well the valuable service he had done for Christ in his own land, it heartily welcomed his visit here and commended him to the churches. Seventeen years have passed since that introduction was made, and during that time the evangelist has paid us five visits, and on each occasion has done memorable work. He is now on his way here again, bringing with him the good wishes of the Transatlantic churches, and their earnest hope that through him a period of blessing will come upon us.

Gipsy Smith

Congregationalists and Baptists and Episcopalians testify to the value of the work he has done on the other side, and the Methodists, among whom he has chiefly labored on this side, confirm the testimony. Though he comes as a layman, he has the right to boast of an American ordination. Speaking at the Metropolitan M. E. Church, in Washington, D. C., on one of his visits, Gipsy Smith mentioned, at the close of a soul-stirring speech, that he was merely a layman, without the authority of ordination. Instantly the venerable blind chaplain of the Senate, Dr. Milburn, rose, and placing his hands on the young man's shoulders, exclaimed, "I ordain you now, ordain you without a question." But as Lincoln said of the consecration of Gettysburg, the ceremony was but a ratification of one done long before.

Gipsy Smith comes among us on this occasion with new honors on his head. The Council of the Free Churches in Great Britain, a federation of Methodists, Baptists, Congregationalists, and other evangelical churches, has appointed him its first missioner, with a commission to go from one city to another to revive the Lord's work in the country.

As the evangelist has told when relating the story of his strange and romantic life,* the epithet "Gipsy" is no unmeaning title. He is a veritable gipsy, of gipsy parentage, and in his early years identified with gipsy habits and customs. At the time of his birth, the tent had been pitched near Epping Forest, in England. His father, in gipsy fashion, spent his time in making clothes-pins, making baskets, selling tinware, with an occasional horse-deal, and playing the violin in the saloons. One day, when near an open-air evangelistic meeting, he stayed to listen to the preacher, and was converted. Then everything became new to him, and his one desire was to serve Christ.

It was a changed life in the wagon after that. The children saw the difference in their father and wondered. The wonder grew when he came in touch with Gen. Booth, who was then organizing the Christian mission that developed into the Salvation Army, and spoke in his meetings. From that time forward the wagon was a place of prayer. During the ten years that followed, religion was the chief concern in that family. Returning from a short absence, the father learned to his intense joy that his boy had been converted. He had been to a Primitive Methodist chapel, where an aged man had taken an interest in the gipsy lad and had led him to Christ. The father's delight knew no bounds. He took the boy to Gen. Booth, who invited him to tell the story of his conversion at a meeting. He told it simply but effectively. The boy was in earnest and eager for work. Booth wanted just such recruits and urged him to leave the wagon and throw in his lot with the Army.

The story of Gipsy Smith's life since that time has been a record of continuous service. He was removed from one station of the Army to another and always with remarkable success. At Hanley, a town remarkable for the wickedness of its people, the meetings of the Army became the scene of astonishing conversions. The ministers of the town marvelled as they saw men of evil life transformed. They urged him to sever his connection with the Army, and stay and labor permanently in the town. He consented, and organized a mission which is still flourishing. But the work there brought him calls from other places. He went to Hull, to Manchester, to Birmingham and other cities, in all of which there was a revival under his preaching. How it was he could not explain, but God blessed his labors, and kept him humble and dependent on Him.

In 1889 Gipsy Smith paid his first visit to America. He was unknown here, but he brought introductions from ministers of all denominations commending his work. His first service was held in Nostrand Avenue M. E. Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., and continued for three weeks, during which there were four hundred persons received into the church. Thence he went to Central Church, New York, thence to Trenton, N. J., and on to Cincinnati, in all of which places he was greatly blessed. On his second visit his first work was in Old Jane Street M. E. Church, which Rev. Stephen Merritt had, he says, "turned into a tremendous converting furnace." There he was in a congenial element and had a most successful mission. At Ocean Grove, in Washington, D. C., and then back to New York, Gipsy Smith was in the midst of revival times. On his return home he commenced a work in Glasgow, which the old town will never forget. Later, he went to Australia, where he was urged to remain, in charge of an important church, but the call of an Evangelist he felt to be his mission and to that he has been faithful.

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Only one boy out of a great many boys ever amounts to anything of consequence.

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The "other boys" when they grow up to be men, will, nine times out of ten, be working for some other *man*. They will be cheap men, who can only "make a living" by hiring out to some other man.

Our advice is: Take part of the time—not all, by any means—for something that will fit you to be that other man when you grow up. Start now to train yourself to be the man who hires men. Don't grow up to be one of the hired men.

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Grace, Enough for Me

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E. O. E. E. O. EXCELL

1. In look-ing thro' my tears one day, I saw Mount Cal-va-ry,
2. While standing there my trem-bling heart, Once full of ag-o-ny,
3. When I be-held my ev-'ry sin Nail'd to the cru-el tree,
4. When I am safe with-in the vale, My por-tion there will be

cres.

Be-neath the cross there flowed a stream Of grace, e-nough for me (enough for me).
Could scarce believe the sight I saw Of grace, e-nough for me.
I felt a flood go thro' my soul Of grace, e-nough for me.
To sing thro' all the years to come Of grace, e-nough for me.

CHORUS.

Grace, fathomless as the sea,..... Grace, flowing from Cal-va-ry,.....
His grace is fathomless as the roll-ing sea, His grace is flowing from Cal-va-ry for me.

Grace, e-nough for e-ter-ni-ty,..... Grace,... e-nough for me.
His grace, e-nough for e-ter-ni-ty, Oh, can it be there's grace e-nough for me?

From *Praises*, for the Church and Sunday School. E. O. Excell, Publisher, Chicago, Ill.

Spurgeon's Golden Sayings*

If we live near to God we cannot sin without incurring sharp rebukes. If you are not saved it is not because God will not or cannot save you; it is because you refuse to accept his mercy in Christ.

The publican's prayer so pleased the Lord Jesus Christ, who heard it, that he condescended to become a portrait painter, and took a sketch of the petitioner.

Not even in this world does sin pay its servants good wages.

We will measure our age from our second, rather than our first birth.

You will never get to heaven, any of you, by playing at religion.

Confession with the mouth is a sort of breaking away from the world. When a man says with his mouth, "I believe in the Lord Jesus Christ," it is as good as saying to the world, "I have done with you."

Prayer is good, the habit of prayer is better, but the spirit of prayer is the best of all.

It is ever the singular glory of our Lord Jesus Christ that he continues to entreat, even when we continue to resist.

Within the chosen family there are chastisements unknown to the outside world.

One sin might keep a man out of heaven; but the multitude of our iniquities, the blackness, the aggravation, the repetition of our offences, made the case hopeless to all human power of wisdom.

If you can say that you have served God and man without fault throughout all your days, you can say much more than I would venture to do. The Scripture also is against you when it says, "There is none righteous; no, not one."

He who boasts of being perfect is perfect in folly.

You have not taken God to be your God if you cannot be content with him alone.

Inasmuch as that salvation of God is a great one, it must have been intended to meet great sins.

His mercy is so great that it forgives great sin to great sinners, after great lengths of time, and then gives great favors and privileges, and raises us up to great enjoyments in the great heaven of the great God.

There is nothing little in God; his mercy is like himself—it is infinite.

Saints will not be out of place in heaven; their beauty will be as great as that of the place prepared for them.

Christ will be all or nothing.

* From *Spurgeon's Gold*, compiled by E. Hez Swem.

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PANAMA TO PATAGONIA

THIS is the title of a new and exceedingly timely book, just issued from the presses of A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. Mr. Charles M. Pepper, the author, is a well-known writer, who has travelled over all the Latin-American republics south of us. He is a member of the Permanent Pan-American Committee, and ranks as an authority on all that relates to the industrial and commercial possibilities of the Southern republics.

Panama to Patagonia is probably the most comprehensive volume of accurate, up-to-date information concerning South America that has yet appeared. It tells of the peoples, their social customs, their politics, their national institutions, and the resources, undeveloped and otherwise, of the vast territories they occupy. There is hardly a phase of national, civic or individual life which is not discussed entertainingly and in a way to give valuable information to the general reader. Mr. Pepper has the rare art of making us feel at home with the people and the scenes he describes. We enter into their daily lives and become ourselves participants in all that is taking place. Whether he takes us on a coasting trip in a palatial steamer along the shores of the Pacific, or up some great river to strange tropical lands; or mule-back across some mountain range by perilous paths, or through the thick and almost impenetrable jungle, he is equally companionable and instructive. Every chapter in the book is a "personally conducted" tour among picturesque surroundings. The descriptions of Southern ports and interior towns and villages, the quaint manners and dress of their populations, the home life of rich and poor, the quick transition from the equatorial heat of the lowlands to the almost arctic cold of the bleak mountains, are all so skilfully written that they move along like a vivid, real panorama, amazing the reader by their novelty and variety.

Naturally, one of the topics to which the author gives prominent attention is the Panama Canal, and its prospective influence on the Isthmus and the whole country southward and westward. There is no impatience among these Southern races over the fact that it may take ten, fifteen, or even twenty years to dig the canal. In their country, people are satisfied to let time work its own changes in its own way. In this portion of his work Mr. Pepper has succeeded in giving, in an agreeable and compact form, precisely what everybody wants to know regarding the beginnings, progress and present condition of canal work, the Isthmian folks and their ways, the climate and its disadvantages, and how to minimize the latter. He holds no rose-colored opinions as to the salubrity of the Canal Zone, and writes very frankly, in

Continued on next page

**Panama to Patagonia* is a substantial volume of 400 pages, finely illustrated with photographic views of interesting localities and the social life of the people of all classes. It has also maps showing the transportation routes, and railways and waterways of the Southern republics, and one map dealing exclusively with the Canal itself. The book is bound in cloth, top gilt. Price $2.50,

Prominent Men of the Hour

Ambassador Francis

Justice H. B. Brown

—CHARLES S. FRANCIS, of Troy, N.Y., has recently been appointed United States Ambassador to Austria, in succession to Hon. Bellamy Storer, of Ohio. Mr. Francis is not new to the diplomatic service, having been for some time his father's secretary at the legation in Athens, and also United States Minister to Greece. He has spent the greater part of his life in active newspaper work, as owner and managing editor of the Troy *Daily Times*. Mr. Francis' father, John M. Francis, who was one of the best-known newspaper men of the old school, was a noted American diplomat, a number of years ago. He was, at different times, Minister to Austria, Greece and Portugal. The present ambassador was born in Troy, in 1858, and graduated from Cornell University, in 1877. He was a prominent athlete in college, and won the intercollegiate single scull championship in 1876, making a record that has never been broken. He learned newspaper work from the printer's case up, in his father's office, and became a partner in 1887. He is a trustee of Cornell, and Vice-President of the New York Society for the Preservation of Scenic and Historic Places.

—JUSTICE HENRY B. BROWN, one of the most eminent of American jurists, is about to retire, it is reported, as one of the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States. He was born in Massachusetts, in 1836; graduated from Yale, and studied law at Harvard. Before being called to the Supreme Bench he was Assistant United States Attorney in Michigan, and also judge for the Eastern District of the same State.

Golden Milestone

Reverent salutation to the Rev. Harrison Presson and his wife, who celebrated the seventieth anniversary of their wedding day on February 21, 1906. Fifty-six years ago, *en route* for California, Mr. Presson delivered the first sermon ever preached in Nebraska, having a pioneer wagon for his pulpit, its canopy for his covering. To this aged couple have been born thirteen children, eight of whom are now living to bless the evening of their lives.

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But Many Drop It

A young Calif. wife talks about coffee:

"It was hard to drop Mocha and Java and give Postum Food Coffee a trial, but my nerves were so shattered that I was a nervous wreck and of course that means all kinds of ails.

"At first I thought bicycle riding caused it and gave it up, but my condition remained unchanged. I did not want to acknowledge coffee was the trouble for I was very fond of it. At that time a friend came to live with us, and I noticed that after he had been with us a week he would not drink his coffee any more. I asked him the reason. He replied, 'I have not had a headache since I left off drinking coffee, some months ago, till last week, when I began again, here at your table. I don't see how anyone can like coffee, anyway, after drinking Postum!'

"I said nothing but at once ordered a package of Postum. That was five months ago, and we have drank no other coffee since, except on two occasions when we had company, and the result each time was that my husband could not sleep, but lay awake and tossed and talked half the night. We were convinced that coffee caused his suffering, so he returned to Postum Food Coffee, convinced that the old kind was an enemy, instead of a friend, and he is troubled no more by insomnia.

I, myself, have gained 8 pounds in weight, and my nerves have ceased to quiver. It seems so easy now to quit the old coffee that caused our aches and ails and take up Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. There's a reason.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

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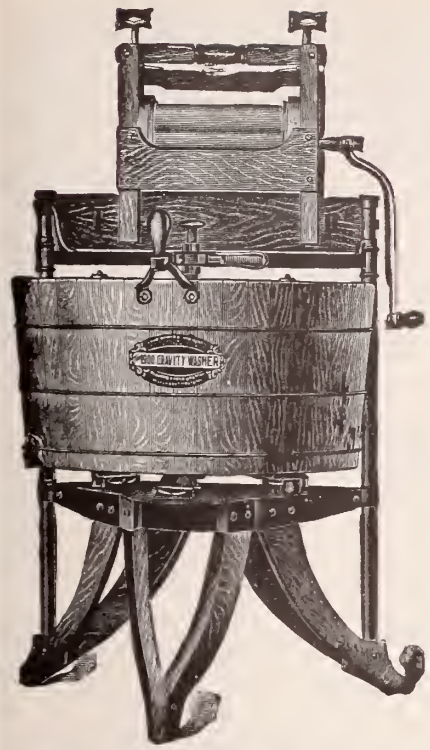

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An unseen power, called Gravity, helps run this washing machine.

By harnessing this power, we make it work for you. You start the washer by hand, then Gravity-power takes hold and does the hardest part.

And it makes this machine turn almost as easy as a bicycle wheel does.

Gravity, you know, is what makes a stone roll down hill.

This machine has just been invented and we call it the "1900" Gravity Washer.

There are slats on the inside bottom of the tub.

These slats act as paddles, to swing the water in the same direction you revolve the tub.

You throw the soiled clothes into the tub first. Then you throw enough water over the clothes to float them.

Next you put the heavy wooden cover on top of the clothes to anchor them, and to press them down.

This cover has slats on its lower side to grip the clothes and hold them from turning around when the tub turns.

Now we are all ready for quick and easy washing.

You grasp the upright handle on the side of the tub and, with it, you revolve the tub one-third way round, then gravity pulls it the other way round.

The machine must have a little help from you, at every swing, but Gravity-power does practically all the hard work.

You can sit in a rocking chair and do all that the washer requires of you. A child can run it easily full of clothes.

* * *

When you revolve the tub the clothes don't move.

But the water moves like a mill race through the clothes.

The paddles on the tub bottom drive the soapy water THROUGH and through the clothes at every swing of the tub. Back and forth, in and out of every fold, and through every mesh in the cloth, the hot soapy water runs like a torrent. This is how it carries away all the dirt from the clothes, in from six to ten minutes by the clock.

It drives the dirt out through the meshes of the fabrics WITHOUT ANY RUBBING,—without any WEAR and TEAR from the washboard.

It will wash the finest lace fabric without breaking a thread, or a button, and it will wash a heavy, dirty carpet with equal ease and rapidity. Fifteen to twenty garments, or five large bed-sheets, can be washed at one time with this 1900 "Gravity" Washer.

A child can do this in six to twenty minutes better than any able washer-woman could do the same clothes in TWICE the time, with three times the wear and tear from the washboard.

* * *

This is what we SAY, now how do we PROVE it?

We send any reliable person our 1900 "Gravity" Washer free of charge, on a full month's trial, and we even pay the freight out of our own pockets.

No cash deposit is asked, no notes, no contract, no security.

You may use the washer four weeks at our expense. If you find it won't wash as many clothes in FOUR hours as you can wash by hand in EIGHT hours, you send it back to the railway station,—that's all.

But, if, from a month's actual use, you are convinced it saves HALF the time in washing, does the work better, and does it twice as easily as it could be done by hand, you keep the machine.

Then you mail us 50 cents a week till it is paid for.

Remember that 50 cents is part of what the machine saves you every week on your own, or on a washer-woman's labor. We intend that the 1900 "Gravity" Washer shall pay for itself and thus cost you nothing.

You don't risk a cent from first to last, and you don't buy it until you have had a full month's trial.

We have sold approaching half a million "1900" Washers on a month's free trial and the only trouble we've had has been to keep up with our orders.

Could we afford to pay freight on thousands of these machines every month, if we did not positively KNOW they would do all we claim for them? Can you afford to be without a machine that will do your washing in HALF THE TIME, with half the wear and tear of the washboard, when you can have that machine for a month's free trial, and let it PAY FOR ITSELF? This offer may be withdrawn at any time it overcrowds our factory.

Write us TODAY, while the offer is still open, and while you think of it. The postage stamp is all you risk. Write me personally on this offer, viz.: R. F. Bieber, General Manager of "1900" Washer Company, 5935 Henry St., Binghamton, N. Y. or 355 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada.

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THE CLEVIS CLEVER CUTTER CO., 125 State St., Fremont, O.

Panama to Patagonia

Continued from preceding page

words of warning, concerning climatic conditions, which "cannot be changed by the agency of man." The moist atmosphere, the enormous rainfall, the miasma to result from excavating the decayed vegetation of a thousand years, and all the pernicious malarial influences of that section are things that cannot be done away with, but the inherent unwholesomeness can be reduced to a minimum by hygienic science even if the climate remains unconquered. As to the digging of the Canal itself, he believes it will be done mostly by Jamaican and Barbados negroes. He shows how far-reaching must be the commercial influence of the great waterway, and how it will eventually open up new highways of trade east and west, at some points where now least expected. The commerce of the Amazon, of Chile and Argentina, of Peru and the rubber country, of Brazil, Uruguay, and Ecuador, will all feel the new impulse and respond to it. It will be of the greatest possible benefit to the entire west coast. In a word, it will be the means of opening up the whole country commercially in a way that can only be foreseen by one familiar with the actual needs and the possibilities of South American trade.

To those who may contemplate travelling in these lands, Mr. Pepper's book should prove invaluable. He is a wise guide and mentor, and his hints as to dress, food, and sanitary precautions will no doubt be appreciated by many. He succeeds, too, in laying some of the bugaboos that have been wont to frighten intending travellers, and shows that with due care, the dangers of a South American journey are really no greater than here at home.

Wheat and Tares*

SOME difficulty was evidently felt by the disciples in understanding the parable of the tares. When Jesus had gone into the house, they asked him to explain it. The parables of the mustard seed and the leaven spoken at the same time, they appear to have understood, but the tares puzzled them. One might well wish that a better reporter than Matthew had been present to give us Christ's answer. The bald summary of Christ's explanation that he supplies (13: 38, 39), has not sufficed to keep theologians from disputing about it to the present day. The parable remains a problem, and no solution yet given of it is free from difficulties.

One fact, however, is clear: there is to be in the end a separation of the wheat from the tares. The idea that it does not matter what the nature and life are, all go, as Ecclesiastes thought, to one place, is not Christ's idea. The good are saved, taken to God's garner, while the wicked are taken to the burning, being useless. There is no other distinction in the mind of Christ; kings and princes, and millionaires, and the poor, men of education and the ignorant, are stripped of the circumstances that now separate them into classes, and they are divided into two great divisions, the wheat and the tares, the good and the bad. Different in nature, their destiny is different, though the world may have wrongly classed them together. That they often are wrongly classed is implied in the parable. No mere man is competent to separate them, and for this work angels are employed. They resemble one another in appearance, and are so closely associated, that, in tearing up the one the other may be disturbed. We may be very thankful that General Assemblies and General Conferences and Boards of Bishops have nothing to do with this task of separation, but that God, in his love and wisdom, employs creatures specially endowed for the task.

Another important feature is the unphilosophic one of the change of nature, that comes from letting both grow together. The tare remains tare in nature, as the wheat remains wheat to the end, but in the spiritual kingdom the tare may become wheat. That is the object to be gained by both growing together to the end. The wheat has a mission to perform of effecting a transmutation unknown to nature.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for May 6: Matt. 13: 24-30.

The Solution of Perfect Sanitation

is exemplified in the Sy-clo Closet, the construction and action of which ends at once all the subtle dangers of disease-raising from improper cleansing; the escape of sewer gas, the absorption of poison by the material of which common closets are made (iron for instance); and the gradual discoloration of those interior parts which furnish a prolific breeding-ground for millions of death-dealing bacilli.

The action of the Sy-clo is two-fold. Besides the copious flush of water, there is an irresistible syphonic action, which, like a powerful pump, literally **pulls** the contents through the outlet channel, cleansing, scouring, polishing as it goes, leaving the INSIDE of the pipe as clean and smooth as a china bowl. And this is a truism because the Sy-clo is solidly constructed of china—*pure white china*—without joint or break or rough place inside or out to furnish lodgment for dirt or disease germs.

Examine your closet; if it is made of enameled iron or has just an ordinary flush, discard it at the first opportunity for a Sy-clo. *Your doctor pays the bill.* If you are building a house or buying one, insist on Sy-clo Closets with the trade mark name burned in the china. The fact that

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Closets cost but little more than other closets—that, with ordinary care, they will last as long as the house in which they are installed, leaves no further excuse for sewer sickness. Ask the plumber. A book on "Household Health" mailed free, if you send the the name of your plumber.

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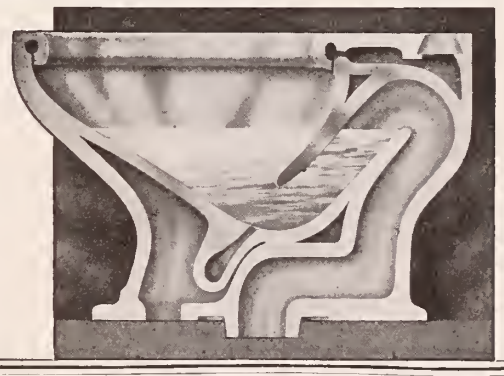

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The KING Settee Folding Bed

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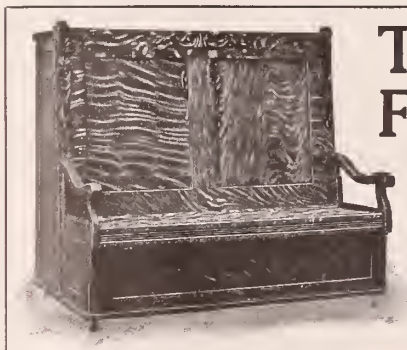

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This book is valuable because it shows you how to be well and strong without taking drugs or medicines.

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If the attainment or retention of your own good health—and the good health of those dear to you is worth a postal, send us one to-day (or use above coupon) and we will forward the book promptly.

You do not obligate yourself in any way by answering this advertisement. You are neither required to buy anything nor to promise anything. All we ask is that you read the book carefully.

It tells how you can live, in your own home, without disturbing your daily routine in any way, a sane, healthful life the life that has restored thousands to health at the famous Battle Creek Sanitarium.

It is now recognized that nine-tenths of all diseases are caused by improper diet.

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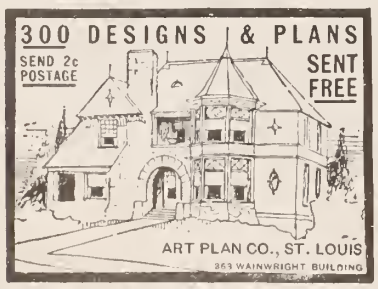

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BLUE BOOK ON PATENTS and list "WHAT TO INVENT," free to any address. Patents secured or fee returned. EO. S. VASHON & CO., 921 F Street, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Called to Service*

WHAT dignity Christ puts on his servants by comparing their call to his own! "As thou hast sent me, even so have I sent them." It is one mission alike in origin and purpose. What a privilege that commission is; to be laboring for God, under such a Leader, with such an object! Compared with other spheres like military service, or exploration, or statesmanship, this service is incomparably great. The world is sunk in sin and vice and crime, separated by a huge gulf from God, bent on its own inevitable destruction, and God proposes to save it through its own people, the work initiated by a divine Being made in the likeness of a man. We do not know in what way God could have communicated a message of mercy to his creatures. When he spoke from Sinai, the people shrank from him and said, "Let not God speak to us lest we die." It may have been necessary for him to employ an intermediary, and so Christ came to live and suffer and know the people and speak to them in their own way, the message of love.

Dwelling on this method of dealing with the human race, how potent is the call to service! God wants men. He wants first to save them, and then to have them go out to save others. One can imagine a race of men living at a distance from their king, who have sunk into barbarism, and are practising all kinds of crime and vice, given over to utter degradation. The king, in his great pity, would raise them to civilization and happiness. It is for their good and wholly for their benefit. He knows that they are mistaken about him, as well as about their own natures. They are blind and stupid, and he would enlighten them. It is so with the whole human race. Christ brought the message, and all who will may make it known. Not alone by preaching, but by living the higher and better life, setting the example of godliness, and showing the graces and beauties of the heavenly life, is the message carried forward. It is a high commission, one that inspires the noblest ambition to toil with Christ in God's service for the rescue of humanity. Volunteers are always needed.

* Topic of the Epworth League for May 6. John 15:16; 17:18; Acts 1:8; II. Cor. 2:3; Rev. 22:17.

The Keepsake

SEE ILLUSTRATION ON FIRST PAGE

THE door had but just closed upon the retreating figure of the man to whom Marcia Norton had given her whole heart. Marcia had owned shyly, in the shadow of the vines on the veranda last night, that she loved him dearly, but she added, with a tremor in the sweet, young voice: "Father will be very lonely, Robert; he has missed mother so much since she went to heaven two years ago."

The morning had found the fine young fellow eagerly preferring his petition, and Mr. Norton, who knew and valued his sterling qualities, did not say him nay. "But," said he, "go away for a while now, Robert, and leave Marcia to me. I will give her to you gladly, secure in the belief that you will make her happy—but leave her to me and my memories for a little."

Once more alone with his daughter, the father, still under the shadow of the great sorrow which had come to him in the loss of the cherished wife of his youth, turned to the old-fashioned escritoire in the corner, and taking from its accustomed nook a small casket, placed it upon the table before him. Tenderly, lingeringly he drew from its recesses an exquisitely painted miniature, set in pearls and suspended from a golden chain of delicate workmanship. His eyes dwelt upon the sweet, pictured face lovingly, and it seemed to smile back at him as if with joy in the new happiness which had come into their "little girl's" life. "My daughter," and the deep tones were low and husky as Mr. Norton began to speak, "you are on the threshold of a new life. Bring to its problems as to its playtimes, to its shadows as to its sunshine, the same spirit of love and forbearance, of courage and comradeship, which your dear mother brought to this home when she first entered it as your father's girlish bride. For twenty years she made life to me one long summer day, sharing every sorrow, lightening every burden, doubling every joy. Try to be like your mother, dear, and 'the heart of your husband may safely trust in you.'" H. W. S.

That California Trip Now Within Reach

You have long been planning it and this is your opportunity.

Account of the Mystic Shrine meeting at Los Angeles special tickets from Chicago to Los Angeles and San Francisco will be sold April 25 to May 5, good for return until July 31, at the very low rate of

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You can go one way and return another.

Favorable stop-over privileges are provided.

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Three fast, splendidly equipped, through trains every day via the

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Every luxury known to modern transportation. All meals in dining cars.

All agents sell tickets via this line.

Ask or write for full details about this rate, and for illustrated California booklets, maps and information as to hotels and boarding houses.

Secure your sleeping car reservations as early as possible.

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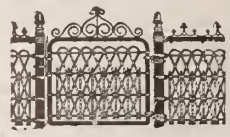

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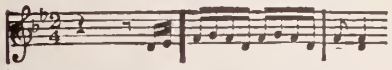

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Can Do the Work of 3 or 4 If Well Fed.

An energetic young woman living just outside of N. Y., writes:

"I am at present doing all the housework of a dairy farm, caring for two children, a vegetable and flower garden, a large number of fowls, besides managing an extensive exchange business through the mails and pursuing my regular avocation as a writer for several newspapers and magazines (designing fancy work for the latter) and all the energy and ability to do this I owe to Grape-Nuts food.

"It was not always so, and a year ago when the shock of my nursing baby's death utterly prostrated me and deranged my stomach and nerves so that I could not assimilate as much as a mouthful of solid food, and was in even worse condition mentally, he would have been a rash prophet who would have predicted that it ever would be so.

"Prior to this great grief I had suffered for years with impaired digestion, insomnia, agonizing cramps in the stomach, pain in the side, constipation, and other bowel derangements, all of these were familiar to my daily life. Medicines gave me no relief—nothing did, until a few months ago, at a friend's suggestion, I began to use Grape-Nuts food, and subsequently gave up coffee entirely and adopted Postum Food Coffee at all my meals.

"To-day I am free from all the troubles I have enumerated. My digestion is simply perfect, I assimilate my food without the least distress, enjoy sweet, restful sleep, and have a buoyant feeling of pleasure in my varied duties. In fact, I am a new woman, entirely made over, and I repeat, I owe it all to Grape-Nuts and Postum Coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Parables of the Kingdom

By Mrs. M. Baxter

"THEY that be wise," says Daniel (12:3), "shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever." But even now God has placed the sons of the kingdom as lights in the world. "Do all things," writes the Apostle Paul to the Philippians (2:14-16), "without murmurings and disputings, that ye may be blameless and harmless, the sons of God without rebuke, in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, among whom ye shine as luminaries [marg.] in the world, holding forth the Word of life."

It is those who are shining now that will shine when manifested with Christ in glory (Col. 3:4). It is not what we say but what we are that shines. It is the strong likeness to the Master and the strong unlikeness to the world which shines. We cannot make ourselves shine; it is only as he who is the true light shines into us and out of us that we shine. It is generally the most unpretending who shine the most. There is no light of God about a man who is always pushing himself forward, seeking to get notice from man, getting himself into print, etc. All this is of the earth earthly, and none of the heaven's light is in it; such a man's face has no light in it. But there are quiet, retiring spirits to be found here and there on earth, and there is a strange attractiveness about them. They may not be great doers, but if a helping hand is needed with a wayward child, with someone in distress, to relieve an overburdened housewife, to encourage a servant, to speak a word of hope to one who is depressed, the Lord's hidden one is always ready. Such is a shining one; such an one holds forth the Word of Life without preaching.

Our beloved Lord showed the mixed character of the Kingdom of Heaven in the sense of outward Christianity, by three other parables, the mustard seed, the picture of external greatness, as in the churches of Rome and Greece, and all the national churches, and various denominations, seeking quantity rather than quality, large membership rather than silent holiness.

Then there is the "leaven, which a woman—the false church—took and hid in three measures of meal till the whole was leavened." It is an evil leaven which has leavened the professed church, for it is everywhere leavened with the world; no separation.

Then, also, the "net, which gathered of every kind," is another and fourth description of the mixture which will go on until the end of the age, when the good which is found will be "gathered into vessels," and the bad "cast away." And this, as in the separation of the wheat and the tares, is the work of the angels; only in that parable the wicked are first gathered, and in this the righteous are first taken. Can it be that the overcomers will be first removed, when one is taken and another left, like the good which are gathered into vessels, and then the wicked go through the tribulation, while the tares are not rooted up until the overcomers are taken, and then the harvest, the remainder of the church, is reaped? In any case, the same "furnace of fire" is reserved for the wicked, although never meant for man, but for the devil and his angels. (Matt. 25:41.)

But there are two parables left, and these, as well as the explanation of the wheat and the tares, and the parable of the net, were spoken to the disciples alone; the treasure hid in a field and the pearl of great price. The Jews as a nation had already rejected the kingdom and the King, for the authorities, the government, but "held a council against him, how they might destroy him" (Matt. 12:14), and had blasphemed the Holy Ghost by declaring that he cast out devils by the prince of the devils. (vers. 24-32.)

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The San Francisco Calamity --- Some of the Buildings Destroyed by the Recent Earthquake

1. CITY HALL AND HALL OF RECORDS. 2. UNION SQUARE. 3. PALACE HOTEL. 4. "CHRONICLE" BUILDING. 5. "CALL" BUILDING, MARKET STREET.

OUR MAIL BAG

Questions and Answers

Letters for this department must contain name and address of the sender—not for publication, but as evidence of genuineness and good faith. Where an answer by mail is desired, ten cents in postage stamps must be forwarded by the writers, with full address.

N. D. W., Candor, N. Y. Who was the author of the line, "He can't be wrong, whose life is in the right"?

It is from "Pope's Essay on Man," line 305.

A. M., Plainfield, N. J. 1. What is the status of the Smoot case? 2. What are the facts regarding the two outlawed Mormon Apostles?

1. It will come up in the U. S. Senate shortly for final decision, either by a majority or a two-thirds vote, and the people, as a whole, are confidently expecting the removal of the sworn Mormon Apostle as a lawmaker for this nation. 2. They were accused of polygamous practices, and, besides, were prospective witnesses in the Smoot investigation. Their expulsion by the hierarchy was not unexpected.

N. B., Knoxville, Tenn. 1. When, where and by whom was slavery introduced into the United States? 2. How many colored people are there in this country?

1. Slavery was began within the domain of the United States in 1619, when twenty negroes were sold by a Dutch trading vessel to settlers at Jamestown, Va. 2. 8,840,789. This includes all persons of negro descent.

C. R., Sully, Ia. 1. What are the names of the members of the President's Cabinet? 2. Who is the Speaker of the House of Representatives? 3. Has Senator Allison, of Iowa, served in the Senate longer than any other present Senator?

1. Secretary of State, Elihu Root, of New York; Secretary of the Treasury, Leslie M. Shaw, of Iowa; Secretary of War, William H. Taft, of Ohio; Attorney-General, William H. Moody, of Massachusetts; Postmaster-General, George B. Cortelyou, of New York; Secretary of the Navy, Charles J. Bonaparte, of Maryland; Secretary of the Interior, Ethan A. Hitchcock, of Missouri; Secretary of Agriculture, James Wilson, of Iowa; Secretary of Commerce and Labor, Vietor B. Metcalf, of California. 2. Joseph G. Cannon, Republican, of Illinois. 3. We do not know. The oldest Senator in years is Mr. Pettus, of Alabama, who is 84.

R. G., Deloraine, Manitoba, Canada. 1. Why is the Chinese Minister to the United States, Chentung-Liang-Cheng, designated "Sir"? 2. What is the name of "J. J. B." the author of *Wee Macgregor?*

1. He was knighted in England several years ago, and the Chinese government granted him the right to use the title. 2. His name is J. J. Bell.

Mrs. S. W., Dafter, Mich. Is it right that the missionaries should press themselves on the Chinese, when they do not want them?

You are certainly misinformed with regard to the Chinese objecting to missionaries. On the contrary, a very large proportion of the people welcome them. The educated classes, however, oppose them, and have been the means of stirring up strife on many occasions. But Christians have a duty to perform in heathen lands whether welcome or not. They are commanded to preach the Gospel throughout the world, and they would be faithless to their trust if they did not obey.

G. R. S., Chicago, sends this as his symphony:

All I ask is a clear conscience, a happy disposition, a contented spirit, an active mind, a charitable nature, sound health, the love of children, the respect of my elders, and loyalty in friendship.

Mrs. G. W. M., Athens, Pa. Is there any astronomical evidence in confirmation of the popular belief that a star announced the birth of Christ?

The questioner must bear in mind that in ancient times all strange lights, celestial or terrestrial, that had no names, were called "stars." In the Bible, are five that have names, viz.: sun, moon, stars, rainbows, and lightning. Northern lights, shooting stars, Milky Way, comets, etc., were called stars. The miraculous light the wise men saw, had no name, and was, of course, called a "star." We call the planets, evening and morning stars. Our sun is a star, and, as to size, is about equal to the several hundred million visible with the telescope and camera. The sun is nearly one million four hundred thousand times larger than the earth. Reflect on what the consequences would be for such a star coming and guiding the wise men and to the house where the Saviour was. The star would draw every house to it and be burned in an instant. This light was seen twice, east of Jerusalem and at Bethlehem.

Marathon, N. Y. LEWIS SWIFT.

S. J. S., White, Ark. Kindly tell in "Query column" what being seen in the "lime-light" means?

It means being brought prominently before the public, and in the front rank of observation.

S. C., Peabody, Kan. 1. Was John Paul Jones' body preserved in alcohol until found in Paris? 2. Are bodies of the dead ever preserved in that manner? 3. When and where was the first woman's literary club organized?

1. The body was buried in some preserving fluid, as it was thought that the United States would send for it some time. 2. Yes, the bodies of two crusaders were found thus preserved in an old English church a number of years ago. 3. The Sorosis Club was organized the 19th of March, 1868.

A little hill-country congregation—that of the Northern M. E. Church of Wildwood, Carteret Co., N.C.—has a church building, but no music. They are all quite poor, and if anyone should send them a little organ to lead the singing and a few music books, they would be greatly pleased. The pastor or postmaster would answer letters.

J. R., Germantown, Pa. 1. Is President Castro a native Venezuelan? 2. How did he first come into prominence?

1. Yes. 2. He was a ranch laborer or cowherd when the tyranny of President Andrade and his soldiers drove the people to revolt. Cipriano Castro, at the head of a band of poorly-equipped but desperate men, defeated the government troops in the hills near Caracas and then, gathering reinforcements, he marched on the capital. When he arrived there he had such a large force that Andrade fled. Castro then proclaimed himself Provisional President. He was afterward regularly elected. He is greatly admired by most Venezuelans.

L. N., Monona, Ia. Who was the author of the saying, "Honesty is the best policy"?

Miguel de Cervantes. He was born in Alcade de Henares, Spain, October 9, 1547; died April 23, 1616 (on the same day as Shakespeare), in Madrid. He is famous as the author of *Don Quixote.* Unfortunately no tombstone marks his last resting place.

N. L., Allendale, Mich. 1. Why is it that some incidents are mentioned twice or more times in Scripture? 2. How is it that questions sent to the MAIL BAG two months ago are still unanswered?

1. The Bible is not a book, but a collection of books. You do not find the same incident mentioned twice in the same book. Some other writer may mention it. 2. Because we receive more inquiries than we have space to answer. We can afford only one page to the MAIL-BAG, but if we answered all the inquiries we receive, we should need three or more pages. We are obliged to discriminate. Not against the persons inquiring, but between questions that are of general interest and those purely personal; questions that neither we nor any one else can answer, and questions obviously intended to provoke controversy.

As a corollary to the story of "Mary and Her Little Lamb," Mr. H. P. Morris, Philadelphia, sends this very interesting letter:

When Mary Sawyer spun the wool of her lamb and knit stockings from this yarn, she was but a girl, and finally she laid them away as treasures. Many years later, she was asked to contribute

Russian Jews Escaping into Roumania

Hundreds of the Jews who fled from Russia during the recent massacres, made their way across the border into the kingdom of Roumania. Those crossing the river had to pay well for their passage. One ferryman, Abraham Katz, who owned the antiquated scow shown in the accompanying picture, made a fortune, it is reported. He demanded $250 for ferrying over one passenger, and, if less was forthcoming, he took their goods for payment. Once in Roumania, the fugitives were comparatively safe.

money for repairing a church in Boston ("the Old South," I think). At the suggestion of a friend, she raised a goodly sum in a unique way. Realizing that the poem was widely known, she ravelled the stockings and divided the yarn into bits, each of which she tied to a visiting card on which she had written her autograph. A large quantity of these found a ready sale among the many who were glad to come in near touch with Mary and her pet of long ago.

F. H., West Sand Lake, N. Y. 1. What proof can a man have of his having committed the unpardonable sin? 2. What is the meaning of Christ's injunction (Matt. 5: 48), to be perfect? Does it imply, as professors of holiness teach, that a man who commits sin is not a true follower of Christ?

1. The proof we should expect to see is callous indifference. Carelessness and evidence that he does not care whether he is pardoned or not. That would be a sign that the Holy Spirit had departed from him. If he is anxious and troubled and wishes he could be forgiven we may be quite sure that he has not committed the unpardonable sin and may be forgiven if he seeks to be. 2. The meaning, as we understand it, is to be perfect in consecration to Christ. That a man gives himself up completely to the rule of Christ. Does not keep anything back. Will not live in conscious sin. Such a man may fall into sin, but does not remain in it. He repents, obtains pardon and renews the conflict. He is perfect in his spirit, and even if deflected, returns to the pole-star of his confidence. Such teaching as that you describe is nonsense. The apostle John, one of the saintliest of men, wrote (I. John 1: 8): "If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves and the truth is not in us."

H. G. C., Surrey, N. D. It is a well-known fact that many church members throughout the land are devotees of the dance, the card-table, and the theatre. Has the great revival movement of Torrey and Alexander, as well as that of Chapman and others, counteracted this state of affairs, or are the converts left to do as they please with regard to these matters?

Yes, these revivalists take an unequivocal stand against the saloon, the dance, the card-table, and the impure drama, both in their platform exhortations and in personal work. There is no doubt whatever about the matter.

M. A. DeV., Rahway, N. J. In President Roosevelt's address, where he speaks of the reduction of great fortunes, are we to consider that he refers to all fortunes, or only to those made by irregular methods?

Any tax would naturally apply to all, or to those beyond a certain figure; but the President makes no specific recommendation. He merely points to taxation as a possible means of preventing the accumulation of vast fortunes in a way that would be inimical to the public interests. These might be reached by legislation; but it is difficult to see how any constitutional ground could be found for restraining the growth of individual wealth, acquired through honorable trade. There are many men in business to-day, who, by their personal ability and energy, have developed great enterprises and given employment to thousands, and whose money is made by honorable methods. These cannot be put in the same category with those who have become rich through usury, oppression of the poor, cornering the necessities of life, etc.

W. H., Pittstown, N. J. What is known of the venerable Polycarp?

He was a distinguished father of the Christian Church, one of the number referred to as apostolic, having been contemporaries of the apostles. The date of his birth is unknown, but at the time of his martyrdom, he was reported to have been a Christian eighty-six years, which would make his birth year about A. D. 69. There is no doubt but that he was a contemporary of the Apostle John and known to him, "the lengthened period of whose life connects so fortunately the men of the second century with those who had been in personal attendance on the Saviour." He lived in Smyrna, and became bishop between A. D. 107-116. He was killed in the persecution that occurred during the reign of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius.

Miscellaneous

Mrs. R. A. B., Charlton, N. Y. President R. B. Hayes.

W. R. B., Boundbrook, N. J. It is pronounced Clay-mant Ar-mang Fal-yare.

S. C., Olivet, Mich. There is no such passage. The nearest approach to it is Psalm 37: 1.

J. K. McP., Boston, Mass. One born in this country of Scottish parents is a Scotch-American.

M. J. L., Quincy, Oreg. The phrase, "underground railroad," applied to slavery days, simply meant a secret or hidden means of escape.

B. W. B., Crawford, Pa. Only works of necessity or of mercy are justifiable on the Sabbath. Such is the view held by the Christian Church generally.

A Pleased Reader. You can obtain a weekly publication called *The Gaelic-American*, $2.00 per year, by addressing 12 Dutch St., New York City. The same address will furnish you with the best text-books and other literature, if you write them for prices.

In answer to a recent query, a reader in Bremen, Ala., writes that the lines given below are by Longfellow:

Do you covet learning's prize?
Climb the heights and take it.
In ourselves our fortune lies.
Life is what we make it.

D. A. Y. and Wife, Logansport, Ind. The questions you propound are as old as the human race, almost. You will find them discussed in the Book of Job, in Ecclesiastes, and elsewhere. There are many things in our experience that we need not hope to understand while here, but these need not shake our trust in God and our belief in the eternal truths which we can comprehend. All the rest will doubtless be made clear by and by.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

NEW YORK, MAY 2, 1906

The Poor, the Outcast and the Homeless Assembling for a Bowery Mission Concert

RICH AND POOR MEET TOGETHER

The "400" at the Old Bowery Mission in New York

THE weekly concerts at the Bowery Mission during the past winter have been a phenomenal success. These concerts were inaugurated in the fall of 1902, by the late organist, Mr. Victor H. Benke. They were intended to meet a deeply felt need. It is inevitable that, in a neighborhood where so many men are crowded together, as in the Bowery, the question of ministering to their irrepressible social instincts is of vital importance. The saloons, dives, pool-rooms, and music halls are always open, and are continually engaged in the effort to make their attractions more and more seductive. It is suicidal for Christian workers to ignore the fact that these deeply imbedded cravings for physical recreation, mental stimulus, and social intercourse, exist.

So, whilst never forgetting for one moment that the foundational work of the Mission is spiritual, a vigorous effort has been maintained during the last four winter seasons to provide a wholesome and refining entertainment for the thousands of men, who otherwise live a most dreary and monotonous life upon the Bowery.

After Mr. Benke's death, the duty of managing the concerts fell to the lot of the indefatigable financial secretary of the Mission, Mr. Simon Trenwith. He, until laid aside by his recent illness, from which he is now slowly recovering, flung himself into the work with splendid enthusiasm, and raised the standard of excellence of the concerts to even a higher mark than that attained in Mr. Benke's time. The services of the very best professional talent of the city have always been cheerfully placed at the disposal of the Mission, and the excellent quality of the entertainment provided will be realized when the names of the following, among many others, are noticed: Miss Sally Frothingham Akers, Mrs. Rollie Borden Lowe, Miss Edith L. Pratt, Mrs. Mary Hissem-De Moss, Mrs. Adele L. Baldwin, Mrs. Lulu B. Cornu, Miss Lila Haskell, Miss Spencer, Dr. Ion Jackson, Mr. Glenn Hall, Mr. John Young, Mr. Edward Strong, Mr. Theodor Bjorksten, Mr. Francis Rogers, Mr. R. H. Stanley, Mr. Lucien De Vamos, Mr. M. B. DeBor, Dr. Carl Dufft, Mr. William Harper, Mr. Gwylm Miles, Mr. Oley Speaks, Mr. Francis Walker, Mr. Julian Walker, Mr. Hans Kronald, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Spencer, Dr. Edouard Blitz, Mr. Carl Venth, Rev. Julian K. Smyth, Mr. Florence Austin, Mr. Malcolm Shackleford, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Allan Price.

Perhaps the most interesting concert of all was that recently given by the Amateur Concert Club, which is an exclusive New York society, the members all belonging to the wealthiest and most aristocratic families. A spirit of lofty altruism inspired the conception and organization of the club, and has been manifested so enthusiastically by its members, that its advent into New York is likely to be epoch making. In the list of members are to be seen such well-known names as Mrs. Wm. D. Sloane, Mrs. W. Hazard Field, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Osgood Field, Mrs. F. W. Vanderbilt, Mrs. John H. Hammond, Miss Gertrude Parsons, Miss Bell B. Gurnee, Miss Edith Clark, Mrs. Andrew Carnegie, Mr. John E. Parsons, Miss Margaret Dix, Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson, Mrs. Ernest Stires, Miss Angelica Livingston, Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Morris, Mr. Wm. Post, Miss Alice Van Rensselaer, Mrs. C. C. Worthington, and many others.

When it was announced that ladies representing the "400" had consented to give a concert at the Mission, thus bringing the two extremes of metropolitan society face to face, excitement prevailed on the Bowery, with the consequence that the great hall was crowded to its utmost capacity, whilst many hundreds were unable to obtain admission. Many of these stood around the entrance, however, and solaced themselves by watching the arrival of several automobiles that, a few moments before the time for beginning the concert, brought the performers to the doors.

The Concert Club Arriving at the Bowery Mission

The organ room and kitchen were, for the time being, turned into cloak rooms, and it was a startling innovation to have the place, where, every day, poor hungry outcasts are fed and cared for, thronged with those to whom hunger and homelessness are only a vague and intangible dream. Nothing, however, could have been more impressive and beautiful to the hundreds of Bowery men assembled in the hall than the gracious, earnest, and unostentatious manner in which these ladies took up the work of entertaining them. No sooner had Miss Field, the president, become seated in the historic chair in the organ room, than she became deeply interested in listening to a description of the work of the Mission. The great needs of the place, the number of homeless men on the Bowery, the splendid trophies that have been won at the Mission, the story of Benke, his playing of the old organ that once stood in the Marquand Chapel of Princeton University, the work of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and its proprietor, Dr. Klopsch, in feeding hungry millions, were all quickly told and attentively listened to, but when the Superintendent proceeded to describe the every morning scene of the early breakfasts to one thousand men, Miss Field cried out, "Girls, do come and listen to this." And the visitors gathered around in an eager circle and listened with attentive interest.

Meantime, the men in the audience

CONTINUED ON PAGE 405

THE
American Pulpit

A Sermon by

Rev. F. W. Gunsaulus, D.D.

Christ in Art

TEXT — EXODUS 31: 3, 4, 5

"And I have filled him with the Spirit of God in wisdom, and in understanding," etc.

THIS text seems to include the propositions that the Holy Ghost inspires works of art; that the spirit of God inclines men and women to embody the blessed, personal influence which Christ brought to men; that it touched, and still touches, the souls of humanity to make the temples of religion places of beauty. We may be more able to see the truth of this, when we note the aim and method of art and religion.

Art reaches its finest successes when it realizes and is faithful to the truth of beauty, and the beauty of truth. Ugliness is untruth. An ugly looking house is a house which has been made in untruth to symmetry, fitness, and form. It is unfaithful to the relation which big things ought to have to small things, and right things to wrong things. That is, it is built on the untruth of ugliness. So, in religion, a character is a beautiful character when it is true. Hegel said: "Beauty is only a particular mode of utterance and representation of the true." Art's smallest success came from the adherence which some soul had to the beauty of truth, and people, when they looked at the result, found what the artist unconsciously taught, namely, the truth of beauty. It is the unsymmetrical that wrecks art and human life. It is the beauty of holiness that saves human life, and it is the holiness of beauty that saves art.

The Goal of Art

What is truth but universal harmony, universal symmetry; and is not that universal beauty? Art of the masters and art of the good who are working on character—both are aiming at that. The first and the last great thing that art has felt was the truth of an infinite. It tried to build Jupiter Olympus to get to that infinite. It has tried to bring the infinite down from above. These two phases of that one great aspiration after the infinite have made art. The truth of an infinite has raised art from a mere cave into the Milan Cathedral. So that when Jesus came, art had the subject for which it had been longing. In one ideal man God seemed finite; in him man seemed infinite.

This is not only the story of the art of painting, but the art of manhood and womanhood. The true is the fit. And truth and fitness must reign supreme. Emerson's words are rich. He says: "Fitness is so inseparable an accompaniment of beauty that it has been taken for it. The most perfect form to answer an end is so far beautiful. We feel in seeing a noble building which rhymes well as we do in hearing a perfect song, that it is spiritually organic; that is, had a necessity in nature for being, was one of the possible forms in the Divine mind, and is now only discovered and executed by the artist, not arbitrarily composed by him."

In all this I hope you hear the method of soul art, or character production. A character is truth incarnate. It is the truth which a man lives which makes out of what else were the elements of a daub, real and undying art. Harmony makes him rhyme well. Religion brings this truth to us, and it is the aim of religion to make harmonious, symmetrical characters, which are always beautiful.

Universal Genius

John Ruskin has said that "he who has learned the art of representing any object faithfully has as yet learned only the language by which his thoughts are to be expressed." He must possess that something which shall give him "precision and force in the language of lines."

Now, what is it that gives a painter's lines accuracy and boldness? Why, a great experience behind the artist's fingers, in his soul, which is striving for expression. And this makes more clear than anything which I can at this moment quote from the critics of art, the sympathy of art with religion, in its aims, its efforts, and its method. Here is an artist. The universe is surging through him. Life is tingling its tumultuous music in his every vein. This infinite speaks through all the ten thousand phases of these ten thousand wonders, and the poor artist—oh, how weak!—strives to tell other people what is thus told to him. That is his work. How shall he do this work? Why, he takes sounds, and pours his experiences into his tones, and lo! our artist is a musician, and his name is Mozart. He takes words, and pours his experiences into these symbols, and if he uses a pen he is a poet; if he uses his tongue he is an orator. Our artist has thus become a Milton or a Massillon. He takes stone or brick, and pours his experiences into it, and he becomes an architect, and his name is Angelo. He takes lights and divides it into colors, and pours his experiences into them, and he becomes a painter, and his name is Leonardo da Vinci. He takes marble and pours his experiences into this, and he is a sculptor, and his name is Canova. So that it is just to say that "Raphael paints wisdom; Handel sings it; Phidias carves it; Shakespeare writes it; Wren builds it; Columbus sails it; Luther preaches it; Washington arms it; Watt mechanizes it." Painting was called "silent poetry," and poetry, "speaking painting."

The Inspiration of Religion

All this is to say that the arts are the ways which the various minds of great men have chosen to express their experiences of the universal and the infinite. Now, to loyally use the experiences which man has with the infinite is the essense of religion. The conscious touch of the conscious infinite upon the finite soul is the awakening of the religious sentiment, and the inspiration of the religions life is the impulse which the infinite gives unto the finite to which it speaks, to tell, by a loyal life, what the infinite whispered unto it.

The soul of every man is born into that same great world which surrounds the artist, canopys itself over him, and carries him in its spheral march. When the infinity, who shines in that world, through it strikes the soul of a Mozart, he instantly feels the strings of his spirit moving; he detects the internal melody; he flies to an instrument; he expresses unto men what he heard, and we call the expression of it—art. It is good art or bad art, as he is faithful or unfaithful to the infinite which he tries to express. This is about the story of true religion. A John the Baptist sees in his experience what others do not see in theirs, and he loyally and faithfully tries to express it. We call that a religious life. Well, here is a chimney-sweep. He cannot tell it. He has no language to help him make it plain to his friends. But experience with right and truth and goodness, which are all attributes of the Infinite, have let him fall into the very presence of the Infinite, or, rather, have let the Infinite into him, so that he comes to my study in tears. He cannot tell it when I ask him, but he says: "I must live a better life." That is enough. Loyal to his Infinite, which he can hardly name, whose face he can see everywhere, he begins life anew. And what is that life? Why, to put into actions, words, deeds, and services, what the Infinite is unto him. That is the religious life.

Realizing the Infinite

Now that is what Raphael did. The Infinite seemed to show itself in a sweet face. It struggled for expression. Raphael had to do it,—and a Madonna came. Every man who is doing the manly part, has already felt that God who shines in the face of a dying Jesus must be pictured. Oh, what an impulse comes! And this is the great art of life, to make the portrait of God for others who have seen him elsewhere, and especially for those who have not seen him as yet. Every humble disciple of Jesus is doing it in lines that shall not fade, in glory that cannot pass away. The most lonely widow yonder, who has such experience of the Infinite as Raphael could not have, carries that experience with her, often speaking in spite of her tears—and she is writing it out in precise, bold lines, in immortal art, in the lives and fortunes of a little brood, which her dying companion left her in poverty to raise. The honest tradesman, who has felt the mighty touch of that sweet mystery which so kindled up the genius of Leonardo and Angelo, is almost too full of it to speak, but writes it in honest toil, honest sacrifice, and honest gains, to the admiration of the world.

How the art critics talk of sympathy with nature! And that was the very aim of the greatest artist of human life. Jesus Christ was so in sympathy with the vast universe and its intention, that he found out that the Infinite Creator behind and within it was the Father of all, and he said: "I and the Father are one." He explained the philosophy of his art, and it has ever since been clear. It is your duty and mine to so know the universe that we shall see the meanness and rebellion of wrong-doing. We must get so acquainted with the great Infinite that we can see his portraiture on the canvass of our life.

It is the symptom of greatness, when I see some poor man taking his will, and bringing it into humble submission unto the will of Him who could, if he would, raise him from a cave to a mansion, who, however, must have a man at that sad outpost, bringing his whole life into training and harmonious obedience unto the King, and Father, Eternal, the Infinite God. It is a child standing by the side of an almighty musician, listening so intently, and tightening the strings so carefully, that he may attain the true tone of this life and that which is to come. May this yield us a definition, namely, that religion is the art of expressing the infinite?

Now this will make evident the sympathy from only an incomplete point of view, but a very valuable discovery it is, that, as there is one Infinite, the mission of art and religion is at last the same, namely, to get it to man, or rather, to get man unto it. Art must be true to the facts of man to be true to the ideal of man. When Jesus, the eternal fact came, art as well as religion looked into his face, and was satisfied. He was real; he was also ideal. Art and religion have laid out their strength upon his portraiture, and what art cannot paint, or cut out of marble, or sing, or describe, or utter with tones, religion calls the divine Saviour of man.

Holiness is Wholeness

Many are the colors and brushes, the life picture is one. Many are the artistic forces, the art is a unit. Now, it cannot be a unit if it is not the expression of a truth. Its parts must be united in and by an ideal fact, which we call a truth. Its truth will make it coinhere. It will take the scattered colors and make a unit which all must admire. Holiness is wholeness and health, and righteousness is rightness. A right man is a holy man. He is true to the universe, because his whole character is the close setting together of the faculties which go to the making-up of a man. His truth of character is like the truth of a self-supporting roof, whose parts hold one another, and naturally bear and fasten, so that if the roof were to be pressed hard by some great weight, it would only respond with the tenaciousness of the truth itself. That is, it is right. We call a man of that sort, holy. And so the sacred books talk of the "beauty of holiness." Use and beauty are thus met together. Art is their marriage-altar. For all art of brush or life is great, only as it is the embodiment of great truth.

Jesus is the greatest truth of the human soul made manifest. He is man's dream realized. He was the one at whom the Greek aimed in his statues. He was the God incarnate, after which the idols were only poorly conceived efforts. And this Jesus has walked forth in art, to the glory of the Father and the glory of art. When he came, this passion for such as he was showed how truly he was desired by coming in all the arts and taking him as their theme. But while they took him as their theme they unconsciously took him as their Saviour. Jesus rose again in art no more than did art have its resurrection in Jesus.

Jesus the Supreme Truth

After that life so true, after that doctrine so true, after the exposition of the future so true, if a man would stand among the truest artists, the truth which was in Jesus must be his theme. So that if Orcagna would be renowned he paints a "Last Judgment" founded on a truth in Jesus. If Rembrandt would be peer to the greatest he must choose to paint Jesus and the "Woman Accused in the Synagogue." If Leonardo da Vinci would begin a new era he must attempt the "Day of Judgment." If Raphael is to surpass him he must execute the "Transfiguration." If Guido Reni shall be allowed a place with the great he must paint the "Nativity." And so Jesus has touched art, and, like Lazarus, it came forth. His truth and the truth of him have made the palette of Tintoretto heavy with the colors of "The Marriage at Cana." They have made the brush of Correggio glorious with the tints of "Ecce Homo," in which "the heartthrobs of

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Jesus, What Have I To Do With Thee?

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON, BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS*

A SOLILOQUY: "I can scarce recognize myself, clothed and in my right mind, as I find myself, when, but a few hours since, I was wilder than the beasts, for they do not cut and bruise themselves as I did. I find myself again with my loved ones at home, whose affection seems to be deepened, rather than lessened, by my sore trial, which was their's also. My neighbors, too, who have been in to see me, show unusual and pathetic kindness towards me. And they have wanted to hear my story, how my cure came about, and I have been glad to tell them, that I may glorify Him who has given me such blessing. And in my thoughts I tell it over and over again, how from my lair in the side of the cliff I saw a small boat crossing the lake in a storm, when all of a sudden the waters became quiet. As the boat came nearer, and the little company of men who were on it landed, I ran at them, yelling fiercely. But a strange impulse took hold of me, and I found myself bowed to the ground. I heard Jesus say: 'Come out of the man, thou unclean spirit,' and I came to myself, and knew that I was healed through the power of Jesus Christ, the Son of God.

"Then of my own accord, I bowed before Him, and praised his name. Very shortly a crowd assembled on the scene. I stood by, an interested listener in what passed between them and Jesus. The people begged Jesus to leave their country. As Jesus turned to depart, and cross the lake to the other side, I begged that I might go with him. But he had another plan for me; he said: 'Go and tell your friends how great things the Lord hath done for you, and go also into the ten cities that are round about, and tell the people there, and so prepare the way for me, for it is my purpose to go there shortly.' How great an honor did he thus confer upon me to make me his herald."

Illustration and Application

I. A man with an unclean spirit. Here is "a touch of nature that makes the whole world kin." But first let us consider the suggestive question, Was the Bible demoniac only a maniac? And with that goes the more practical question, Are maniacs to-day sometimes "possessed by the devil?" The testimony of experts is that about half of the insanity is due to intemperance. A goodly portion of the remainder is due to impurity and gambling. Remorse, and envy, and other sins also do their part. When Professor Webster was lying in prison awaiting execution, he made formal complaint that he was affronted by his keepers who shouted an opprobrious epithet at him, and by his fellow-prisoners, who pounded on the walls of his cell, shouting the same epithet. A watch was set, but no voice was heard; it was his guilty conscience that cried out against him.

And this leads us back to the question, whether all sin is not in some sense insanity? A well-provided schoolgirl of good family steals from her classmates, and we call it "kleptomania." A millionaire, with more money than he can use, cheats widows and orphans, and we call it "frenzied finance." In both cases there is the suggestion of an unsound mind. When a young man in a good home runs away to escape parental restraint, and spends his strength and property in debauchery among shallow flatterers and corruptors, is it not madness? The Bible seems to think so, when it speaks of the prodigal's repentance as a return to reason: "He came to himself." A little girl described a drunkard accurately as one who was "crazy on purpose." When one becomes so angry as to lose self control, he is for the time being "mad" in both senses of the word. Many hold the theory that no sane person can commit suicide. Certainly no person of sound reason can so trifle with human life. A young girl of sixteen, in Cleveland, attempted suicide by poison. She explained why, after her attempt was frustrated: "When I saw all the other girls I know going about with such pretty clothes and things, I felt there was no use living any more." Such fondness for dress is a foolish "craze," even when it does not lead to suicide. Is it not suicidal insanity when a girl is willing to sell her soul to the devil for dress, and flattery, and passion?

The delusions of madness strikingly picture the false promises of sin, as when a crazy pauper thinks herself a queen, or an asylum captive calls himself a king. Not less deluded are those who expect abiding enjoyment in any wrong-doing, and those captives of evil habits who talk about their "personal liberty."

But all wrong-doers are alike by nature in that deep characteristic, "a man with an unclean spirit." There was pathos as well as humor in the idea of the countryman, who told a rector he was an Episcopalian, and being asked when he was confirmed, said, "Never; but I went into one of your services and heard the people say, 'We have done the things that we ought not to have done, and we have not done the things we ought to have done,' and I said, 'That's me—I am an Episcopalian.'" If that were the only test for "organic unity" it might be realized at once, for we have all, in the church and out of it, that common mark of human frailty. "All have sinned" and all should not only seek to be forgiven but also to be "cleansed from all unrighteousness" (I. John 1: 9). Even when Christ has put "a new spirit" in place of the unclean spirit, evil thoughts will intrude, but there will be this difference, as we have said before, that though the shadow of the raven's wing—the thought of evil deeds—falls across the saved soul, it will not, as before, allow the bird to nest in the heart. The story is worth repeating here of the little girl who said to her Sunday School teacher: "Mother calls me good and father calls me good, but I am not good. When I do not dare to say naughty things, I think them just the same. Teacher, how can I be clean inside of me?" There is but one true answer: "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." In such a cleansing, the devil's "unclean spirit" goes out and the Holy Spirit comes in. One of these master spirits will possess every soul. In your case, which master shall it be?

"A man with an unclean spirit, whom no one could bind, no, not with chains"

II. What have I to do with thee, Jesus? There is a threefold suggestion in this outcry of the devil in the demoniac. 1. It suggests that in every soul there is a contending dualism, the flesh and the spirit (Rom. 7:19), Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, so that the soul that hates Christ is also drawn to him, almost rent asunder by these contending forces. 2. It suggests the violent hatred of the good by the bad—often the mark of an uneasy conscience. 3. It suggests that correct creed and bad deed often go together; that devils as well as Herods believe the prophets, believe in the divinity of Christ, even while possessed of the devil. The writer has seen thousands of young men eagerly listening to Ingersoll, the infidel, while he ridiculed their mothers' Bible and their mothers' God, and has noted the frantic hatred of the speaker's words and of the young men's applause, in neither case suggestive of calm intellectual doubt, but rather of uneasy consciences, in the case of the young men at least, who, having gone deep into sin, seemed anxious to be assured there is no God of justice at whose supreme court they must appear.

The two-edged story of the demoniac cuts not only the Christ-hating infidel, but quite as sharply those who in creed are as orthodox as the devil, but in deed and heart are also like him, or at least are not like Christ. A recent magazine describes religious formalism in China in two respects—children in the schools shouting memorized passages from Confucius for three years before any attempt is made to explain their meaning, and professional worshipers, attended each by three apprentice boys, who fulfil vows for others by climbing the hills, offering incense at so much an altar to the various gods. At each altar the man calls the name of the god, two attendant boys kneel at stools they carry with them, and a third boy burns incense. Thus they go from god to god, with no more real religion than a phonographic prayer would contain. A saving faith begins in the belief of the intellect, but that first arch of the bridge of faith must be followed by the arch of submission built by the will, the arch of trust built by the heart, and the arch of faithfulness—faith made full by application in the life.

III. The unclean spirits went out and entered into the swine. Why did Jesus permit the devils to destroy the hogs? Pork was unclean to the Jew under God's law. The business of keeping hogs was illegal, and here was a chance to use devils to enforce the law. But the chief purpose of the act was doubtless to give the world an acted parable, as when the fruitless fig tree was cursed—in this case teaching that wickedness is brutish, that the devil is hoggish and ought to get no quarter or quarters from manly men. When a man acts devilishly we instinctively call him "brutal" and "beastly." But those whom the unclean spirit has possessed, Jesus delivers in every age.

A poor drunkard was such a foul-mouthed man, that the people in the streets of Manchester have been known to put their fingers in their ears to avoid hearing his oaths and curses and obscene language. The women and children of the neighborhood where he lived were so afraid of him that they would actually run away when they heard that he was coming their way. That man, already half drunk, turned out one night to have his usual drink, but a little company of folk were standing in the streets preaching and singing Sankey's hymns. For some unexplained reason he stopped to listen to them. That night he not only signed the pledge, but also gave himself in his sin to Jesus. He went the very next night straight to the streets where they used to run away from him, and he told the people how God had saved him. There was not one that believed him, but at last they discovered that the demoniac was "clothed and in his right mind."

More than twenty years ago, a young man of good family was convicted of a serious crime. After the trial a policeman spoke a word of sympathy to him, and said: "If you would trust my Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, he would make a man of you." The prisoner replied with a sneer: "Will your God do my fifteen years for me?" and no more passed. Many years after, in another part of London, a gentleman came up to the same police officer, who was now an inspector, and recalled the circumstances to him, saying: "Do you remember me?" "I should not have known you, sir," replied the inspector, "but you must be the same man, for only God, and myself, and that man knew of those words being uttered." The gentleman then told how, three years after his conviction, in his prison cell these words had come back to him; how he had followed their advice, and was trying to bring others to the Saviour.

IV. They began to pray him to depart out of their coasts. The hog owners were not willing to have Christ save men if it affected their hog market. Every day this history repeats itself among business men, who often object to closing dens of evil if there is the slightest chance it will drive away the trade of a few bad men to other cities. They will not even defend their imperilled children against vices of bad men.

*International Sunday School Lesson for May 13. A Fierce Demoniac Healed, Mark 5:1-20. GOLDEN TEXT: "Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee," Mark 5: 19.

JAPAN'S FAMINE SIEGE LIFTED

The Worst is now Over, and the Relief Fund will Close May 10

NEWS from our missionaries in Japan, confirmed by advices from other reliable sources, is to the effect that the long and severe famine in the northeastern provinces is now practically over. From the latest letters it is made clear that, while the effects of the terrible hardships encountered by the people will be felt for weeks, and possibly months to come, the danger point has been safely passed, and there is no longer apprehension that the sufferers will perish of starvation. Liberal appropriations by the authorities at home, supplemented by generous gifts from our own and other lands, have greatly relieved the situation. Food is now being supplied regularly to the needy people. Besides, large numbers are now engaged on the government works, thus assuring them a means of subsistence during the intervening months, until the next harvest. In view of the great improvement in the situation, due in a very large measure to the prompt assistance extended by the Christian people of America, it has been decided to close the Famine Relief Fund. Announcement is therefore made in this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, that the Relief Work having been successfully accomplished, **no more contributions will be received for Japan after May 10. Any Famine Contributions reaching us after that date will be returned to the senders.**

Famine Peasants on the Public Works at Sendai

Rev. C. S. Davison, Secretary of the Missionary Committee at Sendai, writes to us, giving some interesting details concerning the character of the public works now under way. He says that in one of the tracts where public works are now going on there are four hundred people at work. The women get from ten to fifteen sen a day, and the able-bodied men from fifteen to thirty-three sen. (A sen is about half a cent American.) One class of public works is known as *kochi seiri*, or remaking and arranging in geometrical form the rice lands, with a view to better irrigation. Women, young and old, are employed at this work, some of them quite weak, yet carrying loads of earth upon their backs. The men work with the spade and pick. In one gang are over sixty returned soldiers working. They have returned from the hardships of the camp to a famine-stricken region, and must seek employment with the others in order to live. One of the Japanese papers, the *Kahoku Shimpo*, says: "These men who fought bravely at the battles of Sakushiko, Sanjoshi and Sannofu with gun and sword, now have to wear a *hachimuki* (small towel twisted about the head, and usually worn by coolies when at work, but quickly removed when speaking to a superior)."

Mr. Davison writes: "I am sending you photographs of an Orphanage and Children's Home (the "Tohoku Ikuji In," or "Northeast Children's Training Hall"), started by Miss Frances E. Phelps, of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. This work was undertaken as a relief measure, to provide a home for orphans and small children who could not be provided for by their parents or friends, and also to give refuge to girls about to be sold into a life of shame, on account of the distressed condition of their families. It cannot be stated accurately how much of this kind of traffic is going on, for it is carried on in a very underhanded way, but that there have been such cases, perhaps very many, there can be no doubt. The Salvation Army has been interested in this rescue work, and have been the means of saving many helpless girls.

Japanese Orphans at Dinner

"One photograph shows some of the children at meal-time, and in the schoolroom. It is the idea of the organizer to train the minds and characters of the children who come to it, as well as their bodies. In time, it is proposed to start industrial work to train the hands and provide a source of income to help support the institution. At present there are eighty inmates, and as funds permit, it is desired to increase the number and secure larger quarters. The work is dependent on the free-will offerings of friends. In the schoolroom scene some of the women are Christian young women, who are giving their time and energy to assist in this work; they act as teachers and matrons. All the children look very different from the ragged, half-fed children who came to the Home.

"This morning I received from Mr. Huntington Wilson, the American Charge d'Affaires, the sum of ten thousand dollars, in accordance with your cable of two or three days ago. Pending the formal acknowledgment of this gift by the Committee, I extend my personal thanks to you for your own and your readers' kind interest in the work of this committee and in the famine relief work in general."

In thousands of the poor straw huts or shacks of northern Japan, in which the sufferers have fought the long battle with want during the winter, there is now joy over the fact that help has come and that food, however scant and plain it may be, is at least assured. Especially is it pleasing to witness the joy of the mothers over the fact that there is now food for the little mouths to eat, and that the plaintive cries of the famishing children are satisfactorily quieted. There are still many sick as the result of the privations they have undergone, but even in this respect conditions are everywhere improving. Special care is taken of the widows and orphans, of whom there are many quite incapable of providing for themselves, and who will have to be cared for meanwhile. The urgent need having passed, the Fund will close, as above stated, on May 10th. Owing to the pressure on our columns, in consequence of the San Francisco earthquake and fire, the acknowledgments of contributions to the Japanese sufferers, which were announced to appear in this issue, are unavoidably postponed till next week.

PHILADELPHIA'S DAY OF FASTING AND PRAYER

THE latest development of the great Philadelphia revival crusade conducted by Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander, is the enlistment of a leading daily paper—*The Evening Telegraph*—to help forward the campaign. The paper has given at least two columns each day on the front page to Mr. Charles M. Alexander, to be used in any way he wishes, to advance the cause and preach the Gospel to the tens of thousands of people who cannot attend the meetings at the Armory. Mr. Alexander gladly embraced the offer, and through it, doubtless, many will be led to Christ, who never heard the message from the lips of the evangelist.

Like Charles M. Sheldon, Mr. Alexander believes thoroughly in preaching the Gospel through the press. In speaking of his work as an editor, the Gospel singer says: "I believe in newspapers. The power of the press to do good is incalculable. Let me tell you a true story.

"A newspaper published in England, carried one day in its columns a sermon by the late Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon. That newspaper found its way to Australia, and eventually was part of a bundle that was thrown under the counter of a store to wrap up packages with. In course of time it was reached, and enclosed some articles that were sent to the house of a most ungodly man. He unwrapped the goods, and, as he did so, the heading of the sermon struck his eye. The man read it, became thoughtful, and read it again. It convinced him, and he became an earnest and devout Christian."

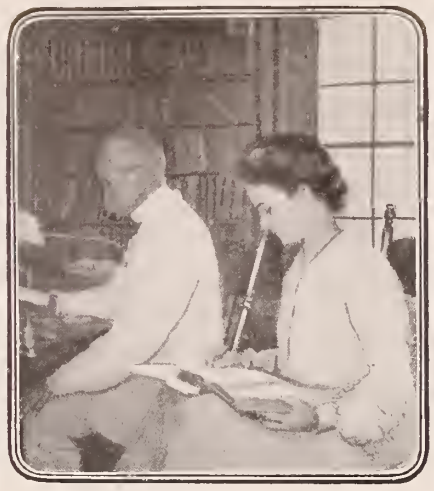
One of the most remarkable days of the revival thus far, was last Friday, which was observed as a "day of fasting and prayer," that the city might be shaken yet more mightily during the closing weeks of the campaign. In a large number of the cities which Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander have visited during their tour of the world such days have been observed, and the result has always been a mighty increase of the revival spirit. In Cardiff, Wales, such a day was observed, and it was largely instrumental in starting the great Welsh revival, which sprang up within a month thereafter.

The day, as observed in Philadelphia, was one of great victory, five meetings being held. The first was a prayer-meeting at 6 A.M., which was largely attended; the second was at 10:30, when Dr. Torrey delivered an address; the third was a testimony meeting at noon, conducted by Mr. Alexander; the fourth was the regular afternoon meeting at 3:30, and the last was the great revival service at night. Scores of converts were recorded, and large numbers of stirring testimonies were given. A man who had been in the cigar business for twenty years, and had smoked from five to thirty cigars, and drank, on an average, thirty glasses of beer a day, told how he had just given his heart to God and would never smoke or drink again. He also told how he was leaving a business upon which he could not ask the blessing of God. As he finished, Mr. Alexander was on his feet, asking him to sing a hymn in token of his conversion. The man complied with the request, and sang touchingly, while many wept throughout the building, "My Sins Are Forgiven, Are Yours?"

Dr. Torrey read a letter from the organist of a church in Philadelphia, who told how the revival was burning so brightly in their church that there had been nearly fifty conversions in two weeks. At the evening service Dr. Torrey read another letter, which made a profound impression upon the audience. It was from a minister of the Gospel, who confessed that he had been a hypocrite, and wanted to find forgiveness and peace. He wrote: "For me there is no hope unless I can this night find the Cross of Christ. I am determined to seek and find the Master this night. If I fail, I will never enter the pulpit again." GEO. T. B. DAVIS.

Baptism Day at a South African Church

Dr. Wilcox at Work on Bible Revision



A Kraal Congregation

BIBLE REVISION IN ZULULAND

YOU have asked me to tell your readers something of my work here in South Africa, and how the cause of the Lord is prospering in this field, and I will try to do so. My chief task, for which I am held responsible, is the revision of the Zulu Bible. Some twenty years ago, the whole Bible was given to the Zulus in their native dialect; but, as a first edition of a work of that kind must be, it was very imperfect. It was translated by different men, with various qualifications, at different times. Steps therefore were immediately taken to revise. At first it was proposed to do this by a large committee representing all the different missionary societies; but this plan did not work, and the committee was reduced till it eventually became a small committee of our society, of which I am chairman, and expected to do the principal part of the work.

The Zulu is probably the most important of the Bantu family of languages spoken by the natives of South Africa. The Zulu Bible is now read by more people than any other book in these dialects. Zulu stands to the Bantus as English does to civilized nations; it is the language which everybody wants to know. I lately took a trip to Delagoa Bay and found that the natives there, though speaking another dialect, have our Bibles, and all want to learn Zulu. So it is, on up the coast, to the Zambesi. Our Bibles are even used as far as the Central Lakes. You see, then, how important it is that the Bible should be made as complete as possible.

In revising the Bible, we have found it necessary to revise also the orthography of the Zulu, which at present is in great confusion. Different authors have proposed different systems, and the natives have followed one or another, or have mixed them up together until we have confusion. I proposed to the Natal Missionary Conference the calling of a general conference with a representative from the government, to adopt a uniform system of orthography. This proposition was accepted, and we have had one meeting, which was very successful. We are to have another in March, when it is hoped we may come to a general agreement on a system that shall be the standard in government offices and in all Zulu publications. I send you a photograph of part of this orthography committee. The chairman and government representative, Mr. Stuart, R.M., sit in the centre of the group.

In my work on the Bible, I have as assistant my daughter, who is employed by the American Bible Society. She copies the corrections as I make them, and afterwards she reads the corrected text over to me. Then, once a week, we call in an intelligent native, to whom all doubtful points are referred. We are now nearly half through the Bible.

This I consider my principal work, but I am only expected to give half of my time to it. Besides this, I have under charge fourteen churches and congregations, with a membership of about 1,200. To minister to these souls, there are five paid preachers and two ordained ministers, over whom I am expected to have supervision. To visit all these places once a quarter for communion, involves about 2,000 miles' riding, most of which I do on horseback or on a bicycle. In one of the photographs which I send, you may see one of our congregations outside of the hut in which services are held. In another photograph (we had a baptismal service that day), the parents are holding up their babies before our largest church building.

Besides the work on the Bible and the superintendence of churches, I am sometimes called away on special missions. I lately made a trip to Delagoa Bay, in company with one of my native pastors. We were gone a month, and I observed many interesting features in the spread of the Gospel among the Tongas of that place. On that journey there was one incident which may interest some of your readers. It was a young mother with Albino twins. These Albinos are the strangest freaks of nature. Their skin is so white and fair that they sunburn the same as white people. Their hair and eyes are also white; but their hair is woolly, and they have thick lips and every other feature of the pure negro. As a rule, they are not bright witted. The mother gave me a vacant stare as I was taking her picture and evidently did not know what I was doing. Ordinarily a native woman would have run, as though I had pointed a gun at her.

Committee on the Revision of the Zulu Bible

As to the prosperity of the work in this field, I wish I had something encouraging to say; but just now it is ebb tide. The government is more than $2,000,000 in debt through the expenses of the war and the militarism which is still kept up, on account of the fear of a native uprising, or of the Boers rebelling again. In order to pay these expenses, with which the natives had nothing to do, a poll tax of £1 is put on all natives as well as whites. The time and labor of a white man are worth five times as much as that of a native, yet the native is taxed just the same. The natives are taking this very badly and there are persistent rumors of a rising. The only result will be the slaughter of the natives, as they are totally unarmed. The country is patrolled by mounted police, and the militia is kept in training, ready to be called out at a moment's notice.

It might be supposed that they would have a different feeling toward the missionaries, who have given their lives for their sake, and who often defend them against governmental oppression. But the natives fall into the common error of classing all white people alike, just as many white people class all natives alike. This is the spirit which is now terribly rife and continually increasing. Lately, we have unfortunately done a thing which tends to intensify this to the last degree. In connection with our mission stations were some 90,000 acres of land, which were held by deeds of trust for exclusive native occcupation. The natives always understood this land to be theirs. Many of them were original occupants, and it was expected that the lands would eventually be divided into individual holdings. But these lands have long been coveted by the white people, and some of them are very valuable. Fearing, therefore, that the government would find some pretext to take them anyhow, the mission, against the strong protest of all the natives, made these lands over to the government, on condition that we should receive half the revenue for educational work, and that the lands should never be alienated from the natives. Now, the government has levied a tax of £3 a hut and appointed bailiffs to collect, and to fine and imprison those who do not pay. We did not expect such a tax, of course, and have been vainly trying to have it reduced. Nevertheless we are blamed for this, even more than the government, for the natives did not expect anything else from the government; but they did expect something else from us. This is what makes the outlook at the present time very dark indeed. The people on these reserves, who have been made to pay this burdensome rent for lands which they supposed belonged to them (some of them having been fined and imprisoned), feel very bitter toward us. They call us robbers and traitors. Some have refused to receive communion at our hands, and when we preach to them to repent and forsake their sins, they retort, "Why do not you repent and forsake yours?"

You see then how much we need your prayers. What will be the outcome, God only knows. In my own opinion, we will never get right with these people until we humble ourselves and confess that we made a great mistake, and do what we can to undo it.

W. C. WILCOX.

Ifafa Mission Station, South Africa.

To Serve as a Guide-Book

I am in receipt of the beautiful Calendar, "The Cruise of the Eight Hundred," and "Capital Stories About Famous Americans." I have now been a subscriber for the last eighteen years, securing premiums about every year during that time, and I am pleased to state that I have yet to be disappointed in a single one that I have ever received. "The Cruise" is serving a double purpose—to take me in a mental trip over the land which I have so long wished to see, and to enable my sister and husband—who have purchased tickets, to make a trip over the same route, sailing from New York in February—to become thoroughly posted as regards many things not otherwise obtainable. "Capital Stories" is a capital book.

Wheeling, W. Va. T. M. GARVIN, *Attorney at Law.*

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, Associate Editor — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, Associate Editor

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The Red Cross and the Earthquake

THE following letter, addressed by the proprietor of this journal to Walter C. Langdon, Esq., Secretary American National Red Cross, is of personal interest to our readers at this time:

"BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY.

"MY DEAR SIR:—

"In forwarding, in the name of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the enclosed contribution of **$5,000** to the San Francisco relief work, permit me to congratulate you upon the munificent and altogether unparalleled response made by the American people to the needs of that sorely afflicted city.

"The American National Red Cross, promptly seizing the opportunity presented by this appalling calamity, in the true spirit of benevolence and with amazing activity, has shown itself capable of coping with conditions that would have overwhelmed any organization less ably officered, or less loyally supported. Its instant success renders any other organized charitable effort in the same field wholly unnecessary.

"I need hardly say that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its readers will take pleasure in aiding you in every way possible in your relief campaign. San Francisco's double affliction of earthquake and fire, is one that cannot be surmounted in a week or two. The hundreds of thousands of homeless ones may have to be sheltered and fed for many weeks to come.

"All contributions received by us will be forwarded to your organization. Very truly yours,

"LOUIS KLOPSCH."

San Francisco's Calamity

ALL the States, and indeed all the countries of the civilized world, unite in sincere sympathy with San Francisco, in the calamity that has befallen the city. It was so beautiful, and its destruction has been so utter and so sudden. Sorrow and unfeigned regret fill all hearts, as the stories are received of death and suffering and ruin. It is impressive to see how the cities everywhere, and the National Congress, have promptly responded to the calls for relief in the emergency. As fast as telegraph and train could carry succor it has been sent, and all that generous hearts and willing hands could do to mitigate the calamity and alleviate the suffering, is being done. Compared with the extent of the ruin, it is small enough, but who could grapple with such desolation? Thousands are ruined beyond retrieval, and for them there is the deepest sympathy. May God who comforteth those who are cast down comfort them, and guide and direct the efforts that may be made to help them!

In the presence of misery so dire, the whole world asks if nothing can be done to foretell such shocks. Is there no way by which scientists may know when a doom so horrible is impending over a city? It seems that, at present, there is little hope of such a warning being given. The scientists are not even agreed as to the cause of an earthquake. Prof. Milne and Sir Norman Lockyer believed that it is caused by solar activity, which causes the earth to swing untrue to its axis; and they point in confirmation to the fact, that the era of earthquakes coincides with the era of sun-spots. Prof. Farr, of Cornell, holds that the activity of the earth, due to the cooling of its centre, is the cause. He says that there is a thrusting upward of the world's crust, and that the mountains, all the way from the Southern Andes to the Behring Sea, are rising and the change in the strata causes the shocks. Prof. Hovey, of the American Geological Society, is disposed to attribute earthquakes to volcanic disturbances, and reminds us that San Francisco stood on ground formed of ancient volcanoes. Prof. C. Willard Hayes, of the United States Geological Survey, believes that earthquakes arise from the transformation of the coastal plane of strata, consisting of unsettled clay, sand and rock, into the Piedmont plane, consisting of hard, solid rock. Amid so wide a variety of opinions there is small hope of warning being given of future catastrophes. But further study may lead to discoveries, of which no idea can now be formed.

As Dr. Talmage said years ago, when preaching of a similar visitation, "This is an epileptic world—there is nothing permanent about it, not even the foundations of the everlasting hills." We are at the mercy of forces we cannot understand or even conceive of. We can but trust in the wisdom and love of the Being who made all things, who is our Refuge and Strength. Then, in all the convulsions of nature, though the earth be removed and the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea, we need have no fear, knowing that "we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

The Ease of Modern Life

WE have only to look back a hundred years to realize the luxury of modern life as compared with the hardships accepted by every one as inevitable in that earlier time. We start on a tour in which we shall make the circuit of the globe, with far less trepidation and much simpler preparations than were essential even in England in the latter part of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth, if people contemplated a journey from one country to another, or from the North to the South. The roads were very bad, often quagmires and ditches intersecting them, and even when one reached a town, its streets were unpaved or roughly strewn with round cobblestones; there was no regular system of lighting city streets, and travellers had to carry their own lanterns. Highwaymen infested every thoroughfare, and travelling in mail coaches or private carriages was equally uncomfortable and inconvenient. Perhaps it was more so in the public than in the private conveyances, because, in the latter, people could select their companions, and, in the former, they were often crowded in with those who were dirty and disagreeable to the last degree. A cattle train of to-day is clean and comfortable in comparison with a public coach a hundred years ago.

The introduction of steam and electricity have entirely altered the conditions of travel. The custom of lighting streets and avenues and the excellence of modern roads, have done away with the jolting and discomfort that wayfarers once took as a matter of course, while they have made highway robbery exceptional instead of common.

What the future may have in store we cannot predict, but we are living in a period when science is marching with tremendous strides to the relief of disease, and we may forecast a time when consumption and other infectious maladies will be almost unknown. Blessed are the men and women who live in the light of the modern day!

The President and "The Muck-Rake"

ON several notable occasions, President Roosevelt has shown himself a keen and appreciative observer of "the spirit of the times." In his recent address at the laying of the corner-stone of the new annex to the House of Representatives, and while comparing the times we live in with those of Washington's day, he took occasion to point out, for the benefit of the Congressmen and the nation generally, some evils now disturbing the body politic, economic and social, and made a most earnest plea for their redress.

Taking as a text Bunyan's striking allegory of "The Man with the Muck-rake,"—who was so engrossed with his occupation of gathering straws and filth that he could not look up to see the Shining One who held a crown above him, which he easily might have grasped — Mr. Roosevelt found in him a type of those sordid natures that are constantly searching for what is vile and debasing, instead of looking upward to nobler things. They are the class who see only the worst side of American life, public and private, and who have no word of appreciation for whatever is honest and sincere in that life. They find everything to censure, nothing to praise. Often, in their blind haste for indiscriminate denunciation, they overshoot the mark, and as a consequence their criticisms react, and evoke from just and fair-minded people sympathy for the objects of their attack.

It was no doubt time that some authoritative voice should be raised in rebuke of the muck-rake methods of criticism now so prevalent, and which only serve to harden the public heart and blind men to whatever there is good in the world. We are all too apt to lend our ears to the cry of the pessimist and the sneer of the cynic, and to turn our faces away from the brighter side of the picture.

Yet even the muck-rake wielder has his uses. Mr. Roosevelt's address virtually concedes this, when he touches upon some of the questions that are just now absorbing general attention, and which have produced a more or less dangerous condition of national unrest. He utters some very plain if unpalatable truths in this connection. He would not condone evil in the capitalist any more than in the laborer, and he views the failure of justice in dealing with wealthy delinquents as deserving of condemnation equally with such a failure when the wrong-doer is a poor man. Exact justice for all is the President's motto, and it is a good one to remember and to put in practical operation.

Enormous fortunes, amassed by improper means, he regards as constituting a formidable menace to the nation's welfare, and one that must be dealt with sooner or later. Here he wisely marks the distinction between wealth honestly acquired and that which comes through dishonorable means, and he also indicates the difference between true honesty and mere "legal honesty," or abuse of the law to further personal gain. He foresees the ultimate adoption of some wise measure to prevent the accumulation of great fortunes to an extent which, in the hands of unscrupulous men, would be a possible source of danger to the Republic. He expresses the conviction that the remedy must come in the form of taxation, by which unwieldy inheritances and abnormal incomes may be reduced to a point of reasonable safety. One might almost suppose he had in mind the well-known lines of Goldsmith:

> Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates and men decay.

May the day never come when our country will be dominated by a plutocracy, and when the "plain people," as Lincoln called them, will cease to have a voice in the conduct of the government their forefathers founded.

It was to be expected that the speech would create a stir, and arouse no little opposition; but thoughtful men of all shades of opinion will agree that the President was justified in dealing frankly with these grave public problems. His course was dictated by high conscientious motives, and he stood well within his prerogative in all that he said. His address goes far beyond mere politics, and takes in the whole range of human conduct and responsibility. It is one of the most impressive utterances that has ever fallen from Presidential lips.

Closing Japanese Relief Work

AS announced elsewhere in this issue, the Japanese relief work undertaken by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its readers having now been accomplished, the Fund will close on May 10. Any contributions received after that date will be returned to the senders.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, its proprietor, and editors, are grateful to have been enabled, through the generous co-operation of our readers, to render efficient humanitarian service in Japan in a time of severe trial. It has been a pleasant service, given with willing hearts for the sake of Christ and our fellow-men. First in the field of foreign relief, the Fund has done its work nobly and well, yet unostentatiously, and without doubt it has been the means of saving many lives and preventing untold suffering. By-and-by we shall hear further about its work from our good missionaries, as well as from the people themselves.

Our friends who have shared this benevolent enterprise with us, have the satisfaction of knowing that they have given to the people of Japan a glorious and memorable object-lesson in practical Christianity. May it result, as did their gifts to starving India, in breaking down the ancient heathen barriers, and in bringing many of the sons and daughters of Japan into Gospel light and freedom.

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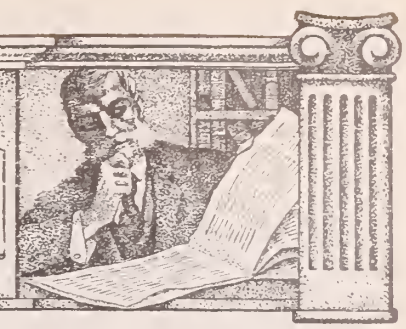
The BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER



Unprecedented Immigration

NEVER before have the records of immigration attained proportions equal to those of this year. It is estimated that over a million aliens have come in since the close of the Government's fiscal year in June last. On one day last week, five thousand immigrants passed through Ellis Island, New York, while twenty thousand more were on ships in the bay awaiting examination, and eight more vessels, which were reported as crowded with immigrants, were expected to arrive on the following day. Statistics of the nationality of the newcomers have not yet been given to the press, but it is believed that Russia is now furnishing the largest number, with Italy following second. The Balkan provinces and Austria are said to be next, while Ireland and Great Britain are now low on the list.

As may well be imagined, there is a demand that in some way the incoming tide may be restricted. From the ranks of labor there is naturally a cry of alarm. It is alleged that the newcomers will so increase the ranks of the wage-earners, that the rate of remuneration will inevitably be reduced. When competition increases, the natural tendency to lower the rates must be felt. This objection would not be so serious if the newcomers were agricultural laborers, who came to cultivate the soil. There is need for such men, and farmers would welcome them. But the tendency to remain in the cities and increase the congestion already existing, is most marked. An enormous proportion of the new immigrants are unskilled workers, pedlers, garment workers, and people who must work in the cities and add to the ranks of the unemployed. The Congress which was held in New York on December last urged that restrictions should be added to those already in existence, covering feeble-minded persons, persons of impaired physical vitality, and men who may be described as degenerates. Against these proposals no right-minded patriot can have any opposition to make. The difficulty of thus restricting immigration, arises from the competition on the other side, by the shipping lines, who are concerned only with the number of passengers they can bring, and are regardless of our national interests. Already idiots, insane persons, criminals, anarchists, and immoral persons are excluded; but the shipping lines bring in persons who are of similar type, who are admitted because they are not strictly within the category defined. The Congress urged that the definitions be enlarged, and that the shipping lines be fined for bringing such immigrants over, in addition to being compelled to carry them back again. It is the amazement of the world, that hitherto the United States have succeeded so well in assimilating the classes of immigrants that have come here; but the task is becoming more difficult every year, not only because of the greater numbers to be dealt with, but because of the lower type of the material to be assimilated. The task would not be too great for us if we had that divine power which Christ exercises on all who would enter his kingdom. He has the power of transforming character, so that it is his glory to receive all who come to him, and to change even the vilest into saints fit for his service.

Bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind. And the servant said, Lord, it is done as thou hast commanded, and yet there is room (Luke 14 : 21, 22).

A Crowd of Recently Arrived Immigrants Leaving Ellis Island, New York

A Genius Disillusioned

A veritable surprise has come to Maxim Gorky, the distinguished Russian author, whose works are admired by thousands of readers. The famous genius came here on a visit a few weeks ago. A large number of friends and persons who had read and enjoyed his books went down the bay of New York to meet the vessel on which he was a passenger and gave him an enthusiastic reception. He admitted to a reporter who interviewed him after his landing, that he had not been prepared for so warm a welcome, and his heart went out with love for the American people, already. Ten days later the hotel at which he stayed asked him to leave, and two hotels afterwards, in succession, were closed to him as a guest. He ultimately accepted the hospitality of a friend. The reason was that the lady who accompanied him and had been described in the press as Madame Gorky, was not his wife. It was stated that his real wife, with her two children, was in Russia. The story is told of her that when Gorky was seized by the Russian Government as a sympathizer with the revolution, and was imprisoned, she went from one officer of the Government to another, pleading for his release. She told them how delicate he was, and how dangerous to his life it was to be shut up in a dungeon. All day and all night she continued her efforts, begging on bended knee for his freedom. Finally they yielded to her prayers and set him at liberty. It is reported that he did not go to the woman who had pleaded for him, but to the actress with whom he was infatuated, and with her he left Russia for America. That was the reason he was requested to leave the hotels, and why certain receptions planned in his honor were cancelled. The author and his friends are astonished at American prejudice. In Europe, they say, such a domestic arrangement would not have operated against him, and they thought that in the land of the free it would not have been objected to. He has discovered his mistake. The law has not been invoked, but public opinion, potent as a law, ostracizes him. He has outraged it by a social offense, and all the sympathy that exists for the cause he represents, is alienated from him. American prejudices, which are said to be old-fashioned, refuse to condone a moral fault, even when the offender is a genius and a martyr to political oppression. Long may such old-fashioned prejudices flourish and American discrimination of character be maintained.

Though his excellency mount up to the heavens, and his head reach unto the clouds; yet . . . he shall pass away as a dream, and shall not be found : yea, he shall be chased away as a vision of the night (Job 20 : 6, 8).

A Discoverer Killed

A cablegram to the New York *Herald* announces the death of Prof. Pierre Curie, the famous chemist, who, in association with his wife, discovered radium. It states that the professor, in crossing a street in Paris, slipped on the moist asphalt and fell in the way of a heavy wagon, the wheels of which passed over his body and killed him. The distinguished scientist was only forty-seven years of age, and was in the prime of his mental and physical powers. The honors of learned societies had been freely bestowed upon him. The French Academy of Sciences had awarded him the coveted La Case prize. The Nobel prize had been given him, and three years ago the Royal Society of Great Britain conferred upon him the Davy medal. It is now eight years since, in co-operation with his famous wife, as eminent a scientist as himself, he discovered the element which, known as radium, has revolutionized modern chemistry. There will be general sorrow throughout the scientific world for the misadventure that has involved so deplorable a loss. It is astonishing that a life so valuable should have been sacrificed in so common and ordinary a way; but there are no discriminations in the ways of death. No man, however noble or famous, escapes the accidents of life to which the poorest and most obscure are liable.

As the one dieth so dieth the other (Eccles. 3: 19).

Under Volcanic Rain

The men who have been searching among the lava and ashes thrown out from Vesuvius during the past few weeks have seen some remarkable sights. At Ottajano they found under the fallen walls of a house, two aged women, who had been completely imprisoned. The roof of their home had been carried down by the weight of rocks and lava, and had fallen on the lower walls, which were stronger than their higher parts. The lava had fallen before and around the house shutting out all egress. For six days and nights the women had lived in that cramped position, unable to stand upright. They had crawled to their pantry where there were some meagre portions of food, and had managed to keep alive. They had almost given up hope when they were rescued. Not far away, in removing the ashes which had fallen ten feet deep, the searchers found the bodies of two more women. Like those found at Pompeii they were carrying coins and jewels, which they had evidently waited to remove after the eruption began. They had toiled through the clinging ashes, had fallen, and been buried under the feathery shower. Probably they might have escaped if they had not waited to collect their valuables. They had given their lives for their wealth.

Is not the life more than meat, or the body than raiment? (Matt. 6: 25).

Surgical Reformation

An astonishing change of character, as the result of a surgical operation, is reported from Toledo, O. A magistrate in that city had a painful case before him recently. The applicants were well-to-do, and respectable. They came before him with their son, a boy twelve years old who, they declared, was incorrigible. He was not only disobedient, but so incurably vicious that he was the cause of continual trouble to them. He had a wicked and coarse malignity that made him the dread of the neighbors. His parents said that punishment had no effect at all on him, and kindness and entreaties never moved him. It was not boyish mischief alone that he was guilty of, otherwise they might hope that he would grow out of it, but he had a precocious skill in evil deeds that indicated a nature almost devilish. They begged that he might be committed to a reformatory. The decree was made by the judge, and the boy was being led away when the probation officer noticed a peculiar scar on his head. He asked what had caused it, and was told that it was the result of a fall that he had when an infant. In the reformatory a surgeon was consulted, who, carefully examining the boy's head, thought that there might be a pressure on the brain. He performed an operation, raising the bone under the scar. The boy soon recovered, and to the amazement of all about him, his disposition was completely changed. He became gentle, docile and dutiful, and was sent home to his parents a new creature. The incident shows how close a connection there is between our material frame and our moral character, and how an injury to the one may affect the other. Thus, those who indulge in narcotics and alcohol do themselves a mental and moral, as well as a physical injury. Unhappily there are few whose evil characters could be cured as was this boy's. In most cases the evil is too deep-seated, and only by a change of heart can they be redeemed. That operation God alone can perform.

I will take the stony heart out of their flesh, and will give them a heart of flesh (Ezek. 11: 19).

EARTHQUAKE AND FLAME

PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE BEAUTIFUL CITY OF SAN FRANCISCO AS I

ON Wednesday morning, April 18, the nation was stunned by the news that San Francisco had been smitten by earthquake, and that the entire business section of the beautiful Californian city lay in ruins. This intelligence came over the last remaining wire of the Postal Telegraph Company, all the others having gone in the general wreck, which threatened to carry down, either as the result of the earthquake itself, or of the terrible conflagration which followed, almost every building of prominence.

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Mayor E. E. Schmitz

After the first brief message, no word came from the ill-fated city. Wires were down in all directions and communication was entirely cut off. Subsequent messages, for a time, came by the way of Arizona. Enough was received, however, in the first hour or two, to make it clear to the American people that they were face to face with one of the worst calamities that have ever befallen this country, and beside which the great Chicago fire and the Charleston earthquake were insignificant in comparison.

From the fragmentary dispatches of Wednesday forenoon, it was learned that the first shock of the earthquake was felt at 5:15 A. M. Hundreds of buildings immediately collapsed. Others were cracked from roof to cellar, and threatened to fall momentarily. The streets were filled with debris. The water mains were broken in all directions, and the city supply was wholly cut off. Aroused from sound sleep, those who were able to do so sought safety in the streets, only to find matters there in hideous confusion. Windows were shattered and glass fell in showers; walls were toppling; chimneys lay on the sidewalks, and dust rose in a blinding cloud from the general wreck. The shocks lasted only a few moments, but in that time many buildings could be seen to sway and fall.

Immediately after the great convulsion, fires broke out in many places, lighting up the semi-darkness and adding to the horror of the situation. Soon the whole city was astir. The Fire Department pulled its engines out of the fire houses, but lack of water made all attempts to check the conflagration futile. Flames were soon spreading on all sides, and a sea of fire began to sweep across the doomed city. Great structures, costing millions, were soon enveloped by the flames.

Survivors who have told the story of that terrible morning's experience, say that crowds of people ran together in the streets, many of them half-clad. As the earth swung and rocked beneath them, and as buildings toppled, the frantic people cried out to each other, amid their sobs, that it was "the end of the world." They talked in shrill voices, half hysterically. The oscillations from north to south seemed to twist the ground to its centre. Many felt the strange and indescribable nausea which accompanies earthquakes.

Spectators have described their sensations when the earthquake struck. They were awakened from peaceful sleep by the crash of breaking glass, the straining of timbers and the rocking of floors. The blow seemed to come from the north, and it caused the earth to heave violently. People who sprang from their beds grasped anything within reach to steady themselves. The walls of the rooms seemed to be moving outward, and the furniture and other articles were shaken and roughly thrown to one side. Shrill screams of terror rose above the noise of grinding timbers and falling masonry. The earth shocks were sharp and definite, and the oscillations were like those of a vessel in a choppy sea. Then, when the terror was at its highest tension, there was a perceptible relaxation, a final tremor of the ground, and the earthquake was over. But what a transformation had been wrought in those few moments!

Fire Follows Earthquake

All that eventful day the fires spread and the city was like a furnace. Firemen, troops and citizen volunteers united in the effort to check the conflagration. Dynamite was employed and whole blocks of buildings were blown up and leveled, in the hope that the fiery destruction might be stayed at these open spaces, but it was a vain hope. Everywhere the fires gained headway and went beyond control, since there was no water. Soon the stock of explosives was exhausted, and more were brought from the military stores at the Presidio Reservation. These, too, were soon spent, and the fires continued to spread until the area of conflagration embraced the business centre of the city, with all of its most valuable buildings. It was soon apparent that these could not be saved. Some collapsed with the first shock Wednesday morning, others went down like card houses under the violent quake that followed and which did most of the damage that morning; but by far the greatest part of the ruin was wrought by fire, which literally seemed to spring up out of the ground after the shocks had ceased. It is not even yet known how many died in those terrible moments. In scores of small dwellings occupied by workers or lodgers, little groups of four or five persons went down in silence to death amid the collapse. In the Potrero District, where many iron-workers live, the loss of life was heavy. On Seventh Street, the Kingsley House, an old-fashioned lodging, collapsed, burying seventy-five persons, few of whom were rescued alive. Another small hotel, the Valencia, in a poor section, was upheaved by the first 'quake and went to pieces, carrying one hundred with it,who nearly all perished. So with many other buildings of the same class, many of whose sleeping occupants were hurled into eternity without an instant's warning.

There were many hideous tragedies. In the Chinatown district, a score or more Chinese, stupefied with opium, were blown up with dynamite, some of the bodies being flung fifty feet in the air and falling back into the flames. It is feared that many persons were incinerated in the fires in different localities, who might have been rescued had their position been known.

Food and water were in constant demand, and the scarcity of the latter was one of the worst hardships. At Powell and Market Streets a small stream of water spurted up through the cobblestones and formed a muddy pool. At this hundreds knelt and drank, women as well as men. In many places men took as many bottles of liquor as they could carry out of groceries, but few succeeded in getting away with them. Wherever the soldiers saw a man with a bottle of liquor they forced him to give it up and smashed the bottle on the ground. All the liquor stores in the city were tightly closed, by order of the authorities.

Then began the exodus of the panic-stricken from the burning city, to the suburban towns and villages. The ferries were stopped, and they could only travel by land. As there were no conveyances, they were obliged to go afoot. Tender women and children tramped for miles to reach places of safety. The greater part, however, sought a refuge near at hand. Golden Gate Park, the largest in America, was a real haven for the cheerless host of unfortunates, and afforded shelter to great numbers.

Wednesday night the fires swept on, greedily devouring block after block. Practically all the business portion was now involved. Some were already a hopeless mass of *debris*. Many others that were still standing upright, were afire. Steel-built skyscrapers stood up defiant, their frames intact, although they had been gutted through and through. The smoke that rose from the ruins of the others filled the air, and hovered over the ill-fated city like a death pall.

That first night after the earthquake was a sleepless one. Nobody thought of rest, even for a moment. From the hills and beaches and parks and other places the awful spectacle was watched by the crowds of refugees. But with the morning came fresh courage, and the work of bringing something like order out of chaos began.

Of the 400,000 population, nearly three-fourths were homeless, camping out in the parks, or off on the Presidio military reservation. Thousands had fled to Oakland, or farther off to the hills, and thousands more were on the way. The people were dulled after the first paroxysm of frenzy.

As the hours wore on, they began to suffer the pangs of hunger and thirst. Chief of Police Dinan co-operated with the military under General Funston in preserving order. A Citizens' Committee of fifty was organized by Mayor E. E. Schmitz to arrange for conducting relief work, and three stations were opened, one at the Presidio military grounds (where there was a supply of water sufficient for drinking purposes), another at Golden Gate Park, and a third at Fort Mason. Later, a fourth was opened at the Potrero, south of the city, where water is plentiful. Orders were issued to the troops to take charge of all grocery and provision stores not destroyed by the fire, and to seize the stock, which was to be applied to feeding the great army of the homeless. It was removed in wagons to the relief stations, payment being guaranteed to owners after the present emergency had passed. All food stuffs arriving from the outside were also seized. In this way and with the assistance of a large corps of volunteer helpers, the people were fed. Still, lest the supply should run out, the rations issued were scanty, and those who could buy food in neighborhoods untouched by the fire did so eagerly, paying famine prices. A five-cent loaf of bread brought a dollar, soda crackers were ten cents apiece, and bottled mineral waters sold at twenty-five

LAY SAN FRANCISCO LOW

S IT APPEARED BEFORE THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE AND FIRE

cents a glass. Two loaves and a can of sardines cost $3.50. These extortions however were short-lived. The soldiers regulated prices, and if a seller asked too much he was quickly made to understand that his whole stock would be appropriated if he attempt overcharges. Checks and drafts were useless, as there was no bank left to cash them.

General Funston Appeals for Aid

General Funston appealed for tents, clothing, and food, and soon considerable quantities of provisions began to reach the city from nearby towns. One canning concern in south San Francisco, notified the authorities that it had 500,000 pounds of corned beef available. Rations from Mare Island Navy Yard and the Presidio were transferred to the relief stations. Open-air bakeries were established in sections of the city that were comparatively safe from the fire. But even with all these preparations, there were still grave fears of a famine, as the stock of food in sight could not last the 300,000 homeless people more than a few days at most.

Amid all the trouble and suffering, good order prevailed. Some few looters were caught and summarily executed, under a general order from military headquarters, but these were the sole exceptions to a discipline which was as remarkable as it was general. The people seemed to have absolute confidence in the authorities, and settled down with grim determination to make the best of the situation and to do all they could to save their beautiful city from utter extinction. It was a splendid illustration of the American spirit, which is equal to any trial and can surmount any disaster. Even those who had lost dear ones in the earthquake or the flames, after the first natural outburst of grief took new courage and faced the situation with surprising equanimity. It should be added, in justice to the soldiers, that their presence and behavior did much to reassure the people. The troops not only guarded the weak and helpless ones, but helped the strong to find food, to fight extortion, and in a thousand ways besides. At night, when the refugees filled the Presidio park, the soldier boys drove around with the "water wagon," whose barrels of cool, refreshing water were always the centre of a thirsty, good-natured crowd. The gallant, heroic soldier boys will long be remembered with gratitude.

Meanwhile, the conflagration still raged unchecked. All the great buildings were in the line of the destructive element. The beautiful Opera House was seen to be ablaze and soon was the central point of interest. From the Opera House the fire leaped from building to building, levelling them speedily to the ground. The *Call* building was destroyed next and the flames then leaped across Stevenson Street toward the fine fifteen-story stone and iron building of Claus Spreckels, which, with its lofty dome, was the most notable edifice in San Francisco. The round windows of the dome shone red and furnace-like. They burst into long streamers of flame, and soon the building was gutted. The Palace Hotel was threatened, and the patrons left in great haste, but many returned to remove their belongings.

Nob Hill the Last to Go

One of the last points to be attacked by the flames was Nob Hill, in California Street, from Powell to Jones Street, which contained the most palatial residences in San Francisco. At the southwest corner of California and Powell Streets, was the Stanford residence, which, upon the death of Mrs. Stanford, became the property of Leland Stanford Jr. University. It contained many treasures, all of which were destroyed. Another was the home of the late Mark Hopkins, which was presented to the University of California by his heirs, and was known as the Hopkins Art Institute. Near it was the new Fairmont Hotel, seven stories high, of white stone, and occupying an entire block.

West of the Fairmont stood the Flood home, a brownstone mansion, said to have cost more than one million dollars, and still west of this was the Huntington residence, occupying a block in California Street. The Crocker residence, with its spreading lawns and extensive stables, was to the west of the Huntington residence, and many other beautiful and costly homes were on the hill. All of them were swept away by the resistless onrush of the flames. Grace Church, at Stockton and California Streets, burst into flames, and at that time the whole district from Broadway to Channel Street and from the water front to Octavia Street and Golden Gate Avenue was ablaze. One of the last of the big buildings to take fire was the San Francisco Hotel, at the corner of Geary and Powell Streets.

When the Sub-Treasury caught fire, General Funston immediately ordered a detail of soldiers to guard the vaults. The building was destroyed, with the exception of the vaults, where all the money was kept.

All the parks and squares were improvised camps, with hurriedly constructed tents. The people lived on canned goods, with what little bread could be had from the relief depots, and the soldiers dealt out coffee. Rich and poor shared alike in this distribution. For the first time, California had its "bread line." Some set up cook stoves in the streets and prepared their meals there. Many who had friends or relatives in Oakland, Berkeley, Alameda, or other suburban towns across the bay, tried to get help from these places; but no one was permitted to enter the city, which was under rigid military law.

Estimates of the Losses

There have been many estimates of the loss of life in San Francisco, but none can be considered absolutely reliable. These estimates varied from 500 to 10,000, both extremes being equally wild. It is beyond question that hundreds were buried in the ruins of the collapsed buildings, and it is equally true that many perished in the fires, but the ghastly aggregate may not be known for some time. So numerous were the corpses, that not only the soldiers, but many citizens, engaged in the sad work of burying the dead. The piled-up bodies were liable to seriously endanger the public health. Citizens who hesitated to aid in this work were quietly informed that they must do their share, and so, with soldiers standing over them with loaded rifles, hundreds of rich and poor citizens labored side by side digging the burial trenches. Cremation also was resorted to, and several hundreds of bodies were incinerated.

The hills and beaches of San Francisco looked like an immense tented city. For miles through the park and along the beaches the homeless were camped in tents, makeshifts rigged up from a few sticks of wood and a blanket or sheet. Golden Gate Park looked like a vast camping-ground. It is said that fully 100,000 persons, rich and poor alike, sought refuge in Golden Gate Park alone, and 200,000 more homeless ones located at other places of refuge. It is said that over twenty babies were born in the rude shelters of the Park and the Presidio.

It was not until 7 o'clock on the morning of Friday, April 20—just fifty hours after the earthquake—that the city's water mains were mended, and the supply restored. Fortunately, too, the east wind shifted to another quarter, and the firemen succeeded at last in getting partial control of the situation. The fire was checked at Octavia Street, three blocks west of Van Ness Avenue, one of the best thoroughfares. There were still several fires blazing in the Telegraph Hill section, but they were heading toward a bare tract, already burned over, and which they could not leap across. In the Italian section, hundreds of casks of red wine were used in the effort to subdue the flames. The fires in the Western Addition, and the Mission section were also dying away, and the great conflagration which had swept over eight square miles, and licked up 1,000 blocks of buildings, seemed to be nearing an end.

Swift Justice for Looters

Looting threatened to attain serious proportions, and had it not been for the vigilance of the soldiers, the city would have been terrorized by thieves and thugs. Many of these freebooters, bent on plunder, were detected and shot down without a moment's warning. Varying reports assert that over fifty were killed during the first four days. The California Cadets assisted the troops in doing patrol duty. There were rumors of much needless shooting, and also of an attempt by armed looters to plunder the Sub-Treasury vaults, but these were not verified.

On the fourth day of the conflagration the ferries, which had till then escaped, caught fire, and the whole water front was threatened for a time, but fortunately the fire did not spread.

There was great danger of an epidemic among the crowds of refugees in the parks and elsewhere, owing to the burning of so many bodies in the fire and the general unsanitary conditions. An effort was made to get as many of the refugees as possible away from the city, and to send the 5,000 sick and injured to some safe place, where they can be cared for. The railroads furnished free transportation. Thousands of refugees were still camped in the parks on Sunday, and open-air services were conducted by ministers of all denominations. An intense religious feeling seemed to dominate their audiences. In one part of the city a family grouped themselves about an abandoned piano, and sang hymns. A large number of marriages have taken place, engaged young people evidently wishing in such desperate conditions to face the world together.

Some idea of the vastness of the ruin may be gathered when it is stated that over 30,000 buildings were destroyed, many by shock, but more by the flames, and fully 300,000 persons made homeless. These buildings, either wholly or partially destroyed, included the fine City Hall (built at a cost of nearly $9,000,000), Grand Opera House, Pacific Union Club, Palace and Grand Hotels, Majestic, Orpheum and Columbia Theatres, *Chronicle*, *Call* and *Examiner* newspaper buildings, Post Office, Lick House, Fire Headquarters, Mechanics' Library, Hamman Baths, Gas and Electric Building,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 400

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THE SAN FRANCISCO DISASTER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

Postal Telegraph and Western Union buildings, Pacific States Telegraph, Rialto building, St. Ignatius Church, St. Luke's Church, Concordia Club, Winchester Hotel, California Hotel, St. Francis Hotel, Upham building, Crocker building, Hearst building, residence of Claus Spreckels (the "Sugar King"), Valencia Hotel, Monadnock office, and thousands of others, including many palatial structures that were the architectural pride of San Francisco. Three-fourths of all the valuable real estate of the city was virtually wiped out of existence. Among the structures saved from the general conflagration were the U. S. Mint, the Market Street Bank, and the fine buildings on Pacific Heights.

It is announced that all the banks will resume business, having been assured of support from banks throughout the country and no financial crisis is anticipated. The 105 insurance companies that carried risks in the burned district will make good all actual fire losses. The total losses by the fire are estimated at something like $350,000,000. Arrangements are already under way with a view to a very general rebuilding, and many predict that the devastated city will quickly rise from its ruins. It is probable, however, that "Tar Flats" and the low ground which fared so badly in the earthquake, will be avoided hereafter, and that only the most substantial sites will be chosen for the San Francisco of the future.

The Earthquake Elsewhere

When the first startling reports came over the wire from the Pacific coast there was nothing in them to indicate that any other place besides San Francisco had suffered. By the second day, however, it appeared that the country for miles about the city had been badly shaken and that the loss of life would equal that in the city itself.

At Palo Alto, fourteen out of the fifteen buildings of the Leland Stanford Jr. University collapsed. Only two people were killed, which is remarkable considering the suddenness of the disaster. It was the richest university in the United States and attracted students from all over the country. The State University at Berkeley had a number of its buildings badly damaged. San Jose, the city of flowers, fifty miles from the bay, suffered severely; one early report came that ninety per cent. of the town had been destroyed, and that a large number of people had lost their lives. The property loss is over five millions. The Agnews Asylum for the insane, a short distance from San Jose, fell in, and the superintendent and many of his assistants were killed. Two hundred of the inmates perished in the flames, the remainder, numbering several hundreds, making their escape. The whole district was overrun with bands of maniacs, who, frantic from their awful experience of shock and fire, were a source of terror to the entire countryside. Attempts were made to round them up, but many, it is thought, perished from exposure.

Santa Rosa was completely wiped out. It was considered the most beautiful town in all California. The morning of the earthquake there were three hundred people in the three largest hotels. They were nearly all buried in the ruins. The total death list was over five hundred, while many more will probably die from their injuries. The town itself collapsed "like a mass of dolls' houses." Fire at once broke out, and in a few hours nothing was left of the town but charred embers. Napa, near Santa Rosa, has a few buildings left to mark the site of what was once a large and prosperous town.

At Redwood City the handsome courthouse was made a tangled mass of twisted pillars and twisted beams, within thirty seconds of the first shock. Brawley, a prosperous little town of five hundred inhabitants, according to rumor, was entirely wiped out.

A great flood of refugees from San Francisco sought the neighboring towns, only to find the friends from whom they expected help, camping in the ruins of their own homes. The people in the country gave all the help they could. Berkeley, which lies just across the bay from San Francisco, was the first place sought by the majority, and at one time was housing nearly seventy thousand homeless people.

The railway lines for miles about San Francisco, as indeed they were over a large part of California, were temporarily useless. The rails were warped and twisted, and in many places the tracks sank into the ground. Three miles of track of the Southern Pacific road, near Benecia, are now four feet below the surface.

A Great Relief Work

It was Wednesday noon when the report of the disaster reached the cities of the Middle and Eastern States, and within twelve hours relief measures were being taken. Boston, without waiting for a formal appeal from the stricken city, sent twenty-five thousand dollars, and then promised half a million, if needed. The Mayor of New York formed a relief committee, and the wealthy men of the city contributed so generously that hundreds of thousands were soon subscribed. Two gave a hundred thousand each, while the list of those who gave ten and five thousand was a long one. On the floor of the Stock Exchange, over one hundred thousand was collected in one morning. Chicago gave a million, and Pittsburg nearly two hundred thousand.

At Washington the excitement was most intense. Congress voted one million for relief, and two days later a second million was added. The War Department arranged for the purchase of food supplies, besides using all of the rations that could be spared from the regular army stores. Food was bought in Seattle and Portland by the government and rushed to California on special trains. Cots and blankets were purchased wherever they could be found. President Roosevelt sent out an appeal for aid that met with a most generous response.

Victor L. Metcalf, the Secretary of Commerce and Labor, whose home is in Oakland, was appointed by the President as the personal and official representative of the Administration, and directed to proceed at once to San Francisco and take charge of the relief work for the government. Tugs rushed rations from the Mare Island Naval Station, thirty miles from San Francisco, and two hundred thousand army rations were purchased in Los Angeles. Before the fires in the city had gone out many relief trains were speeding westward.

Los Angeles may well be proud of the way her people worked to send relief to the less fortunate towns at the north. One relief train after another was sent out as rapidly as they could be filled. The local bakeries worked overtime exclusively for the relief trains, none being sold to citizens of the place. The women of the city assisted in the baking, and thousands of eggs were boiled and crated; tons of condensed milk and cream were given by the dairymen.

The relief work in San Francisco is in charge of the American Red Cross, to which organization the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has already forwarded the sum of $5,000 in behalf of our readers. Any contributions sent to this journal for the relief work will be duly acknowledged and forwarded.

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The Chariots of the Lord

A Story of the Days of Religious Persecution in England

BY JOSEPH HOCKING

Summary of Preceding Chapters

During the reign of James II., whose father, Charles I., was beheaded in the revolution under Oliver Cromwell, a determined effort was made by the King to win England to Roman Catholicism. He persecuted the Protestants and had a willing instrument in Lord Jeffreys, an ignorant man, who had been raised to the bench by the king. The story opens with a scene in his court, in which the hero, Benedict Trelawney, denounced Jeffreys to his face, as an unjust judge. He was committed to prison. On his way he was enabled to escape by a girl, who told him her name was Mary. She guided him to the house of a Protestant, who gave him shelter and introduced him to another refugee, a Scotchman named Donald Stewart. On the following day he received his sword, which had been taken from him, and found upon it a message from the girl who had saved him, asking him to meet her that night at the Temple Church. He has an interview with her there, in which she advises him to have nothing to do with a conspiracy, then being organized against the king. He is surprised at her knowledge, and suspects that she is a daughter of Judge Jeffreys, of whom he has heard as being her father's spy. Disregarding her advice, he associates himself with the Duke of Monmouth, a natural son of Charles II., who invades England. After the defeat of Monmouth, Trelawney hides in a cave, but is found and lodged in jail. When brought to trial, a letter reached Jeffreys from the King ordering Trelawney sent to him.

CHAPTER XXII.

Continued

BENEDICT TRELAWNEY was silent. He had not the simple faith of his companion, but, like him, he could not feel that death was near. The vow which he had taken months before in the house of Henry Dugdale seemed to him almost like a prophecy. Even at that moment he felt that it was for him to destroy the dread power of Jeffreys, and of the man whose tool he was. Every vestige of feeling which led him to hesitate in taking up arms against King James when he had been in Holland had left him now.

"It's a long way from here to London," said William Ridgeway.

"Yes, it's a long way."

"Surely there should be a chance of escape on the way."

Trelawney's heart beat aloud at the thought.

"My sword is taken from me," he said sadly.

"God lives," said William Ridgeway, "ay, and God will bring the power of his might upon them all. Not one of them shall escape; nay, not one."

Like lightning, Benedict's mind flew to Judge Jeffreys' daughter. He had vowed to destroy them all, and yet, in spite of everything, his heart grew warm at the thought of this maid. He hated himself for caring for her, and yet he felt that even now he loved her. He knew that the blood of the cruelest man in England ran in her veins; he knew that she was tainted with her father's cruelty. She was his spy; she aided him in wreaking vengeance upon those he hated—and yet he loved her.

What was the mystery which surrounded her? Why did she help him with one hand, and hurt him with the other? Perhaps, after all, there was good in her heart. He called to mind the stories he had heard concerning Jeffreys' marriages. He had first married when quite a boy, before his name became famous, a woman of comparatively low degree, by whom there were children. It was said that Jeffreys refused to speak of this marriage; but surely this maid, Mary Jeffreys, must have been one of those children. Then the first wife died, and Jeffreys married again; but Mary must be too old to be the child of the second wife.

"Hold it up to the light of the moon," said Ridgeway

"Look!" cried William Ridgeway, hoarsely, "the bars have been tampered with since this morning."

He pointed to the window as he spoke. "They are loose, I tell you," he went on; "don't you see? ay, and one of them hath been taken away."

Benedict Trelawney saw that his companion had spoken the truth.

"I tell you Martha hath been at work," said William. "She is near to me. I feel it, man, I feel it."

Night had now fallen, and all was quiet outside, but the rays of the harvest moon shone full upon them; this had enabled the young farmer to see that the bars of the window had been tampered with.

"Let me jump upon your back, then I can see whether they are loose," cried Trelawney. "It was but yesterday that I noticed how firmly they were wedged."

He leaped on Ridgeway's back, and was stretching forth his hand towards the iron bars, when he heard a faint whistle.

"Listen," cried Ridgeway. "That's my Martha's whistle. Don't you remember? We heard it when we lay in the shaft."

They listened, and again they heard the whistle. It was low, but they heard it plainly.

"Get off my back, and I will answer," cried Ridgeway, and a moment later he answered back.

No word was spoken, but they heard something fluttering, not unlike the fluttering of a bird.

"What is that?"

"I do not know. Whistle again."

Again William Ridgeway gave forth the sounds by which he and his sweetheart had agreed to communicate with each other; but there was no answer.

"She is gone," said Trelawney. "There is no one there."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 402

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The Chariots of the Lord

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 401

"What is that?"

"What do you hear?"

"Look, there is something white lying on the floor."

Trelawney saw it at the same moment. It was a ball of paper. He picked it up and unfolded it eagerly, while Ridgeway watch him with feverish anxiety.

"It is too dark, I cannot read it," said Trelawney.

"What—is there writing?"

"Yes."

"Get on my back again. Hold it up to the light of the moon!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE window was about seven feet from the floor of the prison, so that when Trelawney stood on William Ridgeway's back, he was easily able to hold the paper to the light. The moon was nearly at its full, and not a cloud was upon the sky. The writing on the paper was clear and distinct, otherwise, bright as the moonlight was, he would not have been able to read it.

"Be as quick as you can, master," said the yeoman, "for i' faith, you are no light weight. Can you read it?"

"Another minute—yes, all right." He clambered from the yeoman's back, and then stood like one distracted.

"What is it? Tell me quickly!" cried Ridgeway.

"There are but a few words," replied Trelawney.

"It's Martha, it's Martha, I tell you," said Ridgeway. "What doth she say?"

"When the clock strikes twelve tonight, look out for a rope. One bar in the window remains firm. It is fifteen feet to the ground. Do not fear to follow your leader."

"It's Martha, it's Martha!" said the young yeoman joyously. "I see her hand in all this. Is that all she saith?"

"That is all."

"Is there no name?"

"No, only the words I have repeated to you."

"Oh, my love, my love," cried Ridgeway, "I shall soon see you again. She hath been thinking of me, planning for me. The Lord will aid her to give us our liberty. It was her whistle, master; it was she who thought it all out."

Trelawney did not speak. In spite of his companion's assurance, he did not believe that Martha Bagshaw had done this. How could she? She had no influence with the governor; she could not devise means of communicating with them. But who had written this letter?

He carried it to the corner of the room where the rays of the moon fell, and in their light he again examined the writing; but he could see nothing clearly. He tried to trace a resemblance between the handwriting before him, and that which came to him before the battle of Sedgemoor, but he was unable.

"What hour should you think it is now?"

"I should say it was after ten."

"Two hours! Just to think of it, in two hours I shall see my Martha again. Is there anything we can do?"

"No, nothing; we must wait."

"Yes, wait. Ah, it is easy waiting now, after all we have gone through. Can you think who unloosed those bars, Master Trelawney?"

"It was a man—ay, and a strong man. It must have been done while we were in the court-house to-day."

"Ay, but my Martha did it all. I want to be quiet, and think about it. I want to thank God for all his mercies."

William Ridgeway sat on the straw in the corner of the room in silence, while Trelawney tried to understand all that had happened, but his mind refused to act. Nothing came to him plainly. At one time he thought of seeking to escape before midnight. If it was only fifteen feet from the window to the ground, he could fall so far without much harm. But what of the sentinels? The town was full of the King's soldiers. No, he must follow the instructions which had been so strangely delivered.

Presently the old church clock began to strike the hour of midnight. The hearts of both men almost stopped beating as they listened. Each turned his eyes towards the window; but neither saw nor heard anything.

"If nothing comes, we will escape without help," said Trelawney. "The window is but fifteen feet from the ground outside, and that distance will not hurt us."

"No, no, we will wait. If my Martha is late, there is good reason somewhere. I tell you, I trust her altogether."

The minutes dragged slowly on, while Benedict Trelawney grew more and more impatient.

"I tell you I will wait no longer," he cried; "in a few more hours daylight will be here, and then all hope will be gone."

"Wait, I tell you. My Martha will not fail us. Look, look!"

A ball of string fell at Trelawney's feet.

"Did I not tell you?" cried the farmer. "Ah, thank God for my Martha!"

Trelawney drew the string towards him. At first it came easily, but presently he felt that there was something heavier attached to it. Yes! That was the end of a rope!

He still continued to pull, but presently it became rigid. He put forth all his strength, but it did not move.

"Ah," he cried, "we can both climb to the window, and then we must fasten the rope to the bar that has not been tampered with. Will you go first?"

"No; you are cleverer than I. But it is not you who will save us; it is my Martha."

A few seconds later Benedict Trelawney reached the window. With the exception of one, all the bars were loose; with deft hands he fastened the rope to this, allowing a piece to dangle by the side of the wall, long enough for Ridgeway to reach.

He listened attentively. Not a sound was to be heard. All was silent as death.

"I am going to descend, Ridgeway," he said. "When I am through the window, do you come."

Swiftly but silently he slid down the rope. A few seconds and his feet stood on the yard outside the prison. He heard Ridgeway clambering up the wall inside the cell, then his head appeared through the window. Presently he squeezed his body through and was soon standing by his side.

"Where now?" asked Ridgeway.

Trelawney did not answer, for at that moment they heard the loud, peculiar whistle which had reached them hours before.

"Martha, my Martha," whispered the young farmer.

They rushed towards the spot from whence the sound came, but still they saw no one. They had come to the wall of the prison yard, but they could see nothing else.

"What now, Master Trelawney?" said Ridgeway. "This wall is too high to climb, besides it is higher from the top to the street outside."

"At any rate we are hidden from sight. This great bush keeps any one from seeing us. Hark!"

Again they heard the signal which had brought them so much joy, but no one could they see. Besides, the sound seemed beneath them.

Trelawney threw himself upon the ground and looked eagerly. His heart gave a leap as he discovered a handle to a trap-door.

"Come, come!" he gasped.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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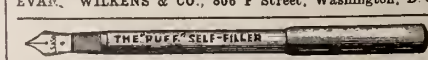

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The Chariots of the Lord

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 402

He lifted the door, and his hands quickly found the iron staves of a ladder. "Come, come, Ridgeway," he whispered.

Step by step they descended, until presently they found themselves at the bottom.

"Quick! Quick!"

It was a man's voice, hoarse and vibrating. Turning their eyes in the direction from which it came they saw a faint gleam of silver light.

"Come quickly."

Neither hesitated. They rushed forward, and saw a postern door open as if by unseen hands. Suddenly they found themselves in the main street of the town. Close by them was the White Hart Inn, in front of which was a hideous scaffold from which three bodies hung, and swayed to and fro in the breeze.

"It is Matthew Winter," whispered a hoarse voice in Trelawney's ear. "I knew him well. A man of God, a man who loved the house of God, and read the Word of God. Do you see him? Ay, and a hundred others have hung like that to-day. Oh, woe, woe! But follow, follow quickly!"

It was Peter the Madman. Silently he turned into a side street, and then led the way through narrow alleys and unknown ways, while both men followed close at his heels.

A little later they passed away from the houses, and entered an orchard from whose trees the apples hung thickly. The air of the summer night was sweet with the smell of flowers, and of the ripening fruit which grew all around.

Suddenly Peter the Madman stopped.

"Woe, woe, woe upon the wicked," he cried. "Ay, and there shall be woe! For whom am I to doubt the power of the Conqueror from Edom? He treadeth the wine-press alone; but He treadeth it. He will break the yoke of the oppressor, for hath not his word gone forth? Ay, the chariots of the Lord may be delayed, but they will come!"

He spoke like one who saw visions, and so tremulous was his voice, that neither Trelawney nor Ridgeway spoke a word. They were eager to increase the distance between them and the town, but they did not dare to interrupt the old man, mad though he might be.

"Are you leading me to Martha, Father Peter?" said Ridgeway, when he ceased speaking.

"To whom? I forgot. I must go quickly, as I said. Come, then."

He had scarcely spoken than they both heard the low sound of a whistle again. A minute later they had left the fields and entered a narrow lane. The trampling of horses' feet reached them.

"Father Peter!"

Trelawney's heart beat aloud, as he heard the voice. He knew not why. He thought he had never heard it before, and yet it seemed strangely familiar to him.

"Martha, Martha!"

"William! Oh, thank God!"

The two were locked in each other's arms, for all had come to pass, even as the young farmer had said.

In the road were two horses saddled. They were quietly nibbling the grass that grew at the roadside. Near them stood a carriage to which was attached two horses. On the driver's seat was a man sitting staring straight in front of him, taking no notice of the lovers who were locked in each other's embrace.

The heart of Benedict Trelawney sank. In spite of everything, he had believed that the hand of Mary Jeffreys was in this escape; but she was nowhere to be seen.

"Quick, enter the carriage, young Master Cornishman." It was Peter the Madman who spoke. "But before you do, bid your fellow-prisoner a long farewell."

"What, do we separate?"

"Ay. There is no safety in England, neither will there be, until God hath swept away its abominations."

"But I do not understand," said Trelawney. "Why should we be separate?"

"It is all right, sir," said Martha Bagshaw. "It could not be otherwise. I cannot explain now, but sometime all will be made plain to you. William and I must ride to Exmouth, where all is arranged for us to sail to Holland. As for you, sir, you will find in the carriage means of disguising yourself, and instructions what to do. Everything hath been carefully thought out, sir. Good-bye, there is no time to spare."

Like a man in a dream, he bade goodbye to the young farmer and his sweetheart, and then watched them as they mounted their horses.

"Was I not right, sir?" said William Ridgeway. "The Lord is good to me. Mayhap, we shall meet again sometime. We have fought a good fight together, although we have been beaten."

"The day of the Lord is at hand," said the old man who had guided them; "but go quickly, quickly."

"Good-bye, sir, and God be with you," said William Ridgeway.

"Good-bye, and be of good cheer," said Martha Bagshaw.

"Do you not come with me?" said Trelawney to Peter the Madman, as he stood by the door of the carriage.

"No, no. Chariots are not for me. Nevertheless, God hath a work for me to do. Enter, and be gone, Master Cornishman, and be not forgetful to give thanks unto God for saving you, like Daniel of old, from the mouth of the lions."

"But whither do I go?"

"I know not. My own journey is mapped out for me, but I know naught of yours."

"But doth the man know where to drive me?"

"I know not; my commands were to see you into the carriage, and then, like Elijah of old, I must go away into the wilderness. Be quick and enter."

Without a word Trelawney leapt into the carriage. The driver gave rein to the horses, and immediately they dashed forward.

Benedict Trelawney lay back in his seat and closed his eyes. For a moment he thought he was going to lose consciousness. His head swam, while sparks of red light seemed to appear before his closed eyes. His imprisonment, and his experiences that day had told upon his nerves, and sapped his strength. He who knew little of faintness or weariness felt almost overcome. But is was only for a moment. He remembered that his danger might not yet be over. Still he was unable to think clearly. The events of the last few hours seemed like a dream to him. That terrible look in Jeffreys' eyes as he had dared to answer him back, the letter which had been brought, the hoarse cry of the old madman, all came back to him, as memories of a dream come to one during waking hours.

Yes, he remembered it all. Remembered his experience in the prison afterwards. Who planned it all? Who loosened the iron bars? Who threw the ball of string? Who wrote the letter?

He tried to understand, but could not. His mind would not work. His brain refused to answer the questions he put to it.

Soon his mind became clearer. He opened his eyes and tried to look around, but all was darkness. Evidently the carriage windows had been covered so that he could see nothing. Neither could he hear anything, save the trample of the horses' hoofs and the rumble of the carriage wheels.

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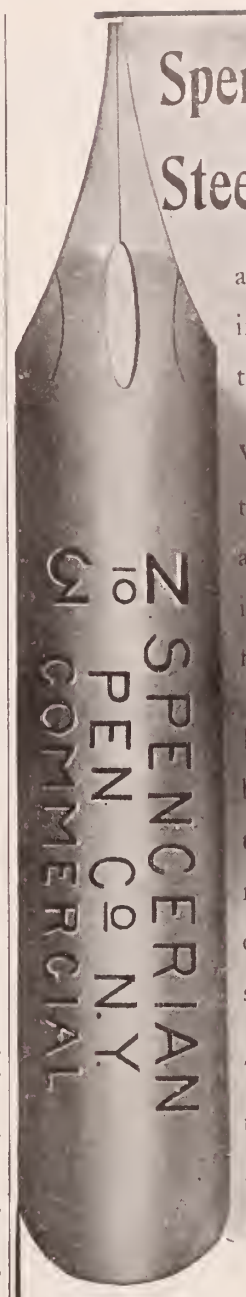

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CHRIST IN ART

Continued from page 392

humanity" found a place of speech. They have trained the genius of Albert Durer to picture forth "The Bearing of the Cross." And Giotto, after centuries, robbed the physical of its power to attract, while awe and love took up the Divine face in his picture; and Hogarth, with "Paul Before Felix," and Caracci, with "The Resurrection," are only isolated names in the list of art's great men who have tried to speak his truth.

And time would fail me to speak to you of the salvation which Jesus and his truth wrought in the other arts. Architecture put on her beautiful array to greet the King of kings. Poetry has tuned lyres she knew not of since he spake. Eloquence found her first fit subject in Jesus and his truth. Sculpture has dulled her chisels in the vain effort to tell all of him. Like music, they have tried to adore Jesus, and, while they adore, his scarred hand reaches down and saves. Religion's greatest fact is art's most serviceable truth. Looking into art from religion we behold the holiness of beauty; looking at religion from art we behold the beauty of holiness.

One Universal Law

So sympathetic is the instinct of true art with the sentiment of religion, that when we sit down to read one of the great essays of art, it seems as though it were an essay to help and deepen the religious life. Let me illustrate this with the use of an essay to which I have already referred. Says its great author: "The first and last lesson of the useful arts is that nature tyrannizes over our works. They must be conformed to her law or they will be ground to powder by her ommipresent activity. You cannot build your house as you will, but as you must. It is the law of fluids that prescribes the shape of the boat-keel, rudder, and bows, and in the finer fluid above, the form and tackle of the sails." If I turn to the greatest book on religion from this essay on art, I find that the art of manhood and womanhood has the same laws. As the builder of a house has a stern master, according to whose laws he has to work if he will make a house that shall endure, so does every soul who tries to build character find an Almighty who rules above and beneath, and, if he would make a character to last, all the laws of this Eternal One must be consulted and obeyed. The house artist has to build with reference to every storm, to nature about him he must give heed. The soul artist has to build character with reference to the strange winds which lie unhorsed as yet in the abyss of the divine soul, with reference to the tempests that will sweep upward from the deep; with reference to the nature of eternity must it be planned and executed.

Emerson, from whom I have been quoting, sings in his old age:

As a bird trims her to the gale,
I trim me to the storm of time;
I man the rudder, reef the sail.
Obey the voice at age, obeyed at prime.
Lowly, faithful, banish fear,
Right onward, then, unharmed;
The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
And every wave is charmed.

Oh, if the fluid sea, in which a steamer has to float and speed her trackless way, makes it necessary that the steamer take its shape from the nature of the ocean in which it pursues its route; so does man, a born seafarer to sail on the boundless eternity to the coast of God, find it the true principle of his art to construct each individual private brig and steamer, and that navy of private boats which we call society, in exact accordance with the nature of the sea through which he pushes his way. Shall he not be constructing a character which has the nature of eternity in it, if he constructs the ship of his soul on the laws of never-ending time? And that upper fluid, the air which is to fill those sails with propelling power, if we construct our sails with reference to that boundless atmosphere, shall not the navy of society, the private sailboat of our single life, carry in its very make-up a hint that its course and destination are only limited by the chart of God?

Many are the presentations which the great seer gives to the idea that "there is but one reason." "The delight which a work of art affords, seems to arise from our recognizing in it the mind that formed nature, again in active operation." And that is the principle of such art in human life as Florence Nightingale, or any one great in goodness. Through them you see God. They are the avenues of the Eternal. They are the ways along which the Almighty travels to the world. They are inlets to Jehovah. In them we see that behind all, lies what cannot be seen!

The Celestial Culmination

Art and religion—together here, they shall never be separated. As is the past, so always shall the soul of man aspire, and embody it in words of eloquence, in strains of music, in lines of poetry, in the magic of color, in stony grandeur of sculpture, or architecture. And, by and by, when the earth shall reel from beneath his feet, man shall behold the indivisible unity of religion and art in heaven. In unstudied but divine grandeur, the towers and minarets of God shall rise into that azure resurrection morning. Out of windows of heavenly architecture shall look the bright-faced souls for whom Christ died. But that will only be the beginning of the art which the sentiment of religion shall have achieved. For the voices of the elders shall speak the sublime significance of a name greater than all other names. With a divine eloquence, they shall pour out the symbols of immortal praise.

Yonder shall glow in the outspread careers of men and women, the glorious touches of a thousand faithful brushes, moved by a thousand faithful hands, having created the paintings for the gallery of God. And there, on pedestals of warm influence and sympathy for man, the white souls, around whom the chisels of providence and experience have run their course, shall stand, each as it prays uttering a benediction. And yonder the tuneful melodists of the soul, who have learned to live in poetry, shall pour out their strains. All these arts, poetry, architecture, sculpture, eloquence, painting, shall bring their raptures and reach their highest development there. But they are not universal arts. Music is. And, therefore, the world of religion shall be the world of art when the new, new song breaks forth from a thousand thousand lips: "Unto him that loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and has made us kings and priests unto God, and his Father, be glory and dominion, forever, Amen."

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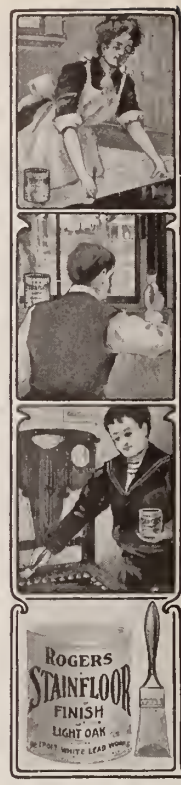

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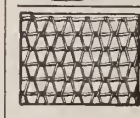

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Rich and Poor Meet Together

Continued from page 391

were singing with tremendous gusto their well known hymns and choruses, and, as some of the performers were a little late, the request was made by several members of the club, "Do ask them to sing again; it is splendid!" Under the direction of Mr. Arthur Rosenstein, the Choral Club of the Society gave the first number on the programme, a selection from Rubinstein. This club is composed of the following ladies:

Miss Gertrude Parsons, President

Mrs. Berry	Miss Daisy Nicholas
Miss Best	Miss Alonzo Potter
Miss Louise Field	Miss Constance Pratt
Miss Malvina Hoffman	Miss Scott
Miss Moran	Mrs. Benjamin Thaw

After a delightful violin solo by Miss Katherine Barney—a *berceuse*, by Godard—Miss Field, the President, was introduced. The enthusiastic character of her reception showed how deeply the men appreciated, not only the fine performance, but the kind and gracious manner in which she had treated her poor brethren of the Bowery. Miss Field possesses a superb voice, and was by no means sparing in her use of it, as, during the evening she gave at least half a dozen selections, and was repeatedly encored. Miss Marie Kieckhoefer, the Secretary of the Club, also threw herself into the work of the evening with great enthusiasm. Miss Dorothea Miller took the violin part of the trio, and Miss Pauline Robinson gave two beautiful piano solos in excellent style. During the latter performance, Mr. Evert Wendell, the well-known philanthropist and club man, entered the hall and ascended the platform. His genial manner and vigorous singing captivated the men.

The concluding feature was another beautiful chorus by the choral club: "Trust in the Lord," set to the music of Handel's glorious *Largo*. This was accompanied by two violins, violoncello, and piano. It was so impressive and uplifting that, at the special request of Mrs. Bird and the Superintendent, the members gave it a second time. Speaking of it afterward, Miss Field remarked, "We always like to conclude our concerts with something of that kind, as we are anxious for people to know that whatever we do to bless and help others is the outcome of the Christ love in our hearts."

Surely, with a noble sentiment like this actuating and moving the hearts of the wealthy and influential, we may hope for the dawn of a day in which the bond of the true Christ-love shall bind rich and poor together in a redeemed and readjusted society. J. G. H.

How to Help the Mission

The Bowery Mission is at this time of the year in urgent need of men's clothing. Hundreds of workless men might be enabled to secure positions with a little assistance in this direction. Readers who are disposed to help, should kindly communicate with the Superintendent, 55 Bowery, New York City.

Among the Workers

—A Jewish Missionary Training School will be opened in New York in October next, with Rev. Thomas H. Chalmers as principal.

—Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Baker, singing evangelists of Brooklyn, have lately been holding meetings for men, under Y.M.C.A. auspices, with marked success.

—Rev. Geo. W. Schiverea, the Brooklyn evangelist, has a large Gospel wagon, with a seating capacity of twenty-five, in which he conducts out-door services.

—Richard E. Lewis, children's evangelist, has been conducting revival meetings among the little people of Norman, O. T. There were nearly four hundred professions of faith as the result.

—Evangelist Charles N. Hunt, of St. Louis, Mo., recently closed a series of meetings in Pittsburg, Kan., and is about to begin a citizens' religious movement at Zumbrota, Minn., in which several Christian churches are to combine.

—The revival just closed at Livingston, Mont., was the most sweeping ever held there, reaching many business and professional men. The spiritual tone of the city has never been before as it is now. The meetings were in charge of Evangelist C. R. Haudenschield.

— S. K. L. Emurian, the Armenian singer-evangelist, has just closed a series of meetings in Medina, N. Y., which have proved very successful. He next goes to Lockport. Mr. Emurian is a graduate of Anatolia College, Turkey, and Oberlin College, Ohio. He is the son of a Congregational minister, who has preached the Gospel in Armenia for forty years.

A Rare Bible Collection

SOMETIME ago, Mr. W. W. Seeley, of Brooklyn, presented to the Brooklyn Y. M. C. A. a valuable historic collection of Bibles, which are now to be seen in a special case in the rooms of the Association, at No. 502 Fulton Street. These rare Bibles were the property of Mr. Seeley's father, who was a Presbyterian minister and an ardent collector, and they represent years of effort. The following constitute the collection:

Biblia Latina..... Basle. 1491
Bible, that is the Holy Scripture of the Olde and New Testament..... London, 1576
Holy Bible—The Royal Standard, issue of the first edition, 1611 Version (known as King James' Version)..... London, 1611
Holy Bible, with Psalms in metre, Edinburgh, 1720
Holy Bible—The Revised Version, Oxford, 1885

Also

Facsimile reprint of the "first English printed Bible"..... London, 1535
Bishops' Bible ..... London, 1595
First carefully revised 1611 Version, Cambridge, 1629
Hebrew Bible 1720
New Testament in Ancient Greek, 1829

The Basle Latin Bible was printed a year before Columbus discovered America. The London 1576 Bible was the first English Edition of the Geneva Version of 1560, and is known as the "Breeches Bible," owing to the use of that term in the story of Genesis. Others of almost equal interest are the Bishops' Bible (1595), and the reprint of Myles Coverdale's first English Bible of 1535.

Many noted scholars have become interested in this collection of Bibles, which is appropriately placed in that section of the reference library devoted to the use of Bible teachers and students. Mr. Seeley received a vote of thanks for his notable gift.

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New Climbing Rose, CRIMSON RAMBLER—The plant is of vigorous growth, making shoots from eight to ten feet during the season, rendering it a charming pillar Rose. One of the striking characteristics of this Rose is its remarkable color, which is of the *brightest crimson*, remaining undimmed to the end. It is exceedingly hardy, having successfully withstood the test in exposed situations of two very severe Winters.

The Coppery-Yellow Rose, MLLE. FRANCISKA KRUGER—The striking color of this handsome Rose places it at once in the front as a bud producer in the open air. In its shading of deep coppery-yellow it stands unique and distinct from all others.

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The Prolific STAR OF LYON—This magnificent Tea Rose is *a rich golden-yellow;* a strong, healthy and vigorous grower; immense bloomer, bearing flowers and buds early and late. The flowers are very deep, rich and full, excellent substance, very sweet. Surely one of the very best and most beautiful yellow Tea Roses for general planting ever introduced. Remarkably hardy.

The Beautiful Rose, THE BRIDESMAID—The most popular *pink Tea Rose.* Thousands of this variety are grown every year for cut-flowers; it is also very desirable for Summer bedding out of doors. It is a delightful shade of bright pink, very fine flowering and easily grown.

We will send the above collection of six **FINE ROSES,** together with **The Hearthstone** three months on trial for only *Twenty five Cents.* The Hearthstone is the best story and family publication for the price in this country. It prints the best stories that money will buy, and its departments, **The Home Nook, The Social Circle, Pets and Plants, Late Fashions, Boys and Girls,** make it a complete family journal, and of peculiar interest to the ladies. *This is the best offer of the kind ever made,* and all who desire to secure a grand publication full of the best reading matter, and wish to adorn their gardens and homes with beautiful **ROSES** should accept it at once. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Remit by money order, or in silver if sent in a strong envelope. Postage stamps taken. The Hearthstone has been regularly and successfully published for 15 years. Address **THE HEARTHSTONE PUBLISHING CO., 52 Duane Street, New York.**

Investing Our Lives*

THERE are some men whose support to a cause, or adherence to a leader, is to be gained only by showing them what they will gain by that course. How Christ's spirit must have been grieved when Peter, reminding him of the sacrifice the disciples had made for him, asked: "What shall we have therefore?" What are you going to give us for what we have given up? Think of what Christ had given up that he might save the world! And then the disciple, whose heart Christ might have supposed he had won, asks him what he shall receive! At the close of his life, Peter would not have asked that question. He had learned more of Christ then—more of that higher spirit that does the right and the true thing, regardless of whether loss or gain will come of it. It is the curse of Christianity to-day that its leaders are perpetually presenting to the church the idea of Christianity as an investment. The gross, sordid, mean-spirited notion of "Investing our Lives" is a disgrace to any man who professes to be a follower of Him who gave himself a sacrifice for the world.

The commercial spirit has eaten its way into our very souls. We are told that we must abstain from evil, renounce the world and its pleasures, go regularly to church, and contribute to the cause, and in return we shall walk the golden streets, handle the huge jewels that form the foundations of the eternal city, play on golden harps, and witness with a grim delight the wicked suffering tortures in perdition. That is the idea of a good investment, time and life sacrificed for an eternal reward. The man who enters the Christian church with the idea that he is making an investment, has much to learn. He has to learn of the love that constrains; of the spirit that forgets itself; of the self-sacrifice that, like Christ, gives up all for others; of the joy of service, which is its own reward. That the investment pays, there is no doubt, but the man that treats it as an investment, who makes the reward his motive, has missed the cardinal principle of Christianity. "When saw we thee hungry?" those on the right hand asked of Christ. They were astonished at the reward. They had done the Christlike acts out of pure love and compassion, and wondered that they were to be rewarded. The idea of investment had not occurred to them. They followed Christ in his spirit of love, forgetting themselves.

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What the Miracles Teach†

SIGNS were necessary to prove Christ's authority as a messenger from God. Before the people could realize that he was himself a manifestation of the Godhead, they must learn to receive him as one sent. God recognized this fact when he sent Moses on his mission to Egypt. "How will they know that thou hast sent me?" he asked, and God gave him power to work a miracle. "Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe," Christ said. He did not desire to be known as a wonder-worker, but always to have the people infer from the wonder done, the power and authority that was in him. They must learn from the deliverance from physical ills, that he could deliver the soul from sin. He restored the leper, that they might know he could cleanse the heart; he gave sight to the blind, that they might know he could give spiritual vision; he gave strength to the lame feet, as he could enable the soul crippled by sin to walk in the ways of righteousness; he raised the dead, that men might know he was the resurrection and the life. As he explained to the Pharisees, they must argue from the seen to the unseen, from the physical to the spiritual. "Thy sins are forgiven," he said to the sick of the palsy. But the people might say, "It is easy for a man to say that. How do we know whether they are forgiven?" How could he prove it? The only way was the way he took: he cured the man's disease. "That ye may know," he said, "that I have the power to forgive sins."

It was remarkable how Jesus craved confidence in himself. He honored faith wherever he found it. "Believest thou," he asked in one instance, "that I am able to do this?" The woman that touched the hem of his garment touched the very essence of his being. He felt that virtue had gone out of him. The centurion who regarded diseases as under Christ's orders, pleased him exceedingly. He had not found so great faith, no, not in Israel. The personal element, the faith in himself, was always very precious to him. He carried the same reward beyond the sufferer. The faith of those who pleaded for their children, or their friends, met ready response. And the converse was true, for there was one occasion when even he could work no miracle because the people did not believe. Always faith, faith in him won the victory, and it is so still. It is faith still that brings the blessing.

*Topic of the Epworth League for May 13. Matt. 13: 44-46; Luke 5: 11; 14: 28-33; John 12: 25; I. Cor. 9: 19-23; Acts 20: 11-24; II. Timothy 4: 6-8.

†Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for May 13: "The lessons from Christ's miracles of healing," Matt 9: 27-34; 25: 31-40.

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Answered Prayers

F. A. S., Oklahoma. "I prayed to God, and he answered my prayer and blessed me."

Reader, Illinois. "I wish to gratefully acknowledge God's loving kindness to me in answering prayers. 'He is faithful that promised.'"

Mrs. A. B., New Hampshire. "Your 'Answered Prayer' column has helped me very much. I have had one answered that was truly wonderful."

A Subscriber, Indiana. "I wish to acknowledge, through the 'Answered Prayer' column, God's goodness in answering my prayer for the healing of a loved one."

A. B., Wisconsin. "I want to give in my testimony to Answered Prayers. Many are the prayers the Lord has answered for me. He is just the same to-day; he has not changed, but his love and power is just the same. Praise his holy name."

Mrs. N. G., Michigan. "I also wish to add my testimony to the long list of answered prayers. I called upon the Lord in prayer, he heard me, and has removed the trouble for which I prayed. He has answered my cry many times, and I praise his great and holy name."

J. N. S., New York, wishes to publicly acknowledge God's goodness and mercy in answer to prayer. I know from personal experience that our heavenly Father hears and answer prayer, if we ask him in faith believing. When our prayers are not answered, I feel that he knows best.

Mrs. S. K., Pennsylvania. "An old subscriber wishes to acknowledge prayer answered in behalf of a dear friend who was heavily burdened. The burden has been removed, for which I am truly thankful. This is only one of many prayers to which my Heavenly Father has listened."

H. C. B., New York. "I am a constant reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and am much interested in the 'Answered Prayer' column, and as I have great faith in prayer myself, I would like to give my testimony. I called on the Lord in my trouble; he heard me, and removed the burden, for which I am truly thankful. Cast thy burden on the Lord and he shall sustain thee."

Mrs. P. E., Wisconsin. "I know my husband was converted in answer to prayer. His health was poor, and for over six years I had prayed that God would not take him from this world until he could say, 'Thy will be done.' He went to his heavenly home praising God, and I am sure a dear daughter has also been converted in answer to prayer. I just praise God's holy name for his kindness to me."

Mrs. K. W. E., Pennsylvania. "In looking back over my checkered life of fifty years, I am filled with awe at the Divine Power that led me so carefully along the rugged path, answering my earnest prayers many times, far exceeding the asking, when I was 'hedged in' the tightest places and all was darkness. I am so glad to testify that our dear Lord does answer earnest prayer in his own good time and way."

C. B. S., Indiana. "Some time ago I earnestly prayed that the dear Lord would spare the life of a dear brother who was very ill. The Lord heard and answered my humble prayer, and I take this method of telling the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD that I know the Lord hears and answers prayers. Often I have gone to him when I was in trouble and he has helped me. I ask an interest in the prayers of all Christian people everywhere."

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One of the most important discoveries of late is the application of the right kind of food to rebuild the lost substances of the body, thrown off by the active, nervous work of Americans.

Careful investigation by experts in food and diatetics, has brought out the fact that albumen, which is contained in various foods, is acted upon by phosphate of potash, not such as obtained in drug stores, but such as is found in certain parts of the field grains in most minute particles, arranged in Nature's laboratory, not man's.

The part of the grains containing phosphate of potash is used in the manufacture of Grape-Nuts food, therefore the active, nervous, pushing brain-worker can feed the body with food that goes directly to the rebuilding of the broken-down gray matter in the brain, solar plexus and nerve centres all over the body, with the result that the individual who refreshes and rebuilds the body with proper material of this sort, obtains a definite result, which he can feel and know of and which is apparent to his friends.

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so they can do their work in the shortest and best way, you will have few occasions to insert a "HELP WANTED" advertisement.

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GENERAL USES FOR GOLD DUST | Washing clothes and dishes, cleaning pots and pans, scrubbing floors, cleaning refrigerators, cleaning wood work, oil cloth, silverware and tinware, polishing brass work, cleaning bath room, pipes, etc., softening hard water and making the finest soft soap.

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Simply write us a postal card saying "*send me your catalogues and free trial offer*" and we will send you by return mail, **free, postpaid,** the handsomest **art catalogue** of the season and our **new and marvelous propositions,** the **most liberal bicycle offers** ever made by any house.

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make 2 flavors at 1 freezing.

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Made by the makers of the Lightning, Gem and Blizzard Freezers, the American Twin has all their patented improvements:—durable pails bound with electric welded wire hoops, cans with drawn steel bottom that cannot fall out and automatic scrapers, insuring velvety, smooth cream; and, in addition, has unique divided can, double dasher and rocking lever.

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If you have rheumatism cut out this free dollar coupon and send it to us with your name and address plainly written on the blank lines. Return mail will bring you—free to try—a Dollar pair of the famous Magic Foot Drafts, the great Michigan remedy for rheumatism. They are relieving very bad cases of every kind of rheumatism, both chronic and acute, no matter how severe. They are relieving cases of 30 and 40 years suffering, after doctors and baths and medicines had failed. Send us the coupon to-day. When the Drafts come, try them. If you are satisfied with the benefit received—then you can send us One Dollar. If not, we take your simple say so, and the Drafts cost you absolutely nothing. Aren't they worth trying on that basis? Our faith is strong that they will relieve you, so cut out and send the coupon to-day to Magic Foot Draft Co., R A 5 Oliver Bldg., Jackson, Mich. Send no money—just the coupon.

Under Demoniac Power

By Mrs. M. Baxter

THE works of the devil are all around us. When in the beginning "God saw everything that he had made, . . . behold, it was very good." But since then, lying has taken the place of truth, injustice has usurped the place of justice, uncleanness of purity, drunkenness of sobriety, sickness has taken the place of health, and man has attempted to take the place of God. "An enemy hath done this," the adversary of God and man has brought ruin upon the work of God, which was "very good." But "for this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil." Let us not think that Jesus exists in order to do this work; he exists for and in himself, as one with the Father; but he was manifested as Man. He lived and died, that he might not only frustrate, but even destroy the works of the devil.

Therefore there is no room to despair of any living man (Luke 6: 35, R.V. marg), Jesus was manifested that he might destroy the drunkenness of the drunkard, the slavery of the opium-eater, the filthiness of the unclean, the worldliness of the worldly, the untruthfulness of the liar, the unrighteousness of the thief, the wickedness of the swearer and blasphemer, and conquer all the power of sin. He did not come only to cover over, as with a huge cloak, all the sin of man, but, while giving us, as our only fitness for God's presence, his own merits, He came to deliver us, to rid us from the sin which has grieved him and debased us.

What gain would it be to us, that we had good clothing over the filthy rags of our sin, if that sin itself was left contaminating and soiling us? Jesus came to "destroy the works of the devil," "that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin" (Rom. 6:6). It is true that "if we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us" (I. John 1:8). "Sin is the transgression of the law," but the law of Mount Sinai, and "the perfect law of liberty" (James 1:25) are very different. A man may be fully delivered from lying, stealing, committing adultery, from wanting in love to God, from dishonoring his name or his day, who yet may fail much as being "under the law to Christ" (I. Cor. 9:21): he may comprehend but little those principles of not resisting evil, of loving one's enemies, of losing one's life, and denying oneself, which, though not mentioned in the Old Testament, are the very essence of the divine principles and the divine life; Christ in us.

He who is the devil's Conqueror and nature's Lord, had just reduced the winds and waves to perfect calmness when, with his disciples, he came "unto the other side of the sea, into the country of the Gadarenes." No rest for Jesus there. We are not told whether he had resumed his interrupted sleep after he had quieted the waves: but this we know, that, as a Man, he accepted sleep and all else, direct from his heavenly Father, and he knew that his Father would provide enough. He who could multiply loaves of bread to feed a multitude could also stretch the rest of sleep beyond its usual limit.

There was one miserable creature who had seen Jesus afar off, and "he ran and worshiped him." The poor, unhappy being was possessed with an unclean spirit, he could find no rest, and dwelt alone, not among living men, but "among the tombs." What a picture of an unconverted man! How he shuns those who are alive unto God; he knows not their language, cannot follow their pursuits, feels a stranger among them, he is always among the "dead in trespasses and sins." Amidst the drunkards and unclean, even though he be not so unclean as they, he has some common feeling: he is not so utterly alone there: he can exist with sinners, but he finds saints intolerable.

I Can Make You Well, Strong and Beautiful

MISS COCROFT AT HER DESK

EVERY WOMAN should preserve her health, strength, beauty, poise and, with these, her happiness. It is my success in treating nearly 18,000 women and my knowledge of what my work has done for them that makes me know I can do as much for you.

Let me give you a perfectly balanced organism. Let me direct your breathing, your exercise, your diet; let me give you a perfect blood supply and circulation; a nervous system in harmony with itself and the rest of your body, each nerve center properly directing the organ it controls. The resultant strong vitality will enable you to resist disease, and I will make you what you were intended to be—strong, happy, graceful, beautiful—loving and beloved, with a mental calm which is life power and true beauty, making your life a satisfaction to yourself, making you the delight and admiration of your friends.

Only 15 Minutes a Day Give me 15 minutes of your time each day, in your own home, by following my simple directions. Just a little care is all you need to make you the ideal woman of your type. Do not say it is impossible, that nature has not given you the first requirements of health and beauty—I know it is possible; I have accomplished it for thousands.

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I Keep Women Young Do you think "True Motherhood" means devotion of mother to her family and neglect of herself? True?—No, the true mother is true to her sacred duty of preserving and protecting herself, that she may be of greatest service to her family. The mother needs health, strength, and lightness of heart that she may be a true wife—the delight of her husband, his joy, rest, social help and inspiration, not a slaving, suffering dead weight for his pity. The true mother keeps well, beautiful and young, that she may enjoy the confidence and admiration of her children.

If you could sit beside me, at my desk, I could, if I would, show you, daily, hundreds of letters from pupils I have helped. I never violate a confidence, never show a letter without permission; but here are a few snatches from one morning's mail:

I wish every nervous teacher could know what benefit is to be derived from your physical culture.

I have lost 73 pounds, and was never better. I look ten years younger.

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Just think how I have gained, since I began with you, from 112 to 137½ lbs. in one year.

My catarrh and lungs are much better and my body, which was a bony, crooked structure, is actually beginning to look like your picture of correct poise.

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Just think, Miss Cocroft, before I took up your work I could not eat anything without the greatest distress, and now I think I could DIGEST TACKS. I am so happy.

How to Stand and Walk Remember, I give you personal instruction, after careful study of your symptoms and condition. Upon request, I will send you a booklet showing you how to stand and walk correctly, with a card of correct poise for your dressing table—**free.**

Personal Instructions Besides the Book and poise card, in answer to your first inquiry, is included my personal examination of your symptoms and my first advice to you. Write me fully about your case, also letting me know your faults of figure, etc. I will then make a personal study of your case and will let you know whether I can help you or not. Your letter will be held in strict confidence.

I never publish letters without special permission, though I can send you hundreds of testimonials from women I have helped, who are only too glad to have me show their letters.

SUSANNA COCROFT, 57 Washington Street, Dept. 18 CHICAGO
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NOTE—Miss Cocroft, as President of Physical Culture Extension Work in America, needs no further introduction.

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Dept. 18

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Round shouldered
Superfluous flesh
Prominent hips
Protruding abdomen
Height
Weight
Do you stand correctly
Thin chest
Thin bust
Thin neck
Complexion
Do you walk gracefully
Weakness
Lame back
Dullness
Irritable
Nerves
Headaches
Catarrh
Dizziness
Indigestion
Constipation
Liver
Kidneys
Lungs
Heart
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Rheumatism
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Is your health or figure imperfect in any way not mentioned here?
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What is your age?
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One of the earliest photographs taken

The Conflagration in the Heart of San Francisco's Business District

OUR MAIL BAG

Questions and Answers

EVERY now and then inquiries reach this office, from generously-inclined friends, for the proper legal designation of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD charities. While the benevolent work of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD extends over the whole world, its special charities are the Bowery Mission and our Children's Home. The corporate name of the Bowery Mission is as follows: "The Bowery Mission and Young Men's Home of New York City." The proper designation of the Children's Home is as follows: "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home at Nyack, New York." Both are duly incorporated and entitled to receive legacies.

J. S. B., Lyons, N. Y. Why are members of the Masonic Order invited by our Presidents to lay the corner-stones of public buildings, and even of churches, in which, surely, a religious ceremony would be appropriate?

We doubt if the corner-stone of any church has ever been laid without a religious observance. Even when Freemasons have performed the actual ceremony, there is always singing and prayer and generally a religious address. As to the public buildings, we have no right to speak. Most of the Presidents, like George Washington and William McKinley, were members of the Masonic Order, and we suppose they saw, from their inside knowledge of its functions, some propriety in the work being done by members of that Order.

W. J. C., Louisville, Ky. Who is the person described in II Thessalonians 2 : 3, 4 as the Man of Sin?

The same potentate whom Daniel describes (7 : 25, 26), who in Revelation is called the Beast and in John's epistles is called Antichrist, a being to be fully developed in the days immediately preceding Christ's second coming. He is a king, who will arrogate to himself the power to speak as God and to govern the world. Many have thought that the Pope, claiming infallibility, was really this potentate, but he will more probably be a secular power, to whom the Pope will give his support.

"An Anxious Mother" writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD asking for the prayers of our readers, that a missing son-in-law (a bright business man, who, being worried over recent financial losses, became morbid and disappeared from home) may be speedily returned to his loved ones.

S. R. S., San Antonio, Tex. Was Congregationalism established in this country by the Puritans? What are the chief points in which it differs from Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, etc.?

There may have been Independents or Congregationalists here before the Puritans came in the *Mayflower*, but that was the first important and collective gathering. They differ from the Methodists and Presbyterians very little in doctrine, but in their belief, that each church in their body should be a little republic, choosing its own minister, in friendly association, but free from the control of every other church. They differ from Baptists not in doctrine, but in the administration of the ordinance to infants by sprinkling, while the Baptists administer it to believers by immersion.

M. A. D., Green Ridge, Mo. Why is the country around Jerusalem called "Palestine"?

It is identical with "Philistine," and means "the land of the Philistines"—the original inhabitants.

S. L., Navarino, N. Y. Has any one a Heaven endorsed right to the luxuries or even the common comforts of life, while any other member or members of the same family has not even the necessaries of life, even if that family is as large as the whole family of saints or as Adam's race?

We are told to pray for our daily bread—that is, the daily necessaries of life, but if we have these, and see our brother in need, we are in duty bound as Christians to be compassionate and share them with him. As to extending this bounty to any very large portion of the human race, it is an impracticable proposition for obvious reasons, unless it be done co-operatively, by a large number situated as we are. Individual charity has its limitations, beyond which it can accomplish little, if any good, but collectively it can aid a multitude. As to our right to the necessaries, we are all creatures of God's bounty and he has promised to supply them if we trust in him and serve him faithfully. Nothing is promised, however, as to luxuries.

H. P., Grapevine, Tenn. How many of the signers of the Declaration of Independence were Christians, and to what denominations did they belong?

We believe that nearly all could be ranked as such. In regard to the denominations to which they belonged, we have no accurate information. Those from the South were, for the most part, Episcopalians or Presbyterians. Those from New England were members of the Congregational Church, as that was the established church in the New England colonies (Rhode Island excepted), and so remained long after the close of the Revolution. Men who did not belong to that body were unable to reach positions of prominence, unless with difficulty.

J. L. S., Jersey City, a reader of this journal, who is interested in prison work, lately received a most interesting letter from a prisoner at Trenton, whose sentence had recently been commuted from the gallows to life imprisonment. The writer welcomes the visits of this journal as—

"The best reading I ever had and many of my fellow prisoners think the same. It inspires a desire to lead better lives in future. Please send me a few of those cards, 'Get right with God.' You sent me one and some laughed at me; now they have asked me for some to hang in their cells. I have mine on my work-bench, in sight of all, and everybody who passes says, 'Get right with God.'"

L. A. N., Spring Hill, Canada. What is the meaning of a "coat-of-arms"?

In the Middle Ages, when the military chiefs and leaders dressed in armor from head to heel, and had their faces covered with steel visors, it was found necessary for them to adopt some distinctive badge or design by which their followers could distinguish them in the rush of battle, otherwise serious mistakes would have occurred. These designs were painted or embroidered on a surcoat that hung from the shoulder almost to the knee. Hence the term coat-of-arms. The same design was also painted on the warriors' shields, and coats-of-arms at the present time have the shield form. The right to the use of a coat-of-arms descends in the male line only from the ancestor to whom it was originally granted.

E. L., Howick, Minn. Is there anything known yet about the planet Eros, which was discovered by the astronomer Witt, of Berlin, in 1898? Is anything known about its size, orbit, distance from the earth, etc.? What is meant by the term "Alpha-Lyra"?

Our knowledge of Eros does not much surpass what is known about the 650 minor planets. Its diameter is probably 50 or 100 miles. In one respect, it is the most interesting of them all. It varies regularly in brightness, which none of the others do. Several theories have been advanced to account for it, but all are inadequate to explain its strange behavior. The Greek alphabet has "Alpha" for its first letter and "Omega" for its last. The brightest star in any constellation is named "Alpha," the next brighter "Beta," and so on. "Alpha-Lyra" means that it is the brightest star in the constellation of the Lyre.

Marathon, N. Y. LEWIS SWIFT.

L. M. M., Dayton, O. Was the Panama Canal project foreshadowed or predicted a century ago, and if so, by whom?

You probably refer to the incident recorded by Eckermann in his *Conversations*, in which Humboldt is said to have expressed himself with warm interest as favorable to a passage through the Isthmus of Panama. This was in 1827. Goethe, speaking of Humboldt's project, remarked that he would be surprised if the United States should not get it into their own hands, and added, "I am certain that they will do it." Samuel de Champlain, the famous French explorer, who founded Quebec in 1608, and discovered Lake Champlain, visited Panama in 1599, and proposed to the King of France the scheme of cutting a canal across the isthmus. The Suez Canal was also the subject of a notable forecast, which is found in the second part of Marlowe's *Tamburlaine the Great*, written in 1587, *viz.*:

> And here, not far from Alexandria,
> Where as the Terrene and the Red Sea meet,
> I meant to cut a channel to them both,
> That men might quickly sail to India.

R. A. H., Oregon, Wis. Is the elm tree under which Washington took command of the American forces in the Revolution yet standing?

Yes; beside the Common at Cambridge, Mass. The tree is known to be about three centuries old, and, in consequence, was of large size in Washington's time. A number of years ago it was struck by lightning, and a large part of its branches on one side destroyed. Since that time every effort has been made to keep the tree alive despite its injuries. A large tablet giving its story stands in front of it.

Subscriber, Elba, Va. Can you tell me what the superstition is in regard to cutting doors or windows in a house after it has been finished and occupied?

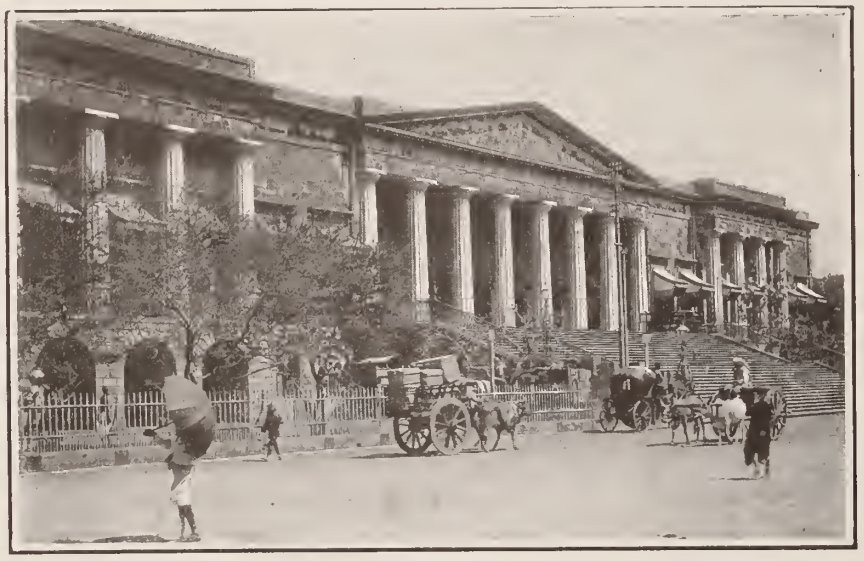
We have heard of such a superstition, but do not know its origin. Possibly some reader may be able to supply the information.

Prof. R. E. Bobbitt of Jena, La., received a collection for Japan from the school children of Jena. One little fellow got to school late, and came up to the Professor with his gift, saying: "Here is some money for them little children that's starving across the sea." The incident evoked enthusiasm in the school. The gifts of the pupils were sent to Japan through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Anxious Father, Chemung, Ill. We all know that the Y. M. C. A. has been a great power for good among the young men. I noticed that some one down East wants theatrical players admitted to its membership. Then I see by the papers that somewhere in York State they have started a Y. M. C. A., and with it have opened a billiard room, card and smoking room. This seems to be a very bold and open move on the part of sin, wreck and folly to worm itself into the Y.M.C.A. in order to get hold of the quiet young man and drag him down into its meshes. I always have supposed that the Y. M. C. A. taught the young men to abstain from smoking, and from playing those games that lead them to the gaming table. There are many nice young men among the theatrical performers, it is only too true, and the stage is not so bad as many try to make it; but when the theatre is run on Sunday afternoons and evenings, I do not think it best for the Y. M. C. A. to strike hands with it. Do you? Now, it seems to me that the Y. M. C. A. should wake up and be on their guard against anything coming into it that would eventually be the means of dragging the young man into smoking, card playing, or bringing in young actors who would act as ushers to conduct our young men to the Sunday theatres and Sunday dissipation.

Your correspondent is mistaken. The criticism of the public press has been against the Association for *not admitting actors*. Every one applying for membership comes in on their character, only men of moral character being eligible. Smoking rooms are an almost unheard of thing except in the case of adult railroad men's associations, soldiers and industrial men who are engaged in outdoor pursuits. I do not know of one in a place where young men could come in and smoke, or where the Associations are composed of men and younger boys. As to billiards, it is in itself the best game that was ever invented for men. But, like bowling alleys and gymnasiums, they have often been conducted by persons of bad character and in bad surroundings. The game has been introduced in some Associations under the most careful supervision, and as something of an experiment. By this means many saloons and pool rooms have been knocked out of business, their trade has been taken away, men have been kept away from temptation, and even led to a Christian life by their new associations.

FRANK W. OBER,
EDITOR, *Association Men*.



Town Hall, Bombay, where Mr. Bryan Made His Address

Not since General U. S. Grant's visit to Bombay, nearly thirty years ago, has there been such enthusiasm in welcoming a distinguished American citizen, as in greeting William Jennings Bryan. India has not been unmindful of the friendship and philanthropy of America. In prosperity and in adversity America has proved a friend. She has given unstintedly of her money for India's welfare.

The City Hall, the largest auditorium in Bombay, was secured, and Americans, Europeans, Parsees, Mohammedans, Hindus, representatives of every nation in the world were there. Every inch of available space was occupied. Auditorium, platform, organ-loft, windows, gallery, was thronged with an eager, cheering multitude.

Mr. Bryan's address was a ringing, uncompromising, and eloquent eulogium on Christ as "The Prince of Peace." There could be no question how such an address would be received on Chautauquan platforms in Christian America; but in heathen India, with an audience, three-fourths of which were leaders of other faiths, that it should be received with wild enthusiasm, speaks more for the progress of the Gospel and spread of Christian ideals than has any recent event in the history of missions. Although the address was sermonic and evangelistic in character, it was cheered again and again by the entire audience.

A. WESLEY MELL.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

NEW YORK, MAY 9, 1906

A Caucasian Mountain Pass

Travelers and Peasants in the Vladikawkas District

A Highway in the Caucasus

OPENING A VAST MISSION FIELD

By BARON WALDEMAR UXKULL, of Russia

AMERICAN Christians cannot realize the religious change the Edict of the Czar, issued at Easter, 1905, brought to the Russian people. It has produced the greatest revolution in the status of the church that has ever taken place in the history of Russia. It has completely transformed the position of Russian Christians. Until this Edict was issued, the Greek Orthodox Church alone had the right to labor among the numerous sects and religions existing in Russia—Catholics, Protestants, Jews and Mohammedans. Everyone could become a member of the Greek Orthodox Church, but no communicant of that church could sever his connection with it. In mixed marriages, where one of the parents was a member of the Greek Orthodox Church, the children were obliged to be brought up in that faith. Evangelical Christians were denied the right to preach the Gospel to Jews, Mohammedans, or even the heathen tribes. If they preached to members of the Greek Orthodox Church they were imprisoned or banished. But some of those Evangelical Christians were so earnest and self-sacrificing that they defied the law. Their hearts were so full of love and joy to Jesus, that they must preach. After the blessed experience that God forgives sin and gives a new heart, they were impelled like saints of old, to proclaim to others who sat in darkness, the light and liberty of the Gospel. As a consequence, no church and no empire has given so many martyrs in the last fifty years as Russia. The ice-fields of Siberia and the wild valleys of Caucasus will bear eloquent testimony to the courage and faith of Russian martyrs, in that day when Jesus distributes the crowns. Intensely loyal, the Russian Christians suffered with patience and Christian submission, praying for the Czar, whose government persecuted them, that the Lord might touch his heart, and lead him to grant religious freedom to all his subjects. United with them, thousands of Spirit-guided children of God in Germany, England and America were pleading with God. And now, praise God, religious freedom is granted. The time of persecution and suffering, of prison and banishment is no more. The terrible time of martyrdom is now but an historic fact.

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Baron Waldemar Uxkull

A new epoch has dawned for Russian Christians. New work, new fields, and new difficulties are before them. It is no more legal to persecute believers who gather to pray. The change has opened to us a vast field of missionary enterprise. It has come so suddenly and so unexpectedly that the people of the Lord are embarrassed by the extent of the opportunity. It has brought not only the opportunity to preach and teach, but the revelation of the desire of the people to listen. The restriction, which in former times kept the people away from evangelical services; the dread of arrest if they attended, kept many away who longed to hear the Gospel. Now, relieved from fear, they are eager for knowledge. We had little idea before, how many there were who pined for the good news of salvation. Millions are longing for the light. God has not only opened the outer door of freedom, but also the inner door of the hearts, and everywhere there is hunger and a thirst after the Word of God. From every part of the land comes the demand for preachers and teachers. It is far beyond our power to supply. Earnest and devoted and zealous as are the men whom God has called to the work, their power is infinitesimal compared with the number to be reached. We need help. The fields are ripe to the harvest, but the laborers are few. Many of those eager to preach lack the necessary training, many whose hearts are right need the knowledge that the schools can give. We need earnest, Spirit-filled men. The people throughout the vast extent of Russia beseech us to send them such men. "How shall they believe on Him of whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach except they be sent?"

Our power is restricted by the lack of funds as well as of men. The Evangelical Christians in Russia are Baptists, Stundists, Moravians and Mennonites. They are almost all of the lower classes. They are very poor, and have suffered much because of the revolution, and the industrial and agricultural crisis through which the whole empire has passed. Many a family has scarcely a livelihood, let alone giving anything for mission work. Another difficulty is the enormous geographical distances. There are few railroads and the country roads are bad. Our preachers are so sparsely scattered that some of them have to travel six hundred miles to reach outlying parts of their parishes. This is difficult, indeed, in the blinding snowstorms of the winter, or in the autumn, when the rains have made the roads impassable—the wheels sinking to the very axles. In the spring the ice of the rivers breaks, and the passage of the rivers is dangerous or even impossible.

Samoyedes of the Archangel District

The field is so vast that every denomination may find room for hundreds of missionaries among the peoples and tribes of Russia. There are the Samoyedes in the north of Russia, living in tents of undressed reindeer hide. Almost all of them heathen, or superficially connected with the Greek Orthodox Church. There are the Kirgises and Kalmykes in the east of Russia, near the Ural River. Nomad tribes wandering

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THE
AMERICAN PULPIT

SERMON BY
Rev. F. DeWitt Talmage, D.D.

The Earthquake's Lesson

TEXT: I. Kings 19: 11, 12

"An earthquake, but the Lord was not in the earthquake; and after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire; and after the fire a still small Voice."

"EXTRA! Extra! Extra!" cried the newsboy in the street. Like the fishmonger's call, the voice echoed up and leaped through my study window. It did not cause even the tremor of the hand that held the moving pen. Why, I have heard that call of "Extra! Extra!" so often that it was like the cry of "Wolf! Wolf!" in the legend of old. I did not even have interest enough to say, "Another railroad accident," or "Another eruption of Mt. Vesuvious," or "Another threatened war between France and Germany over the African troubles." But suddenly my self-complacency was roused to vehement action. A member of the family rushed into the room and said: "Have you heard the news? San Francisco is destroyed by an earthquake. The Palace Hotel and the *Call* Building and the great City Hall are in complete ruins. All the great hotels are gone. All the places of amusement are in flames. A thousand people are dead. The city has taken fire and the water mains are burst." "God help them!" was my answer.

Sorrow and Anxiety

Oh, the horror of it. The city of Los Angeles lay stunned. Two-thirds of all our population had friends or relatives or business interests in the city of San Francisco. The bleeding, moaning, helpless cry of America's Metropolis of the Pacific was nowhere answered by a deeper sob of anguish than that which arose from "The City of the Angels." We were one; one in family love; one in business interests. We seemed to be more than sisters. San Francisco's sufferings were Los Angeles' sufferings. We are next door neighbors in the family of cities.

Then the long wait. No news. Wires down. Communication stopped. "What, will my telephone bell never stop ringing." "My husband is in the palace hotel," says one. "My mother and sisters are living there," says another. "I have two brothers there," says another. "My son is there," said another. Aye, they could say it, but what could I say? Nothing. The wires were down. There seemed to be no hope. Then the telegraph instrument began to click. "City is under martial law." "Five miles of water front ablaze." People fighting each other in the streets, like stampeding herds of cattle." Oh God! is there to be no end to this horror? Agony seems to be piling itself upon agony. Then the old and feeble, what are they doing? Then the mothers with their new-born babes by their side. Think of the hospitals being turned into charnel houses. But still the telegraph instrument ticks on. Every little movement of that instrument seems to be a sledgehammer, beating against the suffering heart of a nation.

Then, as the crowds grow thicker and denser, we find men fighting their way out. "What is the matter with you?" we ask. "Let me out," they cry. "Let me out. I want to get the train and start north at once. I must get into that doomed city and go to my dear ones." Crowds are now blockading the railroad offices for passage. But though a thousand cars were to start, it would not be a long enough train to accommodate those who wished to go to San Francisco to rescue their friends.

Terrible Experiences

Then the revolving wheels of the railroad trains came rumbling into our depots and the passengers alight. These are the first refugees from the city of death. "Were the stories overdrawn?" we ask. "No, no!" they answer. "Tell us about your experience?" "We were asleep. Suddenly, in the morning, we were flung from the bed. The earth felt like a mouse that a rat-terrier had gripped by the neck, shaking the life out of it, and then dropped for dead. Then the streets were filled with men and women and children in their night-robes. Some were praying, some shrieking, some muttering like madmen. The walls began to totter and to fall. Buildings which had not been overthrown became blazing furnaces. At one time, the flames leaped out of every window of the Palace Hotel. The top stories of the different buildings, in many instances, seemed to catch fire first. Then men and women started to run for the ferry-boats. It was not a struggle to save property, but a mad race for life."

Oh why should we go on and describe this horror. In all the history of the world, there never was a more ghastly tragedy. The battlefields of Gettysburg or Waterloo were tragedies of men only, and had not the pathos of dying women and children as had this pandemonium of furies. And yet, amid the heaving, rocking earth, amid the hissing, leaping flames, amid the lurid skies and the starving and the dead, we can to-day find some Gospel lessons for practical use for everyday life.

Uncharitable Reproaches

Let us beware, in the first place, lest we attempt to handle the lightnings of God's wrath. Let us halt before we pass judgment upon the past sins of this great city. The Bible says, "Judge not that ye be not judged." But in spite of this divine command to "judge not," there are people who are ready to affirm that the reason why this tragedy was permitted to overtake the metropolis of the Pacific was because San Francisco was a city festering and reeking with sin. Why, no sooner was this awful tragedy reported over the wires than one of the prominent newspapers of this city called me up and asked whether I believed that San Francisco was destroyed like Sodom and Gomorrah, on account of its sins. I replied then as I reply now: "Any man who would make a statement that he thought San Francisco was destroyed on account of its sins is unfit to be a religious teacher, and unfit to be quoted in any newspaper article." As the ancient prophet found, as he shuddered at the earthquake in his day, God was not in the earthquake. And after the earthquake a fire, but the Lord was not in the fire. And after the fire a still small voice. In that he heard the voice of the Lord.

Conspicuous Sufferers

Do you think John Milton became blind on account of his sins? Do you think Abraham Lincoln, and James A. Garfield, and William McKinley were assassinated on account of their sins? Do you believe Mrs. McKinley lost her two little children, and became a life-long invalid on account of her sins? Do you think that Alexander H. Stephens lived for seventy years in pain and agony on account of his sins? Do you believe that the gentle and pure Helen Keller, from two years of age, has been blind, and deaf, and dumb on account of her sins? Was your little sister wicked, whose light fluffy dress caught fire many years ago, and she was burned to death before your very eyes? Were those missionaries who were tortured and killed in the Boxer uprising of China some years ago, murdered on account of their sins? Then if they were, you might have a right to say that this tragedy came to San Francisco on account of its sins; but if not, you have not the slightest reason for affirming that the earthquake came as a judgment of God. If San Francisco, why not New York, and Chicago, and St. Louis, and London on account of their sins? Is there any large city in this land which would be justified in casting a stone at the metropolis of the Pacific coast?

Christ's Admonition

Has any one a right to say that San Francisco was destroyed on account of its sins, if he listens aright to the words of Christ? What said Jesus, when his disciples pointed to a man who was blind from his birth, and asked, "Master, did this man become blind on account of his sins, or on account of his parents' sins." That was as much as to say, "All blindness and physical ailments are directly due to some man's evil deeds. Who sinned, this man or his parents?" Christ answered, "Neither hath this man sinned nor his parents, but that the works of God should be made manifest in him." Then in another place Christ told how the tower of Siloam fell. It fell as quickly and unexpectedly as the Campenile of St. Marks in Venice. Then he said, "Suppose ye that these Galileans were sinners above all the Galileans, because they suffered such things? I tell thee nay, but except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." Thus, to-day, in lieu of Christ's words when you propose to say, "This catastrophe was sent upon San Francisco on account of its sins," I put my finger upon your lips and say, "Stop, brother! Stop, sister! Silence! Judge not that ye be not judged. Let God's lightnings flash as they will, but leave to him the right of judgment. Let us first see that our own city is cleansed of sin, and not talk so much about other cities' sins." Wouldst thou try to pluck the mote out of thy brother's eye and perceive not the beam which is sticking forth out of thine own eye.

This catastrophe also teaches us that the Gospel of Jesus Christ is a matter of faith, and not necessarily of earthly interpretation. We now see through a glass darkly. We now know only in part. And the sooner we are willing to unite with Paul, and say: "Great is the mystery of godliness;" and then with the next breath say: "Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief;" the better it will be for our spiritual life and for the spiritual lives of those about us. You cannot understand often why God does as he does. We will have to leave all the explanations for heaven; earth can never solve them.

Trust, Though Perplexed

Can we explain why certain people in San Francisco have to suffer as they do? Why did St. Mary's Hospital go, and St. Patrick's Church, and the First Methodist Church go, and scores of institutions of mercy all go up in flames? Why are so many men who have always tried to follow Jesus and have always given to God their money now left penniless? Why does God here seem to strike the just and the unjust alike? I cannot say. I do not know. I can give no rational reason any more than I can tell you why God came into your home and took your young wife from your side, and left you with three motherless little children to rear. "Why," is a poor word to ask at this time. All that we can do is to say: "God is good. All things are working together for good to them that love God." Therefore it is only the glorious word of "faith" which will bridge over us this awful chasm of despair. Faith. Faith. Faith. Let us have faith in a good God and leave the explanations to him for the light of heaven. Earth can never explain this tragedy.

But there is still another lesson. This tragedy, as no other tragedy during the past century, has proved how much the American people are akin, and how much they are willing to help each other. "God hath made of one blood all nations to dwell upon the face of the earth." But though we may all be of one blood, yet no power on earth will make us call each other brothers so appropriately as when the heavy hand of trouble is laid upon a brother's heart.

World-Wide Affinity

Can we not find in geological affinities of the world, the symbol of this love of man for his fellow-man, clinging to each other in times of trouble? If you study eruptions and volcanic disturbances, almost without exception you will find that earthquakes in one part of the world nearly always mean earthquakes in another part of the world. Mount Vesuvius in eruption and Charleston earthquake dealing their blows of death about the same time. Mount Pelee and Mauna Loa seeming to have subterranean passages which connect. Lisbon, in 1755, with its 50,000 dead; Koschan, North Persia, with its 40,000 dead. What are the causes of these simultaneous geographical disturbances we know not. But just as when Europe trembles, America seems to tremble. So we find through all the great world, when one part of the human race is suffering other parts of the human race suffer also. We suffer by sympathetic touch, if by nothing else.

I know many people may not agree with me. They affirm that this is a mean and contemptible world, and that human heart is not in sympathy with human heart. But the actions of the American people towards suffering San Francisco give that statement the lie. No sooner did Los Angeles and the other cities hear what had happened to their sister, San Francisco, than the money began to flow in streams. Doctors and nurses volunteered their services for help. Schools were closed to send the children home for clothing and food, to be expressed to San Francisco at once. Churches were turned into receiving stations for goods. The railroads said: "I will carry the refugees free." The express companies said: "I will carry the breadstuffs free." The great dry goods stores said: "You can come and buy your goods at cost price." And what Los Angeles was doing Boston and New York and Philadelphia and Pittsburg and Milwaukee and Denver and New Orleans and all the other American cities are doing. Oh, it is a

glorious sight to see men and women giving of their substance to their fellow-men, merely because they are in trouble. Do not talk to me about this being a mean world. We, as individuals, may be mean. But the great world has a loving heart. The helping hands that are now giving to San Francisco prove it.

But I learn from the awful catastrophe another lesson. It is this: Men and women seem to be blind to the ever present signs of danger. Because the tragedies of the past, like the lightnings, have struck right and left and hit everywhere except at their own lives, they seem to feel that they themselves are impervious to dangers and will never be smitten down. They can think of earthquakes and tornadoes and tidal waves, one thousand, two thousand, or even three thousand miles away from home. They may even picture one in Charleston, but not one at their own doorsteps. Like a flash out of a clear sky came the destruction of the city of San Francisco at the Golden Gate. Like a flash death may come stalking along, and come pounding at your door and mine, as it came and toppled over the massive walls of the metropolis of the Pacific coast a few days ago.

We have had this thought pressed very close upon our hearts of late. "Do you think this earthquake will strike Los Angeles?" was again and again asked me amid those awful silences, during which we were waiting for news from the northern part of the State. "I do not know," I would answer. "It may—It may not. No one can tell. It may come to our own city, just as it did to San Francisco or Charleston." I felt that we were all face to face with like dangers wherever we went. We are all walking hand in hand with death, no matter in what State we live. The question which faced the people of San Francisco is the same that faces all people. Our safety is not to be decided by how fast we can run, but by how well we can do the work God has given us to do. Then, when the death summons comes, no matter how or where it may come, may we be able to calmly look up and say, "Here am I, Lord. Here am I. Come and take me while I am working at my post of duty."

Now, amid all these scenes of destruction and sorrow that have come to our bereft sister city, I send to these suffering people words of congratulation and good cheer. First, I say, "Thank God, if the earthquake had to come, that it came in the early hours of the morning." You know that San Francisco is situated at the Golden Gate of the Pacific. It was truly the Golden Gate then. The sun was just arising over the eastern hills, and throwing its light upon the shimmering waters of the bay. Had this earthquake come hours later, Oakland and Berkeley and San Rafael, and scores of other suburban cities and towns, would have emptied their thousands and tens of thousands of business men and shoppers into the great metropolis. Then the huge office buildings would have been crowded. Then, when the walls cracked and fell, it would not have meant the loss of hundreds of lives, but of thousands upon thousands. Even the blackest clouds may have the brightest of silver linings.

Second fact for congratulation: Although the city of San Francisco has fallen, yet the city of San Francisco shall arise again. The future San Francisco which shall arise will be as much ahead of the old city as the modern locomotive is better than the old prairie schooner or canal boat. Like Galveston, its streets will be broader and lined with nobler buildings. Its palaces will be richer, its stores filled with better goods. Its people will have better homes. It is all nonsense to talk about this being the end of San Francisco. You can no more blot out San Francisco than you can obliterate New York or London. New York does not belong to the State of New York; it belongs to the United States. It is the port of entry. San Francisco does not belong to California; it belongs to the whole United States. Most of the goods sent to or received from Asia must pass through its "Gates of Gold." Then, as the country grows to the West, San Francisco must continue to grow. This one set-back can no more retard its onward progress than St. Louis' bright heaven of hope can be eclipsed by one fatal cyclone.

Then, lastly, I congratulate San Francisco because this great sorrow is going to result in the purification and the cleansing from sin, and the consecration of its people to the service of the Divine Master. The city of San Francisco has been filled with Eastern people. Most of these people came from Christian homes. But after many of them left the old homesteads, they broke away, or rather drifted away, from the old spiritual moorings. They did as so many Eastern people who have come to Los Angeles have done. They put their church letters in their trunks and never took them out. They spent their week-days in making money and their Sundays in sport and fun-seeking. In other words, they have not been children of God, as their forefathers were children of God. But now, by the broken fortunes and the new-made graves, these people of the northern part of the State will surrender their hearts to Jesus Christ. They will renew their pledges to the Saviour. And thus with the right hand they will reach out to the East, and with the left hand they will reach out to the far West; and in each of those hands, San Francisco will hold that sacred Book, in which are recorded the promises of God, upon whom they will throw themselves in Christian love and adoration. Ah, the sufferings have been great; but out of those sufferings Christ shall lead his chosen ones, as he led the children of Israel of old.

May we, to-day, pray for our bereft brothers and sisters of this stricken city. May we continue to reach out to them the helping hand of brotherly love. And in these times of sorrow and desolation, may we with them consecrate our homes, our possessions, our loved ones and our own hearts to the Master's service.

OPENING A VAST MISSION FIELD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 411

A Caucasian Tartar Home

on the Steppes. There are the Tartars, living in the east in the Crimea and the Caucasus, a handsome and strong people. In mediæval times they were the masters of Russia. Besides these, there are many different tribes of the Caucasus, each living in its own valley, and conserving their own customs, language and peculiarities. There are also the Finns and Estonians, the Lettisch and Lithuanians in the northwest of Russia. The Lord has already converted many thousands of them. And there is first of all, this noble Russian people, so large-hearted and patient. A people satisfied with humble surroundings and yet gifted with all those fine and ennobling qualities that go to make a great people. When converted, they are very earnest and full of love toward their brethren. No people are more ready to suffer for the Gospel. They hunger to-day for the Word of God. They have been marvelously prepared for receiving the Gospel by the Greek Church. It has taught them the restraint of law and to fear God. The new and purer message of the wonderful rewards of grace and love, and the glorious conception that their salvation was accomplished on the Cross of Christ, is received with unspeakable joy and thanksgiving. The life and love of the Russian Evangelical Christians remind one of apostolic times.

All the difficulties are forgotten when we think of the boundless opportunity and of the great paucity of workers. "The fields are white, all ready to the harvest." But we alone are powerless to meet the need. Russia's evangelization is worthy of world-wide interest. Surely so vast and so hopeful a service should not be left to the few Christians in Russia. The responsibility certainly rests upon the whole body of Christ. Let each member of this whole body do that which the Spirit of God prompts him to do. The Spirit may call one to pray for the advancement of the Kingdom of God in Russia. The Lord may say to another: "I have blessed thee. Do thou give of thy means for the work in Russia." And to a third may come the message, "Go, preach to my people in Russia."

. . .

It will be a great pleasure to meet personally or correspond with anyone looking toward missionary work in Russia. A branch of the Evangelical Alliance has established an undenominational school in Germany for training ministers for Russia. Such a seminary is imperatively needed in Russia itself. Gifts for this institution will be thankfully received. Gifts will also be gladly received for training men, for relief of persecuted Christians or for the general missionary funds. Address Baron Waldemar Uxkull, care Consolidated National Bank, Broadway and Exchange Place, New York City.

On the Borders of the White Sea

Types of Tartar Womanhood

It is such an appeal as Paul heard from Macedonia, that the Russian Baron makes to God's people here. It is not based on nationality, nor on national sympathies, but on the broad plane of Christian love. The pictures we publish, show how varied are the types and races in need of Gospel teaching in that vast empire. Long have they been restricted and denied the knowledge of the truth, now suddenly the gates have been flung open for the Lord's people to enter in. As the church in Russia contemplates the wide opportunity, it is not surprising that it calls to the whole of Christendom, "Come over and help us." Give us men of God to preach; give us money that we may send copies of the Word of God into every town and village of our own vast empire; let us have your prayers, that in this great emergency we may be enabled to occupy the land for Christ. The Baptists, and the Stundists among whom there are many Baptists, have proved their sincerity and their zeal in the dark hours of persecution. They are now eager to serve, they want to carry the good news of salvation from the Arctic to the Crimea and from St. Petersburg to the borders of China. They have hundreds of young men, who are anxious for training to go out as evangelists to the outlying tribes—men who ask only a bare subsistence, willing to give their lives wholly to God's service. It is a privilege to help in such an enterprise.

THE NEW SAN FRANCISCO

NOTHING else that has happened in recent years so well illustrates the capacity of the American people to keep their grip on things and face a new situation, one without a parallel in history, as the courageous Californians after the recent earthquake. No serious epidemic, such as would be expected as the result of so many unburied dead, or from people huddled together in emergency camps, occurred, and the people were left free to work out a new future for themselves and for the city that they intend to build above the ashes of the old.

Homeless San Franciscans Camped in the Fields

Hardly had the smoky cover of the city begun to lift before plans for rebuilding were under way. Firms in the East announced that all orders for the city would be considered before all others, and the great railway lines arranged to supply all the transportation needed. By the twenty-fourth of the month the wiremen of the electric railway system were busy about the streets, erecting poles and stringing wires, and, in a short time, several lines of cars were running. The companies charged no fares; no one had any money, so the public rode free until the banks opened for business. For the first few days citizens were impressed, wherever found necessary, in order to get rid of a dangerous wall, or to help throw bricks into holes in the streets. Others were ordered to dig graves for the dead. To the credit of all concerned, the work was done cheerfully, everyone feeling that it "was all for one and one for all."

People can now look back on some of the scenes they witnessed and see that there was, amidst all the horror, many humorous incidents. One man, who had been routed out early, was parading calmly toward the ferry, dressed in his night-clothes, and holding tightly to a talking machine. Close behind followed a lady also carrying a talking machine, but of another variety—a green poll parrot, that objected stridently to the earthquake, the dust, and also to going to Oakland.

The new San Francisco will be greatly unlike the former city, the business district being a different quarter. The streets formerly occupied by the great business houses are now but a mass of ruins; and the artillerymen have been blowing down the walls that remained standing. It is thought probable that Fillmore Street will be the great business thoroughfare of the future, as it leads into the unburned district, and its houses and small shops are already being taken up by the prominent firms.

The worst "tangled district" is between Harrison, Valencia, Eighteenth and Nineteenth Streets. The Valencia Hotel sank into the earth for ten feet, and then fell forward into the roadway. When the ruins were cleared away, the hole in which the foundations had sunk were found to be filled with water, and the asphalt pavement in front had curved up, making a mound four feet high. At one corner there was a hole ten feet across. The concrete was turned up about its edges like acanthus leaves, and out of the centre spouted a stream of water, coming, no one knew whence. The car tracks in this district ran in wavy lines from sidewalk to sidewalk. Chinatown, that point of great attraction for visitors, and the despair of the police, will be removed by the authorities far from the former location. The new Chinatown will be at Hunters Point.

Within one hour after the news of the earthquake reached New York, the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD telegraphed Mayor Schmitz, of San Francisco, asking, in behalf of his readers, if there was anything he could do to help in the emergency. As the wires were down the telegram was unavoidably delayed. Rev. Frank DeWitt Talmage, whose church is at Los Angeles, was requested by telegraph to go to San Francisco in the interest of the readers of this journal. He did so, and reported by telegraph on April 25, that "food is plentiful, and all are now sheltered. The hardest times are to come three weeks hence. All money contributed should go through the regular channels. All telegrams till now have miscarried."

The Valencia Hotel, Where Many Lives Were Lost

The Destruction of the City Hall

Crevasses in the Streets in the Mission District

The quick action of the national government, and the organization of efficient local committees made separate action on the part of this paper unnecessary, and, in consequence, it has joined forces with those already at work. All money sent to this paper for the sufferers has been promptly forwarded to the point of greatest need.

The following are the contributions up to date:

Mr. and Mrs. Cash, New Jersey	$10 00
James Valkenburg	5 00
C. D. Blauvelt	10 00
E. T. Davis	1 00
W. M. Kronk	5 00
E. E. Desh	5 00
J. E. Baird	10 00
Brother Tom, Washington, D. C.	20 00
Mrs. George A. Hall	25
J. E. T., Dunellen, New Jersey	1 03
L. G. Kolb	1 00

SPRING DAYS AT MONT-LAWN

Preparations for the Summer's Work Rapidly Nearing Completion at our Children's Home

WHO among the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD does not know and love its Children's Home on the Hudson? Who has not followed with delight the joyous outings of the little waifs and strays who, summer after summer, have been gathered from abodes of poverty and wretchedness in the dark corners of the great metropolis, and transported to the woods and fields, the hills and valleys, the babbling brooks and smiling river of Mont-Lawn?

> When the spring winds blow o'er the pleasant places,
> The same dear things lift up the same old faces.

and the "same dear things" at Mont-Lawn, with many new faces added, are beginning to put on their fairest dress, hastening as best they can to prepare a welcome for the "children of the tenements," whose one bright spot in the arid, burning desert of down-town city streets in summer is the long-hoped for, eagerly-anticipated ten days at The Children's Home. Father Time has turned his glass and the sands of spring are rapidly sifting through, watched wistfully by thousands of childish eyes, which are looking with hungry longing toward the days which mean the one wholesome, merry playtime of the whole year through to these troops of small, two-footed "beasts of burden."

The coming summer is to be a banner season at Mont-Lawn, not only for its small guests, but in the interest developed by its patrons and the many necessary additions which have been made. Notable as were the improvements of last year—with the dedication of the beautiful chapel, or "Temple," as it is called, standing out in bright relief—the more extensive building operations now approaching completion will materially conduce to the comfort and enjoyment of the children, for whom every convenience is lovingly and thoughtfully planned. There is a new dormitory, in which sixty-four little guests may lie down to peaceful rest each night. With shifting visitors of ten days each, this means that about four hundred and fifty children can be added to the list of those who receive the benefits and uplifting influences of a vacation at Mont-Lawn.

With 2,500 children to be accommodated and entertained during the season, the barn is by no means the least important of the additions, with its four single stalls and capacious box-stall, designed for the comfort of the horses, which, day after day, ply back and forth between ferry and Home, lake and hillside, giving joy unspeakable to hundreds of little ones, to whom they are often giving the first ride of their young lives.

The real achievement of architectural skill and beauty, however, is the Dining Hall and Rainy Day Pavilion, which, with its floor space of 43x80 feet, its open sides, admitting plenty of fresh air and giving unobstructed outlook upon silver stream and waving trees, and its roof protecting the active little bodies from inclement weather, will prove a source of never-failing comfort and delight to the shifting crowds of visiting childhood for whom it is all arranged. At one corner of the pavilion is an octagonal tower 60 feet high, and no less than 20 feet in diameter, surmounted by a 30-foot flag-pole, so that it is 100 feet from ground to topmost pinnacle, thus preventing any possibility of Mont-Lawn being overlooked by the thousands of travellers who journey up and down "the American Rhine" each summer. The pavilion, which occupies the second story of the building, resembles closely the many recreation piers of New York City, which have for years been an inexpressible boon to children of the poor during the sweltering heat of summer. It is to contain a large and tuneful orchestrion, the gift of Dr. Klopsch, the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which is certain to contribute greatly to the pleasure of the children, who, however fortunate the conditions, are sure to grow restless during a long shut-in day of storm. Upon the first floor are located the dining-room, where 300 clamoring young mouths may be filled at one sitting; the kitchen, also, finds its home here, and is truly Colonial in its measurements, being 23 feet long by 30 feet wide. The careful wisdom of the plans has embraced the addition of a room entirely fire-proof, having stone walls, concrete flooring, and strictly fire-proof ceiling, with a ventilator in the top. This room contains the range, so protected that every danger from fire is averted. It is expected that everything will be complete and ready for occupancy by the 15th day of June.

The New Rainy Day Pavilion and Dining-Hall at Mont-Lawn

A few days since, the writer had occasion to visit a home—no, a wretched place miscalled home—in that section of New York City near the old Five Points. Two little rooms in the rear of a tall tenement, reached only by crossing the courtyard of a still taller building which overshadowed it, held the family which was sought. The widowed mother, slatternly, discouraged, stolid in her hopeless struggle, met the visitor at the door. The smaller room of the two had no window, no light except a feeble ray which crept over the half partition between this and the larger room. Four dirty, wizened children, the eldest ten years of age, occupied this airless box at night, with their mother, while two men boarders, taken to eke out the scanty sweat-shop wage of the woman, slept in a rickety "turn-up" bed in the kitchen. The eyes of the eldest child were badly inflamed, a condition caused by the dim, imperfect light in which the little girl toiled steadily on, hour by hour, day by day, sewing buttons on the coarse garments which her mother stitched. O, the pity of it!

O the longing to gather in loving arms those four pale-faced, hungered, hunted-looking little lads and lasses, and promise them a beautiful, joyous, never-to-be-forgotten interlude in their pitiful, grinding lives; promise them clean, whole garments for the dirty tatters, abundant, wholesome food three time a day, instead of their scanty accustomed fare; and, best of all, promise them green fields and blue sky in exchange for the smoke-stained walls, fragrant breezes borne over flower-strewn meadows, instead of the fetid atmosphere they breathed, and happy, joyous song and game in place of the dreary, never-finished task, the aimless, miserable daily routine. Who wants the joy of fulfilling this promise? Does not some kind heart feel moved to send the "little mother" to Mont-Lawn this summer? When her tiny, pricked finger is not pushing the needle through, her slender back is bent under the weight of the peevish, baby brother, whom she vainly tries to hush, while mother goes on with her "stitch, stitch, stitch!"

It is an easy task for those who are generous-hearted to bring sunshine into such darkened child lives. $500 perpetually endows a cot; $21 supports a cot (the bed to be named for the donor) for the season; $3 buys ten days' perfect happiness for one childish heart; $6 sends two eagerly expectant little men or maidens to Mont-Lawn.

None but skilful and conscientious care is given these precious charges; and though nothing but earnest and consecrated work can make an impression upon a child's nature in ten days, earnest work, with God's blessing added, can do it, and has done it. No feet are so easily turned from evil as childhood's, and there is ample proof existing of many little lives gladdened, many little feet set in right ways, by the influence of The Children's Home during the years of its existence. If you desire an interest in this beautiful work of bringing sunshine into the hearts of the children of the tenements, send your remittance to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, New York City, and due acknowledgment will be made in its columns.

SUNDAY EVENING ON BOARD A MAN-OF-WAR

THE hour is seven—thus early, because the men must have their hammocks by eight or a little later. The place is well forward on the upper deck—right among the men—as one expressed it, "Right where we live." Permission is obtained from the Commanding Officer to hold "The usual Song Service," and the officer of the deck has the "mess benches" spread for pews, a mess tub is set up on four ditty boxes and covered with the flag, for a stand or pulpit, and the hymn-books are placed on these seats. There is a piano, played by a marine corporal, who does his best with a solo—it may be "Duke Street," or "Nearer, My God, to Thee"—followed by a mandolin duet by two colored coal-passers, doing their best to render "The Holy City." Then the Chaplain announces the first hymn, which is sung standing, and before they sit down, all hands repeat the Lord's Prayer together, and the chaplain follows with a very brief prayer. Next follow about ten popular hymns, sometimes selected by the crew at the request of the chaplain.

The subject of the talk has been announced at the morning service: "Carrying a Message to Garcia," with lessons on capacity and dependableness, and the call for reliable and capable men to carry Christ's message to men. An earnest prayer for personal consecration follows, then a song. Fifteen minutes are left, and the chaplain recites two of the old songs of childhood, the men listening with rapt attention and evident pleasure:

> "I think when I read the sweet story of old,
> When Jesus was here among men,
> How he called little children as lambs to his fold,
> I should like to have been with him then."

And then follows:

> "I am so glad that our Father in Heaven,
> Tells of his love in the Book he has given;
> Wonderful things in the Bible I see—
> This is the dearest, that Jesus loves me."

At the end of each recitation, he sings one verse, and the chorus of the song.

After reciting two more old hymns—"We Speak of the Realms of the Blest," and "The Ninety and Nine"—all hands join in the old hymn, "I Will Sing You a Song of that Beautiful Land," and bow in silence a few moments before the benediction is given.

As they disperse, the Marine plays "The Sweet By and By." In a few minutes the bugle calls to "Hammocks," and at nine o'clock taps are sounded and "Lights out," and soon all hands are wrapped in silence and slumber, save the watch on deck and in the engine-room and fire-rooms below. But every man-jack has been given a little card containing a prayer to memorize and say to himself before he falls asleep. What use they make of it, He knoweth.

C. Q. WRIGHT.
Chaplain U. S. N.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, Associate Editor — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, Associate Editor

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Two Lessons From San Francisco

WHEN the world hears of such an overwhelming calamity as that which recently overwhelmed the beautiful city by the Golden Gate, people at first can see only its dark and tragic side, and hope for the moment seems crushed in the hearts of those most concerned. But, within a few days, there were taught to the world two of the most inspiring lessons of the century—the lesson of courage and the lesson of brotherhood. The stricken people already see in their mind's-eye the resurrection, from the ashes of the old city, its homes, churches, and public buildings, of a greater, a more beautiful and better San Francisco than the one destroyed. They have set about the task of making this dream a reality, and for months to come the builder's profession will be the most important in California. The new city will be an ideal one.

The second lesson that has astonished the nations is the spirit of brotherhood shown by our people. While the city yet burned, and was toppling with repeated earth-shocks, all over this great and prosperous land cities and towns were voting money and supplies for its relief; rich and poor were sending in their contributions. The amounts telegraphed westward show how deeply the heart of the nation has been touched. People who know little about San Francisco, except that it was many days' journey from their own home, now feel as if San Francisco was the next town, and its inhabitants their neighbors. The American people have been drawn closer together by the distress of a portion of their countrymen, and the space between East and West seems, for the time, to have dropped away.

Even from abroad have come generous and heartfelt offers of assistance, but these we, as a nation, have rightly declined, though grateful for the sympathy of the people across the sea. The country proved to its own satisfaction, within a day, that it could take care of its own, and the appropriations and gifts are proving sufficient to meet all present demands.

The same feeling of brotherhood in the face of common danger and privation was, and is, shown every day in San Francisco. A man of great wealth stopped to help a laboring man with his bundles during the first rush for Oakland, and met the workingman's thanks and remark that it was too bad for him to discommode himself, with a cheery smile and the answer, "That's all right, my friend, we are all poor to-day, and ought to help one another out." In the parks, on the first wash day, the woman with costly rings on her fingers, and the woman with toil-stained hands, chatted cheerfully over their improvised tubs, and helped each other with their tasks as if their acquaintance dated back years instead of a few days. There is a feeling of mutual helpfulness among the people of the stricken city that has affected the whole country, and teaches it "to get together" whenever the need comes. So even this dark cloud disaster here and there shows the proverbial silver lining.

Hopes of Reunion

FROM one of our subscribers comes a letter written in the sore stress of bereavement. "I have lost my beloved wife," he says, "who has been my companion, in joys and sorrows, for thirty years, and my heart is broken. Shall I never see her again? Among all the throng of the redeemed, whom no man can number, shall I recognize her and will she recognize me? To know that, would console me. Is it possible?"

There is good reason to hope. Christ told us that there was no marrying in heaven, and we can easily understand that that is true, but that does not prove that there are no renewals of close companionships in heaven. They have been so sweet and so helpful on earth, that we may believe they are among the good things that God will not withhold from his children there. He gives us no definite promise of the renewal of earthly relations, but there are good reasons for believing that our faculties will be quickened, not dulled, in the better life, and surely the associations of the past will be remembered there. We shall not forget the past, when we are as the angels, endowed with clearer and fuller knowledge than we possess here.

The fear that the spiritual body will not be recognized is natural. When the features, the form, are left behind in the grave, how then shall we know one another? But if we consider, it is not the visible body that we know and love in the purest of our earthly relations. The body of our friend may be changed and deformed by an accident; his face may be seamed and marred by disease or by fire, but is he not as dear to us as ever, as close in friendship as in the past? He changes from year to year, but do we not love him when the winters have silvered his hair, and his form is bowed, as we loved him in the past? His identity is preserved, though he is changed in appearance. We do not lose him when he puts on new garments, and we may hope that when his body is laid away, and he puts on the spiritual body of which Paul speaks, we shall know him in that garment. He will be purified, spiritualized, but the same, with his good qualities intensified and his faults sloughed away. To all who, like our correspondent, have loved and lost and hope to meet again, we have no word but that of hope and encouragement.

A Grateful India Mission

FROM the *India Witness*, we take the following, which will interest many of our readers. It is a resolution which was unanimously adopted by the Church Mission Council of the Irish Presbyterian Church:

It having been reported to the Mission Council of the Irish Presbyterian Church in India, that Dr. Louis Klopsch and the readers of the New York CHRISTIAN HERALD (who have already so generously supported some 275 of our 1,600 India famine orphans during the past four years) have most kindly further undertaken to continue to support, for at least twelve months more, all the children under fourteen years of age, and any others for whom patrons may come forward, the Council desire to place on record their deep sense of the obligation under which they are in this country to their warm-hearted and noble friends in America, and beg to submit to them, through Dr. Klopsch and the New York CHRISTIAN HERALD, the expression of their most sincere and heartfelt thanks. By this ministry of love the religion of Christ is being presented to the Christless in this great country, under an aspect so winsome that it cannot but appeal with special power to many hearts, and we feel sure that under God's blessing the means thus used will lead to the bringing in of many orphan children to the fold of Christ, and, through them, a large extension of the Redeemer's kingdom in India. The love that has prompted the generous help accorded since the great famine seems as a link to bind in the bond of Christian fellowship the three countries of America, India and Ireland, and in thus overstepping all international distinctions, it reflects the love Divine.

A Strange Heresy Trial

VERY little good has ever come of heresy trials. In the old times they were distinguished by bigotry, intolerance, injustice and cruelty. Modern methods are milder, yet the net results of all such inquests are usually so unsatisfactory, that thoughtful minds, reasonably doubting their wisdom, must regret that they should ever be found necessary.

An instance in point is the case of the pastor of a Christian church, who is now on trial before an ecclesiastical court at Batavia, N. Y., charged with heresy. Just why this particular case should have been made the subject of a public trial, instead of being settled according to the rules and doctrines of the church in question governing such cases, it is difficult to understand. The principal allegation of the prosecution is that the accused has openly repudiated the accepted doctrine of the Divine birth of Christ; he has criticised the church for its attitude on that subject, and, moreover, he has expressed the conviction that the action of the early Church, "in attributing a miraculous birth to the Saviour, should be regarded as one of the greatest misfortunes that had ever befallen mankind."

If the charges against the accused pastor are maintained, and he is proved to have deliberately renounced certain vital doctrines of the Christian faith, it would naturally occur to most reasonable-minded people that, having chosen his own path, he should be allowed to go in peace. It may lead him into the camp of Unitarianism, or even out into the spiritual wilderness. It would be a misnomer to call any one holding such views a "Christian." There can be no Christianity without Christ as the central fact and figure—Christ incarnate, yet perfect in his Divine character and nature. Rejecting his absolute divinity, we sweep away everything that relates to his Messiahship, from the prophecies down to Calvary, including his authoritative teaching, his personal claim of Divine Sonship, and the efficacy of the Atonement itself. All are knit together indissolubly, and each is an integral part of the whole.

But another suggestion occurs to us in connection with the present heresy trial, and it is one that leads us to look for an explanation in the direction of cheap sensationalism, rather than in any purpose of a serious attack on religion. At a Church Conference held in Rochester, N. Y., a few months ago, the same pastor who is now accused of heresy is said to have publicly made the extraordinary declaration that the three dogmas of the existence of God, the immortality of the soul and future accountability are "without ethical value"—*i. e.*, have little influence on the conduct and character of men and women, and that "we are living to-day in the midst of a great dissolution; we are standing by the death-bed of a great religion." Such language would not be surprising if uttered by some pagan philosopher, or some agnostic, or by a disciple of Ingersoll; but from the lips of the educated pastor of a modern congregation, it is incomprehensible, and can be accounted for only on the charitable supposition of serious cerebral disturbance. It is not conceivable that any sane man, familiar with the statistics of the religious progress of the world, could make such a rash and unfounded statement and expect it to pass unchallenged.

For twenty centuries, the old Bible and the old Gospel have stood the brunt of assaults, many of them far fiercer than any known to our own day and generation. Christianity does not suffer from such outbreaks, though the peace of mind of a comparatively small number of simple souls may be temporarily disturbed by the undue importance attached to occasional "heresy" trials, which invariably pass away, leaving not a ripple behind. There is no valid reason for such inflictions. Questions like those under discussion at Batavia might be properly settled within the Church itself, in accordance with its own recognized laws. A preacher is a spiritual soldier, who should be loyal to his denomination and his creed. For pastors to set up at will a private standard of interpretation antagonistic to church standards is a wilful defiance of ecclesiastical law. If a pastor who has taken ordination vows, feels that he has a mission to teach novel doctrines, and to lead his flock into new paths, which may conflict with those of his church, the only honorable way out of the dilemma is to sever a relationship he finds himself unable to continue. To do otherwise would be a betrayal of trust, a violation of pledged faith, and a grave injustice to those whom the church placed in his spiritual charge.

Among the Workers

—MEN AND WOMEN desiring to enter active home mission work should address C. H. M., care THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

—THE TWENTY-SIXTH anniversary of the Salvation Army in the United States will be celebrated in New York, on May 13, at 8 P.M., by special religious services.

—REV. DR. UNDERWOOD baptized the first Korean convert in 1896. The last report gave nearly ten thousand communicants and twenty-two thousand catechumens. Hundreds more want only the visit of a missionary to be received.

—REV. DR. TORREY having been charged with making the statement in a recent sermon, that the San Francisco calamity was "a judgment sent upon that city for its sins," THE CHRISTIAN HERALD wrote to him asking whether he really used this extraordinary language. Dr. Torrey replied: "I never made any such remark."

—THE PRISON Evangelistic Society has lately been organized in New York, with the object of doing Gospel work in the jails and penitentiaries of the metropolis and suburbs. There is a great opportunity for work here. Rev. S. H. Virgin, D.D., is Chairman of the Executive Committee, and Mr. Richard Cochran, 360 Broadway, N. Y., is Treasurer of the Society. Regular Sunday Gospel meetings are held in the district prisons.

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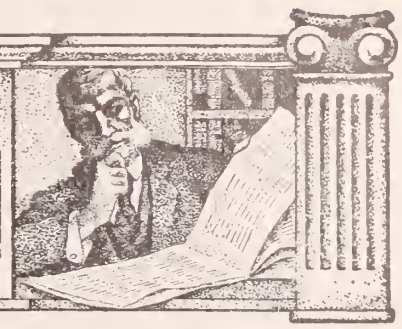
The BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER



Morocco Unsettled

WHILE the European Powers are congratulating themselves on the peaceful settlement of the difficulty in Morocco, the country itself is the prey of disorder. The people, according to a recent traveller, openly express their dissatisfaction with the diplomatic arrangement at Algeciras. They have no faith in a control that is practically irresponsible. They predict that in a short time France and Spain will quarrel over the joint control, and the Sultan of Morocco will quarrel with both his mentors. An additional disturbing element, the invariable precursor of political troubles, is grievous distress among the people. The correspondent of a European journal, resident in Tangier, declares that the poverty of the lower classes is appalling. The prospects of the next harvest are good, but before that is reaped, thousands will perish of hunger, and other thousands will be driven by desperation into crime.

In the meantime, the revolts of the warlike tribes threaten the overthrow of the Government. The Sultan amuses himself with his studies, his bicycle, and his camera, while the generals of the insurgents overrun the country. The only thing that saves his throne is the opposition of the various leaders to one another. If the revolutionists could unite, the Sultan would be speedily deposed. They hate one another as bitterly as they hate the Sultan. There was a prospect, before the Conference convened at Algeciras, of France taking hold with a strong hand, and suppressing disorder; now, however, her powers are limited to policing the strip of territory abutting on her own possession of Algeria, and to a control of certain ports in conjunction with Spain, under the supremacy of an Inspector of a neutral Power. There is just enough interference to relieve the Sultan of responsibility, and yet not enough to give any Power a free hand in dealing with insurrection.

Bands, like those depicted in the illustration on this page, hold possession of certain districts, and cannot be dislodged by any force the Sultan can bring against them, and keep the country in a condition of anarchy. The French Government urges reforms on the Sultan, but he regards Germany as his friend, and pays no attention to French advice. It is evident that no step has been made toward a real settlement of affairs, and that until some strong man arises either among the Sultan's forces or among his opponents, capable of enforcing law and order, the misery of the country must continue.

Where the word of a king is, there is power (Eccles. 8 : 4).

Warlike Insurgents Marching Against the Sultan of Morocco

A Triumph of Law

Predictions based on the conviction of the power of wealth and influence to escape justice have been falsified in the result of a trial recently concluded in Savannah, Ga. Two men were placed on trial for defrauding the government. Every kind of difficulty had been placed in the way of their indictment. It is said that they had spent two million dollars in avoiding trial; they had escaped from the country and resisted extradition. When after six years stubborn and determined pursuit by the officers of the government, they were at last landed in the dock, they employed able and eminent counsel to take advantage of every avenue of escape. All the influence that could be brought to bear, by one of them, who had been a man of mark in his political party, and by the other, who was a distinguished graduate of West Point, was used to save them from conviction. But they were pronounced guilty by a jury, and the judge before whom they were tried sentenced them to be imprisoned for four years and to pay fines of half a million dollars. Probably they are not yet at the end of their resources and may carry the case to a higher court; but nothing can remove from them the stigma of their conviction. No better moral for their trial could have been found than that uttered by the righteous judge who tried them:

A little that a righteous man hath is better than the riches of many wicked (Ps. 37: 16).

Saved From a Chasm

A thrilling adventure on the Alps, in which two Americans were on the very verge of destruction, is narrated in a dispatch from Geneva to the New York *Sun*. The travellers were descending Point D'Ormy a few days ago, and were under the care of two guides. Suddenly they began to descend at an alarming speed. They had started an avalanche. The guides shouted to them to keep their feet and not to sit down. "I thought," says one of them, "as we were going at express speed, that in a few minutes we would be dashed to pieces, for I knew there were huge precipices on the flank of the mountain. There was a rope from each of us to a guide, the last of the string being a guide named Dupraz. The speed was increasing at a furious rate, when suddenly I was brought up with a jerk which shook the breath out of me. We had stopped on a ledge, three yards from the brink of a fathomless depth into which the avalanche descended with a roar. We owed our lives to old Dupraz, who had dexterously clasped a projection of rock and clung to it, thereby bringing us up with a tremendous jerk on the rope, which happily did not break." Few mountain climbers have passed through such a danger and lived to tell the tale. There are some men, however, who have escaped a still worse peril in their spiritual experience. Rushing down the decline along which sin and vice carry their victims headlong to eternal death, they have seized and clung to that Rock which God has provided, and have been saved.

But as for me, my feet were almost gone; my steps had well-nigh slipped . . . thou hast holden me by my right hand (Ps. 73: 2,23).

Met at a Bedside

The nurses at Bellevue Hospital, New York, held a celebration a few days ago in honor of their Superintendent. They had learned a secret which he had carefully concealed. Certain movements that he had made had been traced, and it was learned that he was contemplating matrimony. As he was exceedingly popular with the employees, they proceeded to mark the esteem in which he was held by presenting him with a silver dinner set. He was surprised by the testimonial, and frankly admitted the correctness of their discoveries. He said that among the patients at Bellevue some months ago was a man, who had been visited by a lady who said she was a near relative of the patient, and seemed deeply concerned about his recovery. Her visits had brought her into friendly association with the Superintendent, and their friendship had led to an engagement. It was discovered later that the lady was wealthy, so there was an additional reason for congratulating him. Probably he had no intimation that kindness to his patient would lead to his gaining a wife; but it is not the first time that help given to a man in adversity meets with an unexpected reward. The kindness that goes out to the stranger without hope of reward, marks the true follower of Christ, for whom is the promise:

The liberal soul shall be made fat; and he that watereth shall be watered also himself (Prov. 11: 25).

How He Won a Wife

An engagement, announced in the New York papers last week, is the outcome of a pledge made and kept. A lady living in Harlem was informed by one of her friends that a gentleman desired an introduction to her. She consented, and the two were made acquainted. They saw a great deal of one another for some months, and then the gentleman proposed marriage. He could not boast of much fortune, but he was highly esteemed by his employers, an advertising firm, and his prospects were good. But the family he proposed to enter wished he was in a better business, and finally he told them he was anxious to become a lawyer. He agreed that if the lady would wait for him, he would devote himself to hard study for three years; and she promised on her part, that if he passed his examination at the end of that time, the engagement should be announced. He kept his word, surrendering all amusements and pleasures, and recently he appeared before the examiners. It was an anxious time, but he passed the ordeal successfully, and received notice that he was admitted to the bar. He lost no time in notifying the lady, and was authorized to publish the announcement of the engagement. Probably during that three years' test he was often tempted to leave his books for pleasure, but love kept him firm to his purpose. There is no power so strong to transform the character and hold a man faithful as love, and it is by that power, inspired by Christ, that the Christian is kept from sin and temptation.

Every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as he is pure (1 John 3 : 3).

War on the Mosquito

The legislature of New Jersey has made an appropriation of $350,000 for the expense of a campaign on the mosquito. It is expected that the campaign will be a seven years' affair, and the most eminent entomologists have been engaged to prosecute it. It was stated at the recent meeting of the Extermination Society in New York, that there are more than thirty thousand acres of marsh land in New Jersey in which mosquitoes breed and spread to distant places. There is not only irritation and discomfort from the pest, the experts said, but a distinct menace to the health and life of the citizens. In northern sections, mosquitoes carry malaria and propagate it, while in the South they are purveyors of yellow fever and other malignant diseases. It is now proposed to attack the evil at its source, and arrangements are made to render the marsh lands uninhabitable to them. The wisdom of this course is shown by the fact that the female mosquito lays some four hundred eggs, so that the only hope for success in the extermination is to deal with the breeding places. One can but wish that the same principle was applied to the extermination of moral evil, which breeds and multiplies in the resorts that the government licenses.

Their fruit shalt thou destroy from the earth, and their seed from among the children of men (Ps. 21 : 10).

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Pinckney, Mrs Jessie 1 00
Pine, Mary A..... 5 00
Piot, Mrs W E.... 2 00
Poppleton, Mrs Z. 1 00
Porter, Robert 1 00
Potter, Chas A.... 1 00
Potter, Frank 2 00
Potter, J D..... 1 00
Potter, Mrs A..... 20
Potter, Mrs Gertrude 2 00
Potts, Arthur 5 15
Prall, Miss J C.... 5 00
Pratt, Mr & Mrs L G 2 00
Preston, Dr H F.. 1 00
Price, Mrs Mary M 2 50
Proper, Delia H... 1 00
Proper, Margaret.. 4 00
Pudney, J A..... 10
Purdy, Mrs R & Mrs M J Brooks. 2 00
Putnam, Chas H.. 2 00
Qua, Anne N..... 2 00
Rane, Dr E G..... 1 00
Ransome, Mrs E W & Wilson, H A.. 3 00
Rapelye, Mrs Peter 2 00
Raub, Mrs D T.... 25
Raynor, Mrs J, Morrison 1 00
Rea, Mrs Mary A.. 10 00
Reed, Marion & Josephine 25 00
Reed, Mr & Mrs & Mary A..... 2 00
Reeser, Lillian.... 82
Reichelt, Mrs Chas 1 00
Reid, J B..... 5 00
Renond, S 1 00
Ressgine, Miss L A 1 00
Reynolds, E D....10 00
Rhinehart, M B... 1 00
Rich, Mrs Mary S 1 25
Richards, John H. 3 00
Richardson, L A.. 1 00
Rickard, Arthur... 2 00
Rider, Mrs J H... 1 00
Rippey, Miss Mary A 1 00
Roberts, Geo V.... 1 00
Robertson, H G.... 2 00
Robinson, Katherine 1 00
Robinson, Mrs Milo 1 00
Rockenstyre, Willa 25
Rockfellow, Mrs V S & Mrs G W Simpson 1 50
Rockwell, H H.... 5 00
Rockwell, Mrs Isabella B 2 00
Roehken, Miss Henrietta E..... 4 00
Rogers, Robt.....10 00
Ross, Wm 5 00
Ross, Hazel..... 10
Rowe, Elizabeth.. 50
Rowley, Mr W M. 1 00
Rubeck, Mrs Chas 2 50
Rutherford, Mrs R Paffer, Emily..... 1 00
A 1 00
Palmer, C W & Wife 75
Palmer, Grace A. 25
Parker, S H..... 5 00
Paterson, Miss Letitia 5 00
Patterson, L B... 3 00
Paul, Mr & Mrs Jas 1 00
Pearce, Mrs R H. 1 00
Pearsall, Julia.... 1 00
Peck, Mrs Chas... 1 00
Penny, S A..... 50
Peters, Elizabeth.. 1 75
Sallsbury, A L.... 5 00
Salters, Jane C... 1 00
Samford, Jay..... 50
Schenck, Mrs Sarah 1 00
Schermerhorn, Mr & Mrs D E..... 3 00
Schley, Dr R M.. 5 00
Schollderfer, Mrs E 1 00
Schoonerman, Wm. 1 00
Schuyler, Harriet B & Mrs Peter.. 6 62
Schuyler, H B & Mrs P D..... 3 00
Schwartz, W S & Wife 1 00
Scott, Mrs Sarah. 1 00
M. Scott's Sons... 5 00
Seacord, Mrs E... 10
Sears, B C..... 5 00
Sergent, Mrs Emily 1 00
Setton, Mary A.... 2 00
Setton, Mrs R.... 1 00
Seymour, Clara J.. 1 00
Share, I A..... 2 50
Sharp, Augusta.... 25
Shaul, Mrs Eliza. 65
Shaver, Hester.... 1 00
Shaw, Mrs..... 1 00
Shaw, Mrs C E..10 00
Shaw, Mrs D..... 1 00
Shaw, Mrs H T.... 1 00
Sheldon, Mrs Erwin 2 00
Shiley, Mr & Mrs C J..... 1 00
Sherman, Mr Fred 12
Shields, Mrs J J. 3 00
Shipman, Mr & Mrs Wm..... 1 00
Shotwell, Miss Helen 50
Shotwell, Mrs Hannah 50
Shourds, E P..... 1 00
Shuler, Mr & Mrs D M..... 1 00
Sill, C M..... 2 00
Silsbee, A E..... 1 00
Silvers, John S... 5 00
Sjoberg, J P.....10 00
Skellie, J E..... 5 00
Slade, G S..... 25
Slawson, F M..... 50
Sly, Florence A & family 2 00
Smith, Ada..... 10
Smith, Earl..... 25
Smith, Eugene.... 2 50
Smith, Jennie A.. 5 00
Smith, Master E.. 50
Smith, Miss E.... 1 00
Smith, Mrs F..... 1 00
Smith, Mrs F C.. 1 00
Smith, Mrs J B... 80
Smith, Mrs J E... 1 00
Smith, Mrs John M 2 00
Smith, N..... 2 00
Smith, Verner J.. 25
Smith, Wm John.. 1 00
Snell, Albert J.... 1 00
Snell, Mrs F J.... 50
Snyder, Mrs Mary. 1 00
Snyder, Rufus..... 3 00
Southwell, Miss... 3 00
Spanlding, Fred... 1 00
Speed, H S..... 5 00
Sprague, Mrs F C. 2 00
Sprague, Mrs Stanley 1 00
Springer, Mrs L G 1 00
Stadelman, Miss L 3 00
Stafford, Miss Alice 50
Stafford, M J..... 5 00
Stanton, Mr & Mrs A J..... 1 00
Starbuck's, Wm, Family 1 00
Stewart, Miss Harriet 1 00
Stewart, N M.... 1 00
Stolz, Miss Annie. 1 00
Stonebnrn, Mrs F H 1 00
Strasenburgh, Rev Geo 1 00
Streeter, Mrs H D 2 00
Strong, Thomas S. 5 00
Sturgess, Mr & Mrs E G..... 1 00
Sutherland, J..... 2 00
Swain, C H..... 2 00
Swanson, Chas.... 1 00
Swartwont, B..... 1 00
Sweatt, Dr F E.... 1 00
Sweet, Geo..... 50
Sweet, Rev C..... 1 00
Sybrandt, Mrs C G 1 00
Syke, N..... 2 00
Taber, Eliza..... 1 00
Taggart, C A & M R 1 00
Tait, S C..... 25
Tait, Mrs S C.... 25
Tarrance, Mrs C R 1 00
Taylor, Glenn..... 25
Taylor, Nancy..... 1 00
Terry, C N..... 2 00
Thicket, Rev Samil 2 00
Thomas, Mr & Mrs G Conde..... 1 00
Thomas, Mrs John. 2 00
Thompson, Barbara 2 00
Thompson, Mr C. 25
Thompson, L M.. 5 00
Thompson, Mrs M N 1 00
Thompson, Mrs Susan S..... 1 00
Thorne, Mrs C C.. 1 00
Thorbington, L.... 25
Thorpe, Albert.... 1 50
Timmerman, Milton 1 00
Tolles, Miss E A.. 1 00
Tompkins, Mr & Mrs R V..... 2 00
Torrey, C W..... 2 00
Totten, Ida, & Mrs M B Cotlin..... 2 00
Treman, R H..... 5 00
Trerise, Miss Philinda 5 00
Trolley, Sr, Mrs C 1 00
Tutter, M D, Ella M 1 00
Tyler, Mrs A..... 1 00
Tyler, Sarah J.... 1 00
Tyner, A J..... 5 00
Underhill, Mrs Thos F 3 00
Upham, L H..... 1 00
Upham, M B..... 1 00
Vail, Anna..... 50
Vallier, E A & Friends 4 00
Van Aller, Miss Luln 1 00
Vander Boegh, J.. 1 00
Van Court, Mrs D P 2 60
Van Dazus, C O.. 25
Van Dermark, Ida. 50
Van Eps, A Y.... 5 00
Van Hoesen, Geo D 2 00
Van Holde, W M. 1 00
Van Hooser, M... 1 00
Van Houten, Mrs Wm 1 00
Van Wyuen, Miss 25
Vaughn, E J..... 1 00
Vedder, Mrs Amelia 2 00
Vegbte, Chas..... 1 00
Virlic, Mrs Olive. 50
Wagar, Walden... 10
Wagar, Ward..... 10
Walker, Mr Thos.. 1 00
Walker, Mr & Mrs R F..... 5 00
Wallace, Mrs Wm. 1 00
Walmsly, Margery. 25
Wamback, Louis.. 1 00
Ward, Albert H.. 5 00
Warner, Henry D. 1 00
Warwood, Miss Anule L..... 5 00
Wayman, Henry S & Wife..... 1 50
Wheaton, E B.... 1 00
Wheaton, Miss Celia 5 00
Wheeler, F & B.. 3 00
White, A G..... 2 00
White, Alice..... 25
White, Mrs R S.. 5 00
White, Sadie A... 1 00
Whitehead, Mrs James 3 00
Whiting, Miss Lonise 1 00
Whitlng, Mrs C M 1 00
Whitlock, Grace.. 25
Whitlock, Thos.... 25
Whitney, J S..... 2 00
Whitney, Mattie L 2 00
Whitney, Nettie S. 1 00
Wedge, Arthur.... 1 00
Weeks, E D..... 2 00
Weeks, Jas H..... 2 00
Weed, Mrs J L... 5 00
Weeks, Mrs James 1 00
Weeks, Nellie..... 50
Weimer, Mrs E... 2 00
Wells, Dr Stephen W 6 00
Wentworth, Miss Mahel 2 00
Wentworth, Mrs A M 1 00
Werfelman, Walter J 2 50
Wescott, E D..... 50
Wesley, H D..... 1 00
West, Miss Alice.. 15
Wicks, M J..... 1 00
Wicks, S A..... 10
Wilber, Mary..... 25
Wilber, Mrs G D. 3 50
Wilcox, D..... 2 00
Wilcox, M..... 1 00
Wilcox, Master Gordon E..... 2 00
Wild, Dr & Mrs.. 2 00
Wilkinson, Webster 1 00
Willcox, Mrs Harriet E..... 50
Williams, C S.... 4 00
Williams, Mrs Edith 50
Williams, Mary E 1 00
Willims, Mrs H L. 2 00
Willlams, Mrs Lizzie 25
Williams, Mrs O E 1 00
Willis, G A..... 3 00
Willsey, Perry.... 1 00
Wilson, Daniel.... 1 00
Wilson, Mrs W W. 1 00
Winchell, Mr & Mrs Haney..... 1 00
Wing, Julia A.... 2 00
Winne, L B..... 2 00
Winslow, Mrs E M 1 00
Winter, Mrs A M. 1 00
Wood, Cornelia W. 2 00
Wood, H A..... 50
Wood, Mrs Helen A 50
Wood, Mrs T S... 10
Woodburn, M A.. 7 00
Woodruff, Clyde... 1 00
Woods, W F..... 1 00
Worthen, G S B.. 2 00
Wright, Alma M.. 5 00
Wright, Caleb..... 1 00
Wright, Dr M C & Josephine 2 00
Wrigbt, Geo..... 1 00
Wright, Mrs Caleb 1 00
Wright, Mrs Geo.. 1 00
Wright, Mrs Wm.. 1 00
Yan, Mr & Mrs Henry, Jr..... 2 00
Zink, Mrs Albert.. 1 00
Friend, Brooklyn.. 2 00
Friend, Camillns.. 5 00
Friend, Seneca Fls 1 00
Friend, So Cairo.. 1 00
Friend, So Cairo.. 2 00
Friend, Tupperlake 1 00
Friend, Brooklyn.. 3 00
Friends, Elmira... 2 00
Friends, Honeoye Falls 1 75
Friends, McLean.. 2 00
Friends, McLean.. 1 00
Friends, Meadow Brook 1 00
A Friend, Bath .. 1 00
A Friend, Brooklyn 1 00
A Friend, Cannonsville 1 00
A Friend, Castile. 2 00
A Friend, Cropseyville 40
A Friend, Dansville 1 00
A Friend, Deerfield 1 00
A Friend, Germantown 1 00
A Friend Gowanda State Hospital, Gowanda 5 00
A Friend, Highlands Falls 5 00
A Friend, Honeoye ——, Addison 1

FAMINE'S GRASP RELAXES IN JAPAN

ALTHOUGH the period of acute suffering from the famine in Japan is now happily past, letters just received from our missionaries at Sendai make it clear that many hardships must yet be borne by the people of the three northern provinces before the normal order of things is restored.

Rev. Wm. E. Lampe, Chairman of the Missionary Relief Committee, writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, under date of April 5, as follows:

"The actual loss because of the failure of the rice crop amounted to more than $20,000,000 in these three provinces. Undoubtedly, scores of people, especially the aged, have died from lack of nourishing food as the main cause.

"Of the million people affected by the famine, a half million were in real distress, and nearly a quarter million are now being given their daily food to keep soul and body together. The famine will continue severe until the end of June. There will be much suffering during the summer. These people will know hard times next winter, and it will take many of them several years to get on their feet again.

"Nearly a hundred thousand yen ($50,000) has so far been handed to our committee for distribution. Gifts of $125,000 from America, $75,000 from China, $60,000 from England, and another hundred thousand in money and food stuffs from Canada, Germany, Australia, and other lands, have relieved much distress. The Red Cross passed the money over in bulk to the Department of the Interior, which, in turn, passed it to the three governors of the famine region.

"The prime motive of our Missionary Committee, namely, to arouse international sympathy in substantial ways, has been fully accomplished. The amounts already received, and what will come in during the next two months as results direct and indirect of our appeals and reports, will make an extraordinary and ample manifestation of international sympathy.

"Although the famine will continue severe for several months longer, and although there will be a vast field of suffering to be cared for, we believe the Japanese Government, by its scientific methods of alleviating distress, and by its wise and far-reaching plans for this agricultural region, will successfully deal with all the famine conditions. Our committee, accordingly, has fixed the end of May as the date for its last distribution.

"Hundreds of orphans (one parent dead) and helpless children are being found, and Christians—Japanese pastor and foreign missionaries—are doing everything possible to help them. Five hundred such children have been sent temporarily to the Okayama Orphanage. An institution is just being opened at Sendai into which more than a hundred have so far been received; our committee recently voted $1,000, received from a New York lady, to feed these 100 children for eight months."

Rev. M. B. Madden (Disciples) Prof. G. A. Forest (Episcopal) Rev. Wm. Axling (Baptist)

Rev. J. H. DeForest, D.D. Congregationalist — Rev. C. S. Davison Methodist Episcopal — Rev. W. E. Lampe Chairman, German Reformed — Rev. C. Jacquet of Sendai

Our Missionary Famine Relief Committee in Japan

In a communication from S. Hiroyama, of the Japanese Red Cross Society, to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the writer says:

A generous appeal for our famine sufferers by your President Roosevelt, whose sympathy with Japan and her people we have highly appreciated, has echoed to our shore when our own people have been making energetic efforts to relieve the distressed, whose condition is terrible beyond imagination.

The writer adds that no time was lost in complying with the expressed desire of the proprietor of this journal, to use the money sent by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to relieve the immediate necessities of the most needy sufferers. A certain amount of money was forwarded to each president of a Red Cross branch in these provinces. At the same time they were instructed to convey to the sufferers intelligence of the kindness, good will and sympathy that have ever been extended to the Japanese by the American people.

Further acknowledgments of contributions to the Japanese Relief Work will be found on another page.

JAPAN'S TRIBUTE TO CHRISTIAN AMERICA

THAT Japan and its people are sincerely grateful for the aid extended by this country during the famine is made evident in many ways. This was notably the fact at a recent banquet in Boston, at which the Hon. Eki Hioki, the Japanese Charge d'Affaires in Washington, was one of the leading speakers. During his remarks Mr. Hioki said:

"We of the East and you of the West, are not so far apart as the accident of geography might seem to imply. The oceans that roll between us are not wider or deeper than the manners, and customs, and speech that make the East alien to the West, and yet you of the West and we of the East meet on a common ground, in a country that is yours no less than mine, speaking a language that men of all speech can understand, when with voice of reverence we acknowledge our imperfections, and praise the Giver of all good for his manifold blessings.

"We of Japan believe in the efficacy of religion; it is with us a creed no less than a rule of life, and it is because we appreciate its sanctity, and the importance that religion plays in the formation of character, in making men steadfast in the hour of trial, and courageous in the day of adversity, that we, following the priceless example of your own Republic, exercise no interference in religion. By the 28th article of the Constitution of Japan, the freedom of religious belief is guaranteed. A man's religion is a matter between himself and his conscience, and he may worship his God in his own way, secure in the knowledge that his faith will be respected.

"Japan has never been a land of religious conflict, or religious persecution. We have no wrongs to revenge; we have no past, with its historical burden, to menace the future. . . . The most learned and most dominative elements of Japan are quite ready to receive the message of Christianity with an unbiased mind, and to examine it with critical and impartial consideration.

"The Japanese mind is an inquiring mind; it insists upon knowing the why and the wherefore. The messengers of a new faith must be men not only versed in their faith, but also men of broad and tolerant views; men who are familiar with the great questions of the day; men who can attune themselves to new voices and new thoughts; men who can bring the doctrines of Christianity into harmonious relation with the development of history, and show its influence upon modern culture. The modern missionary does not need to go forth with scrip or staff. He stands in no fear of bodily harm; neither contumely nor reviling shall be his portion. He must be not only a teacher of the Word, but guide, philosopher, and friend as well. To such, I am sure, Japan will extend not alone the hand of respect, but also of friendship; willing to give deferential and attentive ear; not rejecting lightly, but embracing eagerly, if it shall satisfy that spiritual craving that is the common heritage of humanity; that finds its expression in the East no less than in the West.

Hon. Eki Hioki
Japan's Charge d'Affaires at Washington, D. C.

"That humanity which is the handmaiden of religion Japan has experienced. I cannot refrain from expressing to you, and through you, may I hope, to all the people of the United States, the gratitude and thanks of the people of Japan, for the assistance that has been rendered to the starving of our northeastern provinces. The heart of America ever beats in response to the cry of the afflicted. When America heard that, owing to the failure of the crops, there were mouths without bread, out of her own abundance she gave succor, thinking neither of religion nor race, but intent only on feeding the hungry and relieving the distressed. Rest assured that Japan will never forget how America played the Samaritan in the time of her affliction."

Hon. E. Hioki was born in 1864, graduated from the Imperial University, College of Law and Political Science, of Tokio, in 1887, and entered the foreign service in 1888. He came to New York in August of the same year and was attached to the Japanese consulate in that city, where he remained till 1891, when he was transferred to Washington as attache to the Imperial Legation. He was next transferred to St. Petersburg and to the legation there. He returned to Japan in May, 1894, and was at once sent to Korea as Third Secretary of Legation. He remained in that country during the war and the reform period, altogether nearly five years; and was then promoted to Second Secretary of Legation, and then to First Secretary while in Korea. During his stay in Korea he was made Charge d'Affaires of Legation several times, and was twice sent as Special Commissioner of the Japanese government to investigate, in conjunction with a Special Commissioner of Russia, the troubles in Fusan between the Japanese residents of that port and the sailors of Russian war vessels. In 1899 he was again sent to Peking, at the beginning of the Boxer trouble, and remained there while the famous conference of Peking was held. In September, 1901, he was made Charge d'Affaires, and remained till January, 1902, when he was appointed Special Commissioner of the Japanese government for the revision of the tariff and the commercial treaty then existing between Japan and China. The negotiations at Shanghai lasted about a year. The treaty was signed on October 8, 1903, the same day the United States treaty was signed. By this treaty, the three places in Manchuria —Mukden, Antunghsien, and Tatungkao—were opened, while the province was still in the firm grasp of Russia. His services were rewarded by the Emperor, who conferred decorations and appointed him again to Washington, as First Secretary, with the intention of making him Charge d'Affaires. The Emperor of China likewise recognized his services by conferring upon him the decoration which is only given to officials of foreign governments, who are of the rank of minister.

Mr. Hioki will go back to Japan in the middle of May, to be appointed to some higher post. He speaks English, French, Russian, German and Chinese.

Its Froth is Folly, its Dregs are Crimes

QUARTERLY TEMPERANCE LESSON, BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS*

He Brought the Head of John on a Charger and Gave It to the Damsel

THE Confessions of Salome: Ah me! I am old now, and have only my own thoughts for company. I was the wife, and then the widow of Herod, tetrarch of Trachonitis, and then the wife and widow of Aristobulus, King of Chalcis. How many have been the experiences of my life, but none come so vividly before me as that night in my young girlhood when I danced before Herod Antipas, my stepfather, on the occasion of his birthday feast. I was merry-hearted, and dancing in the private apartments of the palace was my favorite pastime. The king and my mother, Herodias, had often commended the grace with which I danced. I was innocent and did not guess the impressions made upon the king, which led him to make the demand he did of me when filled with wine at the banquet. Even when he sent for me to come and dance in the banqueting hall, I felt only a slight shudder. I was too simple hearted, and did not realize the position in which it placed me as belonging to the class of lewd women whose vocation was dancing at such places.

My mother herself attired me for the dance, quite differently from what I had ever been dressed before. It was of no use for me to say I did not like the transparent garments, for she was determined that I should wear them. She all but pushed me into the banqueting hall. I found myself confronting the king and his guests. How frightened I was! But I fastened my eyes on the king, and at his bidding began dancing. I seemed to lose myself in the delight of motion. I did not even know that I was pleasing the spectators, until, when I had finished, the king told me to name what I would choose for my reward. It did not occur to me that he might have taken too much wine when he said to me that he would give me whatever I would ask, even to the half of his kingdom.

How ingenuous I was to say that I would go out and ask my mother to tell me what to choose! Oh, the bloody answer she gave me when she said: "Say that you choose to have the head of John the Baptist delivered to you on a platter." She wanted it as a feast of revenge because John had rebuked her sin. I shuddered, but my mother said, "Go!" I did not then know why she made such a request, only I was accustomed to hear her say that John was her enemy, and was therefore in prison. As I returned to the banqueting hall, and made the choice known, I saw a look of dismay come into the face of the king, but he quickly gave the order to one of the guard standing by, who shortly returned and placed the bleeding head in my hands. I could scarce carry it, it was so gory, so terrible, I trembled from head to foot. Never can I forget the fiendish look of my mother as I came into her presence with it. As soon as she had received it, I went alone to my apartment in agony of mind, and from that day to this the blood-stained vision has haunted me.

Illustration and Application

Wine is not mentioned in this lesson, but the lesson committee knew that the folly and crime and remorse of Herod all flowed, like three red rivers of shame and sorrow, from the wine glass of his royal banquet, and so they have designated this as a temperance lesson, with the motto, "Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess."

*International Sunday School Lesson for May 20. Death of John the Baptist, Mark 6: 14-29. GOLDEN TEXT: "Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess" Eph. 5: 18.

I. Wine as the Fountain of Folly. Shakespeare exclaimed, centuries ago, "O, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains." There has been occasion for such exclamations at the wine-prompted folly of even great men ever since Noah celebrated the end of the flood by flooding his brain with wine,

> Which since has overwhelmed and drowned
> Far greater numbers on dry ground,
> Of wretched mankind, one by one,
> Than all the flood before had done.

In every age the proverb is pertinent, "Wine in, wit out." God made the brain for thinking, not for drinking. One might as well expect to make a warm, bright fire of water-logged wood as to think clearly with a brain soaked with wine, or beer, or any other intoxicant or narcotic. Alcohol thickens and fuddles and muddles the brain.

U. S. MARINE CORPS LEAGUE

"Semper Fidelis"

I hereby promise, God helping me, to abstain from ALL intoxicating liquors, including wine, beer, etc., as a beverage.

"QUIT YOU LIKE MEN—BE STRONG"

Nature protests by hanging a red flag in the blood-shot eye and the clotted red nose. The lips get tangled because the nerve wires are disarranged. The muscles of the legs are loosened and the drinker proclaims that his brain has become the seat of folly by an unsteady step. From head to foot wine makes the drinker a fool. Some drink long without its becoming an "upsetting sin," but there is always a risk of saying or doing some foolish thing when the brain is even a little drunk. A man who does not stagger is nevertheless "drunk," if his brain is befuddled, and it is the tendency of drink to increase its grip.

In every age men high in government and in letters, and in social life, have made fools of themselves by drink. In this lesson a crown is stained from a wine glass, as a crown had previously been so stained by Belshazzar, whose wine was afterwards mixed with blood, as Herod's was in this lesson also. It is an old, sad story, that wine often leads even persons of high station to make fools of themselves for women, as Herod did. If he had not put wine into his mouth, he would not have put out of that mouth his promise of unlimited reward for a graceful dance. In our own day the peace of nations has been jeopardized repeatedly by after dinner speeches of naval officers and others. The tongue would not have offended if the throat had not first offended.

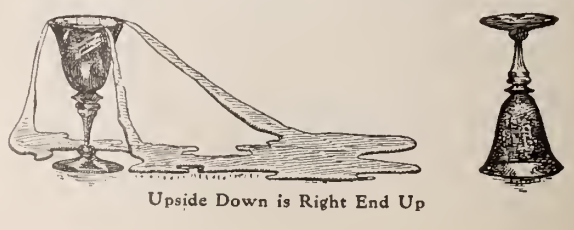
When King Henry V., of England, as Prince Harry, was drinking with Falstaff and others, word came that his father had died. He put down his glass, and rising with dignity, said: "Quit your nonsense, boys, I am your king." In these days, when every man is a sovereign voter, he should say to himself, "Quit your nonsense, I am a king." Indeed, every man and woman, as the "child of a King," should put away the fountain of folly. There is a great difference between learning and wisdom, and we never realize it more than when a learned man has fuddled his brain. There is no sort of excuse for any scholar or student who has learned the joys of reading and of intellectual pursuits seeking low amusements. He who has brain should refuse to be dominated by his mucous membrane.

Some one estimates that getting born costs the people of the United States $225,000,000 annually; getting married $300,000,000 annually; getting buried, $75,000,000 annually. Getting drunk costs the people of the United States $1,300,000,000 annually, or more than getting born, married and buried put together. What folly is this last expenditure, when the drink thus bought handicaps the children with a deadly heredity; when the drink will make thousands of marriages end in divorce; when it will bring at least tens of thousands to premature death, as insurance tables prove.

It is said of Robinson Crusoe that, having vainly tried to catch the goats on his island by approaching them on the level, he finally succeeded in capturing them by coming down on them from the hillside. The goats never looked up, and by coming at them from the highlands they were taken before they realized it. Whiskey makes a goat out of a man. The habitual drunkard never looks up. His thoughts, his emotions, desires, all dip. His eyes are bent in the direction of the ground. He knows nothing about the stars.

II. Wine Leads to Crime. If Herod had not stained his own head with wine he would not have stained with blood John's head and his own hands and heart. Many a judge has concurred in Judge Noah Davis' statement that ninety per cent. of the crime that gets before the courts is due to drink. The Massachusetts Labor Bureau found that of Massachusetts criminals ninety-six per cent. were drinkers and eighty-four per cent. were under the influence of drink when they committed the crime. Allowing for mixed motives, it is a conservative statement to say that the dominant cause of a majority of the crimes is drink, which leads some to crime by making them poor, and more by kindling anger.

III. Wine Leads to Remorse. Herod having been led by wine to a foolish word and so to a fiendish deed was thus led to a life-long remorse. When, long after his murder of John, he heard of Jesus going about doing miracles, he ran excitedly among his servants, forgetting all his royal dignity, exclaiming: "It is John the Baptist, whom I beheaded. He is risen from the dead." No doubt in Herod's dreams the headless prophet often rose to terrify him. No doubt he often saw in mind the ghastly head on the platter, and heard those lips say: "You are a murderer whom God shall judge."



Upside Down is Right End Up

How John Stood the Test

AN auspicious day in the history of juvenile reformatory work in the South was the first Sunday of March, when fifteen churches in Atlanta, Ga., held simultaneous rallies in the interest of a great juvenile protectory for delinquent and dependent Southern children. Fifty speakers from far and near, including Judge Ben B. Lindsay, of the Juvenile Court and Probation System of Denver, Col., spoke to great audiences in the course of the afternoon and evening,

Rev. Crawford Jackson and John

on the subject of juvenile reformatories. All the religious denominations were represented. One speaker declares it was the greatest movement that had taken place in the South for a decade.

There is great need of institutions of this kind in the South. The object of these many meetings was to create an interest in the building of a great Interstate Juvenile Protectory for neglected and wayward Southern children. It is aimed to erect, on land to be purchased for the purpose, ten homes or protectories, each to accommodate one hundred children, the whole to cost $500,000. Here young offenders of the law and others in danger of becoming such, instead of being placed alongside hardened criminals, will be given school and industrial training, and led to become upright citizens. Both white and colored are to receive the benefits of this movement, in separate institutions. President Roosevelt has expressed a hearty interest in the work.

The leader of the movement is Rev. Crawford Jackson, a Methodist minister of Atlanta, Ga. For several years Mr. Jackson has been interested in the reclamation of wayward children. "One of the saddest things," he says, "were my visits to various prisons in Georgia, where children, comparatively innocent, were incarcerated with hardened criminals—some for playing a moment or two on revolving doors, or riding a short distance on a slowly passing train; some had simply lost their way from home or parents in the city; some were temporarily epileptic and waiting in prison till other quarters could be found for them."

Mr. Jackson seems to have been led into this work providentially. Walking along the street one day, he saw a little boy in the hands of a policeman, crying. He was told that the boy's mother was dead and that his father was a worthless person. All that forenoon he could not get the boy off his mind. He telephoned to the police and asked to be permitted to come over.

"I went down and got the boy out of his cell," said Mr. Jackson, "and talked with him for about an hour, but made no impression. He evidently believed I was trying to trick him, as he had been tricked by so many others. He was smarting against everything that stood for law and order. Before leaving, however, he made me a half-hearted promise to be a better boy if I would come down next morning and get him delivered from prison. Next morning I appeared before the court and made a short plea for the lad. The policeman named a number of offenses that the child had committed. I told the court and witnesses that if they or I had been raised as the boy had, neglected at home and running the streets, twenty times in the police barracks, and a dozen times in the stockade, they would have been just as bad as the boy.

"The lad was won over by that speech, for I saw his face light up. The Judge playfully remarked: 'If I turned that boy over to you you couldn't get him to your office except with a four-horse team, and tying him besides.' 'Your Honor,' I said, 'I am going to ask you to do with John what the Duke of Wellington did with a certain troublesome soldier, whom he was about to have executed to get him out of the way. The man had grown worse and worse under the series of punishments inflicted, and this, his last offense, was the most grievous. When about to pass sentence for his execution, an old soldier, with a stub of an arm arose, and asked in a trembling voice, to be allowed to say a word. 'My Lord,' he said, 'have you ever forgiven him? Suppose you try that.' The general was so impressed that he did forgive him. Now, your Honor, you have whipped this lad, you have fined him, you have had him here a score of times, with hardened criminals, and out in the stockade at least a dozen times, and he has only grown worse and worse; will you not forgive him and turn him over to me?' The Judge turned to the boy and said: 'John, will you go with Mr. Jackson and be a better boy?' 'Yes, sir,' was the ready and whole-hearted reply." John stood the test, and Mr. Jackson's hopes were not disappointed. HELEN GRAY.

Missionary Work in Liberia

FROM a native missionary at Fortsville, Grand Bassa, Liberia, West Africa, a letter, received by a friend in New York State, says:

Since my arrival here, I have met with trials that may beset anyone coming out here to Africa, especially one used to the life over there, and coming here in the way I did. Nevertheless, I am more than thankful for having these bitter trials in the beginning, as I have begun to realize that the Lord is about to answer my prayers, by placing me just in the line for good work. After wandering through the country for a while for settlement, I met my old friend, Rev. Lewis P. Clinton, a native tribeman of mine. We were together during my first three years of my school-days in America. He returned to Africa some four years before I did. So we decided to work here together for the uplifting of our poor and ignorant African brothers. We have at present on our list forty-five scholars—seven girls and thirty-eight boys. All are natives, except three; they are Americo-Liberians. The average age is from five to sixteen. Some of them are reading First, Second, Third and Fourth Readers. They are also taught to read in the Bible, and many other useful lessons, to strengthen their young minds for further betterment. Indeed, they show great signs of fast improvement, considering the short time they have been here with us. In order to feed and clothe these children, we have to make farms and gardens, just as the farmers in America do. On these farms we raise principally rice, cassada, sweet potatoes, corn, yams, bread fruit, bananas, plantain, and many other tropical fruits. Some we eat, and some we exchange for merchandise goods to help us along. This is our farming season now. The sun is very hot, but we try to get along just the same. The part of the country where we are situated is very beautiful. It is quite elevated land. We have on the mission ground seven native buildings and one small civilized house. We could have more girls, but have no means to build better smaller houses for them. May I appeal to you to contribute something toward this well-founded place? You can have the information about this work and place from the United States Minister, Ernest Lyon, resident at Monrovia, Liberia, West Africa.

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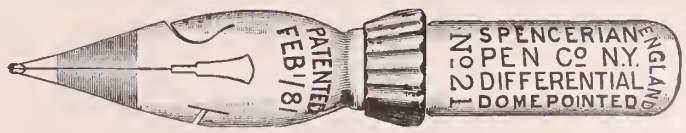

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The Chariots of the Lord

A Story of the Days of Religious Persecution in England

BY JOSEPH HOCKING

Summary of Preceding Chapters

During the reign of James II., whose father, Charles I., was beheaded in the revolution under Oliver Cromwell, a determined effort was made by the King to win England to Roman Catholicism. He persecuted the Protestants and had a willing instrument in Lord Jeffreys, an ignorant man, who had been raised to the bench by the king. The story opens with a scene in his court, in which the hero, Benedict Trelawney, denounced Jeffreys to his face, as an unjust judge. He was committed to prison. On his way he was enabled to escape by a girl, who told him her name was Mary. She guided him to the house of a Protestant, who gave him shelter and introduced him to another refugee, a Scotchman named Donald Stewart. On the following day he received his sword, which had been taken from him, and found upon it a message from the girl who had saved him, asking him to meet her that night at the Temple Church. He has an interview with her there, in which she advises him to have nothing to do with a conspiracy, then being organized against the king. He is surprised at her knowledge, and suspects that she is a daughter of Judge Jeffreys, of whom he has heard as being her father's spy. Disregarding her advice, he associates himself with the Duke of Monmouth, a natural son of Charles II., who invades England. After the defeat of Monmouth, Trelawney hides in a cave, but is found and lodged in jail. When brought to trial, a letter reached Jeffreys from the King ordering Trelawney sent to him. That night the bars were sawn from the window of the prison by some unknown friend and Trelawney escaped in a carriage waiting for him.

CHAPTER XXIV.

TRELAWNEY heard nothing, but he was sure he was not alone in the carriage. He was conscious of some one near him. There was something in the air he breathed, something that made him conscious of a presence near him.

"Who is there?"

No answer came, but that did not matter. He had no doubt but that someone beside himself occupied the rumbling chariot.

He stretched forth his hand. He touched nothing but empty air, but still he was sure someone was with him in the carriage. He put his hand in another direction. This time he was more successful. He touched another hand.

He held it fast in his. It was a woman's hand, small and delicately formed, and he felt it tremble in his own.

"Tell me who you are?" he said.

He thought he heard a low laugh, and the laugh made him angry. He had just escaped from a terrible doom and was, he believed, flying towards liberty, but he was angered.

"It is I, Master Carpet-Knight," was the answer he got.

In spite of himself his heart bounded with joy. It was impossible to mistake the voice. The last time he had heard it was weeks before when at the door of Taunton gaol. He called to mind the words she had spoken to him, of the insults she had heaped upon him. He remembered how angry she had made him, and how he hated her as the child of the most cruel man in England. And he hated her still. But for her, he need never have spent those weeks in Taunton gaol; but for her, he had never witnessed the terrible scenes of that day.

"Mistress Mary Jeffreys!"

"Yes, and what then?"

"Do I owe my liberty to you?"

"And if you do?"

Angry words came to his lips, but he did not utter them. After all, he had hoped that it was she who planned his escapes. He rejoiced in the thought that it was she who was leading him to liberty. Yes, he loved her, in spite of his hatred; he had loved her all the time.

She laughed scornfully. He could not see her face, but he felt sure that her eyes were turned towards him in anger.

"You see what you can do," she said. "You went and joined King Monmouth's army. Well, he was beheaded a month ago. As for his army, you see what hath happened to it."

"And, but for you, I should have been dead by now," he said "hanged by the command of your father."

She did not speak, but he thought he felt her shiver.

"And yet I am glad it was you who saved me," he said.

"How do you know you owe it to me?"

She had withdrawn her hand from his almost as soon as he had taken it; the young man felt the barrier that existed betwen them. There was no confidence; there was no sympathy.

"I knew it was you," he replied quietly. "No one else could have done it. And you have your own reasons for doing it, what they are I do not know. It was you who sent me the letter not long before the fatal day when Monmouth was doomed. It was you who told me to keep away from the deep water. But it was you who betrayed the hiding-place of William Ridgeway and myself as we lay in the shaft. It was you who heaped insult upon me during the ride to Taunton; but it was you who planned our escape."

"Why should I?"

"I do not know. I cannot think. You are my enemy."

"And you hate me, don't you?"

"Yes," he replied slowly. "I do. You are the child of your father; you are his tool, his spy. You have been the means of sending innocent men to their doom."

Dark as it was, he felt that she drew herself away from him. He knew that her heart was burning with rage; he felt sure that, although she had planned his liberty, she was at the same time scheming how she might be revenged upon him.

"And yet," he went on, "I love you. Yes, I know what I am saying, I love you. I have loved you ever since that night when I looked into your eyes in that square at the back of Fleet Street. I have loved you even while I hated you. Many and many's the time since I left you that night when you told the King's soldiers to draw swords, yonder by the banks of the Thames, I have felt that I could fall down and worship you, and yet all the time I felt that you were a viper to be trodden under foot, a venom-toothed dog, whom I would like to strangle."

He heard her laugh bitterly. He wondered what thoughts were working in her mind.

"I wonder you do not leap out of the carriage," she said. "We are far away from Taunton now. I do not suppose there are any houses near. You have naught to do but to leave me. I can take care of myself."

"No, you cannot. The countryside is full of footpads."

"And you would defend me, I suppose, Master Carpet-Knight?"

"Yes, I would defend you."

"Why would you?"

"I do not know."

A silence fell between them, while the carriage rolled on. The curtains of the windows were drawn, so that even the light of the moon did not reach them.

"Where are we going?" he asked presently.

"Where would you go?" she asked.

"I would go to London," he said, after hesitating some time.

"And when you got there, what would you do?"

"I do not know."

"Do you know you are a fool, Master Trelawney?"

"Why?"

"Because you tell what you would do. Your plans are of no avail, because you reveal them to your enemy."

"You admit you are my enemy, then?"

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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The Chariots of the Lord

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 422

"You say that I am. But tell me this; why should I seek to deliver you from the hands of Judge Jeffreys?"

"Do you think I have not asked that a hundred times, during the time we have been together. But what can be as deceitful as the heart of a woman? Yes, I know that I am riding away from Taunton. My hands are free, nothing harms me, but then——"

He ceased speaking. He seemed afraid to utter the thoughts in his mind.

"Halt. Stop, I tell you!"

Trelawney's heart sank as he heard the stern command. The carriage came to a standstill.

"Who are you, and whither are you going?"

The man on the seat mumbled something, but the young man could distinguish no word.

Swiftly the girl drew aside the curtains. She put her head out of the carriage window.

"Is that you Captain Winthrop?" she said brightly.

"Who are you?"

"You do not recognize my voice, then? I thought you remembered your friends better."

"But—but I do not understand. Gracious heavens, at this time and in this place!"

"Yes, it is rather a strange hour for a young gentlewoman to be traveling isn't it? But affairs of State, Captain Winthrop. How far are we from Harpinghey? We must change horses there."

"Three good hours yet. But how is it that——"

"I shall be ready for my breakfast by that time. Will you kindly give orders for me to go forward, Captain? I am on a matter of importance, and I have no time to explain now. Forgive my rudeness, will you not?"

"Of course, of course," said the Captain. "Let the carriage proceed, Sergeant Crimpley; and do you, Corporal Bingley, go forward, and see that no opposition is offered."

"Oh, thank you, Captain. Now I can go to sleep in peace. Good morning."

"Good morning, Lady Mary. I hope I've committed no offence by delaying you."

"How could you? The times are still troublesome, and the King needs trusty officers."

Again the driver cracked his whip, and the journey proceeded.

"Why did you not give me up to him?" asked Benedict, his voice full of wonder.

"Why?" replied the girl.

Surely never was a young man more strangely placed, and yet the strangeness was full of charm. Everything was full of mystery, and yet he would not have it otherwise.

He leaned back in the carriage again, and tried to realize his situation. For some time neither spoke a word.

The moon had gone down, but through the carriage window, the curtain of which had not been replaced, Benedict thought he saw signs of dawn. There was a suggestion of a glow in the eastern sky, and above the rumble of the carriage wheels he thought he heard the chirping of birds. It was still dark, and he could see nothing in the carriage, except something black in the opposite corner. He longed to take her hand in his again.

Presently he heard a sob. Then another, and still another, and as he heard, his heart changed from anger to pity.

"Lady Mary!" He spoke kindly, and gently, but there was no answer. "Do not cry, Lady Mary. If I have said aught to offend, please forgive me. I only——"

"Oh, I am so tired, so very tired."

"Then go to sleep. I will awake you if aught happens. I am sorry you are tired. I was a brute not to remember. I have been thinking so much of myself that I have forgotten you. Forgive me, will you? Please go to sleep. I do not know what your plans are concerning me, but I give you my word of honor that I will not try to escape."

"Oh, you do not know! You do not know."

Her voice was sad and plaintive. He felt the tears in it. He was sure, too, that her heart was bleeding with pain. He stretched out his hand again, and as he did so he felt a sword handle. But even this did not harden his heart. In the growing light, he saw her white hand. He took it in his own, and as he did so he felt his heart burn. This maid was not what he had thought her. She was kind and good, and womanly.

"Do not grieve, neither be afraid," he went on. "The morning will soon break, and then all will be well again."

She allowed her hand to remain in his, while sobs shook her from head to foot.

He longed to take her in his arms, and comfort her, but he dared not. All he could do was to speak kindly.

"If you tell me your sorrows, perhaps even I could help you," he said. "I will if I can; but being a prisoner, I cannot do much."

She snatched her hand from him angrily.

"How dare you!" she cried. "How dare you to——"

She drew herself up in her seat, and then as if by a great effort mastered her feelings.

"Oh, it is easy to fool you, Master Carpet-Knight," she laughed. "You are blown whichever way the wind veers. One can make you believe anything, and just because I thought I would do a little play-acting to relieve the monotony of your company, you must e'en try to play the lover."

Her words rendered him speechless, although he did not believe them.

"You said you would not try to escape,' she went on mockingly. "'Go to sleep my pretty lady,' you said, 'I will not run away.' Why, where would you run? Do you not know that a single cry from me would bring ten men to the carriage doors? You do not know perhaps that when I was play-acting just now, I had a pistol in the very hand that I held before my eyes. You escape!"

"Ay, I could have escaped a score of times," he said angrily.

"Then why didn't you? Tell me that?"

He was silent, because he would not tell her that the very thought of being by her side was like heaven.

By this time day had dawned, and he saw that the road led through a dreary and lonely countryside. No horsemen were at the carriage windows. What was before or behind he did not know. He pulled aside the other curtain, and the light of the morning streamed full upon her face. Again, in spite of his anger, his heart burned. This was the first time he had ever seen her in the light of day.

"You must be a good woman," he said involuntarily.

"Ah," she cried, "let us carry on our play-acting a little further. Master Carpet-Knight, you are bareheaded. You need the hat of a Cavalier, with a feather nicely curled. Behold, here it is. You need a cloak highly embroidered and made by a tailor who knows his work; and here is one to your hand. But more, Master Cornishman, you need a sword and belt, and here also I am your most useful and faithful servant."

"My own sword!" he cried, taking the weapon from her hand.

TO BE CONTINUED

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The Basis of Prayer*

IN the Scriptural treatment of prayer, supplication holds the sovereign place. It was to supplicatory prayer that God gave his sure promise, calling time and eternity to witness, and putting his universe in pledge. To make possible the effectiveness of solicitant prayer, required the vast redemptive plan. It involved the parental affection which no unfilial revolt could quench; the boundless compassion which no experience of pain could turn aside. God's covenant to hear and answer petitionary prayer could be made good, only by the progressive unfolding of his holy will, and by the final demonstration of his righteous love. The access of the pleading penitent to the throne of grace could be ensured and perfected, only through the atoning sacrifice and the consequent bestowal of the Holy Spirit. Of prayerful supplication as of the restored sonship, it may be said, "built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Christ Jesus himself the chief corner-stone."

*From *The True Doctrine of Prayer*, by Leander Chamberlain. Pp. 179. Published by the Baker & Taylor Company, East Seventeenth Street, New York.

Books Received

Short Course of Shorthand, by Isaac Pitman & Sons. A new exposition of the system arranged in forty lessons for colleges, schools, and self-instruction. Price $1.25. Pitmans, publishers, New York.

The American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago, issues the following:

Elementary Latin Writing, by Clara B. Jordan. An admirable guide to Latin forms of expression. Pp. 270. *A Primer of Essentials in Grammar and Rhetoric*, by Miss Marietta Knight, of the Worcester High School, Massachusetts. Pp. 64. *Original Exercises in Plain and Solid Geometry*, by Levi L. Conant, Ph.D. Pp. 164. *Flores de Espana*, including nine selected stories in Spanish, with notes and vocabulary, by C. Fontaine, Chairman Romance Language Department, High School of Commerce, New York. Pp. 115. *Excursions on the Banks of the Rhine* (French), by Mr. Theodore Henckels, of Middlebury College. Pp. 176. *Fishing and Hunting*, by Sarah M. Mott and Maude Barrows Dutton, World at Work Series. Pp. 127. *Robinson Crusoe*. Mr. James Baldwin writes the old story anew for children. Pp. 184.

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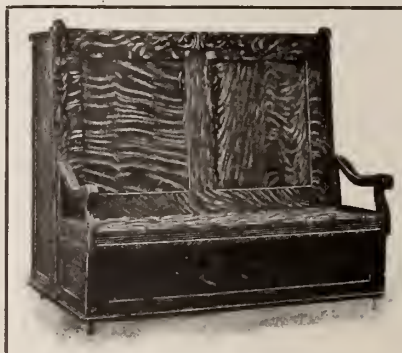

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In the passing of Mr. Edward William West, of Belleville, Ill., early in the month of April, this world has lost the active influence of a true Christian gentleman. The death of this man of God, with his almost completed century of useful, happy years, has caused deep sorrow. Mr. West was a prominent member of the Presbyterian Church, in all departments of which he was a wise and esteemed counselor, while his courtly manners and sweet disposition endeared him to every one with whom he came in contact.

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Christian Courage*

GREAT and good men in all ages have been called to reprove sin in high places. Elijah and John the Baptist were examples that have been followed by men whose courage kept line with their conscience. Unhappily, there have been many occasions for the services of such men. John Knox before Mary, Luther before Charles, Sir Thomas More before Henry, Savonarola before the Medici, and a host of other brave men have stood up for the cause of God against the powers of the world. Many have suffered imprisonment and some have forfeited their lives, rather than be silent in the presence of sinful rulers. They believed that sin was sin, however illustrious the sinner, and for his sake as well as for the sake of the world, they would not hold their peace.

Every one admires the fortitude and courage of such men, but how few there are who follow their example in ordinary life. We are not called as they were to denounce kings, nor to go to prison and the stake for our opinions; but we sometimes find it too hard to oppose public opinion, to dare to be singular, to resist and denounce evil that is under the patronage of influential men. The men who strive to rid the cities of gambling dens, of vicious resorts, of attractive liquor saloons, are held up as cranks, and do not receive the support from the churches that they had a right to expect. The easy and comfortable tolerance of evil, the desire to live quiet and peaceable lives and to be on good terms with every one, overcome the demands of conscience and do not evoke the protest that should come from God-fearing men. Like Lot in Sodom, they are content because the country is fruitful and their property is increasing. It is in the drink traffic especially that the Christian's protest is needed. That is the curse of our day, a curse far more blighting than the rule of the worst of kings, and the church is to a large degree in complicity with it. If every Christian was a total abstainer and held the men engaged in the traffic as wrongdoers and enemies of society, the first and strongest step would be taken to the abatement of the evil.

Serving By Example†

NOT by preaching only did Christ desire his kingdom to be spread. He required every man to preach by his life. The unconscious influence that one man exerts over another, was to be an important power in the propagation of the Gospel. The Apostle saw and recognized the fact, and impressed it on the churches. The convert was to prove to the world what the influence of his religion was upon him by his meekness, his gentleness, his love, and his helpfulness. True, there were some who regarded the new religion from the standpoint of doctrine only, and affected to believe that if their creed was right they might live as they chose. But Paul speedily convinced them of their error, and the churches disciplined the inconsistent members.

Stronger than any law is the obligation thus laid on Christians. The honor of Christianity is in their hands and woe to the man who brings disgrace upon it. The world judges of Christianity by the lives of its professors. It knows that grapes do not grow on thistles. Is religion the power it professes to be? The answer comes from the character of Christians. Has it made the man better? Is he kinder, more charitable, more benevolent than before? It is not a question of his quitting lying, cheating and immorality. These are the grosser sins that he must avoid, of course. But is he changed in his nature? Is he more considerate, less censorious, more forbearing? When the world sees this change, even when it shrinks from following it, it believes in religion and respects it. It is when it sees the Christian seeking amusement in worldly pleasures, when it sees him adopt worldly maxims in his business, that it doubts the power of Christianity to change the character. As Christ well said, "Ye are a city set on a hill that cannot be hid."

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for May 20. "Lessons from the Lives of Elijah and John the Baptist: a Temperance Topic." Luke 1:14-17; 1. Kings 18:30-39.

†Topic of the Epworth League for May 20. Matt. 5:13-16; 1 Peter 2:11, 12; 1 Cor. 8:10-13; John 13:35; Phil. 2:15; 1 Timothy 4:15, 16.

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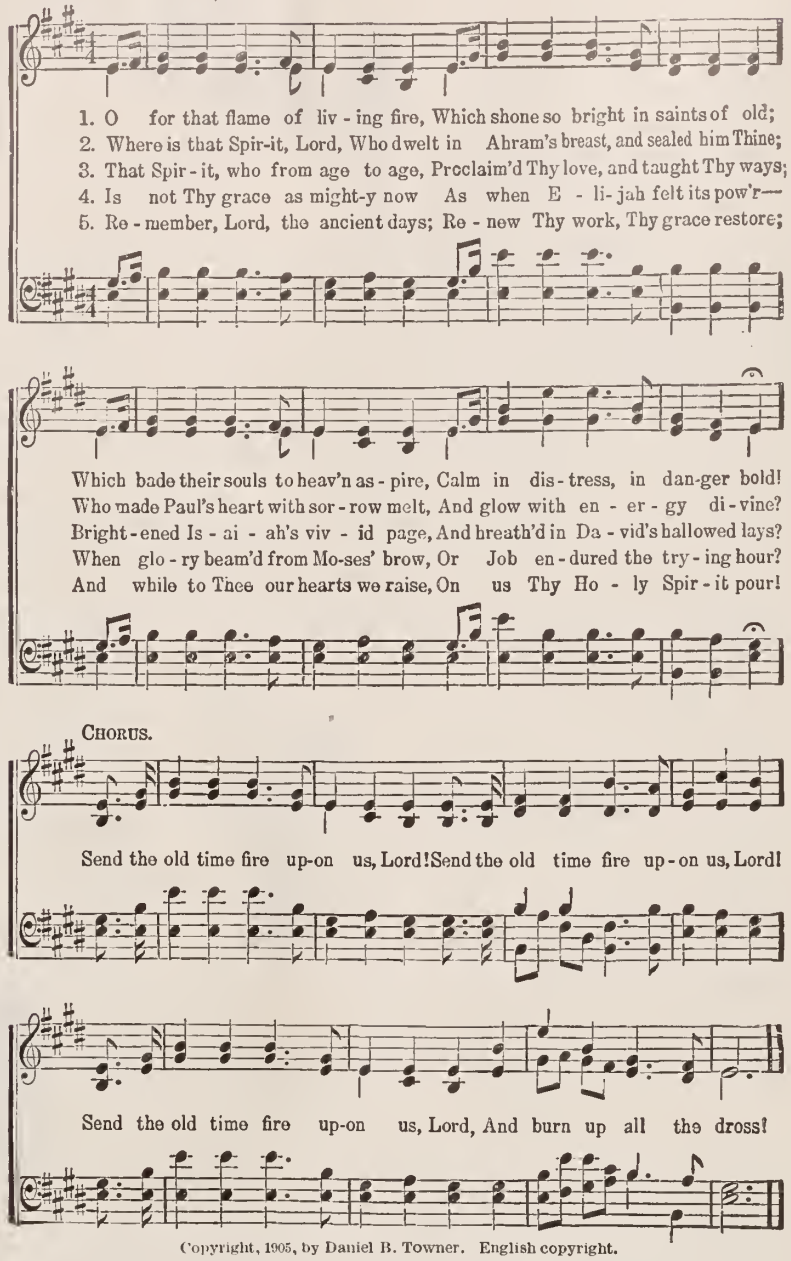

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* A church organist recently sent Dr. Torrey a letter stating that this song started a revival, in which nearly fifty were converted. It is a popular favorite in Philadelphia.

Dr. Torrey's Lessons from the Earthquake

THE revival fire in Philadelphia is still burning brightly. Bands of men go out to the churches and give their testimony and help to develop a spirit of prayer, and thus the revival flame is daily being spread abroad. In one church the hymn, "The Old Time Fire," started a revival in which fifty people were led to Christ in nearly two weeks.

Dr. Torrey recently preached a powerful sermon on, "Prepare to Meet thy God." He took as his theme the terrible catastrophe at San Francisco. He said: "The awful calamity that has overtaken a sister city has made every intelligent man and woman do some very serious thinking this week. It has made us think about the instability of what we are pleased to call 'the solid earth'; about the uncertainty of worldly possessions; about the brevity of our own lives; about the great coming day of our Lord, when not merely a single city, but all cities shall be shaken down, and when the fire shall consume the earth. It has made some of us realize, as never before, that we who live on the globe are living merely on the crust of a mass of fire.

"What said that shaking earth? 'Prepare to meet thy God.' What said that mysterious rumble that none could understand? 'Prepare to meet thy God.' What said the awful roar of that devouring flame? 'Prepare to meet thy God.' What says the voice of God's Spirit in our own hearts? 'Prepare to meet thy God.'"

From the beginning of the campaign in Philadelphia one of the heartiest supporters of the movement has been Mr. John Wanamaker. One evening, during the after-meeting, Mr. Wanamaker said:

"I was a country boy who had come into the city. A salesman asked me if I wouldn't go to his church. It was a quiet, old-fashioned meeting. There was a handsome old man of about seventy-five years of age, who got up and in the gravest way said he was just waiting for God to take him; that he had lived his life; that God had been good to him; that religion was a good thing to die by. I sat 'way back, and I soliloquized: 'Well, old man, you can't touch me; you have lived your life; you haven't any sympathy with a big boy; it has passed over my head.'

"Soon after a younger fellow got up; he was perhaps thirty-five; and he said, 'I have just begun the Christian life. Two years ago I was converted; I had just begun business, and I had had a prejudice against religion. I am a great deal happier; I am a better business man.'

"I listened to him," continued Mr. Wanamaker, "and I said to myself, 'There you are; you want to be a business man, and he tells you how you can be a better business man. He tells you that religion is good to live by. Another man tells you it's good to die by.' 'Now, do you intend ever to be a Christian?' 'Yes.' 'Well, if it is a good thing, why don't you be it right away?' I said, 'Yes, I will.' I waited till everybody went out except the janitor and the old minister; and as the latter came down the aisle he met a country boy coming up, and I was the chap. I simply said to him, 'I have settled to-night to give my heart to God.' And he reached out his hand, and said, 'God bless you, you will never regret it.' That was the whole business." GEO. T. B. DAVIS.

Don't Be Downed

Many a man, young and old, has given way to discouragement because he thought he was "no good," when the trouble was that he was trying to do the wrong work.

But if you are ambitious, intelligent, capable of development in salesmanship and want to be your own man, and the wearied man of no "job," then we can be helpful to you and you to us. No "job" you ever had is as potential, is as big for the future, as large in what it leads to, as a connection with the sales department of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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The demand for a chemically pure nicotine for the purpose of killing insects on plants and flowers, vermin in the household, hen-house, on fowls, cats, dogs, or the human body, has resulted in the production of **Thompson's Rose-Nicotine**, which has been widely distributed and given positive results wherever used.

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Chicken Louse

It kills all kinds of insects and vermin, no matter whether on plants or flowers, or in the house, such as bed bugs, ants, clothes moths, roaches, carpet bugs; also hen-house vermin. With **Thompson's Rose-Nicotine** at hand, you can start your flower garden this spring with the assurance that bugs will not get the better of you, and destroy your plants. Simply spray your plants on the under side of the leaf with a solution of **Thompson's Rose-Nicotine**, using a good sprayer (never a sprinkling can), and the insect pests will cease to live.

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It is odorless, colorless and stainless. It will not harm even the most delicate plants, fabrics or pet animals.

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It is economical, too, as it costs less than 2c. a quart when made into a bath or spray ready to use.

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Probably in no line has there been more fake or unworthy products advertised to the public than with so-called insect killers.

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Every minister, lawyer, journalist, physician, author or business man is forced under pressure of modern conditions to the active and sometimes over-active use of the brain.

Analysis of the excreta thrown out by the pores shows that brain work breaks down the phosphate of potash, separating it from its heavier companion, albumen, and plain common sense teaches that this elemental principle must be introduced into the body anew each day, if we would replace the loss and rebuild the brain tissue.

We know that the phosphate of potash, as presented in certain field grains, has an affinity for albumen and that is the only way gray matter in the brain can be built. It will not answer to take the crude phosphate of potash of the drug shop, for nature rejects it. The elemental mineral must be presented through food directly from Nature's laboratory.

These facts have been made use of in the manufacture of Grape-Nuts, and any brain worker can prove the value of the proper selection of food by making free use of Grape-Nuts for ten days or two weeks. Sold by grocers everywhere (and in immense quantities). Manufactured by the Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Clinging to Sin

By Mrs. M. Baxter

TIME had been when Herod had heard John the Baptist; whether out in the desert we know not, or whether John came by request to court, his rough attire strangely contrasting with the vanity and pomp which reigned there, his simple fare putting to shame the needless luxury of those who mind earthly things. John had made a great impression on Herod. There was a strange and marked unlikeness between this man of the desert, full of the Holy Ghost, and the learned, courteous scribes, whose object was not to bring their hearers into the presence of God, that heart and conscience might bow before him, but rather to display their own knowledge, eloquence, erudition, or logic. They always sought to impress their hearers with themselves, and therefore sought by all means to please and gratify.

John, on the contrary, knew himself not; his eyes were open to only two things—God and immortal souls, and thus his words were such as must be felt; they had edges, and went right into the hearts and consciences. They made men feel that their most hidden motives were being brought to light, and thus the Jordan banks were one scene of weeping, brokenheartedness, confession of sin; and then, when they beheld "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world," a scene of joy, if necessary, of deliverance.

So "Herod feared John." No doubt there was a constraining power about the man's very presence. Oaths could not easily be uttered, angry tones were hushed, men were not at ease even in thinking evil thoughts, when those penetrating eyes might be turned on them at any moment, and the whole be laid bare before the multitude. And yet there was a fascination about the man. People could not keep away, even Herod himself could not keep away from him. He knew that John was "a just man and a holy." Wicked men know the real thing; counterfeit holiness will not pass with them. John's life bore out all he said: earthly considerations, personal considerations, had with him no existence; he knew nothing of rest days and summer holidays, he lived only for one thing—that men should repent. Herod "kept him safe. And when he heard him he was much perplexed (or did many things) and he heard him gladly" (R.V.).

There was reason for the king to be perplexed; he was living in open sin, and no possible shadow of excuse, no possible admission of extenuating circumstances, came within the limits of John's teaching. Sin was sin, and sin must be renounced, now and forever. There was no respect of persons with John. It may be that it was on a day when he was saying to some embezzler of property "Restore that which thou hast unjustly taken, and pay back fourfold; make haste to do it, for 'the kingdom of heaven is at hand.'" Perhaps he turned to some wine-bibber, and said, "Give up thy cups, the Lord is coming," and then, facing round upon the king: "And thou, King Herod, give up thy brother's wife, it is not lawful for thee to have her."

Herod was perplexed. He knew that John was right, but the power of this wicked woman over him was great, and he was not man enough to resist it. She was stung to madness by the boldness of the preacher; his influence was already great with Herod, for he had induced him to do "many things." There was a change in him; he feared God more; in his language, in his court, in everything there was a change for the better; many things were altered, but not the thing, the crowning sin, which was a justification of adultery in the land. Herodias was alarmed. She did not know how far this reformation might go, and she resolved that John must die.

GET THIS GOLD PAIR FREE

Listen! In the past year I received thousands of letters from spectacle wearers all over the world, expressing their thanks and appreciation, and the one I give here is a good sample of what they all say.

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Just write me your name and address and I will mail you my Perfect Home Eye Tester, free.

Then when you return me the Eye Tester with your test, I will send you a complete five dollar family set of my famous "Perfect Vision" spectacles for only $1 (which is an actual saving of $4 to you), and this will include a pair of my handsome Rolled Gold spectacles absolutely free of charge.

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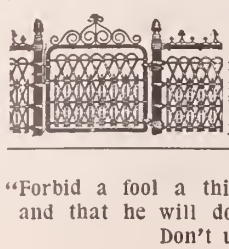

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"Forbid a fool a thing and that he will do." Don't use **SAPOLIO**

The bursting of buds in Springtime—
The unfolding of the tiny leaves—the little sprouts of grass —the mating of the birds—
—the awakening of new life are all evidences of the action of the great energy of Nature.

We need a similar form of Energy to renew our bodies and to help us work and think. And the best way to get it is by eating

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-back to nature

CHRISTIAN HERALD

SUBSCRIPTION, $1.50 PER ANNUM
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SEE PAGE 434

A Widow of Pandita Ramabai's Mission Preaching the Gospel to Villagers of India

Sent Home to Mother

How far that little candle throws its beams;
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

AS the big *Campania* swung out from her moorings at the Cunarder's dock on April 28, she carried, tucked away in a quiet corner, one happy-hearted little mother, whose wondering, curly-pated, four-year-old girl clung to her skirts, as they both looked their last on the shores of America. Cruel experiences it had given to the frail English girl, whose husband had brought her as a bride to the new country, to make a home. He had failed—ignominiously, contemptibly failed—to keep the vows he had so eagerly made at the altar, and for eight long, lonely years the little wife had struggled on, silently bearing his neglect and brutality. A few weeks ago the man left the wretched place they called home, and did not return.

The English bride had left father and mother in England; she had laid away two precious little ones here among strangers, and she craved the tender sympathy she knew was waiting for her in her native land. Now there was nothing left to keep her from the touch of the loving mother hand, the healing ministry of the old home atmosphere. Nothing? Ah, yes, there was the lack of money. It had been hard to make the scanty sums earned here and there buy bread for herself and the one little girl, her pretty Doris. Grandmother across the sea was longing for the grandchild whom she had never seen, but though the welcome was waiting, there was no money for the passage. Just here the attention of the writer was called to the situation, as she scurried about the "Cherry Hill" section, visiting the children who are impatiently waiting for the summer days which mean to them the joys of the Children's Home on the Hudson.

There are many noble, generous-hearted friends of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD scattered all over the United States, who feel themselves outside the sweeping current of life as it is found amidst the poverty and suffering of our great city, yet who wish to be factors in stemming that tide of misery. Wisely deciding that their own discrimination is less to be relied upon than that of the long-tried experience of the editors, these good people have from time to time sent sums of money, to be expended in a way to do the most good. This money is known to the office as the "Any Good Cause" Fund, and is drawn upon only after careful investigation of the worthiness of the cause presented. Accurate information soon established the claim of the little English mother and her child on the fund, whose purpose is to befriend the friendless. Steamer tickets were purchased, and only a few hours were needed to prepare for departure. Long before the steamship dock was reached, blue-eyed Doris, on her knees at the car-window, wistfully said, "Mamma, you said we'd soon see grandma, and I am looking for her everywhere."

The bruised heart of the deserted wife is now on its way to the all-enveloping mother-love that awaits it. Well may she say:

Over my heart in the days that are gone,
No love like mother-love ever has shone.

It is like a benison sent to the four corners of this great country to know that her last words were, "God bless the dear people of this country who have made it possible for me to get back to mother."

He Will Bring You Together Again

YOU have walked in the shadow and walked in the light,
You have travelled the vale and the hill;
In days that were stormy and days that were bright
Together you met good and ill.
But now you are walking, so strangely, alone;
You hark for a step, but in vain;
And yet the good Father, who loveth his own,
Will bring you together again.

You are not forgotten, however you miss
The voice that once gladly you heard;
The lips that no longer will stoop for a kiss
Or whisper a comforting word.
You are not forgotten, and still you can smile
That blessings were given, and then,
That He who now lets you be lonely a while,
Will bring you together again.

Your loved one is absent, but cannot be far,
While safe on the bosom of love,
That holdeth you also, and hope as a star
Is shining so brightly above.
Oh, faith can be patient, whatever the time
To wait in the shadow and pain,
While nearer is coming the glory sublime,
To bring you together again!

Vineland, N. J. MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

The Very Last Call

Greatest Book Offer of the Season

TWO Magnificent Vols. Regular Price, $3.75 The Set will be Sold at ONLY $1.00

Ernest Thompson Seton

ERNEST THOMPSON SETON, and his wife, Grace Gallatin Seton, some time ago issued two books under very strange titles. The one volume, containing 500 large pages and over 300 pictures, was christened, **"TWO LITTLE SAVAGES."** It is as brimful of delightfully interesting reading matter as an egg is full of meat. It has charmed tens of thousands of families, and is as fresh to-day as it was the day it was first put on the market.

It is a most fascinating story, into which Mr. Seton has put all the knowledge of woodcraft and of wild animals, which he has accumulated in a lifetime of study and experience, and will be widely read by lovers of nature, adventure and out-door life. To read such a book is as invigorating and vitalizing as a mountain trip. It is redolent with the piny odors of the forest.

Mrs. Seton has written a companion work to her husband's book, and this bears the strange, yet fascinating title, **"A WOMAN TENDERFOOT."** One would suppose that the book dealt with a woman out in the old-time Wild West, or in the mining camp, or among the Indians, but not so. It simply speaks of the delights which an able-bodied, healthy American woman enjoyed who determined to study nature for herself, with her own eyes, and from personal experience, rather than from the pages of some beautifully illustrated gift-book.

MRS. THOMPSON SETON

In her introduction, Mrs. Thompson Seton says:

"This book is a tribute to the West. I have used many Western phrases, as necessary to the Western setting. I can only add that the events related really happened in the Rocky Mountains of the United States and Canada, and this is why, being a woman, I wanted to tell about them, in the hope that some going-to-Europe-for-the-summer woman may be tempted to go West instead."

So many narratives of adventure in the mountains and plains have been told, that it is almost incredible there should be a new and better way of telling them. It would hardly be fair to her predecessors to say that Mrs. Thompson Seton has surpassed them all, and yet there is a charm in **"A WOMAN TENDERFOOT"** that is in no similar story. There is no effort after literary superiority; the incidents are tame, even commonplace by comparison; the evident enthusiasm of the writer never passes into grandiloquence or rhapsody. Perhaps it is the wholesome simplicity of the book which captivates and holds attention, but afterward it is a realization of the tenderness, the kind immensity of nature in her wildest and most rugged forms, even toward a gently nurtured woman, that gives the book its most gracious and abiding quality.

This very attractive volume, like its companion, is superbly illustrated in the unique style of which Mrs. Thompson Seton is sole mistress. Pictures drawn for the text, that really illustrate the text, are printed anywhere on the page—top, bottom, margin, in with reading matter or elsewhere—just where it struck her fancy to put them. In contains **361 pages** and **148 pictures.**

TWO FAMOUS VOLUMES

The two books together aggregate about **900 Pages,** and **500 Pictures.** They are artistically bound in art cloth and packed in a suitable box, and this is the famous **"Camp Life Library,"** which last Fall was advertised from Maine to California, and from the Gulf of Mexico to the St. Lawrence.

The Christian Herald ordered a special edition of this **"Camp Life Library,"** after first subjecting it to the rigid test of editorial scrutiny in search of anything that might offend against good taste, and from the result of the investigation, we are satisfied that these books may be safely received into any household, however fastidious or discriminating.

ALMOST GIVEN AWAY As before stated, the price of this set was originally $3.75, but as we are now closing out all the premium books of the past season in order to make room for our new premiums, **These Sets Must Be Sold.** Some are perfectly new, others are very slightly rubbed, so little, in fact, that it would take an expert to discover a blemish. We very much dislike to sacrifice these books, but as **we must have the room, the books must go,** and hence we offer them at the absurdly low price of $1.00 per set: that is, $1.00 for the two books, transportation to be paid by the purchaser.

If you live near New York, it will cost you about twenty-five cents to have the set delivered. If you live at a distance, you would do better to send us forty cents to prepay expressage, as **the set weighs 5 lbs.** Money refunded if not pleased.

PLEASE DO NOT DELAY This is an exceptional offer, and if you want value for your money in "good measure, pressed down, shaken together and running over," THIS IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY! In case your order comes after the stock has been sold, we will immediately return it to you AT OUR OWN EXPENSE. Other offers may be made in these columns from time to time, in order to close out all the remnants of our premium books, but no other proposition will offer such great value for the price.

Address, The Christian Herald Book Dept. Bible House NEW YORK

Lafayette and the Children

A Pleasing Reminiscence by an Aged Reader of The Christian Herald

MISS JULIA PENDLETON, of Arlington, N. J., though now upwards of ninety, is still hale and vigorous. She still retains many traces of beauty and is a delightful conversationalist. She takes special pleasure in relating tales of her girlhood, stretching back to the good old days before the railroads She was born in Stratford, Conn., August 3, 1813.

Probably the most notable experience of her life was her meeting with Marquis de Lafayette, when the great Frenchman was touring the country and receiving the plaudits of the American people after the close of the War of 1812. It was in the summer of 1824 that Miss Pendleton was presented to the Marquis. She was then eleven years old, and the meeting made an impression on her that years have failed to eradicate. She says:

"It was in the early summer that I had the pleasure of meeting the Marquis de Lafayette. He was then travelling from New York to New Haven by easy stages and was accompanied by escorts. The citizens of each of the towns visited provided an escort, which would accompany him to the next stopping-place.

"The night before the Marquis was expected to arrive in Stratford, my father told my mother that if she would have the little girls ready in the morning, he would take them to see the great Lafayette. We children were overjoyed, though we did not in our wildest dreams expect to have the honor of grasping the great man by the hand or being noticed by him.

"In the morning we were ready, and accompanied our father to Marshall's Tavern, where the Marquis' party were stopping, and the reception to the citizens was to be held. My father left us in the front yard with several of the neighbors' children while he went in with the other men to meet the general. He specially instructed us not to run away, but to wait until he came out.

"Our father had been gone but a short time when the front door opened, and I heard Lafayette's voice exclaiming, 'Bring forward those children. Let them come in also.' My father, a Mr. Judson and a Mr. Curtis, took us children in, and I can remember how Lafayette looked just as well as I can see you sitting there.

"The Marquis appeared to me to be rather short and stout, though this was probably caused by his son, George Washington Lafayette, being with him, for he was over a head taller than his father. I was introduced to the general, as was my sister. He took me by the hand, shook it, and then placed his hand on my head and gave me his blessing, saying, 'God bless you, my little dear.'

"I have cherished that blessing all through my life. Unfortunately Lafayette did not bestow his blessing on my sister, and she was a little inclined to be jealous of me. I comforted her, however, by telling her that the general meant it for us both, as I sincerely believe he did."

The "Old Treasure Fund."

MRS. LUCY RIDER MEYER writes: "Could anything be more interesting than these letters and gifts! 'Antiques' are coming in, old teaspoons, cameos, jewelry worn seventy-five years ago, and especially old coins. These sell often at much more than their face value. Even a fine old piece of furniture was recently given, but the giver had the good sense to sell it and send the money. But here are extracts from the delightful letters:

"'This 24 cents is very little, but it cost me hours of toil. By accident I had to walk eight miles three times and thereby involuntarily saved 24 cents. I want it used for some good purpose.'

"'I thought I had none to spare, but there came to my mind some gold coins that I had treasured for years against a time of need. I decided to trust the future to the Lord, so I send $5, for I want a share in this Fund. I have worn little jewelry in my lifetime and am now 76 years old.'

"'I send a few old treasures, not with tears, but joyfully, to be used in the noble work of preparing messengers to tell the glad tidings.'

"'My little boy, Errol, wants his ring sold and the proceeds applied to the Old Treasure Fund. He is four years old.' With this letter came a beautiful heavy gold ring, but the very smallest in size yet received.

"'I am sending my mother's gold beads for the Master's use.'

"'Mother and I think that perhaps new dollars will do as well as old jewelry, so find enclosed two dollars.'"

Address all letters to Lucy Rider Meyer, 4949 Indiana Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

NEW YORK. MAY 16. 1906

Leaving Galilee by Rail

On the Peaceful Jordan River

A Visit to Jericho

ACROSS PALESTINE BY RAIL

BY MRS. J. WOODBERRY

OUR five months' journey to the Far East, *via* the Holy Land, is an enumeration of pleasant experiences, enjoyed but once in a lifetime. After London and Paris had been visited, a side-trip was taken to Basle, Switzerland, for the purpose of visiting the Casino, where the Zionist Congress meets annually. Thence we went through the famous cities of Switzerland and Italy, to Constantinople, Smyrna and Beirut.

Our visit to Palestine was the supreme delight of our entire furlough. We were transported over the tops of the Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon Mountain ranges, by a narrow-gauge railway in less than a day, and Damascus and Baalbek were within easy reach. The scenes were enhanced by the missionary activity which we found everywhere. I was graciously entertained by missionaries of many denominations, and was delighted with the evidences of abundant seed-sowing.

Beirut is a busy missionary centre, radiating life and light in every direction. The German colony at Haifa is another very bright spot on the Mediterranean, in the Mount Carmel district. We sped over the plain of Esdraelon by public carriage to Nazareth and Tiberias in delightful fashion. I cannot speak too highly of the orphanage and hospital mission work in the former place, and of the Mission Hospital at the latter. At Cana we were besought by the children of a mission school to alight and visit them, and we were amply repaid, as they conducted us around the place, and then formed in a circle and sang "Jesus loves me." It was pathetic as well as interesting. Quantities of pretty lace-work were showered upon us, for a small sum, the proceeds to be used for mission work. German hotels rendered good service in nearly every place where a tourist might wish to stay.

A sail on the southern end of the Sea of Galilee brought us to another little railroad station, where a branch road of the Damascus-Mecca Railroad returns across Southern Galilee to Haifa, winding across the Jarmok and the Jordan, and passing through Shunem, Jezreel, etc. Jaffa received us with hospitable arms, after a week of storm. We next found ourselves on another mountain railroad, climbing toward Jerusalem. Our missionary band welcomed us at the depot outside the Jaffa Gate, and we were conducted in a very comfortable way about the city and surrounding country, visiting everything within reach.

The American Missionaries on the Shores of the Dead Sea

Our impressions were very different from our anticipations. The city is improving greatly in external appearance, and there are many prosperous colonies, Jewish and German. The churches and nationalities are now so numerous that it is hard to believe that Jerusalem is one of the most needy mission fields on earth. Our American Consul is a very genial official, and encouraged our missionaries by his friendly interest in our new American church organization.

We went from church to church in Jerusalem, and found only showy ceremonials and masses of people following phantoms and dreams. In the midst of this ornate, religious chaos, we wondered where the Lord Jesus would feel at home in the "Holy City." Our hearts were filled with compassion for the "sheep without a shepherd," who were thronging the city, going in and out without finding pasture. We were moved to send out an appeal for more Gospel bells, and to "Pray for the Peace of Jerusalem."

Among the lowly workers we found our own evangelist faithfully traversing the streets and highways, preaching to, and scattering Bible portions among a motley throng of Jews, Armenians, Mohammedans, and so-called Greek and Latin Christians. Many friends who have helped our student chapel in China to "begin at Jerusalem," will be glad to know that for nine years our evangelist has been "sowing the seed," and that we found him and his interesting family of twelve all loyal to the Lord Jesus, and persevering in the work. I might tell you of the Greek Christmas festivities at Bethlehem, the condition of Hebron, the great Mohammedan centre, *en route* to Mecca; the wonderful tower in Hebron, and that on the summit of the Mount of Olives, built by the Russians, and commanding extraordinary views of the land, as well as revealing its possibilities for the future.

There are even signs of life at the Dead Sea, where a boat and bathing house, and a place to remain all night, are among the expectations of the near future. Nor need I speak of the Jericho Hotel, at the ancient site of that city, whose walls fell down, and the stones of which still strew the place. The Jordan flows on as of old, in its beautiful setting of cliffs and trees, and the whole land fertile and great with promise—beautiful with a loveliness I have never seen before. It lies before us, to be possessed for God.

From Palestine we went to Egypt for a week, visiting the Pyramids, with their wealth of scientific and scriptural suggestions; the colossal ruins of Luxor and Karnak, and that mighty engineering triumph of the century, the Nile bridge at Assouan, near the templed ruins of Philae. Many men and many religions we found, with little of joy or peace anywhere. Glad indeed were we to take passage at Port Said for China and home. Thirty-two missionaries were on board the ship. Rumors wild and disconcerting were wafted to us on every breeze, and as we neared the Far East, these increased. In Honkong we listened to many t a l e s of w o e; but our hearts were knit together to press forward. The Chinese world had been startled by the massacres at Nan Chang. We have no fears in Shanghai. The enemy is certainly at work; but the Master is leading us on and up to the heights of ultimate victory. The whole of China is open, and the Lord's hosts are pushing the battle of the King of kings. We are cheered day after day by many signs of promise, and by realities, too.

One of the things which personally gladdened our hearts on our return, was to find a revival in progress in Shanghai, led by Dr. Y. S. Lee, one of our student-evangelists, who was converted in Tient-sin, on our arrival in China, eleven years ago. This gracious work had commenced in Soo-chow in the M. E. University, where Dr. Lee and his brother had fearlessly expounded the doctrines of Salvation to a Conference of native pastors and workers. The Lord's working was very manifest, and the invitation in Shanghai for Dr. Lee and his brother to hold revival services has aroused great interest and most encouraging

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THE AMERICAN PULPIT

SERMON BY

Rev. Sherman G. Pitt*

Christ's Ambassadors

TEXT: II. COR. 5: 20

"Now then we are ambassadors for Christ"

THE sublime in nature can not be measured at a glance, nor the sublime in thought comprehended with a passing notice. At first sight the ocean may be disappointing to the beholder, because the eye is not able to take in the vastness of it; but let him sit down beside it, and trace the distant horizon by day, and measure the path of the moon by night, or view the turbulent waves as its surface is tossed by a mighty storm, and its sublimity will grow upon him until he is almost overwhelmed by it.

So it is with the thoughts of God. They are presented to us in the Word, and we glance at them for a moment and pass on, with no conception of the sublimity of the thought that God holds before us. Many truths of God's Word are apparently plain at first sight, but their real grandeur appears only when viewed for a long time, and carefully meditated upon. Oh, the pity that so many of us spend time and thought on trivial matters, that might as well be forgotten in an hour, while the great thoughts of God are hardly noticed. What exaltation of character would come to us if we dwelt upon the great facts of redemption. "For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord, for as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts."

A Sublime Commission

We now stand beside the ocean of Divine truth, and look out at its expanse. One brief statement attracts our attention, a statement easily stored in memory, and apparently very simple, but as we stay beside it for awhile, until our thoughts have opportunity to adjust themselves to the proportions of the truth involved, we shall find that its horizon is as far reaching as man's life, as boundless as his privileges, as tremendous as his responsibilities. "We are ambassadors for Christ."

What is an ambassador? Unless we have thought of the subject, the greatness of this office has probably not impressed itself upon us. In governmental affairs, of course, the highest honor is in being the embodiment of the highest authority, in occupying the supreme office of executive power, whether it be king or president—to hold the position of sovereign. But the next highest dignity to sovereignty is to represent sovereignty. An ambassador, according to the dictionary, is "a diplomatic agent of the highest rank, employed to represent officially one prince or state at the court, or to the government of another." The ambassador represents the person of his sovereign as well as the State from which he comes.

He does not act on his own authority, and what he communicates is not his own opinions or demands, but what he has been told or commissioned to say. His message does not derive its importance from himself, but from the sovereign who sends him, and his plea is listened to as the entreaty of the king he represents, using him as his voice. So long as an ambassador remains at a foreign court it is an expression of a friendly attitude on the part of the government that sends him, for the last act preparatory to war is the severing of diplomatic relations. By this time we see the dignity and importance of the ambassador in the maintaining of harmonious relationships in international affairs. Diplomacy has been in the hands of so many unprincipled and intriguing men that we have often been disgusted to that extent, that we have lost sight of its true importance and dignity. We can readily understand that a king will have great interest in the man who represents him at the foreign court, especially if the interests at stake are of great importance.

Bring God's Message

The statement of the text tells us that God has ambassadors; that there are those who represent the King of kings and Lord of lords; that these representatives are sent from the kingdom of God to the world of sinners; that they come with all the authority of the King of the universe to look after his interests in this world, that they are entrusted with a message from God to man; that their presence in the world is a constant proclamation of his attitude of friendliness toward man.

*Preached in the Methodist Episcopal Church, Atlantic City, N.J.

Brethren, if an ambassador on earth from one earthly potentate to another is an office of such dignity, if it confers unusual privileges upon the holder, if it lays upon him responsibilities of a difficult and delicate nature, what shall we say of this ambassadorship of heaven? Can it be that such an honor is conferred upon man? To whom does God intrust the interests of his exalted kingdom? Who can represent him?

The Incarnate Life

The history of the negotiations of God with a lost race is of thrilling interest and of the profoundest concern to all. Throughout the Old Testament we have a record of the various attempts made to enter into some kind of treaty relations with a rebellious world. We cannot do better than sum them up in the words of Hebrews: "God at sundry times and in divers manners, spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets." But God finally became desperate in his efforts to enter upon harmonious relations with men who hated him, and when "The fulness of time was come, God sent forth his Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons."

Oh the wonder of that incarnate life! Who can exhaust its infinite depths! It shames man's life in sin, not by the finger of scorn, but by a sinless life; it calls man to a pure life, not by word only, but by the embodiment of the very life to which he invites them; he tells men that life is possible to them, because the same power is at their disposal that made him victorious; he asserts his power over the devil by the victory in the wilderness; he reveals man's ideal by his matchless life; he heralds the fathomless love of the infinite heart of God by his marvelous sacrifice! Added to all the scorn and buffetings, the rejection and hatred manifested toward him through all his life, behold the sufferings of the last week; see the bloody sweat in the garden of Gethsemane, when the weight of the world's sin was upon him; witness the sneaking kiss of betrayal that has the very hiss of the serpent in it; look at the heartless soldiery as they bind him harshly; hear the swish of the lash as they scourge his bare body; behold the mockery of that infamous trial; listen to the suborned witnesses with their lying testimony; see him at the mercy of the cowardly Pilate! Hear the frenzied cry of the Jewish populace: "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" See him faint beneath the weight of his cross; hear the blows of the hammer as the awful nails pierce his hands and his feet, and the dull thud of the cross as it jolts into the hole in the rock bearing its precious weight; and amid the darkness of noonday and the quaking earth, hear the most agonizing cry that ever resounded through the spaces of the universe: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" and the final word: "It is finished." What is finished? The declaration of the fathomless love of the infinite God for rebellious man. It was God's supreme effort to make peace with man, for "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself."

Bearers of the Offer

But how is the world to know of this offer of reconciliation to all men? Nations were not all present to behold the scene, and untold generations were yet unborn. How are they to know that God has offered peace to those who have violated his law? Did he call upon angels to spread the intelligence? Nay, amazing fact! Paul says, "He has committed unto us the gospel of reconciliation." "Now then we are ambassadors for Christ; as though God did beseech you by us; I pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God." "We are ambassadors for Christ." But who are we? False teachings in the past regarding the sacred and secular in human affairs have filled the minds of the people with the idea that this is the exclusive privilege of the ministry. The visible church is an organized body, and for the administration of its affairs offices are necessary, but let us not confuse these prerogatives of the temporal with the privileges of the invisible church. We believe that every calling in life and every act of life should be in the Christian spirit, and that out of any legitimate position of work in this world a man can tell by life and word the story of reconciliation to God through Jesus.

God ordains every Christian as an ambassador for him, and some of those who evince a peculiar adaptation to the work by their "gifts, grace, and usefulness," men set aside by the laying on of hands to the ministry. But note, we do not thereby make them ambassadors for Christ, but recognize the ambassadorship that God has already given them. God ordains men upon whom the church never lays hands.

Brethren, everyone of us knows men and women in all our churches upon whom God has laid his holy hands and sent them out to proclaim "Reconciliation with God." Oh, friends, God has not called angels to be his ambassadors to a lost world, neither is this office within the disposition of the Church of God, but upon every humble believer in the Lord Jesus Christ he bestows this highest of all privileges in the gift of the infinite God "to be an ambassador to a lost world;" and though the hands of all the ecclesiastical dignitaries of the world were laid on him, his commission would not have one whit more authority. "Now, we, not ministers, but Christians, are ambassadors for Christ."

The Scene of Labor

As ambassadors for Christ we dwell in a foreign land not so much removed in space as in principles and spirit. The principles by which this world is ruled are not the principles of the kingdom of God. The pleasures of this world are not the same as the pleasures of the land we represent; the ambitions of the citizens are not the same, the whole spirit of the life is at variance. We have to remember that our allegiance is to the King who sends us, our life receives its direction from him. The Christ, whom we represent and in whose stead we stand, said, "They are not of the world, as I am not of the world," "I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that thou shouldst keep them from the evil." We are citizens of the heavenly kingdom, bringing its principles, its pleasures, its joys, its fellowship, its ambition, its spirit, its protection down here. To a dying saint a minister said, "My brother, you will soon be in heaven," to which the man replied, "I have been there fifteen years."

The ambassador need have little fear from the hostility of the people among whom he lives, for all the strength of the nation he represents will be sent to protect him and his suite. There are times when around God's ambassadors surge the raging hosts of the enemy, when it looks as though we should be overwhelmed: then is the time to remember that we are under the protection of the King of kings, who can summon chariots and horsemen of fire if necessary to our relief, who does not require the time to move armies of men, but who makes his angels ministering spirits, who tells us that, "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so is the Lord round about his people."

Now a pertinent question to ask would be, "What are the qualifications of an ambassador?" Perhaps there are too many to enumerate in full, but we may name some that are very essential. First: He must know the principle of the government he represents, otherwise he would not be able to properly represent it abroad. We can readily understand that ignorance of this kind might well cause the loss of large interests entrusted to his care. Suppose some treaty privileges are at stake, in which boundary lines are involved and the whole policy of the State for years is concerned. Ignorance would be disastrous.

Responsibilities of the Duty

1. So in this ambassadorship of heaven—no man can consider himself qualified to represent God in a world of sinners who is ignorant of the principles of the kingdom. In other words, a man is not fitted for the position who does not know the main truths of the Word. He must know that God is supreme, that no man can please him who does not "seek first the kingdom of God." He must also know that selfishness is contrary to that kingdom and that the rule of action is, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." He must know that the ruling principle of the kingdom he represents is love, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy strength; and thy neighbor as thyself;" for "Love is the fulfilling of the law."

2. He must know the attitude of his sovereign toward the people to whom he is sent. His own personal feelings must not enter into the matter. He may feel in a different mood toward them; he might be more lenient or less just, but he must remember that he acts in an official capacity and must be true to his sovereign.

As ambassadors for Christ we must know his attitude toward sinful men. To fail here is to fail completely. No speculations on our part can be trusted here. We speak not our own words, for we are sent to represent him. What conditions he lays down we are to declare, and no others. As he looks upon the sinner so must we. Any one that minimizes sin and regards it as a trifling defect, which indeed mars man, but does not ruin him, is untrue to his sovereign, for in every book of the Bible, in the Word of God, from the beginning to the end, sin is the abominable thing that God hates; it is that which separates the soul from God; it therefore is a blighting, cursing, damning thing to the soul that continues in it, and an ambassador that holds out any hope of eternal life to a soul that clings to his sins is a traitor to the sovereign who sends him. But he must know that this is not the attitude of God toward the man who sins, except as he continues in it, for we read in the revelation of his will how he pleads: "The Lord does not desire the death of any, but that all should turn unto him and live." "Turn ye, O, turn ye, for why will ye die!"

3. The ambassador not only represents the kingdom, but also the person of the king who sends him. In order to do this he must keep in constant communication with his sovereign. He does not have to interpret the principles of the kingdom on his own authority but he can appeal to the king and learn his will in the matter.

Brethren, we are not here to represent a mere set of principles, however good; we certainly are not sent to defend a system of theology. Creeds change. Theologies are many. Oh, what mistakes men have made in thinking that they are here to defend some creed that men have constructed. They must stand by the tradition of the elders though men die while they are disputing. It is a pitiable sight to see them stop in their great work of rescuing men from sin, while they engage in some intellectual fisticuff over a theological trifle. It must make angels weep and devils laugh. We are not sent for any such thing. We are ambassadors for a living, exalted Christ. "We are ambassadors for Christ," and Christ lives—not ambassadors for a Christ buried in a tomb, but a living, reigning Christ, who is able to make known his will to us through his Word—a Christ living in us to-day.

This brings us to the supreme qualification of the ambassador that he be in the same spirit as his sovereign. He must not only know the principles of the kingdom, but be in sympathy with them; he must not only know the attitude of his king toward the nation to which he is sent, but he must be in hearty accord with that attitude. He must not only know the person of his sovereign, but must by his contact with him imbibe the same spirit or else his manner will destroy the effect of the message.

How much the ambassador of Christ needs to be filled by the spirit of Christ! We need not to apologize for the principles of the kingdom of God. We need not go to the palace and say to the rich man with our heads hanging down, "I don't like to say it, but your riches can't buy the favor of God; he says you must accept it by forsaking your sins and through faith in Jesus Cnrist." We do not have to make excuses for God when we tell the worldly woman she must give up the love of the world if she would have peace with him.

As the residence of the ambassador is regarded as a part of the territory of the one he represents, the atmosphere created by the life there is expected to be of the nature of that kingdom. The customs observed and the language used in the Chinese home of the English ambassador are supposed to be English, not Chinese. So it is with the ambassadors of the kingdom of heaven. The world looks to us to see what the customs and language of the kingdom are. Oh, how disappointed they must be after hearing that the kingdom is one of love, to hear the ambassadors backbiting, criticising, rehearsing scandal, and ruining the reputation of men and women by their uncharitable conversation. Brethren, we cannot separate our official life as ambassadors from our personal life as Christian men and women. God and Christianity are judged by the lives we live. The fact that the appeal of the ambassador is regarded as the entreaty of the king who sends him, should not send us forth with a dictatorial spirit, but bend us to our knees in humility because of the responsibility that is upon us, that neither the matter nor the spirit of our message be untrue.

But what is the official message from the King of kings to a sinful world? "I beseech you, in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God." Reconciliation! Oh, what a message! It is the "good news" for all the world, heralded first by an angel voice with the accompaniment of a heavenly chorus. Can we imagine what the world would be without the message? What do we know about the conditions that existed? This we know, that God is a being of immaculate purity; that he is a God of perfect justice, who has laid down laws that are the expression of his omniscience, enforced by his omnipotence, and approved by his infinite love. We know that on the other side is a world of sin, rebellion against God, transgression of the laws that were made for his welfare, men in love with the enemy of God, bound in fetters that they cannot break, and so doomed to the penalty of violated law—eternal separation from his loving presence.

Into this conflict between God and his kingdom, with the devil and the principalities and powers of a sin-enslaved world, the Son of God came to bring reconciliation. He came to this world and found no room; he told the truth and was reviled; he proved his claims but they repudiated them; he asserted his Messiahship, but they accused him of blasphemy and threatened his life; he said you will take my life and I shall give it, but I shall take it again, for "I am the resurrection and the life, and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die;" they killed him but he rose, proved his identity, and ascended to heaven "where he ever liveth to make intercession for us," the peacemaker of the universe, and countless millions of men and women will rejoice throughout eternity as a result.

Brethren, Christians, we are ambassadors for Christ, and this is our message "Peace is made 'twixt man and God!" There is reconciliation through Jesus Christ. Everywhere encouraged by his authority but humbled by our sense of responsibility, we entreat men "As though God did beseech you by us, I pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God."

JUDGES AS SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS

Justice Harlan

INTEREST was aroused in religious circles the other day, when it was reported that the United States Supreme Court Justice John M. Harlan, had announced that if two of the Presbyterian churches of Washington, in the more important of which he has been for many years the most prominent member, will unite and build a new church, he will resign from the bench and devote the rest of his life to church work.

Justice Harlan could have retired from the bench three years ago on the age limit; but to the importunities of his friends, that he do so, and "take it easy," he has turned a deaf ear. His has been too long a life of activity for him to be ready to settle down, at the early age of seventy-three, to "rust out."

But when the cause of the church, which he loves even above that of the bench, comes under consideration, he is ready to think of retiring, in order that he may take up a more strenuous work, of a religious nature.

For many years, Justice Harlan has been the most prominent official in the United States who combines the duties of a Bible class teacher with his other public work. In point of service, he is the oldest member of the highest court in the land. He was appointed to the bench by President Hayes in 1877. His twenty-nine years in Washington have made him one of the most conspicuous and beloved officials in the National Capital.

As a soldier, lawyer and jurist, Justice Harlan's work has always been of the highest order; but, above all of these, he has long been known as an exemplary Christian gentleman. His large frame, massive head, bald on top, with a long fringe of white locks reaching nearly to his shoulders, and his strong, smooth-shaven face, have been conspicuous at many religious gatherings throughout the country.

Since living in Washington, Justice Harlan has been one of the most prominent members of the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, one of the oldest churches in the city. His Bible class in that church is the principal class for men in the Sunday School. While visiting in Washington a short time ago, the writer attended this Bible class one Sunday. It was the day when the lesson was on the Beatitudes. The main part of the school assembles in the Sunday School room, in the basement, but Justice Harlan's class meets in one of the front corners of the church auditorium.

Before beginning the lesson, while waiting for the tardy members of the class, the jurist-teacher engaged in general conversation with the men, in which he told several stories, included in which were anecdotes of his early experiences as a Kentucky lawyer. As an introduction to the regular class work, Justice Harlan had the lesson of the day read, each member of the class reading two verses. Then the teacher tipped back in his chair, and devoted the time to an exposition of the wonderful verses, which many people consider to be the most comforting and helpful to be found in the Bible. For his own use Justice Harlan used a small, vest-pocket edition of the book of Matthew, in which he manifested considerable pride, because, in spite of its diminutive size, the printing was sufficiently large and plain, so that his seventy-three-years-old eyes could "read it without specs."

The lesson had evidently been carefully prepared by the eminent teacher, who took it up verse by verse, and pointed out many of the beautiful lessons to be drawn from the Sermon on the Mount. Throughout this exposition of the lesson there was the evidence of the simplest faith. Everything was considered from an intellectual viewpoint; but it was easy to see that Justice Harlan's religion is a deep-founded one of faith and trust, rather than that of the modern school of inquiry and doubt. To him the Bible evidently means as much in settling the affairs of life as does the Constitution in deciding a question at law.

Justice Harlan is not the only eminent jurist Sunday School teacher in Washington. One most largely attended Bible Class of the city is that of the Presbyterian Church of the Covenant, of which Chief Justice Stanton J. Peelle, of the Court of Claims, is the teacher. Justice Peelle, like Justice Harlan, is known as an upright Christian gentleman, an intelligent teacher of the Bible, and as an able jurist. HARRY NEWTON GARDNER.

The New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, Washington

INDIA, TOO, HAS A REVIVAL

THREE years ago the missionaries in India began to pray for a revival. After the revival in Wales began, the missionaries in Assam asked the people in Wales to pray for a revival among them, and God poured out his Spirit in a remarkable way in many places in Assam.

When the missionaries in India found that a great spiritual work had begun right at their door, they felt that the Lord would not pass them by. They took hold in prayer with fresh courage, and God heard and answered. The revival in the Mukti Mission at Kedgaon, in Pandita Ramabai's field, began in June, 1905, It would seem that God was fulfilling his Word in I. Cor. 1: 26-28. The widows of India are despised, and even sometimes reckoned as things base and even worse than "things that are not." This was just the class of people who were chosen to begin the great revival work in that part of India. From that time to the present, the work has been going on. Meetings among the girls and the women at Mukti are held at all hours of the day and night. It might be said that there had been a steady stream of prayer going up to God day and night since the night the revival broke out.

* * *

The operation of the revival was manifested in conviction of sin and deep repentance, the forsaking of sin, the restoring what had been stolen and the righting of wrongs done to others. This was not done in a moment; it took some of them days to get things "right with God." Some of them were under such deep conviction of sin that they were powerless; they were prostrate before God and seemed to have no strength. This went on for about four months. Then there came a great change, an infilling of the Spirit, and great joy; then a deep agony of soul for the unsaved. Such pleading in prayer for the unsaved, and no letting up till they had the answer to prayer.

The result of the revival is that from this place power has gone out all over India. God has found a work and a place for the despised widow—the exalted position of intercession. Some of these women have gone out into other places in Christian communities, and God has used them by his Spirit in a wondrous way. Many who have been baptized and who are living under the name of Christians, but who have never known the power of God, have repented and been baptized and gone out in the service of the Lord. A band of ten, with two European ladies in charge, went to several places by invitation. In one place where they went there were four brothers, called Christians, but who were a terror to all, and as wicked and vile as men could be. One was living with a Hindu woman without being married to her. When the band went to this place, these four brothers tried to break up the meetings. They went to the meetings with a long list of questions. One was, "Where did women get their authority for speaking in public?" Another,

SEE ILLUSTRATION ON COVER PAGE

"If they were baptized with the Holy Ghost, why they did not convict them of sin, as the Scripture said the Holy Ghost would do?" At this meeting they were brought under conviction of sin, and the leader of the four got up and made confession. He said that he had committed every sin mentioned in the first chapter of Romans. He asked forgiveness. His Hindu woman was converted and baptized and they were then legally married. He is now engaged in Christian work. This is only one case of many.

In another place, a Hindu man, who had been a leader of a band of sixteen robbers, came into the meeting. After a while he asked if he might speak. He told his story, how he had robbed people, burned their houses, stolen their goods, attacked their women, and then taken the plunder and mixed it up in lime and put it in the walls of his own house. He went through a list of shameful things, confessing them all. Then he asked them if their Saviour could save a man like him. He was informed that he could; that Christ had come to the world for that purpose. He could save the vilest, and he could and would save him also. The man fell on his face, and began again confessing his sin in deep agony of soul. He rolled over and over again in his agony. He took hold of his hands with his teeth, and held them so firm that they had to pull his hands out by force. The band of praying people gathered around him, and prayed with and for him. That night he found peace, and he has been making right his wrong deeds as fast as he can do so, and is giving every evidence of sound conversion.

Aside from the bands of workers that have been going out into the Christian communities, there are 700 who go out in the villages around Kedgaon, in groups of about sixty, every day. They spend much time in prayer. There are requests sent here from all over the world, and these intercessors bear those requests in prayer, day by day, before the throne.

There has scarcely been a place where the revival has broken out in India in which these praying women have not some interest in the work, either in a personal way or by prayer. In some places, without their being present, the revival has taken very much the same form as here. We wish to ask the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to help along this work in prayer. During the time of the revival, for four months, all the work of our industries and school were shut down, to give all our people an opportunity to attend the meetings.

* * *

There is famine in this part of the country. The government has opened up relief works about four miles from here. This helps many of the poor of this section, but it does not relieve the famine prices of grain and foodstuffs.

This is a large work and it takes much to keep it going. God has helped in a most marvellous way in the past. He will not forget the widows and the orphans at this time.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN.

Kedgaon, Poona, India.

A Missionary Carriage at an India Mission Station

A Rare Opportunity

WE would direct special attention to the announcement on the second cover page, concerning Thompson Seton's notable **CAMP-LIFE LIBRARY.** These two volumes should be in every household, especially at this season of the year, when people who have been much indoors during the winter months long for outdoor life, with all its joys and invigorating delights. Such opportunities as we here offer are like angels' visits—few and far between. The regular price of these books is $3.75, and only through a combination of exceptionally fortuitous circumstances are we enabled to afford our readers the privilege of possessing them at the trifling expense of **ONE DOLLAR.** We have about 2,000 sets left, and these should be sold within twenty-four hours of the publication of this announcement. As THE CHRISTIAN HERALD guarantees to refund the money in case the purchasers are not pleased with the books, it may be worth your while to send for them, if only with a view to inspecting these exceptionally attractive volumes.

This is not an installment proposition. The dollar you pay pays for the books outright, but the transportation is at your expense. If you live near New York, you will save money by having them delivered to you, charges collect. If you live at a distance, it will be more economical to send us 40 cents additional for express charges. Better act-to-day, in order to avoid disappointment.

VOTING FOR THE RUSSIAN DOUMA

FOR the last two months elections have been taking place in various parts of Russia, the people voting for candidates for the new representative body, the Douma. The Russian system of election is far more complicated than the one to which we are accustomed in this country, and the voters are divided and subdivided into many different classes.

The regulations put in force by the edict of December 24, 1905, will result in six representative parties, citizens from the large States, workmen from the factories, miners and railroad men, citizens from the middle and smaller States, large and small property-owners, and small farmers.

The cities have numerous divisions among those qualified to vote. They comprise those who own real estate or are in the professions, personal or State tax-payers; those who have leased a house for one year; those drawing an income from the State, or are in the government railroad service. All these will take part in the district meetings and vote for the candidates that will represent them in the Douma. The large cities have eighty candidates, Moscow and St. Petersburg being exceptions, having 160 each. These candidates meet in State conventions in the large cities in conjunction with the workingmen.

Russians Voting for Candidates for the Douma

The workmen of the State, of which there are sometimes fifty in one small place, are entitled to one representative for every one thousand of their number This deputy must have worked in a factory for at least six months preceding his election.

Large property owners and those who lease large tracts of land, select their candidates on property-owners' day. Small proprietors and representatives of the church also have a separate election day. Farmers elect one man from every ten houses, and these vote for a representative in the Douma.

The system seems ponderous, and so complicated that a great deal of confusion will inevitably result. But perhaps it is in harmony with the communistic spirit so strongly in evidence among the Russian people during the late riots.

THE SITUATION IN SAN FRANCISCO

1. View toward the Ferry 2. Telegraph Hill 3. Looking East to "Call" Building 4. Ruins of Churches and Office Buildings 5. View on Sansome Street

ALTHOUGH several weeks have elapsed since the San Francisco earthquake, it still holds public interest both in this country and in Europe. Authentic photographs of the destruction wrought by shock and fire have but recently been received by publications in the East, some of the first appearing in last week's issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. All of the local photographers lost their outfits, and their studios were destroyed. Those who came from other cities, in order to get views for Eastern publications, were kept out by the guards or made to fight fires. One photographer had his camera confiscated temporarily by the authorities, while he himself was sent to clean piles of debris out of the streets. The pictures given in this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD were taken by John Fowle, especially for Dr. Talmage, while he was visiting San Francisco. They show, even more graphically than the ones previously published, the fearful havoc wrought in one of the finest of our American cities.

To repair such damage, the inhabitants must begin literally from the ground up, for the buildings that still stand in part, are so weakened and scorched as to make their repair almost an impossibility. Foundation walls are out of line, and the various hillocks that have appeared will have to be smoothed down before the streets and passage ways can be used with safety by heavy teams.

A labor famine was feared, as at least thirty thousand laborers have left the city to find work elsewhere, and few of these are expected to return. Workmen were never more needed than at present. On April 30, the officials of the Southern Pacific Railroad reported that fifty thousand people had been carried east of Ogden, and that an equal number had gone north and south of San Francisco. Still the great majority of the people keep up their hearts, and are determined to stay, even if they must live amid ruins, build up the city and grow to prosperity with it.

An interesting phase of the situation, referred to last week, is the large number of marriages taking place. One couple started life together, their worldly wealth consisting of their clothes, and health, and good courage for the future. The volunteer nurses that came in on the relief trains have had their ranks thinned by the little mischief with his bows and arrows, and several have resigned to become brides.

. . .

An impression has been created in the minds of many that the large sums of money sent to the stricken district would be more than enough to meet all emergencies. While it is true that there is enough food at present, more funds will be needed to enable people to get on their feet, and start life anew. The government and officers of relief committees promised payment for everything used by them during the first week, before outside aid arrived, and, in consequence, a large part of the money received was paid for food and materials already used. Recently the Chinese ladies of New York gave a costume entertainment in aid of their suffering San Francisco sisters. It was under the auspices of the organization known as The Matrons and Daughters of Cathay.

Chairman Phelan reports that since April 18 over $3,790,000 had been received. The fire insurance companies have estimated that their losses on the San Francisco risks will amount to $230,000,000. The losses incurred at the Chicago, Boston, and Baltimore fires seem trivial in comparison. Although it will not result in the failure of any of the large insurance companies, a raise in rates all over the country may result. If the companies do not admit that their policies cover earthquake damage, thousands of people will be totally ruined financially. Some of the companies have proposed that experts make a report on each building, giving its value after the earthquake, but before the fire broke out, the amount paid to equal its estimated value as a ruin.

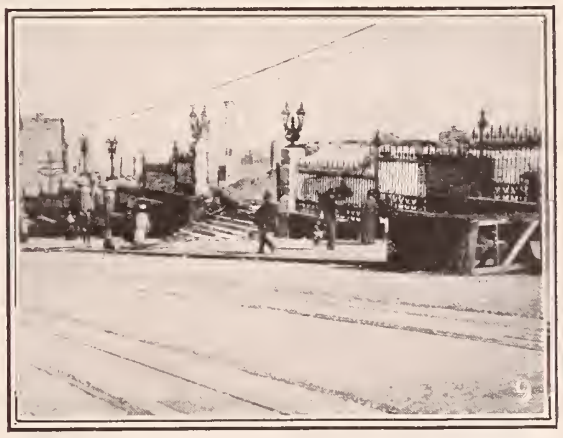
On account of the break in the line of communication, and the many calls made upon his time, Mayor Schmitz, of San Francisco, was unable to respond to the offer of assistance sent by the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD until April 30. He then wired, "Telegram of the 18th received. We accept with deep gratitude your expressions of sympathy and offers of assistance. Contributions of supplies or funds will be most gratefully received.

(Signed), "E. E. SCHMITZ, Mayor."

. . .

The following additional contributions have been received:

C H N, E M, N Y City	$2 00	J A C A, New Britain, Conn	$ 50
C W, Stapleton, N Y	2 00	E'Cobleskill Christ'n Ch, N Y	4 20
John R Reiatar	1 00	Warnersville Christian Ch, New York	1 72
Presb'n Ch, Congress, O	16 41	Mrs C H Tompkins	1 60
Symp'r, Amherst, Mass	1 00	Tom Wye	1 00
Friend, Amherst Mass	50	Mattie Crisman	5 00
Mrs. M N & Frank C Potter	2 00		



6. Hall of Justice 7. The City Hall 8. View from Art Institute 9. All that is left of Stanford Residence 10. View of Kearney Street

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, Associate Editor — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, Associate Editor

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An Ambassadorial Greeting

VISCOUNT AOKI, Japan's first Ambassador to the United States, has arrived in Washington. The Mikado's representative is a statesman of distinction and wide experience. To the duties of his new and important position he brings those qualities that have already placed him, although still a young man, in the very front rank of Japanese statesmen. He is a type of the thoroughly equipped minister, who, either in war or peace, in administration at home or in a representative capacity abroad, is equal to every emergency. He is a notable addition to Washington's brilliant diplomatic corps, which, as a whole, has not its superior in any capital at the present time.

Shortly after his arrival in this country, in response to a congratulatory message from the Proprietor of this journal, Viscount Aoki sent the following letter, which has a personal interest for all who have been identified with the relief work in behalf of the famine sufferers in Japan:

JAPANESE EMBASSY, WASHINGTON

DR. LOUIS KLOPSCH, April 29.
CHRISTIAN HERALD, New York City.

Dear Sir: In acknowledging the receipt of your cordial telegram of last Tuesday, I beg to express to you my most sincere thanks for the same. The noble and prompt appeal you made for our famine sufferers, and the generous responses of your sympathetic readers thereto, are keenly appreciated by those needy sufferers as well as the general public of Japan, and I feel sure that I am not over sanguine, when I say to you that nothing could be more glorious and efficient in bringing the heart of our people closer to the Christian heart of the people of your country, than the work so indefatigably led by you for our fellow-countrymen in their very great need. [*Signed*] VISCOUNT AOKI.

In these closing words, the new Ambassador has touched the true chord. What our people have done for Japan has been done not for the sake of influencing commercial relations with that country, nor with a view to placing it under future obligations. It was done solely for the sake of Christ and humanity, and without any expectation of reward or even recognition. If it brings the hearts of the Japanese people nearer to our own, and proves to them that Christianity is a living, vital, helpful religion, which inspires its followers with a love for their fellow-men throughout the world, the object of our people will have been accomplished.

The March of Christianity

SOME of our readers have written to us, concerning the heresy trial at Batavia, N. Y., which was editorially reviewed in last week's issue of this journal, and inquiring what effect this particular trial will have on the great body of Christian believers. We answer that it can have no effect whatsoever. Like a pebble flung into a mighty river, its ripple will soon disappear and leave no trace. For one sceptic, or a thousand sceptics, to attack the Christian religion from the negative side, is as hopeless as would be an attempt to scale the clouds with rope-ladders. From the positive side it is unassailable; for there, it is not a matter of opinion, but of personal, spiritual experience and absolute conviction on the part of the great body of Christ's followers throughout the world. They have found the Way, and no human argument, however scholarly or alluring, can rob them of their convictions, or take from them their well-grounded faith.

By way of contrast with the gloomy pessimism of these foes of the Christian faith, who would endeavor, by gross misstatements, to shake the confidence of God's people, let us look at *the actual facts* relative to the progress of Christianity. Especially do we commend these facts to those who, either in pulpit or printed page, encounter the groundless assertion that Christianity is a "dying religion."

(1) Note the advance of Christianity through the last nineteen centuries:

CENTURY	CHRISTIANS	CENTURY	CHRISTIANS
1st	500,000	11th	70,000,000
2nd	2,500,000	12th	80,000,000
3rd	5,000,000	13th	75,000,000
4th	10,000,000	14th	80,000,000
5th	15,000,000	15th	100,000,000
6th	20,000,000	16th	125,000,000
7th	24,000,000	17th	155,000,000
8th	30,000,000	18th	200,000,000
9th	40,000,000	Present time (est'd)	490,000,000
10th	50,000,000		

The explanation of the remarkable increase in the last one hundred years is to be found in the growth of foreign missions. In the year 1800, there were probably not more than a score of foreign mission stations; now there are over 5,000, with more than 15,000 out-stations. The army of Christian workers in the foreign field to-day is little short of 100,000. This, it should be remembered, is the progress of a single century and in one direction only.

(2) The Lord Bishop of Ripon, a distinguished English prelate and leading authority, gives these figures, showing the increase of the power and influence of Christianity in the last 300 years. Of the earth's total land surface of 50,000,000 square miles, in the year 1600, **3,480,000** square miles were under Christian influence, and **45,619,100** square miles non-Christian. In the year 1900 the situation had been reversed. **40,317,200** square miles of the world's land surface were under Christian influence, and only **8,782,300** non-Christian.

Right here, at home, what has the century witnessed? In 1800, according to Dr. Josiah Strong (who is considered good authority), there were some 3,030 Christian churches in America, with 2,651 ministers and 364,872 communicants. 1850 saw these figures increased to 43,072 churches, 25,555 pastors, and 3,529,988 communicants. In 1890, the churches numbered 142,599, with 93,776 pastors and 13,417,180 communicants. These figures do not include the statistics of the Catholic churches, which would swell them by many millions more.

Thus the old Bible, with the religion it teaches, is steadily overcoming all barriers, and will continue to do so. The Church of Christ never goes backward. When you find infidels bombarding it, sceptics flouting it, pessimists calling it a "dying religion," and all its enemies clamorous in slandering and misrepresenting it, just direct their attention to these indisputable facts and figures. When they can prove them false and reverse the record of history for the last twenty centuries, then they may claim a right to a hearing, but not before. And for those, who, in the face of all the evidence at hand, still call Christianity "a dying religion," and blindly persist in following the path of error, instead of walking in the light of truth, we can only have the sincerest pity.

Sinai in Dispute

OMINOUS mutterings of impending war are heard in a part of the world of deep interest to Bible students. The possession of the peninsula in which Mount Sinai is situated is in dispute between the Sultan of Turkey and Great Britain, as the protector of Egypt. The quarrel is an old one, revived in an aggravated form. For a long time prior to 1892, the whole of the Sinaitic peninsula had been administered by the Egyptian government. Apparently the Sultan took little interest in the territory so long as Egypt was a Turkish dependency. When, however, Egypt became practically British, the question assumed a new form. Turkey demanded that the boundary between her own territory and that of Egypt should be the ancient line which runs from Suez to El Arish, on the Mediterranean. England contended that the boundary should be that which had long been in force—a line running from Akaba to El Arish. In the latter case, Turkey would be excluded from the Sinaitic peninsula; in the former case, she would control it. The question came to a focus when England, sending soldiers to occupy Tabah, a town in the disputed territory, found Turkish troops already in possession. A demand that they be withdrawn was presented at Constantinople and was courteously but firmly rejected. Evidently one of the two contestants must yield and the British government declares it will not be the one.

It would be an interesting event if this region, which has been undisturbed since that far-off time, when Israel, emerging from Egypt, passed through it, should in these late days become the scene of conflict. It is now believed that in the Exodus Moses, guided by the pillar of fire and cloud, led the people in a southerly course around its western side, and then, crossing to its eastern side, went northward toward Canaan. The whole region is identified with that period of forty years of sin, rebellion and wandering. There is Mount Sinai, from which, amid thunder and earthquake, the law was proclaimed; there is Horeb, Rephidim, Marah, Kadesh, and Elim, with its palm trees—all places rich in Biblical association. It will be strange if the battle-fields on which the Israelites fought with their enemies, should again echo with the sound of strife.

Do Your Own Share

A WESTERN correspondent sends us this letter:

How far is a State, community or municipality justified in adopting a paternal attitude toward its citizens, and more especially to what extent is it desirable that it should undertake to provide means of livelihood for the adult unskilled employed? Idleness, whether voluntary or enforced, means poverty, hunger, misery, crime, despair. Should the State—*i. e.*, the well-to-do tax-paying element—be ready and willing to take care of its poor and unfortunate? What is the true solution of the problem?

While there is no question as to the duty of a State to provide for the security, comfort and general well-being of its people, still there would seem to be a reasonable limitation even to such a course, for the purpose of checking imposition and chronic indolence, if nothing else. Paternalism, carried to excess (as in the case of some of the ancient nations), inevitably leads to the pauperization of great multitudes. Our own people are awakening to the fact that education, on industrial as well as other lines, is one of the best weapons with which to fight poverty. Ignorance, unthrift, dissipation, drunkenness, idleness and various forms of vice all combine to make and to keep men poor, and to multiply the unproductive and dependent classes. To be just and impartial, however, we must recognize as potent contributing causes, the oppressions and extortions to which the poor are subjected by the selfish rich, the conscienceless tactics that mark the race for wealth, undue competition, and the almost total failure of a large portion of society to recognize the moral responsibilities of wealth and to fulfil their duty to the poor. Our correspondent inquires, "What is the solution of the problem?" The ideal State has yet to be discovered. Its advent would involve a complete revolution in human character and conduct—a general conversion on all sides, where love, justice, sympathy and humanity would take the place of those passions that now dominate, and when sobriety, thrift and intelligent industry would characterize the workers. The best that can be done under present circumstances is for each true-hearted man and woman to help along the world's betterment individually, as far as possible, within their own circles, and to trust the ultimate solution to a Higher Power.

THE DELIGHTS OF OUTDOOR LIFE

WE would direct special attention to the announcement on the second cover page, concerning Thompson Seton's **CAMP-LIFE LIBRARY.** These two volumes should be in every household, especially at this season of the year, when people who have been much indoors during the winter months long for outdoor life, with all its joys and invigorating delights. Such opportunities as we here offer are like angels' visits—few and far between. The regular price of these books is $3.75, and only through a combination of exceptionally fortuitous circumstances are we enabled to afford our readers the privilege of possessing them at the trifling expense of ONE DOLLAR. We have about 2,000 sets left, and these should be sold within twenty-four hours of the publication of this announcement. As THE CHRISTIAN HERALD guarantees to refund the money in case the purchasers are not pleased with the books, it may be worth your while to send for them, if only with a view to inspecting these exceptionally attractive volumes.

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Vesuvius a Desert

NOW that the huge volcano has quieted down, the sum of the desolation it has worked is beginning to be realized. The destruction of movable property has been great, but a yet greater misfortune is the disappearance of the soil from which the people drew their subsistence. Sheets of lava now cover what were but lately verdant fields, while the vines have been beaten down with stones and cinders, and buried under the volcanic dust, which, like a heavy snow-storm, lies like heavy clay on the ruin. Everything that can be done for the sufferers appears to be being done. Food and shelter are provided temporarily; but the poor, ruined peasants have lost heart, and shrink from beginning life afresh.

It is a vivid story that an American visitor sends to the *Sun*, of New York, of the appalling calamity. He says: "I was seated on the terrace of the Bertolini Palace last Tuesday afternoon, enjoying the brilliant sunshine, and looking at Vesuvius across the bay. The usual insignificant white vapor that every one is familiar with was issuing from the cone, and a more respectable or demure volcano was nowhere in the world to be found. But as I looked, a black cube substituted itself for the white vapor, and was slowly pushed up to a seeming height of 250 feet above the crater, when it exfoliated at the top like a great ebony cauliflower, and floated slowly away toward Capri before the northeast wind. It was the opening gun of the eruption of 1906.

"A few intermittent puffs of black smoke ensued, and the general attention was visibly relaxed, when another black column appeared, this time rapidly rising to a height of a thousand feet before it spread out like a fountain and poured downward. Nothing more was seen of Vesuvius for a week. Every part of the mountain was enshrouded in impenetrable darkness.

"Every roadside shrine had its crowd of devout peasants praying frantically to the Virgin for aid, and all the Madonnas of the region, each with its record or tradition of miracle, were borne in procession before the implacable mountain. A church in one of the villages on the east slope had a flat roof, like almost all buildings in the region, and on Sunday evening this aged and venerable structure had six feet of scoriæ and small stones accumulated on top of it. Their appeal would have been in no wise impaired had a dozen stout fellows first shovelled off the undue burden. As it was, the roof fell in, and two hundred people are believed to be dead in the ruins. In the afternoon the wind shifted to the northward, revealing a partial view of the centre of the disturbance. The spectacle afforded was extraordinary. Column after column of the densest black vapor ascended perpendicularly from the crater to a height varying from 5,000 to 8,000 feet, each affecting its ascent apparently undisturbed by the wind, and only drifting slowly away to the southward, to be followed by a like discharge. Great ribbons of lightning darted through the vapor, and there was constant thunder.

"Yesterday I drove through Torre dell' Annunziata to the point where the main stream of lava stopped. The lava carried vast masses of burned stone and sulphur on its surface like dross on melted lead, and nothing was visible toward Bosco Trecase but endless acres of dark scoriae, broken here and there by the greenish, curling smoke of sulphur. The molten stone advanced like a colossal serpent of fire, turning its head to the right and left as a snake does, but keeping its general direction toward the fated town. It was not till it reached the first house, sending up great showers of sparks, that the people finally fled for their lives, taking such belongings as they could carry in their arms or pile upon the creaking carts.

"Constant news of fresh destruction, and the inexplicable impression that the volcano itself is mysteriously moving toward the city, have driven the excited people to the verge of madness, and the extreme of terror. Fissures have opened far below the cone, emitting many streams of lava, one of which reached the outskirts of Torre del Greco. The magnitude of the disaster is almost indescribable. The loss of property is estimated at $20,000,000, and it is announced that 50,000 persons have been rendered homeless."

The people are terror-stricken now, but probably in a year or two, they will again be found cultivating the soil on the sides of the mountain, disregarding the danger. So it is with men who, though warned of the wrath of God, live on in indifference.

Saying Where is the promise of his coming? For since the fathers fell asleep all things continue as they were (II. Peter 3: 4).

A River of Lava From Vesuvius Flowing Through Bosco-Trecase

Identified by Finger-Prints

The experiment, mentioned recently in these columns, of trying to identify a criminal by his finger-prints, has proved completely successful. The impressions of the tips of the fingers of a man, arrested in New York for stealing, were sent to London, to ascertain if he was a man that the English detectives were seeking. He had shaved his beard and changed his appearance in other ways, so that the New Yovk police were not certain if he was the same man. When the English detectives saw the impressions and compared them with the marks of the fingers in their possession, they unhesitatingly identified them. It is probable, therefore, that there will be more trouble awaiting him, when he finishes his present term of imprisonment. If when he came here, he had reformed and led an honest life, his past offense might have been forgotten, but by continuing his dishonest ways, he has revived it. That is the condition of divine forgiveness. The man whom Christ saves must give up his sins and then the promise is made to him:

All his transgressions that he hath committed, they shall not be mentioned unto him (Ezek. 11: 22).

A Human Chain

A heroic rescue was made a few days ago in Brooklyn, N. Y. A fire broke out in a frame house, in which a widow and her two sons with three boarders lived. The fire was seen by a policeman whose post is near the house. Flames were then bursting from the basement window. He gave an alarm and then rushed to the house to arouse the inmates. Other policemen arrived, but the lower part of the house was burning so fiercely, that an entrance by the doorway could not be effected. Several figures could be seen at the second floor windows, but no ladder was at hand. Instantly the policemen made a living chain, one climbing on the shoulders of another and a third on those. The highest man took a child from the window and lowered it, and then a woman. By that time the firemen had arrived with ladders and had just time to remove the other inmates when the floor fell in. Had it not been for the heroism of the policemen two lives would have been lost. One can but wish that similar energy and promptitude were displayed when souls are in danger. The effort to rescue them should not be left to the minister, but should enlist a combination of every Christian who knows of the danger.

Bringing one sick of the palsy, who was borne of four. . . . When Jesus saw their faith he said unto the sick of the palsy, Son, thy sins are forgiven thee (Mark 2: 3, 5).

Statue Turns to Dust

Visitors to the World's Fair at St. Louis, Mo., will doubtless remember the heroic statue of Joliet. It was so fine a work of art that a movement was set on foot to preserve it after the close of the Fair. Many admirers of it subscribed for the expense, and it was removed to the entrance of O'Fallon Park. The figure was twenty-five feet high and fifteen feet long. The work of removal was difficult and cost nearly $2,000, but it was safely accomplished and it made an imposing addition to the beauties of the Park. But it was made only of staff, and though it was believed it would last for ten years, it was not supposed that it was permanent. On April 29, however, while hundreds of people stood admiring it in its new position, there was a sudden break in the image. A cloud of white dust arose, and when it cleared away the big statue had disappeared. A heap of white dust was all there was to show where it had been. It had absolutely crumbled to powder. All the work that had been expended on its formation and removal was lost in a moment. So it is with all human work, however beautiful and imposing. In God and his work alone is permanence.

They shall perish, but thou remainest: and they all shall wax old as doth a garment. They shall be changed: but thou art the same and thy years shall not fail (Heb. 1 : 11, 12).

A Famous Old Bible

A Bible which belonged to Martha Washington, and which was taken from the home of the Lee family at Arlington, Va., has been restored to Miss Mary Custis Lee, daughter of Gen. Robert E. Lee, by G. W. Kendrick, Jr., of Philadelphia. It is supposed that the Bible was taken from Arlington some time during the Civil War. It came into Mr. Kendrick's possession many years ago through purchase. Mr. Kendrick has handed it to Miss Lee. The Bible was printed in London in 1702 by "Charles Bell and the executors of Thomas Newcombe, deceased, printers to the King's Most Excellent Majesty." It is bound in black leather and is in an excellent state of preservation. The earliest birth recorded, in ink now faded on its fly-leaf, is that of Fanny Parke Custis in 1710. The birth is also recorded of Daniel Parke Custis, 1711, and there is a record of his marriage to Martha Dandridge, who afterward became the wife of George Washington. There is no record of the marriage of General Washington and Mrs. Custis. In the book are many pressed leaves and flowers placed there by members of the Lee family. There is a sentimental value about a volume of such antiquity, that has been used by one's ancestors, who have derived comfort, encouragement and guidance from its pages in times of trouble, perplexity and bereavement; but the newest and cheapest Bible is also beyond worth, for its real value consists in the promises it contains, which are valid in all generations:

Concerning the testimonies, I have known of old that thou hast founded them forever (Ps. 119: 152).

A Life Spent for Others

IN the recent and sudden death of Mrs. Florence Clinton Sutro, who passed away at her home in New York on April 26, the world sustains the loss of a rare and beautiful spirit. Born in England, in 1865, she was in the full tide of life in its richest sense, both mentally and physically, when death came. Her appre-

The Late Florence Clinton Sutro

ciation of that life is shown by the following expressions contained in a letter written by her four years since, and which was read at her funeral:

No one could be more fond of life, the companionship of kind friends or the exhilaration of having good health and all that belongs to this life than I . . . . I can say that I have lived and enjoyed a happy life and that I have made others happy . . . . Music has been the cause of bringing me more happiness than anything else in the world. Therefore, I urge all young girls who would be as happy as I have been, to encourage it in their homes. This is my parting message to the world.

Mrs. Sutro was the wife of Mr. Theodore Sutro, a well-known lawyer. Her mind had an unusually wide range. She was the first law student in a university in New York, finishing her course as valedictorian of her class. She was founder and first president of the National Federation of Musical Clubs; a graduate of the New York Grand Conservatory of Music; a member of Sorosis, of the Press Club, and of the Society of American Authors. She was prominent in the work of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, that for Improving the Condition of the Poor and the Women's Auxiliary to the Guild for Crippled Children, as well as having been one of the presidents of the Hospital for Crippled Children. She was especially prominent in organizations and as a writer for the advance of women as composers and musicians, and had received from the Atlanta Exposition the gold medal and award of honor for her work in behalf of women in music, and the silver medal and award of honor for her work for women in the study of legal jurisprudence.

This gifted and versatile woman, in her multiplicity of interests, found time to do excellent work with her pen and has been at different times a valued contributor to the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Her entire life was given to the uplift of the world in which she lived, and rare as were the treasures of her intellectual attainments, they pale beside the true altruistic spirit which governed her every act, as she literally "went about doing good."

"A Beautiful Premium"

I thank you for responding so promptly to my renewal subscription of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. I also thank you for your Calendar and the beautiful premium Red Letter Bible you have sent me.

Worcester, Mass. MRS. J. H. GREENE.

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The following sums have been contributed by our readers for the support of the worthy causes mentioned below:

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Philadelphia's Revival Ended

THE three months' revival campaign, led by Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander in Philadelphia, came to a glorious end last week with a great farewell meeting at the Armory. The vast building was crowded with nearly six thousand converts, personal workers, and their friends. Bishops and leading men of Philadelphia vied with one another in praising God for the great success of the movement, and in thanking the leaders for the manner in which they conducted the work. It was a Christian love-feast.

The last speakers were Mr. Alexander and Dr. Torrey. Dr. Torrey said, among

Rev. R. A. Torrey

other things: "Never until I came to Philadelphia did I see policemen who helped in the personal work in an evangelistic service. My daughter used to come home at night and say: 'A policeman sent me to this one;' or 'a policeman sent me to that one to speak about their soul.' Thank God for the policemen."

The last day of the revival was one of the best. At the afternoon and evening services over 150 men and women stood up to accept Christ. The secretary of the mission committee declares that the total number of converts has not been less than 5,000 men, women and children. They have come from all ranks and professions.

One interesting feature of the campaign has been the organization of "Revival Bands," who go from one church to another to spread the revival fire. Another is the way in which the children have caught the prevailing enthusiasm for soul-saving. They have formed their own prayer circles and prayer lists, and are throwing themselves into the work with as much energy as the older people. One eleven-year-old girl, the daughter of a business man, who has led 35 persons to Christ by personal work, has a record of 24 children whom she has induced to begin the Christian life. A twelve-year-old girl declares that 9 out of the 11 on her "prayer list" have accepted Christ.

The closing weeks have been marked by a series of "Revival Luncheons," held in the business district, attended by business and professional men, and were presided over by Mr. Alexander, the singing evangelist. At five of the luncheons, eighteen persons confessed Christ, and scores stood up around the table to declare that they would become soul-winners.

When asked for his opinion of the campaign, Dr. Torrey said:

"I am satisfied. Why should I not be, when these thousands of converts have been won and we have been turning people away night after night even from the overflow meetings? In the souls won; in the interest aroused among professing Christians; in the churches which have been awakened; and in the great wave of religious feeling which has gone all over the city, the mission has been a success."

From Philadelphia Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander go to Atlanta, Ga., where large preparations have been made for a campaign which will continue throughout the month of May. GEORGE T. B. DAVIS.

SHELTERING JAPAN'S FAMINE WAIFS

Japanese Famine Orphans, Photographed for The Christian Herald, on their Arrival at the Okayama Orphanage

IT has already been announced in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, that the famine crisis in Japan is now over, and that the suffering in the three afflicted northern provinces will now steadily decline. This news is officially confirmed by advices just received by the State Department in Washington, from Hon. Huntington Wilson, the American Charge d'Affaires at Tokio. In his letter, Mr. Wilson gives a report on famine conditions. He says:

"The Government estimated the number of people in need at the end of March 8, to be some 700,000. A gentleman who had been investigating the situation on the spot, estimated, at the same date, that some 900,000 were in more or less distress, and that of these about 500,000 were really suffering, and some 250,000 in vital need, and now receiving assistance. The famine has now reached, and probably passed, its worst stage. The means of relief are improved. The severe winter is now breaking up, which will, with the melting of the snow, improve the means of communication, and make more out-of-door work possible. As the spring and summer advance there will be work in planting for landowners, tending silk-worms, picking mulberry leaves, etc. For these reasons, the suffering should now steadily decrease. A measure of relief will be needed, however, until the autumn, when the local rice-crop is harvested. Perhaps by the middle of June the number of those who must be given food will be reduced by about one-half, and so gradually fall off. The hope has been expressed that by July, the Prefectural Governments will be able to leave the responsibility for local conditions to town and village government offices.

"Americans may well feel pride in the splendid work done by the Foreign Committee at Sendai, of which the great majority, Dr. DeForest, Mr. W. E. Lampe, the Rev. C. S. Davison, Mr. M. B. Madden, and Mr. William Axling, are citizens of the United States. The work of these men, and the donations from the United States, collected by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and through the Red Cross Society, are, like the President's humanitarian appeal, highly appreciated in Japan.

"While the prompt assistance rendered has doubtless been of great value in alleviating suffering, and as a fine example of humanitarianism, there is no doubt that **the Japanese Government and people can now themselves readily cope with the needs of the final months of the famine.**"

. . .

The Tokio *Mainchi* (newspaper) says: "Two hundred and forty-two poor orphans have arrived from the famine provinces, under the guidance and protection of the workers of the Okayama Christian Orphan Asylum. Mr. Ishii, founder and president of the Orphanage, sent several workers to the famine provinces. Cooperating with the official committee, they soon found 242 orphans who had absolutely lost their protectors. Some of the children were found living alone in the same huts with their dead parents."

According to the official report of the Interior Department of the Japanese Government, the relief work now in operation consists of:

1. Neighborhood Rescue work. (Conducted principally by wealthy families).
2. Rescue Work by Local Associations. These give employment and advance capital or supply material for small manufactures.
3. Distribution of contributions through provincial government and village officers.
4. Special fund for purchase of seed, etc.
5. Public work for the unemployed. Repairing roads, making canals, strengthening river banks, etc.
6. Recultivating the land. This applies to some 62,000 acres in the three provinces, and involves an outlay of $780,000.
7. Charcoal Industry. This is quite extensive.
8. Encouraging mulberry planting, in which nearly $500,000 will be expended.

Besides the foregoing, there are special branches of the relief work which include the distribution of rye and potato seed, and seed rice, and the encouraging of immigration to Hokkaido and Sakhalin island. Much of the food given to the needy has been army supplies, consisting of biscuit, Chinese rice, black bread, potatoes and sweet potatoes, beans, etc.

It will be seen, from this extensive relief system, that the government has made ample provision for all emergencies, during the coming summer at least, the object in view being to "carry over" the sufferers until the next harvest.

. . .

Rev. J. H. Pettee has sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the very interesting photographic group of orphan children which is reproduced on this page. Mr. Pettee writes:

Readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, who have shown such prompt and practical interest in the famine relief work, will rejoice to hear what the Okayama Orphanage is doing for the suffering children of the northeast provinces.

The first company of these hungry waifs from the famine district reached Okayama one week ago to-day. They numbered 241, of whom 145 are boys. They range in age from four to fourteen, but the large majority appear to be about eight years old. Here is a picture of them taken on the Orphanage playground immediately after their arrival. The building in front of which they stand is one of the Orphanage schoolhouses. Each child, it will be noticed, has a white strip of cloth sewn on his dress, upon which is plainly marked "Bound for Okayama Orphanage." Their more than six-hundred-mile journey had been one long picnic. Cakes and oranges were given them by the bushel. Very few of them were really emaciated, but they were dirty beyond description, and alive with vermin. It will take six months, perhaps a year, to make these wild waifs like the well-trained children in the Orphanage.

Okayama Orphanage already had 370 children of its own, but it bravely rose to the occasion, packed twenty-five children into quarters designed for fifteen, purchased and built new cottages, spent $400 for bedclothes, advertised for additional helpers, and temporarily ran into debt to meet the desperate needs of the times. Superintendent Ishii lay ill with typhoid fever at the time the children arrived from the North. Since this new responsibility has been laid upon the institution, its running expenses are suddenly doubled. But, founded in faith and prayer, it falters not an instant. 120 children are now *en route* here, and 200 others are expected a little later. None knows how many more hundreds are yet to come.

Mr. Ishii is confident that God intends to use this sad experience in the North as the occasion for a revival throughout Japan.

Acknowledgments of contributions to the Japan Famine Relief Work appear on another page of this issue.

AMONG THE WORKERS

—EVANGELIST C. H. YATMAN has just begun a series of meetings at East Liverpool, O., where there are promising indications of a gracious awakening.

—REV. WILLIAM FRANCIS BERGEN, Pastor of the Kensington Congregational Church, Philadelphia, has now been in evangelistic work for five years or more, and his efforts in many places have been attended with blessing.

—MR. AND MRS. GEO. K. LITTLE, evangelists, have just closed a nineteen days' mission in the St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church, Tiffin, Ohio, resulting in seventy-five confessing Christ as their personal Saviour.

—REV. A. P. HOWELLS, First Baptist Church, Carmi, Ill., writes: "As the result of a recent revival meeting here, I have established a 'Win One Correspondence League.' Each member is required to write one letter a month to some godless friend, urging him to accept Christ."

—EVANGELIST R. E. JOHNSON is now laboring in West Virginia. He has a large khaki tent, 60 x 90 feet, which seats 900 people. Mrs. Johnson conducts special meetings for children and also women's meetings. On Sunday afternoons Mr. Johnson speaks to men only. Almost all of the work has been in union meetings and has been used in reaching many hearts.

—AMONG THE latest additions to the Presbyterian missionary forces in the China field are Rev. and Mrs. Wm. Kelly, Dr. Cyril H. Haas, and Miss Grace R. Whitmore. Miss Whitmore is the first nurse in the China work sent out by the Women's Missionary Societies. Through Dr. Kelly, the British Government recently made a gift of $25,000 to the Chenchow Mission.

—THERE ARE now in commission six chapel cars, in connection with the evangelistic work of the American Baptist Publication Society. These are the "Evangel," "Emanuel," "Glad Tidings," "Good Will," "Messenger of Peace," and "Herald of Hope." Their work extends all over the country in sections where there are churchless communities. Many thriving churches have sprung up out of the work. The chapel cars are supported wholly by free-will offerings.

—MR. A. P. FITT, of the Moody Institute, Chicago, writes: "One of the happy results of the missions conducted by Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander in Liverpool, has been the quickening of interest in the study of the Word. At the close of the second Liverpool mission, a number of young men expressed a desire for some opportunity for systematic study of the Word of God and methods of work, somewhat on the lines of the Moody Institute in Chicago. A conference was called, and resulted in the formation of a School of Bible Study. Mr. J. Louis Fenn is the tutor. Work is going on in good earnest."

Contributions to The Christian Herald Japan Relief Fund to April 14, 1906

ABOUT 2,500 NEW YORK CONTRIBUTIONS ALSO RECEIVED BEFORE THIS DATE, WILL BE ACKNOWLEDGED LATER ON

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Tjeerdsma, Geo .. 1 00
Todd, Miss Nora... 1 00
Topper, Thos..... 1 00
Town, L S..... 5 00
Trant, Dr A E.... 5 00
Trautwin, John ... 5 00
Treadwell, W B... 1 00
Tremble, Mrs M D. 50
Tryon, Mrs N..... 1 00
Tubby, Ralph 5 00
Turner, J P..... 1 00
Tuthill, C L.....20 00
Tnthill, Mr & Mrs W H 2 00
Tuttle, Mrs J A... 1 00
Tuttle, Mrs J A... 5 00
Ueblein, F M..... 5 00
Underwood, F H...10 00
Utter, Mrs H N.... 4 00
Vail, E E..... 1 00
Vail, L F..... 2 00
Van Buskirk, C E. 1 00
Van Der Veer, H E 1 00
Vandewater, F ... 50
Vandewater, Mrs A E 50
Van Dyck, Mr I.. 1 00

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Van Duser, S B... 2 00
Van Etters, M 2 00
Van Orden, P S... 2 00
Van Slyke, L P... 1 00
Van oris, Mrs I... 1 00
Van Wageneu, H E 1 00
Van Worst, Geo E 3 00
Veit, Anna 1 00
Vetzinger, Maria.. 25
Vogan, M 2 00
Vogt, Jacob 5 00
Vom Scheidt, Dr W 2 00
Waggoner, Mrs R. 1 00
Waggoner, Mrs R.. 50
Wahadt, Geo D... 2 00
Waldorf, Glenn ... 25
Wales, Robert 1 00
Wallace, Eva 1 00
Wallace, Mrs H A 1 00
Walsh, Mrs M H.. 2 00
Walter, J L..... 1 00
Walters, Mrs L E. 1 00
Ward, Alice 1 55
Ward, David 5 00
Ward, H E..... 1 00
Warder, L B..... 1 00
Wardner, Mrs S... 1 00
Warner, Carrie 1 00
Warren, Jane K W 1 00
Washburn, D 50
Waterman, E 5 00
Waters, Mrs Thos.. 1 50
Watson, John 1 00
Watson, J W..... 50
Watson, Mr & Mrs S 2 00
Weaver, Ola 1 00
Weber, Mrs C F... 2 00
Webster, J A..... 1 00
Weidman, E G.... 1 00
Weir, John, Coila. 1 00
Weller, Sadie 1 00
Wells, Jessie M.... 5 00
Wells, Mary F.... 1 00
Wensley, Wm S...20 00
West, M & frils... 3 50
Wells, Mrs J P.... 1 50
West, Mrs L D.... 1 00
Weyburn, R T..... 1 00
Wheat, H W..... 5 00
Wheaton, E S..... 5 00
Wheeler, Clinton.. 20
Wheeler, Ida 1 00
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Whitehead, Mrs A M 5 00
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White, G G..... 1 00
Whitford, E C..... 1 00
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Whittemore, Mrs C E 1 00
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Wilbeck, Edith ... 25
Wilbur, C H..... 1 00
Wilcox, Chas O.... 5 00
Wilcox, J A..... 50
Wilcox, Mrs W C. 25
Welder, Mrs Wm.. 1 00
Wilder, W H..... 1 00
Williams, Arthur.. 5 00
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Wilson, Mrs J E... 50
Wilson, Mrs S L... 3 00
Wilson, Mrs T F.. 2 00
Wingate, C W..... 1 00
Winshop, Freeman. 5 00
Witman, T E..... 1 00
Wizeman, Chas ... 1 00
Woff, Henry 2 00
Wolven, Mrs G H. 2 00
Wood, E 5 00
Wood, G L..... 2 00
Wood, H A..... 2 00
Woodard, Frank .. 2 00
Woodbridge, John. 1 00
Woods, Mrs 20
Woods, Mrs F & Miss E Baryer... 2 00
Worden, S A..... 1 01
Worth, R E..... 2 00
Wright's, Anna J, S Sch Class 2 50
Wright, Mrs D C.. 2 50
Wyckoff, C F..... 1 00
Yonkins, Emily ... 1 00
York, Dr G W..... 2 00
Young, Irena 1 25
Young, John H..... 3 00
Youngman, Mrs CD 1 00
Zeltwanger, Rose.. 1 00
Zepf, Celia 1 00
Zurbick, Albert ... 2 00
Cheesman, Gouverneur 1 00
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Flanagan, Niagara Falls 5 00
Martha & Mary, Plattsburg 2 00
Mrs M E G S, Alexander 5 00
Mrs H C, Bainbridge 2 00
M, Bedford Sta... 2 00
C A M, Binghamton 50
C S, Bklyn..... 5 00
M K, Bklyn..... 50
N D W, Candor... 2 00
I D R, Cobleskill.. 2 00
M G, Cooper Plains 1 30
Mr & Mrs D D R, Edmeston 3 00
A E S, Fairport.. 1 00
I A, Fulton..... 5 00
G G, Great Neck.. 10
E W A, Hartwick. 2 00
Mrs L W, Hartwick 5 00
Mrs M J H, Hartwick 2 00
W E, Hillsdale... 1 00
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W D, Johnstown... 1 00
Mrs E P A, Medway 1 00
J B, Minor..... 1 00
T D R, Mt Lebanon 1 00
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C E S, N Y C.... 5 00
H, N Y C..... 5 00
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Our Household Circle

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

The Burden of the Day

A BOOK of much interest, recently published, gives a glimpse of the long day of the working girl and the heavy burdens borne by her. In a frank preface, the author states that she has related her personal experience, and that she has not drawn upon imagination in the stories she tells of low pay, hard conditions and uncomfortable home life. She came to New York a stranger from the country, seeking employment, and, as many another has done before her, she found the search disappointing, saw her little hoard of savings melt away, and finally faced the possibility of homelessness and starvation. Being a woman of brave spirit and apparently unusual health, she was not crushed by unfavorable conditions, but took whatever work came and did it the best she could. Her story throws a flashlight on the desperately hard lot of a refined woman, without money, without friends, and without a home, when she undertakes the task of self-support in a great city. One of the first embarrassments felt by a woman thus situated, she meets when she looks for board and lodging. Both are very expensive, and if uncomfortable are likely to be even then beyond the means of a scantily supplied purse.

The young woman in question tells how she was glad to find shelter in a respectable, but singularly disagreeable girls' lodging house, where the beds in the dormitory were ten cents a night, paid strictly in advance, and where meals were offered at six cents each. The meals she did not try, but she lived for weeks sleeping in the dormitory, amid bedfellows who were miscellaneous in appearance and doubtful in morals, thankful that she had this shelter over her head. She tells with realistic detail of her plight, when, at one time, a simple boarding-house in which she had found the semblance of a home was burned to the ground, the friendly landlady losing her life, and every one belonging to the house losing clothing and every other possession. This calamity occurred while our heroine was at work in a factory. She returned at night to a heap of ashes, and the loss of everything except what she had on.

* * *

The *Long Day* is well worth reading, and it makes one grateful if none of her kith and kin have been obliged to bear its heavy burdens. No doubt there are many grades and varieties in the daily experiences of working women, but there is little exaggeration in the statement that for thousands of employees who have not home and parents in town, the day's work is full of monotonous and wearing drudgery, the evenings are full of temptation, and the conditions of life are bitter and inclement. The working girls' club, the Girls' Friendly Societies, the Young Women's Christian Associations, and other agencies do what they can. Nevertheless, there is room everywhere for lending a sisterly hand to those who are struggling with poverty and obliged to take whatever work may come first, whether it be the work best suited to them or not.

Cultivating the Conscience

Much interest has been felt by the readers of this page in the views candidly presented by mothers as to the training and guidance of children. A correspondent sends a contribution that is worth consideration by parents. She begins by quoting Milton's famous lines:

> He that has light within his own clear breast,
> May sit in the centre and enjoy bright day.

Emphasizing the comfort and delight of a clear conscience, our friend tells a bit of experience which was known to her, although it may not have been personal. A man living in the city, wrote to his sister on the farm at home in the sweet green country, that his only son, a boy of seven, was in a fair way to die, unless he could be sent from the city's dust and heat, to the healthful atmosphere of the fields. The sister understood the responsibility she would incur in taking charge of an only child in very delicate health. She slept over it, prayed over it, and debated the matter with her conscience, arriving at the conclusion that it was her plain duty to accept the care of the little fellow. He came to her, a puny, pale, enemic child, almost a skeleton; but he rapidly gained health and strength under her fostering care. Every night she put the child to bed, sitting beside him, and telling him a story. One day he told her a lie. She said nothing by way of reproof at the time, but when bedtime came, she told him the story of a little boy who had come from the city to live with his aunt, who could not play at first as other children did, but who grew like other children before long. Then she said, "Would you think that this little boy, forgetting how good God had been to him, told his aunt something that he knew was not true?"

The child was very thoughtful. The next day he came to her of his own accord, confessed his fault, and said he was sorry. She had awakened his conscience.

* * *

Away back in the days of the prophet Jeremiah, we are told that people constantly committed sin, and were not in the least ashamed. The prophet said "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." Unfortunately, all the children of Adam partake of this evil nature, but God has set a watchman in the citadel of the soul, and the name of that watchman is conscience. If conscience is rightly developed, children, and grown people, too, will not go on committing wilful sin.

The mistake made by too many parents is in punishing children without the least attempt to awaken the sense of right and wrong. It may well be in many cases, that children resent the penalty without being in the slightest degree sorry for the sin; they are sorry only that they were found out. A tender conscience is like the mainspring in the machinery of our being; it influences what we do, and say, and think. Many a time it keeps us from using hasty words that we regret, and from taking steps that we afterward deplore.

* * *

In some of the old biographies we find elaborate rules written out by conscientious people for their daily conduct. At one time it was the usual habit of Christians to examine themselves daily. We have somewhat lost this custom of introspection in our hurrying days, and perhaps it is as well, for it sometimes, by a paradox, led to self-conceit and vainglory. Yet it would be a good thing for each of us, young or old, to take a few minutes before retiring, in which to think over the incidents of the day, to ask God's forgiveness for our mistakes, and to make good resolutions.

DAILY BREAD

Every day our Father gives food to every thing that lives;
Little children are his care, He provides their daily fare.
And a blessing we should ask over food and over task.

The Etiquette of the Pew

IS there such a thing as a code of etiquette for the pew? Is the pew a place where good manners are essential, or is it a place where people are privileged to be as rude and boorish as they please? Probably half our church-goers never think of manners as having any relation to conduct in church. There are, it is true, very many people who remember that the sanctuary is set apart for the worship of Almighty God; that in it they should not carry on private conversations or do anything either to disturb the devotions of their neighbors or to disconcert and annoy the minister in the pulpit. Universal reverence is not the rule among church-goers. On the highest plane, those who enter a church should do so with a feeling of awe in the presence of God and of humble expectation that they may receive a blessing. On the lowest plane, all who go to church should observe a few simple rules of good behavior.

First, it is extremely churlish to be inhospitable in the pew. Always treat strangers shown into your family pew with kindness and give them a cordial welcome. Make room for them and offer them a hymn book opened at the place; a Bible, a psalter, or whatever other book courtesy may prompt you to share with them. Next, do not fidget about in the pew; sit still. Do not stare about or take mental notes of other people's dress or of their absence or of their presence. Your mental attitude, although you are in the congregation, should be the attitude of one alone with God. Pay attention to the minister; pay attention also to the order of service; take part audibly wherever it is the duty of the congregation to join. Impress upon your mind the portions of Scripture read in your hearing. Impress particularly upon your mind the text and the theme of the sermon. In addition to these hints two or three others may be given. It is neither reverent nor courteous to turn the leaves of a hymn book while the minister is preaching, or while he is giving out notices. It is in very bad taste furtively to consult a watch during service. It is not in accordance with good manners to cough if one can help it, and people suffering from an irritating cough that cannot be suppressed are to be excused if they stay away from church. Never put on wraps until a few minutes after the benediction. To utilize the time of the doxology in preparing to leave the building is not only irreverent but is what is known as bad form. In leaving a church speak pleasantly to any persons whom you know, and if you can do so give a cordial hand clasp to those who seem to be strangers, and who may come again if they are affectionately greeted.

A Hospital Room

One of the best and most beautiful ways of remembering our loved ones who are gone, is to furnish a hospital room in their name. To endow a room costs a larger sum of money than most people can afford to give, but properly and comfortably to equip a room with necessary furniture costs no more than to do the same in one's own home. As hospitals are more and more sought by those who cannot at home take the best care of their invalids, and as it is no longer singular for a person to go to a private room in a hospital in a case of serious illness, any one who can furnish a room gives substantial help to an excellent institution. In this way the memory of the dead is kept forever green.

A Social Problem

Mrs. Elmore has two friends, both of whom she has known and loved since girlhood. Unfortunately, they are not on speaking terms. Mrs. Elmore invites Mrs. Ashe to spend a week with her, and Mrs. Ashe accepts. During her visit, Mrs. Gibson arrives without warning, having come to see Mrs. Elmore as a surprise. What shall Mrs. Elmore do?

Aunt Prudence would like to know the opinion of the readers of this page on the above situation. Answers must be addressed to Aunt Prudence Payson, care of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and must be written plainly on a postal card. An interesting book will be sent to the writer of the best answer.

TURNING POINTS IN LIFE

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS*

A Lad with Loaves

"REST A WHILE." Jesus, who bids us work, also commands us to rest—not alone in sleep, but sometimes by day. The important thing is that we take Christ with us as the Apostles did, in our hours of rest. Recreation is not only the privilege, but the duty of all. A great part of the so-called recreation is really dissipation. Physical and mental energies are weakened rather than bettered by every sinful pleasure. Waking rest is very largely dependent on mind and soul. To the lumberman, cutting trees was a task, to Gladstone, a recreation. The fishermen of Galilee going with Christ to rest found it no interruption of their recreation to help him feed, and teach, and shepherd the multitude that followed him. It ought to be the gladdest theme of a May party to tell others of the wonderful Christ. When he rested at the Samaritan "watering place," he gladly gave the living water to the sinful woman and her neighbors.

Many ran thither. Multitudes running to Jesus! Surely his triumph is at hand! Nay, for they were mostly but illustrations of the three unfruitful fields in the parable of the sower—wayside, stony, and thorny soils. They had the usual human hunger for wonders. They ran after miracles as men to-day run to fires. They desired to see and hear a man much talked about. They followed the crowd. The sequel shows they were not in earnest. In our day, when Christianity is popular, there is danger of such transient following that will not bear the test of hardship. "Lord, is it I?"

Jesus was moved with compassion because they were as sheep not having a shepherd. Here is a suggestion of all that is in the Twenty-third Psalm and the tenth chapter of John. The prophecy, "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd," was about to be fulfilled. Jesus, as the Good Shepherd, grips the world's heart from childhood to age. "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." He is our provider, defender, and guide. His heart yearns most of all for the unsaved multitude who have no shepherd. "Give ye them to eat," he says to all of us who love him.

There is a lad here who hath five barley loaves and two small fishes (John 6:9). "We have here but five loaves," and Christ. They had overlooked the chief part of their supply.

> Our weakness is completeness
> In another's greater strength.

Here is a beautiful story of Peter, an English boy who fed one man's soul with the bread of heaven. Tossing his ball with Bill Green, in the street, it had fallen into the flower bed of Jacob Power, an old man who, lacking religion to comfort his old age, was very cross. Peter entered the yard and went to the flower bed to find his ball, but seeing a half-broken flower stem, he held it together and told Bill to run for a string so they might splice it and save the flower. Just then the old man hobbled out, with the aid of his cane, and said, querulously, "Be you pickin' my flowers. Leave them flowers alone. See what you've done to them—broke 'em up!" "Not me, sir," said Peter, politely. "A ball broke this stem and I am holding it till Bill can tie it up. My ball is in here among the leaves, but I haven't looked for it yet." "You drop that flower," said the old man, bringing his cane down on the boy's back with a loud thwack. "There's to teach ye." The boy stood up with tears of pain in his eyes and a sense of injustice in his face, but he only said, "I won't." "What impudence is that you're a-giving me," said the old man. "I'm not," said Peter. "I was going to, but I remembered." "Here, you come into the house with me. I shan't hit ye again, and you can have that flower ye broke, if ye like." The boy went into the cleanest, daintiest kitchen in the village. "Oh, my," he exclaimed, ingenuously, "You didn't never ought to be so cross-patchy, Mr. Power, when you've such a place as this to live in. Does Beatie do it all?" Just then Beatie, his maimed daughter, Peter's Sunday School teacher, came in, and he told her about the broken flower. "I was just going to be rude, and say I was glad his old flower was broke, because he wouldn't believe me, and then I remembered what you told me yesterday—'Be pitiful, be courteous.'" A few days later he said to the old man: "Beatie taught me all I know about Jesus. There's nothing in the Bible she doesn't know. If you were to let her read to you, Mr. Power, you'd find she knows nearly everything. Of course, not about railways and engines—I know more'n she does about them, she says so. But she loves God so much that he teaches her." "How do you know that?" said Jacob. "She don't presume to say so, do she?" "No," answered Peter, "but when I asked her something the other day, she said she didn't know, but she was sure God would teach her about it if I could wait until he did. And, Mr. Power, he taught her, and she told me."

The boy's unquestioning faith in God, and in his teacher, touched the hard old man. "What was it ye wanted her to tell you?" he asked. "She was 'splaining to the class that when anyone wanted to know God and Jesus Christ, he had to be like a little child, not knowing anything; and I asked her what you'd do to make you young again, if you wanted to know God." "And did she tell ye," asked the old man. "Not then, but afterwards," said the boy. "She said you couldn't get young again, but God's love could show you how to go to him through Christ, by making you forget that you're Mr. Power, and you'd remember that you are a poor sinner, like everyone else, and then you'd be God's child." "Bless ye, I'm going to be a good boy, please God, same's you are, if he'll let me," said the poor old man. "And I want to say as this border's all yours, and all the flowers in it, to do what you like with." He put his hand on the boy's shoulder—a second walking-stick he called it—and together they went through the village, both children in God.

"He brake the loaves and gave them to his disciples to set before them"

Make All Sit Down by Companies. How time and effort and food would have been wasted if that great crowd had not been so organized for receiving the food! And when they had all eaten to the full, what a lesson Christ gave in economy and neatness by ordering the fragments gathered up! We hear much of "political economy," relating to systematic money-making, but in this as in some other things the children of this world are wiser than the children of light. How systematic is our money-making, how haphazard our giving! He who arranged the multitude in groups, prompted Paul to say to the churches that they should give regularly and systematically. "On the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store as God has prospered him." A little girl, whose teacher urged regular giving, not of pennies, except for the poorest, but nickels and dimes when possible, said one day, "Father prefers I should be a cheerful giver instead of a regular giver." Manifestly giving to God was never a very "cheerful" act to that father. There are some who take a like attitude about prayer and Sabbath observance. All days should be holy, and one can pray anywhere. But such people usually make no day holy, and from having no special time for prayer, soon have no prayer. God has made an orderly world, and godly people, of all others, should see that only by orderly arrangement of their lives can they make the most of them.

A star was due at 5:20 P.M. Just before that time the astronomical instrument was directed to the star. It was agreed that when the star crossed the spider-web line stretched across the lens of the instrument, the professor who looked through the instrument should pronounce the word "Here," and that the assistant, who watched the second hand of the clock, should let the hammer which he held in his hand fall upon the marble table the instant the clock registered 5:20 P.M. The man who was to speak the word "Here" could not see the clock. The man who was to let the hammer fall could not see the star. There was an impressive silence for a time. Suddenly two sounds broke the stillness. The "Here" and the "rap" were positively simultaneous. God is always on time. When "a good seat" at some entertainment requires us to "come early," we are ahead of time. Why not show equal zeal when it is an uplifting prayer or song we may miss if we are late at church? And at home how much scolding that dishonors God would be saved if all were prompt and orderly! "Who's taken my cuff buttons?" snarls the boy who has "a place for everything" in the wrong sense, and throws his belongings in heaps into his closets and drawers, wasting precious hours every week out of the purse of time into which nothing lost can ever be put back.

"Gather up the fragments." Go read the biographies of useful men, and you will usually find they differed from useless associates in youth, mainly in utilizing leisure hours for reading useful books or for doing good to others. Learn a verse of poetry or a noble sentiment in prose every day, and repeat it at supper. The practice will strengthen the memory and improve the taste and enrich the mind of the learner, and give him or her a valuable store of intellectual treasures to enjoy and use. By gathering up the fragments Elihu Burritt became the learned blacksmith; Hugh Miller, the learned stonecutter; Benjamin Franklin, the learned printer, and later, the sage and statesman. And so Harlan Page, keeping his resolve to invite some soul to Christ every day, recruited a regiment for God. So Mrs. Bartlett, a Bible class teacher, brought more than seven hundred members into Mr. Spurgeon's church. There is always time enough to do what we regard as of supreme importance.

They did all eat and were filled. Alas how many eat of the heavenly bread scantily as if Christ could not provide a full supply (John 6: 22-40)! The divine word is "Be filled with the Spirit" (Eph. 5: 18).

When Jesus perceived they would take him by force and make him a king . . . he went up alone into a mountain to pray. This is really the most important part of the story. This miracle stands at the end of the second year of Christ's ministry, the "year of popularity," which is now to pass into the "year of opposition," terminating in the first quarter of the fourth year in the Crucifixion. The multitudes were fully persuaded by this great miracle that Jesus was the promised Messiah, whom they expected to be a temporal king, who would deliver them from the Romans. Like a Roman king, he had given them free bread. When he presently taught them that spiritual bread was more important for them than the miraculous loaves, and that to deliver them from their own oppressive sins was his mission rather than conquering their Roman despots, they turned away in flocks, whereupon Jesus said sadly to the twelve: "Will ye also go away?" It was one of the turning points of life both to Jesus himself and to the multitude, such as came to Israel when they came to the borders of the Promised Land at Kadesh-Barnea, and turned back into the wilderness, rather than meet the giants they must conquer to possess it. Such hours come to every nation and to every person.

The question comes home to us to-day whether we have really accepted Christ as the kingly protector and director and provider of our souls, or are only following him with the shallow devotion that will not last when the testing hour comes and it is unpopular to follow him. How many call themselves by his name, because it is respectable to be Christians and gives them a reputation in society, who would give up their religion and deny him if persecution came!

*International Sunday School Lesson for May 27. Feeding the Five Thousand, Mark 6: 30-44. GOLDEN TEXT: "My Father giveth you the true bread from heaven" John 6: 32.

Why Certain Hams Are "STAR" Branded

ABOUT one Ham in every *fifteen* is "*Star*" quality.

This means that out of the 40,000 Hams produced, on daily average, by the Armour plants, only about 2,700 are "*Star*" branded.

Because six conditions govern their selection.

1st—"*Star*" Hams and Bacon must be from Corn-fed Hogs, because these produce the finest and the firmest meat.

2d—They must be from Barrow Hogs, because they have the fullest flavor.

3d—They must be from Young, but fully matured Hogs, because these combine tenderness with firmness, thin skin with delicacy of flavor.

4th—They must be from moderately Fat Hogs, because the lean meat would otherwise be stringy and dry, instead of juicy and tender, since Fat is to meat what Cream is to milk.

5th—Each "*Star*" Ham must weigh not less than *eight* pounds, nor more than *twenty* pounds.

6th—Because a lighter weight than eight pounds would indicate that the Ham came from either a poor Hog, badly-nurtured, or from one too young to have reached maturity of flavor.

A heavier weight than twenty pounds on the other hand, might mean coarse fibre in the meat, or excessive fat.

So there you have the rigid basis of *selection* for "*Star*" quality Hams and Bacon.

Next we have "*Star*" treatment—curing.

Armour's "*Star*" grade Hams and Bacon are cured in an "epicured" liquor.

This is mild, sweet and piquant, instead of salty.

It is made of granulated sugar, and pure saltpetre, with just enough salt to balance them, and to produce a delicious, palate-tempting flavor.

This "*Star*" treatment brings out all that is finest in the meat flavor, blended with the curing flavor, and later with the smoked flavor.

The result is "The Ham What Am"—the very finest *Meat*, treated by the very finest curing known to the Art of the Packer.

Armour's "*Star*" grade of Hams and Bacon cost a few cents more than the ordinary kind, but the *flavor* is delicious.

Armour's "STAR" Hams and Bacon

Group of American Missionaries at Jaffa

Across Palestine by Rail

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 431

results. Dr. Lee has invitations to carry on a series of meetings in Ningpo, Nankin, and other cities, several churches writing to give him an opportunity to reach pastors and Christians, as well as the unsaved. Signs of a revival in China are not wanting. We plead for your prayers and co-operation.

In the accompanying photo, a few of our student workers for Christ are seen. The first, Dr. Y. C. Chang, played an important part in the opening of Hunan to the Gospel; the second, Dr. Y. S. Lee, is at present engaged in the revival movement already mentioned. On the left of Mr. Woodberry is our beloved Shanghai evangelist, Dr. Wong, who left a position as surgeon on a Chinese man-of-war, eight years ago, to preach the Gospel, and has been our right-hand man for as many years. Next to him is Mr. Kung, a student preacher, who accompanied us to Shansi in connection with the massacres of 1900. Last is the brother of Dr. Y. C. Chang, Dr. Y. J. Chang, who was the last of the graduating class of the Tientsin Imperial Medical College to become a Christian, in 1895.

The people in the homeland should not put too sinister a construction on the massacres in China. These spasmodic and periodical manifestations in China are not unprovoked; many circumstances abound to favor such outbreaks, and that they are not the manifestation of the representative people of China as a whole. The Dragon's power is strong in this ancient land, and we can but rejoice at the signs of promise abounding on every hand. Our own hearts rejoice exceedingly at what our eyes have seen and our ears have heard in China. We expect to win the day!

We acknowledge also, with grateful hearts, the offerings from readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, that have come to us most opportunely for the support of the native evangelists, whom we call "their substitutes and ours" in the China field.

Prominent Men of the Hour

President Vincente Gomez

Hon. F. W. Whitridge

VINCENTE GOMEZ is the new President of Venezuela, General Castro having transferred that office to him last month. The proceeding is most remarkable, as it not known whether the arrangement is a temporary one or not. President Castro, it is rumored, may be back in three months. The Cabinet resigned, and a new one has taken its place. General Castro said on his retirement: "All pending matters will be necessarily settled by some friendly arrangement or by arbitration, the last resort of civilization." This was in reference to the recent international complications that have filled the public press.

* * *

FREDERICK WALLINGFORD WHITRIDGE, the distinguished New York lawyer, has been sent by President Roosevelt to represent this country at the wedding of King Alfonso of Spain to Princess Ena. Mr. Whitridge was born in New Bedford, Mass., and is a graduate of Amherst College and the Columbia Law School. His wife is a daughter of the famous English author, Matthew Arnold.

Does your baking powder contain alum? Look upon the label. Use only a powder whose label shows it to be made with cream of tartar.

NOTE.—Safety lies in buying only the Royal Baking Powder, which is the best cream of tartar baking powder that can be had.

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The Chariots of the Lord

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BY JOSEPH HOCKING

Summary of Preceding Chapters

During the reign of James II., whose father, Charles I., was beheaded in the revolution under Oliver Cromwell, a determined effort was made by the King to win England to Roman Catholicism. He persecuted the Protestants and had a willing instrument in Lord Jeffreys, an ignorant man, who had been raised to the bench by the king. The story opens with a scene in his court, in which the hero, Benedict Trelawney, denounced Jeffreys to his face, as an unjust judge. He was committed to prison. On his way he was enabled to escape by a girl, who told him her name was Mary. She guided him to the house of a Protestant, who gave him shelter and introduced him to another refugee, a Scotchman named Donald Stewart. On the following day he received his sword, which had been taken from him, and found upon it a message from the girl who had saved him, asking him to meet her that night at the Temple Church. He has an interview with her there, in which she advises him to have nothing to do with a conspiracy, then being organized against the king. He is surprised at her knowledge, and suspects that she is a daughter of Judge Jeffeys, of whom he has heard as being her father's spy. Disregarding her advice, he associates himself with the Duke of Monmouth, a natural son of Charles II., who invades England. After the defeat of Monmouth, Trelawney hides in a cave, but is found and lodged in jail. When brought to trial, a letter reached Jeffreys from the King ordering Trelawney sent to him. That night the bars were sawn from the window of the prison by some unknown friend and Trelawney escaped in a carriage waiting for him. In the carriage was the girl who had previously saved him from his captors, who restores to him his sword.

CHAPTER XXIV.—Continued

"LOOK at the sword again," cried the girl, "so that you may be sure. True, the hilt is jeweled, and it may look like your own; but are you sure?"

Eagerly Trelawney drew it from its sheath, and examined the blade keenly.

"Yes, it is mine."

"How do you know?"

"I know it by a hundred things. I know it best by this."

"By what?"

He pointed to the words scratched on the blade.

Midnight. Temple Church.

"No one would take you for one of Monmouth's rebels now, would they?" She laughed. "Behold, a gaily-attired Cavalier. True, your hair needs curling, and you look somewhat dishevelled, but then have you not fought in the service of your King? Your cloak is of the finest material, and richly embroidered, while your sword looks well. An hour at the hands of a barber, and you be ready for revels."

In truth, everything seemed like play-acting. What did it all portend?

"We stop at Harpinghey for breakfast," she went on. "I' faith, I'm hungry. Are you not? The innkeeper will wonder to see us arrive together, but his wonder will cease when you give our names. Sir Charles and Lady Beaumont are returning from the wars. Lady Beaumont accompanied her husband to Somersetshire and stayed near him during the rebellion. Now they are returning to their house in Lincoln's Square. Sir Charles was summoned from his duties hastily, in order to bear dispatches to the King, and this will account for his attire. Do you understand, Master Benedict Trelawney?"

Her bantering tone caused him to be gay in spite of himself. The sun had now risen, and its bright rays had dispelled many of his dark thoughts. The terror of the previous day seemed like a far-off dream. After all he was young, and care sits lightly on young shoulders. The mystery which surrounded everything no longer disturbed him.

"I quite understand, Lady Mary Beaumont," he said.

"You can give news of the great doings at Taunton, too," she said. "You can tell them how faithfully his Lordship, the King's Chief Justice, is carrying out his Royal Master's commands. Of course you can, no one better."

"And after that, Lady Mary," he said. "After breakfast at Harpinghey, what then?"

"Why then, have we not the promises of a King, and of a King that is never worse than his word?" she said.

He would have questioned her further, but at that moment the vehicle stopped at one of those fine old inns which abounded in those days.

"Dismount, Sir Charles," she said with a smile, "and then give me your arm, as we walk together into the inn."

Like a man in a dream he did as he was commanded. At the door of the inn, early as it was, mine host stood waiting.

"Breakfast in all haste,' said Benedict.

"Ay, breakfast, and that of the best, most honorable sir. Have you traveled far?"

"Far. I have come from the King's army."

"Then I have the honor, doubtless, to be speaking to one of the King's officers."

"Sir Charles and Lady Beaumont," he said as his companion pressed his arm.

"Ah, yes, I crave you, Sir Charles, and your worshipful lady to follow me."

He could not understand the look on the man's face, but he followed him without fear.

"Oh, I am tired and hungry, Sir Charles," said Mary Jeffreys, laughing into his face. "I hope, Master Innkeeper, that you have prepared a good breakfast."

"There are great preparations made for your reception, my lady," said the innkeeper.

He opened a door, and the two passed side by side into a large room; but no sooner had they done so than Benedict Trelawney laid his hand on the sword which but a few minutes before he had fastened to his side.

The room was full of armed soldiers.

CHAPTER XXV.

TRELAWNEY looked eagerly at the woman whose hand rested on his arm, as if in explanation, but she spoke no word. At the end of the room a table was set for two. Hither the innkeeper led the way, and then placed chairs for them. Not one of the soldiers spoke. They stood silently by, furtively watching them, but paying them no special attention.

"My first thought was wrong," said Trelawney to himself. "She hath not delivered me from one trap only to lead me to another. It is by pure accident that the soldiers are here. Perhaps they are some of Faversham's men who are on their way to London."

He looked at them steadily. They were not common troopers. Some of them appeared to be men of quality. They were neither rough nor coarse. Moreover, they all moved to the opposite end of the long room, as if to enable him and his companion to converse quietly.

"Did you expect to find these soldiers here?" he asked.

"I expect anything in such times as these," she replied. "The whole of the west country is full of the King's men. What wonder, when even now the fires of the rebellion are burning."

Her answer checked other questions that rose to his lips, nay more, it made him feel doubtful about the future. He had begun to hope that Mary Jeffreys had indeed intended to set him free, but now it seemed impossible. And yet perhaps all was well. If they regarded him as Sir

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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The Chariots of the Lord

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 444

Charles Beaumont, traveling with his wife, nothing but respect would be showed him, and at the end of an hour they could resume their journey. Indeed, why had she given him a cavalier hat and cloak, as well as his own sword, but for this purpose?

"Are you not hungry?" laughed the girl. "I am."

"Yes, I am," he replied. "Evidently mine host thought we should be, too. There are enough steaks of broiled ham for six. It is long since I had such a breakfast."

But for the fact that the soldiers remained in the room he would have been happy. He felt refreshed and strengthened by every mouthful of food that he ate, and the presence of the girl made all things gay.

Again and again did he look at her bright young face. Yes, it was as free from guile as the face of a child. She could not be the creature he had imagined her to be.

"Do you know," he said presently, "that I withdraw all the harsh things I have said to you. I can understand nothing, but I trust you fully."

She looked up into his face, and their eyes met.

"Fully?"

"Yes, fully, and I thank you with all my heart for what you have done."

He was not sure, but he thought he saw her eyes fill with tears, he fancied, too, that her lips trembled.

"Do you withdraw *all* you have said?" she asked presently.

"No, not all. I could not do that. Pray do not be angry with me; but rebel as I am, hating your father as I do, I love you."

In a moment her face changed. The soft, dove-like eyes became black with rage, the tender, pouting lips formed themselves into a scowl. She seemed on the point of speaking angry words, but checked herself.

"Nay, nay, do not be angry with me," went on Trelawney, "for I cannot help myself. I am sure that everything can be explained. You are not a spy for your father; you hate him as I do, that is, you hate the terrible things he does. I could not love you so else. For I do love you dearly. Willingly would I spend weary days in prison again, ay, with nothing before me but the expectation of death, if at the end of it all I could be delivered by you. And you have your trouble, too. I know it by the way you were overcome with grief when we were in the carriage together. If you would tell me about it, poor as is your opinion of me, I might be able to help you. Truly, I would give my life to serve you."

"Would you? would you? Say it again."

She spoke the words eagerly, her voice trembling with emotion, yet so low were her tones that no man heard them but Trelawney.

"I would indeed!" Trelawney's heart was on fire now. His wild, imaginative nature was aroused; all was forgotten, save that the maid's eyes looked beseechingly into his.

The fact seemed to impress her more and more.

"Are you sure of what you say, Master Trelawney?"

"Sure, sure!" cried the young man eagerly.

"So that if ever I need a friend I shall know where to turn?"

"If I am at liberty I will come to you wherever you are."

"Think what you are saying," she made answer. "I may put you to the test some day."

"The sooner the better," he cried.

"And yet you understand nothing."

"No, but you do, and I trust in you." He spoke eagerly, and his eyes gleamed with expectation. "Listen," he went on. "When I reach London I will find some hiding-place, and I will let you know where I am; then if you will send me just this message, '*Midnight—Temple Church*,' I shall know what you mean."

"No matter when?"

"No."

"No matter what happens?"

"No."

"And can I depend on you?"

"Always."

Her eyes gleamed with a strange light, and Trelawney saw that her hands clasped and unclasped themselves nervously. For a moment she seemed to hesitate, then her face became rigid and as pale as death. She rose to her feet and looked towards the door of the dining-hall in which they had been sitting.

"Captain Trevor," she said, "here is your prisoner. Guard him safely."

One of the soldiers came up and placed his hands on the young man's shoulder.

"Your sword, Captain Trelawney," he said.

The young man looked from one face to another in blank astonishment. He could not speak a word.

"Just a word, Captain Trevor," said Mary Jeffreys. "There is no need, is there, that he should be degraded in the eyes of the people among whom he passes?"

"I do not quite understand," said the officer.

"Well, you are twenty and he is only one. Can he not keep his sword?"

"If you wish it, certainly."

"Then let him keep it. Moreover, there is surely no need for him to be bound like a prisoner."

"If he will give me his word of honor that he will not try to escape us, he can ride side by side with us and as one of us."

"Will you give that word of honor?" said the girl, as she turned towards him.

"No," said the young man angrily. "No! I will escape if I can."

"You see," said Captain Trevor.

"Still," went on Mary Jeffreys, "you are twenty and he is only one."

"It is not ordinary; but if you wish it——"

"I have such faith in you that I do wish it."

"Then it shall be as you say."

She seemed on the point of speaking again. She looked into Trelawney's face, and her lips parted as if to utter something, but no words came. She turned away from him, and without a word left the room, walking between the soldiers as if she never saw them.

As for Trelawney, he was like a man who had received a blow. His brain reeled, his mind refused to work. For a moment he could believe nothing. But the facts were before him in hard, grim reality. In spite of his words expressing implicit faith, she had betrayed him. He was again a prisoner. He had been her dupe, her plaything. She had treated him as a child.

And he had told her he loved her! He had, in a moment of madness, forgotten who she was, and had made profession of undying affection. He, Benedict Trelawney, had so far disgraced his name as to love the child of the man who even then would be on his way to Taunton court-house on his mission of cruelty and devilry. He had declared that he trusted her implicity, even while she was waiting to deliver him to the King's officers.

But he mastered himself presently. After all, he had to deal with men now, and he would not give up hope. Death had been staring him in the face for weeks, and he was not going to turn coward. Presently he might have an hour of quiet in order to think out things; but now—well, he must make the best of it. But, oh, what a fool he had been not to escape through the night.

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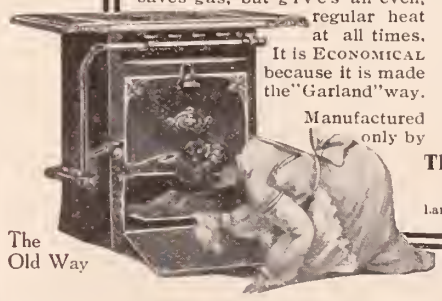

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D. B., Port Elgin, Canada. 1. Is there an atmosphere upon the satellites of Jupiter and have these bodies cooled down enough to be habitable? 2. Do the planets Mercury and Venus keep the same face toward the sun during their revolution round that luminary?

1. No atmosphere or atmospheric effects have been detected on any of the satellites of the solar system, not even on our own moon. As to the cooling off of Jupiter's satellites to render them habitable, nothing is known. 2. I do not believe the planets Mercury and Venus rotate on their axis during the same time they revolve around the sun, thus keeping one side of them forever in darkness. I judge thus, for it would be accusing God of folly to make those planets an exception to all the others, as far as known. The periods of rotation and revolution are unlike as to the earth, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn. LEWIS SWIFT.
Marathon, N. Y.

V. M. A. 1. What is the annual cost of supporting an orphan or other helpless child in a Christian home or school in China, Japan, India, or Africa? Is there a demand for such work? The object being to support such an one until he was ready to go out as a Christian worker. 2. If one had laid by a little, by hard work and economy, and wished to make a will, so that in case of his death it would go—or the interest on it would be used—for the most worthy objects, what would you suggest?

1. After an experience of years in such work, we have concluded that a fair annual average is $15. In some places it may be slightly higher, but the figure named will certainly be found sufficient in most localities. 2. We cannot advise in such matters. Amid the large numbers of worthy causes presented from time to time in these pages, there should be little difficulty in making your choice.

S. H., Huntington, Mass. What is the meaning of the word "cicerone"?

It is the word used in Italy for a guide who shows public buildings, or takes people about a city to points of interest. The word is derived from the name of the orator Cicero, probably in the sense that the guide does the talking.

Miss N. P. B., Campton, Can., asks: An "At Home" invitation to a golden wedding has the following quotation at the bottom of the card: "No gift, my Lord, but that best boon of thy most gracious presence in our midst." Who is the author of these lines? Did it originally, and does it in this instance, refer to the Deity?

Possibly some reader may be able to name the author. Why not search Shakespeare for it?

J. J., Columbus, O. Can you supply the latest reliable figures concerning the drink traffic in the United States?

Fortunately, through the courtesy of *The American Grocer*, we are enabled to do so, and as these figures are of universal interest, we give them for the information of our readers generally.

In five years the annual cost of all kinds of stimulating beverages to consumers in the United States has risen from $1,273,212,386 to $1,548,708,307—an increase of twenty-one and three-fifths per cent. Population in same time increased only six and one-half per cent. The per capita expenditure is now $18.63 or $93.15 for each family of five persons. The total drink bill is one-fourth of the total estimated production of cotton, wheat, corn, hay, and tobacco and all the products of farms, orchards, cattle-ranches, dairies, and other agricultural industries. In 1905 the United States consumed:

Coffee	$162,570,589
Tea	52,698,644
Cocoa	8,000,000
Alcoholic drinks . . .	1,325,439,074
Total,	$1,548,708,307

This shows a per capita expenditure of $18.63 last year for alcoholic drinks alone. The consumption represents $771,675,969 for beer, $457,757,875 for whiskey and $96,005,230 for wines. The government revenue of $186,319,066 from spirits and malt liquors represents a per capita tax of $2.24 for every person in the country, young and old. The annual consumption of beer represents 18.50 gallons for every man, woman and child; of spirits, 1.48 gallons; of wines, a little less than half a gallon, or of all three together, a per capita consumption of 20.38 gallons.

These figures (the *American Grocer* adds) "represent an immeasurable amount of crime, debauchery and misery. . . . They impose heavy taxes, lower the moral tone of the people, and strike at their physical well-being." To which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD would add, that they show the prime cause of poverty. They also point out the path by which more immortal souls are dragged down to despair and darkness than by all other paths combined.

L. E. H., Latta, S. C. I am somewhat in the shadows and doubts. Am now an old lady, have all my life tried to live right and still am trying. I earnestly desire to be a true follower of Christ, but cannot have "that faith" that I want. I am quite nervous and frightened in a thunderstorm. Do you think if there was the love I should have, I would be afraid?

Your condition is probably due to nervousness or physical weakness. It is not necessarily an evidence of lack of faith. Some of the very best Christians we have ever known were naturally timid, in a physical sense, but on a question of conscience or moral duty, they would have faced any disaster rather than do wrong.

J. G. D., Cleveland, O. What is the value of the "ohm" as given in Longfellow's *Golden Legend, The Convent of Hirschau in the Black Forest*?

An ohm is the unit of electrical resistance. The practical ohm, called also the British Association ohm, is 0.987 of an absolute ohm, and is the resistance of a column of mercury one square millimeter in section and 1.049318 meters in length. The Congress or legal ohm is a practical unit like the above, except that the column of mercury is 1.063 meters at the freezing point. There is also an international ohm. The resistance of 400 feet of telegraph wire is about an ohm.

Miss J. W., Wapanucka, I. T. Why is Mount Fuji-yama, in Japan, held sacred?

It is the traditional home of Fuji-San, a great goddess, who quarreled with the other deities and set up this lonely mountain of her own, where she might dwell in peace. She is said to have hated her own sex, and none but the most courageous Japanese women tempt her by climbing the mountain, as her spirit-servants would seize them and fly away with them. There is also a tradition that Buddha formed the eight-peaked crater of Fuji, shaped like the sacred lotus flower—the symbol of Nirvana, or heaven. Hence the name Fuji-yama, or "sacred mountain."

A reader, who desires to remain unknown, has sent us some very beautiful verses on "The Ravens," from which we quote these stanzas:

The ravens! the ravens! they darken all my dreams;
Their outposts are guarding the villages and streams.
No word do they utter that human lips can say,
They rise up together along a common way;
All silently soaring, they muster in the air.
None look up to question—the dead are everywhere!

What strong feet are marching? O hear the cry of "Bread"!
Its magic hath quickened the pulses of the dead.
They sit up to listen; their groping hands are met
By hands warm and living, whose hearts cannot forget.
The ravens! the ravens! soar out across the bay!
The host of the Christland has frightened them away.

Miscellaneous

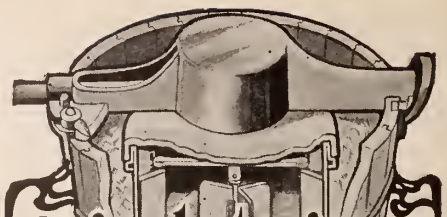
Mrs. M. J. A., Saranac, Mich. Such a statement is nonsense. Even if true, it is incapable of proof.

Alice M., Roxbury, Mass. 1. M. Dunant is a Catholic. 2. The "Sacrament" to which you refer is the bread and the wine of the sacramental service.

Otto N., Syracuse, N. Y. The greatest advocates of the temperance cause have been John Wesley (who was the pioneer of the modern reform), Dr. Benjamin Rush, Rev. Lyman Beecher, Dr. Elipha-let Nott, Rev. John Marsh, Hon. Henry Wilson. Among the great temperance orators were John B. Gough, Francis Murphy, Father Mathew, Mother Stewart, Neal Dow, Frances Willard, etc.

J. S. M., Norwich, N. Y. 1. There is a tradition that King Abgar (a contemporary of Christ), became a Christian with all his people, after he had paid a visit to Jerusalem and witnessed the miracles performed by the Saviour. 2. We do not believe there is such a document in existence. 3. The year of the Saviour's birth. 4. The question as to Sunday observance has been repeatedly discussed in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Reader, Toledo, O. 1. Write to Thomas Cook & Sons, tourist agents, New York, for all information. 2. The words of Jesus on several occasions indicate that we shall know each other in the next life. See Luke 16: 25; Matt. 8: 11; John 14th chapter, also Heb. 13: 17. Eph. 3: 17; Eph. 2: 19; John 11: 52; 11. Cor. 4: 14; also the famous passage, I. Thess. 4: 13 to 18. Many other passages bearing on the same subject might be quoted.



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Booklet, "Frozen Sweets," by Mrs. Rorer, FREE.

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The Man Who Looks Ahead is the Man Who Gets Ahead at

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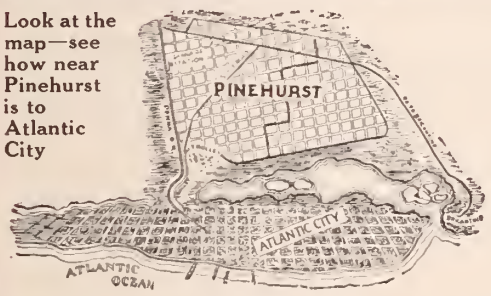
The New Suburb of Atlantic City

(Eleven minutes from the Boardwalk on the Main Line of the Pennsylvania R.R.)

Offers the Greatest Chance of a Lifetime to Lay the Foundation of a Fortune

Look at the map—see how near Pinehurst is to Atlantic City



BECAUSE:

ITS NEARNESS TO ATLANTIC CITY makes a rapid and steady increase of its real estate values certain.
ITS HIGH ELEVATION and surrounding pines make it an ideal home site, summer and winter.
ITS RAILROAD AND TROLLEY FACILITIES ensure accessibility to Philadelphia, New York and Atlantic City.
ITS LIBERAL PLAN of development affords equal advantages to all purchasers, while the building restrictions guarantee a high class of residents.
ITS TAX-RATE IS LOW and there are no extra charges for deeds or improvements.
ITS PRESENT VALUATION and prices of lots are bound to double or treble in the near future.

Growth of Atlantic City

Few people who are not familiar with the subject realize the wonderful growth of Atlantic City.

A lot 50x100 feet, that cost $700, was sold a short time ago for $50,000.

A property that cost $6,000 five years ago was sold recently for $150,000.

A property taken in exchange for a debt of $800 is now worth at least half a million.

A quarter of a square originally traded for a cow worth $15 is now selling at $125 per front foot.

A conservative estimate shows that within the past twelve years Atlantic City real estate values have risen over 800 per cent., and are still rising. The city has outgrown the boundaries of the island on which it stands, and there has been a natural expansion to the mainland along the lines of the trolleys and the railroads. This has opened up home sites in many respects superior to those on the island itself.

Trolley Development

The electrification of the Newfield branch of the West Jersey Railroad has greatly enhanced values at Pleasantville Terrace. The trolley service is shortly to be extended to Pinehurst, bringing it within twenty minutes of the Boardwalk, and insuring quick communication at all times. With its other advantages, this will make Pinehurst the most favored suburb of Atlantic City, and the high class of residents assured has already created a large demand for building sites. Several fine hotels are projected and the development of this point promises to duplicate closely that of Lakewood. In its accessibility to the shore, Pinehurst has much the advantage over the former.

What Mayor Franklin P. Stoy of Atlantic City says:

Several months ago I purchased from the Atlantic City Estate Company, several lots at Pleasantville Terrace, which, to my satisfaction, have been a good and substantial investment.

Since success has been fully assured to this lovely suburb, I have purchased a small block in the Pinehurst tract, which is operated by the same Company, and which bids fair to equal in value all of the suburban building locations near the large cities. Sincerely yours,

[Signed] F. P. STOY
Jan. 9, 1906. *Mayor of Atlantic City, N. J.*

From the Proprietor of Young's Pier

I am free to recommend the new suburban properties, Pleasantville Terrace and Pinehurst.

The ground is high, and values have so greatly increased in Atlantic City that these properties will undoubtedly make an ideal home site.

Sincerely yours,

[Signed] JOHN L. YOUNG
Owner of Young's Pier and Young's Hotel.
Jan. 8, 1906.

Two Hotels Going Up at Pinehurst

As a hotel man I am naturally interested in real estate and when my attention was called to the property of the Atlantic City Estate Company, known as Pinehurst, I was convinced that the rapid growth of Atlantic City and the high price of real estate there was destined to make lots at Pinehurst a very desirable investment. Upon further examination, I purchased two entire blocks at Pinehurst, and will erect a hotel there soon.

I feel that I am fortunate in securing such a desirable location at Pinehurst, as I find that Atlantic City people are daily becoming more alive to the fact that this property has a great future. Very truly yours,

[Signed] WM. J. STORCK
Jan. 6, 1906. *Atlantic City, N. J.*

I have bought one whole block of ground in Pinehurst. I have been on the ground and I was so impressed with the location that I gave orders at once to fell trees and prepare for building a hotel at the earliest possible opportunity. It is most convenient to that world-famous Atlantic City. I will cheerfully answer all letters in reference to Pinehurst. Very truly yours,

[Signed] MRS. LOUISA TAYLOR
Jan. 4, 1906. *Atlantic City, N. J.*

Pinehurst's Favorable Location

Situated on high upland, eighty feet above Atlantic City, Pinehurst offers advantages possessed by few other points near the shore. It is well wooded with pine and oak that is left standing on the properties for residential purposes.

The land is being sold to those who will erect handsome dwellings with ample grounds.

The streets are all fifty feet wide; natural drainage; pure water. All improvements are at the expense of the company. A handsome park will be laid out, and there is a fine fresh water lake near by. The town site is traversed by one of the finest automobile roads in the world, connecting directly with the new $200,000 Boulevard with Atlantic City.

Restrictions and Special Advantages

Lots are sold to white people only.

No piggeries or fertilizer plants are permitted on the property.

Building restrictions do not permit the erection of objectionable or unsightly houses.

The hotels and buildings to be erected indicate the high character of improvements. If you die before lots are paid for we issue free deed to your heirs without further payments. A form of life insurance everyone may have.

We assure successful development by helping lot owners to build, refunding half the purchase price of lots to those who will build within the year. We also loan you money to build. Building plans free. Title guaranteed by the Integrity Title Insurance & Trust Co. of Philadelphia.

Begin to Build Your Fortune With a Dollar

Are you a man with a dollar or a few dollars to invest.

Are you ambitious to get ahead in the world? Then take John Jacob Astor's advice: "Buy land near the great cities." Here is an unusually favorable opportunity to do it—A lot 25x125 at Pinehurst, 11 minutes from the most popular city in the world, at prices and terms like this:

1 Lot, . $30—$1 Down and $1 Weekly
2 Lots, . $55—$2 Down and $1 Weekly
3 Lots, . $80—$3 Down and $2 Weekly
4 Lots, $105—$4 Down and $2 Weekly
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CORNER LOTS, $5 Extra
(Sold only with four adjoining lots)

Weekly payments may be combined in one monthly amount.

We will allow you a discount of 5 per cent. for all cash.

If you have found it hard to save and invest a portion of your income, our system of easy payments will help you form this most desirable habit.

Owning a piece of real estate is a most important step toward success in life. An investment at Pinehurst combines absolute safety with certain profit.

Better decide to act at once—to-day—to lay the foundation on which most of the greatest fortunes were built—real estate. Write at once for illustrated printed matter, or, better still, fill in the attached coupon and send with $1. This will reserve one to five lots until you can investigate. If not entirely satisfied, your dollar will be promptly refunded.

Cut This Out and Mail To-day

ATLANTIC CITY ESTATE CO.
1001 Drexel Bldg., Philadelphia:

I enclose $1. Please reserve ..... lots in Pinehurst, with the understanding that you will refund my dollar if I am not satisfied after further investigation.

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Address all letters to **MAIN OFFICE: 1001 DREXEL BUILDING, PHILADELPHIA**

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GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

In Apple Blossom Court*

"IF you could do what you liked," he said, "what would you like to do?"

She sat and stared at the fire a few moments, and then began to speak in a low luxuriating voice.

"I'd get a better room," she said, revelling. "There's one in the next 'ouse. I'd 'ave a few sticks o' furnisher in it—a bed an' a chair or two. I'd get some warm petticuts an' a shawl an' a 'at—with a ostrich feather in it. Polly an' me'd live together. We'd 'ave fire an' grub every day. I'd get drunken Bet's biby put in an 'ome. I'd 'elp the women when they 'ad to lie up. I'd—I'd 'elp 'im a bit," with a jerk of her elbow toward the thief. "If 'e was kept fed p'r'aps 'e could work out that thing in 'is 'ead. I'd go round the court an' 'elp them with 'usbands that knocks 'em about. I'd—I'd put a stop to the knockin' about," a queer fixed look showing itself in her eyes. "If I 'ad money I could do it. 'Ow much," with sudden prudence, "could a body 'ave—with one of them wands?"

"More than enough to do all you have spoken of," answered Dart.

"It's a shime a body could n't 'ave it. Apple Blossom Court 'd be a different thing. It 'd be the sime as Miss Montaubyn says it's goin' to be." She laughed again, this time as if remembering something fantastic, but not despicable.

"Who is Miss Montaubyn?"

"She's a' old woman as lives next floor below. When she was young she was pretty, an' used to dance in the 'alls. Drunken Bet says she was one o' the wust. When she got old it made 'er mad 'an she got wusser. She was ready to tear gals eyes out, an' when she'd get took for makin' a row she'd fight like a tiger cat. About a year ago she tumbled down-stairs when she'd 'ad too much an' she broke both 'er legs. You remember, Polly?"

Polly hid her face in her hands.

"Oh, when they took her away to the hospital!" she shuddered. "Oh, when they lifted her up to carry her!"

"I thought Polly 'd 'ave a fit when she 'eard 'er screamin' an' swearin'. My! it was langwich! But it was the 'orspitle did it."

"Did what?"

"Dunno," with an uncertain, even slightly awed laugh. "Dunno wot it did—neither does nobody else, but somethin' 'appened. It was along of a lidy as come in one day an' talked to 'er when she was lyin' there. My eye," chuckling, "it was queer talk! But I liked it. P'raps it was lies, but it was cheerfle lies that 'elps yer. What I ses is—if things ain't cheerfle, people's got to be—to fight it out. The women in the 'ouse larft fit to kill theirselves, when she fust come 'ome limpin' an' talked to 'em about what the lidy told 'er. But arter a bit they liked to 'ear 'er—just along o' the cheerfleness. Said it was like a pantermine. Drunken Bet says if she could get 'old 'f it an' believe it sime as Jinny Montaubyn does it'd be as cheerin' as drink an' last longer."

"Is it a kind of religion?" he said.

"It's cheerfler." Glad thrust out her sharp chin uncertainly again. "There's no 'ell fire in it. An' there ain't no blime laid on God. . . . Miss Montaubyn's lidy she says, if we kep' sayin' an' believin' 'e's close to us an' not millyuns o' miles away, we'd be took care of whilst we was alive, an' not 'ave to wait till we was dead."

She got up on her feet and threw up her arms with a sudden jerk and involuntary gesture.

"I'm alive! I'm alive!" she cried out, "I've got ter be took care of now! That's why I like wot she tells about it. So does the women. We ain't no more reason ter be sure of wot the curick says, than ter be sure o' this. Dunno as I've got ter choose either way, but if I 'ad, I'd choose the cheerflest."

* From *The Dawn of a To-morrow*, by Frances Hodgson Burnett, illustrated by F. C. Yohn. A strange and fascinating story, being the experience of a banker, who, while contemplating suicide, was led by a higher power to take a new view of life and its duties. Pp. 150. Price $1. Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York, publishers.

Books Received

The Ghosts of their Ancestors, by Weyman J. Mills. Pp. 144; illustrated. A lovely Easter-time story of old New York, when Barclay Street was the home of the Four Hundred; worth reading. Fox, Duffield & Co., 33 East Twenty-first Street, New York. Price $1.25.

A Tale of Two Cities. By Charles Dickens. A dainty copy of the well-known story by the English novelist, which gives the most vivid picture of the great tragedy of 1793. One of the famous series of American and English classics published by The Macmillan Co., New York. Price 25 cents.

Capitals of the World, Vol. I. Edited by Henry W. Ruoff, D.C.L. This is the first of a two-volume set, the first dealing with the capital cities of Europe. It contains a historical and descriptive article on each city, with accounts of its famous buildings, art treasures, museums, its famous men, and customs of the people. As the capital of each country was the centre of its national life for centuries, one gets in reality a good idea of the countries themselves; the reader being taken on numerous side trips. The illustrations, 360 in number, have not been surpassed in a recent work of similar character. Cloth; pp. 514. Published by the King-Richardson Co., Springfield, Mass.

The Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence and Lives of Its Signers, by George W. Graham, M.D. This is a most interesting monograph on the famous declaration of May 20, 1775, when the leaders of the militia of Mecklenburg County, North Carolina, met in convention, and resolved to throw off the British yoke. The news of the battle at Lexington, arriving on the day of meeting, brushed aside all ideas of compromise that these sturdy Scotch-Irish pioneers might have previously entertained. As it was the forerunner of the more famous national declaration at Philadelphia, the book will be read by all students who are interested in the stirring days at the outbreak of the Revolution. No one of the present day is so well fitted to deal with the subject as Dr. Graham, whose accuracy and enthusiasm in historical research, have produced the present book. The second part, devoted to the lives of the signers, is no less valuable, as it gives a good insight into the lives of the men who were among the first to cry, "Let us be independent." Pp. 205. Price $1.50. The Neale Publishing Company, Washington and New York.

Called Higher

Miss Willie E. Alpaugh died at the Deaconess Home Hospital in St. Louis, Mo., on August 12, 1904. Her life, though short, was in sweet and gentle harmony with the teachings of the Holy Bible, which she loved so well.

Mrs. Ruth W., widow of the late Mr. Reuben Crook, died on March 2, in Kenosha, Wis. She was born in England in 1828, and had been for many years a devout member of the Episcopalian Church. Mrs. Crook is survived by three children.

On July 5, 1905, Mrs. Marinett F. Moore, aged eighty years, entered into rest from the residence of her daughter, in Brooklyn, N. Y. Mrs. Moore's Christian life was remarkable for its sweetness and strength; she "went about doing good," and leaves to mourn her departure not only five daughters, sixteen grandchildren, and six great-grandchildren, but a large circle of Christian friends.

Mrs. Harriet M. Champlin died at her home in Jackson, Mich., March 2, 1906, aged eighty-one years. She was a helpless invalid for a long time, but endured her sufferings with great patience. She was an exemplary Christian, and for many years a constant reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

The death of Mrs. James Fortes, of Durham Centre, Conn., occurred during the month of March last. Mrs. Fortes united herself with the people of God early in life, and her many kindly deeds ceased only with her life. At the age of eighty-four she passed to her reward.

TRANSFORMATIONS

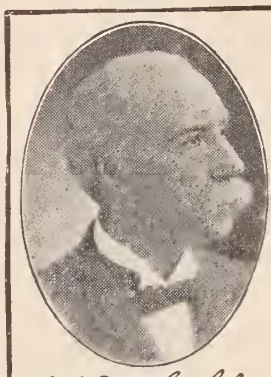
Curious Results When Coffee Drinking is Abandoned.

It is almost as hard for an old coffee toper to quit the use of coffee as it is for a whiskey or tobacco fiend to break off, except that the coffee user can quit coffee and take up Postum Food Coffee without any feeling of a loss of the morning beverage, for when Postum is well boiled and served with cream, it is really better in point of flavor than most of the coffee served nowadays, and to the taste of the connoisseur it is like the flavor of fine Java.

A great transformation takes place in the body within ten days or two weeks after coffee is left off and Postum Food Coffee used, for the reason that the poison to the nerves has been discontinued and in its place is taken a liquid that contains the most powerful elements of nourishment.

It is easy to make this test and prove these statements by changing from coffee to Postum Food Coffee.

"There's a reason."



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President

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I build the world-famous Burdett Organ that you have heard so much about.

I used to sell the Burdett Organ to dealers and you would have to pay their profit *in addition* to what you now pay me.

Now I sell the Burdett Organ *right to you* and charge you my *lowest factory price.*

That's my *new* way, and it gives you the Burdett Organ, the organ which for fifty years has been known everywhere as the best, and you *save* at least *half* on the price.

Now I am going to make you an offer that is so liberal you simply *can't afford* to refuse it:—

I will send you the genuine Burdett Organ (any one you select) and you can try it in your own home for ten days.

You don't have to pay a penny in advance or make any deposit or payment of *any* kind.

I take *all* the chances, *all* the risk; I pay *all* the expenses.

Now, if you want to keep the organ after you have tried it, I sell it to you at my *lowest wholesale factory price.*

If you don't like the Burdett Organ—if you don't think it's by far the best organ, or if you don't think the price is less than half you would have to pay for an organ not half so good—then I don't want you to keep it.

So you just notify me and I will take it right off your hands.

And you are not out a *penny*, and you are under no obligations to me whatever.

But if you *do* keep the organ, I give you, without any extra charge, a *perpetual* guarantee.

You see I guarantee the Burdett Organ *forever*—with a legally binding pen and ink guarantee, secured for you by $350,000.00 capital of my company.

If at any time (no matter how many years after buying) you find that the Burdett Organ is not fully as represented, or that it has any defects in material or workmanship, I will either repair or replace your organ with a new one entirely at my expense or refund every penny you have paid.

That's all in the iron-clad guarantee, which legally binds me to live up to every word.

No other organ builder in the world *dares* to make such a guarantee, because no other organ except the Burdett Organ will *stand* it.

And now to remove every possibility of objection which you might have to this plan, I go even further.—

With every Burdett Organ I give you absolutely *Free Insurance.*

This insurance is a part of my agreement with you, and is *absolutely binding upon me and my company.* (Capital $350,000.00.)

After you have bought a Burdett Organ on the easy payments, if the money-maker of your family should die, and you find it impossible to meet the payments, the organ *immediately becomes your property*, even though you have made only one small payment.

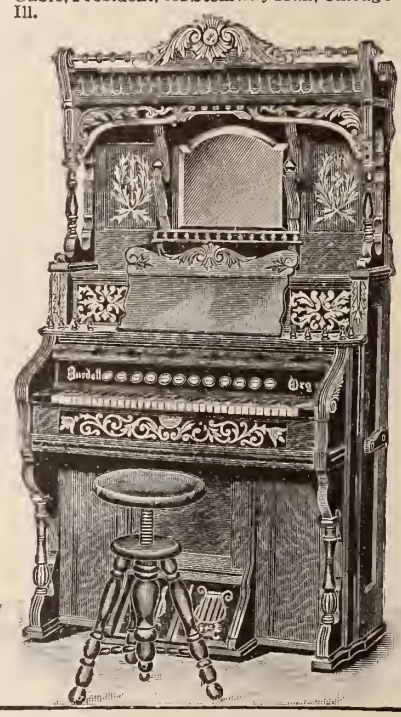
That puts any other way of buying an organ clear out of your consideration.

Because no other organ builder in the world does anything like that.

As soon as I hear from you I will send you, absolutely free a copy of my **handsome cloth bound book, "The Story of the Burdett Organ"** which gives you full particulars, pictures and full descriptions, and factory prices of Burdett Organs to select from, and copy of my Unlimited Guarantee and Free Insurance offer. Remember, you are dealing with the *largest* manufacturers in our line, who are *fully* responsible and honorable, and you get the genuine *Burdett* Organ, which everybody knows is the best—*10 days' free trial* in your own home and the *lowest wholesale factory price*, payable on *your own terms*, a *Perpetual Guarantee* and *Free Insurance.* This is a *positive fact*—no other responsible manufacturer has *ever* made such a liberal offer. It is so *very* liberal that *I don't know how long I can keep it up.*

So write me the postal *now*,—put your name and address on the back—no promise—no anything. That doesn't put you under any obligations—*there can't be a penny of expense or a bit of risk on your part.*

Address the postal like this. Hobart M. Cable, President, 532 Steinway Hall, Chicago Ill.



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One That Can Be Used As a "Food Remedy."

A man may try all sorts of drugs to help him to get well, but, after all, the "food remedy" is the method intended by Nature.

Anyone can prove the efficacy of the food remedy by making use of the following breakfast each morning for fifteen or twenty days:

A dish containing not more than four heaping teaspoonfuls of Grape-Nuts food, enough good, rich cream to go with it, some raw or cooked fruit, not more than two slices of entire white bread, and not more than one cup of Postum Food Coffee, to be sipped, not drank hurriedly. Let this suffice for the breakfast.

Let one meal in the day consist of an abundance of good meat, potato, and one other vegetable.

This method will quickly prove the value of the selection of the right kind of food to rebuild the body and replace the lost tissue which is destroyed every day and must be made up, or disease of some sort enters in. This is an age of specialists, and the above suggestions are given by a specialist in food values, dietetics and hygiene.

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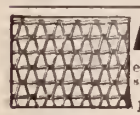

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7 SUTHERLAND SISTERS

Hair Grower and Scalp Cleaner keep the hair and scalp in healthy condition.

A Christian Martyr*

NEARLY fifty years have passed since John Williams received the crown of martyrdom on the shores of Erromanga, an island of the New Hebrides group in the South Pacific. He was only forty-three years old, but had already done a work in the South Seas which had made his name famous. He was born in London in 1796, and was in a mechanical business, when, at the age of twenty, he was converted, and gave himself to missionary work. His chosen field was at Raiatea, a scene of degradation, horrible vice and misery. Some news of the Christian religion had reached the island from Tahiti, and the natives gave Williams a cordial reception.

He devoted himself to their elevation with wonderful ardor. He taught them to build comfortable houses; with his own hands made lathes to develop the sugar industry; taught them how to build boats, and at last prepared a code of laws which they adopted. In a few years the island was transformed, idolatry was abandoned, cannibalism had ceased, and infanticide was given up. Williams was recognized as the friend of the people, and the whole population came to listen to his preaching.

Thence he went to Rarotonga, the largest of the Hervey group, where a similar work of grace took place. For eighteen years he labored, going from one island to another, until there was no island within hundreds of miles that had not been reached with the good news of salvation. Then it was that the condition of the New Hebrides began to prey on his mind, and with a few of his converts he sailed for Erromanga. But unhappily the people there were incensed against white men by a visit they had received from a ship's crew, who had slaughtered their children and committed horrible cruelties. They fell upon Williams when he landed and one of them beat him to death with his club. The effort to win the island for Christ was not abandoned. Later, permission was given to missionaries to settle there, and among the earliest converts was the very man who had killed John Williams. It is in those islands that the veteran missionary, John H. Paton, whose letter we recently published, has won his noblest triumphs.

Problems of the Philippines†

EVERY opportunity carries with it its corresponding responsibilities. Whatever may be the Christian citizen's opinion as to our country's right to control the Philippines, he has no doubt as to the duty to take advantage of that control. This fact was promptly realized, and a conference with the various mission boards was held in the summer of 1898, to arrange a method of co-operation in the work. As a result, the Presbyterian Church sent Rev. J. B. Rodgers, from Brazil, to the Philippines, who landed in April, 1899, and shortly afterwards he was joined by Rev. David S. Hibbard.

Methodist work began in the Islands with a visit from Bishop J. M. Thoburn, who reported to the Conference of 1900 that he had secured a theatre in Manila for religious services, and had made arrangements for their being continued. Since that time the work has been vigorously carried forward under the leadership of Dr. Homer C. Stuntz, who has now assisting him eighteen missionaries. There is an organized membership of 12,866, and there are 1,955 pupils in the Sunday Schools. This is an astonishing result for a period of less than seven years. Nevertheless, an enormous work still remains to be done. There are 1,200 islands in the archipelago, with an aggregate area of 115,000 square miles, containing a native population of 6,967,011. Besides these there are our own soldiers and Government employees, many of whom need religious ministration. Besides the churches engaged in missionary work, there are the undenominational organizations of the Young Men's Christian Association and the American Bible Society; but with the co-operation of all, there is still urgent need of men and money in order adequately to discharge our duties to our new possessions.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for May 27. "John Williams and Missions to the South Seas" Ps. 97 : 1-12.

†Topic of the Epworth League for May 27. Isa. 41 : 1-5; Psalm 97.

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is exemplified in the SY-CLO Closet, the construction and action of which ends at once all the subtle dangers of disease raising from improper cleansing; the escape of sewer gas, the absorption of poison by the material of which common closets are made (iron for instance); and the gradual discoloration of those interior parts which furnish a prolific breeding-ground for millions of death-dealing bacilli.

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Examine your closet; if it is made of enameled iron or has just an ordinary flush, discard it at the first opportunity for a SY-CLO. *Your doctor pays the bill.* If you are building a house or buying one, insist on SY-CLO Closets with the trade mark name burned in the china. The fact that

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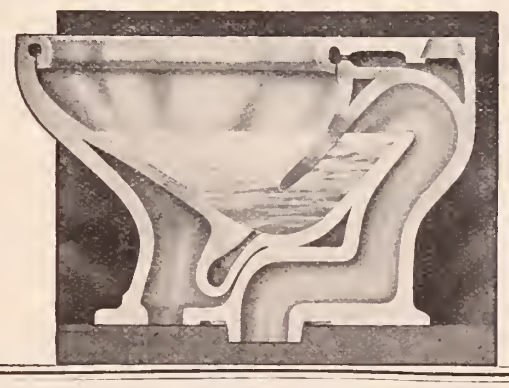

SY-CLO Closet cut in half showing the interior construction

Note the deep water seal, making the escape of gas impossible

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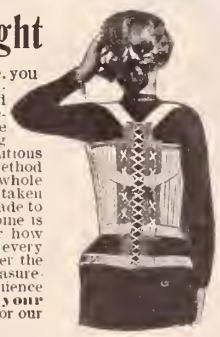

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Unlimited Supply

By Mrs. M. Baxter

If we all lived near enough to God to be really guided by him in all things, we should not need to make our own plans for rest or for work. God, who knows all things, would make them for us, and we should only have to fall into them; then there would be no worry or vexation because a plan which we made for the very best has been frustrated. God only knows when we can best serve him actively, or when, by simple prayer, by learning, or by suffering. John the Baptist's time was not lost while he "was in the deserts till the day of his showing unto Israel" (Luke 1: 80). Elijah's time was not lost while he was by the brook Cherith, for then he was bearing the burden of his people in believing prayer to God. Paul's time was not lost while he was busy working with his own hands in the tent-making in Corinth. Let us abolish the idea that spiritual power is a material to be appropriated and used by man when and how he wills.

The Lord Jesus and his disciples "departed into a desert place by ship, privately"— privately, but not secretly— "the people saw them departing, and many knew him, and ran afoot thither out of all cities, and outwent them, and came together unto him." What should Jesus do? Should he say: "I have planned this rest, it is necessary for me and for my disciples, and if I cannot obtain it here, I must go elsewhere"? No, they had had the little breathing time during the journey on the lake, and they must trust their heavenly Father for strength which should suffice. When Jesus left the ship he spoke no word, and showed no sign of discontent that the proposed time of rest should be broken into. He "saw much people, and was moved with compassion towards them, because they were as sheep not having a shepherd." Had they not priests and Levites? Yes, truly, but shepherds had they none. God said to them in Ezekiel's time. "They were scattered, because there is no shepherd," and he testified against those who were shepherds in office, but not in heart: "the diseased have ye not strengthened, neither have ye healed that which was sick, neither have ye bound up that which was broken, neither have ye brought again that which was driven away, neither have ye sought that which was lost, but with force and with cruelty have ye ruled them" (Ezek. 34: 4, 5). No wonder that when Jesus came—the good Shepherd with the true shepherd heart—the sheep ran eagerly after him. And it is true to this day that where there is green pasture the sheep will come, and where there is most of the good Shepherd's Spirit and power, needy souls soon find it out.

Jesus "began to teach them many things." What those things were we are not told; this only we know, that his audience did not grow weary. Hour after hour they remained, although they must have been physically weary with their long run round the shore, always eagerly keeping the little ship in sight. They could not have stayed to seek provisions, and yet neither hunger nor fatigue thinned their numbers; we hear of none going away. The disciples, not the multitude, were the first to think that there was some need of refreshment. They came unto him and said: "This is a desert-place, and now the time is far passed; send them away, that they may go into the country round about, and into the villages, and buy themselves bread, for they have nothing to eat." How little knew the disciples of the power and the love of that Lord to whom they spoke. No, Jesus would not send them to buy, the Lord of creation was there to give, and his resources were there with him. He made the disciples an unexpected answer: "Give ye them to eat."

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There is a reason for all this.

I Am The Paint Man. I have a new way of manufacturing and selling Paint. And it's unique—it's better.

Before I invented my plan, Paint was sold in two ways, either ready-mixed, or the ingredients were bought and mixed by the local painter.

Now, ready-mixed paint settles in the can while on the dealer's shelves—forming a sediment—a cement-like substance—in the bottom, which can never again be properly stirred or mixed for painting.

Another thing—a most important thing—the chemical action of the mineral in Ready-mixed Paint, when standing in oil, attacks the oil and eats the life out of it—and you know *oil* is the very life of all Paint.

Paint really cannot be properly made by the local painter on account of the lack of heavy grinding and mixing machinery; grinding and mixing machines are expensive, and are only found in large, well-equipped paint factories like mine.

My paint is unlike any other Paint in the world.

It's ready to use—but not ready-mixed.

After each order is received my paint is made to order, packed in hermetically sealed cans, with the very day it is made stamped on the can by my factory inspector. I ship my pigment—which is white lead, zinc, drier, and coloring matter, freshly ground and mixed after the order is received—in separate cans—and in other cans I ship my OILO—which is pure, old process linseed oil—the kind you used to buy years ago, before the paint manufacturers, to cheapen the cost of paint, worked in adulterations.

My Paint is made to order fresh for each individual order after the order is received. In ordering your paint made to order by me, you do away with the probability of getting stale ready-mixed paint that has settled on the dealers' shelves.

You avoid getting a paint that has half the life eaten out of it—that has half of its value gone through the chemical action of the mineral pigment upon the oil while standing in the cans.

I make the most liberal offer for you to test

O. L. Chase Made-to-Order Paint

I sell my Paint direct from my factory to users, at my very low factory price. You pay no dealer's or middlemen's profits, and I pay the freight on six gallons or over.

And in addition to this my Paint is so good that I make this wonderfully fair test offer:

When you receive your shipment of paint—all freight prepaid—you can use two full gallons—which will cover 600 square feet in two coats.

If after using that much of my paint you are not perfectly satisfied with it, you can return the remainder of the order to me, and the two gallons you have used will not cost you one penny.

Now, no other Paint manufacturer has ever made such a liberal offer.

It's because I make the finest paint, put up in the best way, that I can make this offer. And I go even further:

I sell all my paint on six months' time if desired. This gives you an opportunity to paint your buildings when they need it, and pay for the paint at your convenience.

8 YEARS' GUARANTEE

Back of My Paint Stands My 8-Year, Officially Signed, Iron-clad Guarantee

This is the longest and most liberal guarantee ever put on a paint, and I can give an eight year guarantee on my paint solely because the full life of the paint goes on your buildings—It's fresh when you get it—no life is lost in the paint cans on the dealers' shelves. I deliver to you the full life of the Paint and I guarantee it for 8 years.

MY $50,000 BOND

My 8-Year Guarantee is Backed by a $50,000 Bond

I would like to be your individual paint maker, making your paint to your order. I will take all the risk—pay all the freight and satisfy you or let you return the unused portion of paint at my expense. I want to give you full particulars regarding my plan of manufacturing and selling paint. I want to send you, free, a copy of the most elaborate Paint Book ever issued by any Paint manufacturer—"My Fresh Paint Book."

This book gives more information on the question of good paint—how it's made and how it's sold—and answers more questions on the subject of paint than any book ever published. It also contains extra large, fancy, color samples of paint in all colors. You should get this book at once, no matter where you think of buying paint. To get it, free, fill out the coupon given below and mail it me at once—I will do the rest.

NOTICE ***To those who already have my Paint Book and are in correspondence with me:***

Owing to the immense volume of mail received by me last fall, my Correspondence Department was slightly behind in their work, and I take this way of notifying you that with my increased factory facilities I am now caught up with my orders and am manufacturing and shipping paint promptly to every one. Send in your order at once and it will have immediate attention. I guarantee prompt shipment on all orders for spring paint.

O. L. Chase

The Paint Man,
701C Olive Street,
St. Louis, Mo.

Cut along this line, fill in your name and address and mail to me NOW

COUPON

O. L. CHASE
(The Paint Man)
701C Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Without placing myself under any obligations to you, I request that you send me your Fresh Paint Book containing color samples, also your instruction book, "This Little Book Tells How to Paint." I expect to have some painting to do about ..... , and want to post myself on your method of making paint to order before buying.

Name .....

Address .....

Libby's

Peerless Dried Beef

It is wafer-sliced, tender and lean, and has a delicious flavor.

For a delightful after-theatre spread, try Creamed Dried Beef in a chafing dish. Recipe for the asking.

Libby's (Natural Flavor) Food Products

Dried Beef	Ox Tongues	Vienna Sausage
Veal Loaf	Lunch Tongues	Boneless Chicken

The booklet, "How to Make Good Things to Eat," sent free. Send 10c for Libby's Big Atlas of the World.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago

SUBSCRIPTION, $1.50 PER ANNUM
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NEW YORK, MAY 23, 1906
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CHRISTIAN HERALD

THE FESTIVAL OF MAY

"I LOVE THE SEASON WELL, WHEN FOREST GLADES ARE TEEMING WITH BRIGHT FORMS."—*LONGFELLOW.*

OUR MAIL BAG

Questions and Answers

Letters for this department must contain name and address of the sender—not for publication, but as evidence of genuineness and good faith. Where an answer by mail is desired, ten cents in postage stamps must be forwarded by the writers, with full address.

F. R., Binghamton, N. Y. In Gorky's writings, he speaks of a "doss-house." What is that?

A "doss" is a straw bed—literally a shake-down of loose straw. A doss-house is a place where tramps and itinerants sleep in straw beds or their equivalent. It is a tramps' lodging-house.

M. F. L., Providence, R. I. Where is the "country of big hats"?

Korea. From their amplitude, the hats of the Koreans might be termed roofs or umbrellas. Indeed, under his wide-spreading official hat, a man may shelter his wife and family. With their circumference of eight, ten, and even twelve feet, they afford protection to the cotton garments of their wearers. Government officials have the crown rounded and surmounted by the figure of a crane in silver, which is the symbol of civic office. To confer the hat, means as much to an official in court in Korea as to a cardinal in the Vatican, only the color is black, not red. It is etiquette to keep the hat on, and upon the wearer's death it is solemnly placed upon his bier. The material for official head-gear is of bamboo split to a thread, woven and lacquered. Soldiers wear felt, the common people plaited straw or rushes.

Teacher, Fresno, Calif. Is it anywhere stated what was the character of the dance that was performed by the daughter of Herodias before the king?

It was a slow, voluptuous dance of the Oriental type, and is said to be identical with the Romalis, a dance now exclusively known among the gipsies of Spain. Nothing positive can he asserted about the matter.

B. D., Jr., Topeka, Kan. Before houses were numbered, how did people address their letters?

There were various ways of indicating the place desired to be reached. Letters would be marked for Master So-and-So, on South Street, next to (or so many doors south, east, west or north from) the Golden Inn, or the Lion Coffee House, or barber's or smith's shop, or some such landmark. There was usually some nearby local point which could be used as a guide-post.

Jennie M., Rahway, N. J. Where can I find the original poetic expression describing night's curtain as being pinned by stars?

The lines are:

> Night drew her sable curtain down
> And pinned it with a star.

They are from McDonald Clarke. The same thought has been employed by Will S. Hays, the Southern poet, who begins one of his verses:

> When the curtains of night were pinned back by the stars.

Reader, Wheeling, W. Va. Is it true that there is a regular traffic in young girls in Japan, who are sold into sin by their parents?

We give the following from a Japanese exchange by way of answer: "Thirty girls are reported to have been sold from a town not far from Sendai. We were glad to hear of the arrest of two men engaged in this dreadful trade." Another journal, the Kahoku *Shimbun*, says: "Taking advantage of the suffering, unscrupulous persons are securing a large number of girls, deceiving the parents by saying: 'Our only desire is to help the poor people of these districts.' From one village alone, called Kamigun, from forty to fifty girls have been secured and shipped off to Manchuria." Of course, the sale of children is forbidden by law; but there would seem to be many ways of evading the law.

Mary B., Honeybrook, Pa. How did the name "Blue Stock" Presbyterian originate?

It can be traced back to Covenanter days, when these folks wore blue as their badge, in contradistinction to the scarlet of royalty. They based their choice on Numbers 15: 38. In later days, Presbyterian ministers used to place a blue cover or apron over their preaching stand before beginning service. In Butler's *Hudibras*, we first find the phrase: "Presbyterian true blue."

W. J. W., Alto, Mich. Where is Port Said?

It is a town in Egypt, on the west side of the Suez Canal, between the Mediterranean and Lake Menzaleh. It was founded for the canal trade, and depends on it for its existence.

F. E. B., Battle Creek, Mich. Were the Macdonalds, of Glencoe, who were massacred by the Campbells on Feb. 12, 1692, attacked because they were a Catholic clan?

No; religion had nothing whatever to do with it. The Macdonalds were Jacobites, and had been adherents of James II., and did not take the oath of allegiance to William III. All those who remained loyal to the Stewarts were called Jacobites, and included more Protestants, in Scotland, than Roman Catholics. All were ordered to take the oath by January 1, 1692. It is said the clan intended to do so, but Sir John Dalrymple, of Stair, treacherously obtained a decree "to extirpate" them, on the ground that they were "rebels." "Every man under seventy was to be slain." It caused great indignation throughout Britain.

A. D., Strong, Me. What is the temperature in space where there is no atmosphere?

The temperature of space is unknown. Estimates far removed from reliability make it about 200 degrees below zero. The question suggests to the mind another directly associated with it, viz.: "Why is it colder in the upper regions of the atmosphere than at the earth's surface?" It is because heat waves produce no heat until they are reflected. In the upper region of the atmosphere, the air is so rare that the reflection is exceedingly slight, while the air at the earth's surface is quite dense and the reflection far greater, producing far more heat, while space is an empty void and no reflection whatever, as there is nothing to reflect; therefore, the temperature is unchangeable and very low.

Marathon, N. Y. LEWIS SWIFT.

D. C. W., New Bedford, Mass. What is the origin of the "Marathon race"?

In 490 B.C., when the Athenians under Miltiades conquered the Persians on the plains of Marathon, a Grecian soldier, wounded and blood-stained from the battle, ran all the way to Athens, more than twenty miles. Reaching the town he cried: "Rejoice, for we have won the battle!" and fell dead. To perpetuate his fame, the "Marathon race" was inaugurated.

C. B. S., Chillicothe, Mo. Is the book of Job the oldest book in the Bible, as I have been told? Was there such a man historically?

It was formerly thought that the book of Job was of the same age as the Pentateuch, but under more careful study in the fresh light gained on the ancient languages, that opinion is generally abandoned. It was based principally on the fact that there was no reference in it to Hebrew manners and customs, or to the law. Besides this, Job in defending himself, does not quote from the Psalms or from Deuteronomy, in which books there are many passages he could have used with effect. The inference was that those books were not written at that time. But the inference fails when the language is considered. The writer uses words that were not known earlier than the reign of Solomon, and there are indications of a later date. Its resemblance to Ecclesiastes strengthens that theory. The speech of Elihu is clearly by a different author from the remainder of the book, and was written later. The epilogue, too, in (42: 7-17), was undoubtedly by another hand. There is no doubt that Job was an historical character.

In reply to an inquiry by a reader of this paper, we have the following, through the courtesy of the *United States Army and Navy Journal*, New York:

The selection of colors for the designation of the several arms of the military service, so far as can be learned, was simply a matter of fancy by those selecting the colors originally. Of course, the idea was to have different colored facings, so that the several branches of the service could be easily recognized.

J. C. P., Winkler, Tex. 1. Will a person be happy if he does no wrong, or must he perform good works? 2. Will the Jews return to Palestine under their own government?

1. Happiness, in the sense of prosperity, is not promised in either case. The good man has the comfort of a quiet conscience and the hope of heaven and the assurance that he is pleasing God. Those are the elements of true happiness. But he may not prosper. He may be afflicted, may fail in business, may be harassed and persecuted. God does not always reward good works with temporal prosperity. Some of the best men have had hard lives. Mere negative goodness—abstaining from evil—is a poor, selfish thing, inconceivable for a Christian in a world so full of misery as this. 2. The Bible predicts their return in many passages, such as Isa. 1: 25-27; 11: 11-13; 40: 2-9; Ezek. 16: 60-63; 36: 24-38; Zech. 1: 15-17. They will go as an independent nation, but probably under the protection of England, Germany, or some other Christian power. The present quarrel between Great Britain and Turkey may be the beginning of that movement.

M. W. R., Newburgh, N. Y. When was terrapin first known as a delicacy?

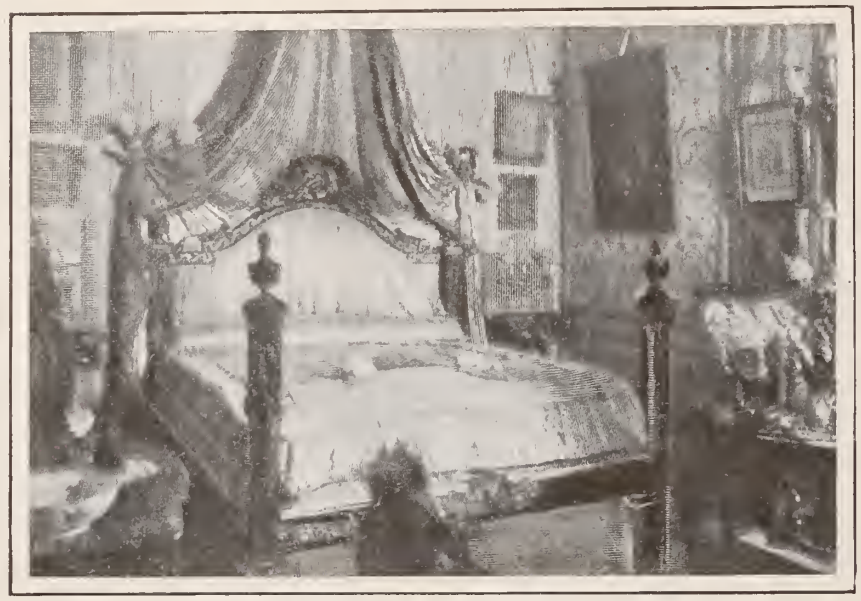
In 1850, Delaware and Chesapeake fishermen began to supply the markets, only because an occasional white person, who was at once adjudged peculiar in his tastes, took to the dish. Before this date, it was utilized as food by planters of the South, for their negro slaves.

G. S., New York. When were bells first known in history?

When bells were first made is not recorded. The Old Testament mentions them frequently. In Exodus, allusion is made to the "six golden bells," which tinkled around the vestments of the high priest. Greek history of the fifth century, B. C., refers to bells, and very ancient examples have been found in excavations in the Far East. The earliest specimens were not cast, but were made of metal plates riveted together.

A. E., Kingston, Ont. Who were the Fifth Monarchy men, and what was their belief?

It was an English sect that, in the year 1645, believed the millennium to be at hand, and that Christ would come down from heaven and found the fifth universal monarchy. They elected him King at London. In 1653 they were dispersed by Cromwell. Another rising took place in January, 1661, and a number of lives were lost before it was put down.



A Bedstead that Cost a Fortune

THE delight in old furniture and the triumph felt by every woman when she secures a real antique, would be hard to explain were it not for the superior solidity and finish of the hand-made productions of an older day. We all understand something of the collector's pride when a table, cabinet, or desk, that has been long in some family, without their taking the true interest in its value, is transferred, for a price, to his keeping. Upholsterers charge almost fabulous sums for restoring and refurbishing old furniture. No one with a love of color and the slightest artistic feeling, can resist the deep tone and satin surface of mahogany that has stood the test of time and responds to many polishings in giving back its deep lustre. Abroad, the passion for old furniture at present amounts to a craze, and in Paris one sees splendid specimens, for which old chateaux have been ransacked, and with which the impoverished descendants of noble families have parted for a sum in hand.

Our picture represents a magnificent couch, dating back to the period of the Italian and French Renaissance. It is the property of a lady who counts herself fortunate in its possession, and who is the envy of all her friends when they survey the treasure. It is in excellent preservation, has curtains of the richest brocade and a spread of costly lace. The couch, with everything belonging to it, is valued at thirty thousand dollars.

French women often use their boudoirs as reception rooms for their feminine friends and acquaintances, and everything in the room where this couch stands is, no doubt, in keeping with its splendor.

Miscellaneous

Letter from E.S. received and sent on to parties addressed.

C. B. H., Pleasant Lake, N. Dak. We consider your reflections just and proper, under the circumstances. Thanks for letter.

A. M. E., Detroit, Kan. We do not regard the trim of the beard, or the manner of wearing it, as having anything to do with the vital questions of religion.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

NEW YORK, MAY 23, 1906

A Karen Girl

A Karen Evangelist and Native Women

End of a Leopard Hunt

A JUNGLE TOUR IN BURMA

BY MISS S. E. HASWELL

Missionary, Moulmein

THE Karens have some remarkable traditions—one is that once they were "the people of God," but because of their sins, he took his Word away from them, but gave them the promise that in after years, white men should come to them from the West and bring the Word of God to them again. Owing to this tradition thousands of Karens have turned to the Lord. The Karens are not idolaters except where they have come under Buddhist influence. They are superstitious, and their religion consists largely in propitiatory worship of devils. They are generally honest and very loyal to those who bear rule over them, whether the government or their own missionaries. They hold a grudge when once offended, beyond any other race that I know of.

The heathen Karens are greatly addicted to drink. During the Burmese rule, the Karens were down-trodden and oppressed, and became abject and timid; but under British rule, and the combined influences of the Gospel and education, there has been a most marvelous change in them. They are now taking the front rank in the professions as ministers and missionaries, lawyers, doctors and teachers, and in the timber trade, and are self-respecting and independent as a rule.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD's check came to hand last night, and gave me joy of heart, and fresh occasion to praise the Lord for his faithfulness and for the loving kindness of his dear children. It is a boon to get this just now, for we are just coming to the end of certain stores very necessary for our health and comfort, and I have been asking the Lord to give me money to buy them wholesale, thereby saving more than one half in price. The check goes to Rangoon for this purpose by the same mail that takes this, and one great anxiety is off my mind. One dollar of the money goes for sewing-machine needles—my machine has lain idle for months, because I could not spare the money for needles. I have more sewing on hand for the children than I know how to get the time for, but the machine will lessen the pile next week.

Mr. Tornblad, Miss'y Miss Haswell

Miss Haswell and her Plantation Family, in Burma

You will think that "next week" in Burma is a long time in coming. I was detained in Amherst a whole month longer than I expected. On the third day after my arrival, the *Myooke*, or District Magistrate, arrived, to inspect the farm, preparatory to my putting in an application for a government loan of Rs. 3,000. These loans are issued to agriculturists at five per cent. interest, and are repaid in ten annual installments. This loan will enable me to employ fifteen coolies for one year, and leave enough to keep the houses in repair for three years. Mr. Nicholas, the magistrate, promised to speak a good word for me. He said over and over: "I like this place."

The coolies have cleared a large amount of land, so that I shall be able to more than double the area under cultivation with cotton oil seed, and bananas. The latter have almost no market value, but afford fruit for the colony, shade and moisture for the other plants, and last, but not least, keeps out our foe, the weed called *buzaht*. The coolies are now clearing the new land for rice.

I have added a blind Christian man and his motherless boy to my family since I last wrote you. There are others waiting to come as soon as the bins for unhusked rice are filled, which I hope to be able to accomplish next week, please God, a heathen man having promised to let me have the wherewithal to buy the rice. I am asking the Lord to lay it upon the hearts of his children to send me the $330 I am obliged to borrow from this man in order to pay the coolies their quarterly wages, and to pay for the rice. I wish special prayers made for this man. He has heard the Gospel for years, and I know he has bought a Bible and read it; but he is very wealthy and is the chief man in his part of Moulmein, and to forfeit the position of honor he now holds by becoming a Christian and withdrawing from all heathen festivities and practices is no easy thing. When I thanked him for promising to help me, he said in English, which he speaks very fluently: "Don't mention it, Ma-ma; it is a pleasure to me to be able to help you."

The next day after Mr. Nicholas' visit I went on a jungle trip. A heathen Karen man, some months ago came to me in great trouble, owing to the illegal and wholly unjust persecution which his mother-in-law and the headman of the village were carrying on against him. Last year he lost almost his entire crop of oranges through them. He begged me to act for him and rid him of their oppression, and, in return, to accept this year's crop of oranges. I told him I would accept the loan of Rs. 100, payable with interest in one year's time, but no more. He refused the interest.

I took my own cart and oxen to the first village, ten miles distant. This man was to have met me there, but Mr. N.'s visit delayed me one day, and he left just six hours before I arrived. I succeeded in hiring another pair of oxen, and while Mg. Bah cooked our breakfast (at 4 P. M.), I preached Christ to the only one I found who understood Burmese—an old Karen woman. About 5 P. M. we started on, and my new driver heard the Gospel, and told me that his parents were baptized last year, and that he meant to become a Christian.

By 6.30 it was pitch dark, except for the glimmer of moonlight that flickered through the dense foliage. It is a noted place for the awful roughness of the way. It was by far the roughest cart ride I ever took, and that is saying a great deal. If it had been daylight, I should have much preferred to walk, but my respect for tigers and snakes kept me in the cart. Some Karens came in two days ago and told me that a tiger and a bear had had a duel on that very road since I was there, and fought till each killed the other.

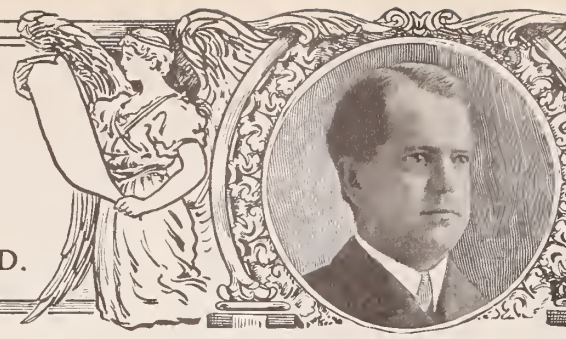
We drew near the village at 1 A.M., but did not know exactly which way to go

CONTINUED ON PAGE 469

THE AMERICAN PULPIT

SERMON BY

Rev. F. DeWitt Talmage, D.D.



The Higher Power

TEXT:—Luke 24 : 49:

"Until ye be endued with power from on high"

WHILE I was pondering on this text, like a flash, this sentence rose to my lips. "How many men and women there are who have all the mighty elements for Gospel power, except the one fact that they are not developed! What service they might render as Gospel evangelists, if they would only follow the leadings of Jesus Christ, and plead with him that they might be baptized with the power of the Holy Ghost." These men and women are like the disciples of Jesus Christ before the day of Pentecost. They believe in Jesus. In one sense they have been followers of Christ, but in another sense, they have not had their souls fired with the living coals from off his altars. These men and women are in exactly the same position as was Dwight L. Moody during the first years of his ministry in the city of Chicago.

Let me show you what that condition was, by reading D. L. Moody's experience in his own words: "When I was preaching in Farwell Hall in Chicago, I never worked harder to prepare my sermons than I did then. I preached and preached, but it was beating against the air. A good woman said to me, 'Mr. Moody, you don't seem to have power in your preaching.' My desire was that I might have a fresh anointing. I requested this woman and a few others to come and pray with me every Friday afternoon at four o'clock. Oh, how piteously I prayed that God might fill the empty vessel! After the fire in Chicago, I was in New York City, and going into the bank on Wall Street, it seemed as if I felt a strange and mighty power coming over me. I went up to the hotel, and there in my room I wept before God and cried, Oh, my God, stay thy hand. He gave me such fullness that it seemed more than I could contain. May God forgive me if I speak in a boastful way, but I do not know that I have preached a sermon since but God has given me some soul. Oh, I would not be back where I was four years ago for all the wealth of this world. If you would roll it at my feet, I would kick it away like a football. I seem a wonder to some of you, but I am a greater wonder to myself than to anyone else. These are the very same sermons I preached in Chicago, word for word. It is not new sermons, but the power of God. It is not a new Gospel, but the old Gospel with the Holy Ghost of power." This is the testimony of the greatest winner of souls in the evangelistic field of the last century.

Need of the Higher Power

Brethren, we desire this higher power. As ministers, we want it. Some of us, like Mr. Moody, have spent the last ounce of energy in the preparation of sermons, but, like him, "we have been beating against the air." As Sunday School teachers, as members of the churches, we all want this higher power. How can we get the higher power of the Gospel? I know of no better way to learn how to get it than to study the events of the days preceding the first Christian Pentecost, when the disciples, according to the command of Jesus Christ, tarried in Jerusalem until they were "endued with power from on high." O God, give to us the higher power of Gospel life, as thou didst give that power to thy disciples of old, and art willing to give it to thy disciples of the present day.

These disciples, in the first place, believed in a supernatural Saviour. They believed that he had power over human souls. Just as a watchmaker is greater than his own watch, and can make a watch and then take it apart and put it together again, so they believed that Christ, who created the world and created life, could take that life away from a human body and then put that life back again into the same human body. They saw him raise Lazarus from the tomb. They believed that just as a ship-builder could knock out a rotten plank from the hull of the boat he had once built and put a new plank in its place, so Jesus Christ, who had created the body, could put in a new eye in the place of a blind eye. He actually performed this miracle in the physical body again and again before their own eyes. They believed in his inspiring power. Just as man can to-day take the currents of electricity which he has produced and carry those currents over a wire and store them up in an electric machine called an automobile, they believed that this Jesus, who is a supernatural Christ, could transmit his power into the lives of his disciples if he wished so to do. In other words, they looked upon Christ as a supernatural Being, able to give supernatural gifts to those to whom he wished to give those gifts. Do you believe that Christ is a supernatural Being and able to do this, as the disciples of old believed it on the days preceding Pentecost?

"Well," you answer, "to tell the truth, I have not thought about it. You say, "I have not been worrying so much about what I believe, as about what I do." You say, "Theorists never amount to much. It is the practical fellow who brings results to pass." So you say, "I have not had any time to think whether Christ is supernatural or not, or whether he can give me supernatural power or not. I let hair-splitting theological questions alone. Whether Christ is divine or not; whether he can give to his disciples a supernatural gift, rarely enters my mind. To tell the truth, I do but little else than to try to help my fellow-men. And I guess God does not care much what I think about Christ, as long as I try to serve him as faithfully and as earnestly as I can." Ah, my friends, you are wrong. It does make a good deal of difference in reference to your Gospel work what you think about Christ. It may mean the difference between the possible higher power and the lower spiritual life.

Doctrine Essential to Life

"Faith without works is dead." But without faith in the divinity of Jesus Christ and in his supernatural power, "Works," in the sight of God are worse than dead. The lack of faith in Christ means that you are utterly devoid of the Christ-power. This belief in Christ is the very foundation of the Gospel. What would you think of an architect who takes you down to the seashore and shows you a beautiful temple which he has erected upon the sands? Oh, it is exquisite in design. The lights come shining through the most expensive of glass windows. The altars are rich with gold and beautiful tapestries. The floors are exquisite mosaics. The dome is a perfect heaven of blue. What would you think if that architect, after he had taken you through that building, would reply to you when you asked, "How are the foundations of this beautiful structure? Are they strong and true?" "Oh, I did not put much work on the foundations. Instead of digging them deep and strong, where all the work would be hidden from the eyes of man, I simply builded these walls upon the surface. I expended all my energies upon the superstructure." What would you think of a ship designer who did not lay the keel of his ship straight and true? Why, on the day of the launching of that boat, the hull would turn "turtle." Or, in the first great storm at sea, that boat would go to pieces or sink with all on board. Now it is not sufficient in the Christian life for a man to say, "I am all right, because I have visited the sick and fed the hungry and was eyes to the blind." It is not sufficient for the architect to say, "I am all right, because I have worked hard and builded my superstructure well." It is not rational for the ship designer to talk about setting his masts before he has laid his keel well. The questions of the divinity of Christ and the divine power of Christ are the most vital questions in the Gospel life. It is a foundation question. This question precedes all other questions. "Whom say ye that I am?" Jesus asked the disciples of old. Peter answered, "Thou art the Christ, the son of the living God." Do you answer thus? Do you believe thus? Do you believe in the supernatural power of Jesus, as the disciples did, when they gathered in Jerusalem to be endued with power from on high?

The Promise Assured

These disciples believed that Christ could give his supernatural power to his disciples if he would. They did more. They believed that Christ would give to them, as individuals, this supernatural power, if they were only obedient to his divine commands and tarried still in Jerusalem, until they were endued with power from on high. Now, it is one fact to feel that Christ can give to others his power if he would, or that he will give to me individually his higher power, if I am willing to obey his commands and do as he wishes me to do. Let me explain this demarcation.

All American boys are born free and equal. All have a possibility of some day being elected President of the United States, if they live. It is possible for any boy to be elected Chief Executive of this nation, but is it probable that your son or mine should ever grace the White House? We believe in the theory, but to very few is it an actual possibility. It is so with the conception of this divine power with which Christ is ready to endue us. We know he can give it, and we know there are some to whom he does give it, but we think it is not for us. These disciples of Pentecost first believed that Christ could give this supernatural power to his disciples if he would, because he was divine. Secondly, that he would give it to them as individuals, if they would only obey God's commands and tarry in Jerusalem until they were endued with power from on high. Are we ready to believe that Christ will give us this higher power if we obey his commands?

Personal Expectation

Oh, that is a crucial test of faith. It is not difficult for me to understand how God could give the higher power to a Moody, or a Finney, or Wesley, or a Peter, or a James, or a John, or a Mary, on the day of Pentecost. But that he will give to me this higher power if I obey his will, ah me! that is hard to believe. And yet, is not God keeping his promises with those who are mentally and physically no stronger or better than you or I? Sometime ago I was riding out to the grave of a Southern lady, who had been a member of my church. Among the pall-bearers was a gentleman who, with all his family, had been rescued from the Galveston Flood of a few years ago. I said, "Tell me about it." Then he told me how the waters rose higher and higher. First, they came to the top of the gates. Then they arose to the first floors. They grew higher and higher, when the winds, in an angry hurricane, blew them in. Then the people were drowned, not by the hundreds, but by the thousands. The walls tottered. The houses were battered to pieces. Flying through the air went great beams. It was death overhead. It was death all around. It was death everywhere. The dead were so many that, after the waters had subsided, they were piled into boats, and taken out and dumped into the Gulf Stream. They were too many even to be buried.

"How did you feel during that awful tragedy?" I asked. "As calm as I do now," he replied. "I knew that in the face of this storm and flood, no human arm could save me. Human help was beyond the question. It could do no good if it came. I could not swim. Besides that, I had in my house a wife and two little children, and five or six old people who had come there for shelter. So when the storm was raging its fiercest, I gathered them all together in an upper room. Then I said, 'Friends, the Bible tells us that if we come to God in believing prayer and ask of him anything we will he will grant us that request. Now, I believe God will save us if we ask him. Do you believe as I believe?' 'Yes,' they said. Then we all knelt and we all prayed. When I arose, I felt that

God Would Save Us

I never had a tremor. He did save us. After awhile a roof came floating past. My aged negro servant caught it. He held it for a little while by the side of the house. I placed the whole family upon the roof. Then I climbed there myself. It was an awful night. No horror could be greater than those hours we passed through. Yet all through the night I kept saying, 'I believe. I believe. I believe he will save us. I believe.' And save us he did." Could you, in a time of trouble, make a believing prayer like that? Could you appropriate to yourself the promise as he did? Do you believe God will bless you as an individual, if you obey his commandments, the same as he blessed his people in the Galveston Flood and blessed the disciples of old?

But these disciples of old did more than to simply believe that Christ would give to them the higher power if they would obey his commands. During the days preceding Pentecost, by prayer, by supplication and by consecration of their full lives to God, they put themselves into a proper condition to receive this power of the Holy Spirit. They not only threw themselves upon the divine love, but they prayed and kept

on praying something like this, "Oh God, cleanse me from sin. Oh God, make me a clean vessel for the spirit-life. Oh God, take all selfishness and meanness and worldliness out of my life. Oh God, may I live and breathe and plan and work only for thee." Is not that your idea of how the disciples of old passed the days in Jerusalem preceding the moment when the power of the Holy Spirit came upon them in tongues of fire? If you and I would only do as those disciples of old did, and come with such prayers and pleadings upon our lips, do you not believe that Christ would also endue us with power from on high?

If I might be pardoned a simile, my idea of those days preceding Pentecost were not like our evangelistic meetings, when a preacher would stand up and deliver a text and then have an introduction and a conclusion. They were rather like the days of the Welsh revival of 1905. There, I am told, the people crowded into the churches, and there was no set leader. Now a hymn would be started. Now an earnest prayer would be lifted up. The meetings would not start at seven or eight o'clock and run for an hour and a half, and have every one look at their watches if the service went a second over ninety minutes. But there, the meetings would start at any time. Then, when the meetings once got started, they would run on and on, sometimes five or even ten hours long, as though the Christian people were loath to leave each other and go home and go to sleep. Yes, that Welsh revival was to me an exact duplication of the days preceding Pentecost.

Come, let me take you to the upper chamber in Jerusalem. It is the year 30 A.D. It is about the first of June, or the beginning of summer. All the hillsides about Jerusalem are covered with flowers. As we come near to this upper chamber, which was supposed to belong to the evangelist Mark, who was one of the biographers of Jesus, we find that these disciples had been abiding there for nearly ten days, or ever since the Ascension.

But on the tenth day, while they were still praying, each man and woman and child turned towards the others and cried, "Look! Look! See the flames! It is the manifestation of the Holy Spirit." And oh, my friends, if we come to God believing that he would bless us if we asked him and if we would only meet and pray and agonize and consecrate ourselves to his service as the disciples of old did on the Day of Pentecost, do you not believe Christ would give to us the higher power of Gospel life?

But I cannot close without just one thought more. This baptism of the power of the Holy Spirit came to the disciples of old in the days when they felt their greatest need of the promised Comforter or supernatural power. The crucifixion was over. Yes. The resurrection had come. Yes. But one day, less than two weeks before, suddenly Christ had again departed. Up from the Mount of Ascension he went. Higher and higher, until his body disappears behind the clouds. Higher and higher, until in bodily presence he was gone forever. Oh, the unutterable loneliness and helplessness. Christ gone, upon whom were they to lean? Then came the power of the Holy Spirit. That power is ready to descend upon you, if you only prepare yourself for God's gift.

Friend, you need this higher power. You need it now. Let me see, how long ago did she die—she who was so much to your spiritual life? You need this higher power. You need it now. Last Sunday, as a preacher, you delivered a sermon which was in a literary sense a poetic gem. But after you finished, you knew as a messenger of Christ, that it rang false all through. You need this power in the home. In your own strength you cannot rear that family aright for God. Can it be that we are going to refuse longer to seek this power of the higher spiritual life? It is said that on March 14th, 1906, the British steamer *Phoenix* foundered at sea off the Banks of Newfoundland, and nearly all on board were lost, because its hull was battered to pieces by the barrels and heavy fixtures which were torn from the ship's deck, until under these battering rams the ship went down. My Lord and my God, shall we be eternally destroyed for service for thee, because we continue to refuse to seek thy higher power? Shall we not seek this high power as thy disciples of old did at Pentecost? Shall these continued refusals to seek that higher power destroy us, as the deck debris of the British steamer destroyed her off the Newfoundland Banks? Listen, friend. Listen, and answer to this vital question—"Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?"

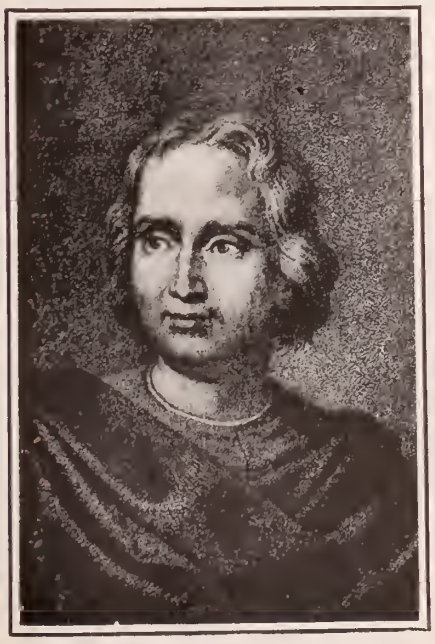
WHERE LIES COLUMBUS?

FOUR hundred years ago this week, in the ancient city of Valladolid, Christopher Columbus closed his eyes forever upon the world, to which his daring and skill as an explorer and navigator had added a continent. The ordinary reader of history treats Columbus much as did his careless contemporaries. They read of his early life with interest, remember his meeting with King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella, his breaking the egg before the sceptical Council, and see him wading to land, with his sword in one hand and flag in the other, on the shores of the New World, and there leave him. The later voyages and his short career as a colonizer are scarcely less interesting, though, of course, lacking in the romance of his first venture upon an unknown sea, that the superstition of the sailors, filled with whales that could swallow the largest ship afloat, sirens that dragged storm-tossed craft to the bottom by the anchor chains, or led them to the region of endless calm, where they would float for ages, with skeletons for crews.

Columbus Before Ferdinand and Isabella

Columbus, on his first voyage, left a small colony that he supposed would be the first of many others that would serve as the outposts of Spain in the new country, and send back gold, rare woods and slaves for the enrichment of his sovereigns and the glory of himself and family. Until the very last, the admiral never gave up the hope that the wealth of the country he had discovered would be used for the conquest of Jerusalem and the rescue of the holy sepulchre from the infidels. He spent his entire life urging his pet projects with the king, who was lukewarm in their support, and made altogether four voyages across the Atlantic, each one of which were doomed to end in bitter disappointment.

The Accepted Portrait of Columbus



As several cities have clamored for recognition as the birthplace of Columbus, so two countries contend that they have in their possession the ashes of the discoverer. Columbus, before his death, expressed the desire that his body should rest among those western islands that he had so loved in life, and with which, despite the despair of his last years, he knew his name would ever be associated. He was first buried in the Franciscan convent at Valladolid. The Cathedral of San Domingo was finished in 1541, and the body was taken there shortly afterward. In 1526 the searchers of 1795 removed not the body of Columbus, but that of his son. In 1877, some repairs were made in the Cathedral of San Domingo and two leaden caskets were found. One was that of the grandson of Columbus and bore the inscription, "To the Admiral Don Luis Columbus, Duke of Jamaica, Marquis of Veragua."

On the second casket were the letters, "C. C. A.," which were interpreted as "Cristoval Colon, Almirante." On the inside, in Gothic letters, was an inscription, which has been translated as "The celebrated and extraordinary man, Don Christopher Columbus." On the outside were the abbreviations, "D. de la A. Pre. Ate.," supposed to stand for the Spanish words meaning, "The Discoverer of America, the first Admiral." In the casket itself was a small silver plate, bearing the words "Cristoval Colon" on the back in Spanish, "the last remains of the first Admiral, Christopher Columbus, the Discoverer." With the plate was also found a bullet, and in one of his letters Columbus complained to a friend that he was troubled with an old wound. This casket was found in an old inner vault. It is probable that it was the first vault constructed, the one opened in 1796 showing evidence of later construction. It seems as if those who claim that the body of Columbus still rests in the New World have the weight of evidence with them.

R. Sterling Blair.

Columbus on the "Santa Maria"

son of Columbus died and the body was buried in the same part of the cathedral, as was also that of Columbus' grandson, who did not die until the latter part of the sixteenth century. The vaults bore no names, but records show that all three rested at the right of the cathedral altar. In 1795 Spain was compelled to give up the west half of San Domingo to the conquering French, but before the Spaniards evacuated the cathedral city, the authorities determined to find the body of Columbus and transport it to Havana. A vault was discovered at the place indicated by tradition and a box found. Without any doubt arising in the minds of the Spaniards concerning the identity of the body, it was removed to Havana with great ceremony, and in 1898, at the close of the Spanish-American war, it was removed to Spain. It is now thought that the

LITTLE WAIFS EAGER FOR MONT-LAWN

SCARCELY had the first balmy days of Spring-time given warning that summer was on its way, when the door-bell of a certain lower East Side mission was besieged, and tiny, ragged urchins began to ask, "Pease, lady, when will the country be open?" "Please, when can Charlie and me go to Mont-Lawn?"

The matron of that mission says that "Mont-Lawn" is a household word in lower New York, and she scarcely knows which the fortunate ones of earth, who form part of "The Children's Home" family during the summer, enjoy the more—the actual, delightful experiences that are crowded into the halcyon ten days, or the coming back to preside over fascinated groups of the less favored ones, who have never known the glories of Mont-Lawn; they gather by scores in the back-yards of the neighborhood, to listen with breathless eagerness to eloquent recitals of all the wonderful things that have happened. The stories they hear of the swimming tank, the rides, the good things to eat! "Oh," said the good matron, "I've never been to Mont-Lawn, but I know all about its splendors." Seldom, indeed, is a meeting dismissed without some enterprising youngster essaying the role of singing teacher up at the Home, and teaching at least a verse of one of the many sweet hymns which he has learned in the hush of the country twilight, after the merry playtime of the Mont-Lawn day is over.

"Jesus loves the little children,"

the childish voices ring out, the sweet notes rising and falling through the back alleys and the dark courtyards. Mother hears it, as she stoops wearily over her washtub; father hears it, as he trudges home from work; the angels hear it, and register in their "Book of Remembrance" the friends of The Children's Home, who have made all this possible.

We wish our friends who come to New York, could spend an hour with us in Cherry Street. We should need to write no more pleas for aid in sending the little ones away from it all to the clean freshness without and within, which awaits them under the shadow of the hills. First, we will stop at the corner: the housekeeper's wife died not long ago, leaving him with four children, the eldest a bright lad of ten. The father isn't very well, but he gets his rooms and nine dollars a month for the care of the house. Not much to fill five mouths and cover five bodies, is it? Little Charlie carefully watches the progress of conversation, until a doubt is raised about the youngest child being old enough to go. Then up speaks Charlie, with his arms enveloping the family, "O, lady, I can take care of 'em all! Please let us go together!"

In the street again, a very sticky, black little hand slips into ours, and a tattered, grimy, small damsel says,

The New "Temple Cottage" at Mont-Lawn

"There's Elsie, and she ain't got no mother now. Her mother died yesterday and they couldn't buy a funeral, so now she's at the Morgue. Can't Elsie go to the country?" The next house is a melancholy ruin of what, well-nigh a century ago, was a stately mansion of fashionable New York. Its broken walls are black, its stairs are snares for the unwary; in the rear a tiny yard separates it from another tenement, and in this paved and unswept yard of perhaps 20 x 16 feet, with unspeakable odors permeating the atmosphere and a frowsy head at every window, one counts thirty children from three to ten years old, trying to play. Is it rope jumping? There isn't room to jump. Do they try "hop scotch"? There isn't room to skip. It is all such a listless, squalid, wretched sight that two country-bred eyes feel the tears start and one country-bred heart aches intolerably. Then, like a gleam of sunshine athwart the gloom comes the thought of the Children's Home. Nearly 3,000 of "the least of these" have joy untold awaiting them. The tiny feet, many of them bare in April, will lave in the sparkling brooklet—the small bodies, some of them so thin and ill clad, will be rounded out to plumpness by abundant, wholesome food. Best of all, the youthful minds, too often warped and trained to evil thought by the street life and associations, will be led into new channels and gentle thoughts.

Already Housemother Collins is in her place, superintending the "spring-cleaning" and preparing for the guests who are clamoring to "go first." She begs the friends of Mont-Lawn to remember it, as they sort over the children's clothing in their own homes; the outgrown garments, put aside as no longer available for mother's own girl or boy, are very welcome at Mont-Lawn. Miss Collins will be glad to receive and acknowledge all that may be sent to The Children's Home, Nyack-on-Hudson, New York. Never were little garments, for children from five to twelve years, more welcome than these will be.

Three dollars gives bliss untold for ten days to little Elsie, whose mother lies in the Morgue; $12 will send Charlie and the three whom he begged might "go together;" $21 keeps a snowy cot filled all summer long by one wee waif after another. Cash remittances should be addressed in care of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York City. Contributions of whatever kind, large or small, will be duly acknowledged in these columns.

Methodism's Missionary Jubilee

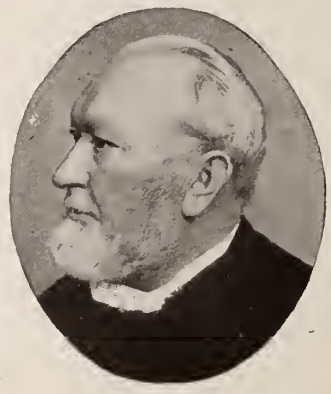
Mrs. Clementina Butler

FIFTY years ago Methodism flung out her battle-line upon the mission-field of India. In December, 1856, Dr. Wm Butler and his wife established in Bareilly, North India, the headquarters of the Mission, which has to-day laid hold of all Southern Asia, from Arabia to the Philippines. The mustard seed planted fifty years ago has become a mighty tree; the little Mission at Bareilly has expanded into a total Christian community of more than 185,000 souls, with 141,000 Sunday School scholars, 231 missionaries, 104 missionaries of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, 979 teachers, 277 native members of conferences, 55 high schools, and 4 colleges.

To celebrate the completion of this first half century of work in India, the Methodist Church has appointed a special festival of rejoicing. In December next, there will meet in Bareilly the representatives of the great Christian hosts of the Methodist Missions, from Beloochistan to Tibet, and from Singapore to the Philippines.

In anticipation of this epoch-making event in the history of the Church, the second Sunday in May was set apart as the day on which Methodists in all lands should be called upon to celebrate the "Jubilee of Methodist Missions in Southern Asia," by special sermons, songs, and other services suitable to the occasion, the proceeds of the celebration to be regarded as a thanksgiving token, and applied to the strengthening of the work in all the lands included in Southern Asia. Sunday, May 13, was the day selected by the General Board for these Jubilee services. According to the announcements, the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society was to present a memorable programme in Carnegie Hall, New York City. Rev. William F. Oldham, D.D., Missionary Bishop, with headquarters at Singapore, Malaysia, was to preside. Bishop Charles H. Fowler, resident Bishop of New York City; Rev. Arthur S. Lloyd, D.D., General Secretary of the Protestant Episcopal Board of Missions; Rev. Arthur J. Brown, D.D., Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions; Rev. Charles C. Creegan, D.D., Secretary of the American Board; Rev. David James Burrell, D.D., LL.D., pastor of Marble Collegiate Church, New York; and Rev. Kerr Boyce Tupper, D.D., LL.D., pastor of Madison Avenue Baptist Church, New York, were also on the programme as among those who were to address the meeting. Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, of Washington, D. C., it was stated, would tell of her recent visit to the Methodist Women's Missions of India. Mrs. Foster was one of the "Taft Party" which visited the Philippines, Japan and China.

Greetings to the venerable and beloved Mrs. Butler, Founder of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, would then be in order. When Mrs. Butler returned with her husband to America on furlough, in 1869, the remarkable story of India's women was first made known to the church. The result was the Society's organization, and the sending out almost immediately of Isabella Thoburn and Clara A. Swain, M.D. Since that time, 111 women have followed Miss Thoburn, the saintly pioneer, to India. The first college for women in Asia has been established there; 87 boarding and training schools, 447 day schools, and 9 hospitals are in operation under the auspices of this Society, which has been instrumental in bringing thousands of women out of mental and spiritual darkness into Gospel light. Bishop Thoburn, who has spent forty-eight effective years in foreign missionary service, was also announced among the speakers. Wholly apart from his own eminent labors, the fact that he was Isabella Thoburn's brother and largely instrumental in giving her to the cause she served with such marvelous consecration, wisdom and success, secures to India's senior bishop an especial niche in the regard of all who love the cause of foreign missions.



Dr. William Butler

Bishop W. F. Oldham

Miss Isabella Thoburn

Bishop J. M. Thoburn

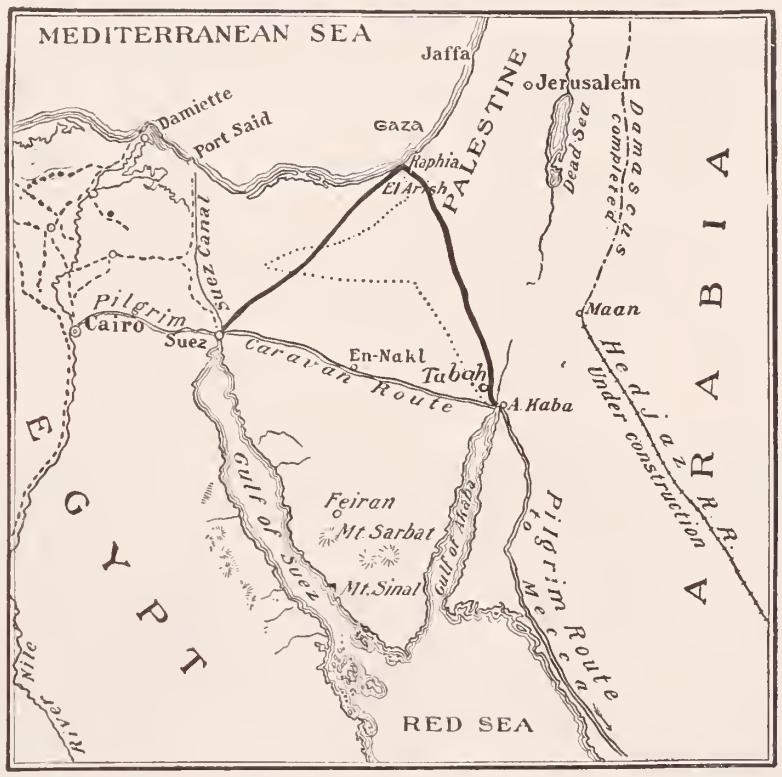
The Missionary Committee sends an appeal for ministers and laymen to make an effort to attend the coming celebration at Bareilly. It is not only the city where Methodism first found a foothold in India, but it is the seat of the first theological seminary of the denomination in southern Asia, the place where was established the first Woman's Hospital ever built in the Orient, and the scene of the labors of the first woman medical missionary in Asia.

THE STRUGGLE FOR SINAI

CHRISTIAN AND MOSLEM IN DISPUTE OVER THE LAND OF THE WANDERINGS

IT has recently been said, with a good deal of caustic emphasis: "Egypt has no backbone, except such as is furnished by British bayonets." If you will look carefully at the accompanying map, you will see that Nature has been kind to this old Egypt in giving her a wonderful chain of granite vertebræ, jagged as Alpine rocks. In Egypt proper, this chain of peaks—inspiring outlines to the mariner on the Gulf of Suez—borders the Gulf, and at a height of 6,000 feet. Beyond the Gulf of Suez, on the east, lies the Peninsula of Sinai, a depredation on which, by Turkey recently, aroused the indignation of England, and caused excitement affecting the whole Mohammedan world.

The dispute would seem to have arisen on the question of the boundary-line between Egypt (whose faith is Mohammedan and whose suzerain, by a strange irony of history, is England) and the dominions of the Sultan. This "boundary-line," as is shown in the map, according to the British claim, runs clear from El Arish (a port on the Mediterranean not far distant from Gaza in Palestine) to El Akabah, at the head of the Gulf of Akabah. On the other hand, the Sultan claims that the line should run from El Arish to Suez. This would give him control of the whole of the Sinaitic peninsula. By the Sultan's orders, 5,000 Turkish troops sat down the other day at a village called Tabah, situated on the west or Egyptian side of the boundary-line. The high-handed character of this depredation is indicated by the fact that the pillars which marked the boundary-line were torn down by the Turks and the telegraph-poles removed. This, therefore, is a distinct encroachment by the Turk on land which England contends is Egyptian territory. Diplomats, "Cabinets" and Christendom conceived this movement to be a tentative effort by the Sultan Abdul Hamid to recover his lost Egypt. But, beneath the thinking forehead of the Sultan of Turkey—the most subtle diplomat in the world—other geographical brain cells were pregnant with life. It would seem as if they would bring forth a pathway for the seam and furrows and ferocity of the long-dreaded *Djehad*, or Holy War, against the Christian claim.



The Sinaitic Peninsula, Over Which Turkey and England are Contending

The Sultan's one object in occupying Tabah was to get control of the Gulf of Akabah. If he succeeded in extending his dominion just a little beyond the gulf—to Tabah—he would not only creep nearer to the coveted Egypt, by way of the world-celebrated Greek shrine of the convent of Sinai, but, controlling the Gulf of Akabah, he would secure the route of the pilgrims—the long historic route from beyond Lebanon, that moves in one smooth band of march to Mecca, the core of the Mohammedan heart. Look at the long-famous route. You will see by its geographical position what it means to England. You will perceive what it ethically means to Mohammedanism. By extending its territory westward from Akabah to Suez, Turkey would control the route of the pilgrims across the peninsula. A struggle for supremacy there would arouse all Islam. It would mean just this: An uprising of the Mohammedan world, from the followers of Mohammed, who wear British helmets in India; among the vast and unnumbered Arab tribes that star the wilderness of Arabia; among the tribes of the Algerian Sahara. It would stimulate the restless ambitions of Roumis and Spahis, who fight for the "Tricolor" of France, and prostrate themselves in obedient abasement at the muezzin's call; and would unite the superb horsemen of the mid-Sahara, who only lack a leader.

The dreaded *Djehad* has been long delayed. Are the first sparks going upward from the kindling fire? Look at the route of the caravans. For it the Sultan has braved the wrath of England. The "route" having crossed the Sinaitic peninsula, enters Turkish territory at Akabah, moves down through the province or vilayet of Hedjaz, in Arabia, to Yemen. These two provinces border the Red Sea. Yemen, the southern vilayet, extends to the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, and adjoins the British territory of Aden on the southeast. Yemen covers an area of 74,000 square miles, and has a population of 750,000. Its lofty plateau-masses are mountains 10,000 feet high.

It is in the villayet of Hedjaz to the north of Yemen, that the two sacred cities of Mecca and Medinah are situated. The very word "Hedjaz," means "Land of the Pilgrimage." These two cities are of paramount importance to the great Mohammedan world. That he desires to protect these pilgrims from the interference of England, a Christian Power, is the Sultan's pretext for claiming the Sinaitic peninsula. He appears to forget that England has more Mohammedans under its flag than he has, and that England would never do anything so suicidal as to provoke Mohammedan prejudices by interference with the pilgrimage. His real motive is a desire to buttress the power that is slipping from its foundations in Europe, by posing to the Mohammedans as the protector of Islam.

The Sultan of Turkey may by his action provoke other enemies as well as Great Britain. He has in the Mohammedan world two great elements to fear. The first is the sect of the Wahabis. The strange, pompous, clear-eyed Wahabis, inhabit the central lands of Arabia—Nedjd—where the Arab horse is bred. The Wahabis may be reckoned one of the most considerable bodies of Bedouins in the Arabian deserts. This sect arose in the eighteenth century. It still survives, through the hiss and foam of stormy centuries. The Wahabis have been the scourge of Islam and the terror of Arabia. They owe their name "Wahabi," to their chief sheikh, Abd-el-Wahab. The fundamental doctrine of the Wahabis consists in rejecting every worship but that to a Supreme Being. They refuse to recognize Mohammed as a "prophet." For his followers they have an intense hatred and intolerance much greater than that which they bear towards Jews or Christians. Their mosques have no decoration, neither minaret nor cupola. They bury their dead without ceremony, and raise no monument over them. Their customs are primitive. The celebrated doctrine, "All men are born free and equal," is not accepted so fully anywhere as it is among the Wahabis. They have neither distinction nor titles among them; but to their chief they render a blind and devoted obedience. In mechanical arts they are not far behind the orthodox Arab. They weave woolen and cotton cloths, and work in leather and metals. Their military virtues are like wind-music; the Wahabis rush with a grand scorn of life into danger and death.

A second foe facing the Sultan "within his own household," is the tendency towards revolt of the orthodox Arabs in the vilayet of Yemen. Only the other day there was an outbreak put down with low mutterings startlingly significant. The Arab is intensely proud of his nationality, out of which sprang the "Prophet." He may well be proud of his great, bold, unified faith; of the poets that taught Europe, that sang valor, truth, hospitality, love; of his dream-land architecture, and his sciences that flourished during centuries that the Christian kingdoms were giving themselves to war, and threatening each other with death. The Arab adores silence, and uses speech. His pride has been bruised, been well-nigh annihilated by the heel of Turkish taxation in the vilayet of Yemen. To the Arab of the Yemen, Turkdom is equivalent to coarseness and rudeness. He has a proverb: "If the Turk love you, he will eat you up." And, moreover, these Arabs of the Yemen succor a religious sect called Zaidis, a sect which might be dubbed Puritanism on the desert.

Al-Imamu 'L-Mahdi! The leader. Will he ever arise to unify the "Faithful," to lead a national Arab uprising against the Ottoman dominion? Political independence! The Arab world thirsts for it. But Turkey is always there, vigilant, the spy, alert. Said an imposing Arab chieftain to me, a man whose garment draperies should have gone on a pedestal, not a quiver on his lip, but a moisture across his eyes, "I know men. I love the horse."

Is the Sick Man—the Turk—able to reach out and knit to his purpose the separate and fiery monitions in the breast of the Arab indignant under misrule, and the Wahabi, who acknowledges no rule of the "Prophet"?

Of the Arab tribes of the Sinaitic peninsula not much is to be feared by the nation who declares war upon the Turk, you say? Just this is to be feared: constant and unceasing guerilla warfare. Take the map of the peninsula of Sinai. Observe the deserts where the Occidental sickens and loses his muscular grip on a Mauser rifle. Observe the intricate mountain fastnesses where only the ibex and the Arab are at home.

The world holds its breath. There is a picturesque tradition in the Mohammedan world that follows the "Prophet," and reads its Koran. These orthodox Arabs honor our Saviour as one sent from God. Says their picturesque tradition, "The signal that will usher in the Last Judgment, will be the figure of Jesus Christ appearing in majesty on the minaret of Damascus!"

Who can tell to what consequences a struggle between England and Turkey may lead? If it comes—and the fanaticism of the Sultan may precipitate it—not only the land in which God's ancient people wandered may be wrested from his grasp, but the land which God gave them. LUCY CLEVELAND.

Arabs of the Desert Holding a Council of War

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, Associate Editor — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, Associate Editor

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The Summer's Opportunity

ONE of the best known Christian pastors of our day—the Rev. Wm. J. Dawson, of London—has recently been preaching in New York and has told some very plain truths concerning the religious conditions which he found prevailing in our American cities. His words are a trumpet-call to the churches to rise to their opportunities and responsibilities. The vast disproportion of non-church-goers over regular attendants he attributes to the increasing conventionalism of the pulpit. Our churches, or many of them, ignore the poor, even while they claim to preach the Gospel of the "poor man of Nazareth." There must be a leveling of the classes, he declares; the Church must leave its altitude of luxury and wealth and fashion, and stripping itself for its real work, go down into the social depths to seek and save the churchless and the neglected. There must be a return to simple religious methods. And by way of conclusion, Dr. Dawson warns the churches that if they fail in their duty and cannot read aright the plain signs of the times, they will be confronted by a still graver danger, for the neglected classes, left to themselves, will become a menace to religion, to society and to the nation.

To a large extent, this advice is identical with that which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has been urging upon the churches these many years past, and we are glad now to have our views so eloquently reinforced. Our own observation, however, convinces us that the condition which Dr. Dawson so graphically describes is only a partial one. He admits, too, that it exists in England, and is by no means peculiar to America. In all great cities, the problem of the neglected classes is one that weighs heavily upon the hearts of thoughtful people. Neglected too long, they may, and often do, gravitate to a condition more deplorable, in a moral and spiritual sense, than that of the foreign heathen. They become ready fuel for incendiary disseminators of every dangerous doctrine. Looking afar off at our churches, they see many of them steadily growing richer and more exclusive, courting the association of wealth, oblivious of fraud and corruption in high places, silent when the poor are oppressed and plundered, and arraying themselves with the rich and powerful against the lowly and the weak.

While Mr. Dawson's generalization is far too sweeping, it is, nevertheless, true that there are churches—too many of them, alas!—that have become less than lukewarm. In them the Message of Life seems to have been forgotten. Six days a week they are absorbed by worldly interests, and on the seventh, their formal service, which is often a mere mummery of religion, makes no appreciable impress on life and character. To preach the Gospel in plain words would startle them, and they must not be startled. Yet we are reminded that Christ did not spare the feelings of his auditors, as he denounced private sin and public evils, the usurers, the extortioners, those who enriched themselves at the sacrifice of the poor, the traffickers in virtue, the unjust judges, the greedy, the covetous, the mere money-makers. And faithful preachers of the Gospel, ever since his day, have followed his example in denouncing sin among the highest and the lowest; but it is saddening to note the avoidance, on the part of many others, of any duty that would ruffle the serenity of the influential class or offend the material powers, and thus alienate them from the church's support.

It may be true, as Dr. Dawson's arraignment would seem to imply, that some of the churches need a new baptism, and some of the pulpits a reconversion and a reconsecration. Happily, however, there is a far brighter aspect to the picture. There are many thousands of faithful preachers who are doing their duty valiantly and fearlessly, heeding no man's opposition, but serving God with zeal and whole-heartedness. Throughout this land, as a rule, the great Church of Christ is marching steadily onward. Every year is a year of spiritual advancement. But in the great cities, where the worst form of spiritual destitution exists, the battle with the forces of sin must be fought out with greater determination. The coming summer should be made memorable by all the Christian churches in our cities uniting for Gospel effort. Every available means should be employed to reach the neglected classes: tent campaigns, outdoor gatherings, and personal visitation. We must bring the message to them, since they will not come voluntarily. We must seek out the poor, the indifferent, the idle, the sick, the disturbers and the discontented, both natives and foreigners, and give to them that Gospel which is the hope of the world, the solvent of all troubles, the reconciler of all antagonisms. We must show a true sympathy, a helpful interest, a human fellowship with these, our brothers and sisters.

When the churches in our great cities do this, they will no longer have reason to complain of declining attendance. With a re-baptism of spiritual zeal and a united effort, they can become the mightiest moral and social influence on this continent, and they will have a great harvest of souls for their reward.

The Man of Dreams

IN the rush of our modern life, when our minds for the most part are filled with the present and future, it is well sometimes to have anniversaries of the birth and death of distinguished characters in history brought to mind, to teach that great things have been done in other centuries than our own, and that if we ourselves wish to be remembered, we must do something besides increasing our bank account, or commercializing, in every possible way, our national life.

The man of business to-day scorns the dreamer whose plans do not deal with the counting-room and stocks and bonds. Yet the dreamer has opened the way for all great discoveries and all successful reforms.

In 1506, the twentieth day of this month, there died one of the world's greatest benefactors, and yet he was a man who, in his early life, was ranked as a visionary, one who dreamed of a new world beyond the seas, which to the practical men of the fifteenth century was rank nonsense. But the dreamer was also practical and determined, and Christopher Columbus, for such was the man's name, is as familiar to every student in our public schools as that of the neighbor who lives next door, while the practical men of business, who derided the plans of the navigator have, with their dearly beloved ledgers, crumbled into a dusty oblivion.

The man who allows himself to be buried by his own small business environment and does not interest himself in things that are taking place just outside the borders of his own daily life, is losing the real joy of existence. It is to those who plan even for the supposedly impossible projects that make the real successes. There should always be some great idea to further, in the heart and mind of a man, if he does not wish his life, even while he lives, to be an unrecognized atom in the great mass. The dreamers who work out their visions are needed now, even if they have no new worlds to discover. There was a good motto struck on a coin in the days of the discoverers. About the pillars of Hercules could be read, "There is more beyond." Let us remember when our standards of life seem in danger of becoming centered only on the coins and bullion of to-day, that "there is more beyond."

Obliterated Homes

A FEATURE of the terrible disaster in San Francisco that particularly impresses home-makers and housekeepers, is the complete blotting out of homes and the total loss of those things of daily use that are dear to every womanly heart. At night, when people went to bed, everything in many an exquisite home was in beautiful and delicate harmony. There were the tables set for breakfast, dainty flowered china, cut glass, daffodils and roses in vases, chairs set, everything in complete readiness for the morning meal. The drawing-room with its pictures, rugs and old mahogany, the pride of the housewife's heart, was left when lights were turned out, and she went to her chamber, little thinking she would never see it again. One young wife, with her wedding presents making beautiful every corner of her house, wrote to her mother in the East, telling how suddenly the earthquake shock wakened her in the morning. Then she described the gathering circle of fire sweeping relentlessly on, and the flight from her home. "I locked the most valuable things in the closets," she said, "and took the key with a breaking heart. At the moment, it seemed as if the flames might spare us, and that the chief danger be from looters." Days afterward, when again she made her way with her husband to the street where her home had been, they had great difficulty in locating the spot; but when they found it, amid heaps of ashes and twisted fragments of what had been a home of luxury, they discovered one little vase, an Easter gift, unharmed, and bore it a treasure-trove from the ruins.

The intense clinging to things which they had handled, dusted, set in place from day to-day, and which formed the background of family life is understood instinctively by all women, but is not comprehended equally by all men. While, therefore, the destruction of a great city and the appalling aggregate of suffering consequent on a terrific disaster, appeals to men, the loss of cherished articles and family photographs strikes a sympathetic chord in the heart of women. They will have new homes again, but no future home will give to many a woman who lost her most prized possessions in the San Francisco fire, just what the earthquake and the flames destroyed.

United in Good Works

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD gladly acknowledges its indebtedness to the editors of the subjoined list of daily and weekly papers, who generously opened their columns to appeals for help in behalf of the Japanese famine sufferers. The subscriptions obtained from this source very greatly aided the fund, and were the means of saving many lives. The list includes

The *Express*, Lock Haven, Pa.
The *Post-Telegram*, Camden, N. J.
Clinton County Publishing Company, Champlain, N. Y.
The *Press*, Asbury Park, N. J.
The *Sun*, Westerly, R. I.
The *Advertiser*, Dansville, N. Y.
Times-Record Company. Alevo, Ill.
The *Michigan Presbyterian*, Detroit, Mich.
Commercial-News, Danville, Ill.
The *Sentinel*, Onawa, Ia.
The *Register*, Sandusky, O.
The *World*, Lawrence, Kan.
Amerika, Madison, Wis.
The *Republican*, Homer, N. Y.
The *Mirror-Recorder*, Stamford, N. Y.
Times-Democrat, New Orleans, La.
Budog Hilsen, Crookston, Minn.
Mountaineer Herald, Ebensburg, Pa.
Hayes County Times, San Marcos, Tex.
The *Review*, Interlaken, N. Y.
The *Better Way*, Minneapolis, Kan.
The *Star*, Fairhaven, Mass.
The *Valley Register*, Middletown, Md.
The *Journal*, Pensacola, Fla.
The *Carroll Record* Company, Taneytown, Md.
The Brethren Publication Board, Ashland, O.
The *Times*, Bay City, Mich.
The *News-Observer*, Raleigh, N. C.
The *Free Will Baptist*, Ayden, N. C.
The *Daily Journal*, Coffeyville, Kan.
The *Courier*, Channing, Tex.
The *Record*, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
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The *Daily Times*, Geneva, N. Y.
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The Marshall *Gazette*, Lewisburg, Tenn.
The *Daily Leader*, Marion, Ind.
The *Record*, Sydney, N. Y.
The *Daily News*, Dayton, O.
The *Evening Herald*, Dayton, O.
The *Daily Journal*, Dayton, O.
The *Herald*, Anthon, Ia.
The *Reporter*, Mendota, Ill.
The Cumberland *Presbyterian*, Nashville, Tenn.
The *Advance*, Stryker, O.

In behalf of the beneficiaries and the work generally, we desire to express our hearty appreciation of the kindly and valuable co-operation extended by these large-hearted contemporaries of ours, and we congratulate them, in common with all others engaged in this Samaritan work, upon the magnificent results accomplished.

Among the Workers

—EVANGELIST J. D. FLEMING, of El Paso, Tex., lately assisted at a series of revival meetings at Barstow, Tex., where much good resulted.

—R. E. LEWIS, the children's evangelist, now laboring at Oakland, Miss., writes, asking our readers to pray for a revival among the children there.

—EVANGELIST GEO. W. HUNTER, of Spencer, Mass., is singer as well as speaker. He works for the love of the Gospel, and his labors in many places have been productive of excellent results.

—EVANGELISTS CROSSLEY AND HUNTER recently held a union revival campaign in Barrie and then in Brantford, Ont. "Double-header" meetings were frequently held in two churches. Eleven hundred professed conversion in Barrie and over one thousand in Brantford, including many past fifty years of age, two aldermen, several members of the band, drunkards, business men, and a host of young men.

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Opening the Douma

WITH imperial pomp, and with imposing ceremony, the first Parliament Russia has ever had was formally opened by the Czar on May 10. It is a singular coincidence that it was on May 10 that a similar ceremony took place in France more than a century ago. At that time, the French king, a kindly, inefficient, well-meaning man, for the first time summoned representatives of the people to aid him in the government. That body, hedged about with many restrictions, developed into the Convention which swept all before it, and deluged the soil of France with aristocratic blood. The coincidence is ominous, for the conditions of society in Russia present many striking resemblances to the conditions of France in 1789.

The Czar's address to the assembly was conciliatory and hopeful. He began with the statement that: "The supreme Providence which gave me the care of our Fatherland, has moved me to call to my assistance in legislative work, elected representatives of the people. In the expectation of a brilliant future for Russia, I greet in your persons the best men from the empire, whom I ordered my beloved subjects to choose from among themselves." Evidently the Czar has much to learn yet. The idea of the divine right of kings, of the irresponsible power of the throne, and of his capacity to guide the destinies of the empire, show how far he is from realizing the trend of modern thought. His education in these matters will probably proceed rapidly from this time forward, and we most devoutly hope, for his own sake and that of his country, that he will prove a docile pupil.

A special plea for the peasants was the only suggestion that the Czar gave as direction to the representatives. American correspondents in Russia believe that this consideration for the peasantry is mistaken. It is true that they are more enthusiastically loyal than any other class, but they are densely ignorant, and to grant their demands would be to involve Russia in enormous pecuniary obligations and to retard the progress of the country. It is to the more intelligent mechanics, to the men who have studied the constitutions of other countries, who understand the principles on which true political liberty rests, that the Douma will do well to give heed. Concessions to these men—the right of free speech, the immunity from capricious arrest, the security of law and the rights of free citizens—would be the true path of progress. This, rather than the granting of land to the *moujiks*, will relieve the country of its most vexatious and irritating grievances. The first speech delivered in the Douma proved this. It was an appeal by one of the deputies of St. Petersburg for the release of men imprisoned without due process of law. It is a remarkable fact that the speaker was the first man who declared to the Czar's face for a constitution. At the beginning of the present reign, he, on behalf of the Tvir zemstvo, asserted in an address of loyalty, that Russia was ready for a constitution. In the imperial reply he was told that the desires expressed in his address were senseless dreams. To-day has been given to him the triumph of making his first speech in a Russian donma.

A significant fact, which shows the tendency of popular feeling, was the ovation given outside the building in which the Douma met, to the Ambassador from the United States. His arrival, among other foreign visitors, was the signal for tremendous cheering. When the people learned who he was, they thronged about his carriage and tried to take out the horses, that they might drag it with their own hands to the building. This he would not permit, but alighted and walked through the cheering thousands to the palace. It was evident that they understood the principles of the government of which Mr. Meyer was the representative, and long to make them the model for their own institutions. That such a result may come peacably all friends of Russia sincerely hope. The Emperor, whatever he may think, has resigned absolute power, and has wisely accepted participation of the people in the rights and responsibilities of government. The future history of the nation will be watched with intense interest by the whole world.

That his heart be not lifted up above his brethren, and that he turn not aside from the commandment, to the right hand or to the left, to the end that he may prolong his days in his kingdom, he and his children (Deut. 17 : 20).

How the Mint Was Saved

One of the incidents related of the San Francisco calamity is full of significance. It has been remarked how singular it was that the Mint should have remained intact, while buildings more substantial around it should have succumbed to the awful conflagration. The reason is said to have been that there was within its precincts a well, fed by an inexhaustible spring, which was in excellent condition. A hose was connected with the well, with which the walls were deluged in that awful time when the water mains failed and no water supply was available. It was this well that kept the building from burning in that extremity. It was a rare instance of devotion of duty, that the men whose homes were probably burning should have stayed at the place of duty, neglecting their own interests to protect the public property. Their devotion, however, would have been of no avail, had there not been in the building the supply of water that continued when all other sources failed. So it is with the safety that is assured to the moral and spiritual nature of him who draws his supplies from the eternal source, which keeps him from all the fires of temptation.

The water that I shall give him, shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life (John 4 : 14).

Preparations in St. Petersburg for the First Meeting of the Russian Douma

The Innocent Suffer

A pitiful case was heard in a police court in New York last week. A man was on trial for an aggravated assault, and the judge had remanded him for sentence. A cry was heard in the rear of the court, and a woman with a baby in her arms, fell to the floor in a swoon. When she was revived she told her story. She said she was the wife of the prisoner, and they had four children. During the weeks that he had been in prison awaiting trial, she had kept the family alive by pawning their goods for food. Everything went, and during the past two days they had not had anything to eat. If her husband was sent to prison for a long term they would starve. At the suggestion of the judge the prosecutor agreed not to press the charge, and the prisoner was released under a suspended sentence. All the time the innocent woman and children had been starving, the prisoner had been well fed in prison. Thus the innocent suffer for the guilty, and the guilty escape through pity for the innocent.

The chastisement of our peace was upon Him and by his stripes we are healed (Isa. 53 : 5).

Heroism on Shipboard

An order from the Navy Department, at Washington, signed by Secretary Bonaparte, gives substantial recognition to a deed of heroism performed by a seaman on the *Kearsage*, named Breeman. He was on board that vessel when the recent terrible accident occurred, and was employed in the handling room underneath the turret. When the ammunition ignited overhead, he knew that something serious had happened. He had no idea what it was, until part of the burning charge fell through the hoist into the room where he was. The next room was the magazine, where the great charges for the heavy guns are stored. Many men, realizing the danger of being blown to pieces, would have run for their lives, but this man, knowing that if the flames reached the magazine the ship would be destroyed, shut his eyes to keep out the blinding smoke, and jumping through the fire, slammed to the door of the magazine. The blaze was only a few inches away and would have reached the magazine in a minute but for his courage and promptitude. Admiral Evans reported the sailor's devotion to the department and Secretary Bonaparte has ordered that a medal be conferred upon him, with a gratuity of a hundred dollars, and that he be put on the list for promotion. Such heroism deserves recognition. If on the impulse of the moment he had sought to save his life, he and all on board might have perished, but in risking it he saved himself and them.

Whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the Gospel's, the same shall save it (Mark 8: 35).

The Test of Steel

In an article on the tests of steel in a Boston journal, a significant warning is given by Capt. E. Sankey. In these times, when the call is all for speed and high pressure, extraordinary care is needed in testing the quality of the steel used in high-grade machinery. High-speed motors, steam turbines, and many of our modern engines would not be possible without improved steel, and the new steel demands more rigid tests. Racing automobiles would be mere death-traps if constructed of untrustworthy metal. Of late, says Capt. R. Sankey, there has been noticeable a gradual separation of steel tests into two kinds, the one static, the other dynamic. The static tests are applied to materials that have simply to resist stresses like those sustained by bridges and roofs; but the dynamic tests, which are called impact tests, are used for materials employed in machinery that has to endure shocks like the moving parts of high-speed engines and rails. Captain Sankey says that both tests should be employed. There is the same need of different tests in moral qualities. The man whose courage would sustain him in a fierce charge, might fail when the fortitude for bearing persecution was required. Christianity gives both kinds.

And having done all, to stand (Eph. 6 : 13).

Thirty-Five Years Lost

A stranger arrived at a home in Morristown, N. J., who gave a romantic story of a long absence. A despatch to the New York *Times*, says that thirty-five years ago a little girl was playing on the stoop of her mother's house in that town, when an organ-grinder came along. The child listened entranced to his music, and followed him as he went along the streets. Night found her a long way from home, and the child was terrified. The organ-grinder soothed her and comforted her, and promised to take her home in the morning. The next day, however, he compelled her by threats to hold the cup for the pennies while he played, and unknown to her led her farther away from home. It was long before she ventured to run away. By that time the organ-grinder had migrated to Texas. There she found friends, who cared for and supported her. The trials and difficulties of her life obliterated her infantile recollections. It was not until a few weeks ago that a description of her old home, which she read in a Texas paper, revived the memory, and after an absence of thirty-five years she made her way to the place of her birth. Well would it be if all those who have similarly wandered away from God could thus be drawn back. For them a welcome is assured.

The Lord your God is gracious and merciful and will not turn his face from you, if ye return unto him (II. Chron. 30: 9).

Contributions to The Christian Herald Japan Relief Fund to April 21, 1906

ABOUT 2,500 NEW YORK CONTRIBUTIONS ALSO RECEIVED BEFORE THIS DATE, WILL BE ACKNOWLEDGED LATER ON

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Bovie, Mrs Isaac.. 1 00
Brazie, Hazel E... 1 00
Bresee, Miss Olla.. 60
Brewer, R G..... 2 00
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Briggs, Wm E..... 1 02
Briggs, Mrs G W. 2 00
Brill, Francis 5 00
Brine, Elizabeth.. 2 00
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Brown, Mrs A C.. 1 00
Brown, Mrs B..... 1 00
Brown, Mrs M.... 1 00
Brown, Tho M.... 1 00
Brown, Walter ... 25
Browne, Mrs Albert 50
Brundage, P W.... 25
Brush, Mary J.... 7 00
Bryant, Mrs F.... 1 00
Bratson, Edw F... 1 00
Bull, Mr J T..... 1 00
Bunnell, Louis G.. 2 00
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Burgett, Wm W.. 50
Burham, F W..... 1 00
Burhans, G A & Son 1 00
Burleys, Mrs L M 1 00
Burnite, D C..... 1 00
Burns, J D..... 2 00
Burrell, Arthur ... 1 00
Burton, Lllllan ... 1 00
Bush, James 25
Button, Mr & Mrs Ira 1 00
Butts, Chas G, Co 1 00
Cadlz, R G..... 2 00
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Cahoon, Dr J H... 1 00
Calkins, Mrs 50
Cameron, Albert .. 5 00
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Carpenter, Mrs SM 50
Carey, Margt H... 50
Carr, Geo 25
Carr, Mose 25
Carroll, Ollve 1 00
Carter, Geo T.... 1 00
Case, C E..... 2 00
Casteo, Mr 25
Canty, Daniel 5 00
Caywood, Mrs D... 1 00
Chambers, Alfred.. 2 00
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Christian, York .. 5 00
Cimlotti, Dr W F. 1 00
Clapperton, J B... 1 00
Clark, Alex 1 00
Clark, Dr Wm.... 50
Clark, E Day..... 2 00
Clark, H S..... 1 00
Clark, J A..... 1 00
Clark, Mrs H J... 1 00
Claus, Myron 2 00
Clay, Lorene A... 2 00
Clemans, Mrs R N10 00
Clement, E N..... 1 00
Clum, Mrs Z B... 1 00
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Cody, Calvin 1 00
Cody, H E..... 25
Cody, J 25
Cody, Mrs Calvin. 1 00
Coe, Mrs S C..... 2 00
Coleman, Edith M. 1 00
Coleman, Mrs M A 2 00
Coley, Wm B..... 5 00
Combs, S F..... 1 00
Comstock, Clara .. 1 00
Conden, Richard .. 1 00
Conrad, J 50
Cook, A C..... 1 00
Cook, Mrs E A.... 2 00
Cook, Mrs E J.... 1 00
Cook, Mrs Nell.... 25
Cook, Wisner 5 00
Cokinham, Mr & Mrs S W..... 1 00
Coons, C L..... 1 00
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Corell, Vernon ... 50
Cothran, D V..... 2 00
Cotton, Mrs T W. 1 00
Coventry, K L.... 1 00
Craig, Ella 50
Craig, Jessie 25
Cragier, Miss..... 1 00
Cram, Miss E.... 50
Crandall, A T..... 1 00
Crandall, Dr E E.. 2 00
Crete, Wilfrid 1 00
Crosby, Carrie Ella 50
Croshy, Mrs J..... 1 00
Cross, Susle 25
Cronch, Chas 25
Crouch, M & Mrs Simpkins 5 00
Crow, Kate C & Edgorda W Cole. 2 00
Crowell, J B & Son 5 00
Crozier, Mr & Mrs Geo 5 00
Crushing, Mrs S L 2 00
Cunrey, Ethel M.. 50
Curtis, B E..... 1 00
Curtis, Mls Edith. 7 00
Cushman, A E.... 1 00
Cuyler, Mrs M L. 2 00
Dale, Albert F.... 50
Darling, Wm 50
Davenport, M 2 00
Davison, Miss T A 1 00
Dawley, F 25
Dawley, Mrs T.... 10
Dawson, Carrie E. 1 00
Day, Fayette 2 00
Deek, Maria 25
DeLaFleur, F J... 1 00
Demerest, Mrs T H 1 00
DeNike, N H..... 2 00
Dening, Lyston E. 1 00
Desaw, F W..... 1 00
Denby, Johanna .. 1 00
Dewey, Miss F E 50
DeWitt, M M..... 1 00
Dias, Roht B..... 25
Dickerson, C R.... 3 00
Dickinson, Jean .. 2 00
Dickis, John 2 00
Dickmann, Mrs W 3 00
Dietz, Wm 2 00
Dikeman, Miss C L 500 00
Dillon, John A.... 4 00
Dimon, Mrs T D. 5 00
Dolnvay, Henry .. 15
Doolan, Mrs E.... 1 00
Doud, Mrs Geo... 1 00
Donglass, Theo T. 1 00
Dowe & Hobby, Dr10 00
Downs, Frank 2 00
Draper, Mrs M E. 5 00
Duane, A 2 00
DuBois, Mr 2 00
Ducirloo, M H.... 5 00
Dunlevy, Rita 10 00
Durnell, Mrs H G. 1 50
Dutcher, Mr 25
Eaton, C W..... 50
Eaton, Mrs C W.. 1 00
Eccles, R G..... 5 00
Edson, Virgil 1 00
Eggleston, M O.... 3 00
Eighne, Engenie... 50
Elwell, Jennie E.. 2 00
Elliott, Joseph 6 00
Ellison, L E..... 2 00
Elsbree, B L..... 2 00
Elting, Mrs Jacob. 5 00
Elvey, John W.... 1 00
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Eustaphieve, F E. 1 00
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Evans, E V & E 1 2 00
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Feeck, Mr C..... 50
Fellows, Chas L... 5 00
Ferguson, M E.... 1 25
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Fisher, C W..... 1 50
Fishman, Dr M.... 2 00
Fitch, Dr J D.... 1 00
Flack, Mr & Mrs. 2 00
Flechler, D 1 00
Francis, R 2 00
Franklyn, Lettle... 10
Franklyn, Margt.. 10
Fraser, G .....; 5 00
Frateschi, Jos 5 00
Francher, Dr W M 1 00
Frazer, A 5 00
Frink, George 1 00
Fritch, P J..... 2 00
Frost, S W..... 2 00
Fuller, Eliz 10 00
Gabriel, M S..... 1 00
Gage, Mrs H M.. 1 00
Gale, Mary A..... 3 00
Gallaway, Mrs H. 1 00
Gardner, R H.... 1 00
Garrison, Mr A.... 50
Gaskill, Mrs 15
Geogory, M S..... 1 00
Gerdes, Martln ... 5 00
Gerster, A G..... 3 00
Getman, Dr C.... 2 00
Gibbs, D E..... 1 00
Gilehrist, D M.... 5 00
Gillespie, Louis .. 3 00
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Gold, Catherine .. 1 00
Golden, A S..... 2 00
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Gordon, E S..... 1 00
Gotter, Mr Jerome 50
Graham, Mrs 50
Graham, Thos P..10 00
Grant, Mrs Fanny. 50
Grant, Wm M.... 1 00
Graves, Mrs Z J.. 1 00
Graw, Mrs 1 50
Gray, A S..... 1 00
Gray, C V..... 50
Gray, Mr & Mrs R C 2 00
Gray, Phyllis C... 50
Greenfield, Arthur. 05
Greenfield, Julia... 10
Grems, M 50
Gries, Micheal ... 3 00
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Griffin, Henry C.. 1 00
Griffin, W M..... 1 00
Grisho, John 1 00
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Gwiney, Mrs N.... 1 00
Haag, M A.....10 00
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Hagemeyer, F E..15 00
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Haines, Mrs J.... 10
Hale, Helen L.... 2 00
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Halleck, Mrs C T. 3 00
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Hamilton, Lillian. 50
Hamilton, W L.... 1 00
Haney, Chas 1 00
Hanly, O W..... 1 00
Hanshare, W 50
Harding, Gilbert N 2 00
Hardy, E R..... 2 50
Harmon, Viola A. 5 00
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Hartman, W N.... 5 00
Hartman, Edwin S 1 00
Harton, Mrs S P. 2 00
Harvey, Mrs C P. 5 00
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Hasbrouck, M C.. 25
Haskins, Phebe E. 1 00
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Hegelman, Harry.. 1 00
Heminway, H A... 2 00
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Hendricks, Mr J.. 1 00
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Henty, H J..... 2 00
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Hicks, Mrs J T.. 1 00
Hiney, Mrs J W.. 1 00
Hoag, Mrs Henry. 1 00
Hodge, Mls E M. 5 00
Hoffmann, A A... 2 00
Holliday, Miss I.. 35
Holmes, Mr Geo.. 50
Holt, Martha 1 00
Homes Bros 15 00
Hoorvieh, H 1 00
Hopkins, Saml .. 2 00
Horton, E S..... 3 00
Horton, Mary S... 1 00
Hosking, Mr & Mrs Wm 2 00
Hover, Addie B... 1 00
Howard, Chas F... 5 00
Howes, Louisa ... 2 00
Howden, John H.. 5 00
Howland, Lewis .. 1 00
Hoyt, John 2 00
Hubbell, W W.... 1 00
Hudson, F 2 00
Huke, Mrs Ida L. 1 00
Hull, E 1 00
Humphrey, A A.. 1 00
Hunt, Isaac M.... 2 00
Hunter, M D.....10 00
Huntington, F T.. 1 50
Hutchinson, C E.. 5 00
Hutchinson, W H. 1 00
Hynard, Mrs F M 1 00
Hlloway, Dr H.... 2 00
Ingalls, Wm 5 00
Invin, Ira 25
Ives, O L..... 1 00
Jackson, Dr E S. 2 00
Jackson, L H.... 1 00
Jacobs, Miss R J.. 1 00
Jacobs, Mrs Wm.. 1 00
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Jelliff, C 10
Jenklns, John 10
Jenklns, Mrs D... 25
Jenkins, Mrs John. 10
Jeuks, Mrs Flora.. 25
Jewell, Mrs Fred.. 1 00
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Johnson, Mrs..... 1 00
Johnson, & Son, W F 2 00
Joint, H 25
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Jones, Mrs Emma. 1 00
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Keele, E P..... 1 00
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Kellington, Rev H E 1 00
Kellogg, A L..... 1 00
Kellogg, J N..... 1 00
Kellogg, Lincoln L 10
Kelsey, Mrs Jane. 10
Kenwell, M 5 00
Kenyon, J S..... 2 00
Keough, J R..... 1 00
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Kill, Mrs Fred.... 50
Kimball, Mrs Julia 25
King, Adelbert .. 1 00
King, Dr M L....10 00
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Kinnie, W J..... 5 00
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Knighton, Jas W & Frieuds 2 00
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Kraft, F W..... 10 00
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Lince, E 25
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Markham, C E.... 1 00
Markwick, H A.. 2 50
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Marsh, W J..... 1 00
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Mathews, A D.... 1 00
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Mattice, Mrs E... 1 00
Maury, Jas F.... 5 00
Maxwell, G S..... 5 00
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Maybach, Hy C... 1 00
Maybach, Herbt... 1 00
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McLeod, M E..... 1 00
McMillan, Miss K 2 00
McNeely, Minnle... 1 00
McNeil, Willie .. 10
McOmber, Mrs E. 25
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Mead, Ward 50
Mead, Mrs H..... 1 00
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Medd, J C..... 2 00
Mehnert, M & F.. 4 00
Mercer, G E..... 1 00
Mery, G 10 00
Merwin, M Tyler.. 1 02
Mesick, Irving ... 5 00
Metcalf, J E.....10 00
Meyer, H E..... 50
Milks, Nelson C... 2 00
Miles, Chas 1 00
Miller, Miss F.... 2 00
Miller, Mrs Ella.. 2 00
Miller, Mrs Henry. 1 00
Millls, Mrs S F.... 1 00
Milton, A, D & E.15 00
Mitchell, E B..... 2 00
Mobbs, Florence .. 10
Mook, Mr P P..... 1 50
Moore, Clyde 1 00
Moore, J N..... 2 00
Moore, L P..... 25
Moore, M C & A.. 2 00
Moore, Mrs L E. 5 00
Moore, R J..... 1 00
Moran, Mrs John.. 1 00
Morrell, M G..... 1 00
Morse, H C..... 50
Morse, Minnie 1 00
Morse, Orson 25
Morse, Walter 25
Moscovitz, Maurice. 1 00
Moseley, Mrs M W 1 00
Mount, Fred 1 00
Mount, G H..... 1 00
Mueller, Albert .. 1 00
Muller, Dr Alfred.10 00
Mnnger, Mabel S.. 1 00
Munson, Rev G L. 1 00
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Murray, Dr R A & family 25 00
Murray, Mrs John. 1 50
Myers, C F..... 2 00
Myers, Dr T H.... 5 00
Nevinger, Mrs P.. 5 00
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Nichols, Chas E... 5 00
Nichols, Dr Geo.. 2 00
Nicholas, G W.... 2 02
Nichol, Olive..... 11
Nickles, Geo 2 00
Nightingale, H ... 1 50
Nisbet, C S..... 1 00
Noles, Mrs Susie.. 50
Nordruff, E H.... 1 00
Northrup, Ell B.. 2 00
Norton, Evalyn .. 25
Norton, Marjorle .. 25
Noyes, C W..... 1 00
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Ogden, Mrs D.... 1 00
Oglesby, Mrs R A. 2 00
Ohly, C H.....10 00
Olds, Mrs W J.... 1 00
Orwin, Mrs N W.. 2 00
Ostrum, Mrs A.... 2 00
Pargett, G H..... 1 00
Palen, Mrs M H.. 50
Palm, Alice 50
Palmatier, Mrs H. 10
Palmer, Mary ... 1 00
Parker, Rosina ... 1 00
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Parry, Augusta B.10 00
Parsons, Mrs I S.. 2 00
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Pawliug, Mattie J. 1 00
Pearson, Rnth ... 50
Pease, J B..... 2 00
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Pease, Olive B.... 25
Pease, Sr, W B.. 2 00
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Percy, Mrs J M.. 50
Perkins, Mrs M C 5 00
Peterson, Christ .. 1 00
Phair, John T....10 00
Piercy, Mrs W J.. 50
Pierson, Chas E...10 00
Pintler, Mrs K.... 10
Pittard, Mary 1 00
Plank, Floyd H.... 2 00
Pollock, Mary E... 2 00
Potter, Mrs C C.. 25
Pratchatt, Mis M & Dr D D Stevens 10 00
Pratt, M E..... 1 00
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Prescott, J W..... 1 00
Presley, Ellen E.. 5 00
Presley, F W.....25 00
Presley, W H..... 1 00
Price, T & others. 5 25
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Rackow, Margt .. 1 00
Ralston, J A..... 1 00
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Ramsdell, Nettie... 1 00
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Raud, E Cornelia. 5 00
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Reed, John O..... 1 00
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Reese, Geo F..... 5 00
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Remington, A J... 4 50
Remington, L L... 1 00
Remsen, Wm O... 5 00
Resseguie, Mrs I.. 1 00
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Reynold, W S..... 1 50
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Rinehart, Mr C.. 50
Rinwald, H 50
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Robbins, Frank.... 50
Roberts, M & S... 1 00
Robertson, Mrs E. 1 00
Robertson, R 1 00
Robinson, G C..... 1 00
Rockford, Sarah M 25
Rockwell, Mary A 50
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Rosa, Mrs 50
Rose, A H..... 5 00
Rose, Ralph 1 00
Rose, W A..... 1 00
Rosecranse, Mr A 25
Rowe, Grace E.... 1 00
Rowland, Mrs J T 1 00
Rndolph, John ... 25
Rundle, Chas 1 00
Russell, Mrs O & Mrs F D Gleason 2 00
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Rutt, Miss 50
Ryan, Hilda 1 50
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Sale, Mrs Frank.. 25
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Schonmaker, E P. 2 50
Schmidt, Dr F.... 5 00
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Schwartz, M A & S F Vlekled.....10 00
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Scott, Mrs Jno T. 2 00
Scutt, Mrs Frank.. 1 00
Scutt, Mrs S..... 1 00
Seaborn, R A..... 4 00
Searl, Mrs F..... 1 00
Seavey, Wm E.... 5 00
Seely, Bessie M... 1 00
Seyboldt, The, Children 1 60
Seymour, G & others 2 00
Seymour, Mrs A... 2 00
Shaul, Mr L..... 25
Shaw, Mrs D W.. 1 00
Shaw, Mrs Orlie... 1 00
Shearer, Frank & T M K Doty.... 2 00
Shepard, A D..... 1 00
Shepardson, J W. 5 00
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Shipman, Mrs H.. 1 00
Shoemaker, Wm .. 5 00
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Siegel, F 2 00
Silsby, Horace C.. 1 00
Simpson, Jay 2 00
Skinney, Mrs M E & Mrs J Hewatt. 1 25
Slater, W 25
Sllngerland, I M.. 3 00
Small, Mrs C.... 50
Smith, C 1 00
Smith, Dr E A.... 2 00
Smith, Ed C..... 1 00
Smlth, F Conger.. 5 00
Smith, L H & wf 5 00
Smith, Mrs 20
Smith, Mr S C.. 50
Smith, Mrs M L.. 1 00
Smith, Mrs Walter 25
Smith, S C & Mrs A F Georgia ... 3 50
Smith, Wm 20 00
Smith, W J..... 1 00
Snyder, C E..... 5 00
Snyder, Florence W 1 00
Soules, Miles V... 10
Spencer, Miss A... 1 00
Spencer, Phebe H. 1 00
Spickerman, Mrs A 25
Spink, L A..... 2 00
Spokn, Mrs 20
Sponable, Nathan.. 1 00
Sprague, W B.... 3 00
Sprigg, Ed 15 00
Springstead, Mr G 25
Stafford, I C..... 3 00
Stanley, Ira 50
Stanyon, Wm 1 00
Starke, Dr G..... 1 00
Stebins, W K..... 1 00
Stephens, H G.... 2 00
Stevens, A G..... 1 00
Stevens, Mr Geo.. 25
Stevens, Mrs O D. 50
Stevens, Mrs O W 1 00
Stewart, Mrs M... 1 00
Strickland, R K.. 5 00
Stone, F E..... 2 00
Stover, Frank R... 2 00
Strachan, Miss M J 1 00
Strougtown M E Ch, Rushville 27 50
Stull, Jno M..... 5 00
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Sundburg, Elmer O 2 00
Sunke, Chas E.... 1 00
Sutherland, Mrs C 1 00
Sutherland, Rev W T 3 00
Swart, Geo G..... 1 00
Sweeney, S A..... 5 00
Sweezer, N H..... 1 00
Swezey, John B...10 00
Taber, Alfred 2 00
Taft, Mrs A..... 2 00
Talbot, Frank 2 00
Talbot, Mrs Floyd. 50
Tarrant, Wm P... 1 00
Taylor, Mr A..... 25
Taylor, Mrs Eva... 25
Taylor, Mrs J G W15 00
Taylor, Orlando .. 10
Tefft, Mary J..... 2 00
Teller, David 10
Teller, Mr Wm.... 30
Temple, Mrs G B. 50
Terbush, Mrs H.. 1 00
Terpening, Mr Ira 1 00
Thayer, S H..... 5 00
Thomas, Mrs A... 3 00
Thomas, Mrs R.... 25
Thomas, Wm 2 00
Thompson, Mr B F 1 00
Thompson, Mr & Mrs Wm 2 00
Thorne, W H..... 1 00
Thrall, F S.....13 00
Throup, T H..... 1 00
Tibbals, Miss S J. 1 00
Tice, Ah 10
Tilghman, F B...10 00
Timmerman, G A. 1 00
Tinker, J E..... 3 00
Tobin, John 50
Tolles, Edw D.... 1 00
Topper, C 1 00
Towner, Miss C A 2 00
Townsend, Mrs ... 25
Trimmer, Mr & Mrs L H..... 2 00
Tupp, Henry C... 1 00
Trnman, E D..... 2 00
Turner, James E.. 1 10
Turton, Mary E... 1 00
Tweedie, Alex 1 00
Tweedie, Margt .. 1 00
Tyler, Mary T.... 1 00
Tyrell, J S..... 1 00
Tyson, H H..... 5 00
Underwod, F..... 5 00
Utting, W W..... 1 00
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Vanaukin, Ira .. 1 00
Vanderworker, A..10 00
VanDerhoff, Miss M. coll by..... 6 65
Vaudusen, O 1 00
VanFleet, Mr F.. 1 00
Vanllorne, Dr S... 50
VanNess, Harold, Hazel & Donald.. 2 00
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Varney, Mrs A L. 1 00
Varney, Mrs C C.. 5 00
Veeder, Sarah E. 1 00
Vibard, Dr A A.. 3 00
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Voris, Ellz'th A... 2 00
Vrooman, Mrs C. 25
Wadsworth, A ... 5 00
Wager, Abbie J... 1 00
Wagner, Ernest H. 25
Wainwright, Delia. 1 00
Walker, M F..... 3 00
Walker, Mrs Dr... 25
Walker, Rev A D. 1 00
Walter, Mrs Chas 5 00
Walters, H D..... 3 50
Wandel, C H..... 2 00
Ward, Emma 10 00
Ward, Mr & Mrs J 2 00
Warlng, C E.....15 00
Warner, Mrs L M. 5 00
Warrem, Mrs J T, Thos & Mabel... 2 00
Warner, Mr & Mrs Chas 10
Warren, Rev A.... 1 00
Warren, Walter W10 00
Washburn, P C.... 1 00
Waterbury, W S.. 5 00
Waterman, Mrs B. 1 00
Watson, E B..... 1 00
Weeks, C M..... 10
Weir, Mr John.... 3 00
Wells, Emily H.. 1 00
Wells, Mrs D J & Effie Olds 1 50
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Werley, Mrs Levi. 25
Wheat, M E..... 1 50
Whipple, A P.... 1 00
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Yost, Mrs Olive.. 1 00
Yonnd, Mls Anna. 02
Young, Chas F A 1 00
Young, Miss L.... 1 00
Young, Mrs O R.. 1 00
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Yonng, Thos 10 00
Zinmer, Mrs Flora. 1 00
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One who Wishes to Help, Cuba 5 00
High Sch of Earlville 9 59
Tailors employed by C T Goode, Geneso 1 50
Lady Friends of Indian Castle, Glens Falls 5 65
Laurel Crest Farm House, Glen Wild 2 00
Citizens of Gosham, Gosham 12 50
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Prim & Inter Dept of Un Sch, Leonardsville 3 10
The Class that works and wins, Malone 1 50
Willing Workers, Masena 1 31
A Widow, N Y C. 5 00
Carpenter Sch, N Y C 1 75
Inst of the Blind, N Y C.....40 00
From Citizens of Phelps 31 60
A Family, St Johnsville 5 00
Home for Destitute Children, Seaman 66
The Baldwins, Shelter Isld 3 20
A "Tormented" One, Syracnse 1 00
Un Endicott High Sch, Union 10 65
Watts de Peyster Hosp & Home for Invalid Children, Verbank 5 00
Dist No 6, School Cehildren, Wales. 1 55
Mother, W Hebron. 2 00
Cheerful Giver, Woodstock 1 00
The Willing Workers of The Neperkan Ave Bapt Ch, Yonkers 10 00
Coll at a neighborhood party at Mr & Mrs C Peters.. 2 25
7th Day Bapt Ch, Andover 4 50
Cong'l Ch, Aqueboque 27 65
Argnsville Lnth Ch, Argnsville 6 00
Sharon Hill Luth Ch, Argnsville .. 5 00
Pres Ch, Boonville.12 75
Ladies Ald of Faxon Ave Pres Ch, Buffalo 3 00
U P Ch, Burlington14 00
1st Pres Ch, Canastota 52 67
M P Ch, Columbia City 11 00
The Ch's of Delhi.50 00
M E Ch, E Durham . 4 75
M E Ch, Fonda.... 9 00
F M Soe, Pres Ch, Fulton 5 50
Smnshine Band, Pres Ch, Goshen 1 50
N Urbana Bapt Ch, Hammondsport .. 3 60
Un Ch, Hoyt Cor. 5 00
So Side Bapt Ch, Hornellsville 1 00
Bapt Ch, Massena.12 64
Twelve Girls of the 1st M E Ch, Naples 18 75
E Side Parish, M E Ch, N Y C...20 72
Trinity Ch, Northport 1 45
Cong Ch, Otisco.. 2 00
1st Bapt Ch, Rome20 00
M E Ch, Roslyn... 5 50
C E of Ref Ch, Selkirk 12 00
Chr Ch, S Berne.. 5 00
Stamford U P Ch of S Kortright...36 63
Pres Ch, S Salem.21 00
1st Pres Ch, Springville 5 00
1st Summit Bapt Ch & S S, Summit 31 60
Trinity Guild of E Ch, Swedesboro..10 00
1st Pres Ch, W Constable 3 00
Bapt Ch C E, Westfield 5 25
Needle Work Guild, Wrights C Ch, Wrights Cors ...10 00
6th Ref Ch S Sch, Albany 17 00
1st Pres S Sch, Albion 50 00
Third Ward Bible Cl, Baldwinsville. 3 25
S S, Berryville.... 5 15
I C Heath's S S Cl, M E Ch, Binghamton 8 50
Jr Dept, Bushwick Ave Ref S Sch, Bklyn 2 85
German United Ev St Pauls S Sch, Buffalo 13 57
Prim Dept, McKendre M E S Sch, Candor 3 70
Univ S S, Dolgerville 1 50
Un S S, Dunkirk.. 1 25
Bapt S S, E Anrora 10 00
S Sch, E Camphell 1 00
S S, E Quogue....10 00
S Sch, Fabius.....10 10
S Sch, Fairmount. 7 00
Ref Ch S S, Fonda 5 50
S Sch & Y P Soc of U B Church, Frewsburg 5 00
Bardea Cl, M E Ch, Granville 1 00
M E S Sch, Killawog 3 00
Liberty, Bapt S S, Liberty 6 61
M E S S, Lyous...20 25
Bapt S S, Massena 6 05
Infant Cl in the 1st M E S S, Naples 1 75
Hullsville S Sch, Owego 5 00
Chr S S, Pitcairn. 2 87
Ref Ch S S, Port Ewen 10 00
Highland Ref S S & Y P S C E of Saugerties 2 75
S S, Trln Ep Ch, Edwards, Miss .. 2 00
Epw Lea, M E Ch, Sprague, E A 1 50
Weekworth, L & P 20
Stehmaus Memr U Ch, Zellenople.. 8 00
Shearson, Wm A.. 5 00
Phara 06
Smith, Mr & Mrs A 2 00
Veevers, Mrs & Saugerties 7 00
M E S S, Seneca Falls 10 50
S Bay S S, S Bay 2 00
Jr Philaltrea Class, Stephentown 5 80
Gibson Cors S Sch, Waits 3 45
Mens Bible Class of the Pres Ch, Waterloo 10 00
S S, Wrights Cors 3 00
Womans Miss Soc of Afton Pres Ch, Afton 2 02
C E Soc, U B Pres Ch, Albany 3 00
Y U S C E of 1st Pres Ch, Bath...13 50
Y P Soc, Cazenovia25 37
C E Soc of the Pres Ch, Chazy 6 00
C E Soc, Chlchester 3 00
C E

SAN FRANCISCO, THE CITY OF TENTS

SAN FRANCISCO is now a city of tents and "shacks," and it is estimated that at least fifty thousand people are camping out. A large number are living in abandoned frame houses, in the outskirts, which, though wrecked, afford better shelter than the temporary structures that fill the parks and dot the public squares and vacant lots. These people are compelled to cook their frugal meals on ovens improvised from bricks and old iron, placed in the gutters or in the street. Stringent orders have been issued that there shall be no fires started in the houses, as it would mean another conflagration, as there is probably not one undamaged chimney within miles of San Francisco City Hall.

A San Francisco Bread-Line

Over a quarter of a million people, so reports the commanding general, are drawing government supplies, the rations consisting chiefly of flour and potatoes. Meals cooked from these

Headquarters of Relief Committees

The Front of the Grand Hotel

might be considered as rather monotonous diet by most people, but everybody is hungry, and dyspepsia disappeared in the city, along with other luxuries, on the first day of the disaster. People eat everything they can get and want more. There is yet great danger that an epidemic of typhoid fever may occur on account of the number of people in the emergency camps, it being impossible to enforce sanitary measures when the people are distributed over so wide an area.

The people themselves, in many instances, are careless as long as an epidemic does not make its appearance. Here and there, wherever the asphalt pavement is clear, the authorities have painted in letters a yard high, on sidewalks and streets, the warning, "Boil All Drinking Water," in the hope that the people will avoid the danger incurred by using the San Francisco supply in its present dangerous condition. The committees in charge of relief work have developed a better system for the distribution of food, etc., bedding and clothing, so that it will be on a more equitable basis. During the rush of the first few weeks, with almost a whole city to provide for, there was a great deal of waste that was unavoidable. The committees have also made arrangements for the opening of a number of cheap restaurants, in order that people, especially workmen and their families, who do not wish to remain on the public charge as long as they have funds of their own, may be accommodated.

It now appears that the earthquake shock was most violent north of San Francisco, in the region around Bolinas Bay, the first harbor up the coast from the Golden Gate. There the ground was cracked open for a distance of twenty miles, the cleft being, in some places, several feet wide, and 300 feet deep. Mr. E. B. Nelson, of Olema, says, "the fissure extends from Bolinas Bay to Tomales. When the shock came, the men were milking the cows on the dairy ranch of P. F. Shafter. The farmhouse barely escaped falling into the fissure, but one of the cows was swallowed up.

Most of the towns about the bay were almost completely destroyed, portions of Marshalls and Bolinas having sunk into the waters of the inlet. Out in the bay itself long bars are visible at low tide where the mud and sand were thrown up by the shock. Why it did not start a large tidal wave here is a great mystery.

Dr. D. P. Anderson, of Santa Rosa, a reader of this paper, has written a letter to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, describing conditions in his city. Santa Rosa, next to San Francisco, it will be remembered, was the most badly damaged of the California towns, both from the shock and the fire which immediately followed. He says that although the loss suffered is not so bad as at first reported, it is truly appalling, and needs no embellishment. The conditions of the business district could hardly be overestimated. Every brick or stone store business block in town, over one story in height, is down, and nearly all were swept with fire. The heart of the district was literally eaten out. All of the churches were wrecked, but the congregations have resumed services, and opened the Sunday Schools. The fine court-house is in ruins, as is the Carnegie Library. The resident portion of the town was practically all damaged by falling beams, chimneys, and roofs. The fire in this district, however, was not as extensive as at first reported by telegraph to eastern publications. Photographs received show the handsome buildings of this once beautiful town, torn and shattered, fire blackened, and wrecked beyond repair. But the people who remain are full of hope and courage, and intend to build a new and finer Santa Rosa than existed before the earthquake. They are already clearing away the debris and starting reconstruction. The public schools have resumed sessions, as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened.

Ruins of a Business Block

The local Chinese question is causing the authorities much anxiety. It was proposed to move them from their present location, between Nob Hill and the business district, to the vicinity of Hunter's Point. The rich Chinese merchants threaten to move their business to Seattle or Portland, if the order is carried out. Millions of dollars are invested in the trade with China, a large part of which is controlled by native Chinese merchants, and as the city cannot afford to drop any of its resources at this time, the officials find themselves in an unpleasant position. The Chinese Legation in Washington, is also interesting itself in the matter. Agents have been interviewing the Chambers of Commerce of several coast cities, to see if the San Francisco Chinamen would be received in a body. Contributions received to date for San Francisco sufferers:

Families Camping in the Parks

A Street in the City of Tents

Amanda and Mary Gray	$10 00	Katie Ward	1 00
Ezra R. Benton	10 00	Fred N. Robinson	50
Farm Laborer, Unionville, Mich	50	Two Friends, Northampton, Mass	50
School District No. 3, Pike Trop, O	1 50	E. P. Frisbie	1 00
A. E. N., Niskayuna, N. Y.	4 00	Mapleton School, Sioux Falls, S. Dak	1 00
S. W., Reading, Mass	1 00	Mrs. J. B. Shurr	1 00
L. M., Rockville, Md	1 00	Jackson Corners Epworth League Society, N. Y	6 50
Mrs. G. E. Shaw	50	O. E. Ganiard	50
Friend, Pratt City, Ala	5 00	Mrs. Robert Ellison	1 00
Y. W. C. T. U., Lyons Falls, N. Y	5 00	T. J. Pifer	2 00
Mrs. E. A. Street	1 00	Friend of the Needy, Maine	3 00
James Van Valkenburgh's S. Sch. Class in 12th Reformed Ch. Brooklyn, N.Y	5 00	Nan K. and Louis Huntington	1 00
James E. Anderson	2 00	Second Reformed Church S. Sch., Freehold, N. J	5 00
Joseph W. Sanders	1 00	Mrs. Rose C. Nece	5 00
Charles Anderson	4 00	W. G. C., Essex, Conn	5 00
Mrs. A. W. Kirkbride	1 00	James Smith	1 00
S. A. Severance	1 00	Mrs. Jane Jimason	10 00
C. N. Adams	1 00	A Friend, Martinsville, Va.	2 00
Harriet E. Strong	50 00	Cash, Byrdton, Va	5 00
R. I. Friend	1 00	Mrs. J. M. Doughty	5 00
Wm. Lyons	10 00	In His Name, Cedar Rapids,	5 00
Friend, Irene, S. Dak	2 50	E. M. Novak	1 00
Kate Phillips	50	G. C. Huffman	10 00
Louis De Lancett	3 00	Montgomery Baptist Ch., Colmar, Pa	23 50
Mrs. M. J. Cooke	1 00		

A MOTHER'S PRAYER ANSWERED

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS*

JESUS and his apostles were quite accustomed to seeing Jewish and even Samaritan mothers, with their children in arms or following them, coming to ask healing and blessing. But this Syro-Phœnician woman was a new type. Jesus and his apostles were in a region they had not visited before, on the borders of Tyre and Sidon, on their way from Capernaum to Cæsarea Philippi. But the Syro-Phœnician mother proved herself as devoted to her child as any Jewish or Samaritan mother. One of her neighbors, returning from Capernaum, had told her about the sick children whom Jesus had cured that Sabbath night at the door of Peter's house, and she had also heard, no doubt, of the little daughter of Jairus whom Jesus raised from the dead. She had pondered these things as she bewailed her demented daughter, and prayed that such help might come to her. A neighbor rushes in, saying, "Even now the great Nazarene is in a house next beyond mine." Not a second is to be lost. The mother leaves her child in care of the kind neighbor and rushes off to find Jesus. She falls down before him and pleads with him to make her little daughter well. Her cries are so loud, so earnest, that the apostles are annoyed, and they ask Jesus to send her away. To test her, Jesus says that his mission is to the Jews, first, whom he speaks of as God's own "children." But the mother is sagacious as well as earnest. She calls herself one of the little dogs that welcomes the crumbs which children drop from the table. Her faith and humility appeal to Jesus, and he says to her: "For this saying, Go thy way: the devil is gone out of thy daughter." The woman weeps aloud for joy, mingling her praises with her cries. She hurries home. Her neighbor stands at the door to greet her with the word, "The devil is gone out of thy daughter"—the very words which Jesus used. Together the women go to the bed where the child lies. She opens her great dark eyes and smiles at her mother, with a sweetness the mother had never before seen in her face. She arises from the bed and goes about her play, like any other child, only from that time forward she is unusually sweet and gentle in her ways, for the spirit of Jesus is in her instead of the evil spirit that had possessed her.

"A certain woman heard of him, and came and fell at his feet"

Illustration and Application

He went into the borders of Tyre and Sidon. By this and other tours of healing and teaching outside of Palestine, Jesus showed he was the Saviour of "all sorts and conditions of men" in every land. God had elected the Jews only to be his helpers in saving other nations, but some of them were so blinded by pride as to think they alone were elected to be saved. No Christian in America or Great Britain or elsewhere thinks of Jesus as a foreigner. "Behold the Man"—the international Man, the uni-national Man, the Citizen of the World, the true Humanitarian. To the Christian no man should seem a foreigner, but every one a neighbor and a brother. Especially should all Christians feel as brothers to each other the world over—all members of the broadest and deepest of fraternities. Some races of men are spoken of as almost brutish, but surely every one is truly human in which true conversions occur.

A chief named Africaner, in the days of Robert Moffat, the missionary to the Dark Continent, was such a desperado that the Governor at Capetown, Lord Charles Somerset, offered a reward of one hundred pounds for his head. Before any one could capture him, however, he became a changed man through faith in Christ, and acted as travelling companion to the missionary. Shortly after his conversion, he journeyed with Moffat to Capetown, and sought the hospitality of a Boer farmhouse for a day and a night. "Mynheer, I am Moffat, of whom you have already heard." "Moffat, indeed, you must be his ghost! Pray do not come near me. Moffat was murdered by that monster Africaner months ago." After a while the farmer appeared convinced that his visitor was really Moffat, who said: "You did not know perhaps, that Africaner was a converted man." "I cannot credit that," said the cautious Boer; "there are seven wonders in the world already, and that would make the eighth." Africaner smiled, but said nothing. "Well, if what you say is true, I should like to see the change in the man. He killed my uncle, but I should like to see the tame tiger." "Mynheer, here is Africaner standing before you." "Are you Africaner?" he said at length, turning to the chief. "I am, Mynheer," he replied with a bow. Then, with deep emotion, the farmer said: "O God, what a miracle of thy power! What cannot thy grace accomplish after this!" The two travellers reached their destination in due course, and saw the British Governor, who was so convinced of the reality of Africaner's changed life, that he handed the chief the hundred pounds which had been set aside as the price of his head.

In Bibles carried by ships, and "ships of the desert," and elsewhere, and by the deeper influence of the Bible in "living epistles," Christ is to-day visiting all coasts to hear and answer the cry of the human heart for deliverance from the devil.

A certain woman whose young daughter had an unclean spirit came and fell at his feet. Here is a "touch of nature that makes the whole world kin"—a parent's anxiety for a devil-possessed child. Mother-love! It is the sweetest, purest thing this side of heaven. Henry Ward Beecher once said: "What we mean by the millennial day is when all hearts shall know how to love as a mother loves. The time is coming when the same love that a mother pours upon the cradle will be diffused so that man shall regard man, the world over, with disinterested fidelity." This is the command of Christ. This is the ideal kingdom, "In honor preferring one another," "It is impossible," say some. You can do it; it is done every day. It was done when you were born. It is being done in ten thousand households, and the command is to make that common in all society, which is, thank God, in almost every true household where love rules. Men have debated sagely whether there is such a thing as disinterested love. Of course, right doing always makes a man feel better than wrong doing; but that is not the motive that inspired it. Disinterested love is nowhere greater than in a mother's heart, and next to that in a dog's—to our own shame, be it spoken.

That brings us to the bright word of humility and persistency, in which the mother, rebuffed as a Gentile "dog" by the apostles, who as yet think Jews the only children of God, and for a moment tested also by Christ himself, describes herself as one of the "little dogs" that feed on the crumbs that fall from the children's table. Here we see the least in self-esteem greatest in Christ's esteem. "O woman, great is thy faith!" He was not afraid of promoting pride by deserved praise. We have Christ's own example in many a case for bestowing our flowers of genuine appreciation upon human hearts while they throb with life, struggling bravely perhaps like this mother's, with a great sorrow. Christ's example prompts us not only to praise God, but also to praise each other. Flattery is a very different thing—one of the worst forms of falsehood, by which many a vain woman has been tripped into the bottomless pit, and many a weak man spoiled with puffed-up pride. There is too much flattery. Any is too much. But there is not enough of frank expression, of loving appreciation by husbands and wives to each other; by parents and children; by masters and servants. Even when a service has been paid for, if faithfully done, it merits the added grace of spoken appreciation, which is far better than the "tip," a combination of bribery, beggary and burglary.

But while we praise mothers, let them praise God for all that Jesus has done for mothers, in his own birth, in his inauguration of a higher status for woman, in his emancipation of mothers from the superstitions that curse all save Christian mothers.

A British officer walking on the banks of the sacred river Ganges, to which so many Hindu parents have offered children as sacrifices, saw a moaning mother followed by a strong, lovely boy and a puny, homely girl. The Englishman asked what was the matter, and in reply the woman murmured, "The gods are angry with me." "Why?" he said. "Because they have given me this miserable little girl." "But you have that boy?" All that the poor woman would say was: "The gods are angry with me." Then the officer passed on, not knowing what she meant. By and by he returned, and there was the same woman, and the same little girl with her. But where was the boy? Thrown into the Ganges. In astonishment the officer asked: "Surely, if you had to give one, you could have given the girl?" But the mother looked at him with her piercing, earnest eyes, and answered him with these words: "Sahib, do you think I would give my god anything but the best?"

In a more intelligent way surely every mother should give to God her boy, as well as her girl, even though greater effort be needed to keep him as pure as he would wish and expect his sister to be and some other boy's sister, who is to be his wife.

In this lesson, the devil-possessed daughter, whatever that may mean, suggests the sad case where a mother's sorrow is not her boy, but her girl. King Oswy, of Northumbria, an ancient division of England, having become a Christian, and being about to go to an uncertain battle with Penda, the heathen king of Mercia, vowed if God would give him victory, he would devote his beautiful daughter Elfreda to Christ, rather than to the vanities of society and pleasure. Her father won, and she became a Christian teacher of great influence, rejoicing that her parents, like Samuel's, had devoted her to so noble a service. Victory in the battle of life is sure for the families that thus devote their children to the service of God. Charles M. Alexander sings in Torrey revival meetings:

When I was but a little boy, how well I recollect,
How I would grieve my mother with my folly and neglect,
And now that she has gone to heaven, I miss her tender care;
O, Saviour, tell my mother I'll be there.

Tell mother I'll be there, in answer to her prayer,
This message, blessed Saviour, to her bear:
Tell mother I'll be there, heaven's joys with her to share,
Yes, tell my darling mother I'll be there.

Encouragement to Prayer. This miracle, like many others, is mostly a lesson on prayer. As has been often said, miracles were not wrought for the body but for the soul. Even in later New Testament times miracles on the body grew less, and those in the souls of men were chiefly relied on to prove the power of God. When Jesus wrought miracles on the body he taught that it was all for the sake of the soul: "That ye may know the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins, then saith he to the sick of the palsy, Arise." It was as if he had said, What I do for the body is to show you what I can and will do for your sick souls.

Miracles are teachers of prayer. They were tangible answers to prayer by a visible Christ. Men asked and received. Usually Christ waited for the needy one to ask (John 5: 6). Sometimes the answer was delayed, as in the story of this lesson, perhaps to increase as well as reveal earnestness. Sometimes he gave a different and better answer than was expected, as when Mary asked for the healing of Lazarus and got a resurrection.

*International Sunday School Lesson for June 3. The Gentile Woman's Faith, Mark 7: 24-30. GOLDEN TEXT: "Great is thy faith; be it unto thee, even as thou wilt" Matt. 15: 28.

Our Household Circle

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Etiquette of Conversation

THE etiquette of correspondence, of entertaining, of the visiting card, of the evening call, of afternoon tea, of the dinner party, and of other social functions, is confessedly a matter of interest to all women, and to many men. But the etiquette of conversation, although of equal importance with the others, is little understood, and is constantly invaded by well-meaning people, who fail to be polite because they forget that conversation has rules, and that politeness requires that the rule shall be obeyed.

In the first place, conversation cannot be carried on in solitude. A Spanish proverb tells us that it takes two to make a quarrel. We need no proverb to let us know that it takes two to carry on the simplest talk. A half-dozen people may join in a conversation, or it may be limited to a duet, or a trio; but if it is monopolized by a single person, it becomes a monologue, or a speech, a sermon, an address, a lecture, or an oration; but it ceases to be conversation. No person has the privilege in conversation of taking the floor and keeping it so long that no one else has a chance to speak. Good talkers are often transgressors in this particular. Once fairly launched in full tide of argument or anecdote, they simply talk on and on and on, like Tennyson's famous brook:

> Men may come, and men may go.
> But I go on forever.

The ideal talker knows when to stop, and courteously waits until his friend or his opponent, as it may be, has the opportunity for retort, or for his turn to speak.

* * *

A very common violation of conversational etiquette is found where people interrupt one another. An eager, vehement person, who is not a good listener, rushes in without waiting for her friend to finish her sentence, either corroborrating a statement made, or denying it, or in some way putting in her word. In some families, two sisters, or a mother and daughter are so anxious to be heard, that both talk at once, and the stronger drowns the weaker.

A bit of conversational rudeness is noticed when some one hesitates in a sentence while the brain looks for a missing word or name, and the listener makes haste to supply the want. This should very seldom be done. Politeness requires quiet waiting until the person speaking gets hold of the lost clue, and proceeds without prompting.

Another conversational lapse is illustrated by those who never fail to pounce upon an unwary speaker with the disagreeable remark that you said so-and-so the other day, just the opposite of what you are saying now; or who tell you that you are mistaken as to what happened on a special occasion. Unless the matter is imperative, corrections should not be made in conversation. It is far better to pass over a mistake, than to call attention to it in a public way.

* * *

Most conversational blunders are due to inadvertence. In some families there is a fixed habit of interrupting, so that the table, always the arena for domestic talk, bristles like a field of battle. It is almost certain that there would be much less household friction if those who know and love one another would only, in their daily intercourse, conform to simple, ordinary rules of good breeding and good feeling.

As to the topics of conversation, they spring from politics, social gossip, the doings of the community, new inventions and discoveries, the bright sayings of the babies, etc. This paper is not so much concerned about the matter of conversation as about its manner. Slang and profanity are wholly without excuse. Contradiction is invariably boorish. He or she who would be truly a lady or a gentleman does not betray irritation when conversing, and never by look or sign intimates that a well-worn story has been heard before.

Something, too, may be said about the management of the voice. A low, sweet voice is soothing and pleasing, and a loud declamatory one is not suited to the domestic hearth. Dogmatism may thunder from a pulpit, but it is completely out of place in a drawing-room.

An Open Fire

In our variable climate, after the furnace or the large stove is out, there is often occasion for a bit of fire on the hearth in chill mornings and evenings. A blaze that one can see always carries with it cheerfulness as well as warmth. As we draw our chairs near the leaping and sparkling flame of pine knots, or the steady roseate glow of hickory and oak, or listen to the soft hiss and sputter of cannel coal, the genial heat steals into our frames and unites us closer in a friendly bond. Nothing is pleasanter, and, it may be added, few things are more hygienic than a fire on the hearth. Do not be in too much haste, O notable housewife, in starting your annual spring-cleaning. If you get it over too soon, you may worry about ashes or soot, or a falling cinder. Wait until summer stands in the doorway before you turn the house upside down, bring in the white-wash brush and the scrubbing-pail and the floor-cloth and the suds. Cleanliness is not incompatible with comfort, and yet when it lays a prohibition upon an open fire and forbids us to be cozy, we utter a protest.

AN ANXIOUS MOMENT

When Dolly is ill we sit around, and wonder what to do;
We fan her to cool the fever; we send for the doctor, too.
We are always worried when Dolly is ill, and even Fido keeps very still.

Stupid Fashions

Fortunately for us all, winter has departed and spring has taken her pleasant place in his stead. We have seen some stupid vagaries of fashion in our day, but never anything half so silly as the wearing by pretty girls of thin waists, open at the neck, with only a film of muslin or a network of embroidery between the skin and the inclement air; the same girls walking on the street in open-work stockings and low shoes when the temperature was at the freezing point. The same young women wore fur boas and carried muffs for ornament. What they will do to show a lack of common sense in the dog days remains to be seen. At present short sleeves are in the ascendant, and long-armed gloves, costing as much again as gloves that fasten at the wrist, are in vogue. The caprices of fashion are endless, and her tyrannies continue unimpaired from one century to another. Looking over delineations of fashion in succeeding eras, we perceive that little is new. The wheel turns round and women, however advanced, in time turn with it.

Friendship and Confidence

FRIENDSHIP at its best is the most educational experience possible to men and women, for, since by its very existence, it demands and implies reciprocity of sentiment and mutual obligation, in every friendship worth the name, there is a continual leading out of self and a continual growth toward excellence.

No real friendship, flawless as a gem and spherical and serene, can be maintained in dignity and aspiration to the highest ideal where the parties to it are afraid, for any reason, to be entirely sincere with one another. If, for any cause, there is conscious hedging by this one and fencing by that; if, at times, one friend or the other approaches thin ice in the familiar intercourse, and mentally looks out for a danger signal, the friendship is incomplete and fails of its highest plane.

It is not so much that a friend desires to invest a friend with all lovable and beautiful qualities, as that the qualities themselves have brought about the friendship and are taken for granted, as fragrance and warmth and sunshine and atmosphere are taken as of course. Friendship is founded on congeniality: it can only live where there are fitness and responsiveness. In its varying degree it may sometimes bind the younger very closely to the older, the unlearned to the scholarly, the toiling to the affluent; but, unless in exceptional cases, it reaches its best expression where environment and intellectual conditions are favorable, and, to some extent equal. There must be kinship of mind and communion of interest to begin the friendship. For its growth, propinquity, a common faith, reverence for the individual of each on the part of both, and an unstudied altruism are probably essential. In the strongest friendship there is jealousy, not of the mean and base sort, which is an exaggeration of self-love and lies in wait for offence, but of the pure and noble kind, which exacts from the beloved one that which is worthy his best endeavor, which can accept nothing half-hearted and nothing trivial in a friend's thought and performance.

The friendship which is at once a personal offering and a rejoicing in the finest development of the friend will not hesitate at the truth, nor build itself on anything lower than the truth. Entire candor between friends supposes in them a nobility which does not cry for compliment and praise, but which does claim and appreciate sincerity. Not the childish and petulant phrase: "Tell me my faults and I'll tell you yours," is meant in this relation, but the instant answering of soul to soul in an outgo of never-ceasing helpfulness.

Such a friendship may exist between man and man, or between woman and woman, or, perhaps oftenest, between man and woman. When, in the latter case, it reaches its fullest flower of beauty in marriage, it becomes a type and symbol of that divine harmony which subsists between Christ and the Church. Husband and wife must be friends in the truest sense, if their marriage is to mean what heaven intends marriage to be—the most of heaven which can be bestowed on earth and expressed in an earthly home. But friendship is not necessarily a thing of sex—it is a thing of soul. Two men, loving one another as men can love, clinging to one another in all vicissitudes, believing in one another, and holding one another sternly to the best by reason of their love, realize such fulness of devotion as the Bible sets forth in the idyl of David and Jonathan. Nay, did not our Lord himself, yearning for human sympathy, among his disciples select one who has come down through the ages as "that disciple whom Jesus loved"?

Between friends let there be the assurance of perfect candor. We shall love one another more, not less, if we give at times the helping hand and say the word which means disillusion for the moment only, that in the next there may be a clearer knowledge, the cobwebs swept away, and the sunshine pouring its light into every corner of the soul.

The Chariots of the Lord

A Story of the Days of Religious Persecution in England

BY JOSEPH HOCKING

Summary of Preceding Chapters

During the reign of James II., whose father, Charles I., was beheaded in the revolution under Oliver Cromwell, a determined effort was made by the King to win England to Roman Catholicism. He persecuted the Protestants and had a willing instrument in Lord Jeffreys, an ignorant man, who had been raised to the bench by the king. The story opens with a scene in his court, in which the hero, Benedict Trelawney, denounced Jeffreys to his face, as an unjust judge. He was committed to prison. On his way he was enabled to escape by a girl, who told him her name was Mary. She guided him to the house of a Protestant, who gave him shelter and introduced him to another refugee, a Scotchman named Donald Stewart. On the following day he received his sword, which had been taken from him, and found upon it a message from the girl who had saved him, asking him to meet her that night at the Temple Church. He has an interview with her there, in which she advises him to have nothing to do with a conspiracy, then being organized against the king. He is surprised at her knowledge, and suspects that she is a daughter of Judge Jeffeys, of whom he has heard as being her father's spy. Disregarding her advice, he associates himself with the Duke of Monmouth, a natural son of Charles II., who invades England. After the defeat of Monmouth, Trelawney hides in a cave, but is found and lodged in jail. When brought to trial, a letter reached Jeffreys from the King ordering Trelawney sent to him. That night the bars were sawn from the window of the prison by some unknown friend and Trelawney escaped in a carriage waiting for him. In the carriage was the girl who had previously saved him from his captors, who restores to him his sword. She tells him that sometime she may need a friend to do her service, and he promises he will be that friend. Afterwards she gives him up to the king's officers.

CHAPTER XXV.—Continued

"WELL, Captain Trevor," said Trelawney, "and how long before we start?"

"Not for some hours. The horses need rest, and for that matter so do we," was the Captain's reply.

"And where do we go when we start?"

"That is not for me to say, nor for you to know."

He shrugged his shoulders carelessly. "Oh, very well," he said quietly.

Captain Trevor laughed. "That is good," he said. "I like a prisoner who neither frets nor fumes, although by my faith you might be excused if you lost your head."

"I have lost it too lately to lose it again so soon," replied Benedict bitterly.

"I should not have wondered if you had lost your heart, either," laughed the Captain.

"The heart," said Trelawney; "oh, the heart is a different matter."

Captain Trevor looked at him closely, evidently he was trying to form an estimate of the man he was to guard carefully.

"Well," he said presently, "we shall not leave this place till after noon. Perchance you will want to rest."

"No, I have rested enough these last few weeks. I have no need of rest."

"Then let us make the best of our surroundings. A pipe of tobacco now."

"As you will."

"Ah, that is good. You have a steady nerve."

"Have I? Well I came of a race of men who have been renowned for steady nerves."

"I' faith so you have."

"Am I forbidden to ask questions?"

"No; but I shall use my own judgment as to whether I answer them," replied the Captain.

"That is to be expected. I may sit down, I suppose?"

"Ay, sit down. Be as comfortable as you can."

"This is better than Taunton gaol at all events," thought the young man. "At least I am treated as a man and not as a beast. Besides, I would rather receive the judgment of King James than of Jeffreys. At least he can be a gentleman if he tries."

His spirits rose as if by magic. Freedom from a gloomy prison and the black thought of Jeffreys' judgment was something to be thankful for. Besides, he had partaken of a good breakfast. The Trelawney's were always good trenchermen. As for Mary Jeffreys, he would drive her from his mind. He had been a fool, a blind fool, but he would no longer think of her. He found it hard to do this. Again and again did she appear to him as she looked in the early morning when the sun shone upon her winsome, girlish face; but he strove against her. He would fight against his madness, ay, and in spite of everything, he would have his revenge. No, he would not give up hope. True, there were twenty to one, and his chances of escape were as one in a million; but from his earliest childhood he had been trained never to give up hope. During the time he was at Taunton gaol nothing seemed possible, but now—well, he was to keep his sword, and he was not to be tied to his horse's back like a common prisoner. He was not a fool, in spite of his madness, and in spite of what the girl had said. If he was not a free man before the next forty-eight hours had passed away, well, it should not be his fault. During the night he had been too excited to understand; but now he had men to deal with.

So he lay back in his chair and puffed out clouds of tobacco with seeming enjoyment. Two of the officers besides Captain Trevor joined him.

"I suppose Jeffreys is still at work?" said Trevor.

Trelawney shrugged his shoulders. "What would you?" he said. "As the late King used to say, 'the fellow is no gentleman.' Give such as he power and we know what follows. Still, he only obeys the King's will."

"That is true," said Trevor, "but I' faith never have rebels died so bravely. It hath been told me that at Dorchester and at Exeter not a man cringed or craved for pardon. Each man, preachers and all, walked to the scaffold without a shiver. Some, I have been told, went thither singing hymns."

"Ay, braver men never went to battle."

"But Monmouth——".

"Speak not of him," said Trelawney; "he makes me sick."

"He makes any brave man sick. Why, the fellow cried like a child. First he pleaded with the King, then with the Queen. Then he tried to throw the blame on others. First on Argyle, then on Ferguson, then on Grey, and finally, to crown all, he offered to change his religion. Well, he's dead, besides hundreds more. Still—I say, Captain Trelawney, you are not the man to retail private conversation between gentlemen?"

"Do not speak if you think I am."

"But I know you are not. I have met men of your name before. Besides, it's the talk of the country."

"What is?"

"The rising feeling against the King. Yes, this campaign of Jeffreys' is doing the King's cause no good. I don't so much mind the King being a papist, although papists have been the curse of England any time these last hundred and fifty years. But to pretend to support the Protestant Church of England, and then to drag in his priests at every hole and corner. I tell you, I am no man at religion, but there—it makes me sick. As you say, Jeffreys is but a tool."

"A willing tool," said Trelawney.

"Yes, he's hand in glove with the King."

"He seems to have many spies, too."

"Spies! There are spies at every corner. But no man dares oppose Jeffreys; he is listening at every keyhole."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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The Chariots of the Lord

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 466

"And there is no cleverer listener than his own daughter," said one of the others.

"Speak not so loud, Lieutenant Grimshaw," said Captain Trevor. "Who knows what she may hear."

The three men who guarded Trelawney looked nervously aroond.

"She is a mystery to me, gentlemen," said the young Cornishman.

"Mystery! She is a mystery to everyone. I simply cannot believe in all the stories I have heard abont her."

"It was she who betrayed me into your hands, I suppose."

"Yes; and 'pon my soul, Trelawney, I am sorry for you. Ay, I dare say that much. I have no grudge against yon; and while you are with me you shall have all the courtesy and consideration which a prisoner of quality may expect."

Trelawney tried to look into the bottom of this, but he was baffled. He could see no light anywhere. He was a prisoner; he had been taken from one prison only to be delivered into another, and that was all he knew.

"I have heard that Jeffreys treats her like a dog, too, for all the way she serves him," said Lieutenant Grimshaw after a minute's silence.

"Ay, there are stories enough to that effect," replied Captain Trevor. "Some say that she walks in fear of her life, and that Jeffreys sets her to do work that even his paid spies refuse to undertake."

"And she's so clever, too. You can never tell what is in her mind."

"No, that's what makes it so hard for those who trust in her," said Trevor. "Ah, what's this?"

The innkeeper entered bearing a letter, which he gave to Captain Trevor, casting a curious look at Trelawney while he did so.

A look of perplexity passed over the Captain's face as he read.

"That's the worst of these young colonels," he grumbled. "Only a few weeks ago Gorham was but a simple captain like myself, and now, since he's been made a colonel, he lords it over us finely. There are some who say that he owes his promotion to Judge Jeffreys' daughter."

CHAPTER XXVI.

TRELAWNEY would have given a great deal to know what had disturbed the Captain so. He had been struck by the name of Gorham; and the remarks made about him had led him to believe that the man who commanded Trevor was he who had guarded him from his hiding-place to Taunton gaol weeks before. Whatever his commands were, however, they could not be friendly to him.

"Colonel Gorham?" he said. "I think I have met him. Tell me what he is like."

"Oh, a gay spark, about twenty-eight. He wears a light, drooping moustache, and lisps in his speech."

"Then it is as yon say. He took me prisoner soon after Sedgemoor, and guarded me to Taunton. He was only a captain at the time."

"Well, he is colonel now, and he lords it finely. He's a kind of lady-killing spark, and is, so I am told, a wooer of Mistress Jeffreys. But I must leave you for a moment, gentlemen. Grimshaw and Fernley, I am sure you will entertain Captain Trelawney."

A few minutes later he returned, and it was evident that he was still less pleased than before.

"I am sorry I have to leave you, Captain Trelawney,' he said. "I had intended to have gone all the way to London with you, and have made your journey pleasant, that is, as pleasant as the circumstances would permit, but I am summoned to Bristol. What is worse, I have to place you in charge of one of my sergeants, Sergeant Binks his name is, a fellow who doth not know how to treat a gentleman. He and three others are to take yon to London."

"To London?"

"Ay, I have let that out; but it is no matter."

"I am sorry, Captain," replied Trelawney. "I am told that King James hath a special form of torture that he is preparing for me, and so the journey could not have been over gay. Still, I would like to have gone thither as a man should, and not under the care of four clodhoppers."

"Oh, they are no clodhoppers. Binks is a good swordsman, while the others are brave fellows. Still, Gorham cannot be a gentleman or he would not have chosen such as they for your guard. At least a man of rank should be guarded by a man of rank. I thought first when I was ordered to Bristol that I should have had to accompany Mistress Jeffreys there; but mine host tells me she hath departed."

"Departed?"

"Ay, ten minutes ago."

"Where is she gone?"

"No one knows, unless it be mine host. But he swears ignorance. Well, I must go. Good-morning, and good luck to yon, Captain Trelawney. I have told Sergeant Binks to treat yon with all the courtesy he may. Who knows, perhaps we may meet again. The devil may not be as black as he is painted. Here, Sergeant Binks, you will pay every attention to Captain Trelawney."

The Sergeant and three other men came up and saluted the Captain.

"What hour do we depart, Sergeant?" asked Trelawney.

"Twelve o'clock, sir."

"Good! Sergeant, I feel sleepy. I would e'en lie down somewhere and go to sleep. Thns, you see, your duties will be light."

"The Captain to keep his sword, sir?" said Sergeant Binks to Trevor, as Benedict lay down on an old settle.

"Yes," said the Captain donbtfully.

"We are only four, sir."

"Ay, four to one. Besides, those are my orders."

"Very well, sir. I've no doubt it's all right, sir. But for a rebel captain to be taken to London with a sword by his side and his hands and legs at liberty is somewhat out of the ordinary, sir."

"I know; bnt I have received my orders. Besides, yon must keep good guard. To-night you must stop at Basingstoke at the King Charles. I will give you a letter to the innkeeper, and to-morrow yon must go direct to London."

"Yes, sir."

"And mind, no hard drinking at the King Charles. Remember, you have an important prisoner."

"I'll remember, Captain."

"Ay, and remember, too, that the innkeeper, William Trumble, knows what discipline is. He fonght under Prince Rupert in old Nol's time. He's a safe man is Trumble, well known for his loyalty."

"Yes, sir."

A little later the Black Bull at Harpinghey was occupied only by Trelawney and four soldiers, one of whom was strangely uneasy as he thought of his responsibilities.

Soon after twelve o'clock Trelawney was on his way to London, accompanied by four soldiers, each armed to the teeth, and each regarding him with watchful eyes.

Scarcely a word was spoken during the whole afternoon. Sergeant Binks was watchful and nervons, and determined that, happen what might, he would deliver his prisoner safely into the hands of Colonel Wilton at Whitehall. Although no promises had been made to him, he felt snre that promotion mnst follow in the train of snch important duties.

TO BE CONTINUED

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MIZPAH

GO thou thy way, and I go mine;
Apart, yet not afar;
Only a thin veil hangs between
The pathways where we are.
And "God keep watch 'tween thee and me."
This is my prayer,
He looks thy way, he looketh mine,
And keeps us near.

I know not where thy road may lie,
Or which way mine may be;
If mine shall be through parching sands
And thine beside the sea.
Yet, "God keep watch 'tween thee and me."
So never fear,
He holds thy hand, he clasps thy mine,
And keeps us near.

Should wealth and fame perchance be thine.
And my lot lowly be;
Or you be sad and sorrowful
And glory be for me,
Yet "God keep watch 'tween thee and me,"
Both be his care.
One arm round thee and one round me
Will keep us near.

I sigh, sometimes, to see thy face,
But since this may not be,
I'll leave thee to the care of Him
Who cares for thee and me.
"I'll keep you both beneath my wings"—
This comforts, dear.
One wing o'er thee and one o'er me,
So we are near.

And though our paths be separate
And thy way is not mine,
Yet, coming to the mercy seat,
My soul will meet with thine.
And "God keep watch 'tween thee and me."
I'll whisper there.
He blesseth thee, he blesseth me,
And we are near.

Japan Grateful for Our Help

THAT the Japanese have been deeply touched by America's generous help in their time of need, is made very evident by many letters we are now receiving from that country. Our sympathy has awakened in them a kindred feeling, and the desire to repay our kindness. It was unquestionably this desire which prompted the Emperor of Japan to offer a gift in aid of the San Francisco sufferers. A high official, writing on this subject, expresses the opinion that it was the liberality of Christian America, in contributing a fund through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, that induced the Emperor to make his offer of a contribution in behalf of our earthquake sufferers.

A Japanese of Tokio, writes:

How we can refrain from expressing our sincere sympathy for those who met with this frightful doom at San Francisco? Why should such an unprecedented catastrophe fall on an ever so fair and generous people, who showed us their good favor during the war, and also during the recent northeastern famine in our country? I do not exaggerate when I say that we are indebted to your country for much, from the opening of our country up to the present time.

Count Matsukata, President of the Red Cross Society of Japan, writing from Tokio, under date of April 12, to the proprietor of this paper, conveys the warmest thanks of the Red Cross to our readers in these words: "Through your journal, please extend our heartfelt thanks to the readers who are now helping our unfortunate peasants in the north."

Rev. M. B. Madden, of Sendai, acting treasurer of the Missionary Committee, writes under date April 6, acknowledging a remittance of $5,000 from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund, and adding that it would be used at once in the fourth distribution. A Famine Orphanage has been established at Sendai, such a work being rendered absolutely necessary. Mr. Madden adds: "A great stream of international and national benevolence has commenced to flow into the distressed districts." The people are greatly impressed by the sympathy of America, and especially the timely aid rendered by the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

In acknowledging receipt of the final remittance from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the work of Japanese relief, Hon. Robert Bacon, Acting Secretary of State at Washington, D.C., writes: "I note that this will be the final contribution on account of the Japanese Famine relief, and take this opportunity to express my heartiest congratulations upon the very great success you have had with this worthy cause. It is a source of great pleasure to know that the Department has been able to facilitate somewhat the transmission of your magnanimous contributions to Japan."

This closing remittance of $25,000 will be transferred through the Japanese Red Cross to the Missionary Relief Committee at Sendai and our State Department has given orders accordingly.

Acknowledgments of contributions to Japanese relief will be found on another page of this issue.

Helping the San Francisco Orphans

A NUMBER of the best known women of the country have organized the "National Mothers' and Daughters' San Francisco Relief Fund Committee," for the purpose of especially looking after and caring for the many children who have been bereft of father and mother, and left destitute by the earthquake and fire. Mrs. Donald McLean is chairman of the National Committee, and co-operating with the Committee are many of the most notable women in the United States.

This is the first organized effort to care for the little children who have been left helpless by this awful calamity. They are appealing to the women of the country, to the mothers and daughters, to aid in this worthy purpose. In New York, the sympathetic women already have organized a local committee, with Mrs. Judge Roger A. Pryor at the head, and are at work to help raise a fund to carry out the purposes of the National Committee.

The mothers and daughters of other cities are urged to organize local committees and to co-operate. By application to Mrs. George Brandt, Secretary of the National Committee, care of Astor National Bank, 18 West 34th Street, New York City, full information as to plans and purposes will be forwarded.

Called Higher

Mrs. Julius A. Wilbur passed away on March 14, in her forty-fourth year. Mrs. Wilbur had been an invalid for nine years, and though submissive to her Master's will, was glad to go home, "where the weary are at rest."

Mrs. Carrie Cease, died at her home in Pleasant Unity, Pa., on Oct. 16, 1905. She was a consistent Christian, a member of the Presbyterian Church, and seventeen years of constant reading of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD had made it only less dear to her than her Bible.

Mr. Miner Wamsley, of Chicago, Ill., after vainly seeking renewed health in Florida, died there on March 2. His life of fifty-six years had been one of purity. For more than thirty years he had been a faithful reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which he loved next to his Bible. "He, being dead, yet speaketh" to the power and efficacy of prayer.

Mrs. Ann Marsh, of Sylvania, Ohio, died on March 21, aged seventy-two years. For many years a devoted Christian, she will be long remembered for the piety of which her life was a shining example. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD loses in Mrs. Marsh one of its oldest and most faithful subscribers.

Mrs. Ellen Wyatt, of Holly, Kitsap Co., Washington, died April 7th, in her fifty-eighth year. She was an earnest Christian from her childhood, and a CHRISTIAN HERALD reader for many years. In her death the community has lost a warm friend and an earnest Christian example. She leaves a large family to "rise up and call her blessed."

It was with "sure and certain hope" that Mrs. Zada Martin, wife of the Rev. Henry A. Rose, passed from this world to the life beyond, early in April of the present year, in Grand Rapids, Mich., aged seventy-six. Four children have the memory of a beloved mother, and to the desolate husband heaven is nearer and dearer because of her last words on earth, "I'm going home."

Mrs. S. D. McClurkin, of Clay Center, Kansas, passed to the fuller and better life on the twenty-eighth of December, 1905, aged seventy-three years. She was a diligent member of the United Presbyterian Church until her death; her many friends testify to the high esteem in which she was held and the family have the sympathy of the whole community in their bereavement. Her five sons carried all that was left of the dear mother to her grave.

Sarah McManis, wife of Richard Askrens, died near Winchester, O., on February 27, 1906, in her eighty-ninth year. The long life of the deceased was one of excellence and worth, and to-day six sons and daughters join father in rising up to "call her blessed." She has served well her day and generation, and, coming to her grave in a full age, has removed from the church militant she loved so well to the glorified legions of the church triumphant.

There's a pall o'er the dear old homestead,
The light of its altar hath fled,
"My mother"—its ministering angel,
Lies sleeping the sleep of the dead.

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A JUNGLE TOUR IN BURMA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 455

to find Shway Koe's house, so it was a relief to hear a voice out of the darkness calling: "Is that the Ma-ma?" It was one of my old Amherst schoolboys, now a married man with a family. We were soon at the house, and they got me a cup of tea, and thus I was thankful to tumble on to my bed on the floor.

One of the Mission Schools at Moulmein, Burma

Next day I had another eight mile cart ride, but over a good road comparatively.

The orange garden was preceded by an areka palm plantation. There must have been a thousand or more of the palms, with thin, slight, straight stems tapering to a great height, and crowned with thin, feathery green leaves. In the near background was one of the limestone rocks which are so common in the Amherst District. On the side we were on it rose sheer from the plateau to a height of 700 feet or more, so straight up and down that any one standing on the pinnacle could have dropped a stone to the foot. It was grand and beautiful. The orange garden, too, was beautiful; though only less than half the trees have begun to bear as yet, the crop was estimated at 10,000 oranges. It was not at all bad to sit in the shadow of that great rock and enjoy the fruit fresh from the trees. After returning to the house I held a reception all day.

Next morning we started back, after I had warned the Headman that I had taken the orange crop some two months before he had issued his order that no one was to pick the fruit, and that he must see to it that there was no interference with the gathering of the fruit; that when the Deputy Commissioner had decided the ownership of the garden, the owner could come to me. We had to go by that same awful road and then into another one only a trifle better, and at 4 P.M. came to a hamlet in a sugar-cane plantation. While the men cooked, I preached to the company of Burmese to whom the plantation belonged. Then we started on again and reached the Government Road about 8 P.M., and Amherst at daybreak. Altogether I had had over eighty miles of cart riding.

We spent Sunday at the Karen Mission compound and had the joy of seeing seventeen baptized. Mr. Darrow baptized four Talaings the same day, one of them a man living near Ko Daing and Shway Yah.

I was kept in Moulmein till Wednesday night, as there were no boats plying (on account of the Mahommedan beef-killing festival) until Tuesday, and the three leaving then, were crammed from stem to stern. By paying in advance, I got a chance to spread my bed in the bow of our boat on Wednesday night; the space under the roof was packed with Hindus, Chinese, Burmese, and Talaings. I took cart the same night and came on to the Crokipi River. The ferry-man kindly took my teapot across the river and made me a cup of tea, for which I was thankful. At Crokipi my cart and oxen were waiting, and we came right on; but, alas, found the tide at its lowest point, and I had the privilege of slipping and sliding across the top of the mud bank—almost as slippery as glass ice—and then handing my slippers to Mg. Bah to carry, by the help of his strong young arm I managed to flounder down the bank at least fifteen feet, sinking to my knees at every step in the mud.

It was dark when I reached the house, wet and bedraggled, and dead faint, for that cup of tea on the river bank was all I had had all day. Elna, my adopted English daughter, had dinner ready. On my first day at home there were many opportunities for giving the Gospel message. On the fifteenth I was called to visit a young man who had suddenly become insane, thought to be the result of offending a Karen who is supposed to be well up in witchcraft. I found the outer room crowded, but he had driven everyone but his grandmother out of the inner room. He would not speak at first but sat with his back to me, making signs as if writing on the air. After awhile, however, he answered my questions and took the medicine I gave him, and when I asked him to lie down outside on the "young men's verandah," he came out as meekly as possible. Then I preached Christ to the mixed company of Burmese, Talaings, and Karens—some fifteen or twenty. The young man is now all right again.

A Christian Karen came this morning to meeting, and asked me to take his daughter twelve years old, and a grandson, whose father has abandoned wife and child. Four fatherless Telega children are also coming to me shortly, so you see the work is growing. Thank God!

Alabama Plantation,
Moulmein, Burma.

S. E. Haswell.

What Faith Is*

LAYING aside theological meanings for the moment, a clearer idea of what faith is may be gained by illustration than by definition. By that means, too, we realize how important a place faith has in our ordinary life. Business transactions are founded upon it. When a man puts his money in a bank he exercises faith in its probity, and believes he can get it back when he needs it. The merchant has faith in the customer he supplies on credit. Life itself may depend on whether faith is rightly exercised. A prisoner on trial for a capital offence is urged to employ a certain lawyer. He considers it, and determines to employ a different lawyer, because he has more faith in his persuasive eloquence. If he makes a mistake, he may be convicted and executed. A great deal hangs on that man's faith. Or, a man may be ill of a critical disease. Many have died of it. He places his faith in a certain physician, whose directions he follows, though they may be contrary to the usual treatment. A father has a brilliant and promising son whom he loves ardently. He commits his education to a certain tutor. Why? Because he has faith in him.

In all these cases the element of faith is crucial and we are perfectly familiar with such instances. It is the same element that is required in the spiritual life. We are assured that Christ can save the soul. We wonder if it is so. A man has only one soul, and if he loses that, the prospect beyond the grave is a blank. If, on examination of what is told us about Christ, we are convinced that he can save, the next question is, will he do so? We are informed that he will, on certain conditions. If we fulfil those conditions, we show that we have faith in him. That is all he asks. So precious to him is that faith that he proceeds to help and bless the man who exercises it. By this means faith is encouraged and he does not have to wait till death for the proof that the promise will be kept. He already hath eternal life.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for June 3. Heb. 11 : 1-40 ; 12 : 1, 2.

Two Little Blind Boys

Miss Anna L. Millard of the American Mission School for the Blind, Berar, India, writes to this journal, inclosing two letters in the Braille or raised characters used by the blind for reading with the fingers. These little fellows are named Kisan Rame and Guandwan Shiram. Their letters tell of progress at school and in Bible study, and express gratitude to the kind Americans by whom they are supported and educated, through The Christian Herald.

The children at the Kanigiri Mission Orphanage have united in a very touching letter of thanks to the readers of this paper, who have trained and supported them for five years part. Some of these children are now engaged in missionary work, and are themselves being used as a means to bring others to Christ. Thus does the good work done in India multiply itself.

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"I was scarcely able to be around at all. Had no energy and did not care for anything. Was emaciated and had a constant pain around my heart until I thought I could not endure it. For months I never went to bed expecting to get up in the morning. I felt as though I was liable to die any time during the night.

"Frequently I had nervous chills and the least excitement would drive sleep away, and any little noise would upset me terribly. I was gradually getting worse until finally one day it came over me and I asked myself what is the use of being sick all the time and buying medicine so that I could indulge myself in coffee?

"So I thought I would see if I could quit drinking coffee, and got some Postum Food Coffee to help me quit. I made it strictly according to directions and I want to tell you that change was the greatest step in my life. It was easy to quit coffee because I had the Postum, which I like better than I liked the old coffee. One by one the old troubles left, until now I am in splendid health, nerves steady, heart all right and the pain all gone. Never have any more nervous chills, don't take any medicine, can do all my housework and have done a great deal beside.

"My sister-in-law, who visited me this summer, had been an invalid for some time, much as I was. I gor her to quit coffee and drink Postum. She gained five pounds in three weeks, and I never saw such a change in anyone's health."

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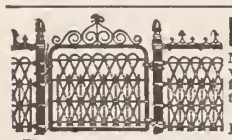

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PROMISE OF THE FATHER

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

AMONG the last words of our Lord to his disciples, before his ascension, was the promise: "Behold, I send the promise of my Father upon you: but tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem until ye be endued with power from on high" (Luke 24: 49). As far back as the time of Solomon, Wisdom—who seems to have been an Old Testament foreshadowing of Christ (Prov. 8), cries to sinners: "How long, ye simple ones, will ye love simplicity? and the scorners delight in their scorning, and fools hate knowledge? Turn you at my reproof: behold, I will pour out my Spirit unto you. I will make known my words unto you" (Prov. 1: 20-23). The Holy Spirit is sent to sinners, to "the world," to "reprove or convict of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment" (John 16: 8), and this is the first installment of that "promise of the Father." He has given his Word, but he has also poured out his Spirit, even to those who are "without hope and without God in the world." How many have been convicted of sin who have had no religious training, no opportunities to learn of him!

Wonderful things are happening in these days. An aboriginal mountain tribe in the province of Kwei-chow, China, who have a language of their own, have in some way heard of Jesus, and twenty of them came to one of the China Inland missionaries, bringing a sack of flour for their food, and saying they came to be taught about Jesus; they returned after some weeks' teaching, and a hundred more came, returning in the same way to send more. There seems quite a move among them, and many seem to have found Christ. A tribe in Burma, too, have in the same way been recently moved of God to seek the way of salvation from Christian missionaries, and many, many of them have come to the Lord, just as the Karens did in the time of Adoniram Judson.

But we hear now through a private letter from one of the China Inland missionaries, that a New Testament in the Tibetan language must have found its way into Tibet some years ago. It has done a work; numbers have read it and been convinced of its truth, and they have sent a man with a horse carrying a quantity of butter with the commission to obtain, if possible, a missionary, and if not, a Bible, and if that cannot be, then a Testament, and anything which can teach them of Jesus; and if there can be nothing better, then a letter from some Christian teacher. Happily, a good convoy of Bibles, tracts, etc., will be sent them. A missionary? Is not this a part of God's pouring out of the Holy Spirit upon all flesh? The Christians, in the time of the "former rain" at Pentecost, went into all the world to preach the Gospel to every creature. Is it not a new thing that the Spirit of God should so work on the dark heathen now that they should come to seek the Gospel?

God graciously gives the Holy Spirit to all them that obey him. We can never command the Holy Spirit. He comes to rule, as well as to inspire our lives. But, oh, how different is the life led of the Spirit to a life self-led, or led by the opinion of others! How different is prayer in the Holy Ghost to the worked-up prayer of our own effort! How different are words spoken by the Spirit through us, when we are conscious only of our nothingness, to words which we devise, which we arrange, and which carry the witness of our personality!

To speak in the Spirit, humbly and reverently waited on, to let God use our thoughts and lips, this brings God near to the one to whom he has sent us. In this way the humblest of us may be sent of God—a real apostle. And, Oh, when God thus sends us, how complete is our dependence on him, how small it makes us feel!

Helping by Self-denial*

WEAK brethren have been in the church from the beginning, and it was on their behalf that Paul appealed to the strong. They were not to be snubbed, nor ridiculed, but helped into larger, stronger life. The form of the weakness changes from ago to age, but the principle of consideration for them, remains the same. In the early church the crucial question was the eating of food that had once been offered to idols. With that went certain parts of the Mosaic law, which the Christians who had formerly been Jews desired to retain. Paul, with his strong common sense, would have swept these things away as nonsensical; but he advised concession for the sake of those who placed emphasis upon them. "Let us deny ourselves," he said, "for the sake of others."

In our day the difficulty is far deeper and more intense than the eating of idolatrous meat. We are confronted by a curse that goes deep into individual and social life. There are men, who, through heredity, or natural disposition, or social relations, are liable to fall, through indulgence in intoxicating liquor. We know by sad experience how deplorable such a fall is. There is scarcely a family in the country that has not had to mourn over the ruin of one or more of its members through that cause. Now we say to such persons: "You cannot control yourselves; if you take one glass, you will take more; why not leave it alone?" That is the wise course. But think what it involves. The man who takes the advice, stands forth ticketed and labeled as a weak man. He is despised, and that by the very people whose opinion he respects. He cannot bear it. Then Christianity steps in with this principle of Paul's and decides to help him. It says to the strong, deny yourselves this pleasure. It is safe for you, but for the sake of your weak brother, abstain. It will encourage him. He will no longer be in a despised class. He may even be respected as a man abstaining on principle. Give up the liquor which is a doubtful good at best. Set a good example. Deny yourselves and save your brother.

*Topic of the Epworth League for June 3. Matt. 5: 29, 30; Rom. 14: 15-21; 15: 1-3; I. Cor. 8: 10-13.

Answered Prayers

Mrs. F. E. B., Ohio. "For all the Lord has done for me, I never will cease to love him."

A Reader, Virginia. "I wish to acknowledge the Lord's goodness in hearing and answering my prayers."

R. E. G., Pennsylvania. "I prayed to my dear Heavenly Father and he gave me strength to pass through a great trial unharmed."

Mrs. R. W. D., Ohio. "I wish to acknowledge God's goodness to us in time of trouble and his answering our prayers."

Mrs. R. R., Pennsylvania. "I want to acknowledge that God in his mercy has answered my prayer. Praise him for his holiness."

W. S. P., Oregon. "I wish to acknowledge God's goodness to me in answering my prayers, for which I praise him. Ephesians III. 20: 21."

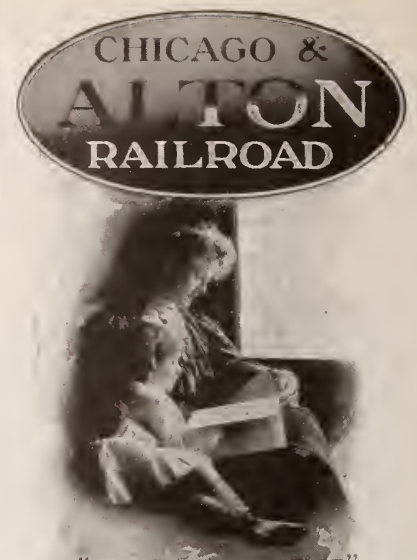
J. G. G., Philadelphia. "I send a note of praise for the prayer column in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. I bless God for his wonderful deliverance to me."

Mrs. M. C., South Dakota. "When a loved one was very sick, I prayed to God, if it was his will, to restore him to health. My prayer was answered."

A Reader, New Hampshire. "I wish to acknowledge, that many times my prayers have been answered. I resolved to make it known after one in particular had been answered."

Mrs. M. C., South Dakota. "When a loved one was very sick I prayed to God, if it was his will, to restore him to health and strength. My prayer was answered."

Mrs. M. M. M., Canada. "Many times my prayers have been answered. I crave an interest in your prayers for a dear brother who is severely afflicted, that he may soon be restored."



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CHRISTIAN HERALD

Copyright, 1906, by Louis Klopsch

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,

FOR COMRADES' SAKE

Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and the foe.

OUR MAIL BAG

Questions and Answers

Letters for this department must contain name and address of the sender—not for publication, but as evidence of genuineness and good faith. Where an answer by mail is desired, ten cents in postage stamps must be forwarded by the writers, with full address.

S. H., Huntington, Mass. When and by whom was the city of Florence, Italy, founded?

It is said to have been founded by the soldiers of Sulla, in 80 B.C., and then added to by the Roman triumviri. It was destroyed by Tolila in 541 A.D., and rebuilt by the Emperor Charlemagne in 800 A. D.

J. K., Yonkers, N. Y. What is the legend connected with the fleur-de-lis, the ancient emblem of France?

It was said to have been brought from heaven by an angel to King Clovis, on his making a vow that if he was victorious in the approaching battle with the Alemanne, near Cologne, in 496 A.D., he would become a Christian. It remained the national emblem until 1789.

G. F. L., Coleman, N. Y. 1. A certain minister, now on trial for heresy, says: "Jesus Christ is only Joseph and Mary's son." He denies the miraculous birth, also the "personal resurrection." Also says our Bible is only tradition. It seems to me that such teaching would take away all hope of future life and leave us no further use for Christianity. 2. Why, in your opinion, did Josephus not mention Christ in his books?

1. The preacher in question has been convicted of heresy and suspended from his office, thus showing what the leaders of the church to which he belongs think of the matter. 2. There are two passages in Josephus (in *Antiquities*, book 18, chap. 3), that refer to Christ and the Christians; and though some have asserted that the passages were interpolated, this has never been proved. Besides, the whole story of Jesus' life and teachings from the Jewish viewpoint, was told in the Talmud, and appeared in copies of it until 1631, when, in obedience to the Jewish Synod, which met at Jaroslav, Poland, in that year, was ordered to be ever afterward omitted. It may still be found, however, in very old copies of the Talmud.

Mrs. P. A. Jones, Oneida, Ill., asks if some reader can send her a copy of the old hymn beginning:

> It shall come, with fear and wonder,
> Heralded with trump and thunder—
> It shall come with grief and toil,
> It shall come with blood and spoil,
> It shall come, it shall come, it shall come.

Apropos of a recent statement by Rear-Admiral Evans, U. S. N., addressed to the authorities of Provincetown, Mass., in which he justifies the playing of Sunday afternoon baseball by the "blue jackets," Henry Brown of Wenona, Md., (a reader of this journal) sends us the following letter:

> I served eight years in the navy. In 1864 there were 750 men on the *Colorado*. At that time we never saw any occasion to break the Fourth Commandment, as Admiral Evans recommends. I thought we are departing very much from the advice of the fathers of this country. We have a great navy now; will it remain great, if our men see the necessity of breaking the Sabbath for recreation? Spain was great at one time. Where is her greatness now? In desecrating the Sabbath she has come down. I don't see the neecssity of baseball for the navy on Sunday.

Mrs. G. R. P., Urbana, Ill. Was there any wine served at the marriage in Cana execpt what Christ provided?

Yes; the guests said to the master of the feast that the best wine had been kept till the last, thereby implying that other wine had been served.

Mr. T. P. Porter, Grove City, Pa., writes:

> I read in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the names of people who have lived or are living to great ages. Mrs. Elizabeth Stalker was 105 years old on Dec. 19, 1905, and on March 15, 1906, she was in very good health. Her home is in Williamsburg, Blair County, Pa.

C. N., Daytona. Why does the upper star in the "big dipper," opposite the handle, always point to the North Star, and why is it called the North Star?

The North Star is not at the polar point where the axis of the earth, if continued, would pierce the sky, as many suppose, but is (in our age) about 1½ degrees toward the two above mentioned stars. The pole star is nearly stationary, but the polar point is not, moving at such a rate that in the year 2120 it will pass the star within ½ a degree. The sun and stars are stationary, their apparent motion being caused by the earth's daily rotation on its axis, and the usual revolution round the sun. The pole star, as well as the dipper, appears to revolve round the polar point, without rising or setting, as seen from this latitude; but as seen from the equator, every star of the countless million appear to revolve round the two polar points every day, without a deviation of the fraction of a second, saying nothing about their proper motions, which need not be considered here.

Marathon, N. Y. LEWIS SWIFT.

George S., Gothenburg, Neb. 1. Where and when did the degree D.D. (Doctor of Divinity) originate, and upon whom was it first conferred? 2. When, and by what college or university was the degree D.D. conferred upon Martin Luther?

1. The use of "degrees" is said to have originated with Pope Gregory IX, about 1240, or possibly some years earlier. He conferred the title of B.A., and afterward of M.A. The first seven to be entitled "Doctors of the Church" (*Doctores Ecclesiæ*) were Athanasius, Basil, Gregory, and Chrysostom, in the Greek Church, and Jerome, Augustine, and Gregory the Great, in the Latin. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries many were so honored. On the establishment of universities and faculties, degrees came into more general use. 2. Luther, while at Erfurt University, took his B.A. in 1502, and his M.A. in 1505, and after he had become a monk of Rome, he took his Degree of Doctor of Theology, at Wittenburg University, in 1512.

Rev. R. R. Parker, of St. Stephen's Church, East Haddam, Conn., writes with regard to the Crapsey heresy case:

> I do not think your criticism of the trial a fair one. There is no other way out. Dr. Crapsey insists on preaching the most inconceivable calumnies, whether sane or insane, I do not know, and still insists that he is within his rights and his ordination vows, and also insists on remaining in the church and preaching as he has done, *ad lib.* The Bishop could not remove him without a trial. If he could, there would be a howl go up all over the country about arbitrary injustice, etc.

We enter no objection to our Episcopalian brother's view of the matter. What must be, must, we suppose, and if a trial be the only way out, then let that way be taken. But we must repeat what we have already said, that heresy trials are unprofitable from any point of view, and if they could be dispensed with, and the offenders quietly dropped, it would be a thousandfold more conducive to the peace and comfort of the great body of the Christian Church.

Ella B., Wilmington, Del. What is the present status of the Smoot case? What are the women doing in the matter? THE CHRISTIAN HERALD helped them nobly, but I have not heard lately that they have been making any progress at all.

It is difficult to understand why the case against Senator Smoot has not been more vigorously pushed. From present indications, the matter will go over until next session. Notwithstanding the conclusive character of the evidence, the Committee seem to have been so swayed by political or other influences that they seem unable to take a single definite step. It is pretty certain, however, that the people of the nation will have something to say on the matter. Meanwhile, they are patiently awaiting developments.

S. L. H., Rensselaer, N. Y. 1. Yes, a *nom de plume* may be used in writing either poetry or prose. 2. Unless the volume of poems has special merit, you will very likely have to bear the cost of publication yourself. 3. We know nothing of the firms you name.

"God Will Take Care of Me"

By CHARLES NOEL DOUGLAS

MANY a year has winged its flight since mother passed away;
Many a year, but ever near, still seems that solemn day,
When down I knelt and gently felt, the hand so frail and white,
And gazed into those eyes anew, now lit with Heaven's own light.
The silence broke when mother spoke, 'twas but a whispered word,
But oh how oft, those words so soft, my inmost soul have stirred.
"We'll meet again," she said, "where pain and sorrow cannot be;
Your eyes are wet, John, dear; don't fret, God will take care of me!"

I wasn't just the best of boys, I wasn't just the worst;
But when those words fell on my ears, my tears in torrents burst.
I realized that all I prized, and held most dear in life,
Would soon depart; it broke my heart, and cut me like a knife.
I saw the blank, the awful blank, if Providence should make
Me motherless, and my distress caused her again to take
My hand and say, "John, work and pray; be honest, brave and true;
Just learn to love the One above, and He'll take care of you!"

On roll the years. List to those cheers, mark that brave line of blue;
'Tis hard, I know, but I must go; the old flag needs me too.
"We're coming, Father Abraham!" Oh wife, dear, heed that song,
And it will make your courage wake, your heart beat true and strong.
The babe's asleep; once more I'll creep and kiss him—then farewell.
Just one brave smile to cheer me while I face the shot and shell.
The long day through my thoughts to you will turn so tenderly.
Wipe that dear eye; be brave, don't cry; God will take care of me.

By camp-fire bright these lines I write, for, ah, my thoughts will roam
After the strife, to you, dear wife, and our beloved home.
A year has gone, the old flag's torn, but still floats proudly o'er
The shattered host, now but a ghost of what it was of yore.
The live-long day the bloody fray has swept from side to side.
The North and South at cannon's mouth; let Gettysburg decide
Which cause shall win. Ere I turn in, these lines I write, I see
You all so clear; don't worry, dear, God will take care of me!

Once more the roar of guns sweep o'er the valley and the plain,
And far and near the ringing cheer sweeps up in vict'ry's train.
"The boys are home!" the very dome of heaven with joy is rent,
And heads are bare when muttered prayer breathes out a heart's content.
Two eyes seek mine, two eyes that shine with love, ah, words are tame
To tell the bliss when wee lips kiss my cheek and lisp my name.
Ah me, that night, what rapt delight, with babe upon my knee,
And wife at rest upon my breast!—God did take care of me.

If I but glide on mem'ry's tide, ah, then can I supply
A thousand instances to show how Providence is nigh,
To shield from foes, and guard all those, who put their faith and trust
In one Great God Omnipotent, all merciful and just,
"Tis not for long, ah, soon the song, the blessed angels sing
In brighter spheres, will greet my ears as Heavenward I wing.
When back are rolled the Gates of Gold, I'll cry, "Ah, mother, see!
I'm here at last, all sorrows past, God did take care of me!"

The Bible for All the People

Rev. C. R. Blackall, D.D., of the American Baptist Publication Society, writes of the American Standard Bible: "I earnestly wish that it might be adopted as standard **in every church and Sunday School the world over.**" Rev. R. S. MacArthur, Calvary Baptist Church, New York, writes: "It is the **best Bible ever given to English readers,** and I wish it were in use in all our churches and homes. I use it exclusively in my pulpit."

For full description of this Bible, see article on page 485 of this issue.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

NEW YORK, MAY 30, 1906

In the Grounds of the Soldiers' Home

Commander Tanner, G. A. R.

Washington and the Potomac, from Arlington

WHERE TRIBUTE IS PAID TO A NATION'S HEROES

IN no other city in all the Union is as great tribute paid to Memorial Day as at Washington, the capital of the nation. This is not surprising, when it is remembered that within three or four miles of the White House are four national cemeteries—at the Soldiers' Home, at Fort Stevens, north of the city; at Arlington, and at Alexandria, on the south banks of the Potomac. There, and at some of the private cemeteries, thirty thousand soldiers and sailors are lying in the last long sleep which will know no waking until the bugle sounds the Assembly on Resurrection morn. Small wonder that where so many of the nation's hero dead are lying, there should be an elaborate observance of "The Holy Day of the Soldiers."

Some years after the war of the sixties, a few broken-hearted women in the Southland began, one spring, to carry flowers to spread upon the graves of their soldier husbands, sons and sweethearts. In a few years, a set day was selected in which all Southern widows, sisters and sweethearts could join in this tribute. At that time General Logan was Commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, and one of his comrades who had been South, and who had seen the simple observance, told him about it, with the suggestion that it would be fitting if it could become a national custom.

"It would," said the General, who was as famous for his warm-hearted enthusiasm as he was for his fiery impetuousity in war, "be most fitting, and I will make a General Order to that effect, if it meets the approval of our staff of officers."

A consultation resulted in the Order, which has since become so widely known, and the 30th of the following May, Memorial Day was formally inaugurated at a number of the national cemeteries. But the celebration of the day could not be confined long to the national cemeteries. Every city had honored dead who had laid down their lives for the land they loved, and wherever they were buried, the commemoration of Memorial Day soon became not only a pleasure but a sacred duty.

The largest and most beautiful of our national cemeteries, Arlington, was the result of what might be termed an accident of war. Originally, it was the estate of John Parke Custis, a grandson of Martha Washington, and inherited, through his father, from her. At her death, many of the treasured Mount Vernon possessions were transferred from Washington's home to Arlington. Mr. Custis had but one child, a daughter, who in 1831 was married to Robert E. Lee—he who afterward became the Commander-in-Chief of the Confederate Army. At the outbreak of the war he and his family went to Richmond, and soon after Arlington became the headquarters of the Virginia division of the Federal troops, under Quartermaster-Gen. Meigs. More than a decade later, the Government paid the Lee heirs $150,000 for the estate. All of the Washington relics were carefully invoiced by General Meigs when he took possession of the mansion, and sent to the Interior Department at Washington, where they remained until they were sent to the Smithsonian, where, for many years, they were kept on exhibition. During President McKinley's administration, by his orders, these relics were returned to Miss Mary, eldest daughter of General Lee.

The Old Lee Mansion at Washington

During the sad days of the awful conflict of the sixties, Washington was one vast hospital, and her outlying hills were covered with army camps. Thousands of wounded and sick soldiers were brought to Arlington for treatment, and hundreds of the poor brave fellows there closed their eyes on the things of earth. Where to bury the dead became a serious problem. One evening, President Lincoln drove out to Arlington to gain a breath of fresh air and to learn the welfare of the soldiers bivouacking there. As he was about to return to the city, General Meigs got into the carriage with him, and as they drove slowly through the lovely grounds a sad procession passed them—a squad of soldiers carrying on common canvas stretchers the bodies of their comrades who had died that day. These bodies were being taken to the lower part of the grounds to await the coming of the burial squads to convey them to the already overcrowded cemetery of the Soldiers' Home. General Meigs stopped the carriage.

"How many men are there awaiting burial here?" he asked of the sergeant in command.

"With these a dozen, sir," answered the sergeant.

"Set down the stretchers," commanded the Quartermaster-General.

"Captain," turning to a commissioned officer standing near, "Captain, order out a burial squad, and see that the bodies of all the soldiers who die at Arlington hereafter are buried on the place at once." Springing out of the carriage and walking to the slight eminence bordering the garden of the mansion, he said, "Have those bodies which are now awaiting interment buried here."

The carriage rolled on toward the city. In a few moments a squad of soldiers with picks and shovels began turning over the green sod of the velvet lawn, and to dig the shallow graves. As the sun sank behind the Virginian hills the work was done; twelve black pine coffins were lowered into them, while the gray-headed chaplain read the solemn burial service. Thus the first of the sixteen thousand soldiers who are now lying at Arlington found their final resting-place there.

That was the beginning, but how rapidly those graves multiplied! Before peace came there were thousands and thousands of them, unmarked save by a pine board bearing name and regiment. And, alas! not always even a name. One of the handsomest monuments in the cemetery bears the touching title, "To the Unknown Dead." It stands near the Temple of Fame, and chiselled in the granite are these words:

BENEATH THIS STONE

Repose the bones of two thousand one hundred and eleven unknown soldiers,

GATHERED AFTER THE WAR

From the field of Bull Run and the route to Rappahannock. Their remains could not be interred, but their names and death are recorded in the archives of their country, and its grateful citizens honor them as their noble army of martyrs. May they rest in peace. September A. D. 1866.

The view from Arlington of the environing country and of the capital city is unsurpassed, while the grounds

CONTINUED ON PAGE 479

THE
AMERICAN PULPIT

SERMON BY
Rev. F. DeWitt Talmage, D.D.

THE OLD SOLDIERS

TEXT:—Lev. 19 : 32:

"Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honor the face of the old man"

SOMETIME ago, it was my privilege and honor to address the old soldiers in the Veterans' Home at Sawtelle of Southern California. Just before I ascended the platform, the leader of the meeting made a strange request. He said: "Please don't throw any bouquets to the old soldiers. They don't like it." "What do you mean?" I asked. "Why," said the chairman, "I mean, do not call them 'heroes,' and tell them what a noble set of men they are. Almost every speaker who comes here tries to get their goodwill by flinging compliments at them, and too much sugar is always nauseating to the stomach." "All right," I said. "No compliments will I give. But though I may not praise them, I feel like doing it just the same. For any man who can stand before a great audience like this made up of Grand Army Veterans, and not feel like taking off his hat and bowing before them, has not the first elements of patriotic pride. He has never intelligently read the story of the glorious deeds that these men wrought." But a truly brave man always dislikes to be eulogized. The only time you can compliment such men face to face and not have them protest, is when they are lying in their caskets; and even then, I think some of their bodies are still protesting against the praises uttered over their unconscious forms.

Honor to the Brave

When the American people on Memorial Day see the long lines of blue-coats filing past the reviewing stands, although many of these old soldiers are now crippled and physically enfeebled, they feel a great deal as Daniel Webster felt towards the old veterans of the Revolutionary War when he was delivering his great address at the laying of the corner-stone of the Bunker Hill Monument, in 1825. "Veterans," said he, "You are the remnants of many a well-fought field. You bring with you the marks of honor from Trenton and Monmouth, from Yorktown and Camden, and Bennington and Saratoga. Veterans of half a century, when in your youth you put everything at hazard in your country's cause; good as that cause was, and sanguine as youth is, still your fondest hopes did not stretch on to an hour like this. At a period to which you could not reasonably have expected to arrive, at a moment of national prosperity such as you could never have foreseen, you are now met here to enjoy the fellowship of old soldiers and to receive the outflowings of a universal gratitude." On a similar occasion, Edward Everett, the great Massachusetts orator, delivering an encomium upon the American flag, so stirred his audience, that two old veterans of the Revolutionary War arose and bowed to the speaker. Mr. Everett, deeply moved, said, "Sit down, aged friends. Sit down. No American audience wants to see you stand in its presence. We are the ones to stand and uncover our heads to you. We know that it was your blood and sacrifice which made that flag possible. Sit down, aged friends; sit down." Daniel Webster and Edward Everett voiced the popular opinion. The Revolutionary veterans of 1825, did receive the gratitude of the American people, as the aged warriors of the awful Civil War of 1861 do receive the gratitude of the American people of this twentieth century. Truly, on this Memorial Day of 1906, we rise up and honor the heroes of the American battlefields.

What the Grand Army Is

Eulogy in a Christian pulpit, however, must always be a discriminating utterance. Here the speaker is under a sacred obligation to speak nothing but the truth. The heroes whom we honor are too noble to desire praise that ignores the facts. A great army such as that which won the great battles of the war necessarily comprised some men who were not patriots, men who shirked their duty and, who, in the long interval that has succeeded the war, have received honor they did not deserve. Some men, too, who were brave on the battlefield were not rulers of themselves, and since the army disbanded have, by their sins and their vices, disgraced their uniform. Few indeed, compared with the whole number, are these ignoble soldiers, and their misdeeds we speak of with sorrow and regret, deploring them all the more because of the heroism that we honor.

First, let us go and stand by the cradle of the Grand Army of the Republic. When you do this, you will be just as much surprised at the genesis of this organization as I was. I always felt that Major B. F. Stephenson founded this society as a social organization, if I might use that word. I thought that as these old veterans had fought and bled together, therefore they wanted to build their annual camp fires of fellowship and communion. They wanted to meet together and talk over the old campaigns, sing the old war songs, and recall the memories of the battle-field. But that was not the primal purpose of this organization. It was started to help the helpless, the aged and the sick veterans and their families. It was started as

An Institution of Mercy

for widows and orphans. Let me read you the words once spoken by Commander-in-chief George S. Merrill. "Into the earliest hours of well-won peace there came the presence of disabled veterans, suffering families, distressed homes. The aid to these came cheerfully, but without organization, and the frequency of the call speedily awakened the sense that something in the line of systematized effort was not only desirable but imperative. All over the North sprang up veteran associations, with varying plans, although generally united in a common purpose of rendering assistance to those in need, who had dared the danger and shared the conflict." Ah, my friends, the Grand Army of the Republic had a nobler significance to me when I first realized the purpose for which it started. It was not conceived for the purpose of praising the deeds of its members. It was started to help the halt, the maimed and the blind. It was started to care for the widows and the orphans of the fallen comrades. And as I take off my hat to honor the empty sleeve of the old veteran, I also take off my hat to honor the little button of the veteran. In that little button, I see the symbol of charity, of sympathy and of big-hearted brotherhood.

Having seen how the Grand Army of the Republic was started, we naturally take a step forward and see how it became the greatest political factor of this country for over a quarter of a century after the war was ended. If you go to one of the old soldiers and ask him what are the politics of the Grand Army of the Republic, he will vehemently deny that the Grand Army of the Republic has any political affinities. But you and I know what a power it became in politics. It dominated the Northern Conventions, it controlled the nominations. It was one of the grandest spectacles of fraternal loyalty ever witnessed. It was a gigantic association for helping and succoring the comrades of the march and the camp-fire, and right nobly did the members stand together.

Fidelity in Peace

Again and again this organization elected its representatives to the White House. Grant, Hayes, Garfield, McKinley, all wore a soldier's uniform. The Senatorial halls were crowded with its leaders. The Gubernatorial chairs were filled with them. It was said that all John B. Gordon had to do when he was running for an office was to throw back his long hair and show the sabre cut which he received in that awful civil strife, and the "Boys in Grey" would rally to his support and elect him to any office for which he was a candidate. So, during the first quarter of a century succeeding the Civil War, all that an old soldier like John A. Logan, or A. E. Burnside, or John F. Hartranft, or Joseph R. Hawley, or James A. Beaver, or Lucius Fairchild, or Russell A. Alger, had to do was to tell their old war stories, and they would be elected to any political position they desired.

Now, my friends, is there no mighty lesson for you and me to learn from this organization of the Grand Army of the Republic? Does it not teach a lesson to be helpful to your old friends when they are in distress? Is there not a lesson also to be true to the friends of your youth and to stick to them through your middle life and also through old age? It is a noble characteristic, that of fidelity to our friends. Would that in the church and social life it was more common. A true hero is a man who is brave before the attacks of an enemy. He is also the man who is steadfast and faithful in his allegiance to an old friend. "Fraternity, Charity, Loyalty" are the watchwords of the Grand Army of the Republic. May they be the watchwords also of the Church, the home and the State. May we be true to our friends, always true, and never willing to turn our backs upon our friends, nor upon our foes.

Disgrace of Impostors

But as I see the long line of the "Blue Coats" called the Grand Army of the Republic, file past, I am struck with another fact. There are not a grander set of men on earth living than these men, take them as a whole. I was talking with one of the chief officers of one of our large Soldiers' Homes sometime ago. He said, "Some of the finest, noblest men I have ever met are here." But though that be true, yet on account of the prominence of the organization, and also on account of the grand men who compose this organization, impostors have crept in and have been the means of discrediting the organization to some extent, in the eyes of many who want to be just. False heroes have multiplied almost as rapidly since the war closed as have the numbers of people who trace their ancestry to some man who crossed the Atlantic in the *Mayflower* in 1620. The American who cannot find one of his ancestors in the cabins of the Pilgrims' boat has no ancestral ingenuity. Why, if we count the number of descendants of the Pilgrims now living, we must conclude that those pious refugees were the most prolific race that ever descended from Adam. What is true in reference to the *Mayflower* Pilgrims, is true, to a less extent, of many who have paraded under the noble uniform of the Grand Army. Sometimes I feel that the war heroes can be manufactured to order in our day, almost as readily as the guides can pick up the bullets and the rusty flint-locks upon the battle-field of Waterloo, which those same guides buried only a few days before they led the gullible tourists to the places where they could find them.

Unworthy Pensioners

Shame! shame! we say, when so many noble men have fought and bled and sacrificed for their country, that impostors and deceivers should parade about as heroes. And because these impostors have crept in upon the pension rolls, the country has become suspicious. At the same time, there are hundreds and thousands of noble veterans deserving of better treatment, who are being allowed to suffer, and who have no adequate provision made for them and the support of their dear ones.

We find ourselves in a similar position to that of General Taylor, after his elevation to the White House. No sooner was he installed than a great number of men came to him and said, "Give us a position; we fought with you at Buena Vista. Give us a position!" One day, after listening patiently to a candidate who wanted to be postmaster in a Missouri town, on the ground that he had fought under the President in the Mexican War, General Taylor said, "I used to think that I was at the battle of Buena Vista myself; but since I have come to Washington, I have heard of so many things which happened down there, that I am convinced I was not there at all." So with the impostors of the Civil War. We sometimes turn our backs upon the true heroes, because of the impostors who wear the old uniform. Let us beware of neglecting the honest soldiers, or refusing just reward and care for the faithful and noble veterans, merely because there are some deceivers in the Grand Army of the Republic. Better, far better, give a pension to ten false petitioners rather than neglect to do patriotic justice to one true hero, who is now among us and deserving of our governmental aid.

Strength and Weakness

But the Grand Army of the Republic teaches us still another lesson, and it is a terrible one. A man may be a hero in his youth, aye, a hero upon the field of battle, yet anything but a hero in his private life. He may be brave as a "Chinese Gordon" before a human foe, and yet a coward before the temptations of the flesh. And though sin is repellent when it is witnessed in any man, it is most pathetic and to be deprecated when it is seen in an old soldier who is drunk and immoral, or who is vile of tongue. A soldier does not necessarily have to be a physical coward to be a moral castaway. A man may be a moral coward and yet be physically as brave as a lion. So, many old soldiers have lost the battle of life, not because they were cowardly upon the field of carnage, but because they were not brave enough to defy temptation when it came to them in time of peace.

To illustrate my thought, let me draw for you the picture of one of my dearest friends. He was one of the leading members of the first church of which I was pastor. I can see him now, straight as an Indian war chief. He carried himself as only that man does who has kept step to the beating of the drums. No music was to him so sweet as the booming of the cannon on a national holiday. I can hear him now say, "Do you hear it? We old fellows have often had for a reveille the sound of those guns." He was in that awful charge of the "Sunken Road" at Fredericksburg. He led his company there in defiance of Longstreet's cannon sweeping over that field. He followed Grant on through the Wilderness. He never feared the face of man. Yet, how relentlessly the

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

A PRINCE OF INDIA VISITS US

The Gaekwar of Baroda Speaks Encouragingly of Missions and Education in India

ONE of the most progressive of Eastern princes is the Maharajah, Sir Sayaji Rao III., Gaekwar of Baroda, India, who has lately come to the United States to study our educational and industrial systems, with the object of improving conditions among his people. Never before has an Indian prince of his exalted rank visited our shores, for as the descendant of a line of kings whose genealogy extends back to the earliest centuries, he is the absolute ruler of more than 2,000,000 subjects. In all questions of state, the Gaekwar's decision is final; he is the court of last appeal.

Yet there is apparently little of the despot about Sir Sayaji Rao III.; rather is he a father than a ruler of his people. He is a small man, barely five feet in height, and dresses simply in the English fashion. With him is his wife, the Maharani; a sweet-faced, gentle-voiced little woman, the warm supporter of the noble ambitions of her husband.

Since the Gaekwar's accession to the throne, as a boy of twelve, now more than thirty years ago, his influence has always been employed in the effort to elevate and improve his subjects. Baroda, his capital, has a university which he founded, and numerous schools also attest his belief in education.

The Gaekwar of Baroda and his Wife, the Maharani

Speaking with the writer, the Gaekwar praised warmly the ceaseless efforts of our missionaries in India in establishing schools, hospitals, and homes for the little children whom famine or disease has made orphans.

"It is the children," the Gaekwar said to the representative of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, "the little children, whom we must help, and through them the generations to come. The men and women of my country are too ignorant, too bound up in caste prejudice, to make any appreciable progress toward the betterment of their condition, although they are a frugal, moral, and hard-working people. The work of the American missionaries in founding schools and hospitals has done great good, though there is much yet to be done. Only one who has lived many years in my country can realize that progress has been made."

"But are you not yourself a high caste man?" the Gaekwar was asked, his reference to "caste prejudice" blocking the wheels of progress bringing out the question.

"I am," he replied, with a grave smile; "but I should like to see caste disappear utterly from India. In its inception, that merit and not birth was worthy the greatest esteem, the caste idea was a good one; but out of it have grown many evils, the greatest of which is perhaps the unwillingness of the people of India to accept new ideas. That is what has brought me to this country, for I wish to study your public school system, with the object of building more schools on my return, and of establishing the best of your methods in those we now have. I wish to make education compulsory, and the schools really free schools in the truest sense; for although at present the expense is merely nominal, thousands and thousands of children never have a day's schooling.

"With compulsory education," he continued, "all this would be changed. Each would have to learn, and with knowledge would come the breaking down of the barriers of caste, which has done so much to retard our mental growth. Of course, all this cannot be done in a day or a year. I should like India to move at the rate of a hundred miles an hour, instead of a quarter of a mile, or less, as now.

"With the splendid work that American and English men and women are now doing for my people, the establishment of new schools, and the enforcement of a law compelling regular attendance of all children up to twelve at least, I believe that the next generation in India will tell a tale of wonderful progress."

THE OLD SOLDIERS — Sermon by Rev. Frank DeWitt Talmage

Continued from preceding page

temptations of sin entrapped him! Lower and lower he sank. The stout hand which always had such a cordial grasp of mine, began to weaken and tremble as it more and more frequently reached out for the poisonous cup. After I left that church and went to a Western field, letters from my old home came saying, "Captain So and So is not doing well." No, he was not doing well. He drank up his business. He drank up the fortune his father left him. He drank a big mortgage on his home. He sent his girls forth to work for their daily bread. And the last time I saw him, sin had almost completed its work. I did not at first recognize the physical and mental and spiritual wreck. When I saw him sitting in my old church, I said, "What a mighty power sin must be to have conquered so valiant a hero! Oh, it was pitiful to see that stalwart frame, that indomitable spirit overcome and laid low by a degrading habit. If one so strong, so fearless, so brave has fallen, God keep us weaker mortals close to himself, lest we too succumb to temptation."

But there is another great lesson that I learn from the old soldiers. It is the preserving power of industry. I am never so impressed with this thought, as when visiting some of the old Soldiers' Homes of America. Without any exceptions I believe the "Veterans' Retreat" of Washington, or Milwaukee, or Danville, or Sawtelle, can be counted among the garden spots of the world. The one of Southern California is especially beautiful. Go there any time of the year, and you can pick flowers in the gardens. There you are within a few minutes' ride of the great Pacific Ocean. There the libraries are filled with books, and the Memorial Hall has its regular entertainments, and the aviary is filled with birds, and the settees are in just the right positions under the trees. All that most of us feel is needed to make life happy is there. The old soldiers do not have to worry about their meals or their money, or the beds in which they are to sleep, or the doctors and the nurses who will care for them when they are sick. All is provided for them. But as a class, are the old soldiers in Sawtelle happy? No. Go to the Old Soldiers' Home and begin to talk with these veterans and you find them discontented. What do they say? Praise their surroundings? No. Invariably they will find fault with the overseers and with their food and with their associates, and with this and that and with the other thing. They have nothing to do, and so a large part of them spend most of their time in complaining. Oh, man, I want you to thank God that you are compelled to work day in and day out, month in and month out, year in and year out.

But there is still another fact I want you to notice about the old soldiers: The approach of old age and of death does not change a man's views towards God. If he is a blasphemer when he is young, he is apt to be a blasphemer when he is old. If he ridicules and sneers at the Bible when he is young, he is apt to be a scoffer and an agnostic when he is old. The most solemn sentence I ever heard uttered, was by the chairman of the meeting when I spoke before the "Old Soldiers' Home" at Sawtelle. "Mr. Talmage," he said, "you will have sitting before you all kinds of men—agnostics, infidels and atheists, as well as Christians, are all here." "What," I said to myself, "can it be possible that any of these gray-haired men, who are so soon to meet their God, are men who dare to go to sleep at night without the prayer upon their lips that Christ will be their Saviour?"

Then, a short time after, in order to corroborate this statement, I said to one of the chief chaplains of the Grand Army Homes, "Chaplain, have you any atheists and agnostics here?" "Yes," he answered, "but I want to tell you a very wonderful fact about this: Almost without exception, the good men are believers in Jesus Christ. And the old soldiers who are atheists and agnostics can be classed among the canteen men." "Ah," then I said, "that accounts for the infidelity among the old soldiers." It is the same reason which accounts for infidelity everywhere found among the men and the women of to-day. Atheism and agnosticism and infidelity is in most cases, not a matter of the head, but of the life. When a man wants to drink and to go to places of evil resort, then that man wants to argue away Christ. Among the canteen men, you find most of the scoffers and the deriders of Jesus Christ. Among the frequenters of the saloons and of the low variety shows, and of the places of evil resort, you can find the most of those who are enemies of the Cross. If you are ready to give up your sins, then you are able to appreciate Christ. It is sin which is blinding our eyes to the Cross, and not doubt. And I would have you furthermore remember that when you approach the grave, like the old soldiers, the more those sins will get a tighter grip upon you and the less you will be able to see Jesus Christ as he is.

Oh, that we all might be what every Christian veteran of the Grand Army of the Republic ought to be. Sometime ago I saw one of the most dramatic pictures ever painted by the brush of man. A young society woman was seated on a sofa in a fashionable home. A young man in regulation evening dress suit, was in a chair opposite her. He had evidently just made an offer of marriage to this beautiful young girl and was waiting for the answer. Her eyes were looking into the far distance. And there before her, on his knees, with a bloody bandage about his forehead, was the ghost of her soldier hero, with a pleading face and with arms outstretched towards her, begging his loved one to be true to his memory. That was a powerful picture, but no more powerful than I see before me in many and many an old veteran's life. I see the old soldier sitting in the twilight of life. He, too, sees two visions before him. On the one side sits the man of the world in evening dress, the symbol of the sin and the selfishness and the evil of life. He is saying to the old veteran, "Friend, come with me. We have often together made merry. Come with me." On the other side of the old veteran I see the ghost of a young soldier arising and pleading with the veteran to be as he once was, when he went forth to war. The old face of the veteran and the young face of the ghost are one. The young face seems to say, "Be like me. Be like me when you went forth to battle for your native land, when the kiss of a Christian mother was upon your forehead." And there sits the veteran on the verge of the grave, with the two spirits—the good spirit and the bad spirit—pleading with him.

The picture changes. Now instead of the veteran sitting in the chair I see your face, oh man. The two spirits—the good spirit and the bad spirit—are pleading with you. When the good spirit in a soldier's uniform turns and says, "Be like me, be like me, be as you once were when you knelt by your mother's knee." I hear the strong powerful voices of thousands of Christian soldiers like Generals Clinton B. Fisk and Samuel C. Armstrong, and Generals Fallows and U. S. Grant, and Rutherford B. Hayes and James A. Garfield and Major William McKinley and General O. O. Howard say, "Yes, be as you once were when you knelt at your mother's knee. Be like Christ. Be like Christ." Was the picture of the great artist purely imaginative? Is it only a foolish vision of mine, when I assert that on this Memorial Sabbath Day, I see all the noble Christian members of the Grand Army of the Republic, heroes in war and heroes in peace, talking to us and pleading with us to be like Christ?

The Clear Bible Message

Charles Gallaudet Trumbull, editor of the *Sunday School Times*, says of the American Standard Bible: "It is the same old Book our fathers and forefathers read and treasured; but the American Standard Bible **brings the message, the truth, and the eternal promises closer home to us than ever before.**" Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D., the well-known evangelist, writes: "The translation of this Bible is more accurate than that of any other." Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, D.D., writes: "I value it, and am using it constantly. It is by far and away the best translation that we have had."

For full description of this Bible, see article on page 485 of this issue.

SAN FRANCISCO'S RELIEF CAMPS

CHRISTIAN people of California are now anxiously considering the religious needs of the various communities that were affected by the earthquake. The Californians started out to have services on the first Sunday, regardless of the fact that they had no church buildings to shelter them, and their hope and courage must command the admiration of their brethren in the East. Circulars have been sent out by the various denominations, asking that aid be given the churches in California as soon as possible. The army, which has done such commendable work in San Francisco, will be withdrawn from the city on June 1st. General Greely, who is now in command, believes that the Red Cross Society can take entire charge of the relief work at that time. The Society has been gradually taking charge of one relief camp after another, so there will be no marked break in management on the 1st of June. The camps at the Presidio, the great military station, will, of course, remain under Government supervision. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD publishes in this issue a picture showing the homeless housewives selecting clothing for their families from the relief stores. At the time of the disaster very few people waited to grab more than a shawl or cloak before darting into the street. In consequence, there has been no such thing as style apparent on the streets, ladies wearing nightgowns, covered with men's coats, and felt hats being considered, during the first days, as up-to-date headgear.

Women Getting Clothing for Their Families at the Relief Bureau

Business is still in such a disorganized condition that many able-bodied men are unable to secure work. State Labor Commissioner, W. V. Stafford, in charge of the free employment bureau, said recently:

"It is true that there are many more men willing to work than there are positions to be filled. However, the situation will be eased considerably when the commercial banks begin business and the fire losses paid. At present there are about twenty thousand men employed, including those working for the railroad, telephone and car companies. There are many thousands of men actually employed in the burned districts, clearing away the debris. Many thousands more will be employed when the large contracting companies begin operations.

"As to the character of the men we put to work, it may be a matter of general surprise to the public, as it was to us, that the men who formerly sat on high stools and filled various clerical positions, are showing their manhood in splendid shape. The shirkers are not in this class.

"Our greatest difficulty is with the regular mechanics. They drift in, look over the situation, and, finding nothing to suit them, drift back to the bread-line or back to the meal cooked from food that some member of the family stood in line to get."

It is well to have the labor situation understood by those seeking employment from other States, as there is a general impression that now is the time to get work in San Francisco. Doubtless, when the great firms begin work, there will be ample work for all.

A STIRRING LIFE ENDED

WHEN the papers printed the announcement, on the morning of the fifteenth of this month, that Carl Schurz, soldier, diplomat, statesman and author had passed from the scenes of his active and many-sided career, the American people felt a distinct sense of personal loss. The General, despite his years, had been so constantly in the public eye, fighting with sword or pen for his cherished ideas and ideals, that it seemed hard to imagine any great movement of which he would not be a part. The esteem in which he was held is shown by two telegrams received by his family. One from Emperor William read: "Please convey to the family of Carl Schurz my sincere sympathy on the passing away of this eminent man, who rendered his new home valuable services in war and peace, and at the same time, never denied the German blood in his veins."

Hon. Carl Schurz

The other came from the President, who said: "The country has lost a statesman of Lincoln's generation, whose services both in peace and war at the great crisis in the republic's history will not be forgotten while that history lasts."

Carl Schurz was born in Liblar, in Prussia, not far from the city of Cologne, March 2, 1829. His parents belonged to the German middle class, but were ambitious for their son, and wished him to make a figure in the world. He took a course at the local gymnasium, and entered the University of Bonn in 1846, just at the time when events were leading rapidly to the spasmodic revolution that swept over sections of Germany two years later. A professor named Kinkel struck Schurz's fancy at once. He was a revolutionist, and with Schurz as his associate-editor, started a newspaper at Bonn. They tried to raise an insurrection; failed, and fled from Prussia. A force of revolutionists had gathered near the Swiss border, and the young student joined them. Siegel, afterward a major-general in the American Civil War, led the Revolutionists, and was beaten by the Prince of Prussia. Rastadt, to which Siegel withdrew, was invested and taken. Schurz escaped by a miracle—at one time he had to hide three days in a sewer. At last he got safely over the frontier into Switzerland.

Professor Kinkel had been captured, and Schurz, with some fellow-students, aided him to escape from the fortress where he was confined. Although they thought they were risking their lives, it is now said that the government was very glad to have the fiery professor off their hands. Schurz fled to Scotland, then became a journalist in Paris, and finally resolved to come to the United States. He began to study English, and went to London, where he became a teacher of German and French. In 1852 he reached this country, and settled in Philadelphia. Even before he became an American citizen, he resolved to enter political life, and he felt that the large German immigration of that time would ultimately give him his opportunity. Wisconsin had many settlers of his nationality, and was spoken of as a German State, and he went there in 1855. He became a stump speaker, and was heartily welcomed by the German element, with whom his romantic history had made him popular. Most of his early speeches dealt with the Kansas-Nebraska bill. He also spoke in the Lincoln-Douglas campaign in 1858. He addressed audiences both in German and in English, and with almost equal facility, for he had made the English language his constant study, always carrying with him some book by a master of English style. Burke's addresses he particularly admired. He was able to swing the German vote for the new Republican Party, and by the inauguration of Lincoln, in 1861, was considered one of the most prominent of his followers.

Schurz was sent to Spain as United States Minister, in 1861, and there his European experience proved invaluable. He gauged accurately the feeling of the continental countries in regard to the great struggle going on in the United States, and he saw that only emancipation would prevent foreign intervention. He secured leave of absence and returned to America to advocate this idea. In 1862 he was appointed a Brigadier-General of volunteers, and at the second Bull Run found himself again serving under Franz Siegel, who had been his commander in the stirring days at Rastadt, in the "Forty-eight." In 1863 he became a Major-General, fighting at Chancellorsville and at Chattanooga. In the battle of Gettysburg he led, as temporary commander, the army corps of General Howard.

After the war he made a tour of inspection through the Southern States, acting as special commissioner for President Johnson. His ideas were later embodied in several acts of Congress.

No occasion now existing for his military services, Schurz returned to journalism. He was Washington correspondent of the New York *Tribune*. In 1866 he founded the Detroit *Post*, and the next year became editor of a paper in St. Louis. He was becoming, each year, more prominent in national politics, and as temporary chairman of the Republican convention held in Chicago, in 1865, he advocated a plank favoring general amnesty. He became a member of the United States Senate, and on the inauguration of President Hayes, became Secretary of the Interior. While in the Cabinet, he became an advocate of civil service reform, which, at that time, was only beginning to attract public attention. He wrote many articles for newspapers and magazines on this topic. On the death of William Cullen Bryant, Mr. Schurz became the editor of the *Evening Post*, a position he held several years. He continued until recently to take an active part in local, State, and municipal politics, refusing to be bound by strict party lines.

Bible Stumbling Blocks Removed

Rev. J. G. Merrill, D.D., President of Fisk University, Nashville, Tenn., says of the American Standard Bible: "I use it constantly, and the chief reason why I prefer it is that I regard it as **containing the Word of God more fully** than King James' or any other version that I know of." Rev. George U. Wenner, President Evangelical Lutheran Synod, New York and New Jersey, says: "The American Standard Revised Bible **has removed many stumbling blocks** from the way of a ready comprehension of the meaning of the Scriptures. It is to be commended to all who desire a clearer knowledge of the Word." Rev. David G. Wylie, D.D., Scotch Presbyterian Church, New York, uses it constantly and says: "It has been of great service to me in arriving at **the meaning of the sacred Word.**"

For full description of this Bible see article on page 485 of this issue.

Sheltering Japan's Famine Waifs

ALTHOUGH the famine in Japan has been officially declared to be over, the aftermath of the long siege of hardship and hunger is still making itself felt in the three northern provinces. Rev. H. Loomis of Yokohama, sends to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the following report of a visit to the famine district:

"In company with Rev. Mr. Lampe of the Sendai Relief Committee, I recently made a visit to the famine district. He was making the fourth distribution of funds received from various sources, and our trip was to the northern part of Miyagi.

"Leaving the railway station at Kogota we went first to the town of Furukawa, the county seat of Shida County. We found the head official to be a practical and energetic man. A donation of $420 was handed to him as the portion allotted to that county. In this county there had been found to be 24 homes, and 103 people entirely destitute. There were also 738 families and 3,054 persons that must have help of some sort, either in the way of employment or food.

"Various methods had been resorted to to provide for all these. Some were employed during the winter in repairing roads; and now a large number were engaged in making over the rice fields. Others were making baskets, hats, rope, traps for catching fish, etc. The families of the soldiers had been especially considered; and, as far as possible, are earning a support by the manufactnre of paper. The intention is to make every person earn his or her living as far as possible.

"In a storehonse adjoining the head office was a pile of flour that had just been received from Seattle, and which was soon to be sent out to those who were destitute. Also several sacks of seed potatoes that will be distributed to the farmers as the circumstances require. As we were on our way to Nakaniida, the county seat of Kami County, we saw large numbers at work in the rice fields, making changes in the boundaries, and other improvements.

"The head official at Nakaniida also welcomed us and received the contribution of $247 with many thanks. From Nakaniida we went to the village of Miyazaki, and there found about 100 of the distressed people at the head office receiving a donation of food consisting of some dried potatoes, Indian corn, and a dried root of a plant of the lotus family. A part of the number received in addition the sum of two and one-half cents in money. The appearance of the waiting crowd was such as to indicate that there was dire need in the case of all. Their clothing was old and badly soiled, and the faces plainly showed care and want.

"As one feeble woman stood waiting for her allowance the head official remarked, 'She is one of the most destitute of all. She has only one meal a day. She lives in the hills, four miles distant. Some live ten miles away.'

"After the distribution we went to the house of the headman of the town, who is a Christian. While we were eating our supper the various officials and prominent men of the place gathered in an adjoining room, and when we had finished we were asked to speak to them on Christianity. It was a privilege and pleasure to address them on the distinctive characteristic of Christianity and its adaptation to the need of all men. There was careful attention, and evident interest in the thonghts presented. The next morning the head of the village and a policeman kindly went with us to see some of the cases of distress. The first was that of Tsnnejiro Okamoto. His home was a bare room, with only the ground for a floor, and a hollow place in it for a fire. There were no beds or covering at night beyond the thin garments worn during the day. How any one could exist in such utter wretched conditions seemed a mystery. Three of the children had been sent to a home for the destitute recently opened by Miss Phelps at Sendai . . . The other homes visited are sample cases of the want that prevails in very many throughout all the famine district.

"There will be some relief during the month of June, as vegetables and winter wheat will then be ripening, but a very large number must have assistance for six to seven months to come. The total number needing relief is about half a million, and 200,000 of that number are wholly dependent. The officials and government are doing all in their power to supply the need.

"Four hundred and eighty children from the famine districts are being cared for at the Okayama Orphan Asylum, and 200 more are expected soon. When these children reach the asylum they are in a pitiable condition. For a time they have to be fed on a low diet; as a hearty meal at first would result in serious sickness or death. The good which will result from proper food and care will be very great.

" 'Sympathy Bags' are being prepared by the Christians, and filled with rice for distribution among the famine sufferers. In each one of them is a copy of one of the Gospels. About 35,000 bags have been provided for. The distribution of these has impressed the recipients with the fact that Christianity is good; and a desire has thus been created in many minds to know more about it. One of the Japanese evangelists writes: 'Some thirty distressed people of Miyagi-mura here have been greatly moved by the love of us Christians, and expressed their desire to study Christianity and the Bible. Send me ten or twenty copies of the Testament without delay.' " H. LOOMIS.

Yokohama, Japan.

Stereograph, Copyright, 1906, by Underwood & Underwood

Cleaning up New Arrivals at the Okayama Orphanage

Count Matsukata

President of the Red Cross Society of Japan

The Japan *Mail* of April 15, has the following:

Contributions received from the United States for the relief of the famine sufferers in the North, have now reached the formidable figure of about a half million *yen*, of which some 382,000 *yen* have been transmitted through Mr. Huntington Wilson, American Charge d'Affaires, having been collected by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of New York, with the assistance of the American Red Cross. Some 30,000 *yen* have been sent to the Foreign Committee at Sendai, and the remainder conveyed through the Minister for Foreign Affairs to the Japanese Red Cross Society, to be used for the purchase of food for the sufferers.

The total of other American contributions which have come, not through the Embassy, but directly to the Sendai Committee, Bishop Harris, Bishop McKim and others, is in the neighborhood of 100,000 *yen*.

In the last issue of *The Shinseiki* ("New Era") a monthly magazine published at Tokio, an article, "Sympathy of Foreign People to the Northeastern Famine," says:

If we northern people live in the narrow-minded feeling of a nationalism based upon racial prejudices, the wonderful force of humanity comes, knocks, and opens the door of the people's heart, and does not stop until it fills the mind with a lofty and noble idea of human brotherhood. See how admirably the citizens of Europe and America have expressed their deep and warm sympathy toward the stricken people in the northern provinces.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which has most actively worked for us, telegraphs to our Red Cross Society that it will send hereafter $10,000 every week while the suffering lasts. We cannot but express our deep gratitude to the noble hearts of the American people.

The same paper also adds:

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which has sent us so kindly large sums of money several times for the relief of our poor people, has sent us again $15,000. These gifts are wonderful. They benefit the people not only physically, but in their hearts as well, revolutionizing their old, narrow ideas. They give an actual education in the great principles of human brotherhood.

Acknowledgments of contributions will be found on another page.

Where Tribute is Paid to a Nation's Heroes

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 475

themselves are beautiful beyond description. The Lee mansion was modelled after the Temple Paestum, near Naples, and stands on the slope of a hill which stretches to the Potomac. The entrance to the grounds are through classic bronze-and-stone gates, bearing the names of the leading generals of the Civil War. The lawn in front of the mansion is devoted to the graves of officers, and the most notable monument as yet erected there is that to General Sheridan, at the south of the main driveway. The temple where the services are held on Decoration Day, and where the greatest statesmen of the country have spoken, is an amphitheatre formed by an embankment of earth, covered with green, velvety sod and shaded with trellises of vines.

In 1872 a uniform pattern of headstone was adopted for all of the eighty-three national cemeteries scattered throughout the United States, and they now mark the graves of almost four hundred thousand soldiers and sailors. Two hundred acres of the Arlington estate have been set aside for the cemetery, and the most impressive sight in it is the level plateau where, acre upon acre, are filled with these small white headstones set in rows, "uniform in distance one from the other, arrayed in order, and marshalled as battalions for review, a silent army, sixteen thousand strong." One who has never seen it can scarcely realize the loveliness of the scene when, on Decoration Day, all of these many, many, graves—not one forgotten—are bright with fragrant flowers, each bearing a tiny flag.

The smallest of the national cemeteries, and, in one respect, the most interesting, stands just north of the Soldiers' Home. This is Battle Ground Cemetery, and it has the distinction of having had a battle there, which was watched through its progress by a President of the United States.

The cemetery at the Soldiers' Home—the latter that magnificent place of refuge founded by the survivors of the Civil War for their unfortunate comrades who find the battle of life too hard to fight unaided—is maintained for the soldiers who die in the Home, and for whose final rest no other provision is made. Near this cemetery lie the bones of him whose Order established Decoration Day, the intrepid Logan. Impressive ceremonies are held at this tomb as each anniversary returns, and the devoted widow of the warrior is always there to take part in them.

On the other side of the city is the quaint, low-lying Congressional cemetery, where in 1812 a part of the old "Washington Parish Burying-ground" was set aside to receive the bodies of the members of Congress who died while on duty in Washington.

ABBY G. BAKER.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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Memorial Day

HOW beautiful and significant is the spectacle that is witnessed in many of the cities and towns of our land on Memorial Day! They say of us that we easily forget our dead, that republics are always ungrateful, but this consecration of a day to the memory of those who served their country and fell in its cause, contradicts the aspersion. We do not forget. Once a year, at least—and God knows how much more frequently—they are the chief thought in our minds, and we go to the place where we have laid their beloved forms. We know they are not there, but that is there that we used to know, and we render the poor tenement they once inhabited, the tribute of our love.

They throng the silence of the breast,
We see them as of yore—
The kind, the brave, the true, the sweet,
Who walk with us no more.

To how many who have no share in this national celebration, who had no relatives who wore the blue or the gray, does this day come as a sacred day. We, too, know the inconsolable sorrow of the parting. As the processions wend out to God's acre with their tributes of flowers, our hearts go with them. We know their feelings—

And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which we have loved long since, and lost awhile.

To many the best part of the world is over there. There is nothing on earth so precious as that which God has in his keeping in that other land. As David said long ago when he passed through the agony alas so common: We shall go to them; they shall not return to us. The only thing left to us here is to take up their burden, to try humbly to continue their work. In that way alone does the only consolation come that we can have here.

But, O, 'tis good to think of them
When we are troubled sore!
Thanks be to God that such have been,
Although they are no more.

We sorrow not as those who have no hope. We know it is well with them and the day of reunion is ever coming nearer. The inspiration of their lives stirs our hearts, and through Him who brought life and immortality to light, we look for that blessed time when there shall be no more death.

The Heresy Verdict

AS THE CHRISTIAN HERALD foreshadowed, the heresy trial before an ecclesiastical court at Batavia, N.Y., has resulted in the conviction of the accused, the Rev. Algernon S. Crapsey, on all the charges. Under the verdict he is found guilty of denying (1) "the divinity of Christ, and that he is the Saviour of the world; (2) the doctrine of the Trinity; (3) the doctrine of the divine birth, as enunciated in the Apostles' Creed and the Nicene Creed; (4) the doctrine of the immaculate birth, as set forth in these two creeds; (5) he is also found guilty of violating his ordination vows. He is suspended from all clerical functions meanwhile, and if within thirty days from the date of the verdict, he does not conform to the canons of the church, he will then be dealt with by the ecclesiastical authorities of the diocese as the case demands.

In behalf of the accused, it was pointed out that at all regular services under his charge, the Apostles' Creed was constantly affirmed, in the usual formal manner; but this would seem to have rather been an aggravation than an extenuation, if the sermons that followed were heretical in character. Moreover, on various public occasions, even after the proceedings were begun against him, the accused had taken the opportunity to emphasize his radical divergence from the church standards.

It is by no means certain that the end of the case has been reached. Dr. Crapsey may appeal to a higher ecclesiastical court, and if he does, the public may be treated to an unedifying and pitiful rehearsal and discussion of the case, gratifying only to those enemies of religion who foolishly believe that the strongholds of the Christian faith are to be broken down by just such methods as those Dr. Crapsey has employed.

Heresy trials, no matter how they result, are profitless in a spiritual sense. In these days of widespread publication, the details of a heresy trial may be so presented as to make the most sacred things commonplace and no better than the secular. While the right place for an admitted or convicted heretic or violator of ordination vows is outside of the church, it is equally certain that the church has the power to enforce its discipline and to make the needful changes, without making a public spectacle of its dissensions. This is one of the principal reasons why all heresy trials, no matter how just the accusations may be, are apt to be regarded as bigotry, and as sadly out of place in our day and generation.

A Lover of Liberty

IN these days when the greed and passions of men have so blinded them that liberty has been confounded with license, it is an inspiration to review the character of such a man as Carl Schurz, who died recently, holding the respect of two continents. In his early days he was a German revolutionist, but revolution had a far different meaning in the stirring days of "forty-eight," than it has now. To Carl Schurz it meant "levelling men up, not down." He believed in great and far-reaching reforms. He wished that the horizon of opportunity should be widened for all men, but that with this increased opportunity should go a respect for law and the rights and property of others. Germany in his boyhood was not the great free empire that we see to-day, but a collection of many States, in many of which the political liberty of our time was practically non-existent. It was this condition of affairs that finally sent Schurz to this country, Germany's loss and America's gain. In later years he counted among his friends the statesmen and rulers of his fatherland, and they regarded with pride his achievements in a foreign country. Emperor William himself was among the first to telegraph his condolences.

Schurz found in America the land of his dreams, and threw himself with ardor into the great struggle of a generation ago. He proved himself a good officer, and when the war was over an equally good healer of political wounds. Some of his warmest friends were found among the gallant men who wore the gray. But while he thought this republic the greatest government yet devised, he saw that there were opportunities for improvement in our public service, and his interest in civil service reform did much to further that movement. It was only a week before his death that he was elected president of the league devoted to the extension of the civil service idea.

General Schurz was not a fire-eater, as has been claimed by some. It is said he would rather have been a musician and composer, than a soldier and man of affairs. Throughout his long and useful life, he walked in many paths that were not pleasant to himself personally; but he saw duty point the way, and Schurz was not the man to disobey her commands.

Russia's Birth Throes

EVENTS move rapidly in Russia, and with mighty import. We are watching the birth of a nation there, a spectacle that will make this period memorable in the world's history. Once before a nation rose in its might, and, shaking off all its cerements, worked havoc among the princes and aristocrats who tried to reimpose the old yoke upon it. The sowing that had been going on for centuries came suddenly to harvest, and the whole world shuddered at the reaping. The beginning of the French Revolution of 1789 was very like the events now taking place in Russia. There was a pressing need of money for the imperial treasury; an impossibility of obtaining it without the calling of representative institutions into existence; a kind, well-meaning occupant of the throne, and a class of men wedded to the past, in which they had grown rich and powerful, vainly striving to block the wheels of progress. The story of what happened in Paris during those years should be read and studied in St. Petersburg, lest a similar fate befall the Czar and his court.

What a surprise it must have been for the chiefs of bureaux, for the governors and princes, when the Douma began the discussion of Russian grievances. They had thought that all power was concentrated in the Czar; that what he and his Council deemed best for the country would be done, and that a hundred millions of people in cowed silence would accept the programme laid down for them. The Douma peaceably assembles, and in a moment the silent millions find speech.

Moderate, respectful, in perfect order, but with a voice conscious of stupendous power, the representatives state the demands of the nation for law and liberty. Very simply does this assembly express the needs of the nation for laws that in other countries are elementary. That they can be refused is impossible. This assembly may be dismissed and difficulties may be raised, but the thing begun must go on, and woe be to the obstacles that stand in its path. The man who in Mrs. Shelley's story made Frankenstein, had no conception of the power he had endowed with life. So is it with the Czar. The restrictions with which he attempted to curtail the power of the Douma are already being strained. If he is wisely advised, he will yield to the demands that are being made and will accept the provisions which the Douma imposes. By conciliation, by cordial co-operation the transfer of the government from autocracy to constitutional sovereignty may be made. Despotism is dead in Russia from this time, and it rests with the Czar and his advisers to say what shall come in its place. Loyalty, affection, peaceable good-will, as in England, where the king reigns but does not rule, or a republic born in strife and bloodshed. God guide him and give him the wisdom he so sorely needs!

Legislation and Moral Reform

ENVIRONMENT is potential in the formation of character. The state of the public conscience, produced by the preacher, teacher, and worker, and the laws into which public sentiment crystallizes, are powerful influences in the purification of the individual heart and of public morals. Good public sentiment expresses itself in good laws, and good laws, well enforced, in turn produce healthful moral sentiment.

Many of our State Legislatures this year have busied themselves more than usual with the problems of vice and crime. In New York State the Legislature has considered a number of questions of moral reform, disappointing in a large measure the majority of the people who demanded, and had a right to expect, an advance in the moral standard of legislation. It is true, a law was passed in the protection of the policy holders of life insurance companies, making the colossal robberies which have disgraced our time more difficult. The Anti-Raines Law Hotel Bill, backed by the Committee of Fourteen and the Anti-Saloon League, was passed, and this law, if duly enforced, should wipe out the unspeakably vile institutions called Raines Law Hotels. If in the trial the law should not be entirely efficacious in cleansing this cesspool of vice and crime, the first act of the new Legislature should be to pass a still more drastic measure.

In the Brackett Library Bill—which also passed—under the virtuous pretense of keeping the sale of liquor 200 feet away from a church, a provision was inserted which permits hotels that have been in existence previous to January, 1906, to sell liquor. The old law allowed no hotel built since 1896 within 200 feet of a church to sell intoxicating liquors. Thousands of pastors and church members protest and demand the veto of the bill.

It is difficult to understand why the Legislature should not have passed the Wainwright Proprietary Bill, compelling manufacturers of patent medicines, druggists, etc., to place on the label the proportion of alcohol or other poison in the contents. The number of those who have become drunkards through the use of alcoholized patent medicines is appalling. The passage of this much-needed law was asked for especially by the National Temperance Society, the Women's Christian Temperance Union, and other organizations.

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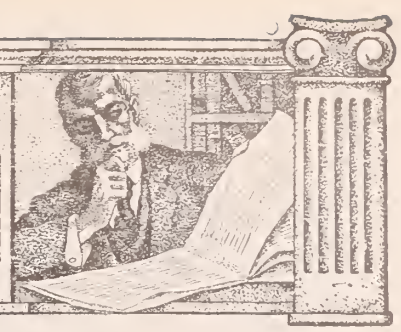
The BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER



Homes of a Lost Race

ONE of the most successful and careful of the attempts yet made to econstruct the homes of the Cliff-dwellers, is that of H. W. Koekkock, which appears on this page. These habitations, now in ruins, give but small indication of what they must have been in their glory. The archæological scholar, however, has studied the methods of building shown in the more finished structures, and has reached conclusions, probably near correct, of how these ruins were originally finished. Their best specimens are found in that wonderful region where Utah, Arizona, and New Mexico meet near the Colorado boundary. This group of dwellings in the picture is in the Mancos Canyon, and was probably inhabited by the ancestors of the Navajos, Zunis, and Moquis tribes, undoubtedly an ingenious, cultivated, and powerful people. That they existed before the Spanish discovery is clearly proved. One evidence is the existence of a spruce tree, found by Mr. Frederick H. Chapin, which grew out of an abandoned dwelling. This tree, he tells us, "is eighty feet high, and three feet in diameter. Judging from the rate of growth, it must be two hundred years old. The building must have been vacated, then the walls have time to crumble and fall away, before the seed could have taken root. How long a time this occupied can never be known." All this, however, must have taken place before the tree began its long life of two centuries, which shows how remote must be the race which erected these buildings and lived in them.

Whether the structures were forts, or mere dwellings, is still a subject of dispute; but they may have combined both purposes. They are built on the face of the canyons. They overlook large tracts of agricultural land and contain rooms that appear to have been used as storages for grain of some kind. It is remarkable that there is no trace of any attempt to store water, though the rivers in the neighborhood are so alkaline as to be unfit for drinking, and are not rendered palatable even by boiling. That the people knew the use of coal, is proved by the ashes still to be found in the fire-places. One or two of the dwellings show rude remains of chimneys. In the sides of the walls are recesses which seem to have been used as shelves. Some of the buildings are very extensive. In one of them, a hundred and twenty-four rooms were distinctly traced on the ground floor. The upper walls have fallen, but there were evidently several stories, the whole capable of housing a thousand persons. How it was that they disappeared, whether through extermination by an enemy, or by a change in natural conditions, is unknown. They are gone, leaving no sign of their existence but these strange homes now fallen into ruin. They built carefully and substantially, little dreaming of the race that would speculate on their fall.

Their inward thought is that their houses shall continue for ever and their dwelling places to all generations (Ps. 49 : 11).

A Palace of the Cliff-Dwellers of Colorado, as Restored by a German Archaeologist

Drew Poison from a Wound

The Carnegie medal for heroism was, on May 17, conferred on Miss Lucy E. Ernst, for her noble conduct in saving the life of a friend at the risk of her own. She and a number of school friends were walking near the fishing and hunting club headquarters, when a rattlesnake fastened on the ankle of one of the party. There was no time to call for assistance, and no chance of reaching a medical man in time. Miss Ernst, promptly took the case in hand. With a penknife she opened the wound, and removed as much of the poison as she could. Then, applying her lips to the place, she sucked it, drawing out what venom remained. The boy's life was saved, and he experienced no ill results from the wound. It was for this act that the girl has received the medal, which, only she thinks, was an uncalled-for reward of simple kindness. Though she deprecates the publicity given her, it is certain that few dare have done such a thing. She was following in the steps of Him who not only risked, but gave his life that our race might live.

Scarcely for a righteous man will one die: yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die: but God commendeth his love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us (Romans 5: 7, 8).

A Bear Fight in New York

A keeper in the Zoological Park, in the Bronx, had a narrow escape from death a few days ago. He was sent to clean the cage in which three bears are kept. One of them, a polar bear, was known to be an ill-tempered animal, but the keeper was not afraid, as he had been accustomed to clean the cage regularly. On this occasion, however, the bear was unusually ugly. When the keeper had finished his work he found this bear planted in front of the door, with the two others behind him. On his trying to get them away so as to open the door, the big bear made a rush at him and knocked him down. He was up again in a moment, but not until the beast had bitten his leg severely. He ran to the other side of the cage, but the bear, aroused by the sight of the blood, pursued him. He had no weapon but his broom and with that he fenced, keeping the savage brute away. His strength was failing from loss of blood, when a boy passing and seeing his plight, ran to the house for help. Some of the park employees quickly came to his assistance, armed with forks and sticks. They were only just in time, as the bear had driven him into a corner and had seized his hand. He was taken out almost dead and sent to the hospital. He had made the mistake of thinking the bear was tame and harmless. There are many who make a similar mistake as to a besetting sin that they believe they have overcome. Their old enemy suddenly puts out its former strength and finding them unprepared for conflict, and unarmed, falls upon them, overthrows and wounds them. Happy are they then, who call upon Christ, who has already won the victory for them by his suffering and death, for the help which he is always ready to give.

Lest Satan should get an advantage over us, for we are not ignorant of his devices (II. Cor. 2 : 11).

Dancing Though Demented

News from Vienna is published that a famous dancer, who was the fashionable craze of New York's fast set in 1903, has been committed to an asylum for the insane. She won unstinted popularity in the theatres of New York, being vivacious in features, exquisitely beautiful in form and of singularly graceful movement. From New York she went to Paris, where the aristocracy crowded the theatres in which she performed and showered jewels and rich gifts upon her. One young nobleman was so infatuated with her, that he committed suicide when she left Paris. It was noticed when she arrived in the Austrian capital, that her steps were somewhat uncertain, and eventually other symptoms of insanity were seen. Finally, it has become necessary to confine her in an asylum. It is said that the doctors attribute her malady to excessive dancing. The habit still persists, for she dances almost continuously. It must be inferred that the specialists despair of curing her, otherwise they would not permit her to continue the practice that induced her disease. That she should wish to do so, is a proof of her madness, as it is in other aberrations.

When shall I awake? I will seek it yet again (Prov. 23: 35).

Mummy Germs

A monograph issued from the Tuberculosis Institute of Chicago, has astonished the public in this country, and provoked direct contradiction from European authorities. The author, a lecturer from the famous college of the Sorbonne in Paris, contends that the rapid spread of consumption here and in Europe was increased, if it did not originate, in the mummies brought from Egypt. Those mummies, he says, contained enormous numbers of tuberculosis germs which "live for thousands of years, as has easily been proved, and the exhumation of the bodies, even the well-preserved ones, caused an epidemic of consumption among the workmen and scholars who first exhumed the cases. Dead bodies may not secrete the germs, but dead bodies are undoubtedly a favorite-lodging place for the tubercular bacilli. The bacilli from the mummies are undoubtedly of great age, and it has been shown by experiments in Paris that these aged bacilli are infinitely more deadly than those that are given out by living sufferers." The scientists will tell us whether the French professor's theory is well founded, but the fact that it is held by so eminent an authority is significant. How imperishable is evil. Out of the dark dead past comes a force which destroys the living. Happily good, too, is imperishable.

If through the offence of one many be dead, much more the grace of God and the gift by grace hath abounded unto many (Rom. 5:15).

The Best of All Bibles

Rev. Wilbert W. White, president of the well-known Bible Teachers' Training Institute, New York City, writes thus of the American Standard Bible: "We use the American Standard Bible exclusively in our training school. We do this because we believe that it is the **best English Version of the Bible** published."

For full description of this Bible see article on page 485 of this issue.

Love and Life the Keys of Liberty

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS*

CHRYSOSTOM called the apostle Peter the mouth of the apostles. Recall his ready responses to Christ on many occasions, and you will see the fitness of the appellation. Did he always speak wisely? His wisdom and his unwisdom will both appear in the story we are to study. Jesus had gone with his apostles to the region of Cæsarea Philippi, that he might escape the throngs that usually followed him—some to be healed, and others to find fault with him. He desired retirement, that he might have opportunity to instruct his apostles, knowing that the time was approaching when he must leave them. Let us now imagine a group gathered in the twilight by the riverside, where the Jordan rushes out a full-grown river, near a shrine to which men had been wont to come to worship other gods. This shrine suggests the question: "Whom do men say that I am?" "Some say that you are John the Baptist, or Elijah, or Jeremiah brought back to life." "But whom say ye that I am?" On the instant Peter answered for them all: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." Peter was not only wise in that utterance, but wiser than he knew, as his subsequent words proved, being guided in that great confession by the Holy Spirit. Closer the group gathered about their Master, and twilight deepened as Jesus then spoke concerning his death on the cross soon to be accomplished at Jerusalem. To this prophecy Peter instantly, and this time unwisely, replied: "Be it far from thee, Lord; this shall not be unto thee." Those closest to Jesus were not yet able to grasp the great atoning purpose for which he had come from heaven.

The words of Peter were a repetition of Satan's temptation to win the kingdom of this world by force instead of by the cross. Jesus said to Peter: "Get thee behind me, Satan, thou art an offence unto me." Then Jesus proceeded to show that not only himself, but all of his followers must bear the cross of self sacrifice for the good of others, not losing thus, but gaining life's supremest usefulness and joy, and achieving the largest liberty by transformed hearts that freely chose the right. Of such rock-firm God-trust in the heart, and on the lip, and in the life, he would build his church to stand forever.

"Jesus said: Blessed art thou, for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee"

Illustration and Application

1. Right Ideas of Christ in the Mind. It was a reviewing question, an examining question, a developing question, all in one, when Jesus said to his apostles: "Whom do men say that I the Son of man am?" Those who looked for a more militant Messiah thought he was at least one of the two expected attendants of the Messiah, the resurrected Jeremiah or the resurrected Elijah. Others thought, as guilty Herod did, that he was John the Baptist risen from the dead. Those who held the most conservative views, said he is, at least, one more added to the list of great prophets. Does it really make "no difference what a man thinks if he lives right?" as men who do not think so often say. Would these men who believed Jesus to be only a prophet have made him known to the world as a Saviour of men and nations? They were the very ones who turned away when he talked of spiritual bread instead of giving them more loaves and fishes. A man may be worse than his thinking, but hardly better in the long run.

Is is, therefore, extremely important that men should think, and think of whatsoever things are true and honest and lovely and of good report, and think of them carefully and accurately, and then turn their thinking into life, as the little girl explained her drawing: "I think and then draw round my think."

Does it make no difference that a man does not believe in the Ten Commandments when you have been asked to appoint him guardian of your daughter and her property? Does it make no difference in character whether one believes with the Mormons that Christ was a polygamist? Is it nothing to a drunkard looking to God for strength to conquer appetite whether Christ is a mighty Saviour in the soul, or only a good man like Socrates? An admiration of Christ which regards him as only a great teacher, not as the Son of God, differs from evangelical adoration as the Ptolemaic astronomy, that makes the sun only one of the satellites of the earth, differs from the Copernican astronomy, that makes the sun the centre of the solar system.

"What think ye of Christ?" is the test
To try both your State and your scheme;
You can not be right in the rest
Unless you think rightly of him.

2. The Confession of Christ with Our Lips. "But whom say ye that I am?" Peter, ever first to speak, because that was his temperament, but speaking better than he knew (v. 17), like his favorites, the prophets, whom he described as "swept along like ships before the wind, by the Holy Spirit," said, "Thou art the Messiah, the Christ, the Son of the living God." And Jesus replied, playing on Peter's name, that meant Rock, that such a rock-firm faith in the divinity of the Saviour, ardently confessed, was the rock on which his church should be built, as we see that it was in this very way its foundations were laid by Peter and his fellow-apostles at Pentecost, and by the same confession of faith in Paul the superstructure was erected. What folly to talk of this play on Peter's name as constituting him primate of apostles and first pope, when every New Testament reader can see that Paul was "the great apostle," though he, like Peter, at an earlier time, was only a leader, not a master!

As Christ is the supreme fact, it is supremely important we should take time to think rightly of him. There is no grander exercise of logic. Let one premise be, that even the sceptics almost universally admit, with Richter, that Jesus was "the purest among the mighty, the mightiest among the pure." The other premise may be, that he was too good to deceive, too great to be deceived. Therefore when he called himself the divine Messiah and Saviour and King of all mankind, who is able to enter human hearts and control human lives, reason as well as faith bids us "believe and receive and confess him." Let us not even be drawn aside for more than a moment to discussion of Roman Catholic perversions of this great commission of Christ, from the more important work of building his church by personal testimony to the divine power of Christ to save. "Tell it out."

3. The Dominance of the Spirit of Christ in Our Hearts. "I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven." Here is another mighty truth of personal experience that has been nearly buried from sight by superstition and consequent jests. The funny man finds Peter as gatekeeper of heaven a prolific suggestion for irreverent jokes that are almost, if not quite, profane. To the Roman Catholic, Peter really holds the keys of heaven and hell and purgatory, in the person of the living pope, to whom a man must therefore look for salvation, forgetting that Jesus said, "I am the door, by me if any man enter in he shall be saved. He that climbeth up some other way the same is a thief and a robber."

Let us turn quickly from the wrong interpretation of this passage to the right one. Keys were then as familiar a symbol of power as red lights are now of danger. And binding and loosing are clearly symbols of forbidding and permitting. The great promise of the keys, which Jesus gave, not to Peter alone, but in another passage to all his apostles (Matt. 18: 18), and so to all of us, manifestly means: "I will give to those converted hearts that Christ really fills and rules such a similarity of feeling with him, such a love of what he loves and such a hate of what he hates, that they will forbid themselves what he forbids, and permit themselves only what he permits, not by outward constraint of the will, but by the innermost preference of a transformed nature, in which the Holy Spirit has "brought into captivity every thought to the obedience that is in Christ."

The call here is to those who are only Christians in the will, to become Christians at heart. Over and over we need to repeat George MacDonald's great words: "When God's will is our law, we are but a kind of noble slaves; but when God's will is our will, then are we his free children." That is the exact meaning of the keys, that a Spirit-filled heart does freely what God requires, because it does not want to do the thing God forbids, and desires to do the very thing it is permitted to do. This is binding and loosing on earth what is bound and loosed in heaven.

The Cross now covers my sins, the past is all under the blood,
I'm trusting in Jesus for all, my will is the will of my God.—W. F. C.

"It is all worked from the inside," said the photographer, to whom a lonesome old lady objected that she couldn't "look pleasant," with all the troubles she had. He was out rambling through a Yorkshire dale, photographing interesting objects, and had come on "Goody Fraser" sitting picturesquely in her cottage doorway. She was not eager to be "took," and when at last persuaded her face was so doleful that he found it necessary to suggest, "Couldn't you brighten up the eyes and smile a bit?" "See here, young man," she replied, "if you think an old woman with a lot of troubles can always be smiling, you are mistaken. It takes outside things to make a body's face and eyes bright." "No, no," the young man said, "it's all worked from the inside." She smiled slightly and he said, "Why, you look ten years younger." That brought a real smile that made her "look twenty years younger." When her visitor went away she said, "It's the first compliment I have had since my old man died," and she reached for her looking-glass. "Yes, he's right. A smile do brighten me up wonderful. But I don't seem to have things to smile for now Jem's gone." Then she remembered the words, "It's all worked from the inside." God seemed to speak to her from the roses and humming bees. "I've been grumbling that I was alone and old. All the time the heavenly Father's caring for me, and his Son died for me, and I've his blessed Bible to read. These are enough to give me inside and outside happiness." She rejoiced to get the cheery photograph in a day or two as a gift from her visitor, and to show it to her neighbors. Often they would say, "You look like your photograph to-day." One day Jack Lees, who had not heard the story—having been away—said: "Why, Goody Fraser, you are a wonder! How do you keep so young? What is your secret?" "It's all worked from the inside," she answered. "I pray you may find it so yourself." And he did. To those who desire to be saved from wishing to do the things they know they ought not to do, this message is most of all appropriate, "It is all worked from the inside."

4. The Cross in our Own Lives. "If any man will come after me let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me." The way of the cross then is not for Christ alone. There are times when we, too, must walk that way, if we are really following him. It is a mistake to suppose that every step of the Christian life is to be one of self-denial or self-sacrifice. That is another error derived from a misinterpretation of this lesson. The law of daily life is: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." That is the span we are to drive—altruism and egoism—loving regard for others coupled with the grace of self-reliance. The two great commandments are really three: "Thou shalt love God; thou shalt love thy neighbor; thou shalt love thyself." That's what Shakespeare means in his grandest passage: "Love thyself last." That's what we mean when we say to a friend: "Be good to yourself." The word self-denial is properly applied only to denying ourselves some pleasant but harmful thing for our own future good. Self-sacrifice is quite another thing. In supreme hours we are to be ready to give up anything for the love of God and the good of men.

*International Sunday School Lesson for June 10. Peter's Great Confession, Matt. 16: 13-28. GOLDEN TEXT: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God," Matt. 16: 16.

AN OLD SURVIVOR

A Story for Decoration Day

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

YEAR after year the roses had bloomed and faded in a little Maryland village, and year after year, ever since the Civil War, garlands of them on Memorial Day, had been laid upon the row of soldiers' graves in the little cemetery that stood near the bay. Very peacefully, for more than forty years, side by side, had slept these men-at-arms, some of whom had worn the blue and some of whom the gray. In the little border community, in those old days, families had been fiercely divided in sentiment, and, in more than one place, children of the same mother had been arrayed against one another on crimson fields. But when the war was over, disputes had subsided and kindly feeling had been restored, and to-day the grandchildren of the soldiers brought their decorative tributes alike to every grave, rejoicing most of all in the fact that Memorial Day brought them freedom from school and a chance for a long, splendid gala-day out of doors.

It had been customary for several decades to have a procession and martial music, and to make the day a great occasion; but one year an epidemic had swept through the town and another year had brought a fire, and gradually the votive offerings and special exercises had been left to the children. They took great interest in gathering flowers and adorning the graves, and when they had flowers enough, they lavished them impartially everywhere, so that the little God's acre looked like a real Garden of the Lord.

It was Ruth Endicott who took the initiative one season in a new departure. Ruth was very apt to start something new. She said to a group of boys and girls: "Why should we not find some old soldier who is alive and carry our flowers to him? The men in the graves must have their share, but why can we not do something lovely for our heroes who are with us yet?"

Her cheek flushed and her eye grew bright as she spoke.

"The trouble," said Emily Lane, "will be to find any of the heroes. Father and mother were talking about it yesterday, and they said that nearly all those who fought in the Civil War were gone; that one by one they were being mustered out, and that soon not any of them would be left. We used to see the old comrades marching on Memorial Day, but there are none of them now, and I don't see where we are to find any one in this township to carry out Ruth's idea."

Ruth looked a little disappointed. "Surely," she replied, "there must be somebody in this county who fought in the Civil War." Ralph Edgar was passing with his team and heard the group of little girls as they eagerly discussed the situation. He had been to the mill and one end of his big wagon was filled with sacks of meal, but there was plenty of room in it for another load. "Jump in, girls," he called, as he halted his strong sorrel horses. "Jump in and take a drive with me. I'll show you an old survivor of the war, one you may take flowers to if you like and any other nice thing you can think of."

The children needed no second bidding. Ralph's kind, sunburnt face, and his honest gray eyes, were a passport to children's favor, and they were accustomed to riding after his horses whenever there was room in his cart or wagon. They passed their own houses on the road out of the village and waved laughing good-byes to their mothers as they rolled merrily through the street, the wheels going round as fast as the pretty thoughts in their bright heads.

"Why, Ralph," said Ruth, "I believe you are taking us to the poorhouse. Surely none of the old soldiers are living there."

"Yes," answered Ralph, "one of them lives there. Her name is Aunty Pease."

"Her!" echoed the children. "Her name! women didn't fight in those days."

"That shows how little you know. Women have always had the worst share in war and the hardest part in all the battles. Aunty Pease was a young girl when the war broke out. Two of her brothers were in the Northern army and two in the Southern. She stayed at home with her father and worked in the fields like a man, and in the house she worked like a drudge, for her mother was sick and never able to lift her hand to her head after her boys went away. All four were killed at Gettysburg. Not one was left to help the old people. Sally Pease was young and strong and clever then, but she grew old and faded and weak and a little stupid before her long tasks were done. You see, children, you don't know much about sorrow. Her mother lived to be ninety, and before she died we had begun calling Sally, Aunty Pease. She had a lover once, but he died when they were both not more than boy and girl, and Sally never cared a mite for anyone after that. She is quite old now and very poor, and I don't believe she has too many comforts in the poorhouse. After her father's death the farm had to go,

"He lifted up a tin box, not very large, but quite heavy"

and it was by hard work that the daughter kept a roof over her mother's head. She is brave though, as brave as any soldier ever was, and she has fought a good fight. She is an old survivor, and I don't know but that you children might bring her some good times if you were to try."

The children alighted very soberly before the door of the alms-house. It was a low, rambling structure, that looked comfortable enough in an unpretentious way, and it was as clean as whitewash and paint could make it; but even the children understood that nobody wanted to live there if it could be helped, and they vaguely comprehended what a trial it must be to such a woman as Aunty Pease to spend her last days there. Ralph led the way, and they were shown into a sunny little room with a rag carpet on the floor, a cot in the corner, and an armchair at the window. A little old woman, very straight, with bright, dark eyes and snow-white hair, was stitching carpet rags and making them into great round balls. She looked up, and nodded pleasantly to Ralph, as he brought the children in.

"Aunty Pease," he said, "I have brought some friends to see you."

The old lady smiled, and waved a wrinkled hand at the young visitors, saying, "Sit right down, my dears. Two or three may sit on the cot, and the rest must camp down on the floor. I am glad to see children. It's lonesome here, and so quiet, and I don't know what I'd do some days if it were not that I have my dreams, and that the old times seem more real than these present ones."

The children looked at her curiously. What did she mean by her dreams? They had not lived long enough to enter that realm of fancy in which aged people are so much at home, and they felt a little awe as they saw tears gather in the bright old eyes. But Aunty Pease brushed the tears away. She presently told the children something about the times that were so long ago, and that to her had become more vivid than the present. She told them how their old farmhouse had sheltered soldiers of both armies, how her mother's silver teaspoons had been buried near the house during the entire war, and how a little money, all in bright gold pieces, had been placed there, too. Alas! by some strange happening, the gold pieces and the silver spoons had not been found. "You see," she said, "Brother Benjamin buried them, and there was so much misery, that mother forgot just where the place was, and she was the only one that knew."

The children rode home very soberly. They had decided already in their minds that they would take flowers and dainties to Aunty Pease on Memorial Day, that her room should look as beautiful as the soldiers' graves, but Ruth could not be contented, thinking how much good those gold pieces could do were they only to be found, and marveling at the pleasure Aunty Pease would feel could she hold in her hand before she died her mother's silver spoons.

"Ralph," she said, suddenly, "have we passed the Pease place yet? Who lives there now?"

"The Millers lived there until a year ago," said Ralph; "but they have moved away and there's nobody there so far as I know. That's the place just around the bend of the road." He pointed with his whip to a little weather-beaten farmhouse with apple trees just ready to blossom, standing all about it.

When Ruth reached home she drew her father aside and talked with him a long time. He shook his head and seemed unwilling to say yes to her pleading, but finally he went with her a piece up the road to the old Pease farmhouse.

"Daughter, dear," he said, "it would be a fool's errand. Nobody will ever find that buried treasure. You see, child, there is no clue. I presume that they digged the whole farm over to find it and ransacked the earth in all the out-of-the-way corners. It will never be found."

"Well, father," said Ruth, "if I were going to hide a thing that I cared a good deal about I would choose a spot very near the kitchen door. I would make up my mind that people would not be likely to hunt where everybody would see them, and as I was looking at Aunty Pease, something seemed to whisper to me that her brother had put those gold pieces as close to the house as he could. Won't you come anyway and look for them with me?"

The two, gray-haired father and golden-haired girl, walked on together and came to the old Pease house, all boarded up and lonely in the light of the waning sun. The spring had come with tender touches and garlanded doors and windows, and the lilacs were in bloom beside the kitchen porch.

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Books Received

Wilhelm Tell, by Friedrich Schiller; with introduction, notes and vocabulary, by Prof. Edwin Carl Roeder, University of Wisconsin. An excellent German edition, with introduction in English. Pp. 352; illustrated; cloth binding. American Book Co., New York, Cincinnati and Chicago, publishers.

The United States in the Twentieth Century, by Pierre Leroy-Beaulieu, is interesting as having been written from a French point of view. Its American edition, translated by H. Addington Bruce, has a foreword by the author, craving credence for his production on the ground that "all the facts and figures cited are taken from 'The Report of the Twelfth Census.' Pp. 396. Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York and London. Price $2.00.

The Art of Living, as outlined by Daniel S. Sager, M.D., is well calculated to fulfil the mission to which its author has appointed it, and will surely help to "make life beautiful and sublime" to those who read it thoughtfully. Its 255 pages, condensed into a "vest pocket" code, are thus summarized: "Breathe deep, chew long, drink much, eat little," with an earnest note of warning against worry. The D. S. Sager Publishing Company, Brantford, Canada.

Black's Medical Dictionary, edited by Prof. John D. Comrie, of Edinburgh, Scotland. A valuable work, which occupies "a position between the technical Dictionary of Medicine and one intended for the domestic treatment of commoner ailments." Gives information in simple language upon a wide variety of medical subjects. Pp. 854; illustrated; cloth covers. Price $2.50. Adam & Charles Black, London, and The Macmillan Co., New York, publishers.

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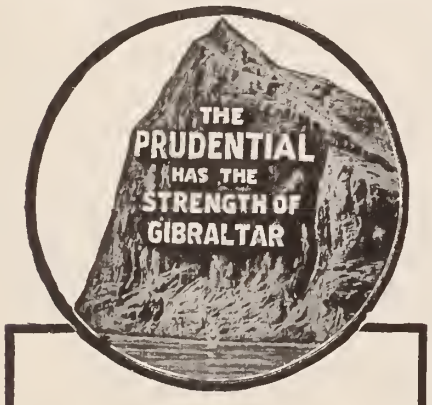

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The Chariots of the Lord

A Story of the Days of Religious Persecution in England

BY JOSEPH HOCKING

Summary of Preceding Chapters

During the reign of James II., whose father, Charles I., was beheaded in the revolution under Oliver Cromwell, a determined effort was made by the King to win England to Roman Catholicism. He persecuted the Protestants and had a willing instrument in Lord Jeffreys, an ignorant man, who had been raised to the bench by the king. The story opens with a scene in his court, in which the hero, Benedict Trelawney, denounced Jeffreys to his face, as an unjust judge. He was committed to prison. On his way he was enabled to escape by a girl, who told him her name was Mary. She guided him to the house of a Protestant, who gave him shelter and introduced him to another refugee, a Scotchman named Donald Stewart. On the following day he received his sword, which had been taken from him, and found upon it a message from the girl who had saved him, asking him to meet her that night at the Temple Church. He has an interview with her there, in which she advises him to have nothing to do with a conspiracy, then being organized against the king. He is surprised at her knowledge, and suspects that she is a daughter of Judge Jeffreys, of whom he has heard as being her father's spy. Disregarding her advice, he associates himself with the Duke of Monmouth, a natural son of Charles II., who invades England. After the defeat of Monmouth, Trelawney hides in a cave, but is found and lodged in jail. When brought to trial, a letter reached Jeffreys from the King ordering Trelawney sent to him. That night the bars were sawn from the window of the prison by some unknown friend and Trelawney escaped in a carriage waiting for him. In the carriage was the girl who had previously saved him from his captors, who restores to him his sword. She tells him that sometime she may need a friend to do her service, and he promises he will be that friend. Afterwards she gives him up to the king's officers, who set out with him for London to deliver him to the king.

CHAPTER XXVI.—Continued

SERGEANT BINKS would have liked to have conversed with his prisoner, of whose noble name he had heard, but he dared not. As for Trelawney, he had much to think about. He was watching for a chance of escape too, and but for the fact that each of the soldiers held his pistol ready to shoot, he would more than once have endeavored to show them a clean pair of heels. Presently, however, he gave up all thoughts of escape through the day, but began to formulate plans whereby, when night came, and they were safely ensconced at the King Charles Inn at Basingstoke, he would rid them of his presence.

The sun was setting as they stopped at the village of Basingstoke. They had no difficulty in finding the King Charles Inn, for it was the only place of entertainment where a man might stay with comfort. There were two common rooms in the inn, the one where peasants resorted, and the other a kind of parlor, where the five men were presently ushered.

Master Trumble eyed them curiously as he gave orders for food to be placed on the table, but he asked no questions.

"Are we your only guests to-night, Master Trumble?" asked Trelawney, as though he were the leader of the little party rather than a rebel prisoner.

"All at present, most worshipful sir," said the innkeeper; "but a man never knows who will stay at a place like Basingstoke, especially in these troublous times."

"Ay, I suppose that, being in the main track from London, all sorts of people stop here?"

"Ah, that there do, sir. Of course many prefer going by Reading. Nevertheless, we are directly on the way from Windsor to Salisbury. Besides, although I says it as shouldn't, there is no place in Reading equal to the King Charles Inn, neither for drink, for comfort, or for company. My father kept the place before me, when I was fighting against old Nol with Prince Rupert, and it was well known for a loyally kept place then, even as it is now."

After this, each man fell to eating the victuals that had been prepared, consisting of roast beef and boiled puddings. Master Trumble likewise placed a tankard of ale before each of the soldiers, but ostentatiously set a bottle of wine before Trelawney.

Sergeant Binks scowled as he saw this, but said nothing. When Master Trumble paid special attention to the young Cornishman, however, the Sergeant protested.

"This is the first time ever I heard of when a prisoner was treated better than his guard," he said.

"Ay, and this is the first time I ever saw a common sergeant placed in charge of a man of quality," said Master Trumble blandly. "But I know my duty, nevertheless. For what did Prince Rupert say at the time when we fought against the Roundheads? A man of quality is still a man of quality, whether he be loyalist or rebel. Therefore, he must be treated as a man of quality, even if he is ordered to be shot."

"But this doth not hinder the man of quality sharing his wine with his inferiors," said Trelawney. "Therefore, Master Trumble, do you bring a bottle of your best for each of these brave fellows."

"Your honor shall be obeyed," said the innkeeper.

Scarcely had Master Trumble left the room to execute the order than two men entered and called loudly for food and drink.

It was now after eight o'clock, and the night had begun to fall. Indeed, so dark was it, that Trelawney could not see their faces plainly. At that moment, however, a serving-maid entered bearing candles, and revealed two men, well-armed, and apparently of some substance. Their clothes, though not finely made, were of good material, while their general appearance denoted some standing.

"God save the King! and down with rebels!" cried one to the innkeeper, who followed the serving-maid, bearing bottles of wine.

"Amen, worshipful sirs," said Master Trumble.

"Amen. Ay, you do say amen as though you were a canting Puritan. Down with all Puritans, and down with all those who oppose his sacred Majesty."

"Why, amen again to that," said Master Trumble; "and I hope I may say it without being taken for a Puritan, having fought with Prince Rupert against old Nol."

"As to that, the man who hath fought with the brave Prince against old Nol can say what he will. But what have we here? By my faith there must be some mistake. Here is a man of quality sitting down to his meal with comon soldiers."

"If it please you, I am no common soldier," said Sergeant Binks loftily. "A sergeant in his Majesty's army is no common soldier."

"Sergeant! sergeant! Faith, and is a man who hath followed a dung-cart to sit down at meals in the parlor as though he were a gentleman? Is this what I find at the King Charles Inn at Basingstoke, Master Trumble? Ay, and with wine set before him, too! One might think old Nol were alive again, and that officers were made out of shoemakers, and blacksmiths, and farm laborers. Besides, Sir Charles Baynton and Master Inglenook will be here in a minute, and Sir Charles will never stand it, mind that."

What this portended Trelawney could not understand, but his mind was made up. He believed that fortune had thrown a means of escape in his way.

"Ay, and who knows but that Sergeant Binks may be as good as you," he cried with apparent anger. "You come here parading your Sir Charles; but who is Sir Charles?"

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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CLAY W. HOLMES, ELMIRA, N. Y.

The Chariots of the Lord

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 486

"I am Sir Charles?" said a deep voice at the door, and I stand by all that Master Springle hath said. Besides, you have finished your meal. Do you, therefore, go into the kitchen and drink your ale."

"Go into the kitchen yourself," cried Trelawney. "No, Sergeant Binks, you shall not be driven from your seat by these fellows. If they have a better right to sit here than we, let them prove it."

"Prove it! Do you think that we will fight with such as you?"

"A coward is always afraid to fight," cried Trelawney laying his hand upon his sword-hilt.

"Coward! coward!" cried the man who had been called Sir Charles. "Master Springle, Captain Brindle, Master Inglenook do you hear? Cowards! Do you hear?"

"Gentlemen, gentlemen, for God's sake don't fight here!" cried Master Trumble. "We will try and arrange the matter somehow if you will be patient."

"Patient!" cried Trelawney. "Are we to be driven from the table by a number of braggarts who call themselves by great names? Nay, are better men than we, prove it?"

"And who are you, Master cock, that you crow so lo Sir Charles.

"One who does not tell every passer-by," he ans

"Swords are for gentl with, I tell you," cried "not for sergeants and t

"That is always the who cannot use a swo lawney. "Binks, I stan is a good room for fi little cramped, but b prove who have the be Now, then, Sir Charles!" sword and placed himsel of defence before the n been called Sir Charles Ba strong man, of about fou age. "What, you are afrai do nothing but bawl."

"Tell me who you are, t n?"

"Nay, I will not; but if you are a man of quality, prove it. What! you insult us, and think we will meekly swallow all you say? There!" He struck him on the face with his left hand, while with his right he held his sword, ready to defend himself.

In a minute the room was a scene of confusion. Thrusting, parrying, shouting was the order of the day. Sergeant Binks and his soldiers, forgetting their prisoner in their anger, had thrown themselves into the fray with great eagerness.

A few minutes later the fighting ceased as if by magic.

"Where is Captain Trelawney?" cried Sergeant Binks; "where is my prisoner?"

"Where is who?" said Sir Charles Baynton.

"Captain Trelawney," replied Binks; "a captain in the rebel army."

"But he was taken prisoner more than a mouth ago, and brought before my Lord Jeffreys at Taunton. I heard about him only this evening," said Master Inglenook.

"Yes, yes, but where is he now? I tell you I am undone if I lose him."

"But where can he have gone?" cried Sir Charles Baynton. "I tell you I was fighting with him only a moment ago. I thought what a fine swordsman he was."

"He can't have gone far," cried another.

"Let us find him; let us find him. The King will give a big reward for whoever may lay hands on him."

"Did anyone see him go out?"

"No, I did not."

"But I saw the door open."

"Where is Master Trumble? Perhaps he knows."

All their quarrel seemed to be forgotten at the news of Trelawney's escape.

"He may have hidden somewhere in the house," said Sir Charles Baynton. "Ah, I see now. He urged us on to fight that he might escape in the general scuffle. I tell you it was a clever trick. Let us lock all doors and search the house from cellar to cockloft."

"But he may have gone out?" said the Sergeant.

"How could he? I was standing with my back to the door when we were fighting."

"But look here," said another; "who's to say that this was Captain Trelawney at all?"

"Here's my commission from Captain Trevor," cried Sergeant Binks.

"Yes, yes; but commissions are easily made in these days. What I want to know is this. If he is Captain Trelawney, an officer in the army of Monmouth, if he is the man who hath been in prison at Taunton, and was brought before Lord Jeffreys yesterday, how is it that he is here, with his hands free and a sword by his side?"

"I tell you this was Captain Trevor's orders. I objected to it; but what could I do when the Captain commanded?"

"Well, that's all very well; but how do we know? I am a magistrate, and it is well known that a gang of highwaymen have been in these parts. How do I know that you are not a set of spring-heeled Jacks posing as the King's soldiers."

Binks looked at them like a man in despair. He was not a coward, and he had no doubt but that he and his companions could hold their own against the four men who talked so loudly, but in the meanwhile their prisoner was escaping. Every moment he lost was a moment gained to his prisoner. He believed that Trelawney had sought this quarrel in order to escape them, and while he admired the ruse, he determined not to be a disgraced man.

"Gentlemen! Worshipful sirs!" he cried, "I do not wish to offend you, but of a truth I must get out and find my prisoner. I shall be undone forever if he escape. Why, look again gentlemen, the King's arms are on the paper which contains my instructions. I tell you it will go hard with you when it is known that you have hindered me in my duties."

"Let us look at it again," cried Master Inglenook. "As is well known, I am a zealous servant of the King, and I would be the last to hinder the King's business. If I am convinced that you are truly the King's men, we will no longer hinder you, but we will lend you what aid we can to discover him."

Again Sergeant Binks unfolded the letter.

"Yes, but how do we know this paper hath not been stolen?" said Sir Charles.

"There is the signature of Captain Trevor," cried Binks.

"Who is Captain Trevor? I have never heard of him."

"Captain Trevor? Why he is—stay, Master Trumble knows him. Let us call Master Trumble."

Master Trumble had left the room. At this time it was no rare occurrence for a brawl to take place at a tavern, during which time the innkeeper generally made himself scarce. When Master Trumble was found, however, he asserted that without doubt this letter was written by Captain Trevor, and that Sergeant Binks had been commissioned to take the prisoner to London.

"I withdraw all opposition," said Sir Charles. "I only wanted to be assured that these were the King's soldiers and not highwaymen."

At this Sergeant Binks cast a look of anger upon him, but darted away with his soldiers to find the prisoner.

TO BE CONTINUED

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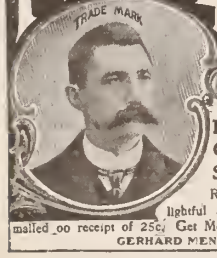

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IS IT A "LOST GOSPEL"?

A SPECIAL cable dispatch from London to the New York *Sun*, gives this interesting information: "Drs. Grenfell and Hart, during continued researches of the ruins of Oxyrhynchus, whose ancient monasteries some years ago yielded the famous Logia of Christ, found a fragment of a supposed lost Gospel, which is now in Queen's College, Oxford.

"It is a tiny scrap of vellum, perforated by worms and yellowed by sixteen centuries, but the writing is perfectly legible. It is written in Greek characters, which are almost microscopically minute, with scarlet initials. There are about 300 words.

"It is certainly no part of any extant Gospel, but its theological value must be left to theologians. It is unusually well written from a literary viewpoint. It begins in the middle of a speech. Jesus and his disciples have entered the Temple and met a Pharisee, who rebukes them for omitting some ceremonial ablution.

"Jesus asks the Pharisee what the latter has done to comply with the ceremonial. The Pharisee's reply minutely describes the process of purification, of which no previous authority has given the details.

"Then follows a powerful, eloquent denunciation by Jesus of mere outward purification, he saying that he and his disciples have been purified by the Waters of Life. There is also a mention of a hitherto unknown part of the temple called the Place of Purification."

"There is a certain resemblance between this and the denunciation of the Pharisees in Matthew 23: 25, and Luke 11: 37," says a writer in the *Evening Post;* "but the whole incident, of which the account is practically complete and very striking, is quite different from anything recorded in the Gospels. Among the most remarkable features of the fragment are its cultivated, literary style, the picturesqueness and vigor of the phraseology, which includes several words not found in the New Testament, and the display of a curious familiarity—whether genuine or assumed—with the topography of the Temple and Jewish ceremonies of purification. The question of the nature and value of the Gospel to which this fragment belongs is likely to provoke much controversy."

Revival Scenes in Atlanta

SCENES were witnessed at the Torrey-Alexander revival meetings in Atlanta, last week, which surpassed anything ever known there. At one meeting, 5,000 women crowded the Skating Rink, to listen to the evangelists. Dr. Torrey preached on "What It Costs Not to Be a Christian." Scores of women arose to make a definite surrender to Christ.

"Don't stand up," said Dr. Torrey, "unless you really mean it, and don't stand up unless you are really ready to give your whole life and heart to Christ. This is no place or hour to merely resolve to be better, but a place to definitely give your heart and soul into the keeping of the Lord Jesus."

At a meeting for men only, many went forward to accept Christ. At the two services, not less than 150 men and women took a stand for Jesus Christ.

In the course of the evening sermon, Dr. Torrey said:

"Suppose you had your choice to-night between being a millionaire, with all that millions could buy, but with the rising of to-morrow's sun to be proved an embezzler, and all that money swept away, and you cast into prison to spend the remainder of your life; or to be the poorest man in Atlanta, with the absolute certainty that with the rising of to-morrow's sun these were to be a millionaire for the rest of life—which would you choose? You said 'I'd choose the latter.' Well, that only proves that you believe that hope for the future is better than present possession. And I would rather be the poorest child of God that walks the earth to-night, with the absolute certainty that with the dawning of eternity's day I was to be to all eternity an heir of God and a joint heir with Jesus Christ, than to be the richest man on earth out of Christ, with no outlook for all eternity.

"Are you willing for the sake of a few godless companions whom you are better off without, anyway; for the sake of a few worldly pleasures that never satisfy; for the sake of a few hundreds, or thousands, or tens of thousands, or hundreds of thousands of dollars, that clutch never so tightly you cannot take into eternity with you, and that only serve to make a deathbed miserable; are you willing for a few things like these to lose peace, and joy, and hope, and manhood, and God's favor, and Christ's acknowledgment, and eternal life, and to perish forever?" GEO. T. B. DAVIS.

Bearing the Cross*

ONE of the most trying incidents of Christ's sojourn here, must have been the association with men who did not understand him nor the object of his mission. They were set on their own personal advantage, disputing who should be greatest, who should sit on his right hand and on his left in his kingdom, and asking him bluntly what they would have as a reward for following him.

It was a small company, but it contained one man capable of betraying him, another who could deny him, and ten who forsook him in his trouble. He had tried ineffectually to explain to them what his work was, but they did not understand him. One thing, however, he did succeed in making clear: they must not any longer rely on the Old Testament promises of prosperity to the righteous man, but following him they must expect poverty, persecution, imprisonment, and a violent death. He did not hide these things from them, and they could not afterwards complain that they had been deceived.

None of these penalties attach to the profession of Christianity here in our day, but there is a more subtle danger. The very popularity of religion undermines its power. It has too often become the feeble, inert, formal, empty thing that is put on and taken off like a garment. There is no social or political cross, like that of the second and third centuries, to be borne. In those early days, no man confessed Christ but those who felt his worth, and the cost they had to pay made him dear to them. But is there no cross to bear now? Perhaps there would be a cross for any man who undertook to follow Christ as he desired to be followed, to obey his precepts literally. How many refuse to lay up treasure on earth if they have the opportunity? How many refrain from retaliating for an injury? How many lend to him who needs, asking nothing again? Let anyone read the Gospels closely and act upon them, and he will find there is still a heavy cross to bear.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for June 10. "Christ's Relation to his Disciples and what he expects of his Modern Followers," Matt. 10: 16-33.

Answered Prayers

M. T., Iowa. "I thankfully acknowledge God's answers to prayer."

Mrs. W. C. M., New Hampshire. "I do so thank God for sending me relief, when in affliction, in response to prayer."

Miss S. F., New Hampshire. "God has kept my home and brought me back to it in safety. He has helped me in great trouble."

Mrs. H. P. E., New Hampshire." I have recently had a wonderful answer to prayer, and with increasing faith I praise him for all he has done."

M. H., Ontario. "I read the requests for and answers to prayers in your columns each week, and I feel that I must ask assistance in that way myself."

N. E. M., Massachusetts. "I know that my Redeemer liveth and makes intercession for us. He has heard my cry unto him when no earthly friend could help. He can do all things for us. Whatsoever you ask in faith, believing, you shall receive."

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Five Generations

FIVE generations of Americans greet us in the accompanying photograph. Mrs. Cecilia Tilton Marsh is of sturdy New York State stock, and is the great-great-grandmother of the wee laddie who, in his own little person, represents the

Mrs. Marsh and her Descendants

masculine element of the group. Mrs. Marsh celebrated her eighty-fifth birthday by sitting for her portrait, with four generations of descendants serving as an admirable background to her own erect figure and clearly cut features. She is the mother of four children, all of whom are living; fourteen grandchildren, twelve great-grandchildren, and one great-great-grandchild complete the chain of descent. This dear old lady has been a daughter of Methodism for sixty years, and is to-day in full possession of her mental vigor and memory, resting happily during the evening of her life, upon the love and devotion of her children and children's children.

An Old Survivor

Continued from page 483

"Now," said Ruth, "if I wanted to hide anything and didn't want anyone ever to find it, I'd choose a place like this between the lilac bush and the kitchen window. It would be a handy place and so easy for them to go to when the war was over and so public that strangers wouldn't ever look there. What a pity that Benjamin's mother could never remember, for I am sure the box is somewhere among the roots of the old white lilac."

Do the angels whisper secrets to the pure hearts of children, or are they so much nearer heaven than older folk that they have a clearer vision of that which is hidden? Mr. Endicott laughed as he undid the fastenings of the old barn, a very easy matter, and took from thence a spade. He dug a little way down and the spade struck sharply against a metallic object. Full of excitement and as eager as Ruth he continued to dig, and almost immediately bent over and lifted up a tin box, not very large, but quite heavy. Here, after forty years, was the little fortune of Aunty Pease.

The dear old lady did not have to end her days in the poorhouse. Her neighbors bought back the old homestead and gave her its title deeds, with the understanding that when she left that home for heaven the place should be kept as a little asylum for any tired wayfarer in the village, or any weary girl who needed somewhere to lay her head and rest awhile after illness. But as long as she lived Aunty Pease was to stay in her own home. The gold pieces were enough in number to insure her comfort. The silver teaspoons brought to her old face a look of almost radiant youth. The children and their parents vied with one another in making the old survivor happy, and there were flowers for her as well as for the sleepers in the cemetery on Memorial Day, and flowers there will be in that house so long as it stands.

Emily Lane and Ruth Endicott still differ a little on the question of heroes, but on the whole they are reaching the conclusion that those who stayed at home and were patient, were as heroic as those who fought on red fields of battle. A new note has come into their voices as they sing "Hail Columbia," "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," "Dixie," and, "Maryland, My Maryland," for they are children of America and of the sunshine, and one starry flag waves over their country from coast to coast.

. . .

Vacant Chairs

There is no flock however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there;
There is no household howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair.

POET never spoke a truer word than this, which has endeared Longfellow to many a grieving heart. The empty chair, the empty crib, the silence, the playthings put away, how tenderly they appeal to those who have loved little children and lost them, when the reaper whose name is death, has carried them away from this green earth. Eugene Field's lyric about the little toy soldier and the little toy dog, touches a chord in every heart, and brings tears to eyes unused to weeping, Our little ones who were here yesterday, and are not here to-day, have not ceased to be ours, although they are out of sight, and in those heavenly gardens where Christ walks among the lilies, and the angels care for the children whose mothers will meet them again and know them in the sweet by-and-by. From the depths of a full heart, a father has written and sent to this paper a poem that will have its own meaning for a host of readers.

To-morrow

By Charles I. Junkin

Was it yesterday I was looking
In the soft little eyes of brown,
While a shadow was slowly creeping
O'er the dimpled cheeks of down?
They had whispered that he was going
Where the skies are all fair and blue,
But he lay there so still and smiling,
That I could not believe it true.

Was it yesterday I was standing
By his side in a sacred place,
Where the lilies and roses nestled
By the exquisite baby face?
But the dear little hands were folded,
And the face was so strangely white,
That I knew that the boy was sleeping—
So I whispered a last "good-night."

Was it yesterday? aye! and to-morrow
He will lift up his curly head,
And the little brown eyes will sparkle,
And his lips will be rosy-red;
He will reach up the chubby fingers,
And his mother will hold him fast,
And the boy will be ours forever—
For the night will be overpast

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You spend too much time and effort learning to like things that don't like you.

Dyspepsia for the other fellow.

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That means—

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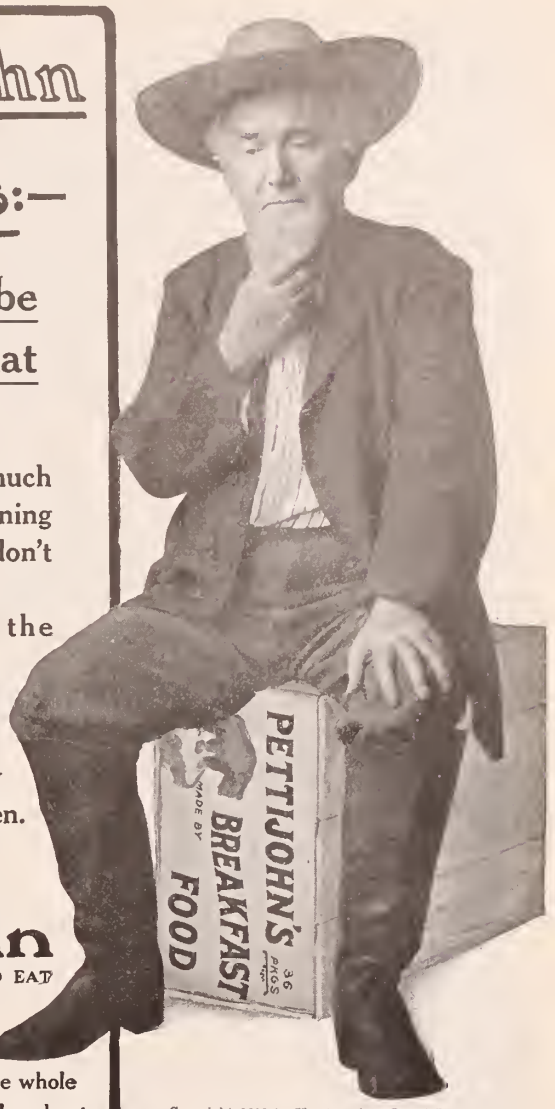

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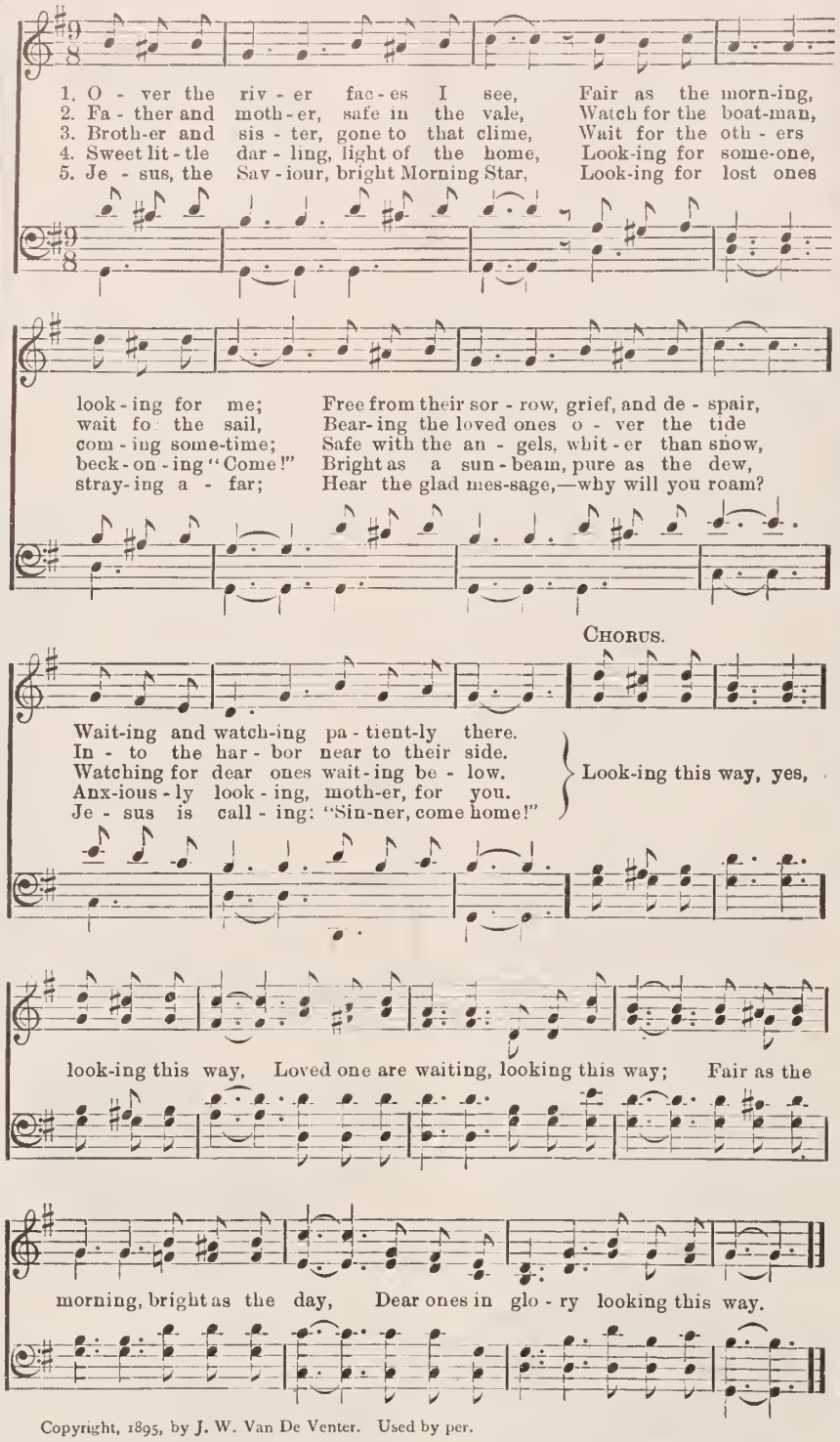
J. W. Van De Venter



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IMMIGRANT CHILDREN*

THIS will be a record year in immigration. Every week, new arrivals from all quarters of the world pour in in unprecedented numbers. Last year we received 1,027,421 immigrants, and the returns for this year indicate that a far larger total will be reached. Of these, there is reason to fear that the proportion of genuine Christians is very small. Many are Jews, a few are Mohammedans and Buddhists, and an enormous number are people of no religion. Socially and politically, they are assimilated with wonderful rapidity. Probably no nation in history ever succeeded in absorbing alien populations with so much success. But unless a supreme effort is made, and that quickly, it will be an empty boast to speak of this as a Christian nation. Deducting from the whole population, people of non-Christian faiths, people whose classification is merely formal and perfunctory and people who are openly hostile to the Christian religion, the number of true Christians is startlingly small. The Christian patriot is driven to ask himself how long it will be before the object with which the pilgrims of the *Mayflower* founded New England will become obsolete. How long will it be before the golden calf commands in our country the allegiance of more worshipers than does the Prince of Peace?

The only way to maintain or recover the preponderance of Christianity is the one of reaching the children. It is difficult to overcome the prejudices of the parents, difficult to wean them from old faiths and long-cherished ideas, but the children may be taught what Christianity really is. They may be won to admire and love Christ and give themselves to him. This is not the work of the State. We cannot expect such work to be done in the schools. The teachers, generally efficient in imparting secular knowledge, are often incapable of teaching spiritual truth. That duty belongs properly to the churches. Not only in the Sunday School, but by individual association, the Christian may influence some boy or girl. It is deeply interesting and fruitful work. And it is necessary for the national welfare. These children should not grow up in heathenism, otherwise our descendants may find themselves swamped in their attempts to keep this a Christian nation.

*Topic of the Epworth League, for June 10: "Christian Education, a national safeguard." II. Chron. 17: 7-9.

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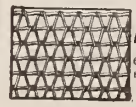

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The Great Confession

By Mrs. M. Baxter

IT was with some abruptness that our Lord once asked of his disciples: "Whom do men say that I the Son of Man am?" The disciples answered: "Some say that thou art John the Baptist; some Elias, and others Jeremiah or one of the prophets." "He saith unto them, But whom say ye that I am?" and Simon Peter answered and said: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." This acknowledgment of Christ before the other disciples, this first fruits in confession of his name brought joy to the Master's heart. He answered and said unto him: "Blessed art thou."

"Then charged he his disciples that they should tell no man that he was Jesus the Christ." Why was this? Our blessed Lord came not to bear witness of himself, but of the Father. It is the office of the Holy Ghost to bear witness of Christ, to receive of his, and show it unto us (John 16: 15), and therefore no sooner was the Holy Ghost poured out, than there was a proclamation in the most public way on the day of Pentecost, and by Peter himself, "Let all the house of Israel know assuredly that God hath made that same Jesus whom ye have crucified both Lord and Christ" (Acts 2: 36).

Therefore, while in the lifetime of our Lord there was a prohibition to confess him as Christ, to us there are distinct commands to confess him as the Christ before all men. If Jesus said of the Holy Ghost, "He shall testify of me," he added: "And ye also shall bear witness, because ye have been with me from the beginning" (John 15: 26, 27). The apostle Paul makes confession the requisite of salvation. "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved" (Rom. 10: 9). The apostle John goes yet deeper, and says: "Every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh, is of God" (I. John 4: 2). He would have the very spirit that actuates us in all we do to be in itself a confession of the Lord Jesus.

Now, what spirit is it which confesses that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh? Surely it cannot be the spirit of pride, for he was meek and lowly in heart, and his coming in the flesh is our obligation and our power to be like him. The spirit which confesseth not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of the world, speaks of the world, and the world hears it (I. John 5: 5)—*i. e.*, it is a spirit which looks upon things from a worldly point of view. All spirit of seeking for personal advantage is a denial that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh, because his was the love which "seeketh not her own" (I. Cor. 13: 5). All comparison of oneself with others is of the world, and denies that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh, for he places the first last and the last first (Matt. 19: 30; 20: 16). Christ himself dwelling in us, and repeating himself in our lives, is the truest confession that he is come in the flesh.

"From that time forth" (*i. e.*, from the moment that one single disciple had recognized him as Jesus the Saviour, and Christ the anointed of God) "began Jesus to show unto his disciples, how that he must go unto Jerusalem, and suffer many things of the elders and chief priests and scribes, and be killed, and be raised again the third day." If they knew he was Christ, they must be prepared to understand what should happen unto him without being staggered by it. But Peter, the very disciple whose faith had rejoiced the Lord, presumed upon his faith and the commendation of his Master. He "took him, and began to rebuke, saying, Be it far from thee, Lord; this shall not be unto thee." Oh, how little knew this bold confessor of Christ the true end and spirit of Christianity!

DUE RESPECT

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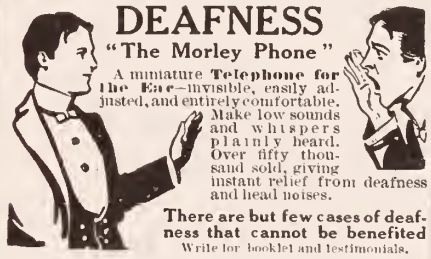

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

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THE OCEAN FERRY

OUR MAIL-BAG

Questions and Answers

Letters for this department must contain name and address of the sender—not for publication, but as evidence of genuineness and good faith. Where an answer by mail is desired, ten cents in postage stamps must be forwarded by the writers, with full address.

T. W. Y., Durhamville, N. Y. Who was John Williams, and what was his mission to the South Sea?

John Williams, called "The Apostle of Polynesia," and "The Martyr of Erromanga," was an English missionary, born at Tottenham, near London, in 1796. He was ordained in 1816, and sent to Eimeo, one of the Society Islands, by the London Missionary Society. Thence he went to Huaheine and Raiatea, where he successfully introduced Christianity and many of the civilized arts. He returned for four years to England, to prepare a Raratongan New Testament. In 1838 he went back to his field, and was killed the year after. See Prout's Life of Rev. John Williams.

L. L. B., Cawker, Kans. 1. Who were the four Johns you refer to as mentioned in the New Testament? 2. What is a lych-gate? 3. Are *The Wondrous Isles* and other books of the same author translated into English?

1. John the Baptist, John the Apostle, John mentioned Acts 13: 13, whose surname was Mark, and John mentioned Acts 4: 6, a member of the family of the High Priest. 2. Pronounced lich-gate. A churchyard-gate covered by a roof or canopy. It means a gate of the dead. It refers to the custom of the bier being placed under it at a funeral. Lich was the Saxon word for corpse. Thus Lichfield was the field of corpses, on account of the ancient massacre there. 3. There is no need to translate them into English, as they were written in that language.

L. M. G., Russell, N. J. 1. What is the cause for the present first quarter of the moon running north of the zenith, when at other times the new moon is to be seen nearly in the south west? 2. Why do not the *aurora borealis* (or northern lights) cause the same display and brilliancy now that they did in years gone?

1. To explain why the moon runs high and low it would be necessary to go back and explain why the sun does so, rising high in summer and descending low in winter, which space will not allow. The moon, in her monthly journey round the earth, passes by the sun, generally near it, but sometimes over the sun, producing a solar eclipse, at which time the moon is called "new moon." In our winter, all "new" moons run low and all "full" moons run high, and the weather prophets say "it is going to be cold—the moon runs high." In the summer, all new moons of course run high, and all full moons run low. 2. This is a question worthy of thorough consideration by scientists. When a boy, I often saw the Northern Lights, but I doubt if I have seen a display in twenty years, if not more.

LEWIS SWIFT.
Marathon, N. Y.

A reader of this journal, Mr. S. M. Wilson, of Bayonne, N. J., writes us regarding the article entitled "The March of Christianity," which appeared on this page recently, and which stated the nominal Christians in the world at the present time as numbering 490,000,000. Mr. Wilson remarks:

> This would include the entire population of Christendom, embracing sceptics, infidels, agnostics, mere professors, and those who make no profession of any religious faith.

Mr. Wilson also sends us some figures, which make it appear that of the world's total population of 1,500,000,000 some 135,000,000 are Protestants, 195,000,000 Catholics, and 85,000,000 Greek Church, a total of 415,000,000 nominal Christians. We do not regard these figures as being so close to the mark as our own, which are drawn from the latest and most reliable sources, and show the total nominal Christian population at 490,000,000. Further, we do not credit the statement that Mohammedans are making more converts than Christians in heathen lands. We are in constant communication with a very large number of missionaries in all parts of the globe—a larger number, doubtless, than any other publication, or even any one Missionary Society comes in contact with—and our information leads to the conclusion that the Cross is drawing men to it in every land under the sun. We agree with our Bayonne correspondent, however, that in all estimates of this character, only the "nominal" adherents can be considered. There are defectives, apostates, backsliders, agnostics, sceptics, and what not in the Christian ranks, as there are in all religions. But the main point, which we think the statistics fully establish, is that Dr. Crapsey's assertion that Christianity is "a dying religion" is absolutely without foundation.

The "Natural Steps" at Montmorenci Falls

ABOUT a mile from Montmorenci Falls, near Quebec, Canada, are the famous "Natural Steps," without seeing which the visit to this delightful spot must lose much of its romantic charm. They are considered by some people to be the grandest feature of Montmorenci. There the river is wildly magnificent; it dashes with the velocity of a mill-race, through narrow passes, hedged in by precipitous walls of adamantine rock, and anon leaps over natural barriers, forming in succession furious cascades and seething pools. The peculiar formation of the rocky banks has given them the title of the "Natural Steps," and they are the wonder and admiration of all who see them. There picnics are often held in summer and picturesque camp-parties gather about the "Natural Steps." The steps themselves are a succession of rocky ledges, almost a geological wonder, which seem to have been cut out of the solid rock ages and ages ago, and between which the river now sweeps along.

E. P. C., Galesburg, Ill. Please give the names of the Presidents of the French Republic from Thiers to the present.

L. A. Thiers, 1871; Marshal MacMahon, elected 1873; Jules Grevy, elected 1879; Marie F. S. Carnot, elected 1887; Jean Casimir Perier, elected 1894; Felix Francois Faure, elected 1895; Emile Loubet, elected 1899; Clement Armand Fallieres, elected 1906.

Dr. H. R. Goodell, of Memphis, Tenn., writes:

> Particularly comforting to me was your editorial in your issue of May 9, on the possibility of recognition in heaven. Do you not think that the teaching of the Bible justify even more positive encouragement to the bereaved to hope for conscious reunion there? . . . I think that in the incident you refer to, the words of Jesus offer to the bereaved and sorrowing ones of earth the positive proof of heavenly recognition. The Sadducees in this question plainly assumed that if the dead were to arise, husband and wife would know each other in heaven—that was the very point they were making, in order to show the inconsistency, as they thought, of the doctrine of the resurrection, and Jesus so understood them; and I maintain that if their assumption of heavenly recognition was wrong, Jesus would have ended the matter then and there, by saying: "Ye do err, not knowing the Scriptures, nor the power of God." For in the resurrection, husband and wife shall not recognize each other. Instead, he allows the assumption of heavenly recognition to stand, admitting virtually that husband and wife will recognize each, this last clears the difficulty, otherwise by telling them that in the resurrection they neither marry nor are given in marriage.

Sin-Sick Soul——. What is the right course for a penitent to take who has committed a sin so awful that there is no peace left in life? Will God hear the prayers of such a person for pardon and peace?

Yes, God promises to hear such prayers. "The Lord your God is gracious and merciful and will not turn away his face from you if you will return unto him" (II. Chron. 30: 9), and again, "I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth saith the Lord God: wherefore turn yourselves and live." "All his transgressions that he has committed, they shall not be mentioned unto him" (Ezek. 18: 22, 32). The Bible teems with promises to the backslider who repents and asks for pardon. The only condition is that the sin be put aside and not repeated. God pardons those who give up their sin, never those who love it, cleave to it, and continue in it. Does not an earthly parent wish above all things that his erring child come to him and say, "I am sorry I did it?" He had rather forgive and restore, than punish. Our heavenly Father is still more tender. The penitent may not have peace immediately, but that is not necessary. He has immediate pardon, and that is what he needs. Mark, who knew Peter intimately, tells us (Mark 14: 72), that even at that late date, "when Peter thought thereon he wept." He grieved still for what he had done, but he had no doubt of having been forgiven. "Neither do I condemn thee," Christ said to one flagrant sinner (John 8: 1-11), "go and sin no more."

H. W. S., New Jersey, asks. Whence did the term "Blue Stocking" originate?

Two explanations have been offered, but the fact remains that the famous Englishwoman, Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu, was the "Queen of the Blue Stockings." One story claims that a frequenter of her London conversational parties (late in the eighteenth century), wore blue worsted stockings when convention required black silk ones, and the name was derisively used in referring to the coterie. Another story states (but this is told by a jealous rival of Mrs. Montagu's), that all the ladies themselves "wore blue stockings as a distinction" at these famous gatherings of the men and women of wit and letters of the day.

Mrs. B., Vincennes, Ind. The Smoot case has gone over for the session, according to the latest reports from Washington. No explanation has come from the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections, nor from the Women's Memorial Committee, concerning the postponement of the case, which, according to the announced programme, was to have been brought to a vote early in March last.

Reader, Boston, Mass. I read an allusion to the fact that John Calvin caused the arrest and burning of Servetus. Is that an historic truth? If so, was it done as a kind of reprisal for Romish persecutions elsewhere?

Calvin caused his arrest at a hostelry in Geneva. This was after he had been tried and condemned to death before the Governor-General of Dauphiny, and had escaped, an effigy being burned instead. When rearrested in Geneva, not Calvin, but Nicolas de la Fontaine, appeared as accuser. The charge of accusation, however, was drawn up by Calvin. The latter and his associates deemed Servetus "an incorrigible heretic." Whether or not Calvin personally desired his death has been an unsettled subject of controversy. He certainly did not wish him to be burned at the stake.

M. E. Ramsey, Homer, N. Y. How many times did Moses fast forty days and nights?

He appears to have fasted that length of time on three occasions. They are recorded in Deut. 9: 9, 18, 25. The first two are mentioned (Exodus 24:18 and 34:28). The third refers to the incident mentioned in Numbers 14, but the fast and its duration are not given there, but in Deuteronomy only.

R. A. S., Reeds, Mo. Why did Christ wish the people not to understand and be converted, as he said (Mark 4: 12)?

He did not wish anything of that kind, but the very opposite. His endeavor was to get the truth into minds obstinately closed against it or indifferent to it. As he said, they would not listen to direct teaching, lest they should be converted. So he told them stories, that they might be led to convince themselves. There is an illustration of his method in Luke 10: 28–31, in which the Pharisees were trapped into making a confession by a parable. The truths contained in the Parables remained in their memories and did their work, long after a sermon would have been forgotten.

Miscellaneous

Reader, Ottawa, Canada. 1. In some Protestant churches, baptism would be indispensable; in others, the usual preparatory examinations, followed by public profession, would be sufficient. 2. The second subject treated in your letter is a matter for individual judgment and hardly a proper theme for discussion in a newspaper.

Reader, New Market, Ala. 1. It is unwise for persons of close blood relationship to marry, for obvious reasons. The offspring is apt to be degenerate, physically and mentally. 2. Alcohol is one of the greatest evils of our day and destroys more promising young lives and wrecks more careers than any other single agency

Rev. E. S. White, of Round Mountain, Ala., can use old spelling books, dictionaries, readers and other school literature to great advantage in his educational work among the mountain children.

Reader, Cincinnati, O. Travelling on Sunday, except in cases of necessity or mercy, could not be justified. The individual conscience must decide in these matters.

Mr. Frederick Erdman writes to suggest that missionaries would do well to send to the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., for the "Farmers' Bulletins," many of which give valuable practical information as to health and sickness, general hygiene, the preparation of foods, care of fowls, etc.

J. S. B., Lyons, N. Y. We answered your question as we understood it. We are not responsible for the invitation. You should make your protest to the President, who is responsible.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

NEW YORK, JUNE 6, 1906

Baron Ozawa Showing "The Christian Herald" to the Fukushima Famine Sufferers, and Telling Them of its Readers' Generosity

JAPAN AFTER THE GREAT FAMINE

By BARON T. OZAWA, Vice-President of the Red Cross Society of Japan

HAVING been fully occupied in looking after all the affairs relative to the relief work of the late war victims (some of whom are still left behind in our hospitals), I could, till now, spare no time to realize my earnest desire of inspecting the present conditions of the famine-stricken districts in the Northern provinces. Leaving Tokio on the 13th inst. by a night train, in company with Mr. Masatake Togo, Honorary Secretary, and Mr. Kow Isobe, and arriving at Fukushima at four o'clock the next morning, I started for another journey escorted by Gov. Arita, President of Fukushima Red Cross Branch, and several other officers, and visited as many counties, towns and villages as possible, meeting at the same time their headmen and officials, and dropping once a while into huts of suffering peasants. I told them upon every opportunity, how generous and sympathetic President Roosevelt, the members of the American National Red Cross Society, and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its readers had been in rescuing the famine-stricken people from the verge of starvation.

Baron Ozawa

Before distributing the money which you sent to us, we very carefully investigated the best methods by which no peasant there should "laze" away his time, simply relying upon such helps. With this view, we instructed each branch of our Society at those districts to provide the poorest with foodstuffs. An official instruction, No. 146, given by the Governor of Fukushima Ken (prefecture) on the 10th of March, 1906, to the headmen of counties, towns, and villages, may be of interest to you. It runs as follows:—

"The President of the United States has extended his sympathy to Japan so deeply that he appealed to Americans in behalf of our famine-stricken provinces to raise a Relief Fund. As a result, we have now received a certain amount of money as a part of contributions from America, which reached here through the channels of the Red Cross Society of Japan, the Department of Home Affairs and the American National Red Cross Society. I wish you would convey to your sufferers the kindness and sympathy so practically shown to them by Americans. This money should only be used to provide the sufferers with food . . . "

"The amount of money we sent to Fukushima prefecture was, up to the 13th of April, distributed among counties as follows:—

THE AMOUNT OF MONEY DISTRIBUTED AMONG COUNTIES OUT OF AMERICAN CONTRIBUTIONS:

Name of County	*Amount*	*Name of County*	*Amount*
Shinobu	4,943 00	Higashishirakawa	2,267 00
Date	5,244 00	Nishishirakawa	4,521 00
Adachi	5,364 00	Ishikawa	2,268 00
Asaka	4,642 00	Nakamura	5,847 00
Iwase	3,315 00	Ishijiro	4,452 00
Minamiaidu	1,508 00	Futaba	3,375 00
Kitaaidu	1,084 00	Soma	5,847 00
Yama	2,070 00	Wakamatsu	1,000 89
Kawanuma	1,265 00		
Onuma	1,265 00	Total Yen	60,278 89

"The methods of helping that have been adapted by proper authorities, in co-operation with local officers of the Red Cross Society of Japan, are in general similar with those in other two prefectures, and are applied scientifically. In classifying the sufferers, for instance, the authorities have carefully inspected every family, in order to find to what extent and how its members should be helped. Thus, persons, men or women, who are quite unable to work, are fed and clothed with contributions that have been made at home and abroad for the sufferers, whilst those who are able to work outside of the house, are furnished by the local governments, for measures of relief, with wage-earning work, such as rearranging public roads, paddy fields, in opening new fields for mulberry trees, and those in the house with materials for straw-work, bamboo-work, fishing-net work, etc., which are bought up afterward by the authorities dearer than ordinary prices. Beside, those sufferers who themselves own even a little bit of land or who are tenants, are furnished with seeds of various kinds of vegetables, without charge. The wages they earn in these ways run from 12 *sen* (6 cents) to 30 *sen* (15 cents) per day, in accordance with the degree of their laboring power. Foodstuffs, which we purchased with the money you sent to us, consist mostly of imported rice, wheat and flour.

"It may be well to state that, in consequence of the famine, there have been established several societies in aid of the sufferers in these three districts. The Ladies' Relief Society in Fukushima, for instance, has been collecting new and old clothes, and distributing them among the sufferers. The Society for the protection of school-children, which was established under the auspices of the authorities in each prefecture of those districts, since the number of pupils had been found to be daily decreasing, has done a great deal of work in helping and brightening them. At present, as a result, the number of pupils who every day go to school is figured out on the average to be 95 per 100, whereas, before the famine, its percentage was about 85. All the text-books, pencils, pens, and other necessaries have now been pouring into their hands from children who are more fortunately situated than they are. Such articles being in general second-handed, are disinfected thoroughly before being distributed.

"Thus, the authorities have been taking precautions against any epidemic that might be likely to spring up in the coming summer, as often is the case after famine. As the sufferers' huts are apt to become unhealthy, policemen are frequently sent to such houses for inspection. Moreover, on those who keep their own houses clean, are conferred prizes in the shape of money. School-children get free luncheons at the schools, which are

CONTINUED ON PAGE 497

THE
American Pulpit

A Sermon by

Rev. A. C. Dixon, D.D.*

THE
Incarnation of Deity

TEXT: GALATIANS 4: 4-6

"When the fullness of time was come, God sent forth his Son, made of a woman, made under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons," etc.

THIS Scripture gives, first of all, the fact of the incarnation. "God sent forth his Son, born of a woman, born under the law." Jesus speaks of the Son of Man as "he that came down from heaven." The birth of Jesus was, therefore, the incarnation of deity. Let us consider (1) the preparation for the incarnation, (2) the process of the incarnation, (3) the purpose of the incarnation.

The Preparation

"When the fullness of time was come. "There was a political preparation. Rome did not care about religious opinions. She simply wanted her revenue, and there was, therefore, religious liberty in a large measure all over the world. War had ceased. The temple of Janus was closed.

There was a linguistic preparation, for the Greek language had long been in process of formation and had reached the very perfection of language, that the Gospel might be preached over the world of culture.

There was a religious preparation, for the Jews were scattered to the four winds, and had carried with them the Old Testament Scriptures and the traditions of their fathers.

There was also a sort of immoral preparation. The world had grown bad. You have only to look at the ruins of Pompeii to see how true to life was the picture Paul drew of the heathen world. The world of painting, the world of literature, the world of music, the world of culture had become putrified, and it had been demonstrated that culture, artistic refinement, military power, and the highest kind of civil government did not make people morally better.

The Process

"Born of a woman, born under the law." There was in Jesus Christ, union of the human and the divine—just as divine as if he were not human, and just as human as if he were not divine. We have accounts of the deification of man in pagan mythology. But I do not remember any account of a god becoming a man to help man. The imagination and ambition of men were fired by the thought that they might become gods in the estimation of the people, but whoever heard of Jupiter or Mars or Minerva coming down and attempting to bear the burdens of men. The gods were willing enough to receive the gifts of men, but Christianity is unique in the fact that our God became a man with human infirmity; emptied himself of the glory of heaven, in order that he might take upon himself the sins and diseases and weaknesses of our humanity.

The Purpose

The purpose is threefold. The primary purpose is redemption. "To redeem them that are under the law." Jesus Christ came to this world to die. In all the prophecies, in all the gospels, and in all the epistles, the supreme purpose of Jesus Christ in coming into the world is to make atonement for sin. "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world" strikes the keynote of his mission.

The second part of his purpose was "that we might receive the adoption of sons," not that we might recognize that we are sons already, but that we might "receive the adoption of sons." And the word "adoption" means more than the adoption of a stranger into the family. It means really producing the condition and experience of a son. Jesus came to redeem us from sin that we might become really sons of God, with the very nature of God; "born from above," partakers of the divine nature.

The third part of the process is that we should recognize and express the fact that we are sons of God. "Because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father." You become sons through faith in Jesus Christ, and then enter into the spirit of the son that becomes familiar with the father. "Abba, Father," the child's prattling word for "father." When we have accepted Jesus Christ, we have become akin to the Father; having become real children of God, we then have the spirit of sonship by which we can come into his presence and make known our wants in a familiar way.

*Preached in Ruggles Street Baptist Church, Boston, Mass.

This brings us to the proposition which a lifetime of searching for truth has confirmed: Jesus Christ was not a product of the age in which he lived but of another world, who came to this world for a purpose. Three things prove this: (1) His claims, (2) His character, (3) His works. First, what he said about himself; second, what he was in himself; and third, what he did, being himself. Jesus Christ certainly claims three things:

That he was the Son of man. Not a son of man, but the Son of man. Frederick W. Robertson says: "There is something exceedingly emphatic in that expression: Son of man! Our Master is not called the Son of Mary, but as if the blood of the whole human race were in his veins, he calls himself the Son of man. There is a universality in the character of Christ which you find in no other man. Translate the words of Christ into what country's language you will, he might have been the offspring of that country. Date them by what century of the world you will, they belong to that century as much as to any other. There is

Nothing of Nationality

about Christ. There is nothing of that personal peculiarity which we call idiosyncrasy. There is nothing peculiar to any particular age of the world. He was not Asiatic. He was not European. He was not the Jew. He was not the type of that century, stamped with its peculiarities. He was not the mechanic. He was not the aristocrat. But he was the man. He was the child of every age and every nation. His was a life world-wide. His was a heart pulsating with the blood of the human race. He reckoned for his ancestry, the collective myriads of mankind. Emphatically, he was the Son of man." Jesus was not Jewish enough for the Jew, nor Roman enough for the Roman, nor Grecian enough for the Greek. They all rejected him because he belonged to all alike, and refused to belong to either exclusively. The forces at work in the world at that time did not produce such a man.

Jesus claimed also that he was the Son of God. The High Priest said to him on his trial: "I adjure thee by the living God, that thou tell us whether thou be the Christ, the Son of God. Jesus said unto him, Thou hast said" (Matt. 26: 63). And wherever he went he made others say it. They were compelled to do so by the proofs he gave them. His friends who were closest to him and best knew his mind, admit the claim. "I saw and bare record," says John, "that this is the Son of God" (John 1: 34).

Jesus also claimed that he was God. As the Son of man, he was truly man, and as the Son of God, he was truly God. It is evident that his friends and enemies understood him, as claiming that in being the Son of God, he was God. Listen to these words: "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father" (John 14: 9). He claims identity of divine nature with the Father in the words, "I and my Father are one" (John 10: 30). In many places he calmly claims attributes which none but God can possess. He declares that he is eternal, for he said: "Before Abraham was I am" (John 8: 58). As a man he prays, but in one of his prayers we see a flash of his divinity: "And now, O Father, glorify thou me with thine own self with the glory which I had with thee before the world was" (John 17: 5).

Equality with God

And with this eternity of nature, he declares that he has equal honor with the Father. "The Father hath committed all judgment to the Son, that all men should honor the Son, even as they honor the Father. He that honoreth not the Son, honoreth not the Father that sent him" (John 5: 22, 23). He claims to be omnipresent as to place and time. "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them" (Matt. 18: 20). "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world" (Matt 28: 20). To an unprejudiced mind there can be no shadow of doubt as to the fact that Jesus taught that he was God, and he gave to those near him such proof of it that they were compelled to admit the fact. John calmly wrote: "We are in him that is true, even in his Son, Jesus Christ. This is the true God and eternal life" (I. John 5: 20). After Jesus had stilled the tempest on the sea of Gallilee, "they that were in the ship came and worshiped him, saying, Of a truth thou art the Son of God" (Matt. 14: 33). His receiving their worship proves that he claimed to be God; their giving their worship proves that they gladly admitted his claim. Paul's "Christ who is over all, God blessed forever" (Rom. 9: 5), is the true Christ.

Jesus Christ was either a madman, a bad man, or God. None but God, or a madman, or a deceiver could have made the claims that he did. The strongest minds on earth stand with uncovered heads in the presence of his teaching. The Sermon on the Mount, even infidelity is willing to admit, was the utterance of a clear head and a pure heart. The whole trend of his life indicates the soundest mind, filled with the healthy enthusiasm which a great mission inspires.

Then we are driven to one of two other positions. He was either God, or the worst of men. We have just seen that he claimed the attributes of deity. A good man cannot claim to be what he knows he is not. A good man cannot be a hypocrite. Now, does any one in this day contend that Jesus was a deceiver? I have yet to hear of such an one. A candid Jewish Rabbi admitted in a sermon some time ago that Jesus was a good man, whose object was to do good, and that he died a martyr to his mission. Such an admission puts a man who rejects the deity of Christ in an embarrassing position, for now he must prove that a good man can be a hypocrite; that a good man can, at the same time, be the worst of men. There is

No Middle Ground

Jesus pressed this fact upon the young man who came to him, saying, "Good master, what must I do to inherit eternal life?" when he replied, "Why callest thou me good? There is none good but one, that is God" (Mark 10:17-18). "To say that I am good is equal to saying that I am God, and if you admit that I am good your place is at my feet as a worshiper, and the place for your money is on the altar for my service."

The question of Jesus, "Which of you convinceth me of sin?" challenges not only his hearers but all the ages, and their verdict has echoed the words of Pilate, "I find no fault in this man." Friends and foes who lived close to him and inspected his words and actions confirm the claim that he was good. Peter says, "He did not sin, neither was guile found in his mouth" (I. Peter 2 : 22). "Ye know," says John, "that he was manifested to take away our sins, and in him was not sin" (I. John 3: 5). We believe that no man lives to-day had enough to deny this claim, and assert that Jesus was a deceiver. The verdict that he was good is universal. And if good, he was God.

His Work

His work was to establish a kingdom not of this world (John 18:36). Such a thought was not of this world. The Jews were looking for a temporal king to deliver them from Roman rule. If Christ had taken hold of their idea and used it for his own advancement, he would have acted like a man, and his success could have been explained as the success of Napoleon and Washington can be explained. On the contrary, he opposed the leaders of public opinion, and began the establishment of a kingdom which lives to-day after the power of the kingdoms of Greece, Rome, and Egypt has become a memory. A young man, a poor mechanic, from a mountain village, with no rich, powerful allies, does this in three years. He does it by the deliberate sacrifice of himself. Men have died martyrs to their mission. But man has never yet planned martyrdom as a part of his mission. Jesus told his disciples that he would go to Jerusalem and be crucified, and on the third day rise again (Matt. 16:21). He provides before his death for a memorial of that death. Men do not build monuments to their defeats. The French have no monument to call Waterloo to mind. But Jesus would have his followers remember, not the Mount of Transfiguration, but Calvary; not his glory, but his shame. Indeed, he makes his shame the test of his discipleship. He tells his followers that they must expect to be hated, persecuted, killed. Men do not try to establish kingdoms in this way.

All these things go to prove that Jesus was not a native of this world. He was more than man; and, as I see him standing out distinct from and above all others, I cannot resist the impulse to fall at his feet and say, with Thomas, "My Lord and my God."

THE SPANISH ROYAL WEDDING

King Alfonso — Princess Ena

OVER three centuries have passed since a Spanish King came to England for a bride, and the political results at that time cast a glamour over European history for years after. The wedding of King Alfonso of Spain, to Princess Ena of Battenberg, that is drawing all eyes toward the court of Madrid at the present time, seems to have nothing but happy auguries, and the future will doubtless be free from the political troubles that disturbed the union of Mary and Philip.

The young King has an unusual personality for a sovereign of twenty years. In his childhood he was far from strong, but constant care on the part of the Queen-mother and his efficient tutors has resulted in his developing into an athletic young man. He is taller than most of his officers and guardsmen, with a strong ambition to be a progressive sovereign of the twentieth century. He has grown daily in the affections of the Spanish people, and his choice of a British princess, Ena of Battenberg, as his bride, has been hailed with great joy by peasants and statesmen alike. When it was suggested some time ago by the Spanish ministers that the young king should marry, he told them with his characteristic independence that he did not intend to have a wife chosen for him, nor to marry a photograph, in other words, he would marry some one whom he loved. Several German princesses were suggested, but it was not until the young king visited England that he met his fate. He fell in love with the Princess Ena the first time he saw her, so the story runs, and since that time has been the most gallant and persistent of wooers.

The princess is tall, and has the athletic and intellectual training that is the part of the life of English girls of the aristocracy and upper classes. She is queenly in manner, and will well fill the exacting role she has been called upon to occupy.

All Madrid put on its most festive garb for the arrival of the Princess and the King, who had gone on a special train to meet the bride-elect. Gay scarves and flags fluttered from windows and balconies, banners of Spain and of Great Britain, heavy with silk and embroidery, swung from hundreds of painted Venetian masts, and festoons of flowers were everywhere.

Florists from the Canary Islands came to lay a floral carpet on the streets over which the wedding procession was to pass. Over 1,200 tons of flowers were ordered to decorate the Plaza de Toros alone. All the flowers that could be got in Seville, Murcia, Granada, Valencia, and Aranjuez from May 30 to June 6, were purchased by popular subscription to be added to the floral decorations.

Betrothed couples in Madrid and other Spanish cities made arrangements to be married on the same day as the royal couple, considering it a time of good omen. The fetes and processions arranged by the people of the city are a quaint mingling of the mediæval and modern. One feature is a parade of gaily decorated motor cars, moving in rows of twenty, the royal bridegroom himself taking part with four cars of his own. No princess surely has ever been welcomed to her future capital with greater demonstration of regard than has Princess Ena. She will bear, it is said, the title of Queen Victoria of Spain, and the Spanish people think, and perhaps rightly, that this union will lead to a Spanish-British alliance, which would do much to raise the position of Spain in the eyes of the Powers. The King's gift to his bride has been made from old family jewels placed in modern settings. The crown of the Queen is magnificent. One of the pendants is composed of large pearls selected from several hundred that were submitted. The bride's gift for Alfonso is a sword with a jeweled hilt, the scabbard covered with allegorical devices.

The ancient church of San Geronimo was chosen as the scene of the imposing ceremony. The interior was hung with gold embroidered tapestries, the carpet of crimson velvet edged with gold. Over twenty-five hundred electric lights and candles were installed in ornamental designs for the occasion.

Alfonso chose a romantic spot for the signing of the marriage register. The ruins of an ancient monastery adjoin the church of San Geronimo. In the cloisters of the monastery there is a moss-grown fountain, and by it stands a desk on which the register is placed. The approach was carpeted and hung with costly tapestries. In this quiet and picturesque place, the royal couple and their witnesses sign their names immediately after the wedding.

Kylemore Castle, Ireland, where Part of the Honeymoon will be Spent

JAPAN AFTER THE GREAT FAMINE

Continued from page 495

served by the Society for the Protection of school-children. 'I am very hungry. Oh, no! I am not hungry' is a spirit of Bushidoism or Samurai. It may be of interest to state here that there had been at first some children who refused free luncheons, notwithstanding they ate nothing for more than two days, and some fathers and mothers who refused gifts from others. In order to encourage the education of children in these districts, the Central Government made an allowance of *yen* 300,000 for them, donated thus: *Yen* 120,000 for Miyagi Ken (prefecture), *yen* 110,000 for Fukushima, and *yen* 70,000 for Iwate Ken.

"In Sendai City, at the beginning of the famine, all the rice dealers formed a trust to enhance the market price of rice. Mayor Hayakawa determinedly imported rice from Tokio at his own risk, to the amount of about 102,600 bushels, to check the trust, which was, in consequence, almost panic-stricken, and had to bring down the price lower than before. Currency being scarce at the time in this district, he issued temporary notes, to be used for paying wages only on public works. These notes could be exchanged for food only, not for wine or liquor, nor for tobacco, and are even to-day in circulation among wage-earning people there.

"Speaking generally, **all sufferers have now been rescued from starvation** throughout these three famine-stricken districts. It is not any exaggeration to say that many lives have been saved through the generosity of American people, and that every peasant, rich and poor, or wise and ignorant, has more than highly appreciated the kindness and sympathy you have extended to him.

"In Sendai City, at my request, Hon. Kamei, President of Miyagi Red Cross Branch, introduced me to the foreign missionaries living there, whose names it gives me great pleasure to mention here: Mr. W. E. Lampe, Mr. C. S. Davison, Mr. C. Jacquet, Dr. J. H. De Forest and Mr. M. B. Madden. I dined with them and enjoyed the party to the full extent. Scarcely need it be said that these missionaries have played a great part, especially at this critical time, in helping the sufferers. I have no doubt that this effort must have been and will be more than Japan can ever repay.

"At the close of this statement, I take great pleasure in adding that **all foodstuffs purchased with your contributions** have been distributed among the sufferers separately from others, with a statement each time to the effect that those articles were the gifts of American people, to whom President Roosevelt and The Christian Herald appealed in behalf of the famine-stricken districts. All the headmen of counties, towns and villages whom I met while on my trip requested me to convey to you their heartfelt gratitude for all the kindness you have tendered them. I enclose one of the letters of thanks, which has been addressed and forwarded to our Count Matsukata from the representatives of the sufferers, asking him to convey to you their highest appreciation.

"Thanking you in anticipation for your kindness in reading this report, which I now have the honor to submit to you. I remain, dear sirs, yours obediently,

Tokio, Japan. Baron Ozawa."

DAMES OF THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS

Nearly all are Now Pluming their Wings for the Summer Flight from Washington to the Mountains, the Sea-Shore, or to Europe

Mrs. Chas. J. Bonaparte

Mrs. Geo. B. Cortelyou

Srta. Mercedes Godey

Miss Hitchcock

Miss Rockhill

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NOW that Washington is again feeling the genial glow of approaching summer, society is looking forward to the weeks and months to be spent at sea-shore and mountain or in foreign lands. The season now closing has been a very brilliant one in a social sense. Let me give you a brief description of a typical day in the social activities of our official circles.

It is Wednesday afternoon, and seemingly the entire world of society at Washington is out making the Cabinet calls. Farragut Square is the centre of activity. Emblazoned carriages with uniformed coachmen and footmen fill Seventeenth and K Streets, and flank two sides of Farragut Square in front of Vice-President Fairbanks' residence. Within the house, the scene is brilliant in the extreme. The skies are somewhat overcast, and, in consequence, while the heavy velvet and lace curtains are but partly drawn, the electric and gas lights have been turned on in full blaze, and lend their soft rays over the crowded rooms. Bouquets of flowers smile from every mantel and stand, and in the dining-room the oval mahogany table shines with cut glass and silver, while a bevy of pretty girls dispense the hot chocolate and ices.

Apparently everybody is present at this reception at the home of the Vice-President. The tall and courtly British Ambassador with his fair young daughter, makes his way through the rooms; the dapper Russian envoy, Baron Rosen, comes in, accompanied by his aristocratic wife and daughter; Baron Hengelmuller, acting Dean of the Diplomatic Corps, is there, with the Baroness, his wife. Two or three of the Cabinet hostesses have foregone their own receptions, and are present to pay their respects to the wife of the Vice-President, as are the wives of many of the Senators and Members of Congress. More than one of the white-headed Justices of the Supreme Court are seen threading their way through the crowded apartments, closely followed by some of the feminine members of their household. Indeed, a large part of the crowd in every room are of those who do not belong to the official circle, but of the class which gives to Washington society its stability and permanence.

"Who are those distinguished looking foreigners?" eagerly inquires a guest, looking as she spoke toward an alcove of the drawing-room where a group of men and women were chatting together. One of the men, unusually tall, with gray hair and monstache, keen, piercing eyes and a most military bearing, the other rather short and heavy-set, with somewhat long chin-whiskers and moustache. The swarthy skin, dark eyes, and hair of both men proclaim their birth in the land below the equator.

"They are South Americans," replies the inquirer's friend, "the taller of the two is the new, and the first ambassador from Brazil, and the little lady at his right is his wife, Madame Nabuco. The man with whom he is talking is the ambassador from Mexico, and the lady beyond is his wife. It is said that Senor Casasus is the most learned man Mexico ever sent to Washington. He will certainly have to be very learned if he surpasses the scholarly Senor Romero. The two distinguished looking women standing in the window are the wives of two of the attaches of the Brazilian embassy, Madame de Amaral and Madame de Pederneiras. Brazil has sent the largest suite it has ever maintained at Washington, and its members are taking a much higher place in the social world."

This little description given by the speaker is practically true. Without doubt, all the South American countries, and especially Brazil, are making great progress in the commerce of the world. It was this which led her, in May of last year, to raise her mission at Washington to ambassadorial rank and to select one of her foremost citizens, M. Joaquim Nabuco, as the first ambassador plenipotentiary. He did not take up his residence, with his family, in Washington until last fall. They leased one of the most elegant houses on historic Lafayette Square, within a block of the White House, where they entertain on a generous scale. In dispensing her hospitality, Madame Nabuco is ably assisted by the wives of the Secretaries of Embassy and the military attache. Colonel and Madame de Pederneiras travelled extensively throughout the United States before coming to Washington. Mme. Pederneiras is of French extraction; her father, a prominent Brazilian banker, was of the Villemoire family of France, a branch of the old French nobility. She is a charming little lady and has already made a host of friends. M. and Mme. Chermont have a house on New Hampshire Avenue.

Mme. Pederneiras

Baroness Rosen

Mrs. Metcalf

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The members of the diplomatic corps have always held an unquestioned position in the ultra-fashionable society of Washington, and the "ambassadresses" (as, following the European custom, the wives of the ambassadors are now called), are the hostesses which set the social pace. The Italian ambassador, Baron Mayor, is ill, and has been spending the winter in Rome. This leaves Baron Hengelmuller the acting dean of the corps, and brings the ambassadress, by official right, into the position which she has held for some time by her popularity, that of social leader of the corps. She is a strikingly handsome woman, with a tall and queenly figure, and a pleasing cordiality of manner which goes far in making her popular. They are generous entertainers, and almost every week during the season one or more formal dinners have been given at the embassy, while the receptions on Saturdays have been among the brilliant events of the capital.

It was rumored last year, before Count Cassini's resignation, that Russia would purchase embassy property in Washington, but for some unexplained reason the project fell through, and when Baron Rosen took up his residence here, he leased the stately mansion on I Street, across Farragut Park, from Vice-President Fairbanks. Baroness Rosen and her daughter, Miss Elizabeth, are excellent types of the Russian gentlewoman, and have given a comfortable, homelike air to the newly established embassy. Baron Rosen was not a stranger here when he accepted his present position. Thirty years ago he was Consul-General for Russia in New York, and subsequently acted as Charge d'Affaires in Washington. He and his family have frequently travelled through the States, so they found many old friends to greet them.

The property of the Mexican embassy, on I Street, near Fourteenth, belongs to the Mexican Government, and has been occupied by that mission for many years. The new ambassador, Senor Casasus, has had it entirely refurnished, and has placed within it many interesting pieces of bric-a-brac from the homeland. He is an eminent *litterateur*, and has in his library a rare collection of old books and manuscripts. Senora Casasus shares her husband's literary tastes, and their home life is an ideally happy one. They have seven children, all as yet in school.

The Cabinet hostesses' receptions, on Wednesdays, have regained this year much of their old-time popularity. Mrs. Roosevelt's own well-known hospitality, by force of example, gradually brought about a change in the attitude of the Cabinet ladies toward their "Wednesdays," and there is also no doubt that Mrs. Fairbanks' receptions gave a decided impetus. Postmaster-General and Mrs. Cortelyou took a commodious house out on Bancroft Place when he went into the Cabinet two years ago, and Mrs. Cortelyou has always been one of the best liked women in official circles. Like her distinguished husband, she is thoroughly genuine, an attribute of character which, after all, counts most in making the place any man or woman is to hold in the esteem of their fellowmen. They have four lovely children, and Mrs. Cortelyou is devoted to them.

The Secretary of the Navy and Mrs. Bonaparte did not take a house when they came to Washington last fall, but have apartments. Mrs. Bonaparte is not strong,

Miss Helen A. Cannon

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Senora Casasus

Mme. Hengelmuller

Mme. de Amaral

Miss Durand

and for that reason could not assume many social cares; but she took up all her duties as Cabinet hostess and her pleasing personality is constantly adding to her list of friends. Secretary of Commerce and Mrs. Metcalf have been residents of Washington for many years, as he had had several terms in the House of Representatives before his appointment to the Cabinet. Mrs. Metcalf is one of the most popular women in the official circle. They have always lived at a hotel, but last winter took a house in Georgetown and have done a great deal of entertaining.

Perhaps there is no better-liked hostess in Washington than Miss Helen Cannon, daughter of the Speaker. During the years when her father was a member of the House, not caring particularly for society, she spent her time in travel and study; but when he became the Speaker she at once gave up her own plans and came to Washington to be with him. Possessed of fine executive ability, intelligence and tact, she has made the Speaker's home a most agreeable social centre. Mr. Cannon's other daughter, Mrs. Le Seure, and her two bright children, have spent the winter with her father.

* * *

Among the "official daughters" of Washington, Miss Edith Root has the distinction of having been a "cabinet daughter" twice, both while her father was Secretary of War and Secretary of State. Miss Rockhill, the daughter of our Minister to China, is with her father in Pekin and is making many social friends in the Celestial Kingdom. The gifted daughters of the Secretary of the Treasury and Mrs. Shaw, have been spending the winter in Paris, and so also has Miss Wilson. Miss Hitchcock and her sister, who was married recently to Captain Simms of the regular army, have long been great favorites in the younger branch of Washington society. While they are prominent in all social affairs they also devote much time to religious work and philanthropy. So, indeed, do nearly all of the ladies whom I have mentioned. They are never so wholly absorbed in society that they have not time for works of benevolence and mercy, and many of them are noted for their love of work of this character. ABBY G. BAKER.

A CHAPTER OF ANSWERED PRAYER

OVER a year ago, the writer was induced to substitute as Sunday School teacher for a class of Italian boys in the West End of Boston. The first Sunday was an interesting experience. One boy he had to hold down by main strength, with his right arm, to keep him from tipping his chair back over into the next class; another he had to hold down in the chair with his left hand, to keep him from bolting through the door. With what was left of him he taught the class. The next Sunday he was asked to substitute again. He consented with a feeling of dismay, but also with a feeling of shame that he had been doing so little that was really hard in the way of service. He already had a morning class of over a hundred in a beautiful suburban church; but that, compared with the consecration and sacrifice of the workers in that mission, seemed selfish personal pleasure.

The second Sunday afternoon, just as he had settled his boys in a corner some distance from other classes, a gentleman entered the door. In an instant, away went the boys like rabbits, over the backs of the chairs, any way to get to the newcomer as soon as possible. He was their regular teacher. As the substitute teacher sat speechless, his breath taken away by the suddenness of events, one of the boys meandered back, head hanging, and a disgruntled look on his face. "He never noticed me," was the indignant comment; "I'm goin' to stick to you." And stick he did. The one boy increased to two, the two to four, and the four to six, and so on, until the corner became too small. The teacher found his dread of meeting them disappearing; they piqued his interest more and more, and he began to plan how to develop the possibilities he discovered in Emanuel, and Salvatore, and Antonio, and Dominique, and the rest.

Over the mission hall was a vacant tenement. He inquired, and found that the rent was twelve dollars a month. It seemed a big sum, but there was his tithe, and there was his Sunday School class out in the "spotless town" suburb. So, after praying much about it, one Sunday he told the "Friendly Class" about his boys, and the need of a club-room, and left a subscription paper on the table. Within a short time more than $200 was subscribed, enough to rent and partly furnish the rooms. The boys were so grateful that they asked to be adopted as a branch of the "Friendly Class," and called the "Friendly Juniors." The dream of a pleasant club-room began to take definite shape, and prayers went up daily for a rug to carpet it, a stove to heat it, tables, chairs, books, games, lamps, etc. The answers to prayer followed one another quickly. A young broker's clerk secured funds from his friends, to buy a beautiful rug and two stoves. A Christian Endeavor Society that heard the story, started a subscription paper, and raised $12 towards tables. Another sent $5 for chairs. A member of the "Friendly Class" gave a piano lamp. Books, games, subscriptions to periodicals, and other things followed so quickly as almost to make our heads swim. Among the "other things" is included a handsome autograph portrait of President Roosevelt, presented by the President himself, when he learned that the boys had organized themselves into a "Theodore Roosevelt Club."

A little later, a new embarrassment in the Sunday School became the subject of prayer. The older girls, who are the "little mothers" of their homes, were obliged to bring the babies into the classes. It was extremely distracting to a teacher to have three or four babies passed around from lap to lap, cooing, crying, eating, as they felt like it. If it was his will, how much better work could be done with a kindergarten department for the little ones! If he wanted it done, he would send workers and tools. And he did. One Sunday afternoon, two young ladies from the Gordon Training School offered to take charge of a kindergarten department. One of the rooms upstairs would do, but there was not a stick of suitable furniture. But, after more prayer, the young ladies were told to come next Sunday. That night the mission workers presented their cause in a suburban church. At the close, a lady came to them, saying: "I have a kindergarten outfit that was my daughter's; the Lord took her to himself, and how glad she would be to have her outfit doing his service in the mission." When the young ladies came next Sunday, everything they needed was supplied, except an organ. They were told to be patient. The Lord knew that music was a large part of kindergarten work, and he would not forget. "And prayer continued to be made." Not long after, as the speaker finished presenting the work in another church, the pianist of the meeting, who was a dealer in musical instruments, said: "You told us something to-night that interested me very much." "What was that?" asked the speaker. "You said that you needed an organ, and I shall be glad to give you one."

Sewing Class in the Italian Mission

While he was explaining that he might not have so small an organ as the speaker had described, another gentleman came to the platform and asked: "About how much would that folding organ cost?" The surprised worker gave an estimate. "Well, just get one and send the bill to me." Within a minute the Lord answered a prayer for one organ by sending two. But He was not through answering yet. The speaker had also spoken of the need of a sewing machine for use in the sewing-classes. Two days later a member of the Friendly Class came into his office, and asked: "Have you that sewing machine yet?"

"No, but it may be on the way; nothing surprises us any more."

"Well, my partner and I have been talking the matter over, and we have decided to give you the machine."

And when it came — behold! the prayer for a secondhand machine had been answered with a brand new, drop-table Singer! And that was not all. On the next morning after the machine came, a letter was received from a lady, saying that she had been very much interested the other evening, and knew where she could get a sewing machine for the Mission. On the very day that the two organs were put in, there came to the treasurer a receipted bill for the organ that the Mission had been renting, endorsed: "Presented to the Merrimac Street Mission." So He really sent three organs in answer to prayers for one.

One Friday night, after telling some of these answers to prayer, in a church prayer-meeting, the pastor asked: "And what are you praying for now?"

"Nothing in particular," was the reply, "we are just asking Him for support."

"What! when He is so glad to answer definite prayer, are you going to stop asking? Think quickly of something that you need."

"We need a hundred song books and a stereopticon!"

Within a fortnight they came from a stranger, and the club has faith that all the rest will come.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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Work That Multiplies Itself

THOSE who reach forth the hands gladly and unselfishly to do the Lord's work, are liable to meet strange and surprising experiences. Such work, undertaken for His glory and the sake of humanity, takes deep root and, ere we are aware of it, sends out its shoots over a wide area, often multiplying itself tenfold. Thus the single seed of a good deed, from one sincere heart, becomes a benefaction to many.

An instance in point is found in the orphanage work, which has been one of the outgrowths of the late famine in Japan. Our sympathetic readers and their friends, who contributed so nobly toward the relief of the starving peasants, have been all unwittingly the means of establishing a work which promises to be much more far-reaching than that of affording relief to the immediate necessities of the hungry multitudes in the northern provinces. When the suffering was at its height, our good missionaries at Sendai took in and sheltered and fed a number of neglected little children, and several hundred more were sent to the Okayama Orphanage. As the number of these little helpless sufferers continued to increase, the missionaries made an appeal in their behalf. Work in the famine field proper being well in hand, and the government relief plans in active operation, it was decided, after consultation, to make some provision for these hundreds of helpless and homeless children—legacies of the great famine. Accordingly, the final remittance of $25,000 from the fund raised through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, was forwarded through our State Department to the Japanese Red Cross, with the request that it be applied to the support of the famine waifs at Sendai and Okayama, and news has been received that this has been faithfully done. This little army of something like 1,000 waifs is now under Christian care, and their future welfare is thus assured for a year at least.

We congratulate our readers and all who were allied with them in the relief movement upon this beautiful close to their humanitarian work. These children, in future years, will remember with warmest gratitude the kind-hearted and noble men and women to whom, under God, they owe a debt that cannot be repaid. And our friends, who have shown themselves true servants of the Master in so many campaigns of suffering, will have the satisfaction of knowing that they have been instrumental in bringing into the Christian fold many little ones who may yet become shining lights for the spread of the Gospel in heathen Japan.

The Stranger in the Pew

IN churches where the system of free pews is established, whoever enters the edifice has a right to take a seat wherever it is most convenient. Near the pulpit or near the door, in the gallery or under it, in the middle aisle or in a corner, there is liberty of choice, and the rule is that easy one embodied in the homely phrase, "First come, first served." Yet, even where the free pew system is preferred and accepted, families drift into a habit of sitting in some familiar spot, and the congregation, as the minister sees it from the desk, is arranged very much in the same order Sunday after Sunday.

Where pews are rented and sittings assigned and paid for, it is usual for ushers to seat strangers with a view to their comfort, and to the convenience of the people who regularly worship in a church. Surely, if hospitality is a virtue anywhere, it is a virtue in the House of God. To show disdain or dislike or annoyance when a stranger is brought to the family pew, is to manifest a singularly un-Christian feeling. Equally so, for an usher to discriminate unfairly between the apparently poor and the apparently rich, is shocking in itself and eloquent of worldliness rather than of piety. The man, the woman or the child who goes to church, seeks his Father's house and should be welcomed there. Courtesy to the stranger should lead one to offer him a book or a hassock, and to indicate that he is a guest whom all delight to honor. When the service is over, a pleasant word or a hand-clasp should signify a desire to have the stranger come again.

A young man from the West came to New York several years ago, to take a business position. He had been a regular attendant at church when at home, and his first endeavor, after securing a boarding-place, was to find a church home. In quest of this he went on successive Lord's days to different places of worship. It was not until he had gone to four or five that one morning he entered a church where the atmosphere was cordial and friendly, and he knew at once that here he would be able to join the workers and cease to be a stranger.

A word may be said without impropriety about that boorish individual who may be called the squatter in the pew. He does not wait for an usher; he marches in, selects a seat where he pleases, establishes himself in the most comfortable corner, seizes the nicest hymn book, and thereafter behaves as if the pew were his own and its rightful occupants intruders. Every church has seen this variety of ill-mannered attendant, who may be profoundly religious, but who has never been taught how to bear himself in public. When one goes to a church in which he has no pew or sitting, and where he is a stranger, he should either take a modest seat in the rear, or wait until an usher shows him where to sit.

"Pleasant Sunday Evenings"

OVER in England, a movement is now in progress in many of the churches, which promises to be a potent factor in the crusade for social betterment. It is known as the "Pleasant Sunday Evenings" movement. Rev. F. B. Meyer, who is deeply interested in its workings, declares that "there is an uprising of great social ideals among the masses of the people, and it is absolutely essential that these ideals should be infiltrated with the Gospel of Christ." The churches, which in the early part of the day, have been devoted to formal services, are in the evening thrown open free to the people generally, and the plain old-fashioned Gospel is presented, supplemented with abundant attractive music, vocal and instrumental. At some places the character of the service is varied; but in all the Gospel of Jesus Christ is the dominant theme, and experience shows that it is always sure of a cordial welcome.

Many things would seem to conduce to the success of popular services of the class described. In the first place, poverty is keenly sensitive of its shortcomings, and it would be hard to blame the poor because they do not voluntarily sit side by side with the rich in the temple of wealth and fashion. Again, the poor need a living, helpful Gospel of hope and cheer, and full of spiritual as well as social uplift. They care little or nothing for doctrinal dissertations or mere pulpit essays. They want the Bread of Life and not dry husks. Bearing many a grievous burden, they come to get renewed strength and courage from the teachings of the Great Burden-bearer, who was Himself "a Man of Sorrows, and acquainted with grief." To such an audience, Christ comes with the resistless appeal of a common brotherhood, and Divinity itself espouses the cause of poverty, and offers a solace for all its woes.

Such a Gospel, heard amid pleasant surroundings and among friends who set aside all social inequalities, and give a cordial welcome to even the humblest, would soon fill any church with earnest, reverent, joyous worshipers. There is no good reason why many of our city churches should not try the experiment of introducing these "Pleasant Sunday Evenings" here. We certainly have all the material at hand to make them a glowing success.

Among the Workers

—MISSIONARY J. B. ROBERTSON is now in his eighteenth year of work among the heathen tribes of the Sinoe River, Liberia, Africa.

—REV. R. E. LEWIS, children's evangelist, is holding a remarkable series of meetings at Hobart, O. T.

—REV. T. C. JONES recently closed successful revivals in Shenandoah Junction, W. Va., sixty confessed Christ. On the last night, some of the worst sinners were among the number.

—THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETY of the West End Collegiate Church, New York, is entertaining on successive Sunday evenings parties of sailors from the different battleships at anchor in the North River.

—MISS SUSAN E. HASWELL, the well-known missionary at Moulmein, Burma, writes that the work of the mission is steadily growing. A financial crisis which occurred recently, was overcome through the aid of Christian friends and a heavy loss to the mission was averted.

—AFTER NEARLY FIVE YEARS of campaigning in Great Britain, the Rev. J. Q. A. Henry has returned to this country, to begin an evangelistic campaign in the Rev. Dr. Dixon's church and in Tremont Temple. He is accompanied by Mr. J. Raymond Remminger, a noted soloist and choir leader.

—EVANGELISTS HART and MAGANN, of Fairbury, Illinois, have finished a prolonged revival campaign, which extended to many cities. In nearly every place the buildings were taxed to accommodate the large audiences. They begin a summer tent-meeting campaign in June, at Waverly, Illinois, in which all the churches unite.

The Dangers of Dancing

FROM a reader in Wisconsin we have received this letter, which we print, with an illuminative answer from Pastor Sheldon, author of *In His Steps*:

There are many Christians who do not believe dancing is wrong. I know what opinion is many times expressed, but for the benefit of some young Christians in the church, as well as older ones, I now ask a full explanation.

I say the Biblical scholars say the dancing spoken of in the Bible was an act of rejoicing over some victory gained, etc. Some older ones reply, "How do they know it to be so? The Bible says, 'there is a time to dance,' etc." Some divines say the dance of to-day is spoken of only once as "the wicked dance."

I know of some in the past who thought they were converted, but would not unite with the church because they did not think dancing wrong. I say the love of it, found in select circles, may lead some into objectionable company because of its fascination.

J. E. R.

PASTOR SHELDON'S REPLY

Being a Puritan by birth and training, from Scotch-Irish ancestry, it almost goes without saying, that personally I have always regarded the habit of dancing as on the whole destructive to the best spiritual life and development. I do not think an extended argument is necessary to prove this opinion to be a fact. A recent order has gone into effect in several cities in the middle West, looking to the closing up of public dance-houses, where the results have been so disastrous to morals that the municipalities have taken steps, independently of the churches, to abolish what has come to be regarded as an unmixed evil.

If all the pastors of all the churches in America, East and West, would give their honest and sincere judgment, basing it upon actual results among their own people, I think it could be fairly said, with some few exceptions, that they would almost unanimously agree in this: The members of their churches that are in the habit of dancing are not, generally, among those members who are the most helpful in the work of the church, either as Sunday School teachers, leaders in the prayer service, or what we call winners of souls. In other words, the most spiritually-minded church members among Christian people are those who find their amusements taking some other form besides that of the dance. If that is a general truth in itself, it is an argument far more powerful than almost anything else which could be urged.

So far as the exercise is concerned, a Christian, of all persons, is not shut up to any one form. As a matter of fact, we are here in this world primarily not to play but to work, and while recreation is necessary, it should be so subordinate to the main business of living, as to be merely an incident and not the main thing. As someone has said, "amusement is simply to fill up the chinks of existence, not its spaces." The whole question of amusement, whether it is one form or another, will only be settled right when one who calls himself a Christian makes it the first object of his life to do the will of God, to seek first the kingdom, to hunger and thirst after righteousness, and to lay it down as a fixed principle for all time that the great end and aim of existence is to love God and our fellowmen, to establish the kingdom of God on the earth, and to bring about the rule of the kingdom of God in men's lives. When these principles are settled in the life, such things as questionable amusements are not discussed. The subject dies out for the want of interest in it. CHARLES M. SHELDON.

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The BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

Ibsen Dead

ONE of the most powerful and influential writers of our day, passed away on May 23, when Henrik Ibsen breathed his last. He was at his house in Christiania, Norway, where he had been lying ill for several weeks. Early last year, the great poet and dramatist, then in his seventy-sixth year, was prostrated with a paralytic seizure. His stalwart frame and active habits shook off that attack, but later in the year there was a recurrence of the malady, and recently he was again prostrated. It was realized a week ago that the end was approaching. His beloved wife, and his distinguished son, Sigurd, the Norwegian statesman, were constant in their attendance at his bedside; but family affection and the veneration of his countrymen and a host of admirers in many lands could do nothing to ward off the approach of the last enemy. Evidences of his popularity were seen on all hands. On the day of his death the Norwegian legislature adjourned, in token of sorrow over the national loss; all the theatres were closed, and the king sent a message of friendly consolation to the bereaved family.

The life of this wonderful man had been a troubled and stormy one. He was born at Skien, Norway, of parents of Danish, German, and Scotch extraction. His father was a wealthy merchant, but through sudden misfortune failed in business, and his son, then only eight years old, tasted the sadness of poverty, and early imbibed a pessimism that tinctured all his life. He had a brief course in school, and was then apprenticed to an apothecary, with whom he remained until the age of twenty-one. But already, in his hours of leisure, the poetic spirit in him had disclosed itself. His ardent love of liberty and sympathy with oppressed peoples, was stirred by the revolt of the Magyars, and an impassioned poem, *To Hungary*, gave evidence of his power. This was followed by *Catiline*, a more ambitious production, of which, however, only thirty copies were sold. In 1850 he went to Christiania to finish his medical studies, but here, too, his poetic genius could not be repressed. He wrote a play entitled *The Warrior's Tomb*, which was performed at the Christiania theatre. It was the story of a Norse king converted to Christianity. Subsequently he became the director of the theatre, and for the next ten years was occupied in his duties, finding time, however, for the production of a play of his own, *Lore's Comedy*, in which the ideas of his later dramas were first expressed. It was a satire of contemporary life, in which he attempted to prove that marriages of affection seldom end happily, and that reason is the best and surest basis of union. The theatre did not prosper under Ibsen's management, and he became disgusted with the public and the government. Finally, he was so exasperated by the failure of Sweden and Norway to go to the help of Denmark against Germany's spoliation, that he determined to leave it. He went to Rome, where he remained for several years, thence he went to Dresden, Munich, and elsewhere, writing plays and poems in great rapidity. *Brand*, *Peer Gynt*, *The League of Youth*, *The Emperor and Galilean*, belong to this period, and they won him world-wide fame. Leaving these historical and political topics, in 1877, he turned to social problems, and by his intense realism stirred public opinion to the depths. *The Pillars of Society*, *The Doll's House*, *Ghosts*, *An Enemy of the People*, *Rosmersholm*, *the Lady from the Sea*, *and Hedda Gabler*, appeared in rapid succession. Finally, weary of foreign travel, he returned to Norway in 1891, to find himself famous among his own people, who gave him cordial welcome. There he remained to the end. His seventieth birthday was made a national celebration, and gifts reached him from every civilized land.

Probably no modern author has aroused such strong admiration and such bitter antipathies everywhere as Ibsen. He conceived his mission to be to present people as they are. With a scorn of cant and hypocrisy, he mercilessly stripped men of their false pretensions, and exposed their motives with scathing words. People dreaded his pen with its relentless fury, portraying them in vivid colors, caricaturing them, ridiculing them. He had no remedy to propose, for he ignored the only remedy that God has given for the regeneration of society, but he succeeded in arousing men to a consciousness of their depravity. The message, "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he reap," he continually taught, Unhappily, he had not the Christian spirit, or the Christian belief, that would have relieved his acerbities; but he did a great work in his exposure of shams, and his glorification of sincerity and honesty. Like the Hebrew prophet, he heard the command to drag to light the infamy that was hidden under the garb of the village magnate, the national statesman, and the robes of the judge and the priest.

The Late Henrik Ibsen

Go in and behold the wicked abominations that they do here. So I went in and saw and beheld every form of creeping things and abominable beasts (Ezek. 8 : 10).

Under the Mountains

King Victor Emmanuel formally inaugurated the Simplon Tunnel, under the Alps, on May 19. With a party of statesmen and officials he travelled to Isselle, at the Italian end of the huge tunnel, where he was received by the directors. Entering the royal car, he began the trip through the sixteen miles under the base of the mountain. In fifty-two minutes he emerged at Brieg, on the Swiss side, where the President of Switzerland and the Federal Council were in waiting to receive him. A dinner was provided, at which King and President sat down with a distinguished company. Speeches of congratulation on the completion of the work were made, in the course of which the king said: "The piercing of the Simplon tunnel is a new and indestructible link of cordial friendship between the two nations and a source of economic wealth and also of civic vigor." The undertaking of such a work, and its successful completion, shows the increase of friendliness among the nations who are now not erecting barriers, but removing them. That movement will continue until the advent of the Prince of Peace, and the establishment of the universal kingdom when the whole world will be one.

Ibsen's Birthplace at Skien, Norway

Who art thou, O great mountain? Before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain (Zech. 4 : 7).

To Fight Consumption

Meetings were held recently in Washington, D. C., by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, and the Association of American physicians, to discuss the various remedies and methods of treatment in combatting this disease. One important and significant fact was considered to be almost established. It was stated by Dr. John Lovett Morse, of Boston, Mass., that the growing opinion of physicians was, that there was no such disease as hereditary consumption. There was, however, a greater probability of the children of consumptive parents than the children of others having the disease. They did not inherit it, but contracted it through association with their parents. If that is true, as the Doctor was inclined to believe, an important stage has been gained in our knowledge. The same principle in the domain of morals is now held in a modified degree by many theologians. It is by environment and temptation, rather than by inherited depravity, that men fall.

The fathers shall not die for the children, neither shall the children die for the fathers, but every man shall die for his own sin (II. Chron. 25: 4).

The Biggest Steamship

Across the Atlantic in nine and a-half days from Hamburg to New York, a distance of 3,161 miles, came the biggest of the new liners, *Kaiserin Auguste Victoria*, last week. Her officers declare that even better speed than this will be attained in the future, and are highly pleased with the way she behaved on her maiden voyage. The vessel registers 25,000 tons, and has accommodations for 550 saloon, 550 second and third class, and 2,300 steerage passengers. She is commanded by Captain Kopn, the oldest commander in the Hamburg-American service. She has eight decks, and all the appointments are in the most elaborate and sumptuous style. A telephone exchange, and other decorations and conveniences, combine to render a voyage on this floating palace a period of rest and delight. So the competition of the steamship companies goes on, each in turn producing vessels that surpass any previously existing. What a distance we have travelled since the time when the poor craft of ancient times aroused the admiration of the ancient poet.

The ships of Tarshish did sing of thee and thou wast replenished and made very glorious in the midst of the seas (Ezek. 27 : 25).

His Life for a Crown

A children's festival in New York had a sad ending last week. A beautiful little girl was crowned Queen of the May at a park in the Bronx, and her little make-believe subjects joined in doing her honor. It was a gay crowd of merry, light-hearted children, bright and frolicsome, with no thought of trouble or catastrophe. As the little Queen passed through the line formed by her admirers to take her place on the throne, a gust of wind caught the elaborate paper crown on her head and carried it over an embankment. The gallant little seven-year-old King saw it go, and knowing the embarrassment it would cause his partner, instantly leaped after it before the older people could stop him. Poor fellow! he did not know that the embankment was twenty feet deep. They found him five minutes later at the bottom, very pale, with the bright emblem of royalty clasped in his little hands. They carried him to the nearest hospital, but nothing could be done for him, and before night he was dead. Like many a dead and gone historical character he had died seeking a crown. The shock and sorrow the sad event caused to the little merrymakers was pitiful to see. Little thought had they that the bauble would prove a crown of death to their playfellow. It may be hoped that as they grow older, as they remember the pathetic incident, they may be led to seek that other crown promised to those who love God.

Blessed is the man that endureth temptation, for when he is tried he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love him (James 1: 12).

THE GLORY OF SELF-SACRIFICE

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS*

THE shechinah of Old Testament times was the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night, in which God was manifest as the guide of the great host of Israel in their journeying from Egypt, the land of bondage, to Canaan, the land of promise. In the transfiguration of Christ, when not only his form but his garments took on a dazzling brightness, we have the shechinah of the New Testament. The occasion did not lack the element of guidance, for the voice of God was heard saying: "This is my beloved Son, hear him."

There are times when mountain and sky seem to touch each other. On the day of the Transfiguration, heaven and earth not only seemed, but actually did come together. And it was in this wise. Jesus, as was his wont, had ascended the mountain to pray. It was probably Mount Hermon, which has been called "the Mont Blanc of Palestine," because of its towering height and dazzling snow whiteness. Jesus had with him his apostles Peter, James and John. And there appeared to them the most wonderful scene that human eyes have ever looked upon. The heavens were opened, and the glory from above touched the earthly body of Jesus and his garments, and gave him a brightness above the shining of the sun. And two shining ones stood at his side—Moses, who fifteen hundred years before had been summoned to death upon another mountain top by God himself; and Elijah, who nine hundred years before had been taken to heaven in a chariot of fire. He had come again to earth in like manner.

Peter, James and John gazed with rapture on the scene. Peter eagerly suggested they should build booths of leaves, in which Jesus and the heavenly visitors might abide upon the mountain for a time. Jesus talked with Moses and Elijah, and they with him, and their words reached the ears of the apostles. The topic of their conversation was the approaching death of Jesus, of which he had spoken eight days before to his apostles alone in the twilight at Banias. Peter did not repeat his mistake of saying: "Be it far from thee, Lord." The three men fell upon their faces to the ground, overpowered by the awful grandeur, and there they lay until Jesus gently touched them, and in assuring tones bade them rise and be not afraid. And rising and looking about them, they "saw no man save Jesus only." Then it was they went down the mountain side with Jesus. At the foot of the mountain they found a crowd gathered about a father, who had brought his demoniac boy to Jesus for healing. And Jesus did heal him by rebuking the devil who had possessed him, and bidding him to come out of the boy. When the devil had left him, Jesus gave the boy in his right mind to his father.

"Behold, there talked with him two men, who were Moses and Elijah."

Illustration and Application

Eight Days After. This is no contradiction of Mark's "after six days." The great confession had doubtless been made on one Sabbath, and the transfiguration occurred on the next. Mark counts the whole days between; while Luke, in Jewish fashion, counts both Sabbaths also. The Sabbath towers above other days, as the "high mountain apart" towers above the foothills. There is health as well as holiness in climbing the Sabbath's heights. Let us, for our own sake, and for the sake of our weary, sinful fellows, resist all the numerous temptations that summer brings to profane, and so endanger the sacred rest day.

A High Mountain Apart. Bible history groups itself about sacred mountains: Ararat, Sinai, Tabor, Zion, Carmel, Hermon, Olivet. In this case, "the mountain" must have meant Hermon, the white-robed high priest of the mountains of Palestine that towers above all others, visible from the farthest south. It was the boundary stone between Jew and Gentile, and so a fitting place for the coronation of one who is King of all mankind. The gleaming snow and rocks of the mountain, the transfigured clothes and flesh, proclaim him also King of nature, in whose flowers and fruits, in whose sunsets and lightnings, we should behold "the Light of the world," whether we encounter the summer's glories at work or play. Then surely we shall remember that "laws of nature," no less than laws of Scripture, are binding and blessed laws of Christ, "by whom God made the worlds."

Taketh with Him Peter and James and John . . . Apart to Pray. Numbers then do not determine the success of a prayer-meeting. Let us remember this as the attendance falls off in summer, or at other times.

As He was Praying, the Fashion of his Countenance was Altered. Christ had hidden his divine glory from the time of his human birth. At the touch of prayer, for a little there blazed forth the glory he had with the Father before the world was (John 17 : 5). Transfigured flesh! How that sight dispels the dark error that the flesh is sinful! The body may be filled and thrilled and controlled by the Spirit of Christ, until we comprehend how the "more uncomely part has the more abundant honor," in that sex, in its purity, is akin to creatorship. Christ's very garments were transfigured into the glistening whiteness of a king's robe, reminding us not only of his kingship, but also that the Spirit of Christ will dominate dress, not to make it dull, but to keep it modest. It matters not whether it is white, but let it be at least in harmony with a "white life."

Transfiguration is not for Christ alone but for us all. "Be not conformed but transformed" (Rom. 12: 2; II.Cor. 3: 18). And it is through prayer, through communion with God, that it is to come, as it came to Moses and to Stephen.

> Lord, what a change within us one short hour
> Spent in thy presence will prevail to make!
> We kneel, and all around us seems to lower;
> We rise, and all the distant and the near
> Stands forth in sunny outline brave and clear.
> We kneel, how weak; we rise, how full of power.
> R. C. Trench.

There Appeared unto them Moses and Elijah. Here is a fact of immortality that outweighs all philosophy. Death does not end personality. Moses is seen alive nearly fifteen hundred years old, and Elijah almost a thousand. Death to the Christian is only passing from the earthly side of Christ, where Peter, James and John bow in fear, to the glory side of the same Christ with Moses and Elijah. Neither life nor death can separate us from the love of Christ. "We must often say good-by to earthly friends, but to Jesus never." Moses, denied entrance into the Land of Promise while he lived, treads its soil at last, reminding us that every right desire frustrated on earth is fulfilled in heaven. How this story refutes the cast-off hymn, "There is a happy land, far, far away!" All through the Bible heaven is revealed as close at hand. When the eyes of Elisha's young man were opened, he saw all about him divine defenders. How like friendly neighbors the angels were in the lives of Abraham and Jacob and Moses!

> So sometimes comes to soul and sense
> The feeling which is evidence,
> That very near about us lies
> The realm of spiritual mysteries.—Whittier.

As the orangeade of Damascus is proclaimed as "cooled with the snows of Hermon," so the transfiguration brings comfort to bereaved hearts the world over. The transfiguration story transfigures our sorrows, as the clouds are transfigured on Hermon.

"Victory! victory! victory!" so began the funeral sermon of a translated Christian hero. And in the presence of Moses and Elijah, at the earthly coronation of Christ, we may well shout Paul's words, "Death is swallowed up in victory."

This story certainly suggests that our departed friends may be ministering spirits about us, but it gives no encouragement to the table tipping telegraphy of spiritism, which has never brought one word of value from the spirit world.

A Christian Hindu was dying, and his heathen comrades came around him and tried to comfort him by reading some of the pages of their theology; but he waved his hand, as much as to say, "I don't want to hear it." Then they called in a heathen priest, and he said, "If you will only recite the *Numtra* it will deliver you from hell." He waved his hand, as much as to say, "I don't want to hear that." Then they said, "Call on Juggernaut." He shook his head as much as to say, "I can't do that." Then they thought perhaps he was too weary to speak, and they said, "Now, if you can't say 'Juggernaut,' think of that god." He shook his head again, as much as to say, "No, no, no." Then they bent down to his pillow, and they said, "In what will you trust?" His face lighted up with the very glories of the celestial sphere as he cried out, rallying all his dying energies, "Jesus!"

Spake of his Decease. This is the heart of the story, that Jesus found no higher theme than the Cross, for that greatest conversation this world has ever known. To that cross he was hastening as the very goal of his whole career, the thing he was to "accomplish," of which he was to say as it drew near: "For this cause came I into this world," and when he was upon it: "It is finished." Thirty-four times in his three years' ministry Jesus foretold the cross which he thus bore, not for hours, but for years. All through the Gospel the cross is prominent, as Mount Hermon is visible from every part of Palestine. The transfiguration assures us, as does the book of Revelation, that the "old story of Jesus and his love," is the new, new song of heaven: "Unto Him that hath washed us from our sins in his own blood."

Christ transfigured while he talks of his self-sacrifice for man, pictures the glory that ever goes with self-sacrifice. Men seek honor by making others serve them, but the world's deepest appreciation in the end, goes to those, who, like Christ, come "not to be ministered unto, but to minister and give their lives" for others. This brings not only the greatest glory, but also the greatest joy, "the ecstacy of self-sacrifice."

It is Good to be Here. Religion is a supreme joy. It brings us the good times that don't go off with the having, the true pleasures that are pleasant to remember. Those who have seen and shared the worked up enjoyments of worldly pleasure, and then tried the "good times" Christ gives, know full well how much less real enjoyment there is in the former than in the fellowship of a preachers' conference or a Christian young people's convention. Whenever you seek to have a "good time," remember it matters not so much where you go, as with whom you go.

Hear Ye Him. "This voice, which came from heaven, we heard," said Peter thirty-four years afterwards (II Peter 1: 18). Though the apostles confess they were sleepy, this story was no dream. "Hear ye him," proclaims Christ our King, whose word is final in every realm of life. "I tell you, sir," said brave old Andrew Melville to James VI, "there are two kingdoms in Scotland. There is Christ Jesus, the King, and his Kingdom, the Kirk, whose subject James VI is, and of whose Kingdom he is not a king nor a lord, but a member."

*International Sunday School Lesson for June 17. The Transfiguration. Luke 9: 28-36; Matt. 17: 1-3; Mark 9: 2-13. Golden Text: "This is my beloved Son, hear him," Luke 9 : 35.

Our Household Circle

The Art of Conversation

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

MOST of us talk more or less fluently, few understand perfectly the art of conversation. Occasionally one meets a man of slow speech who is frugal of utterance and has little to say, but he is exceptional, and serves by contrast to set off the majority, who are quick to express themselves in season and out.

I remember a man who gave an impression of sympathy and interest by the agreeable way he had of listening, but who very seldom ventured a remark on his own part. Tradition stated that this gentleman, as a small child, had refused to learn how to talk, that for some time there was a fear that he was deaf and dumb, but tests made it evident that he heard quite as well as other children. No persuasions induced him as infant or little toddler to open his mouth in speech. One day when he had reached the age of eight he wandered away from home and was lost. A stranger, finding him disconsolate in the dusk miles from the place he knew, asked him his name. "Alexander MacKenzie," quote the child, in clear and distinct accents, and without hesitation he gave his street and number. From that hour Alexander spoke when it was necessary, but to the end of his days he remained a man of amazing reticence and of great parsimony in common talk. Yet he did his share in conversation, because he was always a polite and intelligent listener, with a smile or a nod or a monosyllable at the right moment.

Opposed to this personage is one, this time a woman, who became the terror of her friends, because when she was present no one else was ever permitted to say a single word. Mrs. Blank rushed in upon conversation with the stir and the haste of a determined invader. No one else could finish a sentence if she had had the boldness to begin it. Our friend was like a runaway steed; she took the bit between her teeth and tore on, without pause and without rest, while other people, anxious to tell what they knew, were left far in the rear.

The art of conversation is mastered only by those who both give and receive, as their turn comes. There must be a handing back and forth of ideas, theories, facts and anecdotes. A good talker is one who can relate an incident pleasantly, and who waits with patience while his neigbbor caps the story by an experience of his own. It is fatal to good conversation to have some one present who is a monopolist. The person who answers every question, whether it is addressed to her or not, who snatches the words out of the friend's mouth and herself proceeds to tell what happened; the person who is preoccupied and absent-minded and pays no attention to what is being told, and the person who yawns and looks bored and indifferent are each and all "conversation killers."

What do we talk about? Perhaps some of us would be surprised were we told that very often we talk of nothing in the least worth while. The staple of conversation in some homes is formed of such things as finding fault with the weather, as dress, as misdoings in the kitchen, and ill-behavior on the part of servants or tradesmen. This sort of talk belongs in the day's work, but it is not dignified, nor fit to be styled conversation. To converse well people must be well informed, must have knowledge of politics and current events and must have some hobby or fad or outside interest, which leads them into a wider realm than the restricted one of the fireside.

The background of agreeable conversation is leisure. Unfortunately, leisure is a commodity not purchasable in the American market. Much as we long to be at ease and unhurried, thousands of us never cease to feel the pressure of haste and of affairs, unless we are laid aside on beds of sickness.

Not a great while ago, several people were talking about the future life. A hard-working woman who had toiled all her days, observed that she hoped that she might have a good while to rest before she entered heaven itself. "I sometimes think of the grave with longing," said the poor soul, "and wish that I might sleep there a good while before the angels waken me." This was an extreme way of expressing great fatigue, yet many of us know something of what it means to be forever busy and often very weary. Those who are both busy and weary need not expect to shine in conversation.

A frequent plea made by young girls unused to society is, "Teach me how to converse." But the only teacher who can successfully impart the art of conversation is experience. In her school we learn charity and kindness, and how to converse so agreeably that intercourse with others becomes a privilege and a joy.

Those who have the art of telling a good story, or of saying something that provokes laughter, are welcome everywhere. Unless one excels in fitting the jest or anecdote to the occasion, he or she would better omit this form from the gentle art of conversation.

ON THE TOWING PATH

The old horse, strong and sturdy and patient, and obedient to the guiding hand of a child, sets a good example for us. Our work may be as humble and obscure as his, but if it be well done we shall earn what he does at the close of the day, food and shelter and a night of rest. Little Molly knows old Dan very well and likes to hold him as the boat goes through the lock.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—ELIZABETH B. In these days, mourning is not obligatory, and is purely a matter for personal choice. No one would criticise you for not wearing it.

—JACK. You are within your rights in objecting to your fiancee's accepting attentions of a personal kind from other men. If she permits the familiarities of which you speak, she plainly shows that she cares very little for you.

—S. S. A gentleman's visiting card is much smaller than a lady's, and "Mr." should be prefixed to the name. Unless it is a business card, it bears no address. A lady's visiting card has her address, if she chooses, in the lower left-hand corner. She may or may not have an "At Home" day.

—PHŒBE. The bridesmaid is the bride's attendant and may render any little service necessary. She need not devote much attention to the best man unless they are friends and it is her pleasure to do so. Congratulations after a ceremony are informal, but precedence is given to the parents of bride and groom.

Concerning Boys' Clubs

IF the next generation of American men is to stand firmly and loyally for our country and for God, they must be trained to-day in the principles of patriotism and religion. No better instrumentality beyond the home itself exists for this purpose, than the boys' club. Boys from ten to fifteen are very fond of organizations in which they may band together, and work towards a common end. The leader of a boys' club must understand boy nature, be hearty, sympathetic, sincere, and genial. Boys see through shams with unerring instinct. They turn away from anything that savors of hypocrisy. A genuine boy wants the genuine article in piety as in everything else.

A correspondent in Minnesota has sent us a description of a boys' club in successful operation, a club that seems to have attained an ideal success in developing both manliness and spirituality in its members. Mrs. M. Lily Slaight writes that a club of boys to the number of a dozen, between the ages of twelve and eighteen, has been organized in her State, and meets semi-monthly. It is opened and closed with prayer and singing. Other exercises, not especially religious, follow; there are debates, recitations, and discussions of various kinds. After a recess, some time is given to basket ball and other athletic sports, after which the members repeat their pledge of loyalty to God, their fellows, and their own best selves. After singing "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," the meeting adjourns, and the members go to their homes better fitted than before to advance in what is the best thing boyhood ever does, namely, the making of men.

Sporadic Giving

The observation was made by one who some weeks ago was present at the great Convention of Student Volunteers, at Nashville, Tenn., that the method of raising money to carry on the work during the next four years, was unique in its simplicity. It was dignified as well. A plain statement of wants was made from the platform, and figures were presented to show how much would be demanded to carry on the rapidly increasing work. After a season of prayer, contributions were made, many students pledging themselves to give a certain amount annually, and when the collection was counted it amounted to $85,000. There were some large sums, but many contributions were small. The feature of the matter that was most impressive was that the giving was put on a systematic basis, its motive being the worship of God.

Should we not lift our giving from the plane of impulse to the higher level of homage to God, and determining what proportion of our income belongs to him, devote it steadily, week by week, month by month, and year by year, to whatever cause of his we wish to help?

Systematic giving would save missionary boards from debt, supply churches with funds for beneficence, feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and everywhere fill the treasury of our Heavenly Father to the overflow. On his part, the Lord sets us the example of periodic regularity in his gifts. The sunshine and the rain, the march of the seasons, the return of day and night, come in due order, and his bounty never slackens, nor are his gifts to us withheld from caprice.

Homeless Animals

Domestic animals are so dependent on the human race for shelter, care, and food, that the case of a homeless one appeals strongly to every gentle breast. A few days ago, a gentleman seated in a hotel in one of the large cities, observed that forlornest of creatures, a lost dog, trying to hide from observation under a sofa. The poor thing was dirty and half starved, and evidently was in terror of blows and kicks. But when the man, who had a heart big enough to love dogs, addressed the poor beast, it understood, and came to him confidingly. From that moment it had a protector.

A Systematic Effort to Succor the Leper

The Leper Cottages at Nasik, India

Children of Lepers

Leper Cottage at Sabathu, Punjab

HOW startling is the statement that of the inhabitants of the world, no less than a million are lepers! Yet even that statement falls short of the fact. There are many who have the disease, but do not know it, and still others who do know it, but keep the fact secret, lest they be driven from house and home, to die in solitude. Thus, even the appalling statistics at which we shudder, do not reveal the whole sad story. A medical missionary at Swatow, China, says: "I have frequently to perform the sad duty of telling some man or woman, boy or girl, that he or she is the victim of this dreaded disease. How often have I had a patient come awkwardly up to me, and pulling up his sleeve, or opening his coat, show me some peculiar patch on his skin, whose loss of sensation has alarmed him. As I examine it, he regards me with a sullen, suspicious, hunted look, anxious to hear my opinion, and yet dreading to have his worst suspicions confirmed."

No wonder the kind-hearted missionary's heart bleeds as he tells the poor creature the shocking fact. He knows what it means to him. Nevermore must he kiss wife or child; nevermore must he grasp a friendly hand. He must go away from family and friends, from home and the haunts of men, to live among other victims, who are literally dying by inches; seeing before him every day a spectacle of the maimed and disfigured creature that he will eventually become. He must do this for the sake of those he loves, and all the more because he loves them. As he goes away, his friends shrink from him and pass on the other side. Fortunate for him that they do, for time was, and that not long ago, when in India and China he would have been burned alive, or cast into a living grave. Even the Mosaic law enjoined utter exclusion for the victims of the disease: "His clothes shall be rent, and his head bared, and he shall put a covering on his upper lip, and shall cry, Unclean! Unclean! He shall dwell alone; without the camp shall his habitation be." In spite of these precautions, continued for three thousand years, the plague has spread from one to another, until now there are a million sufferers, perishing by a living death.

The spirit of Christianity, with its compassion for the worst sinners, took thought for the most miserable of the human race. It is now seventy years since a kind-hearted officer in the British Army made a humble beginning. He built on the slope of Almora a number of rough, stone huts, in which he maintained twenty-five lepers, who had formerly lived in the jungle. His name, Sir Henry Ramsay, deserves to live in history as the pioneer of this kind of benefactor. About thirty years later, the famous American missionary, Dr. John Newton, was enabled by friends here to undertake a similar work at Sabathu, near Simla. Another effort was made by the eminent missionary Dr. Morrison, in connection with the American Presbyterian Mission at Ambala, which, in 1869, was placed in charge of a man whose services to the leper have made his name famous in both hemispheres, Mr. Wellesley C. Bailey.

This devoted man was stirred to enthusiastic interest in the lepers, and made a study of what was being done for them the world over. He found that by that time many missionary societies were making some efforts to care for them, but had no funds available for the purpose. The missionaries, full of compassion for the sufferers, had obtained help from friends, and were doing all they could to succor the unhappy creatures. Mr. Bailey conceived the idea of organizing a society with the special purpose of caring for the lepers. His idea was to collect funds with which he could afford help to the institutions already existing, and supplying the managers with such literature on the subject of the disease as could be obtained, to aid them in skilfully managing the inmates and alleviating their sufferings. He proposed to leave the institutions under the charge of the missionaries of the respective denominations, and simply to help them to extend their care to a larger number of sufferers, and, if he obtained sufficient funds, to establish institutions in districts where none existed.

So heartily was the idea received, that contributions came in beyond his expectations, and the Society has grown rapidly. There are now seventy-eight stations in various lands which it is aiding. Among them there are thirty-two, in which 3,500 lepers are cared for, managed by American or Canadian missionaries, belonging to thirteen denominations. Last year these institutions received from the Society $31,500. Of this sum only $12,115 came from the United States and Canada. We are sure that if American Christians knew of the fact they would gladly aid in the noble effort. It is now proposed to organize a committee here, for helping in this Christlike work, and Mr. Thomas A. Bailey, a brother of the founder of the Society, has come here to help in the plan. The following article from his pen, addressed to CHRISTIAN HERALD readers, explains the objects and work of the Society:

The Dispensary for Lepers at Purulia

Can misery smile? Can pain rejoice and despair look out with buoyant hope to the future? Yes, they can; but for the full realization of such paradoxes as these, one must visit leper asylums in the East. The appearance of the loathsome disease of leprosy among us would naturally awaken horror and startle us with fear; but we are too prone to regard the leper as a pathetic figure in the remote past, or as a mere type of moral pollution, and entirely to ignore the fact that he is a living human being—a fellow-creature crying out to us in his sore distress for shelter from an outcast existence, and for the physical alleviations it is in our power to give him. Appealing to us in his extremity for material aid, he is unconscious of the better and greater blessings we have to bring him—the knowledge of a loving, pitying Saviour, and a hope beyond the grave.

The history of "The Mission to Lepers in India and the East," a Mission, which is most aptly described by a leading European journal as "a great Mission; one of the greatest that has been established since the dawn of the Christian era," is at once inspiring and heroic. Founded only thirty-two years ago, this Society has succeeded in bringing untold blessing and comfort to many thousands of these sadly afflicted people.

In no less than fifty centres, this noble Society has erected asylums where these outcasts are fed, sheltered, clothed and medically treated, on its behalf, by the missionaries of twenty-seven different societies or churches. But this is not all; these servants of Christ bring joy, comfort and hope to these "Sons of Affliction," and where misery and despair once abounded, peace, contentment and happiness now much more abound.

It must be gratifying to the American people to know that representatives of eleven of their Foreign Missionary Societies are engaged in this Christlike and heroic work, which is truly international and inter-denominational in its character. Those in charge of the asylums represent America, Great Britain, Germany, Switzerland, and India. Hitherto the funds for carrying on this work have, for the most part, been raised in Great Britain. Liberal subscriptions have, however, been received also from friends of the work in America and Canada, and it is hoped that as this magnificent work becomes more widely known throughout the United States, a largely increased number will respond to the need of the pitiable sufferers who are utterly unable to appeal for themselves.

At one of the sessions of the Decennial Missionary Conference, held in Madras, in December, 1902, under the chairmanship of a prominent American missionary, the Conference passed the following resolution by a rising vote: "This Conference [comprised of missionaries of many nationalities, and representing all the Protestant denominations] desires to place on record its high appreciation of the work which is being carried on in India by the Mission to Lepers in India and the East, and cordially approves of the inter-denominational character of the Society, co-operating as it does with all the Evangelical churches in Europe and America, and with their representatives in the foreign field, and heartily endorses the policy of the Mission in not sending out missionaries of its own, but working through the representatives of the various Missions in the field, allowing the superintendents full liberty in the management of the institutions, provided that the general aims of the Mission to lepers are secured."

The aims of the Society are not restricted to the welfare of those who are already victims to the disease, but it also seeks to safeguard the community as a whole, by segregating those who are contaminated, in Homes where they are kept apart from their healthy neighbors; it also helps to prevent the spread of the disease by rescuing the untainted children of lepers from their dangerous surroundings by means of the special Homes it has erected for them. The best evidence of the success of these measures is seen in the last census report of the Government of India, which shows a marked decrease in the numbers of lepers in that country.

The outlook for the future must therefore appear to all thinking people as extremely hopeful, and if the treasury of this valuable Society is well supplied with the means for a considerable extension of its operations, there is every reason to believe that in the not far distant future this loathsome

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A Cumberland Valley Revival

Rev. M. S. Rees

IN the beautiful Cumberland Valley lies the inland town of Carlisle. It is nineteen miles by rail, and about twenty-three by trolley, from the capital of the Keystone State. It has a population of about eleven thousand, and is surrounded by a large and fertile agricultural district. This ancient town, which was the old frontier military post during the French and Indian War, was the westernmost defence in colonial days. A fort stood here when Gen. Washington was sent to quell the Whiskey Rebellion. The guard-house stands to-day, built by the Hessian prisoners carried to Carlisle during the year 1776.

We have here the old Methodist College, Dickinson, established about 1784, and the United States Indian Industrial School, the largest of the government institutions for the education of the native American. There are about one thousand Indians here during the year, representing seventy-seven tribes. There are eighteen churches. The Ministers' Association, composed of all the Protestant churches save the Episcopalian, early in the fall instituted a movement for a vigorous evangelistic campaign. After much prayer and planning and preliminary work, services were started simultaneously in all the churches Jan 28, and continued until Feb. 25, when the general campaign began with its forces all massed into one great Union Service. Rev. M. S. Rees of Rochester, N. Y., and his efficient helper Mrs. Rees, had been secured to carry forward the work. During the first and second weeks the services were held in the new First Lutheran Church; the third week being a campaign for men, the services were divided, men's meetings were held in the Allison M. E. Church and women's meetings in the Second Presbyterian. The afternoon meetings were mostly held in the historic old First Presbyterian Church, some others in the Reformed and the First Evangelical.

The accompanying picture shows the First Lutheran Church. It accommodates about fifteen hundred people in the main audience room, and has a chapel accommodating about twelve hundred more. Rev. Mr. Rees preached every night for three weeks and a half, to audiences ranging from one thousand to seventeen hundred persons. He is a pleasing, pleading, winsome speaker; thoroughly orthodox, and sincerely earnest. His Bible readings, two afternoons during the three weeks, were very attractive, instructive and interesting, and marked the man as thoroughly acquainted with the Book of Books. His interpretations of the Scriptures were exceedingly practical and reasonable, carrying conviction to his hearers. Breadth, sincerity, and great love for men characterizes him and his work. He had the hearty co-operation of all the ministers, of all shades of belief. The music, which was a feature of the work, was rendered by a chorus choir of about one hundred and fifty voices, under the leadership of Mrs. Rees. She is a beautiful singer herself, and an adept in getting others to sing.

First Lutheran Church, Carlisle

As the services progressed, all business houses were closed at six-thirty o'clock, even the drug stores, and men filled the large auditorium of the Allison Methodist Church (the College Church), and on Sunday afternoon the Opera House, when no other building would accommodate them. More good was accomplished than can be estimated. The organization of the several congregations into groups of workers, or praying bands, has shown some people their strength for service. More than one thousand people were organized into such praying bands. More than three hundred persons made public profession during the services, among them some of the hardest drinking men in the community, and by the grace of God they have remained true to their promise. Christians were quickened in their faith, and their spiritual life deepened. The impression on the community for good, and righteousness even among the non-church goers, was particularly marked. The colored people, of whom there are a great many, were also greatly helped by Mr. Rees in starting their services, which brought about good results.

"Not by might, not by power, but by my spirit saith the Lord of hosts." With this we started, and with this we closed. Rev. and Mrs. Rees went from Carlisle to Herkimer, N. Y., to conduct a Mission. Many hearts are glad to-day in Carlisle, and homes have new light added to their life, blessing God for his wonderful works to the children of men.

REV. G. M. DIFFENDERFER,
Pastor of the First Lutheran Church, Carlisle, Pa.

Books Received

Washington's Farewell Address and *Webster's Bunker Hill Orations*, edited with introduction and notes by W. T. Peck, Sc.D., are together intended to meet the requirements of schools for both study and practice. Pp. 131. The Macmillan Company, New York and London.

The Thomas Jefferson Memorial Society of America published in 1904 an elaborate edition of all the works of the "prophet of American Democracy." Upon this edition the Unit Book Publishing Company, New York, has based its recently issued *Letters and Addresses of Thomas Jefferson*. Pp. 323; 50c. net.

The Life Power, and How to Use It, is an exposition of the new thought theory, and holds a certain amount of interest for those who believe that "thinking health and strength, clears all obstructions from the sources of life-force." Pp. 175. Price $1.00. Author and publisher, Elizabeth Towne, Holyoke, Mass.

The Double Doctrine of the Church of Rome, by Baroness von Zedtwitz, has created a wonderful interest throughout the country. Protestants and Roman Catholics alike are evincing unusual interest, not only because of the social position of the author, but because of the entirely new phase of thought provoked by her treatment of her subject. As one of the Misses Caldwell of Washington, D. C., and Louisville, Ky., who gave largely to the Catholic University at Washington, Baroness von Zedtwitz attained much prominence. Published by the Fleming H. Revell Company, Chicago and New York. Price 35 cents.

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Several months ago we published a letter from Mr. Howard Shordon, Fort Wayne, Ind., telling his experience. A gentleman from Virginia recently wrote Mr. Shordon, asking further information. Extracts from his reply, follow:

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"Last year we used a base-burner stove and burned wood in the kitchen, and our fuel bill was $32.00 for coal and $15.00 for wood, making $47.00 for fuel and *only heating three rooms.*"

Note the saving. In many cities slack coal is much cheaper than it is in Mr. Shordon's home, and of course in such cases, the saving would be much greater. We've literally hundreds of such letters.

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One man made $1950, commissions, bonuses and prizes, in three months recently. A woman made $1810. Neither worked as hard to earn it as most men do to get less.

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Notable Converts from Romanism

Rev. E. W. Casswell

AT the Beekman Hill Methodist Episcopal Church, Manhattan, a large audience on a recent Sunday greeted Prof. T. Augustine Dwyer, a former member of the Roman Catholic Church. Rev. Edwin Whittier Casswell, pastor of the church, introduced Prof. Dwyer as the only living American ever received at a State reception of the Court of Spain, a man who was high in the esteem of the leaders of Romanism until he declined to receive priestly orders.

Six months ago, Prof. Dwyer was received into the Calvary Methodist Episcopal Church, by Rev. Charles L. Goodell. Prof. Dwyer's story of his transition from the Church of Rome to Protestantism held the audience with the most intense interest. At times his eloquence was of the highest order, the address showing culture and wide scholarship. At the conclusion of the service, Prof. Dwyer referred to a recent book, entitled, *The Double Doctrine of the Church of Rome*, by the Baroness Von Zedtwitz, who had also renounced Romanism about two years since. Quite a number in the audience were aware that the Baroness was present, which made the scene doubly impressive. This was the last religious service the Baroness attended before her departure on Wednesday, May 23, for her home in Switzerland. At the close of the service, the audience had the privilege of meeting these two distinguished personages and of bidding them God-speed in their heroic renunciation of Romanism.

Prof. T. A. Dwyer

The Baroness and her sister (the Caldwell sisters), were natives of Kentucky, and were the original founders of the Catholic University at Washington, by the giving of large benefactions to that institution. Some of the leading bishops and prelates pleaded long and earnestly for these devoted ladies to remain in the church of their childhood, but without avail. The baroness is one of the most intellectual women of her time, thoroughly educated, and deeply versed in the workings of Romanism. Unquestionably, Roman Catholicism in America has received its hardest blow by the booklet of the Baroness, and by the eloquence, learning, and platform ability of one of the brightest men in the Church of Rome in this country. The blow is more deadly because aimed at the evil teaching of that Church, rather than at the morals of Romanism. Rome cannot stand the comparison of her doctrines and usages with the life of Christ, as portrayed in the Gospels. All Protestantism in America will doubtless become awakened out of its lethargy by these thrilling voices from Romanism, and a wide spiritual revival will no doubt result in Romanism itself.

Baroness von Zedtwitz

Prof. T. Augustine Dwyer is a native of Massachusetts. His parents were devoted, noble Catholics. He was thoroughly trained for the priesthood. While completing his studies in the Roman Catholic University at Washington, his mind became troubled with many doubts regarding the leading doctrines of Romanism. During his recent tour of Europe, he drifted farther and farther from the tenets of Rome. While residing for a time in the city of Rome, he was providentially led to read the life of John Wesley and came into the light of a personal religious experience, just as Wesley did, when "he felt his heart strangely warmed;" just as Martin Luther did, when he saw Christ by faith; just as Paul did, when he cried, "Who art thou, Lord?"

When Prof. Dwyer returned to America, he allied himself with the Calvary M. E. Church and is now assistant pastor of that church. Mr. Dwyer is preaching and lecturing in the protestant churches of New York City almost every week, and is glad to respond to calls from churches. He had the distinguished honor of being made the bearer of a gift to the King of Spain by Signor Ojeda, the Spanish Ambassador. Mr. Dwyer is a student in various branches and has covered a wide field in the domain of art, literature and letters. He received the highest degree from the Lawrence School of Oratory, New York City, for his proficiency as a Shakespearean reader. He bears two degrees, B.A. and M.A., from the leading Jesuit College of America, St. Francis Xavier's, Sixteenth Street, this city. He has travelled in nearly all the countries of Europe and speaks fluently several foreign languages. He is one of the few Americans who has had the thrilling experience of crossing the Desert of Sahara with a caravan.

In her book, the Baroness gives this account of her renunciation of Rome. She discovered that ecclesiastical and moral duty clashed; that there was a double system—a separation of morals from religion; that politics dominated the church, and that "God's glory and Christ's teachings were but armor and shield to hide the real pretensions of the Vatican. . . . To-day it is generally admitted that an ecclesiastical student, when he leaves Rome, carries away with him little else than the Papal banner, and has laid his primitive moral code at the feet of the infallible successor of St. Peter." She then describes her struggle to be free:

"I had been told that revolt from the Papacy meant annihilation of all belief. I saw the confirmation of these terrible words in the despairing souls of all the prelates I had known, and in their assurance that the only bridge that saved them from spiritual ruin, was the active work necessitated by the Papacy, and the personal ambition which spurred them to more labors. The outlook seemed hopeless, but to cling to a system I had learned to despise, meant abandoning forever the ideals I had always before my eyes, and the hope I entertained of the final perfecting of character through the aid of religion. The voice of conscience became ever louder, and finally drowned the superstitious fear which held me back from the step I knew I must take.

"In the name of Christ, whose pure image had been long blurred by the dross of Popery, in the name of righteousness and duty, I cast from me what was left of the garb of Romanism, and resolved to stand before my God, as an upright, if an unclothed soul."

The Baroness refers to the hostility she encountered after taking this decisive step. But, she adds: "My decision is irrevocable and my repudiation of the twofold system of Rome final." The church, she affirms, has two distinct sets of teachings—one for the uninitiated or the sheep, and another for the initiated or the shepherds. With the first, the church proclaims charity, sincerity, justice and altruism from its pulpits, professing the Gospel of Jesus and thus deluding its adversaries and averting systematic attack. It is in the esoteric doctrine, however, that the real discrepancies are to be found. "Jesuitical casuistry is to-day, and has been since the Reformation, the powerful intellectual bond which holds the organization from disruption."

To prove her charge of "double doctrine" against Rome, the Baroness quotes from a number of the acknowledged "moral teachers" of the church, who justify homicide, unveracity, simony, indulgences, bribery, and traffic in spiritual things generally. She declares that there is abundant proof to show that the celibate law of the clergy is not observed. The clergy are reprimanded not in proportion to the offence itself, but in proportion to the scandal they have caused. This law, she declares, "largely contributes to honeycomb the church with vice." Her conclusion is that Roman Catholicism having outlived the environment to which it was adapted, "has lost that vital spark which is essential to all true religion." It is living on its past, not on what it now is. Its influence is disintegrating, and its tendency on the reason and mental action of the citizen is demoralizing. Many of the best men within the church are awakening from their delusions.

The Truth about the Mutual Life

THIS is a matter of great interest to the public, and of still greater interest to thousands of individuals. People with the fairest minds—and that means most people—have been disturbed and unsettled by the developments and denunciations of the past few months. What these people want is the truth—the plain unvarnished truth. To give them this truth is the object of this announcement.

The Mutual Life Insurance Company was organized in 1843, the first of its kind in America. In 24 years it had become the largest in the world. For 39 years, in spite of the keenest competition, it has held the lead, passing unharmed through panics, failures, strikes and wars; meeting with promptness its every obligation and having 460 millions of assets to-day.

The recent Insurance agitation was unique. The investigation certainly was thorough. As every one knows the Mutual Life was on the firing line. The smoke has now cleared away. What do we find?

In the first place we find that the Mutual Life is still the largest and staunchest Life Insurance Company in the world. Without defending or in the least belittling the abuses and extravagances recently brought to light, everybody should keep in mind the fact that the solvency of this Company has not for a moment been affected thereby. Concerning the work of the finance committee which has been attacked in the press, this Company's auditing committee consisting of Messrs. Truesdale, Auchincloss, Fish and Dixon stated on February 15th, 1906:

> *"The Committee certify that the investments of the Company are of the highest order and well selected," and "have found the valuation given safe and conservative, in many instances less than the market value and in none in excess of such value."*

In the next place, extravagance has been stopped, and those responsible for it have gone; a new management has been installed, and retrenchments have been effected that have already saved vast sums of money and will save much more as time goes on. Legislative reforms have likewise been anticipated, and the Company is now as sound at the circumference as it always has been at the core.

In the next place, the ending of the first quarter presents an excellent opportunity for comparing this year with last.

> *The amount paid policy holders is $9,608,436.50, an increase of $1,070,835.26. The receipts for premiums were $15,082,484.57, a decrease of $857,995.29 for the period. This is a shrinkage of less than 5½ per cent. The amount paid for expenses was $2,935,552.44, a reduction of $1,547,279.36.*

This remarkable showing is a good thing to be kept in mind by everybody—those now insured in the Mutual Life, and those who should be. It cannot be accounted for by the smaller amount of new business written. Of the saving for the quarter, the sum of $390,961.52 is in items not connected with the obtaining of new business.

In the next place we find that this Company is doing business—more business than any other company in the world with one exception. Far from being paralyzed or demoralized, it is forging right ahead. Policies by the hundred are being written each day; honest trustees, keenly alert, are directing its affairs; faithful and experienced men are doing its intricate work; loyal agents are explaining its advantages and discriminating people are obtaining its protection.

In the next place we find that there need be no question as to the future. A policy in the Mutual Life is just as good as gold. No obligation could possibly be better. A bond of the United States Government is no safer. It will, therefore, be a misfortune if any one is misled by the writer who prints for revenue or for notoriety, or by the attorney who is out for his clients, or the competitor who is out for himself, or even by the gentlemen who have organized themselves into committees under an honest misapprehension of the facts. Such incidents may tend to hinder business but need deter no one who needs insurance.

With economy, which means rapid improvement in regard to earning of surplus for dividends, everywhere at work in the Mutual Life; with its immense size as the basis for moderate general expenses; with smaller liability for renewal commissions to agents than any other company; with the cost of new business limited by law for all Companies, how can any one possibly better provide for the uncertainties of the future than through a policy in the first Insurance Company in America, and the strongest in the world—

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The Chariots of the Lord

A Story of the Days of Religious Persecution in England

BY JOSEPH HOCKING

Summary of Preceding Chapters

During the reign of James II., whose father, Charles I., was beheaded in the revolution under Oliver Cromwell, a determined effort was made by the King to win England to Roman Catholicism. He persecuted the Protestants and had a willing instrument in Lord Jeffreys, an ignorant man, who had been raised to the bench by the king. The story opens with a scene in his court, in which the hero, Benedict Trelawney, denounced Jeffreys to his face, as an unjust judge. He was committed to prison. On his way he was enabled to escape by a girl, who told him her name was Mary. She guided him to the house of a Protestant, who gave him shelter and introduced him to another refugee, a Scotchman named Donald Stewart. On the following day he received his sword, which had been taken from him, and found upon it a message from the girl who had saved him, asking him to meet her that night at the Temple Church. He has an interview with her there, in which she advises him to have nothing to do with a conspiracy, then being organized against the king. He is surprised at her knowledge, and suspects that she is a daughter of Judge Jeffeys, of whom he has heard as being her father's spy. Disregarding her advice, he associates himself with the Duke of Monmouth, a natural son of Charles II., who invades England. After the defeat of Monmouth, Trelawney hides in a cave, but is found and lodged in jail. When brought to trial, a letter reached Jeffreys from the King ordering Trelawney sent to him. That night the bars were sawn from the window of the prison by some unknown friend and Trelawney escaped in a carriage waiting for him. In the carriage was the girl who had previously saved him from his captors, who restores to him his sword. She tells him that sometime she may need a friend to do her service, and he promises he will be that friend. Afterwards she gives him up to the king's officers, who set out with him for London to deliver him to the king.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MEANWHILE, Trelawney had, according to the plans he had made, slipped out of the door, and without waiting a second had made his way to the inn yard. Here he hesitated a second as to what to do. Two courses lay before him, one was to leave the high-road and escape on foot; the other was to take the horse he had been riding and trust to his speed to get away from the inn before the hue and cry could be after him. He had just decided upon the latter course as being the best, when he heard a stealthy footstep behind him.

"Follow me."

"Who are you?"

"Follow me, I tell you! You have escaped without my aid, but it does not matter. You need me still."

"Peter the Madman!"

"Ay, that is what men call me. But what is madness? Was not John the Baptist called mad? Was not Paul called mad? Nay, but I am one who sees visions and dreams dreams. Come with me."

Benedict Trelawney did not hesitate a second. He did not believe he could do better than follow this man.

A few minutes later they were away from the inn and walking rapidly through harvest fields where the corn was cut and bound ready to be garnered.

"The way of the Lord is in the deep sea," cried the old man presently.

"Whither are we going?"

"You will know at the right time. I had planned your escape, but you have accomplished it without me. Better so, for now I know that the hand of the Lord is leading you on. Tell me how you escaped?"

"Who were the men who entered the inn?" asked Trelawney.

"Who? A still tongue maketh a wise head, it is said, Master Cornishman. That is true sometimes, but not always. I have known great fools who have held their peace. Still a silent fool is better than a babbling one; and concerning these men I will be silent."

"You know who they are, then?"

"What if one calls himself Inglenook, and another Baynton, Master Cornishman? Whoever they were they played into your hands. You did not escape in the way I had planned, but you did escape. Tell me how?"

"I got up a quarrel. We got to fighting, and I escaped in the midst of it."

"Ah, I see, I see; but the end is not yet; the Lord hath great things for you to do. Listen."

They were now a mile or more from Basingstoke. They had crossed several fields, and were far away from human dwelling.

"Listen. Do you hear? It is the cry of God's oppressed children. It is the cry of those who seek to worship God in purity and truth. It is the cry of souls which have to-day been liberated from their bodies. It is the cry of an oppressed nation which is under the yoke of the oppressor. Oh, my son, my son, the nation is under the heel of a false King, a cruel King, a bloodthirsty, a godless King. Don't you hear the voices? 'Why are the Chariots of the Lord so long delayed?' they are saying. But the Chariots of the Lord are coming. Do you not hear them, see them? They may be delayed, but they are coming. Onward, Master Coruishman."

He sped with great speed across hill and dale, over hedges and ditches, all the time keeping a northward direction.

"Let them seek, ay, and seek diligently," cried the old man; "but they shall not find him. No, they shall not find him. The Lord will protect his anointed one."

"Would you mind telling me how you knew where I was," said Benedict presently. "I left you just outside Taunton Town. How is it that within twenty-four hours I find you at Basingstoke?"

The old man answered never a word. He sped on with long, eager strides, and Trelawney, young and agile as he was, had difficulty in keeping pace with him.

"Do you know," went on the young man presently, "who that woman was who sat in the carriage last night?"

"What carriage?"

"The carriage which awaited me outside Taunton Town."

"What of her?" cried the old man. "Cannot the Lord use even his enemies to do his will? Let us then rejoice in our freedom. Let us also listen to the voice of the Most High, and seek to obey Him."

During the journey Benedict Trelawney tried again and again to obtain information from his companion. He would not tell from whence he came or whither he was going. Occasionally, as the moon shot into the clear sky, he would lift his hands to heaven and tell of the judgments of God which would surely fall on the King and his unjust judge, but not a word would he speak concerning his plans, nor of the things which Benedict longed to know.

And yet the young man trusted him. Whatever else he might be, he felt sure that he hated the King, and that he was leading him to liberty. Moreover, but for him the young Cornishman would not have known what to do. He did not know the country, and he felt sure that Sergeant Binks would lose no effort to take him to London.

After walking for several hours Benedict saw they were nearing a town. They were passing through a low, level tract of country, from which it was difficult to see far; nevertheless, the houses grew more numerous, and the footsteps of men and women were not rare.

"Where are we?"

"This is a town where the Lord hath made bare his arm. Here a battle was won, and here again it was lost. But the armies of the Lord conquered at the last. Here, also, in spite of evil times, there are many faithful ones."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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A Revelation in Human Food.

Previous to the discovery of the Post process of changing the starchy part of Wheat and Barley into a form of sugar, many people suffered from what is known as starch indigestion.

That was shown by gas and all sorts of stomach and bowel trouble (sometimes ending in appendicitis), brought on by the undigested starch in wheat, oats, white bread, cake, puddings, etc., etc.

Nature ultimately punishes anyone who continually takes some medicine or drug to smooth over or nullify bad conditions of the body. The only safe way to relieve such is to correct or remove the cause. Therefore it was plain to Mr. Post, in working out his discovery, that people who show some weakness in digesting the starchy part of food (which is much the largest part of all we eat) must be helped by having the starch digested or transformed before being eaten. And of course the safest and truest way to do this would be to imitate nature and avoid all chemicals or outside and unnatural things. The body digests the starchy food by the following process: first the moisture or juices of the mouth and stomach, then warmth or mild heat, which grows or develops diastase from the grain. Time is also an important element, and when all work together and the human organs operate properly, the starch is slowly turned into a form of sugar, as it must be before the blood will absorb it and carry the needed energy to different parts of the body. Of course if the body fails to do its work perfectly trouble sets in.

So in the making of the famous food—Grape-Nuts—moisture, warmth and time are the only things used to turn starch into sugar, thus imitating nature and keeping the human food in original purity, free from outside things and just as Mother Nature intends it shall be kept for advantageous use by her children. The food is fully cooked at the factories, and is crisp and delicious with a little thick cream poured over.

It can be softened for people with weak teeth, but is most valuable to others when it must be energetically chewed, thus bringing down the saliva from the gums to go to the stomach and help digest the entire meal; besides, the use of the teeth strengthens and preserves them. Nature blesses the parts of the body that are used and not abused. Grape-Nuts food brings peace, health and comfort when people are in despair from any one of the ails resulting from undigested food.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," found in pkgs.

"There's a reason."

The Chariots of the Lord

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

"Ah, here is a castle, while yonder runs a river. I have been here before. This is Reading."

"Yes."

"But the place is full of the King's soldiers," whispered Trelawney.

"Yet doth the Lord lead here."

Without a word more he led the way to a large house that stood near the outer walls of Reading Castle. He found his way into the gardens like a man who knew every step of the way; and when at length he reached a great arched doorway, he looked for a bell-pull, as though his mind were fully made up.

Trelawney laid hold of the old man somewhat roughly.

"You are leading me into danger," he cried. "I followed you because I believed in you; but now you must tell me why you are here, and what is in your mind."

"As the Lord liveth, and as my soul liveth," cried the old man, "I am thy friend, and I lead thee to liberty. Fear not, answer boldly, all will be well."

He spoke with such vehemence that Trelawney trusted him in spite of himself.

He heard a great clanking bell within the house, and a minute later there was the sound of footsteps. The door opened and a serving man looked at them wonderingly.

Peter the Madman gave him a piece of parchment.

"To him who hath the mitre," he said, "ay, even to him who speaketh the Word of the Lord boldly. My lord is here, is he not?"

The serving-man left them with a look of fear in his eyes, but quickly returned.

"Will you be pleased to follow?" he said.

Trelawney followed his companion like a man in a dream. All was strange to him; but the spirit of adventure was strong upon him. He was eager to know whither Peter had led him.

Ere long they were ushered into a large low-ceiled room. On one side some bulky tomes were placed, and there were other evidences that the apartment was used as a library. Mostly, however, the walls were covered with warlike weapons and trophies of battle.

Peter looked eagerly around him when the serving-man had left him.

"Everywhere, everywhere do men trust in carnal weapons," he cried; "yet is the arm of the Lord not shortened, neither is his ear heavy."

"Tell me why you have brought me here," Benedict cried angrily. "You treat me as though I were a child. Whose house is this, and whom have you brought me here to see?"

"One of whom you think constantly," said Peter. "Listen!"

Trelawney's heart beat loud as he heard footsteps. Was he again to see the woman whom even yet he loved? Was she behind all this mystery?

The door opened and he started forward. But he only took one step. The one who had entered the door was not Mary Jeffreys but Sir John Trelawney, Bishop of Bristol.

The young man's face was pale as his eyes met those of his relative, but he did not quail. The older man stood before him, looking more like a general who would lead armies to battle than a prelate of the Church, yet was his face kindly though grave.

Sir John Trelawney was at this time head of the great Cornish house whose name he bore, and this, added to his position as Bishop of Bristol, caused him to be one of the most respected men in the nation. His family had for many generations faithfully followed the fortunes of the reigning King, and although James II. hated Sir John as a pronounced Protestant, he looked upon him as the representative of a family which had ever been loyal to the crown.

The two looked steadily towards each other, neither allowing his eyes to droop. In the eyes of the Bishop was affection, in spite of his stern glances, while the look of his young relative was defiant, though somewhat fearful.

"Well, and what have you to say?" said the Bishop.

"Nothing."

"What, neither sorrow nor regret?"

"Neither."

For the moment the anger in the Bishop's glance was stronger than the affection.

"Do you know," he said steadily, "that you are the first Trelawney who hath ever been a rebel? Do you know that you have disgraced the name, and dragged the purest name of England in the mire of disgrace?"

TO BE CONTINUED

One Shepherd for God's People

I AM inclined to believe that a great service may be rendered to the world by occasional criticism of sermons that are preached in the churches.

Many of the ministers are young and inexperienced, or have erroneous ideas concerning their relation to the membership and concerning Biblical interpretation. A kindly criticism should certainly be welcomed by every man who wants to be right in his opinions and teaching. It is almost a necessity that a minister should somewhat misapprehend his real position in the economy of the church, in view of his early educational bias and the extent to which control is left in his hands.

As an illustration, I recently heard a minister use the term, "my people," in alluding to his congregation. But what is the justification for this idea? All Christians are God's people, and if the minister is a real disciple he simply is one of their number. Surely the above term unduly minifies a Christian's relation to God and magnifies the authority of a minister.

In the same way, I have heard ministers speak of themselves as under-shepherds. A recent editorial in *The Christian Advocate* of New York, refers to the condition of the churches, produced by the earthquake and fire in San Francisco, as follows: "The shepherds have been smitten and the flocks are scattered." The fact is, that Jesus Christ is the one and only shepherd, as he claims in John 10:9-16. He says, "I am the door, by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out and find pasture . . . I am the good shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine . . . And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one flock and one shepherd."

What an immense difference and distinction there is between a shepherd and the sheep of which he has the care. The minister does not share the nature or authority of the shepherd, but is simply one of the sheep, and, as I understand it, his business is to urge his fellow-sheep, or other members of the flock, to accept the shepherd as their guide, that they may be led to green pastures and still waters, and be saved from the wild animals that are hovering around to destroy them. Or, assuming that in this work of winning men to God, there may be under-shepherds, would they speak of or consider the flock as belonging to themselves, and would it not be their duty in everything to consult the shepherd and simply to carry out his will?

How strange that men engaged in this humble service should desire to add to their names such titles as D.D. and LL.D. It is also very curious that there is a tendency among ministers to assume more or less the functions of the old Jewish priesthood and to consider themselves a distinct class or members of a profession.

Is not the membership at large greatly hindered from fulfilling the obligation to witness for Jesus Christ to their fellowmen, which rests upon every individual, and is there not a practical separation or chasm between the ministers and laymen, that greatly interferes with the progress and influence of the church?

Yonkers, N. Y. J. C. HAVEMEYER.

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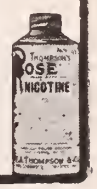

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KNIFED

Coffee Knifed An Old Soldier

An old soldier, released from coffee at 72, recovered his health and tells about it as follows:

"I stuck to coffee for years although it knifed me again and again.

"About eight years ago (as a result of coffee drinking which congested my liver), I was taken with a very severe attack of malarial fever.

"I would apparently recover and start about my usual work only to suffer a relapse. After this had been repeated several times during the year I was again taken violently ill.

"The doctor said he had carefully studied my case and it was either 'quit coffee or die,' advising me to take Postum in its place. I had always thought coffee one of my dearest friends, and especially when sick, and I was very much taken back by the Doctor's decision, for I hadn't suspected the coffee I drank could possibly cause my troubles.

"I thought it over for a few minutes and finally told the Doctor I would make the change. Postum was procured for me the same day and made according to directions; well, I liked it and stuck to it and since then I have been a new man. The change in health began in a few days and surprised me, and now, although I am seventy-two years of age, I do lots of hard work and for the past month have been teaming, driving sixteen miles a day besides loading and unloading a wagon. That's what Postum in the place of coffee has done for me. I now like the Postum as well as I did coffee.

"I have known people who did not care for Postum at first but after having learned to make it properly according to directions they have come to like it as well as coffee. I never miss a chance to praise it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look for the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

A Systematic Effort to Succor the Leper

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 504

and terrible disease, described by one of the great administrators of that land as "the open sore of India," will be practically stamped out.

Not only is the work of the Society effective in bringing cheer and comfort to the afflicted people amongst whom it ministers, but their pain and suffering is greatly alleviated, and in many cases the progress of the disease is so checked that in the course of a year's care and treatment, patients in the earlier stages of the disease are often so much improved in appearance that visitors are led to doubt if they are really affected at all.

Mention of the untainted children of lepers has already been made, and it is gratifying to learn that, as leprosy is not hereditary, such a large percentage as 99 out of every 100 of the children taken into the Homes for Children and kept from contact with their leprous relatives, have been rescued from becoming victims. The Society has twenty-two such Homes, and in them there are now about five hundred little ones, who are being fed, clothed and educated, while during the past history of the Mission, hundreds more have passed through its hands and are now leading useful lives. Many of these have married, and it is cheering to note that their offspring are healthy and pure.

To sum up, it may be stated that the Society is at work in 78 centres in India, China, Japan and Sumatra, entirely maintaining 72 asylums and homes, in which there are about 4,000 lepers and children, of whom about 3,000 are Christians.

At the request of the executive, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Bailey have come to this country with a view to organizing a committee for the United States, and appointing a deputation secretary; also, with the object of making the work more widely known. They have spent several years in India, and have visited almost every leper asylum in that country and Burma. They are well informed on all the workings of the Mission, and have behind them an advisory council of well-known ministers and laymen in this country, who will gladly testify to the good work which this Mission is doing.

[Contributions sent to this office, Bible House, New York, will be promptly forwarded to Mr. Bailey.]

The Glorified Life*

WHAT a sublime wish was that Christ expressed for his disciples, in the last hours of his communion with them! "I will that they whom thou hast given me be with me where I am." It was so little that he had been able to tell them of that glory, so little that they had been able to understand, that he yearned for them to have a fuller knowledge. If they could only see and know what that grandeur was, that he had known and had left for a time, and was returning to, how different their lives would be! Their poverty, their hardships, their sufferings, would seem to them very trifling in the light of that eternal home. He longed that they should be with him there, that they might know by experience what that life was, and realize the glory in him that they had seen dimly through a veil.

An inadequate illustration of the idea, there was to be seen recently in an English town. A wealthy manufacturer of engines who had a princely mansion, was the father of an intelligent son. He gave him an excellent education, and then told him he would take him into his business. The first step was to make him familiar with its various branches. It had been his eccentricity to have the different parts made in different places. The boy therefore was to go to these several places and work as a common workman, remaining for a certain period in each. The writer saw him in one of these towns, clad in rough clothing, his face grimed with dirt, carrying a can in which was his plain dinner, and coming home with his fellow-workmen to a humble lodging at night. His condition seemed like that of the other men, yet how different it really was. He did not mingle in the ordinary amusements, or join in the common dissipations. The consciousness of the home was on him, and he was intent on learning and fitting himself for the place he was to occupy in the future. His privations were light to him because they would be brief. That, in an infinitely higher sense, was Christ's idea for his people. They are learning, they are being disciplined, because they are being fitted for his society in the better land. Not for them are the pleasures and amusements of this life. They have a life above the present to which, one by one, they are called when their work here is done.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for June 17. John 17: 1-10; 22-24.

Our Accounting*

OUR life would be an insoluble enigma, a fruitless experience, if there was no period before us in which wrongs would be rectified, crimes punished, and good deeds rewarded. We cannot conceive of God at all, without the idea of a judgment. Even without a revelation, the intelligent man pondering over life as he saw it around him, must have expected some period when the anomalies everywhere visible would be straightened out. There are so many conditions in which we would expect God to interfere: good men in adversity, bad men with everything they need to make their lives comfortable; brave men losing their lives in trying to save others; women widowed, giving their days and years to toiling for the support of their fatherless children; philanthropists, both men and women, denying themselves comforts, and ease, and quiet, that they may rescue the perishing or the oppressed; missionaries leaving home and country that they may preach the Gospel to the heathen. If this life ended at the grave, we would naturally ask, "Where is the justice of God?"

The thought conceived by philosophers and dimly revealed in the Old Testament, was brought clearly to human consciousness by Christ. "He brought life and immortality to light." There is to be, he declared, a separation among men. The classes and ranks we know in this world are to be swept aside and one infallible line be drawn, according to character. They that are evil and have done evil, go to their appointed place, and they that are good and the trend of whose lives has been good, will be received into the society of the good, into the very presence of God. Each goes to his own place, the place for which his character fits him. The bad must learn by experience what is the full development of evil, how it inevitably matures and intensifies. The good learn how love, and innocence, and purity tend to elevation and better life. The soul moves into intenser environment, and the qualities, both good and evil, develop. It does not need the divine edict—though, as the Scriptures teach, there is an edict—to determine the future in either case. There is a natural law that the bad gravitate to the bad and become worse by association; while the good are drawn to the good and attain to a higher plane of excellence. There is progress in both cases, and essential separation. Every man makes his own judgment and finds his true place in the universe by his own tendency.

*Topic of the Epworth League for June 17. Eccles. 11: 9; Ezek. 18: 20, 28; Matt. 12: 36-42; Rev. 20: 11-15.

Called Higher

Mrs. Rebecca C. Ringer, of Export, Pa., passed from this world to the next on Feb. 19, in her sixty-fourth year. A faithful church member and sincere Christian, she was beloved by all who knew her.

Mrs. Thomas Impey died at her home in Hartley, Canada, on Nov. 20, 1905, in the eighty-second year of her age. She was a devoted Methodist, and found constant inspiration in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, of which she had been a reader for many years.

Mrs. C. Baldwin Hill, of Liberty, N. Y., passed away on December 2, 1905, aged seventy-five years. She was a staunch member of the Presbyterian Church, and in all the relations of life she endeavored earnestly to exemplify the spirit of her Lord. The heartfelt sympathy of the community goes out to the bereaved husband whose loved one has already received the commendation of the Master. The strong, cultured life has gone on to richer fulfilment, but still speaks powerfully here through the influence it diffused.

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By order of the Directors.
EDWARD D EASTON, President.

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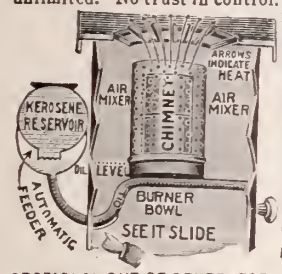

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The Renunciation

By Mrs. M. Baxter

PRAYER was the standing occupation of the Lord, to which he returned habitually when free from other employment. It is our wondrous privilege, too, to live in an atmosphere of prayer, to endure "as seeing Him who is Invisible" (Heb. 11: 27); "It came to pass as he was alone praying [*i. e.*, the only one of the company thus occupied] his disciples were with him, and he asked them, saying, Whom say the people that I am? They, answering, said, John the Baptist; but some say Elias, and others say that one of the old prophets is risen again. He said unto them, But whom say ye that I am? Peter, answering, said: The Christ of God," God's anointed.

There was at least one heart among the disciples who had seen his wondrous works, who understood him in a manner, and faulty as Peter's faith was, and followed as it was by much inconsistency, it was, nevertheless, dear to Jesus, and he said, "Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jona, for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my father which is in heaven" (Matt. 16: 17). But this knowledge the disciples must keep secret until the son of Man should be risen from the dead. And for the first time, now that one of his own followers had recognized in him the Lord's anointed, he spoke to them in strange contrast with their idea of his coming sufferings.

"The Son of Man must suffer many things, and be rejected of the elders, and chief priests, and scribes, and be slain, and be raised the third day." There was no response, the disciples' theology did not admit of a suffering Saviour, the words of life found no entrance, but lay buried in their memories until the facts they foretold came to pass, and on the resurrection morning they were reminded by the angels in the empty sepulchre, "Remember how he spake unto you when he was yet in Galilee, saying, The Son of Man must be delivered into the hands of sinful men, and be crucified, and the third day rise again" (Luke 24: 6, 7).

The Master's path is always the disciples' in his measure, and he who was but now acknowledged as the Christ of God, "said to them all, If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his Cross daily, and follow me. For whosoever will save his life, shall lose it; but whosoever will lose his life for my sake, the same shall save it" (Luke 9: 23). The Son of man took his life in order to lay it down; he gives us his life that we may have the privilege of laying down our own for his sake.

But the way of the Cross is a very unwelcome way to the natural heart of man, every instinct of man in his natural state tends to self; self-preservation, self-exaltation, self-consciousness, anything but the denial or ignoring of self. Every man strives for mastery, for superiority, until he has learned in the school of Christ that he is nothing, and can do nothing, and then the life of Christ within him seeks to get rid of the corruption of the flesh, and he learns to lose his life, take up his cross, and follow Jesus in a path of self-renouncement. Then he is glad to be nothing; like his Master, he learns to "suffer many things," and "be rejected"; he can be "poor in spirit" under great provocation, can refrain from retort and resentment, because the life of Jesus within makes it easy.

Let a man possess the whole world, and then sit down and weep as Alexander did, that there are no more kingdoms to conquer, and at the age of thirty, leave behind him the conquered, and go bankrupt into a lost eternity—what does he gain? He is created for immortality; he must face the fact; he has gained applause for a few short hours, and lost his soul for ever.

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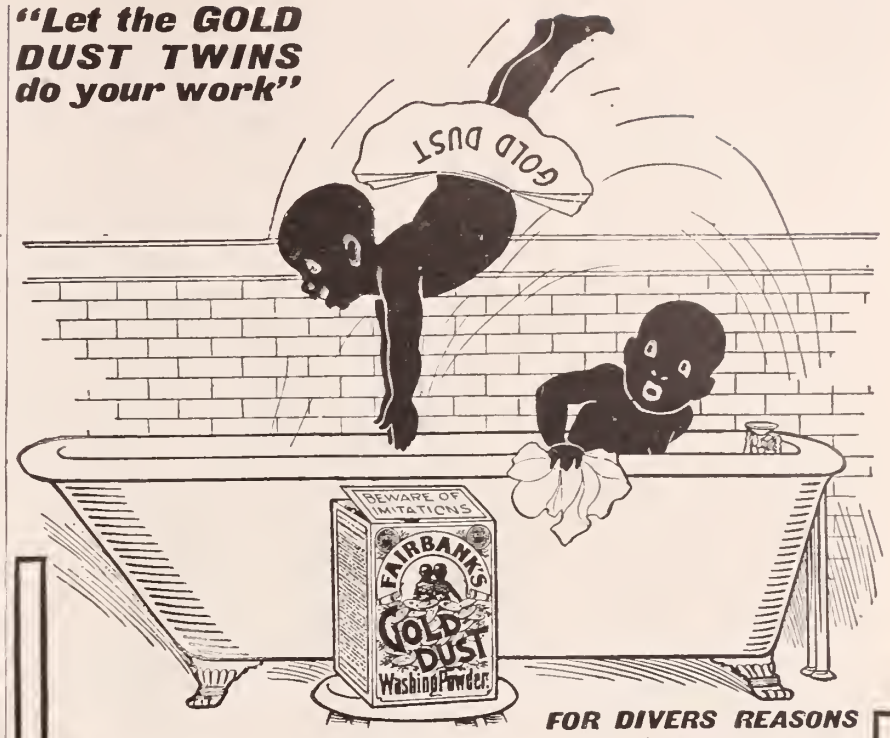

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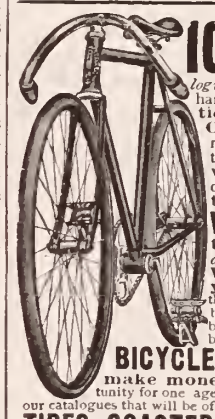

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Amid the Ruins of Ancient Petra, the City of Rock Temples

OUR MAIL-BAG

Questions and Answers

Letters for this department must contain name and address of the sender—not for publication, but as evidence of genuineness and good faith. Where an answer by mail is desired, ten cents in postage stamps must be forwarded by the writers, with full address.

A. L. W., Bristol, Tenn. What authority have you for saying that the girl who asked for John the Baptist's head was named Salome?

Josephus says that the daughter of Herodias was named Salome. She was the daughter of Philip, the lawful husband of Herodias, Herod's brother. She subsequently married her uncle, Philip II., and afterwards Aristobulus, son of Herod of Chalcis.

I. M., Dayton, O. Apropos of the royal wedding in Madrid, will THE MAIL BAG kindly inform us just how far the English Royal family is now related by marriage to other reigning houses?

King Edward's nephew is Emperor of Germany; his nieces are the Queen of Spain, Crown Princess of Roumania, Czarina, Crown Princess of Greece and Crown Princess of Sweden, and his daughter is Queen of Norway. Queen Alexandra's brother is King of Greece, her nephews are Czar of Russia and King of Norway, and her brother is King of Denmark.

Mrs. D. M. B., Venango, Pa. What became of Fort Machærus?

It was a strong fortress in Perea, built by Alexander, son of Hyrcanus I. After Jerusalem fell, it was occupied by banditti. It is now in ruins, and is known as *Mkrauer*. Josephus says it was the place of the Baptist's beheading.

W. W. B., Saratoga, N. C. Speaking of Baron Uxkull, the Russian nobleman who is now visiting this country, a Southern newspaper said recently: "The Baron is a descendant of Pope Clement II, who reigned in Rome 1141-1147." Was the Pope of Rome, or any other Roman priest, ever allowed by the Roman Church to marry and raise a family?

We have referred the foregoing to Baron Uxkull, who sends this reply:

I have the honor to say that the reporter of the newspaper who said that I am a descendant of Pope Clement II has made a mistake. I am not a descendant of the Pope; but I told to this gentleman that I have a Pope in my family. He was an unmarried brother of one of my ancestors. He was first Bishop of Bamberg, in Germany, and his family name was Meyendorff, which is also my family name. My ancestor, Conrad Meyendorff, came in the last years of the 12th century, from Germany to Livonia, and received the Castle of Uxkull (in German Uexkuell), and was Baron of Uxkull. That is the true origin of my family, which is one of the oldest of the Baltic provinces, which have belonged for 200 years to Russia.

J. J. O'D., Germantown, Pa. The Immigration Bill now before the U. S. Senate is regarded by many whom I know as totally inadequate. Why don't we have a bill that will absolutely shut out the "undesirables," excluding, of course, all who have come to manhood and womanhood, yet have no trade or calling by which they can make a living?

Although it is indisputable that our present immigration system needs reforming, it is not easy to discover any specially appropriate remedies in the immigration bill which has just been amended by the Senate. Imposing a head tax, and establishing as a general qualification, that all adult immigrants must be able to read English "or some other language," can scarcely be regarded as meeting the necessities of the case. It would be a very sweeping and radical step, however, to adopt the policy our correspondent suggests, of excluding every grown-up immigrant who had not some trade or profession. There are many honest ways of earning a living in other lands, which cannot be followed here.

A. C. N., Glenwood, Fla. Can a person who has once been thoroughly converted ever fall away and be lost?

We think that if a child of God falls away, that God will apply such discipline to him as to bring him back to his fold. We doubt if any truly converted person will be finally lost. There are many passages that confirm this opinion. On the other hand, the assurance is not clear. Perhaps it was not well that it should be. It might have led Christians to presume upon it, feeling a security that kept them from vigilance. In the Epistles, there are several exhortations to Christians to be careful, and it is a significant fact that Paul, though so eminent, devoted and consecrated, seems to have had the fear that he might become a castaway (see I Cor. 9:27).

W. B., Richland, Mich. Was it Julius Cæsar or the Arabians under Calif Omar that destroyed the great Alexandrine Library? My histories do not agree.

The greater part of the library, which contained the collected literature of Rome, Greece, India and Egypt, was contained in the Museum in the Bruchenium quarter of Alexandria. During the siege of the city by Julius Cæsar, this part of the library was burned. It was afterward replaced by the Pergamos collection, presented to Cleopatra by Mark Antony. The other part of the library was kept in the temple of Jupiter Serapis, and was destroyed with the temple in the reign of Theodosius. The Arabs destroyed probably the Pergamos collection when they took the city. So both histories are in part correct.

W. E. H., Westminster, Vt. 1. If a burglar breaks into my house at night, and I see him pointing a revolver at a member of my family with evident intent to shoot, and I make no attempt to prevent it because I am a noncombatant, saying, "I will let the Lord protect both myself and family," and if the person is shot and perhaps killed, would not I be guilty before God for not defending that person? 2. Does not Scripture plainly teach that God punishes individuals and nations on account of their sins, and if so, why haven't we a right to think that he may have done so in the case of San Francisco?

1. Certainly you are justified in using every honorable means for the protection of your family and those under your roof. If we had faith in God, however, we would have such divine reinforcement in every trial and danger, that we would never need to resort to violence. (See II Kings 6: 17.) 2. Christ rebuked those who said the same thing of those killed at the tower of Siloam. (See Luke 13: 4, 5.)

Miscellaneous

J. D. B., Shadyside, Va. We think you did right in refusing to open your doors to disseminators of Mormonism.

Subscriber, Greenwood, S. C.; Subscriber, Claysville, O.; Florence R., Salesville, O.; and several others. We pay no attention to "chain letters." You do right to ignore them.

We are requested to state that the article entitled "Lafayette and the Children," which appeared in our issue of May 16, was written by Miss Julia Pendleton, of New Haven, Conn.

Mrs. D. B., Fletcher, Fla. 1. There are hundreds of different religions, and these again are subdivided into still more denominations. 2. The total estimated population of the globe is 1,500,000,000.

Corona S., Hartford City, Ind. The Sultan, so far as we know, has granted no permission for a general return of the Jews to Palestine. The plan of purchasing the land from the Turkish Government, which was agitated a few years ago, seems to have been abandoned.

R. F. F., Elamsville, Va. 1. It is a mere legend, one of many such that obtained credence in monkish times. 2. Ruth was not a preacher, but her life, acts, and conversation, showed her to be an admirable character, and these would undoubtedly have an influence on all who knew her.

A Constant Reader, Grand Junction, Colo. We do not believe that Esperonto, the "new international language," will ever be universally adopted. A number of years ago "Volapuk" was quite popular, but soon died out. McClurg & Co., booksellers, Chicago, can probably furnish you the Esperonto books.

A Great Scholar's Testimony

Writing of the American Standard Bible, the famous Oriental Bible scholar, Rev. Jacob Chamberlain, LL.D. (now of India), says: "I regard the American Standard Revised Bible as the most accurate and vivid rendering of the Hebrew and Greek originals of any version yet issued in any language. It has been of the utmost use to me in my daily work in preparing a New Oriental Bible Dictionary from an Oriental standpoint for Oriental people. It is, to my mind, incomparably the best English version yet issued for all true seekers after the real revealed thoughts of God."

For description of this Bible, see article on page 528 of this issue.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York

NEW YORK, JUNE 13, 1906

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

A Fruit Seller

The Docks at Guayaquil

An Argentina Type

Around America with Secretary Root

BY CHARLES M. PEPPER

Author of "Panama to Patagonia"

WHEN Secretary Root sets sail on the United States cruiser *Charleston*, he will be beginning a voyage which is seldom taken except by sailors before the mast. His trip will take him down the Atlantic coast, around Cape Horn, up the Pacific coast to Panama, across the Isthmus by rail, and then from Colon to New York by some other warship or possibly an ordinary steamer.

Secretary Root's trip is unique and unprecedented, for never before has a high official of the United States government visited the South American countries. The Secretary of State is going to attend the opening sessions of the Pan-American Conference in Rio Janeiro. When the trip was first planned that was to be the beginning and also the end of it; but the desire of the South American countries to have so distinguished a representative of President Roosevelt visit them, caused the idea to be adopted of circumnavigating the southern part of the Western Hemisphere.

All the governments to be visited have made great preparations for honoring the Secretary of State, not only on his own account, but in order also to honor the people of the United States, whom he represents. The Secretary will visit many lands and peoples and listen to many tongues which will be strange to him, as they would be to most persons of the United States. He has said that he hopes to get better acquainted with them and to make them better acquainted with us.

Having a warship at his disposal, the Secretary of State will not have to make many of the stops that the ordinary steamers do; yet the ocean routes cannot be shortened very much, and by the time he gets back to New York his voyage will have amounted to 17,000 or 18,000 miles. It is likely that there won't be any stop till Pernambuco is reached, for in the ordinary vessel route there are no way ports until this distance of about 3,700 miles is traversed. At Pernambuco, Secretary Root will be almost as near to the port of Plymouth, England, as to New York, and he will be so much nearer to Africa that it will hardly seem by comparison more than crossing a wide ocean ferry. On a direct line, Africa is not more than 1,200 miles from Pernambuco. If Secretary Root should be surprised at the large number of blacks he meets in Brazil, the fact that the country is so near to Africa will help to explain it. In the early days the Portuguese, who controlled Brazil, were no more zealous in the slave trade than the English and the Spaniards.

It may be that a warship will put into Bahia after leaving Pernambuco, or it may go on directly to Rio Janeiro; but in any event the course will be about 1,100 miles, for Rio Janeiro by the vessel routes is fully 4,800 miles from New York.

On the Water Front at Buenos Ayres

It may seem peculiar for those who never have made this voyage to pass through the tropics into winter, so-called, right at our midsummer season. But Rio Janeiro is a considerable distance south of the Equator, and July, so far as climate goes, is their December, but it is not much like December in New York or Pennsylvania. It is more like Havana in midwinter when once in a while the air is nipping enough to give a slight chill, and in the evening, or in the daytime on the shady side of the street, a very light overcoat may be worn.

Rio Janeiro itself is one of the grandest cities to see that can be found anywhere in the world. The bay is said to be literally the finest harbor that exists, and the mountains, covered with perpetual green, make the vista a glorious one. Rio Janeiro is built on a great many hills, and since the houses are painted in all kinds of bright colors, red, yellow, indigo-blue, and cream-white, the sight is a most brilliant one.

Within the last two years the city has made immense harbor improvements, and also has opened up broad streets, tearing down more than a thousand old houses for this purpose. Its population is equal to that of St. Louis. The Pan-American Conference, whose sessions are to be held in Rio Janeiro, will bring together representatives from seventeen or eighteen of the American republics. They will discuss the best measures for promoting peace and securing a good understanding among themselves, and they will also adopt means for the increase of commerce. The gathering will be a very notable one and will include some of the most illustrious public men of Central and South America.

There are not many Americans in Rio Janeiro, yet when I was there three years ago, a convention of the Y. M. C. A. was in progress, and there were delegates not only from different parts of Brazil but also from the Argentine Republic. From Rio Janeiro Secretary Root will proceed to Buenos Ayres, something like 1,100 miles along the coast, or about the distance from New York to Havana. When Buenos Ayres is reached he will be almost 6,000 miles away from home, and will be nearer to Cape Town, South Africa, than to Washington. He will also be in the largest city of South America, for Buenos Ayres has more than 1,000,000 inhabitants, and it grows almost as rapidly as Chicago has grown. This is because there is an immense grain-raising and live stock country back of it, and Buenos Ayres is the chief seaport for the bulk of the products of the country.

Buenos Ayres has some very fine public buildings, a wonderful park, and some remarkable harbor works. It is said to have more different races represented than any big city in the United States, and more languages are spoken. Italians form nearly one-fourth of the inhabitants.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 519

THE AMERICAN PULPIT

SERMON BY

Rev. F. DeWitt Talmage, D.D.

THE Panting Hart

TEXT.—Psalm 42:1:

"As the hart panteth after the water brooks"

WHAT is the spring fever? What is that tired feeling which creeps over one, as the months of May and June draw near? What is that exhausting sensation, which makes the hand sluggish at its work and the brain dull as it tries to originate a thought, and the legs heavy as lead, when we get up in the mornings just preceding the summer? We vehemently deny the accusation that we are lazy. We never have been lazy in our lives. We daily go to our office and begin work even a little earlier than usual. We stay there longer than at any other time of the year. But in spite of ourselves, the results of our work are not only less in quantity, but far poorer in quality than at any other time of the year. We wonder what ails us and we go to the doctor to get a tonic. The doctor tells us, "You are bilious. Your liver is torpid." Or he says, "You are overworked and must let up." But deep down in our hearts we know what is the matter. We have just the old longing for the woods. In the spring time it comes to us as naturally as the buds come to the flower-gardens. It is not medicine we want, but the mountain air, with the tree branch for a covering and the soft grass and the leaves for a bed. Thus—

The only cure for a man I know,
Is t' git right out o' th' town an' go
Where th' wil' ducks swim an' th' geese go by,
An' th' trout an' bass are a-jumpin' high;
Th' on'y thing thet'll cure 'im then,
Is t' git away from his feller-men
An' loaf all day by some laffin' stream,
An' fish an' whistle an' sing an' dream:
An' listen t' birds an' bugs an' hear,
Th' voice o' th' woods in his eager ear.

But with most of us the longings must be repressed. We may, however, give our thoughts a rest, by dwelling on such a theme as I have chosen for this morning's treatment. I said to myself, "Probably there are many with the same longing, so I will choose a text that will carry our thoughts away to the woods and the waters"; and as I thought, this beautiful text of the Psalmist sprang to my mind: "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, oh God." Ah, yes, I said to myself, we are all like panting harts. We are all like the hunted and the thirsty deer seeking the water brooks. And, strange to say, as soon as I uttered the text in my study, a wonderful peace came to my soul. I seemed to see the great, gentle-eyed stag and deer and fawn watching me from the thickets. I seemed to hear the birds singing their love ditties. I seemed to see the trout leaping out of the brooks. I seemed to see the great cliffs rising above the valleys and the bald-headed mountains, like grim and grizzly patriarchs standing sentinel over all. Yes, I said to myself, for a little while at least I can go,

An' forgit that there's cities an' houses an' men,
Forgit that I's got ter go back agin;
Forgit everythin' else in th' whole wide world,
But jes' God an' th' birds an' th' bugs an' things
That live right thar where th' wild stream sings.

Good-by, old city; we are about to leave you now. We are going to climb 'way up the mountains for a little while. And as we lie down upon the bank of a creek or river by one of the beautiful deer-licks, we learn in the first place that the hart is dependent upon the water brook for his physical existence. He is not like the camel, that can store up his drinking water and carry it about with him for days. He is not like the lizard or the rattlesnake, or the horned toad, or the Gila monster, that lives in the desert week in and week out, month in and month out, seemingly without water. Or, if they do not get water, they must absorb it from the bristling cactus, which grows everywhere around. But a deer is like a human being. Take water away from him and he will die. Thus you can never find the deer far away from the water brooks. He has two reasons for his dependence on the stream. First, he is not a carnivorous animal; he does not live on flesh, but on herbs, and he must live where the water makes the grass spring up into life. In the next place, he must himself be able at least once or twice a day to daintily step out of the woods, lift high his head to sniff for dangers, and then gently move down and put his delicate lips into the cool waters of the babbling brooks. And so certain is the deer to go to the waters to drink, in the evening or the early morning, that if a man is a lazy hunter and knows where the animals are accustomed to drink, all he has to do is to go there and hide in the bushes, and instead of having to stalk the deer, he will find the deer coming up within easy rifle range.

But these water courses suggest another thought. What bountiful provision God has made for the wants of all creatures. How the forest teems with herbage for the hungry deer and water for him when he is thirsty. Thus as God gives drink and food to the deer, I find that he is daily providing for our hunger and slaking our thirst. Would that we might all feel that as God is feeding the birds of the air and is making the grass of the fields to grow and is caring for the timid deer of the forest and the prairies, so he is feeding and clothing us. "As the hart panteth after the water brooks for daily sustenance, so may my heart pant after thee, O God!"

Safety in the Stream

But not alone for daily sustenance must the deer go to the water brooks. He must also run there for safety when the hounds and the hunters get after him. He must run even as the human soul must run to the divine water brooks, when temptations and persecutions get on his trail. The more you study the figure of the hart being pursued by the dogs, the more you can see your own life being beset by temptations and by persecutions. Unless you have other strength given to you than your own, you, like the hart, must surely die.

Like the noble hind were you started forth in life. Tall, straight, broad of antlers were you. The rich, good blood of many noble generations was flowing in your veins. Your eye was quick and clear, your ear keen and alert. Your foot was as swift as the wild gazelle's. If simply one dog had come near you, you could have grappled with him and overcome him. But Satan as a sportsman never hunts his game with but one mangy cur. When he starts forth for his prey he lets loose a whole pack of hounds. As you look back into your past life, it is not the baying of one dog that you hear, but of myriads of dogs. Their calls seem to have come from all directions, when one of these hounds gave the signal that he had struck your trail. You knew then, as the stag knows when he hears the call of the deep-throated hound, that your safety is not in the point of your antlers but in the swiftness of your flight.

Beset by Foes

You could have stood the poverty. You could have stood the death of your child. You could have stood the calumnies and the misrepresentations of the world, if those misfortunes had assailed you singly and alone. But your troubles tried to overthrow you. They came upon you as a pack of wild dogs on the track of a deer. Their voices sounded like the calls of the coyotes. I remember well when I first heard the coyote's call. It was blood-curdling to me, for I had never heard the like of it before. I was then a novice at camping. We were 'way off in the mountains, on the outskirts of an Indian reservation. I was alone in camp at the time. It is a strange sensation to be alone out in the woods, to feel that though you may put your hands to your lips and utter the loudest of halloes, yet the only answer which will come to you is the echo of your own voice which the cliffs throw back upon your ears. Well, I was alone in the woods. Suddenly the whole river-bed below me was filled with the most awful sounds. There came floating up the wildest, weirdest, strangest of choruses. At times the voices that I heard in that chorus arose like the anguished wailings of lost souls. At times they sounded like the yellings of fiends, or the gloatings of inquisitors in the dark ages. At times they seemed to be the mocking and the derisive laughter of a lot of depraved children. They seemed to be not one voice, but millions of voices. I found out after a while that those voices came from a pack of miserable coyotes on the track of a jack-rabbit running for his life. That is the way the bayings of the hounds must sound upon the startled ear of the fleeing stag. That is the way the voices of the hounds of temptation and persecution sounded to us when Satan first let loose his hellish pack upon our trail. Then there was only one means of safety, and that was the safety of flight. As with the hart panting after the water brooks, so was it with us.

"But," you say, "the deer should not be afraid of the baying of the dogs, if he can only hear it in time. Why," you say, "just go out to any of our zoological gardens and study the hoof of the deer. Never was there a hoof or a leg like it. Truly the speed of the deer is as swift as the wind. The dog's speed is as nothing compared to it." That is true, my friend, in one sense, but false in another sense. A deer is like a racing horse which has been trained to run a quarter of a mile. For that distance he can travel as fast as an express train. But try to run him two or three miles, and his wind will leave him, and he will be helpless. Now the deer is swifter than the hound in the short run. But the hound has the greater staying powers; in the long race he will outrun the deer. Unless the deer's tracks are destroyed, the pursuing dogs will certainly overtake their prey and pull down his proud antlers into the dust. Now what does the deer do to obliterate those tracks? He runs as the fugitive slave used to run when startled by the hounds baying upon his tracks. He runs until the bulging eyes almost burst from their sockets. He runs until the hemorrhage almost gushes from his gaping mouth. He runs until he reaches the water brooks where is his only hope of safety.

Refuge for the Wounded

When the deer comes to the brook or the creek, he leaps into the centre of it and runs up or down stream. Then, coming to the edge of the river, he runs along a little further. Then he makes a great leap off into the woods and is gone. The dogs soon reach the edge of that river or creek, but they yelp in vain. They hunt this way and that, but the scent is vanished. Oh, my friends, have you and I tried to make the enemies of our souls helpless by seeking the divine water brooks? We cannot longer fight those temptations and persecutions. You and I know that they are coming nearer and nearer to destroy us each day. Will we flee to God's water brooks? Will we wade down into God's great river of mercy and be protected by his love?

But as I see the strong, powerful deer heading towards the water brooks, I also see the poor wounded hind limping there. No one but a hunter with a heart of stone could find enjoyment in this almost helpless animal's slaughter. Perhaps the bullet has cut a deep hole in the side, out of which the blood is flowing. Her tongue is hanging from her mouth. Her strength is almost gone. But off in the distance she sees the water. She limps on to the bank. She wades down. She dips her parched lips into the cool stream. Then she plunges in and swims out. Aha, she is saved, she is saved. Yes, she is saved, just as the poor, wounded, bleeding human soul can be saved by God's love, if that soul will plunge into the water brooks of divine mercy and love.

A Dying Outcast

"What," you say, "can the poor wounded deer be saved by the water brooks as well as the strong deer?" Yes, my friend. He can be saved, if he can only get to the water brooks. And the same scepticism which you have about the poor wounded deer escaping the dogs, some people have about the poor wounded human deer escaping the hounds of sin. We, as Gospel teachers, must proclaim the truth that God's water brooks are not only for those who are socially respectable, but also for those who are social outcasts. There is a beautiful story told how one dark night a London missionary was summoned to go to one of the worst houses of ill-repute in the English metropolis. "Mary is dying," cried the messenger. "Come quick, Mary is dying!" The London missionary hurried on his coat and started out. He reached the house and ascended the stairs and came to the room where this poor Magdalene was about to pass away. There he found the room filled with girls just like herself. The dying girl had her head pillowed upon one of her friend's arms, and this fallen woman was talking to her in words something like this: "Mary, dear, put your faith in Jesus. Don't be afraid. He died for just such poor women as you and me. Put your faith in Jesus, dear, and he will never let you perish." Ah, could any minister of the Gospel preach a truer Gospel than that? These divine water brooks are not for those who are simply well and strong. They are for the wounded deer. They are for those that are wounded by sin. Art thou not such a one, my brother and sister? Have not thy flanks been torn and bleeding from conflict with the enemy in the past? Come to the water brooks.

Come to God's water brooks now and be saved. "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, oh God."

But there are two other facts, to which I still want to call your attention. The first is that water brooks not only saved the hunted deer by throwing the dogs off the trail, but also by making it possible for the deer to run in a straight line away from the dogs. I was very much surprised to find out that these water brooks are to the deer what the compass is to a hunter in the woods—it keeps the deer from travelling in a circle.

Guidance for the Lost

The pursued deer, unless drawn by the scent of water, always runs in a circle. No sooner has a deer been shot at and the dogs been turned loose, than at once the deer, unless he has the guiding scent of water, seems to lose his reasoning faculties. He will run like the wind. He will run on and on—five, ten, fifteen or even twenty miles; but unless he can scent the water brooks from afar, he will always travel in a circle and come back to the very place where the hunter first shot at him—back to the place where he will be shot at again. This circling flight of the deer is universally recognized. Some of the different state legislatures have enacted game laws, which make it a felony for any man to hunt the deer by the means of hounds. Why? If they did not make such a law, the deer of those States would soon be exterminated. The circling flight of the deer makes it a very simple matter for a few hunters to stand in one place and shoot at the running game again and again, until the deer have been entirely slaughtered.

Ah, my friends, as I thought of the poor deer travelling in a circle, how quickly my mind thought of man as a human hart, travelling in a circle without the aid of the divine water brooks. We think at times that by our own strength we can overcome our sins. Do we? Alas! we seem to travel in a circle. Is not that old taste of liquor coming back? Is not that old desire of sin continually gathering strength and assailing us harder and bitterer every time? If we have not the aid of the divine water brooks, are we not continually travelling in a circle? There is only one sure way for you to escape sin, and that is to plunge into the divine water brooks. But more than that, there is only one way for you to keep free from sin in the future, and that is to scent God's water brooks from afar, for if you do not, as sure as you live, you will circle around. The circle may be large or small, but it is certain to be a circle, and you will come back to that very sin which nearly destroyed you some weeks or some months or some years ago.

But if it is impossible for the deer to save his own life from the pursuing hounds, it is even less possible for him to save the life of his young by his own strength. The deer knows he cannot do this; and so his chief duty towards his young is to conceal them during their years of helplessness. Then, as soon as the young are strong enough, he leads them to the water brooks and teaches them how they can there escape the hounds. First, they conceal the young. Did you ever see the birth-chamber of a little fawn? The guides tell you it is very hard to get into the royal palaces of Europe to see the private rooms where the princes and princesses of the royal houses of England and Germany and Italy and Russia were born; but it is not more difficult than to find the birth-chambers of the fawns. When the does are about to become mothers, they hide themselves far, far away from the eyes of beast or man. There, in the darkest jungles, the little ones come into the world. So carefully are the helpless fawns hidden away from the merciless eyes of the hunter, that Job speaks of these secret birth-chambers, by asking the difficult question: "Canst thou mark where the hinds do calve?" But as soon as the young fawns are strong enough, the hind leads her young to the water brooks. She seems to say: "Daughter, I cannot protect thee. Only the water brooks can protect thee. This is the way to escape the dogs and the wolves." Are we like the hinds leading our little ones to the water brooks? Are we saying: "Come, child, I cannot guide thee, I cannot save thee. Only God can care for thee. Come, let me lead thee to him." Oh, the helplessness of a hind or a hart caring for their young!

Maternal Fidelity

I once heard of a hunter who was in ambush. A doe with two fawns were passing that way and were chased of the dogs. The hunter raised his rifle and shot one of the fawns. The mother had disappeared in the woods. But as soon as she turned and saw her little one on the ground, she returned and bent over the dying fawn and began to lick her baby's wounds until the cruel-hearted hunter made her tumble a corpse over the body of her child. You say that was sad. You say that was pathetic. But sad and pathetic as it was, I do not think it was nearly as sad as the sights we see everywhere around us. Here we can see human hinds and harts, not only refusing to lead their young to the divine water brooks, but absolutely leading them into danger. Then these human hinds and harts after their young are morally and physically and spiritually destroyed, come out, like old David, and bending over their destroyed young, they wail: "Oh, Absalom, my son, my son! Would God I had died for thee!" Are you, as parental hinds and harts, not only going for your own safety to the divine water brooks, but are you also leading there your children?

Healing and Safety

Thus, my friends, you find two symbols in these words of my text. In the first you find the poor, hunted sinner seeking the spiritual water brooks, and there finding safety. In the second we can find the sinner, hounded and persecuted by sin, refusing to seek the divine water brooks, and consequently being destroyed.

There is a beautiful legend, that many centuries ago, Diana was chased by a hunter. Diana, when she turned and saw him, said: "Begone, thou human stag, and die the death of a hunted beast." Immediately, horns began to grow from the young man's forehead; his fair, white skin became covered with a reddish hair; his foot changed into the cloven hoof of a deer. Then through the woods the doomed man heard the cries of his late companions, who were out hunting. He heard the yelping of his own dogs. Though Actæon turned and ran for his life, those dogs overtook him and tore him limb from limb. Oh, my friends, are we, like Actæon, straying into forbidden paths, pursuing vain pleasures? Is it possible, that we, like Actæon, are being hunted by trials and temptations? Then in our danger let us fly to the refuge God has provided. Shall we be like the Psalmist of old, and say: "As the heart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, oh God."

HISTORIC ROSE HILL FARM

Home of Maryland's First Governor after the Break with Great Britain

Governor Thomas Johnson

ROSE Hill Farm is one mile north of Frederick City, Maryland, at the junction of the Northern Central Railroad and the Frederick Turnpike Road, and contains 150 acres of limestone land. The mansion is large, built of brick, in the Colonial style. In front is a two-story portico that is so often found in the stately homes of a century and a half ago. It is on a slight elevation, about the centre of the tract, and surrounded by a grove of trees, of which some are natural oak. Rose Hill Farm was the home of Thomas Johnson, the first Governor of Maryland after the break with Great Britain. In it he entertained George Washington, and other distinguished patriots of the stormy period in which Governor Johnson himself played such an important part.

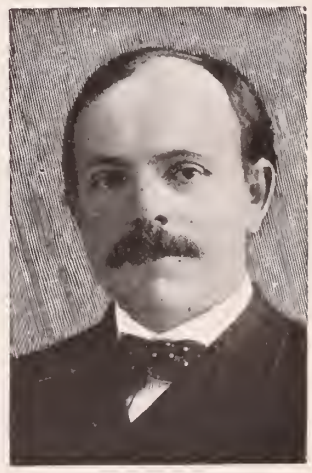
A photograph of the mansion is placed on one of the pieces of the silver service for the United States cruiser *Maryland*. It will represent Frederick County. The service was presented formally on the 31st of May, 1906, at historic Annapolis. Governor Johnson deeded Rose Hill Farm to his daughter, Ann Jennings Graham, wife of Major John Colin Graham, of Revolutionary fame, in 1788, "for love and affection." Rose Hill Farm is owned now by Mr Noah E. Cramer, a banker, of Frederick City, Maryland, and is his home.

Frederick County is the third richest county in the Union, and is noted for its historical homes and places. Its County seat is Frederick City, located in one of the fertile valleys skirted by a spur of the Blue Ridge Mountains and forty miles from Washington, D. C. Many pilgrimages are made to this historical place.

Hon. Thomas Johnson, a native of Calvert County, but for more than forty years a resident of Frederick County, was the first Governor of Maryland, succeeding Robert Eden, who was the last of the Proprietary Governors. He stands out in history for his great strength of mind and his ability as a legislator, statesman and lawyer. In the trying times of the Revolutionary War he was a central figure in Congress, always standing up for the right of the Colonies against the oppression of the mother country. He voted for the Declaration of Independence in Congress, but did not sign that famous instrument, owing to his absence on account of illness in his family. Mr. Johnson was a delegate from Maryland to the first Continental Congress, and nominated Washington as Commander-in-Chief of the Army. On Feb. 13, 1777, he was elected by the Legislature of Maryland the first Governor of the State. Prior to that he had been sent to Congress at every election. With William Paca, George Plater and James Holliday, he was of the committee which invited Governor Eden to resign and leave the province.

In 1776 he went to Annapolis, to urge the Convention to authorize the Maryland delegates to unite with the other members in declaring the Colonies free and independent States. When Governor Johnson was eligible for re-election, the people voted for him, but he declined to serve. He was appointed Chief Judge of the General Court of Maryland, and in 1791 George Washington appointed him one of the Associated Justices of the Supreme Court in Washington. He was offered the Secretaryship of State by Washington, but declined. He was one of the Commissioners appointed to lay out the City of Washington and select sites for the capitol, President's mansion and other public buildings.

D. V. Stauffer.



Mr. Noah E. Cramer

The Famous Old Mansion at Rose Hill

SAVING THE "LITTLE MOTHERS"

APPLICATIONS for our Children's Home summer vacation, from interested friends, mission school teachers and mothers themselves, have been pouring into THE CHRISTIAN HERALD office for some time past. Among these, an occasional phrase tells such a pathetic story, that one pauses on the list where every item holds some note of sadness, to muse over the oft-repeated question, "Why is it so?" and to rejoice that the burden may be lifted for a time, at least, through the noble-hearted benefactions of the friends of Mont-Lawn.

One friend writes: "I have found a family where the mother is always away at work, leaving her three children in the bare and squalid home; the eldest is twelve years old, and upon her frail shoulders fall all the household tasks, while the tiny brother and sister look to her as their real 'little mother.' Kindly let me know when they can go to Mont-Lawn, for they have no joy in this world!"

Like a providential answer, the very same mail brought a letter from far-off Indian Territory, containing a "twice blessed" gift, full of delight for "him that gives and him that takes." A band of children out there, themselves happy and hearty in that wide, free country, had gathered together just enough money, penny by penny, to send the dear, tired girl who "has no joy in this world" to revel in the grassy slopes and spreading trees, the jubilant frolic, and wholesome food, and all the joys that come to the little guests of our Children's Home. All honor to the Indian Territory boys and girls.

Another group of happy, thoughtfully unselfish children in Ohio, are not forgetful in their own cosy homes that "of such is the kingdom of heaven," means the ragged barefoot of the slums as well as the petted darling. They write: "We children want to be of some use in this great, wicked world, so here is a check for three dollars." That means ten long, bright days of hill-climbing, swinging to the tree-tops, singing merry songs and tender hymns,—all this and more for "one of the least of these."

The City Pavement Their Only Playground

A sad little widow in Brooklyn sends us a letter with a heart-break in every line—yes, and between the lines! She is very poor in all but love, but every word vibrates with that, as she tells of her three "precious jewels," the little daughters, who are all that is left to her after the shipwreck which came when the husband and father, as well as breadwinner, died three years ago. "My oldest little daughter is ten years old," she says, "and the twins are five. While I was out at work the babies have been taken care of by their sister, who has never had time to play and be a child, and now she has been ill all winter, and is much in need of the fresh air and sunshine which Mont-Lawn could give her." When told that not only would we be glad to take the little mother, but that the twin babies, too, should find a corner ready for them, it seemed as if her heart would overflow with the gratitude which she poured forth in a second letter: "If we can even hope for such good fortune as your note suggests, we shall not know how to be thankful enough to the good people." Doesn't every reader want that brave little sister to see Mont-Lawn at its best and brightest?

The broad, green slopes, upon which the roomy, comfortable-looking buildings sit so graciously, are basking in the sunshine of early June; every door and window in the cottage dormitories is thrown open to admit the health-giving rays, which seek out each tiny white cot and stow away sweet sleep and peaceful dreams beneath its covers, to await the happy night when the first of the summer's little sojourners shall arrive to claim them. Housemother Collins and one or two trusty lieutenants are busy as the proverbial bees; even the carpenters are beginning to gather up their chips after all the new building operations which have been going on this spring. So there will be nothing to mar the perfection of the first glimpse which the children catch of the beautiful goal of their desires, as they approach the entering arch, with its lettered greeting: "I love God and little children," embodying the spirit of all who share in bringing happiness to the shadowed lives of the little folk who go to Mont-Lawn.

Three dollars will send a waif to the Home for ten days, this small sum covering cost of transportation, food, shelter, clothing, and medical care and attention. Six dollars accomplishes twice as much; and so on. For $21 a little white bed may be endowed for the entire season, with the name of the donor framed at its head.

Our children are from five to twelve years of age, and in many cases we must depend upon the never-failing kindness of our friends for clean, outgrown clothing to replace the wretched garments of the tenements. When packages of clothing are opened for distribution, it would well repay those who have taken the trouble to forward what could be spared in their own homes, to see the unbounded joy upon the expectant little faces. Clothing should be sent, prepaid, to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home, Nyack-on-Hudson, New York. Contributions of money should be sent to this office. Due acknowledgment will be made in these columns. H. W. S.

FREE MEALS FOR UNDERFED SCHOOL CHILDREN

Preparing the Dinner for Poor Pupils

THAT portion of the English public who follow the various aspects of the education question as they are constantly presenting themselves to the attention of the thoughtful mind, are much interested in the proposal to institute free meals for underfed children in the schools of London. This idea grew out of an experiment undertaken last autumn by a school in one of London's suburbs, where a good meal was provided for the small sum of three half-pence (three cents). The meal consisted of beef, potatoes, sprouts, bread, rice, and jam, and was all cooked by the girls of the school. The Bethnal Green mothers were glad enough to know that their children could for three half-pence be given a much better meal than they could afford to give them at home.

It was not long, however, before some of the poorer children could not produce the money, and an exception was made in their favor. This was the beginning of free meals for poor school-children in London, an idea that is spreading in that city and its environs. Nor is the innovation confined to the supplying of material needs alone. The rooms in which the meals are served are hung with inexpensive pictures of refining influence and the tables are decked with fresh, sweet-smelling flowers.

Something more than a year ago, a similar plan was conceived and carried out for a time in New York City, among thousands of the "children of the tenements." Mr. Robert Hunter had created an agitation by his statement that in New York City alone there was an army of 70,000 children who went to school every morning absolutely hungry. Mr. John Spargo supplements and confirms the situation thus outlined in his *Bitter Cry of the Children*, in which he protests against the tragedy and folly of attempting to educate the underfed child, and pleads for remedial plans to be put in operation. But it remained for a courageous, resourceful woman to institute the system of "breakfast stations," where soup, bread, coffee and milk were fed to many famished children during the early part of last year. That woman was Evangeline Booth, the brilliant young Commander of the Salvation Army. Within a week after her experiment started, thousands of tenement boys and girls were learning, perhaps for the first time, that practical Christianity believes in the soup kettle as well as the tract.

For some time Birmingham, England, has furnished purposely scanty and unattractive meals to its most destitute children, no toothsome morsel being introduced which should appeal to a child unless compelled to eat by sheer hunger. As a result, experienced teachers testify that children thus fed both learn and remember better than before. Indeed, almost every English industrial centre has its "Free Dinner Association," and the authorities find that there are many children who cannot afford to pay even one cent for a meal. If the cent is insisted upon, they must go hungry. In a number of Norwegian cities the municipality provides all needy children with a nutritious midday meal, irrespective of ability to pay, and this is also true of Brussels and other Belgian cities. In our own Chicago, at the Oliver Goldsmith School, free dinners have been provided for a large number of children for some time past. But it is in France that we find the most extensive and successful system of school meals. There is a law compelling the establishment in all parts of France of school funds, which are mainly applied to free meals, provision of necessary clothing, full medical attendance, and the sending of weak or sick children to the seaside or country.

If, as the evidence gathered indicates, we have at least 2,000,000 underfed children in the public schools of the United States, the time must come for a solution of the problem.

Dinner Time at School in Whitechapel, London

Girls Helping on the School Farm

Miss Emma J. Wilson

A Corner in the Shoemaking Classroom

Training the Negro to Self-Support

OUR readers who have contributed to the support of the Educational and Industrial Institute at Mayesville, S. C., will be glad to hear that the past year has been the most prosperous and successful in the history of the Institution. The total enrollment of students was 563, a larger number than ever before. The capacity of the building was fully taxed to accommodate the 125 boarders, who live too far away to become day pupils. The high standing of the school in public estimation, is proved by the fact that 145 applications for admission were refused, because there was no room for any more pupils. It is a significant fact that the colored people in the neighborhood are pleading for an enlargement of the school, and when they heard that there were no funds for the purpose, they raised, from their own meagre resources, upwards of five hundred dollars, as the beginning of a building fund. There can be no question, after such practical testimony, that they are anxious that their children should be educated, and also are convinced that Mayesville Institute supplies the kind of education needed.

The Institute has been constant to the purpose indicated in its title. Besides giving a thorough education in the usual branches, it has conducted several classes in the Industrial Department for both girls and boys. The girls have had lessons in millinery, dressmaking, cooking, etc., and the boys in carpentering, tailoring, shoemaking, etc. In addition, there is a garden and a poultry yard under the care of the girls, and the excellent farm under the care of the boys. To this has now been added a brick-yard, which has been a source of revenue to the general treasury. This development promises to prove valuable. Already more orders for bricks have been received than could be filled, though with the poorest appliances above 60,000 bricks have been sent out. The farm, too, has proved a profitable investment. Last year it not only paid all its own expenses, but kept the table for the boarders supplied with vegetables. Thus the pupils are equipped with knowledge acquired by practical training, which will tend to make them independent and prosperous citizens.

The common reproach against the colored race of lavish expenditure and incapacity to manage the finances of an institution, has been signally disproved at Mayesville. Miss Emma Wilson and the corps of managers there have shown marked skill and shrewdness in the conduct of the affairs, and have, with extremely limited means, succeeded in keeping their school out of debt, while extending its work and increasing its facilities. There is now not a dollar of debt on the buildings or the land in the possession of the trustees. It is true that the salaries of the principal and some of the teachers are in arrear, but that is an evidence of their self-sacrifice and devotion. That characteristic has been conspicuous in this work from the beginning. In the times of straitness, the claims against the school have been paid, while those in control have consented to wait for better times.

It is a strong encouragement to help an Institution of this kind, that those who are managing it are so frugal, so industrious and self-sacrificing. It is but a few years since Emma Wilson, then a young graduate from Scotia Seminary, returning to her native place, and seeing the boys and girls of her race growing up in ignorance, opened a little school for them in the old gin-house. Now, with its substantial buildings, and its farm, and organized classes, Mayesville Institute is an achievement to be proud of. God alone knows what labor, what energy, what privation its present success represents. They say nothing about it themselves—take it as a matter of course that nothing is to be had without effort—but the white people of the section, and those of the North who have witnessed the struggle, speak of it in the highest terms, as it deserves.

Influential friends from New England, who recently inspected the Institute, were charmed with the order and thoroughness of the system pursued, as well as with the proficiency of the students. There is in this humble institution an earnestness and an avidity to acquire knowledge that would be an example to white children.

The very fact of the success already achieved, creates a demand for further extension. The recollection of the disappointment printed on the faces of the children whom it was impossible to receive, is not easily erased from the minds of the devoted teachers. The children eager to learn, the teachers longing to aid them, yet stern necessity, as proved by the crowded rooms, compelled the reluctant refusal. Emma Wilson laid the facts before the teachers and the elder scholars. Instantly there was a practical response. "If you can get the money for the materials, and for plans, we will give our labor, and the main building can have a wing on each side."

It was beautiful and pathetic, this readiness to work. Like the widow whom Christ praised, they give what they can. They have no money after their expenses at the Institute are paid, but they will toil that there may be room for others to share their advantages. Careful estimates were made of the cost of the two wings, the basements of which will serve for additional classrooms, and the upper stories for dormitories. It was found that the material and the furniture would cost about a thousand dollars, in addition to the amount in hand. Miss Wilson agreed to visit her friends in the North, and try to procure this amount. We most sincerely hope she will succeed. The money given to her in former years has been so carefully husbanded and so wisely expended; her devotion and that of her colleagues has been so clearly proved, and the work to be done is so badly needed, that the money should be cheerfully provided. It is that best of all kinds of philanthropy—a gift to enable the recipients to help themselves. Contributions sent to this office, Bible House, New York, will be promptly forwarded.

AROUND AMERICA WITH SECRETARY ROOT

Hon. Elihu Root
Secretary of State

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 515

The Anglican Church has representation in Buenos Ayres; but many of the English-born inhabitants worship at what is known as the American Church, which is of the Methodist Episcopal denomination, and is ministered to by the Rev. Dr. McLaughlin, a very zealous and self-sacrificing pastor.

After leaving Buenos Ayres, the warship, with Secretary Root, will round Cape Horn, because vessels of this class find it very difficult to thread their way through the Straits of Magellan. There is a mission for the Indians down at the farthermost end of Terra del Fuego, and shipwrecked sailors sometimes find refuge there; but huge floating engines, such as the warships, do not have to go in so close to the coast as the ordinary vessel, and they are not in danger of shipwreck. Persons who get seasick do not like to round Cape Horn, because the waves there are so tremendously high, usually fifty feet. It is a saying of the sailors that these high waves come all the way from Australia.

After rounding Cape Horn, Secretary Root will proceed up the Chilean coast to Valparaiso, which is the biggest city south of San Francisco. Valparaiso is a very notable shipping port, and there is hardly a day of the year that vessels from Liverpool and Australia may not be found anchored side by side. The city itself is built on high hills.

When Secretary Root reaches Valparaiso his voyage will have amounted to at least 12,500 miles. From there probably he will proceed directly to Callao, in Peru, along a very forbidding coast, a distance of between 1,200 and 1,300 miles. When in Peru, he will perhaps think of San Francisco earthquakes, for earthquakes are not unusual in that country, and some of them have been far more destructive than that of San Francisco, except that they have not been accompanied by fire.

In Lima, the Secretary of State will find very much of historic interest, for that city was the seat of the Spanish vieeroyalty for hundreds of years. Probably he will meet the Rev. Dr. Wood, who has been a Methodist missionary in South America for thirty years, and who knows the countries and the people as few persons know them.

Though he does not expect to make many inland trips, it is hardly probable that being in Peru, Secretary Root will fail to take the journey up over the Oroya Railroad, without a doubt the most famous railroad in the world. It was built by Henry Meiggs. It climbs to the very heart of the Andes, and cuts through them by the Galera tunnel, which is at an actual elevation of three miles above sea level.

When he returns to the coast at Callao to re-embark, Secretary Root may reflect that while he has come nearly 14,000 miles from New York by water in order to reach that port, he would be able to get back to New York by a water route only 3,400 miles in length if the Panama Canal were finished, for that is the distance between Callao and New York. Probably going up the West Coast the warship will put into Guayaquil, for that port, which is the outlet and inlet for Ecuador, is an important one. The voyage up the Guayas River to Guayaquil is picturesque.

From Guayaquil to Panama is only a couple of days' voyage for a very fast ship, and then Secretary Root will be so near back home that perhaps the people of the United States won't care much about the remainder of the voyage. But they are certain to be interested in everything concerning it from Rio Janeiro to Panama.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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The People and the Packers

FEW disclosures in recent years have excited such deep and widespread interest as the report of Special Commissioners Neill and Reynolds, on the Chicago packing-house abuses. This report, in substance, has been published so widely that it is unnecessary to recapitulate its shocking statements here, further than to say that it reveals a condition of affairs in the meat product trade which, if true, would seem to call for immediate and permanent reform. All the evidence secured by the Commissioners goes to show that cattle in various stages of disease, instead of being condemned, are doctored, "packed" and distributed to retailers throughout the country, or sold for export as wholesome food. Even the vilest refuse, it is asserted in the report, is utilized and marketed for profit, regardless of the result to consumers. Incompetent and corrupt inspectors have connived at these crimes, and permitted the traffic in diseased meats and its by-products to flourish, when it was their duty to suppress it and bring the offenders sharply to justice.

How many have fallen victims to these canned, corned, potted and pickled horrors can never be known. For years the ghoulish traffic has been flourishing, and its conductors have been amassing colossal fortunes at the expense of the health of the community, and doubtless at a sacrifice of life, which, if fully known, would shock even the most indifferent. It seems incredible that human beings could be found so brutally avaricious that they would deliberately prepare and sell to unsuspecting victims food which is little better than deadly poison. Money gained by such means is the worst kind of tainted money.

But in order that there may be no injustice to either side, there should be no rash or hasty condemnation. The full facts must be known. There may be, and doubtless there are, exceptions among the packers, and it will afford at least some ground for consolation if we can know that there are men who conduct their business in a clean and sanitary manner, and not as a menace to the general health. If, however, the vile system which permits the distribution of these tainted meat products be as extensive as is claimed—and it is said to be by no means confined to Chicago, but to include New York, Omaha, and Kansas City as well—then the duty of Congress is clear and imperative.

Our people have the right to demand that the food which comes to their tables shall be clean and wholesome, and all the powers of President, Congress, and the State Legislatures, should be invoked to maintain that right. By all means, let us first ascertain the real facts, without prejudice, and then enact and enforce such stringent laws as will make abuses of this character impossible hereafter.

The Senate and Mr. Smoot

BY a vote of seven to five, the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections has decided that Reed Smoot, the Mormon Apostle, is not entitled to his seat.

This is a distinct triumph for the Women's Committee, who have worked so energetically for many months, and who laid before the Senate the signatures of nearly a million American women, requesting the Senate to exclude Smoot. The whole question now comes before the Senate for a final decision.

Certain friends of the Mormon Apostle have lately been laboring industriously to befog the issue raised by the Woman's Memorial. They have characterized the Memorial as an attempt to influence the Senate to a decision based on popular prejudice, and not on the facts and the evidence.

Such assertions show that they are unacquainted with the real character of the Women's Memorial. It is not based on the fact that the Utah Senator is a Mormon, nor is there anywhere in it the slightest intimation that he should be removed on account of his religion. The women recognize the right of the Mormons, under our Constitution, to the free exercise of their own religion, in their own way, just as Protestants, Catholics, Jews and other religionists enjoy the same universal privilege. Their whole charge against the Utah member is that *he is a sworn Apostle of the Mormon hierarchy*, under vows and pledges that are antagonistic in form and expression to our national government and institutions, and that as such Apostle he is *the defender and apologist of polygamy*, which is expressly prohibited by statute. This charge can easily be dissociated from personal prejudice. Its truth or falsity may be judged of by reference to the evidence, which is open to all.

Mr. Smoot's friends would also make it appear that by the presentation of their petitions *en masse*, the women have virtually attempted to intimidate the Senate. This is also wholly gratuitous. They have simply exercised the right of petition, which is the privilege of every American, and which is an inalienable right. Surely, the defenders of the Mormon Senator do not mean to be understood as claiming that the Senate is a body operating without responsibility to the people. The Senators are the people's servants, and as such cannot refuse to give heed to an expression of popular will, coming before them in proper parliamentary form.

There has been a strong suggestion lately that politics might play an important part in the final disposition of the case. But the memorialists, confident in the strength of their cause, have steadily refused to believe that the Senate, in the face of the evidence, would permit itself to be swerved from the clear path of duty by any mere political considerations. Reed Smoot should go!

Quakerism's Message

ON another page is an utterance originally made at a meeting of the Society of Friends that we heartily commend to the notice of Christians, clerical and lay of other churches. Prof. Jones lays his finger on the heart of a question of general concern. He asks, Why it is that workingmen, and many men of the highly educated class, hold aloof from the church? His answer is that men do not need dead formulas, abstract doctrines, a conception of a God afar off, but a living, personal God and the consciousness of a living and loving Saviour. When churches leave the dry bones of theology and preach a God willing to bless and help men in their daily lives, and a Christ ready to save, then men will be glad to listen. That, Prof. Jones believes, is the message of Quakerism to these times.

The message is not limited to the Society of Friends. The servant of God in any pulpit can make use of it. Facts and doctrines about Christ, arguments about inspiration and the Second Isaiah, discussions about the symbolism of the pillars and sockets of the Tabernacle may be very interesting, but they do not satisfy the need of men. The business man, the lawyer or the workingman, mixing for six days with the world, hearing hourly its horrible principles dinned into their ears, dragged into the mire by the pressure of sordid and selfish motives, need on the Lord's Day something to lift them into a higher atmosphere. They suffer, every man bearing his own burden, and they need help, comfort and encouragement. They need deliverance from the power of sin, for there are more of the victims of sin than we know of, who long to be free. When the servant of Christ stands up to declare his message, how does he know how many such men are in his audience waiting to be directed to Him who can do all this for them? The message of the living Christ, who said, "Lo, I am with you alway," not the echo of Him who was here nineteen centuries ago. How can the preacher get men to feel that He lives now, that his hand is still stretched out to help them in their modern needs? That is his problem, and all other objects are dwarfed into insignificance in comparison with it.

Is this truth doubted in our pulpits? We cannot believe it. Perhaps our preachers know it so well that they conclude all their hearers know it. That would be a mistake. Let them make the experiment of preaching Christ, holding him up as a Saviour, a sympathizer, a helper. The effect might surprise them. It is a great mystery—this of the preaching that touches life, that transforms character. Paul felt that it was a mystery; he did not attempt to explain it, but, having tried and proved the remedy, he used it. "So," he said, "we preach Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God." Wesley, Spurgeon, Moody, and a host of others preached the same message and results followed. It is not the message of Quakerism alone, but the word of Christianity that has power now as in former times.

Why Some Pupils are Dull

YOUNG America still struggles on in its laudable ambition to gain an education, while educational theorists arrange new and startling subjects for him to get over, around, and sometimes through, according to his mental ability and physical fitness for the task. Recently a number of prominent educators, physicians and members of the Board of Health met in New York City to discuss the health of public school pupils. The session was for the most part devoted to the "dull pupil," and what made him dull. A large number of interesting cases were cited, where dull pupils, by having certain physical disabilities, such as bad eye-sight, corrected, were made to acquire a fair state of intellectual polish.

The discussion brought out much that should be of great help to teachers that have to deal with backward pupils, but the subject of "cramming" and overworking the generation now in school was not mentioned, though it is responsible for a large proportion of so-called mentally deficient pupils. The subject, in some of its aspects, has been discussed before on this page, bringing letters of dissent from school superintendents, and letters of thanks from worried fathers and mothers, who have seen their children goaded to desperation by the number and length of the tasks that have been assigned them. The children—and here we refer especially to those in high school grades—are often compelled to sit up far into the night, in order to make a mark the next day. They awake in the morning listless and unrefreshed, and then go to school literally bewildered by the pages they have tried to master in the hours they should have been asleep. How any pupil, overworked and physically exhausted, can appear anything but dull, it is hard for many parents to understand. We believe that the parents are better judges in this matter than any school board. The school authorities say, take them out until they are strong enough to stand the course and keep up in their grades. This is poor reasoning. Our schools should not endeavor to turn out a lot of youthful educational wonders. The course should not be too severe for even those who are not gifted with the physical endurance of athletes. If the schools could turn out each year a class of graduates who are fairly well grounded in the subjects they have gone over, and have retained the ruddy tint of health, few weak chests and a small number of eye-glass wearers, they ought to feel that they have done well by their charges.

Instead of the desired result, as a usual thing we see a class of graduates who are pale and haggard by "the final examinations," a very good term for them, by the way. Some bright faces that should be there are missing, their owners voted dull by the faculty because they could not stand the strain of recitations, too many themes nerve racking to the pupil and amusing to the examiners, and the final gruelling of the June examination that stands like a dead line between the pupil and the coveted diploma. Failure means going over the year's work once more, even if the pupil fails by a small margin, one of the most exasperating and disheartening things that can blot a young life.

Among the Workers

—EVANGELIST WM. SUNDAY closed a series of meetings at Austin, Minn., April 25, at which 1,387 confessed Christ. The total collections were $2,367.53. Sixty-six sermons were preached during the thirty-six days' duration of the revival.

—EVANGELIST J. D. TAYLOR, OF IRENE, Ill., has just concluded a campaign in the maritime provinces, lasting six months, and attended with unusual success. Over 450 confessed Christ, and the churches were greatly revived. He is now on his way to Chicago to conduct meetings there.

—MRS. E. M. WHITTEMORE has just concluded a wonderfully successful evangelistic tour throughout the country. Mrs. Whittemore was associated with Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander in their work in Philadelphia during February. Then starting West, she held meetings in many different States. In Illinois alone, she conducted twenty-eight services in ten days. Her campaign ended with a series of interesting meetings in California, returning to New York on Saturday, April 28.

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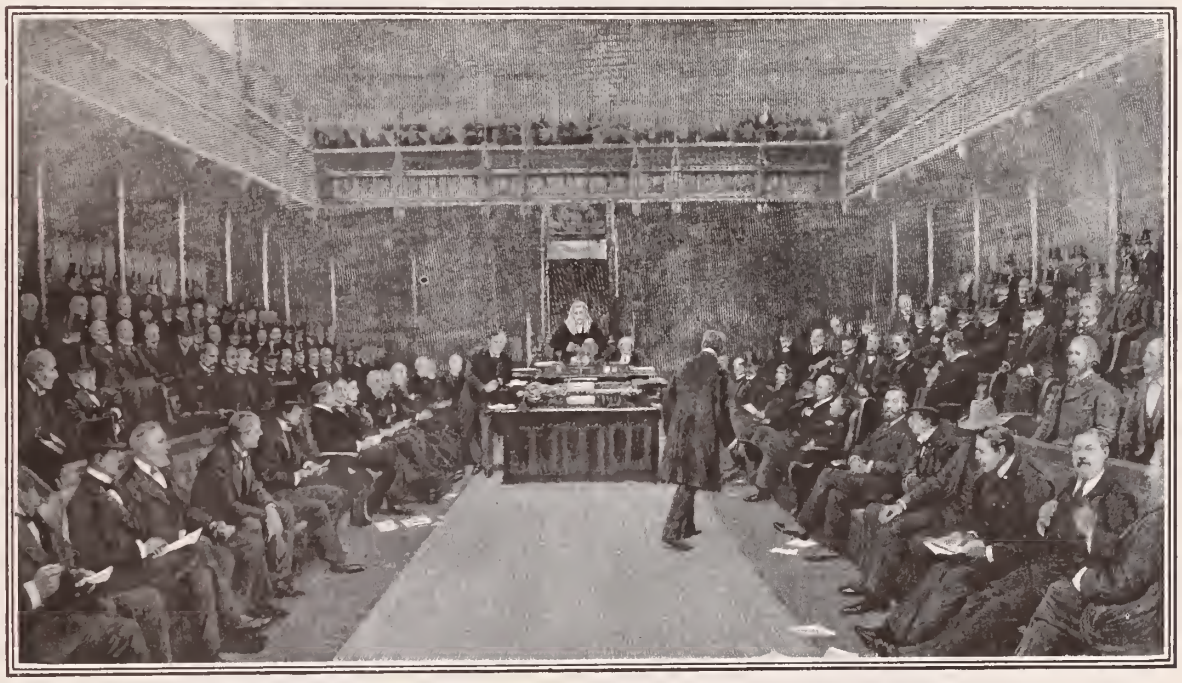
The English Crisis

ONCE more the people of Great Britain are plunged into religious controversy on the subject of education. In 1870 Mr. Gladstone believed he had settled the question on a permanent basis. In 1902, the Conservative Government undertook to deal with the subject, and now the new Liberal Ministry proposes to make a different arrangement. The subject is of interest to Christian people on this side the Atlantic, because it involves the principles which, three hundred years ago, drove the colonists to America in the *Mayflower*, and has sent hither since then thousands of conscientious men of the highest type.

Under the system established in 1870, there were two kinds of schools in England. There was first the Board or Public School, which was controlled by a Board elected by the citizens, and supported by a tax. Secondly, there were Voluntary Schools, which derived their support in part from voluntary subscriptions, and in part from grants from the government, based on the proficiency of the pupils in secular knowledge. In the Board Schools, unsectarian religion was taught; in the Voluntary Schools, there was sectarian education defined by the people who supported the school. That system, however, did not suit the clergy of the churches of England and Rome, and in 1902, taking advantage of there being a Conservative Government in office, they arranged a new system, which Mr. Balfour succeeded in establishing by the complaisance of Parliament. Under this system, the two kinds of schools were combined and placed under the control of the clergy, and supported by a general tax. The Nonconformists of the country—that is, Congregationalists, Baptists, Methodists, and other people outside the Churches of England and Rome—strongly objected to being taxed for the support of schools over which they had no control, whose teachers were chosen by the clergy, and in which doctrines abhorrent to them were instilled into the minds of their children. They refused to pay such taxes, and submitted to have their goods seized by the sheriff, and some of them were actually sent to prison. Among these latter were many ministers of religion.



Scene in the British House of Commons when the Educational Bill was Introduced

The indignation of the Nonconformists over this tyrannical measure bore fruit at the recent election, and largely contributed to the enormous majority that supports the Liberal Premier in the House of Commons. Many of the members were pledged to the repeal of the obnoxious law, and at the earliest moment Mr. Birrell, the Minister of Education, introduced his new Bill. It provides for the secular education of the children, and for unsectarian religious teaching at the public expense, and also agrees that sectarian teaching may be given out of school hours in the school building whenever it may be desired, if any sect wishes to give it, and provide and pay the teachers, the attendance of the children being optional with the parents.

As may be supposed, the opposition of the clergy to the proposal is intense, and it is intimated that if it is passed by the Commons it will be rejected by the Lords. There is, however, little doubt of its ultimately becoming law. It is too late in the day to fasten clerical control on a people who have so long been free, as the English.

Remove violence and spoil and execute judgment and justice: take away your exactions from my people, saith the Lord God (Ezekiel 15 . 9).

Tragedy at the Wedding

Horror and indignation were felt throughout the world, at the outrage perpetrated at Madrid on May 31, on the occasion of the marriage of the King of Spain to the Princess Victoria Ena of England. The royal couple had been united in marriage at the church of San Jeronimo el Real, and were driving to the royal palace amid a scene of festivity and popular rejoicing. Bouquets were being thrown from the windows of the houses as they passed, and the Queen was bowing and waving her hand in response to the greetings. Suddenly a bouquet of roses was flung from a second story window, and fell with a rush, as if made of lead, on the royal carriage. It appeared to strike the crown on the roof, and explode in the air. There was little noise from the explosion, but the effect was frightful. An officer standing near the carriage had his head torn from his shoulders; fifteen other persons were instantly killed, and sixty-three badly wounded. The King and Queen were uninjured, and were assisted from the wrecked vehicle to another carriage following in the procession. The Queen fainted when she saw the corpses and the bleeding bodies of the injured. She recovered soon, and reached the palace in safety. As the King entered the palace he exclaimed reverently, "I thank God for protecting me and my family." He immediately dispatched officers to inquire after the wounded and showed deep concern. It is stated that, among about twenty persons arrested on suspicion of complicity in the crime, one has confessed, but the news has not been confirmed. It is difficult to understand the motive for such an outrage. The royal couple appear to be perfectly harmless, inoffensive people, who were not likely to have made personal enemies, and they have as yet had no opportunity to make official enemies. The would-be murderers, it must therefore be supposed, are anarchists, who hate authority in any form. The King and Queen, with other rulers, have need to pray, as did David:

Deliver me from workers of iniquity and save me from blood thirsty men (Ps. 59: 2).

A Four-Year-Old Hero

The bronze medal of the Humane Society of Massachusetts has been conferred on a very juvenile hero. For the first time in the history of such societies, the recipient of a medal is under the age of five years. The story of the deed which won the recognition of the Society dates back to the winter. The boy, Clarence Osborne, of Winchester, Mass., strolled down to a pond in the neighborhood with his little cousin. The pond was covered with ice, which, to the little ones, seemed strong enough to bear their weight. They had not proceeded more than twenty yards from the shore, when the ice broke and the little girl fell in. Her cousin had hold of her hand and clung to it, drawing the child's face above water. He threw himself flat on the cracking ice, screaming lustily for help. It was a dangerous thing to go to his assistance, for the ice was thin; but happily, a passer-by ventured, and drew the boy to a thicker part, he pulling the girl with him. There she was lifted out and taken home. The courage of the young hero in clinging to his companion and saving her deserved the recognition it has now received. We may hope that when he grows up, the recollection of his juvenile feat may encourage him to try to save others, who are in peril of spiritual death. In that service he will receive divine recognition.

Let him know, that he who converteth a sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins (James 5 : 20).

A Dedicated Field

A press dispatch in a Kansas journal describes an interesting method of raising money for church purposes. One of the members, who owns a farm near the church, offered to place one of his fields, comprising thirty acres, at the disposal of the congregation, stipulating that the labor on it should be voluntary and the whole of the proceeds be devoted to the church treasury. His offer was accepted. On a day appointed, about a hundred persons came from other farms with teams, ploughs and harrows and set to work. Twenty ploughs were going at the same time. The field was then sown with kaffir corn. Ladies connected with the church appeared on the field at midday with a dinner, which was served free to workers, in a tent set up for the occasion, as the feminine share of the undertaking. When the crop is ready for cultivation a similar day will be observed, and the whole crop will be harvested and sold free of cost. The labor done was like a picnic. All concerned enjoyed it, and were glad the church would benefit. It is not the first time that unpaid co-operation has been joyfully given in the Lord's service.

So built we the wall . . . for the people had a mind to work (Neh. 4: 6).

A Wife's Hoard

A New York journal describes a recent instance of a husband's surprise at the capacity for saving a woman has, when she gives her mind to it. When they were married, some years ago, the husband and wife calculated the sum that would be required for housekeeping, and that sum was always given every week into the wife's hands. The husband remarked, however, at the outset that a rainy day might come, so it would be well if his wife prepared for it as far as she could. Extra expenses came occasionally, and the husband supposed the weekly provision would be exhausted, but he was never asked to supplement it. Recently, a series of misfortunes befell him. His employers failed, an investment he had made proved disastrous, and the illness and death of his mother involved him in indebtedness to doctor and undertaker. He found himself heavily in debt and out of employment. He went around among friends and moneylenders, and eventually met his engagements. It was a hard, worrying time and he fell sick. One day as he lay bemoaning his condition and expressing his dread of the future, his wife said that all would be well for some time, as she had several hundred dollars she had saved up. The husband leaped to his feet. "What," he said, "have I been going around borrowing while you had money in bank?" It was a welcome surprise, though he wished he had known in time to save him from the humiliation of borrowing. There are some Christians who have made a similar mistake. In their troubles they have gone for help and deliverance to every friend except the God who was able to deliver them.

This poor man cried and the Lord heard him and saved him out of all his troubles (Ps. 34: 6).

BRIEF NOTES

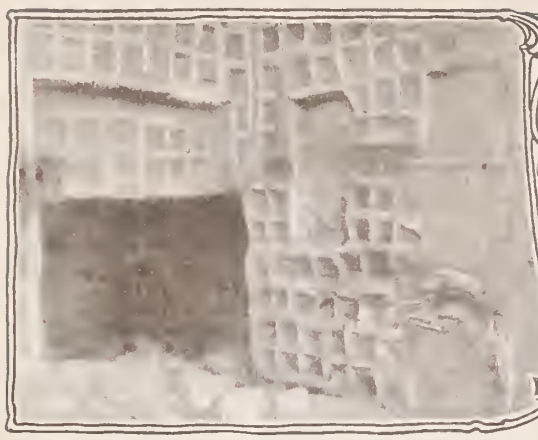
Dr. Cunningham Geikie, the famous author of the *Life of Christ*, is dead. He was eighty-two years of age.

The Salvation Army has undertaken the removal of a number of persecuted Nestorians from Persia to Canada.

Dr. W. J. Dawson, the English evangelist, has deferred his projected visit to Australia and will reside during the summer at Taunton, Mass.

An Indian temple at Ellyanar Koolani, in South India, has been given up to the Salvation Army by the owners and worshipers for use as an Army Gospel Hall.

Rock Tombs, Showing Niches for Urns



Arab Tribesmen of Petra of To-day

An Elaborate Tomb in the Solid Rock

THE WONDER AND BEAUTIES OF PETRA

Visit to the Famous Rock City in the Ancient Land of Edom

BY A. FORDER, JERUSALEM

Rev. A. Forder

LIKE many another beautiful specimen of divine and human handiwork, Petra, the rock-hewn city, has few visitors, and must long remain the ruin and place of desolation foretold by the seer nearly three thousand years ago; the abode of bats, owls, and jackals, and the few wild semi-civilized Arabs that hold undisputed possession of this interesting city of bygone days, the admiration of those fortunate enough to reach such an isolated place, made doubly attractive by the hands of the Creator and the created. Three thousand years ago, Petra or Sela was the admiration of the East, and one of the important trading stations between Egypt and Mesopotamia. Nabatheans, Romans, Greeks and Arabs have all done their part in making the place what it was and what it is. Enough remains these days to assure us that in the days of its prosperity, Petra must have vied with Palmyra in extent and magnificence, the difference between the two being that Petra is a city with its temples, palaces, tombs, and theatres hewn from the rocks that abound on every hand, whilst Palmyra, the city of Zenobia, was built of hewn stone, drawn from a distance.

Both places are a great distance from any ancient or modern centres of civilization, and the wonder to all is why such an amount of beautiful labor was expended in such out-of-the-way places. The presence at Petra of a fine stream of pure, cool water, ever flowing, may account for the selection of such a spot for a city, the surrounding country for many miles being void of fresh water. Where is this Petra to be found? some may ask, and the answer is both short and simple. In Edom, the land adjoining Moab, south of Palestine. There, in the range of Mount Seir, hidden away in all its solitude, is this mass of ruins, that bear their silent testimony to the talent, energy, and perseverance of people that to-day lie buried within the bounds of the place they helped to make beautiful. To the fine workmanship and designs worked in the rocks must be added the variety of colors, as if artists of different ages had vied with each other in trying to produce the most varied and brilliant conglomeration of colors with the finest effect. In this variegated material the descendants of Esau and Ishmael made for themselves dwellings for use both during and after life. Having said so much by way of introduction to the reader, let us now proceed, by means of illustration and description, to view some of the more important and interesting parts of this ancient capital.

Petra, lying as it does in a valley, was almost inaccessible, and the selection of such a spot for a capital city is another proof of the smartness and cupidity of the ancients. The only visible approach to the city is on the north side, through a long, winding chasm known to-day as the Sik. Once it was paved, to-day progress is made difficult by an abundant growth of wild fig, willows, oleanders, and tamarisks that are kept well supplied by the stream that flows in and out among the pebbles and boulders that combine with the trees to bar the entrance to the beauties and wonders ahead. This chasm has a varied breadth of from six to fifteen feet, and of fifty to two hundred feet in height. The rugged solitude and complete silence of this mile-and-a-half-long chasm fills one with silent awe and admiration, and as every fresh turn reveals some new beauty, words refuse to come to the lips to express the sense of wonder that fills the mind.

In the great chasm, already mentioned, in some of the parts the rocky walls are covered with maiden-hair fern, and elsewhere the scene presented is that of a solid wall of green or variegated ivy. One gentleman who visited Petra in company with the writer, exclaimed, "What an ideal fairy land!" and he was not far wrong in his idea of such a place. This wonderful chasm terminates abruptly, and the visitor on emerging into the open comes face to face with Petra's finest monument, known as the "Treasury of Pharaoh"; the literal meaning of the title given it by the Arabs. It is carved in pink-colored rock, and is about eighty feet high and forty wide. The columns are part of the rock, having been left in position by the workers of this temple. Bas reliefs of warriors, birds and the symbols of music adorn the excavation, whilst the finely executed carving and floral ornamentation makes one wonder with what tools, and how was such work done. Estimating the work to be at least two thousand years old, the marvel is that all is so well preserved. Standing alone as it does in its rugged solitude, the beauty and magnificence of the temple shows to advantage. The interior consists of five chambers hewn out of the rock and finely finished off in every way. Three of these are about twenty-five feet square; the other two much smaller, made so possibly for the reception of the sarcophagi of some king or priest who may have been connected in some way with the temple.

But we must leave this for other sights. Following along the bed of the valley, on every side one is surrounded by rock-hewn dwellings, tombs, or temples. In a few minutes the extensive and well executed theatre bursts into view, with its thirty tiers of seats, capable of seating three thousand people, all able, without any obstruction, to watch the play or sport going on in the arena, at the foot of the semicircle. So well chosen is the situation, and so perfect the plan and execution, that a person speaking in a moderate tone on the lowest tier can be distinctly heard on the topmost row of seats. Wide passages run from top to bottom of the theatre, that enabled the spectators to reach their seats without crushing or passing one another. Here, in sight of the tombs of their ancestors and the temples of their gods, the Petraens gathered and revelled, either in the deeds of the wrestler or gladiator, or in the miniature fights that took place between tiny vessels that floated in the naumachia below. Opposite the theatre, hewn out of a mighty wall of rock, is to be seen a fine profusion of elaborate temples and dwellings. The principal of these is known as the Corinthian or three-storied tomb, because of it having three tiers of columns, one above the other. Some of the portals in this part of the rock-hewn ruin are especially worthy of notice and are of fine workmanship. From this point, a fine view of the whole valley of Petra may be had, and beautiful indeed must have been the prospect in the days of the city's prosperity. The remains of the old paved main road through the city still bear testimony to untiring energy on the part of the people of those days. Following this old road, a fine tomb on the left is seen which must have been the possession of one of the prominent families of the city.

A fine carved entrance with columns on either side, leads into a spacious chamber about thirty feet square, with numerous shafts and shelves for the reception of the dead. In this particular tomb was accommodation for sixty-seven bodies, either in the three walls or floor. These tombs have long ago been rifled by the Arabs in hopes of finding valuables. A flight of steps leads up to this ancient family vault, cut from solid rock. The keen observers, as they peer into the lateral valleys and nooks and corners of this out-of-the-world place, will not fail to see, either in a cave or in some dark corner, the strange burying-places of the Romans, known as columbarium. Some of these queer places have hundreds of niches in them, most of them have been opened, but a few of those highest up still remained closed. In no part of Palestine or Syria are such fine columbarii to be seen, and the fine state in which these still are, may be accounted for by their isolation. The question presents itself as these excavations are examined, and it is this: "How was such work done; what means were used to scale the rock and work the face of it in such a wonderful manner?"

The question might remain unsolved and unanswered, but for one bit of unfinished work hidden away in a corner, and beyond the sight of the casual observer. We observed one of these rock temple or tomb facades in an unfinished state, which completely and satisfactorily answers the above queries. It will be seen that the face of the cliff has been smoothed, the sketch of the facade marked out, and the work of removing the stone commenced from above, and so the rock that was soon to disappear, formed for a time a platform or scaffold on which the workmen stood and worked down, not up, as we do in these days. The highest point of the facade, from which the work was to commence, was reached by rude steps cut in the cliff adjoining. No doubt war or pestilence caused the workmen to abandon the front they were engaged on, and so light is thrown on the way and means adopted for the working of the rocks and cliffs of Petra.

The Great Rock-hewn Amphitheatre, with Thirty Tiers of Seats

Our Household Circle

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Why are Children Naughty?

WE have lately had a number of letters from mothers suggesting different methods advisable in the training of children. The question presses itself upon us: What makes children so often naughty? In candid moments we have to confess, do we not, that we grown people are more or less miserable sinners, that we need daily to seek forgiveness for our own faults and shortcomings, and that it would go hard with us if the same justice were meted to us that is often the portion of our children. I remember once to have read a very entertaining story, in which, by some magical transformation, a father and son changed places; the son assuming the outward guise and responsibilities of his parent; while the father, a prosperous and rather stubborn British merchant, found himself back on a form at a great public school, browbeaten and bullied by a tyrannical master. The situations were absurd and amusing, yet there was a hint of truth for the consideration of stern fathers. Should parents put themselves in the places of children, is a thought that awakens another: namely, would they not in that case oftener deal gently with erring childhood than is now their custom?

* * *

Why are children naughty? Theologians calmly tell us that naughtiness is due to original sin leading to actual transgression, and they lay the blame for Ethel's fit of sulks and Jimmie's destructiveness at the door of total depravity. No doubt we all derive a portion of infirmity from Father Adam and Mother Eve, and we are born with tendencies to evil strong enough to necessitate a hard fight throughout our lives. The good angel and the bad angel meet in single combat on the field of every human soul, whether it be youthful or aged, as we count the years.

But let us not be disposed to lay too much stress on original sin in the training of little Anne and little Tom. They are laid in their mother's arms tiny scraps of humanity, and they are hers to mould and shape from the very beginning of their mortal existence. The first years are formative, and she who comprehends this, may easily teach her infants obedience without suffering or harshness, while they are still toddling across the nursery floor. Children, broadly speaking, would much rather be good than be naughty. Most healthy children are good-tempered and well-behaved, and not a little part of their naughtiness is directly caused by the stupid indulgence of silly mothers.

If children are permitted to nibble sweets between meals, to surfeit themselves with candy, to partake at the table of rich pastry and cake; if they are allowed to sit up as late in the evening as they choose, joining in the talk and games of their elders, what is to be expected of them but crossness and perversity? A child whose stomach is out of order is seldom an even-tempered child. A child who is alternately caressed and scolded is very apt to be nervous, notional, and disagreeable. At least half the naughtiness of the ordinary child is the result of misdemeanors that fathers and mothers themselves commit. Nothing is so desirable in child training as an atmosphere of peace in the household, with conditions that tend to bodily health. Mothers are often capricious in their indulgence of the younger children, seeming to feel that these must at all events have their own way, while the elders yield to them. In consequence, babies are trained to be small tyrants over their older brothers.

* * *

If the opinions of the women who are engaged in bringing up families among us are consulted, it will be evident that most mothers undertake very seriously the tasks laid upon them.

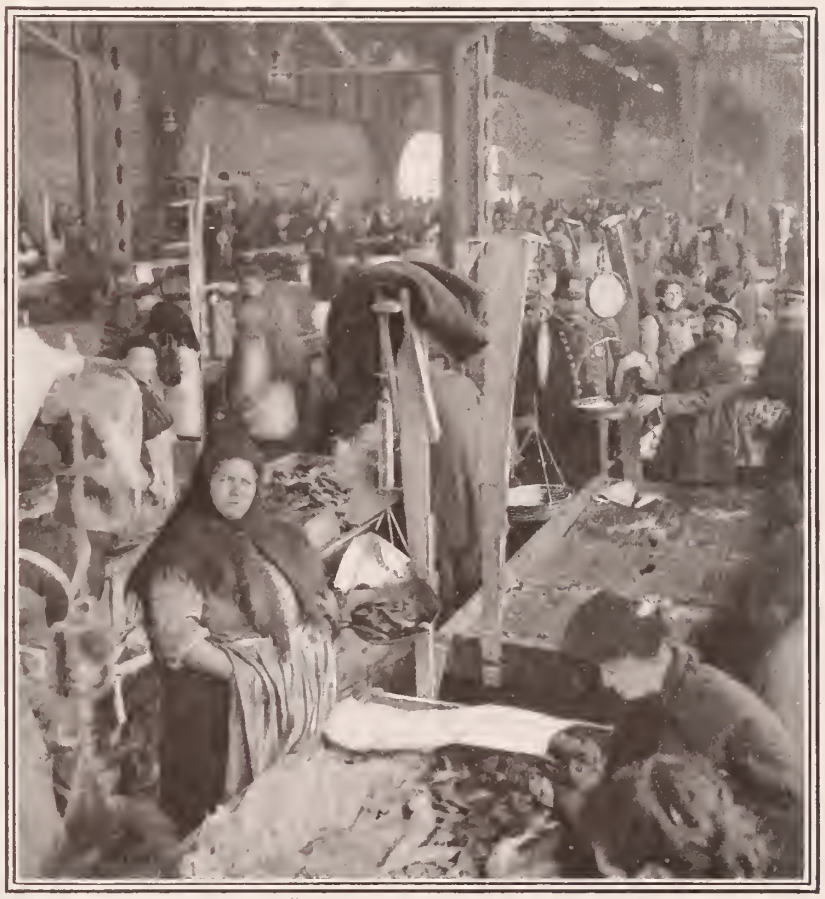
Two such mothers were discussing their children one day this spring, when they met each other in a public conveyance. Said one to the other, "I never condescend to explain the reason for an order to one of my children. I demand implicit and instant obedience. It is enough that I have said a thing must be done. I shall never tell one of the children why I wish him or her to do even the smallest thing."

The other mother replied, "I do not quite agree with you. Of course there are times when explanations are not needed; but I do not treat my children as if they were dumb animals or irresponsible creatures. I like them to ask me the reason why I wish them to do this or that, and I take pleasure in explaining everything to them."

* * *

Any dispassionate critic can see that neither of these mothers was entirely right. There is a golden middle course that sometimes finds it wise to explain, and sometimes finds it requisite to insist on obedience without explanation. We should not forget that we are fallible, and we should teach our children to obey us, not because we issue arbitrary commands, but because they and we are the dear children of the heavenly Father. This puts the matter on the highest ground, both for ourselves and for them.

Children differ. In the same family circle different training is imperative in different instances. We must not make the children fit the theories. We must have the theories so elastic that they will fit the children. Having said this, we may glance at a few more of the letters sent us.



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A HEBREW FISH MARKET UNDER THE WILLIAMSBURGH BRIDGE

The East River Bridge, spanning the distance between New York and old Williamsburgh, is the means of rapid transit for many thousands of foreigners, among them a great throng of Hebrews, who have found a new home in the cosmopolitan city. Around the New York terminal are not a few picturesque scenes, one of which is shown by our artist in the picture.

A Social Problem

Mr. Davis, who owns a fine library, is not averse to lending books to friends who appreciate them and who return them in good condition. Mr. Davis has a neighbor, Mrs. Kirkwood, who is notoriously heedless in handling books. Mrs. Kirkwood calling upon the Davises asks if she may borrow a new book which is lying on the table. It has just been discussed, and the Davis family have admitted that they have finished its perusal. Should Mrs. Kirkwood borrow the book it will come home in bad shape. Should Mr. Davis decline to lend it he will appear unamiable. What shall Mr. Davis do?

An interesting book will be sent to the person who sends Aunt Prudence Payson the best answer to the above problem. Answers must be sent in on a postal card.

A Lady's Bonnet

FEW women rise superior to the allurements of a milliner's opening. A new hat is almost certain to be greeted with enthusiasm when it is put on by a pretty girl, and she is an exception among matrons who resigns herself to wear an old bonnet season after season, without alteration. In looking over the volumes of a fashion magazine, dating back to the close of the Civil War, one is impressed by the relative ugliness of much feminine headgear. Yet our eyes grow accustomed to the reigning mode, and we seldom survey with severe criticism what we are told is the latest fashion to adorn wives and daughters.

Writing about bonnets in 1799, Jane Austen said in a letter to her sister: "Flowers are very much worn, and fruit is still more the thing. Elizabeth has a bunch of strawberries, and I have seen grapes, cherries, plums, and apricots. There are likewise almonds and raisins, French plums and tamarinds at the grocers', but I have never seen any of them in hats. A plum or greengage would cost three shillings; cherries and grapes about five, I believe, but this is at some of the dearest shops."

* * *

We do not have to go back so far to remember a day when people wore fruit and vegetables on their bonnets, and flowers are always in vogue. Feathers, too, are usually popular; and it is very seldom, indeed, that we are not called upon to persuade our sisters not to ornament their hats with the bodies and wings of dead birds. Deep down in the breast of the gentlest woman lurks, one would think, a spice of cruelty, or else the barbaric taste for wings and aigrettes would never be in evidence.

The most sensible bonnets of the present day are the close-fitting caps tied under the chin, adopted by some members of the Society of Friends, or the larger and quainter bonnets worn by elderly women of the same conservative sect. These bonnets, in gray or dove-color, are very pleasing to the eye; they are not loaded with a profusion of ornament, they fit well to the head, they do not interfere very much in a public assembly with the vision of those who sit behind them, and they protect the ears or the complexion as it may be, from wind and sun. Next best to these, according to the canons of common-sense, are the simple toques and the sailor hats worn by young girls. It is only when headgear is loaded with superfluous ornament that it verges on the ridiculous.

* * *

Hannah More, writing at the same period with Jane Austen, made herself merry over vagaries of fashion that surpassed in absurdity anything seen in the twentieth century. "I have seen women who had on their heads an acre and a half of shrubbery, besides slopes, grass-plats, tulip beds, clumps of peonies, kitchen gardens, and greenhouses, and I have no doubt that they held in great contempt our roseless heads and leafless necks. Some ladies carry on their heads a large quantity of fruit, and yet they would despise a poor useful member of society who carried it there for the purpose of selling it for bread."

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—ONTARIO. A person in deep mourning is absolved from the ordinary etiquette of visiting cards. She is not expected either to make calls, or to send visiting cards in return for calls made upon her.

—RUBY P. Your Aunt Prudence has had her discouraged days and knows all about them. She has seen days when life seemed flat, stale and unprofitable; and, strangely enough, they came oftenest when she was a young girl like you. I fancy girls get a good deal of satisfaction out of being blue. But, my dear, instead of disturbing yourself because other people have good times and you are not in them, I advise you to count your blessings. You will find that you have a good many after all.

—E. G. It is the groom's duty to consult the wishes of the bride with regard to the style of his dress on the wedding occasion. A young minister who is to be married in the evening may appropriately wear a clerical garb, if he objects to the usual evening dress. A church wedding, with the bride in white, will be very pretty.

—ELLEN. The curtains of which you speak are sometimes woven on old-fashioned hand looms, and sometimes made by modern machinery. Anything further you can discover by applying where they are sold.

"CROWN HIM LORD OF ALL!"

SUNDAY SCHOOL REVIEW LESSON

*By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts**

Jesus Feeding the Multitude

I. Jesus the Lord of Life

JESUS, preaching to the multitude on the Mount of Beatitudes, declares that his teachings must show themselves in their daily lives; that they must be doers as well as hearers of his words. Andrew Carnegie, speaking to school graduates in New York, said: "Do your duty and a little more, and the future will take care of itself. No one can cheat a young man out of success in life."

II. Jesus Lord of the Sabbath. Jesus, approaching a synagogue in Galilee, is met by a company of Pharisees who find fault with him because he has not hindered his disciples from gathering handfuls of wheat to eat on the Sabbath. Jesus defends such work of necessity on the Rest Day, and also teaches that true Sabbath-keeping is not doing nothing, but doing good, by healing a withered hand in the Synagogue.

The supreme refinement of Sabbath keeping on the part of merchants is drawing the curtains that shut off even window advertising on Sunday, and suggest instead thoughts of rest and worship. The writer recently counted thirty open places in a one-hour's walk on Sunday morning in the National Capital, in which such perishable articles as hats, and shoes, and shirts, and shirt waists were for sale. But even the windows of the most prosperous merchant of all were closed to view on that day with blue curtains, which, like those of the ancient Tabernacle, suggested heavenly things. Chicago's most successful merchant also refused during his whole career to advertise on Sunday, whether in the Sunday papers or in his windows. Even when a new building was to be opened to the public on Monday, the rigid rule against Sunday work was not relaxed.

III. Jesus, Lord over Disease and Death. Jesus, after long hours of teaching and healing, retires to Capernaum, probably to the house of Peter. He is sought out by some elders of the Jews, who come at the request of their generous benefactor, the Roman centurion, to ask Jesus to restore his favorite servant, who is sick unto death. Jesus starts on the errand of mercy, and is met on the way by a messenger from the centurion, bidding him to send healing by his word, as he is not worthy to have him in his home. Jesus marvels at the centurion's faith, and cures his servant by the word of his power.

In a darkened room an old Scotchman lay dying. Friends and relatives stood beside him, waiting tearfully to hear the last word or sigh of their father and head, For many years they had looked to him for advice and comfort; their joys had been shared and heightened by him, and their sorrows were always lightened by the ready sympathy which sprang from a kindly heart. But now his labors of love were ended, and the angel of death stood on the threshold bidding him "Come home." His children spoke to him, but he did did not hear them, and at last they relinquished their efforts, to wait sadly for the end. The minister present resolved to make one more trial, and putting his lips to the ear of his suffering friend asked him if he knew him; he feebly shook his head. He then asked him, "Do you know Christ?" The dying man opened his eyes, and rallying his strength, whispered, "My bonnie Christ." And with the last word his eyes closed and his spirit returned to God who gave it, to be forever with that Saviour whom he loved most on earth.

A prominent business man thus expressed himself to a Christian minister: "I am interested in church matters, and always glad to see ministers when they call; but I have thought the subject over long and carefully, and have come to the deliberate decision that I have no need of Jesus." A single week had not passed before that man was taken sick. His disease was accompanied with such inflammation of the throat as forbade his speaking at all. This enforced silence continued until the hour of death, when he was enabled to utter simply this one despairing whisper: "Who shall carry me over the river?"

IV. Jesus, Lord Over Sin. Jesus, being at the feast in Simon's house, a fallen woman enters, and bathes with her tears and wipes with her long hair, and then anoints with precious ointment the dust-stained feet of Jesus, for which Matthew had failed to provide the usual ablution. Jesus reads the critical thoughts of Simon's heart, and defends the grateful act of the woman, and then declares her sins forgiven, and sends her forth in peace. There is an orphan home in Germany, where they receive very ragged and neglected children. When a new child is brought in, the first thing to be done is to have his portrait taken, so that, if he should ever be tempted to be proud when he grows up, he may be made humble by seeing what a dirty and ragged little urchin he was once. And so it will do us good to look back now, and while it humbles us, let it also fill our hearts with thankful praise to our great Redeemer.

V., VI. Jesus, Lord of the Harvest. Jesus sitting in a boat beside the sea, and probably seeing in the distance a sower at his work, delivers a parable concerning the seed, which is the Word of God. He describes four kinds of persons who are within the sound of his voice: those who do not attend to his word; those whose hearts are so shallow and changeful that what they hear does them no lasting good; those whose hearts are so full of wickedness that his words have no effect, and those who listen with believing hearts and earnest purpose to do the will of their Father in heaven.

The sowing of an hour may produce an eternal harvest of joy or sorrow. Dr. Maltbie D. Babcock once wrote: "Esau filled his life with regret for trifling one day; Esther's was full of glory for one day's courage. Peter slept one hour and lost a matchless opportunity. Mary's name is fragrant forever for the loving deed of a day. Do your best now."

VII., VIII. The Lord Over Demons. Jesus being in Gadara, encounters a fierce demoniac, naked, bruised and bleeding, dwelling in tombs cut in the rocks. Jesus calls to the demons that possess him, "Come out of him." They come out of the man, and Jesus suffers them to enter into swine that are feeding on the sides of the mountain. The demons destroy the swine by driving them into the sea The healed demoniac wants to go with Jesus, but is sent back to his friends to testify of the good deed done for him by the Saviour. Herodias may well be grouped with the man devil, possessed because of her devilish assassination of John the Baptist.

Some living specimens of a most curious insect brought from Rangoon were recently exhibited at Cambridge. Its body and legs are both shaped and colored to resemble a beautiful flower. Lying in wait for butterflies under a spray of leaves, it looks like an azure blue blossom, with a black spot in the centre, exactly resembling the tube of a corolla. The hinder part of the body is drawn out into a long green stalk. Butterflies and other insects are readily deceived by this mimic, but the instant they touch it its fatal claws seize them. So Satan is most dangerous when he appears as an angel of light, that is, when vice is presented as a virtue, as when we are bidden to "do evil that good may come."

The Stampede of the Swine and Flight of the Keepers

IX. Jesus Lord over Nature. Jesus on the grassy plain beside the sea, at Bethsaida, feeds a multitude of five thousand men, besides women and children, with five loaves and two fishes obtained from a boy's basket. He blesses the bread and breaks it, and gives it to his Apostles to pass to the people, sitting in companies. When all have eaten to the full, twelve baskets of fragments are gathered up, a basketful by each apostle.

The fable is worth repeating whenever this lesson returns, of the boy who challenged his teacher to prove to him the existence of God by working a miracle. The teacher, who was a priest, got a large vessel filled with earth, wherein he deposited a kernel in the boy's presence, and bade him pay attention. In the place where the kernel was put a green shoot suddenly appeared, the shoot became a stem, the stem put forth leaves and branches which soon spread over the whole apartment. It then budded with blossoms, which, dropping off, left golden fruits in their place, and in the short space of one hour there stood a noble tree in the place of the little seed. The youth, overcome with amazement, exclaimed, "Now I know that there is a God, for I have seen his power!" The priest smiled at him and said, "Simple child, do you only now believe? Does not what you have just beheld take place year after year, only by a slower process? But is it the less marvelous on that account?"

Jesus Blessing the People

"Suppose," said Krummacher, "that on rising in the morning we found a loaf added to our provisions, which we could be certain that neither we nor any human being had put there, we should then have no difficulty in saying that the Lord had sent it. Yet we actually find such a loaf every morning added to our provisions, and it is equally true that God has sent it."

What is nature? Some one has answered: "The Creator's wisdom, and will, his love and power made manifest in creation." Dr. Newell D. Hillis writes: "Overworked and weary men often need a vacation. When the happy day of release from toil comes they sometimes exclaim: "I am very tired. I think it will rest me to go out and murder some young fawn, or wring the neck of some quail, or kill a beautiful bird." But there are no vines that twist themselves into nooses for choking the children that pick their clusters. No lily ever was guilty of vulgarity, no red rose ever swore an oath. By day and by night each stalk of wheat toils loyally to enrich its brown berry. During Luther's day a drunken priest once excused himself by making a distinction between the sacred day when he carried a Bible and the secular days when he carried a bottle. But no orange or peach ever spent one day working toward sweetness, and on the morrow decided to secrete poisons. Nature is loyal, and her beauty and order are the fruits of obedience.

X. Jesus Lord over Gentiles. On the borders of Tyre and Sidon a Gentile mother seeks Jesus, who is passing by, and begs him to heal her little daughter. Her earnest pleading brings out the fact that Jesus was ready to help all who believed in his power. He grants the mother's request, and when she returns to her home, she finds her daughter recovered. This Gentile mother was almost the first fruits of Christian missions, and is one of many illustrations in the mission field of the saying, "I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel." Dr. Arthur H. Smith, in his book, *China in Convulsions*, tells us that the sneer that the Chinese converts to Christianity become "rice Christians," refuted itself in the splendid trophies exhibited of stalwart characters who refused to shrink back from the sword of the Boxers or the persecution of officials. Converts were promised immunity from punishment if they would only stand in the doors of temples. Nobly they passed along the streets, before the outbreak, with Bibles and hymn-books in their hands, amid jeers.

When missions and legations were besieged at Peking, a rag-picker volunteered to carry the message to Captain McCalla, who had started with his force from Tientsin to Peking. With his rag-basket upon his shoulders, he succeeded in reaching the captain, but, after his return, collapsed.

XI., XII. Jesus Lord over Heaven and Earth. Following Peter's confession that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, he ascends the mountain where his flesh and his raiment are transfigured. Moses and Elijah came from heaven to talk with him upon the mountain there. He talks also with Peter, James and John, whom he has brought up on the mountain with him. We thus see the earthly side and the glory side of Jesus.

* International Sunday School Review for June 24th. Golden Text: "Never man spake like this man." John 7 : 46.

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Almost impossible to make "Soggy" Pastry with Armour's "Simon-Pure" Lard if any reasonable care be used in the kneading.

Yet this finest of Shortening costs *less* than common "Cooking Butter," though a trifle more than ordinary Lard.

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Sold by Grocers and Butchers everywhere, in three pound, five pound, and ten pound pails.

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SAM SMALL BACK IN THE FOLD

THE most remarkable feature of the revival campaign of Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander, in Atlanta, thus far, has been the coming back to God of Sam Small, the once-famous evangelist. Mr. Small's return to the fold has thrilled the city. His reclamation occurred in a dramatic manner. A few nights ago Dr. Torrey had just finished a sermon on "The Judgment Day," and a few converts had arisen in response to his call. He continued to plead, and in the hush, a stalwart man, with iron gray hair, who had been sitting at a reporter's table on the platform, stood up before the whole audience and in tremulous tones said:

"Dr. Torrey, I once accepted Christ, and knew the full joy of his salvation; but I have drifted away, and God knows I need to repent. God helping me, I do now and here repent and surrender my life to him."

The man who had spoken was Sam Small. As he finished, he bowed his head on the table in front of him and wept.

The incident sent an electric thrill through the audience, for everyone knew Mr. Small, and that for years he had been a backslider.

Dr. Torrey was deeply moved by the event, and broke into fervent prayer, saying: "Father, I had the joy of hearing this man preach years ago in Minneapolis, and thou did'st bless his work. Our God, do a thorough work, and transform our brother Small. Fill him with the Holy Ghost; make him strong to resist temptation; make him once more a power for thee."

The news of Mr. Small's return to the fold spread throughout Atlanta and the surrounding country. A couple of days ago he informed the representative of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD that he had received over a hundred letters of congratulation and encouragement from all over the South. He has also received invitations from two prominent northern cities to conduct evangelistic services there at once, but he feels that he must not run before he is sent, and is praying that God will show him whether or not he should return to evangelistic work. He is at present engaged in editorial work on an Atlanta newspaper, but his friends feel that, having come back to God, he should no longer continue in secular work.

The next day after his return, Mr. Small gave a touching testimony which deeply affected his hearers. He said he had wandered far away from God and had felt the tortures of hell. But all through his wicked, wandering life he had loved God and Jesus, and wanted to come back to him. He said that before he came into the meeting that night he had no idea of taking the step, but he felt that he could not meet God unless he repented, and he did then and there repent.

Each day the revival meetings are increasing in power. At a recent service, 120 or more men and women came to the front and publicly acknowledged their acceptance of Christ, some of them being prominent people in Atlanta, one a business man and former candidate for Mayor. A young Atlanta millionaire was among those who testified.

Last night, a visitor told the writer how the reports in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD had led him to come eighty miles just to attend the meetings.

Ex-Governor W. J. Northen, when asked by the representative of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for his impressions of the work in Atlanta gave the following statement:

"I could never be fully satisfied until the whole city is saved. Aside from the number of conversions, thousands of Christians will be strengthened by these meetings and led to become personal workers. This being so, it is going to be a great deal easier to lead men and women to Christ than ever before. The ministers see this very clearly, and are greatly helping the meetings."

GEORGE T. B. DAVIS.

Jewish Colonies in China

ALTHOUGH forgotten by members of their own race, and unknown to the people of the Western World, colonies of Jews have been living in China for hundreds, if not thousands of years. They were discovered by Jesuit priests, who went to China in the sixteenth century, and who have left us an interesting account of this Chinese branch of the children of Israel.

Father Ricci, one of the Catholic missionaries, received a strange visitor in his room in Pekin, one day early in the seventeenth century. The difference in features to the ordinary Chinaman, struck the priest the moment the man entered. The latter said that he lived in Kaifengfu, and had come to Pekin to work for literary honors. He had heard that there was a man (Father Ricci) in Pekin, who was not a Mohammedan, though he worshiped a single God. The priest went to his chapel and knelt before a picture of the Virgin, Jesus, and St. John the Baptist. Near was a picture of four of the twelve apostles. "We in China," said the stranger, as he also sank to his knees, "do reverence our ancestors. This is Rebecca, with her sons Jacob and Esau, but as to the other picture, who make obeisance to only four sons of Jacob, were there not twelve?" The stranger, it proved, was a Hebrew named Ngai. He said that in his native city were twelve Jewish families, and that they had a synagogue, in which was preserved a scroll of the law four hundred years old.

When these Jews came to China is not known, but they came from Persia, according to some statements, about 500 B.C., according to others, in 58 A.D. They preserve in their language pronounced traces of the Persian tongue. They are first mentioned in Chinese records in the third century A.D.

Since the days of Ricci, they have gradually dwindled in numbers and in importance. One of our missionaries found them in 1866, in a state of great destitution; and they were obliged to sell the wood of their synagogue to supply their immediate necessities. A society was organized to aid them, and eight came to Shanghai in 1902, where the European Hebrew colony received them with open arms. They said that their faith was declining, and that they did not practise their rites.

Every Christian Worker Needs It

Mr. Wm. R. Moody, the son of the famous evangelist, D. L. Moody, and his successor at Northfield, writes: "The American Standard Revised Bible is something every Christian worker should have." W. G. Ballantine, International Y. M. C. A. Training School, Springfield, Mass., says: "In this School we regard the American Revised Bible as preferable to all others. Those who still cling to the old King James' Version, voluntarily deprive themselves of all that Christian scholarship has gained in exact knowledge of the Bible during the last three hundred years."

For description of this Bible, see article on page 528 of this issue.

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President Hadley of Yale University

Recently Said:

"If a man's purposes and ideals are such that he is seeking to attain them for himself at the expense of his fellow men, they are pagan ideals * * *

"If his ideals are such that each step toward their realization means the advancement of those about him, his purposes are Christian."

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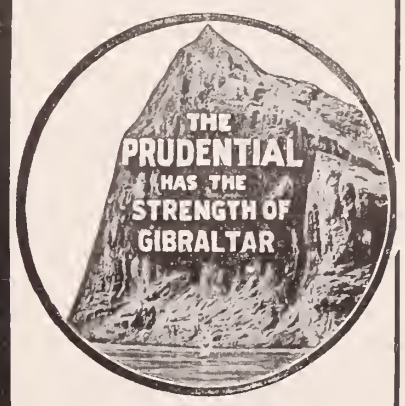
And Life Insurance provides such protection better than anything that human ability and foresight have ever yet devised.



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Directions for making above garment are in "Fleisher's" Knitting and Crocheting Manual.

The knitting needle and the crochet hook have replaced the embroidery hoop, in a certain degree, as the fashionable implement for leisurely occupation, and knitted and crocheted designs, the latest patterns, the prettiest stitches and colors, now form an important topic of conversation wherever women meet.

In planning a garment of this kind, however, it is important to remember that in order to produce satisfactory results only the best yarns should be used.

The "Fleisher" Yarns combine all the qualities required by the expert knitter or crocheter—evenness, elasticity, loftiness. They are dyed in a full line of beautiful colors, from the deep rich shades used for afghans to the light delicate tints for children's garments.

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When ordering ask for "FLEISHER'S," and see that each skein bears the trade-mark ticket.

"FLEISHER'S" KNITTING AND CROCHETING MANUAL," mailed for twenty-four tickets from The "Fleisher" Yarns and 5 cents for postage. It contains directions for making all the new style and staple garments.

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"My little baby boy fifteen months old had pneumonia, then came brain fever, and no sooner had he got over these than he began to cut teeth and, being so weak, he was frequently thrown into convulsions," says a Colorado mother.

"I decided a change might help, so took him to Kansas City for a visit. When we got there he was so very weak when he would cry he would sink away and seemed like he would die.

"When I reached my sister's home she said immediately that we must feed him Grape-Nuts and although I had never used the food, we got some and for a few days gave him just the juice of Grape-Nuts and Milk. He got stronger so quickly we were soon feeding him the Grape-Nuts itself and in a wonderfully short time he fattened right up and became strong and well.

"That showed me something worth knowing and, when later on my girl came, I raised her on Grape-Nuts and she is a strong healthy baby and has been. You will see from the little photograph I send you what a strong, chubby youngster the boy is now, but he didn't look anything like that before we found this nourishing food. Grape-Nuts nourished him back to strength when he was so weak he couldn't keep any other food on his stomach." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

All children can be built to a more sturdy and healthy condition upon Grape-Nuts and cream. The food contains the elements nature demands, from which to make the soft gray filling in the nerve centres and brain. A well fed brain and strong, sturdy nerves absolutely insure a healthy body.

Look in pkgs for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

The Chariots of the Lord

A Story of the Days of Religious Persecution in England

BY JOSEPH HOCKING

Summary of Preceding Chapters

During the reign of James II., whose father, Charles I., was beheaded in the revolution under Oliver Cromwell, a determined effort was made by the King to win England to Roman Catholicism. He persecuted the Protestants and had a willing instrument in Lord Jeffreys, an ignorant man, who had been raised to the bench by the king. The story opens with a scene in his court, in which the hero, Benedict Trelawney, denounced Jeffreys to his face, as an unjust judge. He was committed to prison. On his way he was enabled to escape by a girl, who told him her name was Mary. She guided him to the house of a Protestant, who gave him shelter and introduced him to another refugee, a Scotchman named Donald Stewart. On the following day he received his sword, which had been taken from him, and found upon it a message from the girl who had saved him, asking him to meet her that night at the Temple Church. He has an interview with her there, in which she advises him to have nothing to do with a conspiracy, then being organized against the king. He is surprised at her knowledge, and suspects that she is a daughter of Judge Jeffeys, of whom he has heard as being her father's spy. Disregarding her advice, he associates himself with the Duke of Monmouth, a natural son of Charles II., who invades England. After the defeat of Monmouth, Trelawney hides in a cave, but is found and lodged in jail. When brought to trial, a letter reached Jeffreys from the King ordering Trelawney sent to him. That night the bars were sawn from the window of the prison by some unknown friend and Trelawney escaped in a carriage waiting for him. In the carriage was the girl who had previously saved him from his captors, who restores to him his sword. She tells him that sometime she may need a friend to do her service, and he promises he will be that friend. Afterwards she gives him up to the king's officers, who set out with him for London to deliver him to the king. By a rough fight with his captors he makes his escape, and is guided by an eccentric enthusiast to the home of his uncle, Bishop Trelawney.

CHAPTER XXVII.—Continued

FIRM denial was Trelawney's retort to his uncle's charge of treason.

"And yet you have followed that base-born Monmouth, you have lifted your hand against your King."

"King!" said the youth boldly. "By what right does he wear the crown?"

"These are the sentiments of a rebel," said the Bishop; "from whom did you learn them?"

"From no one," said the youth. "They came into my heart against my desires, against my will. You say I am the first Trelawney who was ever a rebel. Well it will be easy to disown me. I belong to but an obscure branch of the family."

"A man who bears your name cannot be obscure," said the Bishop. "The Trelawney blood is in your veins, and you cannot deny your kinship."

"Then let me tell you what hath happened to me since the day I left you, long months ago," he replied. "Let me tell you what I have seen and heard, and then pass your judgment."

He told his story well. Ofttimes as he went on with his narrative the prelate's eyes flashed fire, his right hand clasped itself as though he felt a sword-hilt. It was easy to see that, though he was a prelate of the Church, the blood of a warrior ran in his veins, and that, although he sought in all things to be loyal to the King, his sympathies went out to his young relative.

"Why did you not come to me before you ever took such a step?" he cried, when Benedict had finished.

"Why? Because I was chased like a fox by Jeffreys' minions," cried the youth. "Because I should have dragged you into danger by seeking to come to you; and because I believed it to be the will of God that he should be hurled from the throne, even as his father was."

"But this is treason," said the Bishop. "Think of it. I helped to fight the King's battles against Monmouth, even while one of my own name was a rebel! Think of it."

"Ay," cried Peter the Madman, who had not spoken at all during the interview, "think of it; and yet you, proud Bishop, will be called a rebel by that same King before many months have passed away. Ay, thou, Sir John Trelawney, wilt be asked whether thou wilt obey God or man, and thou wilt cry, 'I will obey God.'"

"Peace, Peter, cease," said the Bishop; "this is but the cry of a madman."

"It is the cry of one who waits night and day upon the Lord," cried the old Quaker; "it is the cry of one who communes with the Great Spirit in the silent places. And this I say boldly, that what I have spoken shall come to pass, ay, and more. Thou, my Lord Bishop, thou shalt do what this kinsman of thine hath attempted: thou shalt seek to drive this bloody King James from his throne, so that a man who fears God and loves true religion may reign over us. Oh, I have not prayed for naught. The Chariots of the Lord may be long in coming, but they will come."

The old prelate was silent in spite of himself; it seemed to him that the Quaker, much as he disliked the sect to which he belonged, spoke with the voice of a prophet.

"Nay, the arm of the Lord is not shortened," went on Peter, "neither is his ear heavy, and his will shall surely be accomplished. You who oppress Dissenters, and consent to their being despoiled and oppressed, you shall turn to them for help. For the time cometh when all who love the Word of God will have to band themselves together to keep the Scarlet Woman from ruling over this land."

The prelate paced up and down the room in deep thought. Evidently he was thinking of things other than those of which he had spoken. Presently he turned to the old Quaker.

"Art tired, Peter," he said.

"The Lord ever gives me strength to do his work," was Peter's answer.

"Thou hast served me well in many things," said the Bishop. "Still continue to do this." He went to a table and wrote rapidly, and then gave Peter what he had written.

"In an hour from now two horses will be at the gates. Take them and ride to the place which is here written down. I have also given full instructions for your journey. And do you," he said, turning to Benedict, "faithfully follow his leadings in this matter. But for him and another you would not be here now. More I could tell you if it were wise. May God forgive me for not giving up a rebel to justice. But blood is thicker than water. Yes, in truth it is; and after all the boy——"

The latter part of the sentence he spoke rather to himself than to Benedict, but he did not express all that was in his mind.

"My lord," said Benedict, "if I have been a rebel I could not help it. I know now that Monmouth was not worth fighting for. But give me your blessing ere I go."

Sir John looked at his kinsman, and at first his eyes flashed with anger; but as he looked at the face of the youth and remembered all through which he had passed, he relented.

"Bless you, lad," he said. "May the Lord of Hosts bless you and keep you safe from harm."

Tears sprang into Benedict's eyes. "Thank you," he said, "I am sorry that I have grieved you; but in truth I could not help it. And will you add to your kindness? Will you tell me who that other is who saved me from death? Was it you?"

"It was not that I meant," said the Bishop.

"Then was it a woman, the child of Jeffreys?"

Again the Bishop's eyes flashed with anger. "Lord Chief Justice he may be," he said, and his voice was rather that of a soldier at the head of his clan, "but if ever you can get that villain in your power, I charge you do not spare him!"

A little later they were again on the road, but this time they were mounted on two fleet horses. Trelawney's heart

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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The Chariots of the Lord

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

was light. Often he had wondered what his kinsman had thought of him, and one of the things which troubled him was the thought of what his family would say concerning him. But now, although the old prelate was angry with him, he knew that he loved him still, nay more, he had blessed him and had provided means for his escape. Moreover, another question came to him often. How much had his relative to do with his escape? Perhaps he should never know, but at least he treasured in his heart the thought that he was forgiven.

"You ride well, Peter," he said, after some time.

"Ay, I learnt to ride while I was in the gall of bitterness," said Peter.

"When was that?"

"I fought at Bristol in old Nol's time," said Peter.

"On which side?'

But Peter was silent.

Presently, when day was well advanced, they saw some soldiers coming towards them.

"You need not fear," said Peter.

"Why?"

"I have papers that will take us anywhere," he said. "The word of a Bishop is still mighty. But only for a time. Oh, a dark time is coming on. But after that the Chariots will appear."

That same night they rode into the city of London. Many glanced at them curiously as they rode along, but there was no fear in Peter's eyes. He believed that he was led there on a divine mission. But Trelawney, who remembered the circumstances under which he had left the city, and what had happened since, wondered much as to what the future would bring forth.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

AS may be imagined, Trelawney sought diligently to discover to whom he owed his escape from Taunton Gaol, and the meaning of the events which followed. But all was in vain. Peter the Madman left him directly after he had been lodged at the house of a widow named Barbara Williams, while after that night at Basingstoke, he neither saw nor heard anything of Sir Charles Baynton, Master Inglenook, or their companions. They had come into his life for an hour, and then had passed out of it forever. Of Sir John Trelawney he had discovered that the night on which he saw him at Reading he was on his way to London, and had simply stayed at the house of a friend. For some time after he had taken up his abode at Mistress Barbara Williams' house, he had scarcely dared to go outside the doors; nevertheless he had heard that Judge Jeffreys' had returned to London in great triumph, and that he had been made Lord Chancellor.

He also learned that the King had, in reward for his services, given him not only a large sum of money from the Treasury, but had given into his hands a rich Puritan by the name of Prideaux, to do with him as he felt disposed. Jeffreys therefore bargained with this man for his life, and had at length succeeded in extracting fifteen thousands pounds from him, much as a robber obtained a ransom from some rich traveler whom he might have captured. Thus the man whom he hated was at the height of his power; he stood in favor with his King, and even those who shuddered at his deviltry dared to speak no word, for fear of what might befall them as a consequence.

Of Mary Jeffreys he had never heard a word. Since that morning when she had passed out of the room at Harpinghey, she had also passed out of his life. If she had helped to deliver him from prison, she had also given him into the hands of the King's soldiers. It is true, he had escaped them; but it was by no help from her. Nothing had happened to cause him fear while at the house of Mistress Barbara Williams. She was an Independent, and at times she went secretly to her Meeting House; but while many other Dissenters were caught while engaged in the act of worship, and dragged to prison, Mistress Barbara Williams was allowed to remain unmolested. He did not wonder at this. She was a woman who had learnt the rare art of making no confidences. She kept her own counsel, and asked no one for information. Often Trelawney had sought to obtain from her something of her history, but she told him nothing; he also asked her why Peter the Madman had been led to bring him to her abode for shelter; but beyond telling him that the Lord had guided him, she would say nothing.

Meanwhile the character and desires of the King were made more and more manifest each day. He persecuted without mercy not only those who had been known to give shelter to rebels, but those who favored Dissent in any way. For weeks and months, thousands walked in fear of their lives, especially when the trial and death of such as Elizabeth Gaunt became known. If a woman of blameless life was burned at the stake for giving bread to a starving family, who could be safe? All this Trelawney learnt, and because of it, much against his will, he was compelled to live in rigid seclusion. He had heard that Jeffreys had vowed never to rest until he had found him, and thus not only for his own sake, but for the sake of Mistress Barbara Williams, he gave no one an opportunity of discovering his whereabouts. As may be imagined, he found this terribly hard. For a young man who loved action, to be immured as he was, without friends and without occupation, was something far more to be dreaded than the danger through which he had been passing. Still he dared not walk abroad. Peter had told him that his capture would possibly mean not only his own death, but that of the widow who gave him shelter, and would undo the work which had been done. What he meant by this latter sentence, Trelawney had troubled much, but he could not discover.

Meanwhile the King did all in his power to advance the position of the Papists. The deanery of Oxford was given to a Papist, while bishoprics were bestowed upon those who either covertly or openly professed to adhere to the papacy. The Mass was observed in many churches, and Papist institutions sprung up as if by magic.

At this time there existed in London a Jesuitical cabal which had banded itself together for the purpose of advancing its own interests, under the profession of seeking to establish the Romanist religion in a Protestant land. At the head of this cabal was one Father Petre, a Jesuit priest, who had as his coadjutors, the Earl of Castlemaine, Richard Talbot, Dover, Abbeville and others, most of whom were Catholics, but all of whom were influenced by Father Petre.

King James was cognizant of the meetings of this company, and was heart and soul with them in their plans.

"It is on these I depend," he said more than once, "and woe be to them who do not fall in with the plans of their King."

In truth, the plans and hopes of the King were no longer kept a secret, and more than one loyal member of the Church of England regretted the harsh measures against the Nonconformists, who had been the strongest opponents to the papacy.

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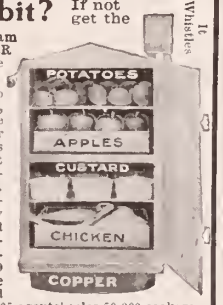

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Surprised People*

WHY any of the people mentioned in the passages selected for the Topic should be surprised, it would be hard to explain. They are people who know the conditions, and, having failed to fulfil them, know what the consequences are. "God is not mocked; whatsoever a man soweth that shall he reap." Looking around us, we see good men in adversity and bad men prospering, and many infer that it is a haphazard world; but the end is not yet. The account is to be settled in justice for those who have not sought forgiveness and mercy.

We see enough of this principle in daily life to teach us that it is one of God's eternal laws. The boy who is idle and inattentive at school has no reason for surprise if he falls behind in the struggle of life. Parents whose children turn out badly often express surprise that such trouble should come to them, yet might understand the cause if they recalled their own neglect in the children's early life. So it is in other matters. The harvest may be long in coming, but it comes at last. God sees our lives, marks our negligence, bears with us in much patience, but in the end we bear the penalty. "Thou thoughtest," he says, "that I was altogether such as thyself." Even with those who have repented and found grace in his sight, often do not escape the results of their own folly. The reprobate who has squandered his property in dissipation must spend his old age in poverty though he has been pardoned for his misspent life. The man who has wronged his own body by his vicious propensities must endure pain and sickness.

The wonder is that any one observing life should be surprised at the judgment of God. If he thinks that he deceives God by giving lavishly to Christ's cause, by attending church regularly, while he cheats in business and lives an unholy life, must be wonderfully obtuse when he remembers God's omniscience. It is setting the Almighty at defiance and disregarding his repeated warnings. He demands truth in the inmost parts, and deceit and hypocrisy are an abomination in his sight.

*Topic of the Epworth League for June 24. Matt. 7: 22, 23; 25: 37-39; 24: 44-51; I. Peter 3: 10; II. Peter 3: 10; Rev. 22: 12.

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One may readily picture the festivities in honor of the fair bride, and the sorrowful moment of parting when the young couple set out on their long journey to the wilderness home. By canal and stage they journeyed as far as Buffalo, then by boat for many miles, until at last a stout two-horse wagon jolted them over the rough roads to the farm. There the two, rich in youth and hope, found the little home, with one room, prepared in happy anticipation by the expectant husband-to-be; that home still stands, but the one large room is now part of a delightful and commodious old house. The master died long years ago; the two sons born to the young pair are dead also, but a granddaughter is the constant companion and caretaker of the dear old lady, upon whom time has left no mark, save to mellow, as does the sun, the ripe fruit on which its tender rays have lovingly lingered. She goes about the house and gardens as blithely as a girl, visiting friends years younger than herself, whose failing strength will not permit them to journey about. At ninety, Grandma had a cataract removed from her eye and now her sight is excellent; she has monuments to her skill in needlework to exhibit to the admiring visitor, such as wonderful quilts and beautifully woven bedspreads; for the latter she twisted and dyed the wool, afterward weaving it for part of the "wedding outfit." She goes out visiting without regard to weather, and minds it no more than a child.

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DOCTOR EXPLAINS

His Article in the Medical Magazine About Coffee.

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The Friends' Meeting-House in New York

Quakerism's New Message

A Great Revival on Lines of Spiritual Helpfulness Foreshadowed

A NOTABLE gathering took place in New York City lately, on the occasion of the Yearly Meeting of the Society of Friends. It was held in the old Twentieth Street Meeting-House. Delegates were present from forty-four different meetings, besides a number of visiting workers from other Yearly Meetings. A series of talks of general public interest was delivered by well-known Western Friends, under the auspices of the Yearly Meeting Committee on School for Christian Workers.

One of the principal features of the occasion was an address on "The Problem of Twentieth Century Quakerism," by Rufus M. Jones, Professor of Biblical Literature in Haverford College, Pennsylvania. In the course of his remarks, the speaker said:

"This is an age of new things, new thought, new science, new theology, down to the new woman, and for some the mere title of 'new,' is all that is needed to secure their approval. They reject all things old, without regard to value; while another class holds that the old-fashioned is the label of genuineness, and that what was good in our fathers' day, is good enough now.

"It is time to be serious, and face the realities. We cannot expect people to flock to our silent meetings, just to admire saintly faces, nor will they sit for a half hour to hear a speaker prove that he has nothing to say. If we are the children of light, then we must prove that we have the light. We are face to face with conditions, and we must meet those conditions.

"There is no longer any power in superstition and fear to drive people into the kingdom, as there once was. The working classes hold aloof from the churches. They have no use for ecclesiasticism and formality. Mediæval sermons and forms have no meaning for them. There is also a large class of educated people who do not find their needs met in the church. They are devoted to truth by the very methods of their study. They will not listen to assertions of spiritual truths that they know are not true from a scientific point of view. They must have a religion of truth that holds true in this world as well as the next.

"What then is, or should be, the message of Quakerism to this age? It must not be a message of God in the abstract. God's omnipotence and omniscience are just as much the terms of pagan religions as of Christianity. Christ does not use terms that place God afar off. With him God is the Father, and that brings him near. 'He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father,' and that makes Him to dwell among us. He is not a mere august spectator of human suffering and needs, but is present with a heart that sympathizes, and with hands that are ready to help.

"The physical universe reveals God's power and omnipotence. Theology can only reveal him in the abstract. The saddest pages in the history of Christianity, have been those written when God and his kingdom have been only a vision in the abstract.

"Man, from the standpoint of the scholar, is still in the making. He is weak and fallible, full of errors and sin. But that man is totally depraved, in the sense that there is not a spark of the divine in him, is not true. Man has an instinctive hunger for God, and a conscience that condemns sin. The little boy fully described this when he said: 'There is something inside me that I cannot do what I please with;' in other words, it is the old-time message of the Friends, of the inner light that is in every man, which, if heeded, would lead him to God, is true. There is in every man the mark of a relationship to a Divine father, as truly as there is a mark of resemblance to his human mother; and for all that he may be a prodigal, and feeding on the husks of sin and worldliness, still there is within him a distinct longing for the Father's house, and the message of our evangelism must meet and satisfy this need.

"The message of Atonement fits his need, and if we would reach him, we must be able to bring this message to him. The doctrine of the Atonement is not merely a system of bookkeeping. Nor is the Cross of Calvary an expression of the Divine wrath, but a message of God's love for the sinner, and the highest possible expression of that love.

"We often mystify men with our logic when we ought to convict them with love's eternal truth. The sick child does not always recognize a mother's loving hand or kiss, and in his delirium he calls out 'Mother, mother,' even while she is at his side; but by-and-by he awakens to the fact of that tender presence and loving care. So, as the delirium of sin rages, the motherly church redoubles her efforts to minister to the needs of the sufferer, and by-and-by her labor of love will be recognized.

"Quakerism has been entirely too individualistic. The old-time expression of individual faithfulness is not sufficient for the present need. It is a look inward and not outward. The message of Christ was always a message of co-operation and fellowship in service, and we must go back to early Quakerism to learn this lesson.

"Within one-eighth of a mile of this meeting-house there are children so bound by their environment that they are powerless to free themselves; yet we are contented to sit down and enjoy our religion in selfishness and quiet. The greatest heresy is the one which places the Kingdom of God afar off, instead of accepting it as a kingdom right at hand. True Divine Service is and must always be divine work.

"The coming Church, the successful Church, must take up social service to its community and not be satisfied to be entertained in its cushioned pews. It must be practically engaged in Divine work. I do not mean by this any Socialistic dream. No golden society can be constructed of leaden men. A new society can only be possible with new men. As workers to

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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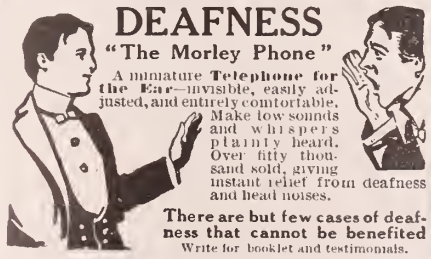

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WORDS OF POWER

By Mrs. M. Baxter

WHAT was the intrinsic power which men felt when Jesus spoke? They were words of wisdom; but other men have been wise, yet their words were not like his words. He was man, and as such he could touch the heart of man; but others, too, have touched hearts, yet not as he did. He could say what none other could say with truth: "The words which I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life" (John 6: 63).

What a revelation there was of the close, unbroken communion between the Father and the Son, during his earthly life among men! Who that has read our Lord's words about the house built upon the rock, and the house built upon the sand, can ever forget the contrast! Oh, how this probing deep into the foundation of things touches our whole life—spiritual, secular, and physical! A house without a solid foundation is doomed. But so is a spiritual experience, which is not rooted and fixed in God. The experience built upon the shifting sand of mere opinion, or of feeling, or of denomination, or of anything in ourselves and others, comes tumbling down about our ears.

The health which has no solid foundation of pure and good habits, of exercise and self-control, is soon undermined. Our life, in spirit, soul, and body, needs faith in God and obedience to God as a foundation. The religious experience which is based on a trust in, and obedience to God, a business with the same foundation, and a physical health depending on the same, are not overthrown by the tests of human life.

See, also, his power over disease and death. Man, as a fallen being, experiences that disease and death have power over him. But here was One, a Man, born of an earthly mother, with a human nature like our own, but that he was without sin; and his word had power to make sickness flee and to dislodge death itself. A centurion, in sore trouble, because his slave was sick, sends to him beseeching that he will speak the word only, and his servant shall be healed. This Roman had perceived that the Jewish Teacher had as much power over disease and death as he had over the hundred soldiers whose officer he was. "Don't trouble to come to my house," he said. "Speak the word only, and my servant shall be healed." "Go thy way, and as thou hast believed so be it unto thee. And his servant was healed from that very hour." "Never man spake like this man."

And it was a parallel word of authority which he spoke to the corpse of the widow's son, which he met outside the city of Nain. The funeral cortege was stopped by the authoritative word "Weep not," to the widow, accompanied by another command to the dead, "Young man, I say unto thee, arise. And he that was dead sat up, and began to speak." Did ever man speak like this man?

The same voice had a ministry in the Pharisee's house, where Jesus had been bidden, and where the public sinner came in, an irresistible attraction drawing her towards Jesus. She stood behind him, while the tears fell fast upon his unwashed feet, which the Pharisee had neglected, looking upon him as unworthy to be treated with the courtesy of an ordinary guest, and that voice of power and authority first spoke a message to his overbearing host, whose contemptuous thoughts of him were keenly read by him who searcheth the hearts of the children of men. Speaking the parable of the two debtors, he turned his steady gaze full on the Pharisee, and said, "Seest thou this woman? I entered into thine house, thou gavest me no water for my feet; but she hath washed my feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head. Wherefore I say unto thee, her sins, which are many, are forgiven, for she loved much."

Quakerism's New Message

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

bring about the Kingdom of God on earth, we must have something more than mere enthusiasm and earnestness; more than mere love and consecration, however essential these may be and are. If we are to reconstruct society, we must study the principles of society; and this is just as essential as that the constructor of great bridges should first be informed in the principles of bridge architecture. All easier methods of saving society must be shunned.

"If society is to be made good, then the individual must be made good, and the home must be made good. It is the duty of every Quaker and every Quaker Meeting to study the social conditions of its neighborhood. Nothing less than a great human brotherhood of sympathy and helpfulness will satisfy the demands of Christ.

"The great peculiarity of the early Quaker was not in the coat or dress, but in holiness unto God. The one-hundred horse-power Quaker stands at the place where God and man meet. The supreme transaction is inward and is the deliverance from sin and the love of sin, and being filled with the Holy Spirit. This cannot be had merely for the asking, but by complying with the conditions. Holiness is not a fixed state, but a progressive one. Life arrested is life destroyed. We can only remain holy by striving to be more holy, and by steadily responding to God, 'not my will, but thine be done.'

"Quakerism is a holy experiment. We have always practiced the priesthood of believers. We are all kings and priests unto God. We recognize no clergy or laity, in the sense of a substitute of priestly service of one for the other. This is not to be so interpreted as to leave no place for leaders. The leader is a necessity and is needed in all places; but the minister or leader who becomes a substitute for the service of others is dangerous. The place of the leader is to assist others to their own places of service. We need great leaders and organizers.

"We have not yet touched the rim of our real place in this country. New York Yearly Meeting can be doubled in membership inside of ten years, by co-operative faithfulness as well as individual faithfulness. The world has enough semi-dead churches, lifeless priests and preachers. The world is anxious for a living Christ, a living Church, a religion that goes out into the world in love and helpful service; not by priests or pastors alone, but a live congregation of kings and priests, in earnest, loving service."

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For description of this Bible, see article on page 528 of this issue.

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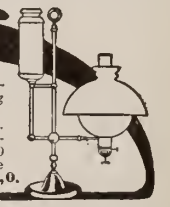

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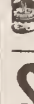

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Presbyterian Union

AFTER long years of effort and negotiation, the union of the Cumberland Church with the Presbyterian Church has been accomplished. On May 24, Dr. Hunter Corbett, Moderator of the General Assembly at Des Moines, Iowa, made this declaration from the chair: "I do solemnly declare, and here publicly announce, that the basis of reunion and union is now in full force and effect, and that the Cumberland Presbyterian Church is now reunited with the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America as one church." The whole assembly, with two exceptions, rose and enthusiastically applauded the announcement, showing how cordial was the welcome to be given to the returning body. A similar announcement had been made in a representative meeting of the Cumberland Church at Decatur, Ill., and later a deputation from that body was received in the General Assembly.

The union is a cause for devout thankfulness. It is an indication that long-cherished animosities are given up, and that ministers and laymen are convinced that divisions between churches so close in belief and practice are inimical to religious progress. It is believed, too, that this is only the beginning of a still more extended movement. Other churches with similar beliefs and of the same form of church government are considering a basis for union, and will probably join forces with the great Presbyterian Church.

The separation of the Cumberland Church dates back to 1810, when some laymen, who had assisted in a great revival a few years before, and had continued preaching, were licensed to the ministry by the Presbytery of Cumberland, Ky., without the formality of an examination. The proceeding was confessedly irregular, and the matter was further complicated by the new ministers being relieved from an expression of their belief in the Presbyterian doctrine of the Divine decrees, thus adding doctrinal difference to the irregularity. Thereupon the Synod interfered, dissolved the Presbytery and suspended one of its members. A new church was then formed, which made astonishing progress. Though there were only three members of the first Presbytery —Finis Ewing, Samuel King and Samuel M'Adow—when it was formed in 1814, in a short time there were three Presbyteries, with sixty churches. By the year 1859 this body had grown to 96 Presbyteries, comprising 1,188 churches, with an aggregate of 82,158 communicants and 24 educational institutions. By the end of the century it had 2,944 churches and 184,493 communicants. It is this body which, on the invitation of the General Assembly, has ceased its separate existence and returned to the fold.

Eliot, the Apostle*

ONE of the clerical friends of Bishop Whipple, the devoted champion of the American Indian, made a characteristic remark to this revered Bishop. Both were attending an Episcopal Convention, and the Bishop had passed his friend in the street without speaking. Later in the day, when they met in Convention, the clergyman complained about it. The kindly Bishop made profuse apologies. His sight was defective, he was immersed in thought, etc. "It is all very well," said his friend, in mock resentment, "but if I had been an Indian, you would not have treated me so." It was true, and never was a nobler testimony to the great character of the intrepid advocate of the Indian's rights. There have not been many such men. The majority of those who have to do with the Indian have robbed him, and cheated him, and lied to him. A few only have preached the Gospel to him, and tried to protect him. Among these the pioneer was John Eliot, the first apostle to the Indians.

It is more than three hundred years since Eliot was born in an obscure village in England. He came to this country in 1631, driven by persecution and intolerance. After a brief period of service in Boston, Mass., he settled at Roxbury. Only three years afterwards he drew on himself the censure of the authorities for issuing a vigorous protest against a wrong done to the Pequods in a treaty made with them. He speedily learned the languages of the Indians in Massachusetts, Connecticut and neighboring States, and visited them frequently, preaching and teaching, giving them one book of the Bible after another in their own tongue. His labors bore ripe fruit. As the converts multiplied, he induced them to organize towns under their own governors. He formed in these towns churches having an aggregate of 1,150 members. When the troubles of 1675 broke out, in spite of the valuable services of these Christian Indians, they were barbarously treated by the Governor and Council of Boston, who enacted brutal laws against them. Their ingratitude to the Indian, the first of a long series of outrages, covered them with indelible disgrace. The injustice preyed on Eliot's heart and filled his last years with sorrow. He died in 1690. One of his last acts was to leave provision for the building of a Christian school for his beloved people.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for June 24 "John Eliot, and the missions among Indians," II Timothy 2 : 1-13.

Princess Ena's Wedding Gown

IT was a fancy of King Alfonso and the Queen-mother as well, that the wedding dress of Spain's future Queen should be made in that country. The gown was therefore a gift from the King and is a marvel of elegance. The silk was manufactured from a special pattern in one of the large Spanish silk establishments, and was made up with all the artistic skill of the court dressmakers. The silk itself was heavily overlaid with wonderful silver embroidery and with soft drapery of the finest Brussels lace, the cost of which was $50 a yard. Orange blossoms were used profusely in decorating the corsage, dainty clusters of them being scattered along the entire length of the train.

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For the Baby
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"Take care of the child and the man will take care of himself." The most important part of the care of a child is the feeding. Use Mellin's Food for your baby and you will take care of the child in the best sense of the word. He will be well and he will thrive and grow strong and rosy. Send for a free sample for your baby.

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A Better Wife
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More Cheerful, More Wholesome Companion

I can make you Well, Strong and Beautiful by strengthening every vital organ which is not doing perfect work through exercise, breathing and diet.

EVERY WOMAN should preserve her health, strength, beauty, and, with these, her happiness. It is my success in treating 18,000 women and my knowledge of what my work has done for them that makes me **know** I can do as much for you. Let me give you a perfectly balanced organism. Let me direct your breathing, exercise, diet; let me give you a perfect blood supply and circulation; a nervous system in harmony with itself and with the rest of your body, each nerve center properly directing the organ it controls. The resultant strong vitality will enable you to resist disease, and I will make you what you were intended to be—strong, happy, graceful, beautiful—loving and beloved, with a mental calm, which is life power and true beauty, making your life a satisfaction to yourself, making you the delight and admiration of your friends.

Only 15 Minutes a Day Give me 15 minutes of your time each day, in your own home, by following my simple directions. Just a little care is all you need to make you the ideal woman of your type. Do not say it is impossible—I know it is possible; I have accomplished it for thousands.

I Use No Drugs—Drugs are Dangerous

I Keep Women Young Do you think "True Motherhood" means devotion of mother to her family and neglect of herself? True?—No, the true mother is true to her sacred duty of preserving and protecting herself, that she may be of greatest service to her family. The mother needs health, strength and lightness of heart that she may be a true wife—the delight of her husband, his joy, rest, social help and inspiration, not a slaving, suffering dead weight for his pity. The true mother keeps well, beautiful and young, that she may enjoy the confidence and admiration of her children and be their guide and welcome counsellor. If you could sit beside me, at my desk, I could show you, daily, hundreds of letters from pupils I have helped, but I never violate a confidence, never show a letter without permission; here are a few snatches from one morning's mail:

"I wish every nervous teacher could know what benefit is to be derived from your physical culture."
"I have lost 73 pounds and was never better, I look ten years younger."
"My constipation and biliousness are entirely relieved."
"Just think how I have gained, since I began with you, from 112 to 137½ pounds in one year."
"Just think, Miss Cocroft, before I took up your work I could not eat anything without the greatest distress, and now I think I could DIGEST TACKS. I am so happy."

Miss Cocroft at Her Desk

How to Stand and Walk Remember, I give you personal instruction, after careful study of your symptoms and conditions. Upon request I will send you a booklet showing you how to **stand and walk** correctly with a card of correct poise for your dressing table **free.**

Personal Instruction Besides the Book and poise card in answer to your first inquiry is included my personal examination of your symptoms and my first advice to you. Write me fully about your faults of figure, etc. I will then make a personal study of your case and will let you know whether I can help you or not. Your letter will be held in strict confidence.

SUSANNA COCROFT 57 Washington St., Dept 18, CHICAGO
Author of "Growth in Silence," "Character as Expressed in the Body." Etc.

For details about MY PERSONAL INSTRUCTION mark with (XX) on blank below, opposite the points MOST IMPORTANT in your case and mark (X) opposite those which also interest you.
If there are any particulars in regard to your case which I should know, write about them fully and I will frankly tell you, without charge, what I can do for you.

Dept. 18

Thin bust
Thin chest
Thin arms
Thin neck
Round shouldered
Superfluous flesh
Prominent hips
Protruding abdomen
Height
Weight
Do you stand correctly
Complexion
Do you walk gracefully
Weakness
Lame back
Dullness
Irritable
Nerves
Headaches
Catarrh
Dizziness
Indigestion
Constipation
Liver
Kidneys
Lungs
Heart
Throat
Colds
Rheumatism
Circulation
Blood
Is your health or figure imperfect in any way not mentioned here?
Occupation?
What is your age?
Married or Single?

Name.....
Address.....

Fill out, cut off and mail this blank—NOW!

NOTE. Miss Cocroft, as President of Physical Culture Extension Work in America, needs no further introduction

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Listen! I am now receiving thousands of letters of appreciation from spectacle-wearers all over the world, in which they express their sincere thanks for the perfect sight they now enjoy with my famous Perfect Vision spectacles.

I want your testimonial also, and therefore make you this very extraordinary offer:—

HERE IS MY SPECIAL PROPOSITION.

JUST write me your name and address and I will mail you my Perfect Home Eye Tester, free.

Then when you return me the Eye Tester with your test, I will send you a complete five dollar family set of my famous Perfect Vision spectacles for only $1 (which is barely enough to pay for this announcement), and this will include a pair of my handsome Rolled Gold spectacles absolutely free of charge.

With these famous Perfect Vision spectacles of mine you will be able to read the finest print just as easy as you ever did in your life, and I will return you your dollar willingly if you yourself don't find them to be the finest you have ever bought anywhere, at any price.

Send for my free Eye Tester today. Address:—

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And any one can easily earn as high as $100 weekly, fitting my famous spectacles with my Improved Eye Tester. My agents need no license anywhere as I furnish the necessary documents with an agent's outfit.

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Make your boy's food tasty—Mother—for it has to do some big things.
It has to make flesh, blood, bone and muscle and supply boundless Energy.

Remember, the boy of today is the man of tomorrow.
Don't injure him physically and mentally with indigestible meats, pastries, rich puddings, etc., that act as a drain on his nervous energy.

But feed him plenty of

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all there is in wheat—and he'll be your heart's joy—strong, healthy, bright, smart and quick at his studies.

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Give him some tomorrow—"there won't be no leavin's."
Prepared under conditions of scrupulous cleanliness.

Every grocer in the country sells EGG-O-SEE—the whole wheat cereal. If your grocer has not received his supply, mail us 10 cents and his name (15 cents west of the Rocky Mountains) and we will send you a package of EGG-O-SEE and a copy of the book, **"-back to nature."**

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Our 32-page book, **"back to nature,"** outlines a plan of right living, including menus for 7 days and recipes for preparing the necessary dishes, based on a whole wheat diet, with suggestions for bathing, eating and exercise, illustrated from life, exceedingly simple and attractive. By following its precepts, abounding and vigorous health is sure to result.

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NEW YORK, JUNE 20, 1906

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Offices: Bible House, New York

CHRISTIAN HERALD

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CHILDHOOD'S TRIBUTE---"Bring childhood's flower! The half-blown daisy bring"---*Elliott.*

OUR MAIL-BAG

Questions and Answers

Letters for this department must contain name and address of the sender—not for publication, but as evidence of genuineness and good faith. Where an answer by mail is desired, ten cents in postage stamps must be forwarded by the writers, with full address.

Teacher, Brooklyn, N. Y. In discussing public school reforms, I would respectfully suggest that less stress be placed upon the very remote advantages of "reformed spelling," and more upon the need of eliminating slang from the vocabularies of both teachers and pupils. Also, if we could influence the children to forsake the dime novel and such-like publications for better reading, we would be doing a real service to the community.

Our correspondent's suggestion is one that deserves the thoughtful attention of school principals and teachers, generally. It would be an excellent idea if the cheap sensational literature which now finds its way into the hands of youthful readers, could be replaced by books of better quality. "Yellow" novels familiarize them with crime, and are responsible for many evils that might be avoided by the substitution of books of a better quality.

Ella. Linden, N. J. I am very fond of strawberries, and this is a section where we can raise them readily. Lately, however, several of my acquaintances have astonished me with the statement that the doctors (I don't know who), have discovered that strawberries induce insanity. Is it a fact that any physician of standing has said so?

We have heard such a statement attributed to an unnamed Buffalo physician, but regard it as something of a joke of the Osler variety. As long as the berries are prime, and people don't overeat, we believe they are as healthful as any fruit that grows.

Reader, Deseret. Some of the Mormon press claim, apropos of Smoot's case, that it was an impropriety to petition the Senate to expel him. Is this view at all justified?

It is nonsense. The right of petition is universal, whether the government be a monarchy or a republic. There have been petitions sent to Congress ever since this nation was founded. The Constitution expressly guarantees the right of petition to the people, so that the right of petition is therefore the law of the land. But the hierarchy thinks very lightly of this right, being in the position described in the famous couplet:

> No rogue e'er felt the halter draw
> With good opinion of the law.

Mrs. A. M. S., Berkeley, Calif. Your May 2d issue has the most correct account of the terrible disaster that I have seen—at least, it was my experience reviewed. I am still as one stunned.

We have received a number of letters like the foregoing, showing our readers' appreciation of the very complete and accurate account of the San Francisco disaster which appeared in these pages.

W. S. Pomona, N. Y. 1. Is there any nation, people, or tribe, that is an absolutely non-religious group of souls, having no religion? What people? 2. Does the book of Genesis teach that man was a direct and complete creation, or is "created" synonomous with "evolution"?

1. It has been asserted by some writers that the natives of the Solomon Islands, in the South Pacific, are the only people on earth, as far as known, who seem to be without an idea of God, or the faintest semblance of religion. We should consider this very doubtful information, however. 2. The story of man in Genesis is the story of a creative act. [Your further inquiry regarding the conflict between science and the Bible would require more extended space for answer than the MAIL-BAG could give.]

A Famous Hymn-Writer Dead

The Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, rector of Lew-Trenchard, Devonshire, England, passed away on June 2, aged 72. He was famous as a preacher, a writer of books of theology, travel, history, and romance. He was also a successful composer of sacred music, the hymn "Onward, Christian Soldiers" being the best known of his productions.

A Great Opportunity for Every Subscriber

AT this time of the year, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD usually puts forth an extraordinary effort to induce new accessions to the Great CHRISTIAN HERALD Family, and in order to make its proposition particularly attractive to outsiders, it offers midsummer trial trips for a short term at a reduced price.

This year, we are prepared to accept, from the 10th to the 30th day of June, an unlimited number of **three months' trial** subscriptions at the reduced price of **25 cents,** and to make this proposition practically irresistible, we will send to every such new subscriber

TWO PECULIARLY APPROPRIATE PRESENTS:

FIRST: An exact facsimile—that is a life-size, life-like reproduction—of the original Declaration of Independence, with facsimile autographs of all the signers. At this season of the year, when we are about to celebrate Independence Day, no premium could be more acceptable to the patriotic American heart than a facsimile of the Magna Charta of our liberties.

SECOND: Our superb **"Home-Coming of the Bride" calendar,** with dates running from **July 1, 1906, to July 1, 1907.** No calendar was ever sent out by this office that gave more genuine and uniform satisfaction to men, women, and children. It was specially drawn for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by the celebrated American artist H. A. Ogden, and is superbly reproduced in its fifteen original colors.

REMEMBER, every new subscriber under this special proposition receives THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for three full months, thirteen weeks, a facsimile of the **Declaration of Independence,** and the **"Home Coming of the Bride" calendar,** with dates running from July 1, 1906 to July 1, 1907, **all for the small sum of 25 cents.** Who is able to resist such an unusually liberal offer?

WHAT YOU CAN DO FOR US

How will new subscribers, who are not now on our list, hear of this exceptional offer? We know indeed of but one way, and that way has never yet failed us. Our present subscribers know THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and know what it stands for. They would be glad to learn of its world-wide circulation, and they will surely help us bring this offer to the eyes and ears of all their friends. If every one now on our list will devote but a few moments to this home missionary work in the interest of good literature, we feel satisfied that our subscription list would soon be doubled.

WHAT WE WILL DO FOR YOU

While we know from past experience that our present subscribers will gladly comply with our request, without hope of fee or reward, we feel that they are entitled to suitable consideration, and to afford practical evidence of our appreciation of their efforts in our behalf, we have decided that to each and every present subscriber now on our books sending in two of these Special Subscriptions at **25c.** each, we will send either a copy of **Pastor Charles Wagner's "Simple Life,"** or a copy of **Bogatzky's "Treasury for the Children of God."** The former work sells at **30c.,** the latter at **25c.** The former is bound in stiff paper cover, the latter in white cloth with gold stamp. The former contains 130 pages, the latter 365 pages. We make this generous offer as a special incentive to quick, aggressive, and successful effort. Either book is sent, all charges prepaid. **We will send both books for four trial subscriptions.**

A RED LETTER TESTAMENT FOR FIVE SUBSCRIBERS

If you send in five subscriptions, you may select a Red-Letter Testament, bound in American levant, soft, overlapping edges, red-under-gold.

As we will send THE CHRISTIAN HERALD free from date of receipt of subscription to July 1st, and then for three months, the sooner you send in the subscription the longer the service, and, therefore, **every day's delay may mean loss to the new subscriber.**

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S TRIBUTE

Concerning Pastor Wagner's **"Simple Life,"** President Roosevelt writes to Pastor Wagner: **"I am preaching your book to my countrymen."**

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Bogatzky's **"Treasury for the Children of God,"** is a book of which millions of copies have been sold, and which has been a spiritual comfort to millions of people. It has been translated into nearly all European languages, and with the exception of **"The Pilgrim's Progress,"** no book outside of the Bible has been so largely circulated or so widely read.

This helpful volume contains 365 pages, or one for every day in the year, and each page contains a Scriptural text, a simple, spiritual exposition of the same, and a hymn of praise and encouragement.

THIS IS INDEED GOSPEL MEASURE

We really cannot afford to give such generous compensation for two, four or five subscriptions at reduced rates; but midsummer is the time when new subscriptions can be most advantageously and expeditiously secured, and in order to accomplish our object, we are willing to make this genuine sacrifice.

LAST DATE JUNE 30, 1906

Here, then, is your golden opportunity. The date will be strictly observed. No subscriptions mailed later than June 30th will be received. Do not delay, but begin at once, and send in your subscriptions as soon as received. When you send in subscriptions, state which of the three premiums you select, with the address to which you want the premiums sent.

One hour of your time will accomplish your share of this great work. Will you do this much to help us reach thousands of new homes by July 1st? Address all subscriptions not later than June 30, 1906, to

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York

Mrs. C. A., Monarda, Me. Will you please explain Luke 6: 26—"Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you"?

It must be read in connection with the next clause: "For so did their fathers to the false prophets," to whom the people paid court because they flattered them with promises of peace when there was no peace. See Micah 2: 11 and John 15:19.

Inquirer, Honduras. Can a knowledge of pharmacy, the treatment of disease and dentistry, be obtained through correspondence? If so, where?

We believe not. Most people, we think, would not care to consult a physician who had no medical college and hospital training.

S. P., Allegheny, Pa. I wrote to several of our Senators in the matter of the unseating of Reed Smoot, the Mormon Apostle. To my surprise, the very men who should have voted him out of the Senate, namely, Beveridge, Knox and Foraker, voted for him to remain in the Senate.

The Committee, by seven to five, has voted to remove Smoot, and the case now goes to the Senate. The Senators you mention, may explain their votes to their constituents later.

J. W. Bratton, Winterham, W. Va. 1. Who was the lad who had the five barley loaves and two fishes in the Sunday School lesson of May 27? 2. Can you tell me where I can get the hymn:

> Weep not for me when you stand over my grave,
> When I am gone, when I am gone.

1. According to tradition he was Ben Ezra, son of Mariamne, sister of Philip, one of the disciples. 2. Perhaps some reader may be able to send you the verses.

E. M. B., North Attleboro, Mass. Who was the first missionary to get into Tibet, and when?

There were Catholic missionaries there as early as 1330. Fathers Gabet and Huc penetrated to Lhassa in 1845. The Moravian Brethren have had three stations in Little Tibet for a number of years past.

O. T.B., Stillwater, N. Y. Can a person be a Christian who has never been baptized, nor been a member of any Evangelical Church, though always active in church work?

We do not like to judge any man. There may be reasons for conduct that seems inconsistent to us which may justify that course. If there are no such reasons, however, we can but wonder at such a person disregarding Christ's commands to confess him before men. It is so little that is required of us, in the way of rites and ceremonies, that we are surprised at any one who really loves the Lord neglecting to comply with his wish.

Miscellaneous

Doris C., Gainesville, Fla. Yes.

F. M. Y., W. Suffield, Conn. Ocean Grove meetings run during July and August.

W. R., Easton, Pa. We believe the *Times* is still the most influential paper in England, and that its power as a social and political factor has not diminished in recent years.

C. H., Williamsburg, O. As related in John, second chapter, there is no room for doubt as to the genuineness of the miracle. Your construction presupposes juggling. See verse 9.

S. A. R., Farmingdale, Ill. "O. K." is the short telegraphic signal for "all correct," or all right. Its origin, in this sense, is uncertain; but it was used at first in joke and then kept up for convenience sake.

A Constant Reader, Fort Plain, N. Y. E. P. Dutton & Co., 31 West Twenty-third Street, have maps of New York City for 17 cents, postpaid. Also *The Standard Guide* to New York City, with map, for 25 cents.

Anxious, Little Muddy, Ky. The resemblance to the letters "W" and "P" and the locust's wings is more fanciful than real; of course they have nothing to do with either war or peace. It is merely a superstition.

The Crittenton Mission's Loss

The new National Florence Crittenton Mission buildings in San Francisco was completely destroyed during the recent earthquake and fire. The Board is making an effort to provide a new home for the fifty girls and thirty babies who have to be sheltered. Three thousand dollars are needed to re-establish the work. All letters should be addressed to the National Superintendent, 218 Third Street, Washington, D. C.

NEW YORK, JUNE 20, 1906

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

Ancient Seal | Impression from Seal, Name in Centre | Impression from Seal on Wax | Seal, with Seated Figure

HOW ABRAHAM WROTE HIS LETTERS

BY PROF. EDGAR JAMES BANKS

SCARCELY more than a generation ago one of the heated theological controversies was if Moses could write, or if the art of writing was known in Palestine in his day. Many whose views were voiced by the critic, asserted that a written language did not exist in Palestine at so remote a date; others, who held to the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch, maintained that Moses and the people of his age could write. It happened that during the controvery an Egyptian woman, while searching among the ruins at Tel el-Amarna, in Egypt on the Nile, discovered more than three hundred clay tablets containing ancient Assyrian cuneiform writing. When the tablets were read, scholars were surprised to find that many of them were letters dated from Palestinian cities—Jerusalem, Tyre, Sidon and Gaza—during the fifteenth century before our era. The question if the art of writing was known in Palestine in the age of Moses naturally ceased at once. However, the writing upon those tablets, which was Assyrian, is still the only writing which is known to have existed in Palestine previous to the time of the Hebrew kings. It is the cuneiform language of Mesopotamia, the language which Abraham learned at Ur of the Chaldees, and which he and his followers carried with them across the desert to Palestine.

Babylonian Letter | Letter in Clay Envelope

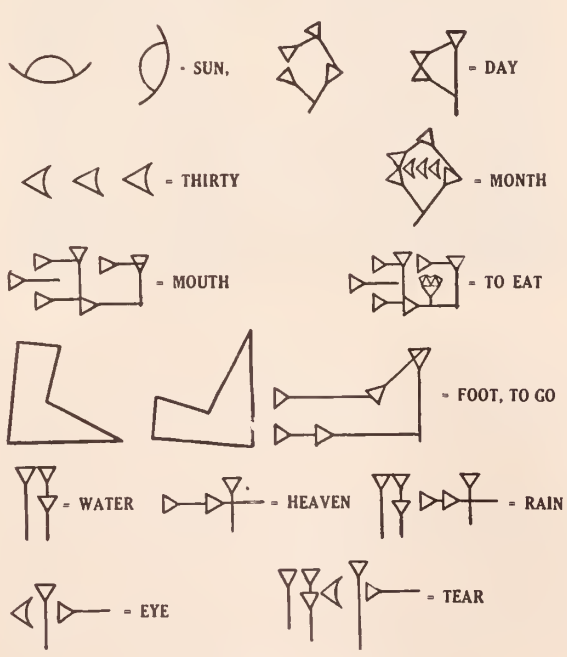
Since the discovery of the Amarna tablets wonderful progress has been made in the science of Archæology. Every excavator in Babylonia has brought to light documents still more ancient, and the age of Abraham has been shown to be a great literary period when of books there was no end. It has been left to the Babylonian explorer, partly to my own excavations at Bismya, where two thousand or more tablets earlier than the time of Abraham came to light, to show the origin and development of the earliest writing, and of the letters and books used by the Babylonians, and presumably by the Hebrews until they adopted the Phœnician alphabet.

The Babylonian of Abraham's time, who would write a letter or a book, the lawyer or the merchant who would draw up a contract, or the schoolboy who would copy his exercise or work out a mathematical problem, first took a bit of clay, moulded it carefully, gave it dimensions according to the amount of writing which it should contain, and shaped it to meet the approval of the fashion of the day. When thus formed he sometimes ruled it with lines, and it was ready for the inscription. Holding the soft clay in his left hand, he stamped upon it with a bronze writing style which he held in his right, little groups of wedge-shaped marks. The different combinations of wedges which he thus made were the words or syllables of his language.

The writer of the letter was always particular to give his work a neat appearance. The first and the last characters of each line were placed exactly beneath those above, and the spacing between them was always even. When the letter or contract was written, it was sometimes desirable to sign it, but usually the Babylonian letter bears the name of the writer in the address. The opening clause, which is worthy of imitation in these days, might read, "To my father, Urgur, from his son, Dungi." However, most contracts were signed by means of a seal, and the old Babylonian custom still prevails in the Orient. As the modern Arab seals his letter, and then writes his name that the recipient may know whose seal it is, so did the people of Abraham's time. The ancient seal was a small stone cylinder upon which was engraved a design generally illustrating a historical or mythical event, and sometimes also the name and titles of its owner. In signing a document, the engraved seal was rolled over the uninscribed portions of the soft clay of the tablet, and the impression thus produced was the signature. If a Babylonian were too poor to own a seal, he would sign a document, not by making a cross, as the man who cannot write now does, but by pressing his thumbnail into the clay, and after the mark thus made his name was written. The seal cylinder was pierced with a hole, that it might be worn upon a string about the neck or wrist. When the owner died it was buried with him, and it is therefore in the graves that most of the beautiful cylinders, which are treasured almost more than any other objects from Babylonia, are found.

When the clay letter was thus written and signed, it was generally dried in the sun before being sent to its destination. Sometimes it was baked in an oven, and then it became as hard and imperishable as a brick. Multitudes of the clay letters of 4,000 years ago and earlier are as perfect as upon the day they were written.

It is generally supposed that envelopes are a product of modern civilization, yet excavations in Babylonia have shown that they are nearly as old as writing itself; certainly they were employed long before Abraham's time. When the Babylonian had completed his letter, if he wished to enclose it in an envelope, he wrapped about it a thin coating of clay, entirely concealing the inscription. The name of the writer or the instructions to the bearer were then stamped upon the envelope, or a seal cylinder was rolled over it, and when it had been dried or baked it was ready for delivery. The recipient opened it by thrusting a small bronze punch through the clay envelope to break it away. There frequently come to light letters which have gone astray, or which were mislaid and lost; if the writing upon the envelope is obscure, the letter within may be as perfect as upon the day it was written. Thus Abraham and the Babylonians before him, and perhaps the Israelites after him, wrote their letters until the cuneiform writing was abandoned for the characters of the Phœnician alphabet.



Cuneiform Word Construction

From these examples of the cuneiform writing, the reader can see how sentences were framed and ideas expressed in the ancient characters. Thus, to the character which stands for "water," add that which represents "eye," and the result is, "water of the eye," or tears.

Recent excavations, especially at Bismya, have materially assisted in revealing the origin and development of the wedge-shaped language of Abraham's people. Babylonian, like Egyptian and the languages of most primitive peoples, was originally hieroglyphic, or picture writing, but the age when the simple pictures were employed was so exceedingly remote, that hardly a single inscription bearing them has survived. However, there have been discovered a number of inscriptions with characters so ancient that they suggest the pictures from which they descended. In those early days only stone was used; clay was not yet employed as a writing material. A picture scratched upon a stone was a word. A rough circle representing the sun rising above the horizon was the word for sun or for a day, and if the numeral thirty were placed within the circle, it was the word for month. A picture of a flat-roofed house was the word for house. The picture of a foot was the word for foot, as well as the verb to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 549

THE
American Pulpit

A Sermon by

Rev. John Balcom Shaw, D.D.*

HEAVENLY RECOGNITION

TEXT: II. SAMUEL 12: 23

"I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me"

IF we thought we were not to know each other in the other world, heaven would lose much of its attractiveness for us. There are times in life, particularly after death has come into the home, and ruthlessly seized some loved one, when we feel we would almost rather be annihilated than to live on forever without renewing the relationships of earth. Better no future life, we say, than a life in which recognition is denied. It is the prospect of an unending reunion at death that holds us up through the otherwise overwhelming bereavements of life.

For this reason it gives me the utmost satisfaction to be able to say, as I feel myself justified in doing, that there is no fact regarding the future life about which we can have a clearer confidence than that of recognition in heaven. The idea of immortality, and the idea of recognition after death, are so closely allied, so inseparably related, as to be logically dissociable. If we are to live on in another world, our personality—that which makes us what we are, that which is our very self, and distinguishes us from others—must continue, and if our personality continues, our individuality, and therefore our identity, must abide, else that which contributes most to our essential entity, that which gives us our self-consciousness, perishes. It is a psychological truism to say, that if my ego is to exist hereafter, I shall have a self-consciousness, and if I have a self-consciousness, I shall know myself from others, and others from myself.

But not only are these two truths of continuity and recognition correlated, but the arguments which substantiate the one establish the other. Instinct leads us to look for a hereafter; equally is it instinct which prompts our expectation of reunion there. Go where you may, this hope, this longing, fires the human breast. Plato felt it; Virgil recorded it; the Hindu read it into his ancient code; the Egyptians buried their dead in the hope of it, and the Indian has ever looked forward to it as one of the assured realities of the "Happy Hunting Ground." Shall such an instinct—universal, primitive, dominant—count for nothing? If it is valueless here, it is equally valueless as an argument for immortality.

Reason Proclaims It

Reason teaches immortality; reason also teaches recognition. Where were the wisdom of creating these relations, enjoining and encouraging them, building the Christian Church upon them, and giving to them the sanctions of religion, if they are simply incidental and temporary? Where were the Fatherhood of God—its reality, its sincerity—if ties so sacred and tender could be severed by death? God's relation to his Son, and the Son's relation to his Father are constant and unfluctuating, and for that reason form our ideal and inspiration; but of what service would they be to us, of what influence over us, if our Heavenly Father had denied that same constancy to human fatherhood? Where were the significance of the judgment, if a man loses his identity at death?

We shall all stand before the throne as the same individuals that we were on earth, and receive our rewards or punishments, not as someone else or for someone else, but as and for the same persons or individuals that we were on earth. Why should we keep our identity up to that point, and then, upon being directed to the right or left, suddenly lose it? Where were the imperishable law of memory, if recognition is impossible? It will be the exercise of the memory that will awaken the praises of heaven: our delight in meeting Jesus and having communion with the Father will depend largely upon the service of the memory. An immortal soul with no memory of the past, is a contradiction; and if we can remember one thing, why believe that we shall forget another?

Instinct and Reason then, are both with us here, and strongly support this universal hope. There are many, however, who, after admitting and feeling the force of both arguments, are more or less influenced contrariwise by certain plausible and much-emphasized objections. Three of these call for attention:

1. That if the relationships of earth continue in heaven, we shall cling to our loved ones with a partiality and tenacity incompatible alike with its happiness and holiness. To this I reply that such partiality God did not account an unholy or unlikely thing when he created the world, for he set the race in families, and commanded the man before the fall to cleave unto his wife as unto no other; that Jesus feared no ill effects from such partiality when he selected twelve disciples, and plainly made it appear that he had three favorites among these; and, what is still more significant, the blessed Trinity find nothing either inconsistent or unwholesome in entertaining a feeling for each other far closer and dearer than that held for the redeemed. What is not wrong for God, surely could not be for us.

Revealed by Soul-Likeness

2. A second objection frequently heard is, that since we shall not have corporeal senses with which or by means of which we know each other on earth, recognition will not be possible. It is not by these alone, or even chiefly, that we know each other here, but through the inner nature, the mysterious spiritual converse and communication which one soul has with another. Even if this were not the case, every representation or suggestion which the New Testament makes of the resurrection, leads us to believe that our glorified bodies—those spiritual bodies of which Paul speaks in his resurrection chapter—are to correspond to those which we now have. The redeemed are represented as seeing, speaking, feeling, hearing, singing, just as men and women do on earth.

3. The strongest objection is, that we could not be happy if we missed loved ones and knew they must be lost. But are not doubt and uncertainty often worse than fact? They would certainly be so in this case. To know that some were saved, though others were lost, would be better than to be in doubt as to whether any were saved, as we would be if recognition were impossible. This theory, moreover, is against experience human and divine. Some of our friends are now out of the kingdom, but it does not make us excruciatingly sad—it would be better for us if it did. God knows all, and yet he is not oppressed by it. What does not destroy our happiness now, with all the fearful consequences of sin lying just ahead of many of our kindred, and what seems never to destroy the Creator's felicity, may not be expected to counteract the joys of the heavenly life. A sense of justice, as well as the spirit of love, will control us; we shall be so lost in the realization of the righteousness of God—so committed to the Saviour's will, so averse to evil—that the punishment of the wicked will be accepted as a matter of fact, and approve itself to our sense of right.

The papers only the other day reported the case of a man who was drawn upon a jury that was to try his son. At first he hesitated to act, but finally yielded and allowed the case to proceed. When the testimony had all been submitted, he retired with his fellow-jurors, and felt himself compelled, in the interests of justice, to vote with them for his son's conviction. This may be an unusual instance, but instances where a father's love gives place to his justice in dealing with a wayward son may be met with at every turn. Shall we have less equipoise of nature hereafter than we have here?

Our final authority is the Bible. What has it to say upon the subject? It everywhere presupposes recognition after death, and in various ways:

1. In applying names to the inhabitants of heaven. This it does in the case of the three persons of the Trinity, the angels, and many of the worthies who are represented as among the redeemed. Names are also promised to us—Rev. 2: 17—and a name implies individuality and identity.

2. In revealing recognition among the members of the Trinity. If they know each other, and are known by the inhabitants of heaven, why should not the redeemed, who are to be like God, have the same means of recognition?

3. In recording, and thereby endorsing and justifying, the expectation of recognition. Abraham, Isaac and Jacob are all represented as desiring to be gathered to their fathers; and their burial is described as if it marked the fulfilment of that desire. David, upon the death of his cherished son, is quoted as saying: "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me;" and the declaration is allowed to stand unchallenged.

4. But the Bible does more than presuppose recognition—it actually affirms it. It declares that Saul knew Samuel at a glance when the latter came back as if to reprove him; that the three favored disciples—probably from traditional description and from intuition—were quick to identify Moses and Elijah; and Jesus himself pictured Dives and Lazarus as both recognizing Abraham and knowing one another.

Christ's Own Testimony

5. And yet this is not all. The Scriptures, in the words of none other than Jesus, promise heavenly recognition. His assurance to his disciples that he would come again, and receive them unto himself, held out to them the prospect of renewing their relations with him in the other life. His promise to Mary was: "Thy brother shall rise again," implying that he was to remain her kindred in the hereafter. His word to the thief, "To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise," plainly presupposed the man's ability to recognize him there.

6. The Bible goes even farther than this: it illustrates or exemplifies recognition. It sets before us the person of the resurrected Christ, and bids us behold in him the first fruits of them that sleep. He was changed after his return from the grave, but his identity was not destroyed. His name, his face, his voice, his hands to the very wound-prints, were the same. As he arose, so we shall also—changed and yet unchanged, glorified but still recognizable, knowing even as we are known.

All this should give us perfect certitude. Nothing could be more clearly or unalterably established than our belief in future recognition. Confidently may we expect to know each other there. Heaven is to be a place of reunion, and death a going home to keep it. The visions which some of our beloved have had just before leaving us, of dear ones waiting yonder to welcome them, were not hallucinations. Ere their spirits had been released, recognition was possible. A friend of mine, upon dying, called his children about him that he might bid them farewell, when, suddenly, as if they were aware of what was transpiring on earth, the members of the family who had preceded him to the spirit-land—the mother, an older son, and two daughters who had died in infancy—seemed to gather around his bed, and were as real to him as the ones who stood before him in the flesh. Turning from one group to the other in his conversation, and acting as a sort of medium of communication between them, he passed away with a halo of happiness about his face, amid the salutations of the heavenly group and the farewells of the group that still remained upon the earth. Was he dreaming? I cannot believe that he was. It was a vision as real as it was glorious. May we all have a like experience when we come to die!

Reunion in Heaven

INTO Christ's loving presence our dear ones now have gone,
While we are left to sojourn upon this earth alone.
In peace and joy unending, in high communion bright,
They live with him forever, within that home of light.

And though our way seem lonely, yet he is with us still,
To cheer with words of comfort, and guard us from all ill.
They have but gone before us, a little while we wait,
O may we soon rejoin them, within the golden gate.

And day by day we wonder, what they are doing there,
And day by day draw nearer, unto that land so fair.
For where our treasure liveth, there would we also be
In heart and mind ascending, O Christ, dear Lord, to thee.

In thee they live in glory, in thee would we live here,
And thus we are united with those we hold so dear.
Then, though our hearts feel lonely, and though sad thoughts arise,
We trust, ere long, to meet them, with Christ, beyond the skies.

For we shall know our loved ones, and by them shall be known,
And safely then forever, may claim them as our own.

*Preached in the Second Presbyterian Church, Chicago, Ill.

THE NEW "PEACE PALACE"

EVER since the first Peace Congress met at the Hague, friends of the movement have urged that the tribunal that was there established should have a permanent home. It was thought that such a permanent headquarters would do much to impress the nations that the Hague tribunal was more than a passing result of the enthusiasm of a few people who had been fighting, if one might use the term, in the peace cause for a number of years.

For a time the Hague tribunal seemed to have retrograded in importance, especially during the late war between Japan and Russia, but the new Peace Palace will do much to revive interest among the nations, especially those of Europe.

Andrew Carnegie promised to pay for the construction of the Palace. Mr. Carnegie is one of the strongest advocates of international arbitration, and rarely misses an opportunity to further it in his public addresses, and in the various publications for which he is asked to write.

Two hundred and seventeen architects, from almost every country in the world, were asked to enter the competition, an international jury to decide on the best design.

Over three thousand designs were sent in. The first prize was awarded to M. Cordonnier for his plan. From photographs received in this country, he appears to have blended the styles of some of the ancient public buildings of the Low Countries with the castellated structures of Northern France. The main building is flanked by high towers, two of which rise from the ends of each facade. They will be adorned with many emblematical figures and designs. The main room of the building will bear the name of the "Hall of Arbitration." The entire "Palace" will rest on an ornamental terrace, approached by broad flights of steps. While Mr. Carnegie gives the building, the ground is the gift of the Government of Holland.

The Home for The Hague Tribunal—(From the Architectural Drawings)

M. Cordonnier will receive $5,200 for his design. He is fifty-two years of age, and has made a reputation as an architect, especially of public buildings. He designed the Pasteur statue at Paris, and the Hotel de Ville or City Hall, at Dunkirk. He won the first prize for the design for the Stock Exchange at Amsterdam, against 170 competitors from all over Europe. It is not known when the new Palace of Peace will be completed, but it is expected that the foundation work will begin in a short time.

The Dutch Government had a great deal of trouble in finding a proper site. Property in the Hague was held at such high prices that its purchase seemed almost an impossibility, yet it was felt necessary to have it at some accessible spot, as Mr. Carnegie had asked that the library of the building be made free to the general public. At last a beautiful site was found for it on the "Benoordenhoutschen Weg." The land cost the Government 440,000 florins, equal, in our money, to $176,000. It was presented to the "Carnegie Fund" as a compliment to the American donor. The land for the palace grounds is about sixteen acres.

It is a little over two years ago that the trustees of the Carnegie Fund were received by the Queen as an official body. The executive committee consists of five men, who have to report to the Dutch Government once a year. One of the requirements of this committee, oddly enough, is that they shall all be Hollanders. Four are selected by the Queen, and the fifth by the permanent council of the Board of Arbitration. The council, all Dutchmen, consists of nine members. Later, it would be supposed, the committees in charge will be more international in character. In its present membership are found most of the Dutch cabinet officers. They have general oversight of the committee of five.

RESCUE WORK IN NEW ORLEANS

REPORTS are constantly being received from various parts of the country, giving, in detail, accounts of the work done by local missionaries in the home-field. It is an inspiration to read what these men and women will sacrifice in personal comfort, in order to carry the Gospel of their Master to the outcast and the fallen. The following letter from E. A. Vail gives a graphic idea of rescue work in New Orleans:

"I send you a picture of a group of workers," he writes, "in front of the House of Detention. It represents a few of my assistants in my work there. The Superintendent of the Institution promised to let me have a picture taken of the prisoners, to be massed in the rear of the workers, but revoked it, fearing that if they got outside of the prison walls they would break for liberty and escape. Such a picture, with its ragged, unkempt, bareheaded, sometimes barefooted, scantily-garmented crowd of blacks and whites, male and female, would illustrate the motley sinners to whom we bring the Gospel every Sunday. This is a work we organized early last summer, shortly after this building was open to receive prisoners. At first, I was only permitted to conduct the meetings in the prison yard, taking all chances in the open air, and exposures from weather. Now, we are conceded a room, where benches are brought in, and we and the prisoners are quite comfortable. It is the only Protestant religious service held in the Institution. The prisoner is bereft of the Gospel, since he cannot go to it unless it goes to him.

"This House of Detention serves various purposes: holding those insane, and awaiting examination as to whether it be temporary or not; those arrested for breaches of municipal ordinances and awaiting trial; those convicted of these minor misdemeanors as differentiated from graver offenses. A very large proportion of the inmates are those convicted of drunkenness, fighting, and other breaches of the peace, and of loitering. The latter involves a class of so-called offenders who come from the North, South, and West. A young man may be there who is innocent of everything but friendlessness, lack of money, or a garb that catches the eye of a policeman, who may arrest at discretion. Hence, many so arrested are in a pitiable plight. Having no money to pay the fine, nor friend to pay it, they are

Missionaries at the House of Detention

cast into prison, poorly clad, sometimes almost naked, to serve their term without change of garments, and suffering other discomforts and subject to liabilities unfit for polite ears. At the end of their term they are in far worse plight than when first arrested: not even properly clad to find work. Then, another arrest is in order, the dismal routine of the former imprisonment embittered by physical condition and mental suffering. This class needs, particularly, clothing; not only for health and comfort, but as about their sole chance to find employment. I have given away all the garments I had; but they fell far short of the demand. There is an opening for distant benefactors to send clothing for these needy men.

"Some notable instances of hardship are found. An illustration of this is the case of an evangelist whom we found in the prison last Sunday. He was arrested for disturbing the peace, by preaching without a permit or license. He was fined $2.50, or thirty days in prison. He declined to pay his fine. He had preached several times, in the presence of policemen, in the streets, in various parts of the city, and had not been molested by them until his arrest. He was not aware that it was unlawful to preach the Gospel without a permit or license. He came from Pennsylvania. In our service in the prison last Sunday, he was called out of the ranks of the prisoners, and invited, to his great surprise, and that of the prisoners, doubtless, to preach. He delivered a very good address.

"This work in the prison is a much needed one. It is almost inexplicable how few Christians even consider it. They seem to forget that the greeting of Christ in heaven, 'Come, ye blessed of my Father,' is addressed as much to those who visited the prisoner as to those who visited the sick, fed the hungry, and clothed the naked. Hardly any Christian would evade the duty or renounce the privilege of the last three types of service, but would cherish them as a source of spiritual enrichment. Yet, many Christians nonchalantly repudiate all thought of the claim of the prisoner upon their consideration, and utterly ignore the duty. May God enlighten and quicken the consciences of Protestant Christianity! The Catholics immeasurably surpass us here.

"Among four of my regular tract distributors is a blind woman, who sells pencils on the street for a livelihood. She gives liberally of her scanty earnings to God. Her husband is also a busy worker.

"Before closing, I want to make an appeal in behalf of founding two institutions here: one for aged and infirm Protestant Christians, who are friendless and poor, whose only refuge is the public almshouse, with its horrors; the other, a rescue home for fallen women. In sustaining one or both of the above institutions lies a glorious opportunity. I had rather inaugurate and sustain the latter than rule a mighty kingdom. May God engrave these suggestions on the hearts of Christian people.

"Please allow me, in this public way, to thank O. H. Hayes & Co., of New York City, for their liberal gift of many thousand copies of religious tracts, through all these years. And I want to express my gratitude to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for its substantial help through many years of trials. Also many of your readers have our prayers and thanks for their concealed benefactions.

E. A. VAIL, Supt.

NEW YORK'S GOSPEL FLEET

AMONG the various departments of Christian work, that for the men "who go down to the sea in ships," has been sadly neglected until recent years. With little chance for church attendance, and thrown amid temptations of which the landsman knows little or nothing, Jack needs a good handclasp of Christian fellowship, and a friendly word to keep him from the reefs and bars that beset him on every side. The sailors, as a usual thing, are believers, and, in their own rude way, followers of the Nazarene. Their theology would probably cause many a shake of the head to the better instructed, but they do the best they can with what they have. It would be hard to find one who does not believe in another life for himself, and for those who have already weighed anchor, that after the troubled waters he will go "aloft."

In the great Port of New York there are a few organizations that are carrying on an active work among seamen. They are not content to leave a notice of services in some mission posted in sailors' boarding-houses and resorts, but in their boats of the "Gospel Fleet," they seek him out on his own deck at the anchorages about the harbor, at the Narrows, and the berths along the docks.

One of the Gospel Yachts

The interdenominational work is carried on by Captain George Benn, who commands the trim little Gospel yacht *Messenger*. Captain Benn is just the man for the position, and is able to talk to the sailormen as one who has been one of them only could do.

The *Messenger*, in which he makes his trips about the bay, is a large launch that is of great historical interest. She was formerly attached to the battleship *Maine*, and was only fifty feet away from her when the battleship was blown up in the harbor of Havana, in 1898. The *Messenger* was unscathed, and was the means of saving more lives than any other boat that was pressed into service on that fatal day. She is about forty feet long, painted white and red. There is a snug cabin which has room for the pilot, gasolene engine, and the great bundles of papers and magazines that are taken every day to as many ships as the *Messenger* can reach between seven in the morning and sunset. From the stern floats a banner on which appears a large white dove, bearing in its mouth a green olive branch. As the launch was made for a battleship tender, she was constructed to withstand heavy seas, and can be seen ploughing her way out from her station, when yachts of twice her size are hugging their moorings. As she rides up on the crest of one wave, and then drops almost out of sight in the trough of the next, the beholder is filled with admiration for the staunch craft and her fearless commander.

Captain Benn makes a specialty of furnishing seamen with reading matter, both religious and secular. In one day he disposes of at least four barrels of papers and magazines. His yearly average is about 4,000 barrels. Vessels making short trips, receive daily papers and weeklies. Those bound for over seas and around Cape Horn to the Pacific receive magazines, as the coasters will have a chance to restock many times before the sea-going vessels see port again. Papers and books enable "Jack" to keep his mental equilibrium more than anything else. Many a man went insane in the old days from the dreary monotony of endless wave below and ceaseless glare of white sail above.

Every week-day Captain Benn casts off about seven in the morning, and with his crew of one starts on his rounds. It is an interesting trip. The yacht heads first for the schooners that are anchored off Staten Island and the mouth of the Kill Von Kull. The *Messenger* slowsdown as it comes alongside of a great schooner, loaded with lumber for the Maine coast. The "crew" stands on the bow of the yacht with a bundle of papers poised above his head. At just the right moment it is sent spinning through the air to be caught by some member of the schooner's crew, who has been waiting expectantly at the rail ever since he could make out the ever welcome signal of the dove and the olive branch. As the *Messenger* "chug, chugs" away, the crew can be seen dividing the bundle eagerly, and ensconcing themselves in out-of-the-way corners for a "good read."

Hardly have the schooners been supplied when a long tow of canal boats is seen making its way toward the North River. The *Messenger* at once gives chase and is soon up with the rear boat. Many of the canal boat families never set foot on land from one season's end to another. Even a daily paper is a rarity.

The Protestant Episcopal Church has long carried on active missionary work among the sailors. At the foot of Pike Street is the floating church.

The steamer *Sentinel* is the novel auxiliary of the floating mission and chapel. On Sunday the yacht makes its rounds and picks up all of the seamen who have signified their intention of attending church.

The work of the Gospel fleet has been so successful that other denominations in New York are planning to put to sea in the search for souls, so that in a few years there will be probably a large number of boats bearing proudly at their mastheads the dove and the olive branch.

ROBERT STERLING BLAIR.

STRANGERS IN A STRANGE LAND

FOURTEEN years ago, when the number of Syrians in New York City was only half as large as at present, a movement was begun to benefit these peaceable and law-abiding aliens. It was originated by Dr. Ameen F. Haddad, himself a Syrian Christian, a graduate of Beirut College, and later of the New York University. The motive which prompted the organization of the Syrian Society, was to "provide an educational and industrial institution for natives of that race, founded on Christian principles, by which they shall be taught the English language, and such branches of learning and industry as may make of them self-supporting, intelligent American citizens."

Syrians have never come to America in large numbers; so that, even now, the "Syrian quarter," in lower Washington Street, where from year to year they have congregated, has a population of but three thousand of these quaint and imperfectly understood people of the Eastern world. This is explained by the fact that the Turkish Government prohibits their coming, therefore only the stout-hearted are tempted by what they hear of the wealth, industry, and many ways for improvement which America offers, to seek its opportunities. Once here, they are indeed "strangers in a strange land." Too small in numbers to find strength within themselves, without the aggressive "push" which is characteristic of the European immigrant, the native of far-off Syria has hitherto awakened little interest or compassion among the philanthropists and Christian workers of the day.

Dr. Haddad's enthusiasm and energy led him to attempt something practical for the advancement of his fellow countrymen here. A Syrian school has been maintained for some years past at 21 Washington Street, New York, a visit to which will well repay the trouble of a pilgrimage to "Little Syria." When the writer called there, a little group of bright-faced, dark-eyed children "waiting for teacher" stood about the door. They were a quaint mixture of the Orient and Occident, in dress, features and manners. One wee, olive skinned boy, Saleem, aged three, arrayed chiefly in a tiny faded sweater and a dilapidated pair of suspenders, escorted the visitor to the schoolroom, an "upper chamber," long and bare, but light and well ventilated. Here Miss Liza, the pretty Syrian teacher, extended a warm greeting. The fifty pupils are not eligible to the public schools, as they can scarcely speak a word of English when they enter; nor, in many cases, are the older sisters and brothers able to come, unless they bring the little ones with them—an impossibility in the city school. The children are taught in mingled English and Arabic, and the devotional side of the training forms a very important feature. It is a pretty sight to see the childish hands folded and to hear the childish voices ringing out in the beautiful Twenty-third Psalm, repeated in Arabic, that language which had its literature and its history when our own ancestors were still barbarians. Following this, came an English recitation in concert.

Little Syrian Children Trained to be Good Americans

Jesus bids us shine with a clear, pure light,
Like a little candle shining in the night;
In the world is darkness, so we must shine—
You in your corner and I in mine.

Taken as a whole, the Syrian children are every bit as bright as the average young Americans of the same age. No kindergartners could acquit themselves more creditably in the pretty modern "motion songs" than did these little people of another race and clime. Then little Saleem glibly recited the alphabet in English, while four-year-old Selma, each tightly-braided pigtail alert with desire to excel, wrote the Arabic letters, an alphabet longer than our own, upon the blackboard. One of the features of the instruction given is that of patriotism and devotion to their adopted country, and it did one's heart good to listen to the lisping tongues twisted to the tune of "America," while upon the walls hung a big picture of "Old Glory," flanked by portraits of George Washington, Abraham Lincoln and Roosevelt.

During the last two years, the only assistance received by Dr. Haddad has been one donation of $325, made by the widow of a former professor of the Beirut College. The work greatly needs a teacher of English; the present teacher cannot adequately cope with well nigh half-a-hundred active, sturdy youngsters. It is proposed also to make needlework a part of the curriculum for the girls, and Dr. Haddad hopes to find some musical volunteer, if only for two hours a week, to teach the children marches and patriotic songs.

The Syrians, as a people, readily win the confidence of those with whom they come in contact. They are usually very poor, but industrious and deserving. They generally remain permanently in this country, and not a few have been naturalized. The efforts of the Syrian Society to give to Syrian youth the foundation of a Christian education for American manhood and womanhood are deserving of cordial support. Dr. Haddad is the Secretary of the Society, and will be glad to communicate with any friends of the cause who may address him at 89 Broad Street, New York.

H. W. S.

NATIVE WORKERS IN CHINATOWN

IF indeed it be true that the Chinatown of New York is a "festering ulcer of crime," there are at least one or two fairly clean rooms where no corruption or pestilence is found. One of these places is the Morning Star Mission, at 17 Doyer Street. Mr. Fung Y. Mow, who has worked among the Chinamen for eleven years, is employed by the Baptist Home Missionary Board as Superintendent of the Mission, while his wife, under the auspices of the Woman's Board, works among the women of the Chinese quarter, teaching them the Bible, and also instructing them in Chinese. Mrs. Fung Mow is an attractive little woman, with a sweet voice, and is frequently heard at missionary gatherings, where she sings familiar hymns with the assistance of her two little daughters, Florence and Grace, aged six and eight years. Mr. Fung Mow is an earnest, intelligent man, doing good work among the men who make their headquarters in Chinatown.

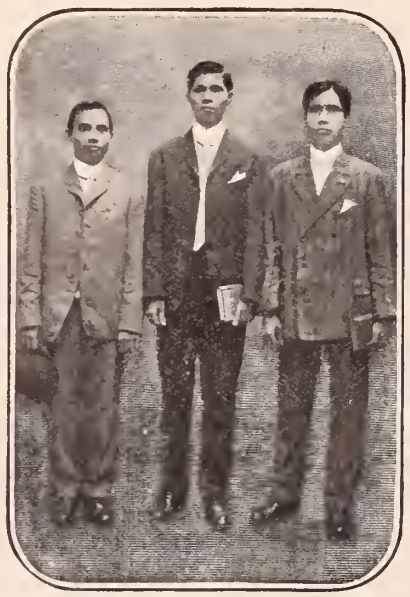
Rev. Fung Mow and his Family

The Morning Star Mission supports a kindergarten, which is attended by the children of the neighborhood, regardless of race. An evening school for adults, mostly young men, is conducted by the voluntary efforts of American teachers, and a prayer service is held in connection with the school.

On Sundays, there is a Sunday School at 2:30 o'clock, with an average attendance of one hundred. The Y. M. C. A., which boasts a membership of sixty, holds a meeting from 5 to 6:30 o'clock, conducted by members. The preaching service at eight is in charge of Fung Mow, and is also carried on entirely in Chinese.

The Mission provides a transient home for young men when ill or out of work. The tie of kinship and the racial instinct is strong among these people. A beggar of that race is never seen, the man in need being helped by those of his own nationality. The Chinaman is not lazy, but prefers work to idleness, and is seldom unemployed. The superintendent of the Mission responds to all sorts of calls for aid among the Chinamen, advising them as to medical treatment and on legal questions. He often personally conducts those who are in need of a physician, to the doctor's office, the dispensary, or the hospital; while assistance in settling vexed questions as to rental or disputed bills is often called for. When asked as to the practical results of the work at the Mission, and as to the genuineness of a Chinaman's conversion, Fung Mow said: "When a Chinaman becomes converted, he absolutely renounces the old religions and superstitions, and entertains a feeling of detestation for idolatry and a spirit of vengeance, because of the direful results as he sees them illustrated in the condition of his native land. When a Chinaman becomes a Christian, he stands like a rock," he continues. "When the American joins the church, he makes or enlarges a circle of social acquaintances. Not so the Chinaman; he makes enemies and loses friends." Numerous instances are cited by the preacher, where converts of his Mission have been so persecuted by their families, that they have sought shelter in the Mission-rooms.

Mr. Lin Chun



Three Chinese Converts

Mr. L. D. Lee

Many of the converted men return to China, to carry on missionary and medical work. Some are now doing evangelical work in their native land, and one is laboring as a missionary among his race in Montreal. Three cousins, Hom Sue, Hom You, Hom Yue, were, one after another, converted in the Sunday School of the Morning Star Mission; were baptized, and have returned to China. Frequent letters are received from them reporting Gospel work done among their people. L. D. Lee is one of the converts of the evening school work at the Mission. He came to this country when thirteen years of age, making his home with an uncle in Chinatown. Fung Mow said: "He came to school to learn English. He learned also to know the Christ." In spite of continued persecution from his uncle, he persevered in his determination to gain an education and to live a Christian life. He is now a student at DeWitt Preparatory School, where he is fitting himself for college.

Fung Mow and the young men of the Christian Association are strong in their expressions as to the contemplated destruction of Chinatown. They declare that the responsibility for the state of immorality does not lie on the shoulders of the Chinamen. "A saloon on every corner," they say. "Yes; but no one ever saw a Chinaman entering a saloon."

"We do not welcome the criminals," says Dr. Tong, "they are forced on us. We would gladly drive them all out if we could, and the Chinese population would be only too glad to see sanitary and moral conditions established and maintained in Chinatown."

MARY K. HYDE.

THE "GIRL PREACHER"

WHETHER preaching to cultured audiences in cities, or laboring among the hard coal miners in the mining districts, success in equal measure has attended the efforts of Helen Gertrude Rumsey, the young woman evangelist. She preaches the plain, simple Gospel of Jesus Christ, and this, with personal work, has produced good spiritual results.

Though Miss Rumsey is widely known as the "Girl Preacher," she prefers the simpler appellation of "Pastor's Helper." She has appeared in many of the large churches of the Middle States, where, night after night, throngs assemble to hear her. She has done effective and far-reaching evangelistic work at Poughkeepsie, Kingston-on-the-Hudson, Brockport, Binghamton, Homer, Lodie, and Syracuse, New York; Germantown, New Castle, and Carbondale, Pa.; Camden (in the Broadway and Tabernacle Churches), Bridgeton, Pitman Grove and Ocean Grove, N. J.

Helen G. Rumsey comes from the Empire State, having been born in Chautauqua County, N. Y. She spent her early life much after the order of the average American girl, and attended High School, from which she graduated with high honors. Love came into her life and the wedding day was set. Instead of happily plighting her troth, as she had anticipated, she stood beside the casket of him who was dearer than life. The girlish young life, with all its talents and possibilities, was then dedicated to the betterment of the world. Taking a thorough theological course, she prepared herself to take up preaching, the work laid down by the one who was to have been her strength and support. While she has not been ordained, her diploma from Folt's Institute, Herkimer, N. Y., gives her an entrance into any pulpit where a woman is received. Miss Rumsey wears the white ribbon and is evangelist for the New York State Y. W. C. T. U.

Helen G. Rumsey

Bridgeton, N. J. LUCIE A. HENDERSON.

Federation of Gospel Missions

THE first regular meeting of the recently incorporated Federation of Gospel Missions was held at No. 105 Bible House, New York, on May 21. This organization is formed for the purpose of uniting the numerous Gospel and Rescue Missions throughout the country in common interest, for more effective work. Many Missions have already sent in their adherence to the new movement, and it is confidently anticipated that the Federation will shortly embrace within its ranks practically all the best-known Missions in the United States. The following were elected officers for the first year: C. H. Madison, Union Rescue Mission, Poughkeepsie, President; C. E. Ballou, of the Cremorne Mission, New York, 1st Vice-President; John H. Wyburn, of the Jerry McAuley Mission, New York, John Callahan, of the Wesley Mission, New York, and George H. Sandison, of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Directors. A secretary and treasurer were also provided. Superintendents and Managers of Missions engaged in Gospel and Rescue Work, and who wish their Missions to unite with the Federation, should address C. H. Madison, 19 North Clover Street, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, Associate Editor — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, Associate Editor

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Topics for the Tent

DURING the next few weeks there will be in many cities a revival of the summer tent work. As in former years, many will be found in the Gospel tents who seldom, or never, enter the churches. This will furnish an opportunity to the preacher which should not be neglected. How in a brief service can an impression be made on the rare visitors?

The one topic that never fails, the one that cannot be too insistently pressed upon them is the supreme topic of the ministry — Christ able and willing to save. There are many other topics which would arouse interest, local matters in which men need guidance, warnings against the saloon and the gambling den, the duties of husbands and wives and parents—all important and valuable, but insignificant in comparison with Christ the Saviour of sinners. How to be saved! Christ the antidote and remedy for sin! Christ who loves men and died to save them! Those are the topics that touch the heart and transform the character. These are the subjects men need to understand, and these are the subjects God honors in the conversion of souls. Plain, simple talks, not the analytical discourses that the professor gives to the young students in the college class-room,but such words as men use in their talks on the street and in the store. In Christ's own manner, abounding with illustrations from daily life, showing the reasonableness of Christianity and its joys and happiness, let the old story be told.

It is amazing the ignorance there is even in this day on the main truths of the Gospel. The preacher cannot count on the most rudimentary religious knowledge. He should begin at the very foundation as to children or the heathen. A little personal investigation will convince him of this fact. The ordinary non-church-going citizen too often conceives of God, as a stern ruler, who will judge him at the last, who may be lenient with him when he states his case, but whom he dreads as an enemy. What news to that man that God loves him, yearns over him, longs for him to repent, as a father yearns over a wayward son! What news that Christ died for him!

It is not in a spirit of censure, or of complaint, but of intense desire for blessed results, that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD pleads for preaching of this kind this season.

Our Children's Home

THERE are some people—it is a matter for rejoicing that their number increases with every passing year—who succeed in putting themselves in touch with the real things of life by their attitude toward the "submerged tenth." The noble-hearted men and women who associate themselves together in the work of sustaining THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home at Mont-Lawn, have become powerful factors of this class. Within twelve years, these generous friends, through their gifts, alike blessed, whether drawn from abundance or garnered from the fields of sacrifice, have given more than 20,000 of the children of grim Poverty a big draught of pure happiness, a wide outlook upon the world of nature, with which every true child sense is in kinship. To these thousands of stifled little bodies and cramped souls have been given the freedom and beauty and companionship of bird and flower, stream and star, which make up nature's eternal harmonies.

If we ventured to view these thousands of embryo men and women "in the lump," there would even then be the satisfaction of having given many long hours and days and weeks of health-restoring, wholesome delight—of relief from their squalid, unsanitary abodes and from the debasing influences of the streets, which are their only playground. But the thoughtful mind goes further; each one of these 20,000 boys and girls who have already profited according as they had it within them to profit, by the delightful and elevating influences of the days they spent under the shadows of the everlasting hills, has been taught a new and higher standard of living. Before their unaccustomed eyes there has been opened up new reasons for striving to attend school, to keep clean, to be industrious, truthful, and honest. The perception of children is proverbially keen, and as they enter and become a part of the sane, well-ordered, self-respecting scheme of daily life at Mont-Lawn, there unfolds before them a higher aim to be attained, they are brought into friendly contact with a different order of humanity from any with which they have ever before lived in intimate association. The sudden transplanting from the densely-peopled, ill-smelling court, to the fragrant, breeze-swept reaches of meadow and hill; the vivid contrast between the human wreckage of the pavement and the familiar gin-mill at the corner, with the refined and conscientious atmosphere diffused by the Mont-Lawn teachers and the sweet uplift of the sunset service in the Children's Temple—these are illuminating in their intensity to childhood's receptive mental vision.

No grander purpose could be achieved than to waken within every heart which beats under the shabby gowns and jackets of Mont-Lawn's guests, that element which lies dormant in every human breast—the desire to climb! That is a noble dissatisfaction which spurs youth on to a higher goal than any it has reached, but the incentive must be supplied; the lesson that there may be high ideals in lowly duties, lofty aims in humble lives, must be taught.

Never during its history has Mont-Lawn been so well equipped to fulfil the lofty and public-spirited sentiment of its friends as now, upon the threshold of the summer of 1906. New and commodious buildings have been added; the staff of helpers has been wisely chosen; the beginnings of the season prophesy results in abundant measure.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD sends forth a rallying cry to the patrons of its Children's Home, that their interest in its welfare may be not only continued, but augmented. To this end they invite a personal inspection of Mont-Lawn, its purpose and its methods, by all whose hearts are moved by the distresses of innocent childhood, and whose earnest wish is to give the "children of the tenements" an opportunity to grow to their full stature, physically, mentally and morally.

The Value of a Man

IT is a pity that the elaborate tables presented at the Medical Association's meeting in Boston, Mass., the other day, should have been delayed to this late period. They would have been so useful a century ago, when men had to proceed by the light of their own judgment in estimating the value of a man. The physician of Portland, Me., who presented the tables, told the assembled physicians that he had spent six months in preparing the tables, and had since extensively amplified them. He contended that a man's value in money can actually be determined, by taking into consideration his occupation and age. Thus, an American laborer is worth at the age of fifteen $4,263.66; at twenty-five he is worth $5,488.03. From that period his value decreases, until at seventy he is worth only $17.13, and at eighty, less than nothing by $872.68. There are other scales for men in other occupations, but all based on this method of determining their economic value.

There is an atmosphere of cold-blooded calculation about such estimates which is repulsive to all but icy materialists. We are used to the estimates of the shambles, and are not shocked when the experienced butcher, looking at a living animal, tells approximately how much the carcass will bring when it is cut and dressed: but even he is aware that some rare breeds of cattle have a worth apart from that estimate of value. All have heard the story of the famous poulterer, who sent to his friend as a present two pairs of rare chickens, and was shocked when he learned that his friend, knowing nothing of their rarity, had had them killed and cooked for his table. The rough and ready rule of proportion which takes no account of quality, in which the age and occupation are given, to find the value, may be good in inanimate matters, but it is horrible, as well as inaccurate, to have them used to estimate human beings. Can the child's value to the mother be stated in figures? Or can that of the father to the child be worked out by the doctor's tables? Even the community, cold and heartless as it is said to be, does not so estimate the value of men. It did not think so of Carl Schurz, who died a few weeks ago, at an age when the Maine doctor would have described him as worthless; nor did it so think of Beecher, or Gladstone, or Thiers, and a host of others, all active and of inestimable value to their country after seventy. There are some men worth less than nothing at eighty, as the Doctor says, but their value is depreciated by their faults not by their age, and the same men were worth probably a great deal less than nothing at forty. The comparative value of young and aged men to a country is a proverb. Bible readers are familiar with an instance in which a king lost five-sixths of his dominions by rejecting the counsel of old men, and accepting that of young statesmen. He would not have agreed with the Doctor in his estimate of the economic value of men.

To the Christian especially, is this mode of valuing men repulsive. What is the value of a man? Is it in the bones and muscles? We have not yet sunk into such depths of materialism as to make that our criterion. There is something in man of such infinite value that Christ gave his life to redeem it. It is that which ennobles him, that elevates him, that renders him through Christ, a son of God, and it doth not yet appear what he shall be through ages, that make his seventy years here but as a moment. It is this essence, which age does not wither, that determines the true value of a man.

Congress and the Packers

THERE are reforms that lag and reforms that make haste, and among the latter must be classed the movement for the correction of stock-yard and packing-house abuses. When the President sent to Congress the report of his special agents, Neill and Reynolds, containing the startling revelations of unsanitary conditions in some of the stock-yards, it naturally attracted the public attention to the exclusion of almost every other subject for the time being. Now that the people have had time to look over what has been accomplished, there is a very general feeling that the next step in order is to make the investigation as thorough as possible. To condemn the whole meat trade, and incidentally to subject the cattle-raisers as well as the packers to severe and possibly irreparable losses for the derelictions of a few individuals, would be obviously unjust.

That this is the case and that the Neill-Reynolds' report is inadequate, applying only to a limited number of establishments, the President recognizes in his message to Congress on the occasion of sending in the report. With his characteristic love of fair-play, he insists that the investigation be continued and made thorough. This is no more than just to a considerable number of packers in different parts of the country, who desire nothing better than an opportunity to vindicate their claim to be regarded as honest dealers, whose wholesome products have helped to feed the nation, some for even more than a generation. To condemn the whole beef product because some beef is bad, is absurd. They claim, and not without reason, that the good side of the picture should be shown with the bad; that all packing-houses and packers are not alike; that the influence of a partial report is so sweeping and far-reaching, that unless it is quickly counterbalanced by a general investigation, the honest packer with the cattle-raiser must suffer for the sins of others. Besides, as they very logically point out, it should not be forgotten that the government itself is in a measure responsible, since the abuses that were detected in certain packing-houses could not have existed without the collusion of corrupt inspectors.

We trust that the investigation will now be made so complete and satisfactory that it will afford a basis, as President Roosevelt's message suggests, for the preparation of a law which will enable the government to supervise and inspect the meat output, "from the hoof to the can." It is reasonably certain to assume that Congress will pass such a measure as will restore public confidence and do justice to both packers and consumers. Meanwhile, as the facts appear in the coming investigation, we believe they will be welcomed alike by both sides—packers and public.

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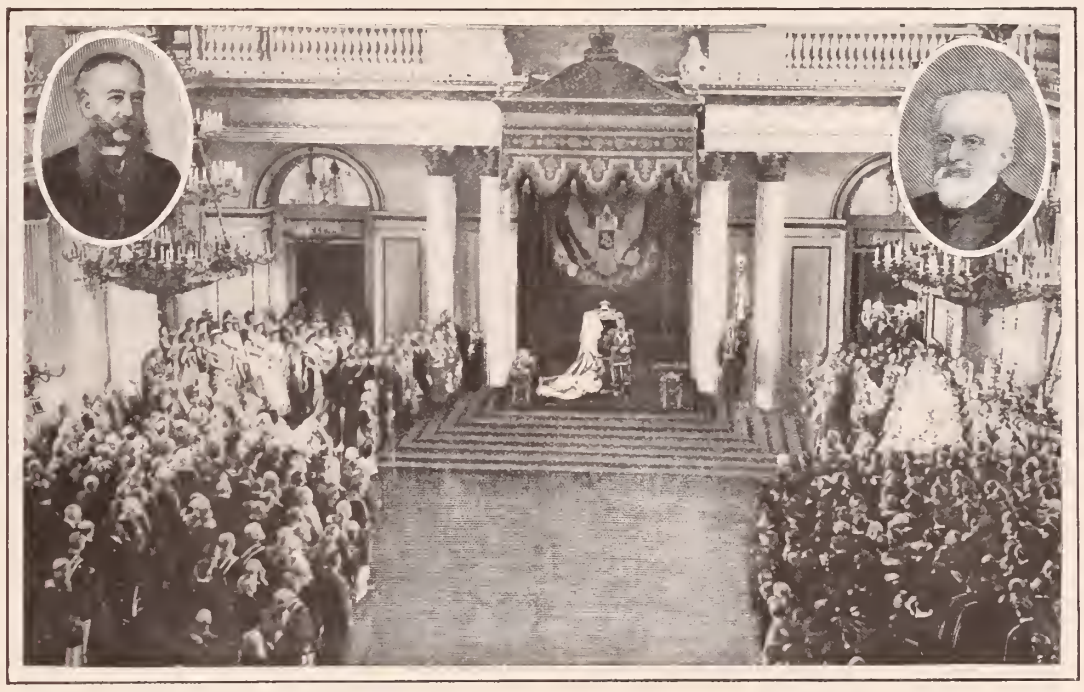
Political Crisis in Russia

LONG memorable in history, will be the scene, a photograph of which appears on this page. It represents the opening of the Russian Douma by the Czar, which was described in these pages on May 23. The ceremony took place in the throne-room, a long, many-pillared chamber of white marble, the floor terraced on each side with slightly raised tiers, carpeted with crimson. At the end, opposite the entrance, is the throne, under a canopy of crimson and gold. Over the throne, are the Imperial robes of ermine and gold. The two portraits are those of M. Goremykin, the reactionary official who has succeeded M. Witte as Prime Minister, and of M. Petrunkevitch, the leader of the majority in the Douma.

Already a conflict has begun between the Douma and the Czar, or rather, the Imperial Council, which advises the Czar. To do the latter justice, it appears that he is far wiser than his council. They have laid down barriers to curb the Douma. It must not discuss this and that; it must not legislate on one thing and another, until the members naturally ask themselves with what subjects they may deal. On one thing they are quite clear, they demand that M. Goremykin be dismissed with all his colleagues, and a Prime Minister be appointed in whom the Douma has confidence. This is positively refused, and menaces have been uttered that if the Douma proves refractory, it will be dissolved. There is, however, some doubt whether a step so provocative will be taken. In France, at the beginning of the Revolution, the attempt precipitated it, as it did in England, in the case of the Long Parliament. A compromise has been suggested, that the Douma adjourn on June 28, to meet again in the autumn. For this, there is the excuse that the agricultural members will need to be on their farms in the summer, and also that the government will need an interval to prepare agrarian legislation. The Douma, it appears, would be willing to accept this proposal, if the Czar will comply with its demand for the dismissal of the Cabinet. As the Douma naturally explains, this concession is necessary in order to be assured that the country will be governed during the interval in a manner accordant with its principles. Thus a deadlock has developed, and if the Douma insists on its condition being accepted before adjourning, the crisis will be serious.

M Goremykin

M. Petrunkevitch



The Scene in the Russian Throne Room when the Czar Opened the Douma

Throughout the Empire the proceedings are being closely watched. The statement that the people were indifferent to constitutional government is clearly contradicted by the facts. An American visitor now in Russia says that even in the smallest towns and in some country villages telegrams describing the events in St. Petersburg are received and quickly printed on hand presses and posted up in conspicuous places. The struggle between the people on the one hand and the aristocracy on the other has evidently commenced, and the issue will be momentous. If the Czar had near him such men as the prophet desired as rulers all might yet be well.

To loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke (Isa. 58: 6).

Pharaoh's Heart in Paris

A journal published by the Academy of Paris describes a singular find by a French explorer. It is nothing less than the heart of the great monarch who oppressed the Israelites in Egypt, whose mummied body was found some years ago. It was the custom of the Egyptians in preparing bodies for embalming, to remove the heart and other internal organs, which were placed in jars specially prepared for them. The jars were then filled with a chemical preparation, consisting of carbonate of soda and certain resinous substances, to preserve the organs. Four jars have been found bearing the cartouche of Rameses II., which were sent to Paris and there opened. In three of the jars the organs had so mingled with the preservatives, in which they had been immersed for more than three thousand years, that they could not be identified; but in the fourth, was a hard, hornlike substance, which was supposed, from its size and shape, to be a human heart. This theory was confirmed when the substance was examined by surgeons under the microscope. It had a muscular construction exactly like that of the heart. It is identified by the inscription on the jar as belonging to Rameses, so there is little doubt that it is really the heart of the oppressor. It was so hard, doubtless from the soda it had absorbed, that a saw had to be used to obtain a fragment for microscopical examination. It was a fit symbol of the pitiless disposition of the king, who made Israel to serve with rigor. Better for him was the process which hardened his heart after death, than that terrible process which befell his son during life, leading him to his destruction.

When Pharaoh saw that there was respite, he hardened his heart and hearkened not (Ex. 8: 15).

Seeking Thieves' Gold

The results of a determined and laborious search for buried wealth are reported in a Chicago journal. It appears that a trapper living near Clinton had a vivid dream recently, in which he thought directions were given him by which he could find a vast treasure. He took another trapper into his confidence and set out for the place indicated in his dream. They soon learned from people in the neighborhood that there was so far confirmation of the dream, that it was known as "Robber's Cave." They found a cavern there, apparently bottomless, and could hear waters rushing far beneath in the darkness. After a careful search, aided by pick and dynamite, they gave up the quest, concluding that the dream had been a misleading one. Robbers used to meet there, according to an old legend, and are said to have buried their booty there, but the dreamer and his friend failed to find it. One can but wish that there was like earnestness to find the heavenly treasure which none who seek earnestly ever miss.

If thou seekest her as silver and searchest for her as for hid treasures, then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord and find the knowledge of God (Prov. 2: 4, 5).

Estimate of a Wife

A significant incident in the experience of Dr. G. C. Houghton, rector of the Church of the Transfiguration, in New York, is related by the *Sun*. It says that a young couple from a village on Long Island entered the vestry and asked the rector to marry them. He complied, and at the conclusion of the service, the bridegroom, with some little embarrassment, asked what the fee was. Dr. Houghton looked at him with kindly interest and said genially, "Oh well, I do not make a charge; just pay whatever you think it is worth to you." The young man looked with admiring eyes at the pretty, modest girl, whom the doctor's words had made his wife and then turning to the clergyman, as if oppressed with the magnitude of his obligation, he shook his head. "What it is worth to me," he replied; "doctor, I'm not a millionaire." His answer told the story of his happiness. The cause of Christ would have its treasury overflowing, if all who have been united to him by a living faith had the same sense of their obligations, for which there is infinitely greater reason.

Albeit I say not unto thee how thou owest unto me even thine own self besides (Phil. 19).

Defects of Children

One of the most important papers read at the meetings of the American Medical Association in Boston, recently, was one by Dr. S. Alex. MacNicholl of New York. Speaking on some investigations in the Public Schools of one district of the city, he dwelt on the insubordination and violent passions among the children as well as their physical defects, and said that "the alarming lack of self-control manifested by the rising generation is traceable to the influence of alcohol in the personal habits and in the family history. So common are organic and functional diseases among school children in New York City that should the facts already secured hold good over the entire city and those afflicted be excluded from attendance, two-thirds of the schools would be compelled to close from lack of pupils. The factors conspicuous in the disabilities of school children are environment, personal habit, heredity." The doctor does not say which is the strongest influence, and even philosophers are not agreed on that question. But, unhappily, in most cases, all the influences are combined against the welfare of children. These facts, so often reiterated from the pulpit, but often disregarded by parents, who continue to use alcoholic drinks in the home, after they have been warned, ought to be heeded now that they have been uttered by a physician. It is too late to remove the taint of heredity, but at least they should be careful not to add environment to the danger of their children. It would be a sad thing to have to warn the children of our day, as the prophet warned the children of his time.

Be ye not as your fathers, unto whom the former prophets have cried, saying, Turn ye from your evil ways and from your evil doings (Zech. 1: 4).

To Insulate Anarchists

The recent outrage in Spain, which, while it failed to kill the young king and queen, has entailed death or severe injury on more than a hundred inoffensive persons, has excited indignation among all classes of society. The utter indifference to the sacrifice of innocent lives is a characteristic of anarchist character that cannot be overlooked. Many suggestions have been made as to the best method of dealing with the evil. Among them is one by Dr. Walter Kempster, of Milwaukee, Wis., which deserves attention. He suggests that as all the nations will probably soon agree to exclude anarchists from their territory that an island should be purchased in some healthy climate, to which they should all be exiled. Vessels should patrol the coast to prevent any leaving, but no attempt should be made to govern the colony. The anarchists would then have precisely what they demand—a colony free from government. They could then practise their heartless methods on one another and throw bombs with impunity. A better scheme to disgust them with anarchy could not be devised. It is on the same principle that the Bible tells us God will act, to extirpate evil from his universe by giving the evil-doer opportunity to act out his nature.

The time is at hand. He that is unjust let him be unjust still: and he that is filthy let him be filthy still (Rev. 22: 11).

IN THE JUNGLES OF BORNEO

An Experiment in Christian Colonization and what Came of It

Some Members of the Borneo Colony

ABOUT six years ago a Christian Chinaman of some means, seeing the crowded condition of the Chinese in China, and the hopeless outlook for the improvement of the poorer classes in things temporal, conceived the idea of establishing a colony in Borneo; object first, to make money, second, to better the condition of poor Christian Chinese.

This man, Uong Nai Siong, whom we will call the proprietor, visited the Rajah of Sarawak and laid his plans before him. The Rajah was pleased with the scheme, and entered into an agreement to loan him $20,000, and grant him all the land necessary for the settlement on the great Rejang River, about seventy miles from the mouth — the land is fertile, climate hot but healthy, and the country uninhabited, except for Dyaks, who, like American Indians, are cumberers of the ground. The proprietor was to bring in 1,000 colonists to plant rice, etc. The buying and selling of supplies and products was entirely in the hands of the proprietor. He also was allowed to tax products at his own discretion to the maximum of twelve per cent.

A Dyak, or Head-hunter

Nearly 1,000 people, men women and children, came; people who had never seen a tree, to the jungle of Borneo, boundless and dense; people who had cultivated the fields their fathers had cultivated for 1,000 years, to a soil that had never been turned over; people who had been crowded like sheep in a pen, to be set down in such a wide place.

They found enough cleared land on which to build long houses, rather sheds—the rainy season was on—in which each family had a stall. The farming with the hoe began. What a job! I will not try to tell you of this, but point you back to Virginia, 1607. It is too long a story to tell of the hardships, privations, deaths, etc., till a foothold was gained. I doubt not there are many readers of The Christian Herald that know what it means to open up a new country, but not in the heart of Borneo.

The colony was supposed to feed itself in six months —only one of the miscalculations. The proprietor took advantage of his power, or perhaps was forced to from lack of cash, and compelled the people to sell to him, paying less than value, deducting a certain per cent., and then crediting the balance to their account against rice furnished, passage money, etc. Of course troubles began at once; some worked hard till they had paid off their debts, then left; others ran away; but the great majority were so discouraged that they sat down and did nothing.

In three years there were scarcely 500 left; the proprietor had not paid back a cent of his loan from the Rajah, and many of the grievances of the colonists had reached the Rajah's ears. He inspected things and saw that the colony was in desperate straits. After some inquiry, he sent the proprietor out and put the missionary in charge.

It is now two years since the proprietor left. There are now more than 600 in the colony, every well man is supporting himself; they have pigs, vegetables, perhaps 50,000 pepper vines, 3,000 rubber trees planted, and enough rice this year to feed themselves; everything in good shape and success assured. Right here I want to thank you for the $25 sent to us by The Christian Herald; it is very welcome, for we are in a tight place just now. We are at the place where we have invested our all, and the returns are small. For instance, a man has planted 600 pepper vines; while the vines were small, he made a living hunting rubber in the jungle, sawing lumber, etc., but now they require a great deal of care. These vines will produce in a year or so, and the present price of pepper will yield $1 a vine. A little cash helps us in many ways. A few hundred would put us on our feet and give us a boost that we much need.

You must understand this is a Christian colony. Of the 600, less than 50 are not Christians, and of these 50, less than half are farmers. They are traders, rubber hunters, etc. We have 6 churches, as the people have settled along the river at 6 different points, a school of 30 boys, a girls' school of 12, 6 native helpers, 2 Bible women, a missionary and his wife. Pray for Borneo. Pray for us.

James M. Hoover.

M. E. Mission, Sibu, Sarawak, Borneo.

A Dyak or Head-hunter's House, Built on Posts

THE VALUE OF OPEN-AIR PREACHING

THE Master has well said, "The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light." In the race for success, the world has kept ahead for the past centuries. While the church has been theorizing how to reach the masses, the world has solved the problem.

Note, for example, the plans of the politicians planning for a campaign, as though the destiny of humanity for a millennium hung upon the votes of the people. If they can reach the masses better in the open air than in buildings, large platforms are erected and popular speakers put on them, re-enforced by bands, banners, flags and glee clubs, for the single purpose of getting votes. The saloon keeper, if possible, opens a summer garden to draw the crowds. The merchant and business man send out their travelling agents to drum up trade. A writer says, "In these days everything is brought to a man except the Gospel." If the church were to put forth as much effort as the world does, great results would be achieved for the kingdom of Christ. We are rather contented with having a church building, a minister, choir, and a fair audience once or twice on Sunday, according to the temperature, during the heated summer time. How different our view from the teaching of Jesus, where he gives us the marching orders by saying, "Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city and bring in hither the poor and the maimed, and the halt and the blind. Go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled."

Why should not the same efforts be put forth in the summer season as in the winter? The seed sown by the wayside, as it may appear in open air preaching, has often fallen in good soil and brought an abundant harvest. People have often been reached in the open air who were prejudiced against the church. Successful fishermen first scatter bait over a certain area in the ocean to attract the fish to the place and then follow with hook and net, and great is their success. It would be well for the fishers of men to follow this example.

Open-air preaching is Biblical. It dates back to the beginning of preaching, and for centuries it seems to have been the only kind of preaching. Enoch, the seventh from Adam, no doubt used the hillside for his pulpit, and Noah must have preached to his workmen and cotemporaries out in the shipyard while the ark was being built. We find frequent mention of religious gatherings in the open during the Mosaic era.

The valedictory address of Moses, and three other addresses which he delivered east of the Jordan, were given under the blue dome of heaven. Joshua had a number of open-air services, one being at Mt. Ebal, and another where only "mighty men of valor were gathered," and his farewell address at Shechem were all in the open air. The Judges followed the same method. Samuel had a most wonderful open-air service at Mizpah, and the Philistines were defeated (1. Sam. 7: 5-12). Solomon prayed at the dedication of the temple, in "the court, and upon it he stood before all the congregation of Israel and spread forth his hands toward heaven" (1. Kings 8th chap.).

From Proverbs 1: 20-33 we would infer that open-air and street preaching was common in those days. A wonderfully successful open-air service was the one on Mt. Carmel, with Elijah as their leader. God set his seal upon the preaching in Nineveh, causing that city of three days' journey to repent in sackcloth and ashes. Jeremiah is commanded by the Lord to preach in the valley of Hinnom, and in the Gates of Jerusalem. It was a difficult task to preach in the gates of a walled city, and Isaiah tells us how they were persecuted by saying, "Who lay a snare for him who reproveth at the gates." In Nehemiah 8: 1-4, we have an account of the first pulpit ever erected, so far as known, and that was in "the broad place that was before the water gate." Ezra had a street meeting which lasted all morning, at which he read the book of law to the people.

Open-air preaching was apostolic. In New Testament times we find the synagogue, and then the open air meetings were optional, and yet they were used. John the Baptist sounds the bugle note by saying, "I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness." The Rabbis must have envied him as they found their congregations going out to hear him. Jesus never discouraged the gatherings in the consecrated buildings in his day, for he often went to the temple, but he did not limit his mission to these buildings. He preached the Sermon on the Mount, which might be called the introduction of his ministry on earth, in the open air. He preached by the seashore and in the city, wherever the people gathered to hear him. His birth was announced by the angels, above the fields, his baptism occurred in the Jordan, his temptation in the wilderness, his transfiguration on the mountain, his agony in the garden, his crucifixion on a mount, and his ascension into heaven from Mt. Olivet. He loved nature, and much of his preaching and teaching was in the open air.

The Apostles followed in his footsteps. Paul preached on the river bank at Philippi, and the conversion of Lydia occurred in an open-air service. In Athens, Paul preached on Mars' Hill, again we find him preaching on the streets at Lystria and other places. With such examples, let us go on, following in the footsteps of the Master and his apostles.

Henry B. Rollar.

Japan's Enduring Gratitude

The following is a translation of an article which appears in the *Asahi Shimbun*, a leading newspaper of Tokio, of May 12, and which is forwarded to The Christian Herald by Rev. H. Loomis, of the American Bible Society, in Japan:

"It is reported that the sum of $25,000 has been sent directly to the Foreign Committee of Relief in Sendai; and the Red Cross has sent the following telegram:

The Christian Herald has sent to the Foreign Relief Committee at Sendai the sum of $25,000 through the foreign office; being the last remittance. Dr. Klopsch.

"The people of the United States have shown the most profound sympathy for the famine-stricken people of the northeastern section of this country. President Roosevelt, by means of the Red Cross Society, and Dr. Klopsch, by means of the generous readers of The Christian Herald, have taken most appropriate measures, and sent us donations as they were collected, with great promptness; the sum altogether amounting to $250,000. Our nation tenders her most profound thanks to the friendly Power for her lofty spirit shown to our suffering fellow-countrymen, and will never forget the same."

HEATHEN WON BY THE GOSPEL

IN these days, when foreign missions and mission workers are frequently attacked by those who know little or nothing of their work, their devotion and self-sacrifice, or of the wonderful blessing that is attending their labors, it gives us pleasure to present to our readers letters fresh from the mission field, in which the writers describe things just as they are. The budget on this page includes Japan, Africa, India and the South Sea Islands, and all the writers send most encouraging and, we believe, absolutely accurate and unexaggerated reports of spiritual conditions in those different parts of the globe. We commend the letters to the attention of all who are interested in the progress of Christianity. They will be followed from time to time by communications from still other lands which will be found of surpassing interest.

The Aged Mr. Paton Conducting a Service in the New Hebrides

Some of Our India Orphan Proteges

OUR industrial school examination—the Sir D. M. Petit Industrial School—passed finely. It was very satisfactory, indeed, and we were grateful. How much we owe to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its readers! Not until eternity shall it be fully revealed. The Lord himself continue to make you strong in this work. Do not, I pray you, give up any part of it. It is the largest work being done in Christendom—in the whole round world!

There is a good spirit among our industrial scholars. Some have lately been baptized . . . You have helped many to heaven.

The central figure in the photograph is the matron or mother of our orphanage. All the girls in the group are orphans or half orphans. The girl to the left, Probha Johnrao, now stands in the place of Succa Sardalyaram (now dead). Probha is a nice girl and a good scholar, a member of the church, and a very decided Christian, pleasant in her behavior toward teachers and playmates. MARY C. WIXSON.

Sirur, Poona, India.

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Among the South Sea Cannibals

LET me heartily thank the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the money contributed by them in support of our New Hebrides South Sea Island Mission.

Lately our work has been exceedingly encouraging. A number of high-class heathen chiefs and many of their people have renounced idolatry, joining the Christian converts and attending church and school, and coming boldly out for Christ's service. One of them, an old warrior chief of Tanna, on being baptized, said: "I have been blind and deaf, but now I see and hear." Thirteen men and twenty women after careful class preparation, were, by baptism, admitted members of the church.

Noucout, the chief of Leten, the most outstanding personality among them, taller than most Tanna men, yet strong and silent, has the story of his wild, fighting past life written on his face, by a bullet which struck him on the left side orbit, tearing out the eyeball. His wife, Tow, a strong, bright, intelligent woman, was also baptized, and 193 church members then partook of the Lord's Supper.

Another missionary, Mr. Yates, of Northeast Santo, says out of a class of 107 candidates carefully instructed, he lately baptized 79, and that 182 at his late communion partook of the Lord's Supper. Some of the converts walked twenty-four miles to be present. On a recent Sabbath morning, Dr. E. Mackenzie found his audience in church only women and children; all the men and lads had gone to the bush to hold Christian services.

Yet among the thousands of heathen inland, in the larger islands, fighting and shooting each other continue. With the means at our disposal, we are doing all possible to lead all the natives to love and serve Jesus Christ. Pray for them and us.

Canterbury, Victoria, Australia. JOHN G. PATON.

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Hopeful Progress in Darkest Africa

YOURS of November 28th, containing check, to hand. I beg to thank you and the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for this gift to help forward the Lord's work in this dark and needy field. I am glad to be able to report progress in the work here at Loanda, and throughout this Province of Angola. We have a lively native church of forty members, with a day school of almost one hundred pupils. We also have a night school, where adults, both men and women, are taught to read and write.

During the past year the native church here at Loanda gave $55 to missions, $66 to Sunday collections, and $12 for a Christmas dinner for the poor and blind. Total $133. This is not bad for a native church.

One man, who has seven boys and girls who come daily to school, said to me a few days since, "The happiest time in our family is just after supper, when the lamp is lit and our boys and girls are gathered around the table and sing the Gospel hymns which they are taught at school."

Some good friends in England and America are providing for the education of six boys and girls. Might we ask the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to help? I enclose a photograph of our day school. We are seeking to raise up native workers—men and women soundly converted, to hold forth the Word of Life, amidst the darkness, by example and precept. Our native church here has already a number of such, who visit from house to house, and conduct prayer meetings. It is no uncommon thing to hear the cry, as of old, "What shall I do to be saved?" ROBERT SHIELDS.

Missao Americana Loanda, Angela, Africa.

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The Y.M.C.A. Among Japanese Soldiers

THE Christian workers from the Young Men's Christian Association among the Japanese troops, have not been surprised at the cordiality with which their ministrations were received, when they provided postal cards, correspondence facilities, periodicals, popular American entertainments with the talking machines and music boxes with which they were supplied. The novelty of the music would lead the Japanese to give attention to this music; but the secretaries have been greatly astonished to find the message of the Gospel so eagerly and universally received. One of the secretaries frequently addresses 1,200 men. Thousands and thousands of copies of portions of the Gospel have been distributed, and eagerly received.

At one of the interior garrison towns the officers of the Japanese army themselves arranged for a meeting to be addressed by the Association secretaries. This was held on the steps of a Buddhist temple. It seems strange that no objection was made to this by the Buddhists, nor did it offend the Buddhist officers and soldiers to have a Christian service held in a Japanese temple. At another time, a conference of Japanese Associatioa students was held in a Buddhist temple hoary with age. Thus is Christianity boldly ursurping the place that Buddhism had held—even its temples. The Chief of Staff of the Manchurian army, General Baron Kodama, who has been called the brain and soul of the Japanese, was in conversation recently with the Governor of one of the Japanese provinces. He said to the Governor, "I have for a long time been troubled to find some moral recreation for the soldiers. I failed to find it until I saw the work of the Army Association in Japan." He wrote from his tent in Eiryo, near the fighting line, to headquarters at Tokio: "I have personally seen the arrangements and equipment of your army department, and express my hearty thanks for your gracious kindness."

Tokio, Japan. Y. M. C. A.

Some of our Grown-up Orphan Proteges at Sirur, India

The Mission School at Loanda, Africa

A Japanese Army Bible Class

Be Not Childish, But Childlike

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS*

THE high estimate which Christendom puts upon childhood is based upon the opinion of Christ. What he thought of children is best shown by the incident of our lesson to-day. "Who shall be greatest in the kingdom of heaven?" was a question which was often in the thoughts of the apostles, and not infrequently it appeared in their words and actions, as when James and John asked Jesus, through their mother, that they might sit, one on his right hand and the other on his left, when he should come into his kingdom, which they then thought was to be an earthly kingdom.

We have seen noted elsewhere the fact that all these ambitious debates as to what office each apostle should have when Jesus as the Messiah should, as they expected, conquer the Romans, and make a delivered Palestine the centre of his earthly kingdom, occurred just after Jesus had foretold that he would be crucified and rise again. The apostles could not believe a Messiah could die as a criminal, and so, no doubt, deemed the words the declaration that a patriotic battle and victory were at hand, in view of which they thought it proper to decide first whether John or Peter should be premier, and how the other offices should be distributed.

It was soon after two such foretellings of his own self-sacrifice (Matt. 16 : 21-28; 17: 22, 23), that these patriotic but selfish apostles brought their dispute to Christ: "Who shall be greatest in thy kingdom?" Peter, who had just been singled out to collect the tax from the fish's mouth, might have been expecting to have Jesus name him, as only a few days before he had also been so strongly commended for his spiritual insight, when he had declared Christ to be the Son of God. But Christ and his apostles had two widely differing standards of value, as we shall presently see. Seeing a little child, Jesus gathered him in loving embrace, and said: "Whosoever humbleth himself as this little child, the same is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven." The declaration was startling. It was an entirely new ideal. We can imagine the looks of surprise in the faces of the apostles as they exchanged glances with each other.

Jesus proceeded to tell them what value his heavenly Father put upon the child; that the angels from heaven's highest court are made their guardians here upon earth. It was all so new and strange, that the apostles were almost incredulous, and Jesus needed to tell them that whosoever should offend one of these little ones, it were better that he should be drowned in the midst of the sea with a millstone hanged about his neck. The apostles did not fully comprehend Jesus, for only a few days afterward (Matt. 19: 13-16) they rebuked the mothers who brought their children to Jesus, that he might lay his hands upon them and bless them; a story that may well be studied in connection with the lesson of to-day.

"He took a child and set him in the midst of them, and when he had taken him in his arms," etc.

Illustration and Application

The Bible's repeated exhortations that we should not be childish but childlike (I. Cor. 13: 11; 14: 20; John 21: 5; Eph. 4: 14; Heb. 12: 5; 1. Pet. 1: 14), are especially needed in this prosperous period when so many, raised in luxury, seem to regard study and work as vexatious interruptions of their amusements—a tendency which reaches flood tide in July and August, when not only many of the young people but even some of their teachers desert the Sunday School, although the same temperature is not deemed a sufficient excuse for the missionary or the soldier to leave his post or even for the desertion of factories and stores. If his spirit dominates us we shall not seek "amusements," a word that belongs only to babies, but turn from the serious work of life only for what is real or needed recreation. On a line of Mediterranean steamships the sign is posted: "Executive officers are not permitted to participate in the passengers' amusements." Back of that sign is a tragedy; a steamer wrecked, with great loss of property and precious lives, because the captain was banqueting and the first officer gossiping with congenial friends when the ship was near perilous rocks, and both should have been on deck watching their business. In life's voyage there is no time for mere amusement, only for needed recreation, for always perilous rocks are near, especially in summer.

Who is Greatest? (verses 1-4). Office seeking is not wrong when it is really the seeking of opportunity to be of larger service. There may be secondary motives, such as the desire for financial support for ourselves and our families. The test must be, What is the dominant motive? When a man receives an office with thanks "for the honor," he betrays his unfitness in that selfish and vain word. "Office is opportunity," might well be printed at the head of every ticket, whether in church or State. The apostles were good men, but at this time their highest virtue was patriotism. They rejoiced in the expectation that Jesus was to conquer, not convert, the Romans; and the secondary motive in their joy was that offices of honor and emolument were expected to fall to them, of which each desired his full share. Probably all admitted that Peter or John should or would rank first, with James third; but who should be next, stirred the ambition and acquisitiveness of the others.

How profoundly that child Jesus set in the midst, embodies the truth of history, that it is those who are least ambitious that are most honored in the final verdict of history! It is those, who, in childlike humility and unconsciousness and enthusiasm serve God and their fellowmen to the utmost, who are greatest in the world's heart-roll of love and esteem; not the men who save their lives, but those who sacrifice themselves for a great cause; those who serve the public most, not those who are most served. If office and so opportunity comes, be not proud but thankful. Humility is the very sign of greatness. It shows that a man's vision is large when he feels like Newton, he is only entering the shallows of an ocean of truth. Pride proclaims that a man sees only the valleys below him, not the heights above him. He who looks up to the pure and mighty Christ, sees in his best thoughts and deeds only a child's lispings and a child's first steps.

These Little Ones that Believe in Me. In the face of these words of Christ, how can so many Christian parents and pastors and teachers and church officers assume that "little ones" cannot exercise saving faith? Older ones, Jesus teaches, must "become as little children," in order to be children of God. But, being a child, is easier than becoming a child. The reality surpasses the imitation. The daily life of a child is made up of the very words that constitute a Christian life, namely: love, trust, and obey. A child has only to turn this habit of loving, trusting, and obeying the earthly parent to a higher plane, by loving, trusting, and obeying the heavenly Father. Many a mother thinks her boy of eight, though the courts hold him to be old enough to be a criminal, is not old enough to be a Christian. He is old enough to go to court, but not old enough, she thinks, to join the church. If he does not understand what it is to be a Christian by that age, his parents have been greatly at fault, both in example and in teaching. Every child of eight has consciously sinned and needs to be saved.

There is a theory developing among teachers that young children should not hear of the cross. They should have only "nature lessons," which usually means "natural religion," salvation by the children's own "goodiness." To such teachers, Jesus repeats his rebuke: "Suffer the little children to come unto me." There is no other way. The story needs to be often repeated of little Bessie, of London, taught to think out her own prayers by a wise mother, who, at bedtime of her third birthday, after saying: "O God, I thank you for the little friends at the party and the dishes and the dolls," paused, and raising her clasped hands, said: "And I thank you, O Jesus, that you was punished astead of me." Her surprised mother, fearing she had repeated something she did not understand, showed her next day a picture of Jesus on the cross, and asked why they nailed Jesus there. "It was not because Jesus was naughty," she said, "but because I was naughty, and he did not want me to be punished, and so he was punished astead of me." All of us, old and young, need the help given by an evangelist to an anxious inquirer, who ran after him as he hastened to the train for departure to another field: "Oh! sir," said he, breathlessly, as he came up, "can you speak to me? I am very anxious about my soul." "Well," replied the evangelist, "my train is just here, and it is the last one, but—" he looked fixedly at the gentleman for a moment before he added: "Look up Isaiah 53: 6. Go in at the first 'all,' and go out at the last 'all.' Good-night." And he ran to catch his train. The gentleman stood staring after him until he disappeared into the station, and then he muttered: "Go in at the first 'all,' and go out at the last 'all.' What does it all mean?" So when he arrived at his own house, he turned to Isaiah 53: 6, and read these words: "'All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.'" "Go in at the first 'all,'" he repeated. "'All we like sheep have gone astray.' I am to go in with that 'all.' Yes, I see. It just means I am one of those who have gone astray. And go out with the last 'all.' 'The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.' I see. Yes. I am to go out free with those whose iniquity has been laid on Christ." That pithy comment on Isaiah 53: 6, brought light and peace to that man's heart, and he rejoiced that night in Christ as his Saviour.

Woe unto the World because of Occasions of Stumbling. There is something to be done for children besides planting them in the church. We must pull the weeds of an unfavorable environment that would destroy them. Even the boys and girls of the best homes in this age of cities, are like plants in a circle of fire. Almost every group of people—laborers, capitalists, politicians—organizes; everybody but fathers. As Paul reasoned with wicked kings of "righteousness, temperance, and a judgment to come," so should the churches petition Congress and State Legislatures for Child Labor laws that will safeguard children, body and soul; not only against unwholesome work in mine and factory, that stunts the growth and robs the mind, but also against that worst of all child labor, that of messenger boys, who are sent at night to evil resorts. All-night messages, as in England, should be delivered by men.

But if a boy finds himself in bad surroundings, let him not despair, but even in Babylon, like Daniel and his boy associates, do as the Babylonians ought to do. All four of them had their names changed; Azariah, for example, which means "The Lord hath helped," was called Abednego, meaning, "The servant of Nego or Nebo," a Babylonian god. But he kept true to the name his praying parents gave him, not only when he refused the wine as a boy, but when, in later years, he refused in the presence of the fiery furnace, to bow to the golden image of the king. The Lord helped him safely through both perils, as he will every brave boy who dares to do right even among evil surroundings.

*International Sunday School Lesson for July 1, 1906. Jesus and the Children Matt. 18: 1-14. GOLDEN TEXT: "It is not the will of your Father which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish," Matt. 18 : 14.

IN MY COOL VERANDA NOOK

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

The Second Maid

THE long room was very dark, the shades had been drawn, excluding the sun; but one slender ray of light penetrated the gloom and fell on the bowed head of a lady who sat in one corner wrapped in a gloom like midnight. She resented the presence of that solitary ray and tried to shut it out, but in vain. No matter how she had closed the blinds and pulled the curtains, the little golden ray still crept in, significant of the great golden morning that was glorifying the world beyond her doors.

In the far end of the room there was an object that spoke of heartbreak and loss. A casket covered with a pall of violets stood there and in it lay the form of the woman's only daughter and last remaining child. When to-morrow, after the funeral, Lilias should be placed in the grave that was hollowed beside those of her father and brothers, there would be no one left to Mrs. Malcomb in the world, no one, that is, of her own flesh and blood. Lilias had been precious to her as the apple of her eye, and after a brief illness, she had gone away.

The mother mourned in a still, stony despair. She had seen no one, had refused to eat or sleep, and no one in the large house had dared to approach her since Lilias had died. In the kitchen they spoke in whispers. "It seems strange," said the cook, "that a lady like Mrs. Malcomb has no kith and kin to come to her. If somebody does not get her to take some rest, poor lady, she will die, too."

"Well," said the cook's niece, who had dropped in for a half hour of chat, "that is what Mrs. Malcomb wants. From what you say, I think she is trying to follow Miss Lilias as soon as she can."

The second maid, a tall, pale girl, who had waited on Lilias and had dearly loved her, stood by in silence. Her eyes were red with weeping; she felt as if she had lost a sister. She watched her opportunity, and, after a while, went softly away, that she might look once more into the face she had adored. Lilias Malcomb had been her friend, and many a time had given her wise counsel and helped her over hard places. They were of the same age, and Norah knew that in Lilias she had lost one who would have stood by her in any time of need. She opened the door of the drawing-room very softly, and glanced within. She did not see the mother in the shadow, and thought that no one was there. Softly closing the door, she walked across the thick carpet, making no sound, and knelt beside the casket. From under her apron she drew a white rose and placed it a little out of sight, but where it touched the clasped fingers of the sleeper. Silently kneeling there, her tears fell. Suddenly she exclaimed aloud, "Oh, Miss Lilias, you are one of God's saints now, but why did you go away and leave me in this lonesome world with no one to love?"

The lady in the corner heard the words and the sigh and the sob. She rose from her chair, came forward, knelt beside her child's coffin, and put her arms around Norah. To her, in her pride, Norah McGrath to this moment had been nobody but the second maid, a machine that did her bidding and helped in the smooth running of a well ordered household. But a common grief had brought them close together. The empty heart of the mother, a heart that had been frozen into apathy and numbness, stirred from its torpor. She had turned from human sympathy but suddenly the knowledge that some one else was grieving too, grieving as she did for a personal loss, brought her comfort.

"You loved her, Norah," she said. Yesterday the girl would have been afraid to speak to her employer, so rigidly had caste lines been drawn between them. To-day she felt no fear. The common sorrow drew them very near together.

"I had no one else to love," said Norah.

"Nor had I," said the mother. "My child, we will love one another."

Thus it came to pass that from the hour that saw Lilias Malcomb pass away, a new life began in that home. The mother, so long indifferent to the want about her, the want of sympathy, of love, of compassion, began to look for those whose need was great, and to relieve them. She learned in the days that followed to understand that money is not the only thing to give, and that the gift without the giver is bare. Norah told her how she had been tempted and saved by Lilias' gentle and strong counsel at a time when she might have made a great mistake. Gradually cheerfulness returned to the house that had been so dark. After the funeral, at first, Mrs. Malcomb could not bear the light, but she yielded to the persuasions of the humble friend who had been dear to Lilias. "She would have asked you to do this or to go there," said Norah, and Mrs. Malcomb yielded, and suffered herself to be drawn again into cheerful living. The ministry of comfort came to her from the world beyond, and perhaps from the spirit of the dear one gone, but the human instrument was Norah McGrath.

BASKET-MAKING IN THE WEST INDIES

Every one who visits the West Indies brings home specimens of the light and beautiful baskets woven by the hands of natives, who excel in this industry. The baskets are inexpensive and dainty and lend themselves to many uses. The grasses and reeds of which they are woven are flexible and the coloring is quaint and attractive.

The Library Table

A library table, or a desk with pigeon-holes and drawers, is becoming indispensable in the furnishing of a living room. In order to make it complete, such a table or desk should be equipped with note paper in assorted sizes, having envelopes to match, with postal cards, good black ink, pens of several varieties, including the always useful stub, with postage stamps of different denominations, paper-knives, pads, blotters, and a calendar. Added to the items already mentioned, should be a pair of scissors and a jar of library paste, as well as an address book in which are recorded the names and residences of the kindred and friends from whom letters are expected, and to whom letters are written. Paper weights are a great convenience, and there should be a brass rack for pens.

Fancy-Work

OF course it is quite impossible that a man, however gifted, should appreciate the importance of fancy-work to the feminine mind. A woman finds a great deal of pleasure in the embroidery, the lace, the crochet-work or knitting, that she keeps on hand as a relief from other sewing or from the continual mending that is the mother's and the housewife's portion. Very little poetry, although very much true love may prompt it, goes to the patching of Johnny's trousers and darning a jagged tear in father's coat; but when a woman has finished her household tasks for the day, and has changed her kitchen garb for a fresher gown, she understands what is meant by life's poetry a wee bit better, if from her basket she takes a piece of dainty linen, and embroiders it with leaf and stem, than if she sit down beside a great pile of socks, with yawning holes at the toes and the heels.

There are specimens of needle craft that have the beauty and finish of painting, and they have filled happy hours for happy women. We need not go to museums and expositions to discover wonderful specimens of art needlework. They are to be found in plain farmhouses, and in the back rooms of city boarding houses, where quiet women have learned that a great deal of pleasure, and not a little repose, comes from doing beautiful needlework well.

If one does not care for the needle, and it is not her tool, she may pass this paragraph by. There are thousands of Eve's daughters who do understand, and who love the little needle, and use it as an artist uses brush and pencil.

Gardens

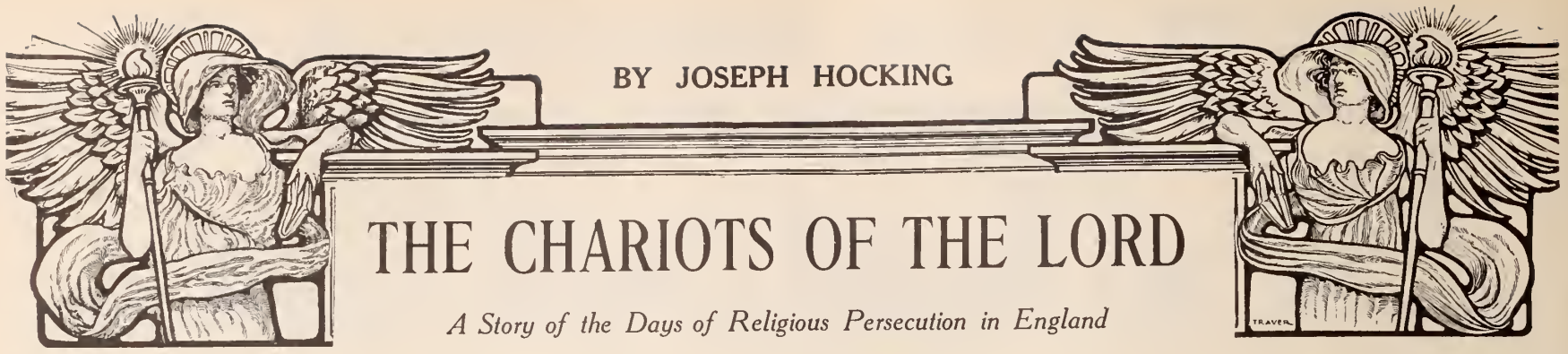
The wide land over gardens are in bloom, and this old earth wears her bridal dress. She puts it on regularly every summer. Nature has many bridals, and is clothed for them in beauty and splendor of sky and sun and dew and rain, and she never grows old. The June and the July of each returning season are as magnificent as they were when Nineveh and Babylon were in their prime. Cities rise and fall, nations are born and perish, but gardens continually abide.

When we begin to think of the flowers we love best, we are bewildered. There is no such thing as a favorite flower—every flower is a favorite. To-day we love the rose, to-morrow the lily. Violets, pansies, mignonette, larkspur, clove-pinks, prince's feather, ladies' slipper, geranium, verbena—each is the name of a plant that has in its hour made for us a season of rejoicing. The other day the gardens were brave with the beauty of the lilacs. Weeks hence, they will be splendid with dahlias and chrysanthemums, honeysuckle, peony, hollyhock, fern, azalea. As we think of the flowers belonging to the different seasons, we are glad and rich, for God has made everything exquisite in its season.

Then, too, there are the gardens of the woods—the gardens that God plants and tends. How lavish are these gardens! Acres upon acres of daisies white and gold; poppies radiant in color and silken in texture; goldenrod, purple aster, blue gentian and wild rose and the tiny flowers of the moss, so small that one passes them by, but so perfect that no mortal hand can rival them. Taken altogether, what wealth there is in the gardens of forest, mountain and valley—the beautiful wildwood gardens made for us by our heavenly Father.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—E. W. I know of nothing better for a boy of ten than the excellent books of Kirk Monroe, a writer whose stories go straight to the heart of boyhood and who strikes a true note in every page. Any bookseller will give you a list of Mr. Monroe's books.



BY JOSEPH HOCKING

THE CHARIOTS OF THE LORD

A Story of the Days of Religious Persecution in England

Summary of Preceding Chapters

During the reign of James II., whose father, Charles I., was beheaded in the revolution under Oliver Cromwell, a determined effort was made by the King to win England to Roman Catholicism. He persecuted the Protestants and had a willing instrument in Lord Jeffreys, an ignorant man, who had been raised to the bench by the king. The story opens with a scene in his court, in which the hero, Benedict Trelawney, denounced Jeffreys to his face, as an unjust judge. He was committed to prison. On his way he was enabled to escape by a girl, who told him her name was Mary. She guided him to the house of a Protestant, who gave him shelter and introduced him to another refugee, a Scotchman named Donald Stewart. On the following day he received his sword, which had been taken from him, and found upon it a message from the girl who had saved him, asking him to meet her that night at the Temple Church. He has an interview with her there, in which she advises him to have nothing to do with a conspiracy, then being organized against the king. He is surprised at her knowledge, and suspects that she is a daughter of Judge Jeffeys, of whom he has heard as being her father's spy. Disregarding her advice, he associates himself with the Duke of Monmouth, a natural son of Charles II., who invades England. After the defeat of Monmouth, Trelawney hides in a cave, but is found and lodged in jail. When brought to trial, a letter reached Jeffreys from the King ordering Trelawney sent to him. That night the bars were sawn from the window of the prison by some unknown friend and Trelawney escaped in a carriage waiting for him. In the carriage was the girl who had previously saved him from his captors, who restores to him his sword. She tells him that sometime she may need a friend to do her service, and he promises he will be that friend. Afterwards she gives him up to the king's officers, who set out with him for London to deliver him to the king. By a rough fight with his captors he makes his escape, and is guided by an eccentric enthusiast to the home of his uncle, Bishop Trelawney, who aids him to reach London, where he remained in hiding.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—Continued

BENEDICT TRELAWNEY, although living in seclusion, heard of these things from those who from time to time secretly visited the house of Mistress Barbara Williams, and but for certain events he would have escaped from his hiding-place, and joined those who longed for the power of King James to come to an end. Not that he had great hopes of doing much. He knew that he was under a ban, and that, should his hiding-place become known, he would be forthwith dragged to his doom. He had even heard that the King had demanded of Jeffreys an explanation of his, Trelawney's escape, and had given orders that he be found forthwith and condemned to death.

"I can bear this no longer," he said to himself one day. "To stay in London, to be kept in this house like a rat in a hole is worse than death. I will find means of escape. What is the use of Henry Dugdale telling me to be patient, and that the time for action will come presently? England is becoming the home of cowards, and no man dare to speak aloud except these Jesuits, who openly boast that they have the King under their thumb and that in a few years all England will be at their feet."

But he took no steps to carry this determination into effect, for that same night a letter was left for him at the house of Mistress Barbara Williams.

This letter was very brief, containing only a few words. Moreover, it was so obscure that for some time he could not understand it. This was what he read:

"Remember all things. Remember especially your promises. Be patient. Wait."

But it was not the letter itself that caused his heart to throb wildly. He detected, or thought he detected, a remarkable resemblance in the handwriting of this letter, and of that which he had received before the battle of Sedgemoor. If his fancy was correct, Mary Jeffreys had written him this letter. It was she who was thinking of him.

Again and again did he compare the two, and the more he compared, the more he was convinced that they had been written by the same hand. In spite of himself a new interest came into his life, a new joy stirred his heart. Moreover, all the old wanderings came back to him. As his mind swept back over those long weary days, since the time when he had first seen her, he saw that while it was possible to accuse her of being a spy and an enemy; her conduct was also capable of other interpretations, and it was these other interpretations which he hugged to his heart.

"She cannot help her parentage," he cried again and again. "It doth not follow that because her father is an inhuman and bloodthirsty villain that she is possessed of the same nature."

He remembered the morning at Harpinghey, when the sun shone through the carriage windows and revealed a beautiful girlish face. A face as free from guile as that of a child. But what did it all mean? Again and again he asked the question, only to be baffled in his inquiries.

But he still loved her. Try as he might he could not hide the fact. Child of Jeffreys, spy, informer though she might be, he still loved her, and he felt as though he would willingly die to win her love.

This missive determined him to accept still the hospitality of Mistress Barbara Williams, and to wait there in the hope that he might yet be able to accomplish the task which he had set himself long months before. For if he had been a rebel then, he was, far more of a rebel now. Trelawney as he was, boasting a name ever noted for loyalty, his anger knew no bounds as he thought of James, and his tool Judge Jeffreys.

And so he waited, until one night another messenger came, bearing a package for him. This he opened eagerly and discovered the attire of an old man. An old man's wig, an old man's coat, an old man's hat, an old man's staff.

Nothing else. Just such attire as was worn by the elderly merchants of that period. Not unlike the Puritan attire, and yet with many marks of difference. But no word of any sort.

"Someone is mocking me," he said to himself, and yet he believed that this package was sent to him for a purpose. No one would send him an old man's attire for naught. Partly as a diversion, and partly for curiosity, he clothed himself in the garments he had received and so great was the change made in him that he hardly knew himself. The dark, sombre clothes, the white hair, the hat, all gave him the appearance of an aged man, and not of an eager, restless youth, who felt like a caged bird as he remained in his hiding-place.

He cast his mind back to the night when he had left Henry Dugdale's house, in order to join in the consultation near the Temple Church. He had worn such attire then. Might it not be possible that this came from the old Puritan, and not from the maid who was constantly in his mind?

Probable as it was he discarded the thought. No, no. If Henry Dugdale had sent it, there would have been no secrecy, and the widow Williams would have known the messenger.

It had the effect of helping him to remain in his hiding-place. It suggested work for him to do. What or when he did not know, but the thought helped him.

Three more days passed away and then the long, weary waiting became as nothing. Another missive came. It could only have been sent by one person, for only one person knew of them.

"To-night. Midnight. Temple Church," he read, exultantly.

As he read, he heard the church clocks striking the hour of nine. In three hours he would see her. What it might mean he knew not, cared not. He would be at the trysting place, even though King James and Judge Jeffreys both stood in his way and forbad him. Eagerly he put on the clothes which he had received three nights before. He hated masquerading in old man's attire, but it was evidently her will.

The house of Mistress Barbara Williams was situated at some little distance west of Westminster Abbey, and he reckoned that it would take him at least an hour to get to Temple Church. He would start at once. It would be safer to take a circuitous route, for by that means, if anyone had any suspicions concerning him, he would be able to mislead them.

He never gave a thought to the fact that possibly this letter might lead to his capture. Even if he had it would only be to discard it as of no value. That which burned in his mind and heart was the hope that he would soon see Mary Jeffreys again, and that perchance he would be able to find means to do the work which, in spite of everything, he had never given up hope of doing.

For some little time after leaving widow Williams' house he walked westward, then he turned his steps towards Westminster Hall, passing by the great houses which faced the river. Here he turned to the left and passed close to St. Margaret's Church, which looked little and insignificant, standing as it did beneath the shadows of the Abbey.

He found himself in St. James' Park, and he walked northward.

Presently he heard the sound of voices and he stopped.

"No, no, Castlemaine, that will never do."

"Yes, it is the plan we must adopt."

"I tell you it will ruin all we have done."

"Patience, a moment," said another voice, "the matter may be urgent, but we need time."

"Time," cried an impatient, angry voice, "I have heard that word too often, Father Petre."

Trelawney felt himself shiver, for the last speaker was no other than James II., King of England.

CHAPTER XXIX.

DOUBTLESS the situation was grave. The King was close by him, surrounded by his friends. He might easily be stopped, and he knew that if he were detected his life was not worth a silver groat. Scarce knowing what he was doing he placed himself behind one of the many trees that grew in the park. The night was dark, and it was possible that he might be passed unnoticed. At that moment it began to rain heavily, while the night wind blew coldly around him.

"Let us take shelter, your majesty," said a voice. "It is only a shower, and we can keep dry under this tree for a few minutes."

In a few seconds they stood within ten yards of the spot where Trelawney was hiding.

This was one of the nights when the Jesuitical cabal dined together. It was only on rare occasions that the King attended these gatherings, but tonight he had joined their weekly council. After dinner, at which all of them had partaken freely of wine, the King had expressed his will to walk in St. James' Park, and his friends had accompanied him.

"The country is not yet ripe for it," said Father Petre; "the harvest time hath not yet come, the heads of corn are but green."

This had made the King more angry, and as they walked through the park, he spoke even with less caution than usual. Moreover, he was flushed with wine, and Castlemaine, thinking only of his own aggrandizement, had been doing his best to lead the King to adopt the plan he had at heart.

It was against Father Petre's advice that they had come out at all that night. "Why proclaim to the world what we have in our minds?" he had asked. "No one knows who may be prowling around, and it is not seeming for his Majesty to be seen walking abroad late at night in such a fashion."

"Am I not King?" cried James, angrily. "Am I to be cooped up like a prisoner, or only appear before my people with a guard at my back?"

Trelawney could not help but hear. Moreover, he dared not move. If he made a sound and was detected, all hope was gone. So, fascinated by what he heard, he stood still and listened.

"Of a truth it is not easy to say in a few words what we should do," said Father Petre; "but if you will be patient with me, I will tell your Majesty what I think is likely to succeed. As you know, we have placed spies in the house of every bishop in England, and I think if we have patience, we may have valuable evidence against them."

"I have heard of that before," cried James. "These spies have been at work for months, yet these bishops have never yet been detected in treason."

"But they will be," said Petre.

"Which of them?" asked the King angrily. "Not Sancroft?"

"No; I think the Archbishop of Canterbury is too cautious."

"But Trelawney of Bristol."

"Have you heard aught against him?" asked James eagerly.

"He is not prudent of speech," said the priest; "he comes of a hot-blooded race."

"He hath a proud stomach," said the King. "He comes of an old family, and he thinks he may speak boldly. He protested against my Lord Jeffreys' holy crusade in the West, and I cannot help believing he hath sheltered that young springald who bears his name. Who forged the letter that was taken to Jeffreys? But for that, young Trelawney would have been carrion long ago. Who aided his escape? Where is he now?"

The King spoke incoherently.

"Sir John Trelawney is hot against our religion," said the priest. "He protests against the King's army being officered by Papists; his voice is loudest against your Majesty's doings in Oxford."

TO BE CONTINUED

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The Gospel in the Philippines

A Native Methodist Episcopal Church in the Philippines

DURING the years 1905 and 1906, my labors as Pastor and Itinerant have, thanks to God, been productive of very gratifying results. With the exception of certain Sundays and Thursdays, when I was in other places holding divine services, I have preached in the Manila M. E. native church every Sunday at 4.30 p.m. and every Thursday evening at 8 p.m.

My services in said church have been continuous and uninterrupted throughout the year, always conducting the Sunday services at 4.30 p.m., and generally the Thursday evening prayer meetings, as well as the service on several extraordinary occasions. Occasionally, however, these services were conducted by members or by persons from other churches.

Evangelist Nicolas Zamora

On Good Friday, I preached from 12 m. to 3 p.m. I also held divine worship on Thanksgiving Day and Christmas, and a New Year's Eve watch-meeting. All these meetings were well attended by the members, the attendance being so large that the chapel could not accommodate them all, and many were compelled to remain standing.

* * *

By the help of God, I have endeavored to make my services to the church of the greatest and most lasting benefit possible. I have regularly visited those members who, from time to time, were noticed to be lax in their attendance at Sunday worship. I have visited them in sickness, prayed with them in their homes, and officiated at their funeral services. I have especially endeavored to have the members attend regularly the communion services held on the first Sunday of each month, and the regular number of communicants at those meetings have been from 130 to 150. I have preached 108 sermons in the church, held 58 prayer-meetings, baptized 30 adults and 26 infants. By the grace of God, the spiritual and moral status of the members has continued to improve. The church membership is as follows: Full members, 365; probationers, 50; adherents, 400.

As itinerant, I have preached in the following different places during the past year: Bancusay, Gagalangin, Lemery, Palumpung, Plaza of Leon XIII., Santa Monica, Tutuban, Tayuman, Bilbao, Lecheros, Rizal Theatre, Presbyterian Church, San Lazaro Hospital, Bilibid Prison, Sampaloc, Balic-Balic, Santa Ana, S. Pedro Macati, Mandaloyong, Pandacan, Bagong-Bayan, Tangos, Ibaba, Baliuag, S. Miguel de Mayumo, Bulacan and Olongapo. The total number of people to whom I have preached is, at a conservative estimate, 13,000; adults baptized, 23; infants baptized, 30; Holy Communion, 1; chapels dedicated, 2; total sermons preached, 73.

Your servant in Christ, NICOLAS ZAMORA.

CHRISTIAN CITIZENSHIP*

OUR country is worth a struggle. There is no country on earth like it; no country approaching it in its variety, its beauty and fertility. There is no country so blessed in its liberty or in the wisdom and elasticity of its constitution. Many peoples contributed to found it, but none founded so well, or with such extended and permanent influence as the godly men and women who came here in the *Mayflower* three centuries ago. They came to establish religious liberty, and their enactments and principles have permeated our political institutions and given their form to our national life. The door has been wide open; Roman Catholics and other churches have found a home here, but the principles of Plymouth colony have, by their intrinsic force and by their accordance with the Divine government, maintained their hold on the national life. Shall that influence continue? Shall this remain a Christian nation? The answer depends on the Christian people of the nation.

The spirit of aloofness recommended by the Apostle Paul was the only safe course for the Christian in his day. It was impossible for the ordinary citizens to influence legislation under the institutions of the Roman empire. The wise course was that he advised, of obedience to the powers in existence, and general submission in any question in which conscience was not involved. But things have changed and we now live under a government by the people. The Christian can make his influence felt. He can contend for just and righteous government, and can aid in the choice and election of righteous men for office. To hold aloof and allow the primaries and State and National Conventions to be run by men who have no regard for Christian principles, is to be false to our country. It involves unpleasant association, and perhaps inconvenience and loss of time, but have not patriots in other times borne all this gladly? Have not the institutions we now enjoy been developed by their labors, their struggles, and their sacrifices? We should indeed be degenerate sons of the great founders of our country, if we thought of our own interests first, and failed to strive for the purification of the government and the enactment of righteous laws. Much still remains to be done for the development of our Government, and it should be done by Christian men.

*Topic of the Epworth League for July 1. God and the nation; loyalty and obedience; injustice of a corrupt government; demoralization under a venal government. Ps. 22: 23; I. Peter 2: 13; John 19: 12-16; Micah 3: 1-11; Prov. 11: 10, 11.

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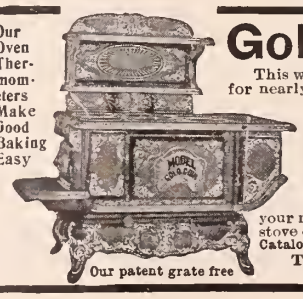

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The Cry of the Children*

WHETHER Mr. Spargo's book, which tells the story of the children of the poor, becomes an epoch-maker or not, it ought to do so; it ought to mark the turning of the tide in the treatment of children. It is a simple statement of their manner of life under conditions of extreme poverty, of the results of such living on moral and physical health, and it covers a logically thought-out series of remedial suggestions.

Mr. Spargo's book is in five sections. The first of these, "The Blighting of the Babies," demonstrates that the burden and blight of poverty falls most heavily upon the little child. Underfed or badly fed, neglected, badly housed and improperly clad, poverty's child is handicapped at the start; it has not an even chance to begin life with. The author continues:

> Poverty and death are grim companions. Wherever there is poverty the death rate is high and rises higher with every rise of the tide of want and misery. In London, Bethnal Green's death rate is nearly double that of Belgravia; in Paris the poverty-stricken of Menilmontant has a death rate twice as high as that of the Elysee; in Chicago the death rate varies from about 12 per 1,000 in the wards where the well-to-do reside, to 37 per 1,000 in the tenement wards.

Proper feeding is Mr. Spargo's suggested remedy—proper milk. One year at Randall's Island in New York City, 524 babies out of 1,181 died; the next year Pasteurized milk was used, and only 255 babies died!

On the subject of the care of children, Mr. Spargo says:

> These "little mothers" have been much praised and idealized, until we have become prone to forget that their very existence is a great social menace and crime. . . . Thirty-five years ago Paris was besieged by Germany's vast army. Industry was paralyzed and factories were closed down, with the result that there was the most frightful poverty due to unemployment. But because the mothers were forced to stay at home, and were thus enabled to give their children their personal care, instead of trusting them to the "little mothers," the mortality of infants decreased by 40 per cent.

Startling are the facts collected by the author upon the subject of the starvation of school children. He declares that not less than 2,000,000 school children of the United States are the victims of a poverty which denies them adequate nourishment. We expect the babies to die, but that ten per cent. of the children in the schools in our own city are underfed, in greater or lesser degree—go hungry daily and nightly—this is something to startle one. In Norway, every child is fed, whatever the parents' means, and in such a system Mr. Spargo sees the only solution of the terrible problem.

Chapter III. deals with "The Working Child." "Children have always worked," says the author, "but it is only since the reign of the machine that their work has been synonymous with slavery." The mill children, the glass factory boys, the mine boys, are all studied. One comes across unexpected facts: he measured the distance run—not walked—each night by a "carrying boy" in a glass furnace; it was twenty-two miles.

Mr. Spargo's remedies are many. State or Federal supervision of infant food manufacture, meals for school children, medical inspection of schools, a minimum standard for working children established by Federal law, permitting each State to raise the standard. If these suggestions were even in part adopted, they would abolish many of the evils from which the children of the poor suffer, and would set free millions whose bitter cry is voiced in this remarkable book.

*By John Spargo. illustrated. Pp. 337. The Macmillan Company. New York. Price $1.50.

The Forgotten Secret†

IT will surprise any one who reads the Gospels with attention, to discover how much of Christ's time was occupied in communicating to the disciples right ideas of prayer. It is evident that they did not understand, and were frequently surprised at the part that prayer had in the Master's life. Perhaps they thought that One so pure as he did not need the constant practice of prayer; or that One on whom the public demands of ministration were so heavy, could ill-afford the time spent in prayer. It is so that the active man of affairs often regards prayer. He regards prayer as a sort of inactivity. He is incapable of perceiving that most may be happening to a man when nothing seems to happen. He is apt to measure the impact of a man's life upon others only by visible accomplishment, and to overlook the quieter processes of the spirit which make such accomplishment possible. And in the last result of this way of thinking, such a man often values the influence of a great life only by the tumult it excites, by the fussiness and hurry that accompany it, by its outward energies. In the ordinary church life of to-day this spirit is very manifest. The prayer-meeting, by which I mean the meeting for prayer, and prayer only, has a very subordinate place in the scheme of church life, and in many churches is quite extinct. There is much doing, and many run to and fro, and knowledge is not thereby increased, but there is little praying. And in the lives of Christians the same spirit prevails. Prayer has been crowded out of their lives, as it has been crowded out of the church, by the pressure of restless activities, many of which are genuine activities on Behalf of the kingdom of God. Let us observe then what Christ has to say to busy people on the practice of prayer. For, whatever value we may put, or others may put, on public activity for the kingdom of Christ, of this we may be very sure, "God soon fades out of the life of the man who does not pray."

†From *The Forgotten Secret*, by Dr. W. J. Dawson, pp. 64, cloth covers. Price 50 cents. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, Chicago, and Toronto, publishers.

ANSWERED PRAYERS

E. L. C., District of Columbia. "I wish to testify to prayers answered in a manner not to be mistaken."

— S, Pennsylvania. "Please add my testimony. I believe that what is for our good will always be granted."

Mrs. M. M. C., Kansas. "I want to aeknowledge many answered prayers. It is God's pleasure to do his children good."

D. B., Iowa. "In a time when a great trouble seemed about to happen, because of my own folly, I prayed to God and he delivered me, for which I praise him."

Reader, Iowa. "In time of great trial my prayers were answered, and I thank God for his great kindness to us. My heart is full of gratitude and praise."

M. S., Mexico. "I want to testify of God's ready answer to prayer. Although I still have a brother unsaved, I know He is faithful that has promised to hear our ery."

J. S. A., Ohio. "The 'Answered Prayer' column has helped me. I know God hears and answers prayer. He has kept me thus far through trouble. Pray for me and mine."

Mrs. I. L. F., Pennsylvania. "I have been helped and encouraged by reading 'Answered Prayers.' I wish to thank God publicly for many answers to my petitions."

A. A., Massachusetts. "What a privilege to take everything to the Lord in prayer! I prayed long and earnestly that blindness might be stayed, and it has been done in a great measure. Thanks to our prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God."

S. P. Mc., Maryland. "I am a subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD: the prayer column alone is worth the price to me, for my faith has been greatly strengthened by it. I wish to thank God publicly for answering my prayers, which he always does when I go to him in faith and trust."

J. M. M., Vermont. "I would like to add my testimony to the 'Answered Prayer' column. I have received many direct answers to prayer. I read not long since, 'At the head of all potent powers that characterize a Christian's life, and which are essential to his progress, prayer stands very conspicuously.' "

Mrs. J. De R., New York: "I wish to express my appreciation for your valuable paper and for the 'Answered Prayers,' which I believe has strengthened the faith of many. I thank God my parents brought up their children to believe in the Power of Prayer! As a child I believed in it, and my faith grows stronger as the years go by. One blessing I have long prayed for was wonderfully answered a few months ago. I have had many speedy answers to prayer; others have been long coming, but they always came in his own way and time. Why should we not expect great things from so great a Father?"

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At the Arguments on the Packages.

The husband of an Ohio woman brought home some packages of Grape-Nuts one evening and there was much discussion, but let her tell the story.

"Two years ago I was thin and sickly and suffered so from indigestion, was very nervous, and could not sleep at night; I was not able physically or mentally to perform my duties and was constantly under the care of our physician. I had tried plain living and all the different remedies recommended by friends, but got no better.

"One day my husband brought home two yellow boxes and said: 'The grocer wants us to try this food and report how we like it; he thinks it will help you.' I read all it said on the boxes about Grape-Nuts, and I remember how I laughed at it, for I thought it foolish to think food could help me. But the next meal we all ate some with cream. We liked and enjoyed the deliciously crisp and new flavor, so we kept on using Grape-Nuts, not because we thought it would relieve me, but because we liked it.

"At that time we had no idea what the results would be, but now I am anxious to have the world know that to-day I am a well and strong woman physically and mentally. I gained over 30 pounds, do not suffer from any of the old ails, and I know that it is to Grape-Nuts alone that I owe my restored health. They call me 'Grape-Nuts' here in the home, and all of my friends have asked me the cause of it all. I have persuaded several of them to use Grape-Nuts, and every one of them who has done so has been benefited, and I wish it were in my power to induce everyone who is sick to give this wonderful food a trial. We still have Grape-Nuts three times a day and never tire of it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Ten days on this nourishing and completely digestible food will show anyone who is run down from improper feeding a great change, sometimes worth more than a gold mine because it may mean the joy and spring of perfect health in place of the old ails. Trial proves. "There's a reason."

Look in the pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

HUMILITY*

MEN who have a low estimate of themselves are not greatly appreciated in our time. We are apt to despise them as persons of a mean spirit, who will never do anything in the world. The big, bustling, aggressive man, who shoulders his way into prominence in society, who believes in himself, boasts that he is a self-made man, and plumes himself on his achievements, is our commonest type. He is the man who makes his mark, who gets on in life, who gets the offices and gains a commanding position in his community. We find him everywhere, demanding our homage, requiring our respect. Yet, really, he gets less of either than he supposes. His familiars see weak points in his character that he ignores, they despise his vulgarity, and do not join in his self laudation. To such a man the idea of humility is offensive and stupid.

It was a remarkable fact that Christ should have chosen this quality of humility to be so prominent in his system. It was not any more popular then than it is now. The rich man prided himself on his wealth, the Pharisee prided himself on his piety, even the disciples contended with one another for the first place in the new kingdom. Among his hard sayings, none must have been harder than "Whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant." But there was sound philosophy in his injunction. The greatest really is he who serves. Looking back over the history of our own and other countries, we see that the names which are immortal are not the names of the rich and powerful, but the names of these who have best served their country. It is true now, as in every former time, that if any man desires to be great he must serve. To render help, to bless the world in any way, is the true and only way to win the world's love and respect, and to gain immortality.

How true, too, was the motive and method by which Christ guided his people to the attainment of this virtue. He described his own mission as one of ministry. He had come not to triumph, but to serve. As he stooped to perform the menial office of washing the disciples' feet, he gave them a practical exhibition of the spirit. He would have them think of him to see how the virtue should show itself. He would have them think of what they might be, of what God intended them to be, that they might realize how far short of this ideal they had come and be humble. That should be our ideal, and it will have the same effect.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for July 1. Matt. 20: 20-28; I. Peter 5: 5.

Atlanta's Revival Closed

AMID stirring scenes, and with about two hundred confessing Christ at the two closing meetings, the revival campaign of Torrey and Alexander in Atlanta has come to an end. The names of over 1,100 converts have been received, while it is safe to say that two or three times that number have made public confession as the direct outcome of the meetings.

One of the most striking features of the revival has been the way in which scores of converts and aroused Christians have paid up old debts and made restoration of stolen money. The entire moral and spiritual life of the city has been quickened. The converts include all classes, from hardened drunkards to prominent business men and leading politicians. At the closing meeting, Mr. Nym McCullough, former candidate for Mayor of Atlanta, arose, and told how he had more happiness during the past week since giving his heart to God than in all his previous life. Another prominent convert was a well-known insurance manager, who declared that he had been a church member for many years, but had never been converted. About a week ago he accepted Christ, and his life has since been transformed. He has attended almost every meeting since.

A revival luncheon was held at the Piedmont Hotel, under the direction of Mr. Alexander. It was attended by about fifty of the foremost men of Atlanta, and lasted for nearly two hours. The hearts of all present were deeply stirred as a dozen men testified of the great blessing they had received. Mr. Nym McCullough, former candidate for Mayor, told of his conversion the night before, and said:

"I am thirty-nine years of age, and I have been a great sinner all my life. I had often thought about religion, and it preyed on my mind, but I would dodge everything that pertained to Christianity. My wife would ask me to go to church or Sunday School with her, but I would always have an excuse. I went home the other evening, and went into the room where she sat. She had been to hear Dr. Torrey. She said, 'I want you to be a better man.' I said, 'Well, I want to be.' She said, 'Well, I am going to pray for you right now,' and right then and there she knelt and prayed for me. It melted me; I couldn't stand it."

GEO. T. B. DAVIS.

How Abraham Wrote His Letters

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 535

walk. The picture of a man stood for the word man, but if the sign for great was placed upon his head, he became a king. Some of the compound words are curiously interesting. If the word for a soldier were placed within the word for mouth, the result was the word for battle, or if the word for food were placed within the word for mouth, the result was the verb to eat. The lines of the original pictures were not wedge-shaped marks; they were simply scratches upon the stone. Under such difficulties writing in those earliest days was not common, and it was only some rare stone vase, dedicated to the temple, that, as far as we know, contained an inscription. In time, as civilization advanced, writing became more common, and stone was discarded for the moist clay. The pictures were still employed, but the lines, because they were formed by pressing the writing style upon the clay, became less curved, and unconsciously they assumed the shape of wedges. The pictures were less natural; occasionally a line was omitted as useless, and long before Abraham's time it was difficult to recognize the original hieroglyph. The old linear picture writing thus disappeared, and the wedge, which was accidentally developed by pressing the sharp edge of the style upon the clay, became so fashionable that it was employed even upon stone. Thus the language which Abraham spoke and wrote originated.

THE OLD PLEA

He "Didn't Know it Was Loaded"

The coffee drinker seldom realizes that coffee contains the drug Caffein, a serious poison to the heart and nerves causing many other forms of disease noticeably dyspepsia.

"I was a lover of coffee and used it for many years and did not realize the bad effects I was suffering from its use.

"At first I was troubled with indigestion but did not attribute the trouble to the use of coffee but thought it arose from other causes. With these attacks I had sick headache, nausea and vomiting. Finally my stomach was in such a condition I could scarcely retain any food.

"I consulted a physician; was told all my troubles came from indigestion, but was not informed what caused the indigestion, so I kept on with the coffee and kept on with the troubles, too, and my case continued to grow worse from year to year until it developed into chronic diarrhea, nausea and severe attacks of vomiting so I could keep nothing on my stomach and became a mere shadow reduced from 159 to 128 pounds.

"A specialist informed me I had a very severe case of catarrh of the stomach which had got so bad he could do nothing for me and I became convinced my days were numbered.

"Then I chanced to see an article setting forth the good qualities of Postum and explaining how coffee injures people so I concluded to give Postum a trial. I soon saw the good effects—my headaches were less frequent, nausea and vomiting only came on at long intervals and I was soon a changed man, feeling much better.

"Then I thought I could stand coffee again, but as soon as I tried it my old troubles returned and I again turned to Postum. Would you believe it, I did this three times before I had sense enough to quit coffee for good and keep on with the Postum; the result is I am now a well man with no more headaches, sick stomach or vomiting and have already gained back to 147 pounds." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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Dr. Torrey Replies to His Critics

I AM in receipt of an editorial from the Tampa *Morning Tribune*, Tuesday, May 22, 1906. The editorial says: "Mr. Torrey . . . does not think soul-saving can be conducted satisfactorily unless the collections net him at least $1,000 a week." In reply, would say I have absolutely nothing to do with the collections. They net me nothing whatever. The collections go to the local committee, to meet their local expenses. Whatever is paid me is paid me by the local committee, and it has never amounted to $1,000 a week. The local committee pay me what they see fit to pay me. They are not under any obligation (except moral obligation), to pay me anything. I always refuse on going to any place to set any figure on my services.

I am determined to do at least one thing, and that is to keep my work free even from all appearance of commercialism. In point of fact, I have never received $1,000 a week anywhere and don't want to. In only two instances have I received $1,000 a month, and when this was given me I was surprised at the amount, and the committee did it without any suggestion on my part. In one instance, the committee had so much on hand that, even after giving me the generous sum they did, they had to pay $1,000 to the hospital, for they did not know what else to do with the money they had left.

The editorial says again: "Mr. Torrey and his enterprising co-laborer, Mr. Alexander, have been accustomed to drawing down at least $2,000 a week in other cities in this country and England." This statement is a shameless lie. Mr. Alexander and I have never received $2,000 a week, nor $2,000 a month, either in this country or England. In one instance, Mr. Alexander and I did receive a little over $2,000 for a month's work for the two of us. That was in Toronto. In point of fact, at most of my missions in England, I received absolutely nothing whatever. When I decided to make my tour around the world, the church and Institute in Chicago voted to continue my salary, and did so. Whatever was given to me in any place I turned over to Mr. Moody's work. Mrs. Torrey's expenses I paid out of my own pocket. I was at a financial loss in this tour, for though the Institute and church paid my salary, it was about $1,000 a year less than I received while in Chicago. However, it was generous on the part of the Institute and church to pay my salary while I was going around, and I presume they would gladly have paid the $1,000 if I had asked them to.

This was the plan I pursued until we agreed to go to London. Then the London committee wrote me saying they did not wish my salary paid in America; they wished whatever money they gave me to go to myself. This appeared reasonable and I agreed to it. When Liverpool heard this, they asked to follow the same plan. From that time to this, this is the plan we have followed. Whatever is given me in any city, I use as I see fit, either for my family or in other ways. My salary in Chicago was discontinued. But I never know what any committee is going to give me until the money is handed me at the close of the mission. When the committee write me about financial matters, I tell them I never set any figure on my services and they can pay me what they like, but it must pass through the hands of the committee in order that the world may know what I do get if they want to, and that all lies, like this in the Tampa *Tribune*, may be scotched. There is no concealment about it. Any one can write to any committee and ask what I received from them. There was just one place where I knew what I was to get—that was London. London preferred to tell me beforehand what they were going to pay me. I have never made any suggestion to any one what they should pay me. Whatever else people may accuse me of, they cannot truly accuse me of commercialism.

The editorial says again, "The pastors of Atlanta churches have not encouraged the Torrey meetings as it was expected they would." This also is an unvarnished lie. It wrongs the pastors of Atlanta more than it does me. I think we have never been in any place where the pastors have been as unanimous and sympathetic supporters of the mission as here. It is true that one Presbyterian minister, coming to the meeting one day, met two men on the street in front of the building selling books, and they tried to force these hymn-books upon him and he was offended and did not go into the meeting. I sympathize with him in his feeling. There have been men and boys that have followed us selling hymn-books, my books, papers, postcards with Mr. Alexander's picture and mine upon them, etc., that oftentimes have been an unmitigated nuisance. We have tried to have it stopped, but it was impossible to have it stopped in England, because people were allowed to hawk things in this way on the street, and sometimes I felt on coming out of the meeting myself that it was like a circus, and my wife and I often spoke about it and felt grieved.

The minister who objected to these men selling the books has since come out in an article in the paper denying that he is opposed to the mission, and saying that the report that he was, not only wronged him but me. Two other ministers, I think, have criticised the mission publicly. One, an Episcopalian, who is said to be an extreme higher critic and has a former Unitarian minister as his assistant, and the other a Unitarian minister of the city. We do not wonder at criticism from such a source, nor do we object to it. In fact we rather delight in it.

It is true that I did appoint a day of fasting and prayer. We have done that in almost every place we have gone, for our dependence is not upon man, but upon God. There usually comes a time in the mission when people do not pray as they once did, and get to looking at man instead of God. At such a time I call for a day of fasting and prayer. We did it here with most blessed results.

The Tampa *Tribune* says again in its editorial, that in consequence of the small collections I am "talking of cutting the 'spiritual awakening' short and leaving for more profitable fields." This statement is also an absolute lie. I have never spoken, nor even dreamed of leaving Atlanta before the period we came here for, namely four weeks, were completed.

The editorial says again, "Meantime, the reports in the press show that the meetings are gradually diminishing and that the collections are growing beautifully less." This also is a lie. The interest is steadily increasing. Many prominent business men and hundreds of others in the city have been converted. R. A. TORREY.

Atlanta, Ga.

A Church of Wide Activities

THE Beekman Hill Methodist Episcopal Church, located at 321 East Fiftieth Street, Manhattan, was founded in the year 1861, taking its name from the celebrated Beekman family, whose residence was near by. Gerard Beekman and James William Beekman, the two surviving brothers of this family, are deeply interested in the prosperity of the church. Though located among the foreign population of the East Side, it is not aided by missionary contributions from any benevolent society. Besides the regular religious services, much effort is devoted to the work of visitation among the poor. Miss Sophia Witter, for twenty-three years deaconess, and Miss Maud Williams, evangelist, are among the most active and successful workers. Dr. R. L. Wolcott has rendered great service in recent revival meetings, and Rev. Stephen Merritt has been speaking to the people with special acceptability. The church is one of great activities in other ways. Its Fresh Air work includes the sending of about eight hundred poor children into the country for the summer months. Its nursery kindergarten cares for young children during the hours of morning service, so as to allow mothers to attend church. Its Ladies' Aid Society, under the presidency of Mrs. William Shenessy, and its Epworth League, Mr. Franklin Shafer, president, are both valuable adjuncts in the general work.

Rev. Edwin Whitier Caswell, the pastor, is now in the sixth year of his charge. In these years, membership has increased, notwithstanding the flow of population away from the East Side. Previous to his present pastorate, Mr. Caswell held charges at Grace Church, Portland, Oreg., and the Simpson Church, Los Angeles, Calif., and he was for eight years Presiding Elder of the Santa Barbara and San Diego districts. The official board of his church includes the following: Rev. J. D. Campbell, Rev. Albert Field, Rev. C. H. Morgan, Rev. L. C. Hayes, J. S. Burtis, D. W. Burtis, John Splint, F. H. Withus, Wm. Wood, Irving Stever, A. H. Barnett, John Bell, Franklin Shafer, Wm. T. Kells, W. H. Goode, James G. Dale, Louis Terry, Emil Zimmer, A. A. Blackburn, James Peterson, A. M. Converse and Francis Plumb.

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closes up the gaps, keeps class work steady, enables you to keep track of your pupils, and encourages—yes, actually *gets*—Bible study week by week from all concerned.

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Every week, The Mystery Box—a brand-new department in the ever-new Sunday School Times, will contain a set of more or less mystifying questions, the answers to which can all be found in the lesson-study articles in the same issue.

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While you are all together, the pupils bring the results of their "mystery search" into the class with them, and there is an intense and healthy rivalry to see who has found the most and best answers.

If teacher or pupil goes away, The Sunday School Times goes too, and the search is continued without a break, the pupils reporting to the teacher by mail, from week to week.

GET ON THE HONOR ROLL

Here is an additional incentive to which young folks will be quick to respond. The Sunday School Times will publish, next autumn, an Honor Roll of the names of all pupils who have correctly answered eight questions in each of any eight weeks (they need not be consecutive weeks) before the last Sunday in September. The pupil's name must be on the subscription list of the Times to be eligible for this honor, and the teacher is to mark the answers and report the result to The Sunday School Times.

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TIMES
1031 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Jesus and the Children

By Mrs. M. Baxter

"WHO is the greatest?" is the question of fallen man, unconscious, too often, of his own innate depravity. Who is the greatest? occupies the hearts of kings, of politicians, of professional men, of musicians, painters, sculptors, poets, etc.; every one seeks to be the greatest, while the reply of Jesus to his disciples was an answer more eloquent than volumes. "Jesus called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them." Did they understand the action? He who was always in the midst of them was the last to speak of greatness. The Lord Jesus had not ceased to be a child, dependent upon his Father for his words and for his deeds, ever obedient, ever trustful. He who came to teach men of the kingdom of heaven, exemplified that kingdom in his own shunning of earthly greatness, in his meekness and lowliness of heart.

And the Master said, "Verily I say unto you, except ye be converted—*i. e.*, from your greatness—and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." The disciples had not understood their calling; thoughts of superiority followed them, even to the eve of the crucifixion, for they continued to strive which should be the greatest, even to the hour of the last supper. O how they needed, O how we all need, to come to that true conversion from our greatness, and to that knowledge of our Lord, which lays us in the dust, that we may enter into, and make part of, the true kingdom of heaven! "Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven." He had already taught them to take his yoke upon them and learn of him, for, he said, "I am meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls" (Matt. 11: 29). A lesson so ill-learned that at such a moment as that last passover, the weakness and lowliness of Christ, and the rest unto their souls were absent, while the miserable contention about their own greatness still filled their hearts!

But the unlearnt lessons which the Holy Spirit brought to their remembrance after they had received and learned to obey him, remain on record for us who "have the first fruits of the Spirit" (Rom. 8: 23), and are therefore so much more responsible than they.

What, then, is the humility of the child? A child is utterly unconscious. Conscious humility is not humility at all, for self-consciousness, even if it is in the line of our unworthiness, is occupation with self, which is the source of pride, and so far it ceases to be occupation with him. The little child takes its position of littleness as a matter of course, and it is a grievous sin against a child to bring him into such prominence that he begins to be self-conscious. As long as a child is nothing in his own eyes, there is a beauty and an attraction in him which has something holy about it. The Lord himself has said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

"And whoso shall receive one such little child in my name, receiveth me." The Lord identifies himself with the little unconscious children. Who knows what member of the body of Christ one may he holding in one's arms, in some little child? Who knows the possibilities of that little life? "But whoso shall offend or scandalise one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea." Strong words, terrible words, but they show how great an offence in the eyes of God is anything which can injure the early beauty of a believing little child's mind. Anything which fosters the self-life, anything which sows distrust of God, or of their parents, is a grievous sin in the eyes of God.

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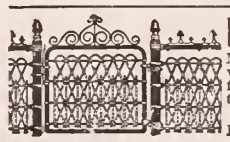

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SEE PAGE 561

LITTLE SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS PARADING IN NEW YORK

OUR MAIL-BAG

Questions and Answers

Letters for this department must contain name and address of the sender—not for publication, but as evidence of genuineness and good faith. Where an answer by mail is desired, ten cents in postage stamps must be forwarded by the writers, with full address.

Student, Baltimore, Md. Who was the first to call the world's attention to the beauty and grandeur of Niagara Falls?

Lescarbot, who made the record of Jacques Cartier's voyages, was probably the first who gave historical notice of Niagara. This was about 1535. Hennepin, however, is said to have been the first traveller who wrote a description of the Falls from personal observation.

Several readers of this journal have written to us lately, inquiring as to the reports, which have somehow reached their ears, of immorality in the U. S. Navy. One of these correspondents, Mr. D. M. C., of Seneca Falls, N. Y., states that he has been informed that "all the young men in the navy play cards Sundays. They have nothing else to do." He very properly remarks that such a course cannot fail to have a deplorable effect upon their future. We referred this letter to Naval Chaplain C. Q. Wright, who replied very fully and frankly. He says:

It is not true that all the navy boys play cards Sundays. The navy regulations forbid all gambling and immoral practices. The attitude of the Government, and of all the officers I know, is strongly for the improvement of morals and the enforcement of discipline, and, it is my belief, that the moral status in the navy, as compared with the same class of lads in civil life, is superior to that ashore. Undoubtedly, there is some card-playing on Sundays; but it is by no means universal. On some ships, cards are not allowed at all, at any time. We have men of all creeds and of all nations huddled together. Some have learned to play cards at home, and some have been taught that all card games are wicked. As elsewhere, it rests entirely with the individual, as to whether he is demoralized by life in the service. Undoubtedly, the service braces up and improves the majority of young men who enlist.

T. K. N., Barrington, Can. When were the days of the week first given, and why were they so-called?

The names the days now bear are a survival of the days of Saxon idolatry. They represent the sun, the moon, Tuisco, Woden, Thor, Freya and Saeter, the last five being the names of Scandinavian heathen deities.

W. H., Oro Station, Canada. Will Prof. Swift give us his thought about the so-called star which heralded the birth of Christ? I have been greatly enlightened by his answers to former questions.

The questioner asks what it was the wise men saw when a few miles east of Jerusalem and again at Bethlehem. I answer, a miraculous light, which, according to custom, they were obliged to call stars, as all terrestrial and celestial objects having no name, were called. Sometime, even non-luminous objects were called stars. Joseph said, "I have dreamed that the sun and moon, and the eleven stars made obeisance to me," for the sun meaning his Father, and for the moon his mother, and for the eleven stars his brothers.

It of course was either a miraculous light or a star, and if the latter, then a self-luminous sun, at least a million times larger than the earth, if not a million times hotter than iron at a red heat in a furnace.

[*Erratum*—In last article on north star, tenth line from bottom, for "usual," read "annual."] LEWIS SWIFT.

Marathon, N. Y.

Subscriber, Armstowne, Que. 1. What is the population of Boston and of Philadelphia? 2. Are there many paintings by Corot in this country? 3. Where could I get a copy of Millais' painting, "Bubbles?"

1. Boston has a population of 560,892; Philadelphia 1,293,697, according to census of 1900. 2. There are quite a number of Corot's paintings in America. The Boston Museum of Fine Arts and the Metropolitan Museum of New York each have several. Other museums, we believe, have one or more. There are also a number in the possession of private collectors. Write to the Boston Museum for its catalogue. 3. Dr. J. J. Roth, art dealer, 117 East Twenty-seventh Street, New York City, can supply you with an engraving of "Bubbles." It will probably cost about two dollars.

C. V. S., Pasadena, Calif., writes:

The San Francisco authorities claim about 500 deaths (mostly from fire), as the total mortality of their recent affliction, and it is claimed by statisticians that 100,000 lives go out every year in these United States, as the direct result of the liquor traffic. More deaths, every four days, are caused by that which you, Mr. Christian voter, can stop if you will, than were caused in the awful San Francisco disaster. The financial loss in San Francisco is estimated at $300,000,000. It is almost exactly one-fourth the actual financial loss and waste per annum of the drink traffic. As great a loss is occasioned every three months financially, and every four days physically, by that which we can put an end to if we will.

T. F. McM., Minneapolis. 1. What is the Revised Version and the Old Version of the Bible? 2. What are the seven wonders of the ancient world?

1. The Old Version is the King James Bible; the Revised Version is the translation completed by the Anglo-American revisers a generation ago. 2. The Pyramids, Colossus of Rhodes, Temple of Diana, Pharos of Alexandria, Babylon Hanging Gardens, Statue of Jove, and the Mausoleum of Artemisia.

M. H. C., Binghamton, N. Y. What should a person do who recognizes a duty, yet has not the moral courage to perform it?

There is but one source of strength. That person must pray. God has given strength to many of his weak children in the past, some of whom have been enabled to lay down their lives for his sake. The Apostle Paul gives directions (Eph. 6: 10-18) for such cases. God has special care of the timid ones, and if they make the effort in his strength, they discover to their surprise that courage and endurance not their own is supplied to them. They have bread to eat that the world knows not of. The weakest is strong when he has omnipotence at his back.

R. M., Hagerstown, Md. The Standard Bible interests me deeply. Can you tell me where to find a complete list of the changes used by the translators? I consider it the best of all Bibles.

A list of the changes (some 3,000), is now in preparation by the publishers, and will probably be issued at an early date, in pamphlet form.

Kind words encourage us. But what words could be kinder than these from a venerable reader, (Mrs. Elizabeth B. Story, aged eighty-eight, of West Salisbury, Vt.), which she addresses to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

March on! March on!
The Gospel trumpet sound;
Till all, both great and small,
A Saviour's love have found,

S. K., Fredericksburg, Va. Why did the translators seem to avoid the word "tree" in the story of Absalom's rebellion and death?

Probably because the word "oak," occurring so frequently in the narrative, made the use of the word "tree" unnecessary.

T. N. W., San Mateo, Cal. Are our Saviour's words, to "take no thought for the morrow," in accord with the injunctions to industry, prudence, etc., contained in the book of Proverbs and other parts of the Old Testament?

Jesus did not have a word to say against industry or prudence. His words in the instance you mention were directed against the anxiety, worry, and foreboding which afflict so many people. Trust in God, he said in effect, do not spoil your lives by this distressing fear. At the worst, you will have clothing and food. Do not be grasping or selfish, but give to those in need. Solomon said a similar thing (Prov. 11: 24). The one man whom Christ advised to sell all he had and give to the poor, was a boastful man, who wanted to be perfect. Jesus saw the fault in his character and told him that his way to perfection was to eliminate that fault. To other men, he probably gave no such advice. He laid his finger on the weak place. The Apostles, it is true, were bidden leave all and follow him; but that was necessary to the work to which they were called, but even with them, Peter seems to have kept his house as did John.

Your LAST Opportunity

AT this time of the year, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD usually puts forth an extraordinary effort to induce new accessions to the Great CHRISTIAN HERALD Family, and in order to make its proposition particularly attractive to outsiders, it offers midsummer trial trips for a short term at a reduced price.

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SECOND: Our superb **"Home-Coming of the Bride" calendar,** with dates running from **July 1, 1906, to July 1, 1907.** No calendar was ever sent out by this office that gave more genuine and uniform satisfaction to men, women, and children. It was specially drawn for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by the celebrated American artist H. A. Ogden, and is superbly reproduced in its fifteen original colors.

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WHAT WE WILL DO FOR YOU

While we know from past experience that our present subscribers will gladly comply with our request, without hope of fee or reward, we feel that they are entitled to suitable consideration, and to afford practical evidence of our appreciation of their efforts in our behalf, we have decided that to each and every present subscriber now on our books sending in two of these Special Subscriptions at **25c.** each, we will send either a copy of **Pastor Charles Wagner's "Simple Life,"** or a copy of **Bogatzky's "Treasury for the Children of God."** The former work sells at **30c.,** the latter at **25c.** The former is bound in stiff paper cover, the latter in white cloth with gold stamp. The former contains 130 pages, the latter 365 pages. We make this generous offer as a special incentive to quick, aggressive, and successful effort. Either book is sent, all charges prepaid. **We will send both books for four trial subscriptions.**

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LAST DATE JUNE 30, 1906

Here, then, is your golden opportunity. The date will be strictly observed. No subscriptions mailed later than June 30th will be received. Do not delay, but begin at once, and send in your subscriptions as soon as received. When you send in subscriptions, state which of the three premiums you select, with the address to which you want the premiums sent.

One hour of your time will accomplish your share of this great work. Will you do this much to help us reach thousands of new homes by July 1st? Address all subscriptions not later than June 30, 1906, to

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NEW YORK, JUNE 27, 1906

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

Holding Service Among Natives at an Out-station in Zambesia, and using the "Christian Herald Organ" in Leading the Hymns

IN THE KRAALS OF ZAMBESIA

By Rev. JOHN M. SPRINGER, Missionary, Rhodesia, S. Africa

MANY thanks for your letter and contribution, which came to hand last evening. I think it will be a satisfaction to the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to know the use made of it. Some weeks ago, my wife and I began to feel the call of God to go out again into the country to the north, to "spy out the land," and see about taking it for Jesus. At that time, we realized that a portable organ was what we needed very much to take along, and that it was the very thing we did not have. So we asked our Heavenly Father to supply us with one. A few days after that, a check was received from you which provided for the half of it. We had faith that the rest of the money would be sent from some source; and as we had to send to Capetown for the organ, and wished it to be here by the first of April, we sent for it without delay, and last Saturday it came, to be followed in two days by the rest of the money from you. So we shall christen the little instrument, the "CHRISTIAN HERALD Organ." We expect to start on April 10th, and go northward to the Zambesia, looking over the intervening country, of which little is known by the white man, as it is wholly untouched by the missionary. In previous trips of this kind, we have found that one of these little organs is almost invaluable as a means of calling the people together, and holding them there, while some Gospel truths are taught them by word and by song. When we are not on trips around the country, the organ will be used in the school.

Manica Girls

God is with us. We have long been praying for a mighty revival here. Our prayers are being answered; not in the way for which we had looked, but perhaps in a better way. There is no great tide of emotion; but there is a distinct awakening in the hearts of the boys and the girls here in the school, and in the kraals round about.

Two Sundays ago, I received into probation a party of thirty young people in a neighboring kraal. These have been attending a school taught daily by one of our senior boys. He is a man full of the Spirit, and he has taught the Word with power.

Last Sunday, I took in thirty more probationers here of the young men and girls in the school, and seven more were received into full membership, having been baptized some months ago. But it is not for the numbers alone that we rejoice, but for the manifest workings of the Spirit all around.

And with all this, as might be expected, the devil is going about like a roaring lion, waking up opposition and persecution on every side; but in spite of it all God is working, and the boys and girls are steadily coming here to the school, and are awaking to their sense of need for a Saviour. As one of our teachers put it, "They are very hungry in their hearts." O, ye satiated ones at home, who cannot take the Word except it be doctored up with musical condiments and artistic surroundings, would ye could know the heart-hunger which comes to those denied the privileges you hold so lightly!

As I stated, my wife and I are starting out to visit the kraals to the north. We shall get so weary before we return, seeing the same old thing—the wretchedness of heathenism! Filth, nakedness and drunkenness describe each native kraal. Here and there, one finds some little improvement; but as water cannot rise above its source, neither can these rise much higher than they are, until they receive life from the Great Source.

Some of you have read Mr. Withey's story of an *African Cornelius*. We have found another, only a few miles away from us. He is a chief whose heart became touched by the Spirit a few years ago. The white man was in the country, but he brought no teaching. But this chief began to pray and to order his house and kraal on the lines of righteousness. When the teacher came with the Blessed Tidings, he was glad to receive him and eager to learn more. At first, he hesitated about giving up his beer, as he did not drink to excess himself; but as soon as he saw what his influence would be on others, he immediately said he would give it up.

While these are two notable cases of men who have served God with true hearts before the Gospel came to them, it is not an uncommon thing for a boy to come here and say that "God spoke to his heart" while he was yet in his kraal, and told him to go out and go to the school, of which he had heard only a rumor. We think of this as something strange; but it is only what God did to Abraham. He was an idolater, and his father a maker of idols, like the witch doctors of Africa. We are not apt to forget that.

And now that God is calling so many, and they are listening to his voice, they are again calling to us to come over and help them. The best way is to give yourself, my friend, entirely to him. Let him fill you with his blessed Spirit; let him make your heart to hunger for his Word, and then you will be ready to do or give whatever he wishes. We ask of you particularly that you will pray for us on this long trip, that God may abundantly bless these regions beyond, and send us missionaries to enter into them.

JOHN M. SPRINGER.

[Mr. and Mrs. Springer are American missionaries, who have been and are doing much excellent pioneer work in Rhodesia, S. Africa, among tribes which till now have been practically untouched by the Gospel. Notwithstanding the physical difficulties encountered in that rugged country, frequently involving much hardship to the missionary, it is one of the most promising fields in the whole of the "Dark Continent" for Gospel propagation.]

The Missionary Caravan on its Evangelistic Tour Across Zambesia

THE AMERICAN PULPIT

SERMON BY

Rev. F. DeWitt Talmage, D.D.

The Sweetened Waters

TEXT:— Exodus 15 : 25 :

"And the Lord shewed him a tree, which when he had cast into the waters, the waters were made sweet"

HUMAN nature may be aptly compared to the earth's surface. It has valleys and hills, lowlands and heights, broad pastures and undulating prairies, rich Esdraelon Plains and Bad Lands of the Dakotas. It has Himalayas of Inspiration, where we see the face of Jesus Christ transfigured before our eyes; and Valleys of Despond, in which the sunshine of hope never enters, even as the daylight cannot penetrate the catacombs underneath ancient Rome. Yet, strange to say, when we are standing upon the highest pinnacles of spiritual inspiration, then we are often in danger of tumbling over the steepest precipices of sin. This despicable characteristic of the human heart is not only true of individuals as it was in the life of Peter, when he denied Christ thrice, but it is also true of the spiritual conditions of communities. A tidal wave of scepticism can submerge a nation and a people, as an individual can be sucked into the quicksands of a spiritual death.

The darkest of clouds as black curtains may be drawn over the bluest of skies. The bitterest wailings of scepticism and doubt may reverberate as dolorous echoes to the most gladsome shouts of Gospel praise and thanksgiving. It was only three days ago that we find the Israelites so happy, that their spiritual gratitude makes them almost beside themselves. They were so happy in their recent liberation from serfdom, that they could not keep their feet still, let alone their lips. "Then sung Moses and the children of Israel this song unto the Lord, and spake, saying, I will sing unto the Lord for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea. The Lord is my strength and song and he is become my salvation, he is my God and I will prepare him a habitation; my father's God and I will exalt him." But hardly had this song died away, when the people began to murmur and denounce God. They said, "What are we going to drink? Here we are in the desert now forty-eight hours, and there is no water but these bitter waters of Marah. Why didst thou not let us stay in Egypt rather than bring us out into this wilderness of sand to die of thirst." Then God showed Moses a tree, and the great Lawgiver threw this tree into the bitter waters of Marah, and at once they became sweet.

Life's Bitter Waters

Wonderful story this; and yet this history is the biography of our own lives. We have all had our times of singing and dancing and praising God upon the banks of the Red Sea. Then we have all had our sudden spiritual reactions, when we have been in the desert with no water to drink but the bitter Marah. Indeed, many of us are standing and complaining at the bitter waters even at the present time. Now this ought not to be, when God has provided a means of sweetening these waters. I want to show you this morning where that remedy may be found, and to lead you to the tree which will take the bitterness out of your lives.

First, let us talk about the bitter waters which are now flowing out of the desert places where once grew the luxuriant oases of the visions of our early childhood. When we were boys and girls, sitting behind the schoolroom desk, we never pictured for ourselves the prosaic conditions of being clerks, and farmhands, and book canvassers, and mechanics, and servants, and stenographers, and nurses. But when we thought of ourselves as future men and women, we always painted for ourselves beautiful mirages in every desert. We could see ourselves in imagination as artists, sitting before an easel, or as surgeons, standing by some operating table, or as lawyers, pleading in some court room, or as astronomers, exploring the pathway of the stars, or as great inventors, or noted statesmen, or famous naval commanders, or military chieftains, winning immortal fame in saving our country in times of peace and war. But now instead of being artists and creating masterpieces to hang in the French salon, we find ourselves common sign painters. Instead of being authors writing books, we find ourselves as common printers, setting the type, or as book binders, putting other men's books together. Instead of being a Catharine Booth, or a Frances Havergal, or a Miss Willard, or a Fanny Crosby, or a Susan B. Anthony, we find ourselves washing dishes and scrubbing floors and cooking meals, and being household drudges. The vapor and the mists of early childhood, upon which were photographed and reflected the dreams of youthful ambitions, have been condensed into the common puddles of everyday life. "Oh," you say, "how my early hopes have miscarried. From living among the clouds, I have dropped to be nothing but a snail, crawling in the dirt. Bitter, bitter, are the waters which have been condensed from the mists of our early dreams photographed in the mirages of the nursery and the schoolroom."

Early Hopes Frustrated

Yes, my brother, it is certainly sad to see a Paul Potter exhausting his genius as a sign painter. Perhaps you have been to Europe and have stood before "The Jewel of the Hague." It is the picture of the farm lands. There, under a tree, are lying a cow, a goat, a mother sheep and a lamb. But above them all stands the magnificent proportions of the male offspring of that cow. Strong, powerfully formed is he. From the looks of the animal, he must be about a year and a-half old. Instead of the mother protecting him, he now stands as the protector of the mother. All the artistic world has sat before that picture as before a shrine. Yet Paul Potter painted "The Jewel of the Hague" for a tavern sign. For years it swayed backward and forward, beckoning the traveller to come and find rest and refreshment behind the open doors. There are many Paul Potters. There are many men and women who have had beautiful and inspiring earthly dreams; but they have never been able to make those dreams materialize. The vapors which photographed those mirages of early childhood have been changed into the common puddles of prosaic, ordinary life.

But have you and I a right to suppose that the work of any Paul Potter has gone astray and been useless? Let me mention a few of the Paul Potters of your life. There was your mother. She was what might be called a "household drudge." Was her life a failure? She spent far more time in washing dishes and with the sewing-needle in her hand than you do. Her family was larger. Was her life a useless, humdrum one? Then there was that proprietor of the village store near your father's farm. Most of his life was spent without a coat and in his shirt sleeves; but were not his quaint words of wisdom carried far up and down those valleys? Was not his helping hand extended to everyone? And were not the words he so often gave to his customers of "God bless you" the means of spiritually blessing hundreds upon hundreds of lives? And there was your old nurse. Was her life a failure? Henry Ward Beecher once declared that one of the greatest Gospel teachers he ever studied under was an old black man, who used to work for his father, and who used to sing to him the Gospel songs and tell to the tow-headed boy, Henry, the Bible stories which ever after were so precious to him. Do you mean to tell me that your opportunities for working for God and man are not as great as those of the old black man who used to work in Lyman Beecher's parsonage, and who helped start Henry Ward Beecher out on his world-wide ministry?

Fruition in Old Age

Then most people have no right to complain about their insignificant positions, because they are not yet through with life, and they do not know what positions of conspicuousness they may yet be called upon to fill. I was intensely interested, the other day, in reading about the supreme moment of Farragut's life. That moment was when in command of the *Hartford*, he was leading his ships into Mobile Bay. The monitor *Tecumseh* was at the head of the line. She struck a torpedo in the most dangerous part of the entrance to the bay, and almost instantly disappeared. Soon the next boat in line, the *Brooklyn* began to back water away from the dreaded torpedoes and was backing upon the Admiral's flagship. All seemed lost. But suddenly, Admiral Farragut lifted his trumpet and called "Four bells, Captain Drayton, go ahead." Instantly, the flagship moved ahead and all the other ships followed. As the ships passed into the harbor, the men could hear the torpedoes bumping upon the hulls. But they were dumb torpedoes and exploded not. All America and the whole civilized world at once hailed Admiral Farragut as one of the boldest naval heroes. But Farragut when he entered Mobile Bay was an old man, as General Havelock was an old man when he led his troops on for the rescue of Lucknow. For nearly threescore years, these men had to live in obscurity before their great opportunity came. As unknown men they worked and plodded. No one seemed to take notice of them. But when the greatest opportunities of life came in their old age, at once they grasped them and leaped to the front. Young man, you have no right to complain about the humdrum work of an ordinary life, if these heroes did not complain. You do not know what God has ahead for you. Do your work well in obscurity, so that when the great opportunities of life come later, you may be able to grasp them, as did Farragut and Henry Havelock.

The Uses of an Enemy

"'Tis true," you say, "that I have tasted the bitter waters of the wrecked ambitions of early childhood. But, in one sense, I have outlived them. It is surprising how time will blunt the keen edge of even the sharpest of griefs. Just as we can forget the pains of the sicknesses of childhood, we can forget about the miscarried hopes and the faded visions of our youth. Now, all I ask of the world is a fair, honest show. That the world seems unwilling to give me. No matter how much I try to do right, the fault-finders, the misrepresenters, are always around. Like Socrates, who was compelled to quaff the deadly hemlock, I am constrained almost daily to drink of the poisonous springs of contention and slander. Truly like the Psalmist I can cry out 'My tears have been my meat day and night, while they (meaning my enemies), say unto me where is thy God?' Yes, my enemies doubt whether God loves me, and I am myself almost ready to be sceptical about the divine protection and support."

But bitter though the attacks of your enemies may be, I want you fully to realize that an enemy has his good uses for the development of a man, just as a friend has his good uses. An enemy is a great restraining and developing influence in our lives. He is like a moral brake. The engineer must be able to start the engine, but he must also be able to stop it. Now, the enemies of a man put him on his guard. They keep him from running into needless dangers. They, like the wild beasts of the forests, make him keep his eyes open and his ears alert. Though enemies mix for us the bitter waters of Marah, thank God that these waters can become sweet, when we realize that on account of their bitterness we are able to do more valiant service for our fellowmen and for Jesus Christ.

Financial Straits

But there are still other bitter Marah waters which many of us are compelled to drink, and one's financial inability to provide for the wants of our loved ones. You say, "Personally I could stand poverty. It does not affect me much. My personal wants are very few and easily satisfied. But it is so hard not to be able to give my dear ones the necessities and a few of the luxuries." Then you look up at me with a sad smile, as you say, "You must not think that I have always lived as we are living now. Like many people of this city, for whom the wheel of fortune has turned, I can say that I have seen better days." My brother, I know it.

Then again, from talking with a member of your family, I have found out that your financial catastrophe came like a tornado out of a clear sky. It came as quickly as the late San Francisco tragedy came to thousands of families and left them penniless by the Golden Gate. Only the night before that awful earthquake, a young student of the Hopkins Art Institute was writing home. This letter left the city at five o'clock A. M., or just thirteen minutes before that great city was wrecked. This is what she said: "It is a beautiful night. The breeze from the ocean is so pure and fresh, and the air is heavy with perfume from the hosts of flowers that are blooming. The heavens are full of bright stars. God seems to be everywhere and the whole earth seems glad." But hardly was the ink dry upon the paper and the letter sealed, when the horrible upheaval took place, the conflagration broke loose and the Hopkins Institute of Art, like thousands of other buildings, was a mass of charred and hissing ruins. That is the way your fortune went. In a flash, with the speed of a bullet, ay, with the velocity

of the whirlwind, your money took wings and flew away. And yet, in spite of all this, my friends, I do not feel so sorry for you as you think I ought. I want to tell you that there will yet come a day when you shall thank God on your knees that you have had to drink from this bitter spring. Then the Marah spring shall become the living fountain of sweet love.

Burdens Lifted

The best way for me to press home the truth which I would convey, is to tell you the simple story of a family in one of my Eastern churches. They were society people when I first knew them, and lived simply for social enjoyment. Money then was no object with them. The father was a street-car magnate. Suddenly their money, like a swift red-breasted oriole, flew away in a night. Then the father, instead of being a money-lender, became a money-borrower. His mind gave way and he moved as a living corpse. His lungs and heart were alive, but his mind was dead. Then the mother discharged all her servants, and left the handsome home and went into a little four-roomed cottage, where she became her own cook and dressmaker. The two oldest girls went to teaching. The third daughter could do nothing, for she was an invalid. The boy was too small to work, and he was kept at school. "Too bad!" every one said. "Too bad! Think of what that family had, and now what they have come to."

But time passed on. The invalid daughter died. The other two daughters grew stronger and stronger. Instead of being useless social "butterflies," they became noble, self-reliant women. The boy grew up and went to Princeton, and is now a strong, brainy man. The family have moved into a larger house, and now the aged mother is again able to take life easier. Other hands do the family cooking. And what was the great moral and spiritual results of that family having to drink the Marah waters? Sometime ago that mother said to me: "It was awfully hard for us when we lost everything but honor. Many of our best friends then turned their backs upon us. But I want to tell you that that financial trouble was the greatest blessing which could have come to us. It did for us, as a family, more than money could ever have done. It has taught us to love each other as never before; for love grows on sacrifices, and God knows we have had to sacrifice for each other. It has taught us not only to do for each other, but also to do for those of the outside world who are now in trouble, as we were when my daughter died, and we knew not which way to turn to get the money to pay for her sickness and her burial." Ah, my friends, even the bitterest Marah waters of financial distress may become sweet waters for thine own lips and for the lips of the dear ones. Wait, friend; wait. Do not complain now. Remember that if you will throw the cross into Marah waters, they shall yet become the "Sweet Spring of Love and of Eternal Life."

"But," you say, "my Marah waters have nothing to do with a wrecked financial fortune. There was a time when I used to worry about money matters and fame; but that time has passed forever. What I am worrying about now are my children and my husband. I have a boy who is a reprobate and a degenerate. I have done everything for that child. And, oh, he is so much to me! But the longer he lives, the more depraved he seems to get. Oh, God! why must I longer drink of these bitter waters, made out of the tears which have welled up from a mother's broken heart?" Well, my friend I believe that even these bitter waters can yet become sweet. Would you like me to tell you how this shall be?

Storms on Life's Voyage

In the first place, I must picture your own spiritual condition before I talk about the rescue of your son. You are like a tourist, who is circumnavigating the globe. No sooner did you tell your friends that you were going to be a "globe trotter," than they said, "We will come down and see you off." The docks were crowded on the day you sailed. The band was playing, there were thousands of people moving on and off the ship. After the little tugs pushed the huge vessel out into the deep water, with your marine glass you watched the different boats coming into the harbor as you passed out. You were sailing along day after day, and the voyage was becoming more of a pleasure as the weeks went by. Now you have touched at Gibraltar. Now you are in the Mediterranean Sea. You make lots of friends on board. The hours speed quickly past. You have practically no interest in what is happening in the boats off in the distance, which you sight ever and anon. But one day a storm comes up and the machinery of your boat is broken. Helpless, you are being driven by the cruel winds towards the rocks. What do you now do? Do you run to your friends for help? Why, they are in the same danger as yourself. Ah, no. Now you anxiously scan the horizon to look for a ship. And when a steamer heaves in sight, the danger gun signals for help. Then, with bated breath, you watch the approach of that vessel. The great hawsers are ran between the two ships, then they become taut as the other boat pulls you into the harbor of safety. Then you cry, "Thank God! Thank God for help! Thank God for rescue!"

Help from on High

Now, my friends, that is the picture of your spiritual life, and you know it. You have been on a voyage of life. You have been singing, and dancing, and making merry with a few friends on board your own ship. But suddenly you awake to the fact that the moral and spiritual lives of your dear ones, as well as your own, are in danger of eternal shipwreck. What are you to do? Why, to-day you ought to take the Gospel marine glass, and sweep the horizon, and send forth the danger signals. Who ought you to call to your help? Shall men come who are just like you? Nay. What you need is divine help for the rescue of yourself and of that child. It is not too late. Believe me, it is not too late. And the way you can bring that divine help to the spiritual rescue of your loved one, is by first signaling that divine help to come to your own rescue. Oh, my friends, if the waywardness of a husband, or child, or friend, be the means of your own spiritual consecration, as well as that of others, do you not believe that these Marah waters shall yet become as sweet waters of spiritual life? Now comes the practical question: Is there any one here who is unwilling to signal for this divine help, and to consecrate his own life to the Master's service, when that person fully realizes that where he goes, and what he does may decide the eternal destiny of some one whose salvation ought to be dearer to him than his own life?

Man, woman, child, dost thou not know that another's spiritual life is depending upon the stand you take for Christ? Will you not here and now say: "By God's help and mercy I will let the Holy Spirit enter into my own heart, and then I shall lead my husband, my wife, my father, my brother, my sister, my child, my friend to the mercy seat?" Will you do it? Will you let Christ lift his atoning Cross and push it into the great depths of your own sins, and make the bitter waters of your evil past sweet as the River of Life.

MONT-LAWN IS NOW OPEN

THE first party of our little folks has arrived at Mont-Lawn, our Children's Home on the Hudson. The work of preparation could not have been more thoroughly done, had the Housemother and her staff been expecting royalty as guests, instead of the little "waifs and strays," whose surest claim to cordial welcome is their need.

Such a hustling and bustling as were in progress, lest the opening day should, by any possibility, find some speck or flaw upon the beautiful perfection of it all! Every swing had a new rope; the paint-brush had accomplished wonders wherever a paint-brush could be used; the big Bible had been brought out and given its proud position on the platform desk of the Temple, and always the gentle figure of the dear Saviour, who loved little children, stands ready to smile upon them from the stained-glass window. There's no Temple like it in all the world—there's no children's vacation home whose doors can open wide enough to take in so many!

Seeking a Breath of Air on a City Dock

Independence Day follows close upon the heels of the Home's opening day, but it cannot come too soon for everybody concerned. The whole chattering, enthusiastic throng of the first ten-days' consignment will have arrived, and "The Fourth" is the most wonderful day of all the wonderful days of their visit. Visitors come from far and near, and if past years may be used as examples from which to judge, the visitors have every bit as good a time as the children. Everybody's mind is made up to enjoy every minute, and there are so many things to enjoy that nobody quite gets finished up before the day is over. The youngsters are clad, as with a garment, in company behavior. We expect the friends of Mont-Lawn to assemble with us, for great things are in store for The Christian Herald Children's Home at Nyack on the "Fourth." There will be eminent speakers, patriotic exercises, drills, marches, flag saluting, twilight tea, and an abundance of ice cream for the visitors, the little children being the servitors to hand them the refreshments.

Mont-Lawn's "Fourth" is something more than a holiday. It is a training school for citizenship, and the patriotic lessons it inculcates are never lost. "Old Glory," floating from the flagstaff, draped from pillars, waved by every energetic little hand, is the dominant chord to which all the rest of the day's proceedings are pitched. Though the ten score children might people a second Tower of Babel, so truly had they been scattered in every corner of the earth, yet here, on this soil of our Republic, Syria, Italy, Ireland and France, and many other lands, join hands and raise their voices in the beloved strains of

> My Country, 'tis of thee,
> Sweet land of liberty,
> Of thee I sing.

We might go on, and tell of the anxious courtesy of the little guests who, on that one day, are hosts and hostesses to the "grown-ups"; we might tell of the hour when the shadows fall, and drooping eyes brighten again, tired little bodies grow alert once more, as the fireworks begin. But we will not forget to thank the friends who have already manifested their desire to brighten the lives of these poor tenement waifs by the gifts they have sent us.

Housemother Collins is rejoicing that the bundles of clothing are beginning to come in; but alas, that a pink gingham frock cannot, like charity, cover a "multitude." Many more are needed and would be welcomed gratefully.

$3 pays for everything for a child during its ten days' visit at Mont-Lawn. $21 endows a bed which seven little children will occupy in rotation. It will put the healthy color in their wan cheeks, and bring back the sparkle to their dull eyes. Best of all, it will re-act by bringing pure pleasure to the heart of the generous giver.

Send clothing, prepaid, to The Christian Herald Children's Home, Nyack-on-Hudson, New York, and all money contributions to The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York. Every gift will be acknowledged in these columns. H. W. Stewart.

Work for the Chinese in Washington

By Mrs. Belle Caldwell Culbertson

"CHINA is preparing to be, some of these days, a great nation, in order to be able to kill the largest number of men in a given time with the least expense to herself, and then, and not till then, will she be looked upon as a world power. China awakened will soon become powerful, and will demand, ten or fifteen years hence, the same treatment that is accorded other nations."

These sentiments were expressed recently by Poon Chew, Editor of a Chinese newspaper in San Francisco, who spoke by invitation at the Conference of the National Civic Federation in New York City. They are significant. The promulgation of the Gospel should keep pace with this growth of Western sentiment. More than ever, should the Church of Christ multiply her heralds in China. We at home should bestir ourselves to give the enlightening and saving truth to the thousands of Chinese in the United States, many of whom live within a stone's throw of our Christian churches.

It is estimated that there are in Washington seven hundred Chinese outside the Diplomatic Circle. These are, for the most part, laundrymen, keepers of restaurants and curio shops; and it is with this class that a number of faithful teachers, volunteers from the different Protestant churches, have labored for the past two decades, in obedience to Christ's command.

There are in the city four Sunday Schools for the Chinese, with an enrollment of two hundred and thirty students, and an attendance of one hundred and fifty. The work began in 1881, in the Metropolitan Methodist Church, John Marshall Place. Since then hundreds of Chinese have been taught, and have gone out from these schools. Many of them returned to China, there to be lights in the midst of the darkness of heathenism; many are to-day noble Christian business men in Washington, honored members of the different Protestant Churches.

The writer had the privilege recently of visiting one of the Sunday Schools during its regular session. The beautiful, commodious audience-room, excellent singing, led by a precentor, hearty responses, and the earnest faces of teachers and pupils, as seated in groups of two or three around small tables, they joined in the opening exercises, was an inspiring and pleasing sight. The majority of the students are young men who dress in the Western costume and are shorn of the customary queue. A teacher's prayer-meeting is held for a half-hour preceding the regular session, and has a large and enthusiastic attendance.

The text-book is the *English-Chinese Reader*, prepared and edited by the Rev. J. W. Condit, a former missionary in China, and for many years a devoted worker among the Chinese in San Francisco, under the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. Object-lesson charts are also used effectively. A number of the students go to the homes of their devoted teachers during the week to pursue, after business hours, the study of the much-desired English language. This more closely cements the bond between teacher and pupil, and gives the Chinese the benefit of frequent visits to a truly Christian home.

Chinese Sunday School Scholars

Generous gifts are made by these Chinese students to the cause of missions. Naturally, most of the money contributed goes to enlighten their own countrymen in China, although one school contributes to the support of a Christian Chinese church in Honolulu, and another school supports two Chinese students at a college in Tennessee, in addition to three theological Chinese students in China. One evangelistic worker, a member of this school, sends $200 each year to a friend in China, who is there teaching the "Jesus doctrine."

The Home Department is an interesting feature of this far-reaching work. Chinese custom forbids the wives of the Chinese to attend public services with their husbands. The lady teachers visit these women in their homes and find them very approachable and responsive. One of these Chinese women is a communicant of the Episcopal Church, Pro-Cathedral. Ten of the little Chinese children in the city have been gathered into a kindergarten class in connection with the Metropolitan Chinese Sunday School. This division of the work is most interesting and promising. These little almond-eyed celestials speak English with more ease and less Chinese accent than their parents. Miss Helen Snell, a Deaconess of the Metropolitan Methodist Church, has charge of the class, and gave us a few items of interest about these little children.

The picture in this issue represents four families, and all were born in the United States. Six of the children are baptized members of the Protestant Church. The three largest boys and one girl (beginning at the left), Lee; Nam Gong; Frankie Moy and Ruth Gong attend the public school; the boys are in the second grade and all read English. Georgie and Daisy Lee are dressed in their Chinese clothing. Daisy's arm is protectingly thrown around the shoulders of little Katie Moy, a charming Chinese baby! and opposite Katie is James Gong. Mamie Lee and Jennie Moy complete the group of nine. One member of the class is absent.

Miss Snell finds these children bright to an unusual degree. Their favorite songs are, "Bringing in the Sheaves," "Jesus Loves Me," and "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," especially the latter. Two texts of Scripture the class recites perfectly, viz., "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men." "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

The social feature is made an important factor in the work of each school. During the summer months, trolley-rides, moonlight excursions on the Potomac River and on the cars, are frequent, and the feasts and joys of the holidays are shared with these favored ones, who are considered an integral part of the churches they have chosen. The Chinese attend these free schools primarily, to secure a knowledge of the English language as a business medium. They receive this and vastly more.

THE SMOOT CASE IN THE SENATE

AS already announced in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the case of Reed Smoot, the Apostle Senator from Utah, has now passed out of the hands of the Committee on Privileges and Elections and is before the Senate, awaiting a final vote on the question of expulsion. Two reports were presented by the Committee, the first, or majority report, being signed by seven members, viz.: Senators Burrows, Dolliver, Dubois, Pettus, Bailey, Overman, and Frazier; while that of the minority was signed by Senators Foraker, Beveridge, Dillingham, Hopkins, and Knox.

The majority report focuses the case against Mr. Smoot on the charge that his oath as an Apostle of the Mormon Church unfits him to be a member of the Senate. The reasons for the action of the majority in demanding exclusion or expulsion are thus summarized:

"That Mr. Smoot is one of a self-perpetuating body of men known as the First Presidency and Twelve Apostles of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, commonly known as the Mormon Church.

"That these men claim Divine authority to control the members of said Church in all things, temporal as well as spiritual.

"That this authority is, and has been for several years past, so exercised by the said First Presidency and Twelve Apostles as to encourage the practice of polygamy and polygamous cohabitation in the State of Utah and elsewhere, contrary to the Constitution and laws of the State of Utah and the law of the land.

"That the said First Presidency and Twelve Apostles do now control, and for a long time past have controlled, the political affairs of the State of Utah, and have thus brought about in said State a union of Church and State, contrary to the Constitution of said State of Utah, and contrary to the Constitution of the United States, and the said Reed Smoot comes here not as the accredited representative of the State of Utah in the Senate of the United States, but as the choice of the hierarchy, which controls the Church and has usurped the functions of the State in said State of Utah."

Many cases of plural marriages among Apostles and other high Mormons since the manifesto of 1890 are cited. Many other cases of continued polygamous relations where the marriages were entered into before that time are also cited. In this list are Joseph F. Smith, President, several Apostles, and men holding high places in the Church.

The last chapter of the report is devoted to the oath of vengeance, administered to those who go through "the endowments." The committee says it was proved that an oath was administered expressed substantially in this form:

"You and each of you do covenant and promise that you will pray and never cease to pray Almighty God to avenge the blood of the prophets upon this nation, and that you will teach the same to your children and to your children's children unto the third and fourth generation."

"There can be no question," the report declares, "in regard to the taking of the oath of vengeance by Mr. Smoot."

. . .

The minority report says that, apart from his connection with Mormonism, Mr. Smoot's life is irreproachable, and that he is not a polygamist. It attempts to discredit the evidence as to his taking the "endowment oath." It practically sets forth that he is not to blame for conditions in Utah, and should not be held responsible.

There is no doubt that an attempt will be made to delay, and possibly to "shelve" the report, in the interest of the politicians. It would be well, therefore, for all who are interested in the success of the movement for the expulsion of the Mormon Apostle to address their Senators, urging that action be taken at the present session, as demanded by the people.

A notable meeting of the "National League of Women's Societies" was held in Washington on June 8, to consider the Smoot case. Mrs. Schoff, President of the Mothers' Congress, presided. Mrs. Darwin R. James of Brooklyn occupied the chair for a part of the meeting. It is said that ten millions of women were represented by the ladies present. Resolutions were passed, and a copy ordered sent to each Senator. One copy was taken to President Roosevelt by the whole company of ladies. Very kind remarks were made by Mrs. Schoff and others about aid rendered by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in the anti-Smoot campaign.

Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts was one of the speakers. She said: "Certain papers have recently renewed the objection made early in the case against Smoot by Senator Hoar on the Senate floor, when he questioned the propriety of petitioning, on the ground that it is a case in court. But so widely and thoroughly have investigations been made, and so long have the facts concerning Utah polygamy been in the limelight, that it can not be considered a case in court, but is rather a case which has been given to the jury — that jury being the men and women of this entire land.

During the call on President Roosevelt at the White House in the afternoon, he said with characteristic emphasis: "I have the highest regard for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. It is always fearless, it always stands for the right, and its marvelous philanthropy compels the admiration of the world."

THE COLONY OF MERCY

ONE of the saddest hours that can come to a worker for his fellow-men is when he finds that some one whom he has aided to get on his feet physically and spiritually, has slipped back into the old ways and to the old companions. Every now and then this happens, and it is only the knowledge that many redeemed men have been purified to the heart's core that gives courage to the worker in the slums. There is one mission in particular, the Keswick Colony of Mercy, at Keswick Grove, in New Jersey, where the recruits for the better life, in larger proportion, it would seem, than in almost any other similar institution, stick by their new-found colors, and when started right, "stay put." Hundreds of men who had tasted the very dregs of despair, who lost friends, family, everything but the desire to drink, have been permanently restored to manhood through the influences thrown around them in the beautiful spot that they refer to in letters from every State in the Union, as "dear old Keswick."

Members of the Colony at Keswick

The men are sent to the colony from missions in Philadelphia and New York. Keswick Grove is seven miles from a saloon and two miles from the nearest town. The men are kept at work at some outdoor employment; the hours of labor are not long, and the men show little desire to leave the place until they are fitted to meet family and friends, or to look for work. Some of the colonists remain but a month, others longer, according to their needs. Every newcomer receives a hearty welcome from the superintendent and the men already on the ground. He is at once impressed with the brotherly atmosphere of the place, that all are interested in him and his welfare. The only book of rules is the Bible and there are daily readings from it, with a prayer-service, led by some one of the converts. On Sunday there are regular preaching services held in the little chapel, which are attended by the colonists and by neighbors who have driven in from the surrounding country. The people of the district have been full of friendly interest ever since the inception of the enterprise.

Mr. Raws, the Superintendent, had been for a long time a worker in the slums of Philadelphia. He felt that there should be some place away from the temptations of the city where men who had indicated a desire to reform get fully restored to health. He found a place for sale a short distance from Whiting, N. J., suited for such an institution as he had in mind. There were 400 acres of land and a few small buildings. Towards its purchase price Mr. Raws had about two dollars; nevertheless he decided he must have it, and earnest effort brought sufficient funds from interested friends to secure the place. Now the colony has a large building, serving as home for the Superintendent's family and assistant workers; a good saw mill, in which the logs cut by the converts are prepared for market, a good dormitory and chapel. Twenty-five men are received at one time, the average for the year being nearly two hundred. A letter from one of the men who has gone out from the colony will show what it is able to do in saving bodies and souls. It is from a man in the West, who now holds a respected position. He writes:

"If spared to the third of July, it will be just two years since I touched liquor in any shape or form, and long, long since the appetite was taken completely from me. How good God has been to me since I left you one year ago! He has blessed me with health and strength, not only bodily, but spiritually; has raised up to me splendid Christian friends, position, with utmost confidence of my employers. I was baptized in the Baptist Church, three weeks ago last Sunday night. When I arrived at Keswick two years ago, I had passed through almost twenty years of a terrible life of sin and drunkenness. I had but one friend on earth at that time whom I might approach for assistance. I had lost business and home, and had seen a loving wife buried, dying almost broken-hearted, from whom rum had separated me for two years. The morning I landed in Keswick I was in utter despair and almost a wreck physically. But so many times can I now look back and see where the hand of God has plucked me as a brand from the burning."

D. M.

Berachah Cottage

THE WEST-SIDE MISSION'S WORK

DURING the several years in which I have served as Superintendent of the Gospel Mission, now located at 269-271 West Forty-seventh Street, corner Eighth Avenue, New York, many striking incidents have confirmed my faith in the value of such work as we undertake to do.

One case which particularly interested me, was that of a man who wandered into our hall from an open-air meeting, one evening. To converse with this man was to realize that though dissipation had wrought great havoc, here was still a man of no ordinary type. He had a brilliant mind, was well educated, and still gave evidence of the genius that once made him a very popular man. He had been the secretary of a famous infidel club in Boston, in former years. He learned to love our place and people. One evening, at the close of the service, he said, "Oh, how I wish I could stay right here," and my heart was touched when I later learned that he did go down the cellar stairs to sleep, rather than return to the hotel where he had a room.

For days he was under deep conviction. He made honest inquiries. We talked and prayed with him, but his mind had been so filled with infidel views that it seemed as if he could not grasp the simple truths of the Gospel. One evening, he heard in our Mission the last message he was ever to listen to. With evident anguish of heart, at the close of this service, he fell on his knees crying out, "I must, I will be saved before I leave this place to-night." It was nearing the midnight hour, when our prayers, which had been mingled with the tearful pleadings of a now thoroughly penitent sinner, and an earnest seeker after God, changed to praise as, rising to his feet, this victim of the devil's devices—now a sinner saved by grace—turned to us and said, "Thank God, I know it is all right now. I know Jesus saves me. I know the Gospel story is true."

The next day, I was summoned to a nearby hospital, and there stood by the bedside of a now dying man—the subject of this brief sketch. He had fallen that morning in the street in an unconscious condition. Recovering consciousness, he emphatically declared his trust in his Saviour, and his determination to serve him faithfully. A few hours later he had gone into eternity. Often since, the recollection of this man's salvation at the "eleventh hour," has led me to press with greater earnestness the necessity of immediate decision for Christ.

A man well known in former days, a policy-writer, had listened almost every night for a year to the Gospel in our open-air service, which is held nightly at the corner of Eighth Avenue and Forty-seventh Street, for an hour prior to the service in the Mission Hall. One evening, he came into the service and left it under great conviction, but refusing to yield to God. Returning the following night, he availed himself of the first opportunity to kneel at our altar. He told us he had been unable to sleep, and had spent the previous night in prayer. He soon entered into a joyous experience of salvation. We are finding many avenues of usefulness open to us besides our regular evening and Sunday services. We have quite a work among the children, who meet with us in a "Sunshine Makers' Meeting" on Saturday, and in Sunday School on Sunday afternoon. We visit from house to house, and "as of the ability that God giveth," minister to the needs of the destitute. We desire the prayers and co-operation of the children of God, any of whom we would be glad to have visit our Mission. Through the kindness of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, we shall be able to afford some of our needy little folks a pleasant vacation at Mont-Lawn during the hot weather, but many of the smaller children and their mothers will get outings only as we are able to give them a day at a time, in some nearby quiet resort. We would welcome assistance which would enable us to enlarge our field. Any contributions for the support of the work of the West Side Gospel Mission sent through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, will be acknowledged in that paper.

Children of the Mission and their Teacher

A Rescue Home Destroyed

Thirty-three years ago, the hearts of San Francisco's women were moved by the conditions under which Chinese girls were brought to that city. A concerted movement resulted in the establishment of a Rescue Home, which has saved two thousand Chinese girls. The recent disaster has destroyed their buildings, insured for less than one-third their value. Help is needed to re-establish this estimable work. All letters should be addressed to Mrs. L. A. Kelley, Secretary of the Women's Occidental Board of Foreign Missions, 1,932 Broadway, San Francisco, Calif.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, Associate Editor — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, Associate Editor

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The New Vacation

BY the last week of June schools have closed, graduations are over, and the thoughts of everyone turn to the vacation, be it long or short, that is the one bright spot in the year for most of us. More and more the American people are becoming lovers of country life. The rich have their palaces, to which they go early in the spring and remain until late in autumn, while those fairly prosperous have camp or bungalow, beside some mountain lake or ocean beach.

It is, however, to the clerk and toiler in the ordinary walks of life to whom the vacation season is most important. A few years ago it was the custom for the more ambitious to scrimp and save, in order to pass a week or two at Saratoga, or Narragansett Pier. That is going by; the great interest taken in outdoor sports, the numerous magazines devoted to nature-study and the life in field and forest have all been factors in the new vacation. It is the old clothes that are now packed for the camping party, a few good books and supply of fishing tackle are put in, and the vacationist seeks some quiet spot, from which he returns heartened in spirit and twice the man in health.

Those who could go at will, are more and more thinking of those who could not go at all; of those to whom the blue sky means but a narrow streak high up between the roofs of old brick tenements, and who have never seen more of Mother Earth's green blanket than the meagre strip about a fountain in some dusty city square. Fresh Air Funds have been established to take children and their weary mothers to the country in July and August, while the number of private philanthropies devoted to helping the less fortunate through the summer makes already a long list. At Mont-Lawn, our "summer resort" for the poor children of New York City, hundreds are received every year who do not date events from the first of January, but from the time they assembled in the Bible House ready for the journey up the river. It is one of the good signs of the times that so many people are taking an interest in these little waifs and strays, before they arrange for their own pleasure outings.

The vacation season too often, it is true, is a time when people have felt free from all restraint, and lose their manners temporarily, the chief desire being to have a good time regardless of the feelings of fellow-passengers and fellow-guests. Why not, when we are having a pleasant time ourselves, see if we cannot add to the pleasure of others, and, if possible, reduce the number of those who regard the coming of summer visitors as another invasion of the Goths and Vandals? If we could also reduce the number of stay-at-homes by at least one, the vacation would be one of those periods we mark with "the white milestones" in life's journey.

Capital Punishment

"EVERY execution is an object-lesson in murder. The State is doing what it forbids its citizens to do—an impossible inconsistency. Capital punishment is an example of the primitive law of retaliation, of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth; a relic of a remote past, when talon and claw were the law of the animal world; a theory in our enlightened times as indefensible in its principles as it is useless and debasing in its practice. The infliction of capital punishment, which is practically limited to homicides in civilized countries, is a stain on our civilization and should be abolished. In its place, when desperate criminality has reached the limit fixed by a wise and tolerant society, should be substituted special prisons, which should become permanent repositories for these lost members of mankind. These should be rendered as silent and inexorable as the tomb. Release should be permitted only upon action of the highest court upon positive proof of innocence. The inmates should be forever removed from a continuance of their evil practices, but not beyond the opportunity for repentance and spiritual expiation."

These strong, wise words, from a recent address by Dr. D. O. Stillman, of Albany, Chairman of the Sixth New York State Conference of Charities and Correction, are peculiarly appropriate at the present time. Their truth is finding frequent illustration in the criminal courts of New York.

If we were asked to state concisely the principal reasons why we believe capital punishment should be abolished, we would say—

1. Because of the natural and undeniable reluctance of juries to convict of a capital crime or to impose the death penalty. The result, as illustrated in two recent trials in New York (one where a notorious woman shot a man in a cab, and the other where a young woman killed two relatives), is usually a gross miscarriage of justice in permitting the prisoner to go wholly unpunished.
2. Because, if the accused be convicted, petitions for commutation are circulated, or efforts are made to obtain a new trial. These efforts, even if unsuccessful, involve the taxpayers in heavy expenses in the criminal budget. The case of Patrick is an illustration in point.
3. Because the State Executive is hampered and annoyed by persistent applications, made through political influence, to pardon murderers, who succeed in escaping capital punishment; whereas, if capital punishment were abolished, their fixed status as criminals under the laws would render such efforts fruitless.

If a State should pass a law abolishing the capital penalty, and providing that no murderer be released, by pardon or otherwise, until he had served twenty years in prison—except in cases where absolute proof of innocence was discovered, or at least proof sufficient to warrant the reopening of the case—we believe the righteousness and justice of such a reform would soon be appreciated, and it would extend to other States. All recent experience proves that the fear of hanging or electrocution does not deter the murderer. Why should we then add official crime to individual crime? The whole judgment of Christian civilization favors the punishment of the taker of life, not by extermination, but by repression, seclusion, and proper reformatory measures, which, while adequately protecting society, at the same time give to the offender the merciful and humane opportunity to repent of his wickedness and turn to the Saviour for mercy and pardon.

Social Unrest

AMONG the numerous addresses to the university students who have completed their course, and are going forth from the various institutions of our land, to take their places in active life, none deserve more careful attention than that recently delivered by Dr. Butler of Columbia University. He said: "Unless all signs fail, we are entering upon a period of social and economic, perhaps even of political, reconstruction. A spirit of unrest is abroad not only in our land, but in other lands. So far as this unrest has an economic foundation, it appears to be dissatisfaction with the actual and possible rewards for industry." It is well that university graduates should understand this fact, which Dr. Butler states with absolute accuracy. Other observers have noted it, and agree with him in appreciating its significance. Large numbers of our citizens, in an immense majority of the body politic, are dissatisfied with the rewards of industry, and there is an ominous spirit abroad, eager to reapportion those rewards. These men contend that it is unfair for the men who labor, to have so small a proportion of the results of their labors. The very gift of the libraries, for which none are more grateful than the workingmen, is regarded by them as an example of this inequality. We are not now discussing the justice of their complaint, but explaining what their complaint is. Men are dissatisfied, as Dr. Butler says, with the actual and possible rewards for industry. That is an ominous fact, which it would be suicidal to ignore. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD does not believe in a Gospel of discontent, nor does it share Dr. Butler's pessimistic views. We believe, and have frequenly declared, that there are no troubles, real or imaginary, that are incapable of rational and satisfactory adjustment. We believe there is a way open to harmony among all classes, if men seek that way in the right spirit.

Dr. Butler also pointed out that "There is an increasing number of men who have come to distrust the capacity of society, as now organized, to protect itself against the freebooters who exist in it." This also is a most serious condition. We have seen, in the lynchings of negroes, what happens when men begin to distrust the capacity of society and the courts, to deal with crime. How will it be, the apostles of discontent now ask, when the same principle is carried further? Men who give bribes and men who receive them, are known in many of our cities. The spirit of the lynchers may soon reach other classes, and incite their members to lawlessness. Such a condition would be most deplorable, and it is well that the head of the great university points out the danger.

The remedy Dr. Butler propounds is significant. It is the cardinal principle of Christianity. He says: "It is our own individual characters that are at fault and not our institutions. Moral regeneration, not political and economic reconstruction, is what we chiefly need." A truer word was never spoken. Under the very best institutions, crafty men find means of evading checks, and perverting good principles to their own advantage. It is in the regeneration of character that our hope of averting revolution lies. A change of character in the men, who must reform their ways, renounce greed and adopt fair, just and equitable methods, and a change of character in the men whose fierce passions and iconoclastic dispositions would overturn our institutions. In both there must come a fear of God, a spirit of righteousness, and a love and practice of justice, before we can hope for a readjustment that will avert calamity and meet the requirements of the Most High.

The Case of Smoot

WHILE the case of Smoot is hanging in the Senate—like the coffin of Mahomet, suspended between heaven and earth—the apologists of the Mormon Apostle are displaying surprising ingenuity in the various arguments they are advancing for his retention. One of the latest is that the exclusion of Smoot would be a tyrannical and virtually unconstitutional use of the unquestioned power of the Senate, to be the exclusive judge of the qualifications of its own members.

We would remind these apologists that a majority of the Senate's own Committee has found in the evidence submitted before it absolute proof:

(1), that Mr. Smoot is one of twelve Apostles who encourage polygamy in Utah and elsewhere, contrary to the Constitution and the law;

(2), that the Mormon President and Apostolate control the politics of Utah, and have brought about a union of Church and State, in violation of the Constitution;

(3), that Reed Smoot comes to the Senate not as the accredited representative of Utah, but as the choice of the Morman hierarchy, which has usurped the functions of the State;

(4), that as the governing body of the Mormon Church acts as a unit, Mr. Smoot being a member of that body, is responsible, as such, for its official acts, and

(5), that Mr. Smoot took the oath of vengeance against the United States, in which he swore to "never cease to pray to Almighty God to avenge the blood of the prophets upon this nation," and to hand down this frightful vendetta "to his children's children."

Now, in view of the fact that these are the sane conclusions of a body of Senators who have devoted much time to the consideration of the case; who have heard all the witnesses, weighed the evidence and conscientiously endeavored to reach a verdict, uninfluenced by passion or prejudice, we fail to discover any good foundation for the charge that the policy they suggest to the Senate would be either tyrannical or unconstitutional. On the contrary, we believe that the recommendations in the majority report are sound, and the people have a right to expect that these recommendations should be carried out with as little delay as possible.

It should not be forgotten that this investigation has fully sustained, through the testimony of the Mormon witnesses themselves, every one of the charges made in the Women's Memorial. With the evidence all in, and the case ready to go to the Senate, there is not the slightest excuse for delaying the final vote. We hear of repeated efforts to "shelve" the report for the session. It is, however, a question which "goes straight to the root of things," as President Roosevelt said, and has a wider significance for the country than many measures now before Congress. No matter in what direction the merely political interest may lie, this great question must be decided soon, and the sooner the better.

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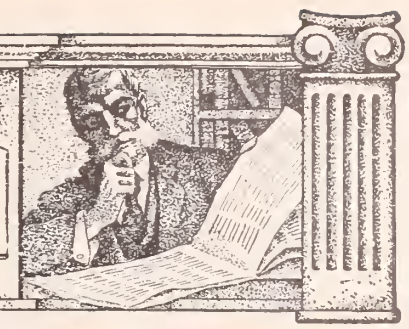
The BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER



Children's Festivals

JUNE has been distinguished this year more than ever as the children's month, and they have been helped to make the most of their opportunities. On Sunday School anniversary day hundreds of thousands of children participated in the monster parades which marched in various cities throughout the Union. That of the city of Brooklyn, with 125,000 in line, was especially memorable in that, for the first time, the Unitarian, the Universalist, and Swedenborgian Sunday Schools joined in the ranks, with the schools of all the Protestant denominations. A typical scene in the parade is illustrated on the first page. The guest of honor was the Hon. Leslie M. Shaw, Secretary of the Treasury, who reviewed the children in Prospect Park. He expressed his pleasure in seeing that so large a number of bright children were in the Sunday Schools of Brooklyn. He believed in the Sunday School. It was, he said, the place of all others to develop the power of thinking. People in these days eat too much, play too much, rest too much, but they do not think enough. In the Sunday School children are trained to think, and that about the most important of all subjects. In the Bible they get sound logic, good moral teaching, and the best preparation for useful citizenship. It is a pity that children leave the Sunday School so soon, they should stay in it all their lives.

Another notable event of the month for the children was that illustrated on this page. It was an automobile ride given to eleven hundred orphans of New York, by philanthropic owners of machines. The little ones were gathered from orphan homes and similar institutions, and given one long never-to-be-forgotten day. They were driven to Coney Island in one hundred and forty automobiles of all classes, from Mr. Astor's $12,000 machine, to the big electric trucks from down-town warehouses, each holding forty shouting happy youngsters. They saw the sights at Coney Island; they "shot the chutes," and they made merry over a bountiful dinner in a great hall overlooking the wide ocean. A tiny crippled boy told the joy of the children best, as he answered the big policeman, who lifted him into an auto to be taken home. Said he: "Have you had a happy day, my boy?" "I have had the first real happy day of my life," was the reply.

In considering the children, adding to their pleasures and alleviating the sorrows that press very heavily on some of them, the church shows its appreciation of our Lord's teaching. He loved children and welcomed them to his arms. A child was his ideal of the spirit and disposition of those who were fit for the kingdom of heaven, and he enjoined on his followers special care that no hindrance should be thoughtlessly placed in their path that might cause them to fall.

Suffer little children, and forbid them not to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven (Matt. 19: 14).

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An Automobile Ride for 1,100 Orphan Children in New York

A New State

After long and animated debate, Congress has passed a bill for the admission of a new State to the Union, and the bill now awaits only the signature of the President to take effect. The new State consists of Oklahoma and the Indian Territory. The former contained, according to the census of 1900, a population of 398,331; the latter a population of 392,060. It is an evidence of national growth that in 1820, there were fourteen States in the Union whose population was less than that of either of the Territories which are now combined in the new State. There is a further delay for Arizona and New Mexico. Congress was willing to admit them as one State, but their friends demand that they come in separately. The question is therefore remitted to the popular vote. If they are willing to come in as one State, and the inhabitants of both Territories cast a vote to that effect, they too will be admitted. At present, however, the combination is unpopular with the masses, and there is a disposition to wait until they can be admitted separately. At the last census, Arizona had a population of 122,931 and New Mexico of 195,310. The new State is to be congratulated on the increase of dignity and influence it has attained, and we may hope its history will be such as that which the ancient poet desired for his people.

They shall fear thee as long as the sun and the moon endure throughout all generations (Ps. 72 : 5).

Jews Massacred

From Russia comes news of a new massacre of Hebrews. The full details are not reported in the cable dispatch, but it appears to be an extensive and sanguinary affair. The origin of the trouble appears to have been the murder of the Chief of Police at Blalystok. This crime, as in many other instances where there is a desire to shield the real perpetrator, was attributed to the Jews. Later, there was a religious procession in the town, upon which a bomb was thrown, killing a clergyman and several other persons. Instantly, apparently without any evidence, the crowd, glad of any pretext for murder and robbery, attacked the Jewish stores, demolishing fixtures and windows, and flinging the goods into the streets. Every Jew who could be found was killed with hideous barbarity, and a search was made for any who might be in hiding. Some were discovered in the railroad station in which they had taken refuge. They were all murdered, three being thrown out of upper windows. The soldiery made no attempt at the beginning of the trouble to suppress the disorder, and later, when orders came from St. Petersburg, they were obeyed in a perfunctory manner. It is believed that hundreds of Hebrews were killed, and many more fled, abandoning all their property. There seems to be no end to the sorrows and trials this much enduring race must bear. Christians, unworthy of the name they bear, appear to have forgotten that for outrages on these people, God will exact a heavy penalty.

Because thou hast had a perpetual hatred, and hast shed the blood of the children of Israel, therefore, as I live, saith the Lord, I will prepare thee unto blood, even blood shall pursue thee (Ezek. 35: 5 6).

A Test for Naturalization

A long debate has been needed to settle the new law for the restriction of immigration, and its cognate subject, the regulation of naturalization. No one wished to enact tests that would exclude honest, worthy immigrants whose opportunities of acquiring an education had been limited, but there was a general consensus of opinion that there should be an educational test for naturalization. If a man could be in this country for five years without getting some knowledge, it was thought that his last papers should be withheld. In the debate in the House of Representatives last week, the test was finally narrowed down to a question of language. It was decided, on the motion of Mr. Kennedy of Nebraska, that "no alien should be admitted to citizenship in the United States who cannot speak the English language." The demand is not unreasonable. The applicant has five years in which to acquire it, and if he will not take the trouble he cannot have a high estimate of the privilege of citizenship. It is so in God's kingdom. The people who are worthy of admittance, though they come from all nations, must be able to join in the acclamations of the redeemed.

They sung a new song, saying, Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us by thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation (Rev. 5 : 9).

Flying Around the Capital

A remarkable aeronautic feat took place at Washington, D. C., a few days ago. An aeronaut, in a machine which an observer describes as looking like a gigantic bologna sausage, with the framework of a dory, made a circuit of the city. Ascending from Luna Park, he steered for the Washington Monument, a distance of about four miles, and after landing there for a few minutes, rose to the height of the monument, 555 feet, sailed around it, and then flew over into the rear of the White House grounds. Then he started the machine again, taking an easterly course over the Treasury Department, and following the line of Pennsylvania Avenue at an altitude of about 300 feet. He maintained this height until he reached the Capitol, around the great dome of which the balloon sailed beautifully and easily. Another landing was made at the east front of the Capitol and then the aeronaut sailed away for Luna Park. As the airship made its graceful flight, Government business was practically suspended. Senators and Representatives hurried from their chambers to see it. Members of the Army General Staff eagerly watched its movements, and the roofs of the Department Buildings were crowded with clerks interested in the strange spectacle. Crowds of ordinary citizens stopped in their errands in the streets to gaze to the skies, as the novel airship sailed around the city, descending and ascending at the will of the aeronaut. Would that all whose attention was that day drawn to this flight through the air, might seek the fulfilment of that promise of heavenly flight that is made to all those who wait upon God:

They that wait upon the Lord, shall mount up with wings as eagles ; they shall run and not be weary ; they shall walk and not faint (Isaiah 40 : 31).

Photographing Under Ground

News comes from Mexico of an attempt then under contemplation to take some photographs under peculiar circumstances. It appears that in the State of Zacatecas there is a mine known as Sombrerete, which has a shaft two thousand feet deep. Once a year the sun shines down this shaft for a brief time, illuminating its interior to the lowest depths. The illumination lasts about three minutes, the light entering a hole in the roof of the headhouse and making the shafts so light that a person standing over the shaft can discern small objects on the floor of the mine. At the summer solstice the light comes suddenly shining straight down the shafts, giving rainbow effects to the spurting waters of the mine leaks and paling the electric lamps. In three minutes the sunlight disappears for a year. Arrangements had been made to have cameras in all parts of the mine ready to take advantage of that brief period of sunlight. What consternation there would be in the world if spiritual light was so brief and so rare! How men would prepare to avail themselves of that short period! Yet there are none who can be sure that at any moment the light for them will close forever.

Yet a little while is the light with you. Walk while ye have the light, lest darkness come upon you (John 12: 35).

The Awakening of Sally

By Eleanor H. Porter

IT had been unusually hot, even for New York, that day. Ever since early morning the mercury in the thermometer outside of Jerry Donovan's saloon had been climbing higher and higher; and even now, at four o'clock, it had not dropped a single degree.

On the steps, the sidewalk, the curbstones, and even in the street, were women and children sitting limp and almost breathless with the heat. Around the corner of the street rumbled into sight a huge ice-wagon.

The entire street awoke to sudden life. Sharp-faced, tired-looking women with babies in their arms, and with scarcely bigger babies hanging to their skirts, appeared from all quarters, and began to haggle over sizes and prices. Sally Murphy and a score of other children raced down the street and fought for an advantageous place around the wagon, so that they might be on hand for any stray bits of broken ice. Underneath the wagon, screaming tots gleefully stretched bare arms and feet to the trickling streams of ice-cold water that oozed through the cracks above.

Sally Murphy almost had her hands on a tempting fragment of ice when she saw one of the boys, who had been jeering at her a few minutes before, snatch a piece of ice from a small girl's fingers and run off. In a flash Sally was after him, and in another flash—so quickly was it done—the boy lay whimpering and the ice lay in the small girl's hands.

"Here, Sally, you take half—you got it for me," cried the small girl earnestly. "I shouldn't a' had any if 'twan't for you, an' you've lost yours now!"

"Pooh! Who cares?" retorted Sally, loftily; but her eyes were wistful as she looked at the wagon where now was nothing but the wet boards in front of the huge blue-white blocks in the cool depths beyond. "Pooh! who cares?" she said again as she walked away.

"Who's that little girl?" asked a pleasant-faced woman, who had been coming down the street and had seen the whole thing.

"That's Sally—Sally Murphy," replied one of the tired-looking mothers with a baby in her arms. "An' she's the terror of the whole street—yet she's got some good in her. You can see that by what she did just then."

"Sally—Sally Murphy," murmured the other, as if trying to fix the name in her memory. "And does she live near here? Tell me about her, please."

"There ain't nothin' to tell, then again, there is a good deal. She's Tim Murphy's girl. Tim drinks, ye know, an' Sally's ma works awful hard, an' I s'pose gits tired an' kind o' discouraged; at any rate, she drinks, too, lately, I've heard. I s'pose Sally ain't so much ter blame; but she is a case, an' there ain't no one can do a thing with her. She runs wild all day, an' at nightshe goes home an' dodges kicks an' cuffs from her pa an' ma. Mischief! there ain't no end to her mischief, an' we git all put out with her, an' then again she'll do somethin' like gittin' Mamie's ice fur her, same as she did a minute ago, an' ye can't help kind o' likin' her. She's a queer case, that Sally is!"

Down the street Sally heard a childish treble telling evidently some sort of a story. It seemed to come from an alley, and with listless curiosity Sally turned her steps into the narrow way, and thence into a small evil-smelling back-yard.

The place was perhaps twenty feet long, and fifteen wide. Among the papers and tin cans on the dirty flagstones sat a dozen children, while perched on an ash-barrel was an eight-year-old-girl, the source of the voice.

An' it's jest bootiful," she was saying rapturously; "trees, an' grass, an' flowers, an' heaps ter eat, an'—"

"Where 'bouts?" demanded Sally, unceremoniously.

The girl on the ash-barrel turned with new dignity to her questioner.

"It's at Mont-Lawn, Sally Ann Murphy; a place you don't know nothin' about," she retorted airily.

"Humph! Who wants to?" snapped Sally; but her words were drowned in an impatient chorus: "We do, we do! Here, don't mind Sally—go on, go on, Sue!"

And Susie did go on. She turned her back on Sally and began again; and after a moment's hesitation Sally dropped herself silently down in a corner. Listening? Of course she was not listening! She was industriously trying to get the label off an old tin-can.

"And—and—where was I?" demanded Susie, from the barrel.

" 'Bout the good things ter eat," shrilly prompted a thin-faced little urchin, whose spindling legs and arms plainly testified that "good things ter eat" were certainly not his bill of fare.

"Oh, yes. Well, there's heaps of 'em, an' three times a day, an' all ye want, too. An' there's grass an' grass an' grass, jest as fur as ye can see, an' there ain't a single sign ter keep off'n it, neither. An' there's brooks ter wade in, an' little white beds with sheets, an' —"

On and on went the eager voice, and on and on went the listeners—in imagination—until not one foot of the wonderful Mont-Lawn remained unexplored. Then the audience drew a long breath, and the speaker jumped down from the barrel. By twos and threes the children raced out through the alleyway to the street, until only Susie and the girl in the corner with the tin-can remained; and Susie was hurrying after her friends, when Sally sprang up and pulled at her skirt.

"Say, Sue, how do ye get there? Couldn't I—go?" she faltered.

"Pooh!—you? Jest as if they'd take you!" scoffed Susie, her eyes sweeping from head to foot the untidy little figure before her.

"Yes, yes, I know," almost sobbed Sally, in an unwonted humility that showed how great was this desire that had suddenly come to her. "But how did you go?"

Susie hesitated.

"Well," she began cautiously, "the missionary lady 'round the corner told me about it. Ye see there's folks what gives three dollars, an' that takes somebody for ten days. An' I went. But I ain't 'tall sure they'll take you. It's an awful nice place, ye know." Aud with that she turned and ran through the alleyway.

"An awful nice place." Sally sighed and looked ruefully down at her tattered skirt and dirty hands. No, they probably would not take her. Still—she might try.

With brightening face Sally ran through the alley and down the street, until she came to the shabbiest doorway in the block. With scarcely a stop for breath she dashed up four flights of stairs and burst into a small attic room at the top.

"Ma, ma," she called excitedly. "I want some soap, and a needle an' some thread an' two buttons."

There was no answer. By the dim light that came through the tiny window in the roof Sally spied a prostrate form on the mattress in the corner.

"Ma!" she repeated shrilly. "Did ye hear?"

Still there was no answer, and Sally crossed the room to the woman's side.

"Humph! Drunk!" she muttered. "That's two times I've found her like that." Then she began to search the room herself for the soap, needle, thread and two buttons.

She found a needle and some coarse black thread, but nowhere were the soap and the buttons. With a disappointed sigh she took off her dress and thrust it into a pail half full of water.

"I'm 'fraid 'twon't come very clean," she muttered; "an' it's awful dirty!" Then she hunted behind the stove until she had unearthed a rusty flatiron, for the dress must be ironed as well as washed.

It grew darker and darker in the tiny room. By and by Sally lighted a small candle and placed it on the shelf; still the woman did not stir. One, two, three hours passed; then Sally blew out the candle and wearily threw herself down on the mattress beside her mother. Before doing so, however, she took one last look at the dress. It had been washed (after a fashion of Sally's own), ironed (when too wet, and with a rusty flatiron), and mended (with coarse black thread—and little skill); and it now hung, ready for wear, over the back of a broken chair.

The next morning, at an astonishingly early hour, the door-bell of an East Side Mission rang timidly. The same pleasant-faced woman who had seen Sallie rescue Mamie's bit of ice the day before, came to the door. She found waiting on the steps a ten-year-old girl, hair combed, hands and face scrupulously clean, and dress—Mrs. Goodnough took one look at the dress, then choked back an hysterical laugh; but even as she did so, her eyes filled with quick tears.

"How do you do, ma'am," stammered Sally, in a frightened voice. "I'm Sally Murphy, an' I came ter see if please I couldn't go ter Mont-Lawn? Susie told me. An' please, ma'am, I can go, can't I?" she begged. "I've fixed myself all up clean!"

"Come in, my dear," said Mrs. Goodnough, in a voice that shook a little. "I've seen you before, I think. Come in."

It was just a month later that a very radiant Sally started for Mont-Lawn. And from the moment when she took the first step of that journey to the day she returned, tanned, round-cheeked, and joyous, in the clean, half-worn garments that had been given her—from that moment a new world opened to her wondering eyes and ears. Not only was it a world of frolic, good things to eat, and delightful sights and sounds, but it was a world of loving words, tender care, and of strange, new thoughts, that came with the beautiful singing in the twilight hour when the long day of play was over; and Sally had not lived in this new world a score of hours before her stunted, warped little nature, began to expand and unfold like the petals of a flower in the sunlight.

In ten days came the return to the hot little attic home up four flights. Sally burst into the room in a whirlwind of delight and fell upon her mother with a bear like hug.

"Oh, mumsey, mumsey, I've had such a good time! You don't know what a good time I've had!"

Mrs. Murphy actually rubbed her eyes. Was it possible that this pretty, neatly-dressed little girl was her Sally—her Sally? She could scarcely believe it. She touched almost timidly the flushed young cheeks, and fingered admiringly the pretty checked gingham dress which some other little girl had worn, and had sent to Mont-Lawn for just such a little maid as was Sally.

"Well, I declare, Sally!" murmured Sally's mother; "it don't seem as if 'twas you!"

"But 'tis me!—an' mumsey, I ain't

CONTINUED ON PAGE 565

"It's me, Mumsey!" cried Sally

IN MY COOL VERANDA NOOK

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Mental Food for Youth

UNLESS a boy's taste has been formed at an early age on good models, he is not likely to be satisfied at twelve or fourteen with Sir Walter Scott and Shakespeare. This may seem a startling statement, since everybody takes it for granted that the charm of Sir Walter and the marvelous variety of Shakespeare, are potent to attract readers of all ages and degrees of culture.

A mother who has very carefully watched her boy's reading, and given him only that which she approves, may possibly find him satisfied with Ivanhoe and Macbeth when he reaches fourteen. There are fortunate boys born with a taste of reading who do appreciate and enjoy the very best that English literature has to offer, but they are in the minority. A boy, as a rule, craves excitement and entertainment, thrilling adventure and hairbreadth escapes, in the books he reads. This is why he is so often the victim of sensational stories that leave a residuum of depravity in their after effect on the mind. Young men are serving dreary terms within stone walls, because they have been allowed as boys to read romances reeking with profanity, and subtly conveying suggestions of the devil, and schemes of daring that were criminal.

To fancy that your boy is well employed and safe from harm because he is buried in a book, is sometimes to be extremely mistaken. A book may be a firebrand. A book may be a poison. A book may do more lasting harm than any other bad companion who may come into the boy's life. Every parent should either have personal knowledge of what the boys read, or should see that the reading is selected by some one in whom confidence may be reposed.

There is a wide choice for boys in books that satisfy their desire to be amused and interested, that enrich the mind and afford side lights on their school studies. The long series familiarly known as the Henty books, contain nothing objectionable, and very much that is admirable and excellent. Kirk Monroe has done good service for the boys of America in his Indian and other tales, some of them replete with accurate historical information, and others giving trustworthy details about the life of other lands. The story in Mr. Monroe's work is always fine, and the instruction as it should be, is incidental to the narrative. Any book bearing the name of George Cary Eggleston on the title page, will be honest, chivalrous and manly, and will be a book worth buying for a clever lad who will appreciate a good story. I have seen nothing in the Sherlock Holmes stories to condemn, if a boy finds them interesting; but I should hesitate long before placing other stories of ingenious criminals in the hands of schoolboys. Sometimes in detective stories, burglars and highway robbers are made to appear so engaging in demeanor and brave in exploit, that a young reader may be easily led to forget the low and mean motives that underlie their wickedness. This is a real danger, and should make a parent careful in the books that are to be chosen for the boys.

Froissart's Chronicles are a never failing source of pleasure, especially if read aloud in the family. Robert Louis Stevenson's *Kidnapped* and *David Balfour*, his *Treasure Island* and *Prince Otto* belong to literature, and it will be a strangely dull boy who will find them tiresome.

If you would train your boys in the love of reading, take an hour in the evening and read with them. The book that is read aloud in the family, is the book the boys will wish to read again by themselves.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

The mother sees her little ones,
Each face is like a flower;
And sister teaches them the words
To fit the children's hour.

She tells them each what words to say,
Her tones are soft and sweet;
Unseen, the angels listen while
Their prayers the babes repeat.

An Inn for Working Girls

A large, commodious, and extremely well-devised hotel for working girls has been built, and will presently be put to the practical test of accommodating its patrons down-town, in N. Y. City. Very little that can add to the comfort and convenience of guests has been omitted. The proviso is made that those who live at the Tromart Inn, paying a rate of board which is within the means of the majority of young working women, shall not have homes of their own within city limits. A mighty army of young girls comes to the great city from rural neighborhoods, from New England, the South, and the West. To these the Tromart Inn will open its doors. Every requisite of a comfortable home, including an opportunity to do their own laundry work if they wish, is amply at the service of the inmates of this large home-like house. A feature admirably wise consists of a series of pleasant parlors, where young women may receive their friends of either sex. Girls who have no proper place in which to receive and entertain are at a great disadvantage. Hitherto, in homes and lodging-houses intended for young working women, the monastic idea has obtained. It has been quite overlooked that nature means the daughters of the race to meet and know its sons.

Concerning Family Prayer

A CORRESPONDENT tells a rather mournful story about the weariness of family prayers when they are conducted in a way that does not appeal to children, and that is, on the whole, unimpressive and fatiguing to grown people. She describes a father opening the Bible anywhere, sometimes in Chronicles, and sometimes in Ezekiel, plodding in a colorless voice through a long chapter, and then making a prayer, in which there are few petitions that have to do with the family needs. Although worship of this kind, in some degree misses the mark, it is much better than none. The custom of assembling the family at least once a day for a little service of prayer and praise, has fallen into disregard in many Christian homes. The rush and haste of life, the hurry for the morning train, or the scattering of a family immediately after the evening, prevent many people from having family prayers. Even prayer that is wearisome, and Bible reading that is long, are less to be deprecated than the omission of all religious forms. However, nothing is easier than to put heart and life into family prayer. Select a psalm or a chapter in the Gospels, provide every child with a Bible, and either read responsively or verse about. If possible, sing a hymn. Let the prayer be short and to the point, and conclude with the Lord's Prayer, recited by all. If the father or mother find it difficult to make a prayer, use the General Confession in the Episcopal Prayer Book, a form most appropriate, and one that may be joined in by the whole family.

In a household of peculiar and loving devotion, the Sunday School lesson is made the basis of family prayer. It is read as a whole on one morning, and other passages bearing on it are successively chosen on the different days in the week. Family prayers lose rather than gain by being too long, and they should not be too formal. If we have time for everything else under the sun, let us take time to be holy. If we have time for earthly things, why not remember that a day is coming when earth will be of little moment; and e'er that day arrives, let us take time for the things of heaven.

The children in a certain home are expected to recite a text every day at family worship. The father and mother repeat their verses, and each child, from the oldest to the youngest, is ready with his or hers. In a very lovely and cultivated family, where it is a privilege to be a guest, family worship is held every evening after supper before the family leave the table. The head of the house, sitting in his place, repeats a verse of Scripture, and each member of the family in turn contributes either a text or a stanza from a favorite hymn. Prayer is made, each kneeling in his place, and the little service is over. A hallowed atmosphere pervades any home in which family prayer is never intermitted. To the absent children, perhaps in distant lands, the remembrance of the daily prayer at home is a comfort and help.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—A. P. Acquaintances with whom one's intercourse is very slight, confined only to speaking pleasantly when one meets, are not properly called friends. Your second question cannot be answered.

—DELLA. Your first inquiry is a little vague. If you mean whether or not it is proper for a girl to visit in the home of her future husband, I reply certainly, if she is cordially invited to do so by his family. An engagement ring is a matter of choice. One may be engaged without a ring.

THE DUTY OF FORGIVENESS

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

*By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts**

THREE truths stand out in the lesson: 1. We all have sinned again and again 2. We all need forgiveness of God and man again and again. 3. We should all be ready to forgive others again and again.

1. We All have Sinned Again and Again. Whatever one's theology may be, he is constrained to admit that he has sinned, and that all others he has intimately known have also, at some time, been known to do wilful as well as unconscious wrong, and have sinned still more by not doing all that duty required. The three chief roots of sin are appetite, lust and greed. The last, which Jesus called covetousness, which we call commercialism, is the very tap root of all. Never was this ugly root so fully exposed in our country as this year. Among those not given to temptations of the flesh and of finance, sins of the tongue are apt to be the greatest. The second President of the United States, John Adams, who served but one term, recognized the source of his unpopularity when, as he was leaving the Presidential chair, he came up to a picture of Washington, with its firm, closed lips, and said: "If I had kept my lips as close I should now be President." Many a time we might say: "If I had kept my lips closed, I should not have sinned." In the total, sins of deed and word are not the greatest, but rather failure to fulfil that great word of the new Presbyterian Creed: "According to Christ's law, men of the Christian faith exist wholly for the service of man."

Under old business methods, a young man who sought employment in some great house must appeal to his friends for "bonds." To-day he must appeal to a guarantee company, and the first question asked him is, "Do you gamble?" The second is, "Do you drink?" If he cannot answer "No" to each, and back up his reply by the evidence of his friends, he may pound stone, but he cannot handle cash. The Sunday school has now a powerful assistant in the packing-house and the bank. The area in which a young man may sow wild oats is being narrowed each year, and the young man who "must have his fling" may have it out on the levee, but not on Wall street. Fathers and mothers do not send detectives to the race track to see who is betting on the horses there, but the bond companies do; and many a young fellow who sneered at his mother's tearful entreaty has listened very humbly to the warning words of the president of the company which holds his future in its hands.

Could you get a bond? Perhaps so; but could you stand the searching eye of the all-seeing God? What wrong word have you said to-day? What wrong deed done? From what bad motives?

A little five-year-old girl had learned in Sunday School to sing "Whiter than Snow." One day she sang it at home, and then turned to her father with the question: "Papa, are you whiter than snow?" The shaft went to his heart. He was a man who had been to church twice in three years. Hesitating a little, he answered: "I am afraid not." But he came to our meeting the next night. Since then he and his wife have been converted, and are now members of the church. Surely, a little child shall lead them.

2. All of Us Have Needed Forgiveness Again and Again. A wealthy young fellow was standing before a costly plate-glass window, idly scratching upon it with a diamond which he wore on his finger. A small street urchin, after watching him for a while with evident signs of displeasure, finally said to the older boy, who was disfiguring the window: "Don't yer do that no more; what yer doin' it for?" "Why shan't I do it?" said the other. "Guess I shall do it if I want to. Why not?" "Because," said the younger boy, and his voice became earnest, "because yer can't rub it out."

Do not sin, for it will make a scar on body and soul that cannot be wholly eradicated even by forgiveness. The guilt may be forgiven, but the consequences in ourselves and others will go on eternally. "Shall we continue in sin that grace may abound? God forbid." But God will save the penitent who prays from the guilt of sin and make him conqueror over the power and love of sin. Paulus Æmilius, of Rome, when he had broken up the Macedonian empire, was presented with four hundred crowns by four hundred cities, in token of full submission to their new conqueror. "Greater is he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." And it is to the conqueror of his own sins, through Christ, that God giveth a crown. But we could never escape our sins unless Christ came to forgive and give new life and love. Every one of us has 'much to be forgiven.'"

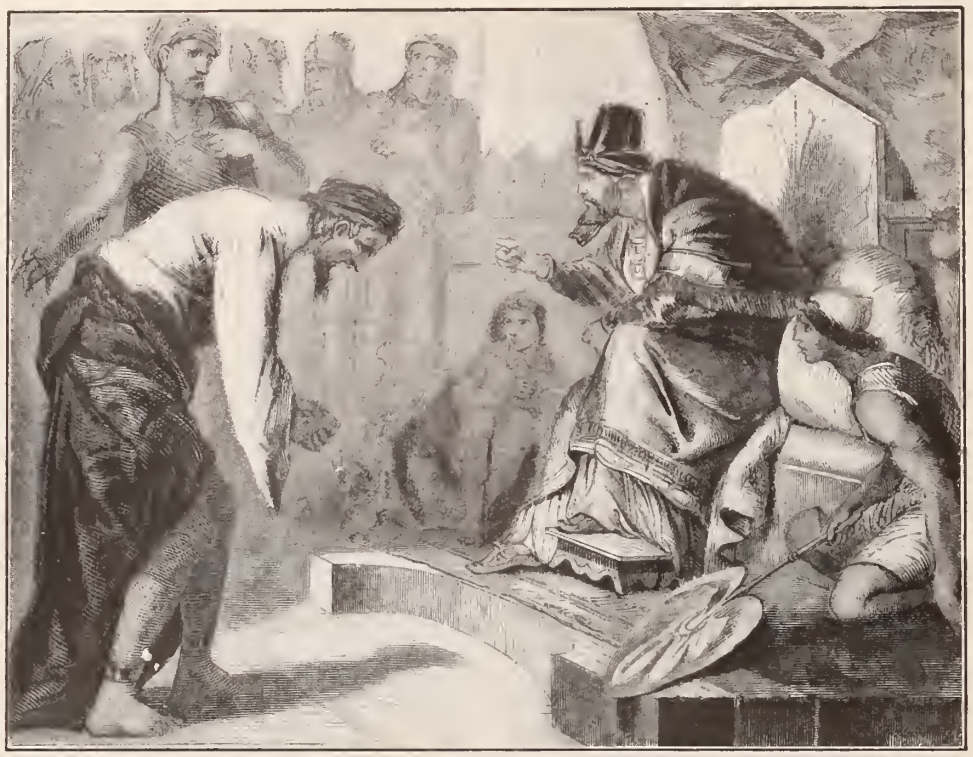
3. We Should be Ready to Forgive Often, as We Have Been Often Forgiven. Does Christ's rule to forgive "till seventy times seven," seem too hard? Who of us that has lived seventeen years has not been forgiven by God seventy times seven? "Forgive as we forgive." It would go hard with us if God should say, "I can forgive anything but that." Surely God will not live "two in a room" in my little heart with a grudge! Even if one who has wronged me is not penitent, I cannot afford to be unforgiving. The secret of Stephen's angel face is in his dying prayer to God for his murderers, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge," which is a foregleam of Christ's prayer for his crucifiers, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." These, with the story of Joseph's forgiveness of his cruel brothers form the great trilogy of forgiveness of enemies, the best illustrations of this lesson in all the Bible (Gen. 45: 1-15; Luke 23: 33, 34; Acts 7: 57-60).

Another Scripture passage bearing on this lesson, that came into the writer's life like an influence, is the command that requires every grudge to die the day it is born, "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath." The writer well remembers how literally he took that command when a boy—just as it should be taken—and if any quarrel had marred the day, hastened to "make up," as that text was brought to mind by the setting sun. What useless heart-breaks, what wasteful sorrow would be prevented if all of us always took care not to let the sun set on our petty quarrels. Let the evening meal be followed by evening worship, in which every feeling of hate shall be nipped in the bud, as all say together, "Father, forgive us as we forgive." "If thou bring the gift to the altar and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar; first be reconciled to thy brother and then come and offer thy gift."

We need not only helps to remember, but helps to forget. Mr. Moody says that those who say they will forgive but can't forget an injury, only half bury the hatchet, leaving the handle out ready for immediate use. It is like the familiar case of the savage, the chief of his tribe, who, on being baptized by a missionary, thrust his right arm straight up and refused to allow it to go under the water, and when asked for an explanation, said: "I do not want that arm to be baptized. I want to keep it out to smite my enemies." With this goes that other, the story of a savage tribe who had heard a sermon on the Lord's Prayer, and commended the picture of a "Great Father" giving daily bread, but frankly declared "forgive as we forgive" an impossible doctrine.

Alas, that there should be so much of the savage left in civilized and even Christianized humanity! The highest achievement and the grandest triumph of religion and civilization is to cast out the evil spirit of malice and unforgiveness from the human heart. Malice and bitterness are signs of inferiority. Where the animal predominates in our dispositions we are malicious and fierce and seek to retaliate on the slightest provocation. But as we are lifted up by the grace of God towards the angelic and the divine, these basilar instincts and passions are displaced by the higher qualities of love and magnanimity. A really great soul is incapable of smallness of malice and unforgivingness. It is said that William of Orange, one of the grandest and noblest men of history, never spoke unkindly of his enemies, not even those Spanish tigers like Alva, Torquemada, Red Rod and Philip II., who openly and by stealth sought his life as though he had been a "man-eater" of the jungle. It was also said of Garfield, that he was never heard to utter a harsh word against his cruel assassin. The manifestation of such a spirit by McKinley also, who sought to prevent violence to his assassin in the very moment he was shot, was recognized as a lofty exhibition of manhood.

Shall we shut out Jesus Christ from our hearts for the sake of hating somebody? Mr. T. J. Wharton tells in the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* the story of Andrew Jackson's struggle over forgiveness of enemies, when, after retiring from the Presidency, he saw his pastor, Dr. Edgar, in regard to uniting with the church. After other things had been very earnestly talked over, Dr. Edgar said: "General, there is one other point upon which I feel it to be my duty to interrogate you, but I feel some embarrassment in doing so." The General replied that in a matter of such vast importance he wished a full knowledge of every step and to be probed to the core. Thus assured, Dr. Edgar said: "General, you have had a very stormy public life, during which you have been fiercely assailed by enemies personal and political, and doubtless you have thought very unjustly assailed. Can you, do you feel that you have freely forgiven your enemies?" The General was silent a moment, and then said that he freely forgave his enemies, personal and political; but the enemies of his dead wife, who had been slandered in her grave, he did not feel, in justice to her memory, that he could forgive. Dr. Edgar said the injunction laid upon us to forgive our enemies, to pray for them, is positive, and admits of no exception. To this the General made no reply for a considerable interval, during which he seemed in great mental distress. Then, Dr. Edgar related, the whole expression of the countenance changed; a sweet, heavenly smile illumined his face, and the General said: "Yes, I do forgive, and ask God's forgiveness of every one toward whom I ever felt hostility." He accordingly presented himself for membership in the church that day, and for the first time sat at the sacramental table.



"Shouldst not thou also have had compassion on thy fellow-servant?"

On the veranda of a mission house in West Africa, a missionary lady was talking earnestly with a negro who bore the scars of chains he had worn as a slave in previous years. He was earnestly seeking to be a Christian, and was even then being taught the Lord's Prayer, one sentence a day. This time it was "Forgive us as we forgive." "Stop," he said; "Pompey can't never do dat. No, no—not forgive the bad ole massa!" And, after a pause, he added sadly: "So Pompey musn't pray dat good prayer." And he got up and slowly limped away. He did not return to the mission house for five weeks; then, late one evening, he appeared. "Please teach me the rest of that prayer," he pleaded. "I do forgive him." And the negro's face shone with joy. "Whom do you forgive?" asked Miss Winter. "My ole massa," replied Pompey. "Once he give me five hundred lashes; once he hit me with crowbar and threw me right away for dead. When I've met him in the street, I've shaked my fist at him and said, 'Pompey free now—not slave to bad ole massa.' But to-day I went to him and said, 'How are you, massa? Pompey's come to say he forgive you.' Now, then, let's go on with dat prayer."

When the Gospel was introduced into the town of Sheik-Mohammed in Syria, the head man of the town, Yusef el Khoory, kept up an organized persecution against Ishoc, a convert. He hired men to root up his crops, cut off his water-supply, turn his cattle out of the pasture; and this not succeeding in bringing Ishoc back, he hired a notorious assassin, who, with a company of the villagers, attacked him in the valley one night, and left him for dead. But Ishoc afterwards crawled home, bleeding and badly wounded, and did not recover from the murderous assault for some time. At length, Christian kindness and perseverance on the part of Ishoc, triumphed over every foe. The ringleader of the persecution, Yusef el Khoory, had occasion for Ishoc's testimony as a witness in a lawsuit. He scarcely knew how to expect his compliance after the treatment he had received, but he nevertheless ventured to summon him When Ishoc stood up in the court, and testified to the truth, in favor of his avowed enemy, Yusef was subdued, and from that moment was converted into a friend.

*International Sunday School Lesson for July 8. The Duty of Forgiveness, Matt. 18: 21-35. GOLDEN TEXT: "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors."

Good Causes Helped

The following sums have been contributed by our readers for the support of the worthy causes mentioned below:

Armenian Fund

James H Coxey	$10 00
D MacIntyre	1 00
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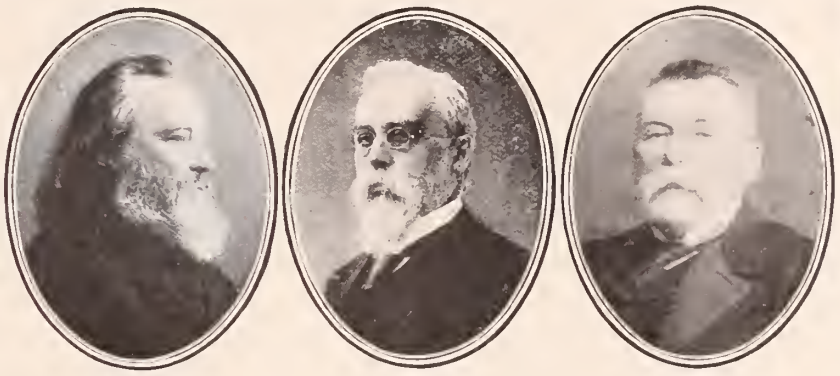
The Russian Douma and its Leaders



N. Karajeff — President Mauromotseff — E. Kedrune

RUSSIA'S first national legislative assembly, elected by the people, opened May 10, in the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg, where its members were addressed by the Czar.

The Douma consists of 428 members, many of whom are mere peasants, and corresponds to our House of Representatives. The Council of the Empire corresponds to our Senate, although only in the sense that it is the upper house of the Russian parliamentary system and is not an elective body.

The Douma is almost solidly radical. Its meetings are held in the Tauride Palace, and, so far, have not proved models of parliamentary procedure. As soon as President Mauromotseff called the first session to order, the business of preparing a reply to the Czar's speech was begun. The question of amnesty for political offenders was made the leading topic.

Following this were demands for the abolition of the death penalty, the suspension of martial law, full civil liberty, and several others of equal importance. The factor which seems to possess the greatest influence at present are the Constitutional democrats.

The leading members of that party are M. Radicheff, Leader; Prince Pierre Dolgoroukoff, First Vice-President; Prince D. Schowkhowskoi, First Secretary; M. Petrunkevitch, Eugene Kedrune, Nickolaus Karejeff, Vladimir Nabokoff, Maxim Wynamir and M. Temparpuykin.

Unfortunately, the Douma has been far from orderly in its proceedings, and does not give, as yet, assurance that it will be a body to which the nation can point with pride. The radical element is in control, and, as is always the case with such a condition of affairs, dignity and wisdom are thrown away together. Recently, Procurator Pavloff's rejection of the appeal of the House that executions should be stopped in the Baltic provinces, created a riot. The Procurator also demanded that M. Ulianoff be expelled, as he is now under indictment for various offences. The House refused this, but Procurator Pavloff courageously ascended the rostrum and declared that, until the military laws were changed, the courts-martial had no option but to impose death sentences for such offences as those committed at Riga and Sevastopol. As he left, the deputies shouted "Assassin" and "Murderer" until the President, M. Maurometseff, told them he would close the session unless they behaved themselves.

The Agrarian movement, that has threatened the government, is now threatening the Parliament, that has itself been so radicai.

The Awakening of Sally

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 562

hungry a mite, an' I hain't been hungry for ten whole days! An' mumsey, don't I look nice?"

"You do, Sally, you do!" said Mrs. Murphy; and with the words came a strange new feeling to her heart—mother pride.

Later, when she reached for a certain black bottle on an upper shelf, she hesitated and looked at Sally. Twice her hand almost reached the shelf, and twice she drew it back empty. The last time she shut the cupboard door and turned away. As she passed her daughter, she stretched out timid fingers and just touched the soft brown curls.

"It's better for her if I don't" she muttered—"better for her."

. . .

It was some weeks later that the pleasant-faced matron from the mission was passing once more through the street where Sally Murphy lived. This time, from an adjoining alleyway, came the sound of childish voices vigorously singing, "Jesus loves the little children."

Mrs. Goodnough paused and turned an inquiring eye on a woman who was sitting on the doorsteps, putting her baby to sleep.

"Ain't it purty, an' don't they sing jest grand?" cried the woman enthusiastically, in response to Mrs. Goodnough's glance. Then, with a closer look, she exclaimed: "Why, it's the lady what was askin' 'bout our Sally that day weeks ago! An' it's Sally, ma'am, that's doin' it all, too—that singin', I mean," she went on. "You hain't no idea what a change has come over the child—not that she's a saint, ma'am; she's a little girl, 'course, an' she won't be Sally without some mischief. But it's all good-natured now, an' we don't mind it. Besides, I don't know what the street would do without her—she's that handy with the children. She'll keep 'em happy hour after hour teachin' 'em them songs she learned while she was away this summer.

"An' you'd oughter see Tim—Tim Murphy, her father, ye know. He's that proud of her he'll do anythin' for her. They even say he don't drink so much as he used to, an' Miss Murphy don't drink 'tall now. An' do you know, ma'am?—they say it's all owin' ter Sally's goin' ter that place this summer—that Mont-Lawn, I think they calls it. She's been diff'rent as could be ever since she got home."

Mrs. Goodnough smiled. "I'm glad," she said simply. "I've been out of the city a little while and I didn't know; but I thought it would do her good."

Persecuted for Christ's Sake

MISS AGNES McALLISTER, missionary at Garraway, Liberia, Africa, writes: "I wish this morning to express to you thanks for the draft I have just received of $93.00 for our work, and through you to all the societies and friends who so kindly remember and pray for us. In March I went to our Mission in Grand Sess, to visit our worker there, George B. Grando. In two weeks, over one hundred confessed Christ. I came back to Garraway, and was just there ten days when a persecution against the Christians was begun by heathen relatives. They sent for me, and I went back and found that on the previous Sunday they had compelled all the young men to go out to cut a grove where they worship the devil. They went out, but the Christians did not do the work; the heathen did the work. When they came into the town, they went to a man who had refused to go to the work, and as they were going to tie him, his companions protected him, but they beat him badly and then took away his box with all his clothes and books; also from all the Christian men they took their boxes, and charged them three dollars before they were returned."

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The Chariots of the Lord

A Story of the Days of Religious Persecution in England

BY JOSEPH HOCKING

Summary of Preceding Chapters

During the reign of James II., whose father, Charles I., was beheaded in the revolution under Oliver Cromwell, a determined effort was made by the King to win England to Roman Catholicism. He persecuted the Protestants and had a willing instrument in Lord Jeffreys, an ignorant man, who had been raised to the bench by the king. The story opens with a scene in his court, in which the hero, Benedict Trelawney, denounced Jeffreys to his face, as an unjust judge. He was committed to prison. On his way he was enabled to escape by a girl, who told him her name was Mary. She guided him to the house of a Protestant, who gave him shelter and introduced him to another refugee, a Scotchman named Donald Stewart. On the following day he received his sword, which had been taken from him, and found upon it a message from the girl who had saved him, asking him to meet her that night at the Temple Church. He has an interview with her there, in which she advises him to have nothing to do with a conspiracy, then being organized against the king. He is surprised at her knowledge, and suspects that she is a daughter of Judge Jeffreys, of whom he has heard as being her father's spy. Disregarding her advice, he associates himself with the Duke of Monmouth, a natural son of Charles II., who invades England. After the defeat of Monmouth, Trelawney hides in a cave, but is found and lodged in jail. When brought to trial, a letter reached Jeffreys from the King ordering Trelawney sent to him. That night the bars were sawn from the window of the prison by some unknown friend and Trelawney escaped in a carriage waiting for him. In the carriage was the girl who had previously saved him from his captors, who restores to him his sword. She tells him that sometime she may need a friend to do her service, and he promises he will be that friend. Afterwards she gives him up to the king's officers, who set out with him for London to deliver him to the king. By a rough fight with his captors he makes his escape, and is guided by an eccentric enthusiast to the home of his uncle, Bishop Trelawney, who aids him to reach London, where he remained in hiding.

CHAPTER XXIX.—Continued

"SO much the worse for him," snarled the King; "but go on, Father Petre. What are your plans?"

"This," said the Jesuit. "At present those of us who are of the true faith, are forbidden to occupy certain positions."

The King laughed. "I have made naught of that," he cried. "Am I not King? Can I not choose my own officers, and my own counsellors?"

"Not according to the Law of England," said the priest.

"But I will alter the law," cried James, "I am above the law, and will act as though it did not exist. It is my right to be above the law, and I will be."

"You must be; you shall be," said the priest; "but let us have patience."

"Patience! Patience! I am sick of it; but how?"

"The Dissenters have been much oppressed."

"Ay, they have been, and shall be; I hate them. The Bishops support me in that. In that I have received their support ungrudgingly."

"Yes, you have in the past; but the feeling against them is dying out."

"Well, let it die out. What then?"

"There are three parties in the state. The Established Church, the Dissenters, and our Holy Church—at present only those belonging to the Established Church have civil rights."

"But I have made an end to that."

"Yes, your Majesty, in a way; but there is a better way."

"What way?"

"Let there be a Declaration of Indulgence. Go back to the position you held before your accession. Urge that the religious opinion should not stand in the way of civil position. By that means you will win the Dissenters to your side again."

"But I hate the Dissenters!"

"Surely a believer in the true Church can do no other," said the Jesuit quietly.

"But you are suggesting that I tolerate them!"

"Your Majesty hath heard of the sop given to Cerberus the three-headed poisonous dog?" replied the priest.

"Well, go on."

"Issue your Declaration of Indulgence," went on the priest. "By that means you will appease the Dissenters, and win them over to you. For a few months you can seem to grant them favors, but during that time you can fill all your important posts with the faithful. Then, little by little, you can shut out the Dissenters, until, in say two years, every important office will be filled by sympathizers of your Majesty's views."

"But if the bishops refuse to read the Declaration of Indulgence?"

"Then they become rebels. And for rebels the Tower stands open."

"And if they obey?" went on James excitedly.

"Then your end is obtained," replied Father Petre.

During this conversation the others had remained silent, but now one spoke.

"I see one weakness in the chain you are forging," he said.

"And that?"

"The Dissenters. Cerberus may not swallow the sop."

"Trust him," said Father Petre. "He hath been so terribly treated that he will be glad of any opportunity to turn on the Churchman who hath persecuted him."

"What will the Lord Chancellor say to this?" said another.

"Oh," replied Lord Castlemaine, "Jeffreys is full of other thoughts just now. He is gloating over the gold gained from Prideaux, the Western Puritan, and he is seeking also to appropriate the Beaumont estates."

"But he can never do that?"

"Why not? He holds all the proofs, all the parchment. Suppose the claimant urges her rights, where are the proofs? The Lord Chancellor hath them. Ha! Ha! Still he deserves them. He hath served his Majesty well."

"I would I could become guardian on similar terms," said Castlemaine.

"Especially if there were doubts raised about the validity of the marriage of the ward's father," laughed another.

"Ay, and if the ward is taught to fetch and carry like a dog," said Castlemaine.

The King had not listened to the latter part of the conversation. Evidently he was deeply pondering over Father Petre's scheme.

"It promises well. It promises well," he muttered again and again.

"I see your Majesty's desires fulfilled in it," said Father Petre. "By this means you will first of all establish your character for justice to all, and afterwards, when your plans are fully matured, you will be able to deal with both Dissenters and rebellious Churchmen as you see fit."

"I hate them both," cried the King savagely.

"I hate those Protestant, Bible-quoting Dissenters, and I hate such proud bishops as Trelawney, who strove to oppose my will. I believe, moreover, that he harbors that young traitor, who bears his name. How did he escape, I wonder? I would pay the man well who would bring him before me."

Trelawney's heart beat fast as he heard this. He heard the snarl in the King's voice, and knew what he might expect if he were in his power. But he forgot his fear in the happening of that moment.

No sooner had the King ceased speaking than all of them started with fright. Above the moaning of the wind, and the patter of the raindrops, a voice was heard.

"Ay, and he shall stand before you, wicked King, slave of the Scarlet Woman!" it cried. "Your cup of iniquity is full, and he shall stand before you. Ay, and more, his coming shall not bring destruction upon himself, but upon you, for the Chariots of

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CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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The Chariots of the Lord

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

the Lord shall follow him, and they shall sweep you away as with a besom of destruction."

So startled were the King and his followers that they listened like men petrified. No man was to be seen. Only the awful voice rose above the moaning of the wind and the patter of the rain. The park seemed utterly deserted. Not a light was visible. Only the trees were to be seen, standing in black outline against the darkness of the night.

"It is one of these dissenting hot gospelers," said Castlemaine.

"Ay, let him be got hold of and made an example of," said the King fearfully.

"He cannot be far away, let us search everywhere. Doubtless he hath hidden behind one of the trees."

Trelawney felt that his hiding-place was no longer of use. He was on the point of escaping as best he might, when he heard the King speak again.

"There, there! I see him. Don't you see that dark object creeping among the trees?"

A moment later they had darted away in the direction directly opposite to that where Trelawney stood. Moreover, all eyes were turned thither, so, without hesitation, he crept silently away, until the sounds of his footsteps could no longer reach them, and then he ran with all speed towards the river.

He doubted not that the man who had cried aloud was Peter the Madman, and such was his faith in the old man's wit, that he did not fear but that he would escape. In truth, he did not think much of his danger. His mind was too full of what he had heard. He knew now of the plot, which the Jesuit cabal, headed by Father Petre, had weaved, he saw, too, what it portended. This was no King, this son of Charles Stuart, but a man to whom no trickery was too mean, no cruelty too great to accomplish his ends. Even Jeffreys, cruel as he was, was no worse than this Papist King, who sought to bring back his cruel superstitions to the country which had suffered so much because of them.

What o'clock was it? How long had he been in the park? The thought that he was to be at the Temple Church at midnight came to him. Nay, great as was his interest in the plot of the Jesuits, the hope that he would soon see Mary Jeffreys banished it.

With eager steps he threaded the streets and alleys which existed behind the Strand. Sometimes he lost his way in the darkness, and again he found himself on the banks of the river, whose waters in those days covered the ground where the Temple Gardens now stand. Only a few people were about and none molested him. The people still walked abroad in the main street only a little distance away; but here no one would be abroad, save, perhaps, thieves and night-hawks, who might be likely to pounce upon an old man, such as he seemed to be. Not that he feared them. He still carried his own sword, and although his health had suffered through his long imprisonment, he felt strong to battle with difficulties.

At length he was near his trysting-place. He saw the walls of the old cloisters where he had gone many months before. A great fear came into his heart. Was the hour past midnight, and would Mary Jeffreys, when she failed to find him there at the time appointed, go away without waiting?

Scarcely had the thought come into his mind, than he heard the clock striking. Yes, the hour was midnight, and he arrived in time. He remembered the shadow of the great buttress behind which he had hidden before, and thitherward he went.

He had scarcely reached the spot when he heard the rustle of a garment; but the shadow of the buttress was so deep, and the night was so dark that he could see nothing. He stretched out his hands, and then his heart quivered with joy. He felt a soft hand in his.

"Mary—Mary Jeffreys."

There was no answer to his words.

"Mary," he said, not realizing all that had passed since last he had stood on this spot. "Mary, is that you?"

He had forgotten that he had sworn to be revenged on her for all she had done; forgotten the scorn she had heaped upon him; forgotten danger, imprisonment, and the shadow of death. The Court-house at Taunton, and the scowling face of Jeffreys were as nothing now. Neither did he fear treason or danger. The hand he held would never lead him into the hands of the enemy.

"I was afraid you would not come," she said with a sob.

The sound of the voice thrilled his being. There was no other like it, and he could not be mistaken.

He gathered her unresisting form in his arms. He felt the wild beat of her heart. His lips found hers, and the black night was full of the light of heaven.

All the black mystery of the past was as nothing. He could not tell why. Only one thing remained. He loved, and he held the woman of his love in his arms. She was no daughter of the cruelest man in England, she had naught to do with him, against whom the blood of hundreds of innocent victims cried out. None of his blood ran in her veins, her hands were not red with the blood of savage butchery as his was. She was the woman he had loved ever since that foggy night, when, long ago, she had delivered him from the hands of Jeffreys' minions, and whose laughing, girlish face he had seen in the light of a neighboring window.

"Mary, I love you."

He felt her bosom heaving with great sobs, and he held her nearer to him.

"You love me, Mary?"

Again their lips found each other.

"You do not doubt it, do you?" she said.

"No!"

"In spite of everything?"

"No!"

"Benedict, will you help me?"

Help! All his life went out to her. Nothing mattered now. He understood nothing, but he doubted nothing.

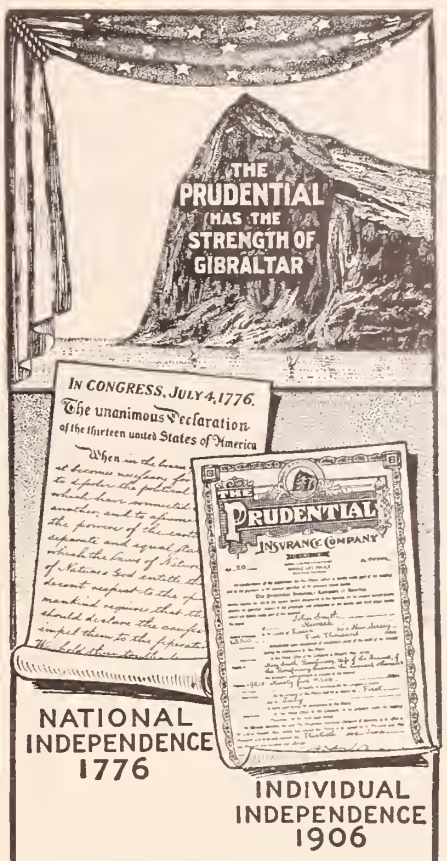
"Tell me what you wish me to do?" he said.

"I want you to save me from the man you hate?" she said.

TO BE CONTINUED

A Notable Anniversary

ON Saturday evening, May 19, the Sands Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. (now called Sands Street Memorial), celebrated the one hundred and twelfth anniversary of the first meeting of the Society for the election of trustees. There was present a large company, among whom were many of the former members of the church. There was an informal programme of impromptu speeches by some of the "ancient worthies," among whom were J. M. Bulwinkle, George McChesney, Dr. D. A. Jordan, a former pastor, and Ex-Mayor D. D. Whitney, who presided. The present pastor, Rev. George M. Brown, announced that the anniversary of laying the corner-stone of the first church building would be observed at an early date thereafter. This Society has continued an unbroken career of usefulness paralleled by few churches in Methodism, for twelve years more than a century. In 1889, on account of the encroachments of the Brooklyn Bridge, the location was changed from Sands Street to the corner of Clark and Henry Streets, Brooklyn Heights. It has long since become practically a down-town church; but many of its former friends remain loyal in their support, and at present there is much to encourage its workers in increasing congregations and the growth in the Sunday School.



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GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

Some Changes in the "Perfect Bible"*

AS a large number of readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have shown an interest in the American Standard Bible, recently described in these pages, for their sake, and in behalf of others who may become interested, we give below a few examples of the changes which distinguish the Perfect Bible from all its predecessors, as the truest and most correct rendering of the Sacred Word from the ancient manuscripts.

"When I read my Bible," says a letter from a subscriber in Ruskin, Pa., "I want to feel that I am reading the Word of God just as he inspired it; just as Christ spoke and the disciples wrote." This is precisely what the Standard Bible gives. In the multitude of changes **(some 3,000 in all)**, it has been in every instance the object of the eminent scholars who prepared this Bible to give the renderings of the originals correctly and uniformly. In the Revised Version this was attempted, but could not be carried out, owing to the lack of sufficient time for full research. When it is explained that even the slightest shade of difference in a Hebrew word may involve a change of interpretation, the importance of presenting the true meaning and no other, becomes apparent.

In making Bible comparisons, one would naturally begin at Genesis. A striking difference is quickly noted in the first chapter (verses 5, 19, and 31), which, in the Standard Bible, by a few very simple corrections in the older renderings, is made much clearer and more intelligible: "There was evening, and there was morning, one day"—the first day terminating with the dawn of the second, as it began with the command "Let there be light."

There are many notable changes, too, in the Psalms. In Ps. 1:3 the Standard Bible reads, "and he shall be like a tree planted by the *streams* of water, that bringeth forth its fruit in its season." The Hebrew word *peleg* is a "stream," and is never used in speaking of a natural torrent, but of an artificial one, which shows us that the soil was irrigated by waters that were conducted to the roots of the trees and plants, keeping them green.

The difficult book of Job, which has sorely puzzled many a Bible reader, becomes much clearer in the Standard Bible, which rectifies scores of translators' errors, a few of which are noted in the list quoted below. In Job 9: 9, "Arcturus" is changed to "The Bear"; in verse 15, "the proud helpers," become "the helpers of Rahab," who were impious against God. Verses 20-22, which were formerly so obscure, are now altogether intelligible by this rendering: "Though I be perfect, it shall prove me perverse; I am perfect; I regard not myself. I despise my life. It is all one; Therefore I say, he destroyeth the perfect and the wicked." Compare this with the other versions, and note the difference. Again, in the book of Job, we find the famous passage from verse 26, which, in the earlier Bibles, reads: "And though after my skin, worms destroy this body, still *in my flesh* shall I see God; whom I shall see for myself; whom mine eyes shall behold and not another, though my veins be consumed within me." How very different, yet how grand and noble, is the absolutely perfect rendering in the Standard Bible—"and after my skin, even this body is destroyed, then *without my flesh* shall I see God; whom I, even I, shall see on my side, and mine eyes shall behold, and not as a stranger. My heart is consumed within me."

The changes in the Book of Job alone would fill several columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. The Prophecies, the Gospels, the Epistles, even were we to refer only to a few of the more notable changes, would each require separate articles. Enough has already been shown, however, to convince every thoughtful reader and student of the Word, of the importance and intrinsic value of a Bible which is the best interpreter of God's message to man that has ever been issued. Sitting down in the quiet of your own room, and comparing it with any of the older Bibles, you will soon learn to hail it as a new revelation and a blessing.

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*The American Standard Bible, with Illustrated Bible Dictionary, Concordance and Maps, altogether **1,622 pages,** large type, beautifully printed on extra thin paper, superbly bound in American Levant, with double book-mark. Sent, **all charges prepaid,** on receipt of only **TWO DOLLARS.** This is a special introduction price at which we will distribute only 500 copies. Act promptly. Address THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Book Department, Bible House, New York City.

To facilitate comparison, we give below a few passages, taken almost at random from the general mass of corrections, and the reader can easily mark the distinction between these passages in his own Bible and the Standard Bible:

King James' Bible		*American Standard Bible*
"Great whales."	Gen. 1 : 21	"Great sea monsters."
"Set a mark upon Cain."	Gen. 4 : 15	"Appointed a sign for Cain."
"Steward of my house."	Gen. 15 : 2	"He that shall be possessed of my house."
"Digged down a wall."	Gen. 49 : 6	"Hocked an ox."
"To borrow of his neighbor."	Exod. 3 : 22	"To ask of his neighbor."
"Is not this thy fear, thy confidence, thy hope?"	Job 4 : 6	"Is not thy fear of God thy confidence, thy hope?"
"Thou shalt visit thy habitation, and shalt not sin."	Job 5 : 24	"Thou shalt visit thy fold, and shalt not miss anything."
"The things that my soul refused to touch are as my sorrowful meat."	Job 6 : 7	"My soul refuseth to touch them; they are as loathsome food to me."
"I would harden myself in sorrow; let him not spare."	Job 6 : 10	"Yea, let me exult in pain that spareth not."
"The paths of their way are turned aside; they go to nothing and perish."	Job 6 : 18	"The caravans that travel by the way of them turn aside; they go up into the waste and perish."
"A brother to dragons and a companion to owls."	Job 30 : 29	"A brother to jackals and a companion to ostriches."
"Canst thou bind the unicorn?"	Job 39 : 10	"The wild ox."
"Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious."	Acts 17 : 22	"Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are very religious."
"Evil communications doth corrupt good manners."	I. Cor. 15 : 33	"Evil companionships corrupt good morals."
"His bowels did yearn."	Gen. 43 : 30	"His heart yearned."
"Add one cubit unto his stature."	Matt. 6 : 27	"Add one cubit unto the measure of his life."

BOOKS RECEIVED

Balzac, a Critical Study, by Hippolyte Adolphe Taine, translated by Lorenzo O'Rourke. Pp. 240, with frontispiece; cloth binding. Price $1. Funk & Wagnalls, New York and London, publishers.

A Diplomatic Adventure, by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, is a brilliant tale of Civil War days, the situations being developed in the American Legation at Paris. The merry comedy of the story affords material for a good honest laugh, but at times tragedy hovers perilously near. Pp. 166. Price $1.00. The Century Co., New York.

The Intellectual Miss Lamb, by Florence Morse Kingsley. A piquant little love story by a charming writer. It deals with the romance of a highly intellectual maid, and a hero who was her opposite in some respects, and tells how it all ended happily. Pp. 100; illustrated. Price 75 cents. New Century Co., New York, publishers.

First Steps in Mental Growth, a series of studies in the Psychology of Infancy, by D. R. Major, Ph.D. Pp. 360; cloth. Price $1.25. The Macmillan Co., London and New York, publishers.

The Mystery of the Lost Dauphin (Louis XVII), by Emilio Pardo Bazan, translated from the Spanish by Annabel Hord Seeger, with frontispiece. A fascinating book, dealing with a romantic theme, which has been an unsolved puzzle for generations. Pp. 377; cloth covers. Price $1.50. Funk & Wagnalls, New York and London, pub's.

The Garden, You and I, by Barbara, the author of *The Garden of a Commuter's Wife*, etc. A delightful book, which will be welcomed by flower-lovers and culturists. It is the very romance of gardening, and of woods, meadows, and wild flowers as well. Illustrated. Pp. 397; cloth. Price $1.50. The Macmillan Co., London and New York, publishers.

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MAGNANIMITY A DUTY

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

OUR Lord had been saying, "It must needs be that offences come." A life running on smoothly with no testings, is an impossibility for a follower of Him who "learned obedience by the things which He suffered" (Heb. 5: 8). Therefore we should think it not strange, if our life is one series of things which call up all the evil which is in our nature. It is a "fiery trial" which is to try us (I. Peter 4: 12); something which will burn, and which hurts the flesh. Perhaps that which is the sorest test to the children of God, is that which comes, instrumentally, from brethren; either through brethren of our kindred or brethren in Christ. God has so ordered it that no two people are exactly alike in feature, in disposition, or in temperament. And, again, no two children of God are exactly alike in their spiritual age, and therefore in their relations to him, and in their understanding of his ways. He has a separate path for everyone of his sheep as far as individual communion with our God is concerned.

Thus it arises that misunderstandings which lead to offences easily arise; a good intention is taken in an exactly contrary sense, and estrangements take place. Besides this, there are intentional offences, which spring from malice, jealousy, greed, etc. The Lord Jesus in his teaching gives directions how to act in such cases. If a brother has wronged us, the first essential is to speak of it to no one but to the offender alone. If this rule were observed, how much of strife might be avoided! "If he hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother." A truly ingenuous and transparent spirit is always grateful when his fault is pointed out to him; he wants to be right, not only to appear right. If this is unsuccessful, even then, tell the matter only to "one or two more," who may act as witnesses on thy side. If this forbearance is unsuccessful, then tell it unto the church, and if then he holds out, it is proved that he is unwilling that the truth shall be established. Then, and not till then, "let him be unto thee as a heathen man and a publican" (Matt. 18: 15-17).

It is significant that just here our Lord repeats to all the disciples that which he had formerly said to Peter alone, thereby overthrowing all the pretenses of those who would believe that the power to bind and to loose belonged to the apostles or to ministers alone, and very conclusively, that Peter himself was not put into any exclusive place of power by the Lord Jesus. All power (R.V. authority), both in heaven and earth, is given unto our Lord (Matt. 28: 18); none remains for us, but as we are in touch with him, by faith, he is to us the power of God (I. Cor. 1: 24) for all he wills. It takes that "all might" to be patient, and to suffer long with joyfulness (Col. 1: 11), therefore we need that all power to forgive.

And yet, unless we forgive, we cannot be assured that we ourselves are forgiven. We may only pray, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us." Thus we make for ourselves the measure of the pardon which we may expect from God. "For," says our Lord, "if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you. But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses" (Matt. 6: 14, 15). The uncertainty of God's pardon in many a heart is due to some feeling of bitterness, some want of forgiveness of another. We are not to wait until the one who wrongs us shall ask for pardon; freely we receive pardon; it is waiting for us before we know our need of it, and just so it is ours freely to forgive, enduring grief, suffering wrongfully (I. Peter 2: 19). "Forgive, and ye shall be forgiven," said our Lord (Luke 6: 37), and he made an object-lesson of the poor lost woman in the house of Simon the Pharisee, to whom he said, as she wept over his feet—his very presence leading her to repentance—"Thy sins are forgiven" (Luke 7: 48).

ANSWERED PRAYERS

E. F. L., Massachusetts. "Your 'Answered Prayer' column is very dear to me, and I hope it will always have a place in the paper. I look for it the minute I receive the paper."

A Friend, Wisconsin. "Having been very much benefited through the 'Answered Prayer' column, I wish to thank God for having answered our prayer in a time of urgent need."

Mrs. T. W. S., Dakota. "I want to put my name on your list as one who trusts in God and his answers to prayer. Many, many times he has answered me. May I never doubt again!"

A Reader, Kansas. "I wish to acknowledge, through the 'Answered Prayer' column, many answers to prayer when assailed with deep affliction. Praise God from whom all blessings flow!"

E. W. G., Pennsylvania. "God does indeed hear and answer prayers. I have had many answers to prayer, and quite recently we were in great trouble; we went to the Lord in prayer and he heard us."

A Reader, Pennsylvania. "I wish to acknowledge God's goodness in answering prayer. This column has been a great help to me, and I want to assure all its readers that if they 'ask they shall receive.'"

Mrs. H. M. B., Michigan. "I thank the dear Lord, for I know he answers prayer. I was in deep trouble; he heard and answered my prayers many times. I wish to acknowledge his goodness and mercy."

Subscriber, Kansas. "I do praise my Heavenly Father, who gave me the sweet assurance that my loved one was safe. He dispersed my fears and bade the tempest of my soul, 'Peace, be still,' in answer to prayer."

F. M. B., Montana. "I wish to publicly acknowledge my earnest belief that God does answer prayer. A very dear relative has been restored to health, which I am sure is an answer to prayer. Praise his holy name."

Mrs. R. B., Louisiana. "My faith is greatly strengthened by reading so many wonderful answers to prayer. I want to add my praises to his holy name, for so many answers to prayer, all along the journey of life."

Mrs. S. J. DeC., South India. "We who are out here can joyfully testify that we have proved that our God and Father hears and answers prayer.

"They who try him wholly,
Find him wholly true."

A. W., Ontario. "I have been helped and encouraged by reading 'Answered Prayers.' I wish to thank God for answers I have received and to ask the prayers of his people for my son, who is now facing a crisis in his life."

G. H., New Hampshire. "I feel it a privilege and duty to acknowledge God's great goodness to me, and I would like to add my testimony to the goodness of the Lord in answering prayer. Your column has strengthened and comforted me."

Life Subscriber, Tennessee. "I would like you to request all Christian readers to pray for one of my loved ones, who is so much a slave to drink that he is on the verge of suicide. His soul is at stake. Help me to take him to God in prayer."

Subscriber, Louisiana. "I take great comfort in reading the 'Answered Prayers' column, and desire to publicly acknowledge God's goodness in answering my earnest prayers on several occasions. Bless his holy name! I believe in the efficacy of prayer."

S. F. C., Pennsylvania. "God has heard and answered many, many of my prayers. 'Therefore I say unto you, whatsoever ye desire, when ye pray, pray that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.' What a wonderful Saviour is Jesus my Lord."

Constant Reader, Illinois. "I want to say for the benefit of some anxious ones, God does answer prayer, for I know that he is 'a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God,' to those who pray in faith, not doubting, for he has answered many prayers for me."

A Reader, West Virginia. "Oh, my dear friends, there is power in prayer. Put your trust in God and he will surely answer, even if the way seems dark and God afar off. Pray on, and in his own good time and as he sees best, he will answer: 'My peace I give unto you.'"

Mrs. E. H. S., California. "I want to add my testimony to the answered prayers. God wonderfully answered our prayers in behalf of a loved one who was wrongfully accused and persecuted. He was strikingly delivered, for which we bless and praise our Heavenly Father."

From One in Trouble, Virginia. "I know from personal experience that God answers prayers, and it is a comfort and help to read what he has done for others. I request the prayers of all THE CHRISTIAN HERALD family for two poor, homeless women, that God will open a way for them, and provide them Christian homes."

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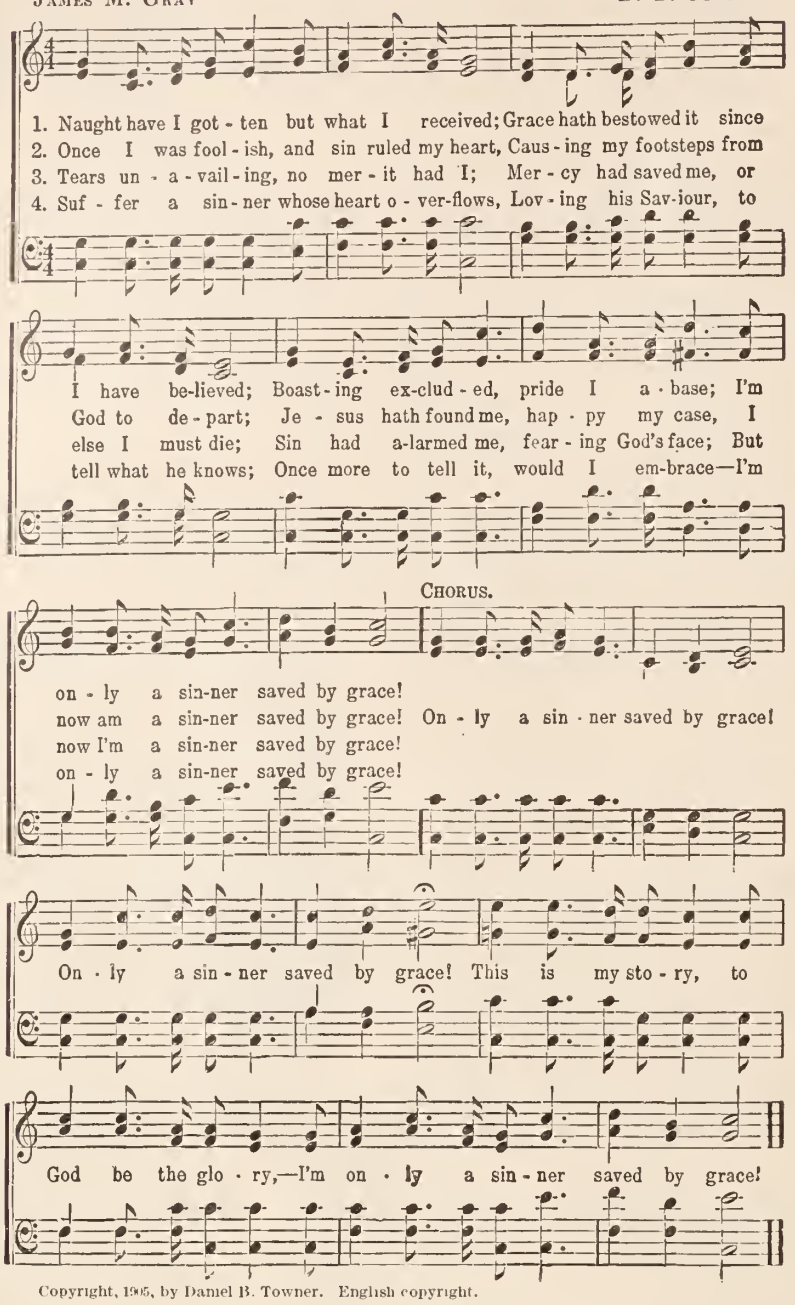

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A FAMOUS REVIVAL HYMN

"Only a Sinner," is another of the Gospel hymns that have proved so effective in moving thousands in the great Torrey-Alexander revival. Mr. Alexander declares that whenever he asks the people who attend the revival meetings to state what songs led to their conversion, there will always be one or more who will get up and state that they were led to Christ through this song. Doubtless scores were led to Christ through it.

THOMAS ELGAR, THE "PRISON EVANGELIST"

FOR the past twenty years, the Rev. Thos. Elgar, a Baptist pastor, has been deeply interested in jail and prison reform. He has gone from State to State in the interest of prisoners and has carried to them the precious Gospel, often speaking in places where the name of Jesus has been rarely heard. He has spoken to inmates of jails and prisons in eighteen different States and held revival services in them. He is known as "Father Elgar," and is held in loving regard by the inmates as well as the officers.

Lately, he has addressed large numbers of prisoners at Auburn Prison and has visited the State Reformatory at Elmira. In Ohio he had a Bible class consisting of five convicted murderers. The authorities allowed him to gather them about the table, and he opened the Bible to them and pointed the doomed men to the liberty there is in Jesus. He has the numbered addresses of many of the men and continues to write to them, infusing hope in well-nigh hopeless lives. Like John Howard, Mr. Elgar, in the spirit of the Master, goes from State to State to help better the moral, physical, and spiritual condition of the prisoners. He is always glad to speak to churches on "prison evangelism." He does not believe in making a penal institution a desirable place of sojourn, but considers that great reforms are needed in the present system. "Our jails," he declares, "have become factories for the manufacture of criminals, instead of a machine for destroying the warp and woof of which they are made."

Rev. Thomas Elgar

Mr. Elgar is earnest in seeking and saving the lost, and the "forgotten men" and boys hold him in high regard. He carries to them the good news they need. He thinks that "walls of stone, and gates of brass, and bars of iron," should not exclude them from the love that is divine.

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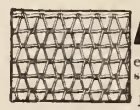

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Christ's Church*

PEOPLE frequently speak of the church as a divine institution, and it is divine in the sense of its objects being the promotion of religious life and the dissemination of divine truth; but it must be apparent to every reader of the New Testament that Christ did not organize it. He never said how it should be constituted, what its officers should be, nor what the order of its services. He planted the seed and was content to have it grow and develop after its impulses. He did not prescribe any forms, nor institute any observance beyond baptism and the Lord's Supper. He himself became the foundation and men reared the building thereupon. But the church was necessary for union, for co-operation, for aggressive service, and so it was organized. It was originally an association of Christian men united by the simple bond of love to Christ and to one another. The elaborate creeds, the solemn and impressive liturgies, the legislative bodies, are all of human device. Men speedily learned that solitary and independent effort would fail, and that only by union could the work that Christ contemplated, be done. It is folly, therefore, for any body of Christians to claim that their organization alone enjoys the divine appointment. So far as they fulfil the divine purpose, they have the divine sanction, but no further.

At the same time, the Christian's duty to the organization is clear and imperative. There are four requirements that Christ made, which are most effectually fulfilled by the church. He enjoined that his followers be baptized; that they confess him before men; that they unite in the celebration of his memorial supper, and that they combine for the propagation of the Gospel. The church provides the means for all these, and has therefore a strong claim on the Christian's adherence. The few hints given us in the New Testament, show that the churches organized by the Apostles had these designs. It is, or ought to be, the Christian's desire to fulfil them, but he can do so only as the church furnishes the facilities. It is because it does so that it has a claim on the Christian's allegiance, and the church that provides the facilities best suited to the individual has the strongest claim. It has a claim on his service, on his consistency of life, and on his financial support. It must stand or fall according as it fulfils the principles for which it was established. The church itself can never fall, because it is founded on Christ; but its divisions may fall when they become false to the eternal truth of his mission.

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Forgiving Injuries†

HERE, as in all Christ's legislation, the emphasis is placed on character. The Christian is to be a forgiving man. He is not to cherish hard feelings; not to brood on his injuries; rather he is to seek the good of the man who has injured him. In other references to the subject, about which Jesus was deeply concerned, he intimated that the injured man was not to pass over the wrong done him, as a matter of no account. Many pride themselves on doing that, forgiving the wrong-doer in their hearts and ignoring the evil he has done. This is not an easy thing in many cases, where the injury has been deep and malignant, but this is not enough. The injured man is under obligation to take active steps to bring his enemy to a better state of mind. He is not to wait until the wrong-doer realizes his wickedness and comes to him with an apology. He is to go to him, and explain and remonstrate. Not until he has done everything in his power to win him over and has failed, is he justified in passing him by and treating him as a stranger. This command reverses the usual process, that an apology from the wrong-doer should be the first step to reconciliation. It is the man who has suffered, who must make the first approach.

It is obvious that in this, as in everything else, Christ's philosophy was sound. It is the quickest and surest means to bring about reconciliation. The man who has done the wrong is restrained by his pride from apologizing; he is ashamed of himself, and a great effort on his part is needed to overcome his own antipathy. The injured man can go to him without any compunction, and the fact of his doing so relieves the other of fear that his apology would not be accepted. Thus, easily and freely, the quarrel is adjusted.

The motive to reconciliation is of the strongest character. Christ was very emphatic about this. His parable of the unmerciful servant shows clearly that a strict account is made of our conduct in the matter. What an appalling consideration is that of God withholding his forgiveness from the unforgiving man. "Neither will your heavenly Father forgive you." Surely, in view of that warning, no man will venture to say, "I cannot forgive."

*Topic of the Epworth League for July 8. I. Cor. 3:11; II. Timothy 2:19; Acts 1 6-8; Heb. 3:6; Matt. 18:18-20.

†Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for July 8. Matt. 6: 14, 15.

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President Roosevelt on Wealth

AT a recent School Commencement in Washington, President Roosevelt addressed the graduating class of young women. In the course of his remarks he said:

"Keep steadily before you the ideal of homely duty well performed. Let your ideal be one of service toward others, but of service rendered in a spirit of entire self-respect. The first lesson for any one to learn is unselfishness, of thoughtfulness for others, of effort to do what is best and most pleasant for others. Yet even this unselfishness can do, in the long run, no good to other people if you fail in good sense, if you grow weak or morbid or do not preserve your own self-respect.

"You mothers are not doing good to daughter or son; you are doing harm, and the greatest harm to them if you fail to bring them up to realize that the world is a rough world; that they will not find it an easy thing to get along in it; that they will have to struggle, to fight to hold their own, and yet that it is their prime duty to consider others no less than themselves.

"No man is to be excused if he does not devote the bulk of his energies chiefly to earning a livelihood for those dependent upon him, as the woman is not to be excused if she does not devote herself to so using the money thus earned as to make it most valuable for the members of the family, up to the point when the real material needs have been met. But after you have reached that point, my deliberate judgment is that happiness, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, lies in some other direction than the mere amassing of additional wealth.

"Very wealthy men sometimes play a useful part in the community; but they very rarely indeed play as useful a part as those men whose life effort takes a different shape; or as those men whose life effort is expended in altogether different fields from the fields of mere money getting. Up to a certain point, the essential thing for any young couple is that there shall be enough money. After that point is once reached, money becomes a minor element, and as they grow wealthier it becomes a steadily less important element in the sum total of things that make for happiness, and finally it vanishes altogether; and then to heap wealth on wealth is merely an evil."

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Hooker, Mrs J.... 1 00
Hopkins, Josephine 5 00
Horton, Mrs W.... 1 00
Hovey, Mrs C M.. 1 00
Hull, Mrs Walter. 5 00
Hurtin, Jesse..... 25
Jackson, C W..... 1 00
Jennings, Mrs E M 25
Jennings, M W.... 1 00
Jones, Mr..... 50
Jones, Charlotte... 1 00
Jones, G M..... 1 00
Jones, Mr & Mrs H 1 00
Jones, I..... 10
Jones, Kate 2 00
Jones, Mrs M E 2 00
Jones, Mr & Mrs T A 1 00
Johnson, A..... 5 00
Johnson, C C..... 1 00
Johnson, Mrs E M 50
Johnson, Miss S.. 2 00
Keeler, Mrs..... 15
Kelly, Jane M.... 1 00
Kelly, P C..... 1 00
Kemp, Staff Capt. 5 00
Kiefer, Alfred....10 00
King, W W..... 4 00
Kling, Mrs W..... 50
Klink, L F & S S Class, Albany .. 2 00
Knapp, Miss V.... 2 00
Knickerbocker, R.. 50
Kratzer, P..... 1 00
Kruger, Edw..... 1 00
Kruger, Edw..... 1 00
Laas, Mrs C F.... 1 00
Lafferty, Mrs L N 5 00
Lakin, Emma..... 1 00
Lang, Mrs E C S.. 1 00
Lange, C & S S Cole 5 00
Law, W C..... 5 00
Leonard, Mrs R C. 1 00
Lepper, Mrs N G.. 10
Lewis, Hester A.. 1 00
Link, Mrs Fannie. 25
Littler, Mrs Geo.. 10
Loder, Mrs E J... 2 00
Loomis, C W..... 5 00
Lorens, Miss..... 25
Low, Frank..... 5 00
Ludlow, C A..... 1 00
McAdoo, W G....10 00
McClenathan, J.... 1 00
McDermott, Wm E 1 00
MacDougall, H.... 25
McEwen, Mrs..... 1 00
Mcludoe, W J & Mrs N F Mathews 2 50
McInerney, J F... 1 00
McKee, Ida T..... 1 00
MacPherson, J N.. 1 00
Mahie, Mrs C G.. 25
Machias, J L..... 1 00
Madison, I..... 10
Magee, Mrs..... 20
Maloney, A H..... 1 00
Manning, David... 2 00
Many, W C..... 1 00
Marslie, Mrs L.... 2 00
Masten, Miss Effa 1 00
Max, Walter.. ... 1 00
Maxwell, Wm J.... 1 00
Medbury, Mrs C B 1 00
Merritt, S D..... 50
Metcalf, Mrs..... 1 00
Mlddendorf, C H.. 1 00
Miller, Chas..... 1 00
Miller, Mrs Edw.. 1 00
Miller, Grace M... 2 00
Miller, John E.... 3 00
Miller, Mrs L.... 1 25
Miller, Wm M.... 1 00
Minot, Misses..... 1 00
Minot, Mrs M..... 1 00
Mitchell, Dr R E. 2 00
Mofatt, M L..... 2 00
Monroe, Mrs Marv.. 5 00
Morris, Mr & Mrs G C 50
Moses, Mrs N W.. 1 00
Mott, C E..... 25
Mowers, E A..... 10
Mowers, Mrs Otis 35
Moyer, Mrs..... 25
Moyer, Miss Ella.. 1 00
Myers, Anthony.... 35
Narita, Kolchi.... 50
Narita, Y..... 50
Nearf, Mr & Shillam, Mrs..... 2 00
Nedurian, J S..... 50
Nichols, Mrs M V 1 00
Nightingale, R W 3 50
Noble, Edw J..... 1 00
Norton, Ada L.... 1 00

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Nourse, Sara C.... 1 00
Oscott, Benson.... 1 00
Ostrander, L A.... 50
Paddock, R & L.. 2 00
Parks, Miss Edith 25
Parks, Mrs Hattie 25
Parks, Mrs J M.... 1 00
Payne, Mrs C H.. 50
Payne, Mrs J H.. 1 00
Phelps, Stephen... 5 00
Pitkin, D S..... 25
Polly, J B..... 1 00
Pond, Mr & Mrs J E 2 00
Porter, Mrs H M. 3 00
Porter, L A..... 50
Posson, Fred..... 25
Powers, W & J.... 1 00
Prossor, C J..... 50
Quackenbush Children 15
Quackenbush, F N. 15
Quackenbush, Lee. 10
Quenelle, J..... 25
Randall, Mrs A... 2 00
Randall, J H..... 3 00
Ransom, H M..... 1 00
Read, J..... 25
Reason, Miss E... 1 00
Reinhardt, C W...10 00
Rellim, A H..... 2 00
Requa, L F Jr....50 00
Rice, A F..... 1 00
Roberts, Mrs E... 50
Roberts, Mr & Mrs Elisba 1 00
Roberts, M D..... 1 00
Roberts, Mr & Mrs R H 50
Roberts, Mrs W F 1 00
Robertson, Mary... 2 00
Robinson, Rev C E 5 00
Robinson, M..... 1 00
Robinson, Miss S J 50
Robinson, Sherman 1 00
Rockwood, S H & Mrs Frick..... 2 00
Rottger, W D..... 1 00
Rowe, Mrs W H.. 50
Rowell, H D..... 50
Rowland, W H.... 5 00
Rush, H A..... 2 00
Russell, Mrs W E 15
Ruxer, K A..... 1 00
Sanford, Mrs A S. 25
Satterlee, Dr A R 1 50
Savage, W H..... 5 00
Saxton, Miss L.... 35
Saxton, Mrs Roger 40
Saxton, Mrs W E .2 00
Saye, L A..... 2 00
Scott, Mrs..... 75
Scott, Mrs Henry. 1 00
Seymour, H W.... 1 00
Shapley, M C..... 1 00
Shaw, Mrs T..... 5 00
Shearston, E W.... 1 50
Sheley, Mrs G H.. 50
Sherman, Mrs J C 1 00
Sherman, Mrs P.. 1 00
Silvermail, W H.. 2 00
Simme, Mrs G.... 1 00
Simmons, Lester D 50
Sinclair, Clara... 05
Skellie, Mrs A H. 1 00
Slawson, A & Sister 2 00
Smith, Miss A A.. 1 00
Smith, Mrs A A.. 1 00
Smith, A F..... 1 00
Smith, Mrs L S... 1 00
Smith, S L..... 5 00
Spalsbury, R..... 1 00
Speers, James M..50 00
Spencer, Miss D M 1 00
Spencer, H A..... 1 00
Spink, Fred L.... 50
Squires, Mrs B.... 1 00
Stafford, Mrs C... 75
Standley, W C.... 2 00
Stebbins, Mrs C... 1 00
Steele, B M..... 25
Stevens, Mrs C G. 1 00
Stevens, Donald... 1 50
Stevens, George... 50
Stevenson, Mrs C C 1 00
Story, H & I..... 20
Sutton, Harvey.... 2 50
Swan, S J & J....10 00
Sweeting, Mrs M L 1 00
Swift, E M..... 2 00
Taylor, Miss F.... 50
Taylor, Miss J.... 25
Taylor, Mrs J H.. 50
Taylor, Llewellyn. 10
Taylor, Mrs W.... 50
Tell, Mrs A A.... 1 00
Ten Broeck, H U.. 3 00
Thayer, Walter N. 3 00
Thomas, Edward .. 25
Thompson, Family 1 25
Thompson, T G... 2 00
Thomson, Velma... 1 00
Thorp, Dr J W.... 1 00
Through, F S Thrall 2 00
Tiffany, Miss S E. 1 00
Tillotson, Richard. 1 00
Tilton, Mr & Mrs Moses 1 00
Towner, Benj..... 25
Truax, Mr & Mrs J W & Family.... 3 25
Tucker, Wm Jr.... 1 00
Tuthill, E H & A A 3 00
Updike, Mrs A.... 1 00
Van Vechtern, Mrs Jno 1 00
Ver Planck, Miss.. 5 00
Waldo, Mrs L A.. 50
Walker, Mr & Mrs A A 2 00
Walker, Frank..... 50
Walker, Giles..... 1 00
Walker, Grant..... 50
Walker, J H..... 2 00
Wands, Mr & Mrs J T 50
Ward, C F..... 25
Warner, H D..... 2 00
Warner, Mildred.. 60
Watson, Mrs Benj. 50
Wayne, C M..... 1 00
Weaver, E R..... 1 00
Wells, Mrs W..... 2 00
West, Mrs F W.... 50
Westerman, Mrs S A 25
White, Mrs C A... 1 00
Whitwell, F W....10 00
Whipple, W 25
White, A B..... 50
White, Geo L..... 2 75
White, John D.... 1 00
Whitlock, W M... 2 00
Whitney, Mrs A F 1 00
Whitney, Mrs A R 1 50
Whitson, R M.... 2 00

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Wickham, J M.... 1 00
Wilbur, M E..... 1 00
Wilcox, Mrs J R.. 1 00
Wille, Henry 5 00
Williams, C 200
Williams, Mrs K.. 1 00
Williams, Mr 25
Winchester, Mrs H F 1 50
Wickwire, N R.... 1 00
Wilbur, H C..... 50
Wiles, Mrs M C. 2 00
Wilkins, N E..... 50
Wilklnson, Thos F 1 00
Willard, Chas ... 2 00
Willard, H B..... 50
Williams, C E.....10 00
Williams, Harvey, Lou & Raymond. 50
Wood, Parker 1 00
Woolf, N, Children 15
Wood, F S..... 1 00
Wood, Harlan ... 1 00
Woodard, Mrs L R & Mrs C Potter. 3 00
Woodridge, Wm R 1 00
Woodruff, E H... 5 00
Woodruff, J L M. 5 00
Woodruff, Mr N.. 1 00
Woodward, Mrs J.. 2 00
Woolsey, W C.... 1 00
Worthen, H B.... 5 00
Worthington, Mrs. 50
Wright, Amelia Z. 1 00
Wright, Mrs R.... 3 00
Wyler, Mr & Mrs 1 00
Wyman, E L..... 1 00
Yah, Mr Jos H.. 1 00
Young, W M..... 1 00
L R H, Auburn... 2 00
H C R, Bath..... 1 00
Mrs S W, Cobleskill 1 00
J B, Cossayuna... 5 00
A S A, Dunsville.. 1 00
Mrs J M J, Homer 2 00
S C, Huntington... 1 00
A Mr, Ilion..... 10
C J, Ilion..... 1 00
C M, Ilion..... 1 00
D J L, Ilion..... 50
E M G, Ilion..... 25
F L, Mrs, Ilion.... 50
G M B, Ilion..... 15
G M W, Ilion.... 25
H P H, Ilion.... 25
I S, Ilion..... 25
James C, Ilion.... 1 00
M C, Ilion 25
M M, Iloin 15
M R, Ilion 10
N J N, Ilion..... 50
N N, Ilion 50
R, Mrs, Ilion 10
R P, Ilion 25
S G, Ilion 15
W C R, Ilion..... 25
R M & C, Lakeville 6 00
Mrs M J, Linwood. 2 00
Mrs A B T, Middleburg 1 00
Mrs H M D, Mt Upton 1 00
Mrs E B F, Newark Valley 1 00
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M, N Y C..... 1 00
Mrs R Y, N Y C.. 2 00
G D S, Palmyra.. 1 00
M B S, Poughkeepsie 1 00
Mrs W V B, Saugerties 1 00
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Mrs A S M, Upper Troy 1 00
Mrs S, Utica..... 2 00
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—, Buffalo 2 00
—, Canandaigua . 2 00
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—, Cherry Creek. 1 00
—, Cobleskill ... 5 00
—, Dykeman 2 00
—, Ft Miller 5 00
—, Ft Plain 5 00
—, Glens Falls .. 25
—, Ilion 20
—, Jamestown .. 2 00
—, Jewett 1 00
—, Livingston Manor 1 00
—, Mahopac Falls 1 00
—, Mt Vernon .. 2 00
—, New Brighton. 25
—, New Brighton. 25
—, N Y City 10 00
—, N Y City 1 00
—, N Y City 1 00
—, N Y City 1 00
—, N Y City 1 00
—, Richland 1 00
—, Troy 10 00
—, Utica 1 00
—, Warrensburg.. 1 00
Cash, Brooklyn ... 5 00
Cash, E Patchogue. 25
Cash, Ilion 1 00
Friend, Climax .. 1 00
Friend, N Y City.. 1 00
Friend, Rochester. 1 00
A Friend, Brasher Falls 1 20
A Friend, Brighton 1 00
A Friend, Bkln.. 2 50
A Friend, Bklyn.. 1 00
A Friend, Bklyn.. 1 00
A Friend, Bklyn.. 2 00
A Friend, Cannonsville 1 00
A Friend, Catskill 5 00
A Friend, Harpersfield 1 00
A Friend, Jamesville 2 00
A Friend, N Y C.. 2 00
A Friend, Oxford. 1 00
A Friend, Poughkeepsie 1 00
A Friend, PennYan 3 00
A Friend, Rome,. 1 00
A Friend, Saugerties 15 00
A Friend, Standards 40
A Friend, Watertown 1 00
A Friend, W Camden 50
A Friend, —..... 1 00

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A Friend, W Camden 50
A Friend, —..... 2 00
Friends of Chippewa Bay 6 52
Friends at J C Allens Factory, Gloversville 10 00
A Friend of Sufferers, Sagaponack 1 00
A Christian Fr'd, Warwick 1 00
Friends, Coldspg.. 1 50
Friends, N Creek.. 2 00
Friends, Randolph. 4 00
Two Friends, Berksblre 4 00
Two Friends in China 1 00
I H N, Cazenovia. 2 00
I H N, Bklyn.... 1 00
I H N, Bklyn.... 1 00
A Reader, E Patchogue 25
A Subr, Brockport 2 00
A Subr, Middlefield 2 00
A Subr, Wolcott.. 1 00
Sympathizer, Binghampton 5 00
A Sympathizer, Liverpool 25
A Sympathizer, Townline 2 00
New Churchmen, Attica 4 00
Unknown, Bellevue As Unto Him, Bklyn 3 00
Two Slsters, Colla 5 00
Elmira, Elmira .. 50
Geneva Daily Times, Geneva 5 00
A Cheerful Giver, N Y C..... 1 00
A Part, N Y C.... 2 00
Easter Offering, Palenville 1 00
"Whittle," Pierrepont Manor 10
Individuals, Romulus 5 30
Secundies, Salem.. 3 00
Endeavorer, Sherrill 5 00
One who loves his Cause, S Lima... 5 00
A Few Citizens of Union Spgs 10 00
First S D B Ch, Alfred 16 30
Pres Ch, Amenia..17 70
St Georges Ep Ch, Astoria 7 00
Cong Ch, Barryville 2 00
Pres Ch, Big Flats15 00
S Sch of Bapt Ch, Bolton Ldg 1 70
Gilead Presby Ch, Carmel 15 00
Gospel Mission Ch, College Point ...25 05
Freedom Welsh B Ch, Freedom ... 50
Pres Ch, Hammond43 00
Hartford Charge, Hartford 7 00
Wesleyan Meth Ch, Houghton 60 00
Pres Cong, Livonin Centre 7 60
Bapt Ch of Mahopac Falls 12 07
Hunts Hollow, M E Ch, Northville 5 00
E Ch, Naples .. 2 45
Pres Ch & S Sch, Ontario 10 00
Ref Meth Ch, Otisco 3 25
1st Pres Ch, Romulus 6 50
Blue Point Bapt Ch, Sayville 3 00
Preshy Ch, Silver Creek 25 63
1st Cong Ch, Sidney 43 00
Preshy Ch, Vernon Centre 9 00
Pres Ch, Williamson 21 00
Pleasantville U S.15 46
High Sch, Andover 1 25
Mrs Dunn's Friday Night Cl of 4th Ave M E Ch, Bklyn 5 00
Rippey Cl of First Pres Ch, Geneva 5 00
4tb & 5th Grades of H S, Hamilton 1 00
Bye Bernice & Sch, Olcott 1 80
Dist No 8 School, Oyster Bay 4 00
Graded Sch of Pt Dickinson 4 00
High Sch, Warrensburg 12 37
Bapt Ch, Prim S Sch, Avoca 2 50
Ref Ch S School, Bloomingburg ... 3 00
Chinese Miss Sch of Greenwood B Ch, Bklyn 10 25
S S Classes of Mr Silas Cain's boys & Mrs C S Buttons Girls, Chittenango 4 00
Willing Workers S Sch, Cohoes 5 00
First Pres S Sch, Far Rockaway ..31 00
S S of Sparta, 1st Ch, Hochester Preshy, Groveland 3 09
M E S Sch, Ilion.. 3 00
S Sch of Knights Creek 6 00
Bapt S S, Liberty 2 50
Presby, S S, Lima 8 50
Pres S S, Livonia Centre 1 19
Cong S S, Maine. 1 00
Silver Steram S S, Newburgh 3 00
Union S S, Balmville, Newburg...21 68
S Sch of Pres Ch, Northwood 3 57
Whatsoever Circle of The K D, Clifton Spgs 5 00

NEW YORK—Cont'd

1st Pres Ch S Sch, Romulus 5 00
Bridgeport Un S S, Seneca Falls 10 25
Bapt S S, Vestal Centre 5 00
Meth S S, Vestal Centre 2 08
Pres S S, W Mtn.17 00
Pres S S, Williamson 11 00
Inasmuch Cir of K D of the Madison Ave Ref Ch, Albany 6 00
Blue Flowers Jr C of K D, Auburn 2 00
Inasmuch Circle, Auburn 2 60
C E Soc, 1 Ref Ch, Bethlehem .. 75
Jun C E Soc of W P Ch, Binghamton 1 50
Pres C E S, Brockport 4 25
Bushwick Ave M E Ep Lea, Bklyn.. 5 00
Miss Band, Charleston 4 Cors.... 5 00
C E Soc of Presby Ch, Chittenango. 1 00
Miss Soc of Y P S C E, of Ch Hollow 9 00
The K D S Sch Cl, Palmyra 1 00
C E Soc, Cutchogue 22 25
W C T U, Dry Brook 5 00
C E Soc & Union S S, E Fishkill. 3 22
Monday Club of Fredonia 43 50
Ladies Miss Soc, Freedom Plains.. 5 00
Y P C U, Frewsburg 10 00
Sunshine Club, Garrattsville 1 00
Y P M C, Hallsport 7 80
Y P S C E, Heuvelton 1 00
Ladies Aid Union, Hoosick 5 00
Bapt C E Soc, Ilion 2 00
W C T U, Johnsonburg 2 00
C E of Presby Ch, Livonia Ctr.... 1 27
Jr C E of Presby Ch, Livonia Ctr. 50
Newman Cir of K D of M E Ch, Mechanicsville... 5 00
Y M CA, Mechanicsville 2 80
Ref Ch C E Soc, Millbrook 5 07
Jr C E S, Moscow. 5 00
K M Lit Soc, Bethesda Ch, N Y C 5 00
Pyrkijn Fin Womans Soc, N Y C 5 00
Clark's, Mrs J D, Cl of Bapt Ch, Oxford 2 50
E Oxford C E S, Oxford 2 00
Philathea Cl of B Ch, Oxford 7 00
Ladies Aid Society, Pierrepont Ctr... 2 00
Jr C E Soc of B Ch, Sandy Hill.. 1 50
Jur C E Society, Scarborough 1 00
Dorcas Soc of Pres Ch, Shelter Isld. 5 00
C E Soc of Plymouth Cong Ch, Syracuse 3 52
Y P S C E of Plymouth Cong Ch, Syracuse 2 00
The Friends J C E Soc, Tillson 4 69
Ep Lea of Bethel M E Ch, Tottenville 10 00
Pres C E Soc of Unionville 2 50
Inter Sunshine Soc, Wadhams 12 00
Womans Rel Cps, Warsaw 1 00
Inasmuch Cir of K D, 3d Ave M E Ch, Watervliet...10 00
Y P C E, W Clarksville 6 30
Presby C E Soc, Williamson 5 00
Sunshine Band, Williamson 2 00
—, — 2 00
St Pauls Ger U Ev S Sch, Buffalo.. 1 00
Pres Ch, Buffalo. 4 00
Mrs Lee's S S Cl, Cambridge 1 30
The Helpers S S Cl, Canastota 3 00
Cl No 3, Bapt S S, Canisteo 2 82
1st & 2d Prim Dept of Union Ch, Ctr Moriches 3 75
The Children of Conway Dist, Cicero 2 17
S Sch, 2d Ref Ch, Delmar 5 00
High Sch, Elihabethtown 16 28
Two Classes in Bapt S Sch, Fabius.. 6 25
Sun Sch, Fairmont. 4 00
Prim Dept 1st Bapt Bib Sch, Hamilton 6 00
Hnrvard Sch, Harvard 12 00
All Salnts Ch & S Sch, Hooslck ... 2 37
Springland Pres S Sch, Jamalea ... 1 00
Bible Cl, M E Ch, P N, Jefferson... 1 35
Pres S Sch, Lake George 1 00
Class No 4, Brick Ch S S, Rochester 6 00

NEW YORK—Cont'd

Union S S, Lapeer 5 00
Union S Sch of S Trenton 4 00
Bapt S S, Throopsville 2 00
Comfort Cir of the Holland Ref Ch, Albany 5 00
Chr Endy Soc of Sprague Chapel, Albany 5 00
Charity Cir of K Ds, W E Preshy Ch, Albany 5 00
The Doris Sunshine Soc, Alfred Sta. 5 00
Kings Daughters of Belmont 5 00
Farther Lights Soc, Belmont 2 50
Ladies Ald Soc of Bernards Bay .. 1 50
Ladies Aid Soc of M E Ch, Binghamton 10 00
W C T U, Bolivar.20 00
Do a Little Cir of K Ds, Bklyn.... 5 00
Jr Chr E Soc of Throop Ave Pres Ch, Bklyn 1 50
C E Soc of the 1st Chr Ch, Bushton. 8 00
Jr C E Soc, U P Ch, Caledonia .. 3 00
High Falls C E Soc, Catskill 2 21
C E Soc, St Pauls L Ch, Dansville. 18 75
C E Soc, Delmar. 2 00
W Miss Soc of Atlay Bapt Church, Dundee 7 00
Ep Lea, E Bloomfield 4 65
Y P S C E, South side Bapt Ch, Elmira 5 00
C E Soc of First Bapt Ch, Fulton. 2 00
W C T U, Gardner 1 00
Shakespeare Club, Gouverneur 5 00
W C T U, Gowanda 5 00
C E Soc, Halls Cors10 00
Kappa Epsilon Soc, Hnncock 3 00
Jr C E, Harrison. 50
Y P S C E, Harrison 4 00
W C T U, Hermltage 1 00
Ministering Clr of K Ds, Hoosick Falls 15 00
The Little Doers of Flrst Presby Ch, Ithaca 2 00
C E & Friends of Cong Ch, Little Valley 15 00
W C T U, Long Eddy 6 03
Mission Clr, Mannsville 2 00
Queen Esther Home Mis Soc, Mechanlesville 3 00
Willing Workers Soc, C Ch, Medusa... 2 00
Mission Cir, Montlcello 5 00
Ladies Pres Miss Soc, N Gage..... 3 00
Womans Aux, Noxon 2 00
M E S S & Y P S C E, Ogden....12 00
Pres C E Soc, Old Forge 7 00
C E Soc, Paines Hollow 10 00
Y L Miss Soc, Presby Ch, Penn Yan 19 00
Young Peoples Soc of the No Bapt Ch, Pt Chester.. 4 00
W C T U, Ridge Road 3 50
Ep Lea, Saranac.. 9 00
Epw Lea, M E Ch, Scotia 12 30
Chr Endv Un Free Ch, Sherrill 17-10
C E Soc, 1st Ch, Sparta 3 50
C E Soc, St Remy. 2 00
Epw, Lea, Tupper Lake 3 50
Bapt C E, Unadilla Forks 9 00
Philathea Club, Urbana 2 50
Y P S C E, Wassaic 6 25
Lend A Hand Circle, Wellsville 2 75
Y P S C E of Ref Ch, W Berne....10 50
W C T U, Wrights Corners 3 00
Jr Lea of Perry St M E Ch, — 1 00
—, — 1 00
—, — 7 00
—, — 1 00
—, — 1 00
—, — 1 00
Four Friends, Binghamton 5 50
In His Name, Binghamton 10
1 H N, Colton.... 1 00
In His Name, Freeport 2 00
In His Name, Kingston 10 00
In His Name, Lockport 5 00
In His Name..... 1 00
In Remembrance, Berkshire 1 00
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A Reader, Baldwinsville 1 00
A Reader, Center Berlin 2 00
A Reader of C H, Round Lake 3 00
A Reader & Subr, Auburn 1 00
Readers of Daily Times, Geneva . 2 00

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Subscriber, Auburn 1 00
An Old Subscriber, Elbridge 1 00
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A Sympathizer, N Y City 1 00
A Sympathizer, Valatic 50
Sympathizers, Matteawan 1 00
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Citizens of Brookfield 15 20
A Purse, Brooklyn 3 00
One who wants to help, Candor 1 00
The Left Hand, Cascade Valley .. 2 00
Col by Clinton Co Pub Co, Champion 12 50
Grange No 527, Cherry Creek .. 5 00
A Would be Helper, Cochecton 1 00
Little Girls Prayin Band, Corona ... 1 00
Two Little Girls, Corona 15
Little Boys, Corona 10
A Christian Endeavorer, Cranford 5 00
Citizens of Greenwich 1 50
Hope, Hinckley... 1 00
A Lady, Kingstou. 2 00
A Poor Boy, Lebanon 01
Home for Seamen's Children, New Brighton 3 02
The Widow's Mite, Newhurgh 1 00
Employees of Yanss Optical Co N Y C 1 60
A Presby, N Y C 1 00
A Wldow, N Y C.. 10
Matt 25:40, N Y C 2 00
From Little Children, Palatine Bridge 50
Citizens of Phelps.11 35
High Sch, Amenia 5 00
Girl's Lend a Hand Club, So. Cong Chapel, Brooklyn 5 00
Mission Band, Cen Pres Ch, Buffalo 2 00
Club of Little Girls, Buffalo 4 50
Girl's Mission Band, Christ's Church, Catskill 15 00
Hicks Class, No. Chemung Charge, Chemung Co..... 5 87
Children of Dist No. 8, Cicero.... 1 25
Children of Taft Dist, Cicero 1 15
Children of Empire Dist, Cicero 25
Class S of the 1st Methodist S Sch, Cohoes 3 00
Children of Bates Dist, DeWitt .. 79
Mr B L Pearson's Class, Endicott.. 8 50
F H C Class Bapt S Sch, Gowanda. 6 50
Y P Prayer Circle of Emory M E Ch, Hancock.... 2 25
Le Roy High Sch.11 41
4, 5, 6 Grades of Groundy St Sch. No. Tonawanda..13 00
Endeavor Class, Oswego 1 00
Redfield Graden Sch 9 00
Class No 24 of Central Pres Ch, Rochester 5 00
Stanford Pub Sch No 2, Stanfordville 1 73
Union Free Church, Ames 8 20
Avoca Bapt Ch.... 6 50
Cong Ch, Barryville 1 91
St. Stephen's Ep Ch, Buffalo 3 50
Cong Ch, Canaan Four Corners ... 7 67
Preshy Church, Cnnaseraga 2 50
Ist Pres Church, Chateaugay 22 00
Episcopal Mem Ch, Colton 3 00
Cong of M E Ch, Dickersonville ... 4 00
Lyndon Park Wesleyan Meth Ch, Falconer 19 00
Reformed Church of Fonda 2 00
U Pres Church, Greenwich 9 50
Pres Ch, Islip....15 40
Presby Ch, Jewett 7 00
Cong of M E Ch, No. Ridge 4 00
Reformed Church, Schuylerville 20 00
Cong M E Ch, So. Bradford 90
Reformed Church, So. Gilboa 3 50
Pres Ch, S Salem. 4 00
Trinity Luth Ch of Stone Arabia ...26 00
1st Bapt Church, Union 10 00
Welsh Cong Ch, Watervllle 10 50
Welsh Cong Ch, Watervllle 1 00
1st Bapt Church, Whitehall 8 42
Cong Ch People, Willsboro 9 90
M E S Sch, Battenville 1 60

Further acknowledgments of New York State contributions in our issue of July 18.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

The Doorway of the Ex-King's Palace

Preaching Christ IN A RUINED Royal Palace

By DR. E. SHAWE, Moravian Mission, Leh.

The Royal Castle at Stok

Illustrated With Photographs Specially Taken for "The Christian Herald"

FIRST of all, let me explain that there is now no reigning king of Ladak. Long ago, the empire of the Ladaki kings was very extensive, reaching nearly to Shigartse, in Central Tibet. But gradually the power was lost, and the last reigning sovereign was deposed some sixty years ago, when Ladak fell into the hands of the Maharaja of Jammu, and was formed into a province of the great Indian State of Jammu and Kashmir.

The old Ladaki king was allowed to reside in a village in Ladak, and keep up a small display of royalty, though no actual power was his. The present "king," so-called, is the grandson of the one who lost his throne sixty years ago. He is a very shy, retiring man, and very much under the power of the lamas. He usually lives in his castle at Stok, an ancient, dilapidated structure, near the left bank of the Indus, ten miles away from Leh, and only comes to Leh for religious festivals or on business.

When he was at Leh, one winter, he called me in to attend him professionally, and for a week or two I saw a good deal of him. I found that he had never seen our magic lantern, so I proposed to bring it up one day, and he cordially assented. A few days later, with my colleague, Rev. H. Marx, and two native Christians, I climbed up the steep, narrow street leading to the rock above Leh, on which the royal castle stands.

This castle, or palace, is a huge structure of ten stories or more, built by one of the most famous kings of Ladak, about three hundred years ago. It is full of dark rooms and darker passages, courtyards overlooked by latticed balconies, and over all a great flat roof, from which a magnificent view of the town and surrounding country can be obtained.

As we approached the door, by a very rough road indeed, we found it sheltered by a most curious porch. The pillars of the porch appeared at first to be large, fluted columns; but a closer inspection showed them to be made of a number of small trees, bound together with iron bands. Over the door are three carved monsters, which might represent lions or tigers, or some altogether fabulous animal. The central one is jointed and is moved by a chain, which is worked from inside the door. People tell how, in the old days, when distinguished visitors came to the castle, this creature was made to jump about, in order "to inspire awe in the beholder."

The Ex-King of Ladak in his Audience Chamber

Entering, we ascend a dark passage by broken steps, and at last emerge on one of the lower roofs, from which a door leads into the royal apartment. Very few of the many rooms are in use now, the greater part of the building being empty and gradually falling into ruin. The room into which we enter is not spacious, according to our ideas of "presence chambers." It may be fifteen or twenty feet square. Two or three small windows let in a little light. In the centre is an iron stove, with a good fire, making the room comfortably warm. The floor is boarded, and on one side is a low dais, covered with cushions, on which the king and his young son recline. In one corner is the family altar, with its idols, sacred pictures and many implements of worship.

After the customary greetings, we set up our lantern, nailed a sheet on the opposite wall, and darkened the little light which crept through the narrow windows. Almost immediately a whispering was heard in the darkness behind us. The king's mother and daughter had come to see the Western wonders. The Ladaks, as a rule, do not seclude their women; but the royal ladies do not appear before European men, and when abroad cover the face with a veil, after the manner of Oriental women.

We began by showing pictures of the life of Christ, our native catechist explaining them. As the story proceeded, we heard occasional expressions of wonder around us, and as it approached its climax in the crucifixion, one felt that the people were listening intently, and we could hear the shuddering, indrawn breath of strained attention. The teacher explained the meaning of it all, and showed that all men need the Saviour Jesus.

The Gospel of the King of kings has once more been preached to one of the kings of the earth, who know him not as their Lord. Pray that it may have sunk into good ground, and that this poor, helpless Tibetan ex-king may see that Christ is all powerful to save, and that the "Light of Asia" must pale before the Light of the World! ERNEST SHAWE.

. . .

[Leh, where the Moravian Mission of which Dr. Shawe is a member, has a station, is the capital of the Ladak province in Lesser Tibet. It is probably the highest mission station yet occupied by any messengers of the Gospel, being situated in the valley of the Indus, 11,500 feet above sea level, and between mountain ridges that reach an altitude of 21,000 feet. Leh has for long ages been a great mart for trade between the Punjab and Chinese Tartary. The Moravian Mission was established there in 1885, and is one of the most promising in the Himalayas, although the condition of the native people, socially and morally, still leaves much to be desired. For many years past, Leh has been regarded as a specially available outpost, from which the "Sealed Land" of Tibet would ultimately be reached by the missionaries. Now that Tibet seems likely to be opened at no distant date, Leh becomes even more important.

Two other stations in Lesser Tibet, also occupied by the Moravians, are Poo and Kyelang. At all three stations the Tibetan language is studied, in order that the workers may be equipped for effective service when the door is opened, and they are at liberty to go in and "possess the land," and preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ.]

MUNICIPAL EMANCIPATION

Independence Hall

A Fourth of July Sermon, by Rev. F. DeWitt Talmage, D.D.

TEXT — JEREMIAH 7: 17:
"Seest thou not what they do in the cities of Judah?"

THIS is the Sunday preceding our national holiday. During the coming week we shall commemorate the time when our forefathers signed the Declaration of Independence, which declares that all men are born free and equal. This is the hour when thousands of patriotic sermons are being preached over this land, most of them in eulogistic strain, to prove that this country is the greatest of all countries, our people the best of all people, and this marvelous national condition of affairs the direct result of the work of the Continental Congress, which assembled in Independence Hall, of Philadelphia, July 4, 1776. But though I allow no man to stand before me in admiration of the immortal document penned by Thomas Jefferson, yet I am not one who would cry, "Peace, peace, when there is no peace." I am not one who would assert that our government and our people have reached the acme of perfection. For, as our ancestors had wrongs to right in 1776, we have governmental wrongs to right in 1906. I want this morning to place my finger upon the most flagrant weakness of our national life. This is not the weakness of national or State legislation. It is the weakness of municipal corruption, which we find in most of the large cities scattered over our land.

A National Peril

The cancer which is gnawing and eating towards the vitals of man's physical body is even more fatal in its results than the dangers which are threatening him from without. Indeed, the only enemies which are threatening to undermine our national foundations are domestic foes and not foreign invaders. Mr. Lincoln, in one of his addresses well said: "At what point shall we expect the approach of a national danger? Shall we expect some trans-Atlantic military giant to step across the ocean and crush us at a blow? Never! All the armies of Europe, Asia and Africa combined, with all the treasures of the earth (our own excepted), in their military chest, and with a Bonaparte for a commander, could not by force take a drink from the Ohio, or make a track on the Blue Ridge in a trial of a thousand years. At what point, then, is this approach of danger to be expected? If it ever reaches us, it must spring up among us.

In our present patriotic sermon, let us turn our attention to the internal rather than external dangers. By the help of God, let us go forth as bravely and heroically as did our forefathers at Concord and Bunker Hill to eradicate the greatest weakness of our national life, namely, corruption in our municipal, or city governments. These evils of our great cities are to be seen everywhere. Either we must conquer them, or they in turn will completely overthrow us.

The civic problem of our land will never be successfully solved, until the American voter has intelligence and manhood enough to divorce national and State politics from municipal affairs. The two politics, the national and civic, are entirely distinct. The one, to a great extent does not represent personalities but principles, while, on the other hand, civic politics does not represent principles so much as personalities. Let me try to illustrate the demarcation in a few words.

Come back with me to the year 1896. Major McKinley, of Ohio, is the candidate upon the Republican ticket for President of the United States. He is the logical representative of his party upon the sole issue that he was the author of the famous McKinley Bill, which established high tariff. Now, if Mr. McKinley is elected to the Presidency, he can do absolutely nothing to forward his ideas of Protection, unless he has a Congress behind him which will pass protection laws. Thus, all over the country the Republicans of the different Congressional districts assemble and pick out men who believe in "Protection," to support the future President in his policy. You can readily see why they do this. When we elect a Congressman, we do not elect a personality so much as we vote for a principle. The National Convention builds a political platform. Then the different Congressional Conventions of the party nominate men who will pledge themselves to support that platform; in other words, in national politics "the unit man" is an insignificant mote of sand. But when all these motes are collected together in one great volume, we have the national policy, or the principle of the great dominant political party, expressed in one mighty chorus sounding together as one voice.

Now, on the other hand, the government of a city has nothing to do with the tariff laws, or with the advocacy of a free silver bill. It has nothing to do with the question whether the Philippines shall have self-government, as in Cuba. It has nothing, absolutely nothing, to do with national or State politics. A city government has simply to do with men. It is a big business. It has to do with the public schools, and with the water supply, and with the lighting of our streets, and with our street railway system, and with the control of our police and fire departments. Any man who is a strong, honest, upright, intelligent business man can run any city government aright, he he a Republican or a Democrat, or an adherent to any of the other sane political faiths. And yet the local political "bosses" of a city inevitably hold the municipal governments in their grasp, by mixing up State and national issues with civic affairs. They nominate their candidates. Then they come to the voters and say, "Now, be consistent. If you are going to vote for a Republican President, vote for a Republican mayor and a Republican city attorney and a Republican councilman. These men all represent the same great Republican truths." And never was greater nonsense ever perpetrated upon a blinded community than that of insisting on the mayor and council being of the dominant political party.

Testimony of Leaders

Do you believe this is political heresy? Then read the following words of Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States. Mr. Roosevelt declares that most of the municipal corruption of this country is directly due to harnessing up national and civic issues in the same yoke. Let me read to you his own strong, powerful, intense words: "The worst evils that affect our local governments arise from, and are the inevitable results of the mixing up of city affairs with party politics of the nation and State. The lines upon which national parties divide, have no necessary connection with the business of the city. Such connections open the way to countless schemes of public plunder and civic corruption." What says Secretary William Taft in a late letter which he wrote to a prominent Republican Club of Cincinnati, which had elected him an honorary member: "The conduct of municipal affairs has no rational relation to the conduct of national affairs."

What these Republican Stalwarts teach, I believe the great Democratic statesmen are ready to enunciate and to advocate. But though these facts which I am adducing should be almost self-evident or axiomatic, yet there are hundreds of men living, let us say, in the city of Atlanta, who always vote the Democratic ticket, merely because the State of Georgia is Democratic in sentiment, as there are thousands of men living in Philadelphia who always vote the Republican ticket, because Pennsylvania is generally Republican. They will make their State and national and civic tickets of the same color, no matter what iniquitous political rings may dominate their cities. Such voting is wrong—it is wrong *in toto*. Every man should endorse principles, rather than men in national politics; but every voter should be an Independent in civic politics. He should always vote for the most honest and capable candidates in municipal affairs, no matter to what State or national political faith those candidates belong.

Patriots Needed

But in order to solve the civic problem aright, we must do more than separate national politics from municipal affairs. We must, in our city politics, have the right kind of leaders. We must prevail upon the most respected citizens of the different cities to offer themselves as candidates for the different municipal offices. The kind of men who are willing to accept the Gubernatorial and the Congressional and Presidential offices, are the same kind who should be willing to be elected to the mayoralty or to the aldermanic chairs in our city governments.

But there is still another reason, besides honor and fame, why our most prominent citizens should be prevailed upon to assume the municipal burdens of official life. If a man will not serve his city at a financial sacrifice, then, in truth, he will not in all probability serve his city faithfully even if he had to make no financial sacrifices. The simple fact is that our country, both in national and civic life, has never been able to financially reward its true servants adequately. Do you not believe that Webster and Clay and Calhoun and Washington and Hamilton and Robert R. Livingston and Judge Story and Marshall and Samuel J. Randall could have made five, ten, aye twenty times more money, if they had never entered public life? Do you believe that our soldiers who died for the defense of their native land were ever adequately compensated for their hardship and suffering? Why, some of those men could have been making their thousands of dollars at home, if they had not enlisted in the Union Army. Yet, some of those soldiers, for a mere pittance of sixteen dollars a month, were ready to lay down their lives for their country's defense. Now, I want to ask you this question: Are all the heroes of this nation dead? Nay. I believe men and women are just as ready to make sacrifices for their country now in these times of peace, as they were in 1861 and 1812 and 1776. And I furthermore believe that the most prominent citizens of our large cities will serve us in municipal offices, if we only go after them and call them. In these civic problems which we have to solve, let us divorce municipal politics from national politics. Then, in the next place, let us nominate for our city officers not the professional office-seekers; but let us go to our best merchants and

lawyers and physicians, and say, "Men, come and serve us. Come, and make our cities' names honorable in the sight of men." And as Americans, North, East, South and West, will quickly volunteer their services in times of war, so I believe these prominent merchants and lawyers and doctors, aye, and ministers, will come to the rescue of our cities in times of peace.

But we must not simply look at our municipal candidates, when we attempt to rescue our cities from their present political corruption. We must also weigh carefully in the balance the men by whom these candidates are being selected. 'Tis true that certain men, like Governor Folk, of Missouri, may be better than the men who nominated them; yet, as a rule, in the political world, the water never rises higher than its source. When a man is nominated by a Convention for a city office, he is, as a rule, no better and no worse than the men who want to elect him to that office. Therefore, if you would find out the kind of municipal candidates who are running, all you have to do is to go among the men and find out what kind of men they are who want that candidate elected.

During my ministerial manhood, I have been a citizen of three of the greatest cities of the country. Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Chicago, have each been my home. I have always adhered to this custom to the letter: When a municipal election was taking place, I used to walk through the lower parts of the city. There I would carefully scan the faces of the different candidates which the saloon-keepers put up in their windows. You will be surprised to find that in nineteen cases out of twenty these faces are always the same in those saloon windows. Then I would always scratch the names of the men whose pictures I saw the saloon-keepers wanted. Birds of a feather nearly always flock together. If a candidate for a civic office trains with the saloon-keepers and the dive-owners, and the gamblers and the reprobates, you ought to fight him. No matter what ticket he may be on, fight him to his political death.

This statement naturally brings me to the last, and perhaps the most important heading of all the discussion. If you refuse to vote for a man who is a candidate for municipal office and whom the bad men want, then comes the practical question: Are you and I, as Christian men and church members, ready to do our part in city politics and lend our personal aid to the good men of our cities who are trying to nominate and elect good city attorneys and good school boards and good police commissioners and good political heads of our fire departments and honest men who will purge our municipalities of corruption? It is nonsense for ministers to sit back in their ecclesiastical robes and say, "It is not our business to touch city politics." When a moral issue is at stake, it is the business of the churches, and the business of all church-members to go to the primaries and help nominate the men who ought to be nominated, and help elect those honest men after they have been placed in nomination. If the members of the churches would only stand side by side at the ballot-box, and in the primaries, as the saloon-keepers and the owners of the places of evil resorts stand side by side, the day would not be far distant when all cities would be redeemed and purged of political corruption.

Thank God, I believe civic purification is not far distant. It is almost miraculous to catalogue the rapid changes which have come within the life of the present generation in the purification of our national life. Senator George F. Hoar died in 1905. A short time before he passed away, he was asked this question, "Senator, is the political life at Washington growing better or worse?" He answered the question in these words, "When I came into public life in Washington, in 1869, the corridors of the Capitol were haunted by lobbyists, interested in all sorts of schemes for plundering the public treasury. There were quite a number of Senators and Representatives who were suspected by their associates of being venal. When I think of the conditions which prevailed then and for years following—Tweed entrenched in power in New York; five Judges of the United States Court fleeing from office under threats of impeachment for corruption; the Credit Mobilier scandals; the scandals attending the Austrian Exposition; the lobbying; the whole Civil Service treated as patronage by powerful political leaders; the report of the Committee of Military Affairs in the House, recommending the expulsion of four of its members for making sale of their privileges of selecting youths to be educated at our great military school; the impeachment for corruption of four judges in New York; the whiskey frauds, in which the private secretary of the President was implicated; the Belknap impeachment; one eminent member of the United States Senate saying to another when he declared he could find no steal in a pending measure, and that if the Senate could find no steal in it, it was not likely to be there; eight active Republican leaders in Massachusetts detected in State prison offences—it seems to me as if I were living not only in another age but in another planet."

That was the testimony of the purification of national and State politics in the political life of Senator George Hoar, of Massachusetts. May we live to see such a wonderful change in the purification of city politics. May we live to see our churches aroused politically. May our churches become great institutions of moral and political training. May their members side by side go forth to capture the political primaries in our cities for purity and right. May godly men always not only be willing to serve their fellowmen in civic offices, but may godly men, by the grace of God, go forth to elect their fellows to positions of civic trust. Then shall the Declaration of Independence of national liberty, signed by our ancestors for us, be supplemented by a declaration of independence of our municipal charters, signed by us for the benefit of our children and our children's children. Then, like the Hebrews of old, we will not only have six cities of refuge, but all our cities shall be cities of refuge, wherein Purity and Truth and Honor shall love to dwell, and where Christ's altars shall be the shrines at which municipal officials and inhabitants shall bow the knee and worship. May God bless and speed the consummation of our beloved cities' emancipation from sin.

The Life of a Taoist Nun in China

TEN years ago, two young Chinese women completed a course of medical study at Michigan University, and returned to their native land as missionaries of the Woman's Board of the Methodist Episcopal Church. One of them, Dr. Mary Stone, is now in charge of a hospital for women and children at Kinkiang, about four hundred miles up the Yang-tze. Dr. Stone's parents were the first Christians in Kinkiang, but of them the story hath oft been told. It is of her distant cousin, Yu Kuniang, I wish now to speak.

These two young women were born in the same year, and in personal appearance and intellectual outfit are not unlike. Yu Kuniang's mother and grandfather were of a religious bent. The grandfather was devoted to the contemplation of spiritual mysteries. The child's father died when she was but a few months of age, and the mother felt that the family life, with all its wealth and social position, was unsatisfactory. Taking the little one, she turned her back upon her home, and built a mud hut upon the mountain side, living there to devote her time to prayer and reflection upon the spiritual suggestions of Taoism. In order that people should recognize her as set apart to this spiritual life, she changed somewhat the cut of her dress, but did not shave her head as Buddhist nuns do. She combed her hair plainly, coiling it on top of her head.

After a time, her own people, the Stone family, and her husband's people, the Yu family, were persuaded that she was fully determined to live the life of a recluse. They then jointly petitioned the emperor to grant them the privilege of erecting a suitable hall as her home and to stand in her memory. With the Imperial rescript in hand, the two families built her home in the city of Kinkiang, two characters, denoting the Imperial sanction, being carved in stone above the front door.

The Christian Woman and the Pagan

1. Dr. Mary Stone (Shih Esen) 2. Miss Yu (or Yu Kuniang)

The hall is well built, even with some regard to drainage, and lighted with glass windows, having also a narrow veranda on one side of the upper story. Not long since, Dr. Stone took me to see these distant relatives living there. Along the walls of the entrance and ante-rooms, I saw ranged official notices, forbidding crowds to enter or interfere with the peaceful life of the inmates I found several women in the place, beside the mother and daughter. The women were widows, with two exceptions, and these were Mrs. Yu's daughters-in-law.

"But your only child is a daughter," I exclaimed.

Certainly, but members of the family on each side had set apart a boy as her son. These young men had succeeded well in study and taken high literary honors. One was now upon a government board at Peking and would soon be taking his wife thither. And this as an indication of the honor in which a woman devoting her life to high ideals, mistaken though they be, may be held in China. The mother seemed like a happy woman, only when she turned her eyes to the daughter an inexpressibly yearning look came into them.

And it was when I was introduced to this beautiful young woman that my heart was touched. Delicate in body, refined and *spirituelle* in face and manner, childlike and pure, until sixteen years of age, Yu Kuniang led a life of strict seclusion, devoted to study. At that time she took her vow of separation from the world and service to the heathen gods.

The main upper story of the house was partitioned into three rooms. In the wall of one was left an aperture about a foot square and fitted with a sliding door. In the central and largest of these rooms was a richly decorated shrine, with several idols, and a kneeling mat before it. Lamps hung from the high ceiling. The next, or inside room, was well lighted with glass windows, and contained a carved bedstead, curtains and bedding, a wardrobe and a chair, with a fine writing desk. On the latter were devotional books, writing materials and a thermometer mounted in cut glass. In this place the young girl had lived, locked alone for twelve years, or four periods of three years each. During the long hours of each day she chanted the prayers of her ritual, and prostrated herself before the appropriate idol each time its name occurred in her prayer. Her food and clothing were passed through the opening I had noticed in the wall. Each time, at the expiration of the three years, thus alone she came out and lived with her mother for a year, and then again entered upon another period of lonely service before the wooden gods. Now, at the age of thirty-one, she is looking forward to her fifth term.

Returning to the guest hall, after our round in the upper story, we were treated to some of the dainties which those who take no animal food prepare, while Yu Kuniang brought some of her books for me to look at, and among them a Bible.

Yu Kuniang's mother thought there was a defect in the Christian doctrine. It did not inculcate the accumulation of merit. The answer was, "No, the Christian is taught duty and service and gladly ascribes all merit to his Lord: but he has his reward nevertheless," and, turning the pages again, the doctor read, "he that reapeth receiveth wages and gathereth fruit to life eternal."

"Yes," said the woman, "the idea of true service and its superiority over ours of escaping from evil by the life of a hermit, is something I can see, now our cousin has shown it to us practically." Again, the doctor and the Book, with the words, "I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from the evil."

Since Dr. Stone's parents became Christians, thirty-five years ago, all association with the other branches of the family has been interrupted, until recently, and it has remained for the little doctor to win her way back to the others, and taking them by the hand lead them to the Lord, in whom she trusts.

Nanchang, China. GERTRUDE HOWE.

Riveredge's Fourth

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

INDEPENDENCE DAY HYMN

BE their names immortalized,
Who their life-blood sacrificed,
That a boon so dearly prized
They for us might win.

Tyrants' threats and bribes they spurned,
Back the oppressor's hosts they turned,
Freedom for their sons they earned,
By their toils and blood.

Yet in vain our freedom, Lord,
Bought with blood in battle poured,
If, unfranchised by thy Word,
We are slaves to sin.

Freedom without self-control
Is but leave to wreck the soul,
Passion-driven on pleasure's shoal,
To the future blind.

Freemen, then, by right of birth,
Teach us, Lord, to prize the worth
Of that richest gem of earth,
Freedom of the mind.

JAMES FLINT, D.D. (1779-1855).

ALL the little brown pools glimmered like jewels where the sunlight flickered down upon them through green boughs. The river went tumbling over the rocks, fretting itself into eddies that foamed and swirled, and here and there tumbled over mimic precipices in miniature cascades. Everywhere the glory of midsummer overbrooded the land like the smile of the Creator, who has made every season fair and radiant in its turn.

The little village of Riveredge consisted of one long, straggling street, with a post-office and a grocery store combined, in a small white painted building at one end, and a little weather-beaten church at the other. The place had a deserted and run-down look, and seemed to be left to old men, young boys, and women of all ages, from the bloom of opening girlhood to the decrepitude of senility.

Susie Mitchell had been away from Riveredge during the four years of her college life. An aunt in Boston had paid her expenses at Wellesley, and she was now qualified to take any position open to her as a teacher in her native State. She had returned to Riveredge with memories of the happy childish years spent there, and with a heart full of missionary ardor, but, somehow, life seemed dull and flat since she had come back. Her father was an invalid, her mother was silent and patient as the women of the mountains often are, and an atmosphere of depression rested over the old home. It was a lonely home, standing in the shade of its ancient oaks, with a neglected sweep of grass land that might have been mowed, and kept shorn and velvety like a park, had any one cared to take trouble with it. Nobody did care, and Susie's impression of melancholy and discouragement grew deeper as she stood at her window and gazed in the direction of the village street beyond the gates. She expected to begin teaching somewhere in the autumn, not that money was so much needed, as that she did not think she could endure to stay where nothing suited her.

She glanced at the calendar in a little gilt frame on her dressing-table. To-morrow would be the Fourth of July. Susie was patriotic. She had taken very thorough courses in history and political economy at college. Her graduating thesis had been the story of her native State, North Carolina, and she had grown proud of her State as she had studied its annals. Borne in upon her, too, had been a feeling that the country must depend for its continued prosperity on the faithfulness and goodness of its sons and daughters. Each in his or her place must do his duty and hers, or what could we expect to come to the people as a whole?

Susie had been full of grand ideas: now they looked a little absurd in the stagnation of the life at Riveredge. Only Nature seemed alive, the dancing river, the brown pools, the waving trees, the wealth of flowers told that God was as ever active and beneficent in his world. The people only appeared to have lost interest in living. Susie gave herself a little shake. "I am getting just like them," she said. From the doorway below stairs came a chorus of clear young voices. "Miss Susie, Oh, Miss Susie, won't you come and help us have a celebration?"

She ran down to find grouped about the door a dozen boys and girls, children of the village and of the scattered neighborhood. The lads pulled off their caps, the girls greeted her with a gladness that was in itself a real compliment.

"You know," said John Fanwood, "that one day is very much like another at Riveredge, but we made up our minds some time ago that we ought to have a festival or something on the Fourth. Fellows keep it in other places; we began saving up for fireworks awhile ago. The preacher who came from town twice a month talked to us about things we did, and persuaded us not to smoke or drink or do any of those foolish actions any more. So we boys began to save, and we have bought our fireworks. Now we want music and a procession, and supper at the schoolhouse, and after that we'll have our fireworks in the evening. Will you come into the game, Miss Susie?"

Susie Mitchell was a mountain girl. She knew what it meant to these village lads to have resisted the temptations that surrounded them, and to have gained the victory. She loved the children of her mountains. Catching a pink sun-bonnet from a nail in the porch, she put it on and went with the troop to the schoolhouse. It was empty and fairly clean, but the windows were dull and grimy and the floor needed scrubbing. On investigation Susie learned that there had been no teacher at Riveredge for the last year, that the village children had been running wild, and that they had no prospect of anything better for the next twelvemonth. "You see, Miss Susie," said Pearl Armstrong, a sweet looking girl of fifteen, "there isn't any money here to pay a teacher. The village is so poor, you can't think. We study at home when we can; but it's tiresome work to study when one has no teacher."

Susie thought it might be. How stimulating and delightful had been her days in the halls of Wellesley, sitting before teachers and professors who made study a joy and learning a privilege. She smiled brightly at these young friends, and told them not to be discouraged; she knew that there were books in their homes, and no Southern woman needs to be told that the road to culture is before anybody who has been taught the alphabet. Every one of the group round about her had access to good standard literature. How about other children in the region, in homes of deeper poverty, where parents could not read, and a book would have been an unsolved mystery? Susie wondered, and a half formed plan flashed into her mind.

"First," she said, "we must have a house-cleaning bee. Run somewhere for pails, water and soap. This room must be made as clean as we can make it." Two hours hard work transformed the room. The boys went for flags, which were freely lent them by the storekeeper and one or two veterans of the war. The flags were draped at the end of the room.

"What we are to do for music," said Susie, "is the biggest puzzle of all. A supper can be managed and the procession, and we can have tableaux after supper, if you like. But where are we to get drums and fifes?" The boys brightened up.

"The music never bothered us," they said. "Old Matthew Earl has a drum that he used to beat in the Confederate Army; he will lend it to us, I am sure. He will, if we let him, march down the street with his old smoky flag in his hand."

Susie considered. To her and the young people the Civil War was so far in the background that it meant very little practically in their minds, but old Matthew Earl had been a drummer boy under General Lee. The flag he cherished had been riddled with bullets. Susie knew that he was loyal to the Union now; but how could he help loving his battle-stained flag, the more sacred that around it gathered the poetry and romance of the lost cause.

"We will go and ask old Matthew," she said. "Maybe he will consent to beat the drum for us down the street to-morrow, and if he does we will march behind him, only the Stars and Stripes must be at the head of the line."

The day passed rapidly in arranging all the details. Everybody took an interest; there was not a house in which extra cooking was not done for the supper of the next night. In the afternoon, all the village children, word having been passed from house to house, gathered on Susie Mitchell's lawn and Mr. Mitchell, leaning on his crutch, drilled them and showed them how to march. They sang, "America" and "The Star Spangled Banner" with a will. It was almost sundown when they separated to go to their homes. Susie sat up a long time fighting with herself. On one hand ambition allured her, on the other love and self-denial tugged at her soul. After a while, she went softly through the house to the wide back porch. A flood of moonlight lay on hills, fields and river. Her father, with his pipe, was sitting in his splint-bottomed chair, at the end of the porch. "Daughter," he said, "are you still up?"

"Yes, father. I have been making up my mind what to do next year."

"I thought it was made up."

"I thought so, too, but I was wrong. I am not going away to teach. I fancy they need a good teacher right here, and I mean to stay and see what I can do."

"God bless you, child," said her father. "Your mother will be very glad and so will I. There are days when my old wound gets to aching, and then I feel as if I'd like to have my little girl within call. Mother would be pretty lonesome if anything should happen to me, and you not here. I think you are doing right."

Susie knew it would often be up-hill work. There would be no flourish of drums, no music to cheer her on; but a sense of duty done is better than music, and the bravest are they who go on doing little things faithfully, in obscure places.

The celebration next day was a great success. Riveredge was in a stir of positive excitement and jubilation from morning until evening. Perhaps the feature of the day that seemed to give it a crowning touch, was the one in which, after several minor tableaux, Susie Mitchell appeared for a moment as the Goddess of Liberty. On her head she wore a toque of red white and blue, that seemed fastened with a star. Around her was draped an American flag; behind her was a splendid background of the stars and stripes. The little schoolhouse was packed and people stood outside. The mountains echoed and re-echoed as the children sang "Land of the noble free, thy name I love."

Riveredge began a new era from the day of that simple celebration on the Fourth of July, when Susie Mitchell laid as an offering on her country's altar her education, her talents, and her sweet and beautiful personality. She kept nothing back, and God rewarded her in full measure.

SEEKING A BLESSING AT KESWICK

One of the Great Tents at the Keswick Convention

UP in the north of England, nestling at the foot of Skiddaw Mountain, and set like a gem in the Lake district, rendered famous as much by its own surpassing beauty, as by its association with the poets of the Lake School, Coleridge, Wordsworth and Southey, is a little village, which, in a certain sense, means more to the Christian world than almost any other spot in the broad British Empire. Keswick is its name, a name that recalls blessed experiences to thousands of Christian men and women. At the end of July in every year, followers of Christ and workers of his in many fields meet together for fellowship and conference, and when the meetings are over, return to their various spheres with a new zeal and a greater courage. Over seven thousand attended the Convention last year, and that number will probably be exceeded during the gathering of the present month.

To look for the origin of this Convention, which year after year is having such wonderful results, one must go back to the movement having for its object the deepening of spiritual life, which began in 1873 with the Oxford Convention, and was speedily followed by others on the same line. The Keswick meetings themselves began in July, 1875, in the vicarage grounds of Canon Hartford Battersby, who acted as chairman of subsequent conventions till his death some years later. Defining the purpose of the meetings, Canon Battersby declared that "our first object being the promotion of personal holiness, the first thing must be to get down before the Lord, and in stillness to wait upon him. Then, listening for his voice, to be prepared to obey him in whatever he may command, even though it be to the cutting off of the right hand or plucking out of the right eye. Then, also, we want to be led on into the fuller realization of the Divine purpose in our sanctification, the indwelling of Christ and of the Spirit, the love of God, and the entire union of heart and mind with the Heavenly Bridegroom."

These words show the purpose of the gatherings. The great aim of Keswick teaching is to bring men and women to a high level of spiritual living and holy serving. The life must correspond with the profession. Dr. Pierson points out as a notable fact that those who accept Keswick teaching practically abandon tobacco, from an inward sense of its being promotive of carnal self-indulgence. The surrender of the will and the life of the guidance of the Holy Spirit is also emphasized, that being the only way in which to obtain fullness of blessing and power for successful service. No new doctrines are set forth, but prominence is given to old truths, and almost all the addresses are simple expositions of the Word.

One feature of Keswick is the way in which it has propagated itself. Conventions having the same objects are now held in various parts of the country, and at these, Keswick speakers give the addresses. From Keswick also deputations are sent out, sometimes to India, sometimes to China. This year South Africa is being visited by several of the leading speakers. A man's scholarship alone, or his standing in the religious world, does not qualify him for the Keswick platform; he must be Spirit-filled and guided. No sectarian differences are recognized; members of the Church of England fraternize with those who are associated with the Nonconformist bodies, without feeling that there is any separation between them. They all meet as brothers in Christ Jesus, and thus they enjoy unbroken fellowship.

"Friar's Crag," Near Keswick

Looking Across the Lake from Keswick

Many people thank God that it was at Keswick they first had their eyes opened to the sins that kept blessings from them, and that power was there given to them to break with the fetters that bound them. The effect of Keswick on the religious life of the country, and of the whole world, cannot be overestimated. Thousands of Christians go there every year, and have their faith renewed, and their confidence strengthened. Having received a blessing themselves, they return to the spheres in which God has placed them with increased courage, and more fixed determination to work for their Master.

J. KENNEDY MACLEAN.

PASTOR SPURGEON'S VISIT

NEWS of deep interest to our readers, briefly mentioned in a recent issue of this journal, comes from England. It is that Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, London, is to pay a visit to this country this month. He will preach during July and August in Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass., and afterwards make a short tour of the United States.

Pastor Thomas Spurgeon is now in his fiftieth year. He belongs to the fourth generation in the direct line of earnest evangelical preachers. His great grandfather, James Spurgeon, belonged to the Congregational Church, and was for a long period pastor of the Independent Chapel of Stambourne, England. He lived to the age of eighty-eight. His son John, born in 1810, also a Congregational minister, lived to the age of ninety-two. He served the famous church of Fetter Lane, London, for some time, and afterwards a church in the Islington District.

In his early years Pastor Thomas Spurgeon was in delicate health, and for some time it was feared that his usefulness would be of short duration. He was advised to live in a clearer and purer atmosphere than that of England, and to take long sea voyages. His first long journey was to Australia, and in the following year he paid another visit to the colony. During his stay there he preached frequently, and was invited by the Baptist Church of Auckland, New Zealand, to become its pastor. He accepted the call, and in 1881 began his ministry there. He remained in that sphere until 1893, when the death of his honored father called him home. The church in the Tabernacle tendered him a pressing invitation to become its pastor and he, pleased with the opportunity of continuing his father's work, accepted.

Pastor Thomas Spurgeon

The building in which he now preaches is not the identical church that echoed his father's stirring appeals. That was burned to the ground in 1898. Before the ruins of the vast edifice were cleared away plans were made for rebuilding. From all parts of the world money was contributed by men who were indebted to Pastor C. H. Spurgeon for their awakening. The new church rose more beautiful and more convenient than its predecessor, and in September, 1900, it was formally dedicated. Though the new building cost $200,000, the whole amount was in hand when the opening took place. It contains accommodation for five thousand worshipers, and has room used for mid-week services, etc., for two thousand more, and is probably one of the largest churches of the Baptist denomination in the world.

The numerous enterprises connected with the church in C. H. Spurgeon's ministry, are still maintained with unabated energy. The chief of them, the one nearest its founder's heart, the Pastor's College, recently celebrated its fiftieth anniversary. It is proposed to make the jubilee an opportunity for a tribute to its founder by raising a sum of $50,000 to extend its usefulness in several ways, notably by adding a medical department to the college for the equipment of new missionaries. It would be very gratifying to Mr. Spurgeon, if the many friends of his father in this country, who will give him a hearty welcome, should show their cordiality, practically, by contributing to this fund.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, Associate Editor — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, Associate Editor

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The Coming Age

MORE optimistic than any previous utterance, is the characterization of the coming age, which Dr. Lyman Abbott gave in his recent address to the senior class of Harvard University. "In the history of the world," he said, "there have been three conceptions of the social order. The first of these was autocracy, the second individualism, and the third, on which we are now entering, is fraternalism." In explaining his meaning, Dr. Abbott pointed out how autocracy and aristocracy—the rule of the few over the many—had broken down. Then how the failure of the competitive principle, the individualism, in which every man had struggled for his own interest, had developed the evils against which we are now trying to emancipate ourselves. And finally he pictured the dawn of the new era that we are now to expect, in which every man will seek the general good, and recognize his fellows no longer as his rivals but as his brethren.

It is a glorious prospect, and we most intensely and devoutly hope that Dr. Abbott is a true seer. There are many indications that confirm his view; but hitherto men have called them Socialism, and the very name has prejudiced the public against them. But it is not Socialism that Dr. Abbott sees looming in the distance, but rather a change of spirit and character in the individual that operates without the force of law. It is a new attitude, a new point of view, that will bring men into new relations and make them helpful to one another.

There is the more reason to welcome the prospect, because of its being a return to Christ's own teaching. "All ye are brethren," he said, and by direct teaching, by parable, and by illustration, he pressed his principle home. In his parable of the Good Samaritan, in his description of the Last Judgment, in his washing the disciples' feet, and in many other ways, he inculcated that love for one another that was the basis of fraternalism. We have been a long time learning the lesson. Long enough have we had the spirit of Cain, who asked, "Am I my brother's keeper?" We have been slow to learn that our brothers have claims upon us and that it is our concern that they should be free, prosperous, and happy. Small beginnings in the Settlements and in various philanthropic enterprises have been made, but we have been a long way from adopting it as a principle. We have not followed Christ in this, nor learned his doctrine. Rather, like dogs quarreling over a bone, or hogs eager to get the largest share of the food, we have crowded our weak brother to the wall. It will be a stupendous change, a Christian change, if we are entering on a period in which he will be a brother in fact as well as in name. Thus we shall be going back to Christ, who, in a sense, we have never before realized, will be the Saviour of society and of the world.

The Deadly Mosquito

THE mosquito has never been popular. His impertinent familiarity has always been a thing to resent. The most amiable of mortals is irritated when the hateful siren song of the mosquito falls upon his ear. The bite of this insect, never other than disagreeable, was formerly supposed to be innocuous, except for its transient annoyance.

Science, in these last years, has shown by accurate and infallible tests, that at least one variety of the mosquito is a messenger of disease and death, as much to be dreaded as any cobra, rattlesnake, or other venomous beast. In fact, the mosquito is more to be feared than the cobra, because in regions where it spreads its baleful wing, it multiplies by thousands daily, makes its way into one's sleeping and waking quarters with ease, and inflicts its fatal sting on victims who are theneeforth doomed. Against a rattlesnake or a cobra, the traveller may take precautions, but no single man can successfully battle with the mosquito. Only can the mosquito be exterminated when organized effort in towns and cities is bent on destroying this pest, and when everybody takes a hand in screening from the larvæ all water in which it may be deposited. It has been proved that the mosquito may be exterminated by vigilant effort. Oil plentifully used in swamps and malarious places; malarious, because the mosquito breeds there, will effectually drive it away. It can be driven away only by its destruction.

Men who have been willing to lay down their lives for the race have submitted themselves to the bite of the mosquito and taken yellow fever in consequence, and have in this most unselfish and courageous way entered the valley of the shadow, and passed beyond our sight. At the same time, and in the same place, other men, equally heroic, have slept in sheets brought from a hospital where yellow fever patients had sickened and died, the latter have been unhurt. The world soon forgets its heroes, but high on the roll of those who have died for humanity, should be written the names of army surgeons who willingly gave themselves to tests like these.

Each of us in our degree may help to fight the mosquito. Let there be no uncovered cisterns, rain barrels, or other receptacles for water near our doors. If there is a pool or pond in the neighborhood, let citizens combine to keep it covered with kerosene.

The Bialystok Massacre

SINCE Kishinev and "Red Sunday," no occurrence in Russia has so shocked and affronted civilization as the recent massacre of Jews at Bialystok, a town in the Province of Grodno, Russian Poland. For some time past the place has been a hotbed of agitation, but as six regiments of troops, besides artillery, were stationed there, it was believed that these, with the co-operation of a strong force of mounted police, would have been equal to the task of preserving the peace under any circumstances. But the preservation of order is not always a part of the official programme in Russia, as the events at Bialystok sufficiently prove.

On June 14, the Russian populace in and around the town were wrought up to a frenzy by the circulation of a report spread by a telegram from St. Petersburg and marked "official," that two priests and several children had been blown to pieces by a bomb, flung by a Jewish revolutionist at a Russian Church procession. Peasants poured in from the country; the streets of Bialystok swarmed with excited rioters, and yet, as far as can be learned from the dispatches, neither troops nor police were summoned to check the disturbance.

Then began a slaughter, which, for sheer wantonness and barbarian brutality, has hardly been equalled, even in Russia. For eight hours that day, the mobs furiously attacked the Jews. When troops or police appeared, it seemed to be their object rather to direct and stimulate the fierce passion of the rioters for slaughter, than to stem the tide of massacre. They sympathized with the rioters, and even fired into the Jewish shops and dwellings. The streets of the Jewish quarter became a shambles; hundreds of houses and stores were burned and looted. Next day and the next the slaughter continued, and when, after seventy-two hours of this horrible work, it suddenly ceased on an "imperative order" from St. Petersburg, over two hundred Jews (some say twice that number), had been literally butchered, many being mangled beyond recognition, while one hundred and fifty more were injured. Of the rioters, some twenty were reported killed and a small number injured.

Many incidents connected with the Bialystok tragedy show the deep-seated and irreconcilable hatred which exists between the Russian workmen and peasants and the Jews, which the government has never attempted to eradicate or even to soften in the slightest degree. Hebrews are insulted openly on account of their race and religion; they are plundered and swindled and are without redress. The ignorant Russians are taught to regard them as pariahs and outlaws, capable of any evil deed. These views the government and local authorities take no pains to correct, but both seem to prefer that the Jews be contemned and wholly misunderstood by the Russian lower classes. As a result of this fanatical hatred, the latter are ready to rise against the Jews on the slightest provocation. A cry against a Hebrew is as a match to tinder, and quickly flames out in riot and slaughter.

It is a frightful weapon for a government to employ—this anti-Semitic fanaticism—and that it was employed at Bialystok there seems to be hardly a reasonable doubt. The Governor of Grodno, a fair-minded and just official, on investigating the trouble, found that the charge against the Jews of attacking a Russian procession was untrue, yet it was not only circulated in "official" telegrams, but repeated in substance in the *Official Messenger* of St. Petersburg on June 17, after the three-days' massacre had closed. He found that the original telegram had been circulated in the nearby villages, clearly for the purpose of inciting the people to violence.

The inevitable conclusion to be drawn from all the facts disclosed, is that the disturbance was deliberately planned by the reactionists at the Capital, to divert attention from the pending conflict between the Imperial Government and the Douma, and to punish the Jews for their active promotion of constitutional principles. If this theory should be borne out by the investigation now under way by a special committee of the Douma, it may become the duty of that body, in behalf of the whole Russian nation, to demand an explanation of this new and unspeakably atrocious method of employing riot and massacre as a part of the official machinery of a "civilized" government. The time has come for the Russian people to cease to be hoodwinked by such desperate and wicked means. Whatever be the outcome, it is to be hoped that the Douma will prove equal to the task of enlightening the Russian people concerning the real facts of the tragedy, and the secret power which conceived, instigated, and carried it out.

Treasures From the Ground

IT is wonderful how this old earth of ours, yielding to the hand of the patient and reverent investigator and searcher after truth, from time to time gives up some precious tablet or inscription which is found to be corroborative of some obscure passage in Bible history. Thus, the identity of Daniel, whom some learned critics had declared to be a mythical character, was fully confirmed by revelations from the earth's treasure-house; and so also was that of Sargon, one of the greatest kings of Assyria, whose name occurs only once in Scripture (Isaiah 20: 1), and who was set down by the critics as either an invention of the ancient scribe or an error of the modern translator. When the site of Lachish, the "invincible city" of the Amorites, which had lain buried for ages, was found, its royal library contained many letters from the Israelitish kings, which shed new light upon the relations of the ancient rulers, and on contemporary Bible history. The life of Belshazzar, the magnificent but wicked son of Nebuchadnezzar, could almost have been epitomized from the archæological researches alone, which were markedly corroborative of the accuracy of the Bible narrative. Again, Babylonian writings, rescued from ages of subterranean oblivion, have furnished to the world a story of the Flood, which agrees in all essentials with the account in Genesis and with the Chaldean and Phœnician traditions, which have been preserved to us.

Now, as if to add to the discomforts of the Bible doubters, there comes news of still another discovery of world-wide interest. After a year of digging among the ancient temples along the Nile, Professor Breasted, an American investigator, has found many important facts concerning Rameses II, the tribute paid to Egypt by the Nubians, and, most important of all, the seven years' famine. Of that famine, which marked a great crisis in Egyptian history, practically nothing has heretofore been known beyond what is briefly told in the Bible account. Rich material and data, which have now come to light, are confidently expected to tell the story with much detail, that cannot fail to interest students of the Scriptures throughout the world.

Among the Workers

—BELAIR, MD., has recently been the scene of a revival in which hundreds made public confession of Christ. Rev. Arthur J. Smith, the leader, had the active co-operation of the local pastors and a committee of business men of the town.

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Coronation of Norway's King

King Haakon VII.

Queen Maud

WITH quaint pomp and ancient ceremony, King Haakon VII. and Queen Maud have been crowned King and Queen of Norway. In the ancient cathedral of Trondhjem, newly renovated and completed by a towering spire in honor of the event, the young king has sworn to protect the liberties of his country and to govern in accordance with the principles laid down by the representatives of his people. It must give a shock to the crowned heads of Europe, who believe in the divine right of kings, to learn the conditions under which Haakon is crowned. The representative of the people, addressing him, said: "The Norwegian people love their liberty, their independence, and their autonomous government, which they themselves have won. It will be the glory of the King and his highest pleasure, to protect this sentiment, finding his support in the people themselves." The new King accepted those conditions and has now solemnly pledged himself to their observance. It reads almost like a Republican declaration of principles. Indeed, the system of government is more like a republic than a monarchy. The sturdy people were well aware that situated as they were, surrounded by autocratic governments, a republic was impossible for them, but they have done their best to make the monarchy a form rather than a reality.

There can be no question of the popularity of the new ruler. He comes of Scandinavian stock, and is allied by birth to half the rulers in Europe. A cousin of the Czar, a nephew of the King of Greece and of the King of Denmark, a son-in-law of the King of England and a great nephew of the King of Sweden, he will bring to the little kingdom of Norway all the advantages of blood relationship to powerful rulers. During his brief stay in Norway he has won the hearts of his people by his tactful behavior, his disregard of royal traditions, and the freedom with which he has mixed with them while preserving the dignity of his station. Besides this he is a practical sailor, who has passed through all the gradations, and is capable of commanding any kind of craft—a reputation dear to such a sea-loving people as the Norwegians. The coronation ceremony was exceedingly simple. As the King and Queen entered the cathedral they were received by the Bishop of Trondhjem, who saluted them with, "God bless your coming in and your going out now and forever." Proceeding up the aisle, the King knelt at the altar and the Bishop anointed his head and wrists with oil. Then the Prime Minister brought the crown and, assisted by the Bishop, placed it on the King's head. He was then invested with the orb, the sceptre and sword, the Bishop offering a suitable prayer at each investiture. The coronation of the Queen followed and was identical in form, save that the investiture with the sword was omitted. The choir sang, "God bless our dear Fatherland" and the simple ceremony was at an end. One may hope that a reign begun in so democratic a way may be prosperous, and that King and people may live and work together in harmony.

The God of Israel said, the Rock of Israel spake to me, He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God (II. Samuel 23: 3).

Italian Slaves

A gross abuse on our Italian immigrants has been disclosed in a report to the License Department in New York. The Commissioner says that the Padrone, who controls the employment of Italian laborers, "hires immigrants by the hundred to go out of the city to work on contracts, and arranges with the employing corporation to furnish the workmen with food and lodging, deducting the cost from their wages. As the Padrone is the sole arbiter of the cost of these necessaries, it can be imagined how much the ignorant immigrant obtains as the net result of his labor. Care is usually taken, when he is sent quite a distance out of the city to work, that he never obtains enough money to pay his transportation back again until the job is completed. Sometimes the location of the place where he is sent to work is concealed from him, lest he balk at being sent too great a distance from his friends. In recent cases brought to the attention of the Commissioner, it was shown that hundreds of Italian immigrants, who believed they were going to Philadelphia or Pittsburg, were really landed in the swamps of Florida and the wilds of North Carolina, where they were kept on railroad construction work, under the surveillance of armed guards, until they became too sick to be of value, when they were turned loose, to make their way back to New York as best they could." Even if they are strong enough to finish the contract, they often find that they have little or no wages to receive, as the Padrone's charges for food, lodging, etc., have absorbed so much of their earnings. It is easy to see from whom the Padrone has learned his system. The apostle reminded the early Christians that they had suffered in a similar way.

Wherein in time past ye walked according to the prince of the power of the air (Eph. 2: 2).

Redemption of a Bride

A strange transfer of a bride occurred in Yonkers, N. Y., last week. A Hungarian girl was to be married and guests filled the house of her parents from all adjacent towns. The bride and bridegroom mixed with them before the hour appointed for the wedding, chatting with one and another. Among the guests was a former lover of the bride, who with gloomy and distressed aspect seemed the one incongruous object in the merry gathering. Presently the bride approached him and greeted him cordially. He drew her into a corner of the compartment and had an earnest conversation with her. The guests noticed that he seemed to be pleading with her and apparently she was yielding. They had been lovers from childhood and had separated only a few months ago, and in a fit of pique the girl had agreed to the marriage then in preparation. Presently she came out, and before all the guests announced that she had changed her mind, and would marry her former lover. To this the man who came as a bridegroom objected. He said he had paid fifty dollars for the bride's wedding-dress and other sums for other expenses. The new arrival asked him to make a calculation of the total amount. He did so, and when he had stated it, the other paid the whole, with a sum in excess to cover his disappointment. He appeared satisfied, stayed and witnessed the girl's marriage to his rival. The bridegroom rejoiced over the change, and declared he had made a good bargain. The girl seemed proud that her husband had placed so high a value on her. It may be hoped that she will never behave as did God's ancient people whom he redeemed.

I gave Egypt for thy ransom, Ethiopia and Seba for thee. Since thou wast precious in my sight, and I have loved thee (Isa. 43: 3, 4).

The Cathedral of Trondhjem in which the Coronation took Place

Aboriginal Bread

An interesting ancient exhibit is now in the Archæological Museum of Arizona. It is a loaf of bread, which explorers have found in a cave-dwelling in the mountains of Central Arizona. The loaf is undeniably bread, and without a doubt is of great age. It was found embedded in the ashes wherein it was baked, probably hundreds or perhaps thousands of years ago. It had very plainly been wrapped in a cloth or mat, and the marks of the fibre of the cloth are visible in the dark, brick-like mass. Scholars are of the opinion that the bread was made of mesquite beans, roughly ground in metates by the aboriginal housewives of centuries ago. With it was found a store of ancient sacrificial implements, stone axes and arrowheads. The loaf has been sealed within a glass jar. It is believed that some sudden calamity, like that which overwhelmed Pompeii, caused the death or flight of the cave-dwellers, at some unknown time. The discovery of this loaf, which was baked but never eaten, tends to confirm that belief. They left no record, and we can but guess at the nature of the calamity; but the fact of the suddenness of it, as indicated by various signs, especially by this of their leaving food that had already been prepared, is evident. It is a tragic and impressive sign that may well remind us of that coming time of sudden distress and calamity, of which Christ uttered so impressive a warning:

Let him who is on the housetop not come down to take anything out of his house. Neither let him that is in the field return to take his clothes (Matt. 24: 17, 18).

A Wise Lunatic

The physicians of the hospital for the insane, at Trenton, N. J., say that an incident unprecedented in the records of lunacy occurred in their Institution. A lady, about thirty years old, entered the asylum and asked to be admitted as a patient. She had no certificate from a physician, nor any request for her detention from relatives, which usually forms the basis for committal. She explained to the physicians that she had been for some time in bad health, and of late had become very nervous. She fancied that she was pursued by persons who were trying to hypnotize her, and she had other delusions which she knew to be baseless. She was afraid that if she was not put under restraint, she might set the house on fire, or do some mischief, and she, therefore, begged that she might be detained. She spoke so rationally that the physicians were at first reluctant to comply with her request, but on hearing of symptoms that she described, they signed her committal. Few people suffering from aberration of mind have the sense to put themselves under restraint. It would be well if some who are really sound of mind but are conscious of their liability to sin, would adopt the same principle and place themselves in the hands of God, who has promised them protection from their own propensities.

Who can understand his errors? Keep back thy servant from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me (Ps. 19: 13)

My Neighbor Every Man

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

*By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts**

IT is the morning of April 12, 1904, and a party of Sunday School pilgrims is about to leave Jerusalem for Jericho. The carriages in line, twenty-five in number, pass out at the Damascus gate, and then along the road between the city of Jerusalem and the Mount of Olives, through the valley of the Kidron. On our right is pointed out the gate, now walled up, through which Christ is said to have made his entrance into Jerusalem when he rode upon the ass, the multitude waving palm branches, and crying out, "Hosanna to the Son of David."

Jericho lies thirty-two hundred feet below Jerusalem, and for the first part of our way the great cliffs are like walls on either side, affording safe hiding-places in caves for robbers. We have no fear, because our safe conduct has been arranged for between consuls in Jerusalem and the Arab chiefs. In every carriage Bibles are opened to Luke 10: 25-37, and the story of the Good Samaritan is read aloud. With what a fresh and living interest it is listened to! The road is so white and dusty, that it is likened to an overturned flour mill. The heat is intolerable. One of our party having his thermometer along, declares it to be 149°

We are occasionally requested to get out and walk, as the road is too steep and stony for loaded carriages to go safely over it. What is that great cloud of dust and commotion we see just ahead of us? Coming nearer, we discover it is our carriage, with horses and driver promiscuously mixed, each struggling for a victory over the other. The driver comes out ahead, but is badly hurt by being kicked in the chest, and the horses are sadly skinned in several places. It requires no small degree of courage to reenter the carriage, and trust one's self to the same driver and horses.

After two or three hours, a house built high on the rocky side of a chasm is shown to us. It is the monastery of Mar Saba, and overlooks the brook Cherith, where Elijah was fed by the ravens. Bibles are opened again, this time to I. Kings, chap. 17, and the story of Elijah is read aloud in each carriage. Directly in front of Mar Saba, we alight and look down at the little brook.

A little farther on we reach the "Inn of the Good Samaritan," not the identical inn to which the wounded man had been so mercifully brought by that good Samaritan in the parable, but said to be erected on the same spot. It is not now an hostelry, but a sale place for all sorts of Palestine curios, such as the rod and the staff of the shepherd, slings, Oriental weapons of various sorts, and olive ornaments. But the horses are fed and rested. Some of the most diligent of our number read again the story of the Good Samaritan, and talk about it.

Again the carriages are entered, and we pass on to Jericho, which is in sight long before it is reached, situated as it is on the low plain. As we draw nearer we discover it to be only a village of mud huts, with two or three rude stone hotels, promising some degree of comfort. But we do not halt until a visit is made to the fountain of Elisha, a mile beyond. We return to Jericho in the cool of the evening, and sit around under the olive and fig-trees in the hotel grounds, with big-tailed sheep and wells in sight, our Bibles in hand, reading the second, third and fourth chapters of Joshua, all about the crossing of the Jordan by the host of Israel, and the falling of the walls of Jericho. We started on the return trip to Jerusalem at break of day, this time "climbing up Zion's hill," instead of going down, walking much of the way, because we were told the horses could not draw us up. The good Samaritans on that occasion, were some of the travellers who had been thoughtful enough to renew their stock of oranges for a road without water, and were kind enough to divide them with others.

Illustration and Application

We are learning that neighbor means not only the nigh brother, but, most of all, the needy brother. Our nearest neighbors of late have been not across the street but across the continent in earthquake-shaken San Francisco. And our next nearest neighbors have been the volcano sufferers about Vesuvius and the sufferers by famine in Japan, who have proved themselves great in heroic endurance of hunger, no less than in fearless charges at Port Arthur. This year of "great exposures" of human greed has been also the year of greatest practical manifestations of Christian charity. Showing that with all its seeming selfishness "the world-soul greatens with the centuries," leavened slowly but surely with spirit of universal brotherhood by the ideas and ideals, and the ever-present Spirit of Christ.

What Shall I Do to Inherit Eternal Life? The lawyer feigned a desire to know how to get to heaven. Like religious people of many periods he assumed that the chief thing in religion was to save his own soul in heaven. Jesus used the words "eternal life" habitually to describe the present life of the true Christian, in whom an endless life and an overflowing life has already begun, never to end (John 3:36; 4:14). In answer to this question about eternal life, Jesus gave the story of the Good Samaritan, not to show how a man could earn eternal life by good deeds, but to show how the eternal life will manifest itself in this world in neighborly, brotherly helpfulness.

"A certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, saw him and had compassion on him"

"I have seen the vision of thee, O Christ!
Now what will thou have me do?
For the hardest work in all the world
I offer thee service true.

Lord Christ, I am ready for martyrdom,
For banishment, death or pain."
"Patiently still thine heartache hide,
Sing at thy task again.

Glad art thou in thy neighbor's joy?
Sufferest thou in his need?
Ah, then, I know that thou hast seen
The vision of Me indeed!"

"What is Written in the Law?" "Thou Shalt Love." Men grow enthusiastic about natural law, but how few, especially of our young folks, can understand the enthusiasm of the unknown writer of the 119th Psalm, the longest chapter in the Bible, that led him to work for years, no doubt, on that wonderful acrostic of thanksgiving for God's moral law in the Pentateuch, whose ten names he uses as the ten strings of a harp, on which he pours out two strains—the excellence of God's Word and the blessedness of those who love and obey it. Boys who think of law as an enemy to be outwitted, should be shown that as mothers' law is made in love for their good, so are the heavenly Father's laws, and that civil laws also make it harder to do the wrongs that bring sorrow. The universe is, in the words of Browning:

All's love, yet all's law.

This Do and Thou Shalt Live. Jesus said much of heart faith, but he joined together creed and deed, and what God hath joined let no man put asunder. A well known journal says: "The great defect of all the old, historic creeds of the church is that they are all framed on the line of 'We believe that we should believe,' and only incidentally and inferentially touch the line of 'We believe that we should do.' But the modern church is adding to the creed-making art this missing feature. The Presbyterian Church started the new fashion in 'The Brief Statement,' whose sixteenth article, 'Of Christian Service,' is its crown of glory. So, too, the outline of doctrine formulated at the church-union convention at Dayton for the proposed 'United Church of America' is wholesomely strong on this ethical side. 'According to Christ's law,' it declares, 'men of the Christian faith exist wholly for the service of men.' If we only did believe that, wouldn't it make a mighty difference?" We have referred to this article of faith before, but it will need many repetitions before it is fully realized.

A Certain Man Fell Among Thieves. In very few Sunday Schools can we teach the old-fashioned retail thieves. We must search the hearts of our respectable pupils with new definitions of the many new forms of robbery. Coroner Hoffman's investigation of the cause of the collapsing of the floor during the fatal panic in St. Ludmilla's Bohemian Roman Catholic Church in Chicago, resulted in the discovery that hemlock, a wood peculiarly subject to decay, had been substituted as foundation beams, for the Norway pine called for in the specifications. The result of that dishonesty was not one man left half dead but many dead. That is a sample of the new ways of robbing men—selling goods of inferior quality or imitations; or, what is just as bad, shirking our job and collecting wages for work not faithfully done. The boy who agrees to circulate a thousand handbills, one by one, at a thousand doors, and throws one hundred of them in the sewer, and leaves three or four instead of one at a house to get through sooner, is a thief when he takes pay for work he has not really done. The young man who sells his time and brain power to an employer, and then, by devoting half his night to selfish or sinful pleasure, comes fagged to his task and works half-heartedly, is a thief. Our Jericho road is one of both retail and wholesale robberies.

A Certain Priest . . and Likewise a Levite . . Passed By. Jericho, close at hand, was a Levite city. It was full of priests and Levites. That should have meant swift and abundant succor to the Jew who had been robbed. But they were men who had only the shell of religion. The Committee on Resolutions had a meeting, and the priest and Levite must hurry on to be in time. Better to have missed the Endeavor Convention, to do some real endeavoring at the wayside. Man's extremity is not only God's opportunity, but mine. The up-to-date priest and Levite to-day not only helps the wounded man, but clears the road of robbers. "Not on your life," was the response made by Dr. J. L. Brooks, of Washington, D. C., when, on April 11, at Dallas, Tex., he was invited by a highwayman to hold up his hands. Suiting the action to the words, Dr. Brooks knocked down the man and then turned to the man's companion, who was unarmed. The latter ran away. The man with the pistol snapped it twice at Dr. Brooks and then ran off too. Dr. Brooks chased them four or five blocks and then notified the police.

More pertinent to this case was the preacher in Trenton, N. J., who thrashed and arrested a drunken college student who had insultingly addressed a young lady on the street, just as the preacher came on the scene.

But a Certain Samaritan, as he Journeyed, Came Where he Was and had Compassion on Him. This is the season when almost everybody makes some shorter or longer journey. Let every traveller be a good Samaritan wherever he goes, not alone in deed, but in word and in spirit.

The other morning, in the midst of a three-days' rain, the fire smoked, the dining-room was chilly, and when we assembled for breakfast, papa looked rather grim, and mamma tired, for the baby had been restless all night. Polly was plainly inclined to fretfulness, and Bridget was undeniably cross, when Jack came in with the breakfast rolls from the baker's. He had taken off his rubber coat and boots in the entry, and he came in rosy and smiling. "Here's the paper, sir," said he to his father, with such a cheerful tone that his father's brow relaxed, and he said, "Ah, Jack, thank you," quite pleasantly.

He gave the fire a poke, and opened a damper. The smoke ceased, and presently the coals began to glow, and five minutes after Jack came in, we gathered around the table, and were eating our oatmeal as cheerily as possible. Jack never knew he had done anything at all, but he had in fact changed the whole moral atmosphere of the room, and had started a gloomy day pleasantly for five people. "He is always so," said his mother, when I spoke to her about it afterward, "just so sunny." So one can be a good Samaritan by helpful words at every opportunity.

A young man came home from the office one night, and said to a lady, a member of the family, "I met a friend of yours to-day." On mentioning the name, the lady said, "You are mistaken; I don't know any one of that name." "Well, he knows you," was the reply. "He said he owed his position to you. He was determined to leave school and go to work, when something you said to him induced him to stay in school. If he had left school, he said he would probably have been a day laborer all his life, instead of being a bookkeeper with a good salary."

*International Sunday School Lesson July 15. The Good Samaritan, Luke 10: 25-37. GOLDEN TEXT: "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy," Matt. 5:7.

HOW MONT-LAWN WILL CELEBRATE

Spending their "Fourth" on a Tenement Fire-escape

THERE are never two days alike at Mont-Lawn, because there are never two children alike. The very beginning of the summer's playtime was different this year. Instead of sailing up the river in the stanch old steamboat the *Chrystenah*, our children went to Tarrytown by train; for many of them this wonderful journey being their very first ride behind the big iron horse. At Tarrytown they trooped gaily aboard the ferry-boat *Rockland*, and were borne across the broad Hudson to find the big stages from the Home awaiting them. Every revolution of the wheels during the whole two-mile drive, whether on level, well-kept avenue, or up the daisy-sprinkled country hillside, brought to view some fresh wonder of field, or wood, or sky, to be exclaimed over by each small, excited traveller. At last, what seemed to these street and tenement dwellers like Paradise itself, burst upon their delighted vision, as, at the last turn, the "Children's Paradise" appeared in full view.

A "Children's Paradise" indeed; established and sustained, year after year, by golden hearts, prompted by love to noble action. Beholding the broad expanse of lawn and hillside, with the symmetrical well-appointed buildings, one sees in every glittering window, in every hospitably open door, the spirit of the friends who have made, and are making Mont-Lawn a "palace of delight" to the thousands upon thousands of tiny waifs of the city, of wee tenement-house starvelings, often blighted and withered long before the time of blossoming.

Hasty visits by the children to every corner of the wide domain brought delighted exclamations and glowing anticipations of the morrow's joys. But supper was ready in the stately new pavilion, and proved a feast to these little wayfarers. What round eyes peered at the long rows of snowy beds! How the tired, little bodies, nestled under the cool sheets! But not before the bedtime prayer was said, for the teachers at Mont-Lawn begin speedily to teach their young charges that "every good and perfect gift cometh down from the Father of Light," and the prayers for their kind benefactors that rise through the soft twilight from Mont-Lawn dormitories, summer after summer, rise from honest and earnest little hearts. Many and many a cot has snugly stowed away within it a motherless, neglected waif, who sleeps there peacefully; while in Massachusetts, or South Carolina, or California, some sorrowing mother, in memory of the precious little lamb who has been early gathered to the Saviour's bosom, has sent the money which puts the sleeper there.

There hangs at the head of one white nest the picture of a beautiful child of four years old, her soft curls and lovely face bidding us guess how empty are the mother-arms which no longer enfold her. She is a real minis-

A Party of Happy Children Leaving the Bible House for the Trip to Mont-Lawn

tering angel to every one of the lads or lassies who shall occupy that cot this summer, for in her name the grieving mother-heart finds comfort and healing by being a "God's mother" to some other little ones.

Another stricken mourner writes: "My son, who was lame all his short life, and who has recently passed away, said to me before he died: 'I've had so many happy vacations, I want you to send my money to make some child happy at Mont-Lawn this summer.' I do wish you would send some lame boy, in July, at least. I would be so glad to think of such a boy enjoying that month there, because it is my boy's birth month." The money that came will send seven lame boys, and every one of them will be told the story of the sweet, patient face which keeps watch and ward above them as they sleep.

Two hundred and fifty youthful hearts beat faster as the little folks trot off to bed on the evening of the 3rd of July, impatient for the dawn which will herald the "Great and Glorious Fourth." There is more than ever to celebrate at Mont-Lawn this season! Perhaps even "the Father of his Country" fades a little in the children's minds, as they, for the first time, revel in the beauty and convenience of the big Pavilion, built "just on purpose for us to play in when it rains," with the airy and commodious Dining-hall below. But above and about all else which happens at Mont-Lawn on Independence Day, "Old Glory" waves, and all honor is paid to its lesson of "God and home and native land."

Invitations have been issued to a large number of the friends of the Home who are within visiting distance, and, if the weather prove propitious, we hope to give everybody who comes a royal holiday. F. C. Iglehart, D.D., C. H. Mead, D.D., W. P. George, D.D., C. W. McPherson, D.D., and other speakers will imbue our little folks from every race and clime with love of liberty, by the patriotic talks they have promised. There's to be a band—it wouldn't be a real Fourth without a band—and to the martial music it discourses, there will be a flag-drill by the children, who will weave in and out, through and across the spacious lawns with their carpet of emerald velvet, in time to stirring strains — and reverently salute the flag. Creature comforts will not be forgotten, and the ice-cream festival will witness the children playing hosts and serving the "grown-ups." Then the fireworks will end the day.

$3 will send one child from a downtown alley to Mont-Lawn for ten days; $21 sends seven of them, one after another, to occupy the same white bed for the season. Cash contributions should be sent to The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York; gifts of garments, to The Christian Herald Children's Home, Nyack-on-Hudson, N. Y.

ROCK ISLAND'S MIDNIGHT GOSPEL PARADE

TWO thousand five hundred people marching through the business centre of a city would not seem to be a remarkable gathering as to numbers or spectacular character, but when it is noted that the gathering was composed of Christians showing their loyalty to Jesus Christ and their concern for the salvation of those who dwell in the restricted district, and that the number of people in line represented one-tenth of the population of a city, such a concourse becomes an extraordinary one. Such was the midnight parade conducted in Rock Island, Ill., on the evening of May 15th, in the midst of an evangelistic campaign embracing the tri-cities, under the leadership of Dr. N. E. Biederwolf and his associates, Paul J. Gilbert and Homer Rodeheaver. In addition to the number already stated as being in line, some five hundred visitors from Davenport and Moline joined in the march. The streets at that late hour were alive with thousands, who crowded the sidewalks, and afterward made their way to the public square, where the stirring Gospel songs that had been sung so lustily along the route were again repeated, and brief addresses made by visiting evangelists and local pastors.

It was about ten o'clock when the paraders left the Rink, and Mr. Rodeheaver's powerful voice, augmented by the use of the megaphone, started up "Shall We Gather at the River," as the throng started through the saloon district. A great crowd filled the public square, and Dr. Biederwolf addressed them. The people were so warmed with the enthusiasm of the movement, that they burst forth in exclamations. Thus the time was spent until a few minutes of twelve. At the invitation, those who had confessed Christ during the meetings made a showing that astonished the people who have not been keeping track of the revivals. Finally, it was all over, and hundreds of Christians went home after the greatest night ever experienced in Gospel work in that city.

This unusual event in Rock Island, as well as the demonstrations held in the two sister cities, has made a deep impression on both Christian and unbeliever. To the former, the confession of his faith to the world has imparted courage and purpose, or as it is ordinarily designated, "backbone," while to the latter has come a wholesome respect for the convictions of those Christians who have thus shown their concern for the salvation of their neighbors of all conditions and classes.

Manchester, Ia. PAUL J. GILBERT.

OUR MAIL-BAG

Questions and Answers

Letters for this department must contain name and address of the sender—not for publication, but as evidence of genuineness and good faith. Where an answer by mail is desired, ten cents in postage stamps must be forwarded by the writers, with full address.

A. J. B., Reynolds, Ga. 1. What is King Alfonso's surname? 2. What is the name of his wife's father? 3. What was the surname of the father of Queen Victoria, of England? 4. How are the names of Kings and Queens numbered?

1. He has no surname. His line of titled ancestors goes far back of the time when surnames were adopted and kept as the designation of one family. Rulers had a given name, followed by the name of the country or principality they governed. These titles often changed. Later royal families have, in a few cases, surnames by which they were known before they became titled. 2. Prince of Battenberg. 3. Queen Victoria's father was the Duke of Kent. 4. If a king bear the title of Henry, the first one so named, all Henrys that come after number from him, second, third, etc, There may be several generations of other names between. The King of England is Edward VII, Edward VI having reigned three hundred years ago. The number designated his order in the name. The kings are not numbered as such.

Rev. J. W. Zachary, Lexington, Ky., writes:

The licensed saloon, with its attendant evils, is the foulest sin and the darkest blot on the escutcheon of Christian civilization. A sin that turns the joyous prattle of children into piteous wails, stifles the music of home and fills it with desolation: a crime against humanity that has dug more graves and sent more souls unprepared to death and the judgment than all the pestilence that has wasted life since God sent the plagues to Egypt, and all the wars that have stained the earth with blood since Joshua stood before Jericho. May Jehovah lead a million patriots and a thousand millionaires to furnish the munitions of war, by which we may destroy the greatest evil in the annals of human history.

A. B. S., Dayton, O. When was the Book of Job written? Is it one of the oldest books of our Bible?

The Periodical, in a recent issue, says: "As regards the date, it is impossible to fix it precisely; but it belongs most probably to the century which began with the return from Babylon in B. C. 538. . . . The opinion found in the Talmud, that Moses was the author, originated, no doubt, in the reflection that in the Prologue and Epilogue Job is described in terms which recall the patriarchal narratives of Genesis; but it is contrary to all probability."

C. E. F., Quakertown, Pa., writes:

I notice in your issue of May 10, word of a famous old Bible printed in London, in 1702. I possess a Bible printed by John Baskett, printer, in London, to "the King's most Excellent Majesty." 1733. My great-grandfather brought it to this country from France. He handed it to my grandfather, Abraham Transue, and he handed it to my father, Charles Transue, who handed it to me, his son, Charles E. Transue. The Bible is in fair condition.

G. N. R., Willow, Okla. 1. The question has been asked in our Sunday School, "Has Christ's Kingdom come?" In the Lord's Prayer it says, "Thy kingdom come." Was that prayer intended for the twelve apostles only? 2. Should anyone repeat the Lord's Prayer with bitterness against anyone in their hearts?

1. Christ himself said, "the Kingdom of God is within you" (see Luke 17: 21). The Lord's Prayer has been accepted by the entire Christian Church as a universal prayer. 2. No (see Matt. 6: 14; Mark 11: 25). We should put all bitterness and rancor out of our hearts in order that our prayer may be acceptable. This is what "forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors" means.

H. P., Homer, N. Y. When astronomers say that Saturn's time of axial rotation is 10 hrs., 14 min., 23.8 sec., do they reckon it by sidereal, or mean solar time? If by mean solar, when do they use sidereal time?

The telescopic and photographic marvels pertaining to the planet Saturn far surpass those of all the other planets combined. He has revolving round him five stupendous rings and ten moons. His sky, seen by day, but especially by night, must present to his inhabitants, if he has any, a spectacle that no tongue, however eloquent, can describe. His period of revolution round the sun is 29½ times longer than ours. His period of rotation on his axis, representing the length of his day, is not known with desired accuracy, but is supposed to be as determined some thirty years ago by Prof. Asaph Hall, as given by the questioner, and in answer to question one, is recorded in mean solar time, while the length of his year is by sidereal time. The reader, from the above date, can quickly calculate how many days he has in his year. That a planet 74,000 miles in diameter should rotate so rapidly, is another of his marvels, contrasting strangely with conditions existing in our little world, the only one known to be inhabited, but doubtless all are.

Marathon, N. Y. LEWIS SWIFT.

A. B., Manifest, La. 1. What is meant by the expression in the "Shepherd Psalm," "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death"? 2. And this, "So that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's"?

1. It means, in the Hebrew idiom, the "blackest darkness"— a position surrounded by great perils, or even threatened by death itself in its gloomiest aspect. Even in this most trying hour, the presence and companionship of God banish fear, and give comfort and assurance. 2. The eagle casts her old feathers and then is covered with new, like the young, and this fact, together with its extraordinary vitality, gives the impression of a constant renewal of youth. There is no reference in the Scripture to the fable of the eagle renewing its youth in old age, which fable sprang up in Greece ages afterward.

Inquirer, Caro, Tex. Recently, on a Sunday morning, some young professing Christians, bent on pleasure, sight-seeing and recreation, drove to a new town (a neighboring village), and now they say that they do not feel that they committed any sin or desecrated the Sabbath. Is their view the correct one?

We do not see how they can reconcile their view of the case with the very plain Scripture. God meant his day to be holy, and to be observed by the cessation of all regular tasks, except such as were duties of necessity or of mercy. To give the day over to pleasure is to desecrate it. There may have been something connected with this trip, however, which, if known, might put a different aspect upon it.

Sadie M., Seattle, Wash. Is Miss Krupp, the daughter of the great iron-founder of Essen, really the richest woman in the world? Is she in business, or how does she spend her time?

Miss Bertha Krupp is the manager of the steel works at Essen. She is also an ardent florist, and spends much of her time in her beautiful gardens. She is especially enthusiastic about orchids. She has started a school at Essen, where girls are trained for gardening. She rarely leaves her home, except for an occasional trip to Florence or the Italian lakes.

T. J. J., Culchean, Mich. What was the origin of angels? Were they once human beings on earth?

Very little is revealed about them in the Bible, and we have no other source of information. They appear to have been a separate creation. They are not confused with men in any of the passages, but appear to be specially created intelligences, who do the errands of God and wait on his directions.

Mrs. A. E. R., Sioux Falls, S. D. Is it a wise plan for a pastor to make a long prayer at the opening of services Sunday morning and evening?

The prayer should not be unduly long, although we can readily understand that there are circumstances which might make it longer than at other times. Habitual long prayers are not desirable. Our petitions may be summed up in a few earnest, reverent words. Prayers that are really sermons or speeches in themselves, are wholly out of place.

R. M. B., Indianapolis, Ind. I sometimes hear it asserted by the critics of Christian missions that but little progress is accomplished among the heathen or non-Christian races. Is this true?

No, the criticism is not well founded. In India, China, Japan, Korea, Persia, Syria, and other Asiatic countries, the Gospel harvest has been great and is steadily increasing. Even in Arabia, great things are being accomplished. Rev. S. W. Zweimer, a well-known missionary at Muscat (who has occasionally written from his station to this journal), says:

There are Moslem converts in every land where work has been attempted, fanaticism has decreased, and many converted Moslems are preaching the Gospel. In North India, there are nearly 200 Christian pastors, catechists or teachers, who are converts or the children of converts from Islam. There is hardly a Christian congregation in the Punjab which does not have some members formerly in the ranks of Islam. Thousands of Moslem youth are receiving a Christian education in Egypt, India, Java, and Sumatra. The Beirut press since its foundation has issued over 1,000,000 portions of the Arabic Bible. Villages that could not be reached safely in Arabia ten years ago now welcome the missionary. At Julfa, Persia, on Easter Sunday, 1902, there were 17 converts from Islam. The late Dr. Imadud-din, formerly a Mohammedan and a determined opponent of Christianity, enumerated 117 Christian converts of distinction in India who forsook Islam for Christ. In Sumatra and Java there are over 16,000 converts organized into churches.

The same may be truthfully said, in degree, of the Far East, the South Pacific Archipelago, of the whole or a very large part of South America, and of Greenland and the Frozen North. The watchword everywhere is "Progress and Hope."

W. D., Shobonier, Ill. 1. Where did Cain get his wife, if he and his father and mother were the only people living? 2. How far above the earth does the atmosphere reach? 3. Where do the Mormons get their theory for polygamy?

1. At the time of his flight to the land of Nod (which means "exile"), the world's population presumably had increased, and his wife may have been and probably was a relative. Some commentators have suggested that she was his sister. Nothing positive can be stated on the matter. 2. From the observation of luminous meteors, it is inferred that it is at least 100 miles high, and that, in extremely attenuated form, it may even reach 200 miles. 3. Joseph Smith claimed to have received the whole Mormon doctrine in a divine revelation.

An Instantaneous Photograph of the Attempted Assassination in Madrid

IT is only a few weeks since the world was shocked by the dastardly attempt on the life of King Alfonso of Spain, as he was returning with his bride from the church of San Geronomo. The photograph printed above, is remarkable from the fact that the photographer had no idea that he had a picture of the event until his films were developed. He had been taking pictures on a continuous roll, and kept on, almost automatically, even after the explosion. In the middle of the road can be seen the king's carriage, with the coachman still on the box. To the right, is a dense cloud of dust, from which three soldiers are emerging. In front of the carriage is one dead horse. The others are scattering wildly, several of them wounded. On the left, are the horses of the escorting troops. The picture shows the horror and anxiety among the people, as it was at first thought that the king had been killed.

WHO CAN SUGGEST A NEW PREMIUM?

A FRIENDLY COUNCIL OF CHRISTIAN HERALD READERS INVITED

OUR Premiums increase in popularity every year. We are now receiving letters from many readers, containing some very helpful suggestions in connection with the choice of future Premiums.

As this is a matter which interests the entire membership of the great CHRISTIAN HERALD Family, we have decided to invite all of our readers who may desire to do so, to write us briefly, stating their views as to the selection of Premiums for next fall. Every letter will be welcomed, and will receive due consideration. Address all communications to Premium Department

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, New York City

Miscellaneous

C. G. B., Whitaker's, N. C. Write to the U. S. Pension Bureau at Washington, for information concerning last surviving soldier of the Revolution.

Reader, Newbern, N. C. The young man is a bigamist, who was saved by the death of his first wife from a possible prosecution. Now, he wishes to know whether he would be doing right to abandon his second victim and seek a third wife! It would be well for him to consult the District Attorney, who could instruct him in the law, of which he seems to be wofully ignorant.

THE LIBERTY BELL

SEE ILLUSTRATION ON COVER PAGE

HE whose heart thrills with emotions of patriotism, must forever regard the Old State House bell as the messenger

> . . . whose magic tones were first to tell,
> In thunder peals, a nation Free!

In 1751, when the State House in Philadelphia was approaching completion, the representatives of the Freemen of Pennsylvania ordered a bell from London, which was to weigh about 2,000 pounds, and to cost £100 sterling. It was as if the spirit of prophecy descended upon that grave assembly, for it was ordained that the bell should bear the inscription: "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof" (Lev. 25: 10).

The bell duly arrived in apparent good order, but a few days afterward, as it was hung up to try the sound, it was cracked by a stroke of the clapper. Upon this, two ingenious workmen in Philadelphia undertook to recast it. Again the huge bell was hung within the State House belfry, and again it was found defective; too much copper having been added. The same foundry made another essay, and the bell was placed in position in June, 1753. For more than a quarter of a century through constantly increasing dissatisfaction, its familiar tones called together the liegemen of a foreign ruler; but there came a day—the most memorable day of our country's history, when it proved itself the greatest of all orators.

On the 5th of September, 1774, the First Continental Congress convened in Philadelphia. As its sessions continued, the paramount ideas to be recognized, became "Freedom and Union." On the 28th of June the Committee of Congress submitted to that body their draft of the Declaration of Independence. For days thereafter the Declaration was debated, paragraph by paragraph. The story is told by Belisle and other authors, who have written the history of Independence Hall, that the gray-headed bell-ringer awaited anxiously in the belfry the signal which was to convey to him the intelligence that the Declaration had been signed. He waited long and impatiently. At last the signal came, with the cry, "Ring! ring! They have signed it, and our country is free!" and then the old man swung the ropes, and the bell gave forth the tones that announced the joyful news to the waiting multitudes below.

When the British forces approached Philadelphia in 1777, the bell was removed to Allentown, and buried in the river, but the following year found it safely returned to its original home. For more than fifty years it participated in the celebrations of the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, when it was cracked while ringing. An effort was made to restore its tone by sawing the crack wider, but without success. In 1846, the old Liberty Bell, which had long been permitted to remain in dignified retirement in the tower, was brought down to the room where the first Congress had convened in Independence Hall, and placed upon a pedestal having thirteen sides—the number of States that united for freedom. The American flag is gracefully folded around and above it; upon it sits an eagle, our country's symbolical guardian. It stands as a perpetual monument, and may the time never come when American freemen will cease to venerate it, and, if need be, protect it from dishonor.

The Flag of the Free

A National Song for Independence Day

H. M. HARRISON MILLARD

Con energia.

1. No - bly our Flag flut - ters o'er us to - day, Em-blem of peace, pledge of Lib-er - ty's sway;
2. With it in beau - ty no flag can compare; All na-tions hon - or our ban-ner so fair;
3. Ev - er u - nit - ed this fair land shall be, Our Flag shall con-quer on land or on sea;

mf *cres.* *ad lib.*

Its foes shall tremble and shrink in dis-may, If e'er in - sult - ed it be.
If to in - sult it a trai - tor should dare, Crush'd to the earth let him be.
Ev - 'ry op - pos - er shall soon bend the knee; God speed the dar - ling old Flag.

colla voce. *rall.* *cres.*

Our stripes and stars, loved and honored by all, Shall float for-ev - er where Freedom may call.
Free - dom and Pro-gress our watchwords to-day— When du - ty calls us who dares dis - o - bey?
No North, no South, no New Eng-land, no West, One Country al-ways the great-est, the best,

ff *ad lib.*

It still shall be the Flag of the free, Em - blem of sweet Lib-er - ty.
Hon - or to thee, thou Flag of the free, Em - blem of sweet Lib-er - ry.
Long may it wave; The poor and op-prest Bless thee, thou Flag of the Free.

ff *rall.* *colla voce.* *deciso.*

CHORUS.

Here we will gath - er its cause to defend, Let patriots ral - ly and
wise counsels lend, It still shall be the Flag of the Free, Emblem of sweet Lib-er - ty.

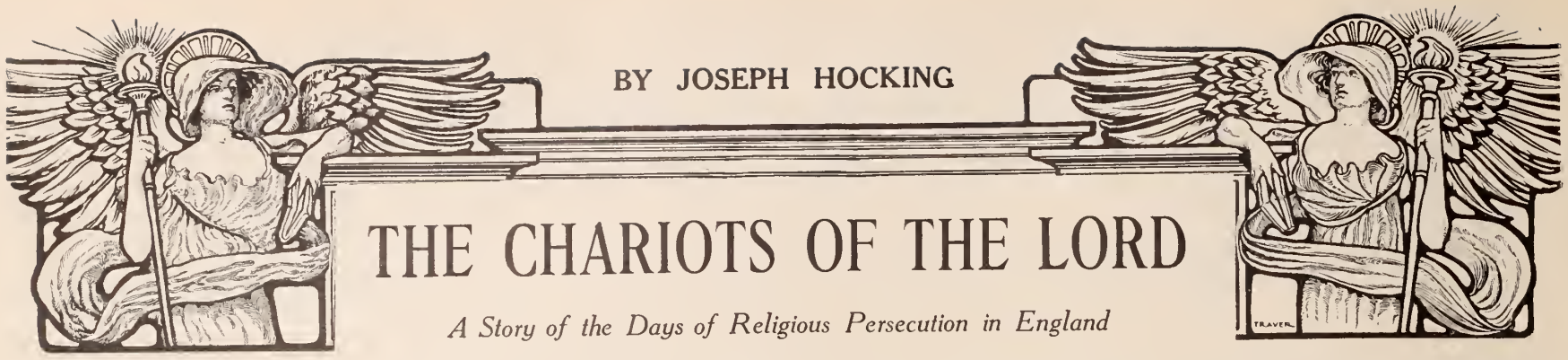
By per. Hamilton S. Gordon. Owner of Copyright.

The Basis of Friendship*

MANY books have been written about the choice of friends and about the men to be avoided and distrusted. It was characteristic of the Bible writers, and of Christ himself, that the subject is turned around in their utterances, and men are bidden examine themselves as to their own capacities for friendship. The subject thus becomes personal in a very direct way. It is much easier to denounce men who prove false to their friends, who make a profit out of them, and desert them when they can do so safely, than it is to set ourselves to find out what are our own friendly qualities. There is natural resentment when our friends are false to us, or fail us in an extremity, but we neglect to ask ourselves whether we are faithful to friends who are gone down in the world, whether we are always prompt to aid them in their need. It is obvious that if this self-examination became general, there would not be so many failures as there are.

The most important thing to remember in our friendships, is that there are mutual obligations in the connection. We look for certain moral qualities in the man whom we admit to our confidence. It is not necessary that there should be intellectual agreement. One of the closest friendships we have known, was one in which the parties admitted that their friendship had "never been marred by a single agreement." They had different ways of looking at a subject, and the controversy that was sure to arise, was always vigorous but genial. Beneath it all was respect and affection. No one wants the response that Solomon desired: of water reflecting the face that looks into it. There is no help in such friendship. The friend who gives back something different, who helps us to a new view, who sees our faults and points them out, who is kind, frank, and sympathetic, is the one who is really helpful. He should be one who can bear the same treatment, which we ought to be ready to give. Above all things, the moral spirit of the man should be in harmony with our own. The bitter, censorious, intolerant man is to be avoided, for his malady is infectious and directly tends to make us like himself. It is in this, and in the avoidance of selfishness in our own nature, which is the deadly foe of all high and noble intercourse, that the best elements of true friendship consist. By fidelity to Christ, the friend who sticketh closer than a brother, all friendships are consecrated.

* Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for the week beginning July 15. The full title is, "How can I be a true Friend?" Prov. 17: 17; 18: 24; 27: 9-19; Eccles. 4: 9, 10.



BY JOSEPH HOCKING

THE CHARIOTS OF THE LORD

A Story of the Days of Religious Persecution in England

Summary of Preceding Chapters

During the reign of James II., whose father, Charles I., was beheaded in the revolution under Oliver Cromwell, a determined effort was made by the King to win England to Roman Catholicism. He persecuted the Protestants and had a willing instrument in Lord Jeffreys, an ignorant man, who had been raised to the bench by the king. The story opens with a scene in his court, in which the hero, Benedict Trelawney, denounced Jeffreys to his face, as an unjust judge. He was committed to prison. On his way he was enabled to escape by a girl, who told him her name was Mary. She guided him to the house of a Protestant, who gave him shelter and introduced him to another refugee, a Scotchman named Donald Stewart. On the following day he received his sword, which had been taken from him, and found upon it a message from the girl who had saved him, asking him to meet her that night at the Temple Church. He has an interview with her there, in which she advises him to have nothing to do with a conspiracy, then being organized against the king. He is surprised at her knowledge, and suspects that she is a daughter of Judge Jeffeys, of whom he has heard as being her father's spy. Disregarding her advice, he associates himself with the Duke of Monmouth, a natural son of Charles II., who invades England. After the defeat of Monmouth, Trelawney hides in a cave, but is found and lodged in jail. When brought to trial, a letter reached Jeffreys from the King ordering Trelawney sent to him. That night the bars were sawn from the window of the prison by some unknown friend and Trelawney escaped in a carriage waiting for him. In the carriage was the girl who had previously saved him from his captors, who restores to him his sword. She tells him that sometime she may need a friend to do her service, and he promises he will be that friend. Afterwards she gives him up to the king's officers, who set out with him for London to deliver him to the king. By a rough fight with his captors he makes his escape, and is guided by an eccentric enthusiast to the home of his uncle, Bishop Trelawney, who aids him to reach London, where he remained in hiding. There on his way to meet Mary Jeffreys, he overhears a conversation relating to her, which indicates that she is not the daughter of the Judge.

CHAPTER XXX.

"TO save her from George Jeffreys, the man who is loathed by every honest man in England?" Trelawney said the words quietly. His mind was working rapidly. The thought that she needed help aroused in him the longing for service. For love ever seeks to express itself in service.

"Judge Jeffreys is not your father at all," he said to her.

"Oh, you know that! You believe that! But how?"

She spoke eagerly, almost incoherently, like one afraid to think of something in which she rejoiced.

"I have felt it ever since we have known each other, even though I had no other thought than that you were his child. Ay, I felt it when you did those things which you are going to explain to me, felt it when I lay in Taunton Gaol. I know it now."

"And—and you love me in spite of all—of everything you have seen and heard and suffered?"

"I could not help it."

"Oh, I was afraid you could not. Afraid that you would hate me as I thought you must. But I could not explain, I dared not; but let me tell you now."

"No, no. Not yet, tell me how I can help you. Tell me your danger."

"I must tell you everything that you may know that."

She spoke as artlessly as a child. There was no thought of coyly keeping back from him the knowledge of her love.

"You wanted me to love you?"

"How could I help it? And yet—yet how could I believe you might? Let me tell you. Let me tell you why I had to make you think I was your enemy; why I heaped scorn upon you, why I seemed to lead you into danger, when all the while I would so gladly have died for you."

But for her voice he might have thought it was another woman speaking to him. This was not the woman whose words had cut him like a knife, who had scornfully derided him, who had bidden the King's soldiers drag him to prison. Even as she spoke he felt that the mystery of her actions could never be explained. But he did not doubt her. In spite of everything her heart beat truly, and her life was as true and pure as the sunlight.

"You remember the morning we rode into Harpinghey?" she said.

"Yes."

"I told you I might claim the help you offered?"

"Yes."

"Oh, I longed to tell you everything then, but I dared not. The time had not come. Instead I had to play my old part; I had to give you to the King's officers. But I trusted you."

"How?"

"I knew you would escape."

"It was you who sent Peter the Madman," said Benedict; "it was you who sent those other men. I see your hand everywhere."

"No, they were what they seemed, but I felt sure you would use them as a means of escape. Oh, let me tell you everything from the beginning, let me prove to you that he is not akin to me!"

She spoke eagerly, excitedly, like one anxious to lift a great burden from her heart.

"I must tell you the story of my life," she said. "Nothing must be hidden from you. Not that I can tell you everything as I would, for some things are hidden from me. I can remember but little of my childhood; but I have a recollection of an old house, built of gray stones covered with lichen. I can remember an old deer park. I can call to mind, too, the old park gates, where, on great granite pillars there were two carved lions. It is all dim and shadowy, but I remember it as my early home."

"And your father?" said Trelawney.

"I have no remembrance of him, none at all; but my mother, I remember plainly. I am sure of that. A lady with a kind, pure face, who caressed me much, and who heard me say my prayers at night. I could not be more than three or four, but I remember it.

"Then all was changed. I was brought to London, and I had to live in the house of the man you hate. He was not rich or great at the time, and the house we lived in at the back of Lincoln's Inn Fields was small. George Jeffreys told me I was his daughter, and that my mother was dead. Presently he told me that he was bringing home another mother for me, a great lady, who would care for me better than a servant; but when she came, although I was but a little child, I knew she was not a great lady, rather she was coarse and vulgar. But she treated me kindly, and I had naught of which to complain. Especially was this so when Jeffreys became a great lawyer, and earned much money. But even in those days there were things which I could not understand. Once I remember Jeffreys and his wife quarreling about me, and the woman asked why she should have a nameless child to look after, while Jeffreys told her that if she held her tongue I should become a treasure to them both.

"During the years which followed I was led to wonder more. Sometimes for months together I was taught all the accomplishments of a lady of high birth, and then again I was treated like a scullery-maid. Sometimes Jeffreys regarded me with great kindness and consideration, and then again he told me that I was a base-born outcast who depended on his bounty. It is difficult to make this plain to you, and——"

"I understand, I understand," said Trelawney eagerly. "Go on, dear, tell me."

"One day, when I was sixteen, we moved to a great house in Lincoln's Inn Fields. By this time Jeffreys had become a great man, even although the King, Charles II., neither believed in him nor trusted him. Honor and riches were bestowed upon him, although I know he often wanted money. I remember he was kind to me at the time, and I was given a beautiful room for my own use. I remember also that an old escritoire was placed in the room, which I had no remembrance of seing before. One wet day I was alone in my room, and I fell to examining this escritoire, when, to my delight, I discovered a secret drawer. On opening it I found a bundle of letters, and a locket in which was the picture of a lady with a baby in her arms. Even then, I could not help seing that I bore a close resemblance to the lady. She could not have been much more than twenty, so she was not much older than I. I remember even then crying out 'Mother,' and kissing the picture; but that was not all. Among the bundle of letters I found one written from Jeffreys. It was evidently in answer to one sent to him, which asked him to take care of me, and to guard my rights. The letter was addressed to Lady Mary Beaumont; it expressed great sorrow at her illness, and especially at the verdict of a renowned physician. It also expressed a willingness to take her child into his house, if her illness proved fatal. Then followed these words.

"With regard to the validity of your marriage with Sir Henry Beaumont I have no doubt, seeing Sir Henry told me of it himself just before he left England for Spain; but to prove this will be a more difficult matter. It is true you have lived at Beaumont Castle, but there are claimants who urge that you were never lawfully Sir Henry's wife. At your decease, therefore, I have but little doubt that your late husband's brother, Edward, will claim the estates; but you may depend on me to do my utmost to establish the rights of little Lady Mary, who even now resembles her mother so closely."

"Do you possess that letter?" cried Benedict.

"Yes," replied the girl. "That is, I have it in a safe hiding-place."

"That is right, dear, go on."

"It was then that I remembered that Sir Edward Beaumont was one of Jeffreys' boon companions. I had seen them often together, and I have noticed that Sir Edward seemed afraid of Jeffreys."

"Yes, yes. Well, what did you do next?"

"When next I saw my guardian I asked him whose child I was."

" 'Why, mine of course,' he said, 'you are my daughter by a girl I married when I was a boy. A pretty life she led me, too, for she had a temper like yours.'

" 'You never married Lady Mary Beaumont,' I said, 'and she was my mother.'

"You have seen him when he is angered. He started up and caught me by the arm, 'If ever you breathe a word of such a thing,' he said, 'I will have you whipped at the cart-tail.'

"After that I often tried to get him to tell me the truth. Sometimes he would say one thing, sometimes another. When he was sober, he would say that I depended on him for every morsel of food I ate, and that if I dared to utter a word concerning my suspicions, I should be thrown into the streets to perish like a dog; while, when he had been drinking, he would tell me that no one but him had proofs as to who I was, and that if I were a good girl he would one day make me a great lady. Presently, drunk or sober, he adopted this attitude. 'If you obey me in everything until you are twenty-one,' he said, 'I will prove that your mother was the wife of Sir Henry Beaumont; but if you in aught anger me I will do nothing. Remember that I, and I alone, have the proofs.'

"You can see the position in which I was placed. He was growing in favor in high places, and every one said that if Charles II. were to die, and James were to ascend the throne, Sir George Jeffreys would be the greatest man in England next to the King."

"But everyone regarded you as his daughter," urged Benedict Trelawney.

"Even among Jeffreys' friends there is much wonder about me," replied the girl. "Sometimes Jeffreys spoke of me as his daughter, the child of his first wife, whom he married when he was poor and obscure; at others he spoke of me as his ward, a poor girl who did not possess a groat, but to whom he gave a home because of his friendship with my father. Mostly, however, people believe that I am the daughter of his first wife, who was a poor and vulgar woman.

"And now," went on the girl, and her voice was husky as she spoke, "I must tell you that which will lead you to despise me, but I will hide nothing from you. I have told you that he told me how the possession of my rights depended on his will, and that only by my being obedient to his wishes should I ever obtain them."

"And you did?" said Trelawney.

"I played a double part," said the girl. "At least a year before—before that day when—when I first saw you I hated him. I loathed his presence, and yet I pretended to obey him. There were people on whom he desired to have vengeance, and I made believe to help him, yet all the time I worked against him. Many and many a poor wretch was warned by me, against him, and yet he thought I was his willing tool. Why did I do it? I did it because I hoped that thereby I should clear my mother's name from shame; because I was in his power. Oh, I despise myself, and yet oh, my love, my love, you do not despise me, do you?"

For answer he held her more closely to him. He did not yet understand, but he trusted her altogether.

For a long time they talked, until she had made the mysterious plain to him. It was for his sake she had gone to Somersetshire, it was she who had sent the letter to Judge Jeffreys at the Assizes, and planned his escape.

"But why did you reveal the hiding-place of myself and the yeoman?" asked Trelawney presently.

"Because it would have been known in other ways," she said. "Jeffreys sent me word that if I would take you prisoner, he would prove my mother's marriage. I seemed to be your enemy, but it was my only chance of saving you. Do you forgive me?"

TO BE CONTINUED

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Helping Macedonia's Boys

Boys Rescued During the Massacres

THE Thessalonica Agricultural and Industrial Institute has already many friends among the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. We would gladly add to their number by making them better acquainted with our boys, so we send you their photographs. Do you remember how these boys looked when they came to us, two years ago, from their burning homes, where Mr. Haskell had found them when he went to distribute relief, after the insurrection?

Their new dark blue suits were made as a gift to the school by two or three tailors in Northwest Macedonia, two hundred miles from Salonica. One of them was here on business, and we asked him to help us buy the cloth. He became so interested that he offered to stay over a day, measure the boys, take home the cloth, and make up the suits with the aid of two of his friends. It is a very interesting and hopeful sign that our own people seem so interested in the work. Last week the school received about ten bushels of rice and corn from villagers living many hours distant; and the women of one community sent sixteen packages, containing clothing and woolen socks for the orphan boys.

Two Years after Entering

The lads looked like little soldiers when they came into the city to celebrate Christmas. What a good time they had! A Christmas tree, of course, and a magic lantern in the evening. Then dinner and games the next day at the home of one of the missionaries.

How I wish the people in America could have heard the two little fellows sing folk-songs, while the others joined in the chorus.

Their teacher asked them what they had to bring us as a gift. They could purchase no gifts, as they had no money, and could think of nothing. But when she suggested that they share with us their Christmas "baklava" (a sweet pastry), they were much pleased with the idea, although it was a rare treat for them to have this dainty. Most of them are fine boys, and we think them well worth helping.

They are very happy in their new home, and, of course, greatly interested in the bakery plant, and the new oven that turns out fifty loaves of bread at a baking. People can hardly guess how the oven is heated. "With coal or wood," they say. Not at all. It is filled with loads of heather or live oak brush, and when these have burned out the ashes are swept away, and the oven is hot enough to bake the bread. It is very much like the brick ovens our grandmothers used to bake in, and the amazing rapidity with which these same loaves disappear astonish visitors more than anything else we show them on the farm.

We are very much crowded with our seventeen boys, but have more than half enough money to build a larger building, and the great pile of stone that has been drawn for the foundations, shows that we are going ahead, believing that our friends will stand by us. We expect to succeed, for we believe that prayers are being answered, friends are rallying around us, obstacles are being removed, and we are not a little encouraged to have the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD interested in the work. We are not planning for great things at once, but are making use of small gifts, and are pushing steadily forward. In 1902, we borrowed money to buy fifty-two acres of land. There was no well on the place, nor any drinking water within a-half mile. We had no buildings, and the land was without trees. Vineyards had to be planted, and we had no live stock. At present, owing to the city's growth, the land has probably doubled in value, and there is an artesian well with power windmill that sends water to kitchen, wash-house and bath. We have three good buildings. Nearly 3,000 trees and over 6,000 vines are growing. Our live stock includes horses, donkeys, oxen, and a hundred chickens. All is free of debt.

Candidates for the School

A Group of Institute Boys

MRS. ADELINE B. HOUSE.
Salonica, Turkey.

Be Careful of Your Hands!

Yellow soaps will make them red and coarse and hard; a source of never-ending humiliation and annoyance.

Ivory Soap adds to their beauty, keeps them soft and sweet and dainty.

For washing dishes, as well as for the bath and toilet, it is the only soap the self-respecting housewife will use.

There is no "free" (uncombined) alkali in Ivory Soap. That is why it will not injure the finest fabric or the most delicate skin.

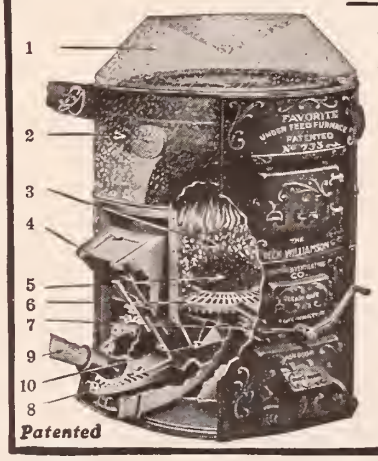
IVORY DESIGN PAT'D AUG. 26 '79

Ivory Soap
99 44/100 Per Cent. Pure

ANATOMY OF THE UNDERFEED FURNACE

Get *acquainted* with the Peck-Williamson **Underfeed Furnace.** We want you to *know* this heating marvel. A moment's study of the illustration will enable you to understand what Scientific Furnace Construction really means, and why

THE PECK-WILLIAMSON UNDERFEED FURNACE
Saves 1-2 to 2-3 on Coal Bills



Patented

You will see how it burns and extracts as much heat from a ton of the cheapest grade coal as you have ever been able to obtain from a ton of highest grade coal with an Overfeed furnace. You will appreciate how it soon *pays for itself* and then begins a handsome annual saving for you. The arrows in illustration point to leading features of **Underfeed Furnace** construction.

1. X-Ray view showing galvanized casing. **2.** Cast iron radiator. **3.** Fire burning on *top* of the coal—the Underfeed's *exclusive* way. Smoke and gases, which go up the chimney and are wasted in Overfeed furnaces, are released *below* the fire in the **Underfeed** and *must* pass through the fire and are thus converted into heat units. **4.** Sectional view of the feed hopper, in which coal is placed. **5.** Coal as it is forced up *under* the fire. **6.** The revolving grate through which coal is forced. **7.** Grate bar which causes the grate to revolve and drop ashes into the ash pit below. **8.** Plunger operated by lever, which forces coal from the hopper into the fire chamber. **9.** Wood lever operating the plunger. **10.** Automatic valve which prevents coal from dropping back when the plunger is released.

The **Underfeed** is not an experiment. Every claim made for it has been fully established by hundreds of voluntary letters received from those who have subjected it to the severest tests.

New illustrated **Underfeed** booklet **FREE.** It gives full description of furnace and fac-simile letters from happy users. Heating plans and services of our Engineering Department are yours—absolutely *Free.* Write to-day. Please give name of local dealer with whom you prefer to deal.

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"He that works easily works successfully." 'Tis very easy to clean house with **SAPOLIO**

CALLED HIGHER

Mrs. Elvira E. Jackson passed away at her home, in Walpole, Mass., April 28, 1906, aged seventy-nine years. She had been an invalid and unable to attend church for nearly half her lifetime. She had been a great lover of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for many years.

Mr. and Mrs. John Kintworth, of St Stephens, S. C., are mourning the absence of their little son, Wilford R., whom God had lent to them for the brief space of sixteen months, and then recalled to himself.

Mrs. E. A. Goff, of Blissfield, Mich., died on the 16th of April, 1906, aged seventy-three years. Her Christian life and steadfast faith in prayer were sustained by a never omitted daily Bible reading, and though she was for many years a crippled "shut-in," she derived much benefit and satisfaction from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, to which she was a subscriber for many years.

On the morning of April 2, 1906, after a long year's illness, Mr. Watson W. Laraway, of Bradford, Pa., found peace in death. Mr. Laraway was but fifty-eight years old; he leaves an honored memory to both business and personal friends. It was said of him that he never knowingly harmed a soul or committed a wrong act. He leaves a widow and three children, one son a missionary in China.

Rev J. M. McGriffing died in Hamburg, Miss., on the 30th of September, 1905, in his seventy-seventh year. He had belonged to the Baptist household of faith from his early boyhood, and he carried his religion into his daily life, smoothing the rough places for many in trouble and affliction. He leaves a widow and seven adult children, as well as a host of friends, who will long remember his many kindnesses.

Mrs. M. A. Neily, of Ono, Lebanon County, Pa., passed to the life beyond on May 4, 1906, aged seventy years. For forty-three years she had held the appointment of postmistress in her home town. She was a diligent worker in the Union Baptist Church and was held in highest esteem. For many years she had regularly subscribed for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Mrs. A. A. Hoffman, who was for many years a devoted friend and subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, passed from this life on the 7th of February, 1906, being nearly eighty-five years of age. She retained all her faculties to the last. Her saintly character made her a comfort to all about her.

Miss Hannah Whitton, of New York City, N. Y., passed away on May 16, in her 91st year. She was for many years a member of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, and in that "household of faith" she loved and served her Lord, hailing with delight the weekly advent of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Mr. Samuel S. Bobst, of Reading, Pa., died suddenly on the 24th of December, 1905. Mr. Bobst was a Christian gentleman who had endeared himself to a large circle of friends by his admirable qualities.

In less than one month the death angel knocked three times at the door of M. L. R. Daffan, of Fredericksburg, Va. On March 12, the dear father went home to rest, after three-quarters of a century of life spent on earth; in ten days the wife and mother followed him; and a week later, one of the two daughters, aged thirty-six years, left a sad-hearted sister, bereft indeed, alone by the family fireside. May she feel the Everlasting Arms beneath her, and may heaven seem nearer and dearer because of the loved ones awaiting her there.

Our Father's home has fields above,
Where flowers bloom, and rivers clear
As crystal flow, and naught but love
Shall guard the ones we hold so dear

Spurgeon's Golden Sayings*

You have too frequently had a view of your own heart to dream for a moment of any perfection in yourself. But amid this sad consciousness of imperfection, here is comfort for you—you are "perfect in Christ Jesus." In God's sight you are "complete in him;" even now you are "accepted in the beloved."

We have good reason, indeed, for hating evil when we look back and trace its deadly workings. Such mischief did evil do us that our souls would have been lost had not omnipotent love interfered to redeem us.

"I am a Roman!" was of old a reason for integrity; far more, then, let it be your argument for holiness, "I am Christ's."

Christ Jesus is gold without alloy; light without darkness; glory without cloud.

I was as restless once as those ever flying birds which hover over the waters of the Golden Horn at Constantinople. They are never seen to rest; and hence men call them "lost souls," such was I! I found no place for the sole of my foot till I knew the Lord Jesus.

It does us much hurt to judge our neighbors, because it flatters our conceit, and our pride grows quite fast enough without feeding. We accuse others to excuse ourselves.

There is an old nature in us which fights against God still; but the new nature, which is of divine origin, cries after God as a child after its mother.

On taking a survey of our whole life, we see that the kindness of God has run all through it like a silver thread.

I believe that as a child of God grows in sanctification he deepens in humility, and as he advances to perfection he sinks in his own esteem.

*From *Spurgeon's Gold*, compiled by E. Hez Swem.

Golden Milestone

The Friends' meeting-house of Pasadena, Cal., was the scene of a quaint and interesting gathering on the 23d of April, 1906, when John Henry and Miriam Carter Douglas celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage day. Friend Douglas was a scion of old New England stock, but was first recorded a minister of the Society of Friends in the State of Ohio, and in his home there was held what was probably the first prayer-meeting among Friends.

For many years he has been looked upon as one of the leaders in Quaker evangelism, and the Golden Wedding Day was distinguished not only by the presence of many guests, but by the receipt of more than one hundred letters expressive of the love and esteem which the aged couple had won.

Lady Baltimore*

IT is a far cry from the atmosphere of Mr. Owen Wister's *The Virginian*, to that of his latest production, *Lady Baltimore*. Had he written the latter only with the purpose of establishing his claim to versatility in the world of letters, his purpose would have been brilliantly achieved. In *Lady Baltimore*, the reader finds a delicate use of the scalpel directed by a sure hand. The "Selected Salic Scions" remind one of the "Self-Made Merchant" who wrote his son that "*Mayflower* descendants believe that when the Lord made them, he was through, and the rest of the folks just happened." Mr. Wister shrewdly photographs the woman whom we all know—and avoid—as follows:

Once a worthy dame of my town, at whose dinner-table young men and maidens of fashion sit constantly, asked me with much sentiment if I was aware that she was descended from Boadicea. Why had she never (I asked her) revealed this to me before? And upon her informing me that she had learned it only that very day, I exclaimed that it was a great distance to have descended so suddenly. To this, after a look at me, she assented, adding that she had the good news from the office of *The American Almanach de Gotha*, Union Square, New York; and she recommended that publication to me. There was but a slight fee to pay, a matter of fifty dollars or upwards, and for this trifling sum you were furnished your rightful coat-of-arms and with papers clearly tracing your family to the Druids, the Vestal Virgins, and all the best people in the world. Therefore I felicitated the Boadicean lady upon the illustrious progenitrix with whom the *Almanach de Gotha* had provided her for so small a consideration, and observed that for myself I supposed I should continue to rest content with the thought that in our enlightened Republic every American was himself a sovereign. But that, said the lady, after giving me another look, is so different from Boadicea! And to this I perfectly agreed.

King's Port, the scene of the story, is plainly Port Royal, which lies across the bridge from Charleston, South Carolina. Naturally, the southern point of view dominates its characters, but nowhere in the modern world of fiction has so happy an effect been produced of the existing sense of injury without rancor, and of the dawning possibilities of mutual understanding between the South and North, socially speaking, to which friendship must form the inevitable outcome.

Lady Baltimore. Price $1.50. The Macmillan Company, London and New York, publishers.

Lady Baltimore has but a slender thread of plot, upon which its author hangs in turn his clever satires and his wholesome, far-seeing philosophy. His answer to the oft-repeated question, "Shall a man marry a woman to whom he is engaged, but whom he does not love?" might well be accorded a prominent niche in the halls of wisdom.

A Woman's Problem

A Self-Supporting Home, by Kate V. Saint Maur, is a book which stirs its readers to "go and do likewise." Its heroine, a city woman striving to maintain appearances on a microscopic house-keeping allowance, is led by kindly Providence to attend the "Pet Stock and Poultry Show." Thereafter all obstacles became as naught to her enthusiasm, and a small farm twenty-five miles from town, gradually realized every dream of the housewife's life. The book is not Utopian, but practically sets forth just how things can be done, with plenty of clean directions that "he who runs may read." From the hen yard to the vegetable garden, from the pigeon house and bee-hive to the pig-pen and dairy, life as it may be lived on a small farm by a go-ahead-ative couple is graphically described—and recommended. Profusely illustrated. Price $1.75. Macmillan & Co., New York and London, publishers.

Books Received

Watson's Magazine announces *The Life and Times of Andrew Jackson*, by Thomas Watson, the opening chapters of which will appear in the July issue of the magazine.

The Poor and the Land, by H. Rider Haggard, covers an official report made to the British Government on the Salvation Army Farm Colonies in the United States, with the presentation of Mr. Haggard's own scheme of National Land Settlement added. The Californian and Colorado Settlements, named, respectively, Fort Romie and Fort Amity, are shown to be doing a noble work in helping the colonists to regain a lost footing or to find a new one. The adult "dead-beats, borntireds and hoboes," Commissioner Haggard sees no hope of rescue for, but he warmly advocates the removal of discouraged married people from the densely populated sections, where they vainly struggle for mere food and raiment, to the vast and fertile tracts which will yield them both in plenty. Longmans, Green & Co., London, New York and Bombay, publishers.

The Jewish Massacre at Bialystok

AS the details of the frightful massacre of Jews at Bialystok, in the province of Grodno, Russian Poland, come to hand, the unusual brutality of the affair is made apparent. Correspondents went to the hospital at Bialystok, and saw the mangled bodies of the victims. Many had bayonet wounds. One man's eyes had been driven in with large nails. The details are too horrible to repeat.

According to a moderate estimate more than two hundred were killed in Bialystok alone, and probably half as many more in the environs. According to one correspondent, all the Jewish occupants of Feldman's house, whence the first shots were said to have been fired, were collected in the yard, men, women, and children, and shot or bayoneted by the soldiers.

Every telegram bears witness of the direct complicity of the police officials in organizing the massacre. Police Superintendent Sheremetieff, who was chiefly responsible, has been transferred and promoted.

"The faces of the dead have lost all human resemblance," writes a correspondent. "The body of Teacher Apstein lay on the grass with the hands tied. In the face and eyes had been hammered three-inch nails. Rioters entered his home, killing him thus, and then murdered the rest of his family of seven. When the body arrived at the hospital it was also marked with bayonet thrusts.

"Beside the body of Apstein lay that of a child of ten years, whose leg had been chopped off with an axe. Here also were the dead from the Schlachter home, where, according to witnesses, soldiers came and plundered the house and killed the wife, son, and a neighbor's daughter, and seriously wounded Schlachter and his two daughters.

"I am told that soldiers entered the apartments of the Lapidus brothers, which were crowded with people who had fled from the streets for safety, and ordered the Christians to separate themselves from the Jews. A Christian student named Dikar, protested, and was killed on the spot. Then all of the Jews were shot.

"From the wounded in the hospital the correspondent heard many pitiable stories, all of the same general tenor. Here is the account of a badly wounded merchant named Nevyazhiky:

"'I live in the suburbs. Learning of the *pogrom*, I tried to reach the town through the fields, but was intercepted by roughs. My brother was killed, my arm and leg were broken, my skull was fractured, and I was stabbed twice in the side. I fainted from loss of blood, and revived to find a soldier standing over me, who asked: "What, are you still alive! Shall I bayonet you?" I begged him to spare my life. The roughs again came, but spared me, saying: "He will die; let him suffer longer."'"

One correspondent, who adopts the bitterest tone toward the Government, holds that the rising undoubtedly was provoked, and attributes the responsibility to Police Lieutenant Sheremetieff. He declares that not only the soldiers, but their officers participated, and that he himself was a witness, as late as Saturday, to the shooting down of a Jewish girl from the window of a hotel by Lieut. Miller of the Vladimir Regiment. The Governor of the Province of Grodno, who happened to be passing at the moment, ordered an investigation.

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SIGNS OF ETERNAL LIFE

By MRS. M. BAXTER

FALSE inquirers are not among Satan's newest inventions. We complain sometimes, in our work for God, that there is so little truth amongst those with whom we have to do, that their motives are so impure, that we can place so little reliance upon what they say etc., thus we excuse ourselves for the little effect of our work, saying that we are laboring on a hard soil. Probably the teacher is more in fault than the taught, and needs to come lower down, and to be more empty himself, that the Spirit of God may be able the better to use him. Let us not forget that God has an eye, not only to the work, but to the workman; that in every difficulty which he permits us to meet with, he is furthering our education, and affording us opportunities for carrying out in our lives the divine precepts of Christianity. Our blessed Lord's life, in all its tiny details, carried out his teaching, and if ours does not do the same, our spiritual children will be a poor, weakly, unsatisfactory class.

We have before us in the tenth chapter of Luke a lawyer, who came to Jesus, not to be taught, not to receive anything from him, but to criticize, to "catch him in his words," and, if possible, prove him to be in error; he came "tempting him." "Master," he said, "What shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?"

Eternal life was the new doctrine which men were speaking against in those days. The only ideas of the lawyer were to do, and thereby to inherit; he spoke as a Jew, as one who was under the law and an heir of the promises; but he knew nothing of "eternal life"; that which God has made to be a new creation was to him only a point of disputable doctrine.

The Lord Jesus knew the heart of him who stood there to judge and criticize the only sinless Man in the whole world, though the lawyer knew it not. There they stood face to face—He in whom that law was fulfilled to the very letter, whose whole being lay already upon the altar of his God, and who manifested only love to the would-be antagonist who catechized him; and there stood the critic, who till now had never made his convictions a personal matter.

This man was in the very act of transgressing this law; he would not willingly be questioned in the spirit in which he was questioning Jesus. The tables were being turned upon him, he felt that he had lost ground, and now, instead of continuing to tempt or try Jesus, he took up an attitude of self-defence.

"He, willing to justify himself, said unto Jesus, And who is my neighbor?" There were many different views abroad among the Jews of that period about this essential question. A covetous man would find it inconvenient to make the circle of his neighbors a wide one, because he would be so unwilling to answer to any claims which such a relationship might make upon his purse. A proud man would limit the circle to those who held the same position in society. Pharisees would not let Sadducees into the number, nor Sadducees Pharisees. This exclusive spirit reigns still among professing Christians. The Lord Jesus had nothing personal at stake on earth, and therefore he could take an unbiased view of things; and as we live his life, the atmosphere clears of all fog, and we can see things and persons as they are.

The Lord, in the parable which followed, supposed an extreme case. The Samaritan spared no pains, no expense, no fatigue, no time, for the restoration of the stranger whom he succored. There was no calculation as to how long the man would be a burden upon him, no shrinking from any sacrifice—compassion had taken possession of him.

Brotherly Love*

LOVE is the keynote of Christ's message. He brought us the glad word that, while God was just, and hated and would punish sin, he was full of love for all his children, was ready to forgive them when they repented, and willing to help them in their struggle to avoid sin. The love of God was the love of a Father; the love that followed the erring, pleading with them, as a father pleads with his son to give up the habits that are ruining him and return to him. The counterpart of this message was also one of love. He was never tired of insisting that his followers should love one another, and the measure of that love was infinite. "As I have loved you" was the gauge. We know what his love was, and that is to be the extent of our own love for one another. There are no bounds to that love. It was a love strong as death, firm, true and unchanging.

One important characteristic about that love is that it was not confined to the lovable. If he had waited for us to be worthy of his love, he would never have come at all. "While we were yet enemies, Christ died for us." It is not in human nature to love the coarse, the vulgar, the selfish. Such qualities are repulsive, and though we often tolerate them in ourselves, we are shocked when they are manifested by others. But it is made possible for us to love such beings by the change of nature that is worked upon us in conversion. One of the surest signs of a conversion being genuine is when the subject of it feels a strong love for all men and a longing to serve them. His nature is changed and he becomes a partaker of the nature of God, who is love.

If we follow Christ's example, we have the key to love of the unlovable—the key to love of our enemies. We love them not for what they are, but for what they may become. Christ saw in his disciples the preachers, the untiring servants, the men faithful unto death that they became, and he looked over and beyond their present defects to that future. "God loves you," said McAll to the fierce Communists of Paris; "God loves you," said the missionary in the prison to the vicious outcast, and in both cases the result was the same. Love begets love, and when it enters the heart it speedily transforms the nature, and the unlovable becomes lovable.

*Topic of the Epworth League for July 15. John 13: 34, 35; Rom. 12:10; Heb. 13: 1; John 17:21-23; 1 Thess. 4: 9, 10; 1 John 3: 14; 1 Peter 1: 22.

Taylor University Commencement

THE fifty-ninth annual commencement of Taylor University occurred June 6. All of the graduates who took part acquitted themselves nobly. The graduating class consisted of twenty-one men and eight women, of whom seven received degrees, having completed a four years' college course. The exercises began the preceding Wednesday, with a graduating recital by the School of Music. The annual "love feast," which is always a great event, was held Thursday evening. The literary societies held a "joint public" the same evening. On Friday and Saturday evenings, and Sunday afternoon and evening, Rev. Joseph H. Smith preached in the University chapel, and many hearers were greatly blessed. The baccalaureate sermon was preached by the president, at the Methodist Episcopal Church in town, Sunday morning.

At the annual meeting of the Board of Trustees, Rev. L. J. Naftzger, D. D., presiding elder of Muncie District, North Indiana Conference, was unanimously elected to the Presidency of the Board, in place of John R. Wright, D. D., deceased. The members were greatly encouraged by what they learned concerning the work of the year and the prospects for the future, and they made liberal plans for the year to come.

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A Missionary Crusade

THE British House of Commons, having instructed His Majesty's Government to bring the Indo-Chinese opium trade "to a speedy close," and Mr. Morley having declared the Government's readiness to do so if China shall so request, which it is expected China will promptly do, the International Reform Bureau trustees have approved the plan of the superintendent, Dr. Wilbur F. Crafts, for following up this victory. Dr. Crafts will go at his own charges, with Mrs. Crafts, from nation to nation around the world, enlisting in each one, as he has in our own country, first the missionary societies, then the chambers of commerce, and then the government in the proposal, written by him and endorsed by the United States Senate and the President, that the great nations of the world shall unite in a treaty (as was done in the extermination of the slave trade) to abolish the sale of intoxicants and opium to uncivilized races, in the name of conscience and of commerce. This tour is not expected to begin until the adjournment of Congress (March 4, 1907). In view of the preliminary work that will be necessary, especially in the way of circulating preparatory and explanatory literature in all lands, among missionaries and missionary societies, statesmen, and others, it is proposed to raise a special fund for the purpose of defraying the expense connected with this educational campaign. All who are interested in the anti-opium crusade and desire to aid in its success, should write to Rev. W. F. Crafts, 206 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C., who will supply all information on the subject.

Answered Prayers

A. J., New York. "With thankful heart I want to aeknowledge my Father's loving kindness in answering prayer."

A Subseriber, Indiana. "I trust that the dear Lord will hear and answer me in his own good way, whieh is always the best."

H. E. H., Texas. "I wish to aeknowledge the graeious love of my heavenly Father in answering many prayers. May I ever trust him."

M. I. P., Illinois. "The prayer eolumn has been a sweet eomfort to me and inereased my faith in prayer. Praise his holy name, it is sweet to trust in Jesus."

Mrs. A., New Jersey. "I desire to praise God for his kind care, whieh triumphs over all trouble. Thank God for the privilege of prayer. May we use it oftener and to a higher purpose."

Mrs. A. J. P., Wisconsin:

"To sing of his redeeming love
My soul would never tire;
To gather wisdom from above
Has long been my desire,"

L. A. H., Canada. "I wish to add my testimony to the many others in regard to God's goodness in answering prayer. I was in deepest affliction; I prayed to God and he immediately answered."

Mrs. P. P., New York. "I have been strengthened by reading the 'Answered Prayer' eofumn and wish to add my testimony, knowing God does hear and answer prayer, when other help fails. He is ready to help, and I trust him fully."

J. A. V., New Jersey. "God has answered my prayer, and my son has just been received into the church. Will the readers of this column join me in praying that he may grow to be a noble, consistent Christian. That is my prayer above all else."

Reader, Tennessee. "He heard my prayer and answered, for which I thank Him. I am still trusting Him for the salvation of a friend for whom I have prayed long. Will not all join me in prayers that God will open his eyes to his danger and save his soul,"

Mrs. E. A. D., California. "Many times, when at a loss what to do, I have asked my heavenly Father to guide me, and he has blessed me in my course. O, the sweetness of trusting in God, our Saviour. May we be enabled to glorify his name and advanee his kingdom."

Mrs. H. M. C., New York. "I wish to aeknowledge God's goodness to me in answer to prayer. I am now in deep affliction and wish to ask THE CHRISTIAN HERALD family to pray for me, that I may be able to say, 'Thy will, not mine, be done,' and know the peaee and rest that eome from Jesus."

Mrs. C. L. B., Pennsylvania. "I would like to solieit the prayers of your Christian readers. I have a daughter, descended from a line of musicians, and seemingly talented in musie; should it be the Lord's will for her education to be continued, I would like their prayers that he may direct me to that end."

W. H. B., New York. "I have so often read your 'Answered Prayer' column and have been very much helped in doing so. Now I want to acknowledge prayer answered in a time when it seemed that other help was useless, and only our Father above could deliver; he heard and answered and I am very thankful."

Mrs. A. B. J., Missouri. "I desire to acknowledge God's goodness to me: I know he has answered my prayers lately, when affliction and sorrow encompassed me. I said in my heart, 'I will leave my troubles all in the Lord's keeping,' and now all is well. I am full of thankfulness and eneouraged to trust him more fully."

J. L., Michigan. "I have lately realized that the prayer of faith shall save the siek. Our daughter was very near death's door. I spent a whole night in prayer for her reeovery, and the next morning there was a decided ehange for the better. She is now well and strong. 'Praise his name.'"

Baptist Ministers' Luncheon in New York

THE Baptist Ministers' Conference of New York and vicinity have had a custom, for several years, of holding a banquet luncheon at the closing session of the spring meetings. This year, Rev. Ezra T. Sanford and Rev. W. H. Scott, pastors of the North Baptist Church, in West Eleventh Street, New York, were chosen to obey the apostolic injunction for ministers to be given to hospitality, and to welcome their brethren. The Ladies' Aid Society of the church provided the luncheon. The after-dinner addresses were timely and full of hope for the old Gospel. Especial reference was made to the tent work and open-air preaching. Pastors Sanford and Scott each have licenses from the Mayor, and are seeking to carry the Gospel to the non-church-going multitudes.

Torrey and Alexander in Canada

THE Torrey-Alexander campaign has opened at Ottawa amid great enthusiasm, and with many thousands attending the opening services. The meetings are held in Dey's Rink, a big auditorium capable of accommodating about 6,000 people. The structure was packed to the doors, with many standing, and numbers turned away.

For months the city has been preparing for the coming of the evangelists. Many union prayer meetings have been held, while consecrated individuals have striven with God for a mighty outpouring of his Spirit upon the city during the meetings.

Dr. Torrey's opening sermon was on soul-winning. He declared that soul-winning was the one thing worth living for, and should be the business of every Christian. He said in part:

"I was standing, two years ago, in an audience across the water, and down in the audience was the son of one of the crowned heads of Europe, a most devoted Christian, one of the loveliest Christians I know. As I looked out upon that audience I looked down upon that friend of mine, the prince, and I said, 'I would rather be a preacher of the Gospel and a soul-winner than to occupy any throne in Europe.' He looked up at me, and his face was fairly radiant, and he bowed his head as much as to say, 'I would, too,'—in fact, he practically resigned his claims to the throne to preach the Gospel. Wise man! Oh, to win souls is everything. To win the honor and wealth of the world, so fleeting, so transient so unreal, is nothing.

"Every Christian should make soul-winning the business of life, because that is the work that brings the most abundant reward. There is one verse I would like to sink into your heart, Daniel 12: 3, 'They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever.' A great many people want to shine down here. It isn't worth while. Oh, but it does pay to shine up there. There is only one way to shine up there. We couldn't most of us shine down here if we wanted to. Anyone of us can shine up there. 'They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever.' Will you do it? Will you go out of this building to make soul-winning the business of your life?"

Among those present at the services was a party from the home of Earl Grey, Governor General of Canada, which included Lady Sybil Grey. The Governor-General is greatly interested in the meetings.

The first week of the campaign in Ottawa has stirred the city deeply. The whole community is astonished at the great multitudes which gather night after night to listen to the evangelists. One afternoon and evening, 14,000 assembled at Dey's Rink. That day's record of those who publicly confessed Christ was over 300.

The meeting in the afternoon was a service for boys and girls. Between 7,000 and 8,000 boys and girls and older people were present. More people were in attendance than at any meeting the evangelists have held since their return from Europe. A beautiful feature of the meeting was the singing of the "Sunbeam Choir" of 500 boys and girls, which had been well trained by Mr. Charles H. Cooke, a full-blooded Indian. An older choir, comprising about 500 voices, was seated at one side of the building, and a third choir of about 100 voices, from Toronto, was also in attendance. This made a grand choir of over 1,000 voices, and the singing will long be remembered by those who were present.

Dr. Torrey talked to the boys and girls on "What a Child Can Do." Before the meeting closed, nearly 250 of the young people had come down to the front to accept Christ. Revival trains are run in connection with the work in Ottawa, bringing hundreds of excursionists from outlying towns as far as Pembroke, 100 miles away.

Dr. Torrey declares that there have been more converts here in Ottawa during the first week, than there were in the corresponding period in Toronto, Philadelphia, or Atlanta. They include all ages and classes, from a little lad of six, who accepted Christ at the children's meeting, to a lady of title.

The converts are setting to work to win others. One lad who gave his heart to God Saturday afternoon, brought three others the same evening, and seven next day, making a total of ten won to Christ before he was twenty-four hours old in the Christian life. A milkman who was converted at the meetings led his assistant to Christ as they rode along in the wagon delivering milk to customers. A motorman whom a worker led to Christ on the front end of a street car, led his wife up to the front at the meeting last night. Boy workers carry their Testaments in their pockets, and several prayer circles have been organized. GEO. T. B. DAVIS.

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"I cried out in alarm, 'Quit drinking coffee! why, 'What will I drink?'
"Try Postum,' said the doctor, 'I drink it and you will like it when it is made according to directions, with cream, for it is delicious and has none of the bad effects coffee has.'
"Well that was two years ago and I am still drinking Postum. My stomach is right again and I know Doctor hit the nail on the head when he decided coffee was the cause of all my trouble. I only wish I had quit it years ago and drank Postum in its place." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.
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DEVELOPMENTS AT PINEHURST

The New and Popular Suburb of Atlantic City (ELEVEN MINUTES FROM THE BOARDWALK OF THE MAIN LINE OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD) Has Greatly Increased Its Real Estate Values Within the Past Few Months

Expansion of Atlantic City

The rapid growth of Atlantic City has had few parallels in the real estate history of this country.

Within a few years a barren island has been transformed into a cosmopolitan city, with an average population of 250,000. Real estate values have increased 800 per cent. in 12 years, now aggregating $92,000,000.00.

This rapid growth has made many rich. Here are a few of the many instances—

A lot 50 x 100 ft. that cost $700 was sold recently for $50,000.

A property that cost $6,000 five years ago was sold recently for $150,000.

A property taken in exchange for a debt of $800 is now worth at least half a million.

A quarter of a square originally traded for a cow worth $15 is now selling at $125 per front foot.

But Atlantic City has outgrown the boundaries of the island on which it stands (barely ¾ of a mile wide) and is expanding steadily on the mainland opposite, along the line of the railroads and the trolleys.

BEACH SCENE, ATLANTIC CITY, 11 MINUTES FROM PINEHURST

Trolleys Must Pass Through Pinehurst

The tract being developed by this Company commands the principal approach to Atlantic City, and occupies the best building land anywhere within reasonable distance of the resort. It is worthy of careful thought that nearly **one-half of Pinehurst has been sold to Atlantic City residents.**

Situated on high upland, eighty feet above Atlantic City, Pinehurst offers advantages possessed by few other points near the shore. It is well wooded with pine and oak that is left standing on the properties for residential purposes. The land is being sold to those who will erect handsome dwellings, with ample grounds.

The streets are all fifty feet wide; the drainage and water service are of the highest character. All improvements are at the expense of the Company. A handsome park has been laid out, and there is a fine fresh water lake near by. The town site is traversed by one of the finest automobile roads in the world, connecting directly by the new $200,000 Boulevard with Atlantic City.

Read What Investors Say

MAYOR FRANKLIN P. STOY, ATLANTIC CITY, SAYS:

Several months ago I purchased from the Atlantic City Estate Company several lots at Pleasantville Terrace, which to my satisfaction have been a good and substantial investment.

Since success has been fully assured in this lovely suburb, I have purchased a small block in the Pinehurst tract, which is operated by the same company, and which bids fair to equal in value all of the suburban building locations near the large cities.—Sincerely yours, (Signed) F. P. STOY,
Jan. 9, 1906. Mayor of Atlantic City, N. J.

TWO HOTELS GOING UP AT PINEHURST.

As a hotel man I am naturally interested in real estate, and when my attention was called to the property of the Atlantic City Estate Company known as Pinehurst, I was convinced that the rapid growth of Atlantic City and the high price of real estate there was destined to make lots at Pinehurst a very desirable investment. Upon further examination, I purchased two entire blocks at Pinehurst, and will erect a hotel there soon.

I feel that I am fortunate in securing such a desirable location at Pinehurst, as I find that Atlantic City people are daily becoming more alive to the fact that this property has a great future.—Very truly yours, (Signed) WM. J. STORCK.
Jan. 6, 1906. Atlantic City, N. J.

I have bought one whole block of ground in Pinehurst. I have been on the ground, and was so impressed with the location that I gave orders at once to fell trees and prepare for building a hotel at the earliest possible opportunity. It is most convenient to that world-famous Atlantic City. I will cheerfully answer all letters in reference to Pinehurst.—Very truly yours, (Signed) MRS. LOUISA TAYLOR.
Jan. 4, 1906. Atlantic City, N. J.

TROLLEY BUILDING.

Not only is the Pennsylvania Railroad spending large sums to electrify (by third rail system) its suburban service around Atlantic City, but the Reading Railroad has also announced the expenditure of five million dollars for the same purpose in the near future. The bonds have been recently issued for the completion of the through trolley line between Camden and Atlantic City. The advent of the trolley at Pinehurst within a short time is certain to result in another jump of prices and to mean a rapid increase of building and population.

PINEHURST DEVELOPMENT

New Suburb is Proving Popular Place of Investment for Many People.

Pinehurst property is being sold rapidly to investors and people who want residential sites in the new suburb of Atlantic City. The Pinehurst tract is only eleven minutes from Atlantic City, by Pennsylvania Railroad, and its values are steadily increasing. A liberal plan of development gives equal advantages to all purchasers, and just at this time, and for a limited period only, special prices are being quoted on the lots which are yet unsold.

During the past few mohths, there have been a large number of properties sold. The properties have been sold under restrictions, which will make it one of the most desirable residential suburbs in Atlantic County. In a very short time the completion of the trolley road system will add to the value of the property holdings in this new suburb.

—Atlantic City Review, May 10, 1906.

Mr. W. F. Townsend, Manager of the Atlantic City Review, bought 42 lots.

Begin to Build Your Fortune with a Dollar

Our liberal plan of Partial Payments enables both large and small investors to reap the advantage of increase of values on equal terms. There are still some excellent locations available at Pinehurst on the following terms—scheduled prices, however, being subject to advance at any time

Weekly payments may be combined in one monthly amount.

We will allow you a discount of 5 per cent. for all cash.

If you die before lots are paid for, we issue free deed to your heirs without further payments. A form of life insurance everyone may have.

We assure successful development by helping lot owners to build, refunding half the purchase price of lots to those who will build within the year. We also loan you money to build. Building plans free.

Title guaranteed by the Integrity Title Insurance and Trust Company of Philadelphia.

1 LOT	. . $ 30	$1 DOWN AND $1 WEEKLY
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4 LOTS	. . $105	$4 DOWN AND $2 WEEKLY
5 LOTS	. . $130	$5 DOWN AND $2 WEEKLY

If you have found it hard to save and invest a portion of your income, our system of easy payments will help you form this most desirable habit.

Owning a piece of real estate is a most important step towards success in life.

An investment at Pinehurst combines absolute safety with certain profit.

Better decide to act at once—to-day—to lay the foundation on which most of the greatest fortunes were built—real estate. Write at once for illustrated printed matter or, better still, fill in the attached coupon and send with $1. This will reserve one to five lots until you can investigate.

If not exactly as represented your dollar will be promptly refunded.

In order to make sure of some of the best locations reserved for this closing sale, better fill out and mail the coupon to-day.

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

SEE PAGE 539

PREACHING CHRIST ON THE CITY HALL STEPS, NEW YORK

OUR MAIL-BAG

Questions and Answers

Letters for this department must contain name and address of the sender—not for publication, but as evidence of genuineness and good faith. Where an answer by mail is desired, ten cents in postage stamps must be forwarded by the writers, with full address.

Mrs. R. R. M., Wewoka, I. T. "Let not your good be evil spoken of." Where in the Bible is the above sentence found, and what is the meaning of it?

Paul was speaking of the freedom and liberty which the Christians were privileged to enjoy with regard to Jewish meats, holy days, etc., and he wished them not to abuse that liberty (or good) so that their actions might become a stumbling-block to others and give rise to adverse comment.

Essie M., Yonkers, N. Y. Is Carmen Sylva, Queen of Roumania, a musical composer, as well as author?

Yes; she is a ruler of varied gifts. A correspondent writes, "She is a musician, and in her youth was something of a singer. Praised by courtiers, she almost thought herself a second Patti. She visited in strict incognita, a celebrated French singing master. He listened to her rendering of a song, and then said: "You have, madame, no voice at all, though much musical feeling. I could train you for the opera, but, to be candid, you haven't a face worth anything." Her Majesty is said to have been naturally disappointed, but did not disclose her identity; and it was only after some little while that the maestro learned he had been unwittingly criticising the Queen.

P. E. N., Lakeside, O. Was Herodias married to King Herod?

She first married Herod, surnamed Philip, a son of Mariamne, and therefore her uncle. Then she left him to marry Herod Antipas, her step-uncle, who had already a wife. There was no question of marriage, in the sacred sense, of course; all the circumstances in the case were immoral. It was this crime and its reproof which brought her enmity upon John the Baptist.

Reader, Indianapolis, Ind. Who was the first white man known to have traversed the present territory of the State of Indiana?

Robert Cavalier de La Salle and Henry Tonti, with thirty-three men, ascended the St. Joseph River to the site of South Bend, in December, 1679. From that point they went by portage to the Kankakee and down the Illinois River.

Subscriber, Berne, Ind. 1. Is immersion the only true baptism? 2. Is foot washing a duty in these days? 3. Is it right to belong to a denomination, or should we consider sects a sin? Answer in your next issue, and answer according to the Word of God.

1. If we could answer, and that according to the Word of God, as you direct, we would be able to remove a question that has been in dispute for more than two centuries. Who are we, that we should decide, where men of eminence, piety, and learning, disagree? You have the Word of God. Read it and form your own opinion. 2. Foot-washing according to our opinion, was used by our Lord as an illustration of service. It was usually assigned to the most menial servants. He intimated by his remarks and his example, that his followers should take the lowest place and be ready to do the most menial tasks to serve another. If it was the custom to wash the feet of a guest now, the Christian might do it as Christ did. In these days, we think, the spirit of the command is obeyed better by doing other kinds of service, which are more useful. You may get a man a position, or help him to pay his rent, and in that way serve him better than in washing his feet. 3. You should confess Christ by becoming a member of his church, and should select a branch of it that seems to you nearest to the Word of God. The sects are merely divisions of the great unity of his Church.

S. L., Kewanee, Ill., sends these lines:

There is a little sentence
Worth its weight in gold,
Easy to remember,
Easy to be told.
Changing into blessing,
Every curse we meet,
Turning hell to heaven,
This is all—"Keep Sweet!"

J. W. A. Morristown, N. J. The assertion that "Nobody is afraid of God now," is attributed to Dr. R. W. Dale, of Birmingham, England. Can it be possible that a clergymen so able and pious as he uttered such an expression?

We have never heard or seen such an expression by Dr. Dale, but we can easily believe that he used it. He was a man of intense reverence, with a high idea of God's majesty and authority. It grieved him exceedingly that men of this day were losing their reverence for him. In his famous work on the Ten Commandments, he says: "We all confess that God is the moral Ruler of our race, but the confession is lightly made, and does not come from the depths of our moral and religious nature. . . . Fichte was right in saying men now think that the only necessity for a God is that he may look after our interests." Dr. Dale was indignant at this strange characteristic which affects even the pulpit. There was real ground for it. One of our own prominent preachers said recently: "The chief end of God is to serve men." A remark which showed his irreverence as well as his ignorance. Dr. Dale's remark which you quote, was clearly due to his deploring this attitude.

S. Y., Bernardston, Mass. How many large battles were fought in the civil war in England, between 1642 and 1660, and how many were won by the royalists?

There were thirty-one engagements, besides innumerable small skirmishes, and sieges of cities and towns. Eleven battles were won by the royalists.

M. J. D., New Brunswiek, Can. 1. What did our Lord mean by saying (Matt. 16:28): "There be some standing here who shall not taste death till they see the Son of man coming in his kingdom"? 2. Where is Oban?

1. Clearly Jesus was not referring to his second coming, because, as he had explicitly admitted, he did not know when that would be (Mark 13:32). Both Mark and Luke, in reporting the same discourse, show more clearly than Matthew, that Jesus had passed to another subject here, while Matthew puts this and the preceding verse together, as if they dealt with the same topic. It is probable that the coming here referred to was that spiritual coming, which, beginning at Pentecost, has been going on to the present time. 2. Oban is a seaport on the west coast of Argyllshire, Scotland.

Subscriber, New Haven, Conn. In your issue of a week ago, you spoke of three converts to the Protestants from the Roman Catholic. It put me in mind of what I have thought of for sometime, *i. e.*, the way the Catholic Church has of getting converts, namely, Catholic girls marrying Protestant men, by that means the Catholic Church gets the children, and sometimes the men. I know of quite a number (four in my neighborhood), having twenty children. The Catholics get those and the Protestants lose the men, for they are at least passive.

To be "unequally yoked" in a religious sense, is almost certain to lead to bitter sorrow later. As a rule, the children follow the mother's religion.

F. B., Hinckley, Minn. 1. Of what disease did George Washington die? 2. Should a true Christian practice hypnotism?

1. On Dec. 12, 1799, he was exposed in the saddle for several hours to cold and snow, and as a result attacked with acute laryngitis. He was bled repeatedly as a remedy, but sank rapidly and died Dec. 14. Doubtless the bleeding was as much a factor in his death as the original trouble. 2. We believe not. The other question sent should be referred to a professor of physics, as we have no information in regard to it.

W. G., Weston-Super-Mare, Eng. Is it not the fact that the expression in John 1: 1, "the Word was God" is a mistranslation? The omission of the article before the word God in that phrase qualifies the statement, and would indicate as the proper translation, the "Word was divine."

The suggestion is an old one, but has not been adopted by the Revisers. An eminent scholar also suggests the alternative translation: "The Word was with the Father and the Word was God," but neither has this commended itself to the translators. It would appear that John's meaning was that God, as pure spirit, could not communicate with man. The Word was an expression of himself to men. As the thoughts of a man are not known until he speaks, and as his utterance is in a sense himself, as Milton and Shakespeare are known to us by what they said or wrote, and their works are to us as the men themselves, so John represents the Word as being actually God. The expression in Hebrews 1: 3, "The express image of his person," conveys an idea of what John meant. The phrase indicates in both cases an acquaintance with the mystical philosophy of Alexandria, in which Ephesus was steeped. It would be plain to their readers, as meaning, as Weiss says, "not a single word, but as one that from eternity has gone out from God."

M. J. H., Chester, Ill. I am an old woman, a Christian since my youth, and have always lived a Christian life, but have not the gift of fluent utterance, as some have. Will God accept my humble service, though silent, the same as though I could speak and pray fluently?

We believe he will accept the sincere service of any heart, no matter how simple and unostentatious it may be. All are not gifted alike. Of those to whom much is given, much will be required.

The Picturesque Tungus Indians of Alaska

THE Tungus Indians of upper Alaska are the most interesting members of the large Esquimau family. While it is popularly supposed that the Esquimaux are descendants of Mongolians from Northern Asia, the Tungus have more Oriental characteristics than other Alaskan tribes. Some of the Tungus are still found in Siberia. The dress, it will be noticed, is quite Oriental in its ornamentation. They are hunters and fishers, and also, with the Koryak Indians, the greatest raisers of reindeer in the world. The photograph published in this issue is the first one ever taken of any members of the Tungus tribe.

From a friend in Wellesley, Mass., Mr. C. B. Dana, we have the following from a letter he lately received from Dr. Kaku Sudo, a young Japanese woman, now in West Camden, Oneida County, N. Y. It shows what a brave, sympathetic woman can accomplish even under difficulties:

I took THE CHRISTIAN HERALD around with me when I went to collect funds for our famine sufferers. I had decided to go around and beg from house to house. When I started, I did not expect to get more than $10 or $15, but I collected $41.70, and I sent it to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Very few people refused to give anything at all. The smallest sum was ten cents. It has been a great many days' hard work, as the houses are so far apart and as I could not spend much time away from the house.

L. C. J., Clear Lake, South Dakota. What is meant by the centre of population in the United States, and where is it located at present?

By the census every ten years the statisticians are able to tell, when the population has been arranged, where its centre has been for the preceding ten years. In 1790 it was twenty-three miles east of Baltimore, Md. In 1900 it was six miles southeast of Columbus, Ind. As the greater growth in population has been in the East, it will probably not reach the geographical centre of the United States for some time.

J. H. S., Beaver Falls, Pa. According to the Bible, Methuselah begat Lamech, and lived 782 years thereafter. Lamech lived 182 years, and begat Noah. Noah was 600 years old when the Flood occurred; was Methuselah drowned?

No; he died B.C. 2516, only a few months before the flood. (See Gen. 5:27).

Miscellaneous

Reader, Fitchburg, Mass. Jack London's works are published by the Macmillan Co., New York.

Mrs. S. L. R., Lakeland, Fla. 1. We don't know the verses. 2. The "hope and expectation" of all Christians is the second coming of Christ.

Uncle Jimmie, Eddyville, Neb. There is no record of the first pulpit. The pulpit, dais, or platform for speaking has been in use since immemorial days.

Aug. Olsen, Concordia, Kan. We have read statements to the effect that certain kinds of idols are manufactured in New York and in several European cities for export to the East, but we have no data on the subject.

J. W. H., Virginia. God selected woman as man's helpmeet and companion, and although, even in the early days, some indulged in a plurality of wives, there is nowhere Scriptural warrant for it. Under the Christian dispensation polygamy is distinctly condemned, both by the utterances of Christ and his apostles.

T. H. J., Montana. 1. Theosophy (which means "divine wisdom"), is a pseudo-science, and is quite distinct from philosophy or theology. It claims to deal with the infinite wholly, through intuition and contemplation, and to receive direct communications from God himself. It is simply mysticism. It has existed from very early times. 2. "Sleepy Hollow" is near Tarrytown, N. Y. 3. Any statements concerning the presence of dumb animals in heaven are purely speculative.

NEW YORK, JULY 11, 1906

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

Weaving Cotton Cloth

A Chinese Freight Car (goes 30 miles a day)

A Travelling Apothecary

OUR ORPHAN WORK IN CHINA

IN the vast mission field of China—the greatest in the world to-day—there is no department of Christian effort more promising or which is yielding better results for the labor expended than the work among the native orphans. At the close of the great visitation of plague and famine, several years ago, our missionaries found themselves burdened with a new responsibility. In a number of provinces where the suffering had been most severe, hundreds of poor families were completely wiped out by death, while others were reduced to two or three members, mostly children.

These helpless little creatures were taken by relatives or strangers to the missionaries, and many of the latter soon found themselves in the difficult position of having to support a large family of orphan waifs, for whom they had no provision beyond the regular mission stipend. They struggled bravely to "keep house" on a lean purse and a scanty larder; but the time soon arrived when they were obliged to ask friends in the homeland to come to their assistance.

It was at this juncture that the appeal was made to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, whose proprietor, after due investigation, undertook, in behalf of the readers of this journal, to aid in the orphan work. Remittances were forwarded to those missionaries who were in most urgent need of aid, and the work at a number of stations is now on a substantial footing and gives promise of excellent results, both spiritual and industrial. It is a grand thing to have the opportunity to win these little heathen waifs for Christ. Taken into the mission home in childhood they will be educated and trained in some self-supporting industry, and they will also be taught the Gospel of Jesus, the Friend of all little children. At some future day, many of these friendless little boys and girls will doubtless become Gospel messengers to their own people. Thus the good work of child-redemption will multiply itself tenfold, as it is even now doing in India, where many of the famine orphans have become Bible readers, teachers, and evangelists.

STATION.	MISSIONARY.	NO. OF ORPHANS.
Hsian,	V. L. Nordlund,	15
Ingkiausi,	Miss M. Anderson,	6
Lantien,	W. Englund,	12
Hsing-ping,	S. Bergstrom,	13
Wukong,	Miss Ch. Anderson,	8
L'Chuan,	V. Remius,	6
Chin-Chow,	C. J. Jensen,	3
Pinchow,	Ph. Nelson,	3
Long-chu-tan,	Ch. Watsaas	1
Ching-Chow,	Miss H. Lundvall,	5
Chong-sin,	F. Gustafson,	3
Chen-uen,	Miss Eliz. Petterson,	10
Ping-ling,	D. Tornvall,	12
		97

Little Applicants for Adoption at the Hinghua Orphanage

Rev. W. Hagqvist, of Hsian, in the Province of Shensi, was one of the first missionaries to take up the orphan work. In this province there are Lutheran, Baptist, Methodist, and Congregational Mission stations. All are conducted on undenominational lines, however, as far as their practical work among the natives is concerned. Mr. Hagqvist, in a recent letter, states that ninety-seven orphans are now being cared for by his Mission at the following stations:

Mr. Hagqvist writes that wholesome food and care are making a remarkable change in the children. There are signs, too, of mental and spiritual development, which is greatly encouraging the workers. "Some of the children have already become real and honest Christians," he adds. "All are receiving instruction, and on the whole are doing well. The missionaries feel very thankful to the dear friends in America for all they have done, and are doing, for the work out here," his letter concludes, "and we hope that you will especially remember us in the trying time we are just now passing through."

Besides the foregoing, there is a growing orphan work at Wuhu, under the Rev. C. Z. Beals; at Lo-Ting (Canton), under Miss Christopherson; at Nanking, under G. H. Malone, and at Chingking, where Rev. J. F. Peat is the missionary in charge.

Thus, from every point where the orphan work has begun in China, it is affording the missionaries reason for the confident hope that in the near future these children may be used as a powerful aid in bringing that heathen land and its people into the light.

Some of the letters from our China missionaries, from which extracts are given below, supply interesting details of the orphan work. Mrs. Elizabeth F. Brewster, of Hinghua (Fukhien province), writes:

"The idea of an orphanage in China has usually been a refuge for cast-out baby girls. But our first orphans were two children from the leper village. They had been living with their leper mother. One was her own son, born after she became a leper, but she had given him to a well nurse to care for, until he was weaned; then he had gone back to the leper village. The other child was a girl, born into a family so unwelcome that they gave her to a pedler. Little did these heartless parents, while they lived, care into whose hands she might fall, so that they might be well rid of her. This leper woman paid sixty cents for the girl-baby to raise as a future wife for her little son. They were ten years old at the time we took them away from the village. They had no sign of the disease, and have had no evident taint since then. The girl died from pneumonia, as she was developing into a beautiful young woman. The boy is in our Theological School, and will soon enter the ministry. Our next protege was a fatherless Christian boy. His ignorant mother was about to sell him to a theatre company. He graduated with honor last year from one of our colleges, and he will this year teach in our college.

"After Bishop McCabe gave his gift for buildings, other children came—blind baby-girls and orphan boys and girls. In 1901, when the present superintendent was appointed, there were sixteen orphans. That year, it was considered a special calamity to have a baby girl. They were left at our gate, they were picked up by Christians from the roadside. Also more blind and

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THE
AMERICAN PULPIT

SERMON BY

Rev. Chas. E. Jefferson, D.D.*

Christ the World's Refuge

TEXT—ISAIAH 32 : 2

"And a man shall be as a hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest"

THE prophet is looking into the future. His country has been passing through troubled times. Politicians of his day are all divided. Some wish to form an alliance with Assyria, the great empire to the north; and others want to form an alliance with Egypt, the great empire to the south. The nation is felt to be in danger, for a great wind is blowing, blowing the sand of the desert over the fertility of Palestine, stunting the herbage and choking out the flowers. Israel is in a sad condition. The land is filled with sorrow and fraud and woe. The whole body politic is sick, and there is no soundness in it. It is a mass of wounds and bruises and putrefying sores. A tempest of iniquity is beating upon the nation, until all godliness seems to be in danger of being submerged. But the prophet is not utterly cast down. Like all true men in dark times he turns his face toward the future. He finds deliverance there.

It is worth noting that he does not turn to Assyria in the north. He is not enamored of her military cohorts and her enginery of war. Assyria will never protect Israel. Nor does he turn toward the south. Egypt possesses the garnered wisdom of the centuries. She is the leader in science and thought. But out of Egypt will come no deliverance for Israel. Isaiah is looking for protection and inspiration, but he does not find them in empires, in institutions, in principles, he finds them in personality, in character, in soul. "A man shall be as a hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest." Let us think this morning about the power of character.

A Restless Time

The subject is timely, for our day is not unlike the day of Isaiah. There is a tumult in human life and a fever in the pulses of men. Deadly, pestilential forces are sweeping across the land and men everywhere are restless and troubled. The politicians of our day do not agree, and many of them feel that it is time to make some sort of alliance. Some say, let us ally ourselves with England, others with Japan, and still others with Russia. It is strange that in these recent years the idea should have become current that the great Republic of the West must lean upon somebody's arm if she is to walk serene and secure across the troubled years of the twentieth century. There are others who are attracted by the military equipment of Assyria. They would multiply the torpedo boats, the battleships, the armored cruisers because the wind is blowing, and who knows but that the ship of state may be battered to pieces on the rocks.

There is a tempest raging. The times are out of joint. There is dishonesty, and greed, and selfishness, and lawlessness, and prejudice, and hatred everywhere. It is a day of panaceas and solutions. Every year some new prophet presents himself, saying with bland assurance: "I will tell you how to get out of this—I will point the way to the promised land. The nation is sick, it is a mass of wounds, but I have a salve. It is a mass of bruises, but I have a balm. It is a mass of putrefying sores, but my remedy will work a cure." The politicians and the doctors do not agree. Is it not time for us to come back to Isaiah's remedy and find protection and medicament in nothing less than the character of man!

Disappointing Remedies

It is pathetic, the persistency with which humanity has looked toward institutions and principles for the fountains at which it was to drink, in order to find refreshment for its work. A hundred years ago and more there was a great joy in the hearts of men. It seemed as though the age-long cruelties and tyrannies had at last come to an end. America had thrown off the despotism of George III; and, a little later, France had trampled into the dust of the streets of Paris royalty and the aristocracy, and a bright vision lay before the world. From time immemorial the people had groaned and suffered, but now their sufferings were to be ended. Tyranny had at last been stabbed to the heart, despotism could no more trouble or make afraid. The golden age had dawned, and there was nothing to do but to go on and possess the blessings which were now full in sight. A hundred years have come and gone, a hundred troubled years, and on both sides the sea men are becoming suspicious of democracy. It is surprising how many criticisms have been urged against the Declaration of Independence within the last quarter of a century. For many years it was supposed to be above all criticism. Men are falling upon the Constitution and pointing out all sorts of defects in it. Some of its critics trample it beneath their feet. The most careful thinkers have come to see that James Russell Lowell was right, when he said that democracy is nothing but an experiment, and that nobody knows yet how the experiment is coming out. Men everywhere are fearing that the demos—the common people—of whose glorious works prophets for centuries had spoken, may possibly become one of the most terrible of all the beasts that have ever devoured the higher interests of man.

Science not the Panacea

Seventy-five years ago science began to work her wonders, and the hearts of people everywhere danced with joy. The mastery over nature was so surprising and so compelling, it seemed as though all the enemies of mankind would speedily be overwhelmed. Light and steam and electricity came like so many servants, and bowed their necks ready to do man's bidding. What a joy there was in those earlier days! What fun it was to press a button and talk with somebody thousands of miles away! What a thrill it gave us to be riding no longer in the old stage-coach that lumbered along at the rate of forty miles a day, but in the palace car at the rate of fifty miles an hour! We were as happy and hilarious as children are over their new toys at Christmas. It seemed as though the ages of darkness were all behind, and that henceforth forever all the nations would walk in glory. But a sad disillusionment is coming on the world. The golden age has not yet dawned, the promised land is far away.

As the result of our mastery over the forces of nature we have created colossal cities, and when men tell us that the cities are going to dominate the land, we hold our breath and feel that we are doomed. We have built our cities by means of steam and electricity, but steam and elecricity cannot control them. We have built our corporations greater and greater, and now they are so vast that we cannot curb them. We have piled up our wealth into mountainous heaps, but we have not the strength to use the gold. We have mountains of gold, but few men strong enough to be trusted near the mountains. We have elaborated our machinery in the most marvelous ways, but the whole fabric threatens to break down because we have not men strong enough to control it.

Character the Essential Thing

Little by little it is becoming clear that the one thing essential in civilization is the power of character. It is an interesting thing for a man to press a button and talk to people a thousand miles away, but the matter of supreme importance is what kind of a man it is who is doing the talking. It is interesting to see people dashing through space at fifty miles an hour, but the matter of supreme importance is what sort of people is it who are riding, What matters it whether we have gold or not if we cannot use it? What matters it how many inventions we have if they are going to grind us to powder? We have tried an alliance with principles, we have tried an alliance with the cosmic forces, the time is coming for us to try an alliance with character. Science has tried her million electric lights, giving us the best substitute for the light of the sun which the world has ever had, and the immediate effect is to show us that all the cosmic forces and the forces of institutions and the forces of ideas are nothing unless along with these you have tall statured, stout-hearted sons of God, who will be a hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest. Electricity cannot dispel our darkness, it is man who is the candle of the Lord, and by the light of his illuminated soul the nations are to walk into a golden age.

The world is coming, therefore, to place all the emphasis on man. For the last fifty years biology—the science of life—has been the queen of the sciences. For the next fifty years the queen of the sciences will be psychology, the science of the soul. The world rises or falls with the rise or fall of the soul. Jesus was right when he said, "Out of the heart of man proceed"—he named a long list of devils. Out of the heart have come all the demons by which humanity has ever been plagued. Humanity is not hurt by fire or by water, by earthquakes or volcanoes. Harm does not come out of the clouds or out of the sea; it comes out of the heart of man. From his heart have flowed the lava streams which have scorched the flowers of paradise and buried homes in the burning flood of death. Out of the deep chambers of the soul have come the demons by which men and women have been tortured and empires torn to pieces.

And if out of the heart all the evil has come, so out of the heart has come all the good. The blessings have never come out of the soil, nor out of the clouds, nor out of the sea. The best things have come out of the heart: compassion and pity and mercy, and beneficence and patience—these angels from heaven have come into the world through the heart of man. There is nothing in this world great but man, and nothing great in man but mind. There is nothing so high as the mind, it reaches even to God. There is nothing so deep as the heart, it reaches down into the heart of the Eternal. There is nothing so great as the soul, it bears the image of Deity. Paul was right when he said that the whole creation groans and travails in pain until now, waiting for the manifestation of the sons of God. Modern civilization is driving us forward to Isaiah's position. We must confess that it is a man that is to be the hiding place from the tempest.

The Divine Ideal

What kind of a man does our new civilization demand? First of all a man of strength. We are moving with tremendous rapidity, and the more rapid the rate the greater is the strength needed. One grade of man can drive a cart horse, it takes a man of a higher grade to drive a team of fiery steeds. The larger the responsibility and burdens, the stronger must be the back which bears them. There is danger of our entire system breaking down because men are not strong enough to endure the tremendous strain. The man of to-day must be a sympathetic man. We are crowded closer and closer together, society becomes increasingly complicated, the bands of union are multiplied and strengthened. No man can meet the needs of our day who is not filled with the milk of human kindness. In the third place he must be a self-sacrificing man. He must be his brother's keeper. He must lay down his life for his brethren. By no other sort of man is it possible for us to be saved.

But in sketching the features of this ideal man I have simply given you a picture of Jesus. He is the kind of man who is to be a hiding place from the wind and a covert from the tempest. It is not poetry but simple fact: "Rock of Ages, cleft for me! Let me hide myself in thee." What will save the business world from the present dangers? We hear much about brutal competition. We are told about the unspeakable cruelty and heartlessness of the world of trade, weak men being pushed mercilessly to the wall, strong men receiving almost all the profits and honors. Men are finding fault with the principle of competition. They say it is the principle that belongs to the infernal regions, not to the earth. "Give us the socialistic principle rather than the competitive principle," many men are crying, "and then all will be well." But it is not a principle,

It is a Man

which is to be a hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest. The trouble in the business world is not with the principle but with the men. The competitive principle is a beneficent principle if it is made use of by Christlike men, but in the hands of selfish men and men without sympathy, it works consequences which are altogether disastrous. What will save the commercial world? Christian character.

There is great commotion in the labor world: Hate and violence, wars and rumors of wars, tumults and overturnings. There are those who feel that the supreme danger of the coming years is to be looked for in this

* Preached in the Broadway Tabernacle, New York.

direction. What can be done with these vast aggregations of men imbued with wrong ideas, and determined to obtain what they want at all hazards and all costs. What shall protect us from this drift? What shall save us from this tempest? Nothing can save us but Christ-like character in the men who stand at the head of the unions. Let the leaders of labor be men who have the mind of Jesus, and the future is secure. But if the hosts of labor are led by demagogues and brigands, men devoid of the sense of justice and with no desire to do right, then it may be that the republic will be pulled down in ruin on our heads. What will save the world of labor? Nothing but Christian character.

Hope for the Cities

What will save the city? All of our cities are growing, and we are told repeatedly that the time is soon coming when the entire country will be dominated by them. When we are told this, we feel like men who have been told their doom. But is there no salvation for the city? Yes. A man shall be the hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest. Broken men come to the city—but if we had here men of compassion all would be well. Ambitious men, too alert to stay in the sleepy little town in which they were born, come riding into the city, and under the wheels of their chariot many lovely things are ground to powder. But if we had strong men in the city, the ambitious men could be curbed. Lonely men and women are coming to the city, defeated and routed in the great battle of life—they come here to cover up their humiliation and defeat. If we had brotherly men in the city, lonely hearted men would find a hiding-place from the wind and a covert from the tempest. Selfish men are coming to the city, men who think of themselves only, and who come to the city simply to find a larger arena in which to exercise their prowess. But if we had in the city self-sacrifing men who put humanity first and themselves last, selfish men could be easily overthrown. There is not an evil in any great city that cannot be conquered by manhood.

And what is the salvation of the Christian Church? It is far from being the ideal church. How can we increase its efficiency and multiply its power? "Let us enrich the service—this will increase the congregations and extend the sway of the church's influence." "Let us change the policy of the church. Let us give the laity new prominence and place." One man says one thing, another man says another, but Isaiah has the solution of all our church problems: "A man shall be as a hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest."

The enrichment of the service is a plausible device and one which promises large returns, but one which has always ended in disappointment. There came a time in the church's history when it began to decline and spirituality was at a low ebb, and the leaders of the church said: "Let us enrich the service." The number of ceremonies was increased, the great altar was enlarged, the number of candles was multiplied, the robes of the priests were made resplendent. And when at last the great altar was blazing with lights, and the order of worship had been lifted to its very highest splendor, a man in Germany arose and began to preach—and Europe turned away from the altar to listen to the man. That is what the world will always do. Ceremony is not a hiding place from the wind or a covert from the tempest.

In every crisis of the world's history the church has been saved by a man. The apostolic church was in possession of none of the ordinary instruments of power. It had no church edifices, no property, little wealth, and no prestige. Its members were for the most part from the lower classes. Its leaders were obscure. It had no wealth, or learning, or social influence, and yet it turned the world upside down, and it did this simply because it had men. They were men who had been with Jesus. The cause of Christ entering the arena to fight against the opposition of the marshaled world found that a man was the hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest.

Jesus the Source of Power

There is in our day wide-spread doubt and scepticism, a thousand forces are arrayed against religion, and many a man looking into the face of the storm finds his heart sinking within him. What will save Christianity from ignominious overthrow, from total extinction? A man. Confucianism is doomed, because she has no ideal man. She has ethical precepts, but no man. Buddhism is doomed, because she has no ideal man. She has verses of poetry, but no ideal man. Zoroastrinism is doomed, because she has no ideal man. She has a few great principles but no man. Mohammedanism is doomed, because she has no ideal man. She has many instruments of power, but she lacks the one thing essential. Christianity has breasted the storms of 1900 years, and will face victoriously all the storms that will ever beat or blow because she possesses Jesus of Nazareth, a man who in every land and time will be a hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest.

We have grown familiar in these recent days with the expression: "Great World Powers." What are great world powers? What is the mightiest power under heaven? Only a little while ago men were impressed with the power of gunpowder; but a combination of chemicals was found to possess power sufficient to blow the hardest rocks to atoms—dynamite. And now there is none found so poor as to do gunpowder reverence. The glory of the first chemical vanished in the glory of the new explosive. And now the scientists have found a new chemical—radium—millions of times mightier than dynamite. A single ounce of it will lift ten thousand tons a mile. Twenty-two ounces of it will carry a twelve thousand ton ship over as many miles of ocean as six thousand tons of coal. But what is radium compared with a soul illuminated by the Almighty? Washington lifted a nation, Wesley lifted a kingdom, Luther lifted half a continent, Jesus is lifting the world.

He that shall Come

There is but one world power—it is the human soul. And, since this is true, there is no reason why any one of us should ever despair of the future of the world. Blow, oh winds! Howl, oh tempest, around the world! All is secure so long as God gives us men. Let the problems become more and more complicated, the soul is equal to them all. Let the burdens grow heavier and heavier, the heart will carry them every one. Let the dangers multiply, and enemies of humanity lift themselves in greater and fiercer malignity. And even then we shall not be afraid, for "A man shall be as a hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest."

This is the message for our day. We raise in this crisis of our times the cry that was raised on the day on which our Lord rode into Jerusalem as a king: "Hosanna to the Son of David. Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord." He is the rightful owner of the world, the rightful sovereign of all human hearts. Without his disposition we are impotent, without his temper we are incompetent, without his character we are lost. But with his heart and mind within us, the wind will not make us afraid and the tempest will not beat us down. Let this then be our prayer:

God give us men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor, men who will not lie;
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking.

A SOCIETY'S WORK FOR YOUNG MEN

WORK by men for men is increasing in all our churches. Many congregations now have organizations for this purpose. The Brotherhood of St. Andrew is the appropriate name of the men's Society of the Episcopal body, and it would be difficult to find an active Episcopalian Church which has not added to its forces this strong leverage for good.

The Brotherhood of St. Andrew had its beginnings in a Chicago Church nearly twenty-five years ago. It was James L. Houghteling, an earnest layman, who first conceived the idea of uniting the men of the Church in practical Christian service. From that first group formed in St. James' Church, there have grown no less than 2,000 Chapters in all parts of the country, with an aggregate membership of nearly 30,000. Philadelphia, which is prominent as a stronghold of the Brotherhood, contains nearly 100 senior Chapters, with a membership of 1,500, and about fifty junior Chapters, with 500 members. The movement is also strong in England and Canada. Beginnings have also been made in Japan and other lands.

The little black button bearing a red and gold St. Andrew's cross is the symbol of the Brotherhood. Worn on the lapel of the coat, it is the silent evidence of its owner's consecration and his high purpose,—the unobtrusive label of the soul-winner.

Every baptized man, by the fact of his baptism, is enlisted for the object for which the Brotherhood stands. The wearers of St. Andrew's cross have not only pledged themselves to pray daily for the spread of Christ's kingdom among men, but are also united in an honest endeavor to bring in at least one man each week.

Based on two great rules, Prayer and Service, the Brotherhood during its quarter century of existence, has accomplished significant results and has taken its place among the world's permanent religious organizations. Its movements are directed by a National Council, composed of fifty leaders from over twenty different cities and nearly as many States. The headquarters are in Pittsburg, where a general secretary and office secretary are installed. A monthly paper is published. In addition, there are two travelling secretaries, one in the East and the other in the West, and a secretary for the Junior Department. Special committees are at work for the travelling men, for men in colleges, and in rescue missions. Special religious services are arranged for in institutions, car-barns, and pleasure resorts. Over one hundred Chapters exist in colleges, where the work has been most encouraging. Some Chapters, like that of Philadelphia, engage in a variety of work. The Philadelphia Brotherhood owns a house at Twentieth and Race Streets, with accommodations for forty-five, where any young man of good character can obtain board at a moderate cost. Visits are made by members to jails and hospitals. The general organization maintains a representative in Japan. A committee of the Brotherhood visits the various hotels in the city every Sunday morning, and distributes cards of invitation to the churches in the neighborhood. The society is also conducting a good work for evangelism, by holding regular religious services for street car men at the car barns. The personal method in soul-winning is their keynote.

Eugene C. Denton — Robert H. Gardiner — H. D. W. English — Hubert Carleton

The Brotherhood of St. Andrew draws together at its annual Conventions a body of 2,000 to 3,000 delegates, the only gathering of Episcopalians in which layman from all parts of the world come together for conference and communion. The chief and most impressive feature of these great gatherings is the Annual Corporate Communion held in early morning on the Convention's Sabbath, when thousands of earnest Christian men and working Christians pledge anew their vows.

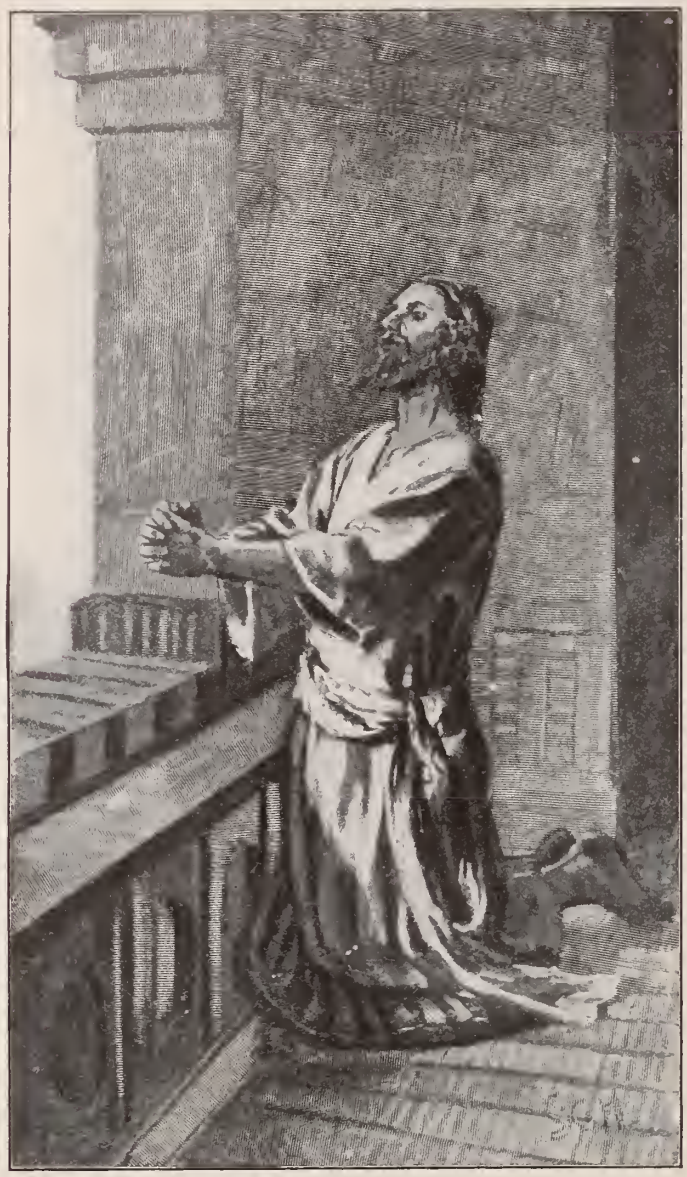
Among the Christian laymen who have labored and are still working for the advancement of Christ's kingdom through the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, are James L. Houghteling, a banker and member of a prominent Chicago family, who was the founder of the Order nearly a quarter of a century ago, and H. D. W. English, a successful business man and well-known philanthropist of Pittsburg, who was elected president of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, at its Convention in Richmond, Va. He has done much to extend and promote the usefulness of the organization. Robert Gardiner, an influential lawyer of Gardiner, Me., and Boston, was in the forefront of Brotherhood work in the United States and in New England, before he was chosen president in 1904. He has been a member of the National Council of the Brotherhood and chairman of the college committee. Another leader in the work is Eugene C. Denton of Rochester, N. Y., who has been a member of the National Council since the Louisville Convention in 1895. He served for three years as president of the New York State Brotherhood Convention and was chairman of the National Convention in Denver.

An earnest field worker is E. C. McAllister, a young business man of Boston, who gave up a lucrative position in Springfield, Mass., to devote himself to the work of pressing the formation of Chapters in the New England States. Other active leaders are Clarence L. Jordan, secretary of the Junior Brotherhood; and Hubert Carleton, general secretary of the Order, who is a graduate of Trinity University, Toronto, and of the theological school in Brasenose College, Oxford, England. J. A. E.

"As a Man Talketh with His Friend"

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

*By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts**



"In everything by prayer, let your requests be made known unto God"

When ye Pray Say, Our Father. The Fatherhood of God is the beginning and end of this lesson. In its closing words, we are assured God is more willing to give the best he has to give, the Holy Spirit, to them that ask him, than living parents are to give good things to their children. The whole philosophy of prayer is in the relation of parent and child. The man who says we need not pray, because the Father in heaven knows what we need, would not silence his own child for the like reason, that he knows best what he needs. Sometimes a child's expressed craving for a certain food or book or pleasure is the best preparation for it. The man who says God cannot answer prayer because of the reign of law, answers the prayers of his own children every day, by interposing the higher force of personal love and will among the natural laws, not breaking them, but working in and with them.

A child is falling from a slipping ladder and utters a swift prayer for help to his visible father, which is quickly answered by the swift interposition of love and will, that do not break but use the lower laws of nature. The analogy suggested by praying to "Our Father," should prevent any one, old or young, from supposing God will give us everything we ask. No parent is so foolish as that. Herod was that foolish only when he was drunk. He granted the prayer of Salome for the head of John the Baptist, only because he had promised he would give whatever she asked. God has not made any such promise. "One text is not as good as a thousand" on this or any other subject. Putting all God has said about answers to prayer together, we learn that if his Word abide in us and we abide in "him," we may have what we will, for we shall then will what he wills, and shall seek not the trifles of earthly good, but the supreme spiritual gifts about the benefit of which there can be no doubt. It may not be best I should be healthy or wealthy, but it surely is best I should be holy and useful.

The heavenly Father always answers our prayers, but, like all wise and loving parents, he sometimes answers "No." Later, this is one of our occasions for thanksgiving, as we come to see our mistake. He gives us what we ask in the way and at the time we ask it, or "like as a father pitieth his children," he gives us something better at a better time and in a better way.

A pathetic story is told of a little boy who was being taken to a new and untried home among strangers. His family had been of the very poor. The father had died several years before, and the mother battled against want and failing health, striving as best she might to provide for herself and her child. Now death had taken her also; there were no relatives to care for the little boy, and a place had therefore been found for him with a family in the country. It was a ride of several miles to the strange home, and the farmer, who had agreed to transport him thither, noticed that the little fellow, sitting so shyly beside him in the great wagon, often thrust his hand into his warm blouse as if to make sure of some treasure. Curiosity at last prompted the man to ask what it was. He had been kind during the journey, and so the child hesitatingly confided his secret. "It's just a piece of mother's dress. When I get kind—kind o' lonesome—I like to feel it. Most seems 'if she—wasn't so far off." So God puts all about us in nature and providence reminders of himself, that help us to realize that, though unseen, he is ever near.

God is not far from any one of us!
The wild flower by the wayside speaks his love;
Each singing bird brings tidings from above;
The bright sunlight his tenderness doth prove;
And men know not his voice!

God is not far from any one of us!
He speaks to us in every glad surprise;
His glory floods us from the noonday skies;
The stars declare his love when daylight dies;
Can men not hear his voice?

—Thomas Curtis Clark.

Hallowed be Thy Name. Swearing is both bad morals and bad manners.

Maintain your rank, vulgarity despise;
To swear is neither brave, polite nor wise.

What would you say of a boy that in a group of playmates would say coarse and ugly things about another boy's mother? The chief principle of politeness, to be considerate of others. It might afford a legitimate outlet for a boy's natural combativeness. A boy should never fight for the sake of fighting. That is not manly but *dogly*, if I may coin a word. If there is any right time to fight it is in knightly defense of womanhood and girlhood. It is in any case ill-mannered to say ugly things in my hearing of my mother. It is yet more rowdy to say ugly things in my hearing of my heavenly Father. Swearing is vulgar also because it proclaims lack of vocabulary. In a republic where everybody is king, a citizen who wants to assert himself, but has a scant vocabulary swears for dearth of adjectives. As a child, too young to talk, fills up his mouth with fists and toys, so a man who can't talk fills up the aching void in his mouth with oaths, and drams, and quids, and cigarettes, and spits for punctuation marks.

A young boy, fresh from his mother's teaching and prayers, was articled in a large lawyer's office. At first he was bewildered by his strange surroundings; then the crimson mantled his cheek, and tears brimmed in his eyes. "What's the matter with you, youngster?" said a coarse voice. "Do you want to go back to your mother's apron-strings?" "No," was the reply, "but we never said such things in my mother's home as you say here." The answer elicited a burst of laughter, but the head of the office said: "Gentlemen, this lad is right, and as long as he stays with us I must request that you modify your speech." From that moment the whole tone of the office was altered. The lad had scored a victory for Jesus Christ.

Thy Kingdom Come; Thy Will be Done as in Heaven so on Earth. Here is a Hebrew parallel in which, as usual, the second line explains the first. What is the "Kingdom"? It is plainly declared to be the doing of God's will on earth as in heaven—the word "kingdom" clearly showing it is not the doing of that will by the individual, but by the community. It means that we are to have a Christian society on earth, in which service is more than salary, and in which the law of God is to be really, even though not fully dominant, a kingdom of heaven, a "holy city coming down," all of which mean "a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness," into which something of the justice, and purity, and charity, and fraternity, and humanity of heaven have come down. It is blind unbelief that has made us fail to see that "the city that hath foundations," not a castle in the air, that God has promised ever since the time of Abraham, "whose Maker and Builder is God," is one whose "foundations" are already being laid in this world, and are coming to view in such world-wide brotherhood as the San Francisco disaster has unveiled. The two chief thoughts that run through the Bible are "the Son of man," and "the kingdom of heaven," the one picturing the Christlike manhood, the other the heavenly fellowship that is to be, when right relations of man to God, and right relations of man to men are established through the Spirit of Christ.

Give us this Day our Daily Bread. "Do you suppose," said Johnny, as his little cousin laid away her largest, rosiest apple for a sick girl, "that God cares about such little things as we do? He is too busy taking care of the big folks to notice us much." Winnie shook her head, and pointed to mamma, who had just lifted the baby from the crib. "Do you think," said Winnie, "that Mamma is so busy with the big folks that she forgets the baby? She thinks of the baby first, 'cause he's the littlest. Surely God knows how to love as well as mother."

Forgive Us. Chief Justice Chase was in the habit of attending the Methodist Metropolitan Church, Washington City, but always left the church when the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered. After one such occasion, Doctor [afterwards Bishop] Newman, the pastor, went to him, and said: "Why do you not avail yourself of the means of grace in the Lord's Supper?" The Chief Justice answered: "I do not consider myself worthy to partake of the communion." The doctor said: "We invite all who love the Lord, and who do truly and heartily repent of their sins, to join with us in this service." "Yes, that is just it. What do you mean by 'repent'?" Then the Doctor gave him a full and clear explanation of repentance. On the next communion day, instead of leaving the church, the Chief Justice remained in his seat. After all had communed, Doctor Newman said: "if any soul feels its unfitness for this service, to him this invitation is specially given. If such a one fails to acknowledge the Saviour and his own unworthiness before his fellow-men, we are assured that the Saviour will not acknowledge him before his Father and his holy angels." The Chief Justice rose, and staggered, rather than walked, to the front, and fell on his knees at the altar railing. After giving to the kneeling man the bread and wine, the Doctor, seeing the strong face of the penitent drawn with grief, with the Justice still kneeling, pronounced the benediction and dismissed the congregation. The next day, in the robing-room of the justices, Chief Justice Chase said to Justice Miller: "Oh, I want to tell you to-day what the Lord has done for my soul. He came very near me yesterday."

Lead us Not into Temptation, but Deliver us From the Evil One. A frightful accident occurred on the Central Railroad of New Jersey, by which twenty lives were lost, and forty persons seriously injured. The engineer was known as a sober, careful man. He saw the green cautionary signal which told him that the next signal would be red, indicating danger ahead. This red signal he also saw, ran by it, and lost his life and the lives of his passengers. He said in the hospital before he died: "I thought they would change from green and red to white any moment. It is customary for us on fast express trains to run right up to a signal and have it turn safe just as we are passing. When I passed the signal, and saw the danger lights did not change, I tried to stop my train. It was too late." So many a "fast" young man has intended to "turn safe" after "seeing life" awhile, but has tried "too late," not because God's mercy was worn out, but because evil habit had become too strong.

Little Arthur lay with his eyes closed in dreamless slumber, and his hands folded in rest. His pet dog stood near the coffin, and wondered why his master did not speak. Eight playmates sat still, with faces as white as the flowers in their hands. Sad friends and neighbors filled the house where laughter had held sway. The broken-hearted family were alone in their grief, which none but he of Gethsemane could comfort. Only a few hours before, while playing, the little fellow had picked up a wire which was in his way. It looked harmless, but it was a live wire, and a live wire had made a dead boy.

Because of Importunity He Will Rise. Charles M. Alexander, the singing evangelist, tells this story: "I was standing at a bank counter in Liverpool, England, waiting for a clerk to come. I picked up a pen, and began to print on a blotter in large letters two words which had gripped me like a vise: 'Pray Through.' I transacted my business and went away. The next day my friend came to see me, and said he had a striking story to tell me. A business man came into the bank soon after we had gone. He had grown discouraged with business troubles. He started to transact some business with the same clerk over that blotter, when his eye caught the printed words, 'Pray Through.' He asked who wrote those words, and when he was told, exclaimed: 'That is the very message I needed. I will pray through. I have tried to worry through in my own strength, and have merely mentioned my troubles to God, now I am going to pray the situation through until I get light.'"

*International Sunday School Lesson for July 22. Jesus Teaching How to Pray, Luke 11: 1-13. Golden Text: "Lord, teach us how to pray," Luke 11: 1.

A Rainy Day Evangelistic Meeting in Front of New York City Hall

OPENING OF THE TENT CAMPAIGN

THE Tent Movement, inaugurated a year ago by the Evangelistic Committee of New York City, is again in full progress. The opening service, held on the steps of the City Hall, at 12 noon, June 18th, showed something of the strength and unity of the forces that are behind the movement. There is to be no denominationalism. Christian men and women will unite to carry forward the business of the King.

The Committee is sending out into the various districts of the city an effective, well-organized body of trained workers. In the busy streets and squares, in the midst of noise and tumult, "the King's command," "Be ye reconciled to God," is proclaimed by evangelists, singers, children's workers and students. It is to be an aggressive campaign.

The effect of last summer's work is plainly shown. People were watching for the tents to go up, and gave them a hearty welcome. The children have not forgotten the Gospel songs and verses of Scripture, and the seed which was sown by the wayside has not all been carried away. Five tents have been opened, and a sixth will open soon at Canal and Spring Streets. Outdoor meetings will be held at various points from Fort George to Wall Street, and will form a very important branch of the work. The Committee has been given the opportunity to hold weekly meetings on the steps of the City Hall, and will mass all the workers there. The first one was held on Weduesday, June 27th. Good music will be provided, and church people from all over the city are invited to be present, although the special invitation is to the "man in the street."

Another opportunity has come to the Committee to extend the Open Air Services to a leading race track, where the grand stand, seating 30,000, is to be opened for this purpose. These meetings will be held every Sunday at 4 p.m., and it is hoped to bring people together from the northern part of Manhattan and the Bronx for a great religious service.

Rev. William Wilkinson, of Minneapolis, will again preach in Wall Street and at other points. At Fort George, Rev. Bradford Williams, the street preacher, will conduct services every day in the week among the thousands that crowd that resort. At Abingdon Square, Rev. Dubois Loux continues his work, which was of so great interest to that neighborhood last year. The stereopticon is used to illustrate the preaching, and the use of the megaphone enables all in the crowd to hear. A special flower service, like that of last July, will be held in Abingdon Square on July 12th, at 8 p.m., when flowers will be distributed to all in the audience.

The tents are located as follows: Tent No. 1 is at 150th Street and Morris Avenue, in an Italian district. Rev. M. Nardi, the Italian evangelist, who has conducted meetings among his own people for many years, with notable success, is in charge, and is assisted by Mr. M. D'Anchisa and Rev. Taglialatela. The large tent is crowded every night—nearly 1,000 people in the tent and perhaps 200 or 300 standing outside, all listening, all interested. The service is all in Italian, the singing strong and fine, the preaching rapid and powerful.

Tent No. 2 is at Sixty-seventh Street and First Avenue, the Evangelist being Rev. W. E. Fenno, who has the co-operation of Bethany Chapel, the John Hall Memorial, the Y. P. C. E. and Epworth League, the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, and the churches of the neighborhood. Tent No. 3 is at 164th Street and Boston Road, in charge of Rev. Hugh Brown of Philadelphia, who has had much experience in tent work in that city. Tent No. 4, at 146th Street and Seventh Avenue, is carrying on the work so well begun last summer, under Rev. H. D. Sheldon, as evangelist, who is again in charge this year. Tent No. 5 is at Sixtieth Street and Eleventh Avenue, and the Evangelist, Rev. F. E. Smiley, of Colorado, is getting this difficult district in hand. Twenty-five societies are united in this neighborhood under Mr. W. F. Rea as Chairman, and expect to send some of their workers into the tent.

Headquarters for the tent work will be at 541 Lexington Avenue, the home of the Winona Bible School, where Dr. Ely, Superintendent, and Mr. Baker, Assistant Superintendent, have their offices. All correspondence should be sent to the Evangelistic Committee at this address.

Daily conferences of the Evangelists and other workers with Dr. Ely and Mr. Baker are held here, and the unity of the working force is thus insured. The work for children is a most important part of the campaign. Meetings are held for them at 7 p. m. daily, and the difficulty is not to get the children there, but to induce them to leave, and give the adults an opportunity to enjoy the meeting arranged for them. They learn quickly the Gospel songs and Scripture verses, and often bring their parents to the evening service, thus ensuring for themselves a seat.

In most of the tents, the greatest problem of the week has been the control and teaching of the children; but good progress has been made, and all are hopeful that real lasting good may be achieved for them. All interested in children's environment and training are invited to visit these meetings and to assist, if they will. And to all the Christian people of New York a cordial invitation is extended, to make this tent Gospel Work their own, to attend any or all of the services, and by their presence and sympathy, encourage and help the men and women on whom the responsibility for the continuance and success of the work rests.

A Crowded Meeting in One of the Gospel Tents

ANSWERED PRAYERS

Mrs. A. T. E., Ohio. "I want to acknowledge God's goodness to me in answering prayer, or if not directly answering, in giving strength and peace in times of trouble and sickness."

Mrs. J. P. G., New York. "I love to read the 'Answered Prayers,' for I can testify to the worth of prayer. Many times in trouble, I have gone to our Lord and found peace. I wish all THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers would try for themselves. God is good and true."

Reader, Ontario. "I want to thank God for the way he has answered my prayer for the conversion of my son. 'If thou can'st believe, all things are possible to him that believeth.' I would like to have the prayers of the kind readers for a loved one who is in great distress of mind."

Mrs. L. S. O., California. "I wish to add my testimony to your column of 'Answered Prayers.' For a year I have been seriously distressed in mind, and now believe the Lord has graciously answered my prayers."

Mrs. M. A. N., Kansas. "A lover of your paper and a member of the Christian Church thanks the Lord for his goodness and mercy in hearing her cry and helping her through a great trouble. I cannot express my faith in and love for my Heavenly Father: I love him more and more."

A Troubled Sister, Mississippi. "I believe greatly in prayer, and I know that my prayers have been answered time and again. I am praying now for two dear boys to be delivered from delusions, also from the love of strong drink. I beg every one that has power with God in prayer to join me in these petitions."

S. H. B., Rhode Island. "I read with interest the testimonies on 'Answered Prayer,' and have been deeply impressed with our part in meeting the conditions. This done, we may wait upon God with the calm assurance in his definite promise. These he has verified to me the past winter, in both temporal and spiritual matters, and I wish to give him the glory."

Mrs. E. J. H., New Hampshire. "I can testify that God does hear and answer prayer. A cloud of long standing has been lifted, and a ray of sunshine through God's goodness enters my soul."

F. L., Iowa. "A great trouble came to me a few months ago. I prayed earnestly to God for help and he rolled the burden away. He always hears and answers us, if we just trust him. Pray for me that I may live closer to him each day."

S. A. K., New York. "I feel that I have had direct and almost miraculous answer to prayer, in the restoration to health of a loved one. I went to the Lord repeatedly in earnest, persistent prayer and asked that he would open up the way and bless the means used for her recovery. She is well, for which I thank my Heavenly Father."

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, Associate Editor — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, Associate Editor

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China Takes a Step Ahead

TUNG-CHOU, PEKIN, CHINA,

EDITOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

You will be interested to know that yesterday's daily paper announces that the Viceroy, Chang Chih Tung, has ordered the New Testament to be put in the schools of his province as a text book.

He is one of the most progressive of the Viceroys, and has wanted the inventions and science of the West, but not Christianity. (MRS.) F. D. WILDER.

This is inspiring news from "heathen China," which the critics and flouters of Christian missions have insisted would never leave its idols, its Buddhism, Taoism and Confucianism, and come over to the Gospel of Jesus Christ. With that Gospel placed officially as a text-book in the schools of even a single province of the empire, it will eventually win its way into the hearts of the people of that province; and we hope it may thus become the spiritual lamp and guide of the rising generation.

We hear that not a few of the statesmen of China are extremely friendly to the Christian religion, while some are even avowed Christians. Chang Chih Tung has in many different ways shown to the Western world that he is a statesman of liberal and just ideas. He has been highly honored by his own nation for the valuable services he has rendered both in times of war and peace. But a time will come when the generations of the future will regard as the most precious service of all his decree placing the Gospel of Jesus in the schools of his Chinese province.

A Startling Crime

ONE of the most startling crimes of recent times was committed in New York City lately. A young man of enormous wealth walked through a crowded assembly in an amusement resort, to a table at which a man was sitting, and drawing a revolver from his pocket, shot three times, killing him instantly. So far as can be learned, not a word was spoken on either side, nor was any gesture made by the victim that could have provoked the act. Rumors are current, however, that the dead man, who was a wealthy architect of some prominence, had been in former years a friend and patron of the lady, whom his slayer afterward married. It is suggested by the friends of the murderer that the crime was committed to avenge her wrongs and to vindicate her from aspersions cast on her reputation.

The principals in the affair may be dismissed with little consideration. The dead man's life is reputed to have been of a character that was likely, sooner or later, to bring him to death. The murderer inherited his father's millions, which he was squandering with utter recklessness, and was living a life of idle pleasure. Neither for the man who is dead nor for the man now in prison and in peril of death for his act, is there need for sympathy.

The real cause for concern is the attitude of the public on the subject. It is reported that a Chicago lecturer, speaking in Kansas on the crime, said that the murderer should be acquitted, and his remark was cheered by hundreds of women in his audience. The same sentiments expressed in New York and Philadelphia society and in the press, show that there is a similar drift in public opinion elsewhere. That is the most ominous feature of the case. It is an indication of lawlessness that bodes ill for the future. Even if the murderer had been wickedly and foully wronged, as is alleged, society cannot afford to condone his crime. Who would be safe, if young men of unregulated passions, drew the inference from the treatment of this criminal, that they might proceed to avenge some real or fancied wrongs by a pistol shot? Are men justified in assuming the part of complainant, judge, jury and executioner in a civilized city, as if they were living among barbarians? To applaud an act so cowardly as to walk up to a man sitting peaceably in a public place, and shoot him, without remonstrance or warning, is to raise a criminal to the position of a hero. It is a step backward in our social progress, a disgrace to our civilization, and an insult to Him who said, "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord."

The crime reveals a condition of society that should give the patriotic citizen serious concern. History gives no warning so emphatic as that of the danger to a nation's life, that comes from depravity of this kind among what are called its higher classes. It has been proved over and over again that the greatest peril to a nation is not its exterior enemies, but in wickedness and corruption in its own high places. When its aristocracy and its wealthy citizens devote their means to idle pleasure and the gratification of their lusts, that nation is tottering to its fall. As the Hebrew prophet said, when he had to explain why a nation was swept out of existence: "Pride, fullness of bread and abundance of idleness was in her and in her daughters, neither did she strengthen the hand of the poor and needy. They were haughty and committed abomination; therefore they were taken away." Such people as these who figure in this tragedy, are doubtless a small minority of our citizens, but it is in the beginning of a disease that correction can be most effectively employed. That correction should come in an emphatic expression of public opinion, condemning the crime, and the horrible immorality that led to it.

"The Return of the Native"

SEVERAL years ago the custom was inaugurated in some of our States of having an "old home week," or an "old home day." In New Hampshire, the first is the accepted form. The towns prepare an elaborate order of exercises, with addresses by distinguished sons. Invitations are sent to as many as possible of the former residents, to return and see what the old town has been doing in the years that have gone by, and to renew the friendships of boyhood and girlhood days. The idea spread rapidly. The men and women out in the busy world, seeing familiar names and the mention of old places in the programmes sent to them, packed their satchels and went back for the celebration.

In many cases, it has resulted in a boom for towns that had dropped out of the ordinary path of travel. People came for a day, remained a week, and then bought land and built summer homes. They had a pleasant break in the rush of their busy lives, and found that after all there were people living happily back in the old home who were not rich, and never expected to be. It acted as a brake. It made them stop and consider whether things they were wearing out their lives for, were worth the price they were paying for them in health and in character.

There is nothing that brings out the finer qualities in a man's nature as a trip back home. He may have gained wealth and the reputation of being a "sharp" business man (the title "sharp," by the way, is not so eagerly sought for as formerly), but the sight of old, familiar spots brings back the time when everything in his life was above board. He wants to forget here that he has just squeezed a competitor until he has driven him out of business, or is making a living by gambling in stocks. Such things do not seem in harmony with the clear blue sky, the bracing air, and the honest brown faces he meets upon the road. A week in old scenes, a day with the memory of dead years, and a new man comes back to his battle of life, resolved to do his part man-fashion, and in a way that the mother, who has been sleeping peacefully for more than two decades, would not blush for if she were here.

The Christian Pyramid

IN his second epistle, the apostle Peter used certain words which the translators of the Bible have rendered: "Add to your faith, virtue, knowledge, temperance, patience, godliness, brotherly kindness, charity."

The old pyramids of Egypt were made to house dead bodies, but Peter's pyramid, as represented in the design, presents some noble characteristics of a habitation for Christian life.

If a Christian has faith in God, he should furnish to the world an example of manly energy, and if there is zeal it should be according to knowledge. When knowledge is attained in the Christian life, it should give that life perfect self-control, cultivating a willingness to wait and "endure hardness" as a good soldier of Jesus Christ, with the ideal always in view to contend earnestly for the faith. Supplied with patience, in the mature Christian there should be vital piety, and as a proper accompaniment in the exemplary Christian is, brotherly kindness such as comes from a sense of the brotherhood of all children of God.

The cap-stone of this pyramid is seen in charity, which goes out in love even to our enemies. The Master himself loved even unto the end, for he prayed for his enemies, "Father, forgive them."

This pyramid to be lasting must be built on the Rock of Ages. There it will stand forever.

Things to Remember

GRAIN and weeds cannot both thrive in the same ground; neither can the love of God and of the world simultaneously flourish in the same heart. One will surely kill the other.

Consecration involves keeping out of the puddles, and shunning the vices and allurements that tempt us on every side. A man cannot tipple a little, gamble a little, dance and kill time in frivolity, and still be consecrated.

Acknowledge God in all your ways, by word and act, and every blessing will be enjoyed with a double zest.

Do daily some good work, however small; speak some kind word; bring a sparkle of joy into some heart less happy than your own.

Ask the Heavenly Father, in Jesus' name, to supply all your needs as they arise; but remember that some of the things which the world values may be worthless in His eyes. Do not ask for such things.

Idleness means danger and temptation; therefore have for each day its appointed task. Be an example of industry, appreciating the value of hours and minutes.

Give freely to all good causes that appeal to your heart as worthy. Such giving never impoverishes. It will all come back again in multiplied measure and blessing. Remember the old epitaph:

What we gave, we have;
What we kept, we lost—

an admonition to us to do all the good we can while we have the opportunity.

Fight a bad habit or an evil indulgence by prayer and constant self-restraint. If the body is ever to be a fit temple for the Holy Spirit, it must be clean and pure.

Attend the ordinances of religion and avail yourself of your full Gospel privileges. Thus you will learn what the Psalmist meant when he said, "A day in thy courts is better than a thousand."

Among the Workers

—EVANGELISTS HART AND MAGANN, of Fairbury, Ill., have begun their summer tent work. In union meetings in Waverly, Ill., they had overflowing congregations. In one day over one hundred souls confessed Christ.

—THE UTAH GOSPEL MISSION, of Cleveland, O., needs a few more men in its special colporter and evangelistic work from Gospel wagons. In five years about 60,000 families have been visited, in a region about 550 by 250 miles. Rev. John D. Nutting, Secretary, 1854 Eighty-first St., N. E., Cleveland, O., will answer all inquiries.

—THE VETERAN MISSIONARY, John H. Paton, writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD: "God has of late given us many converts from the remaining heathen South Sea cannibals, by which we are greatly encouraged in his work among them, and we hope and pray that he may soon bring all the remaining 40,000 or more savages to love and serve Jesus."

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Britain's Zulu Foes

NEW trouble for Great Britain has developed in South Africa. The Zulus who, in 1879, made so vigorous a fight against English domination, have again taken the field. This time, however, they are not united, and the opposition to the foreigner is confined to a few tribes. Dinizulu, the nominal head of the nation, professes unfaltering loyalty to Great Britain and denounces the action of the revolting tribes. The present trouble is in part due to British policy. They thought their safety lay in disuniting the Zulu nation and encouraged the independence of the separate chiefs, thus undermining the King's authority, Had Dinizulu retained his sovereign power unimpaired, this rebellion might never have occurred.

The outbreak began with the murder of a police-inspector by members of Bambaata's tribe. For this crime, twelve men were arrested, tried and condemned. The London Government interposed to prevent the execution, and, by so doing, encouraged the Zulus to believe that the Natal authorities were not free to act. On learning the facts, the London authorities withdrew their opposition, and the execution took place. But Bambaata believed that resistance was safe, and gathered his warriors together for war. He made an attack on a small British force, killing four men and seriously wounding the British representative. Thereupon, Col. Mansell, with a force of militia, attacked Bambaata, who fled into Zululand. There he received the support of Siganandi and other Zulu chiefs. This gave him an aggregate force of 1,400 men. An appeal was then made to Dinizulu to proclaim a national war, to which he replied that he had no quarrel with the British, who had always been just and faithful in keeping their engagements, and he would take no part in the war. He subsequently sent an offer to British headquarters to send a Zulu regiment to capture Bambaata, but his offer was declined. It was felt that the prestige of the colony should be restored by white men. A fierce battle took place near the grave of Cetewayo, in which the Zulus were beaten and fled to the woods. On a later action, one of the chiefs in alliance with Bambaata was killed and another surrendered. It is now believed that the outbreak has been checked, if not entirely suppressed.

Bambaata and his Allied Chiefs, who are Threatening Natal

The Zulus are a distinct type from the negroes. All attempts to trace their origin have failed. Their faces and many of their rites and customs indicate a Semitic origin. They have strict laws as to clean and unclean food, a law compelling a man to marry his deceased brother's wife and they celebrate a feast of first fruits, as the Hebrews did in Palestine. Their many tribes were welded into a nation by Chaka, a fierce warrior, who became chief of a tribe in 1813. He conquered one tribe after another, rising at last to supreme power. It is believed that not less than a million Zulus were killed in his struggle. He was murdered by his two brothers in 1828. One of these brothers killed the other and became king. He in turn was murdered by Panda, another brother, who maintained himself on the throne until old age. He died a natural death and was succeeded by Cetawayo, the father of the present king, Dinizulu. The Zulus are a more intelligent race than any other in Africa and are more likely than any other to head a formidable rebellion against the domination of the white man. This fact, the British clearly understand, and it is that which makes their present restlessness so ominous. The Natal authorities have hitherto succeeded, by treating them justly and with courtesy, in keeping them on friendly terms since the outbreak of 1879, and Dinizulu's conduct now, in supporting Great Britain, is a testimony to the fact. They have, however, still reason to pray for a spirit of prudence and tact that they may have the confidence of the race.

For a spirit of judgment to him that sitteth in judgment, and for strength to them that turn the battle to the gate (Isaiah 28 : 6).

Russian Army Troubles

The ominous feature of recent Russian news is the spirit of disaffection manifested in the army. The Czar's favorite regiment of guards, the Preobrajensky, the uniform of which he frequently wears, and which has special rights and privileges above any other regiment of the army, has displayed an independence and a contempt for authority that amazes Russian society. In spite of the prohibition of its officers, the men assembled in council and adopted resolutions embodying a demand for the removal of grievances, and a declaration that the regiment sympathized with the Douma, and objected to perform police duty, which might involve the slaying of their fathers or brothers. The Czar's reply is to order that the names of the men of the first battalion who were leaders of the movement be stricken from the roll of the imperial guards. In addition, the soldiers and officers of the battalion have been deprived forever of the special rights enjoyed by guardsmen, and hereafter the battalion will be designated "the special infantry battalion." The general staff no longer conceal sits fear that the *morale* of the entire army is profoundly shaken, and that with parliament championing the cause of the mutineers in each instance as it arises, the first big test may find the troops line up on the side of the people against the monarchy. It appears to be the aim of the Douma to precipitate that issue, which would threaten the overthrow of the dynasty. It is believed that the Czar is a well-meaning man, but is being misled by the nobles, and is being ruined by them.

Her princes in the midst thereof are like wolves ravening the prey, to shed blood and to destroy souls to get dishonest gain (Ezek. 22: 27).

Suicide of a Tribe

News comes from St. Petersburg that the entire tribe of Tshuktobees, a nomadic Russian race, has perished by its own act. The tribe inhabited one of the bleakest parts of Yakutsk and obtained a subsistence by rearing reindeer. Early in 1905, a deadly disease appeared among the deer, and, by winter, the entire herd had perished. The unfortunate people endured much, hoping that spring would bring some better prospects. This hope was disappointed, and with slow starvation staring them in the face, the elders of the tribe spent a day in discussing what should be done. The almost incredible decision was made that each father should first kill his family and then himself. On the following day the appalling tragedy was carried out in the open air in a general assembly. The only exceptions were a few old men without families, who, when left to themselves, had not the courage to commit suicide. They suffered many privations, but lived until they were found and relieved. They lamented then that the others had not waited until help came As it has been with many suicides, they would have been saved if they had sought help or even have patiently waited. In the worst circumstances, the patriarch's decision is the wise one:

All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my release come (Job 14 : 14, R. V.).

Borrowing Names

In the Court of Special Sessions, in New York, a few days ago, a man was tried under a long list of names. It was not certain which was his own, as he had been known under all. He is believed to be the son of some confidential valet or butler, from whom he learned sufficient of the lives and habits of wealthy people to serve his purpose. He has been in the habit of representing himself as a son or nephew of a millionaire and calling himself by his name. By this means he victimized jewelers, shoemakers, outfitters, tailors, harness-manufacturers, hotel-keepers, and other tradesmen. When he had used one name as long as it was safe, he would take another famous name and operate under that. He has been living in luxury for some two years, but at last he was caught and has received a long sentence in the penitentiary. The families whose names he assumed are naturally indignant that he should have disgraced the names by his swindles. The method he adopted has often brought disgrace on the church. Men have found it easy to gain the confidence of the community by taking on them the name of Christ, forgetting that the first requirement of those who bear that name is purity.

Let every one that nameth the name of Christ, depart from iniquity (II. Timothy 2 : 19).

A World in Formation

From an interesting letter by Prof. Garrett P. Serviss to the New York *Times*, we learn that in the opinion of astronomers, the planet Jupiter is now in the condition that our world is described to have been in, as set forth in Genesis 1: 2. "With regard to Jupiter," says the professor, "it may be said that we have no present warrant for thinking that life, in any of the shapes known to our terrestrial experience, exists there; but that hardly diminishes the interest of the great planet for us, because it seems evident that Jupiter is a forming world, a world in preparation." It is known that Jupiter, though thirteen hundred times the size of our earth, revolves so fast on its own axis that its day is only ten hours long. Astronomers watching it recently observed that an outbreak of dark matter had occurred in the north tropical zone of the planet, and that the material from this outbreak was flowing in a west-southwest direction. It continued on its way until it had joined the north equatorial belt, and upon reaching this it spread along its border, forming a dark edging, which gradually extended in longitude toward the west. It is as if the volume of the waters above had been separated from the waters beneath, and a commencement had been made in vegetation to fit it for the occupation of some such race as ourselves, after violent natural convulsions and volcanic upheavals such as those on the earth. These and other changes in the planet have suggested the opinion that Jupiter has hitherto been a world "without form and void," and that the Spirit is even now beginning to move on the face of its deep.

The heavens declare the glory of God, the firmament sheweth his handiwork (Ps. 19: 1).

The *WHY* of "The Ham What Am"

DAT Ham, Mandy, sho' com f'm a *Corn-Fed* Hog!"

"Cause, dat Meat am so fine-grained, firm and juicy.

"An' it sho' come f'm er *Barrow Hog*, too.

"Cause yo' don't get dat full, rich flavor f'm no oddah kind o' porker.

"Yas —an' it come f'm er *young* Hog too, Mandy—jus' grown enough to be firm, but tender an' sweet.

"You can tell de age by dat thin skin, dat small bone, an' weight between eight pounds an' twenty pounds.

❖ ❖

"Dey's only about *One* Ham out en every *Fifteen* dat comes to de Armour Ham Fact'ry wot's superfine as dis here kind.

"An' dat one superfine Ham gets dis '*Star*' mark put on it, so's people knows 'de Ham what Am' f'm de Ham what Aint.

"An' dey's more dan 40,000 Hams a day to choose dat *One* in *Fifteen* f'm at de Armour Ham 'Stablishment.

"So, yo' see, Mandy, dat little *Star* means mighty much to de knowin' folks.

❖ ❖

"Are you listenin' yet, Mandy?

"Aint no salt-pork taste to dat *Star* kind, never.

"Cause, *dat* Ham's sure-enough cured in Armour "Epicured" liquor.

"Aint yo' heard o' dat, Mandy?

"Well, dats jus' a fine mild preserver, wots got jes' right enough Sugar —Granulated Sugar too, Mandy—an' pure Saltpetre in it, wit a weeny pinch o' Salt, to keep dat *Star* Hams, prime for months, and to bring out dat full, tasty flavor without salty-picklin, like common Hams.

❖ ❖

"An' de smokin', Mandy — aint dat fine?

"Jes' er rich golden brown all over, wit nary a scratch or a mark on it anywheres, 'cept o' course de mark o' de *Star*.

"*Dats* de mark of de 'Ham what Am,' Mandy, an' don't you forget it never!—*Armour's* Star on de epicured Hams and Bacon only.

"Jes' *One* Ham out o' every *Fifteen* Armour Hams gets dat *Star* mark of *quality*, for de finest ever, in Meat an' Curing.

"Co'se it costs a few cents a pound more.

"But, My Sakes, Woman!—what *deleecious* Eatin' fo' de Folks."

Armour's

"STAR" Hams *and* Bacon

Friends of Our Mont-Lawn Waifs

How the Children of Prosperity Help the Children of Adversity — A Typical Case

DEAR EDITOR: The way we earned this Money We would each on our birthday bring as many Pennys as we were Years old so we soon got Quite a lot of money and We like to do this, So the little Children can see the trees and grass. I must Close with lots of love for the Children. Joy —, Secretary.

Surely those who gave his name to this young Christian Endeavorer must have had the gift of prophecy, for he is beginning already to scatter real joy in the sad corners of the world. His letter is a sample of many that reach us from the young friends of Mont-Lawn. The little folks of the New York pavement sorely need all these friends.

A few weeks ago, somebody sent word to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD that a poor mother and her children needed help. It didn't take long for our representative to get "on the ground." Needed help? They needed everything! It was the old, old story, which grows sadder with each repetition—of early marriage, extreme poverty, and lastly, an unworthy husband sent to the workhouse for cruelty and failure to provide for his family. Before the most forlorn of a row of tenement-houses stood a little pile of household goods. It was a very little pile; but it represented home to the four weeping children who were gathered about it, clinging to it as to a last refuge. The mother, not yet thirty—thin to emaciation, dejected, ill, but with a girl's face still—had just returned from the court-room, where her husband had been sentenced, only to find that during her absence, the one poor bed, the little stove, the tubs, which were her means of bread-winning, and even the children—had been taken out of the poor place she called home, by the agent of the tenements, and set upon the street, because the month's rent was overdue. She shed no tears, for they had all been shed; and she stood there with a stony look of utter defeat upon her wan face.

Our own "Any Good Cause" fund came to the rescue, soon providing roof and bread. The children, three of whom are between five and ten years of age, are waiting, oh, how eagerly, to "see the trees and the grass" of beautiful Mont-Lawn, though the poor, tenement-bred minds in their pinched, starved bodies, are utterly unable to conjecture what it will mean to them when they get there.

Every child of the 2,000 who will go up to our Children's Home before the summer is over, is a child to whom the country would be impossible without the kind friends of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. They will all be gathered from the ranks of the city's poor and needy; but even in this children's army of poverty and want, there are comparatively few who, in their short lives, have come face to face with such utter misery and rags as are the portion of these little ones. The eldest, a pretty girl, is not yet ten. Her little, pinched face flushed with delight as we asked, "You'll be all ready for the country to-morrow, will you not?"

. . .

One of nature's noblemen writes us:

I remit $21 for a cot in your Children's Home—would it were $2,100! May the little ones get much joy and sunshine! With bushels of kind wishes to all the little guests. I remain their everlasting friend.

These $21 will send seven children, one by one, for ten wonderful days of happiness in the beautiful world of three meals a day, of refreshing baths in the swimming pool, and games in the daisy-spangled fields. $3 will give just as much to one poor little child. There's love and care for the children at Mont-Lawn, too, and courage and hope for the future. How many are we to send?

Remittances of cash should be sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York, and will be acknowledged in its columns. Packages of half-worn clothing, which is greatly needed, may be sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home, Nyack-on-Hudson, New York. H.W.S.

The Model Prayer

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

THE Gospel of St. Luke, written by a physician (Col. 4: 14), who was probably well acquainted with natural law, is that which gives the most numerous and detailed accounts of the Lord's work of healing, and also that which tells us most about the prayers of our Lord. The evangelist had been, by the redeeming blood of Christ, and by the Spirit of God, brought out of the material and visible world, and "into the kingdom of the Son of his love" (Col. 1: 13, R.V.), saw the power of God and the reality of prayer infinitely greater than all the power of this lower world.

The disciples came to Jesus after one of his seasons of prayer, with the request, "Lord, teach us to pray." He said unto them, "When ye pray, say, 'Our Father.'" There can be no real prayer till we know the ground we stand on with God. Redeemed by the precious blood of Christ, he gives us the adoption of sons. A father's interests are bound up with those of his child: we belong to our Father, a heavenly Father, who has not only all earth's resources, but all heaven's at his command, who knows what we have need of "before we ask him," and who, if we mistake in our petitions, and ask that which, in his love, he must refuse us, is just as ready to hear the next request we make.

Our Father — not My Father. Selfish prayers are like rusty hinges which creak, and cry, and are difficult to move. The more really we know our God as a father, and are drawn near to him as children, the dearer all our brethren in Christ are to us, and it becomes a luxury to pray for others, and all the more for Christians who do not understand us, because they are children of our Father.

"Hallowed be Thy name." As long as we are sensitive about our own name, easily pained at what anybody may say of us, hurt when we think we are not appreciated, on the look-out for what we may think to be neglect, or eager to hear any word of praise from man—it is clear what name is the dearest to us—we are living still for our own name.

Oh, how many lessons has God to teach us before, at last, we become ashamed of ourselves, and that praise becomes insupportable to us which once we so looked for. It is when, through outward sin, we have brought shame on our own name, or when, through the teaching of the Holy Ghost, we have learned to know the plague of our own hearts, and we seek refuge in the blood of Christ, and a hiding place from ourselves in him—that our Father's name becomes so inexpressibly precious to us. The outcast has a home, the disgraced one a name, the broken-hearted one a shelter in that name of "Father." Let us hallow it, let us adore him that he owns us as his children. But we cannot put on the name of our Father only when we pray; let it be hallowed all the day long, that, whatsoever we do in word or deed, we may do all in the name of Jesus, through whom alone we can call God Father.

It is a wonderful check to our impulsive self-life that we are taught to pray first for that which concerns God, his name, his kingdom, his will. If our own requests pass through this sieve, they leave behind the sediment of the world, the flesh, and the devil, which might cling to them.

"Thy kingdom come." In measure as we come to know God, the desire becomes intensified in our hearts that his reign may increase in the world, souls be saved and become subject to him; that his rule of holiness and love shall gain the upper hand; that, in any business in which we are engaged, he shall rule, and that, in our family life, he shall be the One whose will is considered above all.

But in order that this may be so, there is an imperative need that all in our own hearts and lives should be completely and promptly subject to him. We can afford to submit to his will over us without understanding it, believing that all things work together for good to them that love God."

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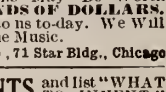

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The New Bethel Mission at Colon

New Missions on the Isthmus

TWO new Gospel missions have been established on the Isthmus of Panama within the last few weeks. One of these is the Colon United Evangelical Mission (undenominational), and the other is a branch mission of the Anglican Church. Signs are encouraging, and it is hoped that the earnest efforts now being put forth may give a spiritual impulse to many.

"Bethel House," as the Colon Mission is called, is in the Coolie Town district, and is under the spiritual charge of Mr. James M. Reeves and a small corps of workers. Mr. Reeves has sent to The Christian Herald this description of the Mission and its neighborhood:

"Right here in Colon the question has been asked: 'Can anything good ever be done with or for Coolie Town?' The name of Coolie Town has ever been a byword and a reproach. It was regarded as one of the worst districts of Colon, and everything bad and ugly was said of the place. It was the most unsanitary part of Colon. Up to five months ago, lazy crocodiles crawled through the entire length of D—— Street swamps. To attempt to get from Coolie Town to the churches in the other parts of the city during the wet season, meant slipping off of planks and boxes into the swamps. It is in such a district as this that the United Evangelical Mission has been started. Persons visiting Bethel Chapel need have no scruples whatever about coming round to D—— Street. It is now one of the most popular and frequented thoroughfares on Sunday afternoons. Bethel Hall accommodates two hundred. The building was designed and built by my aged father, Mr. John M. Reeves, an old ex-senior government foreman and builder in Jamaica.

Bethel Mission's support will depend mainly on the generosity of the Christian public. A Sunday School and Library and a Young Men's Guild will form some of the features of the Mission.

Superintendent Reeves, the founder of the Colon Mission, has resided on the Isthmus for twenty-three years, eighteen of which he has been intimately associated with mission work. His long experience peculiarly fits him for the conduct of the new spiritual enterprise.

Hundreds Confess Christ in a Day

OTTOWA'S revival goes gloriously onward. At the recent meetings the audiences were the largest separate congregations of men and women that have ever gathered in Ottawa. It was an inspiring sight to see 112 women in the afternoon, and 100 men and boys at night march down to the front seats to publicly accept Christ as Saviour. In the audience at night were more than 300 soldiers and a score of them were among those who accepted Christ.

Both afternoon and evening Dr. Torrey preached the sermon that has probably been used of God to lead more people to Christ than any other of his addresses. It is entitled, "Heroes and Cowards," and is a powerful plea for men and women to have the courage, if they believe, to stand up and publicly declare their faith.

"Down in North Carolina," he said, "was a poor farmer. He had a bright boy who eclipsed everything in the district school, and the farmer and his wife raked, and scraped, and economized, to send their boy to college. Every little while letters would come from the boy, telling how he was getting on. But the father's heart was hungry to see his boy—letters were not enough, so one day he hitched up the old team and started off on the long, weary drive to the university town. At last he entered the college town and, going up the hill, he saw his son coming down with two gay college companions. He jumped off the old team, ran ahead, and said, 'My son!' His son was surprised. He wasn't glad. He was ashamed, before his gay companions, of his old father in his homespun clothes. He straightened himself up and said, 'There must be some mistake, Sir; I'm not your son; you're not my father.' He might just as well have driven a dagger to the old father's heart. I am told the old man went back with a broken heart. You think that boy was a contemptible coward. But some of you are bigger cowards than he, for Jesus Christ has done more for you than any earthly father ever did for a son, and yet you are not man enough to stand up and confess him. Shame on you!

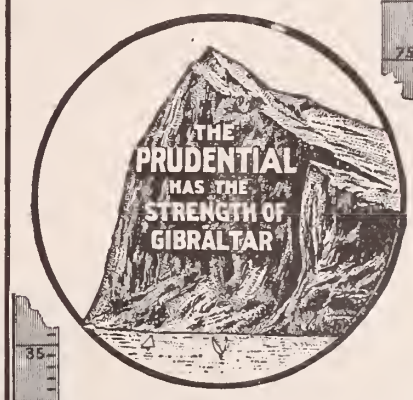
"But I want to tell you another story. Down in Georgia was a poor woman who had a bright son, and she determined to put him through college. She made a living by gathering wild berries, and raising vegetables, and selling them. She had to work very hard, but she got him into college, and the boy graduated at the top of his class. Graduation Day came, and he took his old mother to the church, wanted to take her up the centre aisle and give her a place among the finest dressed people in town, but she slipped timidly into a back seat. The boy went up to the platform, delivered his oration, was handed his diploma, and was given a gold medal for excellence in some studies. He walked right off the platform down to the far end of the church to where his mother sat, in her old sun-bonnet, pinned the gold medal on the faded old dress, and said, 'There, mother, that belongs to you—you earned it!'

"You applaud that boy in your heart. I want to tell you a better way to applaud him—imitate him. You owe everything you are in the world to Jesus Christ. Come pin all your honors on him to-night, and stand up and confess him before the world."

At the conclusion of the sermon, a noted pugilist, Alf Allen, was among the number who went to the front and publicly accepted Christ. For years he has been known as one of the most notorious characters in the city. In a broken voice he declared he was through with serving the devil, and henceforth would live for God. Will not the readers of The Christian Herald pray for him. George T. B. Davis.

WHICH WAY

Runs the Age-measure of Your Life; up or down? Are you climbing to middle-life or slipping down life's slope toward old age? In either case you are growing older each day. Every day provision for your family becomes more necessary, because every day reduces the unknown quantity of opportunity by twenty-four hours.



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OUR ORPHAN WORK IN CHINA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 595

lame came to our care. As it was a bad year with plague, the orphans increased. The orphanage has always stood as a symbol of Christ-love in the midst of heathen selfishness. Sometimes the children were in a dying condition when left at our gates. The heathen looked on to see if Christian love could stand such a test as that. Could we ever let it fail in the sight of the heathen?

"Call after call came — sad cases that could not be turned away. So we have taken 'Christ's little ones' in until we have one hundred and thirty children. These range from the three-months'-old baby girl, up to our three young men in the Theological School. One of these is blind, but is able, through hearing only, to keep at the head of his class. He makes books for the other blind children to read. He has also learned to read.

"To support a family of one hundred and thirty requires a steady income. Many more children are waiting for us to have pity on them. There are fifty of these children in the orphanage waiting to be adopted. Will you help us?"

Rev. W. Hagqvist

From Rev. W. O. Elterich, of Chefoo, we have received an interesting account of an itinerating journey in Eastern Shantung. He writes:

"The beginning of April I started out in a mule-litter to visit the out-stations of Rev. Hunter Corbett, D.D., within a radius of eighty miles of Chefoo. These stations are scattered through three districts, and it took me sixteen days to visit them, during which I travelled two hundred and seventy miles, over very rough roads.

"My first stop was at noon, at a little village where I had to put up at a poor inn. The innkeeper was unusually friendly, and it was not long before I discovered the reason. I noticed his brother had a scar on the upper lip and I asked him the cause of it. He said it was due to an operation for harelip, performed by the mission doctor at Chefoo, for which he was very grateful, as it had been unsightly.

"I found a middle-aged gentleman sitting on the 'kang' (brick bed) sipping tea.

" 'I have heard of Jesus and his doctrine,' he said; 'he is the holy man of foreign nations, just as Confucius is of our people.' I tried to teach him that Jesus was far more, but he refused to become interested.

" 'I am a Confucianist,' he said, 'and that is enough for me.'

"At the inn where I stopped for the night, I had an opportunity of preaching to quite a crowd of villagers. The next day I reached one of our out-stations, Tse-shang, where I spent the Sabbath. We have a nice little girls' school here, taught by the wife of the preacher.

Last year we organized a church of nearly thirty members. The preacher in charge, Mr. Hiai, had been doing faithful work; nine candidates were ready to be received into the church. The next day the preacher accompanied me to a place eight miles distant, where we had service with a group of Christians. From there I went five miles further, to a station called Wu San, where a church had been organized last year. Here I found five candidates awaiting me, of whom four were ready to be received. One was a woman, white-haired, seventy-seven years old, and whose memory was failing. She couldn't answer all our questions, although she tried so hard; but she was sure of one thing—that she trusted in Jesus as her Saviour, and she prayed to him every day. We had a pleasant gathering there; the church members and school children filled the neat chapel built by the Christians. In the afternoon I made a pastoral visit to one of the members four miles away, and had an opportunity of preaching to a large crowd of villagers.

"That night I stopped at an inn in a large market-town. A young man came in to see me and I soon learned that he was a vegetarian and a Buddhist and hoped to get saved by works of merit. I was surprised to find that he read our Scriptures and was acquainted with the doctrine of salvation through Christ. He had a Christian relative with whom he had talks on the subject. I asked him why he did not believe in Christ. He replied by saying, 'I cannot find the entrance to the Christian religion.' His trouble was of trying to work out his own salvation by works of merit."

Orphans and Helpers at Wukong

Directions for making above garment are in "Fleisher's" Knitting and Crocheting Manual.

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CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR AND EPWORTH LEAGUE TOPICS

Christ's Prayers*

FROM sceptics and scoffers there come arguments against the practice of prayer, which sometimes discourage beginners in the Christian life. It is urged that God governs by natural law, and would not suspend natural law in answer to prayer. Or that God is our Father and knows what is best for us, and therefore it is unnecessary to pray. Both these objections are plausible, and it is only when they are analyzed that their sophistry is discovered. It is true that God governs by natural law, but he controls the law and frequently uses it to accomplish special purposes. The wind that drove back the Armada from the English shores; the wind that carried William of Orange past his intended landing-place, where the enemy was organized, to the harbor where there was no force to oppose him; the wind that prevented the *Mayflower* pilgrims landing where they would have been thwarted, and carried them to the place where their colony could best be planted—were all winds ruled by natural but divinely used to accomplish God's purposes.

It is true, also, that God knows what is best for us before we ask him, but he desires that we come to him with our requests, and has promised to hear us. In applying to him, we do not set our wishes against his, but submit them to him, as a child presents his petitions to his father. Jesus, who perfectly understood the relationship of God with men, set us an example that is full of significance.. He believed in prayer, and though needing Divine help far less than we do, was constant in prayer. His model prayer, full of petitions, practical and definite, shows us how simple and confiding we may venture to be in our prayers. Even in that supreme agony in the garden, his prayer was definite, though it was not granted. He said that he might have had twelve legions of angels to defend him, if he had asked for them, but his desire was that his Father's will might be done, and so, though he prayed, and found his comfort in prayer, he acquiesced in the rejection of his prayer, and thereby set his followers an example of submission for all time.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for July 22. Matt. 14: 23; 26: 36-44.

A Brother's Claims*

WHEN Christ enlarged the neighborhood, by his parable of the Good Samaritan, which made every man in need of neighborly help our neighbor, he enlarged the family at the same time. "All ye are brethren," he said, and he inculcated a mutual brotherly feeling among his followers. Relationship with him was to bring them into a relationship with one another, closer, more intimate and binding than the relationship of blood. The fellowship between Christians is eternal, while the natural brother is our brother for time only. More than that, the recognition of the Christian relationship is a sign and test of our faithfulness to Christ. "By this," he said, "shall all men know that ye are my disciples if ye have love one to another." Perhaps his remark in the original phrase went even further. It may mean: In proportion as ye have love one to another, will ye be recognized as my disciples. Christ was very emphatic about this. The smallest service rendered to a disciple because he was a disciple should certainly have its reward. It was as if he had foreseen how many of his followers would be unlovable; the fact of being his followers was to outweigh all other considerations and give them a claim to service.

What are our brother's needs. Sometimes he needs money; sometimes he needs help to get a start in life; sometimes his need is sympathy and encouragement; or it may be influence with one in authority, or advice, or it may be kindly and faithful admonition. In all things we are to make his interests our concern, as if he was our natural brother. It is not incumbent that we give him everything he asks us for. Very often that would not be true regard for his interest. It is to do for him what we believe to be best for him, to take trouble to serve him and advance his material and spiritual welfare.

*Topic of the Epworth League for July 22. "How brethren can help each other." Gal. 6: 10; Acts 4: 32, 37; 11: 27-30; Heb. 13: 15-17; James 5: 16-19.

A LAST WORD ON THE "PERFECT BIBLE"*

DURING the last half century, and more particularly within the last twenty years, all the great Christian nations of the world have had new translations of the Bible made in their own respective languages. This has been rendered necessary by the constant changes that have taken place in the structure of modern speech. In no other language has the evolution in form, phraseology and construction been more marked than in our own. As every one knows, the phrases, the spelling, and even the very syntax of our grandfathers' days have undergone remarkable changes, and are no longer to be classed with the modern forms in current use.

This is one of the chief reasons that make the work of the translators of the American Standard Bible of such unusual value. It is essentially a Bible of our own day, and the thousands of changes in text and verbiage are all in the direction of greater accuracy and a clearer rendering of the sacred Word.

By way of illustration, let us take the following examples, which show only a few among the numerous changes made in the Perfect Bible since the Anglo-American Revision was made. We are not now dealing with the King James Version, but with the Revised Bible of twenty-five years ago:

English Revised Version	*American Standard Bible*
minish	diminish
chapiter	capital (or a pillar)
ouches	tailings
sith	since
chapmen	traders
wot	known
poll thee	cut thy hair
honest	honorable
conversation	manner of life
tables	tablets
quick	living
meat	food
daysman	umpire
temperance	self-control
fray	frighten
tell	number
throughly	thoroughly
delicates	delicacies
jubile	jubilee
shew	show
clouted	patched
charger	platter
seethe	boil
wist	know
demons	devils
hungered	hungry
hale	drag
lade	load
boon	gift
bewrayeth	make known

In these changes, and many others of like character, the words substituted in the American Standard Bible are the correct rendering of the originals, expressed in modern form.

. . .

In a former article, we gave a number of instances of passages in the Old Testament, which had undergone a material change in the latest translation, as they appear in the Standard Bible. Similar changes are numerous in the New Testament. Thus, in John 11: 39, the words applied to the body of Lazarus, "Lord, by this time he stinketh," become, "Lord, by this time the body decayeth." In Romans 3: 9: "in *worse* case," which is given in the English revision, is corrected in the Standard to read "in *better* case." "Holy Spirit" is everywhere used instead of "Holy Ghost." "Sheol" is used instead of "hell," "pit" and "grave," wherever the original writings refer to the abode of the dead and not to the future state. This last correction is of the greatest importance, as in both the King James and the Revised Versions, the terms were inextricably confused, to the mystification of the reader.

Another passage which has undergone a material change is 1. Cor. 11: 29, which, in the antiquated King James Version reads: "He that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh **damnation** unto himself," whereas the true rendering appears in the Perfect Bible, viz: "eateth and drinketh **judgment** unto himself"—a very important distinction in the interpretation. Again, in Acts 19: 2 the King James Bible says: "**Have** you received the Holy Ghost **since** ye believed," which in the Standard Bible becomes, "**Did** ye receive the Holy Spirit **when** ye believed." In I. Tim. 6: 10, the earlier Versions have the well-known passage: "The love of money is **the** root of all evil," which the Standard Bible corrects to read, "is a root of all kinds of evil."

There are also many expressions (see Phil. 3: 8, I. Sam. 25: 22, II. Kings 18: 27, and like passages), which the Standard Bible renders in a way that is not only clear to the sense but much more agreeable to the ear, than the early versions. It may be said in this connection that there is no line in the American Standard Bible that cannot be read aloud. This is a very important point and one not to be overlooked, as every Bible reader well knows; for all have come across passages which they wished had been expressed differently, so that they might be read aloud with perfect propriety. In the originals, there is nothing either vulgar or improper.

. . .

In closing this notice of the "Perfect Bible," which we have compared most thoroughly with the older versions, we cannot refrain from repeating the strong words of endorsement uttered by some of our best-known Bible scholars of the present day. Dr. R. S. MacArthur, of Calvary Baptist Church, New York, says: "I wish it were in use in all our homes and churches." John Willis Baer, well known to CHRISTIAN HERALD readers, writes: "It satisfies me as no other does." Rev. C. E. Jefferson, of the Broadway Tabernacle Church, New York, says: "A copy of it should find its way into every American home." Rev. J. Burrell, Marble Collegiate Church, New York, says: "My conviction is that the book will greatly commend itself and so come into general use." Rev. C. H. Parkhurst, of Madison Square Presbyterian Church, New York, writes: "It's a volume of God's thoughts done in idiomatic English, and is, therefore, both Bible and Commentary, all in one." Prof. Ira M. Price considers it "the most perfect English Bible in existence," and so with hundreds of others.

Best of all, the "Perfect Bible" is going into the hands of the "common people" of this country everywhere, and is now being used in the churches, chapels and Sunday Schools, and in countless homes, where it is taking its destined place as the appointed means for bringing God's message to human hearts, and of revealing to the world the real thought and meaning of the original Scriptures, as they were written by inspired men of old.

*The American Standard Bible, with Illustrated Bible Dictionary, Concordance and Maps, altogether **1,622 pages,** large type, beautifully printed on extra thin paper, superbly bound in American Levant, with double book-mark. Sent, **all charges prepaid,** on receipt of only **TWO DOLLARS.** This is a special introduction price at which we will distribute only 500 copies. Act promptly. Address THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Book Department, Bible House, New York City.*

BOOKS RECEIVED

Combination New Testament Map for Sunday School teachers and Bible students. A. W. Ashe, Toledo, Ohio, publisher.

The Damask Girl and Other Stories, by Morrison I. Swift. 144 pp. Cloth. Price $1. Published by the author at 136 William Street, New York.

Restful Rhymes, by Anna L. Berney, contains some very pretty little poems of Motherhood and the Home, of travel and observation, of conduct and morals, and of religion. Specially worthy of mention are "The Busy Mother," "Castle and Mansion," and "Some Rivers." Mrs. Berney's verses would interest many home readers. Published by The Statesman Publishing Co., Walla Walla, Wash.

Spurgeon's Illustrated Anecdotes, compiled by Louis Albert Banks. In this book have been gathered the most effective illustrations used by Dr. Spurgeon during the time he was the most influential preacher in the English-speaking world. There are several hundred of them, showing the wide knowledge of men, of life and the Bible that this great soul-winner possessed. Cloth; 313 pages. Funk & Wagnalls Co., publishers, New York and London.

Living in the Sunshine, by Hannah Whitall Smith. A short extract from the first chapter, entitled, "Why This Book Has Been Written," will illustrate the author's purpose: "I want to show, as best I can, the grounds there are in the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ for that deep and lasting peace and comfort of soul which nothing earthly can disturb, and which is declared to be the portion of those who embrace it." Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, publishers. Cloth, 254 pages. Price $1.

Morgan's Cavalry. By General Basil R. Duke. This interesting book gives a graphic account of the various campaigns in which the Confederate cavalry general, Morgan, was engaged during the Civil War. The writer himself was a member of General Morgan's corps, and, in consequence, is able to give the reader much information that would escape the notice of the usual historian. It is illustrated with maps and war-time portraits of a number of Morgan's officers. Published by The Neale Publishing Company, New York and Washington. Cloth; 441 pages. Price $2.00

If Youth But Knew, a romance by Agnes and Edgerton Castle. This interesting story deals with the stirring period when Jerome Bonaparte the brother of Napoleon, was king of the German State of Westphalia. The historic setting, however, never becomes prominent enough to detract from the reader's interest in the three principal characters, Steven, the beautiful Sidonia, and the wandering musician, Geiger Hans. The chapters that deal with the forest, and the adventures in the castle of Sidonia, are particularly fascinating. The reading world has learned to expect nothing but good work from the minds of the Castles, and this is the best they have yet written.

Waste Not, Want Not Stories, retold by Clifton Johnson, and *Advanced Arithmetic*, by Elmer A. Lyman. Both published by the American Book Co., New York and Chicago. The stories, in their original form, were written by Maria Edgeworth and printed under the formidable title of *The Parent's Assistant*. They were very popular in our great-grandmother's day. Mr. Johnson has cut out what would lack interest to the young readers of the present, and in their retold form will probably become familiar in many American households. Cloth, 260 pages. The *Advanced Arithmetic* is so arranged that none of the fundamental principles are neglected, yet most of the space is given to the essentials of commercial practice. It is for pupils who have completed the grammar school grade.

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The Chariots of the Lord

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BY JOSEPH HOCKING

Summary of Preceding Chapters

During the reign of James II., whose father, Charles I., was beheaded in the revolution under Oliver Cromwell, a determined effort was made by the King to win England to Roman Catholicism. He persecuted the Protestants and had a willing instrument in Lord Jeffreys, an ignorant man, who had been raised to the bench by the king. The story opens with a scene in his court, in which the hero, Benedict Trelawney, denounced Jeffreys to his face, as an unjust judge. He was committed to prison. On his way he was enabled to escape by a girl, who told him her name was Mary. She guided him to the house of a Protestant, who gave him shelter and introduced him to another refugee, a Scotchman named Donald Stewart. On the following day he received his sword, which had been taken from him, and found upon it a message from the girl who had saved him, asking him to meet her that night at the Temple Church. He has an interview with her there, in which she advises him to have nothing to do with a conspiracy, then being organized against the king. He is surprised at her knowledge, and suspects that she is a daughter of Judge Jeffeys, of whom he has heard as being her father's spy. Disregarding her advice, he associates himself with the Duke of Monmouth, a natural son of Charles II., who invades England. After the defeat of Monmouth, Trelawney hides in a cave, but is found and lodged in jail. When brought to trial, a letter reached Jeffreys from the King ordering Trelawney sent to him. That night the bars were sawn from the window of the prison by some unknown friend and Trelawney escaped in a carriage waiting for him. In the carriage was the girl who had previously saved him from his captors, who restores to him his sword. She tells him that sometime she may need a friend to do her service, and he promises he will be that friend. Afterwards she gives him up to the king's officers, who set out with him for London to deliver him to the king. By a rough fight with his captors he makes his escape, and is guided by an eccentric enthusiast to the home of his uncle, Bishop Trelawney, who aids him to reach London, where he remained in hiding. There on his way to meet Mary Jeffreys, he overhears a conversation relating to her, which indicates that she is not the daughter of the Judge.

CHAPTER XXX.—Continued

"TELL me how I can help you?" Trelawney said presently.

"He now persists that my mother was never the wife of Sir Henry Beaumont," she answered. "On his return from Somersetshire I claimed the fulfilment of his promise. At first he tried to put me off, but presently he told me that no marriage had ever existed, and that all my welfare depended on his good-will."

"But you did not believe it?"

"How could I? I had read his letter to my mother, and I—I know my mother is a good woman, in spite of what he says."

"But he has the proofs," said Trelawney; "how can they be got from him?"

"Yesternight," went on the girl, "two men came to his house. They drank freely, and I heard some of their conversation. You know what Jeffreys is after he has drunk much wine. Lord Castlemaine asked him about the Beaumont estates. I discovered from his questions that they have by some means come into Jeffreys' hands. Sir Edward Beaumont had been obliged to leave the country, and by some means the estates became the property of Lord Jeffreys.

"'It's a good thing that girl is well under your thumb,' said Lord Castlemaine, 'if she had her rights, she is the owner of one of the finest properties in England.'

"At this Jeffreys laughed. 'But she is under my thumb,' said Jeffreys. 'I have taught her to obey me like a dog. Besides, even if she were not she could prove nothing. Where are the evidences that Sir Henry Beaumont ever married her mother.'

"'She was of a good family, and would never have lived with him except as his wife,' replied Castlemaine.

"'But the parson who tied the knot could prove it,' said the other man who had not spoken before.

"'He dare not come to England. He dare not leave Holland. Why, he fled for his life. Trust Beswick for that. These cursed Presbyterians are all cowards.'

"'If James II. were to die, and his daughter were to come as Queen, many things will be unearthed,' said Castlemaine. 'Besides, we could tell a queer story if we would, Jermyn, and I.'

"'It would not pay you, Castlemaine,' replied Jeffreys with one of his savage laughs, and then I knew that Lord Castlemaine and Jermyn were both in his power."

"Mary," cried Trelawney eagerly, "I will go to Holland, and I will find this Beswick. It cannot be difficult, besides——" he ceased speaking suddenly, as though he were afraid to utter the words which rose to his lips.

"I know what is in your mind," said the girl quickly.

"What?"

"It is England's only safety," cried the girl. "I know of the plotting, and the lying. God's curse will ever be on the country until he is driven from the throne."

Trelawney started like one frightened. "How did you know what was in my mind?" he asked.

"I cannot tell," she answered, "except that I feel sure of what you are thinking. If Prince William knows, he will surely come to our aid."

"I will tell him," cried the youth. "I will seek an audience with him, and tell him."

"You must not depart until you see me again," said the girl. "I know many things unknown to you. I will bring you proofs of the scheming and the plotting among the Jesuits. If I have been Jeffreys' spy it has not been for naught. He has been obliged to tell me of the King's plans. Oh, if we are not saved from that man, worse days than those of Bloody Mary will come back to England. I know, too, that even now, the heads of twenty great houses would rally to the standard of the Prince if he would but come to free us. But they dare not speak. Spies are everywhere. Jesuit plotters are in all the great houses, and every word that is said is carried to the King. He swears he will never rest until every Protestant in England sees fit to recant or is dead. Every bishop, every man of any influence, is watched by spies, who profess to be strong Protestants, but who are the tools of the Jesuits. Three times have the Protestant nobility arranged to meet and discuss how England can be saved from the Jesuits, but in each case they discovered that there were traitors in the camp."

"How did you find out?" asked Trelawney.

"Because I told them," cried the girl. "Oh no, I did not make myself known I am still believed to be Jeffreys' spy. It is only by that means that I can fight the King."

"Do you hate him too?" asked Trelawney.

The girl shuddered. "Hate him!" she cried, "Can I do other? His brother Charles II. was a saint to him. He pretends to love me; for months he has persecuted me, and, but for the mercy of God, I should not be able to accept your love."

The young Cornishman sprang to his feet. "God help me to crush the wretch!" he cried.

"God will help you," she said. "I will put the means in your power. Oh, my love, my love, do you forgive me now for playing a double part, for pretending to be what I was not? I loathe my work; but I will do it until I have removed the stain from my mother's name, and until that wretch is driven out of England."

"Ay, God will help me, my dear," said Benedict Trelawney. "And now let us make our plans."

He spoke quietly, but his voice trembled with passion. Helpless as he seemed, a strong, resolute man is ever a force to be reckoned with.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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We hope that every lady in the United States will read this advertisement and accept our offer. The picture shows pattern No. 5616, the Ladies' Work Apron, Sleeve Protector and Cap. Two Pockets are a useful feature, although they may be omitted if preferred. Checkered Gingham, Sateen, Butcher's Linen, Chambray and Holland can be used making these garments. We will send THE HEARTHSTONE all the rest of this year and this set of patterns, also 12 Lessons in Home Dressmaking, all for 25 cents. The Lessons are contained in a 64 page volume illustrated with *over* **200 Pictures** showing many useful and modern Fancy Work patterns and designs, Home Cookery, etc., etc. The Dressmaking Lessons provide a **Practical Guide to Garment Cutting and Fitting and deals with such practical subjects as—Waists, Skirts, Finishing of Tailor-made Garments, Negligees and House Gowns, Outdoor Garments, Shirtwaists, Underwear, Girls' and Boys' Apparel, Fancy Stitches and Buttonholes, Remodeling and Altering a Pattern, etc., etc.** These lessons are written in such a clear manner that all can readily understand them. THE HEARTHSTONE has been published for nearly 16 years. It comprises from 20 to 32 pages each issue, is printed on good paper and is Clean, Bright, Timely, Helpful and always Interesting. Our complete and serial stories are of good moral tone, are written by first class authors and are a special and attractive feature. Departments are devoted to The Kitchen, Fancy Work, The Home Nook and The Social Circle. The latter department is as one subscriber writes: "As good as a visit from one's friend." THE HEARTHSTONE is not an advertising sheet and does not accept medical or liquor advertising at any price. We believe that there is room in your home for THE HEARTHSTONE and know that you will enjoy its visits when once you become a reader. There is no other paper just like it and if you pay a dollar a year you cannot get as much really good reading as we give for 25 cents. On receipt of only 25 cents we will send THE HEARTHSTONE all the rest of this year on trial together with the **Work Apron, Sleeve Protector and Cap** patterns, also the Twelve Home Dressmaking Lessons, etc., etc., and guarantee full and complete satisfaction or return the money. Please order promptly so that you can begin to read THE HEARTHSTONE right away. Remit by Post Office Order or in Silver. Postage Stamps taken. Address all orders **THE HEARTHSTONE, 52 Duane St., New York.**

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GRAND RAPIDS WHOLESALE OPTICIANS
402 Houseman Building, Grand Rapids, Mich.

The Chariots of the Lord

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

CHAPTER XXXI.

THREE days later, Benedict Trelawney was on his way, for the second time, to Amsterdam. He had succeeded in obtaining a passage in a small trading vessel, to the chief port of the Netherlands, with an amount of ease which surprised him. Even yet he could not understand the greatness of the influence of the woman he loved.

He did not stay at Amsterdam, but on his arrival there bought a horse, and started on his journey to the Hague, where lived the man who possessed the most powerful mind in Europe. A man who, though weak in body, was an intrepid leader of armies, and who, though he had never received a military training, was the most successful general of his age.

Benedict Trelawney's mission to Holland was twofold in nature. He wanted to find a Presbyterian clergyman by the name of John Beswick, who had fled the country during the reign of Charles II., and he desired to obtain an audience with William, Prince of Orange, and husband of Mary, the daughter of James II.

He knew that John Beswick dared not return to England while James was King. He might discover John Beswick, and through him he might be able to obtain the marriage contract; but he knew that the woman he loved could never be his while James II. was upon the throne, and while Judge Jeffreys was alive.

In spite of all his fear his heart was full of joy. The fact that the woman he loved was not tainted with the blood of Judge Jeffreys, seemed to make the world anew. Hitherto he hated himself for loving her, now the joy of his love filled his life. A great cloud was lifted from the sky, a new strength came into his life. He felt a confidence unknown to him before. Things which had seemed impossible no longer frightened him.

Arrived at the Hague, Benedict Trelawney took up his abode at a hostel, and determined to formulate his plans according to the nature of the circumstances by which he was surrounded. No friendly face appeared anywhere. Even at the hostel where he resided, his presence seemed unwelcome. As for gaining an audience with the Prince, it seemed utterly impossible. He had not letters of introduction, and he possessed no influence in the city.

At the end of a week, however, it came to him that only by extraordinary means could his desires be accomplished. An audience in the ordinary way seemed out of the question, and hearing that on the following day the Prince was to hold a reception, he determined that he would force his way to William's presence. That night, however, an event happened which altered his plans.

He was walking in the poorer part of the town after dark. There was a clear sky overhead, and the moon shone brightly, or he would never have been able to see what attracted him so strangely, for the street was ill-lighted, and the shadows of the houses darkened what must have been at all times a gloomy district. Just as he was leaving this part of the town, however, and was making his way towards the inn where he resided, his attention was struck by a man who shuffled along with a peculiar gait, and who evidently chose those spots where the shadows were deepest. Warm as the night was he was enveloped in a long garment which reached almost to his feet, so that in the flickering and uncertain light he looked more like a mendicant friar than anything else. What attracted Benedict's attention more than anything else, however, was the peculiarity of his gait. He shuffled rather than walked, and he moved his ungainly limbs so awkwardly that even his long garment could not disguise it. He moved rapidly, however, and he seemed to be desirous of getting away from the street as soon as possible.

Without a moment's hesitation the young Cornishman rushed after him, and laid his hand upon his arm.

"Master Ferguson," he said quietly.

The man started as though he had been pricked with a knife. A look of ghastly terror came on his face.

"You are mistaken. I do not speak English," he said in bad Dutch.

"Why, that is strange," cried Trelawney with a laugh. "I will admit that your accent savors strongly of the land of your birth, but the language of Moumouth's declaration was drawn up in very strong English."

"For the Lord's sake speak not of that," cried Ferguson, "it's as much as your life is worth. Besides, I must e'en be going, and that quickly."

"Must you? Well, that's a pity. But never mind, I will go with you. I am sure you must be anxious to know what has become of your old friends."

"Nay, nay. Ye cauna come wi' me. Ay, man—let me go, I say. People are noticing it."

"Not for worlds would I let you go," said Trelawney cheerfully.

"Did you escape from the bloody sword of Jeffreys?"

"Else I should not be here," said the young man. "But I tell you this, Master Ferguson, there is no man in England more inquired after than you. You have no idea how King James would like to see you back in London."

"Speak not of that man," said Ferguson in a fearful whisper. "There, let me go. I'll e'en meet you to-morrow; upon my oath, I will. Let me go, I say, yonder's a constable, and he has his eye upon us."

"I could not let you go," said Trelawney, "I could not, indeed. What, find a countryman in a strange land, and then let him go?"

"Then come wi' me," he cried. "I tell ye that Daniel in the den of lions had less need of the help of the Lord than we do at this moment."

He plunged into a dark passage, and then, after traversing several dark, dirty streets, he entered a narrow alley, which led into a yard.

"Eh, man," he said, "'tis well for ye that the Lord looks after his own elect, or you had by this time been in a Dutch prison."

TO BE CONTINUED

DIFFERENT NOW

Since the Slugger Coffee Was Abandoned.

Coffee probably causes more biliousness and so-called malaria than any one other thing—even bad climate. A Ft. Worth man says:

"I have always been of a bilious temperament, subject to malaria, and up to one year ago a perfect slave to coffee, and at times I would be covered with boils and full of malarial poison, was very nervous and had swimming in the head.

"I don't know how it happened, but I finally became convinced that my sickness was due to the use of coffee, and a little less than a year ago I stopped coffee and began drinking Postum. From that time I have not had a boil, not had malaria at all, have gained 15 pounds good solid weight and know beyond all doubt this is due to the use of Postum in place of coffee, as I have taken no medicine at all.

"Postum has certainly made healthy red blood for me in place of the blood that coffee drinking impoverished and made unhealthy." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Postum makes red blood.

"There's a reason."

Look in pkgs. for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

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easily adjusted and entirely comfortable. Makes low sounds and whispers plainly heard. Over fifty thousand sold, giving instant relief from deafness and head noises.

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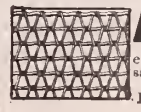

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

SUBSCRIPTION, $1.50 PER ANNUM
PUBLISHED 52 TIMES A YEAR

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NEW YORK, JULY 18, 1906

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SEE PAGE 619

THE BIRDS' BREAKFAST

OUR MAIL-BAG

Questions and Answers

Letters for this department must contain name and address of the sender—not for publication, but as evidence of genuineness and good faith. Where an answer by mail is desired, ten cents in postage stamps must be forwarded by the writers, with full address.

J. S. D., Lyndon, Wis. Did all the race die in Adam and partake of a sinful nature, needing individual atonement?

It is difficult to understand the effects of Adam's sin on his descendants. Volumes have been written on the subject without making the matter clear. There is no doubt about our individual condition, which is really the practical question. Every man is conscious of his own sinfulness and his tendency to sin, whether it is the result of Adam's sin or not. We ourselves have sinned, and are in need of participation in the atonement, and of the help that Christ gives to redeem us and save us from the power of sin.

H. J. R., Brooklyn, N. Y. What became of the national workshops established in France?

They were established by the government in February, 1848. They interfered greatly with private trade, as about 100,000 workingmen threw themselves upon the government for work and pay. The break-up of the system was inevitable and resulted in fearful conflicts in June of the same year. They were abolished in July.

S. W. F., Cleveland, O. 1. In Sunday School some one said the prophet Elijah went to heaven in a chariot of fire. Does not the Bible say that he went up in a whirlwind? The chariot simply divided the two prophets. 2. I desire to study theology, but cannot attend any of the schools. What books could you recommend me to study?

1. The natural and usual interpretation of the passage (II. Kings 2: 11), is that the prophet ascended in the chariot. Dean Stanley, however, held that Elijah was carried off in a thunderstorm, "narrated in the Oriental style of description." 2. Write to Prof. Wilbert W. White, Teachers' College, New York City, for advice. Your books should include a Concordance, a Commentary, a Biblical Encyclopedia, Josephus' Works, and *Evidences of Christianity*.

R. B., Westport, N. Y. What is the meaning of the term, "Halcyon days"?

Halcyon is a poetic name for the kingfisher and is derived from the Greek. As that bird was popularly supposed to lay its eggs on the waves and keep the sea calm until they were hatched, "Halcyon days" was used for calm and peaceful days.

N. J. B., Grundy Center, Iowa. Is there any Bible authority for the legend of the Wandering Jew?

It is supposed to have been the counterpart of the tradition which existed in the early Christian Church, that the "disciple whom Jesus loved" should not die (see John 21: 23), the counterpart dealing with an enemy of the Saviour, by whom Jesus was struck as he was passing along on the way to Calvary, bearing his Cross. One account, that given by Matthæus Parisius, is that the wanderer's name was Cartaphilus, and he was a doorkeeper in Pilate's palace. He mocked Christ, saying: "Go on, Jesus, go faster; why dost thou linger?" Jesus replied: "I am going, but thou shalt remain until I return." Another account makes the wanderer Ahasuerus, a shoemaker of Jerusalem. Still other accounts give him the names of John BuHadæus, Isaac Laquedem and Salathiel Ben Saadi. There is no Biblical authority for the legend.

J. M. C., Dunreith, Ind. Was there a wall on each side of the Euphrates River, in the city of Babylon, equal to the wall around the city? A minister in this place said recently, in a sermon, that there was. I cannot find any evidence, in any history or commentary, to prove this statement.

It cannot be asserted positively that the river was enclosed within the wall, yet Herodotus and Ctesias both agree that there were an inner and an outer wall of vast extent and that the banks of the river, where it passed through the centre of the city, were on each side ornamented with quays. All the ancient writers coincide in the statement that a vast area was enclosed within lofty walls. The outer wall, of which they wrote, cannot now be traced.

G. A. K., Akron, Ind. Did Christ teach by parables, that the multitudes could not understand his teaching, or did he teach, using them that they might understand his teaching?

The parable, or illustrative form of teaching by comparison, is familiar in the literature of almost every nation. Each of Christ's parables was essentially true to human nature, and he employed this method for the purpose of reaching the minds and hearts of his hearers in the most direct and natural way. Besides, in dealing with simple audiences, who know little or nothing of rhetoric, it is necessary to employ illustrations and similitudes, which, with very slight explanation, they can readily understand and remember. We would advise you to read French's work, entitled *On the Parables*.

S. E. H., Julare, Calif. Where do our churches get the authority for reciting the Apostles' Creed every Sunday morning?

It was an early summary of the Christian faith, in which all Christian churches agree. In early ages it was not in the Liturgy, and the use of it in public worship was first introduced into the church at Antioch and afterward into the Roman Church (in the eleventh century), whence it passed into the English Church at the Reformation. The Westminster Assembly adopted it, with the Commandments and the Lord's Prayer, and it has been used ever since in Protestant Churches.

J. W. Harrisburg, So. Dak. In the New Testament an elder might be "the husband of one wife." Does this mean that he cannot be an elder if he has not got one wife, or does it mean that he shall have only one wife?

It means that he can have one wife and no more, and that a man with a plurality of wives is not eligible. It does not exclude one who has no wife.

J. A. S., Fair Haven, Vt. 1. What is the origin of the superstition connected with the number thirteen? 2. What were the different occupations of the twelve apostles?

Thirteen is supposed to be an ill-omened number; as thirteen sat at the last supper, preceding the betrayal of Christ. 2. It is impossible to give all. The following is taken from McClintock & Strong's *Biblical Encyclopædia*: Simon Peter, John, James the Greater, and Andrew, were fishermen; Matthew, a publican or tax-gatherer; Bartholomew's occupation is uncertain, he is supposed to have been a native of Cana, in Galilee. Philip is supposed to have been a Galilean peasant, or small farmer.

A. L., South Fork, Pa. According to international law, how far out on the ocean does the authority of a nation extend?

Three miles. Beyond that distance ships of other nations can engage in battle without being subject to interference from the nation owning the nearby shore. This, of course, does not apply to inlets and bays, which are under the supervision of the country they indent. Ships at sea, outside of the three-mile limit, are subject to the laws of the country whose flag they carry.

C. H. C., Middletown, N. Y. What good schools are there for learning (1) civil engineering, (2) mining engineering? Is there much of a demand for men in the latter profession?

Pratt Institute, Stevens Institute, and Massachusetts Institute of Technology will send all necessary information on application. Cornell University also has excellent technical branches.

E. B., Cricket, Ia. 1. How does a person know when he is called to preach? 2. Does the prohibition against walking in the counsel of the ungodly (Ps. 1: 1), mean that we are not to associate with unconverted relatives?

1. The indications of a call to preach frequently come in the form of usefulness. A young man whose strong desire is to work for the salvation of souls, perhaps begins in the Sunday School, or in some neglected neighborhood. If he is successful in winning converts his delight increases, and he is drawn to the work until he longs to give all his time to it. Ministers and other workers see it and encourage and help him. He makes it a subject of prayer, and if God has accepted him, his way is generally made clear to him. That is the usual course, but it varies in many cases. 2. No. As Jesus said (John 17: 15), he did not wish his people to be taken out of the world, but to be kept from evil. Friendly intercourse, social friendship is permitted, that you may do them good; but do not act on their principles, nor be guided by their motives, in short, do not walk in their counsel.

Reader, Glens Falls, N. Y. Is it right or proper that a professing Christian should request that her body be decked with costly ornaments for burial?

See I Tim. 6: 7, which expresses the Christian view of the transitory character of all worldly possessions. To hug one's treasures, even in death, is folly, and to deck the body with costly ornaments for the tomb is a relic of barbaric vanity. We can understand, however, that there might be associations connected with some particular trinket or ring that would cause the owner to wish it to remain with her even in death.

AUDITED STATEMENT OF THE JAPANESE FAMINE FUND

Under the Auspices of "The Christian Herald"

RECEIPTS

Proceeds from Advertising	$ 48,445.95
Proceeds from Circularizing	45,549.08
Proceeds from "The Christian Herald" Direct	115,744.30
GRAND TOTAL	$209,739.33

REMITTANCES TO FAMINE FIELD

Cash Remittances through Department of State, Washington, D. C.:		
Feby. 14, 1906	$10,000.00	
Feby. 21, 1906	10,000.00	
March 7, 1906	10,000.00	
March 15, 1906	50,000.00	
March 20, 1906	20,000.00	
March 29, 1906	25,000.00	
April 5, 1906	25,000.00	
April 24, 1906	25,000.00	
May 9, 1906	25,000.00	
		$200,000.00
Cash to Rev. C. S. Davidson, Treas. Foreign Relief Committee, Sendai:		
March 7, 1906	5,000.00	
Cash to Rev. H. Loomis, Agent American Bible Society:		
March 7, 1906	500.00	
		$205,500.00

EXPENDITURES

	Jan.	Feb.	March	April	May	June	
Clerical Help	$25.50	$110.40	$512.09	$475.86	$107.50	$42.40	
Rent	25.00	50.00	50.00	50.00	50.00	31.00	
Telegrams	109.73	33.76	211.29	123.44	74.52	4.85	
Postage Account	—	34.00	143.50	148.00	42.50	5.60	
Miscellaneous Postage	19.35	97.27	93.86	72.87	55.38	26.00	
Printing, etc.	—	75.87	91.10	96.62	75.98	14.00	
Miscellaneous	15.00	56.85	14.23	15.21	37.50	—	
*Administration Charge, 1 per cent.	—	277.00	1,069.50	667.24	73.80	9.85	
TOTALS	$194.58	$735.15	$2,185.57	$1,649.24	$517.18	$133.70	5,415.42
GRAND TOTAL OF DISBURSEMENTS							$210,915.42
GRAND TOTAL OF INCOME, as Itemized above							209,739.33
Amount Overpaid by "The Christian Herald"							$1,176.09

* NOTE: The entire Administration Charge is Donated by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to our "Any Good Cause Charity Fund."

Public Accountant's Certification

This certifies that having taken off the above Statement from the Books of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and examined the Receipts and Disbursements in connection with the Japanese Famine Fund, comparing Vouchers and Checks and verifying additions, I find the same correct and in accord with the above Statement.

Public Accountant,
150 Broadway, New York

SWORN TO before me this 6th day of July, A D 1906.

Notary Public

Miscellaneous

R. D., Jamaica, N. Y. Any answer we could give to your query would be only guesswork.

S. B., Susquehanna, Pa. Lightning rods are doubtless a great protection for buildings in exposed localities.

B. F. McL., Donnellson, Ill. We have been unable to secure the information. Write to the Mayor of Galveston, Texas.

M. J. H., Jersey City. We know of no way to abbreviate the number you sent. Roman numerals would make it longer.

A reader in McCrory, Northwestern Arkansas, writes us that labor is very scarce there, and commands good prices. The berry crop this season "would almost supply the world."

G. W. K., New Market, Va. If the wireless system of telegraphy were put in operation between the two points you mentioned, there would be nothing to prevent messages being taken up by stations on the way and also by those at some distance each side of the main track. Ships at sea often take up messages sent from a surprising distance and intended for other vessels or for points on land. Send your question to the head of the Electrical Department, Worcester Polytechnic Institute, Worcester, Mass.

NEW YORK, JULY 18, 1906

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

A Group of Guests from New York, Brooklyn and the River Towns, in Front of Our "Children's Temple," Mont-Lawn

MONT-LAWN'S HAPPY "FOURTH"

Hundreds of Guests Help to Make the Day a Memorable One for the Tenement Waifs

NEVER was the old adage, "a bad beginning makes a good ending," more truly exemplified than on Fourth of July at Mont-Lawn, the beautiful Fresh-air Home of our little tenement waifs. Every preparation had been brought to the last degree of perfection, and on the evening before "the great day," Housemother Collins and her staff laid tired heads upon their pillows, secure in the belief that everything was in readiness for an enjoyable day on the morrow. Busy hands had draped railings and twined pillars with the patriotic tricolor, and the Children's Home stood in festive array, awaiting the dawn of Independence Day.

That night the rain fell in torrents. Hundreds of the friends of Mont-Lawn in New York, Brooklyn, and New Jersey watched eagerly all the morning for a rift in the clouds, hoping that the storm would break, so that they might come and spend the Fourth at the Home. By noon the deluge of rain had subsided, and, encouraged by brightening skies, visitors began to arrive in Nyack in large numbers, both by boat and railway train.

From the steamer dock and the railway depot they were conveyed to Mont-Lawn in stages, which had been held in readiness for them. The regular stages being insufficient, heavy wagons were transformed by planks and blankets into holiday chariots, and presented a picturesque if unusual appearance as, loaded with delighted patrons, they were greeted at the gates of Mont-Lawn by the merry shouts and gleeful songs of 275 tenement children.

It was a gladsome, chattering, active throng of little folks that now presented itself to the view of the visitors. Every swing was in commission, and jaded eyes grew young again as they looked on at the merry-making which was in progress on every side. The firecrackers were postponed until next day, so that the wide lawns might be speckless when the "children's company" came; one little man announcing, "Teacher says we'll have a piece of our Fourth o'July saved over for to-morrer."

At the stroke of the gong, there was a scattering and a scrambling to "get in line," and the children gathered before the main building, and formed in twos to march in to the grand new pavilion for dinner. At a signal from the Housemother, the young voices ascended in a chorus of song—the Mont-Lawn "Grace before meat"—

God is Great, and God is good.
And we thank him for our food,
By his hand must all be fed,
Give us then our daily bread.

Marching to Dinner in the New Dining Pavilion

And such a dinner it was! Snowy bread and golden butter; meats cut with liberal hand; great platters piled with fresh vegetables—new potatoes, string beans, tomatoes, etc.; generous mugs of creamy milk and huge dishes of fruit awaited the hungry little ones, whose long morning of play in the open air had made them ready for all the good things spread before them. How good everything tasted, and how quickly the dishes were emptied!

There was little May, who came up on the Home's opening day, so pale and thin that one's heart ached at sight of her wee, white face. The pallor had disappeared under a healthy coat of tan, and the beholder marveled how one small girl could devour so many slices of bread and butter so quickly.

After the meal, and having sung their little prayer of thanks to Almighty God, the children, happy and no longer hungry, made way for the guests, who come second on this, the little ones' own great day.

After the "visitors' luncheon," the guests roamed through the meadows and inspected the new rainy-day pavilion, the high tower and the several dormitories, with their long rows of snowy beds. Then followed the exercises in the Children's Temple, which constituted a pleasant hour among the many diversions of the day. Just one year ago, that fair and gracious Temple was dedicated to the great Father of all little children! Who can doubt that He was the chief guest of that joyous occasion, as the little ones so dear to him sang his praises!

"Jesus loves the little children," jubilantly rang out the fresh young voices. "Brown and yellow, black and white"—and indeed, though there were no little black faces shining from the midst, yet never was a more cosmopolitan group gathered within a sanctuary of God. The visitors, lining the walls and peering good-naturedly over each other's shoulders from every doorway, showed intense interest in the information they received by a few adroitly put questions from the platform. "How many of you are Germans?" asked

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THE
AMERICAN PULPIT

SERMON BY
Rev. F. DeWitt Talmage, D.D.

The Wedding Guests

TEXT:— MATT. 22: 10

"The wedding was furnished with guests"

SOME people are born ascetics. They love to travel the rough roads instead of the smooth. They profess to despise every form of comfort and ease. Like John the Baptist, they would clothe themselves in skins and banquet upon locusts and wild honey. They believe that primitive man in his dugout, eating his raw meat and herbs, as he hunts them day by day, is a better type of the human race than is the modern man, living in a hothouse and sleeping upon a feather bed and protecting himself from the rains of summer and the colds of winter with umbrellas and rubbers and storm overcoats. Like Emperor William the First, of Germany, they believe that though they may live in a palace, yet the body rests better upon the hard camp cot, the relic of many battlefields, and the coarser the food they eat, the more physical and mental strength they will have.

The banquet hall may have a bad name, on account of the gourmets and gluttons, who make out of its table a shrine, yet one of the most important political, social, ecclesiastical, financial and literary factors of the world has been the banquet hall. When a Gladstone, a Disraeli, a Salisbury, and a Balfour, wanted to explain the state policy of the British Government, where did they utter their manifestoes? They again and again spoke to the British Empire and to the world over the banquet table, which was spread to celebrate the induction of a new Lord Mayor of London into office. When Henry W. Grady wanted to bind the new North to the new South with the golden cords of love, where did he do it? At the New England Banquet held in New York City, in 1886, to celebrate Forefathers' Day. How did New York and America honor the electrical triumphs of the inventor of the telegraph, Samuel E. B. Morse? By a public dinner on Dec. 27, 1863. How did New York honor the cable triumphs of Cyrus W. Field? In the same way, by

The Public Banquet

three years later. How does the New York Chamber of Commerce not only cement the business interests of the New World together, but also bring before its chief merchants and manufacturers the greatest financiers of the world, to give them words of advice? By their annual banquets. And how did the American pulpit honor one of its greatest theologians a few years ago—Rev. Dr. Herrick Johnson, than whom there was not at that time a more powerful personality in any professorial chair in the West? By a public banquet, given in Chicago in January, 1903. The brainy men of this country do not gather in the banquet hall for a great feast of material viands, nearly as much as for a feast of intellectual, moral and spiritual foods. Thus I am glad to-day, that this symbol of my text is found in a banquet hall. Furthermore, it is found in the most fascinating of all banquet halls, namely, at a wedding feast.

You know this parable without our going into details. The king wanted to make a great feast to celebrate the wedding of his son. The loving father invites many guests to the wedding, but they all refuse to come. Then the king says to his servants: "Go out into the highways and the hedges, and compel them to come." Then the servants go and bring in the new guests. Now it is my purpose to talk to you about this banquet hall, and point out for you the different characteristics and the social status of the guests. In thinking over this parable, we often dwell on the direct lesson of the wide Gospel invitation it conveys, without noticing the characteristics of the men, the women, and the children who were finally persuaded to sit down at the wedding feast of the Royal Son of God, Jesus Christ.

Let us find a vantage ground to stand on. Let us, in the first place, learn how we can best study the personal characteristics of these wedding guests. Shall we do this by entering the brilliantly lighted banquet hall, and watching the actions of the guests who are gathered about the table. Nay. You cannot tell what a man is like, when he is dressed up, and out for an evening entertainment. In order to find out what he truly is, you must go and talk with him at his work. His Sunday clothes are not the true index of his life. Many a man has gone to an evening reception in a borrowed dress suit.

Thus, in order to find out the different characteristics of the wedding guests, we should follow one of the servants, who goes forth by the king's command to gather in the guests for the wedding.

Now, what did the king say? "Go ye, therefore, into the highways, and as many as ye shall find, bid to the marriage." That means: "Oh, servant, as soon as you get into the street, give this wedding-invitation to the first men and women and children you meet. Make no exceptions to this rule. Slight no one. Ask all who will to come." Now, who do you suppose the servant naturally first accosted? Probably the most conspicuous person in the street. It was doubtless the rich merchant, or the military chieftain, astride his war charger, or it was the royal prince driving in his chariot. These men were naturally the most conspicuous in that crowded thoroughfare, therefore, they were the first to whom I think the servant went and said, "Come! The king bids thee to come to the marriage of his son. Come, and come now!" But many of these rich men, these intellectual leaders, refused to come. Very likely they were among those whom the king had invited, and who may have already refused the invitation. Some of all classes refused to come. But there were many of the intellectual world who did come, and thousands of the intellectual leaders of the world are coming to-day.

Eminent Guests

Did you ever try to estimate how many of our great men are Christians. Their numbers almost transcend human belief. Just study them, in a political or governmental sense. A few years ago, the editors of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD sent forth a letter to all the governors of this country, and, I believe, to all the members of the United States Congress, and to the leaders both of the army and the navy, also to the Justices of the Supreme Court, the President of the United States and his Cabinet, and to distinguished educators and notable persons of both sexes. The letter which was addressed to all alike, read: "Are you a friend of Christianity? Do you believe that Christianity is the friend of mankind? Does your belief extend to the recognition of a Supreme Being, to the Divinity of Christ, and to the surpassing potency of Christianity as a civilizing influence?" The answers came back by the scores and hundreds. They showed that from the President in the White House, down to the humble Executive of the Western territory, nearly all the Governors, nearly all the Senators and Congressmen, nearly all the great leaders of our army and navy were either out-and-out members of Christian churches, or respecters of the same. I kept those replies in my scrap-book, I could quote many of them now if I had the time. However, from memory, I can say this, that nearly all of our great leaders in governmental life were ready to confess that their only hope for eternal salvation was the Cross of Jesus Christ. And what is true of statescraft, I believe will also be found true of medicine, and of every other department of professional and business life, if the statistician would only compile the records for us.

Philosophers and Writers

Do not talk to me about there being no intellectual giants in the banquet hall of the Divine Bridegroom, Why, there you can see the intellectual leaders everywhere around you. Agassiz once said that the greatest feast he ever attended was when he visited the great German naturalist, Oken. Lorenz Oken was rich in brain, but poor in pocket. Therefore he placed before Agassiz but two dishes, one of potatoes boiled, and one of potatoes roasted. But while the young naturalist sat by the side of the great scientist, Oken unfolded for him his investigations in natural philosophy. "Never before," wrote Agassiz, "were such potatoes grown on this planet, for the mind of the man seemed to enter into what we ate socially together, and I devoured his intellect while munching his potatoes. I repeat it—I never ate such a dinner before or since." As Agassiz, the great naturalist, was feasting because he was sitting at the table of Oken, so many of the great intellectual giants are feasting because they are sitting at the marriage banquet of Christ. They seemed to care not what they eat or what they drink, as long as Christ sits at the head of the table and they see him and hear his words. When a famous English writer lay ill a few years ago, the nurse heard him talking. She went to his bedside and heard him feebly murmuring the words, "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep." "I beg your pardon," said the nurse, when she knew that he was praying. "I thought you wanted something." "I do," faintly replied Rudyard Kipling, "I want my Heavenly Father. He can care for me now." Yea, that Heavenly Father is not the hope of Rudyard Kipling alone. He is the hope of thousands of leaders of the world in almost every department of life.

Humble Guests

But no sooner does the messenger of the king give the invitation to the merchant prince and to the military chieftain or to the member of the Sanhedrin, than methinks I see him put his hand upon the shoulder of the servant who is holding his master's horse, and say, "Won't you come to the king's marriage feast? The king bids me ask you to come also." "Ah, no," answers the servant; "I cannot come. My master would not allow it. He would not hire me a day if I did not keep in my social place. I can harness up his chariot and drive him to the Temple, but I would not dare stand by his side in that Temple of worship. This Bridegroom's banquet is only for the aristocrat. It is spread for kings and queens. It is not for the plebeian. If there was a servant's table adjoining the king's banquet-hall, I might come; but you would not have me sit down with the Bridegroom on one side of me and my master on the other. Nay, this invitation is not for me." "Yes, it is, my friend," answers the king's messenger. "This invitation is for the kitchen as well as for the parlor, for the slave as well as for the mighty potentate."

Some people who are trying to build class churches, do not believe this. They seem to think that the banquet-hall of the Royal King can be controlled by a syndicate of capitalists, or by social classes, even as a syndicate of real estate men can buy up a section of land and lay it out in building lots and decide who will live there and who will not. You know, of course, how this is done. It is by imposing "building restrictions." After the land has been laid out in building lots, the owners say to the buyers, "Now, this lot is worth $5,000. But you cannot buy it and build any house upon it worth less than $8,000. We do this in order to protect the neighborhood, so that only the wealthy can come in. We do not want the poor here. Neither do we want those who cannot move in our social set." Thus, some

Class Churches

would bar the poor out of the house of God. But, my brother, the gold lace of a king, or the silk robe of a princess are not essential factors for entering into this banquet hall of the king's son. God does not say, "You can come if you are able to build a house worth $10,000;" or, "You can come if your family has a coat of arms." But God does say, "You can come, whether you wear a king's coronet or a king's livery, as long as you come in the name of Jesus Christ." Oh, servant, holding thy master's horse; oh, humble man, working as clerk in the store, the King's messenger bids thee come to the marriage feast of his Son.

Thank God, all social organizations are not built upon the standard of money or fame. Way back, in the fourteenth century, a great plague was devastating Florence, one of the chief cities of Italy. Something had to be done immediately to bury the dead, and to care for the sick and friendless. Thus the "Brotherhood of Misericordia" was organized. Its members were drawn from every walk of life. The rich man in his palace was a member of it, and the poor man in his hut was also a member. The king upon his throne and the footman waiting at his door might both have their names enrolled upon the membership of this society. No sooner is a mission of mercy necessary to be performed, like the burying of the pauper dead, than the leader of that district notifies his men. These men come at once. They are all dressed alike. They are all covered with a long black robe, which, like a cowl, covers both head and body. Only the two glittering eyes of the man can be seen shining through that cowl. Thus, as the corpse of the friendless man is carried to the grave, these black robes of the bearer are the same; but underneath those

robes you can see the costly shoes of the aristocrat side by side with the hobnailed shoes of the poor peasant. The "Brotherhood of Misericordia" places all its members upon the same level. There is a Fraternal Organization, a "Brotherhood of Misericordia," in the banquet hall of the King's Son. There we shall find the rich and the poor man, the intellectual man and the humble man, the master and the servant. There shall be all social classes sitting side by side, attired in the wedding garments that the king provided. Remember ye not the command: "Go ye, therefore, into the highways, and as many as ye shall find bid to the marriage?"

Invalids Invited

But while we follow the king's messenger down the highways or the public streets, and hear him say to men on the right and to men on the left, "Come, come, come, to the marriage of the king's son," I see him dart off to the side. He is about to disappear in the doorway of an adjoining house. "Where are you going, messenger?" I cry. "The king did not bid thee go into any homes! Thy command reads, 'Go ye therefore, into the highways.' That is a private home. That is not the public street. Every man's home is his castle and you have no right to enter there." "No right!" answers the guide, "Why, if I did not enter some homes, there would be thousands of invalids who would never be invited to come to the king's banquet. Did you not see the pale cheek of that tired sick woman at the window? I am going to tell her to come to the marriage banquet of the king's son."

We enter the house and go into the sick-room. The nurse meets us at the door and says, "Hush! Don't make a noise. She has been an invalid in this room for five, ten, or even twenty years. Her time of departure is now not far off." "I know it," says the king's messenger. "I know it. She has had too many pains here. She has suffered enough. She must get up out of this bed and put on the bloom of eternal youth. She must renew her strength. She shall mount up with wings as eagles. She shall run and not be weary. She shall walk and not faint." "But," says the nurse, "she cannot even move a limb. See, she is paralyzed." "I know it," says the messenger, "but remember, I have not come to bid her crawl around on a crutch. Remember, I have come to ask her to attend the banquet of the king's son. If my Lord is willing to ask her to come, surely he will give to her the needful strength with which to walk to his banquet hall and attend his Son's feast." "Would you like to come, suffering invalid?" asks the messenger. "Well, rise up and come now."

What a blessed and glorious time that will be when all the sick and the helpless, who for months and years have been counted among the "Shut-ins," shall attend the banquet of the King's Son!" When one of the greatest ministers of the world, a few years ago, was dying in the East, his poor sick suffering grandchild, a life-long invalid, was sobbing in the hall. As a friend of my mother's was passing into the sick-room, she stopped and spoke to the invalid child. "Is grandpa better?" the little girl asked. "No, he is dying," was the answer. "Oh," she said, "Why did not God take me and leave him? I am of so little use in the world and he is of so much use." Ay, when the King's banquet is to be spread, God's messenger will come and get thee, weak, invalid grandchild, as well as grandmother. You have been praying enough in that dark room. God has heard your prayer. God's messenger will come soon. And when he comes, you will not have to crawl into the banquet hall on a crutch, You shall not have to be carried there on a litter. You will walk there. You will leap there, even as the lame man whom Peter spoke to at the beautiful gate, went into the temple, leaping and singing and praising God. The banquet, the banquet of the King, is spread for God's suffering ones of the sick chambers.

The Sinner Welcome

But as we come out into the sunlight from the sick chamber, the messenger of the King turns down into a dark street. I clutch him by the arm as I say, "Don't go there. You are evidently not acquainted with this city. It may be all right to ask the poor to the King's banquet. Poor people may be just as honorable as the rich; but do not ask the criminals. Why, those people living here belong to what are called the outcast classes. You are now going into the depraved districts of our city. You would not have a harlot, or a thief, or a drunkard, or a libertine attend the marriage of the King's Son?" "Yes, I would, if they repent of their sins," answers the messenger. "Do you not remember the royal command, "Go ye therefore into the highways and hedges and as many as ye shall find, bid to the marriage." Then I look and find these words in the Bible, "So the servants went forth out into the highways and the hedges, and gathered together all, as many as they found, both bad and good."

Personal Invitation

Thus, as I go to that banquet door and push it a little open, I find the strangest assortment of people. You would not believe those people are there, unless you come and look for yourself. But as we are to-day following the King's messengers around, and as we hear him saying to this man and to that, "Come to the marriage, come to the divine wedding-feast," methinks he suddenly turns to us and says, "Friends, will you come also to the marriage banquet of the King's Son?" "Oh," some of us answer, "do not worry about me. I was born in a Christian home. In a few years I will come; but not now. I expect to be saved, but like the thief on the cross, I expect to be saved at the last moment. All that I have to say on my death-bed is 'Lord, save me!' and it will be all right."

Is that so, my brother? I doubt that. I believe if you and I, who have grown up in Christian homes, are not willing to be saved now, in all probability we shall never be saved at all. I like the interpretation which an old minister gave to a gentleman he was visiting. He said, "My friend, you expect to be saved, like the thief on the cross, or like the man who was asked to go to work in God's vineyard, at the eleventh hour; but did you ever stop to think that, when those men were asked to go to work at the eleventh hour, in all probability that was the first invitation they had ever received to go to work for Christ? Did you ever stop to think that in all probability the thief upon the cross had spent a whole lifetime with thieves and robbers, and had never before been asked to come to Christ, until he was on his own dying bed of a cross?" Oh, yes, at the eleventh hour men can be saved who have never heard the Gospel invitation before; but for the most part those men who, in their youth and young manhood have heard the invitation to come to the marriage banquet of the King's Son, and have refused, will in all probability never come at the eleventh hour.

Dare we refuse the King's, invitation which the messenger is giving to us now?

AMONG THE WRECKS OF MEN*

By Pastor Charles Wagner

ONE day I called upon Mr. Klopsch, the devoted editor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which is the centre of so much active benevolence, and so many efforts for the betterment of mankind. "Will you go with me to the Bowery Mission some night?" he asked. "You would encounter there the most pitiable specimens of homeless men the city can show."

An engagement was immediately made for Monday, the 28th of November, and toward eleven o'clock on the night of that day, Mr. Klopsch appeared at the club where I had been passing with friends one of my rare free evenings. The weather was cold, and a thin fog enveloped the town. We drove for nearly an hour to reach the quarter of the East Side where the Mission is situated.

The long narrow room was closely packed with men. On the platform where the organ stood, were a number of people connected with the Mission. Among them an old lady, whose life is wholly devoted to the work. It was now midnight. As I took my place in the centre of the group, I noticed in front of us a railing intended as a rest for the hands, and instantly it produced upon me the impression of being cited before the bar of some invisible tribunal, where misery was sitting, attended by a very "court of miracles"—a muster of misfortune from all the ends of the earth.

I sat awhile in a sort of soul stupor, until fortunately the organ began to play, and the people to sing. Then I could observe this accumulation of the dregs of nations. There was not a single woman, but every man bore the marks of defeat; not as though routed in some late battle, and still bewildered by dreadful visions of the fight; but vanquished long ago, and too nearly trampled out and annihilated now to remember. Their faces represented types of every country, at the same time showing each of them to be a man without a country. At the sight, involuntarily one questioned within himself: "Italian, German, Frenchman, of what good to you are your King, your Emperor, your Republic?" They had fallen without the meshes that enclose the prudent among their fellow-countrymen, into the great drag-net of misfortune, and there they lay, victims of their idleness, their drunkenness, their want of character, or the brutal circumstances against which the little skiff wherein they had embarked their life was shattered.

From my place I made them personal visits, observing them carefully, one by one, and among these hundreds

Pastor Charles Wagner
Author of *The Simple Life*

of wrecks of men, there was not one bad face. There was diversity under the sordid uniformity of rags; there were bearded men and smooth-faced, bald men and hirsute, and a disproportionate number were one-eyed. By how many different paths had their lives, once fresh and full of hope, come to this downfall, this demolition, that was condensing and confusing them in a dark residue at the bottom of the social alembic? They seemed to me so great in their absolute nothingness, that suddenly the whole of respectable middle-class existence was obscured in their shadow, and some invisible hand removed from me all the store upon which a man ordinarily draws when he speaks to his fellows who have a bed to lie on and a table at which to sit; who carry about them that passport called money, and are animated by the breath of that soul of the social life—credit. Out of sympathy, I felt myself reduced to utter helplessness, to a humanity stript, wounded, and miserable, until I became their equal. And when I rose to call them "brothers," I saw in the midst of them the spirit of suffering humanity, the Son of Man, who had not where to lay his head. Never was I more deeply conscious of strength from the power to speak in his name; and never had the judgment, at once merciful and inexorable, that He pronounced upon our vanities and the hollowness of our comfortable Christianity, seemed more scathing. That night I learned one of those lessons that fill the soul with grief, with anguish.

Had these men any knowledge of the preternatural effect they made upon me? Evidently not; but they listened with goodwill to what I said aloud, as I had listened in silence to their silent speech. Then I stepped down from the platform and begged them to show, by their uplifted hands, who among them spoke English, French, or German, the only languages in which I could make myself understood, and I conversed with them individually. Their short biographies, all ending badly, reminded me of a succession of evil tidings, one report after another announcing a new catastrophe. Among the Frenchmen with whom I talked was a former teacher of Marseilles, not yet fifty years old. By what hazards of ill fortune had he made his way from the class-rooms of the Normal School to this place?

As the hour for closing approached, cups of coffee were passed along the ranks, and there was a generous distribution of bread when the men went out. "Where will they sleep?" I asked myself as I watched the dark column disperse in the foggy night; and a vision of them pursued me—a lamentable and distressful vision, holding before my mind the grievous problem of human vagabondage.

*From the new volume, entitled *American Impressions*, by Charles Wagner, the famous Paris mission pastor, which will be published this fall by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.

MONT-LAWN'S HAPPY "FOURTH"

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Dr. Klopsch. Nearly a hundred hands went up. "How many are Italians?" Perhaps twenty-five hands rose. "How many Jewish?" A generous sprinkling of hands followed. "How many Americans?" and now more hands than ever rose. The rest were divided among Irish, Scandinavian, a few Syrians and Hungarians, and one wee, dainty little tot, whose name, Annie Yun Toy, would have proclaimed her a tiny human flower of the Celestial kingdom, even if her twinkling, beady black eyes, yellow skin and straight black hair had not. But when Dr. Klopsch asked the last question, "How many mean to try to make noble American men and women?" every arm flew to its highest point. It was a sight at which the pessimist, who stalks abroad, gloomily prophesying the coming downfall of American institutions, would have hid his face in shame.

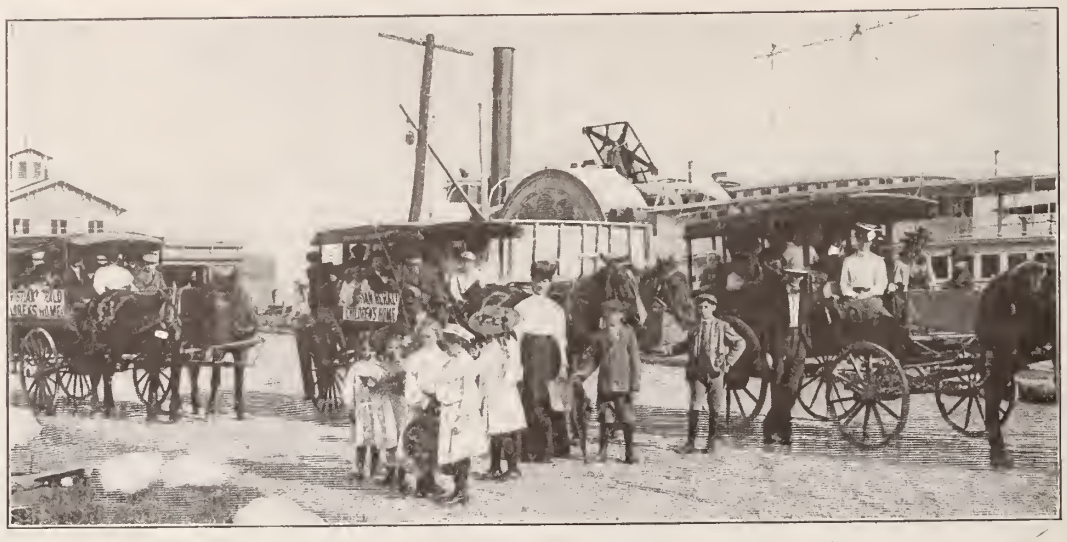
The invocation of the divine blessing was followed by an eloquent address from the Rev. Ferdinand C. Iglehart, of New York City. He began his remarks by saying that a few moments before a little lad had trotted up to him on the lawn with the words: "Say, you told us a nice story last year; tell us another to-day, will ye?" The "nice story" was forthcoming, and then followed an inspiring lesson to the men and women of to-morrow upon the theme: "All Honor to our Flag." Dr. Iglehart closed with the following glowing tribute: "Three cheers for the red, white, and blue! Above thee we'll place but one symbol beneath yon shining sun. It is the Cross of God's dear Son, and beneath the shadow of the two, we will march to the intellectual, moral, and religious domination of the world. May God bless you, dear children, and this superb work, which the Holy Spirit has founded upon the Cross and upon the flag."

Three cheers and a tiger for "Our Flag" were given with a right good will by every youngster, and all the little folks afterwards sang in melodious unison a selection from the Scriptures.

The Rev. William Potts George, D.D., of Poughkeepsie, N.Y., was the next speaker introduced, and he held children and adults to the closest attention throughout the time alloted him.

Rev. C. H. Mead, D.D., came forward with the genial words: "I'd rather make three hundred children laugh than one kid cry. I'd rather catch a sunbeam and lay it in somebody's path than to drag a cloud down and wrap somebody in it." In simple language adapted to his youngest hearers, he painted picture after picture of life's sunshine, pointing out the difference between fun and cruelty in a manner which clearly impressed each youthful heart. In closing, he said: "You come up here to have fun. The fun of what? To tumble and roll on the sweet, green grass. The fun of what? When night comes, and little eyes are heavy and little legs are weary, to cuddle down in the cool white nests which await you. The fun of what? To sit upon the hillside and look over glorious mountains and the gleaming river. The fun of what? To learn to love love itself; to know that God is love, and whether you're Jew or Christian, to go back to New York to be better and happier, because you've learned to know that love is God and God is love. When you do grow up, every one of you will love 'Old Glory' better because you were up at Mont-Lawn to-day, and learned that it stands for everything good and pure and sweet and strong. Boys, girls, love it till you die."

Bright songs appropriate to day and place were sung by the children after each address. "How you do it," was the burden of Rev. C. W. McPherson's remarks, as he concluded the speaking of the afternoon. "Why, you're a wonderful lot of boys and girls. You've only been here, some a week and others less, and yet you sing as if you'd been in training all winter. I've been here four times, and the enlargement and progress of this blessed Institution is a marvel to me. I wish that every contributor to this beautiful work could be present to-day, for I know that, with me, they would pray God to grant it many hearty, heroic, glorious years of life and growth."



Home Wagons Conveying Guests from the Nyack Dock

Watching the Fireworks

At the close of the chapel exercises the children filed out upon the spacious green lawn, followed by their guests. Up and down the roadside without the grounds stood row upon row of vehicles of every description, which had brought visitors from the surrounding villages of the Hudson, all of whom take a deep and sympathetic interest in the Children's Home. The little ones seemed to realize that the success of the day rested upon their small shoulders, and truly they made a picture to remember. Down below the rising hill glittered the waters of the Hudson River, beyond whose silver ribbon rose the living green of the eastern shore. Nearer at hand rose tier upon tier of tree tops, far as the eye could reach. Gathered upon the graveled walk, more than three hundred visitors watched the shifting little figures, some with curls, and some with braids, and some with shaven heads, all gayly clad in red and yellow, white and blue, as they swung lightly up and down, in and out, in long, graceful lines, waving their flags to the inspiriting music of the band, and pausing at the foot of the great flag-staff to reverently salute our own beloved emblem of freedom. The sunshine filtered through the high trees, casting long, cool shadows across the green lawns. Dull care had flown away from every childish memory, and childhood's true inheritance, pure happiness, beamed from every face and inspired the bounding feet. The whole list of patriotic songs were sung at the top of their voices, and the afternoon parade and flag-drill were over.

More piles of bread and butter were consumed with just such "doughnuts as grandma used to make," and then the whole company trooped upon the lawn again, and sat down in a huge circle, looking like a bright wreath of beautiful blossoms in a garden. Ice-cream and cakes were the portion of each eager little member of the circle, and many an interested discussion took place as to the relative merits of pink, white and brown flavors. So gently had twilight's soft shadows fallen over the glowing sunset, that everybody exclaimed in surprise as the first star peeped forth, the signal for the fireworks—always the personal gift of Dr. Klopsch for the celebration of Independence Day. It seemed as if the children's cup of rapture was too full, and as the fiery sky-rockets, the whirling wheels, the dazzling colored lights, the balloons and the showers of pyrotechnic radiance from a score of different varieties of fireworks followed each other in swift succession, a low murmur of delight and wonder sounded through the evening hush, as if the charm of it all was too great for loud outcry or shouting.

After Dinner, Awaiting the Signal to March to the Chapel

Then, when it was all over, the wagon-loads of visitors clattered cheerily down toward trains and every-day life once more; 550 tired little legs climbed into white beds, and 275 heavy little heads pressed their soft pillows. Many a boy and girl will look back upon this glad Fourth of July as the beginning of new life. In one sense, the most notable guests of the day were an Episcopal Sunday School class of fourteen girls, about eighteen years old. Most of them had, in years gone by, been among the summer sojourners at the Children's Home. They were well-dressed, "because," said they, proudly, "we are working girls." They were earnest and ardent in their testimony to what

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THE GOSPEL IN THE WORKSHOPS

WITHIN a very recent date, the experiment of holding short Gospel meetings in factories and similar places, once a week during the noon hour, has been tried with marked success in different parts of the country. From several Western States we have received accounts of such meetings and of the most encouraging results. In New York City the success attending the noon meetings at the Western Electric Works, in Bethune Street, under the auspices of the New York Men's Evangelistic Association, has been so great that they have determined to extend their operations, and are now holding meetings at factories on the East Side and upper West Side, enabling them to reach multitudes of workers and non-churchgoers. The cost is arranged for in advance, as the Association will not assume any indebtedness nor contract for work without having the funds in hand to carry on the same. Upward of three hundred men are wearing the Men's Evangelistic Association button, which is a reminder of the pledge made by the wearer to attend church and try to bring another man with him. From actual results, it has been demonstrated that half a million men can be given the Gospel message at a total cost of not to exceed $100. There is no personal exaltation, exploitation, glorification, aggrandizement or renown sought for. It is simply carrying out the Master's command to go out into the "highways and byways"—to reach the neglected and the careless and indifferent with the message of salvation.

A similar work is being carried on by the Y. M. C. A. In one of the large Brooklyn factories (that of the E. W. Bliss Co.), meetings are held at the noon hour, and the Gospel is preached to the hard-working sons of toil during the brief interval when the machines are silent and the great wheels cease to revolve. This meeting (which is shown in the photograph), is one of fifteen similar gatherings that are now held at as many different points in Brooklyn weekly, with an average attendance of 1,500 to 2,000 men. All listen to the simple service with reverent attention and participate heartily in the singing.

Noon Y. M. C. A. Gospel Meeting in a Brooklyn Factory

It is beyond question that these gatherings, breaking in upon the dull monotony of their toil, are to them like oases in the desert. The probability is that many who are now hearing the Gospel at least once a week in this way, except for these meetings would hear it very seldom indeed. At the factory shown in the photograph, 125 copies of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are distributed by the Y. M. C. A. workers among the men at the close of each weekly noon hour service.

Every week day, at 12 o'clock, in front of the Western Electric Building, Bethune, West and Washington Streets, New York, one of the officials and several members of the Men's Evangelistic Association (Rev. George Alexander, D.D., President), a cornetist, an organist with a baby organ, a solo singer, and some New York City preacher, gather together, and give the Gospel message to from 3,000 to 6,000 men.

A large packing box is rolled out, the cornetist plays several airs, a portion of Scripture is read, prayer is offered, hymns are sung, and an address given through a megaphone, which is heard from corner to corner, as well as up to the twelfth-story windows. An invitation is then given to the men to signify their willingness to accept Jesus as their Saviour and Helper, and many hands are held up and testimonies given.

One man said, at a recent meeting: "I came off the steamship *Carpathia*, a discontented debauchee, wandered up West Street, heard a megaphone, followed the sound, listened to the speaker, and made up my mind to mend my ways, talked with the preacher at the close of the meeting, and, with God's help, I am now leading a new life. I have secured a position in a store, and expect soon to unite with the church."

The following ministers conducted the noon meetings last week. Rev. Thomas Houston, D.D., the Blind Evangelist, Rev. Charles T. Baylis, Rev. Charles C. Cook, E. C. Mercer, Water Street Mission, and Rev. Dr. J. H. Tate. At one meeting, eighty-eight men came forward to shake hands with the speaker, and nineteen raised their hands, asking that prayer be offered for them.

Open-air Preaching and City Evangelization

THE establishment of the Church on earth owes much to outdoor preaching. In various books on missions in pagan countries, we find that "the tidings of great joy," were first preached in the open air. This is true of Protestant and Catholic Missions.

Open-air preaching was introduced into England by the missionaries during the reign of King Ethelbert, and helped to pave the way for the Reformation. Luther, who did his work chiefly with pen, and before Diets, preached in the marketplace in Zwickau, Saxony, to an audience numbering 25,000 people. Rev. John Livingston preached his memorable sermon, when 500 were converted, in the open air.

Only when the church grew cold and formal did this form of preaching cease, and then God called Wesley and Whitfield in the eighteenth century, to revive this practical method of bringing the Gospel to the people. Benjamin Franklin, in his writing, refers to Whitfield's open-air services in America. Spurgeon often addressed vast audiences in the open air.

Many perplexing questions confront the Church to-day, but one of the most difficult ones is the question of evangelizing our large cities, as all classes should be reached. We say the masses have drifted from the Church, but they believe the Church has deserted them. That there is a chasm between the laboring classes and the Church is an admitted fact. The laboring man who is confined to a poorly ventilated building six days in a week seeks the park, woods or seaside on Sunday, and this need not surprise us. If these people do not come to the church, we must follow them and bring the Gospel to them where they are.

Never before have such efforts been made to evangelize the cities during the summer season as at present. In Chicago, New York, Philadelphia, and other cities, tent-meetings, grove-meetings, meetings in parks, street-meetings and Gospel wagon-meetings are in full operation during the summer months. Camp-meetings have not yet gone out of existence and Bible Conferences are becoming more numerous every summer. All these efforts, if continued, will assist greatly in bringing about a general revival in this country. Any Church can have a successful open-air meeting.

Probably no better preparation could be made for the next revival season than for open-air meetings of various kinds to be conducted in cities, villages and rural districts, in order to sow the Gospel seed, and then to organize prayer circles all over the land to water the Gospel soil. Next fall and winter might then witness the most mighty revivals the nation has witnessed for a decade or more. May the great Head of the Church lead his hosts to do heroic and faithful work in the open air, as well as in consecrated buildings, and our God will send the harvest. EVANGELIST HENRY B. ROLLER.

A VETERAN MISSIONARY GONE HOME

AFTER fifty-five years of splendid, consecrated work for the Master in India, Mrs. M. E. Bissell has gone to her reward. The American Board has thus lost its oldest active missionary in India, the Mission has lost one who has been a great power in its work, and the people of India have lost a most devoted friend.

Mrs. Bissell was born in Milan, Ohio, in 1827. She reached Bombay, with her husband, Dr. Lemuel Bissell, in August, 1851, and began her work with him in the Marathi Mission of Sirur the same year. With three young children, Dr. and Mrs. Bissell lived through the horrors of the Sepoy mutiny, in 1857, being obliged to flee for their lives to Ahmadnagar, where they were later permanently stationed.

In 1891 Dr. Bissell died, and the fifteen years of Mrs. Bissell's widowhood were marked by apparently redoubled devotion, as if to make up for the loss the Mission had suffered, and to take up the leadership upon which so much had previously depended. With the exception of the eleven months of her last illness, this consecrated woman, imbued with a strength beyond her own, had been spared serious sickness throughout her more than half-century of continuous work. So closely had she identified herself with the people of India that she had ceased to regard any other place as home. There is scarcely a department of mission work among Christians, non-Christians, foreigners, or natives, in which she was not at some time engaged. Work in the city and in the country districts; in schools and churches; for boys and girls. She was greatly interested in medical missions, as these brought such a quick response from the plague-stricken natives. The training of workers and the later industrial work, all engaged her effort and support. She directed a large force of Bible women and conducted courses of study and examinations for their benefit. She translated and composed many hymns and wrote short stories and poems, which have been used all through the Marathi country.

The Late Mrs. M. E. Bissell

During the various famines which she passed through, she worked without regard to her physical strength. She labored in the true spirit of her Master, sheltering the poor and sick, lifting the fallen and encouraging the weak. But perhaps the most conspicuous service rendered by her life was the excellent instruction she imparted to hundreds of girls and women, and through her teaching and example many of the women of India have been lifted from heathenism and degradation to bear worthily the responsibilities that come to them as converts, showing their faith in their daily lives.

During these years of constant service, Mrs. Bissell fitted her nine children for American schools. Seven of the children are now living, each one of whom has had a college education, four of the sons having studied for the ministry. Two sons and two daughters brought joy to their mother's heart by engaging in mission work with her in the same city. In 1896, during her last furlough in America, she saw for the first time all her eleven grandchildren.

Five years ago the Marathi Mission, and the communities in which she had taught, gathered to celebrate the jubilee of her arrival in India. The outcome of this gathering was the erection of a Jubilee Memorial Chapel in the village of Jeur, where there is a large Christian community, many of them being of the "no castes," the most despised people in India.

Many impressive testimonials have been received by the family of Mrs. Bissell in America from the missionaries and friends to whom her beautiful Christian life was an inspiration and example.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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Irreverence in the Pulpit

WHEN a church complains that its pastor is in a rut, and that he is talking trite common-place theology in the dry ecclesiastical fashion, there is frequently ground for the charge. The minister who spends much of his time in his study among his books, and does not go among his congregation, or among the non-church-goers, to find out what their difficulties and trials are, is liable when he stands up to preach on Sunday, to talk over their heads, and deal with subjects in which they are not interested. The result is inattention, indifference, and somnolence.

There is, however, danger in the opposite extreme. Some preachers in the effort to say something novel and sensational, descend to vulgarity. In speaking of God and of the sublime subject of the divine dealings with men, we have a right to expect reverence and a decency of thought and language. Matthew Arnold complained of certain preachers that they professed to know as much of God and his ways as they did of the butcher who lived in the next street; but even these men showed respect to the Almighty and did not utter ribald jokes in the pulpit. There are grades and degrees of irreverence, and we appear to have descended below the familiarity which affects intimacy combined with respect, to the level of the end man in a minstrel show, who would joke over the last moments of his own mother.

In one of our contemporaries we have an illustration of this latter tendency, in the report of a sermon on Zaccheus. The preacher, if the report is correct, treats his subject in a light, flippant, irreverent style, which is liable to produce merriment among the more worldly of his auditors, and disgust among men who look for decency and sobriety in the pulpit. Addressing any of his hearers who profess not to believe in the existence of a devil, he advises them to marry. "Get a mother-in-law, get a son-in-law. You'll know there's a devil then." Of men with evil propensities he says: "Some men just march around town with things inside them that razor-backed hogs wouldn't stand a minute," and winds up his description with the inquiry: "Now ain't you fellows corkers?" In paying his respects to morality, which is certainly better than its opposite, he says: "What's the difference between a moral and an immoral sinner, anyway? I had rather come in contact with a cussing liquor-drinker than with one of these oily, moral fellows. The biggest devils in the world are these moral devils." But enough of these quotations. The paragraphs containing profanity we omit, and the sermon contains such. As a whole the sermon is a burlesque, in which coarseness and vulgarity take the place of wit, and reverence is entirely absent.

Better the driest, dullest sermon than such ribaldry as this! But reverence need not be dry or dull. In Talmage and Beecher and Spurgeon we had humor, droll expressions and vivacious description, but never irreverence or vulgarity. The man who stands up to preach should remember the dignity of his office and should realize that he degrades it when he plays the buffoon.

> He that negotiates between God and man,
> As God's ambassador, the grand concerns
> Of judgment and of mercy, should beware
> Of lightness in his speech. 'Tis pitiful
> To court a grin, when you should woo a soul;
> To break a jest, when pity would inspire
> Pathetic exhortation and t'address
> The skittish fancy with facetious tales,
> When sent with God's commission to the heart!

Good Temper and Bad

WHEN we speak of the temper of a weapon we refer to the quality of the steel that composes it. Keen-edged and sharp, or dull and blunt a tool may be, and in either case its value depends upon its temper. When the phrase good tempered is applied to a human being it is equally suggestive. How shall we define good temper? Is it mere placidity, the sort of tideless, unruffled stagnation that one finds in a land-locked pool that has no outlet and no particular use except to fill a hollow in the ground? Is it the sort of obtuseness that is not wounded or hurt because it does not receive impressions quickly or respond sympathetically to the moods of others? May not a person be good tempered through lack of temptation to be otherwise, or through an easy acquiescence with circumstances that is not so much content as simple laziness?

The word in the Bible that best describes good temper is meekness. Moses was the meekest of men, yet we find that this meek man had a quick, resolute and masterful temper. The word indicates control such as the reining in and curbing of a fiery steed, or the disciplining of a fractious child. "Better is he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." But there must be a spirit to rule.

Often enough we hear people boasting of their bad tempers, of their unforgiving attitude to those who injure them, of their hasty and ill-considered speeches, and of other phases of unrestrained temper, with slightly veiled pride. They seem to think that they gain dignity when they tell how angry they have been and when they explain that they never forget an injury. In reality, nothing is more shameful than deliberate indulgence in bad temper. A malicious, uncharitable and selfish temper, the temper of a churl, of an ingrate, or of a contrary and perverse person is always unworthy. The Scriptures speak of a froward temper, and nothing is less desirable. We should not be disagreeable, morose and exacting, sullen and brooding. God has put us in the world to make it happier and to add to the joy of our families and friends. Never can we do this unless the temper of our minds, day by day, is in harmony with the serenity and sweetness of the Christian ideal.

The Value of Public Speech

THESE are notable days for the speechmakers; days of great themes and high purposes. Our distinguished President, addressing a rural audience at his summer home on Long Island, delivered a courageous and timely warning against the seductive advances of Socialism—the doctrine of discontent—and declared that the most ignoble "of all emotions for any American to feel is the emotion of hatred toward his fellows. Let there be righteous indignation and punishment when needed," he added, "but no inciting of the masses to demand vengeance." Even while admitting that iniquities exist in political, social and business life, he wisely contends that there is "no warrant for growing hysterical about them." We must put it out of the power of the wrong-doers to do wrong, and this can be done by legitimate and not by sensational and fanatical methods, no matter who the offenders may be. The demagogue who talks of violent redress is a public enemy.

On the same day, speaking in London, William Jennings Bryan addressed a notable audience, telling them in effect, that the theory that idleness is more honorable than labor, is creating a dangerous gulf between the "leisure class" and the workers. This applies with less pertinence here, for all Americans are so intensely active that no "leisure class" has yet been developed.

Simultaneously with the two speeches referred to, Ambassador McCormick, in Paris, addressed an audience comprising both French and American guests, telling them that the United States "had begun house-cleaning," and that we shall rid ourselves of the present evils just as surely and as thoroughly as we did of those that afflicted us in the past. Surface conditions are not the true index of the nation's temperament. The strong moral "saving remnant" would work out the problem wisely and satisfactorily.

These three speakers, simultaneous in thought and utterance, yet widely apart, may be regarded as capable interpreters of public sentiment at the present time. We believe that the great mass of Americans are not apt to be led aside by that demagogism which paints the social, political, and business situation in lurid and startling hues, and which seeks to array class against class and to inflame simple minds to unreasoning hatred. God still rules this nation's destinies, and the great heart of the people looks to him calmly and has no fear of the future.

It is well that the men who are foremost in public life should speak out boldly and with the utmost frankness an all matters that are vital to the nation's interests. There is no better way than this of undoing the work of those who are sowing the seeds of discontent. Speeches like these teach our people to trust no one who is perpetually preaching a doctrine designed to unsettle the public mind, and spreading the pernicious belief that there is nothing good, noble or admirable in our national character, or honest and upright in our methods of doing business. Sensationalism, which leads to wrong conclusions and stirs up bad blood, is a direct menace to all decency. Set it down as a fixed principle that any and every wrong under which this nation or any portion or section of it now suffers, can be effectually and permanently redressed by sane, legislative methods, and by the exercise of the power which rests with the people. No other method should be given a moment's consideration.

We believe that the new era of outspoken public utterance on all the great questions of the day indicates that the leaven of real reform is working. In this sense, it is a significant sign of the times, and an infallible indication that the national conscience has really awakened.

The Children's Friends

SO many of our readers are personally interested in the beautiful work at Mont-Lawn, that no apology is needed for devoting considerable space in this issue to our Children's Home.

This simple charity is now in its twelfth year, and has been a source of joy and blessing to over 25,000 poor waifs of the tenements. Well has it been called "The Children's Paradise," for thither for a brief period every summer, some two thousand or more of the very poorest and neediest—those who would get no holiday otherwise—come to get their weak little bodies invigorated and their hearts filled to the brim with innocent pleasure.

We are glad to have the co-operation of our friends in this work among the children of the poor. It is a pleasant thing to know that it lies in one's power, by a trifling sacrifice, to give to some tiny waif ten long days of unalloyed bliss, and to mark an ineffaceable bright spot in some darkened little life.

Send in your mite to the Mont-Lawn Fund. We want you on the honor roll of the patrons of our children, and we are emboldened to make the request, because we believe that it is a work, contact with which will give you a pleasure such as nothing else can yield. There is surely a special blessing upon those who are the children's friends.

Among the Workers

—Evangelists Hart and Magann of Fairbury, Ill., have just closed a three weeks' union tent meeting in Waverly, Ill. Over three hundred confessed Christ and about four hundred requested prayers.

—At a recent meeting of the managers of the National Temperance Society, in New York City, Rev. O. R. Miller was chosen Editor of *The National Advocate*, to succeed the late Rev Dr. J. E. Dunn. Mr. Miller has been Field Secretary and Legislative Superintendent of the Society.

—During the last six months, Rev. Dr. Spencer, of Sault Ste. Marie, Can., has baptized seventy-five persons and received nearly one hundred into the fellowship of the Sault Ste. Marie Baptist Church, and in the adjoining neighborhood of Steelton a number have professed conversion. This district is Canada's most important steel rail district, and is the home of the Lake Superior Company.

—Rev. B. O. Peterson, American Missionary to the Ilocaros, Philippine Islands, writes: "This province of Ilocos Sur-Abra is comparatively new to missions. Since our arrival, our work has been mainly the opening up of the field by the organization of two circuits and the securing and training of native workers. These two circuits now cover a distance of 250 miles, and reach 35 preaching stations, with 32 native exhorters."

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Death on the Rail

ONE of the worst railway horrors of the year occurred in England on July 1. It involved the death of twenty-three Americans, then on their way to London. The train was on its way from Plymouth with some of the passengers of the steamer *New York*. The American line gives its passengers the option of landing at Plymouth, or going on to Southampton, or Cherbourg. It happened that the *New York* was late in arriving, so a majority of the passengers, instead of making a journey to London in the night, remained on board, proceeding to Southampton, whence they would travel to the capital in the daytime. Among those who remained on the vessel was Mr. McClellan, Mayor of New York, who had intended landing at Plymouth, and had sent his baggage on board the tender, but at the last moment, at the entreaty of his wife, had it thrown back, and stayed with her on the *New York*.

The fast train left Plymouth at 11 o'clock for its run of 230 miles to London. The usual speed is fifty miles an hour, but as the hour was late, and the track clear, the engineer put on his best speed. All went well until the train reached Salisbury, eighty-five miles from its destination. It passed through that beautiful city at a speed of seventy miles an hour. It was then two o'clock A.M. What occurred then is a mystery. There is a curve just beyond the station, and through some unknown cause the engine left the rails, dashed first to right, then to left, and then crashed into another engine. The first passenger coach was smashed against some girders, the second leaped over it and fell on the wreck of the two engines, and the third ran into the general wreck. The scene was one of horror, and the outbreak of fire from the overturned engines threatened to make it a holocaust, but the Salisbury fire-brigade was quickly on the spot, and, with the help of the railroad employees, extinguished the fire.

A strong local medical force was speedily on the ground, and then the full extent of the awful calamity was learned. Of the forty-two passengers on the train, twenty-three were dead and nine seriously injured. Besides these, the engineer and fireman and two other employees had been killed. One of the passengers was the sole survivor of his family. His wife and his two daughters lay dead beside him, and he was badly hurt. Nearby was a bride of two weeks, on her honeymoon trip, weeping over the mangled body of her husband. There were several other pathetic cases among the sufferers. It was providential that the wreck occurred just where it did, otherwise the loss of life might have been greater, as in the open country there would have been delay in getting help to put out the fire and in finding medical help for the injured. A government inquiry was immediately begun, to ascertain the cause of the disaster; but for the dead and the bereaved the more important question is the personal one, that death, whether sudden or foreseen, brings to all.

Go to now, ye that say, To-day or to-morrow we will go into such a city, whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life? It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away (James 4 : 13, 14).

The City of Salisbury, England, near which the Recent Railway Disaster Occurred

Heir to a Throne

Emperor William II. of Germany has advanced to a new title. The wife of his eldest son, Frederick William, is the mother of a babe who, if he lives and comes to his inheritance, will be Emperor of Germany. The auspicious event took place in the Marble Palace at Potsdam on July 4. The announcement was made to the people by a salute of a hundred and one guns. It had previously been stated that if the expected babe should prove to be a girl, seventy-two guns would be fired. The courtiers and officials accordingly counted the discharges, and as the firing continued after the girl mark was past, there was a burst of enthusiastic cheering. A holiday was granted to the children in the public schools, and a holiday with extra rations to the soldiers. The mother of the young Prince was the Grand Duchess Cecilia, of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, who was married to the Crown Prince on June 6, 1905. The youthful grandfather—Emperor William is only forty-seven—is said to be highly elated with the prospect of the continuance of his dynasty. We can but hope that the new-born Prince may be not only heir to an earthly throne, but may, through faith inherit a throne in the eternal kingdom.

Thou hast redeemed us to God by thy blood and hast made us kings and we shall reign on the earth (Rev. 5 : 9, 10).

To Avoid Collision

An effectual method of preventing a serious accident was adopted on an electric railroad, near Utica, N. Y., recently. West of the village of Frankfort the electric railway company is repairing its tracks, and for a section both eastbound and westbound cars have been using the same track. To protect the car in the block watchmen are stationed at either end of the single track and permit only one car in the block at a time. While the watchman was absent the other night an eastbound car dashed past the danger point. For a second the watchman contemplated the horror of a collision, which appeared unavoidable, and then, rushing to a telephone, he directed that the power on that division be shut off. This was done. At brief intervals the current was sent through the wires, enabling the two cars to move ahead slowly and show by their headlights that they were approaching each other. Had the watchman not acted promptly in having the power turned off nothing could have saved the cars from collision. It was a very simple method, which will probably be used in other cases. One could wish that there were a similar means of preventing personal collisions, as there would be, if the power under which men act, was always the power that comes from God.

The wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle and easy to be entreated (James 3: 17).

A Costly Drink

Evidence was presented recently, in the Probate Court of Des Moines, Ia., of an act which changes the ownership of an estate. A wealthy citizen of Des Moines made a will bequeathing one of his farms, said to be worth about $4,000, and a legacy of $12,000 in cash to a citizen of Bethlehem, N. Y., who married a relative of the testator. The one condition attached to the bequest was that the beneficiary should become a sober man and should continue sober for a specified time. The time was approaching for a settlement of the estate and the executors were preparing to install the legatee and pay over the legacy, when news reached them that he had indulged in a protracted drunk. An investigation was made and the news was confirmed. They accordingly laid before the Surrogate the evidence of forfeiture and the bequest was declared cancelled. How the man must reproach himself for the weakness and evil propensity which have entailed upon him so heavy a loss in money and property. It ought to prove a lesson to him, and lead him to reform, lest a still more serious calamity befall him, as the Apostle warns:

Know ye not that the unrighteous shall not inherit the kingdom of God? Be not deceived: neither thieves, nor covetons, nor drunkards shall inherit the kingdom of God (I. Cor. 6 : 9, 10).

The Druggist's Morgue

A writer in the New York *Sun* mentions a curious instance of forgetfulness or irresolution. He says that while in a drug store recently, he heard the proprietor tell one of his clerks to put a bottle of medicine in the "Morgue." Interested in knowing what this department might be, he asked the meaning of it. The druggist said: "Scarcely a week passes that we do not put up a prescription that is never called for. Why in the world the people that thus neglect their remedies after ordering them compounded, will go to the trouble of consulting a doctor is more than I can figure out. If they don't want to take the stuff prescribed they certainly don't have to, but they might at least have the grace to come and take it home after we have gone to the trouble to prepare it, and not throw it back a loss on our hands. In most cases we keep the mixture indefinitely, hoping that the customer will show up some time and ask for the bottle. But very often they do not, and then, as it is a dead loss, we throw it into a receptacle we call the morgue." His experience is analogous to that of ministers and Christian workers, to whom many go while under conviction and ask for advice, which they do not take when the anxious fit passes off.

They come unto thee as the people cometh, and they sit before thee as my people, and they hear thy words, but they will not do them (Ezek. 33 : 31).

Father and Son United

An elderly man living in Brooklyn, N. Y., has made the astonishing discovery that he has a son living, who has been searching for him for several years, here and in Europe. The old man came to America from Denmark when he was twenty years old. He settled at Pensacola, Fla., and afterwards moved to New Orleans. After some years he married, and two years later the Civil War broke out. He enlisted in the Confederate Army, and was seriously wounded in one of the early battles. He was believed to be dead and his name was inserted among the killed; but after hovering between life and death for some months in a hospital, he recovered and rejoined his regiment. He promptly sent the good news to his wife, but in the disorganized condition of the postal service his letter was delayed. Before it arrived, she had read the notice of his death and had gone away, no one knew where. After the war was over he searched for her through the South, but could not find her. After some years, concluding she must be dead, he married again, and settled in Brooklyn. He made the acquaintance of other Danes in the city, one of whom recently paid a visit to Denmark. While transacting some business with a lawyer in Copenhagen, the lawyer told him that he had been instructed by a client in America to search for an elderly man, who was believed to have returned to Denmark from America, who was the father of his client. The two compared notes, with the result that he wrote home to his Danish friend in Brooklyn, informing him that a son, whom he had never seen, had been looking for him for many years. The son was born while his father was away at the war, and had been carefully reared by his mother, long since dead. He had casually heard of his father being alive, and had searched vainly for him in America, and finally in his early home. Well is it for us that we have not so much difficulty in finding our heavenly Father, who welcomes all who seek him.

If thou seek him, he will be found of thee (1 Chron. 28 : 9).

BRIEF NOTE

We regret to hear that Pastor Thomas Spurgeon has been seized with sudden illness. His promised visit to this country has, therefore, been unavoidably postponed. Reports of improvement in his condition are now anxiously looked for.

JAPAN AFTER THE FAMINE

ECHOES of the late severe famine continue to come from Japan. While there is no longer any serious suffering from hunger, the general impoverishment of a very large section has left thousands of peasant families in extreme poverty.

The Tokio *Mainichi Shimbun* (newspaper), of May 20th, printed the following: "It is reported that the contributions from the United States to the Northeastern famine districts, collected through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, with the approval and sympathy of the President and people of that country, have reached the sum of yen 500,000. This splendid result is received with deep appreciation, and his Majesty, the Emperor, being informed of it through Premier Saionji, was delighted, and sent an autograph letter to the President, thanking the warm-hearted American people through him.

"The last contribution from the United States to the famine-stricken people was divided, according to the decision of the official committee, among the Tohoku Orphan Asylums and the Okayama Orphanage, which are specially caring for the orphans from the famine districts."

A Local Relief Committee Giving Clothing to Needy Families

In the photograph reproduced on this page (which was forwarded to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by the official relief Committee at Tokio) a local committee is shown in the act of supplying clothing to some of the needy families. The food question has fortunately been so arranged that even the remotest sections of the famine districts are regularly supplied, and will continue to be so until the harvesting of the next crop renders further charity unnecessary.

* * *

Final acknowledgments of contributions to the Japan Relief Fund will be found below. On the second page of this issue we publish a general statement of the Fund, which will interest all of our readers who have had a share in this great Christian benevolence.

Final Acknowledgment of Contributions to The Christian Herald Japan Relief Fund

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TRAINING SOUTH AFRICAN ORPHANS

BY REV. GEORGE N. THOMSSEN

ABOARD the steamer that brought us from India to South Africa, on our voyage back to America, was a former Boer soldier. He said to me, "Mr. Thomssen, be sure and visit the Orphanage for Boer children in Langlaagte." I did not know where Langlaagte was, and had almost forgotten all about the Orphanage, when a friend during our stay in Johannesburg, suggested that we should walk over to the Orphanage, "for," said he, "that is the most pleasant walk we have here in Johannesburg." Then I discovered that Langlaagte was a suburb of Johannesburg. It was a treat to come to this long valley, away from the noise of Johannesburg. On our walk we passed a number of gold mines, where, deep down in the slopes of the Witwaters-rand reef, Kaffirs and Chinamen, under the charge of Europeans, are blasting away the quartz, in order that the gold may be brought out by the crushing machines and by the mercury and cyanide process. Just beyond these mines, on a slight incline, we found a gold mine of far greater richness than all the other gold mines of the Transvaal. I call it the Liefde (Love) mine of Langlaagte. It is the best investment I found in South Africa, far better paying than all the diamond mines of Kimberley and all the gold mines of South Africa combined. Here you can find gilt-edged securities.

Sunday School Convention at Langlaagte

Teachers and Caretakers of Langlaagte Orphanage

The Paul Kruger Memorial House

After the war of 1899-1902 in South Africa, none were more to be pitied than the many orphans who were thrown on the hands of their relatives. Some were supported by loving friends, but many had none to care for them, and these poor little waifs seemed doomed to a life of misery. Then God put it into the heart of Rev. Mr. Kriel and his wife, to take into their own home twelve of these poor little orphans and educate them with their own children. Mr. Kriel is the pastor of the Dutch Reformed Church in Langlaagte.

After the war, God put it into his heart to continue his work of love, especially for the little orphaned children. Instead of twelve children, several hundred were sent him. His experience was a repetition of that of George Muller, of Bristol, England. The orphans came in ever-increasing numbers, and more land, more houses, more helpers were needed. As the need, so was the supply. Here in this Liefde mine of Langlaagte we can once more see how marvelously God supplies his children's needs.

There is quite a large orphan settlement now in Langlaagte. A beautiful church, designed by an American architect and furnished in American style, welcomes one to the settlement. Here Mr. Kriel's spiritual children and the orphans meet every Sunday for worship. Then there are buildings where the children sleep and eat and go to school. There is also a hospital, but that is kept locked, for there are no patients. During the past three years there have been only three deaths. The value of the property, exclusive of the church, is fully $100,000, and all of this is paid for, except a mortgage of $25,000.

There are at present 284 orphans in this Orphanage, and there are almost weekly applications for reception of others. At least 4,000 ought to be received into this asylum, but there is no room for them.

HEATHEN COMING TO THE LIGHT

IN a letter to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD from Rev. J. M. L. Harrow, an American missionary at Garraway, Liberia, West Africa, a hopeful picture is given of the progress of spiritual work among the heathen tribes. Mr. Harrow writes:

"We have here in Garraway and three substations a large number of natives in school. They all come from heathenism. We begin at the bottom here; there is no civilization to begin with. We really begin with 'naked humanity.' Some have become good Christians. The dying testimony of several of these native Christians bore witness to this fact. It is not hard to bury the body when one knows that the soul is safe. There is no sadness then. I have seen our men shout praises to God; heaven seemed so near, while we lowered the coffin into the ground.

"We have an open field here and several of the surrounding tribes are asking for teachers. We expect to build three new mission houses at different places this year. At two of these places we have a native worker; but we have only a mud house for a mission house. The boys are sawing lumber for one of the mission houses now, and it is to be enclosed with corrugated iron. We build our own houses with the help of the boys in the mission.

"I have just come from Trembo, a substation to Garraway. One of our native boys, taught in our own school, teaches here. He has thirty little folks under twelve years of age, and a number of older ones in school. It was a great contrast to see them, running about with clothes on and speaking English to the heathen children of the same age in the heathen town. They sang hymns for me in their own language, too, and also in English. What a harvest awaits those who labor in this land!

Native Christians of Grand Sess, Liberia, West Africa

"These children know little if anything of heathenism, and if they can be kept in the mission until they grow up, we will have a Christian community that knows nothing of the oldden things of superstition and heathenism. We have here all ages, from mere children to men of thirty and forty years, yet the latter are children in many ways too.

"Young men with their wives come into the mission, remain for a year or more, and then go out and establish their own Christian homes.

"As I stood on the piazza of the mission house this morning, and heard the singing of one of our Christian families at morning prayers, I thought of the time, not long past, when they were still in heathenism, with no song of praise and no word of prayer to God. Now, daily their prayer and praise ascend to Him who saves all that come unto him through Christ Jesus. 'They shall come from the North and South, from the East and the West, from every nation and tribe and kindred and tongue.' So our people from Africa are 'coming up out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.'

"We need your prayers more than anything else. We also need your support. J. M. L. HARROW."

The Birds' Breakfast

SEE ILLUSTRATION ON COVER PAGE

IT was an old Spanish writer who said: "The little birds have God for their caterer," and surely we may believe it true that when

"Not a sparrow falleth
But our God doth know,"

He is not forgetful of the needs of the little creatures whom he has created.

The picture on the front cover is an artistic portrayal of maidenhood, beautiful and pure, ministering to the fluttering doves who come to receive the crumbs which fall from her hand. From earliest history we have traditions of the dove, and no other bird is so frequently mentioned in the Holy Scriptures. It is the emblem of peace and purity, and about its little life centre many of the most wonderful events of olden times. It was the dove which served as the harbinger of reconciliation with God, when its return to Noah proved that the waters were abating. It was a "pair of turtle doves, or two young pigeons," that were offered as a sacrifice by the young mother of our Lord, when she first went up into Jerusalem with the infant Jesus. It was "the Holy Spirit, as a dove" which descended upon the Saviour at his baptism.

Let us be grateful for the opportunity to care for this feathered symbol of innocence, and may its strong pinions ever bear it to the Land of Plenty!

THE SABBATH A DELIGHT

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

*By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts**

JESUS was invited to a Sunday dinner. Did he go? Yes. Was it because a friend invited him? No, for he who invited Jesus was an enemy, a Pharisee. Was Jesus invited to meet friends? No, for the guests were all Pharisees. Could Jesus have been unaware of the feeling of hostility toward him on the part of his host and his guests? No, for he could read thoughts of heart as readily as expressions on faces. Did he go to the dinner for the sake of eating? Surely not, for he had once fasted forty days, and, at the end, was fed by the angels. No, Jesus did not need a Sunday dinner. It probably was a luxurious dinner, for such the Pharisees were apt to provide. Did Jesus go to the dinner because he was social? We know that he was almost never alone, his custom was to seek the company of those whom he could help. And here we find the key of his being at that Sunday dinner: he was "social to save." This is an instructive picture of "Jesus in Society."

When the man with the dropsy appeared at the dinner, then the Pharisee host was taken by surprise, for he had not been invited. But he had not come to eat. He had come seeking the help of Jesus, and when Jesus saw the sick man, he recognized at once the direction where his help was to be given.

Did Jesus propose a discourteous action by healing the sick man in the face of the opposition which he knew all Pharisees felt about acts of healing being done on the Sabbath Day? It was not in Jesus' thought to be discourteous, but he wished to help the host and his guests toward a better understanding of the Sabbath. It has been said that Jesus wanted to sweep away the cobwebs, not to tear down the house. The Pharisaical restrictions in regard to the keeping of the Sabbath were indeed as cobwebs. All applications on the outside of the body for the relief of pain on the Sabbath Day were forbidden, unless life was in danger. It was forbidden to wipe out or cleanse a wound. All kinds of labor were interdicted, but they had a curious way of getting around things, for example, if a man wished to remove a sheaf of grain from his field, that he might have food, he had only to lay upon it a spoon that was in common use, when, in order to remove the spoon, he might also remove the sheaf on which it lay. Jesus' intention was certainly not to destroy the Sabbath, but rather to show the benign purpose God had in establishing it for the good of man that he might be strengthened mentally, morally and spiritually.

And so the Pharisees' souls were as much in need of the help of Jesus as the body of the man with the dropsy. And this is why Jesus went as a guest to the dinner. The man with the dropsy was healed by the word of his power, and let go. But the Pharisees were not so easily cured. They needed to have their hearts probed, because of the pride festering in them. And Jesus did not hesitate to utter words that were as a two-edged sword. Jesus had something special to say to the master of the feast, to the effect that when he should again give a Sunday dinner, it would be better for him to invite the poor and the lame and blind and afflicted, rather than his rich neighbors and men of high degree.

A Corner in an Oriental Dining-Room

Illustration and Application

A native kraal or hut in South Africa. A sound of voices within. Listen! "What things are these that you are turning over and over? Is it food?" "No." "What is it, then?" "The Word of God." "Why do you talk to it?" "I don't. It talks to me." "Let me hear it." "You shall." "Does it speak?" "Yes, it speaks to the heart." In confirmation of this the native Christian, who has been taught to read, utters some of the wonderful words of life from the Scriptures, whereupon his companion exclaims: "Yes, it speaks, it speaks." And thereupon another recruit for the mission school is enrolled, determined to know how the Book speaks. That Book speaks to you to-day against pride and Sabbath desecration.

And remember that only the countries where that Book's call to Sabbath observance has been in a good degree regarded, are under the light of those pleiades of civilization,—equity, liberty, humanity, fraternity, charity.

Among the potentates who were present at the coronation of King Edward the Seventh was the African ruler Lewanika. On returning to his country, Barotseland, he was warmly welcomed by his subjects, to whom he recounted the story of his visit to England. Speaking from a platform, he said: "I am bound, before the nation, to thank the missionaries publicly for all the good which they have done and are still doing in this country. I have two words to say. Here is the first: 'Praise God, bless him!' You rejoice to see me returned, and you say, without doubt, that if my voyage has succeeded, thanks are due to the colonel who attended me, and to your aged missionary (Pastor Coillard, a French Protestant), who prepared my way. That is true, very true; but, above all, it is God who has guided me, who has guarded me, who has raised up these friends, and who brings me back into the midst of you. I say then, bless God.

"For the second word, I say: The Gospel, it is all. We have seen many things, one more marvelous than another. But one thing as to which I cannot be silent is that everywhere I have found the Word of God. In the Parliament it is the Gospel which makes the laws; in society it is the Gospel which inspires a beneficence which we here have never even imagined; it is the Gospel which renders the people intelligent by their schools, and which gives to the nation security and happiness. The missionaries told me so—to-day I have seen it. Men of Barotse, let us come out of our darkness and heathenism! Come to listen to the instructions of my missionaries, come on the Sunday; send your children to the school, in that we also may be men."

Those who seek an excuse for withholding missionary contributions talk of "the heathen at home." Aye, there are "heathen at home," and of their number are those who rejoice to enjoy the benefits of Christian civilization, but at the same time do all they can to pull down its two chief pillars—the Bible and the Lord's Day—by neglect if not by attack. "No man has a right to do what, if all the world followed his example, would produce more harm than good. If all did as you do about the Lord's Day, would it not be lost to the world with all its blessings to body and soul, to the home and nation?

The two evils that Christ condemns in this lesson, are pride, and misuse of his day. In midsummer one of these is at its lowest point, and the other at its worst. It is hardly necessary to say much against pride just now, when most men need to have their pride stimulated enough to behave decently in public company. Pride is wilted at this season, and needs watering more than pruning.

1. Present Perils of the Sabbath. Let us then turn to Sunday desecration, even though those who need it most are even now in the suburban parks that are becoming suburban places of temptation. As we write, the leading paper of the national capital, in a reading notice that seems to give sanction, announces attractively a Sunday night concert in a suburban grove, to be "followed by dancing until eleven o'clock." By that time, this grove or its environs will become like the so-called "sacred groves" of ancient times devoted to Venus, and the stages of sin will have passed from the fourth Commandment to the seventh. In this case there is no Sunday law to prevent.

Let us then waste no time in talking of Pharisees or Puritans who "stood so straight" in Sabbath observance, that "they leaned the other way." We have fallen so far and so fast down the steps of the holiday Sunday—Holy Day, holiday, work-a-day, devil's day, despot's day—that we might well pray with Dr. Herrick Johnson, that it would "rain Puritanism a month." The Pharisees' fault of making the Sabbath a day for doing nothing was not so bad as the new habit in our country of doing everything on that day, as for example, in the making and handling of the Sunday paper, there is Sunday work of professional men, the editors; of mechanics, the printers; of merchants, the newsdealers; of hucksters, the newsboys; of carriers, the trainmen, mail clerks and expressmen; of amusement venders, for the ponderous collections of tawdry, childish pictures and gaunt "wants" and political gossip and descriptions of second-story burglarizing and fashion notes for women, is sent out under the guise of "amusement."

The teaching of Jesus in healing on the Sabbath, is that true Sabbath-keeping lies in doing good, the golden mean between the extremes of the Pharisees' doing nothing and the "Greed Brothers" doing everything.

2. Picture of a Model Sabbath. Let us apply Bible laws and principles in detail to a modern Sabbath. Sabbath observance should begin, as God taught of old, as our Fathers in Scotland and New England began it, with "the preparation" on Saturday. The Sabbath is badly broken by many on its Saturday wall by midnight shopping and visiting, that is offset by sleeping most of the Sabbath forenoon. Instead of using Saturday afternoon and evening in such a way as to cut the Sabbath down to a jaded half day for God and the soul, giving God and the soul a worn fourteenth, instead of a seventh of our time; we should, if possible, go to bed an hour or so earlier on Saturday, that the extra hour of sleep we may fitly take, in order to be fresher on the Sabbath than on any other day, may come out of Saturday. It is not a trifling matter to have every "preparation" for Sunday's activities done on Saturday in advance, to the very blacking of the shoes, the bath, the setting out of the Sunday change of clothes, that every drop of nerve may be saved for the Sabbath and for running a race in full vigor.

In the keeping of the Lord's Day itself there is first one's duty as an individual; then there is the duty, if he or she is the head of a house, to direct its Sunday observance; and, most important and most neglected of all there is one's duty to act with others to safeguard the Day of Rest and Worship by education and organization and legislation. It is every man's fault who has not done his utmost individually and with others to stop it, when the first sound heard on Sunday morning is the sound of childhood breaking the law of God and man by noisy huckstering of Sunday papers—little anarchists a yard long, who say when you remind them of the law, "Sell 'em just the same." The writer, thus awakened at five o'clock on a Sunday morning by a newsboy's outcries, has often looked out and has seen that the boy has lost his own sleep and destroyed the sleep of others without profit, the burglars having all gone in and the servant girls being not yet up. Even at a later hour this noisy huckstering of Sunday papers cuts like a knife into family worship and even church worship.

In New York City, where more Sunday papers are sold than in any other city of the world they are sold silently, proving the noise is all unnecessary even if the selling is to go on. A man who wants a Sunday paper in New York either orders it brought to his house or goes to a news-stand, or goes to the door and beckons to some of the boys who are all about looking for such signals. In most places, all sales of papers on Sunday are illegal, and when the selling is allowed, the law requires it shall be done "quietly." It would be a great gain to have the Lord's Day begin in sacred silence, with all street huckstering cries hushed. It would be as legal to shout "Cabbages," as it is to shout "Sunday papers."

To lay a sermon on such an undercrust is like putting custard on a layer of sawdust. Not only Sabbath morning's sleep and morning bedside prayer, but also Sunday morning breakfast are disturbed by the Sunday paper, for the father spoils that only breakfast with his family by burying himself in the ponderous paper, bidding his children "be still," when the household should be all aglow with the sweet fellowship of a weekly reunion. After the Sunday breakfast, which may well be one hour later than other days—never more than that—there should be a feast of reason together around the Bible and the piano, a final reading of the Sunday School lesson for the day with comments—the first reading having followed the Sunday evening supper a week ahead, with home readings every day between.

The Lord's Day should for all of us have in it some positive element of doing good, by teaching, by calls upon the sick, if they really need us—never when it would be better to leave them in quiet—and by other ministries to the poor, and, most of all, by quiet personal work for souls who know not that they are "poor and miserable and blind and naked."

*International Sunday School Lesson for July 29. Jesus Dines with a Pharisee, Luke 14: 1-14. GOLDEN TEXT: "He that humbleth himself shall be exalteth," Luke 14: 11.

IN MY COOL VERANDA NOOK

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

The Hall-Mark of the Home

A CORRESPONDENT who writes from the stately height of seventy years, and who is, we suspect, a bachelor, is deeply impressed with the unfitness of most parents to bring up their own children. In particular, this gentleman has been convinced that mothers in general are inadequate to the situation, and that children are either ruined in infancy by mismanagement, or spoiled in the juvenile period by maternal mistakes.

The communistic theory of education exploited by Rousseau, and tentatively made the subject of experiment by later philosophers, appears to our friend to be far superior in its outcome to the ordinary method. His theory holds that children brought up on scientific principles quite apart from emotional excesses, incubated as babies, then by regular process sent on from kindergarten to college, and then to life, would have fewer temptations to wrong-doing, would make better members of society, and, on the whole, would turn out more satisfactorily than those trained in the old-fashioned way, by the parents to whom God has given them.

So it seems in the view of our friend, who adds that he speaks from the viewpoint of unprejudiced observation. Differing wholly from this opinion, held only by those who have never known the full sweetness of watching the growth of their own children in all that is pure and true, the writer would say a word in behalf of the hall-mark of home.

Fine silver is stamped with the hall-mark of those who are proud to vouch for its sterling worth, so homes send out their sons and daughters bearing ineffaceably the stamp set upon them there. God himself set the world's children in families. The family is the oldest institution on earth, preceding every other. On the family, the kingdom, the republic, the nation alike rest. Family government came before the army, before the sceptre of the monarch, before all councils and parliaments. Husbands and wives, living together in love, are charged with the maintenance and training of the race.

When the State brings up its orphaned children, or when philanthropy founds asylums for little waifs uncared for and unshielded by parental love, the best that can be done outside of home is always done. The children have regular hours for bathing, sleep, work and play. They are fed abundantly, and clothed comfortably; their morals and manners are vigilantly watched. Teachers are appointed to instruct them, and no branch of their school education is neglected. When they arrive at a sufficient age, they are taught a trade, which will enable them to earn their living, or they are sent into families where, if not adopted, they have a chance to work. But these children, however well behaved and intelligent, lack something. The hall-mark of home does not stamp them; they have never had the hovering of the nest. The sweetness of mother-love, the tenderness of a father's care, have been withheld from them.

Familiarity with the after life of orphan children, raised in asylums, must convince any one that they have missed the priceless gift of the affection of the simplest home wherein a mother reigned. They have the air of wanting or hoping for something that is not theirs. Sometimes they are wayward, as our own children are. Sometimes they are deceitful. Children brought up under the best auspices may be the same. But the difference is that a key which unlocks the hearts of those who have had a mother's love does not fit into any lock of theirs. They are harder to influence, they are more difficult of access, they are also less happy and less buoyant than children on whose nature has been set the hall-mark of home.

Our heavenly Father knew what he was doing when he implanted in the breast of a mother a passionate, all-pervading, all-conquering love for the babe she bears in the anguish of travail. By the right of the weary waiting before the child is hers, by the divine right of suffering in the hour when a new soul enters the ranks of humanity, a mother has a claim that none can dispute to the care and cherishing she bestows on her children. She may sometimes be unequal to her task; she may occasionally lack the power and the wisdom she needs to be successful in child-training, but she has one supreme fitness, the fitness of the holiest love on this earth of ours.

Go where you may: on the whaling ship, in the mine, in the palace, in the prison cell, among earth's highest and its lowest, one chord thrills and vibrates in response to your lightest touch; it is the chord of mother-love. Three words in the English language forever sway the hearts of all men, they are Mother, Home and Heaven. Nothing in the whole world has the power they keep in their mystic spell. Do not let us run away with the thought that any influence can supersede that of the mother. Let our children bear for all time the hall-mark of home.

THE HEART OF THE WOODS

Beautiful things in the heart of the woods,
Silence and sweetness and songs of birds,
A gentle breeze in the leafy trees,
And thoughts of peace too deep for words.
Out of the clamor and dust and din
Into the woods as one enters in,
Leaving the crowded travelled way,
Who will, may muse of heaven to-day.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—PHYLLIS. The bride enters the room on the left side of her husband and stands at his left during the ceremony. Arrange about guests in any way that is convenient; they may be served at small tables, or may be seated around the room at some distance from the large dining table. The bride cuts the first slice of the wedding cake.

A correspondent sent to Aunt Prudence Payson the following recipe for orange pudding for six persons:

Take the yoke of two eggs, one cup of sugar, two tablespoons of corn-starch, one and one-half cup of milk; boil in double boiler until thick, cool and add three oranges, peeled and broken in bits, also more sugar if needed. For the meringue, cook one-half cup of sugar until it hairs, then add to it the well-beaten whites of the eggs used.

The Etiquette of Gift-Making

NO question is more frequently asked by those who wish to do the proper thing on all occasions, than Am I expected to send a wedding present when my invitation is to a church wedding and not to a wedding reception at home? From time immemorial, under every sky, it has been customary for friends and kindred to send gifts and greetings to a bride on her wedding-day; but in modern society, among ourselves, the custom of making presents has grown somewhat cumbersome, and often becomes a burden, particularly when not love, but a sense of obligation is in the background. Broadly speaking, it may be said that no one in these days is ever expected to send a gift, or obliged to send a gift to any one.

Gifts should be the expression of affection and should be prompted solely by a wish to convey pleasure or show personal esteem. Conventionally speaking, an invitation to a function taking place in a church, accompanied by no further invitation to a house, does not intimate anything about a gift. If you are asked only to the church, you are on the outside circle of friends who are not so close to the bride and groom that they need send anything, large or small, to adorn the new home. But such an invitation does not prevent one from sending a gift if one is anxious to do so.

"Is it proper," writes a girl, "for me to send a gift to my brother's chum on Commencement Day?" Why not? If your brother has encouraged you to be on friendly terms with his classmate, you may honor the latter by sending him a book or other present of trifling value on the day that he graduates. Notice that the present must be inexpensive and impersonal. Never send your photograph as a gift to a man who is neither your relative nor your intimate friend. Girls are not privileged to accept costly presents from men who are not of their kindred, or to whom they are not engaged. Presents of small pecuniary value may be exchanged between neighbors, but young people would better limit the giving of presents to birthdays and holidays. Flowers may always be sent to people who are in deep trouble, who are ill, or lonely. A flower often carries with it a message that cannot be put into words.

Concerning Eyes

A visitor from abroad observed the other day that few things impressed her more strongly than the fact that three-fourths of the population in America, from children to old people, were fitted with spectacles or eye-glasses. "The exceptional person," she said, "does not depend on artificial aid in the matter of sight."

No doubt the brilliant atmospheric conditions in America are more trying to the eyes than the softer light that people have under grayer skies. At the same time much more attention is paid here than in some other countries to the eyes of children, who are very carefully watched in school by inspectors, and who are protected by oculists from the perils of near-sightedness, its opposite, far-sightedness, and from inequality in the power of the right and left eye. Thousands of people have immunity from nervous headache because their eyes are properly defended by well chosen glasses. Those who defer too long the use of spectacles through a fear that they will be unbecoming are very unwise. At the first sign of blurred vision, at the first difficulty in threading a needle, or wavering in the lines of a book, an oculist should be consulted.

Much trouble with the eyes is due to reading in railway cars, where there is constant jarring and changing of focus, and to reading in the twilight, or when seated at a distance from the lamp or window. With ordinary care, most people should have good sight all their lives.

Near-sightedness, in particular, should be corrected by the use of the proper means, since it stealthily creeps on till it obscures the vision.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

A Hero of the North Woods*

"SILAS STRONG" is the epic of the North Woods. It tells of the "song of the saws," and the cleaving of the axes, as the forest monarchs fall before them, and as nature is stripped of her charms and the solitudes are ruthlessly invaded and devastated to meet the inexorable demands of trade, and to pile up fortunes for the lumber kings. Silas, "The Emperor of the Woods," is a type of the ideal hunter, guide, woodsman, philosopher, nature-lover; a true son of the forest, born and raised amid its wild scenes, and intensely imbued with a hatred of all who would despoil it for selfish gain. Quaint, full of native humor, and abounding in eccentricities, he is a character who quickly wins his way to the hearts of all who know him, as he is presented in Mr. Bacheller's story. As a popular character, he must be placed by the side of the immortal Eben Holden, who, by the way, was another humble hero of the North Woods.

In the opening chapters we are made acquainted with two little children, brother and sister—Sockey and Sue—who are taken by their father to the forest, and placed in the care of Silas and his sister. The latter is a character second only in interest to Silas himself. Here the little folks have many and strange adventures, and they learn to love the free life of the woods, and are happy in Silas' home. Sportsmen, lumbermen and others make up the scant society of the wilderness. Dunmore, a recluse, who lives with his wife and a beautiful daughter in a sort of forest fastness, is an occasional visitor, and his daughter and Master, a young and rich patron of Silas, furnish a delightfully romantic love theme for the story.

We will not attempt to describe the many remarkable incidents of Silas' career, his wonderful exploits with bears, his hair-breadth escapes and his Samson-like feats of strength, which make him an invincible hero in the children's eyes; his visit to the fair, and his *debut* in politics and polite society; nor his losing battle with the lumber kings, who at last drove the Emperor from his domain. These the reader must learn for himself from the book, where, with many other marvelous things, they are duly set forth in Mr. Bacheller's own inimitable way, and with a humor and descriptive power that are his special gift.

Silas, great and lovable in his life, was heroic in his death, which was both a tragedy and a martyrdom. He gave his own life to save others from the blazing forests, and even while wounded to death by an assassin, he fought back the last enemy until he had finished his work of deliverance. The closing scene in the drama is given in the author's own language. Silas lay dying:

"His thoughts began to wander in a curious delirium filled with suggestions of the old cheerfulness. He sang feebly:

"'The briers are above my head, the brakes above my knee,
An' the bark is gettin' kind o' blue upon the ven'son tree.'

"Rain had begun falling, and daylight was on the window panes. The dethroned Emperor continued to sing fragments of old songs so familiar to all who knew him.

"'It was in the summer time when I sailed, when I sailed,'

he sang. Sockey stood by the bed of his uncle with a sad face.

"'Th-thumbs down,' Strong demanded, faintly.

"Master went out on a little veranda, and looked down the road. He could hear the voice of his friend singing:

"'The green groves are gone from the hills, Maggie.'

"'It is true,' thought the young man, as he looked off at the smouldering woods. 'They are gone, and so are the green hearts.'

"Annette came presently, and Strong rose on his elbow and looked at her.

"'Ann,' he called, as she knelt by his bedside. 'To-day—to-day! It's n-not some day any m-more. It's to-day.'

"He sank back on his pillow when he saw her in tears, and whispered, almost doubtfully, 'Better t-times!'

"He leaned forward and put up his hands as if to relieve the pressure of his pack-straps, and in a moment he had gone out of hearing on a trail that leads to the 'better times' he had hoped for, let us try to believe.

"So ends the history of Silas Strong, guide, contriver, lover of the woods and streams, of honor and good-fellowship. He was never to bow his head before the dreaded tyrant of this world."

Silas Strong, Emperor of the Woods. By Irving Bacheller. Illustrated. 340 pages; cloth covers. Price $1.50. Harper & Brothers, London and New York, publishers.

A Traveller's Handbook

How to Prepare for Europe, by Miss H. A. Guerber, is not a catalogue of clothes, as are so many of the so-called "Helps for Travellers." It is a carefully and wisely compiled historical, literary and artistic handbook, with full directions for preliminary studies. It also contains practical hints regarding cost of travel, itineraries, outfit and life on the ocean. Information is given in regard to the various modes of travelling which can be adopted while abroad; that is, tramping, cycling, coaching, motoring, etc.

This unusually comprehensive book contains not only separate chapters on painting, sculpture, architecture and music, but it gives a synopsis of the history of each European country, with a list of the most helpful books to be read before the contemplated journey begins, sufficiently extensive to meet all tastes and requirements. For the benefit of nature-lovers, sportsmen and invalids, much miscellaneous information has been condensed, with special mention made of the less-hackneyed places, where the true life of the people may best be studied. The book is profusely illustrated and generously supplied with maps. Price $2, net. Dodd, Mead & Company, New York, publishers.

Called Higher

Mr. Tobias Martin, of Hillsboro, Kan., died after an illness of six months, aged 81 years. His long life was spent in his Master's service and he never lost an opportunity to endeavor to help others.

Mr. J. M. Williams, of Valley, Neb., entered into rest on the 24th of May, 1906, in his 78th year. He was a man of deeds rather than words, and his life bore witness to the Christian faith he loved.

Mrs. J. C. Dockstader, of Los Angeles, Calif., went to her eternal rest on March 2, 1906, in her 88th year. She was a devoted Christian in the Presbyterian denomination, and found constant inspiration in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, of which she had been a reader for many years.

C. C. Davis, M.D., died very suddenly at his home in Robinson, Ill., aged 76 years. No truer friend of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has ever passed on. His bereaved widow bears this testimony: "I know we were better from reading your paper." "The remembrance of the just abideth in blessing."

Lodema, daughter of John S. and Rebecca J. Foit, of Ada, Ohio, died on May 20, 1906, in her 34th year. She united with the Church in 1886, and though faithful to all its work, her delight was in the Sunday School. She was a quiet Christian witness everywhere, doing what she could, wherever she could, for the uplift of her world.

Mr. M. C. Davis, of Moscow, Idaho, went to his eternal rest on the 10th of June, 1906, aged 71 years. He had been a valiant soldier in the ranks of Methodism for nearly fifty years, and was known in his community as a true Christian citizen. His ten children gathered at the bedside of their father during his illness, and are spared to sustain their bereaved mother.

Mrs. George Washington Jones, a pioneer resident of Cleveland, Ohio, died December 2, 1905, in her 89th year. She was of Puritan ancestry, and the strong religious convictions thus inherited were reflected in her long life of devotion to her family, the church and works of charity. For over twenty years she was a member of the Board of Managers of the Cleveland Protestant Orphan Asylum, and to the end of her life she found its inspiration in her Bible and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Gilbert L. Gifford, M.D., a widely known and honored physician of Hamilton, N. Y., passed away suddenly on June 11, aged 64 years. It may be truly said that "he died at his post," as he had just finished the reading of the minutes before the Board of Trustees of the Baptist Church, when he bowed his head and passed into the presence of the King. He was a subscriber of long standing to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD as well as a regular contributor to its many worthy causes. The faculty of the Colgate University, and a large gathering of his fellow-townsmen to whose homes he had so long carried friendly sympathy and physician's counsel, attended his funeral.

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A Mission Boat for Old Calabar

An interesting addition has just been made to the world's fleet of mission boats. The latest Gospel craft is appropriately named *The Dove*, and will be sent to the mission station of the United Free Church of Scotland at Old Calabar, West Africa. This trim little vessel is a motor launch, and was built by MacLaren Brothers, Dumbarton, Scotland. She will be transported to her station in the Dark Continent on one of the steamers of the regular lines.

The order for *The Dove* was placed by the members of the United Free Church (Edinburgh) Students' Missionary Society, and the vessel is a most acceptable present from the society to the Rev. Dr. Robertson, a medical missionary at Old Calabar. *The Dove* is thirty feet in length, and is fitted with a twelve horse-power paraffin motor, which drives a three-bladed, gun-metal propeller. This motor can be set in operation on paraffin alone, and without the aid of petrol or other fuel, something of importance to the missionaries, as nothing but paraffin is procurable in West Africa. Dr. Robertson will use the little craft for travelling up and down the African rivers, in carrying out his missionary duties, and doubtless it will frequently be desired to use his floating headquarters as a meeting-place for religious services. Accordingly, the largest possible open space has been provided in the bow, forward of the motor, and in this space, which has a canvas awning over it, there have been installed revolving chairs for the passengers and a small seat for the helmsman.

Toward the stern of the little vessel, there is a roomy cabin, fitted with bed-room accommodation for prolonged trips. There is likewise a neatly arranged lavatory with wash basins, mirrors, etc. A spacious medicine chest has also been provided in the cabin, for the storing of Dr. Robertson's appliances. W. F.

The Mission Steamer "Dove," for Work in Africa

Jesus a Guest

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

The evangelist Luke gives us in his tenth chapter a picture of our Lord really at home, tenderly and lovingly cared for, and yet the needless care of Martha is rebuked by him, for he came there more to give them of his heavenly food than to receive of them. Is not this a lesson for us? How many children of God there are whose question about an invitation is how much pleasure, honor, gain, etc., they may get by accepting it. They act as though the matter were one to be arranged between them and the person who invites them, and as though it were not a matter which touched God and their relations to him. So thought not he who says to his disciples, "Follow me." "I do always those things which please him" (John 8: 29), he said. And Paul tells the Colossian Christians, and us through them, that since he had heard of their faith, love and hope, and especially their "love in the Spirit," he had not ceased to pray for them that they might be filled with the knowledge of God's will, in all wisdom and spiritual understanding, that they might, like their Lord, "walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing," pleasing him in everything. And Peter tells us he set us an example that we should follow his steps.

Thus we see that when He went into the house of one of the chief Pharisees—without doubt by invitation—"to eat bread, that they watched Him." Yes, and to this day they watch those who truly follow Him. Worldly Christians do not excite remark; but when a man of God so lives that those who are around him see that the whole purpose and current of his life is unlike theirs, a kind of wicked desire is put into their hearts by the enemy, and given hospitality by them to criticise, and, if possible, to find fault with those true followers of Jesus. If we do not experience this on the part of such believers, who are hand and glove with the world, it is a bad sign; it shows that there is not enough of Christ within us to arouse their enmity, that we are not living godly in Christ Jesus otherwise, in one way or another, we should suffer persecution (II. Tim. 3: 12). They watched Jesus; and soon found food for their enmity. "There was a certain man"—perhaps placed there on purpose by them—"who had the dropsy."

It was the Sabbath day; the only shadow of that which the Pharisees considered unlawful, in the proceedings of the Lord Jesus was that, again and again, he had healed on the Sabbath day. Probably the presence of the dropsical man was an arranged thing, and was made a test case. If so, Jesus, who "knew what was in man" (John 2: 25), would have known it. Without waiting for them to make any remark, he put the question to the lawyers and Pharisees: "Is it lawful to heal on the Sabbath day? And they held their peace." He had previously asked much the same question in the synagogue at Capernaum (Mark 3: 1-5), and then the Pharisees had held their peace, and for the first time, we learn that he looked around on them with anger, being grieved for the hardness of their hearts. They were dishonest on both occasions; they did not want to know the truth, but only to put down One whose life and words and deeds condemned them. And if our life and words and deeds condemned men we should meet with the same treatment—rudeness and contempt. The offense of the cross has not ceased.

So few there are who understand that the path of the follower of Jesus is, not to look for reward, comfort, honor, down here, as was promised to the Jews; we are called to be pilgrims and strangers, with no rights on earth, because, like our Lord, we belong elsewhere; our citizenship is in heaven (Phil. 3: 20, R.V.). We are not of the world, even as he was not of the world (John 17: 16).

Jesus took the man, healed him, and let him go. Whether by a word or by a touch, we know not And having answered his own question by a deed of power, he put another question to them: "Which of you shall have an ass or an ox fallen into a pit, and will not straightway pull him out on the Sabbath day?" Now it was not a question whether they would, they could not answer him again to those things.

Prepare for the Bleak King

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The Sick Child and Mont-Lawn

"OH, mother, I'm so weary,
My mouth is hot and dry,
This alley is so dreary,
I'm thinking as I lie
About what teacher tells me,
God bless her dear, sweet face!
How sick and hungry children
Go to a lovely place.

"It sounds so much like heaven—
There's flowers and water there,
And bread and milk a-plenty,
And always some to spare,
And the poorest, sickest children
Will have the best of care;
For there's a nurse and doctor,
And white beds waiting there.

"Now, don't that sound like heaven!
Mother, why can't I go
Out to Mont-Lawn, the Children's Home,
Where trees and daisies grow?
There I could lie upon the grass
And look up in the sky,
And breathe the air, and see the birds
As they go sailing by.

"And have some clear, cold water,
As clear and cold as ice,
And taste some red, ripe berries—
Oh wouldn't that be nice!"
"Perhaps you can, my darling,
For I have heard her say
Kind people give their money
For those who cannot pay.

"I'm praying to our Father,
I've always found Him true,
And teacher's sent your name in—
'Twas meant for such as you.
And you will gain so fast there,
Be patient, dear, and wait.
God grant my darling's turn may come
Before it is too late."

Pittsfield, Me. MRS. MARY B. WINGATE.

Participation in Redemption*

DURING that conflict in the desert, when Christ, by prayer and thought, planned his life-work, the three methods of winning the world, described by the evangelists, would naturally present themselves. In this world of want and struggle, a man who could turn stones into bread would be sure of a hearing. None so welcome to the great mass of the world's inhabitants as one who could provide for their material wants. But Christ came as a spiritual teacher, and would not bribe men to follow him. Then there was the advertising method. Some wonderful daring achievement like the descent into the crowded city from the lofty spire of the Temple, would make his name known far and wide. Men of our day would have approved that plan, because it would have given him the extensive publicity that they covet. But Jesus shrank from being regarded as a mere wonder-worker. He did not hope to win the world by its love of the marvelous. The third method offered a short cut to success. It was the easy, well-trodden road of compromise. By one simple act of homage to the enemy he could purchase all that he sought. But by no deed of his would he acknowledge that enemy's right, or enter into treaty with the usurper. The only remaining course was the moral war in which the church should overcome as her Lord overcame.

It is for the church to avail itself of Christ's victory, and to bear the cross after him. To permeate the world, to prove by its purity and its love, that in Jesus is the power that the world needs, that was the slow but certain course that Christ chose. His life would be brief, but the church would be the light of the world—a light growing brighter unto the perfect day. It was a glorious privilege that he gave to his people. They were to aid in the redemption of the world. He was to be lifted up, and the church was to go forth, inviting men to accept the blessing he had won for them, pointing always to him as the way, the truth and the life. As he laid down his life for others, so his followers must lay down their lives and prove to the world that through love it might have life.

*Topic of the Epworth League for July 29. "How the Church can help the World." Matt. 5 : 13-16 ; I. John 1 : 5-7 ; Rom. 12 : 21 ; Jer. 31 : 34.

Kansas' Anti-Saloon Crusade

The anti-saloon crusade at Kansas City, Kan., was renewed lately with increased vigor. In addition to destroying stocks of liquors and bar fixtures, C. W. Trickett, Assistant Attorney-General, appointed by Gov. Hoch to enforce the prohibition law, threatened to demolish saloon buildings if their owners persist in renting their places to "joint" keepers. Many of these buildings are owned by brewing companies. Attorney-General Trickett began sending out warnings to property owners. There are about one hundred saloons in Kansas City, Kan., about fifty of which have been closed. The liquors and fixtures in fifteen of these have been seized by county officials.

The Chariots of the Lord

A Story of the Days of Religious Persecution in England

BY JOSEPH HOCKING

Summary of Preceding Chapters

During the reign of James II., whose father, Charles I., was beheaded in the revolution under Oliver Cromwell, a determined effort was made by the King to win England to Roman Catholicism. He persecuted the Protestants and had a willing instrument in Lord Jeffreys, an ignorant man, who had been raised to the bench by the king. The story opens with a scene in his court, in which the hero, Benedict Trelawney, denounced Jeffreys to his face, as an unjust judge. He was committed to prison. On his way he was enabled to escape by a girl, who told him her name was Mary. She guided him to the house of a Protestant, who gave him shelter and introduced him to another refugee, a Scotchman named Donald Stewart. On the following day he received his sword, which had been taken from him, and found upon it a message from the girl who had saved him, asking him to meet her that night at the Temple Church. He has an interview with her there, in which she advises him to have nothing to do with a conspiracy, then being organized against the king. He is surprised at her knowledge, and suspects that she is a daughter of Judge Jeffreys, of whom he has heard as being her father's spy. Disregarding her advice, he associates himself with the Duke of Monmouth, a natural son of Charles II., who invades England. After the defeat of Monmouth, Trelawney hides in a cave, but is found and lodged in jail. When brought to trial, a letter reached Jeffreys from the King ordering Trelawney sent to him. That night the bars were sawn from the window of the prison by some unknown friend and Trelawney escaped in a carriage waiting for him. In the carriage was the girl who had previously saved him from his captors, who restores to him his sword. She tells him that sometime she may need a friend to do her service, and he promises he will be that friend. Afterwards she gives him up to the king's officers, who set out with him for London to deliver him to the king. By a rough fight with his captors he makes his escape, and is guided by an eccentric enthusiast to the home of his uncle, Bishop Trelawney, who aids him to reach London, where he remained in hiding. There on his way to meet Mary Jeffreys, he overhears a conversation relating to her, which indicates that she is not the daughter of the Judge. Mary confides the secret of her birth to him, and he starts immediately for Holland to obtain the legal proofs of her paternity, and to obtain an interview with William, Prince of Orange, son-in-law of King James.

CHAPTER XXXI.—Continued

A MINUTE later they entered a room which was dimly lighted with only one candle, but which revealed the fact that Ferguson lived with a certain degree of comfort. The apartment was not large, but it was comfortably appointed. An air of prosperity prevailed, and Benedict judged by the savory smell which reached him, that Master Ferguson was not going to fast that night.

"I could get a good reward if I took you back to England," said Trelawney. "For nearly a year it hath been proclaimed in London that if any rebel will deliver you up to justice, he shall not only be forgiven, but rewarded greatly."

"Bnt ye would not, ye would not!" cried Ferguson fearfnlly. "Ye would not deliver a vessel of the Lord into the hands of the prophets of Baal!"

Trelawney did not reply, for at that moment there came into the room a stout, placid-looking woman, who gazed at the young man inquiringly.

Ferguson had evidently been studying the Dutch language, for he spoke to the woman in that tongue. She seemed to be pleased with Ferguson's explanation, for she held out her hand to him in a stolid way, and after having shaken the young man's hand, left the room without another word.

"Weel," said Ferguson, "I was ever a man, as you may say, who prepared for conteengencies. I like to keep the back door open when there may be enemies at the front door. That's jnst what I did in this case. By means of distributing a leetle siller discreetly, I persuaded a Dutchman to lie in the harbor with his boat, at a little cove in Somersetshire, until he heard that danger was o'er. Therefore, when I saw that Monmouth was not the elect o' the Lord, I got a horse's shoulders between my knees and rode like Jehu of olden time."

"But was not the Hague an unsafe place at that time?"

"Ay, bnt I did not come here. I went to Friesland, and sent word to Gretchen that my heart was longing for her. Oh, I had my difficulties, but the Lord helped me."

"And have you given up all hope of driving James from the throne?" asked Trelawney.

"Ay, no man can accnse me of being at ease in Zion, but I'll e'en settle doon now. I'm not like Donald Stewart, who wonld start on another expedition to-morrow."

"Is he here?"

"Ay, that he is, and unlike me, Donald canna settle doon to the ways o' th' people. Not but what he has a good time, for he has not been accused of taking part in the rebellion. Would ye like to see Donald?"

"I would, indeed. Can yon manage a meeting between us?"

"I'm thinkin' that's Donald at the door now," said Ferguson quietly. "Ay, man, we may be strangers in a strange land, but it's verra hard if men who have been grounded in the same doctrine canna enjoy each other's society."

He had scarcely spoken when Donald Stewart entered.

CHAPTER XXXII.

AND what 'll you be wanting to do in Holland, Master Trelawney?"

They had all partaken of the supper which Fergnson's wife had prepared, and now the three men were sitting together in the room to which Fergnson had first led the young Cornishman. Donald Stewart had given an account of his escape from Scotland, and related his experiences since his escape. Ferguson had interlarded Stewart's account with many pious remarks, while Trelawney had repeated to the younger Scotsman the story of his own experiences. Stewart and Fergnson were pulling contentedly at their tobacco pipes, and looked towards Trelawney expectantly as the former put the question which I have just put down.

Trelawney was silent for a moment as he looked at Ferguson. He would willingly have told Stewart what he hoped to do, but the other was a man in whom, in spite of his pious professions, or perhaps because of them, he had no confidence.

"The Scotch are still terribly oppressed, Stewart," he said, seeking to evade his question by asking another, "Do you intend standing quietly by, after one failnre?"

"The hand o' the Lord is against us," replied Ferguson, answering Trelawney's question. "England must receive her punishment for receiving back a Stuart, before she is purged of her iniquity. Do you think I have not tried to gain the ear of William? Ay, but I have. I tell you he's the only hope of England; but William will not move."

"Did he grant you an audience?" asked Trelawney.

"Did I no tell you he wouldna move?" said Ferguson, angrily. "Do ye think if I once gained his ear he'd have refused? Nay, but that man Burnet has gotten haud on him, and Burnet, though an Edinbro' man, is still a sort o' Epeescopalean. Oh, I ken his opeenions are what is called liberal, but he's no grip o' doctrine, man. Oh, that William of Orange kenned what was good for him. If he did he'd not ha Burnet for his speeritual adviser."

"You mean he would have you?" suggested Trelawney.

"I'm far frae a boastin' man," said Ferguson; "but if this Dutch Prince would but put his sonl in my care I'd e'en wark wonders."

"Then Burnet is a man of importance here?"

"Ay, man, it's fair sickenin.' It's

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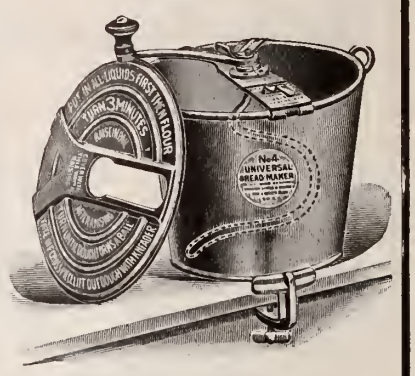
CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

An Easy Way to Make Bread



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"I doctored with doctors and took almost everything I could get for my stomach in the way of medicine, but if I got any better it only lasted a little while, until I was almost a walking skeleton.
"One day I read an ad for Postum, and told my wife I would try it, and as to the following facts I will make affidavit before any judge:
"I quit coffee entirely and used Postum in its place. I have regained my health entirely, and can eat anything that is cooked to eat. I have increased in weight until now I weigh more than I ever did; I have not taken any medicine for my stomach since I began using Postum. Why, I believe Postum will almost digest an iron wedge.
"My family would stick to coffee at first, but they saw the effects it had on me, and when they were feeling bad they began to use Postum, one at a time, until now we all use Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.
Ten days' trial of Postum in place of coffee proves the truth, an easy and pleasant way. "There a reason."
Look in pkgs. for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

The Chariots of the Lord

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

Burnet here, and Burnet there. The Prince has what you may call a misunderstandin' with his wife, and it's Burnet who puts 'em right. When the Prince has a project in hand it's Burnet who's consulted. Oh, if the man were only wise!"

"You think he would choose another Scotchman as his adviser?"

"I'm far frae a boastin' man," replied Ferguson, sententionsly. "But what are you wantin' to do in Holland, Master Trelawney?"

"I'm wanting to find a man by the name of John Beswick."

"I ne'er heard on him," replied Ferguson. "Why did he come here?"

"Why have scores of others come here?" replied Trelawney. "He came here because he was driven out of England."

"Ay, it'll be Burnet again," said Ferguson. "It's Burnet that kens a' things. But what'll ye be wantin' Beswick for?"

"For nothing political," said Trelawney, looking warningly at Stewart.

"Ah," said Ferguson, with a look of disappointment.

"Do you know this Burnet, Stewart?" asked Trelawney.

"I was at Marischal College, in the town of Aberdeen, with him," replied Stewart. "Ay, he was a rare student. He took his degree when he was only a child. A regular Samuel, as you may say."

"But ne'er a grip o' the fundamentals for a' their talk," chimed in Ferguson.

A little later Trelawney left Ferguson's house, at the same time asking Stewart to accompany him to his hostel.

"Stewart," said Trelawney, "has this Gilbert Burnet so much influence with William of Orange?"

"Ay, man, but he has."

"Could you get him to persuade the Prince to give me an audience?"

"I could try," replied Stewart, cautiously. "But have you aught to say to William?"

"Ay, I have."

"You'll not be for telling me first, I fancy."

"No," said Trelawney.

"I'll do my best," said the Scotsman. "I'll no say the task will be easy; but I'll try."

"He used to know my relative, the Bishop of Bristol," said the young man.

"Ay, that may help," said the Scotsman.

And so it came about that two days later, Trelawney was brought into the presence of William of Orange.

"Who do you say he is?" asked the Prince, of Burnet.

"An Englishman of good family, your Highness," replied the latter. "It is one of the oldest in England, in fact. His relative is Bishop of Bristol, a man of haughty temper, but as true as the sun."

"I remember," replied William; "my Uncle James hates him because of his strong Reformation views."

"That is true," replied Burnet. "Nevertheless, he is a strong Royalist, and his family hath for generations upheld the English throne."

"But have I not heard of a young Trelawney who took part in the Monmouth fiasco?" asked the Prince. "Is this he?"

"He is not a firebrand," said Burnet, "but a young man of honor and jndgment. He saith he hath matters of importance to bring before yon."

"Yes, yes," replied William, "so did that Mordannt, who came to me. A clever man, but a fool. Brilliant, but selfish to the heart's core. But I'll judge for myself, Master Burnet, let him be brought before me."

When Benedict Trelawney entered the Prince's presence he conld not help giving a start of surprise. He knew that William of Orange was only about thirty-six years of age, but he saw a man who looked at least ten years older. He had been told, moreover, that he was the most daring and intrepid leader of armies in Enrope, and so pictured a man strong and stalwart. Instead of this, he saw a man of slender, feeble frame, and even as he stood before him he saw the difficulty with which he drew his breath. But if his bodily presence suggested feebleness, it was only for a moment. The young Cornishman felt the presence of a master even before the Prince spoke. He knew that the broad, dome-like forehead proclaimed a thinker, while his black, eagle eye at once told him that here was a man who looked at the heart of things at a glance. Never before had he seen an eye so keen, so penetrating, so full of power. The hooked nose made him think of him as cruel, but only for an instant, for his cheeks, furrowed as they were by sickness and care, dispelled the thought almost as soon as it was born.

He did not look a happy man, moreover, neither his eyes nor face suggested merriment, but everything told of strength, of faithfulness, of a large grasp of affairs, and of bold action. Here was a man whose gifts of intellect, and whose indomitable will overcame physical weakness; thus making him one of the, if not the greatest man of the age.

"Benedict Trelawney?"

"Yes, your Highness."

The prince looked steadily at the yonng Cornishman. He noted his fine physique, his proud, manly bearing, his bold, intelligent eyes, and his finely shaped head, surmounted by a mass of curling hair. He seemed pleased by what he saw, even although a pang of envy entered his heart as he noted how full of life and energy the yonng man was. "Why do you wish to see me?" The qnestion came from him like a shot from a musket, while all the time he kept his piercing black eyes upon him as though he would read his very soul.

"Because England needs you."

Trelawney had not meant to answer in this way, but the Prince's question seemed to draw the answer from him.

William laughed half sadly, half scornfully.

"Ay, England needs me," he said. "I know it. But why, why, young man?"

"Because she hath a King who knows not how to reign, and who is a traitor to truth, to justice, and to religion," answered Trelawney boldly.

A look of anger shot from the Prince's eyes, but he loved a bold man, and he had come to the conclusion that Trelawney was honest.

"I crave your pardon," went on Trelawney. "I know how nearly related he is to you; but truth is truth."

"But England is mad," said the Prince. "The people act without reason. What with her Rye House Plot, and her Monmouth rebellion, to say nothing of the way they paid heed to such a knave as Titus Oates, they make a wise government impossible. I have no patience with them."

"A people driven to desperation will do many things which are unwise, and of which they may bitterly repent after, and yet be faithful and true," replied Trelawney.

"Well, well, go on," said the Prince. "Tell me if you can what has happened."

Then Trelawney told of the King's endeavors to crush Dissenters, and to force England into Popery. He described how, in spite of all enactments, Papists were appointed to the chief offices of the State, and of the Church, while honest men were discharged in disgrace."

"All this I have heard before," said the Prince presently. "At least, I have had general information about what you have told me. But you have not come here to tell me this?"

TO BE CONTINUED

"He Giveth His Loved Ones Sleep"

He sees when their footsteps falter, when their hearts grow weak and faint;
He marks when their strength is failing, and listens to each complaint;
He bids them rest for a season, for the pathway has grown too steep,
And, folded in tair green pastures, He giveth his loved ones sleep.

Like weary and wornout children that sigh for the daylight's close,
He knows that they oft are longing for home and its sweet repose,
So He calls them in from their labor ere the shadows around them creep,
And, silently watching o'er them, He giveth his loved ones sleep.

He giveth it—oh, so gently!—as a mother will hush to rest
The babe that she softly pillows so tenderly on her breast:
Forgotten are now the trials and sorrows that made them weep,
For, with many a soothing promise, He giveth his loved ones sleep.

He giveth it! Friends the dearest can never this boon bestow,
But He touches the drooping eyelids, and placid the features grow;
Their foes may gather about them, and storms may round them sweep,
But, guarding them safe from danger, He giveth his loved ones sleep.

All dread of the distant future, all fears that oppressed to-day,
Like mists that clear in the sunlight, have noiselessly passed away;
Nor call nor clamor can rouse them from slumber so pure and deep,
For only his voice can reach them who giveth his loved ones sleep.

Weep not that his toils are over; weep not that his race is run!
God grant we may rest as calmly when our work, like his, is done!
Till then, we will yield with gladness our treasures to Him to keep,
And rejoice in the sweet assurance: "He giveth his loved ones sleep."

(In Memory of L. B. Coates, who died May 18, 1906)

"FEED UP"

Is the Way to Make Old Men Young.

One of the most remarkable evidences of the power of proper food is found in the following interesting story by a Canadian:

"I am now 71 years of age and have been ailing more or less ever since I was 16 years old, part of the time an invalid suffering with stomach and bowel troubles.

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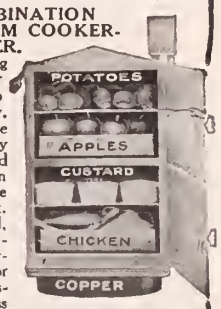

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Being formed of a single piece of solid white china, the SY-CLO Closet is without crack, joint or seam for the lodgement of impurity. Nothing can adhere or be absorbed.

By an unusually deep water seal between the closet bowl and the sewer connection making the escape of sewer gas into the home impossible, the SY-CLO Closet gives adequate health protection against the dangers from without.

SY-CLO Closets are heavily constructed and have unusual strength. With ordinary care, they will outlast the building,—a perpetual safeguard of health.

SY-CLO stamped on a closet, no matter what other mark is on it, signifies that it is constructed of the best material, with the aid of the best engineering skill, under the direction of the Potteries Selling Co., and that eighteen of the leading potteries of the United States have agreed to maintain its standard of excellence.

If your home contains a closet of imperfect construction, improper material, or one subject to rust, corrosion, or under surface discoloration such as porcelain enameled iron, you may be unknowingly exposed to a dangerous source of disease. If you have such a closet, self defense demands that you replace it with the closet bearing the trade mark name of SY-CLO, the seal of safety, the safeguard of health.

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Unknown Angels

SHE walks unnoticed in the street;
The casual eye
Sees nothing in her fair or sweet;
The world goes by
Unconscious that an angel's feet
Are passing nigh.

She little has of beauty's wealth;
Truth will allow
Only her priceless youth and health,
Her broad, white brow;
Yet grows she on the heart by stealth,
I scarce know how.

She does a thousand kindly things
That no one knows;
A loving woman's heart she brings
To human woes;
And to her face the sunlight clings
Where'er she goes.

And so she walks her quiet ways,
With that content
That only comes to sinless days
And innocent;
A life devoid of fame or praise,
Yet nobly spent. —*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Mont-Lawn's Happy "Fourth"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 614

Mont-Lawn had meant to them. There they had first learnt habits of order and courtesy; there they had first been stimulated to a desire for better things than they had known. And there, best of all, they had learned that the "love of Christ constraineth" the good friends of the Home to their beneficent work of carrying sunshine into the narrow, shadowed lives of the little tenement children.

. . .

Last year was the banner season in Mont-Lawn's career. Shall the good work go on to a wider field and greater usefulness? Will not all the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD who love little children, and who have a warm corner in their hearts for "God's poor," take a practical share in this simple, charitable work among the little waifs of the tenements? "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these ye have done it unto me."

HARRIET WASHBURN STEWART.

. . .

The following names were inscribed on the Visitors' Register at Mont-Lawn, on the "Fourth." There were many, however, who did not register, on account of arriving in the afternoon, while the exercises were going on and the crowd was greatest:

Rev. Ferdinand C. Iglehart, Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.; Mr. John F. Sylvester and Maude H. Sylvester, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Miss S. J. Tibbals, New York; Miss Hettie Phillips, Newburgh, N. Y.; Miss Chryssa Duncombe, and F. E., B. and A. Duncombe, Cranford, N. J.; Armenug Saroyan, Armenia; C. S. Howard, New York; Mrs. J. Thompson, Scheuectady, N. Y.; Mrs. H. O. Mead, Brooklyn, N.Y.; Jessie L. Thomas and Lula B. Thomas, New York; Agnes M. Johnson, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. J. H. Ferguson, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Martin, Lawrence, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Worden, Brooklyn, N.Y.; A. M. Worden, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Ethel M. Bruer, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Belle Hedges, Brooklyn, N.Y.; Mabelle Quinn, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mary A. Gray, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mary J. Campbell, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Ida J. Campbell, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Catherine G. Honan and Anna Honan, S. Nyack, N. Y.; F. B. Miller, S. Nyack, N.Y.; Irena Wilhelm, New York; C. M. Kuser, New Amsterdam, N. Y.; Maude DePen, Nyack, N. Y.; Mary I. Langan, Brooklyn, N. Y.; R. H. Folsom, Wallace, Idaho; Mrs. R. H. Folsom, Closted, N.Y.; Dubois Bevere, S. Nyack, N. Y.; Robert D. Dutcher, S. Nyack, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. Charles T. Luther, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. John McDonnell, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Lida Bond, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Sadie C. Frances, Brooklyn, N.Y.; Mrs. Ella Mead, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. E. L. Hoodey, Brooklyn, N. Y.; May E. Waring, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Solms, New York; Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Ferguson, Brooklyn, N.Y.; Mrs. J. L. Perse, Brooklyn, N.Y.; Mr. and Mrs. J. Higgs, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. M. M. Northedge, Nyack, N. Y.; Henry C. H. Stewart, Cranford, N. J.; B. Muller, New York; M.M. Crawford, Nyack, N.Y.; Mrs. S. Merritt, Jr., Nyack, N. Y.; Mrs. Adriance, Piermont; Rev. Stephen Merritt, Nyack, N. Y.; Mary E. Merritt, Nyack, N. Y.; Rev. C. H. Mead, New York; Miss A. E. Oldrey, New York; Mrs. J. Babcock, New York; Mrs. J. S. Flender, New York; Nellie F. Baker, Nyack, N. Y.; Mattie A. Baker, Nyack, N. Y.; Eloise Kingston, Seattle, Wash.; C. M. Stephens, Tappan, N. Y.; E. R. Sheldon, Tappan, N. Y.; Mrs. J. Stewart, New York; Agnes Levy, New York; Mrs. E. Amerman, Brooklyn, N. Y.; J. H. Amerman, Brooklyn, N. Y.; E. L. Clarkson, New York; Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Caffall, Sparkill, N. Y.; Rev. W. P. George, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; Rev. D. McPherson, New York.

Close of the Torrey-Alexander Mission

THE eighteen days' campaign of Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander in Ottawa, Ont., has come to a close. At the last meeting over a hundred men and women went to the front seats at Dey's Rink to publicly accept Christ. This marked the completion of the evangelists first six months' work in America, during which they have visited the four cities of Toronto, Philadelphia, Atlanta, and Ottawa.

The last meeting was a memorable one. With a choir of more than 6,000 voices, the singing was inspiring. A children's meeting had been held in the afternoon, at which 250 young people signified their acceptance of Christ.

"Our first six months' work on this side the Atlantic," Dr. Torrey said to the writer, "have been months of blessing. Perhaps the most notable conversion in Toronto was that of the leading criminal lawyer of the province. Three months were spent in Philadelphia. This was emphatically a church mission. One Presbyterian church reported 160, another 110, another 107, another 101, and others in the neighborhood of 100. The Philadelphia work was also marked by the large number of business men converted, and men in political life. These business men have organized into Gospel bands. The mission in Atlanta was like that in Philadelphia, in the impression made upon the business men. The ministers of the city co-operated heartily. There were a large number of notable conversions. The mission in Ottawa is one of the shortest we have ever held, but in many respects one of the most blessed. Ottawa has but 65,000 inhabitants, forty per cent. Catholics. A large share of the converts have come from the best class of society, though not a few drunkards have been saved."

Dr. Torrey has returned to his summer home at Northfield, Mass. He will spend July, August, and September resting and addressing Bible Conferences and Christian conventions throughout the United States. Beginning in October, the evangelists expect to conduct campaigns of one month each in Nashville, Tenn.; Omaha, Neb.; Winnipeg, Man.; Buffalo, N. Y., and Pittsburg, Pa. GEO. T. B. DAVIS.

Gardiner in South America*

MORE than fifty years have passed since the death of Allen Gardiner, the pioneer of South American Missions. Only in recent years has the epitaph he himself recorded on the rock, at the foot of which his dead body was found, begun to be fulfilled. "My soul, wait thou upon God, for my expectation is from him," wrote the brave missionary, who gave his life to proclaim the glad news of salvation to the people of the Southern continent. He landed in South America in 1845, full of hope and confidence. He had already done valuable work in Africa, abandoning for the purpose a long and distinguished career in the English navy. He had set his heart on preaching in South America, and began his work among the Patagonian Indians, the most depraved and most neglected race on the globe. His hope was to get hold of two or three Indian boys, whom he meant to educate and train for missionary work among their tribes, in the meantime preaching himself with a devoted band of colleagues in the extreme south. The party was lost to sight of civilization for a long time; but the memorial of their journeys found afterwards, showed that they had lived a life of peril from the climate and of danger from the natives. An English vessel touching at Cape Horn, January, 1852, found some records of the missionary in a boat drawn up on the beach, and proceeding in the direction indicated in the papers, found Gardiner's camp and his dead body, with those of two companions. The memoranda showed that the party had died of starvation.

Gardiner's death bore fruit in the organization of the South American Mission, in which his son was one of the earliest workers. It divided its work into three branches, the heathen, the Spanish, and the English. Its progress, necessarily slow, as in all pioneer efforts, is now bright with promise. Another organization is that of the South American Evangelical Association, commenced by Mr. and Mrs. Young in Brazil, and now under the charge of Mr. and Mrs. Ranken. Their address is Rue Liberdade 23, Sao Paulo, Brazil.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for July 29. II Cor. 11: 23-30.

ANSWERED PRAYERS

J. D. W., Ohio. "I wish to acknowledge God's goodness in answering prayers. I was young and now I am old, and always when in need of anything I take it to my dear Father in heaven. He has always granted me all and much more than I asked for. I am most certain that God is a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God."

Mrs. E. A. B., Maryland. "I cannot tell you the help I have derived from reading your Prayer column. I am a firm believer in prayer, and cannot count the number God has answered for me. Pray with us, that God may make clear our path. I believe he will."

Mrs. J. H. F., Kansas. "I wish to add my testimony to the many you receive of God's goodness and mercy. I know he always hears and answers our prayers if we are trying to obey his commands, and are willing to go as he directs. It may not be in our way, but it is always for our good."

Mrs. C. C., Philadelphia. "We desire the prayers of all the dear HERALD family. We are passing through the deep waters of affliction, but we do believe in prayer, and that God will hear and help us."

S. M. H., Philadelphia. "The 'Answered Prayer' column has proved a blessing to many; I read it every week with benefit, and wish to add my testimony that it is a

. . Privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer.'

For long days of suffering, I offered this prayer, 'Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me well.' The answer was delayed for a time, but 'according to your faith be it done unto you,' came to me. I realize fully the promises of a covenant-keeping God."

Mrs. G. L. C., California. "I have been very much interested in as well as helped by the 'Answered Prayer' column. I feel and know that God answers prayer; the greater our faith the more willing he is to help us."

E. C. P., Massachusetts. "I wish to acknowledge God's great love and mercy in answering my prayers for a sister in her dark hour, when no earthly aid could deliver her. He never turns us away empty."

Mrs. S. T. B., Massachusetts. "I wish to be numbered with those who know that God hears and answers prayer. He has heard mine."

J. W., New York. "My faith has been strengthened by reading the 'Answered Prayers.' I wish to acknowledge an answer to prayer recently."

R. S., Ontario. "My heavenly Father answered two special prayers of mine exceeding abundantly above what I dared ask or think. I ask Christian readers to pray for a friend to return."

Mrs. D. J. G., Connecticut. "I wish to acknowledge God's goodness to me in answering prayer. I thank the Lord he has answered prayer many, many times. Bless his holy name."

Mrs. M., Ohio. "Some years ago I was in deep trouble, I asked God to save me and he marvelously heard me. Surely he is the hearer and answerer of prayer to those who believe on him."

Mrs. A. G. S., Ontario. "I love the 'Answered Prayer' column. May God bless and help THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in its good work."

A Child of the King, Connecticut. "I, too, want to add my testimony that the God of the Christian answers prayer. This I know from personal experience. 'All things are possible to him that believeth.'"

Acknowledgments of answered prayers have also been received from L. V. F., Ohio; Beatrice, Nebraska; Mrs. S. A. H., Pennsylvania; A. W., Illinois; Mrs. R.E.O., Pennsylvania; A Subscriber, Wisconsin; Mrs. C. J., Ontario; P. C. S., Canada; Mrs. J. R. V.; Mrs. E. M. H., Minnesota; Reader, Michigan; A Reader, Missouri; Mrs. T.J.C., North Carolina; A. C. M., Indiana; W. P. E., Ontario; Mrs. H. N. D., and A. E. P., California; A. M. H., Kansas; Mrs. L. B., Idaho; Mrs. E. J., Pennsylvania; Ruth E., California; K.W., South Carolina; Anna Burns, Miss H. E. P., New York; G. K., Wisconsin; M. C. J., Oil City; A Subscriber, Minnesota; S. E. H., Louisiana; M. H., Pennsylvania; Mrs. J. A. E., Maine; Mrs. C. B., California.

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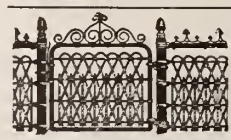

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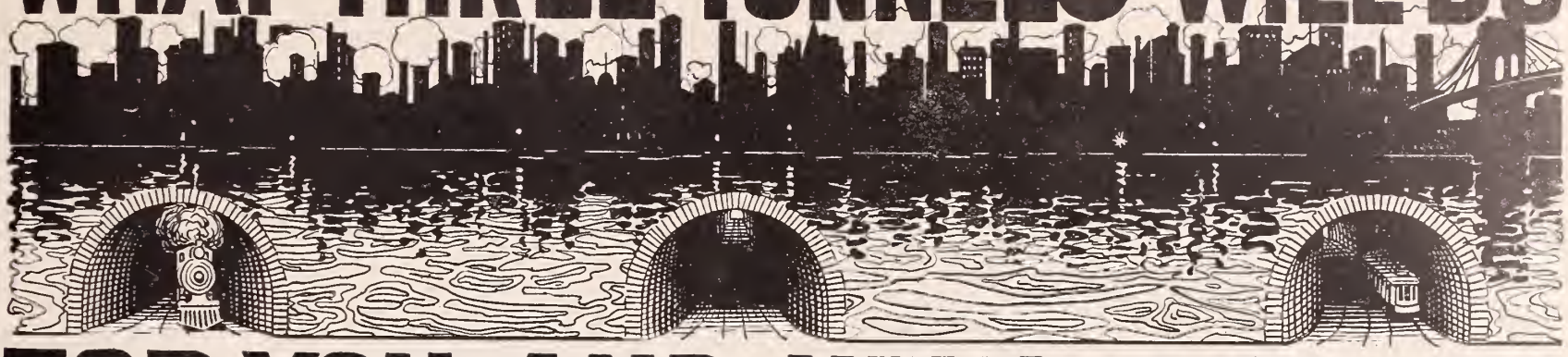
WHAT THREE TUNNELS WILL DO



FOR YOU AND NEW JERSEY

IMAGINE a mile of water dividing the metropolis of America from the green fields and cool hills of New Jersey.

Imagine this mile of water with three great tunnels beneath it, connecting the hot, bustling pavements of New York with the shady lanes and cozy cottages of the New Jersey suburban homes.

Imagine trains and trolleys running through these tunnels and into them pouring each night thousands of tired toilers bound for the genuine home comfort that only suburban life can give.

The tunneling of the Hudson is one of the wonders of the world. Few have an adequate conception of the effect it will have on nearby New Jersey.

Land values will increase enormously. Towns will spring up as if by magic. Cities will spread and industries multiply.

If you have a few dollars and want to double them, you can't afford to overlook New Jersey. It is the investment opportunity of the century.

It is safer, surer, and of a certainty more profitable than any investment before the public to-day.

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NEW YORK MUST GROW

Remarkable as the growth of New York has been, the city is only in its infancy.

But Manhattan Island, the site of the original city, has almost reached the limit of its capacity to grow.

Of all the millions of people who are yet to go to New York, there will be room for only a few hundred thousand more upon Manhattan Island. That part of the city will soon demand enormous prices for the privilege of living within its borders.

Within a short time three big tunnels will add many thousands to New Jersey's population and 100 per cent to Jersey's land values.

Land is cheap in New Jersey to-day—cheaper than any other suburban land at equal distance from New York City.

But a year from now it will be different. Prices will soon begin to go up by leaps and bounds, and to the small investor real estate will become prohibitive.

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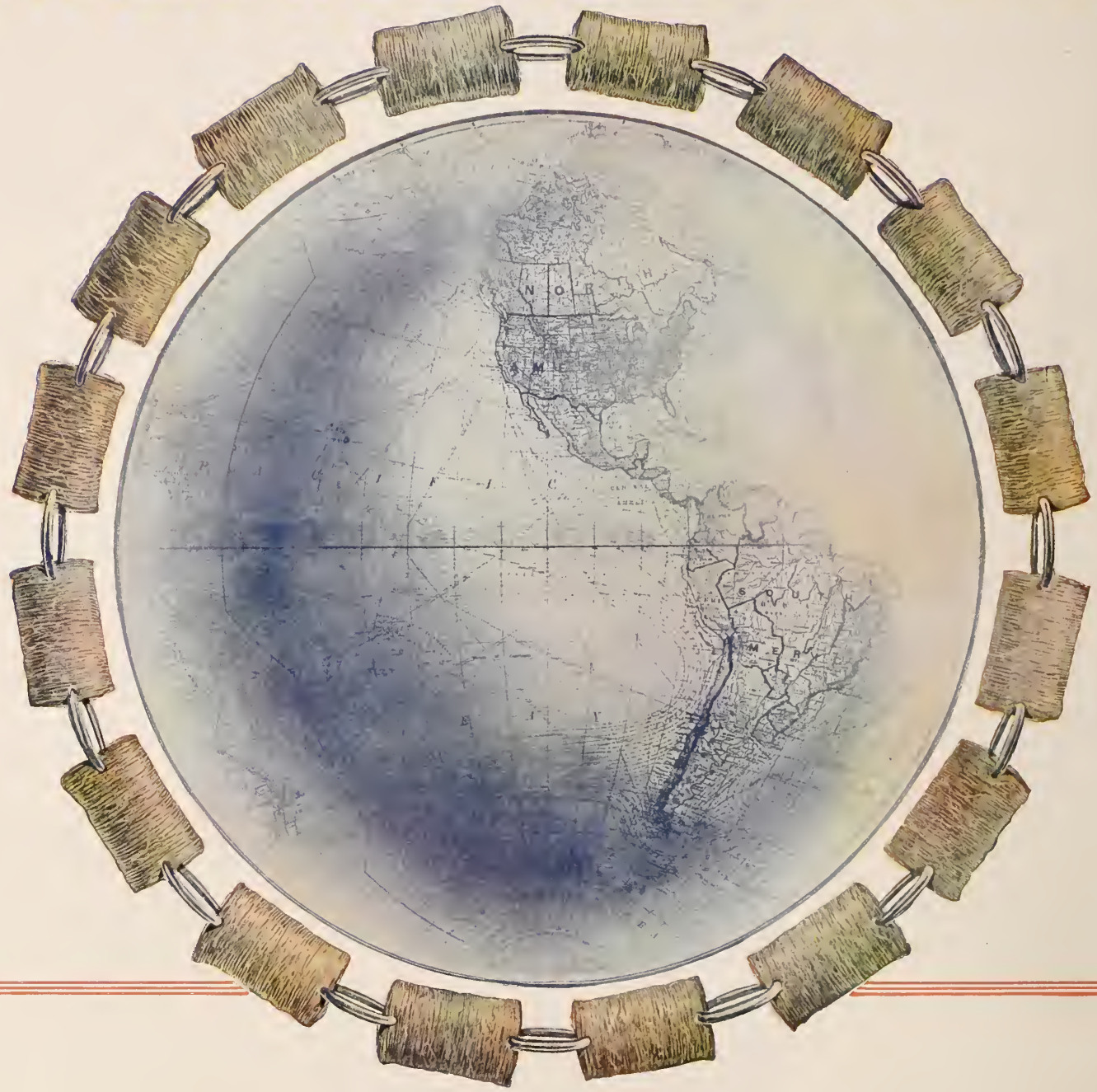

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

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The Sultan Embarking for his Annual Visit to the Tomb of his Ancestors

SEE PAGE 603

OUR MAIL-BAG

Questions and Answers

Letters for this department must contain name and address of the sender—not for publication, but as evidence of genuineness and good faith. Where an answer by mail is desired, ten cents in postage stamps must be forwarded by the writers, with full address.

D. D., Tampa, Fla. I have lately heard of a superstition about telling the bees of trouble in the family. Can you inform me what it is?

Such a superstition prevails in rural England, and to some extent in New England, that bees will either fly away or die on the occasion of a death in the family, unless some one knocks at the hive and tells them of it. In some places the hives are put in mourning. The custom was universal during colonial days, but has largely passed away. Whittier's poem, "Telling the Bees," is well worth reading.

H. S., Jersey City. 1. What is a parrot wrasse? 2. Who are the Guebres?

Parrot wrasse is a genus of fishes; over one hundred varieties are known. The name refers to their bright colors, and also to the shape of their mouths. Parrot fish is the usual designation for them. 2. It is the name of a small remnant of the believers in the old Persian religion, as established by Zoroaster. They are known as Parsees, as well.

J. M. G., Evansville, Ind. What is it that is to be destroyed when a man is saved by fire, as stated in 1. Cor. 3: 15?

When a good man seeks to serve God in a wrong way, or from an unworthy motive, or when his converts have not been wisely taught, the fire determines their value. When ambition, or love of popular applause leads a preacher who has become vain to admit unconverted people to his communion and builds up a worldly church, he dies, and people say that he will be rewarded for the great work he has done. God does not so judge. The man may have been good at heart, but weak, refraining from telling the whole truth. The apostle says such a man will be saved, but all the imposing work he has done will go for nothing. He will lose his reward.

A. K., Pleasant Hill, Md. Why is the book of Josephus so often referred to? Is it authentic or canonical? In what age did Josephus live?

Flavius Josephus was the greatest of Jewish historians, and is regarded as an authority. His works are secular, though they frequently deal with religious matters. He was born A.D. 37.

Life Subscriber, S. Cal. 1. Who is Joseph Hocking, the author of the serial now appearing in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD? 2. Were Jeffries and the others mentioned real historical characters? 3. Is Joseph Parker, the English divine, still living? 4. Is it allowable to put "regards of," or something similar, on the outside of a wrapper sent through the mail?

Joseph Hocking, author of "The Chariots of the Lord," was born at St. Stephens, Cornwall, England. He is a clergyman as well as a novelist. He was educated at Crescent Range College, and at Owens College, Manchester. He has travelled extensively in Egypt, Palestine, Turkey, etc. His home is at Woodford Green, England. Among his most famous stories are "The Birthright," "Mistress Nancy Molesworth," "The Purple Robe," and "The Madness of David Baring." 2. The story is based on the real facts of history, and Judge Jeffries, the Duke of Monmouth, and many others who appear in the story were participants in scenes described by Mr. Hocking. Jeffries was born in Acton, England, in 1640; died a prisoner in the Tower of London, in 1689. 3. Joseph Parker died Nov. 29, 1902. 4. We believe not.

G. T., Covington, Ky. When did Flag Day first become a holiday, and just what does it commemorate?

Flag Day, June 14, the anniversary of the adoption of the Stars and Stripes by the Continental Congress in the year 1777, is observed as a holiday in many of the States. In New York it has been especially celebrated by the public school children since 1889. At nine o'clock every school has a flag-raising ceremony, followed by a lecture from the principal on the origin, history and significance of the flag, thus instilling the immortal principles of patriotism into the youthful minds.

Inquirer, West Sand Lake, N. Y. 1. Is there any Scriptural reason for the statement, often made, that the ministry of Jesus did not continue over three years, and that he was only thirty-three years old when he was crucified? 2. What did Jesus mean when he said, "If I be lifted up I will draw all men unto me"?

1. Luke says (3: 23 R.V.) that Jesus was about thirty years old when he began to teach. The period is fixed for us in secular history by the list of rulers he gives (Luke 3: 1). From this list, reckoning six months from the beginning of John's ministry to the beginning of Christ's, which is inferred from several facts, we conclude that Christ began to teach in the year of the Roman era 780, which corresponds with A.D. 27 of our era. His death occurred while Pilate was governor, and from a variety of other facts is believed to have been on April 7, 783 of the Roman era and A.D. 30 of ours. 2. John himself explains Christ's remark as referring to his crucifixion (John 12: 33). But it is probably not intended in the sense of his being raised a foot or two on the Cross. Its real meaning is "exalted," as being held up before the world by his voluntary sacrifice on the Cross.

W. E. F., Advance, Mo. When was THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home established?

In 1894. We are sending you a little booklet, telling all about the Home. We shall be glad to send booklets to any readers who may send us request by postal card.

E. T. C., Mobile, Ala. What became of Job's wife? She is not mentioned in the account of his restored family. Could she have been the mother of his seven sons and three daughters?

There is no record of what became of Job's wife. It is believed that the story of his doubled possessions and his new family was added by a writer many years after the earlier part of the book was written. Probably some Jew who thought the book needed rounding out in harmony with Jewish ideas. The style of language is more modern than that of the discussion. The writer may have known some descendants of the patriarch, but evidently knew nothing of his wife.

Mrs. M. E. S., Reedsburg, Wis. Can a church prosper spiritually that allows such things in the church as banquets, quilt auctions, minstrels, surprise parties, moving pictures, etc.?

Spiritual progress under such conditions would be difficult. Entertainments of the character described should be held elsewhere than in a building dedicated exclusively to the service of God. We are aware, however, that in some localities the same hall sometimes does service for church and for many other purposes. In such a case, where the church has not exclusive use, the comment does not apply.

The Premier of New Zealand and his Wife

SIR Joseph George Ward, Premier of the flourishing British colony of New Zealand, is making a tour of the United States, accompanied by his family. Sir Joseph is an advocate of the State ownership of railroads, water-works, etc., that system having been on trial for some time in New Zealand. He has been Minister of Railways, Electric Telegraphs, Industries and Commerce, Colonial Secretary, and Postmaster-General of New Zealand, before reaching his present position.

B., Montgomery, Minn. How do the star-gazers get the proof that our sun and the entire solar system is moving through unlimited space at the rate of twelve miles a second? The idea implies that there must be a stationary point to figure from.

The universe is saturated with waves, doing the world's work. Light results from the vibrations of that all-pervading invisible something called ether. It has the most rapid motion of anything known, equal to 186,330 miles, or $7\frac{1}{2}$ times round the earth in a second, or from the sun to the earth in $8\frac{1}{4}$ minutes, and from the nearest star in 4 years. If it be passed through the prisms in a spectroscope, it is refracted, producing a spectrum of 7 colors—red at one end, violet at the other. If pointed to a star at rest, dark lines are seen separating the colors, always occupying the same places; if the star is moving toward us, they are all moved toward the violet, but if receding, toward the red. Scattered all over the sky, we find thousands of stars moving in both directions. There is one locality, however, between the constellations Lyra and Hercules, where the lines are moved toward the violet, and exactly opposite in the southern sky they are all moved toward the red. This marvellous fact proves that our solar system is moving toward the above constellations at from 10 to 12 miles a second, going we know not where or whither, in a curve or straight line, is unknown. The analyzing power of the spectroscope exceeds belief. The three millionth of a grain of sodium (common salt) has been detected by it. Five metals have been found in the ashes of a cigar. Nearly every earthly substance has been found to exist in the stars, nebulæ, and comets. Thus, we see God has given man the power of bridging earth and heaven together, and of solving problems one would suppose belonged only to Him to know.

Marathon, N. Y. LEWIS SWIFT.

A. R. H., Washington, D. C. What is the origin and purpose of the Mardi Gras festivities?

As far back as 600 A. D., Ash Wednesday, the first day of Lent, was preceded by a feast. In Italy, Mardi Gras or Shrove Tuesday (Tuesday of Shriving) is the last and merriest of the ten days' carnival before Lent. Cities in the south of France, and the Catholic cities of Germany, observe the day with more or less ceremony, but Protestant countries do not celebrate it to any extent. In the United States, New Orleans and Memphis are gay on that day with processions, masquerades and other forms of entertainment.

P. L. S., Oneida, N. Y. What encouragement can you give me from the Bible that we shall meet and know each other hereafter in heaven?

After the death of David's dearly loved child, he resigned himself calmly to God's will, saying, "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." Those simple words, "I shall go to him," mean much. Again, the Scriptures give frequent proof of the fact that memory continues after this mortal shall have put on immortality. Paul says "every man shall give an account of himself to God." Is it reasonable to suppose that we shall remember all that has occurred in our mortal lives, and yet forget the faces of those dear to us? Again, the Saviour says "Many shall come from the east and west, and shall sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven." If we are to be able to distinguish the men of old, surely it is equally certain that we shall discover mother and wife and baby in the throng!

B. F. R., Perry, N. Y. What constitutes a "horse-power"?

"Horse-power" is the term used for "a standard theoretical unit of the rate of work equal to 33,000 pounds lifted one foot high in one minute." It was obtained by Watt and Boulton from observation of the strong dray-horses used in London.

This letter, on the subject of school studies, from a New England clergyman, will interest many readers:

I am glad you have written so vigorously regarding the public school system. It seems a terrible shame that children have to go through what the conscientious ones do, who are not strong enough to endure it. I was of that kind. I stood well in Grammar School, High School and College; but what I went through physically! And I lay it, in part, to the system. I was ambitious to do well, and the strain was too much. I trust you will continue to strike such editorial blows as may help foster a change. May God keep future generations of children from enduring what I did!

Miscellaneous

H. F., Richland, Pa. Football and baseball are among the amusements which are healthful and unobjectionable. There is nothing to be said against them in their proper place.

A. B., Manifest, La. "The Song of our Syrian Guest" is a wonderful interpretation of "The Shepherd Psalm." *The Pilgrim Press*, 14 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Price seven cents.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

Italian Girls

Transferring Immigrant Baggage

Ready to Register

THE FLOOD-TIDE OF IMMIGRATION

Can We Assimilate it All, or Does it Portend a Changed Nationality?

A LITTLE head raised itself from the pillow, and two wondering eyes gazed at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD representative, as he entered a ward in the Immigrants' Hospital, on Ellis Island. How lonesome, how patient the little fellow looked—how pale, how frail, how helpless! Yet all around were kind attendants, and he was receiving the best care that science and sympathy could provide. The great Republic had taken him into its arms, and was restoring him to health, just as if he were an American from birth, instead of a poor, suffering waif of humanity, borne to our shores on that vast tide of immigration, which, according to Commissioner-General Sargent, presents the gravest existing problem for the American people to solve.

The last twelve months' immigration has been the largest in our history—considerably over a million. Every year the tide is increasing, until even the extensive accommodations of the great landing station of Ellis Island, in the harbor of New York, are taxed to their utmost capacity by the incoming multitudes. From all parts of the world they come—Europe, Asia, and Africa—bound for the land of promise—that land in which they fondly hope to earn a fair reward for their industry, and to enjoy the liberty and equality denied them in their native countries.

They are of every color and every race—Teuton, Frank, Italian, Slav, Briton, Celt, Scandinavian, Hebrew and Asiatic—nearly all workers, and a large proportion of them homebuilders. So far as their treatment on Ellis Island is concerned, it could not well be better. The admirably equipped hospital is but one of the excellent features of this great entrepot of humanity. From leaving the steamships in government barges for the immigration station, until they are landed at the foot of Manhattan Island to be started on their new life in the United States, the immigrants are under vigilant supervision by Commissioner Robert Watchorn and his force of assistants, and are as carefully protected and guided as if they were children. Each immigrant is examined to ascertain whether he is legally qualified for admission to the United States, the aim, in accordance with the letter and spirit of the law, being to admit only those who are likely to be self-supporting, who are of good character, and have due respect for law and order—in brief, those who have in them the making of good American citizens.

Examining the Eyes

Of course, the decision as to whether an immigrant is or is not qualified does not rest with the immigration officers. They are strictly governed by the existing law in their action. An immigrant might be personally repulsive and wholly illiterate; but if he should be of sound body, not insane, with no known charge of a serious nature against him, and if he should be able to give substantial evidence of ability to support himself, and should profess respect for lawful authority, he could not be excluded, even if a Lombroso or Bertillon had singled him out on sight as predestined to a career of crime.

The one condition which does offer large scope for discretion on the part of immigration officers, is that of the immigrant's ability to support himself—the question whether he or she, if admitted, is likely

CONTINUED ON PAGE 634

A Group of Immigrants of Different Nationalities

Meeting Welcoming Friends at Freedom's Gate

THE AMERICAN PULPIT

SERMON BY

Rev. Wallace McMullen, D.D.*

The Lord's Quest

TEXT: I. TIM. 1: 15

"This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

THIS is the Gospel in brief. It is useful in considering a great subject to fasten upon its essence. When one selects unimportant detail for criticism, such selection indicates an attitude that is either flippant or insincere. Trifling criticism shows a man who will not seriously approach the greatest proposition which appeals to men. John Morley in his *Voltaire* says, "The best natures are most violently irritated and outraged by mocking and satiric attack upon the minor details, the accidents, the outside of the objects of faith, when they would have been affected in a very different way by a contrast between the loftiest parts of their own belief and the loftiest part of some other belief."

Prof. Drummond during his special evangelistic work in Edinburgh University, said that he was approached one day by a man who wanted to talk over religion. Drummond asked him in and they set to. "He was not a Christian," he said, and when asked why, he said that he "found the Book of Kings very difficult to understand. Also, that he knew a man who called himself a Christian and did not seem to live by the Bible truth. He thought the commas in the Bible uninspired, for he could not make things tally." And Drummond thought, is it possible that this is a man before me? Has all this absurdity anything to do with religion? Drummond had been making a discovery, finding the essence of Christianity in the very heart of the processes of nature, finding the love of the Gospel of Jesus Christ revealed in the lowest forms of life, and with his mind expanded and absorbed in the consideration of a religion which was the explanation of the universe, he was confronted by a man whose religion, as he said, "he could put in a pill-box." And there are many who, when appealed to, to accept Christian truth, would object that there are difficulties in the Old Testament. The six days of Genesis, Joshua and the sun, Jonah and the whale, the quails in the camps of the Israelites, are reasons for their refusal to give vital consideration to the greatest volume of news that ever gladdened the human heart. Our text gives us this central thing in the Gospel, which is worthy our earnest brooding study.

The Divine Visitor

Some root truths are yielded by a mere surface examination of the text, and the first is this: A being not of this world came into this world. This is not merely a word descriptive of the birth of Jesus Christ; it might be descriptive of the birth of any man. There is a sense in which it might be said of every infant opening his eyes in this strange world. "He came into the world." But it is quite clear that Paul means by this phrase that Jesus came into the world from another world, for it is in such terms that Paul is in the habit of speaking of Jesus Christ. Read these Epistles and notice that Paul says, that Jesus was "before all things," "the first born of all creation," "in Him all things are created," "in Him all things consist." From which it is clear that Paul, thinks of Christ's birth not as the beginning of his life, but as its point of entrance into this world. Moreover, we must remember Christ's own announcements concerning himself.

The author of *Ecce Homo*, a book which is still one of the most valuable existing analyses of the teaching of Christ, said in his preface, that there was a time in his experience when he found himself discontented with the current conceptions of Christ, and determined to reconsider the whole subject of his life from the beginning. "And so he put himself in imagination at the time when he whom we call Christ bore some such name, and was simply as St. Luke describes him, a young man of promise, popular with those who knew him and appearing to enjoy the divine favor, to trace his biography from point to point and accept those conclusions about him, not which church doctors draw, or even apostles have sealed with their authority, but which the facts themselves, critically weighed, appeared to warrant."

Now that seems a superficial method for the study of the whole of the truth about Jesus Christ. It was a useful thing to do, because Prof. Seeley showed that, leaving out all considerations of Christ's divinity, not denying that divinity, but regarding him for the moment, as a man, he was shown to be the greatest and most sublime man that ever lived. But, as he admitted, his portraiture was incomplete. To begin with Christ's public career and give no attention to the silent years that preceded it, and no attention to the wonderful mystery of his birth, and no consideration to his ancestry, can scarcely be regarded as an honest attempt to discover all the facts connected with him. It is not thus we write our biographies to-day. Moreover, if the facts of the mature Christ are to be considered we cannot with fairness omit his own words about his preexistence. He said, "What if ye shall see the Son of Man ascend up where he was before." "The Son of Man is in heaven." "Glorify thou me with the glory which I had with thee before the world was." This is the first truth before us in this text. That a being not of this world came into this world from another.

Had a Definite Purpose

And this Being had a definite purpose in coming. This would be expected. He is not wandering aimlessly. He is not on a journey for pleasure, nor a tour of inspection. What work has he in mind? Is it to improve the physical conditions of men? Has he begun a kind of sanitary engineering trip like that of Colonel Waring to Cuba? Did he come to teach men the laws of health, to help them into a better adjustment with the climate and the soil? Is it his purpose to effect political readjustments on earth? Or social reconstruction? Not these things. These are results which may be involved in his journey, but are not its essential purpose.

He came to save sinners. Not merely to enter his protest against sin, though he did this in the most effectual way. There is a story that in one of the many political revolutions common to South American republics, a British subject was arrested and condemned to death. The British Consul protested against the injustice of the sentence. His protests were ignored by the authorities. On the day set for the execution, the Consul wrapped himself in the British flag, placed himself immediately in front of the condemned man and between him and the men who were detailed to shoot him to death, and said that not a bullet would reach the victim except through the flag of his country and the body of his Consul. The Consul's action was not only the most effectual possible protest against an unjust sentence, but also the most effectual possible method to save the condemned man. When the Son of God wrapped himself in the seamless robe of his own sinless life and walked among men, his presence, by virtue of what he was, was the most effectual possible protest against sin, but it was more, it was his attempt to interpose himself between sin and its victims and save condemned sinners.

He came to save—to actually do the saving work—not to give directions concerning it. Naturally, there will come into the outworking of his purpose explanations of sin's meaning and danger. There are none so qualified as he to be an ethical teacher. His own purity makes his words authoritative, and his vision makes them final. There is no such moral insight in any other teacher, and no such moral passion. He did not come to give moral instruction, he came to save, and history shows that ethical education has not saving power in it, at least, not for those who are down in the depths of sin. Clear moral views do not carry with them intense moral earnestness.

Misconceptions of Him

Whatever the methods by which the saving work is done, he stands related to it. He came to save. Whatever he said about the loving eagerness of God to save men from the sin that curses them, that saving divine love works through him. He came to save, not to explain merely that God was willing to save. He does not think of himself as an ambassador, merely a herald, but as a worker, a Saviour. It is not work from which he can be spared. Harnack has said, "The Gospel as Jesus proclaimed it, has to do with the Father only, and not with the Son." To be sure Harnack has later made an admission which seems to neutralize the force of this statement, still the statement is there, and it seems absolutely at variance with the Gospel story.

Certainly, those who heard him did not think of him as being no necessary part of his Gospel. He was at a feast in Bethany, and Mary brings her one treasure, her alabaster box of precious ointment and pours it upon his head. Was it because she was grateful for some helpful spiritual truth he had brought her? No, it was because she adored him. He was in the house of Simon the Pharisee, at a banquet given in his honor, and a woman entered from the street and kissed his dear feet over and over, and her tears washed them, and the hair of her head wiped them. Was it because he had spoken in her hearing some helpful, illuminating word? No, it was because he personally had brought her forgiveness for her sins and a new clean life, and she worshiped him.

The Personal Saviour

Mary Magdalene, who was emptied of the devils, ran to his tomb on the morning of the first day of the week to anoint his dear dead body with the spices and the precious ointments, and when she saw him in the garden, there leaped from her lips that one adoring word, "Rabboni," a note which leaped out of the reservoirs of music with which he had stocked her soul. Or think of Peter, who, if tradition may be trusted, asked when his last hour came, that he might be crucified head downward, so that he might not have equal dignity with the Master whom he so passionately loved. Or Paul, who displays his scars to men as though they were decorations, and rejoices that he bears branded on his body, "The marks of the Lord Jesus." All these lovers of Christ thought of him not as being separable from his Gospel, but as being the Gospel in himself.

And all history and tradition since confirm the estimate. Think of Polycarp, who declared he had served Jesus, his King, for eighty and six years, and would not be disloyal to him in order to save his life, or Irenæus, who was eager to be ground into flour by the teeth of the beasts that he might be moulded into the bread of God, such was his love for Jesus, his leader; or Catherine, who felt the piercing of the nails in her palms, so close was her fellowship with the Crucified One: or Francis, who brooded so long and so tenderly upon the sufferings of his Lord that at last, it is said, the marks of the thorns could be seen on his brow, and the prints of the nails in his hands; or Thomas a Kempis, with his inspired pen. If you read his *Imitation of Christ*, you read the rhapsodies of a lover.

Christ the Centre of Christianity

In all the years the disciples of Jesus Christ have never dreamed that he was not necessary to the Gospel. They have rather thought of him as the Gospel. Benjamin Kidd, in his *Social Evolution*, counts it a great curiosity that man will give such costly gifts and devotion to religious faith, which his reason cannot subscribe to; thinks it curious that he will be so lavish in loyalty to that which brings discord into his own intellectual order. But it is at least quite as curious that man will persist in making his reason attempt new solutions of the problems which have been settled long ago by his own religious instincts. There are religious truths which stand rock fast. The place of Jesus in Christian faith is one of these.

And this we learn from our text, that there is such a thing as sin. Walt Whitman says of the animals—

> They do not sweat and whine about their condition.
> They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins,
> They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God,

which is not to be regarded as brilliant poetry, or as profound philosophy. Dr. Watkinson, of England, called it "dreary drip," which seems a good label for it. It is a rather amazing procedure for a student to select the attitude of unmoral creatures as a standard to which moral creatures must conform. Theodore Parker once said he believed in sins, but not in sin, and declared that in order to pronounce the word "sin" properly, one must have a nasal tone. By which he meant that sin as vice or crime is believable, but sin as a state of the soul in its attitude toward God and goodness is to be denied. It is quite clear from this word sinners in the text, when we think of its constant New Testament use, that it refers not merely to the vicious or criminal classes, but to all souls alienated from God.

And it is clear from the text that sin is a serious thing. The word "save" is just the ordinary one meaning to rescue from danger or destruction. We can see

CONTINUED ON PAGE 639

* Preached in Madison Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, New York.

When the Sultan Goes to Prayer

DESCRIBED BY A GUEST AT THIS EXCLUSIVE CEREMONY

"HIS Imperial Majesty, the Sultan, attended divine worship yesterday in the Hamidieh Mosque." This notice appears every Saturday morning in the Constantinople *Levant-Herald*, and every other daily in the Turkish capital is obliged to print the same fact. Any paper omitting to mention this occurrence is in danger of suspension for failing to show proper respect to His Majesty. The notice would seem to indicate that the Sultan only worships once a week; but in reality, as a true Moslem and the Caliph of all the "Faithful," he must pray five times daily—at dawn, at noon, in the middle of the afternoon, at sunset, and an hour and three-quarters after sunset. But neither law nor custom require attendance at a mosque for these prescribed prayers; so the royal custom is to go to mosque only on Fridays, at noon.

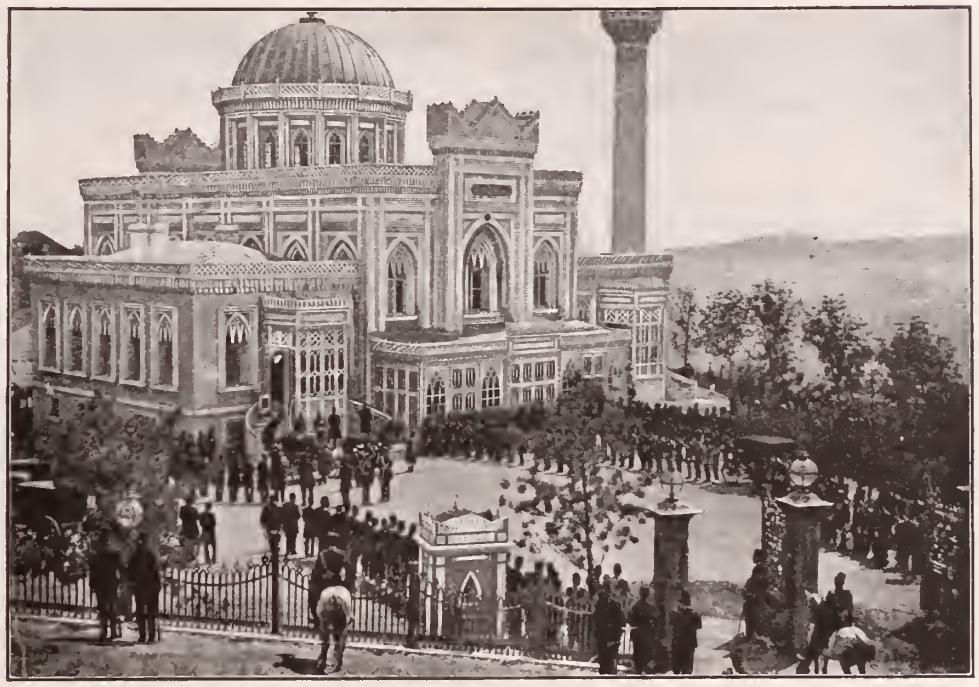
The Koran says, "Be constant at prayer; for prayer preserveth a man from filthy crimes and from that which is blamable, and the remembering of God is surely a most important duty." But the number of occasions enumerated when one is excused from praying—when going to war, when on a journey, etc., as well as the belief that for every *namaz*, or prayer, omitted here without good excuse, one will be required in the next world to say a *namaz* on a sheet of red-hot iron—shows that the idea of duty predominates.

The Selamlik, or the public procession to the Imperial Mosque on each Friday, is not voluntary but obligatory, and is rightly termed a ceremony. It is certainly far from a privilege for Ab-dul-Hamid II. Since the attempt to blow His Majesty to atoms, last July, cards of admission to the mosque are unobtainable, and every visitor must be personally conducted to the Selamlik by the Ambassador. The attempt on the life of the Sultan failed, because the infernal machine went off too soon; but in the course of the trial, it was proved that some of those connected with the plot had been repeatedly to the Salamlik, with cards from the Embassies, and had taken careful note of the moment of the Sultan's departure from the mosque. On at least one occasion, one of these men, with a card of introduction from a well-known ambassador, had a bomb with him, but decided not to risk his own life by throwing it. Naturally the Turkish authorities have since then refused to recognize such cards, and very few persons are able to witness the ceremony at all. President Bliss, of Beirut College, Ambassador and Mrs. Tower, and Mr. and Mrs. William J. Bryan are almost the only Americans who have attended the Selamlik since last summer. These were in each case the guests of members of the Legation.

Formerly, there was a pavilion for visitors just opposite the entrance to the mosque; later, this was torn down and the terrace above was used, except for the diplomatic circle. To-day, even the terrace is empty, and only the honored few can gain admission to the diplomatic kiosk.

The Hamidieh Mosque, whither the Sultan goes to pray, is within the limits of the palace grounds and was built expressly for the present Sultan. It is a gem of Moorish architecture. There is a private entrance for His Majesty and a luxurious private ante-room. Few non-Mussulmans have ever been inside this mosque; but it is considered the special privilege of pilgrims stopping at the capital on their way from the Caucasus or Chinese Turkestan, to Mecca, to perform their *namaz* with the Caliph at his royal mosque. The view from the mosque over the Bosphorus, the harbor, and the sea of Marmora, is superb.

In the olden days, when hundreds used to gather every Friday to see the ceremony, it made a more varied and animated scene than is witnessed to-day; but even now it is well worth all possible effort to be present when the Sultan goes to say his prayers. Shortly before noon the movement of troops begins, and company after company of finely drilled soldiers arrive from barracks in various parts of the city. About twenty-five thousand troops are regularly quartered at the capital; and this number is not infrequently increased to forty thousand, as newly-recruited regiments pass through from Anatolia to take the place of time-expired veterans on the Bulgarian frontier or among the Albanians. About two thousand soldiers of all kinds converge toward the Imperial Mosque on Friday morning, and with their gay uniforms and well-trained brass bands, they form an important feature of the pageant. The crack company of white-horsed cavalry draws up in front of the bay-horsed troop, in the open ground west of the mosque. Nearby is a company of dark-skinned infantry from Tripoli; there is another of fresh young troops from Koordistan; and yonder are some pale, worn veterans back from their unsuccessful campaign against cholera, heat and Arabs in Yemen. Right in front of the mosque, lining the approach from the palace, is a squad of marines from one of those stationary, rotting, useless men-of-war behind the bridges in the Golden Horn. As each division marches up, its band plays the Hamidieh March, composed in honor of the reigning Sultan, and after that, other selections, both Oriental and European. German instructors have trained these bands so that they compare favorably with the average military bands of most European countries.



The Sultan's "Selamlik," or Weekly Prayer Visit to the Hamidieh Mosque

The Sons of Sultan Ab-dul Hamid II.

When all the soldiers and marines are in position, after a great deal of hurrying and scurrying of Imperial messsengers, aides, eunuchs and chamberlains, down the white road from the palace come three or four royal carriages drawn by beautiful horses, and each containing four ladies of the Imperial harem. As these carriages drive past into the mosque-yard, one catches through the open windows and through the delicate white gauze veils, visions of the loveliness of which the Persian poets sing; for, however haggard and wizened may be the ordinary run of "ash-emptiers" (the common vulgar designation of wife in Turkey), the Imperial harem is by no means wanting in Circassian beauties of a rare type. The carriages roll into the mosque-yard, where the horses are detached and led behind the mosque; the tongues are unfastened from the royal equipages and laid beneath the wheels. All is motionless and orderly, and the women remain in the carriages throughout the entire ceremony.

Presently, there is more hurrying and clearing of the way, and down the hill come the Imperial Princes, gay in their military uniforms, mounted on splendid steeds, and attended by numerous equerries and servants. Immediately there is feverish activity on the part of a small army of shovelers, who soon obliterate all signs of carriages and horses' hoofs from the avenue by a liberal use of sand from piles along the side of the road. Wherever the Sultan drives, whether the two hundred yards to his mosque, or the three miles to Seraglio Point across the Galata Bridge, the road must be a new one, and his carriage must be the first to pass over it.

Here comes his Imperial Majesty, Abd-ul-Hamid Khan II. We see a small, bent figure, with a face that shows at once that his sixty-four years have not all been happy, but with eyes so keen and sharp that you feel certain that nothing escapes him. He has a full, rather scant, gray beard, and a nose so prominent as to lend a color of plausibility to the yarn that his mother was an Armenian. This is the man who has been the despair of Europe for the past thirty years. His subjects fear him for the cruelty of the massacres he has perpetrated, and curse him for letting the country go to ruin. He is dressed in plain citizen's clothes, and wears on his head the ordinary red fez. Seated in a plain but handsome black carriage, he is the embodiment of simplicity in the midst of pomp. The Minister of War, Riza Pasha, is seated opposite His Majesty, and in far more gorgeous uniforms are the stately coachmen in red-and-gold, the equally resplendent footmen, and the eager, attentive, servile eunuchs and chamberlains who crowd around and behind the royal coach.

As the Sultan drives around the corner and into view, a single blast of the bugle is the sign for the military salute by all the soldiers present. At this signal all join in a rousing, but somewhat mechanical shout, "Long live my King!" With many a salaam to the troops and to the distinguished visitors, the "Lord of two continents and ruler of two seas," drives by, and is assisted from his coach and up the richly carpeted steps into the mosque.

Whether you examine the horses that draw the Imperial carriage, or the steeds ridden by the princes, or those belonging to the women's carriages, or that matchless pair that obey so gracefully the slightest guiding touch of His Majesty as he drives back to the palace at the close of the ceremony, you wonder where in all the world can be found a finer lot of steeds.

The muezzin, who has been waiting patiently for some minutes on the balcony of the minaret, gives the call to prayer just as the Sultan arrives; and the silvery tones of his rich, high tenor voice sound like a clarion above all the din of brass bands and the hurrahs of the soldiers, as he repeats the familiar formula beginning, "Allah-hu ekber! Alla-hu ekber!" The troops on duty do not join in the prayers, but mats are often spread in the court outside the mosque, for such pilgrims as have not succeeded in getting space within. Gradually, the larger part of the troops march away, leaving only a few marines and the Albanian body-guard to receive the Sultan as he comes out, enters his buggy, and drives back to the palace, bowing and saluting to the right and left.

We, who have meanwhile been served to some of His Majesty's coffee and sweets, quietly disperse to our hotels or our homes, wondering how much longer this man will impede the progress of civilization and education in the Turkish Empire.

Constantinople, Turkey.

A GOSPEL UNDER CANVAS

Pastor Joel E. Werda

IN these torrid midsummer days, the question of church attendance would be a serious one were it not for the Gospel tents that have lately become so popular in many of our cities. New York has now a number of these cool and inviting tent chapels, which are crowded at every service.

Tent Emmanuel, one of the latest additions to the campaign under canvas, is in West 110th Street, between Seventh and Eighth Avenues, New York, just north of Central Park. The services have been going on since June 17th. The tent is large and commodious, with a seating capacity of 400 to 500 persons. Services are held every evening except Saturday. On Thursday evenings a Bible Class meets, and also on Sunday afternoons. Last Sunday afternoon the class had eighty-seven persons present. In the past two weeks, eleven people have requested prayers.

The conductors of the services welcome all creeds and nationalities. The movement is an independent and non-sectarian one, and is founded on faith alone. "With no outside financial aid," said the pastor, Rev. Joel E. Werda, "we took the matter to the Lord in prayer, and the answer came immediately in a gift of $100 by one of the ladies of the congregation, and this meant her husband's salary for more than one month." This was followed by other voluntary gifts, and the work was confidently begun. All the details, including the erection of the tent, putting down the floor, raising poles, fitting the canvas, etc., were performed gratuitously by the members of the congregation and their friends, on afternoons and evenings, whenever time could be spared from the ordinary pursuits of the day. The women sat and stitched, and mended the canvas, and in other ways helped the work along.

* * *

Pastor Werda is a Persian of learning, and attractive, vigorous personality. He preaches the plain, simple Gospel in earnest, forcible fashion, and in language that seems to reach the hearts of his hearers. To listen to him speaking, one might easily suppose him an American rather than an Oriental, for he has little if any trace of foreign accent. His addresses show him to be a thorough student of the Word. He was brought to this country by the American Bible Society through the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, to translate the Bible into Persian. In studying the Sacred Book he became a convert to the Christian faith, and severed his connection with the Presbyterian Board, giving himself up to evangelistic work. He was born in Urmia, Persia. His father was a Presbyterian minister, and his grandfather an Episcopal minister. As a young man he edited a religious paper in his native land, in which he translated the sermons of Spurgeon, thereby being much influenced. Mr. Werda speaks twelve languages, and is said to be one of the best educated Persians in this country.

It is indeed gratifying to find a man with scholarly attainments presenting the Gospel of Christ with a simplicity that a child can understand, and with a force and original freshness that leaves his hearers always in a state of hunger for more.

A notable helper in the work is Miss Grace D. Hildebrand, well known as the "Gospel Nightingale." Her songs are a spiritual attraction at all the services, and especially among the little ones in the Sunday School.

Pastor Werda says: "We have undertaken our campaign with the utmost confidence that the means for successfully maturing our plans will be forthcoming. We will gratefully receive contributions of any amount, large or small, and we feel positive that in giving up something for this glorious cause the giver will be richly blessed and a great amount of good will be secured for the great cause of our Master."

A Group of Workers in the Tent Emmanuel

The Committee in charge of the Tent Emmanuel work are Rev. Joel E. Werda, Chairman; George Sibbald, Treasurer, 1 West Sixty-eighth Street; John P. Laird, A. G. Roberts, W. A. See, J. W. Jensen, Secretary.

Chefoo's Missionary Rest Home Now Open

The "Christian Herald Room" in the new Missionary Home, Chefoo

READERS of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will be glad to know that the new Missionary Home at Chefoo, North China, is practically completed, and has already proved itself a haven of rest to missionaries worn out by constant work and study in the China field. It will also serve as a stopping place for missionaries bound for America, to spend their brief furloughs, or for those returning, who have to wait for boats and steamers to carry them to Manchuria or to points in the interior. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD sent $1,000 toward the construction of the building, and the beautiful dining-room is called THE CHRISTIAN HERALD room, out of gratitude to the paper and its generous readers. One photograph sent shows the north side. In the picture are Miss Downing (one of the oldest missionaries in China, who gave the first donation toward the construction of the Home), and Mr. and Mrs. Stooke. The other photograph shows the dining-room.

Rev. Mr. Stooke writes: "I am sending you a photo of the 'dining-room' of the Chefoo Missionary Home, which we have called the 'American CHRISTIAN HERALD Room.' Mrs. Stooke is sitting there, and you will observe the name on a board above the two south windows.

"The furniture in the dining-room was a present to our oldest guest here—aged seventy-seven—who has taken a deep interest in the erection of this Home, and who gave the money to buy the land and start the building, in 1904. Several students of hers presented her with a sideboard and chairs, etc., which she has kindly donated to the work.

"When I wrote last, we were in the midst of getting the first bedroom ready. Before we really had time to furnish it, a man and wife, with their two children, came to the door and asked if we could take them in. Of course we readily consented, and while they waited in the parlor, we put things sufficiently straight to make them comfortable. It seems they were missionaries belonging to the Danish Lutheran Mission of 'Feng Hwang Cheng,' in Manchuria, and were just back from furlough. They were obliged to wait in Chefoo for a week before they could catch a Japanese steamer to Antong. It was a pleasure to welcome them and save them from the great expense of being at the large hotel some distance away.

"After these friends left, a married couple, also from Manchuria, came to us for a month, and very practically expressed their appreciation of such a Home by giving something towards the completion of the plans. The Translation Committee of the Mandarin New Testament have come here, and we deem it an honor that these missionary brethren are doing such important work here in this house.

"We want to have a praise-meeting, but we feel that we cannot have this until the funds still needed have been supplied. As yesterday, we have still many needs, including a deep well, a store-room, a box-room, a small meeting-room for the native servants, paths, a rain-water cistern and barbed wire fencing. We are therefore asking, in prayer, for $3,500 gold, so that we may be free from all financial strain. We shall greatly value the intercessions of God's remembrancers for this.

"Allow us," he adds, "to thank THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S readers for their gifts. It emboldens us to ask God for still greater things. And may those who come for rest and change from their inland stations gain new inspiration from their sojourn here!"

The North Entrance to the Home

IN MY COOL VERANDA NOOK

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

A Talk About Children's Dress

THE present summer is distinguished by a return to the quaint simplicity of a generation ago, so far as the dress of young women is concerned. It may be called a white muslin summer, for not in years have our lovely maidens been so generally gowned in pure white, with tucks, frills and flounces, white capes, hats, shoes and stockings, with long white gloves to the elbow have carried out the beautiful color scheme. If anybody imagines that white muslin is particularly economical, he or she may as well be undeceived. The original cost of the material may be small, although it is often the reverse, but the expense of making up the goods and the necessity for frequent recourse to the tub and the ironing-board combine to make white muslin toilettes more costly than silk. Nevertheless, they are extremely beautiful, and they are giving the summer of 1906 a singularly picturesque and charming appearance.

It is, however, of the costumes of children that we wish to speak, as we sit on the veranda and watch them playing about on the lawn. The sensible mother does not seek elaboration in her children's clothing; she dresses them simply with an eye to ease in laundering their frocks and jackets. Boys and girls alike should wear washable clothes in summer, something stout and serviceable being chosen for their playtime. They should not be so carefully costumed that they are compelled to think often or anxiously about what they have on. A tumble into the brook, a morning spent in the manufacture of mud pies, a ride on top of the hay wagon, a romp in the rain, ought each and all to be taken in the morning's work as a matter of course, and no one should feel inclined to scold a child for a passing injury to a gingham frock or a pair of duck trousers. In the late afternoon, when children are bathed and dressed, they may very properly be requested to take some care of their nicer clothing. Very sweet do the little misses and masters look arrayed from head to foot in spotless white.

IN LEISURE LAND

FIVE miles from anywhere and No Hurry. What an atmosphere of leisure and quiet overbrood this rural inn, where a wayfarer may stop and rest and take his ease. Yet even here there is a little flurry of trouble, for the merry crowd that has gone cheerily away in the coach has somehow managed to hurt the little monkey that is the pet of the wandering minstrels. The people in the inn and the little children are hastening to help the small creature, and so here, in this obscure spot, are met many converging threads of human interest; pity and sympathy not being the least.

A passing word may be allowed about foot-gear. Those who would spend money to advantage on the dress of children should spend it on their shoes and stockings. Well-fitting foot-gear adds to the comfort of the little wearers and gives them a look of finish and elegance that the handsomest apparel surmounting clumsy shoes fails to give. If you love your children do not squeeze their little feet into shoes that are either too narrow or too short, nor, on the other hand, slip them into ill-fitting shoes that wobble about and give them the feeling of walking around in boats.

In summer, except when going to church or on a journey, children should be bareheaded. The pretty picture hats that crown golden heads are all very well; but they are voted a bother by most children, and cost a disproportionate amount of money when compared with their intrinsic value. Little lads and lasses look very attractive without any covering for their heads.

The Way of a Man with a Maid

What qualities possessed by a man have most influence with the heart of a maid? The question is modestly asked by more than one neophyte in the temple of love. "If only I knew what would please Phyllis," sighs Strephon, "I would cultivate assiduously those talents and would try to make myself fit to render her homage." This is the attitude of an ingenuous youth, who has never been in love, until one day, suddenly, love surprises him. He meets a girl, who fulfils to him the ideal that all at once he knows he has been longing for, and in his modesty and ardor he longs to commend himself to this fair being, who seems far above him in goodness and sweetness.

His mother, looking on, is apt to turn away from the paragon with something of criticism in her glance; but if she be wise she will not utter an unkind comment in the hearing of her boy.

What qualities do girls like in men? Well, first and foremost they admire manliness. They do not like a man to be too bashful, too timid, too afraid of them. A man should not be overbold, but he is mistaken if he so behaves that a girl sees him lacking in self-estimation. A girl likes pluck and courage in a man. She likes him to have those qualities in which she recognizes a deficiency in herself.

Another thing that a girl admires in a man is purity of speech and thought. No true-hearted girl can endure profanity, vulgarity, or coarseness in the man who is seeking to win her heart. She likes to see him chivalrous and deferential in his attentions to the aged, and if he is fond of children and kind to animals he is almost sure of being placed on her list of friends. In short, she likes him to be brave, considerate and unselfish.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—S. P. A wife whose husband is entitled to the prefix of "Dr.," should speak of him to others as "Dr. So-and-So." She may, however, on occasion among intimate friends, speak to him by his Christian name. Ordinarily he is entitled to his professional honors.

—SUMMER GIRL. A short vacation away from home may give you the opportunity to meet agreeable new acquaintances. Some of these may ripen into friendship, but do not build too much on the possibility. Sometimes these transient meetings are forgotten when the summer is over.

—MARTHA. If you are in earnest in your wish to have your little lad a strong and healthy man, you must have some firmness about his early bedtime. Children between five and ten should be in bed and asleep at a very early hour. Eight o'clock is the latest bedtime you should allow.

Petty Trials

IN a beautiful little tract, entitled, *Earthly Care a Heavenly Discipline*, Mrs. Stowe remarked that, "Many Christians who can bow with submission to the will of God when a beloved child is taken away, are quite overcome by such trifles as the petulance of a servant or the breaking of a dish."

No one who has ever closely examined his own heart can fail to know that the little things, the petty cares and annoyances which checker the passing days, are far more trying to the patience and meekness of the spirit than the great things. The heaped-up treasures of years may fade before the moth, and the plans of ambition lay broken at our feet; yet these may be borne with calm brow and serene speech. The missing paper in the morning, the coffee muddy, the biscuit burnt, the carelessness of a servant, may create a nervous impatience which shall mar the comfort of a whole day.

Yet wherefore? One reason is, perhaps, that we gird ourselves to grapple with great troubles, summoning all our moral strength to meet the crisis, while we sit down and let the little trifles conquer us. But the main reason is, that we forget to ask strength from heaven to bear the little things. We know that God's grace is freely promised; but we act as if we thought it would be given grudgingly, and we go to the throne asking only for generalities. We should ask special strength for special needs. He who paints the lily and guides the wing of the bird, will not forget us in our hour of care. Why should the faith which can trust for all eternity be afraid to take hold on Jesus for the little necessities of time?

Let us not be sad Christians, impatient Christians, repulsive Christians. "The joy of the Lord is your strength." When the daily care makes the lip quiver and the brow contract, let us but get nearer to the Beloved. Thinking of his heavy Cross, let us bear ours, so light in comparison, with patient smiles, if not with thankful songs.

Keeping Cool

In the middle of a torrid summer it is not the simplest thing in the world to keep cool. Hot days and hot nights deplete strength and vitality, and are hard upon babies, old people, and those who are fighting disease. Yet, we gain nothing by fretting and fault-finding. The best prescription for keeping cool is the prescription that bids us go steadily on with the work in hand. Those who forge ahead with what they have to do, think very little about extremes of heat or cold. Here is a task and here are we. Never mind whether we feel precisely comfortable or not, let us go on until we have performed our stint. As to the house, the best plan is to open all doors and windows at nightfall and to keep them open until the sun has climbed beyond the dawn. The cheerful morning sunlight is hygienic and must not be too sedulously excluded from interiors, but between nine and ten, houses should be carefully darkened and windows closed on the sunny side of the house. A dark room is a cool room and a shaded veranda is a pleasant place in which to sit. Too much and too violent fanning do little good; the exercise does not make people cooler, as a rule. Above all things, avoid excessive drinking of ice-cold soda water, iced milk or other extremely frigid beverages when very warm. Iced drinks should be taken sparingly until the temperature of the body is reduced by sitting still in a cool place.

Many cases of apparent heatstroke or sunstroke, physicians tell us, are due to the immoderate use of cold drinks in hot weather.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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Complaints From Non-churchgoers

FROM a number of Scottish people there have come to a leading journal of Edinburgh, a series of letters that are useful reading for clergymen and Christian laymen. The editor had invited correspondence on the subject of church-going, and had asked persons who did not attend church, or attended only intermittently, to give their reasons for absence. He welcomed, too, letters from people who did attend church, and urged them to describe the benefits they gained from the practice. The result was a huge volume of letters, stating the attitude of the writers, from many individual standpoints. They explain why the writers went to church, and why they continued going, or why they stay away. We have heard in this country complaints that church-going is decreasing, and various suggestions have been made as to the cause. Some light on the subject may be gained from a study of a few of these letters.

One letter is specially significant, because it frankly states reasons, which probably weigh with many other writers, who are not so open in giving the real reasons for staying away from the house of God. The writer is a lady, who in her girlhood was compelled by her parents to go regularly to church. She is her own mistress now, and she tells the reason why she has discontinued the habit of her early life. She says she is fond of pleasure, she likes to go to balls, concerts and parties. She remembers how the ministers used to inveigh against these and other worldly pleasures, and she stays away lest she should be made uncomfortable. She owns that she does not want to become a Christian, at any rate not at present, because it would involve her giving up indulgences of which she is fond. Her conscience gives her some trouble now, and she dreads the results that might ensue if it were to be strengthened and stimulated by some vigorous sermon. This is a typical case. Probably many who allege other reasons for staying away might, if they were perfectly sincere, make the same admission. Christ and the Apostles found such persons, who loved the world and the things of the world better than the higher life.

But there are others who have different reasons for absence, and apparently they are genuine. One says that when he goes to church seeking consolation and help in leading a Christian life, he has to listen to the discussion of some abstruse doctrinal question. Fault is found by another with his minister, because of his lack of sympathy with the poor. Sermons on the higher criticism, attacking or vindicating it, also come in for complaint on the part of several correspondents. "Give us the Gospel, encourage us to resist temptation, teach us how to live," is the cry of another. The poor, say other writers, are still invited to sit "under the footstool," and the only welcome or hospitality they receive, is to have a collecting card for the church debt, or the new organ, thrust into their hands.

There is a long list of similar grievances alleged against the pulpit and the pew which it is well to consider, because they may be amended when they are genuine. Neither the minister nor his church would willingly put a stone of stumbling, or a cause of offense, in any one's way. But there is reason to complain, on the other hand, of the attitude of those who find fault. It is in too many instances the attitude of patronage, as if their coming to church conferred a favor on the preacher and the church. If they realized that religion was a blessing to them in their own lives; if they were really desirous of serving God and following Christ, they would not allow these trivial objections to keep them from joining in public worship. In that solemn hour when the souls of men stand before God to give account of their lives, these excuses for holding aloof from his cause and his people and turning his day to purposes of pleasure, will be a very poor defense. He who laid down his life to save us, deserves better treatment at our hands.

Our Children's Libraries

AT the recent Convention of Librarians, held at Naragansett Pier, a plea was made by Miss Hunt, who has charge of the Children's Libraries of Brooklyn, for better books for children, and the elimination of the trashy works now cumbering the shelves. We doubt if there was any other topic discussed that is so worthy of consideration. In recent years there has been less attention paid to writing books for children, the more famous authors preferring to produce books that can be rated among the best sellers "of a week." A number of years ago Miss Alcott was writing her charming stories for young people, and E. S. Brooks was interesting all with his *Historic Boys* and *Historic Girls;* Mrs. Burnett brought out *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, and Edward S. Ellis was proving himself a second Cooper.

The children's magazines seem to have dropped to the level of the books. After reading one through, and you have discovered who won the prize for the biggest pumpkin at the county fair, and the way in which the bright young hero has discovered that the horse that was supposedly stolen was only put in the wrong stall, you do not wonder that the young folks get their first spell of the blues and come to the conclusion that this is a weary world. The parents who have to read one of these tales aloud can compare it to nothing but a bad dream in which they are trying continually to get somewhere, but arrive as often at the point marked "nowhere."

The active minds of the schoolboys and schoolgirls who are under the inspiring instruction of up-to-date teachers from colleges and normal schools, demand something better than is being supplied. In consequence, they are reading books intended solely for older people. In some cases this probably does little harm, but with many the result cannot be but pernicious. We have, it is true, within the last four years, a number of books depicting the life and mental growth of children, especially in the slums and the "East Side" of New York. But these were not written for children; they are for the "grown-ups." With the exception of the bright tales from the pen of Myra Kelly, they laugh at the children and not with them. It is only the authors who write in sympathy with the child's point of view, who laugh with them, who can ever expect to be popular with children.

In small country towns there is not money enough, as a usual thing, to support a public library, and the Sunday School library has to take its place. If the people in charge of these wish to have their scholars become interested in good literature, they will have to begin by discarding the "wishy-washy" books, about four-fifths of what they have, and then start anew with the advice of some competent librarian.

The Immigration Question

THERE is little doubt that one of the great questions to be discussed by the next session of Congress will be the question of immigration.

Every year shows an increase in the great tide of humanity that comes westward from the Old World. We have witnessed, in rapid succession, the rising waves of immigration from Britain, Scandinavia, Germany and middle Europe, and now Russia, Austro-Hungary and Italy are each contending for the maximum record. In the year ending June 30, 1,062,054 came here from other lands. They brought with them $19,000,000 in gold. Of this huge aggregate, 7,888 were deported as unfit for American citizenship, for good and sufficient reasons.

We do not share the opinions expressed in some quarters that such immigration as we are now receiving is a detriment to the country, or that there is any serious danger of the nation, as a whole, becoming less truly American on that account. All the experience of the past is against it.

In a little over a century the total of immigration has reached nearly 25,000,000. This vast army of immigrants, with their descendants, to-day constitutes the greater part of the whole population. The nation has been built up by immigration. With few exceptions, the great majority of our public men—those who lead in the nation's enterprises and are foremost in its affairs—are of foreign descent, either recent or remote. The "original stock" forms a comparatively small portion of the whole and is growing smaller every year.

Further, experience shows that, while the immigrants from certain countries are more assimilable than others, in all cases the second generation is fully assimilated and the children become good Americans. With our present system of education, we are now better equipped than ever for transforming young aliens or the children of adult aliens into good Americans. No matter what the parents' nationality, the children become intense lovers of this land of freedom, and all have in them the making of thoroughgoing Americans.

There are, however, certain directions in which immigration reform is necessary: 1. We should make ample provision for distributing the volume of immigration, instead of permitting it to congest in our seaboard cities. 2. We should discriminate still more sharply against immoral characters, criminals, seditious persons, anarchists, and enemies of good government. 3. We should absolutely refuse to grant asylum to any who may be suspected of intending to use their American citizenship as a weapon of offense abroad. But in the future, as in the past, we should freely welcome the persecuted, the able-bodied, and the industrious, from whatsoever land they may come, and we should not make the laws so stringent that any good man or woman will be turned away. Uncle Sam has a welcome for all who are worthy of his hospitality.

Salutary Insurance Reforms

THESE are days of bed-rock investigation, when the people, by legislative and other means, are scrutinizing closely the methods of the great business corporations, and of the concerns which represent most widely distributed investments. This scrutiny has been productive of good results. In the case of the great insurance concerns it has been especially salutary, since, in trimming off the "deadwood" and introducing needed safeguards, it has wholly removed any grounds for apprehension as to the future. This wholesome clearance of whatever was bad in prevalent methods, is coupled with a substantial endorsement of all that is good and sound.

We have no sympathy with the attempt which has been made in some quarters, to frighten people who are interested in insurance into the belief that that business is at such loose ends through mismanagement and corruption, that it is not worth while holding policies longer. Letters have been written to us by readers of this journal, requesting advice as to the attitude they ought to assume toward the concerns in which their interests lie — whether it would be wiser to continue or to let those interests go by default. We see no reason for any sacrifice, and especially where any of the great companies is in question. During the whole investigation, nothing has been produced which reflected upon the absolute solvency of these companies. They are, doubtless, as sound as ever and able to meet all proper claims.

It is evident to any intelligent observer, that the conductors of our largest insurance enterprises are earnestly trying to profit by recent experience. In this endeavor they deserve the loyal support of all who wish to see the new system in successful operation under the new laws. Having brought the ship safely through the storm, they may be depended upon to navigate her now to better advantage than men of less experience or of no experience whatever. Radical changes in the control of great business concerns are generally attended with danger, and even the best intentions in the world, without special experience, are liable to be disappointing.

We believe that out of all this excitement and investigation, good will result (1) to the companies, because it will place them on a better footing, and (2) to the insured, whose interests will be safeguarded to a greater extent than heretofore. The "housecleaning" must inevitably tend to increase confidence in the stability and wisdom of the management of all the great concerns. Thoroughly purged of whatever was loose and irregular in their methods, with only the really able and reliable men retained in the management, and with laws that definitely fix the limit of powers and responsibility and at the same time effectively protect the stockholders, there can be nothing to fear, but everything to hope for in the future.

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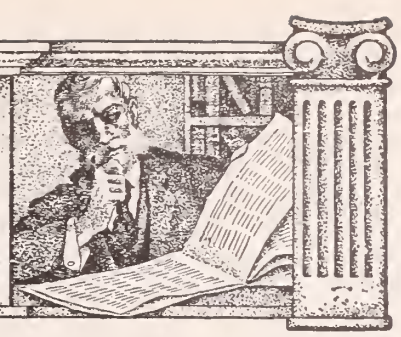
The BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER



The Newest Royalty

AFTER the coronation at Trondhjem, Norway, of King Haakon and Queen Maud, described in our issue of July 4, the newest of royal families has settled down quietly and peacefully to the business of their stations. The cable that brought the news of the ceremony is not sufficiently developed yet to supply copies of the photographs of the scene. These, brought more tardily by the mail, have now arrived, and we take pleasure in presenting two of them on this page. The Norwegian people appear to have left nothing undone to show their enthusiasm and loyalty to their chosen rulers, while the English friends of the Queen have sent her their remembrances and tokens of their good-will. From both England and Scotland came magnificent gifts, precious, we may be sure, to Her Majesty, as signs that in her native land her former friends take an interest in her welfare. Nor was America backward in felicitations. From Norwegians living in the United States came an address of congratulation to the new King and Queen of their mother country. A special court, including the chief officers of State, was summoned to receive the deputation from over the Atlantic. Dr. Daae, of Chicago, was the representative of the Norwegian people in America. He delivered an eloquent address, congratulating King Haakon on his accession to the throne, and expressing assurances of the affection of Americans and Norwegians in America for Norway. He then handed the King the address prepared in America engrossed on parchment. King Haakon thanked the delegation, saying he was fully aware of the value to Norway of the moral support of Norwegians in America. He also expressed his gratification for the kindly sentiments of Americans. Thus, amid salutations from the whole world, King and Queen begin their reign, which is all the more likely to be successful because it is based on the good-will of their own people.

Be wise now therefore, O King; be instructed, ye judges of the earth. Serve the Lord with fear, and rejoice with trembling (Ps. 2: 10, 11).

King Haakon and Queen Maud leaving the Royal Carriage

Dreyfus Vindicated

The most stupendous crime of the nineteenth century, the cruelest outrage in which the whole world took an intense interest, has been righted at last, as far as such a wrong can be righted. Captain Dreyfus, of the French Army, a Hebrew officer, hated by his colleagues, accused of betraying his country to Germany, tried in 1894 and convicted, his sword broken and his insignia torn from his uniform, sent into solitary confinement on a barren rock, where, for nearly five years, he bore inhuman tortures, brought back to France, tried again, and again convicted, has now been declared innocent of the crime with which he was charged. Never was vindication more complete. The men who conspired against him, who manufactured the evidence on which he was convicted, who forged the incriminating documents and perjured themselves on the witness stand—men high in military and official life, are now proved before the whole world to have done a cowardly, malignant act, more cruel than murder. They plotted to deprive Dreyfus of his good name; they caused him to be subjected to hideous suffering, knowing all the time that he was an innocent man. Through the efforts of men, convinced that he was being unjustly punished, the case of Dreyfus has been kept before the public; eminent statesmen agitated in the legislature, eloquent lawyers protested in the courts, and the novelist Zola and other powerful writers kept the outrage before the public, in the press. At last, twelve years after the charge against the Jewish officer was first made, the Government was compelled to reconsider the case. The Supreme Court of France was called upon to examine all the evidence, and say if the accused Captain should have a third trial. On Thursday, July 12, all the forty-nine judges sitting in court, in their red silk robes, gave their decision. They said that Dreyfus should not have a third trial, that there was no need for it, because their investigation of the evidence and of the facts disclosed, proved that he had never committed the crime for which he had been so savagely punished. They had found that the signature of Dreyfus to the letter said to have been written to the German Government had been forged; that the documents revealing secrets of the French army to its enemies had been based on information to which Dreyfus could not have gained access, and of which he was necessarily ignorant; and that papers which would have vindicated him at his trial were maliciously suppressed. In short, that his innocence had been clearly and irrefragably proved. They ordered that copies of the decision should be made public in every district of the country. Punishment would have been meted out to the calumniators of Dreyfus, but the chief of them are now dead. The forger committed suicide. Dreyfus will now be restored to his rank in the army, and the only officer who befriended him and was disgraced for doing so, will be promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General. That the man who suffered so much did not die or become insane, but has lived to rejoice in his vindication, is a proof of human endurance when sustained by a conscience void of offence. So the patient and much enduring man has proved that the God of his fathers is still faithful to his promise, that He will be the saviour of the innocent from the machinations of the evil-doer.

Norway's Royal Party on the State Barge

Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass. And he shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noonday (Psalm 37: 5, 6).

Cheated of Her Birthright

A remarkable application was made in the Circuit Court of St. Louis, Missouri, recently, by a young woman, who contended that she had been defrauded by her uncles. She had been living with a widow lady in the city, and had been known by the same name as the widow and had supposed until recently that she was her daughter. One day last year a lawyer and his client called upon her, and without giving her full explanation told her she was entitled to a legacy of $11,000. They paid her that sum and asked her to give them a receipt for it. She supposed that she was signing a receipt, but later she discovered that she had signed a quit claim to her share in a large estate. She made further inquiries, and learned that she was not the daughter of the widow, but of a lady now dead and of a man also dead, who was one of three brothers who were heirs to an estate said to be worth $500,000. Her uncles proposed, according to her story, to get her signature to the release by making the payment, without disclosing her parentage. There are many whom Satan similarly deceives. For a present advantage he induces them to renounce an eternal inheritance.

Lest there be a profane person as Esau, who for one morsel of meat sold his birthright (Heb. 12: 16).

The Dry Dock's Long Voyage

Reports received from the Philippines on July 11, stated that the huge dry dock Dewey had arrived safely at Olongapo, and the work of installing it had commenced. The voyage is the most notable on record. The dry dock issued from the Virginia Capes on December 29 in tow of two colliers, and began its voyage of twelve thousand miles to the Philippines. It has been a journey of unusual difficulty, and more than once it was feared that the Dewey had been lost. It was confidently stated that it could never pass through the Suez Canal, as the Canal was in two places but little wider than the Dewey. But Pappa, the veteran pilot of the Canal, was confident it could go through, and though he was ill and feeble, superintended the passage himself. He directed by a system of flag signals, the tugs that were towing the dock, and was alert and watchful the whole time. Secretary of the Navy Bonaparte was very enthusiastic over the achievement, and telegraphed to Captain Hosley, who commanded the expedition: "Department deeply appreciates and sincerely congratulates you and officers and men under your command upon successful termination of such difficult undertaking so admirably and excellently accomplished." Only by constant vigilance and quick resource was the vast burden towed through the storms of the Atlantic and the straits of Gibraltar into its destined harbor. So is it with the voyage of life through the years. Happy is it when the direction is given into the hands of Him who never slumbers.

For he commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind. They cry unto the Lord in their trouble. He maketh the storm a calm. So he bringeth them unto their desired haven. Ps. 107: 25-30.

A Lion Charmed by Music

Seldom has the power of a musical voice to charm the savage ear been demonstrated with so much success as in the experience of a lady in South Dakota recently. Her husband, a citizen of New York, is interested in some mining property in the neighborhood of Custer, S.D. One evening he was late in returning and his wife strolled out to meet him. She had not gone far when a movement in the bushes near startled her. She looked round, and was horrified to see a mountain lion within a few feet of her, preparing to spring. A reminiscence of her girlhood's reading rapidly crossed her mind. It was to the effect that wild beasts were often affected by music. She dare not stir, but she raised a beautiful, song. Instantly the lion dropped on his haunches, and listened intently, gazing at her in bewilderment. Hour after hour she continued singing. Gradually she changed the words of her song into prayers for deliverance. Meanwhile, her husband had been searching for her everywhere. Just as day was breaking he heard her voice, and made his way to her side. Happily, he had his gun with him, and a well-aimed shot laid the beast dead at her feet. Probably never have prayers so fervent been uttered in song, as those on that night.

Blessed be the Lord, my goodness and my fortress and my deliverer, my shield and he in whom I trust: I will sing a new song unto thee, O God (Ps. 144: 1, 2, 9).

INVITED TO THE KING'S FEAST

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

*By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts**

THE Sunday dinner in the home of the Pharisee is still before us. The man with the dropsy is healed and let go. The guests linger for conversation. What Jesus has said to his host concerning the blessedness of inviting the poor, the maimed, the lame and the blind to a supper has made an impression, and calls forth the remark from one of the guests: "Blessed is he that shall eat bread in the kingdom of God." He has spoken better than he knew, and Jesus seizes the opportunity to point a moral.

The man, Pharisee that he was, had an idea of sitting down at a Jewish supper in heaven with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob as the guests of honor. But Jesus attaches quite another meaning to his words. There is indeed to be a great supper in heaven, the Marriage Supper of the Lamb (Rev. 19: 9). It will be blessed to be there. And Jesus would have his hearers understand that if the Jews are not there, it will be because they have slighted the invitation. They were the first invited, but up to that time very few had accepted.

Jesus sets before the Pharisees the excuses offered as a cloak for their bitterness toward him, each one saying how busy he is with other matters: one has a piece of ground to look after; another has ten oxen to accustom to the plough; another, is just married, and is getting a new home—flimsy excuses all, which do not in any degree cover indifference or opposition.

Do the Pharisees know that Jesus is holding up a mirror in which they might see themselves, if they only would. Apparently not; for Jesus goes on to tell how the master of the feast substituted other invitations for those first given, sending out his servants into the highways and hedges inviting the lowly and afflicted to come, and so the wedding feast was furnished with guests. Did the Pharisees apprehend the larger meaning of the words of Jesus: that the Gentiles would have the Gospel preached to them to which the Jews had refused to listen? And that those who should sit down with Abraham, would be his children not after the flesh, but after the spirit.

"A certain man made a great supper, and bade many"

Illustration and Application

1. A Great Supper. Christ pictures a Christian life as a joyous feast. Neither his own life, nor that of any true Christian, is really "ascetic." Nothing is given up that is not bad for us. "Self-denial is self-love living for the future." No pleasure is given up whose dregs are not pain. The only food and drink a Christian is asked to avoid are poison and excess. The only pleasures he is required to forego are those that prove themselves not true pleasures, in that they are not pleasant to remember and "go off with the having." If a professed Christian is unhappy and morose, he proclaims that he has not really found the Lord's table. He has mistaken religiosity for real fellowship with Christ. The very best thing about an ideal dinner party is the fellowship. As Emerson said, it matters not so much what you study, as with whom you study; so it matters not so much what you eat, as with whom you eat. A Christian life brings the supreme joy of the noblest fellowships with God and good men. The prophet cries to the wicked (Isaiah 55): "Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread, and your labor for that which satisfieth not? Hearken diligently unto me and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness."

A nobleman, who was a skilled musician, would often play to the Rev. Mr. Cadogan. But that clergyman seemed quite unmoved by the music. "Come," said the nobleman one day,"I am determined to make you feel what I shall play. Do please listen to this piece. Now, what do you think of that?" he asked, when he had finished the performance. "Oh! very charming, no doubt," replied Mr. Cadogan, indifferently. "What! Could you hear that and not be charmed? I am surprised at your insensibility. Where are your ears?" "You must bear with me, my lord," replied Mr. Cadogan, "for I have often thought of putting the very same question to you." "To me?" inquired the amazed nobleman. "Yes. I have often from the pulpit set before you the most striking and affecting truths. I have sounded notes which might have raised the dead. I have said to myself: 'Surely he will feel now?' But you never seemed to be moved by my music, yet it was infinitely more interesting than yours. I have then been as ready to say to you, as you were ready to exclaim to me just now, 'Where are your ears?'"

2. They All with One Consent Began to Make Excuse. Excuses are not reasons. They are the counterfeits of reasons. When a man is ashamed to speak his real reason he substitutes the counterfeit excuse; for example, a man too stingy to give willingly to anything, when you ask him to give to foreign missions expresses the conviction that we should give our money to save "the heathen at home," but if the solicitor is "loaded" with a home missionary subscription list also, some other excuse will be forthcoming. People do not usually make excuses for going to real dinner parties. Their excuses are chiefly reserved for divine feasts with the King of kings.

I have Bought a Piece of Ground. Here we see the man whose interest in real estate threatens to deprive him of an eternal home in heaven. His eyes are fixed on the ground, and he misses the glory of the stars. He scorns to "hitch his wagon to a star." He had rather tie it by the front gate of a mansion of his own.

I have Bought Five Yoke of Oxen. Here we see the man who cares more for his cattle and horses and automobiles than for all that concerns the soul.

I have Married a Wife. A Christian man who had married a woman who was graceful but without the grace of God, declared, in speaking of this passage, that "a wife would sometimes draw a man faster and farther from the Kingdom of God than six yoke of oxen." The class of people here pictured are those who are kept from a Christian life by social ties, whether in home or club or lodge.

What are the present-day excuses for refusing the invitation of Christ to the glad feast of a Christian life. A dying girl of about twelve years, said in her last moments to her irreligious father: "I'm going to God. What shall I tell him is the reason you won't love him?" Before the startled father could attempt a reply, she was gone. But his child's question rang in his ears day after day. He could think of no "reasons" why he should not love and serve God—only poor excuses. But he picked up the Bible saying, "I will hunt up some inconsistencies in this Book, such as I have heard infidels talk about, and those shall be my reasons." The Bible opened in his hand to the Gospel of John, the last place in the world to find reasons for not loving God. There he found effective reasons for loving Him who loved us, and gave his son to save us.

One says, "A good moral life is enough." If salvation is by the law, it must be a perfect obedience of the law. Have you always kept the law of right in every part; in word and deed, in doing and not doing? If you have come short, when will you make it up? You can do no more than to-day's duties to-day. When will you atone for yesterday's sin? That can be righted only by forgiveness, and God can safely forgive the breaking of his laws only as some one pays the penalty. If a moral life is enough, Jesus Christ came from heaven to the cross to save us from nothing at all.

Another excuse is,"Many Christians are inconsistent." "What is that to thee? Follow thou Me." It is never made an excuse for refusing good money that there are counterfeits about.

Another excuse is, "There are mysteries in religion and difficulties in the Bible I cannot understand." But we do not even make the numerous bones in shad an excuse for not eating that delicious fish. "The secret things belong unto God, but those that are revealed belong to us and to our children."

Another excuse is, "I couldn't be a consistent Christian and do the things I must do in my business." Anything that is too mean for a church member to do ought to be counted too mean for any honorable man to do. Better have clean silver than muddy gold. Christianity puts no artificial duties on a man. It requires him to do only what a manly man ought to do in any case.

Really, about the commonest reason for not being a Christian, is that so many are ashamed to stand for things higher and better than the general run of people about them.

Joe came home with his clothes, and even his little curls, all wringing wet. "Just knew the ice wasn't strong 'nough," he grumbled. "Then why did you slide?" asked auntie. "'Cause all the other boys did," said Joe. "So I had to, or they'd laugh. And nobody wants the other fellow to laugh at him, you know." His aunt gave him dry clothes, set him down behind the stove, and made him drink hot ginger tea. Then she told him a story: "When I was a little girl, Joe, my father had a great flock of sheep. They were queer things. Where one went, all the rest followed. One day a big ram found a gap in the fence, and he thought it would be fun to see what was in the other field. So in he jumped, without looking where he was going, and down he tumbled to the bottom of an old dry well, where father used to throw stones and rubbish. The next sheep never stopped to think what had become of him, but jumped right after, and the next, and the next, although father tried to drive them back, and Watch, the old sheep-dog, barked his very loudest. But they just kept on jumping and jumping till the well was full. Then father had to pull them out as best he could, and the sheep at the bottom of the well were almost smothered to death." "My, what silly fellows!" exclaimed Joe. Then he looked up at his aunt and laughed.

None of those Men that were Bidden, Shall Taste of My Supper.

"Good-bye," I said to my Conscience,
"Good-bye for aye and aye."
And I put her hands off harshly,
And turned my face away;
And Conscience, smitten sorely,
Returned not from that day.
But a time came when my spirit
Grew weary of its pace. [science,
And I cried: "Come back, my Con-
I long to see thy face."
But Conscience cried, "I cannot,
Remorse sits in my place."

PAUL LAWRENCE DUNBAR.

But let us, last of all, think of the joy forever of those who accepted the invitation. Lord K—— had prepared a tea for one hundred and fifty fishermen from his native Scotland, who were in the harbor, awaiting a favoring wind to go home. The wind suddenly changed a few hours before the tea was to be served, and lest they should be detained, the smacksmen set sail at once. "The tea must be eaten," said Lord K—— to some of his friends, "Go out and bring in anyone you can find." Away went the messengers, but we will follow only one of them. It was a lady, who seeing a carter evidently returning from his day's work, suddenly invited him to the tea-table. "You have made a great mistake, Miss," said he, "Lord K—— does not want the likes of me. You must be short-sighted not to see I am only a poor carter." "Oh, yes, but it's all right. I am requested to ask you," she replied in her most winning manner. "I think you must be mad; at any rate, I am not going to be taken in like that, but am going straight home, for I don't believe it one bit." Many others were also invited, but the one case I have told you of will serve for the rest. None of them would come. Lord K—— was exceedingly vexed. "Go and ring the fire-bell in the market-place," said he, "and when the people come, invite all of them." It was done, but even then the tables could not be filled. How like the guests invited to the King's table in our portion to-day. Invited to a sumptuous feast there and then, they would not come. But the banquet was no passing enjoyment, for it represented the eternal joys of God's own children for all eternity. Yet is it not as true to-day as when our Saviour uttered the parable that lost mankind will not accept the King's invitation to the Gospel feast, where forgiveness, peace, and a clean heart are amongst the favors bestowed by the hand of One as loving as he is mighty. Young friend, have you accepted the King's invitation? "Well, in the end," continued my fisherman friend, "his lordship got about seventy to his table; there was indeed enough and to spare, for every one of the guests went home laden with good things. I fancy not one was sorry he had come to the grand spread, despite the strange way the invitation was given."

*International Sunday School Lesson for August 5. False Excuses, Luke 14: 15-24. GOLDEN TEXT: "And they all with one consent began to make excuse," Luke 14: 18.

THE LORD'S QUEST

SERMON BY REV. WALLACE McMULLEN, D.D.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 632

some of the dangers involved in sin. When sin takes the form of vice, and souls become indurated in it, the body becomes involved; physical tissues break down, vital organs are diseased, faces become flabby, eyes bleared, brains sodden. We know the physical danger of it. And we know some of its intellectual dangers. The will becomes weak, thoughts cheap and tawdry, or wild and incoherent, and imagination base and memory feeble. We do not know all the dangers of sin.

A Stupendous Peril

There are unseen harvests from sin out in the dim future of rational life. Some declare that memory is automatic, independent of will. Our own nature makes the record silently but surely, and some day these buried things will come to the light. If the theory is true, then there are intellectual dangers in sin of which we do not dream. And we know the social threats of sin. How law is spurned and honor violated, and life held in cheap esteem, and property stolen or destroyed, until, if it were not for legal restraint we would be in social Bedlam. These dangers are very plain. But these do not exhaust the notion of danger suggested by the text.

If the peril of sin were only physical, then medicine and surgery and hospitals might furnish the rescue available or necessary. If the intellectual peril is all, then education helped by diet and sanitation and exercise would be our salvation. If the social peril is all, then strong government, watchful police, strong prisons would be enough. Clearly if sin is a disease or blunder arising out of ignorance and no more, and if its threats are merely threats against the tabernacle of clay, or against the mind, or against the social structure, then Jesus made a mistake in coming. There was quite needless alarm about us in the Courts of everlasting day. Is it not plain that such views of sin impeach the administration of God, and charge the Son of God with a somewhat ridiculous extravagance.

We do not use anti-toxin for a pin prick; we do not recommend a major surgical operation for baldness. If we have a citizen in a foreign land who gets slightly damaged in a petty brawl, we do not send an envoy extraordinary, a minister plenipotentiary, to repair the hurt. The ordinary consular service will do quite well enough. If a man is but slightly damaged by sin, the ordinary human agencies will attend to his recovery. But if the express image of the Father's person be necessary for the work, the case must be extraordinary and the damage of sin quite beyond our perceptions. It is a danger that runs out into the future, a danger more appalling than men know, else the Son of God would have stayed in the bosom of the Father. All the immortal years are necessary in order that we may imagine sin's possible damage. All the provinces of our immortal life may be cursed with the trail of the serpent. Jesus knew the dangers and he came to save.

We need not discuss his method of saving. But we cannot be deaf to his own statement of what he considered essential to the saving work. It is not true that the necessity of his death is a thought to which he accustoms himself gradually, an unwelcome truth forced upon his attention by the gathering hatred of the rulers of his people, it is rather true that he stood in the shadow of the cross from the beginning of his ministry. Late in his public career he said, "If I be lifted up from the earth, I will draw all men unto me." But at the very beginning of that career he said, "The Son of Man must be lifted up." To his audience at Capernaum he said, "The bread of God sent down from heaven is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world."

After Peter's confession, "Thou art Christ, the Son of the living God," at Cæsarea Philippi, he began teaching his disciples plainly that he must suffer, that he was going to Jerusalem to die. On the way there, as they disputed concerning the posts of honor in the kingdom, he said, "The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many." When Mary anointed him with the ointment, he said, "She hath anointed me for my burial." He gathered about the Paschal meal with his disciples, but changed the meal into a sacrament, and said, "This is my body broken for you; this is my blood shed for you." Always

The Death Burden

is upon him. In his conception of the method by which his purpose was to be wrought out, the Cross was supreme.

"This is a trustworthy saying, worthy of all acceptance." All history repeats and urges it, Jesus came to save. If we could get at the heart of Christian history; if instead of records of councils and ecclesiastical divisions and intellectual disputes, we could get at the lives of the Christians of all the ages; if all the lovers of Christ should pass in review before us, and we could put to them the question, "What did Jesus mean to you? What did he do for you?" Surely this would be the chorus which would break upon our eager ears "He saved us from our sins by his own blood."

Some say salvation is by character, which usually means that the wo rkis to be accomplished by ethical processes in which God is not absolutely necessary, and with which Jesus has nothing to do. The true way to state the connection between salvation and character is, salvation is character. But the question is how to get the character in which the salvation is. Our text answers the question.

John on Patmos had a vision in which he saw a great multitude that no man could number, who had come out of every kindred and people and tribe, and they wore white robes and sang glad songs, and the companion of the seer said to him, "Whence are these, and whence have they white robes?" And John said, "Sir, thou knowest." And he said, "These are they who came out of the great tribulation, and washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR AND EPWORTH LEAGUE TOPICS

Invitations Missed *

MOST frequently the non-acceptance of the Gospel invitation takes the form of postponement, rather than of deliberate rejection. It is true that some think the matter out, and for some reason or another determine to have nothing to do with it. In the majority of cases, however, the invited person takes the attitude of Felix, who said, "Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee." This attitude implies a disposition inconsistent with the dignity of the message and its sender, as well as a disregard of the interest of the man invited.

Assuming, for the moment, that there is a recognition of the fact that the invitation is from God, which, in a Christian land like this, is seldom doubted, there is something very insulting in postponing attention to it. When God speaks to us, the least we can do is to put aside all other business and listen to him. He knows us, he knows what is best for us and what is for our ultimate advantage. To put ourselves in line with his purposes and designs is to take the surest of all ways to development. In all ages the wisest men have groped for the light and have found but a flash and a reflection. There has always been doubt and uncertainty; but with us God has spoken, and the secret for which men have been blindly seeking is revealed. How disrespectful, then, for any man to postpone consideration of it!

But the practice is also dangerous. Not only is it insulting to God, but it may involve serious and irreparable loss. The postponement may be final, because death may come, closing forever the opportunity on which we count. Even if a long life ensues, the danger is not greatly diminished. The business for which the vital matter is postponed is followed by other business quite as engrossing, and every week of every year brings its own problems to be solved. There is never any season so convenient as the one that is with us to-day, nor is there any one of which we can be quite sure.

Faith by Hearing *

HOW can character be transformed? It is the one difficult problem of life. How can a man who has lived carelessly, committing sin and neglecting duty, become a good, conscientious Christian? The Apostle's prescription is, by faith. But, naturally, the inquiry was carried a step backward. How was this faith to be acquired? To this the answer was, by hearing. In those days of scarcity of literature, preaching was almost the only means of reaching the people. It is still the most effectual means. Of the whole number that are added to the church, the great majority are won through preaching. This, however, does not exclude other means. The appeals of friends, the reading of the Bible and of religious books, have their place in the grand work and have their trophies to show. But the main power is still the Holy Spirit's application of the Word preached.

Considering the importance of the message that the preacher has to deliver, the simplicity of it, the universality of it, and the fact that the blessing is offered without money and without price, it seems on the face of it that it should never require more than one sermon to convert a soul. One would think that when a sinner is told how he may attain everlasting life, that he needs nothing more. But experience teaches a different lesson. He needs urging, warning, entreating. This is due to his own character. He is frequently inattentive under preaching, or he procrastinates, or he doubts.

Besides this, he frequently does not realize his danger, or the need of salvation. The preacher has no easy task, especially in these days of business absorption, in winning souls. If he could tell his hearers how to become millionaires, his church would be filled with eager hearers, but because he can only tell them how to gain heavenly riches, he is heard with inattentive ears. It would be heart-breaking work if it were not for the divine promise of supernatural aid. The message spoken in weakness, but spoken in faith, is carried by the Spirit to the heart, and even the preacher is often surprised at the effect.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for August 5. "Duty, Privilege, and Excuses." Luke 14: 15-24.

*Topic of the Epworth League for August 5. Rom. 10: 14, 15; Phil. 1: 13, 14; Matt. 13: 1-9; Acts 4: 4; 10: 44-48; I. Thess. 5: 20.

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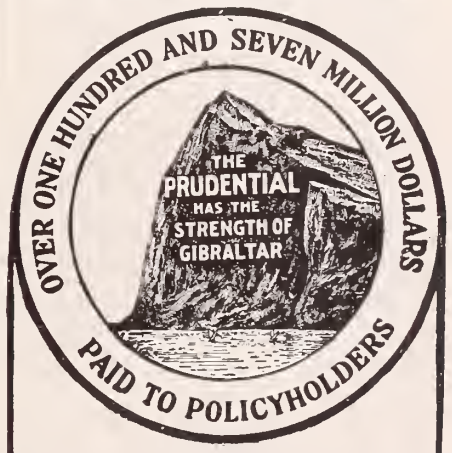

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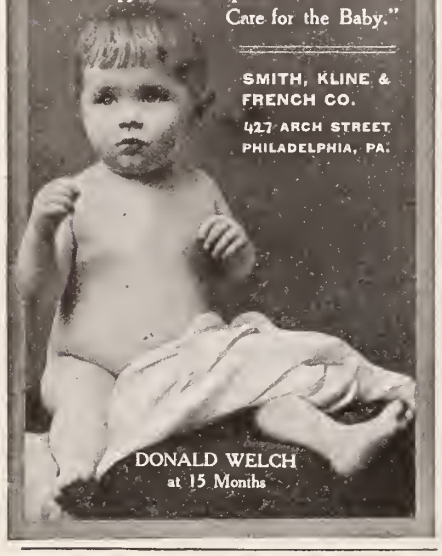

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What One Little Lad Did for Mont-Lawn

THE history of our Children's Home at Mont-Lawn, from the time of its inception, has contained many touching chapters of shadowed little lives. But, on the other hand, there are to be chronicled many sweet and noble instances of a liberal spirit shown, and of sacrifices made by the good friends of children everywhere. The little ones in happy and prosperous homes often surprise their elders by the keen interest they manifest in the woes of their little brothers and sisters of Poverty Row. One instance of this sort, illustrative of many others, may be mentioned here:

Mr. Grant C. Tullar, the well-known evangelist and composer, has a small son, not yet seven years of age, who is very fond of being kept in touch with current events by having "Papa" read to him. A short time after the opening of our Mont-Lawn Home, Mr. Tullar read to his little son a plea for "the children of the poor," to each of whom the small sum of three dollars would give the benefits and delights of a ten days' country outing. Little Hilton grew thoughtful, and this was intensified when his father took him for a morning's trip through the East Side tenement district of lower New York. He decided that he certainly must send some little boy out of all that misery away to the country. He had been promised two dollars to buy fireworks. This he promptly decided to devote to his new project. Then ten cents came from the depths of that wonderful collection of odds and ends in a small boy's pocket; sister contributed thirty cents more; mother found him twenty cents, and the garden border, vigorously weeded, yielded a nickel. Papa had faith in the business integrity of his boy, and loaned the balance required—thirty-five cents—to be made up later on by "odd jobs."

Master Hilton Tullar

The $3 were now complete, and a prouder, happier boy never stepped than the slender lad, in sailor suit, who, clinging close to his father's hand, brought his money to the Bible House in time for that "other little boy" to spend the Fourth of July at Mont-Lawn.

On the evening of Independence Day, with ears filled with the echoes of snapping caps and the beloved odor of burning powder, Hilton's wee arms stole softly about mamma's neck. "Mamma," said the childish voice, "I'm so glad the little boy has gone to Mont-Lawn. I've had a better time than all the rest of the boys on our street put together."

But the good work did not stop here. Mr. Tullar told the little incident to some of his friends. Not one of the number heard the story without putting his hand in his pocket, and Master Hilton soon had enough to send three more waifs away from the hot city, the roar of traffic and the burden of unchildlike toil, for ten long, summer days at Mont-Lawn, upon the cool, green grass, with the singing of birds in their nests, and the refreshing breezes carrying with them the wholesome smell of the earth. And all this because one brave little child-heart was awakened to the joy of giving.

Those who help in this work may congratulate themselves on the fact that in no other way could so much good be accomplished with such small outlay. While $3 covers the expense of one child's outing, $30 will send ten. Could $30 invested in any other way make ten people happy for ten days? Feed, clothe and shelter them? Frequently restore health, and surely make ten children better ever thereafter, because of the kindness shown and the influence exerted?

H. W. S.

The Cost of Discipleship

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

THE Evangelist Luke reports our Lord's words of warning to the people who followed him, that "unless a man hate his own life, he cannot be my disciple" (Luke 14: 27). What is a disciple? Literally an instructed one, or one who follows and witnesses to the instruction he has received from a teacher. It is not in the simple acceptance of the pardon which Jesus purchased with his blood, that we become disciples, but in letting ourselves be separated from all which is unlike him. We are redeemed, not only or chiefly from everlasting death, and from the sin which has deserved it, but also from the very manner of life which we lived before our conversion. We are delivered "from this present evil age" (Gal. 1: 4), the spirit of "all seek their own" (Phil. 2: 21), "redeemed . . . from your vain conversation, received by tradition from your fathers" (I. Pet. 1: 18) from "What will people think of you? You must do as other people do, you must not lower yourself," etc. From all this the precious blood of Christ redeems us to be disciples of him who lived in "newness of life" upon this earth.

But how are we to understand these words? At first sight it would seem as though the Lord would put a premium upon the want of filial respect and love which is so marked in our day and generation. But in Matt. 10: 37, we clearly see that the whole meaning lies in this, that all else must take a second place to Jesus, in all things he must "have the pre-eminence" (Col. 1: 18). When it is a question between our own will and our parents', then comes in the law, "Honor thy father and thy mother." When, however, it is a question between God's will and our parents', when they would call us into distinct opposition to His commands, then, cost what it may, God's will must be followed.

"And whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after me, cannot be my disciple." "No cross, no crown," is a proverb which seems to have gone out of date, but it is a true one. The thwarting of our purposes by human agency, and yet permitted by Him; the hindrances which seem to stand in the way of our work for Him; the physical drawbacks which try our patience—these are our daily crosses, crosses not to be rejected, but to be borne. Bowed heads and bowed hearts belong to the disciples. A true cross-bearer kisses the faithful hand of the true Shepherd, even when it holds the rod; a true disciple never retaliates a wrong done by man; he deals with God in everything.

But cross bearing is not easy; discipleship costs much, and it is well to count the cost, and to weigh, coolly and calmly, the undertaking we have in hand, and then, if we are fully persuaded that it is worth the sacrifice, to let all go besides, and live for nothing else. "For which of you, intending to build a tower, sitteth not down first, and counteth the cost, whether he hath sufficient to finish it? Lest haply, after he hath laid the foundation, and is not able to finish it, all that behold it begin to mock him, saying, 'This man began to build and was not able to finish.'"

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"The pain and sickness fell away from me, and I began to get well day by day, so I stuck to it until now I am well and strong again, can eat heartily, with no headache, heart trouble or the awful sickness of the old coffee days. I drink all I wish of Postum without any harm, and enjoy it immensely.

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Look for the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

The Flood-Tide of Immigration

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 631

Transferring Immigrants from the Steamer to Ellis Island

to become a public charge. Undesirable immigrants are usually more careful to provide themselves with funds to show at Ellis Island than are those who know that they will be welcomed here.

On the occasion of the writer's visit to Ellis Island, about two thousand immigrants, who had just arrived from Italy, were being landed. The dark skins of most of them indicated that they were from the southern part of the Italian peninsula and adjoining Sicily. They were mostly of sturdy build, in healthy condition, fairly provided with money, and physically qualified for the hard work in which so many Italians are engaged here. The majority could neither read nor write. In striking contrast with these arrivals are the average Hebrew immigrants. Notwithstanding the ceaseless persecutions to which they have been subjected, and the hampered and burdened lives they have led in eastern Europe, more than five out of every six Hebrews are able to read and write.

Asked as to a comparison between the immigration of the present and former times, the Commissioner replied: "The immigrants coming now are, with few exceptions, workers. They do not belong to the professional or highly educated classes; but they are well qualified to do the drudgery that must be done in the building up of our nation.

"A considerable proportion of the immigrants, also, are skilled and trained mechanics. Many educated chemists come over as immigrants."

Asked whether he favored additional restrictions on immigration, the Commissioner answered:

"The existing restrictions ought to be emphasized and made more effective. The means for excluding those whom the law now says should be excluded, ought to be perfected by necessary legal amendments. As to drawing a line against any of the nationalities now admitted, I regard such a proposition as both impracticable and unjustifiable. We get good citizens from all nations. There is room for all. The countries from which they come miss them, and are already anxious over the wholesale departure of their workers to the United States. Recently, a prominent German, Herr von Pillis, told me that emigration to America had so depleted the German empire of its laboring class, that it is necessary for Germany to bring every year about four hundred thousand laborers from Austria-Hungary and Italy to gather in the harvest. The farm-workers whom Germany misses, and Scandinavia too, make excellent State builders in our great Northwest."

"What is your view of Russian Jewish immigration?"

"I would not discriminate against it. It is true, the physical appearance of some of that class of immigrants is against them; but if a plant has faded in a back alley, is that a good reason why we should deny to it an opportunity to gain strength and beauty in God's own sunshine, here in our free land? No, I would not debar the Russian Jews or any other victims of alien tyranny and oppression."

* * *

It was Saturday forenoon, and the broad corridor of the Post-office Building leading to the room in which intentions to become citizens are recorded, was thronged with anxious, but patient waiters. They were a decent-looking crowd, of various nationalities, some in broadcloth, others in the coarse garb of street-laborers. Some had been in the United States only a few days or weeks, others one or two years. Each applicant was required to write his name, state his age, place of nativity, and his means of living.

Some were wholly ignorant of the English language. One immigrant from Russia, when asked, "What is your name," answered, "What is your name?" and replied to every question by repeating it, parrot-like. He was helped out of his difficulty by a friendly fellow-countryman.

A Russian Hebrew who had gained some knowledge of our national language went through the formalities satisfactorily, and when asked for the fee—sixty-five cents—he laid down the silver briskly, exclaiming: "Vot is money, ven von vants to be an American!"

Another applicant, with his blue eyes and Teutonic features, might easily have passed for a North German or Scandinavian, but for his orthodox beard and his Hebrew name. He had been in the country about two years, but was apparently still unable to speak a word of English. A middle-aged woman spoke for him. When ready to go, he was asked if he liked America. His reply was a look of the eyes heavenward, which told more than words.

Meantime the tide of immigration sweeps Americaward in ever increasing volume. Last year the number of immigrants was equal to one-third our population at the time of the Revolution. This year the total is even greater than last. In April, 1906, 118,665 immigrants passed through Ellis Island alone. The changing character of the immigration is also most suggestive. Commissioner-Gen. Sargent significantly remarks on this point: "With the continuance of present conditions, it will be seen that the time will come when the new element, containing seventy per cent. from southeastern Europe, will outnumber the old, which eventually can hardly mean less than a changed nationality."

HENRY MANN.

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The Chariots of the Lord

A Story of the Days of Religious Persecution in England

BY JOSEPH HOCKING

CHAPTER XXXII.—Continued

"LET me tell you what I heard with my own ears, not many days ago," said Trelawney to the Prince.

While he told of the Jesuit cabal, and of the conversation which took place in St. James' Park, the Prince fastened his black eyes on the young man's face, never missing a word that he uttered.

"It is the will of God, and it is the call of God," he muttered; "but the time is not yet—not yet."

He took two or three turns across the apartment, Trelawney noticing the frail, thin form of the Prince, and reflecting upon the marked contrast between the frailness of his body and the evident vigor of his mind.

"You say he is in league with the Jesuits?"

"His chief adviser is Father Petre, a Jesuit priest, with the Earl of Castlemaine, who is an ardent Papist. Then there is Henry Jermyn, whom the King has just created the Earl of Dover; and the Earl of Tyrconnel; these and others have formed a cabal for the overthrow of the Protestant religion. The King has placed a Catholic at the head of the Oxford University, while the Archbishopric of York has been for a long time vacant because he cannot find a man who is sufficiently his tool to place there. Spies are placed in the household of every bishop's house in order to accuse them of treason. The spies are Roman Catholics, who profess to be Protestants; all are Jesuits, and all are seeking to destroy the Protestant faith."

"And the King is in sympathy with all this?"

"He is at the head of it, and as I have related, he is now preparing to issue this decree of Indulgence, by which he hopes to destroy the power of both the Church of England and the Dissenters at the same time."

After this William asked many questions; keen, searching questions, which showed how thoroughly he understood the drift of what Trelawney had told him.

"The time for action is not yet," said the Prince. "Believe me, young man, I am not going to take part in another Monmouth Rebellion, or be the occasion of another Bloody Assize. It is all very well to say that the nation would spring to arms at the standard of a Protestant leader. Monmouth had that promise; but what happened? Scarcely a man of quality stood by his side, and the only peer of the Realm who took up arms proved to be a weakness rather than a strength. No, no, before I act I must receive an appeal signed by heads of some of the great houses. Besides, such an enterprise means much preparation."

The Prince spoke with such conviction that Trelawney could not help being silent. He felt sure, moreover, that his words were so wise, and so full of sound judgment, that there was nothing more for him to say. William noticed this, and went on more kindly.

"Do not be disheartened young man," he said, "neither believe that your mission here is in vain. Do not think that because I am no needy adventurer, ready to catch at any straw, that I do not weigh your words. I said that such an enterprise needed preparation. Well, perchance if you stay in Holland long, you will see if I pay more heed to your words than to those which I paid to Mordaunt, who came hither some time ago. And that leads me to ask you a question. From all I gather, you dare not show your face in London. What are your plans for the future?"

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Trelawney was silent. Hitherto he had said nothing of his love for Mary Jeffreys, or of the work his love entailed.

"If I am ever persuaded to lead an army to England would you accompany me?" asked William.

"Yes," said Trelawney eagerly.

"I said that such an enterprise needed preparation," said William, and a smile lit up his sad face. "Would you care to stay and help in those preparations, Master Trelawney?"

"Your Highness," said Trelawney, "nothing would give me greater joy than to take service under such a noble Prince, but——" and here he stopped.

"Well, what is the 'but?'" said William, and his face became stern. "Disappoint me not, Master Trelawney, for I have little patience with braggarts who profess much and perform little."

"You shall judge for yourself, sire, if you will allow me to tell you the rest of my story."

William noted the word "sire," and evidently he was not displeased. Besides, the young man had won his heart, and his sunny, eager presence was like sunshine to the man whose life had been so full of turmoil.

"Ah, I forgot the woman," he said, with another wintry smile.

"I never said there was a woman," said Trelawney, his heart relieved as he saw the smile on the Prince's lips.

"Nevertheless, I know she exists Master Trelawney. Tell me about her."

Again Trelawney told his story with all the frank earnestness which had marked the rest of his conversation, to which William of Orange listened with a certain youthful interest which he had not hitherto manifested.

"Know you of this Master Beswick?" he said, turning to Burnet, who had not spoken a word during the interview.

"No, your Highness; but I can easily make inquiries."

"Will that satisfy you, Master Trelawney?" asked the Prince. "Seeing you are ignorant of our language and our country, methinks Master Burnet will be able to make more progress in this matter than you. Besides, in my service there will be nothing to hinder you from using your wits in order to obtain the information you desire."

Trelawney knelt before the Prince. "I will serve you as faithfully as a man may, if you will but accept my services," he said humbly.

"That is well," said William, "and I will see to it that suitable provisions are made for you. Meanwhile, remember that God decrees all things, Master Trelawney. We are but the instruments of his Almighty power. What is impossible to us, is possible with Him."

Again he walked to and fro in the room.

"What do you think would be likely to bring matters to a head in England?" he asked presently.

Trelawney reflected a moment, while the keen black eyes of William read his face.

"Two things, your Highness."

"And they?"

"The first, a general outrage on the Church of England."

"That may or may not happen," said the Prince. "If all depended on the King this would come to pass; but you say he hath a number of Jesuits always near him. I know of this Father Petre. He is one who would deceive the very elect. He is a wily, subtle man, and would do his utmost to keep the King from doing this. And yet what would this Act of Indulgence lead to? I must think again.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

BACK TO THE PULPIT

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"I finally gave up the regular ministry; indeed I could not collect my thoughts on any subject, and became almost a hermit. After I had been using the Grape-Nuts food for a short time I discovered that I was taking on new life and my appetite began to improve; I began to sleep better and my weight increased steadily; I had lost some 50 pounds, but under the new food regime I have regained almost my former weight and have greatly improved in every way.

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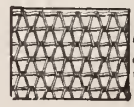

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The Chariots of the Lord

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

And what is the other, Master Trelawney?"

"The birth of a Prince," replied the young man.

William started like a man stung.

"I had not thought of that," he muttered. "Yes, I see, I see. If it does—ay, and it will, it will."

"Surely the birth of a Prince is in the hands of God," remarked Master Burnet.

"Ay, but pretended births are not in the hands of God, Master Burnet," said William, "and that is the trick which James, backed by the Jesuits, will try to play. Why did I not think of that before? But preparations must begin at once, Master Trelawney."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

IN the spring and early summer of the year of our Lord 1688, two events took place in England which had not only a marked effect upon the characters whose history I have been trying faithfully to record, but they created one of those epochs which affected the destinies of the nation.

The first was the issue of the King's second Declaration of Indulgence. The second was the announcement that a son was born in the Royal House of England, who was heir to the throne. But the Declaration of Indulgence, instead of winning the Dissenters for the King had the opposite effect. For many years they had been the mainstay of the Protestant religion, and now, true to their traditions, they refused to support the King in an act which, while it might lift them to temporary dignity, was really leveled against the Protestant faith. When the Dissenting divines met, they almost with one accord decided rather to stand by their oppressors, who, in spite of their arrogance, had maintained the doctrine of the Reformation, than to play into the hands of a Roman Catholic King.

This aroused James to great anger.

"Who are they who have decided to oppose my will?" he asked.

Seven of them were mentioned, among whom were Sancroft the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Bishop Trelawney of Bristol.

"Trelawney! I might have expected it!" cried James. "Well, so much the worse for them."

"I think, your Majesty," said Jeffreys, who was with him at the time, "that I can perhaps persuade my Lords Bishops to alter their minds."

"How?" asked the King eagerly.

"Perchance if I pay them a visit at Lambeth Palace during the consultation to-morrow I can lead them to see how unwise they will be to refuse," replied Jeffreys.

"Tell them that if they do not order the Declaration to be read on Sunday, they shall feel how heavy the hand of their King can be," replied James sourly. "Let them remember," he added, "that an archbishop is not His Holiness."

On the following morning it was whispered to the King that Jeffreys had used arguments sufficiently strong to lead the bishops to obey their King without question. Thus, when on the Friday evening they asked for an audience with him, James directed that they should be admitted immediately. He was in high good humor at the time, for he believed he had bent their wills to his.

"This is in my Lord of Canterbury's hand," he said, as he took the papers from the Bishop of Ely.

"Yes, sire, his own hand," was the reply.

When the King had read, his countenance grew dark. He saw that they had refused to do his bidding.

"This is a standard of rebellion," he said, angrily.

"Rebellion!" cried Bishop Trelawney. "For God's sake do not say such a hard thing of us. No Trelawney can be a rebel. Remember how my family has fought for the Crown. Remember how I served your Majesty when Monmouth was in the West!"

"I remember many things," replied the King. "I have a good memory, and things have come to me which will make it hard for me to forgive your Lordship. Besides, this is rebellion. But I will be obeyed. My Declaration shall be published. You are trumpeters of sedition. What do you do here? Go to your dioceses, and see that I am obeyed. I will keep this paper, and I will remember you who have signed it."

A few days later the bishops were sent to the Tower, where they had to wait their trial for disobedience to the King.

Scarcely had the gates of the Tower been closed on the prisoners when the excitement of the populace was diverted to another channel. It was announced that a son was born to the Queen. The announcement was met with laughter and incredulity.

"This is another Papist trick," said the people. "The King fears the result of his action in imprisoning seven men of God, and to calm their passion, he announces the birth of an heir."

"Even if it be a true-born child of the Queen," said others, "things will be all the worse for us. He will be trained a Papist, and so our poor country will never be delivered from our greatest enemies."

It is impossible for us at this date to realize the excitement which prevailed. Seven bishops imprisoned for maintaining the law against a tyrant King, and the birth of a child which was declared to be the heir to the throne, but which the people believed to be foisted upon them by clever Jesuits.

When the news reached William of Orange, he pondered long and deeply. After some time he sent for a messenger.

"Go and tell Captain Trelawney that I desire to see him," he said. A few minutes later the young Cornishman stood before him.

"Captain Trelawney," said the Prince, "when I spoke to you last you had not discovered the whereabouts of the minister of religion that you hoped to find. Have you been more successful since?"

"Yes, your Highness," said the young man. "I discovered him in Rotterdam only yesterday. He hath but lately come there."

"Ah," said the Prince kindly, "and have you discovered aught?"

"Much, and little," replied Trelawney. "Master Beswick, distinctly remembers performing the marriage rites of which I have spoken to you. But this is of little value. He dare not return to England, and even if he could safely do so, and take his oath that he performed the marriage ceremony, it would not avail."

"Why?" asked the Prince.

"Because, before he fled from England he discovered that Jeffreys possessed the marriage contract, and with it the power to keep what belongs to another."

The Prince did not ask further questions on the subject. He saw what Trelawney's statement portended.

"Do you remember our first interview, Captain Trelawney?" he said presently.

"I shall never forget it, your Highness."

"You have been a faithful servant," said the Prince.

"I have tried to be, sir."

"I intend sending you to England."

"Yes, sir."

"Do you wish to know what for?"

"You will tell me when it is necessary that I should know."

"I think your visit will be attended by great dangers."

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SEE PAGE 657

A BOUQUET OF WILD FLOWERS

Questions and Answers

TO OUR READERS

What are your views on the question of Church Fairs, Festivals, Raffles, Lotteries, Auctions, Oyster Suppers, etc., as a means of raising funds for religious work? Are such means helpful to a church's spirituality or detrimental? All are invited to write their personal experience and conclusions briefly to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, New York.

N. E. M., Windfall, Ind. Is it known what became of the Ark of the Covenant which contained the tables of stone and stood in the Temple?

It is supposed that it was hidden by the priests when Jerusalem was surrounded by Nebuchadnezzar's army in B.C. 586. It is not mentioned among the spoil which he carried away, as it probably would have been if it had been there. In II. Esdras 10: 22 it is said to have been spoiled, as if it had been crushed or burned. It does not appear to have been in the restored Temple. A more probable story than that of Esdras is that when it became certain that the city would be taken, the Levites took the Ark by night and concealed it in a mountain cave. The secret of its hiding-place was lost, owing to the men who knew it being killed in the general slaughter which occurred when the city fell.

J. C. V., Bogota, Ill. A cousin of Mrs. Eddy, the Christian Science leader, tells us that she is dead, but it is kept secret, and that another person is installed in her place. Is this true?

We have heard the same report, but consider it very doubtful. At last accounts she was still alive, though feeble, and in retirement.

J. P., Evart, Mich. What was the value of the thirty pieces of silver that Judas received for betraying Christ? Was his motive avarice?

The pieces of silver were probably shekels. The value of the whole sum in our modern reckoning was about eighteen dollars. Zechariah had predicted the whole transaction (see Zech. 11: 12, 13): "They weighed for my price thirty pieces of silver and the Lord said cast it unto the potter," etc. It is not likely that Judas acted from avarice only, though he was fond of money. He probably meant to force Christ's hand. He may have thought him backward in claiming the kingdom, and supposed that if he was driven to bay, he would deliver himself by a miracle and declare himself king. That theory is confirmed by his committing suicide when he discovered the consequences of his act.

B. H., Ackerman, Wis. Why are the "dog days" so called?

The hot days of July and August are called "dog days," from the fact that the rising of the dog star, Sirius, is then coincident with the rising of the sun.

J. F. Gladstone, N. J. 1. Can falsehood be recognized as law? 2. If a decision is founded upon falsehood, should not a higher court set it aside? 3. Has a court the right to license sin?

1. Though justice is truth, it may, and sometimes does happen, that a false principle is promulgated as law. 2. If it can be clearly shown that a decision is based upon falsehood, it can be reversed. 3. The moral right—no; the statutory right—unhappily, yes. You must distinguish clearly between the two. A court which grants a license to sell liquor, when it has been clearly shown that the people of that neighborhood do not want a saloon, is committing a flagrant injustice; yet the act may stand in law.

J. P. W., Rochester, N. Y. I shall be grateful if you will give a short account of the Children's Crusade in Our Mail-Bag.

The story of the Children's Crusade shows, as nothing else does, the religious superstitions of the Middle Ages. Early in the thirteenth century the fanaticism which had so long agitated Europe, seized upon the children. A French peasant lad was told by a priest that he was commanded to lead a crusade of children to the rescue of the holy sepulchre. The child believed that the priest was a messenger from heaven and preached to many pilgrims of the commission he had received. A frenzy quickly overspread France and Germany. Children, the majority under twelve years old, flocked in vast crowds to the appointed places of meeting, peasant and noble alike. Of the 60,000 German children who began the march over the Alps, murder and kidnapping claimed many; fatigue, starvation and cold seized thousands, and only 6,000 reached Italy. Thirty thousand French children marched to the sea. Of these, 6,000 were betrayed into slavery and sold in Mohammedan markets. More than 50,000 children were lost to the homes of France and Germany. The calamity served one good purpose: it marked the decline of the crusades.

"WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS" AT FREDERICK, MD.

AN object of special interest to strangers as well as to the people of Frederick, is the quaint old building which has always been known as Washington's Headquarters. The house is situated on West All Saints Street, and has long been the habitation of colored tenants. When George Washington and General Braddock met in Frederick, prior to the Revolutionary War in 1755, to plan a campaign against the French and Indians, it is said that the meeting took place in this old house.

According to the record where transfers of real estate are recorded, it appears that Daniel Dulaney transferred to John Kimball on May 11, 1764, this same lot of ground. This would indicate, at the date of Kimball's purchase in 1764, a period of just eleven years after the visit of Washington and Braddock to Frederick. Tradition, however, says that an old house was on the lot at the time the conveyance was made to Kimball, and that it was in this old house where the meeting took place between Washington and Braddock.

B. L. S.

L. N., Jamaica. 1. What is the area of Lake Champlain? 2. What is the depth, length and width of Lake Ontario?

1. 488 square miles. It is 120 miles long. 2. Ontario has an average depth of 412 feet. It is 190 miles long, and 52 wide.

J. P., Yonkers. Where is the famous Eddystone lighthouse?

It is built on the Eddystone Rock, off the port of Plymouth, in the English Channel. The first lighthouse was built in 1696 and destroyed in the great tempest of Nov. 27, 1703. The present one is of stone.

A. C., Clifton. What is the highest mountain on the North American Continent?

Mount McKinley, in the McKinley Range, Alaska. It is 20,500 feet high. It is 1,000 feet higher than Mount St. Elias and Mount Logan, and can be seen, on a clear day, at a distance of over one hundred and twenty-five miles.

Subscriber, Hudson, S. Dak. In one of the late Pastor C. H. Spurgeon's sermons, he said, "No one can repent until God calls them to repentance." If that is true, must the sinner who does not and cannot repent, conclude that his sin is too awful for God to regard him?

We do not remember the passage of Pastor Spurgeon's sermon that you quote, but from what we know of his teaching and character, we are sure that if he did say so, it was in some connection that contained a qualifying remark. There is no sin too awful for God to forgive, and Mr. Spurgeon affirmed that fact over and over again. Besides this, all through the Bible God calls men to repent. No one should wait for a special and personal call. The sinner, whose case you fully describe in your letter, should kneel down and pray for God's forgiveness. If she does not and cannot repent, as you say, there is all the more reason to plead with him to forgive her, because she has the additional sinfulness of a hard heart. To have done wrong, and not to be sorry for it, is to be in sad case. Let her ask God to look upon her, and fulfil his promise to take away the stony heart and give her a heart of flesh. God will hear her prayer if she is in earnest, and will forgive and save her if she is sincere. He is more willing to forgive than men are to seek forgiveness.

Reader, Texas. Can a man be a true Christian and not read the Bible, or only read it once in a while, say once or twice a year?

We think he would be a rather extraordinary one. It seems to us incomprehensible how any one claiming to be a Christian could deliberately neglect the Word of God and the Gospel of Jesus. We should be seriously disposed to doubt the claim.

Light-Seeker, Victoria, B.C. God, who made the world, governs it by law. We, who know the right from the wrong, the good from the evil, know also that if we violate that law, we must suffer. In this sense, therefore, God does not send suffering and misfortune upon us; we invite them for ourselves and for our children's children. Trusting in God and rendering a perfect obedience to his will (his laws), we are in his keeping, and while we cannot in this world wholly escape sorrow and suffering, because we have to suffer from the persecution and malignity of evil men, they are made to us but as "light afflictions," and become a valuable means of moral and spiritual training and development. We have, through the divine grace in Christ Jesus, the comforting knowledge and assurance that all things work together for good to them that love the Lord. Have faith, follow the Master humbly yet resolutely in whatsoever you find to do, and do not worry. Keep in close touch with Jesus in prayer and in your work. If possible, identify yourself with some Christian philanthropy or benevolence, no matter how simple or elementary, and you will find a new pleasure in life and a new meaning in the promises.

D. M. G., Dodgeville, Wis. 1. Can any person who slanders receive forgiveness while this sin stands unrepented of? 2. Is any person justified in partaking of the Lord's Supper who has secret sins? 3. Is it right for church members to attend dances, theatres, circus, and such places of amusement?

1. "Repent and be forgiven" is the divine command. Repentance must always precede forgiveness, and there can be no true repentance unless we try to do what lies in our power to right the wrong (see Matt. 5: 23, 24). 2. Your own pastor will instruct you concerning the duty of spiritual preparation for communion. See I. Cor. 11: 29 (the Revision reads "judgment") 3. We have repeatedly stated that we do not consider such things as conducive to spiritual growth, but rather the reverse.

J. L. V., Lakeside, Utah. What is meant in II Samuel 15: 7, by "after forty years"?

Commentators agree that here an error crept into the text, and that "four" is meant instead of "forty."

R. B., Brooklyn. When and by whom was Edinburgh, Scotland, founded?

The castle of Edinburgh was founded or rebuilt by Edwin, King of Northumbria, in 626. The city that grew up about the castle took the name. Edinburgh was called in ancient records, Edinbore and Dun Edin, "the hill of Edin." One legend says that the first castle was older than Edwin's time, and was built by Camelon, King of the Picts, in 330 B. C.

M. B., Cincinnati, O. I have been assured that there is no possibility of any person being saved without baptism. Is that true? I am also told that no one can be converted who has not been baptized. Is that true also?

Neither statement is true. Christ commanded baptism, and we cannot understand any person who really desires to serve him neglecting to obey him in so simple a matter. Still, it lowers the reverence we have for God to believe that he would exclude any really repentant, believing person from heaven simply because he had not been baptized. The person might have been converted on his death-bed, or if he was among Baptists he might die between the time of his conversion and the time set for administering the rite. God is not unjust, and would not hold a man responsible in such circumstances. Do you suppose the thief who repented on the Cross was baptized? Yet Jesus promised him an entrance into Paradise. As to your second question, there is still less ground. Baptism generally followed conversion in the time of the Apostles, as it does now among the Baptists and generally in heathen lands.

EVERY now and then inquiries reach this office, from generously-inclined friends, for the proper legal designation of The Christian Herald charities. While the benevolent work of The Christian Herald extends over the whole world, its special charities are the Bowery Mission and our Children's Home. The corporate name of the Bowery Mission is as follows: "The Bowery Mission and Young Men's Home of New York City." The proper designation of the Children's Home is as follows: "The Christian Herald Children's Home at Nyack, New York." Both are duly incorporated and entitled to receive legacies.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 1, 1906

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

Rear-Admiral Chas. D. Sigsbee

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Morris K. Jesup Hall

Administration Building, Beirut College

Edward R. Johnstone

SYRIA'S WONDER-WORKING COLLEGE

By Edward R. Johnstone

SOON after the Syrian sun made the snowy peaks of the Lebanon mountains visible on the morning of March 5, 1906, the Third Division, detached, of the North Atlantic fleet, United States Navy, steamed into the roadstead off Beirut, in the Mediterranean. Before the anchors were down, the flagship *Brooklyn* had boomed out the regulation national salute of twenty-one guns, the red flag of Turkey, with its central star and crescent, standing out stiff and gory from the main truck.

Rear Admiral Charles D. Sigsbee was in command of the division, which comprised the big and famous armored cruiser *Brooklyn*, as flagship, and the new cruisers *Galveston*, *Chattanooga* and *Tacoma*. It was my good fortune to be on board the *Brooklyn*, as the Admiral's personal guest, duly permitted and accredited, as was needful, by the powers that be greatest in Washington.

As the four anchors crashed down together and the rickety fort in old Beirut ran up the American colors and returned the salute, the Admiral called my attention, from our vantage view-point on the after-bridge, to the elevation on our right and to the southward, which dominates much of the olden town, and by the modernity of its structure, as well as by its vivid greens of trees and gardens, marks a contrasting note not soon forgotten.

"There is the Syrian Protestant College," said the Admiral, saluting Captain Nazro's orderly, as he reported the salutes given and returned and the anchor down. "It is a monument to American endeavor of the better sort," he continued. "It is doing a great work. I speak from the convictions of a naval officer and not as a sectarian or sociologist."

That very afternoon, President Howard S. Bliss, D.D. (once associate pastor with Dr. Lyman Abbott, in Brooklyn), his father, Rev. Daniel Bliss, D.D., President Emeritus, a number of the professors, and at least a score of ladies—wives, sisters, daughters of the faculty members—came on board to visit Sigsbee, to tell how good it seemed to see the Stars and Stripes, and to hear "The Star Spangled Banner" played by a U. S. Navy band. They offered the hospitalities of the College to the visiting Americans.

In the first two days there were many official calls to make and receive. Sigsbee's orders were to "show the flag" in Mediterranean ports, and this includes ceremonial visits to all officers of rank, civil, military and naval. United States Consul Bergholz made the arrangements, and his gorgeously accoutered *Kavasses* were always in evidence when the Admiral was on shore, supplemented, on occasion, by mounted troops sent by the Major-General commanding the military forces, by the Pasha who represented the Sultan, or by marines under the orders of a Rear-Admiral without a boat, and busy superintending the construction of a railway that some day will give a land connection with Constantinople. Within six miles of the city runs the boundary line of the province of Lebanon, ruled by a Pasha who is of the Greek faith, as are the great majority of his subjects. In fact, it was easy to note from the *Brooklyn's* quarter-deck that the crosses outnumbered the crescents in Beirut itself; and in journeying through the streets—it being the Lenten season—one oftener heard the chant of Christian chorister than the minatory message of the muezzin.

The Chapel of Beirut College, just after Prayers

On the third day of our stay, Dr. Bliss, the younger, arranged for an afternoon reception for the Admiral and his personal staff at the College, to be followed in the evening by a larger function in and about the President's home. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon of a glorious Syrian day that we rode through the narrow streets and noisome smells of Beirut, the lower and older, to the sublimated regions of Ras Beirut, where morals and methods are more modern and elevating. We rode through blazes of color—color found as well on roof and balustrade, lintel and gallery, as on corolla-crowned walls and in tangled gardens where foliage and flower ran riot. An aged Syrian guarded the arched entrance to the forty acres of college grounds, and he salaamed low and blessed us in sibilant Syriac as we drove to the beautiful home of the President. In the cool parlor, adorned with embroideries, lacework and antiques that no Fifth Avenue house owner could despise, Dr. Bliss told of the College, of its inception, organization, augmentation, and aims. As we listened we could see the turquoise of that Mediterranean which has mothered history, and also the snowy frame of those mountains of Lebanon anent which prophets have written and poets sung. The story the Doctor had to tell lost nothing from the setting. It was easy to recall the savagery, the bigotry, the barbarism which the College had done so much to assuage or abolish.

Briefly related: The Syrian Protestant College was located in Beirut in 1863 by virtue of a legally incorporated company called "The Trustees of the Syrian Protestant College." In 1865, a preparatory class was formed, and Dr. Daniel Bliss, then a missionary in Lebanon, was selected as head and front.

"It took faith, hope and charity," said the venerable President emeritus to the Admiral, as we stood in the splendid museum looking at a marble statue of the speaker presented the College by the class of 1903. "I had $60 a month as a semi-certainty, and one Syrian assistant." Not until 1866 was the College proper opened, the first class being graduated four years later. Of College buildings, there were none fitly so called until College Hall and Memorial Hall were finished in 1873. But the fame of teachers and teachings spread abroad in the lands, and from

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THE
AMERICAN PULPIT

SERMON BY
Rev. F. DeWitt Talmage, D.D.

The Sleeping Eutychus

TEXT:—ACTS 20: 9

"And there sat in a window a certain young man named Eutychus, being fallen into a deep slee,"

NO class of men work harder for Christ than do the travelling evangelists. When such men as John Wesley, and George Whitefield, and D. L. Moody have a world for a parish, they realize how large that field is, and they do everything in their power to travel over it before they die. The true evangelist preaches on Sunday. He also preaches on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. He not only preaches at night, but in the afternoons and in the mornings. He preaches at all times and under all conditions. He seems to say to himself: "The harvest is plenteous, but the laborers are few. Oh, God, give me strength to wield thy sickle with superhuman power, and gather thy sheaves by the multitudes into the Gospel granary."

Now, if I might not seem irreverent, I would say that the Apostle Paul was the John Wesley among the early disciples. In all probability, he was not an impassioned speaker like Peter. Peter always seemed to me to be the George Whitefield of the apostolic band. I can imagine him preaching on the day of Pentecost, as George Whitefield so often stood before his audiences, with flaming eyes, and earnest gestures, and resonant voice. Oh, what a power Peter must have been! But, though George Whitefield had his work to do, John Wesley had his work also, and a far greater work. John Wesley went from place to place, not only preaching, but also organizing churches and collecting moneys for his evangelistic work. Such was the work of Paul. He was the John Wesley of the apostolic band.

A Week of Preaching

Now, to-day, we find this ancient John Wesley on one of his great missionary tours. He wants to make the most of his trip, so he stops only a short time at Troas. I think I hear him say to his travelling companion, "Luke, do you think we can get through our work here in a week?" "I do not believe so," answers Dr. Luke. "A week is a very short time." "I know it," says Paul; "but if we wait for the sailing of another vessel, there is no telling how long we may have to remain here. I would like to preach to these friends for months, instead of a week. But we must hasten on. I want to present the Gospel to as many different cities as I can before I die. I think if we get up early in the morning, and preach before breakfast, and keep on preaching during the day, and preach late in the evening, I can sow many seeds. Our time is very short."

Thus we see Paul hard at work in Troas. Six days slipped by only too quickly. On the last day before he sails, he has so much to say that he continues his talks far on towards the midnight. While he is exhorting the Christians of Troas to be true to their faith, a young man, who is sitting on the window-sill of the room, dozes, loses his balance, and falls out and breaks his neck. "And there sat in a window a certain young man named Eutychus, being fallen into a deep sleep: and as Paul was long preaching, he sunk down with sleep, and fell down from the third loft, and was taken up dead." Now, I would like to consider with you the reason why this young man fell asleep during the preaching of Paul, and why his somnolence should be a rebuke to all Christians sleeping in our church pews.

Frivolous Hearers

In the first place, I believe that this sleeping Eutychus is a type of that large class of young men who think it is smart to act disrespectfully and obnoxiously in the house of God. When these young men attend church, they always go under protest. While in the church pew, by their actions they try to advertise the fact that they do not want to be there. When you go up to them and say, "Well, Mr. So-and-So, I am glad to see you here," they say with a shrug, "Oh, yes, I come to church once in a while. You know, my mother and father, or my sister and sweetheart, are members of this church, and where they go I have to go. But, to tell the truth, I have not as much interest in these matters as I used to have. I have outgrown Sunday School teachers, and that sort of thing." When the minister preaches a little longer than he might, these young men yawn and twist and talk with their seatmates, until they put themselves out of all touch with the service, and the preaching, to them, becomes stupid, because they do not listen to it intelligently. They become like Eutychus of Troas, who, under the preaching of Paul, allowed his eyelids to become heavy and his head to nod, until he fell out of the window, upon the sill of which he was sitting, and struck the ground, and he broke his neck. You have seen this class of men. They are to be found in every Sunday School and every church service.

An Inattentive Choir

This class of irreverent young people was well illustrated for me sometime ago. I was attending the graduating exercises of one of the greatest educational institutions of the West. I sat in the gallery and could distinctly see all that took place. The huge building was literally thronged. Main floor, first gallery and rostrum were packed. The second gallery was also filled by the immense audience. A great orator was delivering the address of the evening. That audience, almost to a person, hung upon the speaker's words. But no sooner did this great orator commence to speak, than three of the members of the quartette which sang that night began to whisper and to laugh. They thought they were behind a curtain and no one could see them. They talked, and they seemed to say by their actions: "Oh, must we be bored? Do we have to sit through all this? We are singers. We care nothing for the fact that an orator, nationally famous, is delivering one of his greatest addresses to-night. When will the never-ending flow of words cease?" That was a stupid address to those three singers, merely because in their obnoxious egotism they supposed they had outgrown it and could not be benefited by it.

I protest against the irreverence of these modern Eutychuses in the house of God. I protest against young men and also young women, for some young women are as bad as are the irreverent young men, coming into a church and not giving the same respectful attention to God's ambassadors which they would give to an ordinary guest in their father's parlor. The house of God is not a playground. It is not a confectionery establishment, where young folks come to munch candy. It is not a place for young people to whisper and to write notes. It is a place to worship. And if our young people do not come to church to worship, then they had better stay away. You must heed the fact that the sleeping auditor of my text was a young man.

Preoccupied Hearers

But while Eutychus sits upon the window-sill of the room in which Paul was preaching, I see him continually glancing across the street. I approach him to-day and say, "What is the matter, Eutychus? Why are you looking so much out of the window? I should think you would want to keep your eyes all the time riveted upon Paul. Why, he is the greatest preacher of all the ages." "I have heard that," answers Eutychus. "That is one of the reasons I am here. But I cannot neglect my business even for a Paul Thus I am trying to kill two birds with one stone. I am sitting here upon the window ledge, so I can hear Paul with my ears, and at the same time, with my eyes I can watch my store just across the street. Thus you see if too many customers gather about my counter, why, I can just slip away and attend to them." Do you wonder, when Eutychus kept one eye upon his counter at the same time he was listening to Paul, that the sermon of Paul became very stupid, and, as soon as the shadows of night fell, that Eutychus' eyelids grew heavy, and that he slipped out of the window and broke his neck?

"But," says some one to me, "I do not see where you get authority for the statement that Eutychus was a young business man. The Bible does not state this. And furthermore, how do you know that his bazaar, or shop, was just across the street? Are you not taking too much liberty with the text?" No, I do not think I am. 'Tis true the Bible does not state that this young man, Eutychus, was a business man. But one fact I do know: if Eutychus was a young business man and wanted to keep his eye upon his shop across the street while he was keeping within hearing of Paul, the window-sill would have been just the place where he would have sat. And furthermore, I do know that just as Eutychus might have been watching his bazaar, there are hundreds and thousands of men who, when they come to church, bring along their businesses with them; and while the ministers are preaching, they are planning what they will do at the store the next day, or how they will purchase their Fall goods, or how they can undersell their rivals. Furthermore, I do know that whenever a merchant or a business man tries to carry his business into the church pew, that moment even the most brilliant and consecrated of sermons will fall upon ears as dead as did the words of Paul when he was pleading with Eutychus of Troas, who fell out of the window and broke his neck on the last night before Paul sailed away on his famous missionary tour.

Calculations in Church

Oh, ye merchants and manufacturers and professional men, is there no lesson for you to learn in this Troas tragedy? You have often said, "If these ministers were only brilliant speakers and would preach interesting sermons, we would come to church and stay awake and listen to their discourses." Is that true? Was not Eutychus listening to a brilliant discourse? Was he not listening to the most brilliant pulpit orator the world has ever seen? Ah, no, Eutychus did not fall asleep because he was listening to a stupid preacher. I believe he fell asleep for the same reason that so many business men become drowsy when they try to sandwich a sermon in between the ledgers of their temporal business. While the sermon is going on, some of them upon the fly-leaf of a hymn-book or upon the church leaflet, are trying to estimate how much profit they can make upon some real estate deal.

You say the modern ministers preach too long. Open the leaves of your church history and find the biographies of our great preachers. I defy you to find any of them who made a great impression for Jesus Christ, unless they were long preachers. And, furthermore, you cannot show me any church to-day in America, which is noted as a deeply spiritual church, unless the services of that church are long services. Not only do the audiences of that church sit through long services, but even after the benediction is given the members are loath to leave. They linger in groups in the aisles and about the doorways, and at last you find those church members talking with each other on the street corners, as though they could not tear themselves apart. Was this not John Wesley's and George Whitefield's experience, as well as Paul's? "Oh," but you say, "I would be willing to listen for three hours if I could hear a Wesley preach." Would you, my brother? Eutychus fell asleep under Paul. You would fall asleep under Wesley, unless you had a change of heart. The reason the sermons of our modern ministers are stupid and long to some of you is because you do not pray enough beforehand and surrender your whole heart to Jesus Christ. The trouble with our churches is not due entirely to poor preaching. It is also due to poor hearing. Too many, like Eutychus, when they come to church, sit upon the window-sill of Troas and keep their eyes upon their bazaars across the street, while they let their ears catch a few stray words which ring from the lips of a modern Timothy.

Religious Nomads

But this sleeping Eutychus is the symbol also of the theological liberalist. His actions bring to mind the lives of those who do not care to what church they are going, as long as they are listening to some new minister and delving into the mysteries of some creed. Thus, these modern Eutychuses say: "I must study all the novel creeds and sit at the feet of all the new teachers, because I cannot tell but in a few years one of these new creeds may become the accepted creed of my country." Thus we find them not identifying themselves with any one Christian church, but making it a practice to go around and investigate all churches and all beliefs.

We are in the seaport town of Troas. It is about the year 56, A.D. We see a crowd of people hurrying along, some of them talking very earnestly together. We hail one of them, whom we find to be an old acquaintance of ours. We say: "Hello, Eytychus! What is the matter? Where are you going?" He turns quickly and says: "Is that you, John? Why, I am going up to hear this new preacher, Paul. He has been in town about six days. He is going to leave for Assos to-morrow. Come up with us and hear him." But we say: "What is the

good of going? You do not expect to become one of his followers, do you?" "Oh, no!" answers Eutychus. "But I make it a rule to hear all the noted men speak who come to town. Last week there was one of the noted priests of Ephesus here. He was telling about his goddess Diana. Last month there was a soothsayer from India. A year ago we had that Egyptian magician with us. Two years ago there came that disciple of Epicurus from Athens. Yes, I went to hear them all. I always go and hear everybody who comes to advocate some strange creed. Come along with me and let us listen to this Paul. We can sit in the back of the room. Perhaps we can sit on the window-sill. The window is close to the door, and then we can slip out if the speaker becomes tiresome." Is it too much a stretch of the imagination to picture Eutychus going to hear Paul in such a spirit as some of our modern Eutychuses go to hear the different speakers of our modern churches, in these cities of the Western Hemisphere?

No wonder Eutychus found the preaching of Paul stupid, if he worshiped one week in the Temple of a Diana, and the next week studied the teachings of the priest of Egypt, and the next tried to solve the tricks of an Eastern magician. And yet this is the way some attendants of our modern churches are trying to make their pastor's sermon interesting. One week they are at a Methodist church, the next week at a Presbyterian church, the next at the church of the Latter Day Saints, called the Mormon Church. The next week they are attending a Salvation Army Barracks. The next week they are in a hall filled with the disciples of Spiritualism. Then next week they go to the Catholic Cathedral, and then to the Episcopalian service, and then to a strict Quaker meeting. No service is for them too broad, or too liberal, or too strict. They attend them all, and in attending them all, they lose what little faith they ever had in the Bible, or in God. Now, my brother, what you need is not to go to a dozen different churches and study a score or more of creeds. But it is important, oh, ye modern Eutychuses, to stay in one church and sit close up to one altar and worship one Christ.

"Oh, I do not know about that," says some one. "There is some good in all creeds. Even from the most repulsive flower the bee can gather a little honey. And I would like to gather a little honey from every ecclesiastical garden." Ah, my friend, you are wrong. You will not find your eternal salvation by running after many teachers, or by having itching ears, but only by worshiping Christ, and continuing to worship him in one household of faith. Because a dozen different teachers tell you there is safety in their strange creeds, that does not prove that they have interpreted God's Word aright. The greatest curse of some of our modern Eutychuses, is that they attend too many different churches and try to believe too many creeds.

But lastly, I remark this ancient Eutychus made another mistake, which so many men and women are making to-day. He did not believe that there was ever a last time for him to receive the Gospel of Jesus Christ. He felt that if he could receive Christ to-day, then he could receive him next week, or next month, or next year, or even ten years from the night of his fatal accident. But there was a last chance for Eutychus, and there is a last time for us. And the sad fact is that for some of us this last time for accepting Christ may be to-day — this morning, this afternoon, or to-night. Perhaps Christ is speaking to us as Christ spake in the parable of old, saying, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee." To-night the death angel may come to thee, as he came to Eutychus of old, when he fell out of the window and broke his neck.

"But," says some one, "you must remember, though Eutychus may have broken his neck, that Paul, by the power of the Holy Spirit, resurrected him. The Bible distinctly declares that." Yes, my friend, you are right. But I would not have you lay too much stress on that fact. It is not every preacher who has Paul's power of restoring you to life if you were to break your neck. If you reject the Gospel to-day, and should die before night by some accident or disease, no preacher could obtain for you another opportunity, as Paul did for Eutychus. So I think, after all, that was Eutychus' last chance for salvation. For, if after that fall and resurrection, he did not receive Christ, he would never have received him at all. And I know, further, that after the hard trouble God has lately sent upon you, in your financial misfortune, or in the death of your loved one, or in the pains of your late sickness, if you do not receive Jesus Christ now, in all probability you will never receive him at all. Yes, after Eutychus was restored to life, in all probability there was no difficulty for him to stay awake and listen to Paul about the glories of a spiritual salvation. Is it any weariness for you now to listen to what Christ has done for you, that you may live with him forever and ever? Oh, ye modern Eutychuses, are you having your dulled ears opened to the glorious news of the Gospel life? Have your dazed and dulled eyes became aflame with joy at the vision of the face of a loving Lord?

Thus, whether we live or die, may we never again be weary with hearing what Christ has done for us or weary in doing something for Christ. There is a beautiful incident, told by Mrs. Mary Livermore, that when she was an army nurse, during the late Civil War, a young captain was fatally shot. At once his young bride was sent for and came to the bedside of the dying soldier. Two hours before his demise, Mrs. Livermore was passing through the ward of the field hospital and saw him. She stopped a minute by his bedside and said, "My poor fellow, are you ready to go?" The young wife looked up and answered, "Yes, Mrs. Livermore, we are both ready, he to go and I to stay. When he enlisted, I gave him to God and his country. I expected this and prepared for this." Oh, my friends, can we speak to Christ as that young wife spoke to Mrs. Livermore. Can we look up into the face of our Saviour and say, "Master, Saviour, Jesus, Lord, I am ready. I am ready to serve thee on earth, or to glorify thee in heaven." Ah, ye sleeping Eutychuses, can you be emancipated from your sins and say that? Perhaps, as Paul was preaching for the last time to this young man of Troas, I may be preaching for the last time to some of you. Under the power of the Holy Spirit, may I be able to inspire you to give your hearts to Jesus, as Paul raised up the dead young man of Troas and made him a living disciple for Christ.

GRIFFITH JOHN VISITS AMERICA

The Great Missionary Tells of the Wonderful Changes Taking Place In China

THAT famous and devoted veteran in the Chinese mission field, Dr. Griffith John, of Hankow, is at present resting in this country, after fifty-one years of service, during which he has only enjoyed one holiday season. As that interval was taken twenty-five years ago, and as Dr. John is now in his seventy-fifth year, his present furlough is really needed, yet it was only by the order of his physicians that this heroic worker was constrained to leave China, and he is fully resolved to return as soon as his strength will permit. He was accompanied to this country by Dr. and Mrs. Sparham, his son-in-law and daughter, who are his junior colleagues at Hankow, and who have just sailed for England, where they will spend a few months, and then return to China.

Calling on Dr. John at his temporary home in Yonkers, the writer was cordially welcomed. "I must at the outset acknowledge," said Dr. John, "that, knowing as I do, the deadly and inveterate national pride and prejudice of the Chinese people in all classes, I never expected to witness the amazing revolution of the last few years in policy and action. It seems to me only yesterday that people and authorities alike would not permit even the mention of a railroad or a steam-engine anywhere; but that prejudice vanished, and with remarkable celerity a Belgian company constructed the great line between Peking and Hankow, a distance of nearly 800 miles. Travel on that railroad is as convenient and comfortable as on any line in America or Europe, dining and sleeping-cars being provided. The natives fully appreciate the advantage of the new system, and travel in great numbers. A few years ago such a new departure would have seemed utterly incredible."

I asked Dr. John to what special causes he ascribed the new disposition on the part of this most conservative of peoples. "Chiefly," said he, "to the humbling of the universal arrogance of the great nation by their defeat in their conflict with Japan; and then to the second great surprise, shared with them by the whole world, at the results of the Russo-Japanese war. The Chinese were everywhere mere provincials, attached with passionate devotion to their family clans, but patriotic only in a very limited and local sense. But suddenly an impassioned nationalism has sprung up. The nation has become one. The dreams of the Great Powers concerning the partition of China are henceforth vain.

"No one could have imagined it possible that the Empress-Dowager, Tsi An, would take the initiative in what really amounts to a most revolutionary policy. She voluntarily issued an ordinance enjoining the immediate creation of national elementary schools all over the Empire. The most astounding fact about this edict was, that it provided for the establishment of schools for girls as well as boys. Who that knows China would ever have expected to see girls sent to school? Now, when we take into account together two new conditions—the universal drilling of soldiers on Western methods and this introduction of education into every town and village, we become conscious that a new China is about to appear before the world.

"Considerably more than one thousand missionaries of both sexes are quietly disseminating the principles of Christian truth in China. The Chinese converts make noble Christians. The Boxer trouble was a blessing in disguise. Since that outburst an entirely new spirit has been manifested. The Chinese are displaying an astonishing ardor for acquiring Western knowledge."

Dr. John, in the course of his conversation, declared that at this opportune juncture the responsibility of the Christian Church must be regarded as being immensely increased. He particularly specified the expediency of establishing schools in connection with all Christian Missions, more especially high schools. "Large numbers of the cultured Chinese have already shown a desire to send their sons to such Christian schools in preference to the national schools, for they have a very keen sense of the moral superiority of missionary establishments, and they are most ready to acknowledge their conviction. The Mission schools are not free, like the government institutions, but in many cases charge as much as a hundred dollars a year. China will need in every part of the land schools where the Gospel can be taught to the young. If the Churches of Christendom can rise to the occasion, the opportunity is a magnificent one. The people are thirsting for knowledge such as previously they despised, and multitudes will be found willing to receive it in preference from Christian teachers, if these are provided."

WILLIAM DURBAN.

Photographed specially for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

The Rev. Dr. Griffith John

Prevailing Prayer Prevails

Let this fact become experience, and doubt is driven away forever. Jacob learned more in crossing the brook Jabbok than all his years had brought him. His business made him a rich man, his prayers made him a good man, and "a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." Conduct makes character. Money may help men to live; it will not help them to die. Better be a Lazarus and have heaven, than be the rich man and have hell. It is not good to exchange sumptuous fare and fine linen for torment. It's a sad fate that brings any one to a place where they can neither buy nor beg a drop of water.

Prayer is the pathway that leads away from that country and condition. Lord, teach us how to pray!

C. H. YATMAN.

WORSHIPING BY THE SEASHORE

EACH succeeding summer seems to increase the fascination which Ocean Grove possesses for the religious world. Every year, larger multitudes spend part, if not all, of their summer vacation in this place, where they enjoy its varied programme of religious services, its quiet Sabbaths, and the absolute exclusion of all annoyances that cling to other resorts for recreation and rest.

Bathing in the Surf at Ocean Grove

In memory of the late Rev. Dr. E. H. Stokes, the greatly beloved first President of the Ocean Grove Association, a beautiful monument has been erected. It is placed in front of the Auditorium. His successor, the Rev. Bishop James N. Fitzgerald, is ably assisted by the committee in charge, composed of Vice-President A. E. Ballard, Rev. I. H. Alday, Hon. I. E. Andrews, and Alexander H. DeHaven, Esq. The present season has opened under the most favorable auspices. Even as early as June 24, there were thousands at the Grove to hear the first sermon and greet Bishop Luther B. Wilson, of Chattanooga, Tenn., who delivered the opening discourse. Tali Esen Morgan, leader of the orchestra and choir, has again been chosen as entertainment and musical director. June 25 a series of moving pictures were given, followed by the opening concert, with full orchestra, on June 30.

A striking novelty in the Young People's Temple was the vested choir of young women, who occupied the choir gallery and assisted in the musical part of the service. The choristers, in their white and black robes, marched from the Auditorium to the Temple singing, and when the service there was over, they retraced their steps singing. This vested choir, Mr. Morgan says, will be a feature of the Young People's Meetings throughout the summer.

This year the Holiness Meetings are in charge of Rev. Dr. I. H. Alday, The general programme for all the services at the Grove is arranged under two heads—Religious and Educational—with concerts and entertainments added. The Sunday School Assembly opened most auspiciously July 9. Rev. Dr. Stanley, secretary of the American Sabbath Union, preached; and at night, Ballington Booth addressed an immense audience in the Auditorium. July 15, Bishop Stanford preached, both morning and evening, to large audiences. Other features of the programme are these: July 22, Children's Day, one thousand children singing in the chorus;

The Stokes Monument at the Grove

July 25, Woman's Christian Temperance Union; July 27-29, National Temperance Society; July 30, Home Missionary Society; Aug. 6, School of Theology; ten continuing days, Aug. 17, opening of camp-meeting (closes Aug. 27); Sept. 9, last Auditorium service.

The Young People's Meeting in the Temple greatly miss the Rev. C. H. Yatman, who has taken charge of the meetings for many years. He is at present engaged in a great evangelistic work in tents in Philadelphia. Bishop Fitzgerald is in charge of the Ocean Grove Young People's Meeting this year. It is arranged to have different leaders each week; Bishop Spellmeyer will be among the number. The Bible Class, probably the largest in the world, is in charge of Evangelist L. W. Munhall, of Philadelphia.

MARY BARTON COOKMAN.

A Much Travelled Gift

MANY thousands of our friends, who are personally interested in foreign missions and in the advancement of Christ's Kingdom in all lands, will read with appreciation the following letter from a missionary in a practically new Gospel field, telling what one gift, sent with love and prayers from an American donor, has accomplished:

CHIENG PAI, TAOS, SIAM, May 23, via Burmah and Reheng.

To the Unknown Friend, the Donor of $25:

The check which came to us from you, through the kind distribution of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, was a surprise and was very welcome. After reaching Bangkok, six or seven weeks from America, the gift had a six weeks' journey up the Me Ping River to Chieng Mai, and from Chieng Mai a week's overland journey to Chieng Pai, and it at last found us in the mountain jungle north of Ch-Rai, having been forwarded to us by friends in the city.

It was truly a providential gift. We are unable to do but little of the great work in our field, which is scattered over a large tract of jungle, plains and mountains. It takes three months' touring to cover the field. We have a native elder, who is qualified to do evangelistic work; but we did not have the funds to employ him. But the need was so great that we had hired him without the money in sight. The week your gift reached us, the elder came in from his farm with his family, ready for evangelistic work. Your $25 pays his salary for five months. So you have an equipped native evangelist, preaching day by day in the remotest station of remote Taos land.

I am now on a tour and am writing in a poor native hut, which, I believe, you would be loath to approach. But God's Word has come to this place and the people have invited me to destroy their "spirit house," and to ask God to deliver them from the spirits and from sin. Very truly yours, H. S. VINCENT.

OUR X-RAY MACHINE IN INDIA

DR. ALICE CONDICT, the well-known American Missionary, Ludhiana, Punjab, India, writes:

"How I wish you could have been with me this past week to witness all the vicissitudes I have had in putting the intricate static machine together, which was given to me by your CHRISTIAN HERALD readers, for this medical school, some months ago, but which could not be set up or used till I arrived. Well, at last the machine has been put together. I went to the hospital, and did some cleaning up of the charger, as I had often done before, and off the elegant machine went, throwing sparks that were so grand, that in less time than I am telling you there was a ward full of doctors, patients, and even some from outside were on hand to enjoy the sight.

"Last evening was the first time I have treated the poor lepers. There is a small colony of these sad people near Ludhiana, and some one goes weekly from this hospital to minister to them. I got the machine well lighted up, and the Crookes tube was all aglow with that wonderful pea-green light, often an apple-green in color. We brought Gerebe Dass, a poor leper, into my ward, and he was set down near the Crookes tube. As I stood near and guided the men in working the static by hand, I was quietly talking of Jesus who used to heal lepers, and who seemed so very near us, that I lost my dread and fear of infection, and was able to give my attention to the details necessary. The poor brother understood me perfectly, and held up his hands. I did not attempt to screen any part from the powerful ray, but let its full power to stay the disease have its way. I, however, took the precaution to only allow a short exposure.

"He seemed surprised not to feel anything. I think that if the treatment had given him twinges of pain he would have been quite as well pleased; but how like God's own agent this light is, so powerful, while so still! Then we had Gerebe Dass taken out, and another leper brought in, and so on till all but one had been exposed.

"Owing to the intense heat and the dust storms in the plains, I have gone to the mountains near Simla, for a brief respite. The unusual heat, however, will soon pass, and the rains will break. The dust storms prevent the working of the machine, so we must wait till they are over before resuming our operations. Will you continue to pray for this machine, and what I am trying to do here, for I am working under great difficulties, not yet having any assistant. I need an intelligent woman to help me."

Dr. Condict Treating Patients With "The Christian Herald" X-Ray Machine

The Gospel for Japanese Soldiers

"SOMETIME ago," writes Rev. H. Loomis, of Yokohama, to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, "there was an appeal in various papers for picture-cards and pictures to give to the sick and wounded Japanese soldiers. A good number have been received. On the back of each card a Scripture text has been pasted, and they have been sent to the hospital transports, to Manchuria, and to the sick and wounded in military and naval hospitals, who receive them joyfully. The pictures have been made in albumots, and 5,000 of these albums have been distributed in the army and navy hospitals, and on the different transports. One missionary writes: 'I took the albums to the hospital and I wish you could have seen the men gather around, wardens and all, looking at them. When I told them I could give them but one in a room, they looked disappointed; and as many as could get up would go to the one who had the book and eagerly wait his turn to get it. From another missionary comes the following: 'The last supply of picture cards and albums you sent came at a most opportune time—just before going to the hospital to visit the wounded from the famous battle of Tsushima.'

"This work of distribution," Mr. Loomis adds, "has been a sincere pleasure, and many hearts have been opened to receive the truths of the Gospel."

LITTLE PILGRIMS TO MONT-LAWN

"WHERE are you going, children?" So the writer greeted an expectant group of little ones, in the Bible House, New York, who had just passed successfully the ordeal of examination by the doctor. They were all upstairs in the large rooms set apart to receive the candidates for Mont-Lawn. "To the country—'way to the country," came the answer, quick and bright, from dozens of eager speakers. "And what do you mean to do there?" A half-dozen shouted "swing"—others liked to "scup" best, and not a few eyes glistened longingly as somebody piped up: "Paddle in the brook."

There was one wee morsel who made no reply. A pathetic little figure she was, very thin and pallid, clad in a new checked gingham slip, which her own tiny fingers had helped to make—and had gotten sadly pricked in the helping—at the Saturday morning sewing class of the missionary who had brought her to us. "Well, dear, what do you mean to do when you get to the country?" For a long moment she thought, running over in her mind every delightful anticipation of the ten wonderful days to come—and then, with an expression which seemed to say that nothing better could possibly be attained, she replied, "I'm going to eat."

The answer brought a smile, but indeed it was a smile akin to tears. So short had been life's journey, and yet so toilsome the road, so beset with privation and scanty nourishment, that the very richest blessing which the poor, starved imagination could portray was, "I'm going to eat." And so—thank God and the dear people upon whose hearts He has laid the cause of the children—she will eat her fill of all the simple, fresh, abundant fare with which the Mont-Lawn tables are laden.

The last hot wave has brought much suffering to the city's inhabitants. Strong men have collapsed, women living in big, roomy houses are overcome by the heat. What wonder, then, that the broiling days witnessed many pale cheeks and heavy eyes among the tenement children. Fortunate indeed are those who go to our Children's Home, where the cool breezes sweep up from the Hudson, through the woods and fields.

A few days ago, a party of returning children, a hundred strong, were being set upon their homeward way. One group of fourteen stood waiting in a corner of the New York Central Station, alert with interest in every feature of the hurrying crowd. Their eager little faces, browned from their ten days' of riot among the meadows, attracted much attention, until first one, and then another of the passers-by paused for sympathetic question. The caretaker offered a few words of explanation, and the questioners soon learned who the tanned little wayfarers were, and whence they had come. A prosperous looking business man forgot for the moment his stocks and bonds, and thrust a bill into the hand of the caretaker, saying: "Here, give 'em all a glass of soda. That CHRISTIAN HERALD Home is a fine thing for the tenement children."

A Tenement Roof their Bedroom

A Familiar Scene in the Tenement Districts of New York during the Heated Term

Just then a little lad trotted up, evidently a petted darling, bound for seashore or mountain with father and mother, who were interested spectators of the scene, and said: "Here's a dollar for the poor children to have a good time, too." Scarcely had he turned away when a sweet-faced lady drew near, and smiling at the chorus of "Yes, ma'am, we've had a fine time," which answered her query, hurried away to secure some change, upon which she pressed a bright new nickel into each hot, little hand, bidding the children to "treat a friend who hadn't been to the country." Thus, the children from Mont-Lawn, returning to their own poor homes, scatter sunshine as they pass, and tired hearts are lighter and stronger to do the world's work, because "a little child in their midst" has inspired them to unselfish thought and action.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has been sending duplicates of the "cot-card," which is placed upon the wall at the head of each endowed bed, to the patrons of the Children's Home who endow such cots. Some responses have been received, which are so replete with deep feeling and purpose that we append a selected few:

Dear friends of THE HERALD, I was pleased with the "cot-card." I may never see the Home, the children or the cot, but the card connects me—so I thank you for it, and the note which came today. These are surely of the Spirit. I said, "He shall teach you all things"—true things, tender things, thoughtful things.

Dear Friends: The "cot card" is received with gratitude. I am much pleased to have it, and shall place it by my boy's picture—and so be constantly reminded, and comforted, too, knowing that some needy child is being made happy at Mont-Lawn. It was my son's last wish before he went to Heaven.

* * *

To send one waif to Mont-Lawn for ten days costs only $3; $6 sends two; $30 makes ten children happy; for $60 a whole colony may be given ten days of delight.

This outing means life itself to many a drooping child. Will you help us save them?

2,200 to 2,500 children come to Mont-Lawn every summer. Some among them are fairly clad, but to the great majority, belonging to the very poorest tenement class, a decent outfit is an unknown luxury and many are in little better than rags. Housemother Collins, therefore, is always glad to receive gifts of cast-off clothing from CHRISTIAN HERALD readers for the use of the little folks. Shoes, hats, waists, skirts, dresses, trousers, blouses, underwear, though a little worn, if still whole and usable, will be appreciated, and will enable her to replace many a tattered, worn-out garment, or to supply the lack where there is none. All gifts of clothing should be expressed (charges prepaid), to the matron at The Children's Home, Nyack-on-Hudson, N. Y.

Contributions of clothing have been received from: Mrs. A. E. Watkins, Greenville, N. J.; Mrs. M. Wood, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. L. Van Der Meer, Hamilton, Mich.; Moravian C. E. Society, Canal Dover, O.; Mrs. H. R. Healey, Jr., Roselle, N. J.; Mr. F. H. Butler, Woodstock, Conn.; Mrs. C. M. Post, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. J. W. Thompson, Granite Falls, Minn.; Miss E. L. Gibhard, Hudson, N. Y.; Earnest Workers, Tenafly, N. J.; Miss Sarah Forbes, New Hamburg, N. Y.; Mr. Baldwin Coolidge, Woburn, Mass.; Mrs. G. B. Walker, Germantown, N. Y.; Mrs. J. A. Hukkamper, East Orange, N. J.; Miss L. E. Blessing, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Miss Dorothy May Hinke, Center Moriches, L. I., N. Y.; Mrs. D. C. Stuart, Wanakena, N. Y.; Mrs. S. J. Jakway, Fair Haven, Vt.; Mrs. Sarah Forbes, New Hamburg, N. Y.; A. E. Carder, Putnam, Can.; Miss Ethel Hehm, New Providence, Pa.; Misses Brauns and Frey, Upper Sandusky, O.; Mrs. S. N. Dawson, Variety Mills, Va.; Miss Vivian Arnold, Jamestown, Mich. H. W. S.

WHERE CHILDREN ARE STARTED RIGHT

OVER sixteen years ago, the Abigail Kindergarten was started at 170 Sullivan Street, in a crowded section of New York City, in an endeavor to save the children from the degrading influences of the streets, and prepare them for something better in life than their parental influence would lead them to.

Every day about four hundred children come under the influence of the Christian teachers of the school in its various departments. A great many more children apply for admittance than can be accommodated, on account of lack of space, and sorrowfully they are turned away. The results reached by the teachers, in the old building now in use, are remarkable, and one cannot help but think what they would be if a properly equipped edifice could be constructed to take the place of the present "ramshackle" structure, as the director calls it.

The children are of all religions and nationalities, and are taken from the streets and prepared for a course of study in some public school. Lessons are given in elementary spelling, numerals, card sewing and other light tasks, enough to teach them to begin to see, think, and reason for themselves. Those who have finished the work in the preparatory department and are attending the public school, are gathered in after the schools close at three in the afternoon, and they are then taught new games, singing and gymnastics. The kindergarten sustains a sewing school for the public schoolgirls, that is taught by Mrs. Devare and several efficient helpers. The children here cut out and make their own garments, which, when finished, they can show with pardonable pride to the people at home. Through the courtesy of the People's University Extension Society a teacher of physical culture has been provided, who instructs a class of abont forty little boys. A class in free drawing has been carried on for several years, and has helped the children to a career based on the knowledge thus gained.

The Kindergarten Sewing-School

Two or three evenings a week, the children of the public schools are gathered in large numbers to talk over matters of practical and spiritual interest to them. The religious instruction is of the kind that most impresses childish hearts. They are told the story of the Saviour and his love of little children, and they are told of the Father, to whom they are responsible for all their acts. The Abigail Kindergarten believes in starting with the root of a child's life, and not waiting until the streets have done their work, and the child is well on the way to the reformatory or worse.

The Gospel in New York's Streets

According to some estimates, there are no less than 990,000 non churchgoers in Manhattan and the Bronx, New York. The only way to reach these is to go out into the highways and byways and take the Gospel to them. This year a band of Christian workers, known as the Evangelistic Association for Open-Air Work, began outdoor meetings early in April. They now carry on the work almost nightly at five places, with good results. The attendance varies from 200 to 1,500. The meetings are held at the following places: Madison Square and Twenty third Street, Fifth Avenue and 125th Street, Lenox Avenue and 125th Street, and Seventh Avenue and 125th Street. Rev. J. J. Munro, 1004 Tinton Avenue, New York, is superintendent of the work.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, Associate Editor — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, Associate Editor

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The Peacemaker

ONCE more our Government assumes the role of peacemaker. Three warlike Central American republics, having quarrelled over their boundaries and other matters, instead of referring the question to arbitration as the only means by which it could be adjusted satisfactorily, fell to furious fighting. While these sanguinary Guatemalans, Salvadoreans, and Hondurancans have been killing, maiming, and capturing each other, we have been striving with might and main to get them to stop long enough to listen to reason. At last, after several pitched battles, and the reported loss of a few thousands in killed and wounded, the belligerents consented to accept President Roosevelt's offer of mediation, in which he was warmly seconded by President Diaz of Mexico. A Peace Conference was arranged, to be held on the United States cruiser *Marblehead*, at which Guatemala and Salvador should each present its respective case. An armistice was quickly agreed upon, and the meeting of the Peace Conference on the American warship's deck marked the close of this war, which had been phenomenally shortlived, even for South America, where wars and revolutions are things of frequent occurrence.

As far as the Conference is concerned, it is merely a matter of detail. That the republics will make up their quarrel amicably and will be slower to flame out in open strife hereafter, may be taken as granted, especially now that they have had an excellent illustration of the manner in which Uncle Sam proposes to keep the promise he made when signing the Hague Convention, viz: to exert every legitimate effort to preserve peace in Central and South America.

Let us hope, too, that the Southern republics will learn the greater lesson: that violence settles no principle, and that the resort to reason is the only sane, enlightened and satisfactory way of adjusting human differences. Peru, Bolivia and Chile have already learned this lesson, and are enjoying the substantial fruits of peace and progress. We hope the lesser republics will now follow their example.

"*Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God.*"

Letting Down the Bars

THE invasion of sport on the Sabbath peace is becoming more marked and more open every year. Where formerly men were apologetic if they played ball, tennis or golf on the Lord's Day, scarcely counting the act as decent and respectable, they now walk forth as a matter of course, devoting to these open-air amusements without the faintest effort at excuse, hours belonging to public worship. Women and children may go to the sanctuary, but men and boys in large numbers do not even make a pretence of attending church. This is not among the poor and hard-working classes, who plead that their hours are long and their labor is exacting during the week. The ranks of the Sabbath-breakers are recruited in these days from professional men, men of wealth, who live lives of comparative ease, and from those who can take a holiday as often as they choose.

The letting down of bars is always perilous. When we concede a single point in Sabbath-keeping, we are very apt to concede everything and to give Satan the right of way; yet the Fourth Commandment has never been repealed. It still stands emphatic and clear, as the Lord's injunction from the sky, to remember the Sabbath Day and keep it holy. The divine compassion provided this pause in weekly labor, this arrest on strenuous endeavor, in order that we might have some space in life for communion with heaven—some time to rest and recruit from the hardships and trials of the week.

Not only in city life has it become unusual to keep the Lord's Day in its perfection, as once was the rule; but the suburbs, amid green fields and flowering shrubs, are intruded upon by noisy and yelling crowds of law-breakers who wreck the sweetness and quiet which dwellers in rural villages have a right to expect. These people come and go. Sometimes, incidentally, they run over and kill old people returning from church, or little children going to Sunday School; but even these atrocities are soon condoned or forgotten, except by the chief sufferers.

Sooner or later we reap as we sow. If we continue as a nation to flaunt our reckless disobedience in the face of God's plain commandments, his judgments will fall upon us. In the single matter of Sunday desecration, we already have a long account to pay. The balance of indebtedness foots up heavily, alas, against Christian people!

The Church Fair Question

At a recent meeting in the First Church, Stamford, N. Y., it was unanimously voted not to hold a fair or sale. As a further expression of approval, a considerable sum in cash was then and there collected, and pledges given for further amounts. This congregation prefers to buy or have their friends purchase their merchandise from legitimate tradesmen, doing an honest business for their own profit, rather than detract from merchants' sales and profits by patronizing church fair, sale, festival, sociable or by whatsoever title of "progressive piety" it is called.

If a church cannot be sustained without turning the House of Prayer into a house of merchandise; if the financial condition is at such a low ebb that it is necessary to attract the world, and if the world can be attracted by the church only through fairs, transforming the platform into a stage, and the choir into very bad opera, making counters of the pews, turning the church into an oyster saloon, the pulpit into an auction block, and doing these things in the name of Jesus Christ, surely that church has outlived its usefulness, and missed its mission, which is to "preach the Gospel to every creature."

This is advanced ground. The Stamford Church is setting an excellent example to many churches which are running down in spirituality through just such methods as are described in this communication. When a congregation is driven to these meretricious expedients, in order to stimulate generosity among its own members, it has become apathetic and unappreciative of its spiritual privileges. Fairs, with their lotteries, raffles, auctions, fortune-tellers, oyster suppers and the like, never yet helped any church in the right direction.

We are glad to know that a large number of churches entertain views on this subject which coincide with those of the Stamford Church. It would be a timely and not unprofitable discussion were all the churches interested to send, through their pastors, their officers or some delegated representative, their views on the Church Fair question to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. We shall be glad to publish both sides of the argument, and to place it before our readers absolutely on its merits, as its advocates present it.

Mid-Week Meetings in Summer

THE mid-week meeting is apt to be neglected in summer. Not long ago, a daughter was dwelling with unaffected tenderness on the character of her father, who had recently gone to the heavenly home. "In forty years," she said, "he was never absent from the weekly prayer-meeting unless prevented by illness. In summer and winter he went faithfully, accompanied by some of the family at times, but often in later years he went alone. 'Now, Father,' some one would say, 'you cannot go out to-night; it is too sultry, and the chapel will be suffocating'; or, 'you cannot get to prayer-meeting in this pouring rain'; or, 'do stay at home to-night—nobody will be there in this storm.' But the good man would smile and take his hat and march sturdily out. He knew that his example told for good, and that at least if he went, and the minister and one or two more, they could claim the blessing promised to two or three when they meet at Jesus' feet."

The testimony to the loyalty and fidelity of this church member was very precious. How many of us, looking back over even one year, can honestly say that we have invariably attended the mid-week meeting when we could. Those who have the habit of going to prayer-meeting know full well that their Christian life receives an impulse there that comes to it in few other places. There is devotional study of the Bible; there is the uplifting of petitions from kindred hearts, and there is the communion of saints. The pulse of the church is in the prayer-meeting. A wilted, drooping, anemic prayer-meeting means a languid and ineffective church. The pastor should not be expected to make the prayer-meeting either interesting or successful; that duty he shares with the members of the church. Not, be it noted, with the women only, but with the men. Whether or not one feels that he is called upon to take an audible part in a meeting is a question for the individual conscience; but, barring other and stronger reasons than mere inclination offers for staying away, a man who belongs to a church is bound in honor to attend its devotional meetings and to let himself be seen there as regularly as at his place of business. This is the spot where he, as God's child, should be about his Father's business.

Reaping the Whirlwind

HAVING sowed the wind, Russia is now reaping the whirlwind. In the rising of the *mujiks* or agricultural peasantry, the government is encountering an obstacle that was foreseen, but which, in view of the obstinacy of the Crown and its advisers in opposing the reforms demanded by the people, may be said to have been deliberately invited.

Immediately after the close of the war with Japan, when the struggle for national reform began at home, Russia sent Gen. Orloff with a strong force of troops to crush the rising tide of insurrection in the northern provinces. His brutal and outrageous methods inflamed rather than pacified the simple people, and after harrying and slaughtering indiscriminately through half a dozen provinces, he was recalled.

But it was too late; the evil was done. And Russia to-day is facing the agrarian conflagration its own generals have kindled. The peasants have risen, and hundreds of fine estates have been devastated; the fairest of Russia's princely provincial homes are in ruins and their owners are fugitives. In Voronesh, Smolensk, Ekaterinoslav, Simbirsk, Bosnitza, and other provinces, the palatial homes of nobles and aristocrats have been burned, beautiful grounds laid waste, farms destroyed, and great stores of hay and forage given to the fire. In some provinces, hardly one estate in ten has escaped, the troops being either powerless to cope with the peasant bands, or refusing to attack them. Even in the cities, the same spirit of revolt is showing itself in strikes and lawless demonstrations.

Taken in conjunction with the extensive revolt in the army, the peasant war indicates the approach of a crisis more serious than any the government has yet encountered. It is daily becoming more evident that the people mean to win in the conflict with the autocracy. They can no longer be hoodwinked by false promises or compromises, nor used as puppets in creating anti-Semitic disturbances to divert attention from the main issue. In the present dangerous public temper, it is clear that the wisest statesmanship and the most liberal reforms will be needed to avert a general insurrection.

In Foreign Fields

—MISSIONARY ENWARN JAMES, M. E. Church, Nanchang, China, is building a new chapel, with seating capacity of 200. The kindliest relations exist between the workers and the people.

—MISSIONARY A. E. BISHOP writes from Guatemala City: "News comes from our colporteur, Garrido, of the conversion of a whole family in Western Guatemala; from Rivera, of the conversion of an idol-maker at Jalapa, in Eastern Guatemala, and from Garcia, of the conversion of another man and his house at fanatical Antigua."

—MRS. E. CHRISTOPHERSON, a missionary of Loting, South China, writes us that foot-binding is still very general among the native women of that section, making it hard for them to come to the Gospel Services. The women workers, however, are being welcomed in many Chinese homes, where Bible instruction is eagerly received. Mrs. Christopherson writes pityingly of the monotonous lives of the rich Chinese women.

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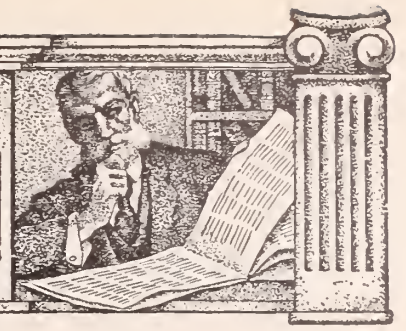
The BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER



Lady Curzon Dead

THREE continents have a mournful interest in the death of the lady whose portrait appears on this page. America was gratified by the fact that one of her daughters had become so distinguished and powerful among the world's rulers; Europe welcomed her as a charming and attractive personality, and in India she is remembered as a beneficent and sympathetic friend of the poor and needy. Lady Curzon was in all her varied relations, and in all ranks of society, a kindly and gracious representative of her native land. It is only eleven years since, as Mary Victoria Leiter, eldest daughter of Mr. Levi Z. Leiter, of Chicago, she married the Hon. George N. Curzon, the son of Lord Scarsdale, of England. The wedding took place in Washington, D. C., and was a memorable social function. Three years afterwards, her husband, who had in the interval been created Baron Curzon, was sent to India as Viceroy. There Lady Curzon, in the new and difficult role of the representative of royalty over a nation of three hundred millions of people, won golden opinions not only from the subject princes, but from the common people, by her many acts of beneficence. During the famines she exerted herself in the work of administering the funds raised in America and in England, and accompanied her husband in his personal tours of inspection. In 1904 her health broke down, and she returned to England to consult her physicians. For a long time her life hung in the balance, but gradually she recovered. She was, however, an invalid from that time, and was obliged to remain in practical retirement. The news of her sudden death, which occurred on July 18, caused profound regret through England, where, as the leading journal said, "her intellectual force, her beauty, grace and tact were universally admired." Her illustrious station, however, gave her no immunity from the attack of the great enemy before whom the poorest must fall.

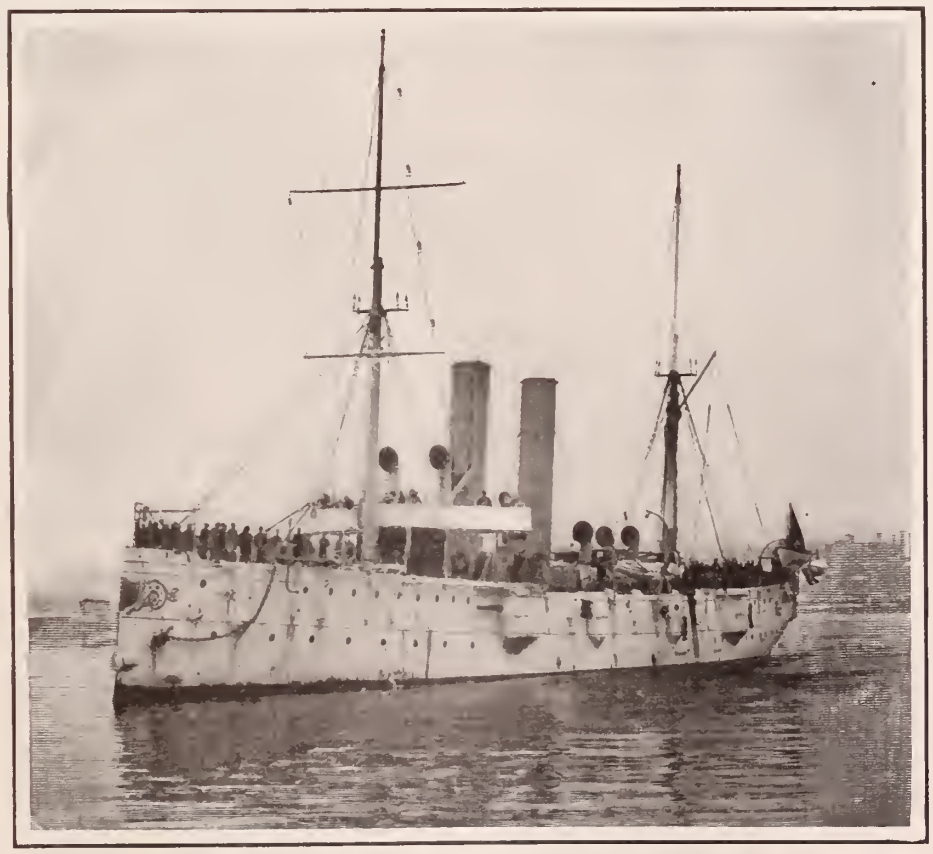
Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is: that I may know how frail I am. O spare me, that I may recover strength, before I go hence, and be no more (Ps. 39: 4, 13).

The Late Lady Curzon

Peace Conference on our Cruiser

Our cruiser, the *Marblehead*, has been engaged in a mission of peace. How gratifying it would be if such duty became the normal work of every fighting ship! Guatemala and Salvador, the belligerent Republics of Central America, unable or unwilling to settle their long-standing differences by negotiation, following the example of the great Powers of Europe, remitted them to the arbitrament of the sword. Honduras, who has grievances of her own against Guatemala, perceiving how good an opportunity the quarrel presented of getting them settled in her favor, united with Salvador in the fight. In several battles, Guatemala, while claiming victory, is said to have been severely beaten by the allies, and both sides were pressing forward in their warlike measures, when President Roosevelt intervened. He was aided by President Diaz of Mexico, who, as head of a Latin Republic, would not be liable to the absurd suspicions which Central and South America entertain of the interested motives of the United States. President Roosevelt, following the precedent which was so successful in the Russo-Japanese settlement, proposed to the warring republics that they come together to discuss their troubles. The President did not propose to act as arbiter, and had no intention of judging the merits of the quarrel, but merely offered the hospitality of the United States and facilities for free discussion. The offer was accepted and the *Marblehead* was placed at their disposal. Each belligerent then appointed three Commissioners, who, with their secretaries, proceeded on board the cruiser, which then took its station five miles off the Guatemalan shore. Two United States diplomats, Mr. Combs, our Minister to Guatemala, and Mr. Merry, our Minister at Salvador, with two representatives of Mexico, went on board, who, having perfect knowledge of the points in dispute, were able to assist in the Conference, or to serve as arbitrators, should the representatives of the belligerent powers need such service. At the same time an armistice was arranged to await the issue of the Conference. The President was not meddling in a quarrel, in which we are not concerned; but was acting strictly within his duty as defined by the Hague Conference, which pledged him to use his influence in the adjustment of any disputes that might arise. Besides which, if our Government is to be responsible for the Central and South American Powers, under the Monroe doctrine, we have the right to exercise our influence in maintaining peace and order there. On both these accounts, as well as on the ground of humanity, President Roosevelt has done a wise and statesmanlike thing in bringing about this Conference, which quickly reached a basis of agreement and signed a treaty of peace.

The fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace (James 3: 18).



The U. S. Cruiser "Marblehead."—Scene of the Peace Conference

A Fatal Sleep

An eminent lawyer of Atlanta, Ga., one of the judges of the city, came to his death a few days ago in a mysterious manner. He was on his way to New York on a business trip, travelling on the steamer *Kansas City*. Two of his friends were on the steamer with him and spent the last evening of his life with him in cheerful conversation. Shortly before midnight the two friends retired to their state-rooms, but the judge said that as the heat was so great, he would pass the night in a steamer chair. They saw him making himself comfortable, as they left him. The next morning his chair was empty and there was no trace of him on board. As there was not the slightest suspicion of his having committed suicide, they were mystified about his death. The most probable explanation is that he had a habit of sitting on the rail, holding on to a stanchion, to enjoy the full benefit of the breeze. He had been sitting so on the day before his disappearance and at other times. His friends think he must have done so that night, and, falling asleep in that position, lost his hold on the stanchion and fell into the sea. It was a melancholy event, and is deplored by a large circle of friends. That a man so intelligent should have done so risky a thing is astonishing, but doubtless he had no idea he would fall asleep there. In a material as in a spiritual sense we have need to pray:

Consider and hear me, O Lord my God: lighten my eyes, lest I sleep the sleep of death (Ps. 13: 3).

Terrors of Lion-Taming

An advertisement by the proprietor of a menagerie at Coney Island, attracted about fifty girls last week. The proprietor proposed to increase the attractions of his show by employing a lady lion-tamer. The applicants were all confident that they possessed the necessary nerve, and were eager to secure the position. They were a little crestfallen, however, when they were asked to sign an undertaking that if they were hurt or killed by any of the animals, no claim for damages should be made by them or their relatives. They realized that there was some risk in the business, when such a contingency was provided for, and about half of the applicants retired from the novel contest. As the others were congregated about the door of the arena, some one opened the door of the lion cage, and a lioness walked out. At the same moment, a pistol was discharged in one of the adjacent buildings and the lioness took fright. With a bound she reached the centre of the group of girls, knocking several of them down. Two keepers rushed to the scene and drove the startled animal back to her cage. None of the girls was hurt, but it was noticed that all were indifferent about getting the appointment. It is often so with people who are confident of their power to resist the enemy, who goeth about as a roaring lion, but fail before his first assault. All have need to remember the warning:

Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall (I. Cor. 10: 12).

BRIEF NOTES

Dr. George F. Pentecost has a remarkable record of regularity in preaching. In a ministry of forty-five years he has preached on every Sunday except fourteen.

Rev. W. E. Needham, "Artist Evangelist," is conducting a campaign in the city of Westchester, Pa. Rev. B. C. Needham and Rev. Thomas Needham are also interested in the work, which is drawing large audiences.

An English Congregational minister, vexed at the collection plates showing a preponderance of copper over silver coins, preached recently from the text, II. Timothy 4: 14: "Alexander the coppersmith did me much evil."

IN MY COOL VERANDA NOOK

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

SUMMER BOARDERS AND THE SUMMER HOSTESS

PAYING guests, as the summer boarders are courteously styled, hasten to the country in flocks when August brings its holiday rest to thousands of busy toilers. During July, the schools being closed for the annual long vacation, mothers and children in large numbers seek the open air and freedom of the farm and the tranquil beauty of the fields. It will be noted that places of gay resort, inns by the shore, and summer hotels, are sought either by tourists, who are enjoying the luxury of tramps through the hills and vales, or by young people who crave excitement and fun, and what is called a good time, in their outing. Families in which there are little children, prefer quiet, and look for homes where rich dress and frequent changes are not thought essential to the pleasure of the season.

There has been in recent years a marked tendency toward the transplanting of entire households from the city to the country in the summer, many people renting a furnished cottage and setting up housekeeping on a simple scale, in preference to boarding. Others try camp life, and get as near to nature as possible, living in the woods and cutting loose from accustomed city luxuries. Notwithstanding these exceptions, the army of summer boarders is never small, and the summer hostess who has ample room and a desirable situation, tries to add to her income by opening her house to those who want rest and change.

* * *

A mistake too often made by the summer hostess, is in the ideal she has in mind of what city boarders require. One absolute necessity of comfort, from their point of view, she is very prone to ignore or neglect. The plague of flies that infests an otherwise clean and attractive farmhouse, in the eyes of the average fastidious citizen is unspeakably revolting. One falls asleep at night in a room where flies have already ensconced themselves on the ceiling and in shadowy corners. Early in the morning, the drowsiness that is the agreeable aftermath of a good night's rest, is disturbed and dissipated by the exasperation of flies on the counterpane, flies on the pillow, flies on the face and hands. At the breakfast table flies pervade everything, dropping into the hot coffee and the cold milk with impartial alacrity, to the disgust of those who came to breakfast with a reasonably good appetite.

The summer hostess who would receive paying guests season after season, should be at the preliminary pains to screen every window in her house and to protect every door with a second door of wire-netting.

Another caution has to do with the location of the barn and the pig-pen. If the latter be too near the house, odors not of Araby the blest will mingle with the scent of honeysuckles and roses when the wind comes in a certain direction. Unsightly objects of all sorts, and especially an untidily kept barnyard, detract from the pleasure of summer guests. Lawns, flower-beds and the general surroundings of a house that opens itself to the public should be in good order, so that they may add to the gratification for which people are willing to pay liberally.

As to the table, it should be well served with plain, perfectly cooked food. Usually pies and cakes are very good in the country, but bread is often heavy or sour. "The only good things we had in the mountains last summer," said a lady on her return to her home, "were good water and pure air. The table was very poor." City markets afford so much room for choice, that a city table in summer may often be more deliciously spread than a table in the country; but where there is a good garden, fresh vegetables ought to be plenty, berries ought to be had for the picking, and cream, milk, and eggs should be of the best. The hostess who can assure her boarders of these luxuries, will prove popular and receive unstinted appreciation.

Something is to be said to the guests themselves. They should not ask impossibilities, nor find fault with what cannot be helped. A spirit of criticism and a habit of talking to others about the shortcomings of the house, are alike blameworthy. Summer guests should not permit their children to take liberties in another house that would be forbidden at home. They ought not to make unnecessary trouble for their entertainers. When meals are served, they should be ready to take them. Furthermore, and this is more important than the unitiated think, they should settle their bills promptly, according to mutual understanding. When the Sabbath comes, they should respect its sacredness and abstain from anything that will invade its peace.

The summer hostess and the summer guest together have a good chance to establish delightful friendships. They are in a position to help one another on the common road by which we are all journeying to our Father's House in the Homeland. Friction may be minimized and pleasant intercourse assured, if Christian people on both sides live according to the precepts of Christ.

A GROUP OF MOROCCO WOMEN

THE women of Morocco are remarkably pretty in their early youth, and their picturesque costume and love of ornament set off well their dark eyes and hair. Their beauty does not often last until middle age, as they then have a tendency to corpulence, which, to our Western eyes, robs them of grace, and gives even the handsomest women of that country a look of coarseness.

Open Air and Health

A very few years ago people in general would have been aghast had physicians ordered windows to be widely opened in sick rooms, so that currents of air might freely penetrate every corner. Our grandfathers and grandmothers used to fill up crevices with list and wadding to keep the air out, and particularly in illness were they afraid of a draught. As for sending a patient to live out-of-doors, both night and day, in pulmonary trouble, it would once have been thought a freak of insanity to make such a suggestion. To-day, thousands of people are recovering from illness without other medicine than sunlight, fresh air and good food. We have learned that there is health and vitality outside of our houses. The more freely we breathe pure air, the more we accustom ourselves to living out-of-doors, the sooner shall we be immune from many forms of illness.

TO SAVE THE BIRDS

THE recent decided measures taken in the interests of forestry and agriculture in New York State, indicate a determination on the part of the Commissioners to save the birds. Sentiment has been invoked in vain. There must be, we grieve to say, a latent strain of barbarity in the gentle breasts of women, or long since they would have ceased to adorn their heads with hats trimmed at the expense of bird-life.

The costumes of savage peoples move us to mirth, and we smile at their feathers and shells and tawdry ornaments. But when we see a lovely girl proudly wearing a bird or a wing on her hat, and observe the milliners' windows crowded with such decoration, we think there is little to be said in our favor. A descent was made not long ago in Rochester by the police, acting under orders, and department stores and milliners' shops were obliged to give up wares that were under ban. Feathers, plumes and wings were seized, and the legality of this traffic is to be tested before the Supreme Court.

Birds are the friends of man. If we destroy the birds, we lose not only their songs and the charm of their bright presence about our homes, but we lose also their wonderful aid in destroying insects that prey upon trees and ruin the crops. If we want grain and fruit, if we desire shade and the protection of our grand forests, we must not allow the slaughter of our birds. Merely for decorative effect ribbons and flowers are more beautiful on women's heads than are ornaments composed of feathers and wings.

Music in Home Life

The mother who sings to her babies, whose sweet voice soothes them when they are fretful and wafts them nightly to dreamland, is giving her children a real influence for good in the very beginning of their lives. Music in the home has a sweet uplifting and inspiring effect, and, more than anything else within the reach of the multitude, it soothes asperities of temper and adds to the daily joy.

We have grown as a nation in our knowledge of good music and are less satisfied than of old with mere jingle and tinsel. But the pendulum may swing too far in this direction. A piano or violin in the house, or a banjo, and somebody who can play homely things that homely people easily understand, are a guarantee that there will be good fellowship and fun and happy evenings there. We make too little of fun. Most of us are much too serious. We take life as if it were all a grind and as though there were no room in it for relaxation. No wonder children and youth rush away from homes that are always clad in sober gray.

A piano is a centre around which a great deal of genial family life may cluster. The mother's song sets the keynote for the happiness of all the household. An elderly woman said one day, "Whenever Sunday comes I seem again to hear my father singing about the house his favorite hymn":

> How happy are they
> Who their Saviour obey,
> And have laid up their treasure above.

What a blessed memory was this to carry through life.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—BILL, JR. For the trouble of which you speak, you would best consult your family physician.

—S. R. B. Both china and silver are in good taste and fashionable. If you have a silver tea set, do not hesitate to use it.

Your Father Calls, Come Home

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

*By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts**

WE need to study the whole sermon in which this greatest of parables is found to understand its full meaning. The fifteenth and sixteenth chapters of Luke make up one sermon of Jesus on God's part and man's, in individual salvation. The part of God the Father, is pictured in the father of the prodigal waiting with a welcome for the return of the sinner, who, though a wayward son, can never get beyond the father's love. The Son of God, Jesus Christ, is pictured in the shepherd, who goes out seeking the lost sheep "until he finds it." The Holy Spirit is the light in the hand of the searching woman who pictures the evangelistic church. The sinner is pictured, in the preciousness of his soul, stamped with the image of God, in the lost piece of money, in his propensity to wander, in the lost sheep; while the prodigal story brings out the decisive part of the human will, both in going from God and in coming back. The part of the adversary in man's salvation, the devil's part, is taken in this case by the proud church member, the Pharisee, who will not rejoice at the salvation of any but the most respectable people. We see his spirit in the elder brother, in the unjust steward, and in Dives in hell, to which he has gone because he kept his money for selfish uses. The next lesson will be a study of these Pharisaic church people. To-day we will consider only those partners in a soul's salvation that are pictured in the story of the Prodigal Son.

1. Wandering Away. The story is of a rich farmer with two grown boys, between whom he expects to divide the big farm. But the younger son is not content with a life of useful toil, combined with wholesome moral restraints. He wants to have his own way, though he knows his father's way is best. He demands in cash, at once, whatever will be his share of the property at his father's death. That his father allows his foolish request means that the human will must have free choice, even though its choices are often disastrous. A stone has no choice, and so can have no sin and no virtue. Only to creatures with free wills is there responsibility, and only where there is responsibility can there be any merit or demerit in an act. When having our own way makes us so much trouble, it is amazing that we prefer it to God's wise and loving way. Even when we say: "Thy will be done," it is usually in semitones, not in joy.

The turning point in this young man's life was when he decided to ask for a life away from his father's watch and care. When he willed to do that, he took the first long step toward the "far country," which he thought was a land of joy, but which proved a land of sin and shame and sorrow. At a festival recently given to their teachers by the pupils of the Chinese Sunday Schools in New York City, the following story of the Prodigal Son by a Chinese was read: "A man, he two sons. Son speak he to father; father got money; give some he; father he take it all right. I just now give you half. He give him half; he go long way—like me come China to New York. No be careful of money, use too much; money all gone; he very hungry. He went to man. He want work, he say; all right; he tell him to feed pigs. He give pigs beans; he eat with pigs himself. He just now talk: 'My father, he rich man—too much money. What for me stay here hungry? I want to go back and see my father. I say to him, I very bad. He knows I bad. No be son, me be coolie.' He go back; long way, father see him. He take him on the neck. The son say: 'I very bad. I just now no be your son; I coolie.' His father talkey to boy, and say: 'Get handsome coat; give he ring, give he shoes; bring fat cow, kill him, give him to eat.' They very glad. He all same dead; just now come back alive; he lost; he get back.

"Number one son come. He hear music; he tell servant: 'What for they make music?' He say: 'Your brother come back; your father very glad he no sick; he kill fat cow.' Number one son very angry; he no go inside; very angry. Father he come out; he say: 'No, no be angry.' Number one son he say: 'I stay all time by father: never make him angry. My father never kill one fat cow for me. My brother, he very bad; he use money too much; he have fat cow and music.' Father say: 'You no understand; he just dead; he now come to life; he lost, he now come back.' They make music." In describing the meeting of the father and the eldest son, he came up to the preacher, and putting his hand on his shoulder, said in a soothing tone: "No, no get angry."

In a mission station in India the missionary tells that "a boy came to buy a Gospel. We gave him St. Luke's, and, turning to the parable of the Prodigal Son, we asked him to read it. After he had read it, he told us in his own words what he had read and we explained it. The next day he came for another Gospel, and the catechist gave him St. Matthew's. He came back to the tent soon after and said: "I don't like this. I should like one the same as I had before." "Why would you like the same?" we asked. "I took the one I bought before," he said, "and read the story you pointed out to me to a man in the village. It was so nice that he wanted the book, so I sold it to him, and I want another for myself."

"I will arise and go to my Father"

2. A Wasted Life. The prodigal learned that waste brings want and woe. The life he had seen in his imagination as a life of real pleasure was only a mirage to the thirst of his soul for satisfying joy. The very Napoleon of prodigals, Byron—rich, titled, talented, applauded in many lands—was not content with these, but must wander away from his full manhood into disgraceful beastliness seeking pleasure. Did he really find it? Hear his answer in his last hours, that he had never seen more than twelve happy days in all his life. Even these were not days of pure satisfaction. Robert Pollok wrote of him:

Great man! the nations gazed, and wondered much
And praised: and many called his evil good.
Wits wrote in favor of his wickedness:
And kings to do him honor took delight.
Thus full of titles, flattery, honor, fame:
Beyond desire, beyond ambition full,
He died.—He died of what? Of wretchedness.
Drank every cup of joy, heard every trump
Of fame: drank early, deeply drank; drank draughts
That common millions might have quenched—then died
Of thirst, because there was no more to drink.

What a life his might have been had he heard the voice of Christ saying: "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink!"

The prodigal son exhibited a more manly spirit in going to work feeding swine, though the employment was dirty and low and the fare coarse and scant, than he would if he had sat down to growl and curse his luck, or gone around a beggar or a thief. The Bible says, "Go to work;" "Eat your own bread." But Jesus in making this rich young Jew help to raise pork, the food his race considered unclean and unfit to eat, meant to show how desperate was his case. That was the only thing left between him and starvation. And it is also an intimation of the close fellowship that exists between prodigals and swine. Even as we write, the papers are full of the story of an architect of great talent, who, in one of the lofty buildings that proclaimed his skill, had lived a life of wholesale debauchery, preying on young girls and reveling with light-minded women. And in that building he was shot to death by the husband of one he had wronged. The autopsy showed that his vices would have slain him in two years more. And this swinish debauchery is what the theatres call "gayety" and "comedy." It is rather misery and tragedy even in this world. And when we see how many such men get no adequate punishment in this world, hell appears to be a necessity to the conception of a well-ordered world ruled by a just God. It would be enough to make a thoughtful man an atheist if the Bible revealed no Supreme Court, where the men who escape justice here by bribery or social influence, will get their deserts.

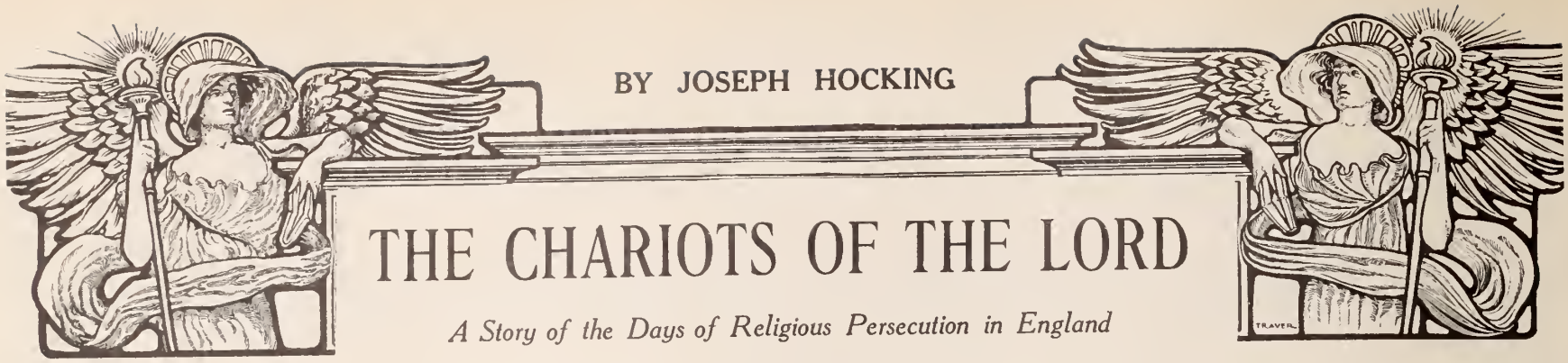
3. Awakening. "He came to himself" signifies a return to reason after a period of madness. What else is sin but self-wrought madness? A child defined drunkenness as getting "crazy on purpose." The same definition applies to the intoxication of anger, as when a Congressman so far dethrones reason as to draw a knife for an argument in debate, or a Senator clinches his fists to prove his case. The libertine and the gambler are also in a more permanent degree self-made demoniacs. The dishonest man is demented. His passion for money blinds him to the fact that to get it dishonestly, and so disgracefully, takes from it the very honor and satisfaction for which he seeks it. What are riches without reputation but "jewels in a swine's snout?" The enchantress Circe, of Homer's Odyssey, who turned men to hogs, has under her spell all who grovel in selfishness, whether it be that of the miser or the prodigal. Thank God, there is one who can break the spell of selfishness and lead on and up the heights of self-denial, self-respect, self-sacrifice. The Holy Spirit came to the helpless and hopeless prodigal and his soul was awakened.

4. The Welcome Home. A poor woman lost her only daughter in the vicious whirlpool depths of London life. The girl left a pure home, to be drawn into the gulf of guilty misery and abandonment. The mother, with a breaking heart, went to Dr. Barnardo, and, telling him the story, asked if he could help to find the lost one. The genial doctor said: "Yes, I can. Get your photograph taken, frame a good many copies, write under the picture 'Come home,' and send them to me." The doctor sent the photographs to the gin-palaces, music halls, and other places which wretched outcasts are in the habit of frequenting, and got them hung in conspicuous places. One night the girl, with some companions in sin, as she entered one of these dens of iniquity, saw her mother's *carte*. Struck with astonishment, she looked closely at it, and saw the invitation written beneath. To whom was it addressed? To her? Yes. She saw by that token that she was forgiven, and that night she returned to her mother's arms, just as she was. In the parable of the Prodigal Son, the Son of God has made a picture of our Father in heaven, to be hung up in every land and before every man by our evangelistic and missionary endeavors, and under it everywhere the quickened souls of men read the Father's invitation: "O prodigal child, come home."

"This my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found"

For example, the great artist, Gustave Dore, in his youth sold his genius to illustrate a foul book with foul pictures. He was afterwards ashamed of it, and gave himself to the Scriptural pictures for which he is famous. But that sin of his youth could not be called back. The pictures were beyond his control, and will for a century continue to tempt and destroy. And after his death, this sin of his youth was brought against him by the critics when biographers sought to glorify his otherwise useful life. One of the proverbial philosophers of America has said that a shattered reputation may be mended, but people will always be sure to keep their eyes on the place where the crack was. "God's forgiveness does not imply man's forgetfulness." The Persians have a proverb: "The mercy of Allah may forgive thee, but not the tongues of men."

*International Sunday School Lesson for August 12. The parable of the two sons, Luke 15: 11-32. GOLDEN TEXT: "Return unto me, and I will return unto you, saith the Lord," Mal. 3: 7.



BY JOSEPH HOCKING

THE CHARIOTS OF THE LORD

A Story of the Days of Religious Persecution in England

CHAPTER XXXIII.—Continued

"YOUR Highness commands me to go," said Trelawney to the Prince. "That is enough."

"Do you think if Lord Jeffreys discovered you in London, he would still seek to punish you because of the part you took in the Monmouth rebellion?"

"I am sure he would," replied Trelawney.

The Prince smiled. "I doubt it much," he said presently.

Benedict looked at him inquiringly; but he said no word. He knew that William of Orange was not fond of being questioned.

"To-night you must come here again," said William. "I will then have all my orders ready. Of course, you understand that you will have to go absolutely alone."

"I am glad for that," replied the young Cornishman.

That same night Trelawney had left the Hague on his way to England. In spite of himself his heart beat high with hope. At last he believed that his vow would be fulfilled, that the dream of years would be realized.

On arriving in England, on the coast of Essex, he bought a horse, and rode with all speed to London. While on the way he had wondered much whether harm had happened to his relative, and as he drew near to the city and noticed the look of anxiety on the faces of the people his heart sunk with fear.

When Benedict arrived at Fleet Street, he put up his horse at an inn, and then found his way towards Westminster Hall. When he reached Whitehall, he found the thoronghfare thronged with such a multitude of people, that it was with difficulty he made his way. On every hand he heard men breathing forth threatenings against the Jesuits, the Pope, and Papists generally. The crowd seemed on the tiptoe of excitement. All believed that the bishops were the victims of the King, backed by Jesuit lies, and effigies of the Pope were exhibited by the multitude, only to be hooted at, and trampled under foot.

"Is it possible to get within Westminster Hall?" asked the young Cornishman, when at length he drew near.

"Get into the Hall?" was the answer. "You could easier get into the King's own chambers. It hath been filled by thousands of people for more than an hour."

"Is the King there?"

"Nay, he dare not go," was the reply. "God grant he may not long be King."

No notice was taken of these treasonable words. Rather those who heard them assented to them. Trelawney felt that William of Orange was right when he told him that it would no longer be dangerous for him to be in England.

Meanwhile, the multitude talked in low, wondering tones, while the hands of the clocks in the vicinity drew nearer and nearer the hour when it was announced that the decision of the jury would be made known.

When at length the clock struck ten the great multitude held its breath. Would the bishops be acquitted or not? The people felt that for this time the Church stood for the liberties of the people, and as such, the seven bishops were applanded and beloved.

A number of stalwart Cornishmen, who had come all the way from their native county, murmured one to another as the clock ceased striking.

"Ef anything d'appen to Sur John Trelawney," said one, "London shall be razed to the ground, that et shall."

"Iss, by the heaven above us oal, et shall," said another.

A minute later Trelawney heard a great noise, but whether it was a shout of gladness or a cry of despair, he could not for the moment tell.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

HE was not long kept in doubt, however. The cry which rose from thousands of hearts was a cry of great joy. The seven bishops who had dared to stand by the Constitution, and had braved the anger of the King, were acquitted. They were found to be guilty of neither rebellion, treason, nor libel. They had only maintained national liberties and the rights of the people.

"Acquitted! Acquitted!"

The word went from lip to lip like wildfire, and everywhere it went it was followed by a shout of rejoicing. Never had such a scene been seen within the precincts of Westminster Hall; never had the populace been known to rejoice with so great a joy since the days when the Spanish Armada was driven from British shores. The huzzas of the people at Westminster reached Temple Bar; so great was the excitement that for nearly an hour none of the formalities of the trial could be complied with in the King's Bench.

When those who had tried to condemn the Bishops made their appearance they were met with groans and hisses; but when at length the bishops and the jury were seen by the people they were in danger of bodily injury, because the crowd thronged around them to pay them homage. Churches were thrown open and filled with rejoicing worshipers.

"It is a promise of liberty, of justice," was the cry everywhere. "It means that after all the Pope is not to be our master."

But even these manifestations of joy were tempered by many doubts.

"The King is still King," it was said. "He will not give up because of one failure."

"Then we must have another King," some dared to say, but even yet their mutterings were low. The hand which for years had been crushing them was not yet paralyzed.

As for James, he was that morning visiting the camp at Hounslow Heath, and he was in Lord Faversham's tent when the news reached him of the verdict.

He quitted the camp and drove towards London. No sooner had he left than the soldiers broke into shouts of rejoicing.

"What does that uproar mean?" he demanded.

"Nothing," was the reply. "The bishops are set at liberty."

That night the rejoicings of the people increased. Cheering, rockets, bonfires were everywhere to be seen and heard. A huge pile of faggots blazed right in front of the great gate at Whitehall, while others were lighted at the very doors of the Roman Catholic peers.

"God bless the Reformed Faith!"

"Down with the Pope, the cause of all our trouble!"

"And down with all tyrants!"

The King heard this from his own apartments, and his face became black as thunder.

"By the mass, they shall pay for this!" he cried. "If it costs me my crown they shall pay for this."

"Shall the soldiers be called out, your Majesty?"

"No, no." Perhaps James thought of what he had heard in the camp that day. "Hark, what is that?"

It was a voice that rose high and loud. It seemed as though the people had been hushed into silence that they might hear it. Every word reached the ear of the King, and as he heard he trembled.

The Chariots of the Lord are coming!" it said. "I see the horsemen thereof. I see the gleaming of the spears. I hear the rumblings of the wheels. The Chariots of the Lord are coming! Woe to the tyrant King! Woe to the child of the Scarlet Woman!"

"Who dares say that?" cried the King.

"It is the same voice," said Sunderland.

"What voice?"

"Do you not remember, your Majesty? It was when we were in the Park. We were then talking over your Majesty's plans, when someone said nearly the same words."

"Shall I ever forget it?" said the King. "But, faugh! it was but a madman, even as those people are either drunk or mad."

"Nevertheless, it will be well to be prepared," said Sunderland.

"Prepared for what?"

"Already there are rumors that your Majesty's son-in-law is being asked to bring an army to England," was the reply. "If he hears of what hath taken place to-day it may be he will be persuaded."

"See to it that every port, every harbor is watched," said the King. "Let every man suspected of treason be put to death."

"We must be careful, your Majesty; the people are in a strange humor."

"People! People!" snarled the King. "I am tired of this. Am I not King?"

"Nevertheless, if the feeling rises much higher, no man who is faithful to our religion will be safe," urged Castlemaine.

"Trust me," said the King. "I will make every Bible-worshiping hot-gospeler tremble. What Louis is doing in France I will do with tenfold more rigor. People shall see that the Church hath a sword as well as a gospel."

As night came on, and many people found their way into St. Margaret's Church, Benedict Trelawney entered with the crowd. The service was being conducted without much order or method. The people were too excited to pay much heed to ordinary observances. When the sermon came on the young man listened carefully, hoping to learn something of the feeling of the clergy towards the Crown. But the preacher was a timorous man. He only thanked God for the release of the bishops, but made no reference to the King.

He quickly left, therefore, and seeing that the doors of the Abbey were opened, he entered. A number of people were there, some on their knees, thanking God for the deliverance of the bishops, while others talked in eager whispers. As he walked around he could not help believing that he was followed. He, therefore, stepped behind a pillar in order to watch unobserved.

He had scarcely taken up this attitude when he heard a voice close to his ear.

"Listen, but do not look around, whatever happens do not look behind you."

It was a girlish voice; but he felt sure it was not the voice of the one woman of whom he had been thinking throughout the day.

"Remember the words of Peter the Madman; they will come true."

He still kept in the same position.

"The Lord Chancellor is beginning to fear."

After this there was a silence, but remembering the first words he had heard he kept his eyes in the same place.

"When danger comes, he will fly," continued the voice presently, "and he will endeavor to take the marriage contract with him. Everything depends on obtaining that."

Again there was a silence; and although Benedict longed to see who spoke to him, he did not move his head.

"Put your right hand behind your back."

Almost involuntarily he obeyed.

"You need not be afraid to do what this letter says," continued the voice, as he felt a scroll of paper in his hand.

Again he waited, but hearing nothing more he turned his head. Whoever had spoken to him had gone, but the letter remained. The light in the Abbey was not sufficient to allow him to read. Even if it had been he would have been afraid of watchful eyes. He felt sure it was not Mary who had spoken to him; nevertheless, he connected her with what had taken place.

He left the Abbey and again found his way into the streets. The city was still all agog with excitement; the people still shouted with delirious joy.

Benedict longed to make himself known, but he dared not. There was a light in an adjacent window. He approached it and read the letter which he had so mysteriously received in the Abbey.

This was what was written:

Go without delay to the house of Lord Russell and demand admittance. The great Protestant Council is being held to-night. They are wavering. You can tell them what will turn the scale towards liberty. When you arrive at Russell's house send your demand for admittance by letter. Write the words, "I have come from the Dutch Prince," then sign your name in full. I need not tell you to be bold. DUM SPIRO SPERO.

That was all; but it set Trelawney's nerves tingling. He recognized the handwriting. The letter was written by the woman he loved. There could be no doubt of it; she had discovered his presence in London and had sent her message

He was not long in reaching the house of Lord Russell. He left the main thoroughfares where the crowds assembled and thus was able to move rapidly. No one paid heed to him. The wild excitement created by the news of the morning had not yet passed away. He was admitted to the house of the great English lord without delay, and in a few seconds after having asked for entrance, he stood in a large, dimly-lighted room where several men sat in solemn conclave.

"Trelawney!" said one almost the moment he entered. "Of the Cornish family? A descendant of Sir John Trelawney, a favorite of Henry IV.?"

"Yes, my Lord Shrewsbury," replied Benedict quietly. He knew the man who had spoken.

"Well, tell us what you desire."

"I will only say this. I came from the Dutch Prince. He hath spoken freely to me concerning the messages he hath received from my Lord Russell and others."

"And what is your judgment?"

"That if you are going to strike, the blow must be struck quickly."

TO BE CONTINUED

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Syria's Wonder-Working College

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 647

Stamboul on the Bosphorus to Wadi Halfa in the valley of the Nile, students came.

To-day, on the valuable forty acres, are eleven substantial and imposing buildings. The Administration Building, Assembly Hall, Morris K. Jesup Hall, George E. Post Scienee Hall, and College Hall proper, are signally attraetive. It is called a "College," but far less pretentious placcs in the United States are dubbed universities. Here, in addition to a thorough preparatory department, are divisions for a classical course, as we recognize it in Cisatlantic circles, an exhaustive and well-equipped Medical Department, a commercial division and a very apropos School of Arehæology and Philology. There is an admirable observatory.

The finances of the College are cared for, and a good deal of the money received is furnished by a New York Board of Trustees, composed of Morris K. Jesup, president; D. Stuart Dodge, treasurer and corresponding secretary; Samuel S. Dennis, Alexander Maitland, V. Everit Macy and Cornelius C. Cuyler. The College is not an eleemosynary institution, but charges are moderate, and in a climate such as Syria's, living is so cheap that the student's expenses are far below those incident to attendance at an American institution.

When the College opened, the attendance was sixteen; now, after forty years of life, the classes number 752, actually enrolled and at work, while from the faculty of two has grown a corps of fifty-four splendidly equipped and thoroughly adequate instructors. Dr. Howard S. Bliss, the president, is a masterful, competent, wide-sympathied man, but he would be first to point to the figure of his venerable sire, and say, "To him be the honor." Dr. Daniel Bliss—tall, snow-crowned, with the features of a leader and the magnetism of one who has gone about doing good,would tell you of his help-meet, spared—as may she long be—to do as much for amelioration by force of example as he could hope to do by precept. The twain have reached the golden-wedding stage, and their name and fame are known of all from Constantinople to Damascus, from Athens to the upper cataract of the Nile.

"I have asked the students to gather in Assembly Hall, Admiral," said President Bliss, as the shadows lengthened eastward, "and I know you will be as interested in seeing them as they in greeting you. I promise you a sight the world may scarcely parallel."

He spoke truth. In the hall were fully six hundred youths, ranging in age from the lad of fifteen to the bearded man of thirty, or thirty-five. In the open, ninety per cent. of the headgear would have been fezzes, and not a few Syrians wore shirts, sashes, and even trousers of hues more pronounced than Occidentals are wont to see or use. There were some Americans, but of these an overwhelming majority had been naturalized in the States, and had returned to Syria to be educated. There were Turks, Armenians, Persians, Greeks, Italians,Jews, Egyptians,Arabs, Bedouins, Soudanese—in short almost every Oriental race or tribe within a radius of 1,000 miles was represented. Attentive, intelligent, dignified, they sat as the Admiral entered, but, at a permissive sign from their president, rose as one, and gave Uncle Sam's uniform and the man who wore it, three cheers and a tiger, as hearty as ever pealed.

"Now the college yell, gentlemen," said the president, and this emblem of civilization must have appealed to barbaric memories, for a more cacophonous conglomerate of broken syllables, shrieks and squeals it has never been my fortune to hear. He is a wise president, is Dr. Bliss, and to put his charges into proper mood he asked them to sing *Alma Mater*. How they did roll it out, to be sure, and with what unction, telling of real love for their College and of high endeavor to honor it then and thenceforward. I quote two stanzas, and ask you to remember that from the windows of the hall the singers could see the purpled waters of the suggestive Mediterranean, the snow-steeped summits of Kanesi, Sannin and other peaks of the Lebanon range:

ALMA MATER

Far, far above the waters of the deep blue sea,
Lies the campus of the college,where we love to be.
Far away, behold! Kanesi! far beyond Sannin!
Rising hoary to the heavens, clad in glorious sheen.

From the islands of the ocean, from the banks so green
Of the great Egyptian river, or from Palestine;
From the waters of Abana, Pharpar Damascene,
We salute thee, Alma Mater! Oriental Queen.

Then Dr. Bliss spoke to the young men, introducing the distinguished sailor in fitting terms. Admiral Sigsbee spoke for twenty minutes reminiscently, earnestly, advisingly. He predicted great advancement from the existence of this college, and that of Dr. Roberts in Constantinople as *foci*. He was listened to with deep attention, and cheered to the echo.

As we walked back to his house, I asked Dr. Bliss about the religious phase of the college work, noting, as anyone must have done, that in the assemblage just quitted, were Mohammedans, Copts, Buddhists, Jews, Greek and Roman Catholics, Armenians and Sun-worshippers, as well as Protestants.

"We are not in the proselyting business," he answered. "The College was built and made possible, and is, in a measure, sustained by money given by Protestant Christians in far-off America. The religious observances are, and of right should be, Protestant; Protestant prayers must be heard in chapel, Protestant hymns sung, and a Protestant Bible expounded. But we would as soon think of coercing a man into Vegetarianism or Socialism as into Protestantism."

Such is the spirit of the Syrian Protestant College; but it must not be imagined that there are no converts. The logic of Christian education and the force of spiritual example have done good work here, as they are bound to do everywhere in winning men to the Gospel.

We were destined to hear still more of the College later when in Egypt. His Highness the Khedive had words of praise for the excellence in character of the Egyptians graduated at Beirut. His Excellency the Sirdar spoke of the admirable doctors the army under his command had absorbed from the medical alumni; while Lord Cromer was highly complimentary when he spoke of the engineers who,taught in the Syrian College,came to the big problems of irrigation and road-construction interesting Egypt nowadays, with trained intelligence, good health, and a much desired acquaintance with modern methods in hygiene.

A Bunch of Wild Flowers

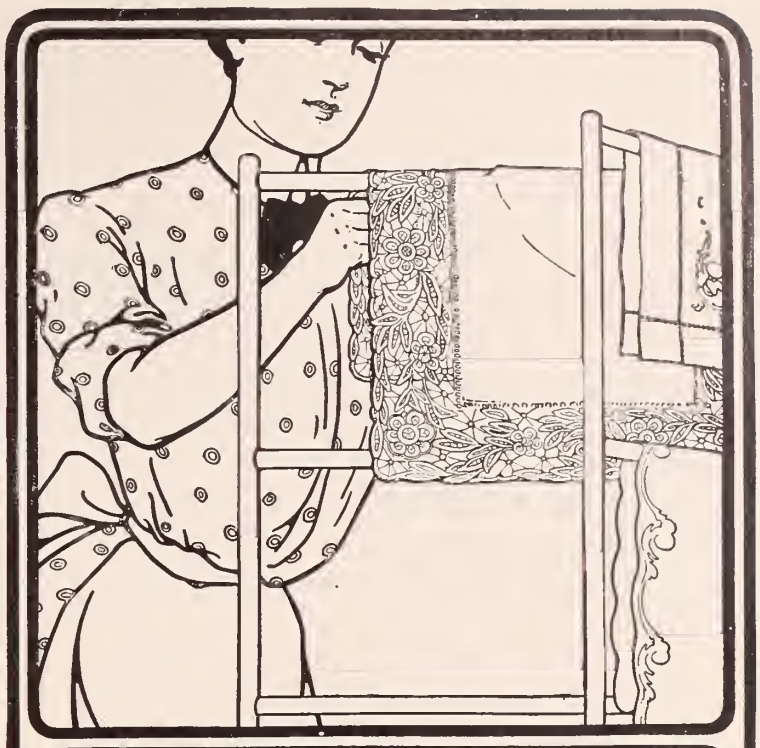
SEE ILLUSTRATION ON COVER PAGE

AS a conclusion to the joyous summer morning ramble, nothing is more delightful than to pause upon the green hillside and gather a fragrant cluster of

These children of the meadows, born
Of sunshine and of shower,

and glowing with rainbow hues which are fresh from Nature's palette. Though they are silent, yet they speak to us in a thousand voices of the tender love which bountiful Mother Earth bears to her children everywhere.

It has been said that flowers never emit so sweet and strong a fragrance as before a storm. There is a helpful lesson in the thought that "when the storms of life o'ertake us," we may shed abroad the perfume of a meek and quiet spirit, and of unfaltering faith in the wisdom of the great Gardener who "doeth all things well."



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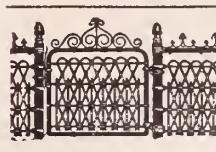
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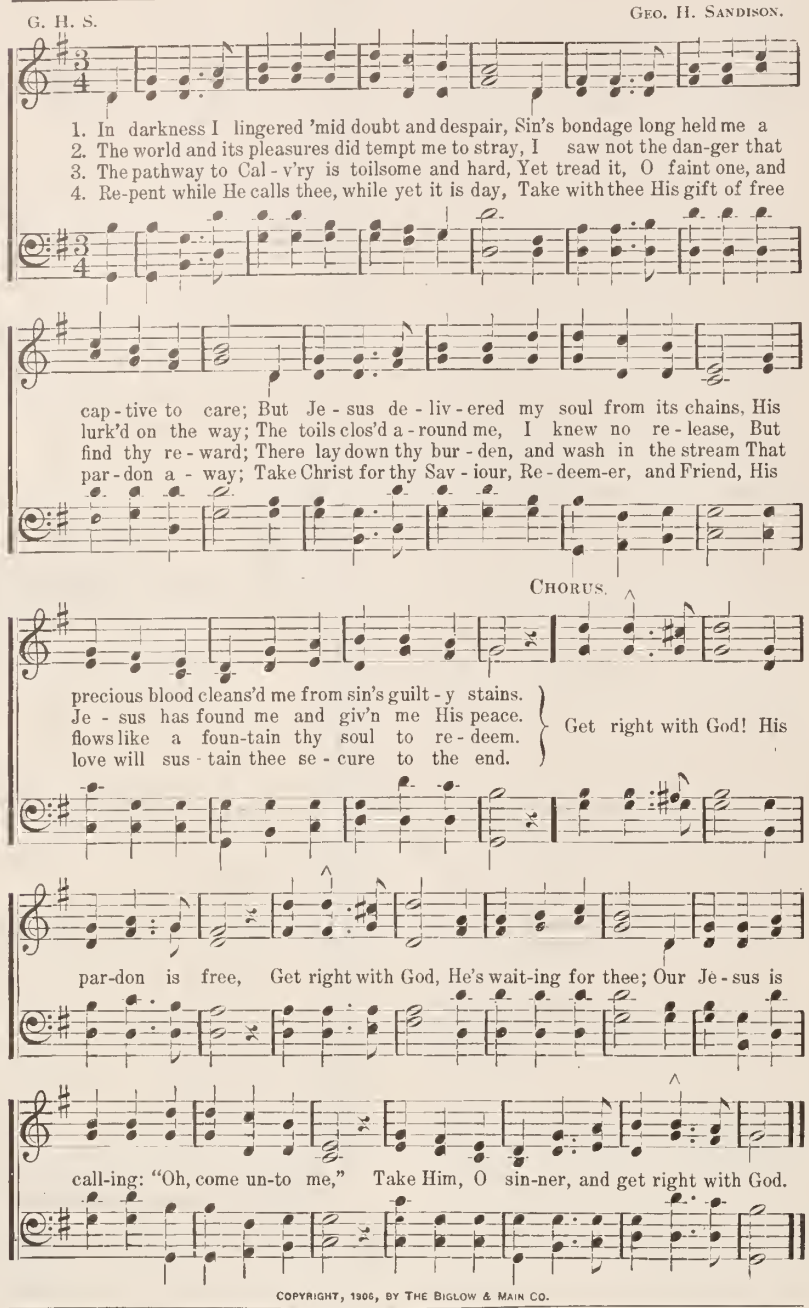

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Churchgoing*

WHY should we go to Church? The question is often asked by people who prefer to lie late in bed, or to wander in the fields, or to read the newspaper rather than to join in public worship. Unhappily, it is the person who most needs the service who is most inclined to stay away. To him the service is more important, if he only knew it, than a matter of life or death. His eternal destiny is in peril, and in the church he might learn how he may inherit eternal life. But it needs God's power to inspire a taste for spiritual things, and all that the Christian can do is to invite and encourage the sinner to attend.

The tendency to stay away from church is sometimes seen even in Christians. A very slight excuse serves the purpose. A storm that would not keep a man from his business, or from his club, or a concert, is sufficient to keep him from church. Sometimes it does not even require a storm. The apprehension of a storm will do it. Or, it is "that tired feeling," that need of rest, entailed by six days close attention to business. Or, it may be, that the preacher is not eloquent, or so entertaining as the new book. So the Christian misses the message that would have been medicine to his soul, and gives the worldling the excuse to say: "I will stay away; it is no worse than for that church-member to stay away."

Perhaps we lay too much stress on the sermon. It is not a fair thing to stay away from the house of God when the preacher is dull or tedious. It is not to be entertained or amused that we should go. The church was organized for no such purpose. We ought to go to worship God, to be in communion with him, to mingle with his people. The Psalmist found that there was a clearer atmosphere there, in which he could see the solution of problems that seemed insoluble elsewhere. There is good in the hymns, in the liturgy, or the prayers, by which we draw near to God and receive from him new spiritual life and power. All this apart from the sermon, which, however dull it may be, must be dull indeed if it contains nothing helpful or stimulating.

*Topic of the Epworth League for August 12. Luke 4: 16; Heb. 10: 23-25; Matt. 18: 20; Ps. 42: 1-5; 73: 16, 17.

Philæ's Temples Sinking

A WRITER in the London *Graphic* says: "When the Great Nile Dam was constructed, a fierce controversy raged as to whether the ruins of the ancient temples at Philæ, now submerged from December to March to the depth of twelve feet, would be utterly destroyed or not. Expert opinion now holds that they will be in thirty years. The foundations of the buildings have been carefully underpinned, and the fresh water has really strengthened them by washing away the accumulated salt which disintegrated the stone; but the saline efflorescence appears on the stone above the surface, and it is this which is so speedily to work the ruin of the 'Pearl of Egypt.' The palms on the island are half submerged, and some are already dead, with bent heads and drooping plumes. The sunken temples seem more utterly deserted by their ancient gods than other ruins do. Another destructive agency, too, is at work. Tourists are rowed in and out amongst the ruins in feluccas, the scene reminding one of Venice. The boats are clumsy, the oars cumbersome, and very difficult to ship, and as they scrape through the narrow portals of the pylon or the kiosk, and along the walls covered with reliefs and hieroglyphic inscriptions, all these must suffer continual damage."

A Century Well Spent

On March 5, 1906, at Sonora, Steuben County, N. Y., Mrs. Charlotte Slawson Little, celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of her birth, by receiving the many relatives and friends who gathered in honor of the occasion. Mrs. Little boasts of never having had rheumatism, and, even at her great age, she rigidly adheres to her lifelong habit of early rising, six o'clock rarely finding her in bed. Until she was ninety-six years old, she milked her own cow and made her own butter, and even now her physical health is excellent and her mental faculties well balanced.

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The Wanderer's Return

By MRS. M. BAXTER

THE Prodigal Son is a type of fallen humanity. Made in the image of God, but that image defaced by sin; made to have dominion over all created things, and especially over his own lusts and passions, and yet degraded to become their slave—such is poor, fallen, lost man. "Yet I had planted thee a noble vine, wholly a right seed; how then art thou turned into the degenerate plant of a strange vine unto me?" (Jer. 2: 21). The debasement of our natural hearts is beyond all conception, and our blindness to it still more so, until we learn to see things in the light of God. We do not, in our natural state, disallow that God is our Father, that he made us, that it is our duty to obey him, but we make use of the relationship in order to bring accusation against God, to dishonor instead of to honor him. "A son honoreth his father, and a servant his master; if then, I be a father, where is mine honor? And if I be a master, where is my fear? saith the Lord of hosts" (Mal. 1: 6).

The younger son in the parable used the relationship in which he stood to his father for no other purpose than to make requirements from him. He did not say, "Father, thou hast done much for me; by what service may I testify my gratitude to thee?" It would seem as though no such thought entered his mind. "Father," he said, "Give me the portion of goods that falleth to me." He asked it as a right, not as a favor; he claimed that his father should do a father's part, while he was far from doing a son's part (Luke 15: 11-32).

And thus it is with man. If everything goes well with him, he looks upon it as only that which he has a right to expect; if anything goes ill with him, he complains that God is not good; that he is being treated hardly, and he does not see the reason why he should suffer more than others; he has done no harm; and thus he claims from God, in his ignorance and pride of heart, exemption from evil, and a share of goods for which he has not labored, as that which falleth to him!

All the time, however, he ignores that if God is a Father, and has a Father's responsibilities, then he himself is a son, and has a son's responsibilities. If he claim protection and sustenance from God as Father, then God has a right to claim trust, honor, and obedience from him as son. Either he must relinquish his claim upon God, or he must acknowledge God's claim upon him. But to this claim most men are utterly blind.and act as though God were culpable, and man much to be pitied.

The younger son said no word of thanks to his father for all his patient love and kindness, for the care he had bestowed upon his nurture and education; in heartless selfishness, he demanded the portion of goods which fell to him, a demand with which the father complied, although it was at a loss to himself. The only communication of which we read between the father and the son is an unwarrantable demand on the one hand, and a ready giving on the other, a fit type of the relation between God and man.

When the son came into the possession of his portion, what did he do with it? Did he seek to increase his father's prosperity, or strengthen his hands in his old age? On the contrary, he "gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living." Oh, how true a picture is this of the miserable, unthankful selfishness of unconverted men, ready to accept all at the hands of God, only to use his grace and gifts to his own dishonor!

"Do ye thus requite the Lord, O foolish people and unwise? Is not he thy Father that hath bought thee? hath he not made thee and established thee?" (Deut. 32: 6). Created to serve a noble purpose, to commune with God, to take part in his interests, to maintain his honor in his creation, man has sunk into miserable degradation in his slavery to sin.

It was not long before the unhappy, despicable young man had spent all. Riotous living without any incoming soon made away with his father's hard-earned gains,"and he began to be in want." Many a prodigal runs a similar course, looking upon God's undeserved gifts as his right.

CHRIST'S PARABLES*

OUR Lord's use of the Parable in his teaching, is justified now, nineteen centuries after his time, as fully as it was when he was on earth. To this day, those who will listen to the parables of the Prodigal Son and of the Good Samaritan, are more a thousandfold than those who would listen to direct teaching on the same topics. The lesson he wanted to teach was set in picture form, that every hearer might see and admire the picture, while thoughtful persons might see in it the deeper meaning and be influenced by it. As one person looking at Hogarth's cartoons might see the lesson the artist was trying to convey, while another would see only the artistic skill in the grouping of the accessories, so our Lord dealt with two kinds of hearers. Perhaps had he chosen any other method antagonism would have been aroused at the outset, as it was at Nazareth, where his hearers tried to fling him over a precipice. Probably David would not have so clearly perceived the enormity of his sin if Nathan had not beguiled him with the parable of the ewe lamb. We know the value of the fable; but the child knows, as he listens, that foxes and lambs and wolves do not talk, and his confidence in the narrator is shaken. The parable is a better method because it is credible, and in our Lord's use was true to the life. Still, as he said, there were some who saw but did not perceive, and heard but did not understand. The parable thus became a test of the hearer's spiritual acuteness. Like the man who needs to have a joke explained to him, there were some who could not understand our Lord's stories, while others perceived that "he had spoken the parable against them."

The parable still retains its value. How many broken-down wanderers have been induced by the parable of the Prodigal Son to arise and go to their Father! How many acts of kindness and benevolence have been inspired by the story of the Good Samaritan! How many enemies have been reconciled and how many wrongdoers forgiven because of the parable of the unmerciful servant! The injunctions might have been forgotten, but the picture, never. So as in everything else our Lord proved his wisdom. His work was well and bravely done, and though he did not live to see its fruit, the time is coming, ever nearer, when "he will see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied."

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for August 12. Matt. 13: 10-17; Psalm 119: 97-104.

Called Higher

Mrs. Eunice S. Major passed away from her earthly home in Brooks, Maine, on the 17th of June, 1906, having just passed her eighty-second birthday. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD loses one of its oldest subscribers and most loyal friends by Mrs. Major's death.

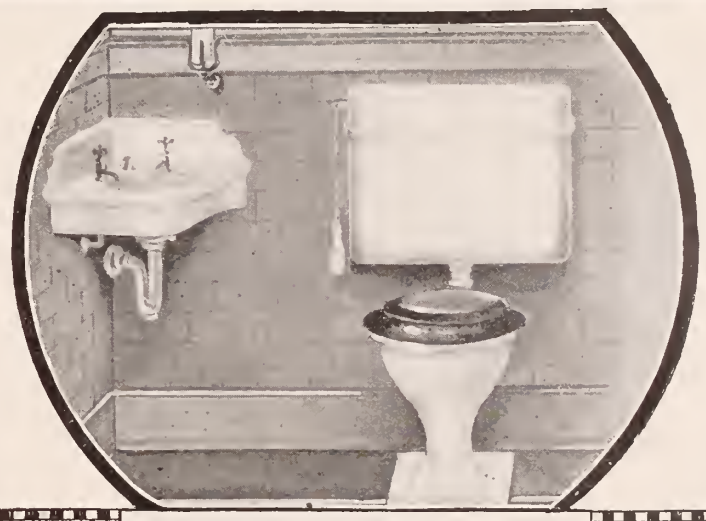
Rev. George F. Mayes, born in Baden, Germany, but an American citizen for fifty-seven years, died trusting in Jesus, on the 13th day of May, 1906, in his eightieth year. He was for some years a colporteur under the auspices of the American Tract Society, and afterward became a missionary, laboring zealously throughout the various western fields, and preaching both in German and English.

Thomas W. Champ, of Philipsburg, Pa., passed triumphantly to the better land on June 21, 1906. He was a devout Christian, whose influence and labor are a great loss to the community in which he lived.

Mrs. Caroline A. Phelps, wife of Phineas L. Stewart, passed away in Oneida, N. Y., aged sixty-seven years. Nearly forty-three years ago she united with the Baptist Church and has ever manifested the spirit of a true Christian in the performance of kindly deeds and in promoting the prineiples of religion. Among the many friends present at her funeral were the Board of the Oneida Old Ladies' Home, of which she had long been a useful member. She leaves a husband in deep affliction.

Philadelphia's Gospel Wagon

After the Torrey-Alexander Mission closed in Philadelphia, a number of Christian men and women banded themselves together to hold seven services a week. They go about in a Gospel wagon, never take up a collection, sing the Torrey-Alexander hymns, and are all personal workers. Signs are not wanting to show that God has blessed this work.



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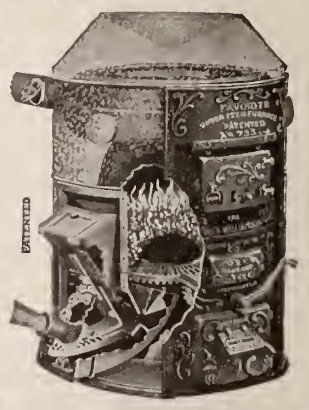

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NEW YORK, AUGUST 8, 1906

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SEE PAGE 674

A New York Dock at Night, During the Recent Hot Wave

Questions and Answers

E. C. D., Snyder, Texas. 1. How many of the presidents of the United States enjoyed Sunday school advantages? 2. Is it a fact that Andrew Johnson was taught his letters by his wife after they were married?

1. The first modern Protestant Sunday school was held in Philadelphia in 1790. At that time a number of our presidents had reached manhood, and even old age. Consult W. O. Stoddard's *Lives of the Presidents* for accessible details as to their early lives. 2. No. His fellow-workmen in the tailor's shop, where he was apprenticed at ten years of age, taught him his letters, and he picked up reading himself. His wife taught him to write.

Constant Reader, Brooklyn, N. Y. Is it right, from a Christian standpoint, to carry economy to such an extent as to sift the ashes so as to save the partly burned pieces of coal, when so many poor people in the big cities depend for fuel on the picking of the ash-cans?

This inquiry reminds us of the special provision by which God inculcated consideration for the poor among his ancient people. He said (Lev. 19: 9, 10) "When ye reap the harvest of your land, thou shalt not wholly reap the corners of thy field, neither shalt thou gather the gleanings of thy harvest. And thou shalt not glean thy vineyard, neither shalt thou gather every grape of thy vineyard; thou shalt leave them for the poor and stranger: I am the Lord your God." If the Christian lives in a neighborhood in which the ashes are sure to be picked by the poor, the above principle would lead him to leave the unburned coal for them. If, however, he thought it likely that they would be carted away before the poor had a chance to examine them, he might sift them himself, as he might make other small savings, that he might have the more money to give in charity.

Mrs. M. C., Denver, Col. 1. Should a physician be a man with hardened feelings, so that nothing will "get on his nerves," or should he be tenderhearted? 2. What would you suggest as a good thing to stir up a small Sunday School, to make them see the need of the foreign missions? 3. Would you suggest *The Scarlet Letter* as a good book for a child of sixteen to read?

1. He should be humane and considerate, yet sufficiently strong and courageous to do his duty without flinching. A physician is one whose mission is to alleviate physical suffering, and a harsh, brutal, unfeeling doctor would be an anomaly. 2. Tell them of the great opportunities to bring children of heathen lands to Christ, as is now being done in India, China, Japan, and Africa. Best of all, get into mail communication with a missionary in the field, and the letters you receive will soon arouse interest. 3. Certainly not.

W. F. E., North Wilkesboro, N. C. What reason is there to suppose, as some astronomers do, that the star Alcyone in the Pleiades, is the centre of the visible universe, around which all other stars and constellations are revolving? Why is it that the earth, in its daily revolution, does not obscure the North Star—in other words, why does the North Star never set?

There is no known reason for supposing that any portion of the universe revolves round Alcyone. The absurd story was started seventy-five years ago, which I well remember. If you will run a wire through an apple, calling it the earth, and point the north end of the pole-star, and rotate it from west once a day, you will see that every star in the sky will appear to revolve round it from east to west daily, some rising and setting, and others not, being too near the pole to reach the horizon. In our age, the pole-star is not exactly at the celestial pole, but about 2½ degrees from it, and 125 years hence the pole will pass the pole-star within a ½ degree. Point your wire at the pole, moving it to the east and up to the zenith, and on to the west and down to the place of starting. You will describe a large circle that the earth takes 25,868 years to accomplish. Alpha Lyra (now near his zenith about midnight), was pole-star 12,500 years ago, and will be again in 12,500 years hence, but was and will be, some six degrees from the pole. As the pole revolves, different stars become pole-stars, and much of the time there is no north polar star. There is no south polar star now.

Marathon, N. Y. LEWIS SWIFT.

C. W. G., New Haven, Conn. 1. What is the meaning of (I Cor. 13: 12) "now I see through a glass, darkly"? 2. How can people be judged without law, as Paul says (Rom. 2: 12)?

1. The imperfection of human knowledge. Even Paul, divinely inspired, was conscious of many things he could not understand; but he looked for more perfect knowledge when he should see God face to face. 2. The Gentiles and the heathen, who did not have the law, would be judged by their consciences. Men who did things that they knew to be wrong, such as those described in the preceding chapter, would not be charged with violating a law they knew nothing about, but with violating their conscience, or without law. The Jew having the law would be judged by that. That is, God will hold men to account for their privileges.

Moslem Pilgrims Starting Out for Mecca

The fanatical Mohammedans make their annual pilgrimage to Mecca an occasion of many strange religious ceremonies. The accompanying picture shows a troop, numbering several thousand, making ready for the long journey. A large number will not be among those making the homeward trip, as disregard of all sanitary precautions often causes epidemics among the pilgrims. The sacred standards, with their cabalistic characters, are regarded with great reverence and carefully guarded. They are the same in design as those the Crusaders saw waving over the Moslem host.

L. S. Burke, Calif. 1. Can you tell us anything of the author of *Chariots of the Lord*, now running in your paper? 2. Who wrote the Books of Chronicles? 3. Is the Book of Jehu in existence? 4. Where can the Book of the Prophet Iddo be found? 5. What was the covenant of salt?

1. Rev. Joseph Hocking is an English Nonconformist minister, born in Cornwall; educated at Crescent Range College, and Owen's College. Ordained 1884. He has travelled extensively in Egypt, Palestine and Greece, and is the author of several historical novels. 2. His name is unknown. From the fact that his history is centred in the Temple and its services, and he ignores the history of Israel except where it touches Judah, it is inferred that he was a Levite. He was also probably a musician, as we judge by his minute details of the singers and the musical celebrations. 3. Yes, it is in the first Book of Kings 16. The Revised Version of the passage you quote (II. Chron. 20: 34) reads: "They are written in the history of Jehu, which is inserted in Book of Kings." 4. If it was a separate book, it has disappeared. It contained the lives of Rehoboam and Abijah, with some denunciations of Jeroboam, and was named Midrash or Exposition, and may have been incorporated in either Kings or Chronicles. 5. A sacred covenant, regarded as inviolable. Salt symbolized hospitality, durability, fidelity, purity. Even to this day, in the Orient, to eat bread and salt with a man is a pledge of amity which must not be broken.

B. B., Saratoga Springs. Why are government reports and other official publications called blue books?

On account of the color of the covers in which they are bound.

Mrs. M. R., Rippey, Iowa. What proportion of the natives of India are learned, intelligent people, as compared with the ignorant populace?

India proper includes Hindustan, Burmah (or Farther India), and the Malay peninsula. The census of 1901 gives the total population as 294,266,701. The persons under instruction, including special and mission schools, the three classes of government schools—primary, secondary, and colleges—are 4,357,821. Of these, 3,137,546 are receiving only the primary instruction, leaving, therefore, but 1,220,275 who have secondary school advantages. The 169 colleges, but 5 of which are for women, contain 21,000 students. These figures will admit of your making proportionate estimates.

P. B., Salem, Ore. In what order should the books of the Old Testament be read?

It depends chiefly on the purpose for which you read them. If you wish to read them in the order in which they were written, you will, if you accept the commonly received opinions, follow the order in which they appear in our Bibles to the end of the second book of Samuel. Then the Psalms ascribed to David. Then the books of Kings and Chronicles. Part of the Proverbs, Solomon's Song, and Ecclesiastes, and perhaps Job. Then the Prophecy of Isaiah to the end of chapter 39. Jeremiah, Lamentations, probably Jonah, Obadiah, Joel, Amos, Hosea, Micah, Nahum, Habakkuk, Zephaniah, Ezekiel, and probably Daniel and Esther. The end of the captivity, heralded by the latter part of Isaiah, is described historically in Ezra and Nehemiah, and, following them, the other books Haggai, Zechariah, Malachi, and some of the Psalms and the remainder of Proverbs. All this, however, is matter of doubt and dispute. A more intelligent division is according to contents. The Historical books: The Pentateuch, Joshua, Judges, Samuel, Kings, Chronicles, Ezra, Nehemiah and Esther. The Poets: Psalms, Ruth, Solomon's Song, and Lamentations. The Philosophic books: Job, Proverbs, and Ecclesiastes. The Prophets: From Isaiah to Malachi.

J. F. L. C., Sanger, Calif. Who was the founder of the first children's orphanage?

Their origin is very remote. The ancient Romans had their *pueri alimentarii* (institutions for the care of poor children), and Trajan, the Antonines and Alexander Severus established foundations for them. There were orphanages in Europe in the Middle Ages, too, and some in Germany and Italy date from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The Orphan House in Halle was founded in 1698. The greatest of modern orphanages is that of George Muller, of Bristol, founded in 1836.

A. F. R., Franklin, Neb. What are we to understand by Christ's words to Peter (Matt. 16: 18, 19), promising to make him the foundation of the church and giving him the keys?

We are driven by what we know of Peter's subsequent conduct, to believe that it was not Peter himself of whom Christ was speaking. One so impulsive and unstable as Peter proved to be, could not have been the foundation of the Church. The circumstances indicate Christ's meaning. Peter had just made the confession of his faith: "Thou art Christ, the Son of the living God." It is this, we believe, that Christ seizes as the typical faith on which the church should be built. It is this which differentiates Christianity from all other religions — belief in a person. He who has that faith, first expressed formally by Peter, has the keys of the kingdom of heaven, Christ says that God will hear his prayers (John 15: 7), and will do for him whatsoever he asks in accord with his will. Peter was the first to make the declaration, but it did not prevent Christ addressing him as "Satan" soon afterwards (see Matt. 16: 23).

A. D. M., Leesburg, Ga. 1. Washington was a church member and therefore an avowed believer. Jefferson was not a professed believer. Lincoln had the greatest respect for religion, as many of his utterances show, although he was allied with no particular denomination. Stoddard, the historian, takes this view of his character. 2. Thomas Jefferson wrote the draft of the Declaration of Independence, and it was adopted, with very few changes, and became one of the immortal documents of history.

Miscellaneous

Pearl, Red Bank, N. J. The sail down Long Island Sound in good weather is very pleasant. In stormy weather it is rough, and large vessels seek the open sea route.

Mary S. B., Shawsville, Va. 1. Pronounced in two syllables, with the "o" as in "rose." 2. One syllable, every letter pronounced as written, except the "e," which is silent.

A reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD sends the following: In "Our Mail-Bag" department, J. M. C., Dunreith, Ind., asks if there was a wall on each side of the Euphrates River, in the city of Babylon, equal to the wall around the city. Several years ago I lectured on "Babylon and Its Lessons," and I gave much careful study to the subject. It seems to me that a wall must have lined the river on each side as it passed through the city, but I have never seen any historic allusion to its being equal to the wall around the city, and have never supposed it was. The Hanging Gardens, built by Nebuchadnezzar in pyramidal form, and reckoned among the "Seven Wonders of the World," were said to have been of the same height as the surrounding wall of the city.

W. L. DAGGETT.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 8, 1906

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

Photos by Levering

Main Street, Northfield

The Great Auditorium at Northfield

A Mountain Road

THE VALLEY OF ACHIEVEMENT

Christian Workers From Many Lands Assembled at Northfield

AT a missionary rally, held in the Auditorium at Northfield last month, in which nearly every mission field from Micronesia to the interior of China and the fastnesses of the Soudan, were represented, a little, quiet-faced Englishwoman stood on the platform, and said, "I had never been in Northfield, I had never been in America, and I was teaching and preaching far inland in the great Dark Continent, when I was sent home on a furlough. I could not return without coming to America, and I could not visit America without coming here to Northfield. And my girls, when they heard what I was going to do, said in their simplicity, 'Remember us to your friends at home, and to the friends at Northfield.' These girls, who had never heard of New York, knew all about Northfield."

This tribute from a foreign-bred woman indicates in a way the position in the religious world of the small, green-knolled New England town of Northfield, the place where D. L. Moody first chose to have a few minister friends talk over religious things with him, the place where the Student Volunteer Movement was first begun, and the place where the great evangelist's sons, in trying to perpetuate the work of their father, have developed gatherings scarcely dreamed of by him in his most far-sighted visions.

Already the two young people's gatherings this summer, with their hundreds of students and visitors, have come and gone; already the two July assemblies of Sunday School workers and missionary societies have met and separated. Two conferences more will complete the schedule for 1906. These are the General Conference for Christian Workers, August 3 to 19, inclusive, and the Post Conference Addresses, August 20 to October 1. More tents than ever will dot the Northfield Seminary campus, and over six hundred people will be living out-of-doors.

The usual Bible study and lectures will not be at all interfered with, the customary Missionary Day and Day of Prayer, and the usual outings will fill the programme as in the past, but the appeal of the nation for a national revival will be the heart of the gathering, and round it will cluster the outreaching branches of Christian thought. The men who will lead these conferences include Dr. G. Campbell Morgan, of London, who will conduct regular consecutive Bible courses; Dr. Johnstone-Ross, from Cambridge, England; and Dr. Hutton, from Newcastle-on-Tyne, who now pays his first visit to Northfield. The American leaders include the venerable Dr. H. G. Weston, of Crozer; Rev. R. A. Torrey, Rev. C. H. Tyndall, Rev. Cleland B. McAfee, Rev. Charles R. Erdman, D.D., and a number of others.

Throughout the latter part of August and all of September, Dr. Morgan and Dr. Ross and several other leaders will remain and conduct meetings on a smaller scale, but of the same general type as during August. The little town never rests. School, conference and camp, in snowfall and sunshine; camp, conference and school, from May to January—a perpetual cycle, with men coming and men going, but the little town goes on forever.

DOUGLAS MALCOLM.

Photo by Levering

Reception to the Young Women's Conference at the Moody Home, Northfield

NORTHFIELD has been the scene of many inspiring and soul-uplifting gatherings in past years, but it is doubtful if any have been more far-reaching in effect than will be the Summer School of Women Mission Workers, which was in session there from July 17 to 24, inclusive. This Summer School is an outcome of the Interdenominational United Course of Mission Study, and the United Study plan was a direct result of the Ecumenical Council.

That Council met in New York in 1900. For a long time there had been an earnest desire among the Protestant churches for a closer union in Christian work, especially in the foreign mission field. The Women's Foreign Mission Boards of the various denominations appointed leading women as a Central Committee to perfect plans for interdenominational mission study. Mrs. M. N. Waterbury (now Mrs. Henry Peabody), of the Baptist Church, was made chairman; Miss Clementina Butler of the Methodist Church, the secretary and treasurer, with Miss E. Harriet Stanwood representing the Congregational Church, Mrs. J. T. Gracey the Presbyterian, and Mrs. Harriett L. Scudder the Episcopalian. These were the members of the original committee, to which Miss Ellen Parsons of the Woman's Presbyterian Board of Missions was afterward added.

This committee laid its plans on broad and comprehensive lines. A systematic course of study, covering several years, was mapped out CONTINUED ON PAGE 666

THE AMERICAN PULPIT

SERMON BY

Robert Stuart MacArthur*

The Power of the Gospel

TEXT: ROM. 1: 16

"For I am not ashamed of the Gospel; for it is the power of God unto salvation," etc.

THESE are brave words, written by a brave man. They stir the blood like the blast of a trumpet. There is in them no sense of fear or failure. The Apostle Paul must have longed to be in Rome before the providence of God opened the way for his visit. This letter to the Church in Rome evoked his noblest powers. In the preceding verses he had declared that he was a debtor both to Greeks and to barbarians; both to wise and to foolish. These terms are apparently used as including all gentiles of whatever race or degree of culture. The apostle here teaches us that the guilt of men is universal, and so the need of the Gospel is universal.

He declares his readiness, in harmony with his sense of obligation, to preach the Gospel in Rome also. He recognized the fact that Rome was then the mistress of the world, that her emperors were worshiped as deities, and that she was elated with pride, because of her great victories and her boundless possessions. It is difficult for us to overstate the greatness and the guiltiness of Rome as the metropolis of the world, and the seat of universal empire. Rome ruled over 120,000,000 of people when this letter was written. The sides of her hills were adorned with superb villas, and their summits were occupied with temples, theatres, and palaces. Nero's "golden house" was the most magnificent palace known to ancient architecture or to modern luxury. To this proud and sinful Rome, Paul longed to preach the glorious Gospel.

Paul Proud of the Gospel

We may be well assured that he had a good reason for not being ashamed of the Gospel; his conduct was never reasonless. In this case he clearly and strongly states the ground on which his decision rested, declaring that the Gospel was the power of God unto salvation. Let us study his reasons, observing the characteristics of the power of the Gospel as they are given us in this text.

The Romans loved power. They represented the greatest military power then known in the world. The Apostle Paul, with his usual courage and tact, meets them on their own ground. In writing to the Corinthians, he spoke of the Gospel both as the power and the wisdom of God: but, in writing to the Romans, he limits himself to its characteristic as power. The Gospel is not only an example of divine power, but it is the sphere of God's sublimest manifestation of power known among men. The three great nations of antiquity stood for three great national traits. The distinguishing feature of Hebrew civilization was religion. The chief characteristic of the civilization of the Greeks was art, poetry, literature and philosophy. The dominant element in Roman civilization was law, military power and martial conquest. It was the grasping power of an external government. Wherever the Roman armies were, marching or camping, there, like a mysterious presence, was the dominating power of Rome. All these facts were familiar to the Apostle Paul.

The Dynamic Force

He reminds the Romans that he was the representative of a power vastly greater than that of Rome. He glories in the power of the Gospel. He speaks with a consciousness of its imperial glory and resistless might. Others might be ashamed of the Gospel, but such was not his spirit.

The word which he here uses, which is translated power, gives us our word "dynamite." It is not affirmed that the apostle had in mind the explosive substance to which we give that name; but he uses the Greek word, which best describes the tremendous energy of that explosive substance. He declares that the Gospel is "the dynamite of God." When placed beneath all the forms of organized evil, it will as surely destroy them as dynamite bursts the rock with its resistless power. Let us rejoice in the fact that the Gospel has not lost its primitive power. It is still the mightiest power known among men to save from self and sin, and to lead to holiness and to heaven. When the pulpit loses its faith in the Gospel, it has lost its power as a messenger of God to a sinful world. God give us unquestioning faith in the old and ever new Gospel of Jesus Christ!

We are now prepared to advance a step; the Gospel is not simply "power," but divine power, "the power of God." In Psalm 62: 11, we read that "power belongeth unto God." It is difficult to define power. In any true definition, it will be seen that God is back of all force. In a very special sense, however, the Gospel is the power of God. It is the highest and holiest channel of the divine power. It is the sublimest and divinest display of God's power known to men and to angels. The Gospel is a divine revelation and not a human philosophy. It is both the wisdom and the power of God. It evokes the unceasing admiration of all God's true children. It utterly mystifies all agnostic thinkers. It is the object of sincere inquiry on the part of angels. They are represented as desiring to gaze into the mysteries of God's grace and the manifestations of God's love. The Gospel is the masterpiece of the Almighty. In the Gospel of Jesus Christ, God exhausted himself. It is still to-day, as ever, the power of God unto salvation.

Constructive Power

It is a truly healing or saving power; it is "the power of God unto salvation." Power may be destructive or constructive; it may be a blessing or a curse. The world greatly needed healing when Christ came into it, and when Paul wrote his Epistle to the Romans. At that time the Roman Empire seemed to be in the zenith of its glory. Its military power was universal, and it seemed likely to be perpetual. As a matter of fact, the mighty empire had begun to decline. Over it the shadows of its night were falling. The days of the noble Augustus had given place to those of the despicable Nero. No real principle of unity, but only the bond of external authority, held together the different parts of the vast empire. The Emperor was deified, and men were enslaved; half the population were slaves. There was no true peace, even though the Temple of Janus was closed. The old faith in Roman heathenism was gone, and with it went also the severity of Roman dignity and the valor of Roman patriotism.

The culture of Greece and the East inundated Italy and the West; this culture utterly enervated the character of the earlier and sturdier Romans. With this culture came Oriental degeneration and moral degradation. The grossest vices were daily practised. The position of woman was one of neglect or degradation. Political integrity was unknown, and the suggestion of commercial honesty evoked laughter. Proud as was the Roman citizen, there was despair in his heart. Slaves were crucified for the slighest offenses, or to gratify the pleasure of onlookers. Tyranny and oppression broke the hearts of an otherwise brave people. Tacitus and Juvenal affirm that corruption festered in all ranks of society. The elder Pliny was filled with wonder at the works of creation; but he could find no pleasure in their contemplation because of the unspeakable corruption of social and political life. He considered speedy death the greatest of blessings; and he found it in the flames of Vesuvius. The Apostle Paul's terrific indictment in the chapter from which the text is taken, is paralleled by the indignant assertions of Seneca, who compared society to the arena in which gladiators killed one another for profit.

Brought Healing

Into such social and political conditions came the Gospel of Christ. The whole Roman Empire was groaning for deliverance, all classes were crying out for some salutary power. The Gospel came with divine healing in its ministrant hands and in its loving words. It came to transform Roman and Greek life. The Gospel was the breath of God on the dry bones of Roman despotism and corruption. A new day thus dawned in Roman history; a Divine Declaration of Independence was proclaimed from the palace of Nero to the dungeon of the slave.

The Gospel is still a healing and saving power. It transforms society to-day in nominally Christian and in utterly heathen lands. It uplifts and ennobles all classes and conditions of men; it transforms regions of pestilential miasma into paradises of moral health and beauty. It is performing miracles in the conversion of men to-day vastly more wonderful than any of the material miracles performed by Christ during his earthly life. Thank God, the Gospel is still the power of God unto salvation! Thank God it will never lose this power if only it be proclaimed to sinners of every class and color throughout the world.

To Whom It Is Given

To whom is this Gospel the power of God unto salvation? This is a most important question; to it an inspired answer is given—"to every one that believeth." The words "every one" give universality to the possession of this power when the condition is complied with by the exercise of personal faith. Faith is the channel through which this power flows. Faith is the condition on which it is acquired and possessed. The terms are so simple that many fail to possess this power because they are looking for its acquisition on the ground of their own merits. The divine medicine will not cure the sinful patient, except it be taken on the divine condition. Faith unites us to Christ, as the branch is united to the vine. Faith actually makes us partakers of the divine nature. Faith is the spiritual artery of the soul; through it the heavenly life-blood flows. Faith is the eye by which we see the king in his beauty, the hand by which we lay hold of Christ, and the nimble foot by which we run in the way of his commandments.

Without faith it is impossible to please God; without faith it is impossible to render helpful service to men. Faith is the basis of all the great commercial enterprises of the world. Every bank is opened each morning on faith; every check drawn or deposited is an illustration of faith.

Faith belong to the earthly as truly as to the heavenly life. The mighty Pyramids, erected in the various Egyptian dynasties, in Mexico, and in other countries, are based on faith. The glorious Parthenon, the highest triumph of Greek Doric architecture, was the product of faith. Faith made the immortal Thermopylæ and the memorable Marathon possible. Without faith Hannibal had not crossed the Alps, nor Columbus the seas. Without faith there had been no Magna Charta, no Bill of Rights, no French Revolution and no American Declaration of Independence. The farmer, as truly as the preacher, lives by faith; the seaman as truly as the missioner. Men who object to

Faith as a Basis of Action

ought to object to all human enterprises and to all mental activities. Faith is one of God's divinest gifts. It is the divine torch, clearing up the darkness of doubt and illuminating the path of life. It is the pillar of fire which conducts the church of God through the wilderness of the world and into the land of promise and power. It is the secret of all heroic endeavors and sublime achievements. It makes unseen things seen, and the invisible God gloriously visible. It unlocks the treasures of grace and fills the soul with the promises of God. Its ear is quick to hear God's voice, and its eye is sharper than the eagle's to see God's beckoning hand. The man who has no faith is a helpless dwarf among the heroic giants who honor God and help men by their loving sympathy and their gentle ministry. Well may we pray, Lord, evermore give us this faith.

The only qualifications for the reception of the Gospel is the exercise of faith. The Jew believed that he belonged, in a special sense, to God's peculiarly chosen people. He thus became narrow and exclusive, prejudiced and bigoted. All others were Gentiles, and little better than dogs. The Greek also was narrow and sectarian in his racial pride. To him all mankind consisted of Greeks and barbarians. The Apostle Paul was in a noble sense a

A Cosmopolitan Man

He rose above racial prejudice and religious bigotry. He was in the true sense of the word a cosmopolitan, a citizen of the world. His blood, birth and training peculiarly fitted him for this large place in the kingdom of God at that critical era in its history. He found Christianity as the cult of a Jewish sect; he lifted it to the dignity and glory of a cosmopolitan faith. In blood he

*Preached in Calvary Baptist Church, New York.

was a Hebrew, in culture a Greek, in citizenship a Roman, and in faith he was a Christian. He was the best educated man in the college of the apostles, and he did more work as writer and preacher than all the other apostles put together. He laid hold of the truth that Christ was not only the Glory of his people Israel, but was also a Light to lighten the Gentiles. But for the cosmopolitanism of the Apostle Paul, Christianity might long have remained simply the belief of a Jewish sect. The Apostle Paul delivered Christianity from the bondage of a narrow sectarianism; he lifted it into the glorious grandeur of a sacred cosmopolitanism, emancipating it from local, racial, and national prejudices.

We need the heroic spirit of the matchless apostle at this hour. Racial prejudice and religious bigotry are twin relics of barbarism. In a noble Christism and humanism, there is neither Jew nor Gentile, bond nor free, but a blessed oneness in Christ Jesus. The time has come again to ring out these wholesome truths, to wield once more the sword of the Spirit, and to declare that the old Gospel is the only hope of this lost world. If the Gospel will not save men, their condition is utterly hopeless. But, thank God, it is still the power of God unto salvation!

Away, away over the rocky hills of Palestine went the first preachers of the Gospel. The islands of the sparkling Ægean were the stepping-stones for the feet of "The sacramental host of God's elect." With the Cross they battered down the hoary evils of Greek culture and of Roman power. On they swept through the valleys of Germany and over the hilltops of Britain. Modern Europe was born of the Gospel of Christ. Britain, mistress of many lands and queen of all the seas, is the child of the Gospel preached by Augustine and his monks. But for the Gospel, our fathers and we would to-day be savages, burning human sacrifices in the valleys of England and Scotland, or in other lands. How dare we deny the heathen nations to-day the Gospel which has made the Anglo-Saxon so largely the master of the world? What the Gospel did for Britain, it is now doing for India, and it has done partly for Hawaii. Its beautiful salutation, *Aloha*, meaning lover, has caught a new significance. That salutation is now radiant with the glory and voiceful with the name of Jesus. What the Gospel did for Britain, it will do for China and its almost unnumbered millions. What it has done for Britain and America, it already has done in part for heroic Japan. The day is coming when Japan will lead China, Corea and Siam into civilization and Christianity.

It will then be seen more fully than is possible to-day, that when Jesus Christ gave the great commission, he was the foremost thinker of the world. Jesus Christ, and not Socrates nor Plato, not Buddha, nor Zoroaster, not Confucius, nor Mohammed, taught a religion equally needed by, intended for, and adapted to all men of all castes, all creeds, all countries, and all centuries. This honor belongs to Jesus Christ and to his glorious Gospel, which is the power of God unto salvation. The day is coming when Japan's *Banzai* and Hawaii's *Aloha* will join with the Hebrew and Christian Hallelujah, with the voice of many waters, as the sublime accompaniment, chanting with saints and seraphs, angels and archangels, the triumphant chorus of a redeemed universe: "Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!"

Russell Sage's Long Life Ended

RUSSELL SAGE, of New York, who passed away on Sunday, July 22d, was for so long a time one of the most prominent of American men of business, and was so intimately associated with enterprises of a constructive character that helped to develop this great country, that people had almost begun to think of him as one whom death had passed by. He had seen generations of men come and go, worn out in the same struggle in which he himself was engaged; yet every morning found him at his desk, hard at work, until the evening of his life was far spent, and the night almost here. His death ends one of the most notable careers in the history of the United States, a career that shows the possible results of clean living, frugality, self-denial, and above all else, hard work and persistency.

Russell Sage was born on Aug. 4, 1816, in the little village of Shenandoah, in the town of Verona, Oneida County, New York. His parents had come from Connecticut a few years previous, to what was then quite a distance "West." The family moved later to Durhamville, and there he passed his early boyhood. There were six children in the family, all working on their father's farm in summer, and attending the small country school in winter. It was a regime of "early to bed and early to rise," with few pleasures. There were cows to milk, and hard chores to be done morning and evening. This lasted until he reached his fifteenth year. Up to that time he had shown that he was strong of body and with an active mind; but nothing that would lead the village worthies to predict that some day the lad would become one of the greatest business men in the world's greatest business country.

His Birthplace at Shenandoah, N. Y.

Just turning fifteen, he went to Troy, and entered the employment of an elder brother, who was running a grocery store. Russell became a clerk, and received $4 a month and his board. He improved every opportunity to learn ways and methods of business, and his evenings were spent in hard study. He soon began to do a little trading on his own account, and with the proceeds of this, and by carefully saving as much as possible of his pay, he gathered sufficient capital to start a small business of his own. He was twenty-one when he started out for himself as a grocery man, but in two years he sold his store to become a wholesale grocer, in partnership with another young man. He had a natural aptitude for buying and selling. He always examined carefully every business proposition that was made to him, whether it was large or small, and by always keeping his word to the letter, making it as good as his bond, his business prospered, and he soon became one of the foremost business men of Troy.

The new firm branched out as commission merchants, sending large quantities of country produce to New York City in a sailing fleet of their own. In 1844 Mr. Sage's capital had increased to such an extent that he was able to buy out his partner's interest for $150,000. Before he was thirty, Mr. Sage was one of the richest men outside of New York City.

He was never an active politician, but the people of his city had such confidence in his integrity and independence of bosses—for they had them even at that early day—that he was elected a member of the Board of Aldermen in 1845. A short time after, he was elected Treasurer of Rensselaer County. The financial resources were at a low ebb from mismanagement and the accounts badly tangled. Attacking the problem as he would any other business proposition, Mr. Sage soon brought order out of chaos and put the finances of the county on a sound basis. This increased public confidence in the young man to such an extent that other public honors soon came to him. He was nominated for Congress, but defeated by a split in his own party. In 1852 he was elected and served two terms in Washington. He made a good impression by the financial ability he displayed in the important Committee of Ways and Means, of which he was a member. He was also a supporter of the Homestead Law.

All patriotic Americans owe Mr. Sage a debt of gratitude for the successful efforts he made for the preservation of Washington's home at Mt. Vernon. He had a committee appointed, whose report resulted in the formation of an association which purchased the estate, to be kept forever as a memorial to the First President.

On leaving Congress, he began to promote railroads, and investments in these led him to make his business headquarters in New York City in 1863. Almost all of his business ventures turned out successfully, and his wealth rapidly increased, until it was counted by the millions, and not by thousands. Only once is it known that he had a business reverse, and that was at the time of the failure of Ward & Grant, in 1878. There was hardly a prominent railroad, telegraph or great steamship line in which he was not at some time interested.

The Late Russell Sage

Mrs. Sage was, before her marriage, Miss Alice Slocum. She was a great aid to her husband, and to her interest and encouragement he undoubtedly owed much of his success. He relied on her judgment, while distrusting that of almost every other person. She was a pupil of Emma Willard, at the Troy Female Seminary, now known as the Emma Willard School, and one of the most beautiful buildings there was the gift of Mr. Sage. Through his wife he was interested in a number of charitable institutions. He has been criticised and abused because of his wealth, but even his harshest critics could not accuse him of employing criminal means to acquire that wealth. He was singularly free from the characteristic vices of Wall Street. Yet, like all rich men, he had enemies. His life was attempted in 1890, a bomb being placed in his office, where it exploded, but fortunately did no harm.

Mr. Sage once said: "I have always endeavored to act justly, and be perfectly honest in all my dealings with my fellow-men. . . . I was talking to a distinguished clergyman this very evening, and I said to him that if I could live the last sixty years of my life over again, I would hardly vary it at all. I might change a few little things, but the great framework would be the same. I have always tried to do my duty to my brother-man and to the community in which I lived, and this will be a great comfort to me when I depart this life. I have been guided by my Heavenly Father, and my own limited means of resource. . . . My aim in life has been to do my share in developing the material resources of the country. I have spent millions, tens of millions, and hundreds of millions on the railroad systems of the United States."

Mr. Sage was a man who was misunderstood by many and was intimate only with a few. The better side of his nature was not known to the multitude, who deemed him hard and selfish. He was a constant attendant at the Presbyterian church near his summer home on Long Island, although he never became a member of that body. The church was practically paid for by him.

The burial was in Oakwood Cemetery, at Troy, N. Y. Every precaution was taken to prevent the desecration of the grave. The casket was made of vermilion wood, a rare variety of mahogany. It is almost as hard as iron, and when highly polished is almost translucent in appearance. This was encased within a chest of chilled steel that weighed several tons. The bolts almost overlap, and the catches close from the inside, so that it would be practically impossible to open the chest from without. During the service the grave was surrounded by flowers and palms.

Mr. Sage had his ideals, different, perhaps, from those of other men, and he lived up to them to the best of his ability. His favorite motto will be carved upon the stone that is to mark his grave. It is: "I have done what I could by the light of the day."

Mr. Sage's wealth has been estimated at about one hundred millions, one of the largest private fortunes in the world. Until the will was offered for probate, there was much wild speculation as to its provisions. Mr. Sage gave the bulk of his fortune to his wife. It is reported that, through her, a number of charities in which she has been greatly interested, will receive large sums.

MOURNED BY THE BOWERY MISSION

THE Bowery Mission has sustained a severe loss in the recent death of Mr. Simon Trenwith, its Financial Secretary. Mr. Trenwith was a convert of the Mission of five years' standing, one of its most valued leaders, and after the death of Victor H. Benke he became manager of the weekly concerts. For nearly two years he occupied the position of Financial Secretary, and in that capacity became known to the many readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, who contribute towards the funds of this famous old Mission, and who will doubtless sincerely regret to hear of his decease.

Mr. Trenwith was obliged by ill-health to relinquish his duties in February last, to go into the Mountainside Hospital, Montclair, N. J. Here he suffered severely from neuritis for several months, but rallied sufficient strength in June to undertake a passage across the Atlantic to visit his mother in Dublin, Ireland. His delight at once more seeing his loved ones at home momentarily revived him, but he quickly failed again, and died in his mother's arms on Saturday, July 7.

On July 15, exactly two years of the death of his friend and co-worker, Victor H. Benke, the lamented organist of the Mission, the news was communicated to the great crowd of Bowery men that their friend Mr. Trenwith had passed away, and on Sunday evening, July 22d, a special service was held in his memory. At this service the story was told of his wonderful conversion and of his subsequent extraordinarily useful life. Simon Trenwith had been blessed with an excellent education, and was sent out into the world with all the gracious influences of a godly parentage and a lovely Christian home. While a medical student, however, he acquired habits of dissipation, and these fastened their hold upon him alarmingly when he went to London to pursue his profession. After the death of his father, and after repeated but unavailing efforts at reform, he came to America to begin life anew.

The Late Simon Trenwith

Here an experience happened to him which, although of a most drastic character, brought him to the turning-point in his career. On one of the first evenings after his arrival in New York City, he entered a saloon; his drink was drugged; he was robbed of everything he had, and flung out into a building in course of erection. When he came to himself, he found he was bereft of money, jewelry, letters; even his clothes had been taken from him, and he was a beggar. He was too ashamed to write home; he was a stranger in a strange land; he knew not which way to turn, and, for six weeks he lived the life of a homeless wanderer. Starving of hunger, maddened by the want of proper rest and an overwhelming sense of remorse, he was aimlessly shambling through the streets one night, when he heard the sound of an organ rolling through an open door, over which was written, "Come in; welcome." He loved music, he needed rest; he was exhausted; he felt he could not live another night, so he entered. He found it was a mission—the Bowery Mission. He heard men telling how God had delivered them from similar evil fates, and hope sprung in his heart. He prayed, and God heard him. That night he became a changed man.

Rarely has there been such a worker in the Bowery or any other mission. For at least two years, he never missed a night at the meetings. It was only when his position as a travelling salesman called him away, that he was occasionally absent. Even then he held to his place as leader; he became secretary to the Rescue League, concert manager, and ultimately Financial Secretary.

The Memorial service was largely attended. His favorite hymns were sung. Dr. J. DeWitt Nelson read very feelingly I. D. Sankey's poem, "At Rest." Mrs. Hallimond, Mrs. Thompson, Mr. Hunt, and Mr. Bryant sang appropriate solos: Numerous testimonies were given as to Mr. Trenwith's worth and work, and many affecting letters were read. The letter from his mother, telling of his last moments, was especially interesting. His thoughts seemed to be all of the Mission and his mother. "He wandered," she wrote, "a good deal. At one time he raised his hands as if addressing a meeting, and said, 'I cannot say any more, gentlemen.' He told me to say to the boys, 'Trust Jesus fully.' He used to put out his hand to take mine, as I sat beside him, and, looking lovingly at me, would say, 'My mother.' Almost the last conscious thing he said was, 'There's no one like mother.' He used to count up the people he would soon meet, and he mentioned your late organist, Mr. Benke. He told me he would be waiting and watching for me."

He requested that a verse of his favorite hymn, "I'm Holding On," should be placed upon his memorial card. At every meeting he led, he had this hymn sung, the words by an old Bowery Mission worker, W. H. Horner, and the music by Victor H. Benke, the Bowery Mission organist. All three are now members of the Choir Invisible. This is the verse:

> Jesus redeemed and made me whole:
> I can forget him never.
> Out of the depths he brought my soul,
> Now I am his forever!

Mrs. Bird, the "Mother of the Bowery," who was deeply attached to Mr. Trenwith, whom she counted as one of "her boys," provided a beautiful floral tablet, on which was inscribed:

> SIMON TRENWITH,
> July 7, 1906.
> "Well done, good and faithful servant."

THE VALLEY OF ACHIEVEMENT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 663

to meet the requirements of the women's and children's societies. There were no books ready for the proposed course of study, but this did not deter these indomitable women. One of their number, Louise Manning Hodgkins, wrote the introductory book, *Via Christi*. Mrs. Caroline Atwater Mason wrote the next one, *Lux Christi*, an outline study of India; Arthur H. Smith prepared the study on China, *Rex Christus;* William Elliot Griffis the one on Japan, *Dux Christus*, and last year's book, *Christus Liberator*, on Africa, was written by Ellen C. Parsons. That to be used during the coming winter is an outline study of the island world of the Pacific, entitled *Christus Redemptor*, by Helen Barrett Montgomery.

This course of study was eagerly taken up in the local churches. Forty-four mission boards adopted it, and women's and children's societies of all denominations in the United States and Canada were soon hard at work on the same course. This success led to the establishment of a summer school at Northfield, where the women and girls who are the leaders in their home societies could come, and together study plans and methods. In 1904 the first summer school was held there, with two hundred delegates in attendance. Next summer there were three hundred present, and similar schools were also held at Winona Lake, Wis., and Chautauqua, N. Y. This year, similar schools are being held in these three places, and also in the States of California, Kansas, Nebraska and Indiana, with uniform success.

At the Northfield School this year Mrs. Waterbury-Peabody presided. The forenoon sessions were occupied with different branches or phases of Bible or mission study. The first hour daily was occupied by Dr. Frederick Anderson, of Newton Theological Seminary, who gave a series of helpful talks on Jesus as a missionary. Following him, Mrs. Montgomery gave the lesson from her book, which is to be the text-book for the missionary societies during the coming winter. The afternoons were devoted to rest and recreation. At seven o'clock, Round Top Hill (where Evangelist Moody lies buried), was crowded with the same company listening to a mission address from a field worker, or engaged in devotional service. A vesper service followed in the auditorium, and the evening hours were occupied with addresses by returned missionaries or other well-known Christian workers.

Following Mrs. Montgomery's lessons an hour was devoted each morning to the study of methods in mission work, and leaders were provided who had proven the efficiency of the plans they presented. The last hour of the morning was given to sectional work: that is, study classes, woman's missionary meetings, and children's missionary organizations. At the evening services some of the brightest lights of the church were heard. Dr. Hamilton, pastor of the First Methodist Church of Boston, spoke on "Scope and Importance of Woman's Work"; Dr. Arthur J. Brown, secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, and author of a masterly work on the Philippines, gave an address on these islands. Mrs. T. C. Bliss told of her life in Micronesia, and Miss Scudder painted a vivid picture of her work in India. Mrs. Karl Kumm, formerly Miss Lucy Guinness, the Misses Zwemer, White and Glenn, Mrs. Lawrence Thurston and other missionaries were among the speakers.

Photo by Levering

A Group of Orientals at the Northfield Student Conference

A large reception was given at the Northfield, at which Sir Frederic and Lady Nicholson were among the guests of honor. Sir Frederic has been for many years a high official of the English government in India, where he has had a most distinguished career and where he is widely known for his interest in philanthropic and missionary enterprises. He inaugurated the system of savings banks for the poor of India, which brought about such a reformation, that, in recognition of the service, he was knighted by Queen Victoria.

Sunday was a red-letter day. Dr. Henry Mabie of the Baptist Missionary Union, spoke in the auditorium in the morning; there was a large missionary mass meeting in the afternoon, and in the evening Sir Frederic and other distinguished speakers gave addresses in the auditorium.

ABBY G. BAKER.

Japan's People Send Thanks

Through Hon. Robert Bacon, Acting Secretary of State, Washington, D. C., THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has received a copy of a letter to the American Ambassador in Japan, signed by Matsakata Sakuma, head official of the town of Miharu, in Fukushima province, and also by the head officials of twenty-nine neighboring villages. In this letter the Ambassador is requested to convey to the President and people of the United States the grateful thanks of the Japanese people for the generous contributions for famine relief. The letter says:

> Your country was quick to extend its profound sympathy to us on the occasion of the famine in the northwestern provinces. We wish to tell your Excellency that the money given us has been profitably used in relieving the sufferers. We respectfully request that your excellency kindly take the trouble to convey our gratitude to his Excellency the President of the United States.

A Remarkable Group of Famine Waifs

This Photograph Shows 1,200 Children in the Okayama Orphanage, 800 of Whom are Famine Orphans, Aided by "The Christian Herald" Readers

THERE are to-day twelve hundred children in the Okayama Orphanage, Japan. More than eight hundred, or two-thirds of them, are famine waifs. Thanks to a special gift through the Sendai Relief Committee of $12,500 from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund (the largest single gift in the history of Okayama Orphanage), and to many smaller ones from all over the world, this regiment of half-starved children is being fed, and clothed, and housed.

To be sure, ten more cottages are needed to prevent overcrowding, and a large chapel is a pressing necessity, as now all general meetings of the workers and children must be held under the open sky. An improved industrial plant, more land and many other things are urgently called for, but they will come in due time. This is one of the institutions that prays in faith for what it needs to carry on the Lord's work.

One of the new cottages will be named "Herald Home," and in various other ways the sympathy of this paper's readers in the great work of the Okayama institution will be gratefully perpetuated.

The wild waifs from the north are improving daily under the kind but firm discipline of the Orphanage. Twelve physical weaklings have died, in spite of careful nursing. Several contagious diseases were brought by the famine children. On one occasion, the Orphanage hospital was swamped with seventy cases of measles, and thirty of other complaints, while one hundred and fifty more of the little folks received daily treatment for sore eyes. Even now, after the contagious diseases are practically stamped out, there remain seventy-five patients in the Orphanage hospital.

One of the missionary ladies in the city holds a weekly meeting with the housemothers, at which all kinds of helpful instruction are given. Visitors come from far and near to inspect this unique institution. Simple-minded peasants, as they pass by the cottages, throw one or even five *yen* bills over the fence, calling out, "Here's a little help for your good work." A gift of *yen*, one thousand ($500), has just been received from his Majesty, the Emperor.

J. H. PETTEE.

Okayama, Japan.

STREET PREACHING IN NEW YORK

ONE of the most important phases of the work undertaken by the Evangelistic Committee of New York City, is the preaching of the Gospel in the public squares and streets. There is a freedom and simplicity in such a service, under the open sky, that appeals strongly to men. There is no constraint, and they respond quickly to the heartiness and friendliness of the speakers. It is impossible to know the results of such a meeting, of this sowing by the wayside and on strong soil. The seed is simply left to germinate under God's care and sunshine, and is it not as well, perhaps, since this was the Master's way?

Two such meetings are held regularly at noon, one at Wall Street, every day except Saturday and Sunday; the other on the steps of City Hall on Mondays. At this hour, when the down-town streets and squares are filled with men going to and from luncheon, there suddenly breaks in upon the common noises and din of the street, the sound of music or the reading of the Scripture. Attracted by the strangeness and seeming incongruity of these things, men draw near to listen.

If it is in Wall Street, they will see an Episcopal clergyman in his black cassock, standing on a stool in front of the Custom House, reading his Scripture lesson; and as hundreds of men quickly gather about him, preaching with great earnestness and power concerning the Lord Jesus Christ. Dr. Wilkinson is now well known in Wall Street, for this is his second summer with his "congregation," and the men like the veteran missioner who speaks to them with such directness and kindly humor.

At City Hall steps, a similar audience gathers every Monday at noon, at the call of the cornet and the singing of Gospel hymns. All the evangelists and singers and other workers in this tent movement, unite in these weekly meetings, over which Dr. Ely presides. Printed programmes are distributed, on which are given the Scripture lesson and several familiar hymns, and with these in hand, the audience join heartily in the service. On July 16, about 200 children were brought down to City Hall from the different tents, and, seated on the steps, took part in the exercises. The children are good singers and are well trained in all the tents, and that day the Gospel songs rang out over the great square with a new power. The spectacle made a strong appeal, for it was seen that some of these children came from the districts where poverty and sin are better known than the Gospel. One gentleman came up and distributed dollar bills among the children, and afterward sent a check to the Committee to help carry on the good work. Two or three addresses are made at these meetings by evangelists and resident ministers, and there is always a good musical programme. The interest manifested is remarkable, and it shows plainly enough that men want the Gospel message. Everywhere, all over the City of New York, they receive it gladly.

Other open-air meetings conducted by the Evangelistic Committee are at Abingdon Square, at 8 P. M., and at Fort George at 9 P.M. Several neighboring churches unite to assist in the work at Abingdon Square, which is in charge of Rev. Dubois Loux. A meeting is held for the children in Neighborhood Hall, on the Square, at 9 o'clock, presided over by Mr. Wayne, the cornetist leader of the singing for the main meeting. Dr. Loux uses the stereopticon and the megaphone, for Abingdon Square is one of the noisiest corners in a noisy city. But through all the din, men stand for an hour to listen to the Gospel, and many of them have found their way to God, and have gone from the square into the church. At Fort George, the well-known street preacher, Bradford Williams, speaks every evening except Monday, to the crowds that throng this resort from the lower part of the city. Sixty to seventy thousand people come here on Saturday and Sunday afternoon and evening, and on these days two meetings are held, at 5 P. M. and 9 P.M. A dozen meetings could be held every Sunday. Here is almost the only opportunity of preaching to the Jewish population. Thousands of Jews come and listen to the preaching.

Preaching by Megaphone to Western Electric Company Workers

Street preaching in New York City is carrying the Gospel to a great multitude, who do not enter our churches.

MARY E. BOICE.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, Associate Editor — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, Associate Editor

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Vain Predictions

AN Ocean Grove tent-dweller, who is also a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, writes, enclosing an extract from a local paper, which gives an account of certain startling predictions made by one of the speakers at the Bible Students' Convention, recently held in Asbury Park, N. J.

The speaker in question undertook to tell his auditors just what was going to happen between the years 1911 and 1915. He claimed to have spent many years in Bible study, and to have discovered the existence of a principle which demonstrates conclusively that history repeats itself, and that if a certain event, such as the fall of a kingdom, occurred 1500 B.C., a precisely similar event must occur in 1500 A.D. By this novel method of parallel dates, working backward and forward, he was enabled to foretell that in September, 1911, our people would rise against the government: in 1912-13 they would repent their act and leave the government in peace; but in 1914, Church, State and people would again be at war, and in the following year, 1915, they would rise in their might and "demolish all forms of government," introducing a state of anarchy and social chaos.

. . .

It would be difficult to conceive of any theory of prophetic interpretation more absurd than this, which attributes to Deity a rule-of-thumb system in governing the universe. It is unsupported by a single analogous incident in human history, ancient or modern.

One would hardly suppose, in these enlightened days, that any serious attention would be given to a speaker who juggled with Scripture and chronology for the sake of producing a cheap sensation. Having in mind the ignominious failures of a long line of predictionists, including Miller, Cummings, Hart and others, whose wild calculations as to coming events startled the world in past years, it might be reasonably expected that the lesson of their experience would not be wholly lost. But such is not the case. Almost every religious denomination has its share of trouble over the rash and irreverent utterances of men whose lack of early educational opportunities, or want of spiritual balance, makes their usefulness extremely doubtful. Such a speaker, if some crude, ill-digested notion seizes him, will predict the death of mighty potentates, the crash of empires, or the crack-of-doom itself as calmly and confidently as though discussing to-morrow's sunrise.

. . .

There is no branch of Bible study of greater importance to the earnest searcher after truth and the divine purpose, than prophecy, and none which ought to be approached with deeper reverence. But there is no Biblical warrant to justify any one, however sincere and thorough his study of the subject, in fixing dates, or in claiming to possess the gift of divination. Indeed, there is a special warning which stamps such attempts as impious and delusive, and places the offenders in the category of charlatans and misleaders of men. Of old there were prophets who prophesied falsely in the Lord's name, (Jer. 14: 14), and their successors are with us to-day. The future and its events are in God's keeping, and our wisest course is to leave them there. Christ himself has expressly warned his followers against those diviners, in the famous passage in Matt. 24: 21-28. The attitude of the Christian should be one of watchfulness and prayerful preparation. Above all, he should live in confident expectancy of the realization of the world's hope—the second advent of the Messiah.

To our Ocean Grove inquirer, and to all others, we repeat, therefore, that such rash predictions as those mentioned in his letter, are foolish and unprofitable, and even worse. They should be everywhere discouraged in the Christian Church.

Take Courage!

IN all our changeful life there is no hiding-place where our Saviour cannot find us. Alike in the clear sunshine or in the darkling storm, his eye is over his people, and his infinite heart holds them, every one. When the hill is steep, and briars and thorns grown on its sharp ascent, he is watching the weary flock, ready to help and to pity them as they strain up the mountain-side. When the path leads through velvet lawns and beside peaceful waters, the Shepherd gazes tenderly, yet fearfully, upon them, for these are the "Enchanted Grounds" where there is danger that the Pilgrim fall into a fatal sleep.

Jesus knows the works of his people. He knows their ways, whether they keep just on the skirts of the world, or whether they walk in the narrow way that leadeth to himself. He knows where they extend a helping hand to the pale children of sorrow, and when they shut their ear to the cry of the desolate. Their motives are all open to him. Men judge by results; Christ sees the secret spring.

. . .

Let the precious thought that we work under the Master's eye, stimulate us to do and dare for him. When the spirit faints, let it reach forth in its feebleness to Jesus the Strong. In the hour of prayer, let it take courage, for he with whom it wrestles will hear and sustain us and we shall be upborne by everlasting arms.

A Courteous Critic

OUR editorial, in a former number, on the startling crime recently committed in New York, has evoked, as was natural, strong criticism. Public opinion tends so fully to sympathy with the murderer, as to justify the opinion we expressed, that such sympathy with lawless deeds was far too prevalent. We are always glad of criticism, and are at all times willing to reconsider an opinion when we find it was hasty or unwise. In this case, however, we still think we were right, and believe that the views expressed by our critic are dangerous.

He says that "a few more such acts as this murder would cause the high-roller sports to quit" their immoral acts. Do the facts warrant the belief? This is no new remedy. It is as old as history and has been often applied in recent times. Time and again men who have preyed on the innocent and have broken up families, have been slain. But has it deterred others from their evil ways? That the latest victim, a man of intelligence, fully acquainted with current events should, according to the allegations of his foe, have continued the course that led to his murder, is a proof that irresponsible vengeance is not a deterrent. There is no question about the shame and the wickedness of such lives, but murder is not the remedy. The real remedy is in a change of heart and a higher moral tone, not, as our correspondent contends, in "a few more such acts as this."

. . .

Another statement of our critic, who, quoting our question, "Who would be safe if young men of unregulated passions, felt authorized to avenge a wrong with a pistol-shot?" says that "Decent men are always safe." We are not so sure of that as he appears to be. There have been many instances of mistake. In a recent case, one of the most honored citizens of New York was shot down by a jealous man, as a punishment for his frequent visits to a certain lady. It was proved after the crime, that the murderer had made a ghastly mistake. The victim had never visited the lady, nor done any act to provoke vengeance. The criminal, like many of his class, was blinded by passion, and mistook his victim for another man. Such men, who are generally themselves not innocent of immorality, are furious when the evil touches them, and rush out, more intent on killing some one than on killing the right person. No, it is not true that "Decent men are always safe."

. . .

Neither in this nor in our former article, is there any disposition to prejudice this case. It is not for us to condemn the murderer. He should be brought before the proper tribunal, where the evidence can be calmly heard and the case legally decided. Nor have we any desire to excuse the conduct he charges against his victim. Such conduct, by whomsoever committed, deserves the most condign punishment, but it should not be administered by a lawless desperado. The law should be respected. If it is ineffective, let it be strengthened. But there should be no private vengeance, nor condonation of it. Otherwise we shall by and by be living under a system of anarchy in which every man is a law unto himself. There is more danger of such a condition than the public is aware.

The Cheapness of Life

WE hear much of the horrors of war, and societies have been formed to seek another way of settling international disputes. On account of the cost? In money, no, though that has been alleged by a few; in lives, yes. People shudder over the carnage of the battlefield, and yet, right here in America, men women and children are butchered through the carelessness of a public opinion that does not insist on proper precautions being taken in the "dangerous trades," and that safety guards be used by our great transportation companies, on sea and land.

Few stop to think that more people have their lives crushed out by railroad accidents in one year than have fallen in some of the great battles of history. In the country there are practically no gates and no flagmen at the crossings, and the sign, "Look Out for the Engine!" painted on a white yard-arm, has never been known to have any effect on frightened and unmanageable horses. Every few days some local paper in a few lines records a tragedy. A train making time, a frightened team, and death, play their parts, and are forgotten, except by those bereaved. Even in our large towns the observing traveller cannot but notice that as soon as the main business section is left behind, the train steams across street after street where there are no gates, and the only warning, the engine's bell. It is cheaper to pay the costs awarded by the courts than to build these protections and hire the large corps of gatemen and flagmen that would be necessary. We know of a large city in New York State where the trains pass along the middle of a street for over a quarter of a mile. There are no guard-rails or fence to separate it from the driveway on each side. How many localities have some stretch of track known as "dead man's curve!"

. . .

In England there are practically no grade crossings, the trains going either over or under the roadways. The recent terrible accident at Salisbury calls attention to the fact that railroad accidents are comparatively infrequent in that country, and the subject of rigid inquiry when they do occur. On the Continent, gates and guards cover all approaches when a train is expected. How long will it be before we in this country will see that the same simple precautions are taken. The average man seems to go on the theory that he himself will never be a victim, and that those who are killed are not related to him. In one of our great cities over a thousand people have been killed by the electric cars since they began to fly about the streets. A larger number has been injured and maimed.

Weak buildings, fire-traps, open crossings, overcrowded steamboats, whose life-preservers are stuffed with grass, and trolley cars pile up their dead, while we call ourselves a highly civilized nation and raise our hands in horror at the story of the car of Juggernaut. At no distant day, we hope, we will regard human life as so sacred that no precaution will be too extensive or too expensive to prevent its useless waste. Until that time those who travel and those who walk but a few blocks to business, are, according to statistics, taking more chances than those who enlist for service under the flag to win glory at the cannon's mouth.

Among the Workers

—A CAMP MEETING was opened on Peak's Island, Me., August 5, A. A. Silnes, Evangelis, of Portland, Me., conducting the services.

—SIXTY-NINE STATES, provinces, and Territories of the United States, Canada, Mexico, Central America and Cuba will send representatives to the annual meeting of the Executive Committee of the International Sunday School Association, at Winona Lake, Ind., August 8. 14,000,000 scholars, in thirty religious denominations, are represented. Two of the important matters to be considered are the World's Fifth Convention, to be held in Rome, Italy, May 20-23, 1907, and the Twelfth International Convention, scheduled for Louisville, Ky., June, 1908.

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Russia's Crisis

WITH the stroke of a pen, Russia has been placed on the brink of a precipice. Beyond is a yawning chasm, at the foot of which are the flames of revolution. The Czar, on July 22, took the bold step of dissolving the Duma. The edict was issued at three o'clock in the morning. Preparations had been made for the outbreak that might ensue. Regiments which could be relied on were hurriedly summoned to St. Petersburg. Extraordinary security, which is only one step from martial law, was declared in the capital, and vigorous measures were adopted to prevent disorder. The Czar announced in his proclamation, that the attempt to provide Russia with a Parliament had not been abandoned. A new Duma is to be elected, which will meet on March 5, 1907. The Lower Chamber of the dispersed Duma promptly assembled at Viburg, and issued a manifesto to the Russian people, stating their case, and pointing out that the Czar was proposing to govern the Empire for eight months without a Parliament. They declared his act a violation of the Constitution, and urged the people to refuse to give a coin to the throne, or a soldier to the army. It was all they had time to do, for a detachment of soldiers was on its way to break up the meeting. They fully expected to be arrested, but they were suffered to depart peacefully to their homes.

The reasons given by the Czar for thus suddenly breaking up his Parliament, are weak, and show how little he understands the working of constitutional government. He complains that the Duma had not applied itself to the work of productive legislation, by which he apparently means the small details of administration, but had strayed into a sphere beyond its competence, and made comments on imperfections in the fundamental laws, which, he says, "can be modified only by my imperial will." The Duma had also transgressed by making an appeal to the nation, instead of addressing its petition to the Czar. For these reasons he decided to send the Duma away and summon a new Duma, which, he hopes, will be more intelligent. It would appear, however, that the people, incensed by his act, will elect another Duma still more unmanageable.

One concession to the popular will the Czar does make. He has removed the obnoxious Premier M. Goremykin, but he appointed in his place M. Stolypin, the Minister of the Interior, in the same Cabinet, which would appear to indicate that there is to be no change of policy. He has addressed a proclamation to all Governors of Provinces, directing them how to deal with any outbreak that may occur. They are "to strike and spare not." Their measures of repression, he explains are not against society, but against the enemies of society, and they are to remember that the old regime will be regenerated, but order must be fully maintained. To a correspondent, M. Stolypin explained that the new course did not mean reaction, but a policy of strong-handed reform. The Czar, he said, was resolved on a liberal government, but until proper and well-considered measures could be taken, order must be enforced, and any attempt at insurrection would be firmly suppressed. He expressed the opinion that in spite of sporadic disaffection in the army, it was in the main loyal to the throne and would obey orders.

The reply of the people is said to be to organize a general strike, which would paralyze transportation and all operations requiring labor in any form. To what extent this can be done remains to be seen, but it will not be attempted unless pledges of co-operation are given by every trade. In the meantime, the peasants are taking the initiative by attacking the landowners, and, in some instances, burning their castles. The more extreme societies have held meetings denouncing the Czar, M. Trepoff and Pobiedonostzeff, formerly Procurator of the Holy Synod and a noted reactionist, and Gen. Orloff, whose cruelties in the Baltic Provinces have made his name hated throughout Russia. Notices have been nailed to the doors of the residences of all these, notifying them that they have been condemned to death. This, in spite, or with the connivance of the guards stationed to protect them. What the issue will be no man can tell. The whole population, goaded by long years of oppression, is in desperate mood, and provoked by the dissolution of the Duma. Should they rise in their might there will be a fearful struggle, in which the throne itself may be swept away.

Prominent Leaders of the Russian Court and People

Woe unto them that decree unrighteous decrees, and that write grievousness which they have prescribed. What will ye do in the day of visitation? In the desolation which shall come? To whom will ye flee for help? And where will ye leave your glory? (Isaiah 10: 1, 3).

The Race for the Pole

Four eager and intrepid explorers are now on their way to the North Pole. They are Wellman, Peary, Harrison, and Mikkelson. A wireless message from Wellman to President Roosevelt, announces his safe arrival in Northern Spitzbergen, whence he hopes to start on his balloon voyage to the Pole about the middle of August. Every precaution that could be devised to avert such a catastrophe as that which befell Andre, has been taken, and when Mr. Wellman telegraphed, he was sanguine of reaching the Pole in less than five days after his ascension. His balloon carries motor sledges, which can be used in the event of a failure in the mechanism of the balloon. Peary, who is believed by experts to have the best prospects, owing to his experience, is daily expected to communicate from South Labrador, where a wireless telegraph has been established. He has a crew of twenty-four, and forty Esquimos. Mikkelson, who has the Englishman, Leffingwell, with him, was expected to reach Bering Sea by August 1. Thence they would sail down the Alaskan coast, and establish a depot at Princess Royal Island, on the west coast of British Columbia. It is proposed to winter there, and in the spring resume the journey, west north-west, by the Siberian coast, toward the Pole. The American Geographical Society has received word from Dr. Harrison that he had reached Herschell's Island, after passing the winter at Arctic Red River, where he had made a survey with prismatic compass. He is now starting north by way of Parry Archipelago. It is disappointing to learn that there may be a failure of any of the explorers to send news by the wireless telegraph. It has been well known that messages by that means travel best in the night. In the Arctic at this time of year there is no night, and it is feared that the continuous day may interfere with the dispatch of messages. Never were the prospects of reaching the Pole so good, and there is eager expectation in all lands of success. The result will be useful to science, but it is little likely that anything will be found but ice and general barrenness.

He stretcheth out the north over an empty place (Job 26: 7).

The Imperial Palace of Peterhof, Russia

Hope of a Cancer Cure

An article in the current number of *McClure's Magazine* announces that the scientists who are studying cancer have made a discovery that promises success. The author does not assert that absolute certainty has been attained, but he does say: "The giving of the widest and most immediate publicity to these facts seems to be a proceeding from which it would be cruel and cowardly to refrain, even though absolutely dogmatic and final statements cannot yet be made." The discovery appears to be chiefly due to Dr. Beard's experiments. His theory is that the cells, of which cancer is formed, have always been in the body, and only under exceptional conditions awake to malignant activity. They may be destroyed, or, as he puts it, "digested" by means of his new remedy, "Trypsin." This remedy may be administered by the mouth or under the skin. Of the results, so far, the writer of the article, himself a physician, says: "I, for one, have no choice but to believe that the experiments have disclosed a series of facts, our knowledge of which not merely marks an epoch in embryology, but promises to put an end forever to what is, perhaps, the most appalling of all the ills that flesh is heir to." If the hopes of the physicians are fulfilled, what gladness the news will bring to sufferers from the disease in every land! How gladly will they avail themselves of it! None will act as do the sufferers from that spiritual malady of sin, neglecting the remedy which is sure and which is free to all.

Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there? Why then is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered? (Jer. 8: 22)

BRIEF NOTES

The new professor of Hebrew at the North Wales Baptist College, Bangor, is a young man of twenty-seven, the son of a working collier, and he has himself had experience of work in a colliery.

In the present British Parliament there are sixteen Jewish members of the Lower Chamber.

The Rev. W. L. Watkinson, D.D., LL.D., of London, England, ex-President of the Wesleyan Conference, arrived in New York City, Monday, July 30. He is visiting this country to preach and lecture in different parts. He will lecture at Grove City, Pa., Winona Lake, Ind., and Lake Geneva, Wis. In September he will preach at the Central Congregational Church and Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, and St. Paul's M.E. Church, Manhattan. He will also lecture at several theological seminaries. He will be accompanied by Dr. George Adams, pastor of Grace M.E. Church, Bay Ridge, Brooklyn, one of his former parishioners and pupils.

PERSISTENCE AND PENITENCE WIN

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

*By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts**

"The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself"

THREE portraits are before us, painted not in colors, but in the graphic words of Jesus.

First Portrait—The Unrighteous Judge. A man of austere countenance, marked with deep lines of selfishness, sits upon the dais in the judgment hall. His whole bearing is suggestive of a man who has little or no regard for the feelings of others. His habitual attitude is pompous in the extreme, as if he had nothing to ask of man or God, being a law unto himself. A woman is ushered into his presence, her features covered with a coarse blue veil, indicating that she is a widow. At a signal from the judge, she comes tremblingly forward, wailing as she approaches. He had seen widows before, he considered them troublesome. Their pathetic stories of adversaries who were trying to defraud them of their property, were an annoyance to him. "Yes, here is another of those widows," he said to himself. Fortunately, the perplexed widow, in this instance, did not know his hard thoughts concerning her class. And so she poured forth her griefs concerning the man, the adversary, who was trying to seize upon her living. The judge recognizes in her a persevering person, and comes to the conclusion that for his own peace of mind, if nothing else, he had better take up her cause, for unless he does, she will appeal again and again to him and greatly weary him. Equity does not enter his thoughts. He settles the case because of his own comfort of mind.

Second Portrait. A man, who is a Pharisee, is entering the Temple to pray. Wrapped about his shoulders is his prayer robe, with its border of blue, and long white and blue fringes at the corners. On his foreheard, is his leather-bound phylactery, made exceedingly broad, and, on his left arm, still another phylactery. His head is not bowed, but rather he is looking about him to see if he is not the observed of all observers. He reaches Solomon's Court, and there stands and prays aloud, saying: "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are." He especially thanks God that he is not as the publican, who stands not far from him, also praying. The Pharisee considers the publican the very scum of the earth. Why should the Pharisee pray? He does not seem to desire God's help, but only makes it an occasion for giving God an inventory of his good qualities.

Third Portrait—The Publican He is attired in his every-day clothes, not being the possessor of a prayer robe. He has come rather stealthily into the Temple to pray, for men of his calling, that of a tax-collector, are not expected there. He casts sidelong glances to see if he is recognized by any one, and then gets the shade of a pillar, hoping thereby to escape recognition. His low, moaning prayer: "God be merciful to me a sinner!" catches the ear of the Pharisee, who searches him out with his proud glance. But Jesus as he places their portraits before his hearers has words of commendation for the publican, and none for the Pharisee.

Illustration and Application

The conditions of prevailing prayer are persistency and penitence—that is the great teaching of this lesson. It is useless for us to be persistent in our prayers to God until we are penitent, and so we will consider first the lesson of the publican and Pharisee. We must both forgive and be forgiven before our prayers will be heard for anything but pardon.

1. God, I thank thee that I am not as the rest of men. He said he was "thankful," but he was really only boastful. If he was less vicious than other men, he should have credited a favoring providence chiefly, instead of making it a subject of pride.

> Two went to pray, or rather say
> One went to brag, the other went to pray;
> One lifts his head and looks on high,
> The other dares not lift his eye;
> One nearer to the altar trod,
> The other to that altar's God.

The sequel shows that humility is the gate of prayer, while pride bars the entrance.

Some men think that they are performing a positively meritorious act when they pay their debts, instead of recognizing that they have only done what they ought to do. And the same men (and others) seem to think that they have acquired a still greater degree of merit, when they have simply been honest enough to pay the Lord his due in work and worship. This tendency is illustrated in the case of a little fellow whose mother, one evening after hearing his prayers, added the commendation, "That's a very good boy." On later evenings the same praise was not forthcoming, but the boy himself was not willing to let it slip, and now he adds, on his own account, a regular appendix to his prayer: "Amen. That's a good boy—a very good boy. Yes'm." It would be well if such self-gratulation were confined to children; but it is to be feared that, if the feelings of a good many adults could be analyzed after an unusually successful prayer-meeting, or an unusually large contribution to the missionary cause, they would be found to be not very different from the child's self-praise, "That's a good boy—a very good boy. Yes'm."

Pride is not the only mark of a Pharisee. Another is substituting religious forms for faith. The Pharisee's religion is "rank, with outwardness." If he is a Roman Catholic, his religion is mostly going to mass; if a Protestant, mostly going to meetings. He does not know any other meaning of "service" except the false one that calls it a "service" to go to church, which should be considered rather a preparation for service to God and man when he goes from meeting as from a meal to work. Jesus, with his twelve apostles in a cornfield on the Sabbath, said to the carping Pharisees who followed him: "In this place is one greater than the temple." That is the word that is needed by Pharisees in every age and land whose chief interest centres in a temple, a ritual, a creed—anything substituted for loving loyalty to the divine person. Mr. Ament Joseph Fabre, who professes to represent many in France who are Christians, but neither Catholics nor Protestants, puts into contrast with the simplicity of New Testament Christianity the Phariseeism of Roman Catholic pomp in these words: "Imagine for a moment that one of the actual disciples of Jesus had returned to earth; one of those, I mean, who had heard Jesus preaching the worship of God in spirit and in truth, declaring that his kingdom was not of this world, and informing his apostles that they were to be the servants of all. Suppose this actual disciple of Christ were attending one of the grand festivals celebrated at Rome in honor of the sovereign pontiff. At the end of a long procession of dignitaries in lace and embroidery he would see the Grand Lama of the West carried on a throne of gold, a cape of cloth-of-gold upon his shoulders, a triple tiara of gold upon his head, and, leading and following his throne, a splendid cortege of mitered prelates and noble guards helmeted and armed. Silver trumpets pour their loud strains, and the prostrate multitude greets the pontiff with delirious acclamation. Would not the returned disciple of Palestine think that he saw an idol carried before a nation of idolaters? If any one were to say to him, 'It is His Holiness the Supreme Pontiff, vicegerent and vicar of God on earth; it is the infallible ruler, whose prerogative it is to govern men's consciences with sovereign sway, and to dictate their faith to millions of believers,' would he not ask: 'Who are these pagans of a novel kind, and how can they possibly recognize in this clerical caricature of Christianity the grand religion of Christ?'"

2. God be merciful to me, a sinner. The man who says he is not a sinner is either deceived himself or is deceiving others. To confess and forsake a fault is much nobler than to hide it. The publican had sinned in extorting taxes beyond what was due. He was sorry for his "graft" and sought forgiveness and strength to reform; and not in vain.

An instance of such a penitent prodigal is given in a recent issue of an English paper. It is the story of a young man who neglected his young wife and spent his time and money mostly in drinking places. He grew rough and cruel and gave his wife less and less of money for the home bills. One night when she had had no food she waited for him for hours in the rain at the door of the saloon. At last she fell on the pavement, faint and ill, and kind hands of passers-by lifted her up. Her husband came out just then and said, "Leave her alone; she is my wife. I can take care of her." "You've looked after her well," said one of the onlookers, and the whole crowd jeered him. The next day was Sunday and he remained at home filled with shame that his meanness was now so fully known. On Monday he found he could get no more credit for drink, and no work. His little Susie sought to comfort him—at first in vain. "It's no use," he said; "I'd best lie down and die, for I'm cast out." "Don't say so, father," said Susie; "I heard last night of some one who said, 'Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out.'" "Sounds good," he said, "uncommon good. I spects it's out of some book, or the Bible, p'raps." "It's God's say so," said his child. "'Nowise cast out!' Father, dear, think of that! It's just meant for you, daddy." A Christian man passing the door, took in the situation, and helped the poor publican to return to God by way of penitence and the pledge.

Such transformed publicans are found in all lands. "When the Bible came to us," said a Christian Hottentot, who visited England many years ago, and attended a large missionary meeting, "we were naked, we lived in caves and on the tops of mountains; we painted our bodies with red paint. The Bible charmed us out of the caves and from the mountain tops. Now we know there is a God; now we know we are accountable creatures before God. I have travelled with the missionaries in taking the Bible to the Bushmen and other tribes. When the Word of God was preached, the Bushman threw away his bow and arrows, the Kaffir threw away his shield. Others threw away their evil works and their assegais, and became children of God."

3. Earnestness Rewarded. The success of the unfortunate widow's persistency, recalls the case of a young man who recently applied at the Department of the Lakes for admittance to the United States Army. Though he was found a fraction of an inch too short, and was consequently refused, he was in nowise deterred, but with indomitable determination that would pay any price, he went out and bumped his head repeatedly against a wall until he had raised a bump enough to make the required measurement complete. Then he had himself remeasured, on the plea that there must have been some mistake in the former measurement. What an example to the many half-hearted seekers after entrance to the kingdom of God! "Oh, what a world this would soon be," says Dr. C. H. Parkhurst, "if the perseverance of the saints were made of as enduring stuff as the perseverance of the sinners."

Another good illustration of persistency is a story of Egypt. One of the usual methods in which a king nowadays signifies approval of good work or distinguished service, is to confer upon the doer of it some order or other. This is not a modern custom. It prevailed among the ancient Egyptians—so true is it that there is nothing new under the sun. The old Egyptians had a military order called the "Order of the Fly." Flies in Africa are like flies elsewhere, only very much more so. They tease and worry poor human beings almost out of their wits. Driven away, they come back to precisely the same nose or bald head. This habit of theirs had caught the notice of the Egyptians, who thought that in this respect a fly was like a good general, who, no matter how badly or how often beaten, always returned to the attack. So they decorated their great generals with this order—a golden chain, from which at various points were suspended flies of gold, four inches wide across the closed wings.

*International Sunday School Lesson for Aug. 19, 1906. The Judge, Pharisee and Publican, Luke 18: 1-14. GOLDEN TEXT: "God be merciful to me a sinner," Luke 18: 13.

The Doctor Said—

"BACON"

And Plenty of It

"GIVE her Bacon!
And plenty of it!" said the Doctor.
—A fine food for delicate children who need fat and up-building.
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Most easily of all fat foods!
Why?
Because Bacon-fat is in *Granular* form."
"It can be eaten with impunity by persons to whom other forms of fat are intolerable.
Great for Diabetics!
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Produces vigor, energy, vitality.
Not even a confirmed Dyspeptic need hesitate to eat plenty of Bacon—
Provided—
That Bacon has been mild-cured—
Is not too salty,
Is not too lean,
Is not too dry and stringy.

Because—
Bacon can benefit, or may injure, such People according to the *Quality* of meat in it, and the *Manner* of curing it.
A lean Hog means a poorly nourished Hog—Poor *Quality* of meat.
Bacon from such a Hog will be dry, stringy, and comparatively hard to digest.

Fat, in Bacon is inseparable from "Good Condition"—from well-nourished Fibre.
The *Lean* meat of such Bacon will be Rich in Flavor, Juicy, Nutritious and Digestible.
That's if the nutriment in it has not been *pickled* out, by an excessively Strong, Salty, Briny "Cure"!
Even *Good* meat can be petrified in Salt, you know.

So that people who want—
The most nourishment—
The most digestibility—
The finest Meat Flavor—
Had better specify the "*Star*" grade of Armour Bacon—at a little higher Cost.
And see, for themselves, that the "*Star*" of Quality is actually burnt into the skin of the Bacon.
Because—
Only about *One* Hog in every *Fifteen* received at the huge Armour Plants daily is there considered *Superfine* enough to produce Armour "*Star*" grade of Bacon.
It must be a corn-fed Hog.
Because these have the firmest, sweetest flesh.
It must be a barrow Hog.
Because these have the fullest Flavor.
It must be a Young, but fully matured Hog.
Because these are Tender, Fine-Grained, and Thin-Skinned.
It must be a well-nourished, fairly Fat Hog.
Because, these are the Juiciest, and most Digestible.
Then these Selected Flitches of Bacon must be "Cured" by a Mild, Sweet, Piquant, Armour Liquor.
Because that brings out, and develops all the fine, rich, subtle, meat flavors with an added spice.
And it does this without leaving a suggestion of that Salty, Porky taste that is noticeable in common kinds of Bacon.

Then comes the *Smoking*,—
Just enough to preserve the meat, and give a delicate suggestion of wood fire odor.
These are the Factors, in Bacon, which Armour "*Star*" stands for.
No other Bacon is quite so delicious, nor so suited to the Growing Child, the Invalid or the Epicure.
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No other is so carefully Selected, and so Skilfully Developed as The "*Star*" *grade* of Armour's Bacon.

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Soul-Winning in the Mountains

PEOPLE who believe that all of the "romance" and heroism of missions is confined to the foreign field, should read some of the accounts of the missionaries of the Society of Soul-Winners, that are carrying the Gospel to tens of thousands of our own race in the great mountains that reach north and south through Kentucky, Virginia and neighboring States. Little known to the general public, the mountains have become almost a land of mystery, yet in their valleys live a people patriotic, sturdy and alert, waiting eagerly for the preacher and teacher to open to them the Bible and books that would make them iu a few short years valuable members of any community. Rev. Dr. Edward O. Guerrant, the President of the America Inland Mission, sends the following report of a year's work among these mountain people:

A Congregation at Kessler Chapel

"Abundant blessings have for the eighth year crowned our humble efforts to send the Gospel to the poor children in the mountains. To all our friends and helpers, we gratefully make this report of the work done for these long-neglected people. Eight years ago we began with one missionary and $360 for his support. This year God has sent 97 workers into the Alleghany and Cumberland Mountains to preach and teach the Gospel, and, without a single collection, has provided for their support more than $10,000. 'This is the Lord's doing.' During the last year, our treasurer, Major Bullock, reports that he received $9,753.89, and paid out $9,205,58, and had a balance of $817.13. This amount has been voluntarily contributed by individual Christians all over the United States, by rich and poor alike, from every branch of the Church of God. It has been most economically expended, so as to accomplish the largest results for the least outlay.

"A distinguished minister with large acquaintance with mission work said recently:

" 'The Society of Soul-Winners is doing the most and best work with the least money of any missionary society on earth so far as I know.' The evangelists have literally given their time and labor, asking only their bare expenses. Many of them have done noble service, and received only $10 a month to pay their board. God alone can reward them. Nearly all these 97 workers have labored in the 'regions beyond' churches and preachers, among the forgotten people in the great mountains. During the year, the Society has built and received by gift 8 new mission houses and churches, and is now erecting a 16-room dormitory at Mt. Victory in the Cumberlands. The Log College, twenty-five miles from a railroad, is flourishing, with 6 professors, 66 boarders, 165 students. There has been a new church completed, 175 pupils in the Sunday Schools and 20 confessions of Christ. The seminary of the Great Smoky Mountains has had the best year of its history. The Mt. Victory Normal School, with its new dormitory and large school building and church, the gift of Mr. Sanders, promises a great work. The Ebenezer Mission, on the North Carolina border, a new three-story building, fully furnished, the gift of Mr. Nowack and the Taylor Bros. to the Society, is doing noble work under Miss Alice Warren and Miss Elizabeth Cooley.

"In this vast mountain empire of 85,000 square miles, with three millions of inhabitants, descendants of Anglo-Saxon, Scotch-Irish, and Huguenot ancestors, there are yet hundreds of thousands without the Gospel, or the means of getting it. For a century or more they have been passed by and left to perish.

"Address all communications, and send all money to the president, Rev. Dr. Edward O. Guerrant, at Wilmore, Ky., or to the treasurer, Major Robert S. Bullock, cashier Fayette National Bank, Lexington, Ky."

PHARISEEISM *

OUR Lord's statement (Luke 18: 14), that it was the Publican rather than the Pharisee who went down to his house justified, sufficiently indicated Christ's disapproval of the Pharisee. It is, however, important to understand what were the grounds of his disapproval. The conduct of the Pharisee and the acts he referred to, were certainly not such as Christ would condemn. They were, rather, things to rejoice in. In such an age as that, it was not a common thing, a boast that many men could make in the presence of God, that he was not an extortioner nor unjust. And the Pharisee did not take credit for the character, but thanked God for it, recognizing that his merits were due to God's kindness. It could not have been this, nor the character itself, that Christ condemned.

The clue is supplied in the words Luke gives as a prelude to the parable. Christ was speaking to certain people who trusted in themselves and despised others. So it appears it was not the character nor the thankfulness that was condemned, but the trusting in the righteousness and the contempt of others. It is not an uncommon thing for men who have been converted to boast of their former wickedness, as if it gave them a superiority over other Christians. The spirit is like that of the Pharisee, only, unlike him, they boast of that which they should deplore.

The Pharisee's was no prayer. It contained no thankfulness for God's goodness to the world, no contrition for faults which his conscience must have told him he had committed, for there were many other duties besides those that he boasted of which he may have found it convenient to omit from his list. There were no petitions for others, nor even for himself, that he might be enabled to do still better than he had done. As Christ said, "he prayed with himself." He did not recognize his need of God's care, but was perfectly satisfied and apparently thought he was well able to take care of himself. It is not thus we should approach God. Pride, arrogance, supercilious disparagement of others are odious in his sight. Our progress in the divine life should not lead to vanity or boastfulness, but to sympathy with those who are still struggling with evil habits, and concern for those who have not begun to struggle. The true Christian's ambition is to be Godlike, and we know that God is kind and pitiful and compassionate to the sinner.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for August 19. Luke 18: 9-14; 11: 42-44.

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The Chariots of the Lord

A Story of the Days of Religious Persecution in England

BY JOSEPH HOCKING

CHAPTER XXXIV.—Continued

IN the Council, the sight of Benedict Trelawney's strong, manly face had dispelled all thoughts of treason, while his action in the western rebellion was a confirmation to their hopes. Their extreme danger had alone made them desirous of making assurance doubly sure.

They asked him many questions concerning the position he held under the Prince, and little by little he found them drawing nearer to him, eagerly questioning him concerning the Dutch Prince, and waiting eagerly for his auswers.

Little as Trelawney realized it that night, the Council in which he took part was destined to alter the destiny of Europe. He discovered, moreover, that while all of them desired the overthrow of the King, some of them were timid and shrinking. They dreaded the name "rebel." For centuries their families had upheld the royalty, and to consider taking up arms against the King they had sworn to obey, was worse than death to them. On the other hand, they realized that James was dragging the country into slavery and ruin.

"This is the position," said Lord Lumley to the Council. "What some men call rebellion is in our hearts. For years we, like the Israelites, have sent up our prayers to God for deliverance. Honor and justice are disregarded by the royal house. Creatures like Jeffreys, Tyrconnel, Castlemaine, Jermyn, and that plotting Jesuit, Father Petre, are exalted. Liberty is threatened. And although to-day the seven bishops have been released, the King hath sworn he will be revenged. The people are crying out for deliverance. Our only hope is in William of Orange."

"But he was very chary in his promises to Russell," urged Lord Shrewsbury.

"But why, my lords?" broke in Trelawney. "It was because my Lord Russell only made vague promises, such as were made to Monmouth. William of Orange is no needy adventurer, and he is too wise a man to embark all his fortunes on a cockle-shell."

"Then what would you have us do?" cried two or three at once.

"Draw up your petition," cried the young man, "and then let it be signed by those who represent great interests."

"He is right!" cried young Lord Herbert. "We act like cowards and not brave men. The young Cornishman alone is bold enough to defy danger. Look here. Seven bishops were bold enough to defy the King, and those seven have to-day triumphed. Let seven of the greatest of your lords sign the petition you have already drawn up."

"Name them," cried someone.

Herbert hesitated a second. "Shrewsbury, Devonshire, Danby, Lumley, Compton, Russell, and Sydney."

"And who will accompany Trelawney," cried another.

"I will," cried Herbert.

"Shall we sign it?" said Devonshire to Shrewsbury.

Shrewsbury hesitated a second, and then threw off his indecision.

"Give me the pen," he said.

In a few minutes the document was signed, and an hour or two later Herbert and Trelawney, dressed as common sailors, were on their way to the Hague.

CHAPTER XXXV.

KING JAMES persistently refused to believe in danger, although he was very deeply angered at the reports which were brought to him. As the weeks passed away, however, he grew anxious, although he stubbornly refused to believe in what he had heard. When at length the news reached him that William's fleet had passed Plymouth, the blood left his cheeks, and he laid his head in his hands like a distracted man.

"What is it?" demanded the Queen.

He placed the paper in her hands.

"All hope is not lost," said the Queen. "You see they dared not land at Plymouth. And the nation will defend their King."

She had scarcely spoken when another messenger entered, holding in his hand a letter.

"From whom?" asked James.

"I know not, your Majesty. An old man brought it and then disappeared."

The King opened the letter and read, and as he did so he gave a cry of fear.

The Queen rushed to his side.

"The same words, the same words of ill-omen," he gasped.

The Queen snatched the letter from his hand. "The Chariots of the Lord are coming!" she read. "Already they have gathered in the West. The spears are gleaming, and the trampling of the feet of the horses are heard! Woe to the child of the Scarlet Woman!"

"It is the message of a madman," said the Queen. Yet when a few hours later the news came that a great army had landed at Torbay and was marching towards Exeter, she remembered the words she had used, and cried bitterly.

A few days later, Londou was in a state of tremendous excitement. On every hand news was heard of great nobles flocking to Prince William's standard. James held conferences with bishops, and statesmen, and at length made many concessions for which the people had been clamoring, but no man believed in him.

Meanwhile, Trelawney had been with the Prince's army. The fears which so many felt on the day of their landing soon passed away. They had been in Exeter but a few days when the most important noblemen in England joined the Prince's standard.

Early in December, Trelawney appeared before the Prince with a request. He had that day received a mysterious scrap of paper which set his heart beating wildly.

"Will your Highness allow me to go to London?" he said.

"Why, Captain Trelawney?" said the Prince.

"You know what is in my heart," said the young man. "I know that Judge Jeffreys hath the marriage contract which I desire to possess."

"Well, and what then?" asked the Prince.

"The man is a coward!" replied Trelawney. "Cruel men are ever so. When he sees that James' cause is lost he will seek to fly. He alone can give me that which will enable me to marry the woman I love."

The Prince was silent for some time, then he looked Trelawney straight in the face.

"I have sworn that the man should never escape," went on the young Cornishman. "I made a vow years ago that all my power should be given to the overthrow of that inhuman monster."

"I do not think he will seek to escape while James is on the throne," remarked the Prince presently. "If I have judged his character aright, he will stand by the King as long as he has a semblance of power. Moreover, while the King is still called monarch that man is a force to be reckoned with."

"Will your Highness allow me to go to London again?"

"To obtain the marriage contract from Jeffreys?"

"Your Highness' interests must come

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CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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The Chariots of the Lord

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

first," replied the young man. "King James must desert his cause."

"In that case Jeffreys would also fly."

"He may fly," said Trelawney grimly, "but he shall never escape."

"It would be as much as your life is worth to appear before James at this juncture."

"I will risk it," said Trelawney; "besides, I will safeguard myself."

"How?"

Trelawney sketched his plan rapidly, while William listened attentively. The Dutch Prince saw all its weakness at a glance, but he saw its excellences, too.

"Let it be as you will," he said presently. "And this let me say also, you are a brave man, Captain Trelawney."

In two hours from that time Trelawney was on horseback, riding with all speed towards London, where he arrived on Monday, the tenth day of December.

As William of Orange had seen, the task Trelawney had set himself was dangerous in the extreme. It is true, the cause of James was looked upon as lost; nevertheless, he was still King in name, and there was nothing to hinder him from condemning the young man to death if he appeared before him. Moreover, the difficulties in the way of obtaining such an interview were formidable.

But Trelawney had faced many difficulties before, and had overcome them. Besides, the issues at stake were too great to allow barriers to stand in his way.

When he arrived in London, he saw that the fires of the peoples' passion were smouldering, while here and there they had leapt into flame. They were kept from utter riot by the presence of the army, and by the fact that the King was still nominally the monarch. But he paid little heed to what he saw and heard. He was all eagerness to reach Whitehall.

As he drew near the royal residence he felt a hand laid upon his arm.

"You have come," said a voice. "I knew you would."

"Peter the Madman," cried Trelawney.

The old man looked eagerly around, while the crowds hurried up and down the street.

"Come with me into the park," he said; "we can be quiet there."

In spite of himself he yielded to the old man's entreaty. There was something in his voice that compelled him.

"The Queen hath escaped!" said Peter.

"Escaped!"

"Yes. Only a few know of it; but I know. She hath escaped with the child, he that is called the Prince of Wales. James would have fled with the Queen, but for Jeffreys," went on the old man. "He fears, man, he fears, but he cannot make up his mind. He longs to keep his throne, and to-day, after having made all preparations for flight, he remains in London."

In spite of his wild, uncouth appearance, he spoke like a prophet of the Lord, and his words stirred the young Cornishman's imagination. He almost believed that Peter had seen visions and had heard messages from the unseen world.

"Listen," went on Peter. "He is even now with Jeffreys. Go to him in the name of the Lord."

"But how?" asked Trelawney. "For years both the King and Jeffreys have vowed vengeance on me."

He said this although he had formed his plans as to the means whereby he could make his way to the King's presence.

"You have thought," replied Peter. "If you had not seen me what would you have done?"

"I should have come as an ambassador from William of Orange."

"Have you letters from the Prince?"

"No."

Peter was silent a moment. "I see," he said presently. "The Captain of the Lord's Chariots did not deem it prudent to give you authority for telling James what is in your mind. But I am prepared. Go to the King's palace and present this letter to his ushers. It will admit you to his presence. After that be bold, and speak as God shall give you wisdom."

Without another word Peter vanished into the darkness, while Trelawney stood alone with a letter in his hand.

"This is Mary's work," said Trelawney. "By what means she hath divined my movements I know not, but I see her hand everywhere."

Boldly he made his way to the royal residence, and as if my magic the letter he showed opened door after door to him. A few minutes and he stood in the room where the King was.

The young man's heart beat rapidly as he cast his eyes around the royal apartment. There were but three men in the room. One was the King. His face was full of terror, his dull eyes were bloodshot, his cheeks were pale, his lips trembled with fear. He looked old beyond his years. The skin was wrinkled, the mouth was drawn down at the corners, while the long, clean-shaven chin accentuated the haggardness of his face. Near him sat the Duke of Northumberland and Judge Jeffreys.

Directly Trelawney entered, both the King and Jeffreys started. Evidently he was not the man they expected. So great was the excitement of the King that he rose to his feet.

"We have been betrayed," he said fearfully. Then mastering his emotion, he said:

"By what right do you enter our presence?"

"I come from the camp of Prince William of Orange," said Trelawney. "I come to tell you that your only hope is in flight."

No sooner had he spoken than Jeffreys cried aloud, "It is Trelawney, your Majesty. The young rebel who hath disgraced his name. It is he of whom I have spoken so often. Call your guards, your Majesty, and arrest him. He is a spy and a traitor."

"You dare not," said Trelawney quietly.

"And why?" asked James.

"Because I come from a conquering army. Besides, do you think I have found my way here without taking precautions? I tell you if a hand is laid upon me, even your Majesty's person will not be held sacred. The Prince will see to that."

"Where is William's army?" asked the King. His heart was so full of fear that he scarce knew what he was saying.

"It is nearing the city," said Trelawney. "The crowds are waiting to welcome him. If you do not escape, your life will not be worth a day's purchase."

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From the Hot City to Mont-Lawn

"IF you cannot make room at Mont-Lawn for another bunch of our poor children, I really think you ought to send somebody down from your office to answer my door-bell. I've been downstairs twenty times this morning, each time only to find an eager little petitioner at the door, begging to go to the nice home in the country."

So remarked the superintendent of one of New York's lower East Side missions, as she presented her plea for a company of tenement boys and girls, to be included in the happy, wholesome outings up at our Children's Home at Mont-Lawn.

The intense heat, accompanied as it has been by almost unbearable humidity, has driven the tenement dwellers to the parks and roofs in search of the only breathing-spots where it was possible to find rest for their weary bodies. In these weeks of torrid temperature, the mortality among the children of the tenements is excessive—it is truly a "slaughter of the innocents." Little wonder is it that on these hot nights, the piers are crowded, as well as the parks. Men of every nationality, begrimed with dust and smoke; women, wan and sunken-eyed, with babies weakly wailing upon their breasts, and an endless stream of children pour from the crowded, stuffy rooms which they call home, and seek some little spot upon the grass of a public park, or upon the string-piece of some nearby dock along the river-side, where they may find a life-renewing breath of fresh air. Hour after hour, till the stars come out and thousands of twinkling lights from the city are reflected in the river, these jaded groups sit and drink refreshment in the cool night breeze. Always the "little mother" is to be found in such gatherings, guiding the fretful wee brother, or with frail shoulders bent beneath his weight.

Eddie and Lottie, two tiny specimens of humanity, have just been taken up to Mont-Lawn. The midgets came to the Bible House, clinging to the sweet-faced Deaconess who brought them, and brave in a motley collection of clothing which, from hat to shoes, had been loaned by generous yet scarcely less poor neighbors. Lottie and her little brother have never been to the country before, and had lived ever since they could remember in a damp, reeking cellar, which lies just across the avenue from where one of the city's great Gospel tents nightly sheds its beacon light abroad. The mother of these little ones is a widow, and the old grandmother lives with them in the dark cellar rooms. The poor little things listened apathetically to an enticing word-picture of the beautiful home for which they were bound, in which the fascinations of field and fragrant meadow, of sweet, snowy cots and good things to eat were dwelt upon; then, strong in the knowledge of "home," as they knew it, one wistful child-voice asked: "Is it dark at that home, too?"

This year the applications that pour into the Bible House from missionaries, settlement workers and parents, pleading for outings for hundreds of children of the very poor, more largely than ever are in excess of what it is possible to provide for. Three dollars pays for a child's outing for ten days; $9 sends three children to find health and happiness at Mont-Lawn; $15 takes five little ones, like Eddie and Lottie, out of the shadow into the sunshine. All contributions should be sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York. Acknowledgment will be made in these pages.

* * *

A Visitor's Impressions of Mont-Lawn

REV. EZRA T. SANFORD, of the West Eleventh Street Baptist Church, New York City, has sent us, in the following letter, his impressions of a visit to our Children's Home:

"I want to thank you, from the bottom of my heart, for the privilege you have afforded me in joining with you, in a small way, in this noble work of ministering to the little ones. I am sitting, in the early morning hour, on top of the stone tower, looking out towards the north upon the Hook Mountain, eastward across the Hudson upon Tarrytown and its Sleepy Hollow, and southward over the village of Nyack. The children—250 boys and girls from the heated metropolis — are enjoying their bountiful breakfast, after a night of sweet repose in the dormitories. They have sung their morning song of thanksgiving and are eating their bountiful meal.

"A happy day it was I spent with the children, swinging in the swings securely fastened upon the great iron frames, enjoying with them the giant-stride, which is a kind of merry-go-round in miniature; the children holding fast to many ropes, each fastened upon a central pivot on a secure post. The old see-saw is an ever popular enjoyment, and the swimming pool is a great comfort.

"I enjoyed writing a few letters for some of the children, and this is what one dear little girl wrote to her mother:

> Dear Mamma:—The man with the moving pictures has promised to write this letter for me. I have told him to tell you that I am well and having a good time here at Mont-Lawn. I was asleep last night, and somebody touched my nose. I was afraid and cried, but when the teacher came, I knew I was all right. I have been here over a week and have had a fine time. Saturday, Dr. Klopsch is coming with candy. I send a million kisses to all—mamma, papa, brother John, and the dear little kitten. Yours lovingly, SUSIE.
>
> I enclose a flower for you.

"Many such letters as these go from the children to their parents, and through these children there must go into the homes from Mont-Lawn, Christian influences planted by the Housemother and her corps of faithful helpers.

"I could not help but watch the children with great interest as they assembled before lunch in front of the main building. The 100 boys, at the sound of the bell, gathered, two and two, beside their teachers, and then, at a second stroke of the bell, gallantly separated far enough apart to let the girls march, two and two, between the lines, and then the boys followed to the large Dining Pavilion, where the tables were loaded with wholesome food, served upon tables covered with clean white oil-cloth. Before eating, after robin songs and a whippoorwill round song, a blessing was sung. After lunch, the children were again given the liberty of the great lawn, and under the spreading shade trees little groups gathered with the helpers. Often stories were told and new songs learned, for the children love to sing. One new song was learned 'L-o-v-e. Love. L-o-v-e. Love. This is why we are so happy. L-o-v-e. Love.'

"There are many interesting children at Mont-Lawn, with voices of beautiful tone power. A boys' soprano and alto quartette under the great play tent was a source of great pleasure to me, as they sung about 'Sunshine.' In the evening, after supper, all marched to the Children's Temple, which is a gem of a building for worship and instruction. There, after a service of song, in which the children sang lustily, Gospel songs projected on the screen with stereopticon, I lectured on the 'Christ of Prophetic Scripture,' and told them the stories of Creation, the Patriarchs, Joseph in Egypt, David, the Shepherd Boy, and Daniel, the Prophet. Another night I will speak on 'The Christ of Gospel Story,' which all are eager to hear, and later on, 'The Christ of Apostolic Experience.'

"Surely the Lord is blessing your noble work for the children."

EZRA T. SANFORD.

The Door of Hope's Summer Work

A NEW departure in the Door of Hope work is announced by its founder and president, Mrs. E. M. Whittemore. The Cottage System, which had been established at Tappan, N. Y., was abandoned, and a three-story addition, now known as "the Frankie Wing," was erected. Sixteen new beds were purchased, with furniture for the upper floors, while the lower one has been converted into an attractive sitting-room for the girls at the Home.

"This memorial 'The Frankie Wing,'" Mrs. Whittemore explains, "was formulated in my heart and mind as our darling boy was about crossing over the Border-Land into the great 'Beyond.' Fixing his blue eyes upon my face, without the slightest trepidation, he quietly began dividing his various possessions. Suddenly pausing he said, 'And, mamma dear, I want you to take my silver watch. Won't you please sell it and give it to the Door of Hope?' To those to whom he was attached he gave the things he loved, but to God he gave his best—his all. No handsome stone was erected over his grave but perfect freedom was granted to dedicate the new Wing to his memory, and in this building it is hoped that hundreds may yet hear this story."

During the summer the new wing and house at Tappan have been utilized for the young shop-girls who cannot afford to spend money for recreation, however greatly needed. On July 5th the first party arrived. The next party came on July 16th, and thereafter, every two weeks came new arrivals in succession. The regular inmates of the Home have been provided temporarily for elsewhere, until the middle of September, at which time the rescue work will be resumed among the unfortunate class.

The managers of the "Door of Hope" are grateful to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers for timely gifts received at their hands. From all sources, the voluntary offerings in a little more than fifteen years have reached over $96,000, out of which all expenditures have been amply met. Over 4,000 girls, during these years, have been helped to forsake lives of sin and to lead better, purer, and nobler lives, and many have given evidence of conversion.

The "Door of Hope" is a work of faith, and its founder and conductors who have been so nobly supported in the past, believe that God's people will give them equally abundant assistance in the future.

Answered Prayers

A Reader, Massachusetts. "Every week I look for the 'Answered Prayer' column. I wish to add my testimony to the list. I know that God answers prayer."

P. N. M., Ohio. "God has graciously answered prayers for me. I have had heavy trials placed upon me, but he has helped me bear them, and for what I am I praise his name."

Testimonies to answered prayers have also been received from "One who trusts;" H. M. K., Ohio; Mrs. W. H. H., Indian Territory; Mrs. J. B., Pennsylvania; A. L., Wisconsin; Mrs. C. Michigan; Reader, Nebraska.

A Reader, Maine. "I wish to add my testimony to the 'Answered Prayer' column of your paper; it has helped me very much. When I was in a place where the world looked very dark I went to Him in prayer, and his answer was such a blessing. I have perfect faith in God."

A Pilgrim and a Stranger, Paris, France. "The 'Answered Prayers' are a great comfort to me. I beg the prayers of all the subscribers and writers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD that our Father in Heaven may conform more and more to his holy will this family; for our God hears prayers in faith for Christ's sake always."

J. S., Michigan. "I wish to acknowledge that God has answered many prayers for me, and I praise his holy name. I thank Almighty God for the great blessings he has bestowed upon us. If we pray earnestly and with all our hearts, and have faith, our prayers will be answered."

Mrs. E. A. B., California. "I want to acknowledge an especial answer to prayer. I received far more than I asked for, so can fully testify that God does hear and answer prayer, for I had no way of getting my request except through the name of Jesus. It did not come in the way I asked, but in a much better way."

A Friend, Illinois. "The first thing I do when THE CHRISTIAN HERALD arrives, is to look over its pages for the 'Answered Prayer' column; they prove such a help and inspiration to me. Very recently my sister and I called upon the Lord to grant our petition for employment. Before we had time to believe it, the Lord had answered wonderfully. We are very thankful and will trust him in all things."

In the "Master's Name," Tennessee. "For the benefit of others whose faith is sometimes weak, I wish to add my testimony to the list of 'Answered Prayers.' I have been sick at heart and in sore distress lately and I took it to Jesus, and he gave me a direct answer to my prayer. He always hears us, blessed be his precious name. My heart is full of love and gratitude to him."

Mrs. S. E. T., Indiana. "Sometimes when faith seems almost gone, I find something in your paper that gives me fresh courage. The 'Answered Prayer' column is the source of much help and comfort to me. I ask you all to pray with me for the rescue of a dear one who has been led from home and into sin: may God by his Holy Spirit lead him to Christ, and help a heartbroken mother."

Burial of Dr. McCracken

Rev. John H. McCracken, late pastor of the American Church at Munich, Germany, has been buried on a mountainside, near the cross of King Ludwig II, at Oberammergau, in Bavaria. The Burgomaster and citizens of the town gave the plot. Mr. McCracken was greatly beloved at Oberammergau, and he considered it one of the most beautiful places in the world.

Directions for making above garment are in "Fleisher's" Knitting and Crocheting Manual.

The knitting needle and the crochet hook have replaced the embroidery hoop, in a certain degree, as the fashionable implement for leisurely occupation, and knitted and crocheted designs, the latest patterns, the prettiest stitches and colors, now form an important topic of conversation wherever women meet.

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C. F. DALY, Passenger Traffic Manager, New York

REAL PRAYER-LIFE

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

HOW few Christians lead a real prayer-life! How much more common it is to give a short time to a kind of general prayer once or twice a day, and then, in exceptional circumstances, to refer matters to God when everything else fails! If we pray always, we shall do nothing all day long, or any day, apart from God. This is one of the secrets of successful or prevailing prayer.

God loves to have his children maintain such a position towards him that they may appeal to him on principles which may righteously govern him. It is a pettish child who seeks to overcome a father by tormenting him into satisfying his whims. It is a wise son who studies his father's mind, and who, after due consideration, proposes to him something which he knows will be as great a joy to the father to give as to him to receive. Prayer is not meant to spoil God's children by affording them a means to get their way and will; it is a channel by which they may discover the will of God on the highest grounds. The first petitions in our Lord's model prayer, are "Hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done."

The Master said: "There was in a city a judge, which feared not God, nor regarded man. And there was a widow in that city; and she came unto him, saying, Avenge me mine adversary." The widow was making no unjust or extravagant claim. The judge was bound by the responsibility of his office to enter into the cause of the oppressed, and the law of God ordained: "Ye shall not afflict any widow or fatherless child" (Ex. 22: 22). But the unprincipled judge "would not for awhile." He sinned against his vocation as judge; "but afterward he said within himself, Though I fear not God, nor regard man; yet because this widow troubleth me, I will avenge her, lest by her continual coming she weary me." Ungoverned by principle or any sense of what was due to the poor widow, or consistent with the duties of his office, he let himself be driven into helping her from purely selfish and unworthy motives!

Not so our God. He may keep his children waiting for their sakes, in order to put their faith and patience to the test, but he is ever consistent with himself. "Hear what the unjust judge saith. And shall not God [the just Judge] avenge his own elect which cry day and night unto him?" When they depend upon him for all things, and at all times, shall he leave their cause unheard, or abandon them in the time of trouble? When he keeps them waiting, "He is long-suffering over them" (R.V.), not captious in himself. "I tell you that he will avenge them speedily," not tardily, like the unjust judge.

"Speedily?" you say; "why, there is a prayer of mine which has been unanswered these twenty years!" And yet, when you look back from the other world, and see all the time and all the long way you wandered before God could so bring you into his line of things as to make it safe to answer that prayer, you will say in the light of eternity, "He did it speedily."

"What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them" (Mark 11: 24). Some lay hold of this promise, and think they have only to get up a feeling of certainty in their hearts, which a will set on anything very earnestly affords them, and that then God is bound to come into their will and hear their prayer? And oh, how many disappointments there have been on this line! Let us understand that God is never our servant. He who "doeth according to his will in the armies of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth" (Dan. 4: 35) cannot lend Himself to satisfy the whims and fancies of an unsurrendered will. Faith is not a feeling of certainty that a certain thing is going to be; faith is union with God, with his thoughts, his plans, his ways. The widow could not count upon the unjust judge; faith does count upon God, but with a holy reverence which wants nothing but that which he wills, and asks nothing for itself.

The intercession of Abraham for Sodom, of Moses for the people of Israel, of Elijah for the dead child, and then for fire from heaven on Mount Carmel, were no childish prayers; no selfish purpose was to be served by them; these men knew how far they might go with a God who loved habitually to call them into his confidence.

The Debt to the Sunday School*

HOW much the Sunday School has contributed to the extension of Christ's kingdom can never be known. The best and most useful members of the church have come from it. It is always a matter for rejoicing when a man of thirty, or forty, or even of seventy years, is converted, but it is usually rejoicing for their sakes and not for the benefit they bring to the church. There have been some brilliant exceptions to the rule, but the huge majority of successful clergymen and Christian workers have been converted early in life, and of those a large proportion were converted in the Sunday School. Besides these, the Christians who lead consistent lives, who in professional and business life and in their daily callings are exemplying the Christian character in their homes and offices, became Christians in their youth. They had an inestimable advantage over others. They had not the struggle to overcome evil habits, nor the difficulty of shaking off early evil associations that is experienced by men converted in maturity, or in old age. It is true God's power in conversion is infinite, and he can give to the late comer into his kingdom the strength he needs for the conflict; but even God himself cannot restore the years that have been lost in the service of sin. It is the Christian who comes into the church in his youth, before the cares and perplexities of business have taken hold of him, who makes the best progress and does the best service, and there is no agency that has so successfully promoted their coming as the Sunday School.

All honor then to the workers in that Institution! May they be encouraged to continue and do better in the future than they have ever done in the past! That there is need for their service cannot be denied. We cannot expect, or desire, that religion should be taught in the public schools. The teachers there have all they can do to impart secular knowledge, and are seldom qualified to deal with spiritual things. It is also a sorrowful fact that the child even in a Christian home, has but small opportunity of gaining a knowledge of the Bible or of religion. The strenuous life of the people, the many claims of social and business life on the parents, too often involve the care of the child being relegated to governesses and servants. Were it not for the Sunday School, there would have been small hope for the future or for several past generations. Let the church, then, encourage and honor the Sunday School.

*Topic of the Epworth League for Aug. 19. Deut. 31: 12; Prov. 22: 6; Eccles. 12: 1; John 21: 15; II. Tim. 3: 15; I. Tim. 4: 12.

A Haven for Christian Workers

On Bell Island, in Long Island Sound, off the Connecticut shore, there is a summer haven for the Christian workers of the cities, who seldom breathe other than the vitiated atmosphere of the slums. Nine years ago Rev. William James hired a house on the island for the purpose of providing a place, in quiet and healthful surroundings, where the city missionaries could come for one or more weeks without cost to themselves. The work at its inception was unique. The missionaries had been accustomed to labor week in and week out, with no chance on their small incomes to take a much needed rest. The work has increased in scope from year to year until Elim Home has many more applications for accommodation than can be granted. It depends entirely for support on the donations of Christian friends. Anyone interested in the Home and its needs, can receive full information by addressing Rev. William James, Bell Island, South Norwalk, Conn.

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As a food, rice has a world-wide reputation. To its purity, wholesomeness and goodness have been added a delicate flavor and a dainty crispness never realized before. That new and wonderful process, known as "puffing," thoroughly cooks the rice and expands each kernel to many times its normal size.

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SEE PAGE 682

An Outing in "Sunrise Land"

Questions and Answers

Letters for this department must contain name and address of the sender—not for publication, but as evidence of genuineness and good faith. Where an answer by mail is desired, ten cents in postage stamps must be forwarded by the writers, with full address.

S. C. Where are the Fortunate Isles? I cannot find them in any geography?

It is the ancient and poetical name for the Canary Islands. The islands were known in the time of Hipparchus, 140 B.C. Knowledge of their location was lost. In 1400, they were rediscovered by a Norman named Bethancourt, and his descendants sold them to Spain.

H. T. S., Adamstown, Pa. Is it wrong to take a trolley on Sunday to attend church services at another town?

Sunday travelling, except where it is for some work of necessity or mercy, is wrong. If you have no other means of reaching church, it becomes a necessity. Your own conscience must be the judge whether you are doing right or desecrating the Lord's day.

J. N. R., Newton, N. H. What is your opinion as to the desirability of a ten-hour day and a five-day week, for the laboring class, rather than an eight-hour day and a six-day week, the week's pay being the same in either case? Would not the extra hours of leisure be of more value to the laboring man if all were collected in one day, to be used in work or pleasure or rest?

The suggestion is a radical one, and we do not see that it possesses any advantage over the present system. It seems to us wiser to distribute hours of rest and leisure than to mass them together, as you suggest.

C. A. C., Vancouver, B. C., writes:

I went to Cuba last year, and found that the correspondent who wrote you that there were only a few Chinese coolies there was greatly mistaken. There are ten thousand Chinese there, and not a single person, so far as I could learn, doing anything for them. I am praying that the Lord of the Harvest will send laborers there.

Southern Reader. Are chain-bridges of very ancient date?

Yes; there is a very old one at Kingtung, in China, that connects the tops of two mountains. There is a very fine one at Newburyport, Mass., the first one constructed in this country, that is over a century old.

R. Y., Newburg. Why is the English home of the Duke of Marlborough called Blenheim?

It is named after the village of Blenheim, where, in 1704, the first Duke of Marlborough defeated the French and Bavarians. Parliament gave the manor of Woodstock and the Hundred of Watten to the Duke, and built for him the palace, and named it Blenheim, in commemoration of his victory.

J. F., Danville, N.Y. How may I know that I am truly called to preach the Gospel?

While the call, in all real cases, is clear and unmistakable, it may be manifested in different ways to different individuals. Some intimations, however, all have in common, where the call is a real one, viz.: personal assurance of the saving power of the Gospel of Jesus Christ; personal consecration and readiness to yield implicit obedience to the divine will; a strong desire to win souls for the Master. The one called must feel that he is called to high privilege as well as to sacred duty. He is to be both Gospel knight and standard-bearer. If his years and circumstances permit, he should take all necessary steps to equip himself for the work, so that he may not enter the field unprepared. If he has no such opportunities, the Lord will open the way. Yet even with poor equipment, a simple, zealous worker, knowing Christ only and him crucified, may do much, for the field is wide and there is enough to do for workers of all grades. Possibly you might begin by mission work at home, and if God set his seal upon your earnest work there, you need have no doubt concerning the rest.

A. P. S., Dunham, Can. 1. What are the sizes, in comparison with our sun, of the largest fixed stars and also their names? 2. How many fixed stars are there as far as is known? 3. Will the nebulæ ultimately develop into solar systems like ours? If not, what purpose do they serve? 4. As far as known, are there any other bodies in space besides the nebulæ and fixed stars outside our solar system?

1. The diameter of our star (the sun), has been quite accurately measured, it being 866,500 miles. From this datum, let the reader compute its volume as compared with our little world. The stars, even the brightest and nearest, furnish no data by which their sizes can be computed, for even in the highest powers of our telescopes they are mere points. It is a problem that never will be solved here. 2. The number of stars the naked eye can see in the entire sky, from pole to pole, under the most favorable conditions of seeing, do not exceed 5,500, but the number the photograph reveals (given an exposure of eighteen hours), is 500,000,000. There are several million in the Milky Way, and within the limit of the six stars of the Pleiades, where the naked eye cannot see one, the photographic plate has, with an exposure of seventeen and one-half hours, plainly depicted 2,326 stars. 3. The idea that the stars were developed from nebulæ is pure speculation, but is undoubtedly true. 4. Besides the stars and nebulæ, are meteoric stones, meteoroides that produce shooting stars and comets. LEWIS SWIFT.

Marathon, N.Y.

C. D., Brookfield, Mass. Can you give some information concerning Washington's Life Guard?

The corps was formed in the spring of 1776, and varied in number from 60 to 250 men. The men had to be over 5 feet 9 inches tall, and were selected "for moral and personal perfection, to protect the person, baggage, and papers of the Commander-in-Chief." The last survivor was Uzal Kapp, of Orange County, N. Y., who died in 1851. He is buried beneath the flagstaff in front of Washington's headquarters, at Newburg, on the Hudson.

P. H., Louisiana. I have heard that there was at one time a great crystal palace in America, as well as in London. Is this true?

Yes, there was one in Reservoir Square, New York City; it was opened by President Pierce for a universal industrial exhibition. Its main building and galleries covered 173,000 square feet. It was burned in 1858. The Crystal Palace in London is still used for exhibition purposes.

Mrs. Nancy Judson Lewis, Pawnee Rock, Kan. In what year of the nineteenth century did Dr. Adoniram Judson and his wife, Nancy Judson, go to India as missionaries and establish the American Baptist Missionary Society there? I was born in 1824 and named for Mrs. Judson.

In 1812 Dr. Judson arrived in India, but, owing to the hostility of the East India Company, after a short stay he left, returning, however, the following year (1813), when he accepted Burma as his field and settled at Rangoon. The American Baptist Missionary Society was established in 1814.

F. M., Detroit, Mich. Who is Aladyin, whose name I have seen in cables and correspondence from Russia recently?

He is a leader of the workingmen; born a peasant, well educated, speaking English, French, Russian and Italian. He struggled through poverty and managed to get to Kazan University. At eighteen, he was expelled because of his advanced views, and he has been practically under government surveillance ever since. He has travelled a good deal. Lately he was elected as a member of the Duma, or first Russian Parliament, which was dissolved by the Czar's edict.

S. J. W., Nober, Ont., Can. 1. Is it wrong for a Christian to belong to a labor union or organization for the purpose of bettering his position? 2. Is it wrong for a Christian to carry insurance on his life in a straight Life Insurance Company?

1. No, certainly not; if the object be laudable and the methods employed are honorable and open. 2. No; it is wise for him to do so, if he can in no other way make provision for his family after his death.

D. G., Earlville, N. Y. What is the meaning of the name of the German town of Carlsbad?

It means "Charles' bath." The springs were said to have been discovered, or first used for medicinal purposes by the Emperor Charles IV. It is one of the most fashionable resorts in Europe.

Reader, Waterbury, Conn. A New England authority makes the following estimate of the number of farms that are for sale in that part of the union:

Maine,	8,640
New Hampshire,	5,865
Vermont,	4,950
Massachusetts,	3,772
Rhode Island,	825
Connecticut,	2,695

A total of 26,747 farms, or 14 per cent. of the whole farming area of the States mentioned.

THE "VESTED CHOIR," SINGING ON ITS WAY TO THE TEMPLE, OCEAN GROVE, N. J.

ONE of the picturesque features of the religious services at Ocean Grove this season is the vested choir of young women, who occupy the choir gallery in the Young People's Temple, and assist in the musical part of the service. The choristers, in their white and black robes, march from the Auditorium to the Temple singing, and when the service is over, they return to the Auditorium, still singing. This vested choir, Leader Tali Esen Morgan says, will be continued at the meetings throughout the summer. The innovation has excited a good deal of discussion at the Grove.

Your Opportunity—Grasp It!

THE American Lithograph Company, who prepared our celebrated **"Home-Coming of the Bride," Calendar,** accidentally overran the order to the extent of several thousand copies. As the dates run from **July** 1906 to **July** 1907, the Calendar will be serviceable as a Calendar for nearly another year, and for many years thereafter as a beautiful **decorative picture.** We have put up this overrun in lots of **six,** and offer to send such lots, **all charges prepaid,** to any address in this or any other country, for the small sum of **twenty-five cents** for **the six.** This is an exceptional opportunity to make happy the hearts of Sunday School Scholars and of Missionaries in Foreign Fields.

As our subscribers know, **"The Home-Coming of the Bride" Calendar** covers 300 square inches, is printed in twelve bright colors, and is a reproduction of an original water-color painted by Harry A. Ogden specially for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. This Calendar is mounted and sent out ready for use. The regular price is **thirty cents each,** but we send out this special lot at **twenty-five cents for six.** We will sell these Calendars only in lots of **six** or **multiples of six.** Please do not ask us to send nine or ten copies, but let your order read for either six or twelve copies, or any other multiple of six.

Your money will be promptly refunded if your order is received after our stock is exhausted.

Address: **CHRISTIAN HERALD BOOK DEPT., Bible House, New York City**

Miscellaneous

E. A. A., Tipton, Mo. As a rule, we pay no attention to chain letters. In the present instance it can do no harm, although we attach no importance to the threat or the promise.

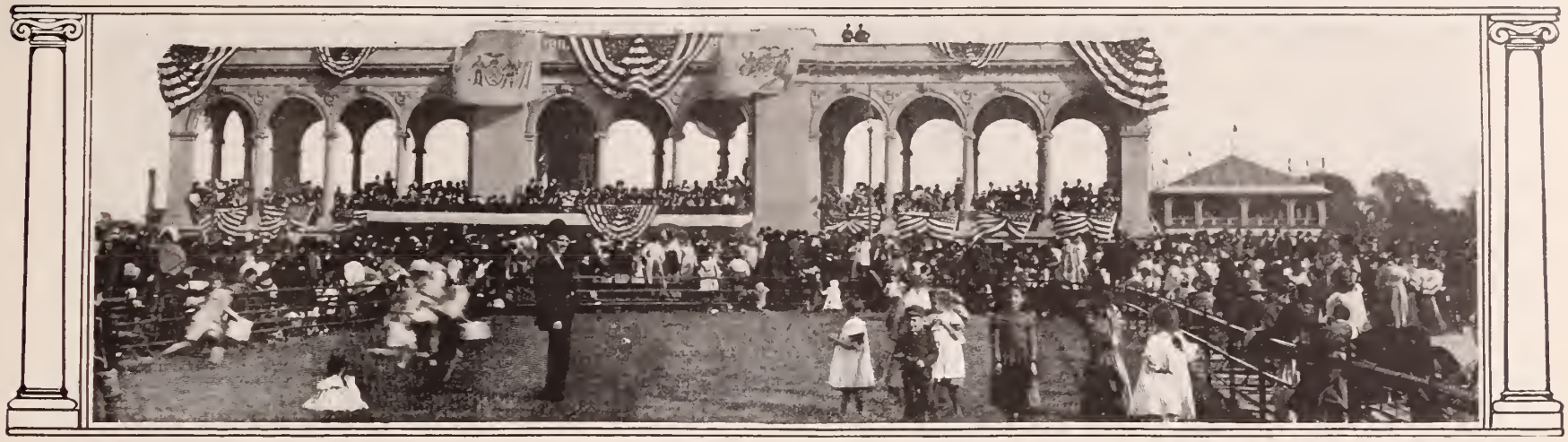
Maude, Yonkers, N. Y. Only works of actual necessity or mercy are justifiable on the Lord's Day. The individual conscience must determine whether or not certain things are necessary.

S. W., Ardsley, N. Y. Your case excites our sincerest pity. As you grow older and wiser, let us hope you will learn moderation, and accord that respect to others which you would wish for yourself. As it is, you are doing yourself infinite harm.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

NEW YORK, AUGUST 15, 1906



One of the many Beautiful Playgrounds which New York is Providing for its Child Population

TO SAVE NEW YORK'S CHILDREN

The Metropolis Multiplying its Playgrounds to Uplift the Rising Generation

FOR the last ten years, New York City has been awakening to the fact that parks were made for the people, and that childhood and youth are especially in need of fresh air and outdoor sports. It is because this and other large and congested American cities have come to realize that wholesome, outdoor recreation is a valuable aid toward the making of good citizens, that public parks and playgrounds are fast becoming direct objects of civic agitation.

Greater New York has within its borders no less than 157 parks, large and small, with a total area of 7,223 acres, at an estimated investment of $300,000,000. Such investments can no longer be considered unnecessary, for, as the Commissioner of Health emphatically asserts, they are part and parcel of the whole effort of the city to prevent sickness, and are, therefore, as important as hospitals or food inspection.

In the larger parks all sports are fostered by the municipality, such as baseball, football and basketball, tennis, golf and polo, rowing, skating and driving, and it is certain that the health of many thousands is preserved thereby. But, because of distances and cost of transportation, there are multitudes of the youth of the tenement sections who cannot avail themselves of the large parks, and for these the city is using its powerful arm to provide suitable playgrounds in the swarming districts along the North and East Rivers. There are already, in the Borough of Manhattan alone, eleven such playgrounds, well equipped with fixtures and apparatus, together with an experienced corps of instructors. At the rate of 10,000 a day, winter and summer alike, the children who formerly found their only amusement upon the city's pavements, are being taught how to play and how to get the most good out of the equipment which is provided for them. These playgrounds are fitted up with complete outdoor gymnasiums. containing horizontal and parallel bars, inclined and horizontal ladders, a running track—in short, a complete athletic field, with tennis and basketball courts, in connection with which teams of keen competition are organized, the boys enthusiastically challenging each other from park to park.

The summer of 1905 witnessed the opening of the Thomas Jefferson Park, at 111th Street and First Avenue, and our illustrations show two typical gatherings in that park. Like its prototypes from Harlem to the Battery, Jefferson Park is yielding large dividends for money invested, in the shape of general health. It is frequented principally by hordes of Italian children, being situated upon the border of a thickly populated Italian settlement. In this, as in most of the public playgrounds, there is a goodly space set apart for girls, where dumb-bell and kindred exercises, with kindergarten and social occupation work, are directed throughout the summer.

The Hamilton Fish Park, on the lower East Side, rejoices in two indoor gymnasiums, for use in winter, and is also rich in the possession of a library and quiet game-room, whose capacity is taxed heavily during inclement weather. Here, also, the boys have inaugurated a city government in miniature, and in convention assembled have adopted a charter, and instituted departments of street-cleaning, police, games, athletics and finance, adopting rigid rules for enforcing proper behavior. They have elected a mayor, aged seventeen, a president of council, and other officers, laying, who shall say what firm foundation for the principles of true American citizenship in after years.

Three years ago, these boys formed a rough and lawless element of the crowded tenement sections, and upon their introduction to the newly opened playgrounds, their one idea of sport expressed itself in smashing everything about them, and in a desire to fight, while their youthful love of fun had degraded itself to such indulgences as the robbing of the push-cart men, and the annoyance they were able to bring to bear upon those weaker than themselves. By the playgrounds which have been provided for them, this ocean of misdirected energy has been largely turned into natural channels, and the moral, as well as the physical nature is benefited accordingly.

Ten Thousand Children Gathered at the Opening of this Great East-side Playground

THE AMERICAN PULPIT

SERMON BY

Rev. F. DeWitt Talmage, D.D.

The Morning Clouds

TEXT:—HOSEA 6: 4

"Your goodness is as a morning cloud"

A SAINTLY old preacher said in his latter years: "If I had my life to live over again, I would preach most of my sermons from familiar scenes of the Bible, like Christ feeding the multitudes with the loaves and the fishes. I believe Bible truths can best be driven home to the hearts of men by ringing the changes upon the old familiar texts." That is true in one sense. But I believe, also, that an easy way to illustrate our sermonic themes, is from Bible similes drawn from nature. If any man is a lover of nature and will read the Bible intelligently, he will find the leaves of the sacred book literally filled with descriptions of natural phenomena.

Now, Hosea the prophet draws from nature a most beautiful sermonic simile. He seems to be standing by night upon one of the hillsides overlooking the city of Jerusalem. That great capital of the East is crowded with much wickedness and apostacy. All night long he stands there, with the roof of sky for his covering. He thinks of how the Hebrew people have sinned, and how they have been punished, and then repented and then sinned again. And, as he weeps and mourns over the sins of the Hebrew race, the stars pale and go out. Then the sunlight rims the eastern hills, and turns the early morning clouds into curtains of gold. Then he sees the dewdrops glittering upon every leaf. Then, as the sun climbs higher and higher in the heavens, and he feels the day grow hotter, Hosea sees those early morning clouds evaporate and the dewdrops disappear. Then, as a flash, springs from his lips the simile of the

Vapory Repentances

followed by backsliding of the Hebrew race. "O Ephraim, what shall I do with thee? O Judah, what shall I do unto thee? for your goodness is as the morning cloud, and as the early dew it goeth away." Let us in God's name try to compare the vapory repentances of our lives to this beautiful figure of the morning clouds.

First, we would turn to the meterologist and say: "Oh, student of the cloudland, tell us how these morning clouds are formed? In the great family of clouds have they any individualities, or peculiar characteristics?" The prose-poet of England, John Ruskin, scans the hillsides of the heavens and lauds the beauty of all the clouds when he writes: "Nature has a thousand ways of rising above herself, but the noblest manifestations of her capability of colors are in the sunset among the clouds. There is no limit to the multitudes and no check to the intensity of the hues assumed. The whole sky, from zenith to horizon, becomes one molten, mantling sea of color and fire. Every black bar turns to massy gold, every ripple and wave into unsullied crimson and purple and scarlet, and colors for which there are no words in the language and no ideas in the mind; things which can be conceived only while they are visble: the intense hollow blue of the upper sky melting through it all; showing here deep and pure, there modulated by the flimsy formless body of the transparent vapor, until it is lost imperceptible in its crimson and gold." But Hosea, the prophet, is not alluding to all clouds of the heavens, when he mentions the morning clouds, as did John Ruskin, scanning the whole heavens covered with gold. He is alluding to one particular kind of clouds.

The Cumulus Clouds

The meteorologist again says: "The morning clouds are scientifically known as the 'cumulus' clouds. Sometimes they are popularly called the 'day clouds,' or the 'summer clouds.' They are not the 'cirrus' clouds, the white feathery masses of condensed vapor that can be seen far up in the heavens four or five miles away from the earth, at times seeming to be higher than the stars. They are not the 'nimbus' clouds, which often carry with them the unsheathed swords of fire and speak in the voice of many thunders. They are not the 'status' clouds, whose lower layers sometimes form the fog banks lining the seashores and covering the fields, which are sometimes called 'the clouds of the night.' But they are the clouds near to earth, which are produced only in fair weather.

"Thus, when a bright, warm, beautiful spring morning is about to dawn, and the owl and the nightingale have gone to their nest, when the aurora has lifted itself above the horizon, and the sun's rays begin to absorb the dews and the moisture near to the earth's surface, then the morning clouds appear. Then the meteorologist can see them sporting amid the tops of the lofty mountains, as sea-gulls play hide-and-seek with the crests of the waves. Then the blue expanse of the heavens seems to be a garden in which are hundreds, perhaps thousands of great bushes laden with huge snowballs in full bloom."

Ah, meteorologist, is that your definition of the morning clouds? Then I know what Hosea means when he says: "Your goodness is as a morning cloud." He means: "You are only a fair weather Christian. You are only a Christian when the sun is up and everything is bright. But you are no Christian for the time of storms and of deluge." Is Hosea calling you a fair weather Christian—a follower of God in prosperity—as he was calling Ephraim and Judah?

An Experience in a Forest

You say, "I am not a morning cloud Christian." Well, if you are not, then what are you? Can God with all his omnipotent power, put his finger upon one act of your life, where you were willing to deliberately sacrifice your own interests or your ease for him? Have you given to him any of your money? Have you given to him any of your time? When you saw his loved ones unjustly treated, have you been willing to leap forward and be sacrificed for their sake. Are we simply morning-cloud Christians, unwilling to serve Jesus Christ except in fair weather, when the sun is bright and when all things are coming our way?

But there is still another fact to which I want to call your attention, in reference to the beauty of my text. Johann Eichhorn, the great German Bible commentator and critic, gives unstinted praise to the poetic imagery of Hosea's writings. He said, "His discourses are like a garland woven of a multiplicity of flowers; images are woven upon images, comparison upon comparison, metaphor strung upon metaphor. He plucks one flower and throws it down that he may directly break off another. Like a bee, he flies from one flower-bed to another that he may suck his honey from the most varied pieces. It is a natural sequence that his figures sometimes form strings of pearls." But amid all Hosea's poetic pearls and garlands there is not one more beautiful than this of the morning cloud. Why? The morning cloud is the first real beauty that we see in the heavens after the day has dawned.

I was most powerfully impressed with this figure last year when up in an Indian Reservation. The evening clouds and the morning clouds, in the language of the meteorologist are one. It was the evening of a most beautiful day. The members of our party had broken camp in the morning and gone on ahead. I stayed behind in the woods, in order to study and write. About two o'clock in the afternoon I started out to overtake them. I walked on and on towards the West. The sun, high in the heavens, began to drop lower and lower to the edge of the horizon. After awhile, it was like a reflector shining directly at me. But no sooner did the sun fall behind the Western hills, than it shot its rays up towards the sky and began to tint the evening clouds in the most beautiful of colors. Now they seemed to be mirrors of fire. Now they became great molten lakes of gold. Now they seemed to be domed heights of the cathedrals of the heavens. Ah! it was a marvelous sight. The more marvelous, because I knew that within a few moments, by the atmospheric law of the West, those hills would be shrouded in complete darkness. Thus the figure of the morning clouds is the more beautiful, because they are the gilded chariots of the day.

A Short-Lived Cloud

"Now what has the night and morning cloud to do with our vapory repentance?" someone asks. Why, do you not see? The darkness of the night represents terror or the punishment of sin. The morning cloud represents the short-lived repentance which comes to some of us just after we have been punished. Our morning cloud repentances are a great deal like that of King Pharaoh and his courtiers when the plagues of Egypt came upon them. God said unto Pharaoh, "Let my people go." Pharaoh would not. Then the River Nile was turned into a river of blood, and every chalice the king lifted to his lips seemed to be filled to the brim with the refuse of the public slaughter-house. Then the frogs came leaping up the palace stairs and crowded into every nook and corner, and, as cobblestones, they covered every street and they filled every hallway and bedroom. Then came the plague of "murrain," which killed the cattle. Then came the falling hail and buzzing locusts. Then came the plague of darkness. So dark was it that all men had to feel their way around like blind men. Then came the death of the first-born in every house. No sooner did these plagues come than Pharaoh would cry out: "Enough! enough! enough! Oh, God of Israel, I have suffered enough! I will let thy people go!" But as soon as the night of suffering and of punishment ended, the beautiful morning clonds of his repentance only lingered a little while, and then they were gone and gone forever. Do you not see the beautiful simile of the repentances of our lives which come only because we are being punished for our past sins? Are you repentant of your past sins? Are you repentant of your past sins only just as long as God holds the rod of castigation over your backs? Are your repentances to be as short-lived as the early morning clouds which follow the darkness of the night?

Tainted with Earthy Vapors

But there is another fact about these morning clouds you ought to consider. They live very near to the earth. They are the lowest clouds we have in the heavens. If I might use a vulgar illustration, they smell of the common soil. You know when you were housekeeper in the East, every springtime you would carefully put away your winter garments, that the moths could not get at them. If they were furs, you were especially careful, and wrapped them around and around. Then inside of these bundles you put a lot of camphor. Then, in the fall, the odor from that camphor in those garments was sickening. When you unrolled the bundles, you at once shook the garments out and hung them up to air upon a line. Having been wrapped up for months in camphor, the garments smelt of the camphor. Thus are these morning clouds of repentance. They live so near to the earth that they never learn what repentance in Christ truly means. Let me explain more in detail.

Here, for instance, is a man who has been a drunkard for fifteen years. His wife at last, makes up her mind that for her own sake and for the sake of her children, she will not stand the misery any longer. With that the husband begins to plead and beg. He says: "I repent. I will sign the pledge. I promise. I promise. I promise." Well, man, what do you promise? "Oh, I promise I will not get drunk any more." Is that all you promise? "What more do you want me to promise? Is not that my besetting sin?" Nay, my friend. Nay. That is not your besetting sin. That is a mere result of

Your Besetting Sin

Your besetting sin is that you do not throw yourself upon the mercy of Jesus Christ and have him cleanse you wholly, and then he will give you strength to resist all sin. The Gospel of Jesus Christ is not a mere matter of negation. It does not consist of a long succession of "Dont's." "Don't do this, and don't do that, and don't do the other things." But it does consist in one positive assertive act, and then all the other attributes of a Christian life shall be yours. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness and all things will be added unto you." The great trouble with our "morning cloud" repentances is that they live too near the soil and they smell of the earth, earthy.

Are you ready to here and now seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and have all things added unto you. John Gough, the temperance orator, used to tell this pathetic story: In Edinburgh, many years ago, there was a clubhouse rented for the purpose of caring for reformed drunkards, One night there staggered into that house a man who was appallingly drunk. "Do you know what place this is?" the superintendent said. "This is not a saloon. This is a teetotaller's club." "I know it," said the man, "and I am a teetotaller." "You a teetotaller? Why you are beastly drunk." "I know that," said the man. "I know I am awfully drunk, but I am a teetotaller, just

the same. I signed the pledge an hour ago and I have not touched a drop since. I have come here for safety. I want to keep that pledge. But I know I cannot keep it in my own strength, so I have come here to have you help me keep it." Ah, the man was right. Not in his own strength could he keep the pledge. Not in our own strength can we keep from sinning. Let us sign the pledge. Let us resolve not to sin. But let us run to Christ to have him help us to keep that pledge. In our own strength we are helpless. Let us be like the cirrus clouds living high up in the heavens, and not like the morning clouds living near to the soil and of the earth, smelling earthy.

But the morning clouds in addition to all their short-lived beauty, are capable of producing the most marvelous optical delusions. The atmosphere is an elastic invisible fluid which surrounds our old planet. Its height has never been determined, any more than the depths of some parts of the ocean have been fathomed. The atmospheric area may be miles high, it may be hundreds of miles high. But no matter how high it is, one fact is certain; the atmosphere among its many duties, acts as a protector to the earth. It cools off the heat of the sun before the sun-rays reach the earth's surface. It acts as a sunshade. If it were not for the cooling process of the atmosphere, and the sun's rays were allowed to strike directly upon the face of the earth, the sun would burn up this old earth as quickly as a splinter would be consumed in a Nebuchadnezzer's furnace. But in passing through its atmosphere, the sun's rays may be deflected when they meet the morning clouds. The morning clouds may act in the same way as does a looking glass in the hands of a schoolboy. These rays are not so much concentrated by the morning clouds into one great ball of fire as they are sometimes scattered to produce the strangest pictures and the most entrancing delusions.

The mirages seen at sea and those which have lured to death the lost traveller looking for oases in the desert, may be caused by the reflections of the morning clouds. Monge, the noted Savant, who accompanied Napoleon Bonaparte on his African journey, tells how the French army one day saw a beautiful mirage when on an Egyptian march. The soldiers had been for hours without water. No sooner did the aerial delusion appear, than before their eyes they saw a beautiful woodland. Out of this woodland was flowing a clear stream, upon the banks of this stream the cattle were coming down to drink. Not only one man saw this mirage, but the whole army saw it. At once the soldiers and war chargers broke ranks and ran on towards the supposed river bank where they expected to quench their thirst. They ran on and on, until they dropped from exhaustion. Napoleon nearly met his Waterloo on that awful day. Had the future conqueror been destroyed, then it would not have been by the hand of a Wellington but by the destroying finger of the morning clouds.

Hermes was not only the messenger of the mythological gods, but because he was also supposed to be the god of the morning clouds, he was called by the Greeks the god of deceit. The morning clouds are deceiving clouds. Hermes was the god of the mists: the god who was able to deceive by his fantastic reflections of the light of the sun. But Hermes, with his canvas of morning clouds, never drew more false pictures than Satan, the enemy of Christ, draws, when he declares that the life of a moralist is the life which shall inherit eternal peace.

Among the pictures of the late Vereshtchagin, the great Russian artist, there is not one which has a more intense interest for art students than that which was painted above the clouds. The noted artist wanted to climb to the top of one of the Himalaya Mountains, but the guides refused to go with him because the danger was too great. Go, Vereshtchagin did. He went alone. He lived among the snow and ice, until he saw them resplendent in their most gorgeous colors. Then he painted his wonderful picture entitled, "Above the Clouds." Higher than all the sea of clouds, Vereshtchagin portrayed the mighty peaks of the Himalayas lifting themselves. Thus may we be Gospel Vereshtchagins to-day. May we climb the Himalaya heights of Calvary. May we put our hand in Christ's hand and go higher and higher, until we climb above the morning clouds of a vapory repentance. Wilt thou do this, oh immortal man? Is your repentance to be of longer duration than the morning clouds? Or shall we give our whole nature, mind and soul and heart, into his hands to be made a new creation, all attuned to his will, changed in everything to his nature? Then shall we know what the apostle meant when he said, "Beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, we are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." May that be our passionate desire, and then we can say with the Psalmist, "I shall be satisfied, when I awake with thy likeness."

RUSSIA IN TURMOIL

Admiral Birileff

Russian Troops in the Fortress of Cronstadt

WHEN a country has been, and is, in such a state of social unrest and political disorder as Russia, writers, papers and magazines find a fruitful field for sensation, and, coloring their reports to suit their own ideas of the issues involved, leave the average reader in a state of uncertainty as to what is really going on. Below is given a brief resume of the Russian situation as it is at present. That it will be the same to-morrow or when this strikes the eye of the reader, is perhaps too much to say. The changes are kaleidoscopic, and the empire of this week may be sixteen warring nations the next.

Ever since her almost total eclipse as a military power in the war in the Far East, Russia, or more accurately those parts of it near the great centres, such as St. Petersburg and Moscow, have been in a state of unrest, an unrest that spread gradually to the rural districts, that ordinarily have been willing enough to go on in the same old way year after year, regardless of the fact whether the way was good or bad, so long as they were used to it. In the cities, the socialists and constitutional Democrats, and others, all more or less radical in the European sense, believed that their opportunity had come when the government was in difficulties arising from the outcome of the war. Their revolutionary movements have all been described in the columns of The Christian Herald as they occurred.

At last came the Imperial Ukase ordering the election of members to represent the different classes in a national Duma. This body was not to have the legal authority to pass bills as would our Congress, but had the right of discussion and also to prepare measures for the approval or veto of the government. The Duma, it was hoped by its well-wishers, would copy the procedure of the English House of Commons or of our own Congress. Instead, it followed more in the lines set by the Hungarian Parliament. Its president showed wisdom in dealing with the various races represented, and many of the delegates demonstrated that they were good debaters and parliamentarians, capable of carrying out constructive legislation tending to preserve the integrity of the nation, and at the same time establish the liberties they had acquired. Unfortunately, wilder counsels prevailed, and the Duma, instead of being satisfied with slowly acquiring power—for it was certainly destined to become more powerful with each session—tried to secure supreme power at once. The government became alarmed and ordered the dissolution of the Duma. The Czar then ordered a new election, and it is supposed that it will be on the basis of universal suffrage. The members of the Duma went to Finland, where they knew they would receive sympathy, and issued a manifesto declaring that they were the real source of all legal power. The manifesto resulted undoubtedly in the mutiny at Helsingfors and riots in other places. In several provinces the people are suffering from famine, and many of the troops are in a state of mutiny. The peasants are devastating several provinces, the proprietors have been killed, and their homes given to the flames.

M. Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu, the famous French historian, has written recently on Russian conditions, and he compared the country to the revolutionary France of 1789. "I am inclined to believe," he said, "that this revolution will continue in various stages of intensity for ten, or perhaps twenty years, owing to the magnitude of the questions involved and the dangers along the way."

The Russian ministry has been reorganized and a programme adopted that contemplates putting the liberal reforms into immediate execution, with the design of pacifying the people and preparing the way for next year's Duma. It involves the Agrarian programme of the expropriation of land in extreme cases for the purpose of correcting inequalities where the peasant lands have been divided and separated into private holdings, but maintaining the integrity of private property, and the Exceptional Laws will be repealed. A strong party in the Duma, and the Socialist party, have made a hard fight to have private ownership abolished, thus alienating the support of many small business men. If the government could have the opportunity to carry out its scheme, this harassed nation might enjoy a period of peace. Up to this time no such opportunity has been given. Unfortunately, a large number of the Russian people distrust the promises of the government.

As these lines are being written the guns are thundering on the walls of Sveaborg, near Helsingfors, in Finland. The uprising there is one of the most dramatic that has occurred. It was arranged by the military Revolutionary League, who had designed to get possession of the three fortresses of Sveaborg, Cronstadt and Sebastopol. A company of sappers mutinied sooner than the conspirators had planned for and a large part of the garrison, the artillery branch, revolted with them. They seized forty machine guns and most of the light artillery and trained them on the main fort. The fortress is composed of a number of forts and batteries on several islands. The commandant and four infantry companies, who remained steadfastly loyal to their colors, held the citadel. All night long the fight went on, the infantry beating back time and again the attacks of the mutineers. A large body of "civil revolutionists" seized the marine barracks on Skatudden Island, hoisted the red flag of anarchy, and were joined by most of the marines. The people of Helsingfors showed no sympathy with the rioters. The torpedo boats and destroyers at once opened fire on the barracks. Towards night the authorities reported that they were taken. Several of the officers of the marines were slaughtered by their own men, and the Red Guard, the fighting organization of the Socialists, cut the railroad track to prevent the arrival of reinforcements. The revolt at Sveaborg was caused by the refusal of the authorities to give the soldiers brandy.

Cronstadt narrowly escaped the fate of Sveaborg. The officers had the infantry hold the marines to their barracks and removed their guns. Over 1,500 sailors quartered at the fortress were placed under arrest. The streets were soon filled with loyal guard regiments and men arriving from the loyal 20th division.

Admiral Birileff is now in command at Sveaborg, and the government depends on him to restore order.

JAPAN'S MESSAGE OF THANKS

Through Ambassador Aoki, the Governors of the Famine Provinces Express their Gratitude to Our Readers

ON different occasions within the last few months, messages have come from Japan's highest dignitaries, expressing the most cordial and grateful appreciation of the splendid relief work conducted by the readers of this journal and their friends in the three famine-stricken provinces of that country. To-day, we have the most direct message of all—a personal letter signed by the Governors of the three provinces: Miyagi, Iwate, and Fukushima, which Viscount Aoki, the Japanese Ambassador in Washington, has transmitted to us by special request. His letter, and that of the three Governors, are given below, and will be read with interest by every one who has had a share in this great life-saving work:

JAPANESE EMBASSY, WASHINGTON, July 26, 1906.

SIR:—Upon the request of the Governors of Miyagi, Iwate and Fukushima, Japan, I beg to transmit to you the enclosed letter, in which they jointly express their sincere thanks for the collection you have made for the relief of the famine-stricken people of those three provinces.

In thus carrying out the request of the three Governors, I have the honor to express my own appreciation of your humane and fraternal action, and to ask that you will be good enough to make a public announcement of the grateful thanks of my countrymen and of myself, for the material aid which was so generously and so cheerfully given by the high-minded people of the United States for the relief of the unfortunate sufferers of northern Japan. I am, sir,

Very respectfully yours, VISCOUNT S. AOKI.

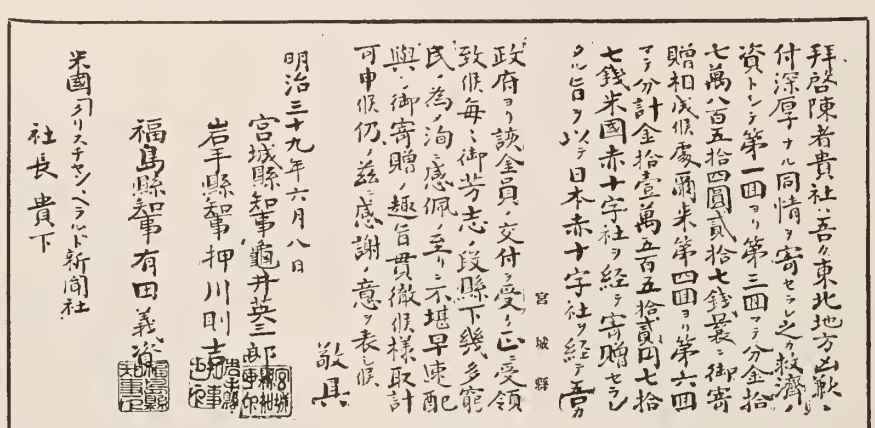
Dr. Louis Klopsch, Editor of The Christian Herald, New York.

Viscount Aoki
Ambassador of Japan

In the following letter, from the Director of the Japanese Red Cross to the proprietor of this journal, the gratitude of the Japanese people for American aid extended to the famine sufferers, is very touchingly expressed:

"TOKIO, May 24, 1806.— We have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your esteemed favor of the 26th ultimo, referring to our request to furnish us with a list of those donors who have contributed over five dollars toward the Relief Fund for the famine-stricken districts in the North. The reason why we wish to have it is simply to keep their names in our memory, as generous sympathizers at this critical juncture, by whose practical help our famine-stricken people have been saved from the verge of starvation. In consideration of the course your journal has pursued for many years, not divulging the full names of such contributors without their consent, we have concluded not to trouble you further with this matter.

"The total amount of money we have received to date from you is $210,000 and the latest remittance, amounting to $25,000, assigned to the Foreign Relief Committee at Sendai, at the request of Hon. Wilson, of the American Embassy in Tokio, has been handed by us to the said committee. The sufferers' representatives have addressed a very large number of letters to Count Matsukata, President of the Red Cross, asking him to convey to you and your readers their thanks for the sympathy so generously and practically extended to them. It pleases us to add here that those sufferers—when our Baron Ozawa, while on his trip over the famine-stricken districts, described the efforts of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD — expressed their appreciation and gratitude, with tears in their eyes, for all the kindness you have shown to them. With renewed thanks, we remain, yours very obediently, S. HIRAYAMA, "*Director, the Red Cross Society of Japan.*"



(TRANSLATION)

To the Editor and Proprietor of "The Christian Herald." June 8th, 1906.

Sir:—We beg to gratefully acknowledge the receipt of your earlier contribution of 170,-854.27 yen, from the first to the third remittance, inclusive, and of your three later remittances made through the American Red Cross, amounting to 110,552.77 yen, which two sums were duly transmitted to us by our central government, through the medium of the Red Cross Society of Japan, to be expended for the relief of the famine sufferers of our three provinces.

We join in expressing to you, and, through you, to those sympathizers who responded to your philanthropic appeal, our profound appreciation and that of the people of our provinces, for the deep sympathy and cordial good will so generously manifested for our unfortunate sufferers from natural calamity. We beg to assure you that we will unite our best efforts in making prompt distribution of your donations among the needy sufferers and in seeing the noble purpose you have in view carried out satisfactorily. Respectfully,

(Seal) Y. KAMEI, Governor of the Province of Miyagi.
(Seal) N. OSHIKAWA, Governor of the Province of Iwate.
(Seal) Y. ARITA, Governor of the Province of Fukushima.

The Japanese characters read down the page, beginning at the upper right-hand corner. A yen is 49 cents.

Word has been sent from Japan (says a writer in the London *Times*) that thousands upon thousands of Japanese are learning English, and exceptionally few foreign books of a good tendency are to be had there, while their own modern literature may be described as having a strong tendency to the pernicious. Mr. Takakusu, Professor of Sanskrit in the Tokio University, and Director of the College of Foreign Languages, has already been instrumental in securing for his country the valuable library of the late Professor Max Muller. Mr. Takakusu now desires to establish a great popular circulating and lending library, and asks for "the books that you have read," though he hastens to add that new books will also be "very welcome." The Japanese request also that old music may be sent, especially oratorios, pleading that "music is the universal language of mankind."

Never before was such an opportunity presented for influencing the thought of another nation; and beside the 4,000 Japanese students at the Tokio University, and the 400 students in the College for Foreign Languages, there are already upwards of 2,600 Chinese students in Japan, whilst large numbers of Japanese are continuing their studies to qualify themselves as instructors in China.

Our cover illustration is a pleasing scene in Japanese rural life. Devotion to flowers and foliage is a universal trait of the Japanese, inherited from generations of flower-loving ancestors. Their calendar is divided into the time of the plum, the cherry, and the maple, as naturally as we refer to spring or autumn. Winter, a long calamity elsewhere in the same latitude, is only the disagreeable incident of a few weeks in Central Japan, and a veritable season of delight lasts from the bursting of the plum blossoms in February to the latter part of June. Upon the borders of the City of Tokio there lies beautiful Urzeno Park, and for a mile along the river banks, lined with cherry and plum trees, with pine and bamboo as well, the people hold their festivals at the blossoming time of the year. No warning to keep off the grass forbids their wandering at will over the great park, every foot of whose ground is historic, whose trees are ancient, whose avenues are broad and winding, and whose woods are as dark as the forest primeval.

In our illustration, two Japanese maidens of the better class are joyously following the woodland path. In the Japanese noble lady and in her less fortunate sisters, there is the same indefinable fascination which makes of her the crown of Japan's charm, so that the very last thing to fade from the memory of anybody who has been so fortunate as to linger there, must be these

"—— bright vestures, faces fair,
Long eyes and closely braided hair,"

which flit beneath the branches, heavy with pink-tinged double blossoms. They are a hopeful, mirth-loving, good-natured people, who take their sorrows lightly; but they can be as tender-hearted and compassionate as their Western Sisters, whom they remember with gratitude for the help they gave in the dark famine days.

REVIVAL FIRES KEPT BRIGHTLY BURNING

A LITTLE while ago THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, in an editorial entitled "Topics for the Tents," said, in part:

The one topic that never fails, the one that cannot be too insistently pressed, is the supreme topic of the ministry—Christ able and willing to save. . . . It is amazing the ignorance there is even in this day on the main truths of the Gospel. The preacher cannot count on the most rudimentary religious knowledge. He should begin at the very foundation as to children or the heathen.

There is a widespread feeling that the pulpit needs to get back to the level of the common people; that the simple Bible truths should be faithfully presented, and that Christ should be lifted up.

In no city, perhaps, has this work been carried forward more successfully than in Philadelphia. In spite of the summer heat, the Gospel is being preached in the congested districts of the city. The Baptists are having successful meetings in one of the large ball parks on the Sabbath; and the Presbyterians are holding above a hundred meetings weekly in tents, on the piers, in saloons, in the squares, and on the City Hall Plaza.

All of these meetings are being conducted by consecrated men who are preaching Gospel sermons, and souls are being brought to a saving knowledge of the Saviour. One speaker declared, "Jesus himself would be in the very heart of this tent work if he were in person in Philadelphia."

The work in the saloons is of a specially interesting nature. Speakers have been encouraged by the conversion of some, and the pathetic blessings of mothers and wives, whose sons and husbands have been strengthened in their efforts to throw off the thraldom of strong drink and surrender themselves to Christ.

The personal workers, who rendered such efficient service at Dr. Torrey's meetings, have banded themselves together and are rendering excellent service. But the most hopeful results, perhaps, come from the work that is being done by the converts. Like the woman of Samaria, they are not afraid to say: "Come, see a man, which told me all things that ever I did: is not this the Christ?" These devoted men meet every day at noon in a large room in the central part of the city and exchange heart experiences, study the Bible, pray with and for each other, and for those for whom prayers are asked, and these are many. They conduct prayer-meetings in different parts of the city and in missions, and by their heart-to-heart talks are successfully reaching many men and turning them to lives of usefulness. Denominationalism does not enter into their work; indeed, it is doubtful if it even enters into their thoughts.

At their noon-day meetings three thoughts are specially emphasized: 1. The value of personal work; 2. The importance of carrying a pocket Bible; and 3. The duty of conducting family worship. In all of their meetings one or more of these thoughts are presented and impressed.

HARRY PRINGLE FORD.
Philadelphia, Pa.

General View of Ocean Park, Cottage City

COTTAGE CITY'S GOSPEL CAMPERS

An Ideal Resort where Different Denominations Worship Side by Side

IF Bartholomew Gosnold and his twenty men were able to revisit to-day the scene of their adventures of more than two hundred years ago, what would be their wonder and amazement! In 1602, Gosnold sailed through Vineyard Sound, Mass., with the yellow sands of what is now Cape Cod stretching for miles along the mainland, and anchored his little vessel upon the opposite shore, since known as the island of Martha's Vineyard. Vineyard Sound has become the second waterhighway in the world in importance, for through its channels more vessels pass in a single year than anywhere else, excepting only from the Straits of Dover to London. Upon the island itself, where once stood primeval forests of beech and cedar, oak and elm, and whose paths were traversed only by the moccasined feet of the red men, are now fair villages, fertile farms, and towns of typical New England homes.

Edgartown and Vineyard Haven are worthy of a story by themselves; bnt the chief interest of the island is the city of cottages upon the eastern shore, where more than fifteen thousand visitors from different parts of the country congregate during the summer months. In August, 1835, a few Methodists in the vicinity tried the experiment of a camp-meeting in a beautiful spot appropriately named Wesleyan Grove. Here they pitched their audience tent, with a group of smaller ones near at hand for the shelter of the families. Primitive indeed were those early preparations, seldom extending beyond a straw-stuffed ticking upon the rude flooring under the white tent for resting-place by night, and the simplest cookery upon the camp stoves. The first year the whole camp comprised but nine tents; but so remarkable were the results of these annual gatherings, and so marvelously did the Spirit of the Lord descend upon the worshipers, that the Martha's Vineyard camp-meeting soon became one of the largest of its kind.

During those early days one of the moving spirits in the work was the Rev. Micah J. Talbot, D.D., whose venerable figure and wise counsel are still an integral part of the great Camp-meeting Association, which has grown out of that small beginning. In a few years cottages took the place of tents. At first they were of humble proportions; but as the natural advantages of climate and situation gradually became known, men of wealth from far and near built commodious villas, and laid ont spacious gronnds. An association was formed and incorporated, of which the Rev. J. Wesley Johnston, D.D., is the present president, with a board of directors comprised of clergy and laity prominently identified with Methodism. The audience tent of snowy canvas has given way to a great iron tabernacle capable of seating 3,000 people, and its capacity is frequently tested when the shining lights of the church speak from its platform during the summer Sabbaths and the August "camp-meeting" week.

Director W. H. Washburn — Rev. Micah J. Talbot, D.D.

The Methodist Tabernacle

Among the speakers scheduled for the present summer are Bishops D. A. Goodsell and C. H. Fowler; Rev. I. B. Scott, D.D., Bishop of Africa; Rev. J. M. Buckley, D.D., and the Rev. A. B. Leonard, D.D., senior secretary of the M. E. Missionary Society, who is upon the eve of embarking for India, to represent the Board at the Missionary Jubilee. The Hon. Leslie M. Shaw, Secretary of the Treasury, is one of the week-night lecturers at these gatherings.

The entire resident population of the township includes less than 600 souls, and of these that portion who are Methodists forsake their own pretty local edifice during the months of July and August, and pastor and people together unite in the services conducted in the Tabernacle.

Many famous men from various walks in life take their annual season of rest at Cottage City. Gen. Horatio C. King, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. W. H. Rand, of Rand, McNally & Co.; Tom Karl, beloved of the disciples of song; Congressman William S. Greene, of Massachusetts, Prof. T. J. Ellinwood, and Rev. B. P. Raymond, Wesleyan University's president, are a few among the many representatives of every profession to be found there. Just across Lake Anthony from the "Wesley House," lie the Vineyard Highlands, where, in 1875, the Baptists established a camp-meeting, and in a thick grove of stately oak trees, erected the Baptist Temple, where is soon to convene their thirtieth "Religious Gathering." The Rev. O. P. Gifford, of Buffalo, N. Y., presides over the Baptist Asociation, and among the list of well-known speakers is found the name of Dr. Henry C. Mabie, of the Baptist Missionary Union, who has spoken to large audiences at Northfield this summer.

Beyond the boundaries of the camp ground proper, an artistic Episcopalian house of worship is open for services through the summer, its pulpit being supplied by visiting clergymen. A strictly unsectarian movement also finds hearty snpport among that half of the summer residents who are not Methodists, and on Sabbath mornings the Union Chapel is filled with an audience gathered from every denomination.

With its lakes and its beaches; its sea breezes and its temperature averaging ten degrees lower than the mainland; its boating and fishing, and its spiritual and intellectual feasts, Cottage City is truly an ideal summer resort. Nor is that altruistic spirit absent, which is becoming the salient spirit of the age. Historic old John Street M. E. Church, situated as it is among the poorer working-class of New York City, has a simple bird-cage of a cottage at this summer paradise, with the church's own Deaconess at its head. Here it is receiving relay after relay of young girls, who are small wage-earners, and children to whom the islands of the sea would remain but a dream, were it not for this open-handed hospitality.

HARRIET W. STEWART.

A Sunny Day in the Park at Cottage City

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, Associate Editor

LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor

G. H. SANDISON, Associate Editor

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Mrs. Sage's Millions

THE following letter concerns a matter which is now so prominently before the public, that we print it in full:

NEWARK, N. J., Aug. 2.

EDITOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

DEAR SIR:—Mrs. Russell Sage has an opportunity to make her own name, and that of her late husband, two of the best beloved in America. She has been credited with noble impulses, ... Now that she is left free, and the possessor of one of the largest fortunes in the world—perhaps $150,000,000—she has before her the opportunity of doing such service for God and humanity as will make her name one to be remembered throughout all time.

Mrs. Sage is understood to be taking counsel with her friends as to the manner in which she should dispose of her fortune. It is surely no vulgar intrusion on privacy, in a case where the intention to do large benevolence is so well known, to suggest that she might be helped to a wise solution of the problem if a great journal like THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which has expended many millions in international and home charities in little more than a decade, were to give her the benefit of its experience. M. R. E.

. . .

This is an age of great philanthropies and far-reaching benevolences, and Mrs. Sage need not lack for distinguished models. In the experiences of such princely benefactors as George Peabody, Andrew Carnegie, Dr. Pearson, John D. Rockefeller, Baron Hirsch, Moses Montefiore, and Miss Helen Gould, there is much that may afford valuable suggestion to one who is about to make the disposal of a great fortune the crowning task of a long lifetime.

But while the whole civilized world gives its tribute of admiration to those who have founded libraries, endowed colleges and hospitals, established colonies, and in similar ways done good to any considerable portion of the human race, there is another kind of beneficence—a charity which "vaunteth not itself," but which is willing rather to sacrifice all desire for the world's applause, if it can only accomplish its purpose of becoming a blessing to others. "For the glory of God and the good of humanity" ought to be the spiritual mainspring of all good works.

. . .

Among the various philanthropic schemes which will be brought before Mrs. Sage for consideration, there will doubtless be many that are attractive because of their picturesqueness, and because they hold out a promise of worldly fame for the giver. If THE CHRISTIAN HERALD were so fortunate as to be one of the lady's advisers, we would make no suggestion of this nature. On the contrary, we would confine ourselves to fields of philanthropic effort that are, alas! sadly neglected, and yet are among the most deserving the world offers to-day.

. . .

With her colossal wealth, what magnificent possibilities are not open to her! She might easily found and endow in the great cities a series of Homes for Poor Working Girls, and another group of homes in the country for the Aged and Deserving Poor. Her name, like that of Abou Ben Adhem, might "lead all the rest" in humanitarian Fresh-Air work among the children of the slums. Even the founding of a score of Children's Homes like our own at Mont-Lawn (where 24,000 tenement waifs have been sheltered, fed, and gladdened in the last dozen years), would not appreciably affect her resources; and it is in her power, if she choose, to establish a chain of Gospel lighthouses, like the Bowery Mission, reaching around the continent, for the rescue of poor, shipwrecked humanity. Then there is crying need of Homes for Consumptives in localities with climatic advantages; Seaside and Mountain Shelters, for poor mothers with sick babies; Diet Kitchens for supplying nourishing food to convalescents; Homes for city waifs, who are now growing up like little heathen, neglected in the streets, and Model Dwellings for workers, on the plan of the successful experiments in London and elsewhere abroad. She might found and endow a dozen Settlements, affording an uplift to thousands, or she might "mother" a score of Rescue Homes for unfortunate girls. It is in her power, if she wills, to give such vitality and energy to a great educational movement against intemperance as would result in a national blessing.

. . .

Turning to religious work, there are hundreds of worthy struggling churches waiting to be aided. There are thousands of consecrated young men who need a helping hand to put them in training for the ministry. There are still other thousands praying that God may open a way to prepare and equip them for the foreign mission field. In our own land, Gospel workers are needed in the new territories, and in no place more urgently than among the poor "mountain whites" of Virginia, Tennessee and Kentucky.

By a single stroke of her pen, Mrs. Sage could place in the home or foreign field a thousand earnest workers, who would be her substitutes in the great Gospel campaign! With her aid, the message of salvation might be carried to every alley and nook and corner in this land, where the churchless millions are now unreached by the spoken Word.

. . .

These are only a few of the many opportunities where untold good might be accomplished by consecrated wealth, wisely administered. They deal chiefly with what some might call the "lower order of benevolences." There is not so much glory or renown connected with such work as with the founding of great institutions, with boards of trustees and well-paid faculties; but they are, all of them, essentially the Lord's work. And whosoever does His work among the lowly, though it may excite no resounding acclamation from the world, he will find at the last a more soul-satisfying acknowledgment in the Master's own words: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto these, ye have done it unto Me"

Groping in the Dark

IT is with a feeling of sincere pity that we have read the report of the International Congress for Progressive Thought, which was held at St. Louis, Mo., sometime ago, and has just been published. The materialism and pessimism expressed in its pages, are the most depressing product of the human mind we have ever seen in print. Never was there so clear and conspicuous an exhibition of the incapacity of men to reach a higher, brighter and more encouraging view of human character and life, while ignoring God and his revelation, as there is in these addresses delivered at the St. Louis Conference. We should not be surprised if numbers of those who read and believe the statements put forth in that book, were to commit suicide. The dreary hopelessness, the barren desert of gloomy negation therein avowed, make the reader feel as if he were in the lowest depths of a dark mine, in which he was wandering without a clue. Truly, as the patriarch said centuries ago, "They wander in a wilderness, where there is no way; they grope in the dark without light." Oh that they might be led to seek "Him who is the way, the truth and the life," and to turn to Him who giveth understanding to the simple!

. . .

There is one encouraging view of such a presentation of the no-faith, which it appears is the Free Thought substitute for the Gospel. Neither by the weakness of its arguments, nor by the denunciation that takes the place of reason in its pages, can it win converts or delude the most simple-minded or the most cultured believer in Christ. Few indeed will there be who will endorse "The Demands of Liberalism" which are printed on the first page of the book. They include a demand "that all laws looking to the enforcement of Christian morality shall be abrogated"; that "all public appropriations for educational and charitable institutions of a sectarian character shall cease"; and that "all laws directly or indirectly enforcing the observance of Sunday as the Sabbath shall be repealed." Thus, if these demands were granted, we should lose not only our Lord's-Day rest, but a large part of the humane and beneficent work now being done for the poor and the sick, and the wholesome moral salt which keeps society from sinking into hideous putrefaction.

. . .

A curious illustration of the recognition that a Supreme Power in the universe is a necessity, is afforded in one of the addresses. The speaker said that in conversing with one of the teachers of the cult, "the question came up: What is the most appropriate name for the ruling force of the universe since science has entirely demolished the personal God of religion? His answer was 'The Great Dynamis.' This term," says the speaker, "is very appropropriate, because it conveys to the mind the greatness and the infinity of the power which lives and reigns supremely in all things." This is not very comforting or encouraging to the mind. Poor sinning, suffering humanity needs something more in its conception of God than his greatness and infinity. Our God has these, but it is our joy and comfort to think that he has also the quality of love and compassion. We will not worship the blind and deaf idol the Conference has set up. Apart from the untruth of the theory, we would gain nothing and would lose much. It is not for such a divinity that we will give up our confidence. We still cling to Him who as a father pitieth his children. We still believe that neither death nor life, nor principalities nor power, nor things present nor things to come, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

A Novel Experiment

A SOCIETY in the State of Pennsylvania, according to despatches in the daily press, is carrying its scientific philanthropy further than is usual elsewhere, the children committed to its charge being the subjects of medical experiments. The juvenile courts, the Society to Protect Children from Cruelty, and the Board of Health, "have instituted the practice of performing operations upon the children given into its charge, where medical opinion is that such a course is likely to prevent crime."

. . .

These children are waifs and strays picked up in the streets, or taken from parents, who cannot take proper care of them. If possible, the parents' permission is obtained for the operation. No permission is required where the children are orphans. Several noted surgeons think, or profess to think, that they can detect in these children the forecast of a criminal career, and they proceeded to rectify the mistakes of nature with a knife. We know that there are cases where some injury to the head has made children irresponsible and an operation would benefit; but that any board of physicians can foretell with certainty that any child will follow a criminal career is theory and little more. Some of the children may have already committed petty misdemeanors on account of lack of proper training, but that is no proof that an operation would be the only sure method of reform.

. . .

Everyone knows that an operation is a great shock to the system and that it should be seldom resorted to, except in extreme cases, to relieve pain or prevent death. To operate promiscuously on children who are not ill, is an experiment that we do not believe the American people will hasten to sanction. It may be that great good may result from these experiments, but they should be conducted under the strictest regulations and only when the cases are of a serious nature. These children have sacred personal rights that should be as carefully guarded as those of more wealthy parents. A good moral atmosphere and Christian example and teaching, will do more to eradicate criminal instincts than all the surgeon's instruments in existence. We trust that the example of this children's society, will not be followed in other places without the most careful consideration of what it involves.

Among the Workers

—BISHOP BURTON, of Ky. (Episcopal), makes the statement that seven-eighths of the area of the State has voted to go "dry," and that this includes all of the mountain counties.

—E. TENNYSON SMITH, the well-known temperance advocate, has returned to England, after a tour in this country of nearly two years.

—OWING TO ATTACKS by Italians, the Rev. Francesco Pesaturo, a local missionary, was compelled to discontinue tent-meetings at New Haven, lately. A riotous mob assailed the preacher, who narrowly escaped with his life.

—REV. G. H. SIMS, pastor of the Union Baptist Church, West Sixty-third Street, New York, is doing an excellent work among the colored people of that neighborhood. There are 15,090 colored residents in the district, and Pastor Sims and his work are a distinct influence for good among them and deserve to be liberally supported.

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An Epochal Conference

AGAIN the Conference of American Powers has assembled. This is the third of the Conferences initiated by Mr. Blaine in 1889. The place of meeting is Rio de Janeiro, the capital of Brazil. The United States is represented by the Hon. Elihu Root, our Secretary of State, who addressed the Conference in an epoch-making speech. Speaking to representatives of all the Central and South American Republics, Mr. Root gave an admirable exposition of the attitude and policy of our government in its relations with these republics. When it is remembered that not one but all of these Southern friends of ours have been causelessly jealous of the United States and suspicious of our ulterior aims, it will be better understood how far Mr. Root's authorized assurances may go toward inspiring confidence and establishing mutual relations between the countries that are in the nature of a great fraternal bond or compact, embracing all the peoples of this Western world.

"We wish for no victories," he said, "except those of peace. We wish for no territory, except our own; no sovereignty, except ourselves. We deem the independence and rights of the smallest and weakest member of the family of nations entitled to as much respect as those of the greatest empire. . . . We neither claim nor desire any rights or privileges of power that we do not freely concede to every American republic. We wish to increase our prosperity, and to grow in wealth and wisdom of spirit, but our conception of the true way to accomplish this is not to pull others down and profit by their ruin, but to help all friends to a common prosperity and growth, that we may all become greater and stronger together." He urged all the Latin-American republics to participate in the approaching Hague Conference, and concluded with these memorable words:

"Let us pledge ourselves to aid each other in the full performance of our duty to humanity, which the acceptance of the declaration implies, so that in time the weakest and most unfortunate of our republics may come to march with equal step by the side of the stronger and more fortunate. Let us unite in creating, maintaining and making effective in all the American republics an opinion whose power shall influence international conduct, prevent international wrong, narrow the causes of war, forever preserve our free lands from the burden of such armaments as are massed behind the frontiers of Europe, and bring us nearer to the perfection of order and liberty."

It is well that in the delicate condition of our relations with our Southern neighbors, so able a diplomatist as Mr. Root should have gone to represent us. At Rio de Janeiro and at other Central and South American cities that he will visit, his voice will be listened to as the voice of the Administration, and will have undoubted weight. It will relieve anxiety and suspicion, and will, we trust, bring our neighbors and ourselves into closer bonds of amity and good will. The essence of Mr. Root's advice will, doubtless, be that of the Apostle.

Let us therefore follow after the things which make for peace, and things wherewith one may edify another (Rom. 14 : 19).

Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, Scene of the Pan-American Conference

Heroism on the Rail

A pathetic incident occurred a few days ago on the Pennsylvania Railroad, near Altoona, Pa. A section boss and his men were working on the tracks, when the men were ordered out of the way for the express train. They overlooked a jack, underneath the rail, projecting above the tracks sufficiently to derail the train. The boss saw it, and, realizing the danger, ran to the jack, released it, and threw it aside. The next instant the train he had saved from destruction with all its passengers struck and killed him. He must have known the peril that he faced in removing the obstruction, but he cheerfully risked his life to remove it. Everyone admires such heroism, yet how few there are who appreciate that infinitely greater sacrifice by which a whole world might be saved.

He saved others; himself he could not save (Mark 15 : 31).

The Cargo for Fuel

An unusual emergency occurred on the steamship *Treves* during her recent voyage to New York. Adverse winds and head seas together and a scant supply of coal greatly retarded the vessel's speed. On nearing the American coast the coal bunkers were almost empty. The chief engineer husbanded every pound of fuel. At last, it was found necessary to burn some of the ship's wooden derricks, dunnage, ladders, and all the wood and lumber aboard. This being insufficient, the captain was compelled to broach the cargo, and ten large bales of licorice root were hoisted out of the hold and lowered into the fireroom, with the result that the steamship succeeded in reaching her anchorage in the lower bay. There are some of the voyages of life in which a similar course is necessary. Money and property, and sometimes health itself, are sacrificed that the soul, stripped of all, may enter heaven.

It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God (Matt. 19: 24).

Married by Proxy

A pretty and graceful Dutch maiden arrived in New York last week, on the steamer *Potsdam*, of the Holland-American line. She was welcomed by her husband, whom she had not seen since his boyhood. That statement was a mystery to the immigration authorities, until Theresa herself explained it. Some years ago her boy lover left Rotterdam to seek his fortune in America. He did not find fortunes lying around on the pavement for any one to pick up, as he had been led to expect, but like the sensible youth he was, he went to work to make one. He began by sweeping up a barber's shop and running errands. Then he became a barber himself, and became so proficient as to get an engagement in a shop on Broadway. He had saved enough to send for the girl he had left behind him and was earning sufficient for both to live on. But he could not go to fetch her, and she had careful parents, who would take no risks. So a marriage by proxy was arranged. The Dutch Consul in New York was instructed by the young man, and sent formal affidavits to Rotterdam, authorizing a friend to represent the bridegroom at a wedding ceremony. Queen Wilhelmina's consent was obtained, the peculiar marriage, with the substitute-bridegroom making the vows, took place, and the bride duly arrived here to meet her husband. We may hope that that strange marriage may lead her to think of the relation she may enjoy with Christ, who, if she gives herself to him, will welcome her on the other side the grave as his bride.

I will betroth thee unto me forever; I will betroth thee unto me in righteousness and loving kindness (Hos. 2 : 19).

Saved by a Whistle

Two boys about ten years of age had a narrow escape from a terrible death in New York a few days ago. Men had been digging the foundation of a house, but had left it owing to some delay in the arrival of material. Two boys saw a way to a pleasant amusement. Going down into the big hole, they excavated a room in the side, in which they proposed to play at keeping house. Soap-boxes for chairs and tables were obtained from the grocery stores and their toys were brought from home. They were having a delightful time, when suddenly the roof of their cave fell in, burying them both. Providentially one of the boys had a tin whistle, with which he blew lustily. Two men who were passing heard the noise and wondered where it came from. The whistle ceased for a minute and a childish shout took its place. Then the men realized that some boy was in trouble, and making their way to the place, worked hard to extricate the two lads. They were only just in time, for one of the boys was unconscious, and both would probably have died but for the alarm of the whistle that brought help. One may hope they will not forget that experience. If when they grow up, their business or amusements should take them into dangerous places, where their souls are imperilled, they may be delivered if they cry to Him who is mighty to save.

I will lift up my eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help; my help cometh from the Lord, who made heaven and earth (Ps. 121 : 1, 2).

Operating on a Surgeon

A remarkable instance of heroic devotion to duty on the part of a surgeon who was himself suffering from the disease he was curing and needing the treatment he was administering, is reported from the Austrian capital. It appears that one day last month Prof. Baron Eiselberg, the celebrated surgeon of Vienna University, went to his operating room and performed two difficult operations for appendicitis. They were successfully done, and then he surprised his assistants by ordering them to clean the operating table and make preparations for a third operation, announcing himself as the patient. The assistants, hearing the story of the professor's symptoms, corroborated Prof. Eiselberg's opinion as to the necessity for an immediate operation, which was successfully performed. It seems that some weeks previously the professor experienced symptoms of appendicitis, and on the night before the operation was performed had an alarming attack. He went to the university determined to be operated upon, but owing to the dangerous character of the other cases decided to perform the operations himself before submitting himself to the knife. It was a pathetic thing to see the great surgeon in his pain and distress ministering to others, and then going through the same ordeal. So was it with our divine Lord.

As the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself took part in the same; that through death, he might destroy him that had the power of death (Heb. 2 : 14).

BRIEF NOTE

At an influentially attended conference held in Wesley's Chapel, London, a resolution was adopted expressing the desirability of holding a special Pledge Signing Mission in and through the Free Churches, to commence in the autumn of 1907.

A YOUNG MAN LOVABLE, BUT LOST

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

*By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts**

"Sell all thou hast and give to the poor and thou shalt have treasure in heaven"

LET a townsman of the rich young ruler tell his story: "It made a great excitement in our town when it was noised about what had happened between our much loved young ruler and Jesus, the Nazarene teacher. The young man is the pride of our town, his home so well appointed, and his conduct without reproach. It has been the custom for parents to hold him up as an example to their sons. Yes, he is our model young man. It is a mystery to me why he needed to ask anything of the Nazarene. I have been told that he was not satisfied with himself, and that he went to the Nazarene, asking the question, 'What shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?' I was told that he sought the Teacher with great eagerness, running to meet him, and kneeling down, and calling him 'Great Master.' Perhaps he did, but it just seems unaccountable to me how one of his position and character could do such a thing. He must have been beside himself! That's what the men of our town are saying about him now.

"One of our men who was there and saw it all, said the Nazarene told him to sell all that he had and give it to the poor, and then come and follow him. But this he refused to do, and returned to his home. He has been seen on our streets only once or twice since then, and a strange, sad look has been noticed in his face. Some of our people are saying he is so broken up they think he will never be himself again. Others say, they believe he will yet follow the advice of the Nazarene. My own opinion is that if he can't be happy with what he has, he had better get rid of it. By so doing he can, at least, make a lot of other people happy. And after all, there may be something in what the Nazarene says. If ever he comes again to our town, I will go and hear him myself, and then I will be able to judge the actions of this young ruler of ours."

Illustration and Application

A lesson this, for the rich young fellows that are choosing a life of self-indulgence rather than a life of self-forgetting usefulness! What good they might do with their college training, their social influence, their wealth, if they would, and how much more real joy they would find in service than in selfishness! But young men and boys — aye, and girls, too — who are not rich but covet money chiefly for selfish uses, need this sad story of the young man who loved self more than God or his neighbor, and refused the call of the Saviour only to find sorrow upon sorrow.

1. There Ran One and Kneeled and Said: Good Teacher, What Shall I Do That I May Have Eternal Life? What a picture of moral earnestness is this—a young man running to Jesus in the street, and kneeling with the supreme question on his lips: How can I receive the life that has no end! This is not the sense in which most young men wish to "see life"—meaning death. He had heard Jesus preach, or had heard through others his promise of the abundant life that would flow, like a full river to the sea, through this life into eternity. He was too big-hearted to be satisfied with a merely animal life, even though he had the wealth to gratify every appetite to the full. His soul was an ocean bed made for the love of God, and nothing less could fill it.

Every earnest soul at times feels as David did when he sang: "As the deer panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God." He had heard neighbors who had received the Christ-life testify: "It satisfies my longings as nothing else could do."

The young man's quest for "eternal life" may have been, in part, like the age-long quest for the "elixir of life," "the fountain of youth," that shall banish the phantom of death. Even in our own time a famous physician found believers for such an elixir. Anything that delays decay is of interest and value.

It is given out that a Hungarian chemist, Brunn, has discovered a liquid chemical compound, which renders certain kinds of matter proof against the effects of time. He asserts that it doubles the density of nearly every kind of stone, and renders it waterproof. It imparts to all metals qualities which defy oxygen and rust. It is also a germicide of hitherto unequaled powers. The professor says that while travelling in Greece some twenty-five years ago, he noticed that the mortar in stones of ruins which were known to be over 2,000 years old, was as hard, fresh, and tenacious as if it had been made only a year. He secured a piece of the mortar, and worked on it until he discovered the secret. The compound is a yellow liquid, which the professor has named zorene. "He that believeth on me," said Christ, "hath everlasting life." The joys of an endless life begin when the eternal life of Christ is allowed to pour into our opened hearts.

The young man's first mistake was in thinking that this "gift of God," eternal life, is to be purchased by hard tasks, an error of heathen religions which Pharisees also taught, and which even attaches itself to the creeds of some professedly Christian churches. A man who applied for passage on a railroad in India was compelled to go as freight, for he had on his body over 200 pounds of iron. Iron chains hung about him, iron bracelets and iron balls. He was a good man, but in his ignorance and superstition he was on a pilgrimage of expiation, trying to atone for his sins against the great unknown God. No doubt this young ruler would gladly have made any hard pilgrimage if so he could once for all insure eternal life and get a quit claim deed to a heavenly mansion.

2. Keep the Commandments. Because the New Testament teaches that the Commandments should be kept freely from love, which is "the fulfilling of the law," some have assumed that Christians are free from the law in the same sense as if it was repealed.

A man called once on Rowland Hill, to bring him to account for his too severe and legal Gospel. Rowland Hill asked him, "Do you not hold the Ten Commandments to be a rule of life to Christians?" "Certainly not," replied the visitor. The minister rang the bell, and on the servant making his appearance he quietly added, "John, show that man to the door, and keep your eye on him until he is beyond reach of every article of wearing apparel or other property in the hall." The rich young ruler needed no such rebuke. He could truly say he had kept the letter of the law from his youth. That was much to say, and Jesus "loved him" for his clean life. But to his challenge, "What lack I yet?" Jesus answered by a test, showing that the one thing he lacked was that right adjustment of love to God, love to his fellow-men and self-love, a threefold adjustment, which is the very soul of the Decalogue.

When Jesus summed up the Ten Commandments in two, there were really three: Love God, love your fellow-men, love yourself; for the command, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," implies Shakespeare's great saying, "Love thyself last." Self-love in the third place, is a divinely ordered virtue, but self-love in the second or first place, is a usurper. And in the young man's heart, all unconsciously, self-love had taken the second place, for he loved self more that his fellows. Here is an illustration of the need of David's prayer, "Cleanse thou me from hidden faults." The young man who thought he had no fault, was guilty of the treason of even putting self in place of God, for when he had to choose between gold and God, he turned his back on God. It is said that the great temple of Karnak, built of immense stones, fell into ruins because there was a flaw in one of the stones. Coroner Hoffman's investigation of the cause of the collapsing of the floor during the fatal panic in St. Ludmilla's Bohemian Roman Catholic Church, in Chicago, resulted in the discovery that hemlock, a wood peculiarly subject to decay, had been substituted as foundation beams for the Norway pine called for in the specifications.

So in this young man's character-building, selfishness, substituted for supreme love for God and philanthropy, brought tragic ruin on an otherwise lovely character. One of a dozen beautiful trees on a lawn turned in July to brown and yellow, and soon the leaves fell off and the branches became naked and death-like. Inquiring the cause, it was found that, as an act of mischief, a boy, years previous to this, had beaten a horseshoe into the shape of a wedge, and then had driven it into the heart of the young tree. The bark soon covered the place, and in all outward appearance the tree was the same as the others. But the iron did its work at length, and that tree died, while all the others were increasing in size and beauty. And in many an individual to-day the deadly iron of some secret sin is doing its work, and making the victim prematurely say, as did Byron, "My days are in the yellow leaf."

Thanks be for shame that whips
On to emprise;
Thanks be for pain that strips
Self of disguise.

3. Sell That Thou Hast and Give. This does not necessarily mean that every one should sell all his property and distribute the money among the poor. Not every one needs such heroic treatment as this unconscious worshiper of his gold. The piercing eye of Christ, like an X-ray, saw that his gold was poisoning his soul. It must be cut out to save him. The truth here taught is that at any cost self-love must be kept in the third place, and that our money or talents of any kind must be sincerely devoted to the glory of God and the good of man. Intelligent love for our neighbor will often make us refuse alms, when it would only help him downward to beggary or vice. It is as bad as hating our neighbor to give alms recklessly to all who apply. But to put as much heart and thought into distribution as into production—that is the supreme teaching of this lesson. And in the end such a life of service will bring more enjoyment than selfishness.

A young lady who at one time was an active Christian, on becoming older, drifted away from her former life and gave herself up to pleasure, dress and "society." Young girls looked upon her with envy and admiration as they saw her the leader of society and enjoying life to the full. One day, as she was returning from California, an accident occurred on the train, and she was fatally injured. They carried her into the dingy little station, and there the physician told her she must die in a short time. "I have but an hour, you tell me?" "Not more," he said. She threw her arms over her face and lay quiet a long time, then turned on him in a frenzy: "To think of all that I might have done with my money and my time! God wanted me to help the poor and the sick; it's too late now. I've only an hour!" She struggled up wildly. "Why, doctor, I did nothing—nothing but lead the fashion! Now I've only an hour. It's too late!" and in a moment she lay dead at his feet.

There are other ways to serve mankind than in charities, for example, in sincere devotion to science and art for the general good. Go to the monastery in Milan and look upon "The Last Supper." A great master conceived it, but being aged, the pupil executed it. The pupil cried, "I cannot, master, it is beyond me." "I commit it to thy care; do thy best." The trembling youth, with brush and palette got down and cried, "It is for thy sake, O master, I implore God for skill." With swelling heart he began. For days and months the master watched and advised as the picture came out. It is done! The old man looked, then, in tears, he cried, "I will paint no more!"

But there is danger of becoming too absorbed in science and art and philosophy, to the neglect of other fields of human helpfulness, or in pursuing our studies for mere glory or selfish intellectual enjoyment. It was said of a pastor: "He is so much absorbed in German philosophy, that he cannot give much attention to anything else."

4. He Went Away Sorrowful. In contrast to this rich young man, who "went away sorrowful," having rejected the call of God, I like to think of the poor prodigal, who "came to himself," and came to his father. The rich moralist was really a "harder case," from a spiritual standpoint, than the poor prodigal. That young man was lovable, buf lost.

*International Sunday School Lesson for Aug. 26, 1906. The Rich Young Ruler, Mark 10:17-31. GOLDEN TEXT: "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me." Matt. 16: 24.

Under an August Moon

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

EUPHEMIA CLAYTON came in from the post-office with a letter in her hand. She had not opened it, although at every turn of the dusty highroad that led from the village to the farm, she had been sorely tempted to do so. The writing was crabbed and unfamiliar, but she had seen it once or twice in her life, and she knew it for that of Uncle Jabez Barclay. Whatever Uncle Jabez wanted was invariably done by the Clayton family, and Euphemia very much wondered what he wanted now. It might be pleasant or disagreeable; there was no foretelling. The peculiar feature in the case was that the letter should be addressed neither to father or mother, but to herself.

Mrs. Clayton, a spare, elderly woman, with an anxious, care-worn face, was preparing the vegetables for the twelve o'clock dinner. She looked up and smiled when Euphemia, with a sigh, sank into a chair.

"What is it now, daughter?" she asked.

"I don't know, mother. It's a letter from Uncle Jabez—a letter to me."

"Open it, dear."

Who has not known the hesitation with which we sometimes struggle before looking into the contents of an envelope? A letter is commonplace enough, but it is often the messenger of destiny. It may make or mar a life. It may bring good tidings or bad. Occasionally, we feel a thrill beforehand when the postman drops a letter at the door, for its very look indicates its nature. Bills, invitations, announcements, letters of friendship, letters of condolence, love letters, business letters, all have a peculiar look that belong to themselves.

"Uncle Jabez," said Euphemia, as she glanced over the closely written page, "must be a mind-reader. Just listen."

Mrs. Clayton took a chair. By this time the dinner was well started and she had leisure for a few moment's rest, and was as eager as her daughter to know what bit of good fortune had come to their house. Good fortune of late years had visited them seldom, but it's a long lane that has no turning. The slip of yellow paper that had fallen from the letter and lay on Euphemia's lap, was plainly a check. Mrs. Clayton leaned forward and took it into her rough hand; she smoothed it tenderly and longingly. It was drawn to the order of Euphemia Clayton, and the amount was one hundred dollars. The letter read:

"Silas Heath is nothing to me," said Euphemia

DEAR NIECE:—Unless I am misinformed, you have arrived at your nineteenth year. I think you ought to have a better education than you can get in your present locality. Some time ago I entered your name on the waiting list at the Westfield Seminary for Young Women. I have received a letter from the principal saying that there is now a vacancy. The money I enclose will pay for the first half year. You will have a fortnight to get ready, and then I expect you to go and do your level best to be a credit to your family. Your father has been so shiftless that you need never expect anything much from him, and I have other young people besides yourself to look after. At the expiration of six months, if I hear a good report of you, I will send another check.

Your affectionate uncle, JABEZ BARCLAY.

"Horrid, hateful old man," said Mrs. Clayton. "Why did you call him a mind-reader? He never could do a kind thing in a kind way. That remark about your father is unpardonable. John is a better man than my Brother Jabez ever thought of being, though he is poor and Jabez has made money. If I were you, Euphemia, I would send the check straight back."

"I said he was a mind-reader, because I have wanted so very much to go away and learn more than I have been able to here at home. You see, mother, dear, that if anything happens to father I am not prepared to teach or do a single thing to earn my living. I have worried more than you know about this, and while I feel just as you do about the undeserved slur on father, I think I ought to take this money and use it as my uncle desires."

"What about Silas?" said the mother, quietly.

A flush overspread Euphemia's face. She was a fair girl, tall and slender, with dark blue eyes and a profusion of light brown hair, arranged low on her neck. Although she had a great deal of hair, it did not seem to weight her head, for it was so light and fluffy that it did not suggest the idea of weight. Silas Heath had said more than once that Euphemia reminded him of an August lily. Her mother was not poetical, but she, too, sometimes thought of a lily when she glanced at her only child, the young daughter who was her father's pride, as well as her mother's chief joy in a difficult life. Whatever had been given to these parents they thought nothing of as compared with Euphemia. Whatever they had lost Euphemia made up for. Her mother could not understand how it was that this child, so worshiped in her home, should take so calmly an insulting reference to an old father. Nor could she comprehend the impulse that had been urging Euphemia to long for flight from the village. This project of going to school and getting more education had not been so much as hinted at, and it had been taken for granted during the last twelvemonth that Euphemia was as good as engaged to Silas Heath. Silas was a young doctor with a growing reputation and an excellent practice. He had succeeded an old doctor who had retired three years ago, and until the last fortnight his attentions to Euphemia had been marked and continuous. Indeed, though nothing had been said about it definitely, Mrs. Clayton knew that Euphemia had for some time been gradually adding to her stock of clothes, and had been, little by little, accumulating pretty things, which could have only one meaning; they were the beginnings of a modest troussean.

"What will Silas say?" answered Euphemia, holding her head high and stopping at the door as she was ready to leave the room. "Silas Heath is nothing to me, mother. He is courting Virginia Grant."

Mrs. Clayton forgot her dinner and sat still, stupefied, until something boiled over on the range. Then she hurried to save the asparagus from burning and went on to set the table; glancing from the window as she went to ring the bell that summoned her husband from the field, she saw young Dr. Heath driving past in his runabout. Beside him sat a young lady in a gray travelling dress, and in the conveyance was a small trunk. Evidently the doctor was escorting Virginia Grant to the midday train. Mrs. Clayton was disturbed. In her view Euphemia was not in need of a better education than she had already received. She wished fervently that her brother Jabez had not thrown his bombshell of a check into their peaceful camp. She believed that there was a mistake somewhere. She knew that Euphemia had a good deal of the Clayton obstinacy, and for that matter, of the Barclay perversity. "To think," she said to herself, "that all those pretty clothes should be taken for a schoolgirl's wardrobe, when Euphemia cares so little for books, and never, in all the world, will make a good teacher."

At dinner that day there was little talk; but the trio were accustomed to enjoying their meals in silence, and nobody looked unhappy. By common consent, neither mother nor daughter said a word about the letter from Uncle Jabez. After dinner, Euphemia helped her mother to put away the dishes, and about three o'clock both went to the Monthly Missionary Meeting, which assembled in the parlor of the church on the green. After the meeting, the ladies lingered for a social half-hour. Mrs. Marvin, who took summer boarders, and who was an old schoolmate of Mrs. Clayton, drew the latter into a corner. "I have lost my best boarder," she said. "That lovely Miss Grant, who came from town to be treated for neurasthenia, has gone home much better. Dr. Heath has done her a heap of good; but he says her folks must take her to some gayer neighborhood, somewhere on the shore, I reckon."

"You said she was lovely," commented Mrs. Clayton.

"So she is, lovely and sweet and sort of helpless and spoiled. Her father was a classmate of old Sam Heath, Silas Heath's father, and he insisted on sending her here."

Though the two ladies spoke in low tones, part of the conversation drifted to Euphemia's ears. A blush mounted to her cheek, for just at the moment she saw Dr. Heath passing the church door alone. Some one told her that there had been a good deal more sickness than usual out on the Brockton turnpike. She noticed that the young doctor looked pale and fagged.

There was a splendid August moon that evening. It silvered the river and flooded the road and wrapped the old-fashioned gardens into a beautiful, mystical veil of dreamy beauty.

Euphemia sat on a bench under a great maple tree at the end of the garden, her garden, full of great roses and white lilies and fragrant flox. She was feeling lonely and repentant, for she knew that she had been unjust and jealous without a cause. If this were to be her disposition throughout life, certainly she would never do for a doctor's wife. Uncle Jabez' letter, with the check for a hundred dollars, lay in her bureau drawer upstairs. There would be time enough to answer it on the morrow. A step came across the garden. Euphemia heard it, but did not turn her head. Presently, somebody was beside her, somebody had said, "Move a little, dear, and make room for me," and somebody's arm was around her waist. Dr. Heath took the place beside the girl as if no one had a better right. "Why have you treated me so coldly?" he said.

"Treated you coldly!" she replied. "You have not been here for the last fortnight. You have been all devotion to Virginia Grant."

"Nonsense," he answered. "I don't care a rush for Virginia Grant, and you know it, though she has been an interesting patient. I have been fighting for a man's life, dearest. Old Anthony Gilbert has been desperately ill, but he is going to pull through. There has been a lot of sickness. Yet I came twice to this tree at our trysting time when I was dead tired, too, and no Euphemia to greet me. Was that fair? Can you not trust me, when we are to be married in October, too? There, darling, don't cry." But they were happy tears that he kissed away, and next day Uncle Jabez' check went back to him.

Two or Three

THERE were only two or three of us
When we came to the house of prayer,
Came in the teeth of a driving storm,
But for that we did not care,
Since, after our hymns of praise had risen,
And our earnest prayers were said,
The Master himself was present there,
And gave us the living bread.

We knew His look in our leader's face,
So wrapt and glad and free;
We felt His touch when our hearts were bowed;
We heard His "Come to Me."
Nobody saw Him lift the latch,
And none unbarred the door;
But "Peace" was His token to every heart,
And how could we ask for more?

And forth we fared in the bitter rain,
And our hearts had grown so warm
It seemed like the pelting of summer flowers,
And not like the crash of a storm.
"'Twas the time of the dearest privilege,
Of the Lord's right hand," we said,
As we thought how Jesus himself had come
To feed us with living bread. M. E. S.

The Chariots of the Lord

A Story of the Days of Religious Persecution in England

BY JOSEPH HOCKING

CHAPTER XXXV.—Continued

THE King, coward as he was, trembled at the young man's words.

"But the Prince hath made fair promises," said the King weakly. "Besides, he is my own son-in-law."

"The Prince wishes you no ill," said Trelawney, "and for your own sake as well as that of others he urges you to fly. If you do not there is no hope for you."

"I have urged this, your Majesty," said the Duke of Northumberland, who had listened carefully, but had uttered not a word. "I tell you scarcely any but Catholics are your friends throughout all England. It is even as this man says."

"I will go," said the King.

"But what of those whom you leave behind, your Majesty?" said Jeffreys. "What will happen to me? I, who have obeyed your commands and gained the hatred of the people?"

"You!" cried the King. "But for you I would not have consented to those things which have set the people against me."

Again there was a silence, and again a great noise reached them from the populace outside. But this time it was not the cry of a single voice, it was the shout of the multitude.

"William's army is coming!" shouted the multitude. "God save the new King, and down with tyrants!"

"Quick! quick!" said James, "or it may be too late."

He left the apartment, followed by the Duke of Northumberland.

That night King James, taking with him the Great Seal, escaped from his palace by means of a secret passage, was conveyed to Milbank, from whence he crossed the river to Vauxhall, with the intention of making his way to Sheerness, while Benedict Trelawney took measures whereby every movement of Judge Jeffreys should be watched.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE following morning London was in a state of panic. Before the King fled he had given orders to Northumberland not to open his doors until it was broad day. This command Northumberland had obeyed. The antechamber was filled with courtiers, who still thought it wise to stand by the King, and who came to make their morning bow. When the doors of the King's apartments were opened, soon after nine, it was discovered that the King was gone.

Meanwhile, in the midst of pillage, carnage, and confusion, cries of "Jeffreys" were heard on all hands.

"Where is Jeffreys, bloody Jeffreys? Let us kill him! Let us tear him limb from limb!"

There is no doubt but that the people meant what they said; but no one seemed to know of his whereabouts. If the King had escaped under the cover of a winter night's darkness, so had his Lord Chancellor. Every place where Jeffreys was likely to be found was entered and examined.

Perhaps Jeffreys, who had by the command of James brought him the Great Seal, and knew that the King was contemplating flight, even although he could not make up his mind to take the final step, had also formed his plans for the future. Be that as it may, Trelawney had not left the royal palace many hours when a man left Jeffreys' house, wearing a rusty coat and a fur cap. A seaman's neckcloth was tied about his neck. He hurried eastward with faltering yet rapid steps. At every street corner he looked fearfully around him, and seemed much agitated when he saw a man in the near distance who might be following him.

Presently, towards daylight, he reached Wapping, and on looking around the wharf he saw a coaling vessel.

"Whither bound, captain?" he said to the skipper.

"Hamburg," replied the man.

"When do you leave?"

"Directly the tide is high enough."

"How long will that be?"

"Two hours about."

"Could you take me on board?"

"I've no room for more hands."

"I'll pay, pay a good sum."

"How much?"

"Five pounds."

"Say ten," said the captain, "and I'll give you a passage."

"Done," said the man. "I may as well go on board right away."

"No, you can't—at least for an hour. I can't have you yet. But go into the Red Cow, there's good ale there."

Seeing that no one seemed to take any notice of him, he found his way to the Red Cow, a peddling ale-house in Hope Alley.

No one was in the room as he entered save a slatternly maid, who was scrubbing the floor.

"Fetch me a measure of ale," said the man.

The girl brought it, and then, not liking the look on his face, left him alone. Scarcely had she left than another man entered, closing the door behind him.

"A dull morning, my lord."

The man turned around with a look of ghastly terror on his face.

"Have mercy! Master Trelawney," he whimpered.

"Why should I. Did you have mercy in the day of your power?"

"Be merciful to me, Master Trelawney. I swear that I never meant you any harm. You know I had it in my power to sentence you to death at Taunton, but I did not."

He fell on his knees and pleaded in hoarse, sobbing whispers. In spite of himself Trelawney pitied him; and Jeffreys' eyes, made keener if possible by his danger, saw to the heart of the man he had to deal with.

"Why should you let it be known who I am?" he cried. "Even if I were the man you believe me to be, I shall never have the chance to do harm again. I am a dying man, Master Trelawney. I am still young, not much above forty, yet I am dying. Why can I not end my days in peace?"

"I may be inclined to be merciful on one condition," cried Trelawney.

"Name it, I beseech you."

"I want the marriage contract between Sir Henry Beaumont, and the mother of the young woman who is generally believed to be your daughter," said Trelawney.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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The Chariots of the Lord

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

For a moment the old look of savagery came into Jeffreys' eyes. Evidently the request angered him.

"There never was such a marriage," he snarled. "If there was I know nothing about it. The girl told you lies."

"Do you hold to that?" said Trelawney.

"Yes," said the judge. "Only last night the jade made the same demand of me, and told me how for years she had been playing me false. I gave her the same answer I have given to you."

"Trelawney took a step towards the door.

"Where are you going," cried Jeffreys.

"To call a constable."

"No not that, for God's sake."

"Why not?" said Trelawney. "I have seen the man, John Beswick, who read the marriage service. I have read the letter which you wrote to Lady Mary Beaumont, wherein you promised to care for her daughter and see to it that she had her rights."

"You are the man she loves," cried Jeffreys. "Oh, fool that I have been!"

"You must give me that marriage contract," said the young man, "or I call the constable."

"I will tell you where it is. You can easily find it," he cried eagerly.

"That is not enough. You will have to go with me."

"Go with you! Go through London streets in broad daylight. Master Trelawney, have you no mercy?"

"When you do justice."

"I promise, oh, I promise; but I must have time."

"There is no time, I tell you."

"But do you think I carry such a thing with me?"

"Then come with me where it is. When you have placed it in my hands you may go free."

"Only on that condition?"

Jeffreys' eyes gleamed with all the savagery of a demon. For a moment he seemed to be struggling. Two forces fought for the mastery. One was to thwart the man before him, the other was the fear of capture.

He took a packet from the rough coat he wore.

"Curse you!" he said, as he threw it at him.

Trelawney opened it with trembling hands. In a moment he saw it was what Mary had been striving to obtain. He placed it in his own pocket.

"Now go," cried Jeffreys, "and may I never see your face again! Ah, what is that?"

He started back from the window and looked madly around.

"Save me, Trelawney," he cried, "save me!"

"From whom?"

"I saw a man in the street who recognized me. A scrivener, a moneylender, he was. He was before me in a court of justice once. Oh, he knows me, I say. Hide me! hide me!"

He darted out of the room, and up the stairs, while Trelawney left the tavern and went into the street. A minute later two constables entered. Evidently Jeffreys was not mistaken.

Although he longed to leave Wapping and go on his search for the woman he loved, Trelawney waited. Would they find the man for whom all London was crying out? His query was soon answered. A few minutes later Jeffreys was a prisoner. As he was driven to the Grocer's Hall, where the Lord Mayor was, the joy of the populace knew no bounds. And yet, but for a good guard, the man at whose form the whole kingdom trembled a few days before would have been torn to pieces by the mob which followed the coach. That same day Jeffreys was committed to the Tower of London, only to be liberated by death. Of a truth, Benedict Trelawney had helped to bring about the fall of the man against whom his anger had been so aroused years before.

Throughout the day Trelawney traversed London with but one thought in his mind. He wanted to find the woman he loved; he wanted to place in her hands the document she had so much coveted; he desired to renew the vows he had made many long, weary months before. But he searched in vain. He was afraid to mention her name, for it was generally believed that she was the daughter of Judge Jeffreys, and was his willing tool and spy. No one knew of what she had done, or how, even while Jeffreys thought her to be his willing tool, she had thwarted his purpose and saved the life of her lover. Besides, the city remained in dire confusion. It is true Rochester had restored some degree of order, but so great was the excitement at the arrest of Roman Catholics who were accused of treason that it was impossible to obtain information. When the second day of his search had passed away without result, a great dread came into Trelawney's heart.

"I will go to Lord Rochester," thought Trelawney. "He will surely know if harm hath befallen her."

But he never reached Rochester's presence. While on his way thither he felt his arm grasped.

"The sound of the Chariot-wheels of the Lord hath put him to flight," said a voice; "the ungodly have dug a pit and have fallen into it."

It was Peter the Madman who spoke, and his eyes shone with wild excitement.

"Listen to the shouts of rejoicing." cried the old man. "The ransomed of the Lord are returning to Zion, even as the Lord of Hosts hath promised."

"I have sought you for two days," cried Trelawney. "Tell me, do you know where she is?"

"Ay, it is ever so," said the old man. "The love of a boy and a maid—who can understand it. Kingdoms and thrones may rise and fall, yet doth the heart of a boy turn to the maid he loves. Ay, and perchance it is the will of God. I was young myself long years ago. Come with me."

Silently he strode through the streets, while Trelawney walked by his side. The young man asked many questions, but the old man spoke never a word until they stood at the door of a house in a narrow street in Westminster.

"The Lord careth for his own," said Peter, as he opened the door.

CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE

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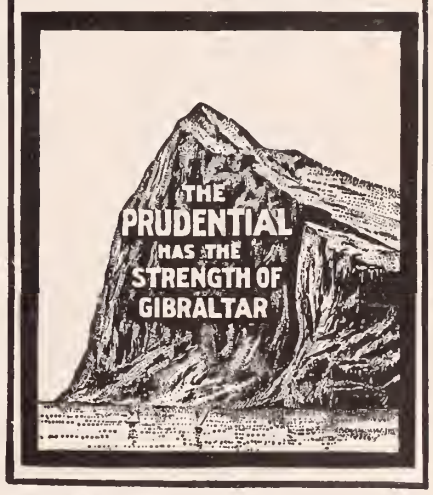

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EMPTY VESSELS

By MRS. M. BAXTER

THE question put to Jesus by the rich young man (Mark 10: 17), is the cry of every awakened soul. "What shall I do?" is ever rising up in such hearts. "I see a blessing which I do not possess; how can I obtain it? What is its cost? What does the securing of it entail?" The inquirer knew nothing beyond the law, and Jesus took him on his own ground—that of the Commandments. But first he brought him to reality about addressing him as "Good Master" (or "Teacher"), and said "Why callest thou me good? There is none good but one, God."

It was as though our beloved Lord would give him an opportunity to recognize him; but it was in vain; the young man was occupied with himself, and had no thoughts for him. How do we name God? Almighty. Then how inexpressibly inconsistent is it in us to have a thought of unbelief in our hearts. Is he good? Then how can we give way to distrust in any circumstance? Is he perfect? Then how can anything fail which he undertakes? The very naming of God by any of his attributes is a pledging ourselves to take him as that to us and for us; otherwise we are taking that name of God in vain.

Brought face to face with God's Commandments, those which contained his duty toward man, this inquirer answered and said, "Master, all these have I observed from my youth." Undoubtedly, he was in earnest. He had, like Paul, "lived in all good conscience toward God" as far as his light went, but there existed in him a strong consciousness of something wanting. He had not what he sought. Probably no man could find fault with him. He was up to and beyond the average, even of religious men; but he could not say, "I have eternal life." He was ready to do anything—any "good thing," as he said (Matt. 19: 16); but the Lord wanted, not his good things, but himself. God was not going to strike a bargain with him, but to conquer him and take possession. God would not go shares with him in that which he had, but would empty him of all he was and had, and then fill the void with himself.

At every stage of our spiritual life this controversy takes place. We want to take another step; we offer our little—be it experience, power, riches, faith—and seek to stretch it out to the requirements of a nearer life with God. but it won't do; and the answer of our God, when we come with our need to him, is just that of Jesus to the young ruler, "One thing thou lackest: go thy way, sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come, take up the cross, and follow me." "Sell whatsoever thou hast." Let yourself be stripped, be willing to be nothing and have nothing; make God owner of all you are and have, and see what he can make of it.

The ruler might have said, "But if I give up all I have, my power to be benevolent is taken from me at once." This is just where our Lord would bring us. A man who has sought to obtain justification by his own merits and righteousness, must, as we well know, learn that he is a lost sinner, and that all his righteousnesses are as filthy rags. A man who is seeking complete cleansing and power over present temptations, must come to a full surrender of himself, and all he is and has, as the first necessity, otherwise God has no purchase over him. A man seeking the fullness of the Spirit must become utterly nothing, and when he has thus lost all that he has, then the spirit of God can possess and use him. Equally true is it that one who seeks healing from the Lord must learn to abandon spirit, soul and body completely into the hands of God, for his will and his purposes to be carried out in him. He must cease to plan or calculate; and then, when he has fully abandoned himself to him, Jesus comes in with pardon, with cleansing, with power, with healing.

WORK IN THE PHILIPPINES*

WHEN Spain was stripped of her island possessions by the prowess of our fleets and armies, she was relieved of responsibilities which she had grossly neglected and of duties which she had failed to perform. In taking possession of her territory, our Government assumed those duties on behalf of our people. It was a more onerous undertaking than probably President or Cabinet realized at the time. It is no easy task to govern a people that have been misgoverned for many generations. Such people have acquired vices and modes of thought and action which unfit them for just and enlightened rule. They have to be taught and trained, and perhaps several generations will pass before they are fit to understand us and to adapt themselves to our system of government. It would be a hideous and a heinous thing if we dealt with them as our fathers dealt with the Indians here. To oppress them or to exterminate them would be an outrage that would disgrace us before the whole civilized world.

While our Government is slowly and painfully struggling with its difficult task, the churches are taking up their part of the burden. The duty of civilizing the inhabitants of the Philippines is all that can be expected of the Government. It is our duty to give them the pure Gospel, of which they know little or nothing. It is a burlesque of the Gospel that has long represented Christianity to them. Even American Catholics repudiate many of its manifestations. The work of the churches will materially help the Government in its work of civilization, for the man who becomes a true Christian becomes at the same time a good citizen. Most of the denominations have already entered the field, so that the heathen may have their choice whether they will become Methodists, or Presbyterians, or Baptists, or Episcopalians. Perhaps there would have been a better prospect of their becoming Christians if all these sects could have united, in view of the urgency of the work in offering them a simple Gospel without diversity of creed.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for August 26. "Home Missions Among our Island Possessions." Isa. 42: 1-12.

THE CHARIOTS OF THE LORD

CONCLUDED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

A minute later Benedict Trelawney stood face to face with the woman he loved. No words were spoken for several seconds.

"I have brought what I promised, Mary," said the young man at length, laying the marriage contract on the table.

She looked into his face and saw the glad look in his eyes. She took no notice of that which for years he had been struggling to obtain.

"I did not care for it," she sobbed presently; "only—only because——"

She did not finish the sentence, and the young man, frightened at the tone of her voice, took a step backward.

In a moment her arms were around his neck.

"No, no, Benedict," she cried, "you must never leave me again."

Of what they said to each other after that, or of the many explanations that were made, it is not for me to write. Those who have caught the spirit of their story will know. Neither is there need for me to relate how Prince William of Orange came to London, and was finally made King of England. This only need be said. The first wedding King William III. ever honored with his presence after he ascended the throne was that of Benedict Trelawney and Lady Mary Beaumont, both of whom remained his most faithful friends until God saw that his work was done.

THE END

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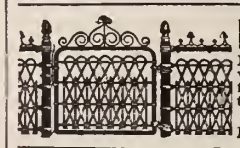

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Bedtime Hour at Mont-Lawn

WHEN his own particular "teacher"—that one who presided over the dormitory in which little Tony slept—asked him which of the bright hours at the Children's Home he loved the very best, his answer came without a moment's hesitation: "The time I go to bed." And curly-pated, black-eyed Italian Tony is not the only child who feels that way about it.

The other night, when the big gong sounded "bed-time" from the veranda, the way in which 270 small boys and girls scampered from every corner of Mont-Lawn's domain toward the doors of Tibbals and Hope and Temple Cottages, the Temple itself, and the Lodge and the Main house, was a reminder of Cinderella's famous flight at the magic stroke of twelve.

Once within the quiet rooms, with their double rows of little white cots, it was easy to understand why "the bedtime hour," after a long day of vigorous play in the open, was a very sweet and beautiful experience to these little ones. The bright young caretakers, each in her own dormitory, seize upon this as that hour of the twenty-four in which they can get closest to the real lives and hearts of their little charges. There, beside slender Tony, was Eddie, the baby of the dormitory. Eddie's father and mother are both dead, and the little fellow's only conception of where he lived is conveyed in his lisping accents: "I lib by a lady on our block." Eddie was ardently loved and watched by big Fred, who lived in the same neighborhood, and whose attention was evenly divided between getting the baby snugly settled between the sheets and discovering some secret spot in which he could safely deposit a big bag of pears, which he had patiently gathered to "take home to mother."

There were twenty-two of them all in the wide, airy room, and when the last little figure had disappeared beneath the covers, "teacher," who had been with them each night since their arrival, sang them a tender, evening hymn, and then simply, lovingly—in language which even baby Eddie could understand—led each little lad to the dear Saviour who said "of such is the kingdom." Then, as the sunset glow faded in the West, and the evening shadows softly fell, one by one each little boy whose heart was stirred by the holy influence of the hour, slipped to his knees beside his narrow bed, and lifted his gentle voice in "a little talk with Jesus."

Many and various were the petitions which went from Mont-Lawn's Lodge dormitory straight to the "Great White Throne," and hearty the thanks expressed for "the good times the kind people give us," and for "all the fun we've had today;" but never once was a prayer brought to its reverent close, without "make me a better boy to-morrow and God bless the folks at home." Another hymn, a little story from "teacher" which sung a song in the heart, and the tired eyelids fell, as the occupant of each white cot drifted away to happy dreams of another joyful day to come with the morning's light.

What wonder that, back from the city's din and grime and heat, there come to the teachers at Mont-Lawn such letters as the following extracts are gathered from:

Dear Miss Marret, I write you these fue lines of words and I let you know I am very sorry I had to go home. I'm allways thinking about you, and I want to send you my pitcure. Your lovely friend, Adam.

Dear Sweethart: I sent you this letter telling you I am very sorry I could not come to see you at the Bible House, because I had to help mother at home and that is what you said Jesus wanted me to do. Please send me one of the leaflets, because I don't want to forget the Home.

. . .

Is it worth while to give $3 to send one child away "from the gloomy alleys," to a spot where the little body may be strengthened and refreshed by ten long days of green fields and sunlit river, and where the receptive spirit of childhood may absorb such influences as these of which we tell?

HOW TO FILL GOD'S HOUSE*

THERE is probably no truth that needs to be so persistently urged on sinners, as this, that God wants them to be saved. It is a most mischievous misrepresentation of the divine character that holds him up as a stern lawgiver, a severe judge, an implacable ruler. He is just; he has to punish sin, otherwise he would not be the wise Governor that he is; but it grieves him to punish. But he has told us that he does it reluctantly and "has no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but had rather he turned from his evil ways and lived." It is this view of God's character that needs to be pressed home. It is this that draws the sinner to God's throne. As the wandering son would never return to his father's house if he thought he would be repulsed, so the sinner shrinks from God so long as he thinks of him as harsh and unforgiving. It is when he realizes that God loves him, and pities him when he suffers the sorrow that his sin brings upon him, and is inviting him to come to him with promises of pardon and welcome—it is then that his heart turns to him in penitence and love. This is the message that would fill God's house with penitent prodigals.

The church's duty lies here. God is not understood, and the Christian is charged with the commission to make his real attitude known. Jesus was never weary of that work. He knew God, and grieved that people should misconceive his character. By direct teaching and by parable he depicted God as a Father, with all the tenderness that the name implies. The minister and the Christian worker are never so successful as when they follow Christ's example.

The other line of duty is that of warning against worldliness. Bunyan's picture of the man with the rake, scraping up straws and stubble, too intent on his occupation to see the angel at his side, offering him a crown, is the lesson for our times. The greed for money, the disposition to sacrifice true riches for worldly success, is the universal danger. That is the most successful foe to the development of humanity and the filling of God's house.

*Topic of the Epworth League for Aug. 26. Luke 8: 14; I. John 2: 15-17; Ezek. 18: 32; I. Timothy 2: 3; Luke 14: 15-24; Acts 8: 4.

PHYSICIAN SAYS

Children Thrive on Grape-Nuts and Cream.

A Mass. physician has found a remedy for constipation in children—citing fifteen cases—by feeding them Grape-Nuts.

"Some time ago," he writes, "I became interested in your food, Grape-Nuts, as a remedy for constipation in children. Having tried it in my own family, I have advised it in fifteen cases in which all suffered with constipation more or less severe. The result has been absolute relief in all.

"I write this that other children may be benefited."

How much better it is thus to bring about a healthy action in the bowels of growing children by natural means, than to feed them with improper food, requiring some kind of cathartic at intervals to overcome constipation.

Grape-Nuts gives energy to the entire nervous system including the nerves that cause the natural contraction and relaxation of the bowel muscles, that propel the food mass along.

It is predigested also, and the blood easily absorbs the food as it goes through the body, storing up vitality and force for the functions of all the organs.

Children especially, should get the right start as to habits of living. They should grow into bright, strong, cheerful men and women. Grape-Nuts solves the question of the start; a wholesome appetite will do the rest.

Children's teeth are benefited by chewing Grape-Nuts, also. Your dentist will tell you that a certain amount of exercise in chewing firm food, is necessary to grow strong beautiful teeth.

Teeth need exercise just the same as muscles, if they are to grow strong and firm as nature intended. Grape-Nuts gives the exercise and also gives material from which good teeth are made.

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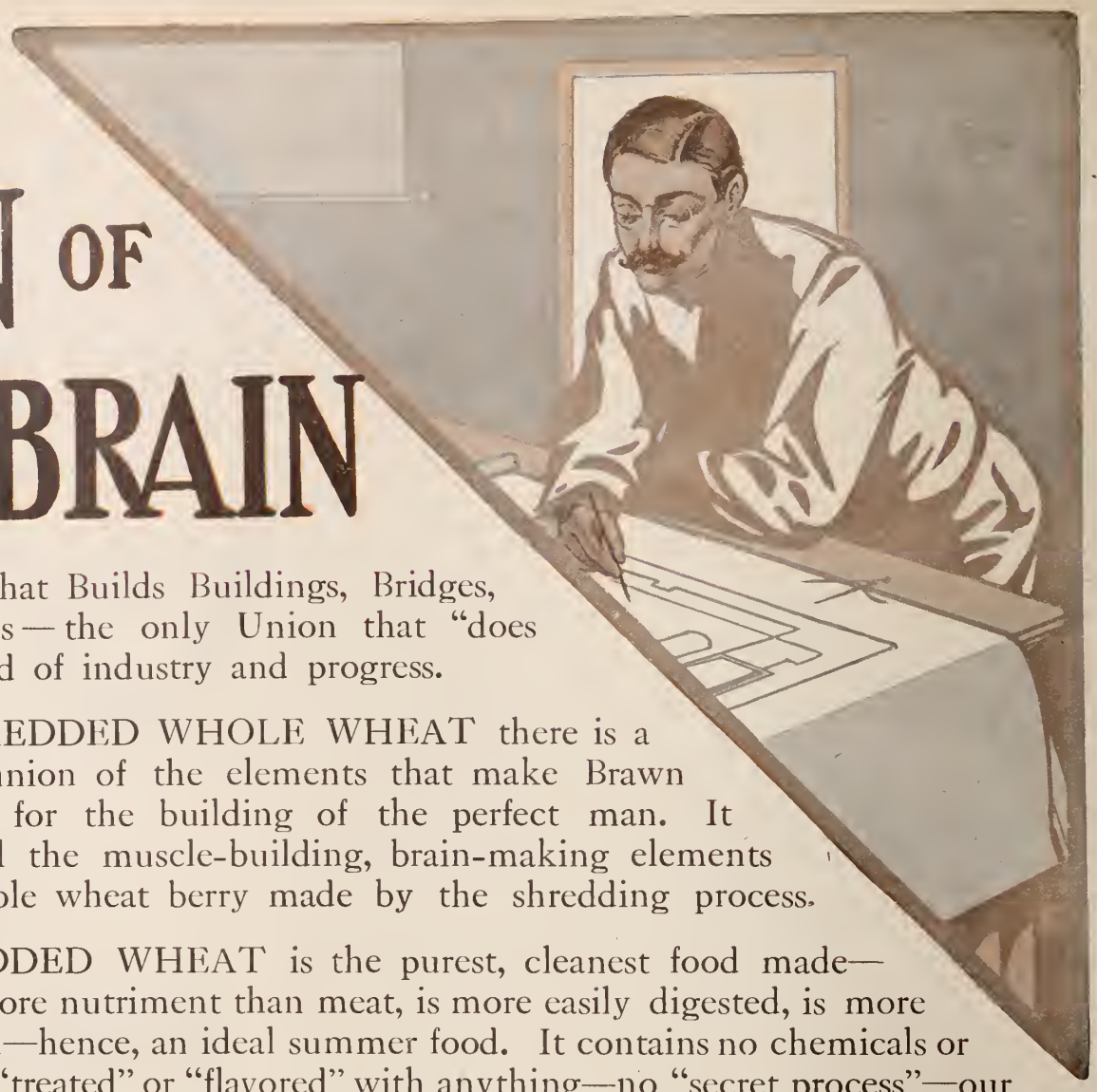

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SEE PAGE 699

A Song Service in the Children's Temple at Mont-Lawn

The Church Fair and Sociable Problem

RESPONDING to our invitation for an expression of opinion on the question: "Are Church Fairs, Festivals, Raffles, Lotteries, Auctions, Oyster Suppers, etc., helpful or detrimental to a church's spirituality?" a number of CHRISTIAN HERALD readers have sent in their views on the subject. The letters, which are given below, represent the views of pastors, church members, Sunday School superintendents, teachers, and others, and will be read with general interest:

A Spiritual Church has No Need of Them

B. C. M., Marshalltown, Ia. "Church fairs, festivals, raffles, lotteries, auctions, oyster suppers, as a means of raising funds for religious work, tend inevitably to sap the spiritual life of the church. All these, being carnal, feed carnality. A church membership living in the fuller faith, upon the higher planes of Christian life, will have little or no relish for such money-making methods. 'For the weapons of our warfare are not of the flesh.'"

. . .

A Blessing in "Direct Giving"

W. S., Salem, Mass. "I consider such schemes as a substitute for meeting direct obligation. The church and the finances of the same are God's property. I believe in the greatest economy possible in ways and means to meet the obligation, by giving direct from the pocket to the church. I was most wonderfully blessed when I decided to take this step, although the unanimous voice of the church opposed my decision."

. . .

A Cause of Dissension

Miss ———, Anson, Mo. "I think such means are more often detrimental than good. As an example: this summer an ice-cream supper was given at the church here for the purpose of raising funds. After the supper, a controversy arose as to how the proceeds should be used, whether for the church or Sunday School. As a consequence, one member who was for some time superintendent of the Sunday School, has become alienated both from church and Sunday School, and there is a great deal of ill-feeling. In this case, would it not have been better never to have had the supper?"

. . .

Caused an Uproar in the Church

H. C. D., North Baltimore, O.: "My experience in regard to these affairs convince me that they are contrary to the spirit of the Gospel, and wicked. I have in the last fifty years seen the evil results of the same. One instance: A basket social resulted in a quarrel which broke up the class. The house was sold. All the neighborhood was in an uproar. Many instances could be given of the evil, but few of good."

. . .

A Virginia Pastor's Views

G. A. C., Strasburg, Va. "Nowhere in the Bible can we find that either Christ or the disciples ever resorted to the use of church fairs or suppers for benevolent purposes. The church sociable, therefore, is not Scriptural. On the other hand, Christ used force to drive out those who bought and sold in the Temple. It might be said that many of the fairs and suppers of to-day are in a measure a pack of gamblers. Raffling is quite common at these fairs, and raffling is gambling. This act of our Lord in driving out the money-changers, is the only instance recorded in his life where he used force. This should remind us that perhaps if He were here in person, where buying and selling are done in his house, he might resort to the same means to cleanse it. The church-member is not so much to blame for these fairs and suppers as is the pastor. He feels that his salary may not be paid in full, and with half a dozen other good causes to be helped by the congregation, he often suggests the fair or supper, in order to relieve their burden and save his salary. The truth of the matter is, the church is overburdened with calls for money. If Church Federation were in operation, millions of dollars could be saved by the consolidation of pastorates, publishing houses, schools, missions, etc."

. . .

Gifts Should be Voluntary

M. C. B., Marshall, Va.: "I do believe all such things are wrong and detrimental to spiritual progress. I do believe that all such gifts and offerings, however small, should be voluntarily given, in the spirit of faith and love to the cause of truth and of Him who says, 'Take these things hence. Make not my Father's house a house of merchandise.'"

. . .

The Church Sociable Defended

H. W. E., Hartford, Ia. "I think the question cannot be stated rightly in the two terms, 'no,' or 'yes.' It is a question of locality, condition, and other things. It seems to me money raised in the right spirit for right ends can never be wrong. There are many methods of reaching the soul. When Jesus fed the multitude bread and fish, it was one way of winning men to himself. You can reach people by good company, good books and other means. Now, what can be wrong with harmless diet, in the way of oysters, ice-cream and fairs, if it brings the people together in a manner and place where they will be brought in contact with truth, which we know they need, and which you know they will not receive unless they come in this manner? We ought to help the people of the world into the church by any and all lawful and healthful means. A religion with the Bible in one hand and a loaf of bread in the other, is nothing else or less than a pretty good sample of applied religion of the highest type.

"My personal belief is that we ought to raise the needed money for church by the rule laid down in God's Word, and also by the exercise of sincere prayer. If we do this, we won't get very far away."

. . .

An Abomination to the Lord

Mrs. R. V., Fly Summit, N. Y. "I have been a Christian and worker for souls for over forty years, and have some experience in these things. I believe that God is not pleased with them, but rather that they are an abomination in his sight, and a great hindrance to all spiritual work. I have seen revivals broken up by them. Pastors who engage in such work lose their power to prevail with either God or man. May God open the eyes of all of our churches."

. . .

Spiritually Detrimental

W. M., Hastings, Minn. "My opinion is, those things are very detrimental to the spiritual interest of the Church of Christ."

. . .

An Enemy to Spirituality

Mrs. F. I. McC., Sheridan, Mont.: "I believe fairs, festivals, raffles, lotteries, oyster suppers, as a means of raising funds for religious work, to be detrimental to spiritual growth. The church will be prospered of God without using self-righteous means and ways."

. . .

An Offence to Christ

J. F., Gladstone, N. J. "Many years ago, God revealed his love and wealth to us. We began to grieve because the churches desecrated their sacred calling by fairs, etc. More than three-score years have only increased our sorrow on this account. The pleasures of this world and the deceitfulness of riches enter in and choke the Word. The cure lies in believing (John 2: 15) that Jesus with his own hands overthrew the tables. Dare one say to him: 'Hands off!'"

. . .

Belittling the Kingdom

J. H. P., Roanoke, Ind. "I am 'a child of the King.' Now, just imagine the children of King Edward selling gum and ice-cream to support the kingdom. We would think such a kingdom was very frail. Then, do we not give the world reason to doubt our evidence when we say:

Our Father is rich in houses and lands;
He holdeth the wealth of the world in his hands.

"I have never known any spirituality to be derived from picnics, socials, etc.; but I have known wrangles and strife to originate in the same. And these are not the fruits of the Spirit."

. . .

The Church Should Awake to its Mission

Mrs. E. M. H., Providence, Pa. "In a country where these things are prevalent, I trust that the many who read your paper will have power to join with those who would willingly overcome the evil. I pray that the churches may wake up to the mission for which the Lord intended them."

. . .

Don't Hold Fairs in the Church

T. M. J., East Brady, Pa. "I am opposed to raffles, lotteries, etc., but can see no harm in festivals as conducted by our church. We do not hold festivals in the church building."

. . .

Farces in the Church

Member, New York City. "If Jesus would enter a church now, where there is a farce, he would do as he did in Mark 2: 15-17. Before I was converted, I enjoyed the church farces and entertainments; but now I find it more sinful than a theatre, as it is done in the house of God. I think if the pastor would ask his congregation to give the money without the entertainment, the converted Christians would willingly give it."

. . .

Every One Should Keep a "Tithe Purse"

L. S., Maxwell, Ont.: "If a supper or fair is gotten up, it should not be held in a building consecrated to the service of God. Those who hold a fair should act with strict honesty. I have known such entertainments where young ladies sold tickets and articles of fancy work, and if a young man handed them a silver dollar or a bill, they would refuse to give any change, even when the article was not priced at half that amount. Such a dishonorable method of raising money for religious purposes turns men against the church and makes them unwilling to patronize other entertainments. Where a church is truly spiritual, and has been taught the duty of systematic beneficence, the members will all pay the tenth of their income to support the church and other benevolent institutions. Other methods can then be done away with. If every professed Christian kept a 'tithe purse,' how much good they could do! They could use part of the tenth in subscribing for religious papers to be sent to missions, jails, hospitals, and to families who are too poor to provide themselves with good reading. Then, after home needs are supplied, there is always a broad field for investment in mission work."

THE FRENCH PRESIDENT PERFORMS AN ACT OF JUSTICE

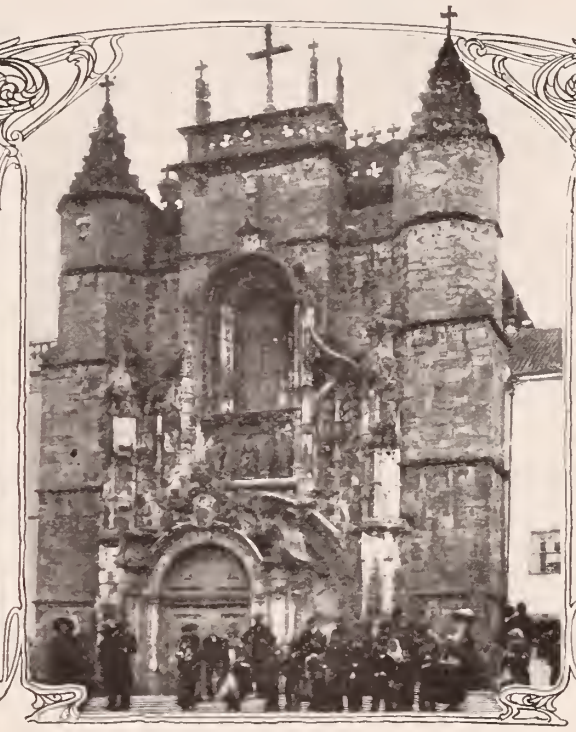
This photograph was taken at the moment when President Fallieres signed the official decree vindicating Major Dreyfus, and nominating him a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

NEW YORK, AUGUST 22, 1906

A Portuguese Milkmaid



The Old Cathedral in Oporto

Peasant Rain-Cape

RICH AND POOR IN PORTUGAL

The Experience of Two Americans in a Picturesque Old World Country

SINCE the day when we had the pleasure of visiting THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, in New York, it has pleased the Lord to bless us very much in the ministry. Going first to Madeira, we spent a month preaching in the capital—the quaint and picturesque city of Funchal, whose population live in rank idolatry. Our twenty-eight meetings there were largely attended by masses who had never before heard the Gospel, and when we cast in the net, our hearts were gladdened by seeing about thirty Roman Catholics confessing Jesus Christ as only Saviour. Besides these, a large number of back-slidden church members became revived, and when we sailed for Portugal, we were able, by God's grace, to leave a nice little flock of happy converts in charge of the Methodist pastor, in whose mission we held the meetings.

Coming on then to Oporto, we hired a house, and proceeded to settle down to what we trust may be a permanent ministry. We are centrally located in the best part of the city, and have an immense unevangelized population on all sides of us. When we looked at our spacious meeting-room (with a seating capacity for 115), we wondered how long it would take to see it filled with Roman Catholic listeners.

Great was our surprise to see, the very first time we preached, a house literally packed with human beings! We had done some visiting, and had, of course, invited, and conversed with all persons whom we had relations with—the butcher, baker, grocer, furniture dealer, artisans, etc., and all these came with their families. But God directed hither the steps of many of whom we never had thought. In our unbelief, we thought—"Yes, the novelty is attracting them—they will soon get tired!" But they have not got tired! From that night on, whenever we have a meeting, the Lord brings in as many as can crowd in. Four times a week the chairs are filled, and the standing room is also fully occupied.

We have to thank a priest in a neighboring church, for having publicly warned his flock against us, threatening with excommunication and perdition all who entered this house. To make assurance doubly sure, he gave even our number. Since then we have had quite a good attendance from that church, and seven of them have been converted to Jesus Christ.

All classes of society come to hear the Gospel—from the most refined and educated to the lowest in the scale of humanity; from the rugged old man who obstinately holds to the traditions of his fathers, to the girls who work in the field, or carry heavy loads on their heads. Dressed up for *festas*, these girls on such occasions dance and sing in the streets, snapping their fingers as they twirl around. The men walk forward in a row of six or eight, playing guitars, mandolins, flutes, etc., while the row of women dance backwards. When in gala dress, these girls are laden with heavy gold ornaments.

Then among our audience we see the rough man in his tow cape, good for rain and cold; the woman who carries a can of milk on her head, and the sweet old woman who is glad to hear the good news of salvation.

Such deep interest and attention we have never

CONTINUED ON PAGE 699

The Principal Section of the Picturesque City of Oporto

THE AMERICAN PULPIT

SERMON BY

Rev. Washington Gladden, D.D.*

The Citadel of Manhood

TEXT: JOHN 5: 7

"Wouldest thou be made whole"

THIS incident is usually described as a miracle. That may be the proper description of it. A miracle, as now generally explained, is an event taking place under some law with whose operations we are not familiar—some process, perhaps, which our present experience does not enable us to explain. Such may have been the case in this instance.

This poor man had been for many years a hopeless paralytic. He had sought to avail himself of the medicinal energies of this pool, but had not been able to test them. Suddenly Jesus appears upon the scene, and the influence passing from him to the sufferer produces a sudden cure. This may have been an influence other and higher than any known to us; there certainly are cases in the life of Jesus in which his action transcends our experience. But it may have taken place under the operation of laws which are not wholly unknown to us. I myself have seen an instance which was almost as wonderful.

I knew, very well, a young woman who had lain, for two years, a helpless sufferer from spinal disease. During all that period she had never stood upon her feet. Three or four of the most skilful physicians of the city where she dwelt had studied the case, and had testified that she was helpless, and had given her up as probably incurable. I visited her many times while she was in this condition; at my suggestion she called another physician, one whose own son was a sufferer from spinal disease, and who, I felt sure, must have made himself familiar with all that science could teach him about this affliction. He took up the case and studied it carefully; after several visits, he became convinced that the young woman and all her physicians, had been under a mistake. He lifted her from her couch, set her on her feet, told her to stand and walk, and she obeyed him.

Christ's Searching Question

This was not a miracle, for the doctor simply called into requisition physical and mental forces with whose operation we are all more or less familiar. It might have been called a miracle, if it had been wrought by a modern charlatan, or some such pretender; but the doctor gave no such account of it; he was relying upon uatural law; he was only a little more sure in his diagnosis, and a little more skilful in his method of treatment than the others had been.

It may be that this impotent man's malady was largely of the same nature, and that the cure was effected by similar means. Still, the fact that he had been suffering so long indicates that the case must have been different, and that some other power than mere suggestion was employed in his cure.

It is evident, however, that there was something in the case of this poor man akin to the delusion of which I have spoken. It is made evident by the question which Jesus puts to him. "Wouldest thou be made whole?" is the new version; "Wilt thou be made whole?" is the old version. Neither rendering gives the full force of the question. It is not a mere auxiliary which Jesus here uses: it is a strong verb—the verb of volition? "Willest thou to be made whole?"

This word "will," and its inflections, admit of a great variety of significations. Sometimes it is a word of consent. "Will you permit me to assist you?" "I will." Sometimes it denotes a passive endurance. "Are you willing to undergo the annoyance or the suffering?" "I am willing." Sometimes it is a resolve, a determination, into which the whole energy of the soul can be thrown. "Will you make the fight?" "I will!" Between the "I am willing" of the feeble dawdler, and the "I will" of the heroic overcomer, the difference is infinite. The one is the slave of his circumstances and the other is master of his fate.

A Crucial Difference

Now it is this latter energy of volition which Jesus seeks to call forth. It is not "Are you willing to be made whole?" It is "Do you will to be made whole?" Between the attitudes of the mind involved in the answers to these two questions is the difference between life and death. Many an invalid who is merely willing to get well will die if he continue in that state of mind; the resolute determination to get well might save him. There are wide areas of human experience in which energetic volitions count for a vast amount. Many a man sinks into hopeless invalidism, who might be delivered from it if his will were stronger. He gets tired of rousing himself, of putting forth what strength he has; there is a fatal indolence which tends to enervation. Perhaps this was the trouble with this poor man. There was not merely a paralysis of the limbs, there was a feebleness of will that amounted nearly to paralysis. If his resolution could be roused there would be some hope for him.

The Power that Appropriates

The case goes deeper still. If any kind of reinforcement was to come into his life, natural or supernatural, it must come in along the line of his roused volition. There would be no use in giving a man health, who was merely willing to take it as a gift; if he was not ready to struggle for it, it would not be worth his having. Many of the invalids whom Jesus healed were treated in the same way. The first appeal was to their wills. The man with the withered hand was bidden to stretch forth his hand. What he had not done for many years he was commanded to do — without waiting for anything to be first done for him. His volition must break a path for action. The first condition of being healed was to assume that he was healed and act accordingly.

Just so here, Jesus seeks to set the man's will in motion, in the direction of a full recovery. Willest thou to be made whole? And somehow, when the man willed wholeness, wholeness came. The next word was, "Rise, take up thy bed and walk." When the man willed it, he found that he could do it. Whether the needed strength was latent there, waiting unused, until the roused will summoned it, or whether a reinforcement of strength came to him from the fullness of Christ's life, this much is clear: it was the roused will that appropriated the strength, and used it to stand and to walk. Without the roused will acting in the line of health, health would not have come.

The tremendous importance of aroused and energetic will, in securing health and well-being is thus brought before us. It is clear that Jesus was acting in these cases in accordance with fundamental psychological laws. He was calling into action the forces through which the good of life is always secured. And the question which he put to this poor man is the question which needs to be put, for substance, to a great many other people, in various conditions of misfortune and misery.

The Dominant Force

A very large number of those in poverty and want are there because they do not know the difference between "I am willing," and "I will." A great many people are found in destitution who say that they are willing to work. They are willing, provided congenial work is brought and offered to them; but they are also willing to sit down and wait if work is not within easy reach, or if it is difficult or disagreeable, or the pay is not so large as they feel that they ought to receive. Many who say they are willing to work are also willing to eat the bread of charity if work is not easily accessible. But there is another class of people who are not merely willing to work, but who will work. They will find something to do. They will not be idle. They will not eat the bread of charity so long as they have strength to labor. Such people are seldom long out of employment. They find the way of salvation. And if the challenge of the Lord of life could rouse in the breasts of some people whom we know a spirit which should change their habitual attitude before the problem of labor from "I am willing" to "I will," they would speedily pass from the ranks of the dependent to those of the self-supporting. If this principle rules in the realm of therapeutics, and the realm of economics, it is probably not less regnant in the realm of character where will is the dominant force.

I am speaking, no doubt, to a number of people whose characters are defective, whose lives in many ways are burdened and clouded and crippled by moral infirmities, who are in a bondage more or less abject to one form or another of evil habit, and find that it is becoming more and more difficult to free themselves from its power. They have made many efforts to escape from this bondage, but they have not been successful. Sometimes, when they confront the problems of their moral life they have a feeling of deep discouragement. They do not lack good wishes. They often wish that they were better, stronger, braver men and women than they are; they often wish they were rid of the weaknesses and infirmities that make them sorry and ashamed, but they make no strenuous endeavors after self-improvement, and when the call to a higher life comes home to them they are conscious of a certain feeling of helplessness.

Before every such enfeebled moral nature stands today the Lord and Giver of life, and his question to you is the same question that he put to the poor man lying there at the Pool of Bethesda: "Willest thou be made whole?"

Do not reply that you are willing to be made whole. That was, in effect, the poor man's first reply. "I am willing," he says, "to be picked up and put into the pool. That is what I have been waiting for a long while. Nobody comes to move me, so I lie here and wait."

Waiting for a Revival

That, in effect, is what some of you have been doing lo these many years. You have been willing to be saved from your weaknesses and meannesses and sins, and you have been hoping that some force and influence strong enough to save you would appear. You have been thinking, mayhap, that even as those Jews imagined that an angel came down at certain seasons and gave to that pool some supernatural healing properties, so some angelic powers would descend, and create that life-giving disturbance in society which men call a revival of religion, and that some great evangelist would come along with powers of eloquence and logic sufficient to move you into the pool, and that then you would be saved. You have been expecting salvation to come to you in some such way as that; and you were willing to be saved in some such way as that. And when the Lord of life stands before you this morning, and puts to you the question, you are inclined to say, "Yes, I am willing; proceed; put me into the pool. If anything can be done for me, I am ready to accept it with thanks."

But that is not his question. He asks you not to say, "I am willing to be made whole." He waits to hear you say "I will be made whole." That is the first great thing he does for every impotent man, to rouse his will. Your moral condition, so long as you are merely willing to be saved, is no better than the economic condition of the people who are willing to work, provided work can be found for them that suits their tastes. It is practically the condition of a spiritual mendicant. Salvation, character, is worth very little to a man who is just willing to take it if it can be brought to him in bed, as it were, or handed to him on a silver platter. In this realm, more than anywhere else, what costs little is worth little. The people who want something for nothing do not prosper here.

An Energetic Choice

"But is not salvation gratuitous?" you want to know. "What is all this that we hear about free grace? Do you mean to deny that salvation is the gift of God?"

There is just one sense in which this is true. Grace is free. The favor and help of God do not need to be bought with money or paid for in labor. Most true is it that

> Nothing either great or small
> Remains for me to do,

to make God propitious, to appease his wrath, to secure his friendship. All the resources of omnipotence are put at my disposal. But something remains for me to do to utilize this free gift, to appropriate this grace, to incorporate these resources of omnipotence into my own character. And the something that remains for me to do is not passively to consent that all this shall be done for me, but actively and energetically to choose the life that God has chosen for me, and bring the whole of my own will into harmony with his will.

"To as many as received Him," said the Apostle John of the Logos, "he gave the right to become the

*Preached in the First Congregational Church, Columbus, O.

sons of God." Yes, the right is given; it is free; there are no fees for naturalization in that kingdom; but the thing itself, the reality of it, you do not get that for nothing. If you want to enter into that inheritance and make it your own, you must do something more than consent. How impossible it is that anyone should know the glory of that liberty, the dignity of that estate, who was only just willing to take it! The significance of it, the value of it, the meaning and the power of it can be yours only when you have laid hold of it by all the energy of desire and determination.

So the question comes back to you, Willest thou to be made whole? You over whom the tyranny of sense and appetite is strong, who often find yourselves yielding to the cravings of the animal nature, and giving way to indulgences that are undermining your strength and threatening you with bondage, and who are sometimes anxious and ashamed because of the degradation which all this involves—what do you say about it to-day? Merely that you wish you were free, or that you are willing to be set free? No; you have said that often enough. The challenge of the Lord and Giver of life is not to the outposts of personality but to the citadel of manhood. What he expects you to say is "I will be free." That is the only thing for a man to say. There is no presumption in saying that; there is nothing but fatuity in saying anything else.

Break with the Old Life

A tentative and experimental endeavor after liberty is the merest foolishness. There is nothing in the world for any man to do who wants to be rid of evil tendencies like these, but to make the break with his old life decisive and peremptory and final. There can be no dallying. The strength from above that comes to make a man whole, "demands my soul, my life, my all." It cannot work through feeble wishes and vacillating choices. He who puts his hand to the plough and looks back is not fit for the kingdom of God.

And whatever your infirmity may be, the same law holds. I cannot enter into all your experiences. I cannot tell what it is that you lack, but I am sure that there are many here who are conscious of faulty characters and defective lives, who know that they are not the men and women that they ought to be, and who have a sense of moral feebleness and failure, arising out of futile efforts to amend their lives.

There are some who are conscious that the aims of their life are trivial; that the things that they are trying to find pleasure in are not worth doing; that the game they are playing isn't worth the candle; and yet they are held fast in these vacuities and vapidities and inanities, and do not find the strength to break away and strike for something more real and enduring.

And there are some, I doubt not, who are in the midst of the mad rush after money, or business success, who sometimes feel that they are sacrificing to Mammon the best of their lives, and who know that it is a bad bargain they are making, but yet seem to be unable to extricate themselves. "Things are in the saddle" and are riding them. Business is not the servant of their higher needs; it is the tyrant that drives them under whip and spur from week-end to week-end. There are hours when they wish that it were otherwise; but the spell holds.

Dissatisfied Lives

And there are, it may be, some who started in their professional life with true and high ideals, but who have been steadily lowering their standards—sacrificing honesty and integrity to success; like the young architect in Robert Herrick's story *The Common Lot*, little by little permitting truth and fidelity and honor to be dimmed and overborne by the passion for mastery, for eminence, for acquisition, until their consciences have grown dull, and their motives have become sordid, and their characters have deteriorated, so that sometimes there comes to them, in serious moments, a sense of the loss they have suffered, and the bondage of corruption that is enslaving their better nature. They are not satisfied with their lives—how far from it! They know that it is a poor bargain when a man gains the whole world and loses himself; when he gets to the top of his profession and finds the bottom gone out of his manhood. No matter how tremendous the success on the material side, what does it all amount to if there is no man there to hold it—nothing but a bundle of insatiable cravings; no heart that can rejoice with a pure joy; no conscience that can chant, "Well done!" no deep sense of oneness with mankind that can multiply the good of life by sharing it.

Now it may seem quite beside the mark to put such people as these into the category with this poor man there by the Pool of Bethesda; yet there is a sense, and a very deep sense, in which they are his kindred. They are all suffering from enfeebled moral purposes. They are living below their own standards. They are the victims of a kind of incipient moral paralysis. A feeling of helplessness often overcomes them when they think of the futile efforts they have made to free themselves from the sin that doth so easily beset them.

To all such as these, to all who have a consciousness of having fallen below themselves—who have a sense of the disparity between their moral ideals and their moral powers—I wish that I could present to-day that gracious Prince of Life who stood at the Pool of Bethesda beside the impotent man. His voice it is that is speaking to each of them: "Willest thou to be made whole?" Not what is the voice of your inclination, the lisp of your languid wishes—but what says the will, the royal attribute? What he wants to hear you say, the answer that his question calls for is something like this, "I will not be a moral cripple and mendicant; I will be sound and whole and free. I have a right to be one of the sons of God, and I will claim my right and enter into my inheritance. I will not let the lower nature rule the higher; I will make it serve. I will not be a grub; I will be a man. I will not be a butterfly; I will be a woman. I will not worship the idol success, which always belittles and dehumanizes men. I will worship the Lord my God, in whom all my ideals are united, and in whose love my spirit lives. I will not have any other gods before him I will put all the energy of my volition into the choice of that which he has chosen for me."

Supernatural Help

Of course, my friend, you know that if any such purpose as this is in your heart, he kindled it there. And you ought, therefore, to know that it cannot fail. God's honor and strength are pledged to every man who, with heart and soul and mind and strength, resolves to be what God wants him to be. The strength that enabled this poor cripple to rise and stand erect is sufficient for you. You need not grovel any more. Front the stars; you are one of the sons of God. You need not creep nor crawl; stand up and walk. You are made whole. Assume that what you have resolved upon is yours; you have no right to make any lower assumption. Begin to be what you have willed to be, and do not be ashamed of it. The infinite grace will help you to make good.

O, there are some here to-day, I know there must be, who have heard the Prince of Life saying, "Willest thou to be made whole?" and who are answering, each for himself, "Yes, I will be; God helping me, I will be!" Look up, my friends, when you go out of doors, and see if the heavens are not nearer and more benignant than they ever were before.

THE INSPIRING TENT CAMPAIGN

AN abiding faith in the completeness of God's love and power and a desire to serve Him who was filled with compassion for the multitude, have made it possible for the Evangelical Committee of New York to conduct its second year of work with even a greater degree of success than attended last summer's campaign.

At six of the ten points throughout the city where work is conducted, tents have been established this season, and are filled night after night with men and women who are deeply attentive. "The profound solemnity which at times pervades the services," observes the pastor of a city church, "the hands raised for prayer, and the encouraging testimonials of not a few who have been hopefully converted, should convince the most sceptical that great and lasting good is being accomplished." Preceding the service for adults, is a children's meeting in each tent, which is one of the most encouraging features of the work. Hundreds of boys and girls crowd into the tents to learn Scripture texts and Gospel songs.

A Tent Service in the Italian Quarter. New York City

Many of the tents are placed in districts whose population is largely foreign. Irish, English, Germans, Jews, Bohemians, and Italians are counted among the congregations. One tent is devoted exclusively to Italian work, where the services for adults are conducted entirely in their native tongue. Special meetings for colored people are held in one section of the city.

The cornet and the stereopticon are effective aids in attracting audiences at the tents and at the outdoor meetings. At Abingdon Square, six local churches have united to assist the evangelist who conducts services from the band-stand. It has been estimated that three thousand persons pass through the square every hour, and the street-cars make it possible for two thousand people to catch a glimpse of the pictures displayed during the evening. The audience at this point is made up of the best sort of respectable middle-class working-people. Throngs of pleasure-seekers are given an unexpected opportunity to hear the Gospel, as they find the evangelist and singer among the attractions at Fort George, the popular resort at the northern extremity of Manhattan Island. Over a thousand people listen to the preaching here every Sunday. On a recent evening, two hundred and fifty people stood for an hour in the rain to hear the service to the end.

These Gospel tents are in no sense rivals of the churches, but rather recruiting agencies. Not only are converts already identifying themselves with the churches, and sending their children to the Sunday Schools, but the reflex action upon the church people who are assisting in the tent work is evident in the spiritual quickening and uplift experienced in the effort to help others. As an encouragement to permanency of the work, boys' clubs, girls' clubs, men's clubs, mothers' clubs and meetings, and circles of King's Daughters have been formed in various neighborhoods.

"These are the first kind words I have heard for years," said a self-confessed gambler to the Christian men and women who were persuading him that he was not, as he thought, "too far gone in sin," to be saved. New York is recognized as a hiding-place for social derelicts. Criminals, prodigals, the disheartened and discouraged and desolate, those who are down and out, how many of these are hiding here from justice, from friends, from self, and from God. "Love for the unsaved multitude," is the compelling motive of the evangelistic movement. It is carrying the Gospel of life and light to those who are perishing.

FIGHTING THE "WHITE PLAGUE"

AMONG the many enterprises which the Young Men's Christian Association has undertaken in recent years, in reaching out for new fields of usefulness, there is none more typical of the spirit of Christ which dominates that world-wide organization than that known as the Association Health Farm, established by the Denver Association for the benefit of consumptive young men of limited means obliged to go to Colorado for their health. Prior to the establishment of the Health Farm, the Association was able to do little to cope with this problem. Since the institution became an accomplished fact, however, the Association has been able to offer to at least some of the young strangers who are driven to Denver through stress of health, not only a helping hand, but a veritable home, where they can benefit by the climate.

The Health Farm (which has already been briefly described in the pages of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD), is beautifully situated six miles west from the centre of Denver, and its natural surroundings are almost perfect. It comprises thirty-four acres, and the land on which it stands was originally a fruit and vegetable farm. A great change has come over the place since the owner, one of Denver's Christian pioneers, came forward in 1903, and turned it over to the Young Men's Christian Association for the purpose of being used as a Health Farm. It was the philanthropy of this man, and the munificence of another benefactor who incidentally heard of the project when in Hanover, Germany, coupled with the generosity of different communities who provided tent-cottages and other equipment as well as money, that made the Association Health Farm possible.

When the Farm was formally opened in May, 1903, there were only nine tent-cottages on the ground, and one of these was occupied by the doctor who has since been the Resident Physician. There are now forty-six tent cottages in the colony, and nothing but the need of additional dining-room accommodation and bathing facilities prevents the number from being much larger.

On the first of May, this year, the Farm had received 247 patients since it opened. Seventy-five per cent. of this number improved during their stay; sixteen per cent. had the disease arrested when they left; and forty-two and a half per cent. were working when last heard from. Seventy-five of the number worked on the Farm, all or part of the time, while there.

The Health Farm is able to do a good deal for its residents by providing them with work suited to their physical condition. A large number of them, of course, are unable to take advantage of this privilege; but there are others who must be doing something after a certain time, and who, if it were not for this opportunity, would be obliged to leave through lack of funds. Each department of the Farm provides some work which the men can perform with advantage all the year round, and when it is stated that the residents have earned in this way an aggregate of over $5,000 since the Farm was started, it will be seen that what might be called the industrial aspect of the Health Farm work is of some importance.

Life on the Health Farm is unique, and contributes much to the harmony, fraternity and happiness which prevails among the men at all times. Leading newspapers, an abundant supply of periodical literature, and a small library of choice books provide all the reading that could be desired. A large 40 by 20 tent-cottage, the gift of New York railroad men, makes an extremely desirable assembly hall and reading room. A society gets up entertainments, organizes debates, classes, etc., for the social diversion of the camp. The Farm Colony has even a mayor, a board of aldermen, a court, and all the paraphernalia of civic government, so that the residents make and administer their own police laws. Indeed, it would be impossible to imagine a more autonomous institution, or one where there is more to dispel the atmosphere of sickness and foster activity and good-will.

So far, thirty-one States and seven foreign countries have been represented among the residents. The large majority are received from Eastern cities; forty-seven men have come from New York and New Jersey alone. All the tents on the Farm have been donated by Young Men's Christian Associations, corporations and individuals. One, the "Crowell Cottage," was provided as the result of an appeal which was made in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Cottage Erected by a "Christian Herald" Reader

Assembly Hall and Reading Room at the Health Farm

SOME FUTURE CITIZENS OF MACEDONIA

By Missionary Ellen M. Stone

RECENTLY THE CHRISTIAN HERALD gave its readers some pictures of the boys in the Thessalonica Agricultural and Industrial Institute, at Solonica, Turkey, in Europe The change wrought in those orphan boys, who were "wildlings" when received two years ago, astonishes all who see them.

Almost from the establishment of American mission work in southern Macedonia, at Salonica, in 1894, a burden began to press upon the hearts of the workers, as they saw about them neglected and orphaned boys, who needed to be gathered into a home-school, under loving Christian care; but for whom there was none. Mrs. House's article tells of the purchase of the land in the autumn of 1902, half of it being a gift outright. With about five dollars, a rude shanty was built, to shelter the aged Macedonian gardener who first worked on the farm.

Boys Coming to the Institute

Boys who had been hiding in corners of their ruined homes, or in other places, and fed with grain from the relief stores which were purchased with money from Britain and America—distributed through the missionaries in Macedonia—were carefully selected from the many needy ones, because the new school building could accommodate so few.

Terrible times followed hardly a twelvemonth later, when non-Moslem homes were laid waste in many parts of the province, and multitudes of children were left orphans, with none to care for them. Our American missionaries could but recognize this time of terrible stress as God's call to them. The HERALD'S readers were among those who, in Britain and America, responded with loving hearts and eager hands, to relieve the suffering. Two orphanages were opened. The one for the girls and little boys is at Monastir, in connection with the American School for Girls. British Christians made this the Essery Memorial Orphanage, and purchased the house and grounds, in which the orphans find a true home and loving care. The little ones are taught at the orphanage, while the older girls enter the classes in the boarding-school. As the boys advance, they are transferred to the Thessalonica Institute. Late that same autumn, with a small sum of money at their disposal—about six hundred dollars—the missionaries in Salonica put up a rude house and stable adjoining. It actually had twenty-one boys crowded into it, when Dr. and Mrs. House returned from America in 1904; but that was too many. Seventeen is the present number.

Facilities must be provided for a schoolroom, for these boys were to study as well as to plough and plant, set out trees and grape-vines, draw stone, and care for the horse and chickens. Therefore, one end of the veranda was set off as a room for the young man, their teacher. When their progress in studying required a teacher with a more extended education, and a young woman of considerable experience in teaching, with a reputation for maintaining good order and doing thorough work in her schools, was persuaded to enter the Institute,—the new schoolhouse became an imperative necessity. It is a small, two-story building, with the oven, wash-room, and a small bath-room in the lower story, and schoolroom in the upper.

Two daughters of a missionary family in Macedonia, who have finished their college courses in the United States, and one of whom has given valuable service for several years at Hampton Institute, Va., and later in establishing the new Industrial and Agricultural Departments in the Penn School on St. Helena Island, S. C.,—are ready to go to the Thessalonica Institute, as soon as its buildings and income shall warrant this most desirable addition to its teaching force.

Mr. Wm. B. Isham, Jr., 27 William Street, New York City, will gladly receive and forward contributions for the Institute. It is incorporated in the New York Legislature, and being interdenominational, appeals to every heart which can respond to this latest Macedonian cry on behalf of the boys, its future citizens. Can any more speedy and effectual way be found to help Macedonia, than by providing the necessary buildings and teaching force for those who are so soon to be its men?

Our Tenement Waifs at Mont-Lawn Giving a Rousing Welcome to Rafael Joseffy, the Celebrated Musician

MIDSUMMER JOYS AT MONT-LAWN

MONT-LAWN is looking its loveliest, these August days, and our colony of tenement waifs is in the full tide of midsummer enjoyment. However sad, dirty, tired and feeble they may be when they arrive there, it seems to slip from them like an outworn garment in that fresh, sweet atmosphere, both physical and moral, which is the true element of normal childhood.

One of the most telling features of each summer day's programme, which the children greatly enjoy, is the half hour's sunset service in the Temple. The service is largely one of song, and is always made bright and attractive to the rows upon rows of eager little people. It is marvelous how quickly the receptive minds of youth learn the words and tunes of the beautiful hymns which have been gathered and sifted and saved from a dozen years of experience at Mont-Lawn. They appeal to the little hearts, bringing to them the promises made to the children of all ages and climes, of a Shepherd's care, of a Father's love.

Raphael Joseffy, that pianist of world-wide and unrivalled fame, recently visited the Home with his family, and received a rousing welcome from the tenement waifs. It is safe to say, that true music-lover though Joseffy is, no classic rendition of eminent composers could have moved him more than did the ringing tones which greeted him in our Children's Temple.

On Sabbath afternoons the service is especially interesting and impressive. In connection with the singing of hymns and Bible verses, many friends of the Home visit it at that time. One Sunday it is a sweet-faced woman, whose life-work lies in far-off India, who speaks to them; another finds the brilliant pastor from a metropolitan pulpit, putting forth his best efforts to inspire his small hearers with well-told Scripture tales. And whoever else may be present, Dr. Klopsch, the beloved friend of every child who ever enters the grounds of our Children's Home, is always sure of attention, as he earnestly discusses the same lesson which is the subject of the day wherever Christ is King, and which serves to bind the children of Christendom into one shining, unbroken chain. He speaks to them, too, of practical matters, setting before them high ideals in lowly duties, lofty aims in humble lives.

. . .

Do you not covet a share in the pleasure of helping some one among the thousands of poor tenement children to an outing?

Three dollars will give a "fighting chance" to one poor little mite of humanity to enjoy such a holiday as will brighten his whole future life. Twenty-one dollars will endow a cot for the season, keep it filled with little ones, wistfully longing for hill and dell, brooklet and stream —and warm love and care, both human and divine.

RICH AND POOR IN PORTUGAL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 695

Peasants at a "Fiesta" — A Wayside Shrine — An Old Fisherman

seen elsewhere, and both high and low listen with grave respect, and treat us in the most friendly manner. Day by day, inquirers come asking for instruction as to the things of God. One young baker, who comes twice a week, has so many intelligent questions ready in his mind, that he generally stays here one or two hours. We have given out a great many Gospels and tracts, and all these have been read eagerly.

The educated Portuguese are an extremely charming, fascinating people, very courteous and elegant in their manners and sympathetic and kindly in temperament. They dress and live like Parisians. But the working people have a hard life of weary drudgery and wretched pay. They consider themselves fortunate if they earn enough to pay rent, and get coarse bread and broth to sustain life.

Beggars, in real genuine poverty fill the streets, and plead from door to door. We wish God might give us the means to serve a good dinner twice a month, anyway, to the hungry and friendless, and then to preach to them the glorious news of salvation. We consider that we are highly privileged in being messengers of God to the people of Portugal, a country hoary in antiquity and idolatry, and almost untouched by Christian missionaries. This is a large city of 150,000 souls, with some quaint old churches and chapels. Their style of gardening is very picturesque.

You will be glad to hear that our special children's weekly meeting has been, so far, a great success. Many poor, dirty little folks come in and show real interest in the Gospel. We give out portions of Scripture to them, and those who are able to read are memorizing passages. They are beginning to sing the hymns nicely, and we hope, as God's holy Word enters their little hearts, to see a fine company of Christian children here, who, in the years to come, will be godly and blessed men and women.

We remember you in prayer, asking God to guide you by his counsel in all your paths, and to bless you, so that the many beneficent and holy influences of your life may continue and increase from strength to strength. We prize the beautiful Red-letter Bible you gave us, and hope to hand it down to our only child Paul, as a remembrance of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its manifold work.

REGINALD J. YOUNG.
KATE H. YOUNG.

'Porto, Portugal.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, Associate Editor — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, Associate Editor

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Wild-Cat Finance

UNTIL a statement is made by the public examiners who are investigating the condition of the wrecked bank in Chicago, it is not possible to fully understand the cause of the trouble. Sufficient evidence, however, has been discovered to warrant the suspicion that the system of running desperate risks, which is known in financial circles as wild-cat speculation, is in part the cause of the disaster.

Probably, no man deplores the failure more sincerely than does the President of the Institution and those who helped in the looting. None have more need. To the depositors, who must suffer inconvenience and probable loss, the disaster means deprivation, but it does not involve shame. To the fugitive officers, the future is blank indeed. Wherever they go, the consciousness of their guilt dogs them, the fear of recognition and arrest must be with them daily, and they must suffer exile and the stings of an accusing conscience. Compared with that fate, poverty is a light affliction.

It is not likely that at the outset, the President of the bank planned any such outrage. It was when he was cornered, when his speculations had failed, that he appropriated the depositors' securities. No one knows what a fearful temptation it is that assails a man, when he needs money desperately and has other people's money in his possession. The more honest he is, the more attractive is the suggestion to take the money, in the hope of righting himself by a lucky venture. When that venture proves unlucky, he is stunned, and realizes that he has only made bad worse. God pity that man, for he has on his head the maledictions of the men he has ruined, and the widows and orphans he has defrauded!

What a lesson this case should be to men who have the custody of other people's money. They, above all others, should be calm and steady. The one thing they ought to shun, is the gambling spirit which possesses so many men. They cannot afford to run risks. The feverish haste to get rich, which is bad enough in men who risk their own fortunes and the future of their wives and children, is positively wicked in men who are placing their depositors' money in jeopardy. No man is justified in doing evil that good may come. It should be realized that the man who takes another's property, without his consent, to save himself from ruin, is a thief, though he may call himself by a less odious name. It is the gambler's device, the trusting to luck, the venturing of dishonestly acquired funds, in making them stakes in a fearful hazard. The conscience of the financial world needs bracing up, and men need to realize more and more clearly that it does not profit a man even if he could gain the whole world to peril his soul in the venture.

Count Matsugata to Christian America

COUNT MATSUGATA, President of the Imperial Red Cross of Japan, and Secretary Togo, of the same organization, have united in forwarding to "The Christian Herald" the following letter, which is a splendid tribute to the generosity of the readers of this journal, who took so prominent a part in the famine relief work in Northeastern Japan. The letter shows how deeply Christian love and sympathy can influence a great nation, when extended at the proper time and in the right spirit:

社團十赤南日
SOCIÈTÉ JAPONAISE
DE LA
CROIX-ROUGE

TOKYO, July 12, 1906.

DR. LOUIS KLOPSCH, Proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, New York.

Dear Sir:—We have the honor to submit to you a statement of contributions collected by you or directly made by individuals at home and abroad, for the relief of the famine-stricken people in the Northeastern provinces.

It makes us doubly feel grateful beyond measure for the kindness and sympathy the American people extended to those sufferers in finding, as in the statement, that over Two Hundred and Forty Thousand Dollars, out of Two Hundred and Fifty-five Thousand Dollars, which are the total amount of contributions in general, is the very sum you raised in the States. As our Baron Ozawa mentioned in his last report on the conditions of the famine-stricken districts, we have received letters of thanks in piles from hundreds of headmen of counties and villages of those places, asking us to convey to you their gratitude and, through you, to the American people. We take great pleasure in adding here that the relief measures have now been carried out in a pretty good shape by various public and private institutions formed purposely.

With renewed thanks,

Yours most sincerely, Count M. Matsugata

The Church Fair Question

ON another page of this issue our readers unite in a Family Symposium on the ever-present Church Fair and Festival problem. We present these opinions impartially. A singular unanimity in opposition to the holding of fairs, lotteries, auctions, suppers and the like in the church building, is to be remarked in nearly all the letters. A majority hold the opinion that such entertainments and functions are decidedly detrimental to the spiritual growth of the church, and some few give instances where they have been causes of serious dissensions.

We recognize the desirability of keeping alive the social side of Christian fellowship, and we are aware also that it is conducive to friendly feeling that the Lord's people should have their proper occasions for recreation and enjoyment. Such occasions may often be turned to good account in the way of providing funds for various worthy purposes. There can be no reasonable objection urged against church members meeting in a social way. But the line ought to be drawn somewhere, as far as holding these gatherings in the church is concerned. It must strike the discriminating church member that a building dedicated to the service of God is not the place for a certain class of entertainments, and that, though these may be unobjectionable in a public hall, they are distinctly out of place in the sanctuary.

There is another aspect of the question to be considered—and we notice that several of our correspondents touch on this point—viz.: that the provision of funds for carrying on the Lord's work in connection with the church should not be made dependent upon entertainments. We believe in the free and voluntary gift—in direct contributions, according to the ability of the giver. Such a gift needs no lure to bring it forth—no bribe of "a good time" to add it to the church treasury. It is our duty, and it ought to be our pleasure to supply all the means necessary, with free hand and grateful heart, and not to make the size of our gift dependent upon the attractiveness of a vaudeville show, an oyster supper or a vulgar raffle.

The Church of Christ has the noblest of all missions. Let its members keep this fact steadily in view, and value their high privilege accordingly. Let us adopt no methods for its support which would bring discredit upon its sacred Founder and of which He would have disapproved. His love for us deserves a free and generous return.

Another Peace Victory

PEACE lovers, the world over, will be gratified at the outcome of the Pan-American Conference in Rio Janeiro. It is a clear gain for arbitration—a triumph of peace. In emphatically endorsing the principle of arbitration, the Conference has taken a long step forward. Thus, by slow advances, peace is making headway among the nations.

That these Southern republics are actuated by a sincere desire for peace, no one can doubt. Their innumerable conflicts in the past have left them a legacy of national impoverishment, and in a thousand different ways, have retarded their progress and development. Upon their honorable adherence to the new principle, their future must largely depend. If they realize this, their statesmen and political and military leaders will act with prudence and moderation. A new spirit will be infused into the domestic and foreign policy of all the republics.

It was to have been expected that the news of these governments coming into line for arbitration, under the auspices of the great northern republic, would excite comment in Europe, but the criticisms of those foreign journals, like the *Novœ Vremya*, which regard it as an active menace to European interests, need only excite a smile. Secretary Root's recent speech before the Conference very ably answers such critics. We have no ulterior views in South America, beyond the general peace and welfare of the continent, as a whole.

Among the Workers

—AT THE WINONA LAKE International Sunday School Conference this year, 69 States, Territories and provinces of the United States, Canada, Mexico, Central America and Cuba, were represented. It was altogether the most successful gathering ever held there.

—GIPSY SMITH, the English evangelist, is coming to America shortly. He will spend October conducting a series of meetings in Greater New York, and throughout November will conduct union evangelistic meetings at Tremont Temple, Boston. December will be spent in other New England cities. The first two weeks in January will be spent in Chicago.

—THE MOUNT HERMON, of Northfield, Mass., has a promising rival in the Mount Hermon of California, seventy-three miles from San Francisco, where, this summer, many important religious assemblies are being held. This new religious Mecca of the Pacific Slope was organized only seven weeks ago.

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Seal-Raiders Killed

OUR Government may be involved in a dispute with Japan over the recent killing of five Japanese, by United States officers, on the island of St. Paul, in the Pribiloff group, off the coast of Alaska. Mr. Walter I. Lembkey, a special agent of the Department of Commerce and Labor, with his assistant, Mr. Judge, represents the government in the island, to protect the seals there from the depredations of foreigners and to see that the Commercial Company, to whom the fisheries are leased, does not take more seals than it is entitled to under its contract. It is known that he anticipated trouble in the performance of his duties, and applied to the government for rifles and ammunition to arm the employees. The trouble began with the arrest of the crew of a Japanese vessel at Northeast Point. Mr. Lembkey called upon them to surrender, believing that they had come to raid the sealing grounds. They made no resistance and were put on board an American vessel and sent to Valdez for trial.

As three other Japanese vessels had been seen near the islands, a close watch was kept. On July 17, a Japanese schooner was seen near shore, in the neighborhood of one of the larger rookeries. The watchers climbed a promontory overlooking the grounds, and saw the Japanese slaughtering the seals indiscriminately and skinning them. They were called upon to surrender, but refused and made a rush for the boats with their booty. Mr. Lembkey then ordered his guard to fire on them, and five Japanese fell. It was found that about two hundred seals had been killed, many of them mothers with nursing young a few days old, which died of starvation. Others killed in the water were also females in search of food for their young. Many of the raiders were made prisoners, but were allowed to return to their ships as the guard was too small to take care of them.

It is not yet known whether the Japanese Government will lodge any protest against the killing of its subjects. The action, in the case of Japan, is not a violation of treaty rights. The United States, England and Russia entered some years ago into treaty stipulations for the protection of the seals and the prevention of illegal raids, but Japan was not a party to the treaty, and consequently had not official knowledge that the poaching on the Pribiloff Islands was prohibited. The action of Mr. Lembkey is said to be endorsed. It will, however, raise difficult questions of international law, if Japan demands indemnity for the killing of her subjects, inasmuch as she had received no warning of our intention to protect the seals. But as the herds are rapidly diminishing in number, owing to the ruthless killing of the females during the breeding season, the justice of the American protest would doubtless be readily recognized by Japan. The time is past when such an incident could lead to war, especially between nations so enlightened as this and Japan.

Only by pride cometh contention, but with the well-advised is wisdom (Prov. 13 : 10).

A Painful Blunder

A mistake made in a surgeon's office in New York recently, has caused serious suffering to a patient. It appears that a stenographer in the employ of an Insurance Company was suffering from an inflamed eye, and went to a surgeon in an adjoining building for treatment. The doctor dropped a little boracic acid into the eye, and told her to come back in an hour for another treatment. She was busy with her notes when the time came round to see the surgeon again, and could not leave. One of the clerks in the department offered to go to the surgeon for her, and procure some of the drug. Whether the surgeon misunderstood the message, or confused the person from whom she came with another patient, is not known, but he gave the girl a small bottle of carbolic acid. When the sufferer put a drop in her eye, the effect was agonizing. She gave a shrill scream, and covered her face with her hands, believing herself blinded. The surgeon was immediately sent for and discovered what a mistake had been made. Remedies were quickly applied, and it is hoped the girl's sight will be saved, but her pain has been very severe. Blunders of a similar kind have sometimes been made in dealing with newly awakened sinners who have sought spiritual guidance. Reproof has been administered where consolation was needed, and the inquirer has fallen into despair. It is never so with those who go to Christ himself.

A bruised reed shall he not break and the smoking flax shall he not quench (Isaiah 42 : 3).

A Child Transformed

A police sergeant in New York relates an incident that proves that mother-love is not always trustworthy in a case of identification. A benevolent, kind lady was driving through a down-town street, when she saw a child crying bitterly. The little one was about five years old, and an extremely pretty girl. The lady stopped her carriage, and tried to ascertain what was troubling the child; but all she could learn from her, between sobs and cries, was that she was lost. The lady took her to her house and comforted her. She washed the dirt off her tear-stained face and gave her a bath, which the child sorely needed. She looked so bright and pretty after the experience, that the lady dressed her in good clothes, and sent out and bought a new hat and shoes for her. The child was delighted, but still fretted for her mother. Finally, realizing that the mother was probably worrying about her child, the lady drove with her to the nearest police station. The sergeant said a woman had been there inquiring for a child of about that age, and would doubtless be there again soon. He advised that the child be left with him, which was done. The little one played around for some time, and at last, tired out, fell asleep on a bench. Presently the woman came in again and was shown the child. One glance was sufficient. That was not her child, she said. The sergeant urged her to look again. She looked more closely at the sleeping child's face, and then clasped her to her breast. The unwonted cleanliness and the new clothes had so transformed her, that even then she looked at her doubtfully, until the child opened her eyes and recognized her. She did not know till then how pretty a child she had. Perhaps the revelation may cause her to pay more attention to her in future. If she takes a real interest in the child's welfare she will learn that something more than such a transformation is needed. That change may be worked through the love of Christ.

Unto him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood (Rev. 1: 5).

A Singing Heart

The physicians of a hospital in Cincinnati, O., had a peculiar case under treatment recently. It was that of a violinist of national reputation, who had been ordered by the country doctor to discontinue the practice of music, because of a painful affection of the heart. He could not bear to give up the practice, and appealed to the city physician. His trouble was an affection known to the medical profession as a "rhythmic heart." Instead of beating evenly and regularly as the heart of a healthy person does, it beat four or five quick pulsations and then made a pause, in which a humming sound could be heard through the stethoscope. A most interesting feature in connection with the case was the accelerated action and sympathetic movement of the heart while the musician was deeply absorbed in rendering his favorite selections, the harmony and rhythm of the heart being at such times more pronounced. As the doctors forbade him to play, we may infer that they thought this condition of the heart dangerous, as liable to increase the difficulty, and so still more alternately increase and retard the circulation of the blood through the system. But there is one kind of musical heart from which no danger is to be apprehended, but rather the highest blessing. It is a heart attuned to the music of the heavenly land.

Singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord (Eph. 5: 19).

Battling With Mosquitoes

Millions of the most vicious of the mosquito tribe were encountered by the British steamer *North Gwalla*, which recently arrived at New York from Sabine Pass, Texas. All the way up the coast from Texas to the Virginia Capes the crew of the steamer were compelled to give battle to countless huge mosquitoes, and the result was that when the vessel reached port the crew were nursing swollen arms and faces. The captain of the vessel has been going to sea for thirty years. He declared that never before had he seen such swarms of insects. Southeast winds have prevailed along the southern coast for a month past, and this, with a high barometric pressure, has resulted in high humidity, driving the mosquitoes to the shore line by the million. Shortly after the steamer left the Texas port the mosquitoes were encountered, and many of the crew were rendered incapable of doing duty as the result of their battle. They were an insignificant foe to contend with, but in their numbers they had power. The incident shows what forces the Almighty has at his command. A very similar army he once used to drive a wicked people out of their land.

The Lord thy God will send the hornet among them until they that are left and hide themselves perish from before thee (Deut. 7 : 20 R. V.).

Scenes in the Sealing Rookeries on St. Paul, Pribiloff Islands

Natives at the Lagoon Rookery

The Slaughter of the Seals

Arrival of the Seals at their Breeding Grounds

BRIEF NOTE

The Pope is no respecter of persons. His predecessor used to make exceptions in favor of aristocratic sinners, but when application was made to Pius X. recently, for permission to bury with church rites a Prince who had committed suicide, he replied that he saw no reason to change the rules of the church in his case.

IN MY COOL VERANDA NOOK

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Not Quite a Lady

"SHE is a sensible young woman, but not quite a lady." The remark lingered in memory as a good description of a certain type. In some quarters the beautiful word "lady" is regarded as out of date, but it conveys a meaning of its own, and we cannot afford to drop it from our vocabulary. In earlier times, the lady of the house or the castle was the loaf-giver, the mistress, the one to whom every one came for orders, and whom every one imitated in manners and speech. A lady is one who has what the French call *savoir-faire*. She is at ease in every situation, she knows instinctively what to say, and what to refrain from saying; she has tact, dignity, poise and sweetness. The woman who is a lady may scrub floors—she often does. She may go forth day by day to a hard day's work, or she may toil in her own home. Rough hands do not spoil a lady, nor soft hands make one. On the other hand, a woman may ride in her own carriage, wear fine clothing, and mingle in scenes of gayety to her heart's content, and yet not be altogether a lady.

Phillip Hamilton defined a lady as a woman in a high state of civilization, and Ruskin, in "Sesame and Lilies," has given a noble portrait of his ideal lady. Perhaps the word gentlewoman is a little nearer Ruskin's thought than its synonym lady. Wordsworth tells us that she is

> A perfect woman, nobly planned,
> To warn, to comfort, to command;
> A creature not too bright or good,
> For human nature's daily food.

Mrs. Browning says:

> 'Twas her thinking of others
> Made you think of her.

Another poet tells us that

> She doeth little kindnesses
> That most leave undone or despise.

And in a matchless chapter, a fitting clasp to the book of Proverbs, Solomon affirms that "Strength and honor are her clothing, and that she will do her husband good and not evil all the days of her life"

The distinguishing marks of a lady are sincerity, charity, refinement and courtesy. She does not speak in a loud voice, nor clamor for her own way, or her own opinions, but she has convictions, and she knows how to hold them firmly, without giving offence to other people. A lady is very careful never wantonly to give offence or to hurt the feelings of the shy, the sensitive, or the unfortunate. She is especially delicate when in company with those who are her inferiors in education or position. She has friends in every rank of society, and is never afraid of sacrificing her own dignity, or of being misunderstood, and therefore she is equally at ease with those who are above her, and those who are below.

The woman who is not quite a lady may look like one, but at times she discloses her fatal lack. She is too familiar on short acquaintance; she lapses into vulgarisms of speech and accent; she intrudes where she has no business; she tramples roughshod on conventionalities, which she affects to despise; she attaches undue importance to non-essentials, and sometimes caters to the rich and to the influential, while she is patronizing to the poor and obscure. Alas, she is not quite a lady!

Afternoon Tea

One of the prettiest summer functions is afternoon tea, served informally on a porch or on a lawn where groups of people are standing about, and flowers give a touch of color and a waft of perfume to make the setting perfect. For a lawn or garden party, a little preparation must be made in the morning. The lawn must be in smooth velvety greenness, the result of frequent mowing. A rough, neglected turf is unsightly, and detracts from the comfort of guests, while it shows an indifference to their pleasure.

Every bit of paper, every straw, must be picked up, and flower-beds, pathways, and grass appear entirely neat and tidy. Rugs may be brought out of the house and laid upon the grass, small tables placed here and there, and chairs arranged for those of the guests who do not wish to stand or walk about. Too many chairs are a mistake, and cause stiffness. The younger guests are able to move about, and prefer to do so.

Guests at an afternoon tea on the lawn are invited to come from four to six or seven o'clock. They arrive at the hour mentioned or a little later. The ladies wear their prettiest gowns, the girls are in dainty frocks, white predominating, and the men come dressed as they please, except that they may not please to wear evening dress. The refreshments served are very simple. Small sandwiches in variety, the filling being chopped nuts, or lettuce and mayonnaise, minced ham, or chicken, or creamed cheese are offered, and these, with tea and coffee, are a sufficient bill of fare. Small cakes may be added, and those who wish may give their guests lemonade. But the essence of a lawn party is informal sociability, and a spread is not required.

OLD COMRADES

For many a year, each true and dear,
Have walked life's ways together.

At eventide, still true and tried,
They've reached delightful weather.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—ANXIOUS. A young woman should not permit too many demonstrations of affection before she is engaged.

—SUBSCRIBER. When a girl is engaged, her *fiance* has the first claim on her time and thoughts. She cannot accept the escort of others, neglecting him, or do so without his consent. Certainly, she is at liberty to entertain anybody who calls on her in the evening.

—A YOUNG READER. If the lazy and tired feeling proceeds from overwork, try the effect of rest and retire early for several nights. If you are naturally indolent, go to work and overcome your fault. As for a high forehead it must be accepted. You can soften its effect by your manner of arranging your hair.

—JEAN. For insomnia, try the effect of a long walk in the open air every afternoon or evening. It is possible that a biscuit or a glass of milk taken before you retire would correct the difficulty you have in falling asleep. In some way overcome your tendency to insomnia or your health and strength will permanently suffer.

—AN INQUIRER. As the man of whom you speak was not formally engaged to the young lady, she had no right to take for granted the fact that his attentions meant marriage; her urgency in the matter was a mistake and her subsequent coldness justified him in supposing their intimacy at an end. If he is now waiting on another young lady, the first must be resigned and on no account interfere. The man is perfectly free.

Mother's Summer Pastime

IN one of the April numbers of 1905, of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, there appeared an article entitled "Mother's Scrap Books." Allow me to explain a very pretty exercise of the same dear lady, which helps to make the summer hours pass pleasantly. Her hands have been so accustomed to toil for those she loved that now, since the infirmities of age have come, her mind is alert for the little acts of kindness which her unselfish nature can so readily find to do.

This employment was suggested to her by a gift received on her eighty-sixth birthday. The writer had seen a book which she thought would be a suitable birthday present for her mother. She made a note of the title, name of publisher and author's name, When the day drew near she wrote to the publisher, but the book was out of print. Mother's birthday could not pass by without its accustomed gift. It is well said, "Necessity is the mother of invention." She had a drawing book, 6½ by 8½ inches, containing twelve leaves of drawing paper interleaved by white tissue; just the thing for her purpose. It had always been a custom of the family to press flowers. She selected a pretty picture to paste on the outside cover. Looking through various books she made her selection, and in one evening the book was complete.

It contained a collection of souvenir sprays, selected on journeys to historic places, from graves of near friends, and a few specimens from the homeyard, among which were the following: A spray of heather from Scotland; a branch of osage orange from the hedge bordering the home of Oliver Wendell Holmes; leaves and blossom of white clover from the grave of Josh Billings in Lanesboro, Mass.; a head of Timothy clover blossom, and a spray of fine feathery grass from the grave of John Brown, the hero of Harper's Ferry; buttercups and daisies and a spray of May rose from the home of an aged aunt, and also from her grave, in East Herrick Cemetery, northern Pennsylvania; there were some flowers from the graves of uncles in North Ground Cemetery, Woodbury, Conn.; Alleghany vine from Rattlesnake Mountain, near Pittsfield and Lennox, Mass.; a leaf from a massive elm tree, near South Britain, Conn.; a fern vine and a cluster of berries from a pepper tree in California; a spray of myrtle from the grave of John Howard Payne, in Oakhill Cemetery, Washington, D. C.

This little book was so much appreciated by mother, that, as soon as the spring flowers appeared, she began to gather and press them, that little souvenir books might be made from them for those she loved. Here are her favorites, which welcomed her every spring and summer in her door-yard for over sixty years. How she loves them! If she can impart some of their sentiment, will they not speak for her when she can no longer speak? As we watch the interest she takes in every detail, the brightness of her eyes and the agility of her step, we appreciate the remark of Fanny Crosby concerning her age, "Not eighty-three years old, but eighty-three years young."

Since writing the above, the lips have become silent, and the hands, which were never idle, are folded lovingly on her breast. The mementos of her love, however, are seen at every step. MARY J. HUNT.

A Heathen Queen Hears the Gospel

Rev. R. Wodehouse, Missionary at Umtali, South Africa, writes: "At a new station, some ten miles from here, we have had over 50 conversions, and Zaka-neka, a very wicked native queen, has been to the services. So God is working mightily."

"The Spirit's Power"

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON, Author of "In His Steps," etc.

CHAPTER I.

MR. RALPH WALLACE sat reading the evening paper, and as his custom was, making comments to his wife across the table. Like hundreds of other respectable people in Westville, he wanted the daily paper first of all the family, but unlike very many he did not insist in going off somewhere by himself to devour it alone and in silence.

"The Women's Federation is after Grover Cleveland again, I see, Lucy. They passed a resolution at their meeting yesterday, voting him to be prejudiced and behind the times." Mr. Wallace chuckled as he glanced at his wife. Mrs. Wallace was a placid, self-contained woman, and she simply smiled and said, "I didn't vote either way."

Mr. Wallace was back in the paper.

"Another wreck on the F. & G. W. Six killed and nineteen injured. That road ought to run a wrecking outfit and a hospital behind every regular passenger train to save time. That makes four wrecks on the F. & G. W. inside of two weeks."

"It's dreadful, isn't it?" Mrs. Wallace murmured, as she took another sock out of her bag of mending. "I wonder that the public continues to ride at all over that road."

"Oh, they don't care. Life is cheap nowadays, and the railroads know it.—There's another riot at Tokio over the Peace negotiations. Men are not far from the brute after all the brag of their civilization." Mr. Wallace turned the paper over, and at that moment the oldest boy of the family came into the sitting-room and picked up a pile of books on the reading-table. His father looked at him pleasantly and said, "How does school go, Harry?"

"All right," the boy answered, good-naturedly. "The Profs seem to think I haven't anything else to do but study, and each one of them acts as if his was the only study worth while; but I guess I'm good for them. So here goes for three hours." The stalwart fellow caught up the books, leaped upstairs to his room three steps at a time, and his father and mother could hear him bolt his door, prepared to shut out his brother John or any visiting chum who might call.

"Do you think Harry is studying too hard?" Mrs. Wallace asked, a little anxiously.

Mr. Wallace looked up from the paper and smiled.

"What! That young ox! He's sound as a race horse. You ought to have seen him at the football game Saturday. He isn't suffering any from brain fag. Don't worry. Study is good for the young rascal. I hope the Profs will lay it on good and strong."

"I wish he didn't play football," Mrs. Wallace said gravely. "I wonder, Ralph, that you are willing."

Mr. Wallace did not reply. There was a mild difference of opinion over the subject in the Wallace family. It was not very deep or serious, but it was a difference, and Mrs. Wallace occasionally expressed her views. Mr. Wallace took the ground that it was useless to argue with a woman and seldom did so. But he respected his wife's views, and was sorry she did not see the matter as he did.

He was still silently reading, when Agnes, the only girl in the family, came in from the music-room, where she had been practicing.

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"Where's Harry, mother?" she said. "I want to ask him some questions about the trigonometry for to-morrow."

"He's in his room, dear. He just went up there."

"O well, it's no use then," Agnes spoke in a tone of disappointment. "You know, mother, you could pound the door down and he wouldn't answer."

"I think he would if anybody tried," Mr. Wallace said with a chuckle. "What is it? May be I can help you!"

"I don't believe you can," Agnes said, in some doubt of her father's mathematical ability.

"Show it to me, young lady. What did I go to Williams' for?"

The girl smiled, and came up to her father with the text-book, which she picked up off the table.

"Oh! Original propositions! Young lady, that's not fair. You don't mean to say you have to do that sort of thing!"

"I do, though. Now then, Pater, if you think college is easy these days, work out one of them."

"They're planning to start a revival here," said Mr. Wallace

"No, thank you. Give me something easier."

The girl laughed. "I knew you couldn't do it, Pater. There's no one in the family can help me except Harry, and I don't want to disturb him now."

"How would I do," a voice asked, as the other brother, John, came into the room from the hallway.

"You haven't time," Agnes said doubtfully.

"Let me see it, sis. 'The problem of determining the values of the *nth* roots of unity is equivalent to the geometrical problem of inscribing a regular polygon of *n* sides in a circle.' Come upstairs. I can make you see it all right before I go downtown. Mother, I'm going after that yarn you wanted. I forgot it last time. I'll be back before nine."

"You needn't trouble about it, John," his mother replied affectionately. "It will break into your studies to go down to-night."

"And serve me right for not remembering. I'll go on my wheel in a jiffy."

The brother and sister went upstairs where John had a wall blackboard in his room, and Mr. Wallace again resumed his paper reading which had been interrupted.

"So they're planning to start a revival here this fall, and I suppose the business men will be asked to subscribe to the fund for evangelistic expenses."

"When is the revival to begin?" asked Mrs. Wallace, with a show of interest.

"Well, I'll read you the announcement," Mr. Wallace replied, and went right on reading from the paper.

"'Beginning next week, the revival meetings which have been planned by the Churches for the last two months will start in the different sections of the city, as advertised. Mr. Ambrose Spencer will have charge of the Central district, and much interest is being shown in his appearance and in his methods; notice of the other speakers and singers will be found in the column of religious news for the week. The expenses for these meetings are being met by pledges voluntarily made by the Churches. It is estimated that from $2,000 to $2,500 will cover the expenses for the campaign.'

"That's what I call extravagance." Mr. Wallace elevated his brows, and there was a trace of a sneer on his lip "I never heard yet of one of these evangelists who wasn't a grafter. Trust them to work the revival dodge for all it is worth. Remember Rollins, the last professional crank we had here? He got $1,700 from the faithful for five weeks' work. I call it pretty good pay for one man, considering the fact that he didn't do the town any good, hut actually did it a lot of harm. I suppose I'll be called on to subscribe liberally to Mr. Ambrose Spencer's tidy little salary. All the business men catch it from every little thing that comes along. But if I give anything to help this revival, it will be in my sleep."

"Perhaps this revivalist is not like others we have had here," Mrs. Wallace remarked indifferently. "The papers have spoken well of him."

"They are all alike," rejoined Mr. Wallace shortly. "It's all excitement and froth and hullabaloo and vulgar appeals to emotion, and when it's all over nothing to show for it. I think the whole thing is a nuisance, and I don't give a cent to help it along."

Mrs. Wallace did not appear to be much interested, not enough, at least, to make any reply, and her husband turned to the paper again. During a silence for a few minutes, it may be of interest to describe a little more in detail this Wallace family.

Mr. Wallace was a merchant with a good business, which brought him an income of $18,000 or $20,000 a year. He carried $25,000 insurance, owned his home, which was a well-furnished residence, besides paying taxes on considerable valuable real estate in the city. He was a member of several lodges, but seldom attended the meetings, being a great lover of his home. He was an enthusiastic politician, especially during the State and national campaigns, but he was never known to take any interest in municipal or county affairs, and indeed, quite often expressed his decided disgust at the rottenness of local politics. He regarded the prohibitory law as a great mistake, and had been heard often to say that business needed the saloon to make business lively. In his personal habits he was a total abstainer, so far as liquor was concerned, but an almost habitual smoker. His cigar bill for the past year had amounted to $215. To be sure, he always bought the most expensive of all brands, and was very liberal with his clerks and with friends. And also he saved at other points, notably in his refusal to subscribe to the State Temperance Union, and in his economizing of church and Sunday School expenses. He never attended church himself, preferring to read his Sunday paper or a good novel, but he did not object to his wife going, and would have been strangely disconcerted if his children had not attended Sunday School, especially when they were little. "But there's no use in squandering money, Lucy," he would say, "The Church is always begging, always passing a contribution box. Let the children take a penny apiece; that's enough. And I suppose we can afford to chip in twenty-five cents a Sunday on the church pledge. Ministers have to live, and the Church, on the whole, does more good than harm, but a mighty dull, poor sort of an institution, I take it. I can get more good out of a good book than I can out of a hundred sermons."

So, for years, the Wallace children and their mother had attended Sunday School and church, with their pennies and their twenty-five cents a week, and had grown up to think of the Church as an institution that must somehow be supported with pennies and quarters, which people gave, not as an obligation, but doled out as a condescending act of charity. Mr. Wallace was rather glad to have the house to himself Sunday mornings. He liked the quiet hour or two for his Sunday paper and his cigar. Then, the family gathered for a big dinner at half-past one, to which, of late years, a business friend was invited, or one of Agnes' or Harry's college-mates. Mr. Wallace wore out the balance of Sunday by getting his mail, or, of late years, by a spin out into the country in his new automobile. In the evening, he smoked again over a book, or occasionally invited in

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DOING GOOD AS WE GO

*Sunday School Lesson, by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts**

JESUS comes to Jericho on his way from Perea to Jerusalem. And what does he encounter there? A curious crowd that follows him through the streets; but in that crowd are two people who interest us more than all the rest; one, Bartimæus, is blind in his eyes, the other Zacchæus, is blind in his soul. We are interested in them because Jesus was interested in them, and helped them.

Bartimæus is sitting by the wayside, begging, and hearing the rush of the crowd, he is told that Jesus is passing by. He calls out in a loud voice: "Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me." He is sure that Jesus can give him sight, because he has heard of other blind men whom Jesus has caused to see. He has faith in the power of Jesus. Some people in the crowd try to hush him up, but his cry has reached the ear of Jesus, who stands still, and asks to have the blind man brought to him. The tender, loving face of Jesus looks into the blind face. Jesus speaks: "What wilt thou that I should do unto thee?" The blind man answers: "Lord, that I may receive my sight." And Jesus says: "Receive thy sight, thy faith hath made thee whole." What rapture there is in his first look at Jesus. How heartfelt are his praises. The crowd, seeing what Jesus has wrought, join with Bartimæus in loud acclaims of praise.

"Jesus said: Receive thy sight; thy faith hath saved thee"

Zacchaeus Greeted

A man in a sycamore tree by the wayside is looking down upon the scene. Being a small man in stature, he has taken that way of seeing over the heads of the crowd. Jesus sees him and stops to speak to him, saying: "Zacchæus, make haste and come down, for to-day I must abide at thy house." There are murmurings in the crowd where all was praise before, because Jesus has chosen a publican, a hated tax collector, for his host, and one of the worst sort. But Jesus knows that in going to the home of Zacchæus he is fulfilling his mission to seek and to save that which is lost. He has a worse case of blindness than Bartimæus, for blindness of soul is worse than blindness of eyes.

We may not know of the personal influence of Jesus that day in the house of Zacchæus. We would choose to think that not a word was spoken by Jesus to Zacchæus concerning the error of his ways, but rather that the beams from the Sun of Righteousness opened the eyes of his soul, and forced him to make confession to Jesus that he had taken money wrongfully, which he proposed to restore fourfold. And that in addition, he would give the half of all he possessed for the relief of the poor.

Illustration and Application

1. Jesus hears the persistent call of the blind. Christ brings blessings to body and soul alike. Christ's healing of the blind goes on in the blind asylumns his example and spirit have prompted in every land. Ernestus, Duke of Luneburg, caused a burning lamp to be stamped on his coin, with these four letters, A. S. M. C.; by which was meant, *Aliis Serviens Meipsum Contero* (By giving light to others, I consume myself). Jesus Christ was such a burning and a shining light, and such a light-giver should every Christian be, joyfully consuming himself to give Christian light in joy and helpfulness to others.

A husband and wife who were childless discussed the advisability of adopting a child. Finally, they talked with the manager of an orphan asylum. They said: "Haven't you children with something the matter with them. There must be something the matter with the one we would take. It must be blind, or lame, or deaf. We have decided to take one that no one else will have." The manager replied that he had a little girl who was deaf. They took her home. Next day the new father and mother took the little girl to a specialist. He said that her trouble was caused by neglect, and that after a few treatments she would get well. And so she did. She now hears as well as any one, and is a bright girl, the pride and joy of her home. So, seeming sacrifices we make in Christ's name to do good to others become occasions of increasing joy to ourselves, even when the infirmity is not healed. When Robert Moffatt, the missionary, travelling in South Africa, had been angrily refused food by savages to whom he applied, a native woman came, bringing a basket of cakes and a pitcher of rich milk, answering the question why she did so, "I love Him whose servants you are." This has been the inspiration of philanthropy for nineteen Christian centuries, during which the unfortunate have been helped mostly "In His Name."

The New York *Sun* states as a fact, an incident which has much of philosophy for all. A wealthy lady of New York broke one of her legs last winter. It was properly set, but while it was healing she used a pair of crutches, and the habit of using them grew upon her until she felt unable to walk without them. One day she started out upon her crutches to visit a neighbor, living a block or so away, and met a distressed, ragged-looking man who had lost a leg, and was hobbling along on a pair of old stilts. Her sympathies were aroused. Grasping her crutches in one hand, she stood erect for a moment, asked the man if he would take them, gave them to him, and walked off with perfect ease, and in this way learned for the first time since she broke her leg that she had no need for artificial aid in walking.

An Ancient Grafter

2. Jesus himself calls a blind soul to the light. Zacchæus' blindness was worse than that of Bartimæus, though this rich publican "knew not that he was poor and miserable and blind and naked." Publicans in Palestine are to-day as despised as of old, and deservedly so. As formerly they bought the privilege of collecting taxes from the Romans, so now from the Turks, and with a right to take only one-tenth, they have in both cases commonly extorted a fifth. The publican was the boodler and grafter of Christ's day, a man so enslaved by covetousness that he would rob his own people in collecting taxes for an oppressive government, and himself double the oppression—all for money. A millionaire Jew, whose whole thought and being seemed absorbed in the matter of getting money, used to say that his wife was very different from himself; she was fond of music and books and art. "She came to me the other day," said he, "with a book on astronomy in her hands, and said: 'Jacob, there is going to be a new star; let me read to you about it.' But," said the old man, "I answered her by lifting both hands and exclaiming: 'Don't bother me, Rebecca! I care more about the price of overalls than about all the stars in the sky.'"

The Indian's Mirror

In this "wonderful year" of great disclosures, we have seen prominent Americans by the score who cared more for money-making than for law and the public health, more than for honor and religion. And yet, like Zacchæus, before Christ came, they were blind to the ugliness of their slavery to gold. An old trapper who recently attended church in a Western city, said he heard the preacher assert that what the savage needed was a mirror; that the savage has no mirror, but if he had, he would be more cleanly. Commenting on it, the old backwoodsman remarked that all our American savages pride themselves a great deal on their mirrors. He spent his youth among the Umatillas, Nez Perces, Snakes and Blackfeet, and, while they did not have full-length mirrors in their wigwams, fully two-thirds of the warriors had hand-mirrors tied to the horns of their saddles by buckskin strings, and they used these mirrors continually. The savages were blind to their own ugliness, which seemed to them to be beauty. And so many men are proud of the muddy gold they carry, that was won by fraud, and which our very children should be taught to despise, even as Jesus condemned covetousness more than any other sin.

It is indeed the tap-root of nearly all

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

*International Sunday School Lesson for Sept. 2. Bartimæus and Zacchæus. Luke 18: 35—19: 10. GOLDEN TEXT: "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost," Luke 19: 10.

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Doing Good as We Go

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

sins. The greatest sorrows of the world are due to the choice of gold in place of God as the lord of life. Parents, teachers, preachers need to make united efforts to dethrone Commercialism, which dishonors our country by its despotism and treachery more than any other stain. The liquor traffic is back of many sins, but back of all is Greed. Let us teach that bloody gold is no honor but only a stain.

A man went insane upon the subject of money. His whole conversation was upon that subject. His voice was heard almost constantly crying, "Money, money, money!" He was sent to the asylum, and everything was done to restore him, but he continued to rave, keeping up his incessant cry, "Money, money, money!" The authorities, as a last resort, put him into an iron cell, with holes drilled in the side and top to admit the sunlight, hoping to divert his mind from the subject of "money." When the sheet-iron cell or cage was moved out in the sunshine, and the light, like bars of gold, came through into the cage of the lunatic, he imagined the angels were thrusting bars of gold through the holes, and clutched at them as if he feared they would be withdrawn, crying, as he vainly tried to catch the sunshine, "Money, money, money!" Money mad! What else is the man who neglects his home and church and opportunities to do good, in a perpetual struggle for superfluous money?

The conversion of Zacchæus was the conversion of a rich man, but it was by way of the prayer, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." There is no royal road to pardon. Rich and poor must come in the same humble way. A pastor was visiting a sick lady, who was an active member of his church, but lacked real experience of religion. She was known to be proud of her descent from an old and renowned family, and her own character had been irreproachable. Her end was evidently approaching, and her pastor spoke to her about the coming change. He was startled by the way in which she responded to his remarks. He felt convinced that she was not trusting in Christ as her Saviour. She would talk about worldly affairs, but not about Christ. Returning from visiting her one day, the minister entered his study and prayed for wisdom; then rising from his knees, he said, "I will use the lancet to-day. I will ask her the straight question."

He called again and began to speak of some of the great sinners in the Bible—of Manasseh, the dying thief, and Mary Magdalene; then coming near home he spoke of some of the flagrant sinners of their own town, but summing up, said, "But all alike are sinners, and all must be saved in exactly the same way." The dying lady raised herself on her elbow, and looking her pastor in the face, asked, "Must I be saved in the same way as those characters?" "Yes, there is no other way." "Then," she replied, "I would prefer to be lost."

And she would not listen to another word the minister had to say. Men and women who live moral lives and have never been open, flagrant sinners must come to Christ just the same as the worst of sinners, saying:

I'm a poor sinner and nothing at all,
But Jesus Christ is my all in all.

SPIRITUAL BLINDNESS*

CAN there be a blindness of the mind? Is it possible for a man to be physically clear-sighted, while being incapable of perceiving mental truth? There are some characters which seem to answer the question in the affirmative. In a Connecticut family there are two brothers, one of them a most ingenious man, who has invented some remarkable improvements in machinery, and has devised several labor-saving appliances. The other brother is an artist of some note, whose landscapes are marvellously soft and tender in their beautiful variations of light and shade. One day the brothers met, after many years of absence. Each was disappointed in the other. Neither could understand the things which interested the other. The inventor could see nothing remarkable in the scene which kindled the artist's enthusiasm, and the artist could take no interest in his brother's wheels and cranks. Each wondered at the other's lack of perception. So it is with the botanist, the musician, and the archæologist. To them the persons who have no love of flowers, no ear for music, and no interest in historical relics, appear to be afflicted with mental blindness. There is also moral blindness. It was recently said of the proprietor of a certain newspaper, that if a man went to him and urged him not to publish a certain article because it was not true or just, the journalist would not understand him, any more than if he were speaking in a foreign language. But if the man told him that he should not publish the article because it would injure his paper, he would understand that, and consider it.

Then, there is, as Christ said, spiritual blindness, and those who suffer from it do not appreciate spiritual truth. This is the most serious defect of all, because it affects the whole character. Even among those who lived in Christ's own time and actually saw Jesus, there were some who were blind to his majesty and glory, blind to the truths he taught and incapable of seeing the grandeur of his life of self-sacrifice. There are still among us many, who if he came now and taught the same truths would decry and denounce him, and see no beauty in him that they should desire him. It is this blindness, fatal to the soul, that Christ longs to relieve. He came as a light to lighten the world, to reveal to men the life better than this, the true value of the things of the world, and to lead men to seek heavenly blessings. He is still ready to answer the prayer, "Lord that I might receive my sight."

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for Sept. 2. John 9: 35-41; Acts 26: 12, 19.

ANSWERED PRAYERS

A. J. G., Pennsylvania. "God does hear and answer prayer. He has withheld a great calamity, for which I give thanks."

M. C. L. P. and wife, Kansas. "We wish to acknowledge God's goodness and merciful kindness in answering our prayers many times with surprising directness."

Mrs. F. O., Pennsylvania. "I have had a direct answer to prayer for a friend in trouble. All things are possible to him that believeth and trusteth in the Lord."

Mrs. M. A. Y., Michigan. "Thank the Lord for answering my prayer. I am a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and enjoy the 'Answered Prayers' column very much."

C. A. L., California. "I want to testify to the goodness of God in answering prayer. I had a wayward son whom I asked God to save from the awful curse of drink. My prayers were answered."

A Subscriber, California. "I was in great trouble, I 'went and told Jesus,' and waited patiently on him. He answered me in his own time and in his own way. With thankfulness I acknowledge the faithfulness of a covenant-keeping God."

C. S. T., Illinois. "I always read first of all the 'Answered Prayers,' and I wish to testify to the fact that our Father hears and answers prayers, for I know that he has answered mine. Pray for me that I may overcome sin and remain faithful to him."

Reader, Texas. "I want to acknowledge God's goodness to me. He gave me relief in a time of deep sorrow, and has answered many prayers for me. I know so well the truth of his promise, 'Call upon me and I will answer.'"

A Friend, Pennsylvania. "We read your excellent paper and it does us a great deal of good. The Lord says, 'Call upon me in time of trouble and I will answer; and thou shalt glorify me.' Dear readers, pray that we may be faithful."

L., California. "I wish to acknowledge my heavenly Father's great love and kindness to me in answering prayer. He protected some dear ones in time of danger. For these and many other answered prayers, I can never be thankful enough."

Mrs. J. G., Michigan. "I feel that I ought and wish to testify to the wonderful power of prayer. I prayed nearly forty years for my husband, and, thank God, last winter he was converted. My children, too, came into the light in answer to earnest prayer. I found that I must come with an unswerving faith, and ask definitely, and the answer came."

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"My work as a minister calls me away from home a great deal, and recently I drifted back to fat meat and indigestible foods, which put me again on the sick list.

"So I went back to Grape-Nuts and cream and in four days I was put right again. The old dull headaches are gone, stomach comfortable, head clear, and it is a delight to pursue my studies and work.

"Grape-Nuts food is worth more than money to me and I hope this may induce some sufferer to follow the same course I have."

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"THE SPIRIT'S POWER"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 703

two or three friends for a game of whist. Monday morning he was ready for business again, punctual and early, A man of no vices or dissipations so-called. The community classed him as a successful business man, and when he died, the daily paper would print his picture together with a two-column obituary, reciting his moral virtues and pointing him to young men as an example of what thrift, enterprise and shrewdness can accomplish. In other words, a twentieth century pagan.

Mrs. Wallace was, as we have said, of a placid temperament, a woman five years younger than her husband. She had married young, and at forty-six was a good-looking person, with considerable pride in her children and husband and no particular enthusiasm or ambitions. She belonged to the Presbyterian Church and was a member of three clubs—one musical, one literary, and one Domestic Science. Towards these clubs she maintained an attitude of mild interest, which, however, seldom rose any higher. She was a regular church attendant except at the prayer-meeting, where she was never seen. Whenever there was a supper, or a fair, or a social function, Mrs. Wallace could be counted on do to her share with good-natured willingness. She had in turn directed her three children through the Sunday School, from which they had received the only Bible instruction they ever had. The Bible was never read or studied in the Wallace home, and as the children grew older, they had gradually dropped out of the Sunday School altogether.

"Oh, what is the use of their being tied down to the Sunday School any longer, Lucy? Let them have freedom in their religious life, of all things. Agnes says her teacher isn't interesting, and Harry can't stand the Superintendent they have now. Don't compel them to go to church. That's what set me against the whole thing."

So the religious life of the Wallace family trailed off into a sort of negative, sweetened-water kind of morality, minus passion, self-sacrifice, or enthusiasm. Mrs. Wallace had her moments of vague dissatisfaction with it all. Her inner life was barren of positive convictions, and there were times when she could not help wishing for something more real and satisfying for herself, her husband, or her children. There are a good many like her in the United States. They are the negative factor in religious service. They add heaviness, not weight, to the Kingdom of God in the earth.

As for the Wallace children at the time of this story, they were like hundreds of others in their development and outlook on life, where the home environment has been the same. Harry was twenty-one, a perfect physical animal, absorbed for three months of his college year in football, with enough ambition in his studies to keep him about in the middle of his class, neither brilliant nor stupid, with a blind worship for physical prowess.

Agnes was one year younger than Harry; a girl of generous impulses, but selfish in the extreme when it suited her convenience. She was like her father in her habit of open and constant criticism of people and things she did not like. One of her grievances, as she passed through college, was the fact that she had never been elected to any of the class offices. Secretly, she was ambitious in that direction, and one time her brother John surprised her crying hard over the result of a class election, in which Agnes' bitterest enemy was chosen as Class President.

"She's the meanest girl in college," Agnes sobbed.

TO BE CONTINUED

Christian Testimony*

NO advertisement is so valuable to a physician, as the living testimony of a patient who has been cured of a critical disease by his treatment. The most enthusiastic eulogium of a professor, the most logical theory of his methods, count for little in comparison with the declaration of a man who can say, "I was ill of that disease and he cured me." Such testimony brings other patients more surely than any other. Christ is entitled to that testimony. He not only cures the disease, but he prevents its return, and he fills the soul with joy. His treatment is positive as well as negative. None who have put their case in his hands, honestly and sincerely, have failed to get the cure. He is, too, seeking patients and longing to cure them. He knows how many sufferers there are, and his soul yearns over them, grieving as only noble spirits can, over the ruin and eternal death that await them without his aid. He cannot do more than he has done, he laid down his life that he might have the power to save, and he offers his cure freely without money and without price.

What is it then that is needed? It is the co-operation of those whom he has saved. "Go home," he said to one whom he had cured, who naturally longed to stay with him, "and tell your friends and neighbors what great things have been done for you." That is what he demands of his cured patients to-day. They can find all around them people who are slowly dying of the disease of sin, that afflicted them, men who might be saved if they would go to Christ, men who are missing the real good of life. What better thing can they do for the sufferers, what truer gratitude can they show to Christ, than by declaring what he has done for them and what he is willing to do for others?

It is the imperative duty of every Christian. Christ's last instructions before ascending to the Father were to declare the message everywhere, but especially in the home city. They were to begin there. The new convert does not need for some preachers to lay inefficient hands on his head and help him into a pulpit, where, with a gown on his back, he may read pointless essays on ethics. Let him go home at once and begin there. Let him show by the sweetness and helpfulness of his life, by his patience and forbearance, how effectual the cure has been, and by his serenity and happiness how good his religion is and urge every unconverted relative and friend to go to the same physician. There is no testimony so powerful as that, and if it were always given, the whole world would soon be converted.

*Topic of the Epworth League for Sept. 2. Isa. 44 : 8; Acts 1 : 8; John 15 : 26, 27; Mark 5 : 18-20; John 1 : 41-49; I. Timothy 1 : 15-17.

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"We didn't realize that coffee was the cause of the trouble until one day we ran out of coffee and went to borrow some from a neighbor. She gave us some Postum and told us to try that.

"Although we started to make it, we all felt sure we would be sick if we missed our strong coffee, but we were forced to try Postum and were surprised to find it delicious.

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Dr. Watkinson's Visit

TO all intelligent members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the name of Rev. William L. Watkinson, D.D., LL. D., of London, England, is familiar. If he belonged to this country, he would undoubtedly be Bishop Watkinson, and if the church created the office of Archbishop, he would be a popular candidate for it. His own country has done the utmost in its power to honor him by making him President of the Conference, which placed him at the head of all the Wesleyan Methodist Churches in the country. As a preacher, an orator, an author and a journalist, he has made his mark and has won golden opinions from ministers and laymen of all denominations.

Dr. Watkinson is now taking a busy and laborious vacation among us. He must have known that there would be no more

Rev. W. L. Watkinson, D.D., LL.D.

rest for him here than there is proverbially for the wicked. Ten years ago, he came here as delegate of the British churches to the General Conference then being held in Cleveland, O. He was then besieged by applications to preach, so numerous, that had he accepted them he must have stayed several years. It was necessary almost to the saving of his life that he make a definite promise to come again, for his home engagements at that time precluded his staying longer than his duties to the General Conference required. That promise, as we briefly stated in a recent number of this journal, he is now fulfilling. He was engaged before he landed to take part in the Bible Conferences at Grove City, Pa., Winona Lake, Ind., and Geneva Lake, Wis., and to preach in several of the largest churches in New York and Brooklyn. Several colleges and theological seminaries also wrote him, begging him to lecture to the students before his return, and these, as is well known, always have a strong claim on Dr. Watkinson's heart. It is certain he will have little leisure while he is here and little rest unless, as one of his admirers says of him, "he finds his rest in his work."

Dr. Watkinson is a man of sixty-eight years of age, tall and slender, but full of nervous power and vigor beyond his years. He has a clear, melodious voice of rare compass, resembling that of the late Charles Spurgeon. He has been pastor, on the itinerant system, of some of the largest churches in England, beginning in the Midland Counties, then in the Lancashire and Yorkshire districts, where Methodism is strong. Finally, the Metropolis claimed him, as it does the best men of all professions. It was in 1880 that he went to London, and he has been there ever since. In 1897 Dr. Watkinson attained the summit of the English Methodist minister's ambition by becoming President of the Conference, and his term was one of brilliant success. He has served as editor of the *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine*, and of the *London Quarterly Review*. He has also found opportunity to write several books, which have had a large circulation.

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¶ Think of it!—little ones with no time for play, no time for sunshine and laughter, no time for books and school — but time only for ignorance and sorrow and work — WORK that the money-grubbers may get more money.

¶ In **SEPTEMBER COSMOPOLITAN** is the first article of the series by Edwin Markham—"The Child at the Loom."

¶ At the looms of the cotton mills, there they stand, wan little figures, day in and day out, in the choking, blinding, gloomy, deafening room, until disease—in most cases the "Great White Plague"—slowly, cruelly squeezes out of their frail bodies all the vitality that the mill-owners have left—and they live just as long as the disease lasts.

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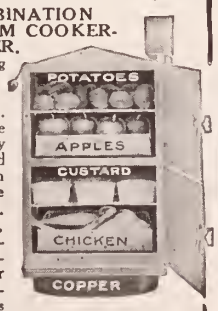

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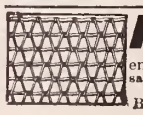

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THIS free book tells all about New York, the wonderful metropolis of America, and the possibilities it is unfolding to people who can invest a little money—even though it is only $5 a month.

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No matter whether you have lived there or have been there or not, one thing you must know—New York is the most wonderful city in the world; a city destined to become within a few years the world's metropolis—the largest city in the whole universe.

New York is Young

The situation in New York City now is unparalleled.

No other city is growing so fast.

None can grow as fast.

Remarkable as the growth of New York has been, the city is still in its infancy.

But Manhattan Island, the original site of New York, has almost reached the limit of its capacity to grow.

Of all the millions of people who are yet to go to New York, there will be room for only a few hundred thousand more upon Manhattan Island.

What is the solution to this great problem?

The Suburbs

Although last year 250,000 people moved to Greater New York, Manhattan decreased 30,000 in population.

This means that practically 280,000 people have, during the last twelve months, moved to the suburbs.

During the next twelve months and succeeding twelve months for many years to come, more people will move to the suburbs than ever before in New York's history.

The suburbs are being made attractive for New Yorkers.

The Wonderful Hudson River Tunnels

The greatest engineering feat of centuries is now practically completed.

Three great tunnels have been bored beneath the Hudson River.

Tunnels through which trains and trolleys will run.

Tunnels which will bring suburban New Jersey, now nearly an hour in point of time away from Manhattan, to within 19 to 30 minutes of the heart of the city.

By means of these tunnels, the New Yorker will be able to reach his suburban home as quickly as he can now reach his city flat.

He can live more cheaply, more comfortably, more healthfully, enjoying pure air and pure water, and yet have all the city's advantages and privileges.

Think what these tunnels will do for the New Yorker.

Think what these tunnels will do for New Jersey.

Think what these tunnels may do for you if you will but take advantage of the opportunity they offer.

An Era of Development

Northern New Jersey is on the eve of development such as it never has known before.

During the next five years and onward, land values will increase enormously.

The entire countryside will be dotted with homes.

Towns will spring up as though by magic. Cities will spread and industries multiply.

We have seen the wonderful opportunity that New Jersey offers, and for months past have been taking advantage of it.

We control valuable tracts of land situated right in the heart of the district that will be most benefited by the Hudson river tunnels.

We now, in turn, offer this land to you.

If you have $5 or more a month to invest, you can buy a lot in one of these New Jersey suburban towns.

No Chance for Loss

It is an investment in which you have not the slightest possibility of losing.

Real Estate near a city like New York is as safe as a government bond.

It is safe to say that if you buy one of these lots on the instalment plan to-day, you will have an opportunity of selling it for far more than you have contracted to pay even before your payments are completed.

It is absolutely certain that if you buy a lot now and will hold it for five or ten years or more, your profits will be enormous.

I honestly believe that within ten years every hundred dollars invested in New York suburban real estate in New Jersey will be worth one thousand dollars.

All this and more my free book tells.

It explains and proves every statement it makes.

It is beautifully illustrated with photographs of this rising state. It explains in detail just where to buy and how to buy and how to be sure your investment is a good one.

The history of New York reads like a novel, and you will find this book as interesting as one.

Even though you have never thought of investing in real estate or of investing near New York, you ought to read this book if you are in a position to make such an investment.

Remember the time to buy is now.

Real estate is cheap in Jersey to-day.

Next year it will not be, and within a few years suburban real estate in Northern New Jersey will be as unapproachable to the average investor as real estate on Manhattan Island is to-day.

Won't you send for this book to-day?

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New York, August 29, 1906

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SEE PAGE 714

ARRANGING A MARRIAGE SETTLEMENT IN PERSIA

Questions and Answers

Letters for this department must contain name and address of the sender—not for publication, but as evidence of genuineness and good faith. Where an answer by mail is desired, ten cents in postage stamps must be forwarded by the writers, with full address.

Subscriber, Jamestown, Pa. Please state in what States of the Union, if any, physical examination is required to secure a marriage license?

We are not aware that it is specifically required in any State. Connecticut and Minnesota forbid marriage with epileptics, imbeciles, or feeble-minded persons, and in District of Columbia, Kentucky, Maine, Massachusetts, and Nebraska, a marriage of lunatics is void. These prohibitions might, in certain suspected cases, cause an examination.

E. F. M., Downey, Calif. What are we to understand by Christ's parable (Matt. 12: 43-45) of the return of the unclean spirit?

Its first application, as the closing words show, is to the Jews of that time. They were rid of the evil of idolatry, but were worse than their fathers, who worshiped idols, in that they rejected Jesus and finally crucified him. In modern times, the same evil is seen when a nation abandons its superstitions, but instead of turning to Christ, and becoming Christian, becomes atheistic. Its application to individuals is of the same character. Christianity is positive as well as negative in its effects. It forbids and condemns sin (that is negative); it also enjoins love, kindness, service (that is positive). If, for example, a man who has been a drunkard overcomes his propensity, that is, gets rid of his unclean spirit, but does not go forward to faith in Christ, he is liable to become Pharisaic and intolerant, and perhaps sceptical. In that condition he is liable to fall into worse sin. The throne of the soul is never empty. If Christ does not rule, some evil spirit takes possession.

W. J. McC., Petoskey, Mich. Why was President Jackson called "Old Hickory"?

There were two sides to the character of Andrew Jackson. When necessary, he could be as tender as a woman, but when assailed he was harsh and hot-tempered. The name "Old Hickory" originated from the saying of his soldiers that he was "tough as hickory." When but a boy, he was held as a British prisoner, and bore unflinchingly the most cruel blows rather than submit to the insolent demands made by an English officer that he should clean a pair of boots.

C. R. D., Hubbard, O. I see an article in your paper of July 18, headed, "The Value of Public Speech," which is devoted entirely to condemning of Socialism. It is certainly a great mystery to me why people and churches, who pose as leaders in the "divine way," as taught by Jesus in his life and teachings while on earth, should condemn Socialism, which harmonizes with Christ's teachings in every respect. Socialism would make it possible to live the Christ life. Nine-tenths of the evil in the world to-day is caused by greed for profit or selfish gain, and the Church seems to take the stand that they should support the present competitive system that causes the evil, but try to remove the evil by persuading people to be good. Socialism is endeavoring to work from the other end of the line, and remove the evil by removing the cause of the evil. Now which is the most sensible?

Our correspondent's letter is a mixture of truth and exaggeration. He falls into the error, as many others do, of attacking the rich, irrespective of the individual aspects of the case, but simply because they happen to be rich. There are good and bad in every class of human beings, and to sweepingly denounce all because of the faults of some, is un-Christian, unphilosophic and unjust. As far as Socialism, or any other "ism" conforms to the teachings of Christ, it has and always will have our heartiest approval. The Church today is awakening to the evils of which he speaks, and we believe that many pastors are doing their best, in all sincerity, to set forth the duties and responsibilities of wealth, which is, if rightly regarded, simply a trusteeship, to be used for the glory of God and the good of humanity.

V. D. C., LeRoy, Ill. 1. Is it correct to omit repeats when you DeCapo or DeSigno, especially in orchestra music: or should you take all repeats as written within the DeCapo or De Signo? 2. Will the countless numbers of Chinamen and others, who have never heard of Christ, be lost?

1. To be technically correct you should play all repeats as written. Of course people often suit themselves in regard to this, but they do not get the effect intended by the composer. 2. Read Christ's words, Luke 12: 47, 48. That is all that we are told on the subject. God does not satisfy our curiosity in such matters. He tells us our duty, which is to take the Gospel to those who do not know it. You may be sure that God is just, and what he may do with them we do not know; but our duty is plain.

The King of Great Britain and the "Talking Arc"

KING EDWARD and Queen Alexandra, of Great Britain, were recently at Armstrong College, Newcastle, England. In their honor a number of electrical experiments were made, the most remarkable being a demonstration of "the singing and speaking electric arc." In a distant room various sounds were made in front of a receiver. These sounds were transformed in the room where the King and Queen stood, into electric light between two carbon poles, and the light's vibration created the original sounds. Among other things, the talking arcs said: "We wish your Majesties long life and happiness."

J. G. W., San Francisco, Calif. 1. Who wrote the songs "God Save the King" and "America"? Which was written first? Was one a copy of the other? 2. Why is it that on clocks and watches which have the Roman numerals on them that for four, IIII is put instead of IV?

1. This song is said to have been composed by John Ball, Doctor of Music, in 1606, for a dinner given to King James I of England, Sixth of Scotland, at Merchant Taylor's Hall. It has also been ascribed to Henry Carey, who died in 1743. The music has been adopted by Germany and Denmark for their national hymns. "America" was written by Rev. S.F. Smith, who was born in 1808. 2. For convenience; the four would otherwise bear too close a resemblance to the six, although in reverse order.

L. B. E., Bird-in-Hand, Pa. Is the new King of Norway the son of the present King of Denmark? How is he related to the royal family of Sweden?

Yes; he is the son of King Frederick of Denmark, who married Princess Louise of Sweden in 1869. Any good newspaper almanac will give all information concerning the relationship of the different royal families.

B. M. A., North Middletown, Ky. What were the twelve most important historical events of 1905?

1. January 2, Port Arthur capitulated.—2. January 21, Santo Domingo agreed that the United States should preserve order and assume charge of finances, while guaranteeing territorial integrity.—3. February 28-March 13, Battle of Mukden, in Manchuria.—4. March 4, President Roosevelt inaugurated.—5. April 2, the great Simplon Tunnel, the longest in the world, opened in Italy and Switzerland.—6. June 8, Union between Norway and Sweden dissolved.—7. July 4, John Hay, Secretary of State, died.—8. September 5, Treaty of peace between Russia and Japan signed at Portsmouth, N. H.—9. September 27, France and Germany agree at the Morocco Conference in regard to their relations to that country.—10. Prince Charles of Denmark became King of Norway, November 27.—11. December 7, The Balfour Ministry in Great Britain resigned.—12. The Sultan of Turkey submitted to the demands of the Powers concerning Macedonia.

P. T. W., Motley, Minn. What is meant by the statement in I. Cor. 7:13-15, about wives being sanctified by husbands?

This was Paul's answer to certain Corinthian Christians, who wanted to know whether they should continue living with pagan partners. If the pagan wife or husband refused to live with the Christian husband or wife, Paul said they were not to be hindered but allowed to go. But where the pagan was willing to stay, the Christian was not to move against them. The Corinthian Church seemed to fear that the Christian might be drawn back into heathenism by the heathen wife or husband. Paul does not fear that, and he thinks on the contrary that the Christian, having divine help, would be the stronger, and would sanctify or save the pagan partner.

Jennie M., Dayton, O. Where can I find the words of the famous eulogium which Alexander Dumas wrote in a lady's album, regarding an eminent French physician?

We presume you refer to the well-known verse about Prof. Gistal:

> Since this great doctor came to town,
> To cure diseases casual and hereditary,
> The hospital we have pulled down
> And made a larger public cemetery.

M. P. J., Huntsville, Mo. 1. Why did not one of the evangelists describe the personal appearance of Jesus? Was he really without form or comeliness, as Isaiah says? 2. Does the innocent child, who trusts and believes, or the suspicious man, who doubts, get the truest view of a man's character?

1. The evangelists did not profess to write biographies of Jesus. They attempted to write only the Gospel he taught. Nothing could be gained by describing his personal appearance. We naturally wish they had done so, but as they wrote under the direct guidance of the Holy Spirit, we must believe that they were taught what to set down and what to omit. We do not think that Isaiah's remark referred to Christ's personal appearance, but to the absence of the visible glory and supernatural majesty, which might have been expected in the Son of God. 2. If the man was cunning and crafty, the child might be deceived. The suspicious man might more readily detect him. On the other hand, a fine simple character might be more easily appreciated by the child and his true character be better understood.

G. J., Saskatoon, Sask. 1. Can you tell me what is the meaning of the word "Reverend"? why it is used by preachers? and when it was first used, and by whom? 2. Is it right to employ unconvertcd persons to sing in Gospel meetings?

1. It is simply a title of courtesy, prefixed to the name of any clergyman. It is not known when and how its use originated. 2. It is always best to have only those who are known to be believers as leaders in such services, although it may not be always easy to distinguish such. Certainly, it would be wrong to choose one who is known to be living in sin, and unrepentant, to take any prominent part in the conduct of such meetings.

F. B., Indianola, Ia. Who wrote the Epistle to the Hebrews?

The majority of Biblical scholars think that it was written by Apollos. The style is so different from that of the Apostle Paul, its rich, ornate, elegant language, its finely arranged periods, are so unlike Paul's rough, brusque style, with its frequent parentheses, and abrupt, vigorous sentences, that its Pauline authority has always been doubted. All that we know of Apollos leads us to believe that he might,-and perhaps did, write the Epistle.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

NEW YORK, AUGUST 29, 1906

The Flight Into Egypt

The Pyramids, as Viewed From the Nile

The Repose in Egypt

THE TREE THAT SHELTERED CHRIST

Fall of the Sycamore Under whose Predecessor, Tradition Says, the Holy Family Rested in Egypt

FROM a valued correspondent of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the Hon. Chas. M. Pepper, the well-known writer and traveller and a member of the Pan-American Commission, a letter has been received in which he says that the famous sycamore at Matarieh, in Egypt, known as "the Virgin's Tree," has fallen to the ground. Famed in religious history, surrounded with legend and romance by the monks of the early Church, and forming the background for many pictures painted by great artists of the flight into Egypt, its destruction is an incident which deserves more than passing mention.

Part of the trunk of the sycamore snapped off a little over a yard from the ground, just where it divided into two branches. The right half fell shortly after the appearance of a large crack, caused by the decay of the wood. The other half was at once carefully propped, to save what was left. There are a number of flourishing sprouts, so that even if the tree itself goes entirely, a true descendant will grow in its place, an object of veneration to devout pilgrims for centuries to come.

The "Tree of the Virgin" stood near Matarieh, which is supposed to be on the site of the ancient Heliopolis—the sacred city of On. The legends concerning it are referred to by many well-known authors, including Thevenot, Tischendorf, Wilkinson and Clarke and Sandys. Its trunk at the base measured over seven yards in circumference. In 1596, Bernadin Amico saw a tree on this spot, whose trunk had the appearance of a capital letter Y, inverted. One half of this fell in 1656, and the other half some time later. A sprout of the trunk was planted on the roots, and became the tree that has but recently fallen.

From the celebrated painting by Bouz

The Holy Family Resting Under the Sycamore Tree

As to the authenticity of the tree as the stopping place of the Holy Family, there is little room for doubt, and it has been revered as sacred for centuries by Christian and infidel alike. In the Apocrypha, where an account is given of the infancy of Christ, it is written: "Coming out of Heliopolis, the divine exiles directed their course towards a sycamore that stood near a spring of sweet water." But one spring existed in the suburbs, and this was the one that became celebrated soon after. It had the property of giving off a sweet odor, and also on account of some mineral properties, was beneficial for the sick. On account of this peculiarity the spring and the spot were accurately identified. In the earliest days of the Christian Church, a chapel was built here for the convenience of pilgrims. It disappeared, however, when the Mohammedan invaders swept over the country. Since that day, crescent and scimitar have held undisputed sway, and the shrine was never rebuilt.

The Coptic Christians (of the ancient Egyptian Christian Church), still retain in their calendar of holy days the festival of the dedication of the Church of the Tree of the Virgin. The pilgrims assemble at Mastorod, pass the night in prayer, and the next morning all attend mass. Then they march in a long procession to the sacred tree, where time-honored religious rites are celebrated. The day is everywhere one of great rejoicing among these primitive Coptic Christians, and it is made the excuse for processions and excursions to shrines and into the country.

There are many quaint and beautiful legends connected with the childhood of Christ, which have been preserved to us among the fragmentary chronicles of the early Church. While many of these lack the merit of authenticity, they are especially interesting as illustrations of a certain class of religious literature, which was more or less popular in an age when every monk who had the gift of writing, deemed it his duty to contribute some odd, fantastical picture of his own to the mass already in existence. Monkish ingenuity has so surrounded the story of the Divine Child with myth, legend and allegory, and so fancifully transformed the simple facts, that one ceases to wonder why the great councils of the early Church should have condemned and rejected a very large part of the literature of the first three centuries as wholly untrustworthy.

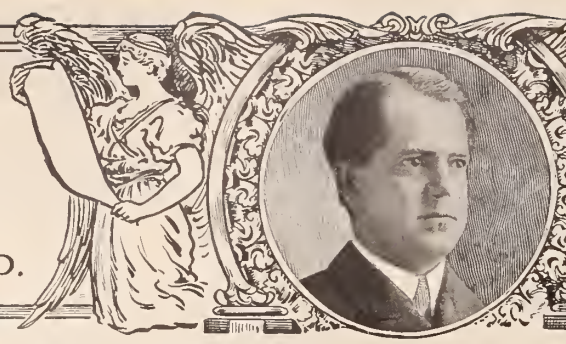
According to the legends, the Holy Family, wearied by their long and toilsome flight from Judea, halted to rest under the wide-spreading branches of this great sycamore, outside the gates of Heliopolis. All day they had been threatened by robbers, and now they were sorely pressed, expecting momentarily to be overtaken. Beneath the tree, however, they hoped to remain undiscovered, as it was almost evening. Presently, the robbers were heard approaching, and discovery seemed inevitable. As the bandits came into view, the tree (according to the legend), opened its trunk, and Joseph, Mary and the Divine Child entered the cavity, which was sufficiently large to accommodate them. The tree then closed up and remained so until the robbers had passed by, when it again opened. Under its shade the exiles passed the remainder of the night. In the morning, a stream of clear, sparkling water burst forth miraculously from among its roots, to allay the thirst of the travellers. Tree and fountain remained for many generations as testimony of the wonders that had been performed there, and the monks added, "the waters of the spring were effective in the healing of many sick."

With many a flourish on the time-stained pages of the illuminated chronicles, the legend adds that the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 720

THE
AMERICAN PULPIT

SERMON BY
Rev. F. DeWitt Talmage, D.D.



KINDLING FIRES

TEXT:—LUKE 12: 49

"I am come to send fire upon the earth"

TO the casual Bible reader, these nine words may seem to convey a meaning which it is hard to reconcile with other passages. You cannot understand how Christ can be called the "Prince of Peace," and yet, how He could send fire upon the earth. "Fire," you say, "why, fire is the agent of death, not the forerunner of life. It is the most ruthless destroyer known to man." Will our people ever forget the ghastly tragedy that destroyed America's Western metropolis, which overlooked the Golden Gate of San Francisco Bay? One of the first lessons we teach our children is to leave matches alone and fear the danger of fire. Yet, the so-called "Prince of Peace" says: "I am come to send fire upon the earth." How can you explain this anomaly? I can only suggest some of the effects of fire, which may give us a hint of our Lord's meaning. For though we may look upon fire as an agency of death, we cannot forget that it may become in God's hands an agency of eternal life and of the purest and the best of all of earthly lives. May God help us as we try to understand these holy words.

Fire, in the first place, is the symbol of heat. Heat is the symbol of life. Therefore, we find that all true life comes from God, even as all heat of the earth primarily comes from the fires of the sun. In every bird that flies, in every bee that hums, in every squirrel that chatters, in every flower that grows, in every tree that rustles and in every human being that walks, we see the great divine fact illustrated that the God who sent fire upon earth is the Great God who was and is the Creator of all. Now, the fact that all animal and vegetable life is dependent upon fire and heat for creation and development is well understood.

Not Always Destructive

"Why do you not plant your flowers and vines on this side of the house?" I asked a wealthy gentleman, at whose country home I was stopping. "These archways would form a perfect trellis where the vines could cling. Then the first view the visitor has of the house is from this driveway. Instead of planting most of your flowers towards the east side of the house, I would plant them on the west." "Ah," said my friend. "Nothing I would like better than that; but my flowers will not grow here. You must remember that the sun rises in the east and that means that during the morning hours, the west side of my house is shut out from the light of the sun. That means the ground here is always cold. Seeds and flowers must have heat in which to grow." Heat means life for the vegetable world, and cold always means death. So you see that fire is not always destructive, but is the symbol of life. Now, when I hear Christ say, "I am come to send fire upon the earth," in a broad sense, I seem to hear Christ say, "I am come in order to put children into the cradles of the nurseries, and to weigh down the orehard branches with fruits, and to cover up the harvest fields with golden-headed grain, and to fill the gardens with busy bees, and to hatch out the salmon eggs, which have lain in the shallows of the rivers." Oh, the wonders of nature as revealed in the miraculous creations of life! Have you ever ceased to be amazed at the first sentence of the Apostles' Creed: "I believe in God the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, his only Son, our Lord."

Utter folly is it to deny the Fatherhood of God and the Divinity of Jesus Christ, as revealed in the creations of nature. Many years ago, in a debating society, the Earl of Rochester, in order to fill out the list of debaters, tried to prove that this world had no need of an overruling, or a creating Providence. After he had finished his speech, and won the applause of his auditors, he turned and said, "How can a man who walks upright, who sees the wonderful creations of God and has the use of his senses and reason, use them to the denying of his Creator?" So say we all of us. When we witness the miraculous effects of heat in the creation of life, we bow before the great God who has built the fires of reproduction upon every hillside and in every valley, whether we see that life illustrated in the wing of a bird, the leaf of a tree, or in the throbbing heart of a mortal and yet immortal man.

But I find that fire is the symbol of purification, as well as of creation. When Christ says he will send fire, I remember that one of his purposes is to take the dross out of the hard metallic heart. This is as truly a part of his mission as to create the seeds of life and by heat burst those seeds into the white blossoms of the springtime. The more I study Christ's life, the more I am impressed with the fact that Christ continually has to make us over and purify us, even as the nuggets of gold must be burned in the smelting furnaces to separate the alloy from the true gold.

A Symbol of Purification

Now, how does Christ purify our lives? It is done by the hot fires of trouble. A fire is always the best of all purifiers. I stand at one of the great kiln doors of an East Liverpool pottery. I say to the potter, "What are you doing? Why are you making those fires so hot?" "To bake the clay," he answers. "Why do you bake the clay?" I ask. "To get the impurities out of it," he answers. Then I stand and hear the roaring noise of those seething flames. They leap, they hiss; they try to burst asunder the heavy, massive brick walls which are confining them. As I peer through the little hole, I seem to hear the clay calling, "Let me out. Oh, let me out! They are burning me to death!" "No," answers the potter, "we are not destroying you; we are merely taking the impurities out of you." Not only do they burn some of the clay once, but twice and even thrice. Each time the furnaces are made hotter. Then the clay comes forth as the beautiful vase, perhaps with its sides painted into a flower garden by a master artist, or into the exquisite features of a beautiful maiden, to be among the treasured wedding gifts of a king's bride.

I step across the bending, twisting, winding Ohio River, filled with its great freight boats and lined with its mighty railroads, and I enter the black, smoking heart of a great city and stand in one of the huge foundries that have made Pittsburg so famous around the world. I see the stalwart workmen moving about the fires. In their weirdness they look like the moving spirits of Dante's *Inferno*. Then I see the men tossing the iron ore into the huge receptacle in which it becomes molten as a river of fire. Then I see the river of fire rolled out into huge bars and tempered and allowed to cool. "What are you doing, workmen?" I ask. "Making steel." "What, making steel out of that filthy, base iron ore?" "Yes, steel is nothing more or less than crude iron, purified by fire and tempered aright. That iron ore shall yet be changed into steel rails, over which the huge locomotive will run, and into steel beams to hold up the bridges that will span the rivers, and into steel columns which will make it possible for the twenty-story office buildings to lift themselves in our large cities. Iron ore could never do this unless it had its alloys or baser metals taken out of it." What is true of the pottery industry and the steel industry, is also true of the hot fires which are built about the sands and the sodas and the limes and salts of the glass industries. These fires not only make these substances molten but they also burn all the impurities out of them. Thus Christ purifies us by the hot fires of trouble. He burns us and keeps on burning us, that we may be like unto himself. So I begin to see that when Christ says, "I am come to send fire upon the earth," he may mean a fire that shall purge and purify us and make us fit for his companionship in heaven.

A Purged District

I have already mentioned the San Francisco fire. I was in that city while it was burning. I saw some of the buildings in flames, and heard there some of the tottering walls being dynamited. But the most impressive place to me in all San Francisco was where I stood amid the smoldering walls of its infamously famed Chinatown. A prominent San Francisco minister was with me at the time. We had not spoken for some time when he said: "Is it not awful? And yet, awful as it is, you must bear in mind one fact: this is the first time for fifty years man has ever been able to look upon Chinatown and call it morally pure and clean." Friend, you have been having a hard time of late. Your roubles have been coming thick and fast. My, howt quickly your money went. Your baby! It seemed she left you in the twinkling of an eye. You are still pale and weak from that last dangerous illness. You are like Chinatown. The walls may seem to be broken and blackened, but they are clean walls. God has been purifying you by his hot fires of trouble. He has been smelting the dross of sin out of your sinful heart. In the hot, hissing, seething furnaces of trouble, he has been making you like unto himself, and is encompassing you by his arms of love. Hear ye not his sentence, "I am come to send fire upon the earth."

But God's fires do not allude only to the flames of creation and of purification. Without doubt, they allude to the fires of battle and carnage as well. If a human being will not be purified by the hot furnaces of trouble, then he must fight God and fight him to the death. In the book of Ecclesiastes we read, "There is a time to rend and a time to sew, a time to keep silence and a time to speak, a time to love and a time to hate, a time of war and a time of peace." Yes, there is a time for Gospel carnage. And Christ furthermore said, "He that is not with me is against me, and he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad." In other words, you and I must be mustered under Christ's standard and warm ourselves by

His Camp Fires

or be enrolled among the cohorts of his enemies, and have different countersigns and different purposes, for which we fight. These fires of my text are the conflagrations of an invading army upon the march, as well as the signal flames which shall announce to the world a universal peace.

Now, war may be a curse, or it may be a blessing. It depends upon the purposes or causes for which we fight. And when I speak thus, I have well in my mind the awful cost. "Give me the money that has been spent in war," said a noted speaker, "and I will purchase every foot of land upon the globe. I will clothe every man, woman and child in an attire of which kings and queens would be proud. I will build a schoolhouse on every hillside, and in every valley over the whole earth. I will build an academy in every town and endow it, a college in every State, and fill it with able professors. I will crown every hill with a place of worship, consecrated to the promulgation of the Gospel of peace. I will support in every pulpit an able teacher of righteousness, so that on every Sabbath morning, the chime on the hill shall answer to the chime on another part of earth's wide circumference, and the voice of prayer and the song of praise shall ascend like a universal holocaust to heaven." That eulogy of the power of peace was most beautifully said. But though past wars may have shed rivers of blood, I do not believe the awful gashes of the soldiers' grave trenches were too deep or too wide for the blessings which many of them brought to this suffering world.

Beneficent Wars

Were not the blessings which came to mankind from the overthrow of the feudal system worth their sacrifices of human life? What was the intrinsic value of a few thousand, or even a few million lives, in comparison to the freedom of the home and sanctity of our loved ones, and the independence of a man's life, whereby he could put his arm about his daughter, and say to a petty king who claimed to be his master: "Hands off. She is my child. She is mine." Were not all the sacrifices for religious freedom well made? Would you put out the fires which burned to death the mortal life of Ridley, Latimer, Huss, Savonarola, if in order to do it we had to go back and grope about amid the superstitions and the tyrannies of the dark ages? We can say these martyrs died well, for by their sacrificial blood we won our religious liberty.

Have there been no blessings born of that awful period of fire and blood in our own nation's history? That was a fire that desolated homes, North and South, that destroyed property, bereaved families, broke many hearts. But was it all loss? Is it nothing that the curse of slavery was burnt up in that fire? Has not the brotherhood that now binds North and South been cemented in that fire? Has it not made civil war henceforth a thing hateful and impossible in our borders? Now, God has a never ending war against sin. He makes no compromise with sin. He is is going to fight sin to the death. Sin must go. God will not yield one inch to evil. With him it is an exterminating

war. This war is to become fiercer and more decisive, more uncompromising each year. God says: "Sin must go. Sin must and shall be annihilated."

But, lastly, I learn from the words of my text that God's fires are to be the fires of triumph. The same soldiers who plod wearily along upon their forced marches, and tramp through the long hours of the night, doing sentinel duty; the same soldiers who, week after week and month after month and year after year, suffer exile from home and loved ones; the same soldiers who make the battlefields destructive, with the flames leaping out of the cannons' mouths and with the tongues of fire spitting bullets from rifle-barrels, are the soldiers who will most joyfully build the camp-fires of triumph after glorious peace has been declared. It is said that when the peace agreement was signed at Appomattox, every company piled on the wood in its company streets. Then, as the flames leaped higher and higher, the soldiers, like a lot of schoolboys, joined hands and danced about these fires. They kept singing: "No more war—no more war! Peace has been declared! We are all going home to our loved ones! No more war! Thank God, no more war!"

Not only were the fires in celebration of peace built in the armies, but these fires were also built in the streets of our Northern cities, and every hillside and every fertile valley was aflame with them. In the South, too, there was joy that the long and bitter struggle had ended. It had not ended as the South hoped; but at least there was an end of the slaughter, an end of sacrifice and of parting. Mothers, as well as gray-haired fathers, and wives and sisters and daughters, as well as sweethearts, wept about these fires. They wept tears of joy. They embraced and kissed each other, for now the war was over. And the soldiers were to come home. The firesides were again to be filled. "War, no more war!" was the cry everywhere. "Blessed peace—blessed, triumphant peace!" Thus shall it be when our Divine Leader shall be triumphant over sin. Then the camp fires of war shall be changed into the leaping flames of triumph. Sin shall be forever done away. Dear ones shall then be re-united. Oh, the glorious triumphant fires of earth and heaven when God shall conquer all his enemies, and everlasting peace and everlasting reunions shall be ours.

Can heaven be a truly happy place for our loved ones if we are not there to sing with them the song of redemption and of Moses and the Lamb? One of the saddest sights I ever witnessed was when the Second Illinois Regiment was about to leave for the Spanish American war. I was its chaplain. Just before we left the armory, the cry was taken up, "Does anyone know a man by the name of So-and-So?" "What is the matter?" I asked. One of the majors turned to me and said, "A young boy ran away from home to enlist. His mother is here, and she thinks he enlisted in our regiment. She wants to bid him good-by and give him her blessing." No sooner did the major speak thus, than I saw this little old mother, in faded dress, among the soldiers. I followed her. She looked from face to face, and as she looked, she kept saying, "Do you know where my boy is? Do you know my boy?" Not a soldier laughed. Hardly an eye was dry. Why? They were watching a mother's breaking heart hunting for a lost child. Can it be that such a scene as this shall be repeated in heaven on account of our absence? Can it be that in the most momentous hour of all time, when Christ shall build his fires of triumph, our mothers and fathers and our wives and dear ones and our Christ shall be looking in vain for our faces among the rejoicing hosts of heaven? Shall it be? Shall some of us never be seen by the camp-fires of heaven, which shall leap and blaze in triumphant celebration of Christ's victory when the flaming torches of sin shall be forever snuffed out?

A "PASTORS' LEAGUE" FOR CHURCH WORK

AN organization to cover the needs for new methods of church work, interdenominational in character, was formed a few months since in Los Angeles, Calif., where it was presented and supported by the most prominent ministers of the West. It is now attracting widespread interest, which promises great advancement in the solving of the universal church problem, "How to reach the unchurched masses."

The name of this new organization is, "The Pastors' League." It is a league of workers in each congregation, men and women, who voluntarily serve in direct conjunction with the pastor, taking up that part of the work which applies directly to the stranger, both in and out of the church. The labors of the organization are not necessarily confined entirely to such work, but may branch out in any special direction that shall prove a help to the pastor. In a very personal way, this is his League, formed to help him in his day-to-day work among the people.

The work of the Pastors' League in looking after the stranger, provides for his care from the time he enters until he leaves town or city, by assisting him to a the best spiritual, social, financial and educational development. The duties of the League, always under the direct supervision of the pastor and subject to his control and desires, are to care for the stranger in sickness, and, when called upon for services, to yield immediate help in visitation, the carrying of flowers, fruit and other delicacies. One busy pastor suggested that there were people in his congregation whom he knew of that were sick and had been confined for months to a hospital bed, where no one ever visited them but himself, and no thoughtful attentions were bestowed upon them. "If," said this earnest but overworked pastor, "I could use a little authority, providing that a League gave me such a right, and say to this one, 'Come, and he cometh,' and to that one, 'Go, and he goeth,' how quickly I would suggest that some one should go to the bedsides of these people and read to them, and perform offices that I know would be grateful to them, suffering and alone. And there would be people glad to do it, if I only knew where to lay my hand upon them. The existence of such a League in my church as this, means the dividing of labor that must tell in the accomplishment of a large amount of work that would necessarily otherwise go undone. It is this work which I, as the pastor, could not do alone, but which, divided among a League, would soon be accomplished." This minister has a congregation of fifteen hundred people and knows the needs of a large city church.

But this visiting of the sick is, comparatively, a small part of the work. The League has responsible members appointed to systematically hunt up new arrivals in hotel registers and boarding-houses. In a large city, this work may be divided into sections. Besides, there is the visiting of new families in the neighborhood. Interdenominational work in this direction is accomplished through the Secretary of one Pastors' League notifying the secretary of the League of another denomination when strangers belonging to different denominations are found in the same locality. The stranger is cared for in a comprehensive way at the prayer-meeting and Sunday services. Direct help, in various ways, is afforded the poor, and in cases of destitution, the proper societies are referred to, either in or out of the church. Young men and women are cared for spiritually, educationally and socially. If such help had always been afforded young people who were strangers in a town or city, fewer would have gone astray. Entertainment and help are provided for older people.

The plan of this new organization is carried out on the usual lines regulating other church organizations. Regularly appointed sets of officers have the various departments in charge. The time of meeting is set for once a week, preferably the half-hour preceding prayer-meeting, when, as a rule, the busy pastor is able to meet with his League. If this is not feasible, he can at least have the work scheduled out for the coming week which he desires to put in the hands of his League, and which can be given to the president, who will distribute it to the best of his judgment among the various members.

This general conference and prayer over the work of the coming week is a desirable feature of the organization's plan. In every church there is a large amount of dormant material, which does not readily fit into the existing organizations in the church, and it is to this element that the organization is expected to appeal very largely. No other organization, as a consequence, will suffer in diminution of numbers or interest because of the addition of another working society in the church, since the plans will, because of their widely different character, attract many who are not now in the working line. It is an appeal for very direct, practical help to the busy pastor, in a department of church work in which he keenly feels the need of co-operation.

At the mass-meeting which inaugurated this movement, held in the Immanuel Presbyterian Church, of Los Angeles, Calif. (which will soon take up the work of the organization), the pastor, Rev. Hugh K. Walker, D.D., one of the advisory committee, presided. He is an enthusiastic supporter of the movement. The subjects taken for addresses by the members of the advisory committee at this inaugural meeting, all bore on the great need of such an organization through the Christian Church of the country: the lack of personal work of this stamp among the very people whom the church is designed to reach, showing the weakest part of church labor.

The advisory committee of the new organization is comprised of the ministers of the largest and most influential churches in Los Angeles and Pasadena, several of the men having a national reputation outside of church circles, as authors and lecturers. The promotion of the society under their hands is a guarantee of its need and success, since they speak from long and varied experience of the stranger in every sphere.

Among other large churches, the Presbyterian Church of Pasadena, now building the largest and finest edifice on the Pacific Coast, of which Rev. Malcolm James McLeod is pastor, will this coming winter incorporate the organization of the Pastors' League in its enlarged work. Other large churches throughout the country, as well as village and hamlet congregations, are adding the organization to those now in working force; and it is finding favor among the most conservative churches of the East, as well as the receptive ones of the West.

The Pastors' League, as an organization, has in its constitution the peculiar quality that makes it independent of all other societies in the church, and yet it is so framed that it helps every other distinct organization. It is the one needed link to complete the chain of Christian work. The by-laws and constitution of the League are in print, and may be had by any minister or church organization, by addressing the "Headquarters of the Pastors' League, Pasadena, Calif."

Scenes in Earthquake-Stricken Valparaiso

SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 717

The Shorefront and Warehouses

The Beautiful Harbor of Valparaiso

A Business Block in Valparaiso

The Naval Academy on the Bluffs

A MOHAMMEDAN BETROTHAL

SEE ILLUSTRATION ON FRONT COVER

NO phases of social life are more universally attractive to the human mind than those of courtship and its natural sequence, marriage. In the Orient, as in the West, "All mankind loves a lover," and the East still sets an example to our own young folk of the present generation, by holding it to be improper for a young man to have reached a suitable age without marrying.

In Persia, as in most Mohammedan countries, when the parents of a young man have decided upon his marriage, they look out among their kindred and acquaintance for a proper match. In most cases, a girl is betrothed to a man of her own class; but in a country like Persia, whose women are strictly secluded, the bridegroom can hardly obtain even a surreptitious glimpse of the features of his bride (unless both belong to the lowest class of society), until he finds her at the altar.

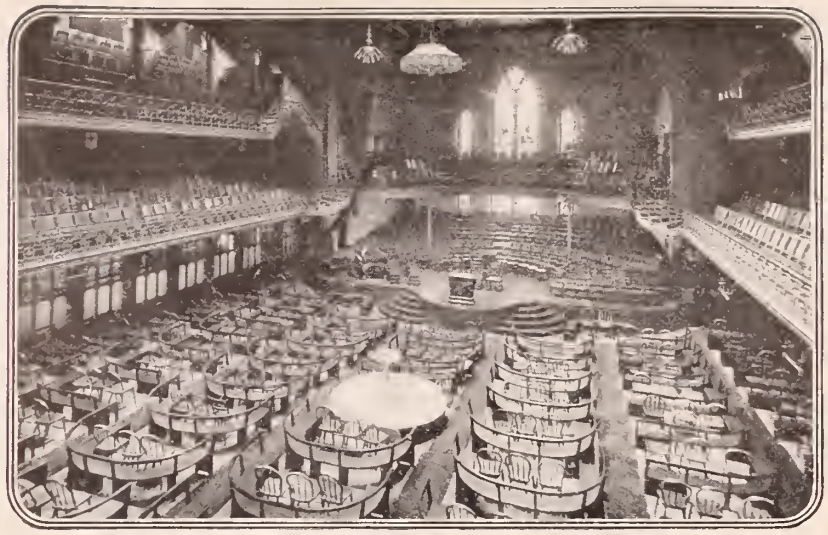
When a Mohammedan girl has been sought in marriage by the parents, or by some deputy of the prospective husband, she also is represented by her father or nearest adult male relation, and between them the amount of the required dowry is arranged. This is an indispensable part of the programme, and among persons of moderate circumstances, demands from the bridegroom the gift of two complete suits of the best wearing apparel, a ring, a mirror, and the settlement upon the bride-to-be of a sum of money sufficiently large to maintain her in case of divorce. From the bride's family, whatever else may be included in her portion, a copy of the Koran, and a certain amount of silk must always be contributed toward the new household; b t her belongings must all be returned to her in case of death or divorce.

These preliminaries having been satisfactorily adjusted, the time has arrived for the ceremony of the betrothal, which, under Moslem law, is a civil contract, enforcing the settlements as well as the marriage which is to follow. This legal ceremony frequently occurs in the open air, with the woman closely veiled, as in our illustration. Or it may take place within a room, in which case the bride and her attendants are screened off from mutual observation by curtains.

On the day appointed for the completion of the marriage contract, the friends of both youth and maiden having assembled, the opening chapter of the Koran is recited. Then the bridegroom, in the presence of a magistrate, deposits the dowry which has been agreed upon, after which the marriage contract is concluded. In general, the bridegroom waits for his bride from eight to ten days after the conclusion of the contract, meanwhile sending her a number of costly gifts and lavishly entertaining his friends.

Brotherhood of Andrew and Philip

Bethany Sunday School, One of the Largest in America



The Penny Savings Bank

A SUNDAY WITH JOHN WANAMAKER

IT is nine o'clock on the Sunday morning following John Wanamaker's return from Europe. In one of the large lower halls of the great group of buildings embracing Bethany Presbyterian Church and Sunday School, Philadelphia, are gathered some 600 of the 1,100 men comprising the Bethany Branch of the Brotherhood of Andrew and Philip. Many of these men have been themselves redeemed from lives of folly and intemperance through the influence of the Brotherhood, and now they are holding a meeting for prayer for others, who are still as they once were.

Seated among them, alongside of my friend Robert W. Rutherford, one of the officers of Bethany, and a close personal friend of Mr. Wanamaker, I am conscious of a vague air of expectancy among the members. They are waiting for their president. They have not seen Mr. Wanamaker for many weeks; but now that he has returned from his trip abroad, he will come and lead the Brotherhood meeting every Sunday morning, as he has done for years.

The Brotherhood is Mr. Wanamaker's favorite among Bethany organizations—aside from the Sunday School, of course. One must attend a meeting to know just how genuinely their leader is beloved by the men of Bethany; for here, more than in any other meeting or service of the day, is shown that love of men for the man that founded Bethany and all its auxiliaries, and who has made a notable record through half a century of continuous work as a Christian leader.

Presently, during the singing of a hymn, two men enter the hall arm in arm—John Wanamaker and Pastor Dickey of Bethany. Mr. Wanamaker takes his seat beside Dr. Dickey on the platform, and while the Brothers finish their hymn, he bows his head in silent prayer. He is tall, smooth-shaven, wears a dark blue suit with cutaway coat and white waistcoat; has blue eyes—the kindest eyes imaginable in a man who has fought the world and won—is alert in expression and manner, nervously energetic in every movement, and though his hair is gray, he shows otherwise very little facial or physical trace of his sixty-eight years.

Hon. John Wanamaker

When the Brothers finish their hymn, Mr. Wanamaker rises and the audience also rises as one man and wave salutatory arms—and Bibles—exclaiming in chorus, "Welcome home! our President!" Mr. Wanamaker returns the salute, and asking them to be seated, begins at once his discourse, plunging into his subject as one who has much to say and yet has only a short time in which to speak. He talks in plain, homely fashion, which all may readily follow, and makes no attempt at rhetorical effect, but speaks just as though he were talking to friends informally in his library at home. He uses the briefest, simplest words, and each sentence has a definite meaning.

"When they came to wake me this morning," he said, "I was praying for a certain member of this Brotherhood. While I was abroad, I prayed for each and all of you in turn. I see friend Francis over there on the left. Francis, I prayed for you across the waters. I see my friend Rutherford in front of me. Robert Rutherford, I prayed for you yonder over seas. Brothers, for all of you I offered up many prayers during my travels in Europe."

"Thank you—thank you!" came in unison from several hundred of the men.

Mr. Wanamaker always remembers the men, women and children of Bethany in his absences. He carries a little book in which are written the names and addresess of all the 1,100 members of the Brotherhood, nearly all the 5,400 Sunday School children, and nearly all of the 3,600 members of the church. These names are arranged alphabetically, and each day when he is travelling he sits down with his book, and, beginning the first day at the letter A, utters each name aloud and repeats to himself the individual circumstances of each in which prayer and help are otherwise needed. He continues this daily until he has exhausted the list. His idea in doing this is to recall to his mental vision the face of each. "And thus," said the one who told me this, "no wonder Mr. Wanamaker knows us all by name, calls most of us by our first names—Tom, and Harry, and Jim—and remembers the particular troubles or joys of each."

"I sent 1,050 postcards to you, my Brothers," he continued, "and I sent 126 to my friends of the Bethany John Chambers Memorial Church (a branch of Bethany founded by Mr. Wanamaker) and 50 postcards to Bethany Temple" (another branch of Bethany that owes its existence to the same source).

At this point a number of the Brothers displayed the postcards they had received. All were in Mr. Wanamaker's handwriting, and each contained a message of from three to six lines peculiarly adapted to the individual circumstances of the recipient. Mr. Wanamaker thus wrote more than 1,200 personal messages with his own hand during his vacation abroad!

"And now," he continued, "I found I had not the addresses of sixty of the Brothers, and if those sixty Brothers will send me their addresses they will receive the postcards which I have ready for them."

Mr. Wanamaker then spoke of the cruelty, the uncivilized idea of warfare, saying: "What a pity that good men and able, should devote their talents to devising engines of war, weapons for the destruction of their fellow-men; the wherewithal to destroy men, rather than that which will save them! Let us end jealousies among ourselves, that lead to war between family members and friends, as European nations should cease the jealousies that bring war upon themselves."

He took up then the lesson for the day, from Romans 2 : 5, "But after thy hardness and impenitent heart treasurest up unto thyself wrath." "This," he said, "means storing up punishment. Let us not store up punishment against ourselves. Think of those words, 'but, after.' 'But, after'—what then? We may wear fine clothes, we may ride in automobiles, we may give ourselves to pleasures—'but after'? Think of that, as you do your work this week—'but after'? "

He then announced the lesson for the coming week. Referring to the possible difficulties of understanding some Bible verses, he said: "Some nuts are harder to crack than others, but you can always get a hammer big enough to crack the hardest. Some verses are hard to break up into pieces easy to understand, but since God has given us the Scriptures, he means that we should understand them. And to put light on each of them for us, let each man take time enough to read over every day the two or three verses that form the topic for the coming Sunday, and then the explanation I will give will, I hope, make them still clearer. Should the verses be too much for you, take what you can without worrying yourself. Just do your best, that's all. God bless you!"

Then followed testimonies of a minute each from many of the Brothers—testimonies that were original and helpful. "I think highly of the Brotherhood of Andrew and Philip," says Mr. Wanamaker, "because it is a work for men. I can see the advantage it has in the training of men for testimony, and in taking part in service."

Bethany Church, Philadelphia

CONTINUED ON PAGE 721

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, Associate Editor — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, Associate Editor

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Scenes that Brutalize

ONE of the most significant incidents of the recent appalling carnage in Russian Poland, is quoted by a newspaper correspondent. It indicates the brutalizing effects of sights of murder and bloodshed. The correspondent says he was shocked to hear a young girl laugh heartily at the spectacle of a woman, the back of whose head had been torn off by a bomb, exposing the receptacle of the brain. There was no sign of horror or sympathy in the girl at the sight of a sister woman thus mutilated, nothing but amusement at the grotesque appearance of her poor, torn body. How familiar the girl must have become with scenes of outrage and cruelty to be moved to laughter by a sight that would ordinarily shock a strong man, and would make a woman faint with horror.

War and conflict transform men and women very quickly into fierce animals. It used to be said of the crowds that gathered around the guillotine in the French Revolution, that the women were the most bloodthirsty there. They clamored for seats near the instrument of death, and joked about the expression on the faces of the dead as the heads fell into the basket. The same result of familiarity with violent death was seen in the masculine natures of that day. Robespierre, who revelled in the awful carnage, and daily made up lists for execution, was not always cruel. He had been in his early manhood so tender and susceptible, that he resigned an office rather than sign the warrant for the execution of a murderer. No man knows what enormity he is capable of committing. Hazael was horrified and indignant when Elisha predicted that he would murder his master. "Is thy servant a dog," he exclaimed, "that he should do this thing." Yet he lived to fulfil the prediction. There seems to be in human nature a basis of the tiger, which, having once tasted blood, shakes off in an instant the effects of years of taming, and becomes the savage beast that he is by nature.

To us, far removed from such scenes, the ghastly merriment of that Russian girl seems a horrible perversion of womanly delicacy and tenderness. It appears scarcely credible, that the gentleness we associate with the feminine nature could be so eliminated from her being. What power there must be in environment, and how strong the brute passions must be in human nature to be so quickly and easily stimulated. We have all need to pray to Him who knoweth our frame, that He would take us into his keeping, changing our nature, and fashioning it according to his own ideal, lest we, too, become the prey of the evil within us.

Extravagance in Dress

IS the love of dress becoming a menace to the nation? So some of our eminent sociologists would have us believe, and they point out, in startling figures, that, appalling as are the drink and tobacco bills of the American people—likewise many other useless and frequently harmful bills—yet the folly of the dress bill exceeds them all.

There is no doubt that our large cities furnish many examples of extravagance in dress. There are husbands whose modest incomes will not meet the demands made upon them by wives who, once embarked upon the sea of rivalry, are consumed with a desire to outstrip their sisters in the race. There is a class of women whose vanity leads them to resort to unwise and dangerous methods of gratifying their taste for rich and conspicuous attire. We make no attempt to excuse the woman who selfishly spends on dress the dollar that should be laid aside for a rainy day, or whose thoughtless extravagance brings her home to penury.

Nor can it be denied that, in these days, extravagance in dress is one of the principal obstacles to marriage. Many a young man, who has set his affections upon some young woman as a suitable life-partner, feels obliged, however reluctantly, to admit that with his modest income, it would be difficult, if not indeed impossible, to supply a wife with such a wardrobe as the average young woman nowadays seems to consider indispensable to her happiness. A generation ago, it was a common experience for a young couple to bravely face the world on slender capital and to fight the battle of life together, he working at his business as breadwinner, she practicing housewifely economy at home, and both looking forward confidently to the time when their self-denial and saving would bring them comparative comfort and material happiness. But the average twentieth century girl would shrink at such a prospect.

But though the pendulum has swung too far in the direction of feminine display and expenditure beyond all prudence, yet there are indications of a wholesome revulsion of sentiment on this question. Thoughtful women, speaking with authority for their sex, are taking the ground that while a woman is justified in wishing to make herself as charming as it is her prerogative to be, yet her fondness for tasteful, well-chosen attire should not lead her to extravagance, nor to make shipwreck of everything for the mere sake of appearances. They remind their sisters that neatness and suitability of costume may be secured at very modest outlay. They urge wives to resolve faithfully never to exceed the proportion of the family income which is assigned for dress, and they warn young women to restrain fondness for all finery beyond their true position or their reasonable expectations.

After all, the problem is one which the women must solve for themselves, and we have such an abiding faith in the sound common-sense of American womanhood—the noblest and best type of its kind in the world—that we believe they should be left to do it in their own way.

High and Low Ideals

ONE of our readers inquires whether, in our judgment, a person who accumulates a great fortune and who, though moral and law-abiding, is distinguished by nothing else than the possession of this wealth, can rightly be regarded as making a "success" of life.

Riches, if justly and honorably acquired, may become, in the hands of a man of true and upright heart, a blessing to many. If amassed by unrighteous means, however, they are a curse to their possessor. We have seen men in business who, by extraordinary diligence and enterprise, piled up huge fortunes, using methods which even the most critical would find it difficult to condemn. Such men, if destitute of high ideals or of spiritual quickening, simply became mechanical accumulators—mere money-getting machines. Certainly, their lives cannot be regarded as successful from any reasonable view-point, if we are to accept the rule that wealth is a trust committed to us, to be applied to the noblest uses.

If we are to assume that money-making is not, after all, the main purpose of life, and that the happiness which wealth can buy is only a tawdry counterfeit of the genuine article, which has its foundation in the heart and not in the pocket-book, then the career of such a man as our correspondent describes, however faultless it may be in the estimation of the world, must still be classed as a failure. In sacrificing his energies and abilities to the desire for wealth, he dwarfs and degrades his own better nature, checks or stifles noble impulses, loses sight of the higher duty he owes to others, and fails to realize the opportunities that come to every man who is seeking to make the best use of his life.

Our educational methods have been largely to blame for the exaltation of the art of money getting. In our schools, our colleges, and our other institutions of learning, it ought to be shown to our youth that the way to true success in life leads to something better, higher, and nobler than the selfish accumulation of riches at the expense of all the qualities which make the individual a benefit to his fellow-men. When our pulpits and our schools unite to win men and women away from the cultivation of mammon-worship, and when they inculcate high ideals, and those qualities and virtues that make manhood and womanhood pure, sweet and helpful to the world, as God meant they should be, and as Jesus taught, then the higher education on the plane of a common Christianity will have begun in earnest.

The Enforcement of Law

THE people of one of our great States have been witnessing the spectacle of one of its most famous resorts being held by the Sheriff to the letter of the law, in regard to gambling. It is unfortunately an unusual thing, and is causing much comment, though in our country, where we pride ourselves on being law respecting, it should be rather an every-day affair.

Laws in regard to gambling and liquor selling are the most disregarded of all those on our statute books. Yet the gamblers and other law breakers are only a comparatively small portion of the community. One is almost forced to believe that deep down in the heart of many people there is a sneaking sympathy with outlawry of this class. Sheriffs, district attorneys, and others in power throughout the country, say they cannot enforce these laws, as they are not supported by public opinion. This is a poor answer for the non-enforcement of laws, and laws, too, that involve no complicated legal procedure to make them effective. Out West, in the old days, when the "bad men" broke loose, the sheriffs did not stop to inquire whether they were supported by public opinion, but, acting under their oath, soon saw that order was maintained. Public opinion did not worry them when it favored the evil-doer. Our laws are on the statute books because the wisdom of the best men of the ages have found it necessary to have them there.

One of the reasons given why the resort in question has been run as a wide-open town, is that the leading business men said that if the laws were enforced it would injure business. We are always sure to get back to the dollar sooner or later. These are shortsighted merchants. Any place that depends on gambling, in other words, disregard of public morals and the laws, is not destined to prosper. The respectable element is soon driven away and the community loses in self respect. We want prosperity in this country, but not that kind that is purchased at the expense of moral principles.

Among the Workers

—MRS. KATE H. YOUNG writes from Porto, Portugal: "Thirty-nine persons have lately responded to a very straight and searching Gospel call, and our mission quarters are altogether too small for the numbers who want to come and listen."

—AFTER A faithful service of pastoral and revival work, in which nearly two hundred souls professed conversion, in Luckerton, N. J., in February last, the Rev. John Allen, D.D., was stricken with a severe attack of laryngitis, from which he did not speak in whispers until July.

—EVANGELIST J. D. TAYLOR, of Irene, Ill., has just ended an eight months' campaign in the maritime provinces. On the island of Tan Cook, nearly the whole island population confessed Christ; seventy-six made a stand one night. Some were singing, and some praying, but there was no confusion. The people spent the night in prayer.

—REV. E. H. RICHARDS writes from Natal, South Africa: "The native rebellion has been on a rather desperate scale, for the natives are some twelve to twenty times the number of the whites. There is no well-defined cause for the war. The wild, crazy native loves his homeland, which is most natural, and wishes the foreigner in the midst of the sea, and he is in the vast majority. This is also very natural and to be watched for always till he becomes educated. This savage portion of the native population have understood that because Natal has assumed responsible government and has cut loose from England, that now is a ripe time for the natives to rebel and wipe the whites out."

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Persia's Constitution

FROM Persia comes the startling news that the Shah, who has hitherto ruled absolutely as King of Kings, and Vicegerent of the Prophet Mohammed, has decided to establish a Parliament, and henceforth become a Constitutional Monarch. His relations with Russia are so close, that the troubles in that country appear to have influenced him, and perhaps convinced him that the days of despotic government are numbered. He has also kept himself in touch with European affairs generally, and his people, more than any other race in Western Asia, have shown themselves observant and assimilative of Western civilization.

The new Parliament is to be composed of representatives of all classes. There are to be princes of royal blood, the high Mohammedan clergy, the aristocracy and commercial magnates. The people are to elect their own representatives. The Parliament is to meet at Teheran, and will consider all questions concerning the government of the country, and will enjoy absolute freedom of speech. The decisions reached by the assembly will be submitted to the Shah, and after receiving his sanction will be promulgated as laws. Still more important, the assembly is to have power to exact the dismissal of the ministers at the head of the twenty departments of the Government, and of subordinate officials who are found to be unworthy or incapable. In the same edict in which the Parliament is organized, the Shah grants absolute freedom to the press, and concedes to all Persian subjects, in the event of arrest, the right of petition by habeas corpus for speedy trial.

It is a significant fact that the leaders of the agitation which has succeeded in obtaining these concessions, are the mullahs or priests, who have until recent times been reactionary. They have always been a thorn in the Shah's side, but are now apparently working in favor of the Constitution. They are the guardians of the Mohammedan fundamental canon law, by which Persia is governed. The Shah has shrewdly given them a place in the assembly, thus insuring that none of the laws passed shall be violations of the canon law. He expresses the hope that the change from autocracy to constitutional government will produce national tranquillity and the welfare of Persia and its inhabitants, which hope we most cordially trust will be fulfilled.

Where no counsel is, the people fall: but in the multitude of counsellors there is safety (Prov. 11 : 14).

The Shah of Persia, Surrounded by his Ministers

Severe Earthquake in Chili

Reports of a destructive earthquake are received from South America. On the evening of August 16, a shock passed through an extensive region centering in Valparaiso, Chili. The first reports said that about eight o'clock there was a distinct and terrific shock, striking every one with consternation. Before the people had time to realize the magnitude of the disaster, the city was again shaken more violently than before. The earth lifted in places, and pitched great buildings forward. In other places there was a violent tremor, shaking the houses to pieces. The second shock was longer than the first. The best part of the business section of the city was utterly destroyed. Fires immediately broke out in several directions, which at the time of writing are still raging. No accurate estimate can at present be made of the loss of life, but reports are coming in of hundreds of deaths, and a still greater number of injuries. Valparaiso was a city of 175,000 inhabitants, in many respects resembling San Francisco. It has a beautiful bay on the South Pacific, and it, too, has "a golden gate." The hills that form the background are bright with golden colored grains, interspersed with patches of grass land. Through it passes nearly all the commerce between Chili and foreign countries, and in its harbor are ships of every nationality on the face of the globe. The city had various academic and collegiate institutions, a naval school, hydrographic bureau, etc. (see Pictures on page 714). News of the earthquake came from the telegraphic hut outside the city, and the operator said that the lines to the south and inland had been cut off by the shock, so that it was impossible to give any news of the damage in other regions of South America. Chili, Venezuela and Ecuador have been known from remote times as the land of earthquakes; but it is long since there has been one of such force as that now reported. The people of those lands have need to pray:

Thou hast made the earth to tremble: thou hast broken it: heal the breaches thereof for it shaketh (Ps. 60 : 2).

The Mohammedan Priests or Mullahs of Persia

A Substituted Child

An application was made to a New York judge a few days ago for help in finding a lost child. It was a mother who came, and she told a pitiful story. She said that she had discharged her nurse-girl, and she believed it was she who had played a trick upon her through spite. Her new girl had taken the boy out in a perambulator, but had brought back another of about the same age. She knew at once that it was not her child, for this one had brown eyes, while her own child had blue eyes. It was differently dressed, too. She had searched everywhere for her boy, and had consulted the police, but could not find it. She said she was quite willing to keep the child that had been substituted, for she had grown to love it since she had cared for it, but she wanted her own child, and nothing but that would satisfy her. She admitted that she was poor and that her husband was out of work, but she was sure that they could take care of both children, if the other could be found. The judge was touched by the woman's devotion and promised to do all he could to aid her. It is through such love, which God manifests to his adopted children, that the Gentiles inherit the promises to God's chosen people.

To redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons (Gal. 4. 5).

A Runaway Mountain

A press dispatch from Golden, Colo., asks if any civil engineer in the East can think of a plan to stop a runaway mountain. Colorado has such a phenomenon, and it is causing great embarrassment. It is a spur of the Rocky Mountains, and it is known as North Table Mountain. For some months it has been observed that it has been slowly moving. Its movement has now become more rapid, and the railroad people have found it necessary to keep a force of a hundred men busy shovelling the mountain dirt off the tracks. So far they have been able to keep ahead of the slide, but even with the aid of a steam-shovel the task is a difficult one. Engineers say that the cause is an unusual one. Far down in the ground is a stratum of hard, dry potter's clay, smooth as glass, and the great weight of the earth resting upon it is simply causing the mass to move slowly down toward the level. It is scarcely an avalanche, as in the mountains this term is understood to represent a sudden slide of great masses of earth. The only difference is that this mountain is moving slowly in a mass. Up above on the mountain side are a number of springs, and these are supposed to furnish the solvent which causes the earth to slip. The side of the mountain is torn and seamed with great fissures. Where it will end is a problem, but it is hoped that it may stop before it has swept away the farms below. In face of such a phenomenon we must give up using the simile of the everlasting hills, and of the saying as firm as the hills. The hills, firm as they seem, may move, but God has given his people the assurance that his love shall never change.

For the mountains shall depart and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, saith the Lord (Isa. 54: 10).

Towed by His Boat

A Brooklyn citizen, who is passing the season at Staten Island, had a narrow escape from drowning recently. He has a twenty-four foot motor boat, in which he started out for the Coney Island coast. When he was well out in the ship channel he remembered that he had not run up his flag. Making the wheel fast, so that the launch should run straight ahead, and with the motor running at fair speed, he stood up to raise the flag on the after flagpole. He must have stepped a little to one side, for the course of the launch changed suddenly, and instead of riding an incoming wave, received it under the counter. It shot him out into the bay as if from a catapult. He still held in his hand the thin line, one end of which was attached to the flag-pole, and to this he clung, though the rush of the water almost choked him. He was afraid to let go and feared every moment that the bending flag-pole would break. Slowly and carefully he pulled himself near to the stern, but was driven back by the revolving propeller. At last he reached the side of the launch, climbed in and shut off the power. He knew no more, until some friends, seeing his boat drifting, came to see what was the trouble and found him in a swoon. Meeting the wash from his own boat had utterly exhausted him, but happily not until he was safe on board. The speed of the boat, of which he was so proud, had nearly proved his undoing. So is it with many of the things we are proud of, when they turn to our disadvantage.

But what things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ (Phil. 3 : 7).

BRIEF NOTES

Mr. Walter Weilman telegraphs to Christiania that, owing to the lateness of the season, he has decided to abandon his projected voyage by airship to the North Pole.

Having saved a substantial sum from their earnings, two young men who were sent to Canada by the Church Army of England about two years ago, have sent the money home for the erection of buildings at the Army Labor Home.

The little Prince Olaf of Norway, baby son of the new King, has received a present from a friend of his mother of a beautiful little island near Hardanger Fjord, on the west coast of Norway.

"BEHOLD YOUR KING!"

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts *

HOW easy in imagination to place ourselves nearly nineteen hundred years ago, and in the little town of Bethany, nestling on the eastern slope of Mt. Olivet! We pass by the house of Mary and Martha and Lazarus, and catch a glimpse of Jesus, who is to be their guest over the Sabbath, having just come from Jericho. Later in the evening, walking through the streets of Bethany, we pass the house of Simon, and being told that Jesus is taking supper there, we stand for a moment and listen to his earnest words as he rebukes Judas for finding fault with Mary for her use of the precious spikenard in anointing his feet.

But now it is the early morning of the day after the Jewish Sabbath. The whole town is astir. The home of Mary and Martha and Lazarus is the centre of activity. All of the people of the village seem to be gathered there. Jesus is mounting a young ass which we are told has been brought to him from Jerusalem. Gathered about him are the twelve men who usually accompany him on his journeys—"apostles" they are called. As Jesus makes the start we see that he is headed toward Jerusalem. We will follow. From the start, the cavalcade has the marks of

A Triumphal Procession

Each village contributes to the crowd of people who snatch palm branches as they pass along, and wave them as they shout, "Hosanna to the Son of David." At length the Summit of Olivet is reached, and for a few moments the procession pauses to gaze upon the grand panorama af Jerusalem. A vast throng is noted coming out from Jerusalem, which joins our triumphal procession. They are loud in their praises and wave palm branches, and spread their garments in the way to honor Jesus, while in calm and quiet dignity he rides until he reaches the Temple. There he dismounts and enters the Temple through the Golden gate. We follow as the crowd surges after him. The voices of children are heard in treble notes, singing his praises. In deep bass tones, murmurings are heard calling upon Jesus to stop the children. But in tones as clear as a silver trumpet, Jesus proclaims the right of children to sing in the Temple.

A scene of confusion follows, not because of the children, but because of the looks and words of authority with which Jesus drives the money changers and the sellers of doves and animals for sacrifice out from the Temple court, on the charge that they have made "his Father's house a den of thieves." It is the crowning act of the crowning day, and the seal upon the proclamation of his Lordship.

"Many spread their garments in the way, and others branches cut from the trees"

Illustration and Application

The week in which the cross was to proclaim Christ the Saviour begins with the waving of palms that proclaim him a King. Our indulgent, democratic individualistic age, that is more interested in him as the Saviour of the individual, needs to be strongly reminded that he is also the rightful King of our personal lives and of corporations and nations.

That it might be fulfilled which was spoken through the prophets. At the very hour when sin entered the world, came the first Gospel, the first proclamation of the good news that a bruised Conqueror, a Saviour-King, should come. In the prophets, side by side with dark pictures of the sins of men and nations, there are promises of one who is to be Sovereign and Sufferer. At Christ's birth the angels proclaimed a "Saviour" who is also the Messianic "Lord." On the Mount of Transfiguration, Christ in the very hour of his earthly coronation "spake of his decease which he must accomplish at Jerusalem." And the Lord's supper, by its very name proclaims Christ Lord, as the wine and broken bread proclaim his crucifixion as a Saviour. Even on the cross that we are approaching let us not overlook the words, "This is the King." And if we journey in thought beyond the cross, we see with John in the Revelation, a throne on which was a slain Lamb. All of these double scenes picture

Enthroned Self-Sacrifice,

the true Kingship that seeks not to be ministered unto but to minister and to give his life a ransom for many.

Behold thy King cometh unto thee, meek. The story of the triumphal march of Jesus from Bethany to Jerusalem, type of his victorious march through all centuries and all countries, should prompt us to give greater attention to that neglected truth which was so dear to persecuted Covenanters, "Christ's crown." The cross loses its significance unless we realize, first of all, that it is the King of kings who dies for us, and that we are saved to serve him. The Gospel is the good news of pardon through Jesus the Saviour, and of protection and direction in all our individual and social activities through Christ, the King. Most of all do we need to learn from this lesson that while the individual is saved by the Cross of Christ, the community is to be

Saved by His Crown

that is, by making the law of Christ, little by little, the law of all our social life—of the home and the Church; of business, and politics, and pleasures. He is marching on to-day—"Behold thy King cometh unto thee, meek."

This is the novelty of Christ's Kingship, that he proclaims not the sudden and temporary kingship of force, but the slow and permanent enthronement of righteousness by service and self-sacrifice. The horse was the symbol of war, but in peace princes of the Orient rode on "white asses" (Judges 5: 10; 10: 4; II. Sam. 18: 9). It meant the same as the Christmas song, "On earth peace;" the same as Christ's beatitude, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth;" the same as that other promise, "Gentleness shall make thee great." Even now these words seem visionary to the "war party" in even Christian lands, but history shows that only the kingdom that wins the hearts and judgments of men abides. How shortlived were the conquests of Alexander and Napoleon! It is said that all the gains of Russia in territorial extent have been won by diplomacy, while she has lost every time she has appealed to the sword. Napoleon himself contrasted his brief supremacy, won by the sword, with the ever-increasing, never-ending reign of Christ, who conquered the hearts of men by love and reason.

Property Surrendered

The Lord hath need of him. In this story Christ's Kingship over our property is represented by the surrender to his use of the ass by its owner when the word was spoken, "The Lord hath need of him." A little boy of lowly parentage, found great comfort in the thought that if God could use the little colt he could use him. Perhaps God is saying to some rich young man who uses his automobile only for selfish enjoyment, "The Lord hath need of it." How much good could be done with these more than princely chariots if they were used to give the sick a taste of the country air! Your purse—the Lord hath need of it, Will you refuse it to your King? Will you give him only the pennies and keep the dollars for yourself? R. K. Pelton has developed a suggestive dialogue between a dollar and a penny, as follows: The Dollar swelled up and said: "I have the emblem of liberty on my bosom, and the U. S. Government has placed the words on me, 'In God We Trust.'" The Penny said, "But I am more religious than you." The Dollar said, "Why?" "Because," said the Penny, "I go to church oftener than you do."

As Christ condemned nothing so severely as covetousness, which he called idolatry, that is, treason, in that it turned the heart's loyalty from him to mere property, we may well add another incident to illustrate that the mere possession of money without an intelligent benevolence may make a man a subject of pity rather than of envy.

One of Dan Doherty's stories, says *Texas Siftings*, is of a certain man possessed of great wealth and proud of his possessions, who was wont to refer to them often, but withal he was rather deficient in intellect. One day he had an old man working for him, an Irishman possessing a full share of the wit of his race. The rich man went out to oversee the job. He looked at Pat a minute, hard at work, and said: "Well, Pat, it's good to be rich, isn't it?" "Yis, sur," said Pat, meekly enough. "I'm rich, Pat—very rich." "So I'm tould," said Pat, shoveling away. "I own lands, and houses, and bonds, and stocks, and—and—and——" "Yis, sur." "And what is it, Pat, that I haven't got?" "Nary a bit of sinse, sur," said Pat, as he picked up his wheelbarrow and trundled it off, and the rich man went into the house and sat behind the door. And the rich man who has intelligence but uses it only to get more wealth, rather than to make himself useful and helpful, is no less to be pitied by every poor man who is doing his best to be of real service in the world.

A Millionaire's Epitaph

Andrew Carnegie at a reception was asked by a young woman whether he really believed that it was a disgrace to die rich. He said, "I should hate, after my death, to have such a speech made about me as an old cobbler once made about a millionaire. His tomb was a magnificent one, and on it was carved the Bible verse: 'He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord.' The cobbler, having known the millionaire, took occasion to visit his tomb as soon as it was completed. He examined the monument carefully. Of the inscription, he said, 'Very true. But when that man died the Lord didn't owe him a cent.'"

It was such men that Jesus cast out of the Temple—traders placed there for honest and useful service who used their opportunity for defrauding those who came to buy birds and animals for sacrifices. Does cheating in that ancient "church fair" seem sacrilegious? How is cheating anywhere under God's eye and in God's world any better than if it was done in church? Every desk should be considered a "sacred desk," and every merchant a minister, that is a servant of God and the people, called to serve God when he serves his customers, no less than if they were his parishioners.

The multitude cried, Hosanna. This story also pictures Jesus as King of our words, even the words of children, whose Hosannas, meaning, "Long live the King," he approved when Scribes and Pharisees would have had the children keep silence. But it is not chiefly by singing in our temples, "All hail the power of Jesus' name," that we prove that Jesus is really King of our voices, but more by clean, true, brave words when we are tempted to say what is wrong, as this story of a brave boy illustrates:

True to the Death

"During the Boer war I was asked," said Major Seely, "to try to capture a commandant at a farmhouse some twenty miles away. It was a rather desperate enterprise, but we got there all right. The Boer general had got away, but where had he gone? It was even a question of the general's catching us, and not our catching the general. We rode down to the farmhouse, and there we saw a Boer boy. I asked the boy if the commandant had been there, and he said in Dutch, taken by surprise, 'Yes.' 'Where has he gone?' I said, and the boy became suspicious. He answered, 'I will not say.' I decided to do a thing for which I hope I may be forgiven, because my men's lives were in danger. I threatened the boy with death if he would not disclose the whereabouts of the general. He still refused, and I put him against a wall, and said I would have him shot. At the same time I whispered to my men, 'For heaven's sake, don't shoot.' Every rifle was leveled at the boy. 'Now,' I said, 'before I give the word, which way has the general gone?' I remember the look on the boy's face—a look such as I have never seen but once. He was transfigured before me. Something greater than anything human shone from his eyes. He threw back his head and said in Dutch, 'I will not say.' There was nothing to do but to shake hands with the boy and go away." He was an uncrowned king for no one on earth could master him in a question of right and wrong. He was loyal not only to his people but to Christ, for he loved duty more than he feared death. How mean in contrast seems the boy who will use his tongue to swear, to tell foul stories, to lie for fear or favor.

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*International Sunday School Lesson for Sept. 9, 1906. Jesus Enters Jerusalem in Triumph. Matt. 21: 1-17. Golden Text: "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord" Matt. 21: 9.

IN MY COOL VERANDA NOOK

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Club Women and the Home

NOT very long ago, at a large annual convocation of clubs on Long Island, the brilliant lecturer and essayist, Mrs. Kate Upson Clark, declared her conviction that home was not to be the important feature of woman's life, monopolizing her time and strength to the exclusion of other interests, but that woman should rather regard home as her tool, in shaping the lives of her family. Almost immediately, on the publication of this sentiment, which followed an enthusiastic appreciation of the value of club life for women, a storm of criticism broke over the head of Mrs. Clark. Everywhere in women's clubs there arose those who asserted that they had been misrepresented, and the press in various places took occasion to speak in caustic terms of Mrs. Clark's address as a deliberate attack upon the home. The truth of the matter was that the speaker was misunderstood, probably because her language was a little inexact. Had she declared to her audience of wives and mothers, daughters and sisters, that a too scrupulous devotion to housekeeping is a woful blunder if it prevent woman from giving time and thought to other subjects, and that the domestic woman, pure and simple, is often narrow and illiberal, nobody would have risen in court to urge an exception. What does the word home mean? Is it not larger and broader and farther-reaching than the mere house in which the home finds shelter? Whoever touches the home except with reverence, whoever detracts from woman's proud prerogative of rulership there, flaws our Anglo-Saxon ideal and lays a profane hand on the Ark of the Lord.

If the housekeeper spends her entire time in scrubbing, scouring and polishing, in cooking and serving food, she will have no time to improve her mind, read books, study current events and keep pace with the expanding intellects of her growing children. There are few of us who have not seen the mournful waste of energy and vitality consequent on so mistaken a purpose. Of one such woman, her husband said, with a whimsical smile, "Mary's house is so exquisite that I never step across the door without feeling like a bull in a china shop."

Another such careful house-mistress dusted the books on the library shelves every week and took a hair-pin to remove infinitesimal particles of dust from the corners of the stairs, but she never had a glimpse of the treasures inside the books, and her stairs were so smooth that it was perilous for the unwary to use them.

A golden mean between the housekeeping that is excessive and the housekeeping that is thriftless must be found by the homemaker. In her home, woman must have a definite aim. She is its spirit and its vital essence in her own person. She must create its atmosphere and decide upon its influence.

A certain home in one of the Middle States has sent forth a family of children, each of whom is serving well the present age. Said the mother, "I tried, as my children grew up, to let each develop as the Lord intended and I did not attempt to be repressive, but rather to be stimulating. I had not always time to sweep the whole house every week, but I never lost a whole day in which I did not have intimate intercourse with my children. Next to my church, the greatest outside help I had came from my Wednesday Morning Club."

A REMARKABLE FAMILY REUNION

THOSE who worry about the decline of the American family, ought to derive considerable comfort from this photograph of the Lankford family, of Northampton County, Virginia. The photograph shows Mr. Samuel Lankford and his wife celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage on their farm at Nassawadox Bay, about two miles from Chesapeake Bay. Besides Mr. and Mrs. Lankford, there are in the group nine children, twenty-two grandchildren, and three great-grandchildren.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—INQUIRER. *The Long Day* is issued by the Century Company, the price $1.20. Any bookseller will procure it for you.

—S. S. H. Our Lord set for all time a crown upon humility when he washed the feet of his disciples. We are not called upon to practice this act literally, but are to imitate Christ in a general spirit of humbleness and love to the brethren.

—M. U. Your boy of thirteen is a very useful member of the family, and, like other country boys, has a great advantage in having chores to do. City boys miss this. Do not worry because he does not care as yet for books. He is a good student, and his mind will waken to reading when he is older.

—MOTHER. If you were married at seventeen, and at thirty-four are the mother of seven children, your hands and heart are very full. I think, juding from your letter, that you are tired and a little morbid. Do not take life quite so seriously. You have earned the right to a little rest and amusement. The children are already a great comfort, and a time is coming when the little mother will lean on them, as they lean on her.

—THE SOCIAL PROBLEM of a hostess who finds herself unexpectedly called upon to entertain two ladies, both her friends but who are not on speaking terms with one another, aroused very general interest and Aunt Prudence received a large number of solutions. The prize for the best answer has been accorded to Miss Myra A. Proctor, 75 Pleasant Street, Stoneham, Mass. A copy of *The Vine of Sibmah*, by Andrew MacPhail, has been sent to her. This is her solution:

"I think Mrs. Elmore should welcome Mrs. Gibson cordially, and at once explain the situation to her privately, telling her that if she is ready to be friendly with Mrs. Ashe, and if Mrs. Ashe also consents to the same, she would be glad to have her remain. Otherwise, she should feel obliged to ask her to defer her visit until another time."

Other answers were:

"I think Mrs. Elmore should take it for granted that her two friends will have sufficient regard for their hostess and respect for themselves to refrain from anything that can place her in an awkward position, and she, by taking it for granted that this is the case, may bring about a reconciliation between her friends." By Mrs. A. K. Bennett, 90 Sixteenth Street, Modesto, Calif.

"Do what Jesus says. Give them to eat." Sent by Kate Manny, 224 N. Galena Avenue, Freeport, Ill.

Aunt Prudence regrets that these are all the specimens that she can give.

Take Hold of My Hand

"TAKE hold of my hand!" cries the little one, when she reaches a slippery place, or when something frightens her. With little fingers tightly clasped around the parent's hand, she steps cheerfully along, clinging the closer when the path is crowded or the way steep, and happy in the beautiful strength of childish faith. "Take hold of my hand," says the young convert, trembling in the ardor of his first love. Full well he knows that if he rely on strength of his own, he will stumble and fall, but if the Master reach forth his hand, he may walk with unwearied foot over the crested wave. No waters of strife no winds of temptation shall peril him, if he can but keep close to the Saviour.

"Take hold of my hand," falters the mother, feeling all too weak for the responsibilities that throng in her path. Where shall she obtain strength to go bravely on in her mission; where shall she find wisdom to fulfil its many duties, if she have not the constant sustaining presence of Him who bent from the Cross with a word of comfort to his mother, standing desolate and heart-broken at its foot.

"Take hold of my hand," whispers the aged one, tottering on through the shadows and snows of many years. As the lights of earth pale in the distance, and the dim eyes strain forward to discern through the gloom the first glimmer of the heavenly home, the weary pilgrim cries out, even as the child to its parent, for the touch of the Saviour's hand.

E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My faithful, eternal unchangeable love,
And then when gray hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs shall they still on my bosom be borne.

O, Jesus, Friend and Elder Brother, when the night cometh, when the feet are weary, when the eyes are dim, "Take hold of my hand!"

Household Pets

The midsummer vacation in the city is often a time of trial to household pets, and particularly to cats, those creatures that beyond other animals have local attachments and cling closely to the houses that are their usual abode. The cat is ease-loving and dainty and cares a great deal about comfort. To close a house, as some thoughtless people do, and leave a cat to wander about, getting food where it may without care or companionship, is cruel in the last degree. If a home and shelter cannot be provided for a dependent pet, whether it be a cat, dog or other domestic animal, it is far better to put it mercifully to sleep. People who accept responsibility for dumb animals should feel that theirs is only second to the claim of their own children.

Usually, a friend may be found who will look after a cat or dog in the absence of its owner. The appeal of a stray animal that has lost its right to a home, is very touching. In Jack London's strong story, *The Call of the Wild*, he shows us a noble dog, kind, faithful and devoted, absolutely sent back to savagery by the treatment he received from human beings. Rudyard Kipling, in his inimitable "Jungle Books," gives a glimpse of the real goodness that abides in the breast of beasts that prowl about in the darkness and seek their meat from God. Our little domestic pets have lost this faculty; they must be fed and cared for, and, if properly treated, they repay our kindness in good measure.

Whom Not Having Seen, We Love

IT is easy to love when eye meets eye,
And the glance reveals the heart;
When the flush on the cheek can the soul
And the lips in gladness part. [bespeak,
There's a thrill of bliss in a loving kiss,
And a spell in a kindly tone,
And the spirit hath chains of tenderness
To fetter and bind its own.

But a holier spell and a deeper joy
From a purer fountain flow,
When the soul sends higher its incense fire,
And rests no more below;
When the heart goes up to the gate of
And bows before the throne, [heaven,
And, striking its harp for sins forgiven,
Calls the Saviour all its own.

Though we gaze not now on the lovely
That felt for us the thorn, [brow
Though far from home we pilgrims roam,
And our feet with toil are worn;
Though we never have pressed that
pierced hand,
It is stretched our lives above,
And we own his care in grateful prayer,
Whom, having not seen, we love.

We have felt Him near for many a year,
When at eve we bent the knee;
That mercy-breath, that glorious faith,
Dear Saviour, came from thee.
In the weary hour when Satan's power
To tempt has tried our soul.
Oh, the healing balm of the heavenly calm,
With which He made us whole!

When we stood beside the dying bed,
And watched the loved one go,
In the darkening hour we felt his power,
As it hushed the waves of woe;
And over and through the grief we knew
A stronger heart than ours,
And arms of love that stretched from
To comfort the weary hours. [above

And still, as we climb the hills of Time,
And the lamps of earth grow dim,
We are hastening on, from faith to sight,
We are pressing near to Him;
And away from the idols of earthly mold,
Enraptured we gaze above,
And long to be where his arms enfold,
Whom, having not seen, we love.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Blind Poet to Blind Singer

On receiving a copy of Ira D. Sankey's new book, Fanny Crosby, the blind poet, wrote this beautiful tribute to the blind singer, who, like herself, has spent a long life in the Master's service.

HOW my grateful heart is bounding,
And its joy can ne'er be told,
In my hand by thee presented,
Lo! thy treasured book I hold.
Yes, my grateful heart is bounding,
Floods of glory o'er me shine,
Hope is buoyant, faith exultant,
While I clasp this gift of thine.

Like a holy benediction,
Will these precious pages be,
To the earnest, anxious millions
That so long have prayed for thee.
Through their prayers and supplications,
Heard and answered one by one,
In the midst of all thy suffering,
Thou a wondrous work hast done.

Friend of years, to memory sacred,
Years whose light will never die,
In the service of the Master
We have labored, thou and I.
Now a rest for us remaineth
In our Father's house above;
'Tis the promise of our Saviour,
And we know that He is Love.

Brother Sankey, when together
We shall see Him face to face,
And before his throne eternal
Tell the story saved by grace.
When his own right hand shall lead us
Where the crystal fountains glide,
In his love, made pure and perfect,
We shall then be satisfied.

FANNY CROSBY.

If You Are Wise

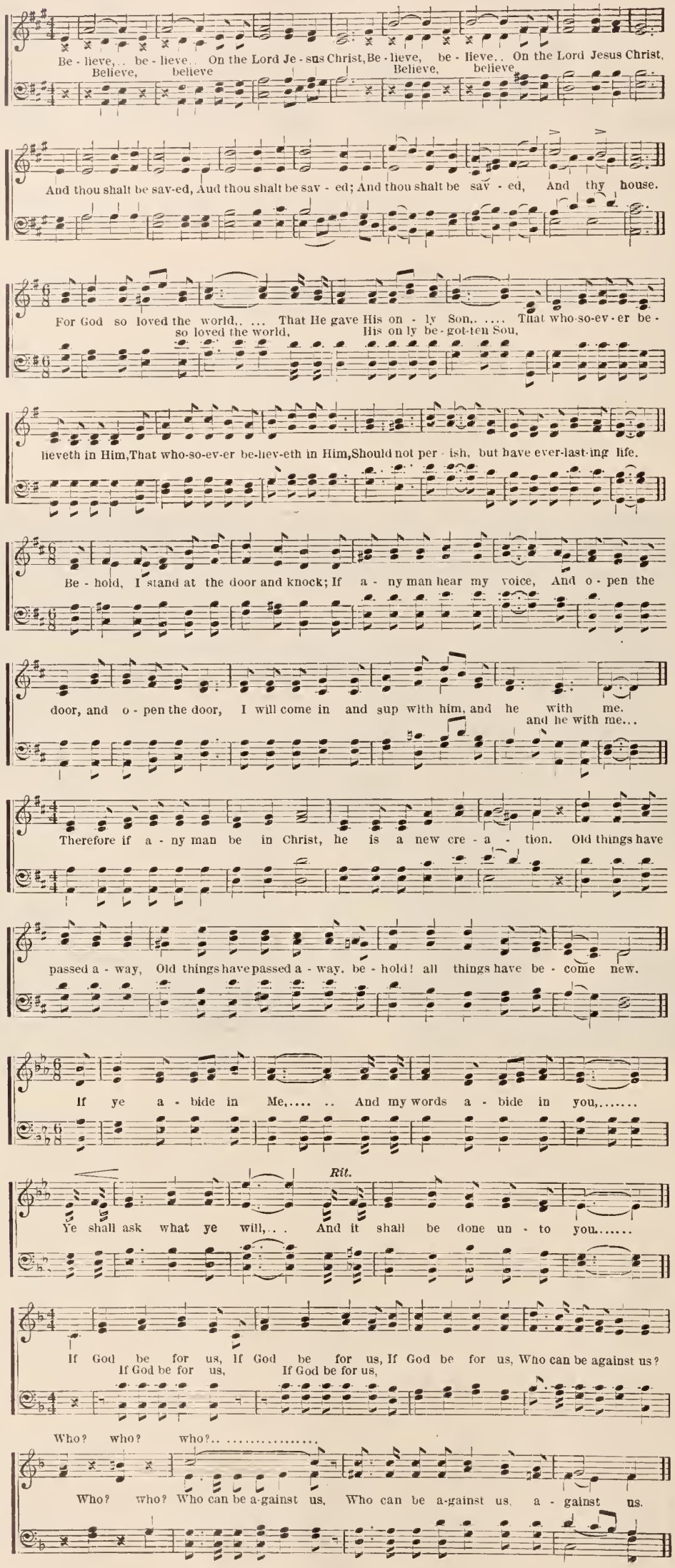
IF you are wise, these blessings
You will ask for, day by day:
A good, clean heart, in a body pure,
And to do God's will alway;
A conscience clear, and a mind sincere,
To work, and always try
To garner wealth in the form of health,
To be honored, ere you die.

'Tis right to seek for honor,
In legitimate, good ways;
God surely loves to bless one
At the closing of his days;
But honor, true, let me whisper you,
Lies not in hoarding pelf;
It lies in deeds that spring from seeds,
By being good yourself.

BENJAMIN N. KEECH.

Our Children's Song Service

Many visitors to Mont-Lawn have admired this beautiful Song Service, which our little tenement guests have been trained to render so delightfully. We publish the principal portions for the benefit of others who may desire to use it.



When Hearts are all A-Chime

SWEETNESS in the air,
Honeysuckles bloom,
Fragrant clover tops,
Nature's rare perfume.
Sights and sounds of Summer,
Fill us with delight,
Winged thoughts with Nature
Take their upward flight.

Trellised is the pump-house,
Trumpet-vines are trailing,
From their hidden cups
Humming-birds regaling;
Flouting with these flowers,
Colors of a hue,
All so red that, watching,
Blended is the view.

Whirr and buzz and drone,
"Good Old Summer Time!"
Rodolent the air,
Hearts are all a-chime.
Clearest notes at dusk,
When the bells are rung,
And the fairies gather,
And their songs are sung.

In the glades the lanterns
Of the fire-flies swing,
Hear the rippling laughter,
Through the forests ring.
Tiny sprites of pleasure,
Have their rulers too,
King and Queen in purple,
With their retinue.

Glisten, gleam, and glitter,
On the velvet green,
Of the moon's clear mirror,
O'er the lovely scene.
While the moon is waning,
Stars their lustre light,
Burnished are the heavens
Planet out of sight.

JEREMIAH K. GREENAWALT, JR.
Harrisburg, Pa.

The Sufferer's Comfort

LOVED ones, ye whose tender pity
Soothes and comforts all my pain,
Ye are wondering why your praying
Seems an asking all in vain;
Ye are wondering why I suffer
In the spring-time of the year,
When even to the plants and flowers
Blessed spring-time brings good cheer.

Loved ones, I am with our Father,
With a loving, trusting heart;
He has called me from the great world
To a little room apart;
And with looks of love so tender
That my soul can ask no more,
'Twixt the world, with all its gladness,
And myself, He's shut the door.

For He has such words to whisper
As must be in quiet heard,
For his sweet voice is so gentle,
Noise might make me lose a word.
Sickness means—so close to Jesus
In a little room apart,
With a shut door, that each whisper
Through the ear glides to the heart.

Loved ones, the shut door will open
When the whispering is done,
And I leave the darkened chamber,
Not a sad and weary one;
Not a soul that has been smitten
By a cruel, stinging rod,
But a mortal blest and strengthened
By an interview with God.

MRS. GENERAL CRAM.

Trust for the Day

BECAUSE in a day of my days to come,
There waiteth a grief for me,
Shall my heart grow faint, and my lips be
dumb,
In this day that is bright for me?

Because of a subtle sense of pain,
Like a pulse-beat, threaded through
The bliss of my thought, shall I dare refrain
From delight in the pure and true?

In the harvest-field shall I cease to glean,
Since the bloom of the spring has fled?
Shall I veil mine eyes to the noonday
sheen,
Since the dew of the morn hath sped?

Nay, phantom ill with the warning hand,
Nay, ghosts of the weary past—
Serene, as in armor of faith I stand;
Ye may not hold me fast.

Your shadows across my sun may fall,
But as bright as the sun shall shine;
For I walk in a light ye cannot pall,
The light of the King divine.

And whatever He sends from day to day,
I am sure that his name is Love;
And He never will let me lose my way
To my rest in his home above.

A SUNDAY WITH JOHN WANAMAKER

Such was the beginning of Mr. Wanamaker's day's work at Bethany that Sunday. From that hour onward through the day, till five o'clock, he remained within Bethany walls, stopping work only to eat bread and milk at noon. One meeting after another he addressed, one service after another he either attended or led, conducting all such meetings and services as the leader, except the church service proper. And such is his work at Bethany Sunday after Sunday the year round, when in Philadelphia—for neither church nor Sunday School nor any branch of Bethany closes in Summer.

Now it is 10.45, and Mr. Rutherford and I are seated in a pew near the pulpit, in the church proper. Mr. Wanamaker sits in the gallery with the Brotherhood—and listens intently to the splendid singing of a choir of over a hundred voices (he always insists upon plenty of singing at all services), and to an inspiring sermon by the Rev. Robert Pogue.

This is the famous church that grew out of the Sunday School founded by Mr. Wanamaker when he was only twenty years old. That first Sunday School of his was started with two teachers and twenty-seven scholars, in the second story of a house on South Street, where now stands the beautiful Wanamaker Branch of the Philadelphia Free Library. From that small beginning, the Sunday School system of Bethany has reached a membership to-day of over 5,400 (one of the largest, if not the largest, Sunday School in the country), while the Bethany Church membership has reached over 3,600.

The story of the Bethany Sunday School would not be complete without mention of Mr. Wanamaker's actual first step in its founding. His friend Dr. Chambers, a Presbyterian minister, was the young merchant's ideal of Christian manhood. Dr. Chambers told the young man that the latter should do active work among the poor. Accordingly, he gathered a handful of South Street boys and formed them into a Sunday School class, and taught them the Word. The gathering place for the class was a shoemaker's shop, in which the cobbler's benches were used by both class and teacher as seats. Over that cobbler's shop two rooms in the second story where hired later, in which Bethany Sunday School was organized by Mr. Wanamaker.

Even before this, young Wanamaker had displayed the spirit of the active Christian, eager to help others. One Sunday, during the time when John Wanamaker worked as errand boy in a book store, Dr. Chambers appealed to his own congregation for help in building a church suitable to their requirements. He told the congregation that if they could not give money, they might give goods. Thereupon a voice in the gallery, a boy's voice, was heard crying, "I'll give a load of bricks from my father's brickyard." That started the donations that soon amounted to more than enough to build the church. And to account for the bricks, it might be explained that Mr. Wanamaker comes of two generations of obscure brickmakers in Philadelphia.

After church service, Mr. Wanamaker goes to his

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private office in the Bethany building for study. Here he decides what he is to say at the various afternoon services, and by outlining the form of presentation of his subjects. Then he goes to the church dining-room for his bread and milk.

It is now 2 o'clock, and Mr. Wanamaker goes to the meeting of the Bethany Tithemen, in a room in the top of the building, where hang many costly paintings presented to the church by its leading member, the paintings being, of course, all Biblical subjects. The tithemen represent the one thousand members of the Bible Union, the one thousand being divided into bands of ten, each ten represented by a titheman or, it may be, tithewoman. Mr. Wanamaker addresses the tithemen briefly. Then, at 2:30, he conducts the opening exercises of the great Sunday School of which he is Superintendent. Here he is at his best, for he loves the Sunday School most of all. "Hold up your Bibles," he says, addressing each department of the Sunday School in turn. This "showing the Bible" is always a part of the opening of the Sunday School. Here in the main room (it is like a busy beehive), are six hundred scholars, and the main room is surrounded by eighteen class-rooms, with over 1,000 scholars. There is scarcely a communion when some of the members of this school do not connect themselves with the church.

"On my way back from Europe, while on the sea," says the Superintendent, addressing the scholars, "we ran into a thick fog. No one on board ship seemed to mind the fog much. But later, we ran into a storm, and then everybody seemed anxious and troubled. But let me tell you, young friends, that it is not in the storms of life that we are in most danger. The greatest danger is when we are in the fog. In the fog we know not where we are. All is obscured before us. We can see no light, no threatening reefs. By comparison, the storms of life are to be far less dreaded. Look out for the fogs. Are you in a fog now? Then go half-speed, and listen carefully for the breakers."

At 2.45 he addresses the Children's Department, and at 3 o'clock comes the meeting of the Bible Union, in the church proper. Here again he is the leader, and he explains the Gospel from the viewpoint of the optimist, telling the news that cheers and is full of hope, and expounding the philosophy of kindness. "His treatment of the lesson," said one of his followers, "is popular rather than critical. One wonders at the wealth of illustration, and how he can find time to superintend the largest retail business in the world, and yet make preparation for more addresses in a week than are given by a hardworking pastor."

After the meeting of the Bible Union, Mr. Wanamaker goes back to the Sunday School to conduct the closing exercises. Then follows an "After Meeting" for visitors and strangers, also conducted by the same leader. At this meeting, the last he will conduct that day, he says: "And now I must be excused from evening service. For I am not as young as I was. I need rest to prepare for my work to-morrow, for, like you, I am just a workingman."

Thus ends his Sunday's work at Bethany. He has been on his feet almost constantly for eight hours. He has attended twelve meetings, has conducted eleven of them, and has delivered eleven addresses or talks. Such has been his Sunday work the year round for over fifty years, forty-eight of which have been devoted to work for the vast institution which he has upbuilt under the general name of Bethany.

"Not half the good that this leader of men does, is known," remarked Mr. Rutherford, as we came away. "He gave $100,000 last year to Y.M.C.A. work. He gave over $120,000 to building the Bethany Temple, a branch of Bethany. The Bethany property, at the church proper, is valued at $250,000, and how much of that sum he is responsible for, no one person knows."

For the poor, the needy, the distressed, he is constantly doing. What he gives, or how much, in this way, cannot be known; but often he is seen winding his way up rear alleys in the poorest neighborhoods, or climbing stairs in tenements, to visit the sick, the depressed, the discouraged. He kneels in prayer in their humble abodes, and by the bedsides of poverty.

Above all, he insists on assuming absolute personal charge, in a financial way, of his favorite of favorites, the Friendly Inn. This is a hotel conducted as a temporary home for friendless men. For this work he bought the building, once a regular hotel, and pays all its running expenses, and besides, sees personally to the spiritual work carried on there. It is not a religious institution, yet the spirit of Christ so permeates the place that it has been instrumental in lifting very many men out of their sins, and in leading them to a better and truer life. Not long ago, a rich man of Philadelphia offered to contribute $10,000 to the Friendly Inn. "Not a penny," said Mr. Wanamaker, "that work is mine and mine alone."

Finally, as an important branch of Bethany work, there is the Penny Savings Bank. This was established by Mr. Wanamaker eighteen years ago, in the book room in Bethany Sunday School, to encourage the people to save. Deposits for the first month amounted to over $9,000. Within two years, the bank was able to purchase its own building, and the deposits at present amount to over $750,000. Interest at three and one-half per cent. is paid on deposits up to $1,000. Large deposits are not taken, for it is desired to stick to the original plan of the founder, which was to encourage the poor to lay by for a rainy day.

In this way, and in a hundred and one other ways, John Wanamaker has bettered conditions among the poor of southwestern Philadelphia, among whom he labors in obedience to the Golden Rule, and by thousands of whom he is greatly beloved.

GILSON WILLETS.

THE TREE THAT SHELTERED CHRIST

Holy Family searched long for some hut to shelter them from the night winds, as they wished to remain for awhile; but were unsuccessful. The few people in the neighborhood were without room enough for their own households, or were suspicious of these strangers from a far country. At last the travellers returned to the tree, and, as they were preparing to pass the night in the open air, were surprised to see the tree again open, this time from roots to branches, forming a comfortable lodging. They remained in this living house for several days. Fruits grown miraculously, and the spring of silver water provided for their wants.

The vicinity of the Virgin Tree had been for centuries a place of profound peace, and the jars and discords of the world seemed to have passed it by. Pilgrims came reverently on holy days, or some Arab horseman dismounted to rest his weary limbs beneath the shade of the sycamore, before he continued his journey to some distant oasis. At last the quiet was rudely broken. Napoleon made his famous invasion of Egypt, and many stirring events occurred in the vicinity. General Kleber, at the battle of Heliopolis, with a force of but ten thousand men, broke the swift charges of eighty thousand Turks, and sent them riding wildly to the deserts, in disorderly retreat. The following morning, Kleber, surrounded by a staff brilliant with decorations and glimmering with gold lace, drew rein before the tree. For awhile Kleber gazed in silence, as if his mind for the moment were far removed from thoughts of conquest and scenes of carnage. Then he suddenly stepped forward, drawing his sword, and with the point he carved on a low-hung branch the word, "Kleber."

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An Oriental Sycamore Tree

Others, like schoolboys, have also sought to gain an earthly fame by connecting their names with this noted spot.

. . .

Among the other traditions associated with the childhood of Jesus, are two that relate to the exile in Egypt, and which, strange to say, also refer to trees. One of these traditions says that, on a certain occasion the travellers rested under a tall palm, and Mary, fatigued and faint from fasting, glanced upward and beheld the tree loaded with fruit. Thereupon she expressed the wish that they might have some of the ripe dates to refresh themselves; but Joseph replied that it was impossible, the great height of the branches keeping the fruit out of their reach. "It troubles me more," said he, "that we should have no water, for the beasts are suffering from thirst." Hardly had he spoken, when the palm tree, honoring the presence of the Divine Child, bent down its branches to Mary's lap, and all did eat and were refreshed. When they had finished, the palm raised itself, and returned to its former position. The story adds that, as in the case of the sycamore, a spring of pure, cold water burst forth from the roots of the palm. The other tradition, which doubtless originated in the fertile imagination of some monk or other writer of that early day, tells how, as the Holy Family were passing through a grove, all the trees save the poplar bent their branches in adoration. The proud and unresponsive tree, adds the tradition, as a punishment for its action, was doomed thereafter to tremble and shake with every wind, and to bend low with every storm.

"The Spirit's Power"

By CHARLES M. SHELDON

Author of "In His Steps," etc.

CHAPTER I—Continued

"WHO is the meanest girl?" asked John sympathetically of his sister.

"Miss Barclay, the meanest, most horrid creature; and now she's Class President, she'll be so stuck up there will be no living with her," was Agnes' reply.

"Do you have to live with her?" John asked incautiously.

"No, I don't," snapped Agnes.

"I don't see the hardship," said John, a little maliciously. "Miss Barclay strikes me as a very pretty girl."

"You must have queer taste," exclaimed Agnes.

"'Uncultivated,' Professor Quinn says; but it's the best I've got so far, and I had always supposed Miss Barclay was pretty. But if you say she's horrid, I suppose that settles it. You've had ethics and I haven't."

"Go away," snapped Agnes. "You're horrid, like all the rest"

"Go away," snapped Agnes. "You're horrid, like all the rest."

John Wallace was the odd one of the family. He was absolutely independent, and went and came, a rule to himself. He was only eighteen years old, but the one member of the family gifted with some real intellectual insight. He had a mathematical intuition of which even Harry took account, which, in part, compensated him for a rather frail body, unfitted for the hurly-burly of athletics. He seldom went to church and had few companions. His affections seemed to go out almost wholly towards his mother, and she returned them as much as her mild disposition allowed.

This, then, was the character of the Wallace family in Westville on the night when Ambrose Spencer began his services in that town.

CHAPTER II.

THE modern evangelist is one of the most criticised men in the world to-day. He suffers by comparison with every cheap and sensational man who makes evangelism a professional work. Ambrose Spencer knew this very well when he left a large and influential church in response to what he considered a larger call. When he stood up at that first meeting in Westville, he felt what he had felt many times before—the presence of a large number of critical people who had come out, not to receive the Bread of Life, but to see if they liked the way in which the Bread was made.

Halfway through the service, Ambrose Spencer noted two young men seated in the very centre of the house. They happened to be surrounded by groups of older men, and the contrast with their wide-awake, alert, earnest faces was sharp and distinct. One of these young men was Harry Wallace. How he came to be present at this first meeting of the evangelist is a little story by itself. Briefly, his football captain, Norman Fairview, had invited him to go. Fairview was a college Y. M. C. A. man, active in the Association and without a particle of cant or goody-goodness about him. He was the strongest man in college, stood well in his classes, and Wallace admired him immensely without understanding in the least Fairview's religious nature. So when the captain that afternoon on the ball ground, after practice, slapped Wallace on the back and said, "Don't you want to go down with me to Spencer's meeting to-night, old man?" Wallace had felt complimented, and agreed to meet Fairview at his room and go along down with him. He did not say anything at home about his plan for the evening, but simply said he was going out. It was not because he was afraid of opposition or ridicule, but he simply did not care to say anything about it, thinking to himself as he went out, "It's only one night. I can't afford to go any more, with all my term work piling up." He was behind somewhat on his classics, and with football practice for a big college game in prospect, was very busy.

As the service went on he began to grow uncomfortable. At first he had sat there mildly critical of the singing and the notices and a number of little things that seemed not in the best taste. As that gradually wore off, he found himself compelled to listen to the evangelist, who began to speak in a very simple, direct manner, without dramatic effort or affectation. Fairview had whispered to him at the moment Spencer rose to preach, "Fine looking fellow, isn't he? Yale man. Carried off the honors for

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

A maker of "Good Hats for Men" has this notice in his workrooms:

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"My husband was sick for three years with catarrh of the bladder, and palpitation of the heart, caused by coffee. Was unable to work at all, and in bed part of the time.

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"One morning the grocer's wife said she believed coffee was the cause of our trouble and advised Postum. I took it home rather dubious about what my husband would say—he was fond of coffee.

"But I took coffee right off the table and we haven't used a cup of it since. You should have seen the change in us and now my husband never complains of heart palpitation any more. My stomach trouble went away in two weeks after I began Postum. My children love it and it does them good, which can't be said of coffee.

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"THE SPIRIT'S POWER"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 722

Yale in the Intercollegiate Track Meet at Harvard in '89."

That made Wallace look at Spencer with double interest. Certainly the man was a fine specimen physically. He had a pleasing voice and an attractive manner. Gradually these things vanished from Wallace's mind as the things the evangelist kept saying found place there. His subject was personal, individual religious experience. He used many illustrations to show how a man could not be saved simply because he was a part of a good civilization. He must, of his own accord, of his own will, and of his own experience, eat the Bread of Life, just as no man can eat physical food for another, so no man can put himself in another man's place religiously. His spiritual life must grow up in him a distinct, personal, real, conscious, saving thing, all his own.

"It is a fair question, young men," Spencer said eagerly, for the first time noting the faces of Wallace and Fairview, and speaking in that personal, direct way which was a marked characteristic of his evangelism; "it is a fair question to ask if you have any religious experience, and if not, why not? Who is master in your life? What is the compelling and impelling motive that governs your most enthusiastic and ambitious movements? What is the great thing for you? Is it physical strength? Is it intellect or art? What is the first of life? What would you fight the hardest for, or lose sleep for the longest? What is the object of your most passionate hate or love? In other words, what is your God, before whom you burn your incense and in whose presence you are willing to take off your shoes and heap high the altar of sacrifice? I say these are fair questions to ask, and I want you to ask them of yourselves. For the possession of a true, deep, joyful, religious experience which is your own, makes the difference between a soul that exists for self and a soul that exists for service."

So he went on for half an hour, emphasizing the one point that a person's real life was never developed and could never grow until there was a real, passionate, positive mastery of the life by the Divine force, which alone made all action of the soul full of meaning and power.

When he finally closed, he did it so suddenly that Wallace was not expecting it. In fact, he was confused by the abrupt termination from the sermon to the prayer. That in itself was a brief petition of only four or five sentences, but it was especially tender in its longing desire for all young life, that it might know the Master hand of the Divine laid upon its human loves and will and ambition and desire.

After the prayer, Wallace waited for the regular evangelistic appeal for decision, which he understood was the regular method employed by all evangelists. He had gone to one of the Rollin's meetings two years before, when the same appeal was made every night that was made when he was present. But Evangelist Spencer simply told the people they were free to go at any time during the singing, only asking those to remain who wished to confer with him about the Christian life.

The people stood up, and Fairview glanced quietly at Wallace as different groups began to go out.

"No, I'm not going to stay," Wallace said, but Fairview had not spoken a word. They passed out together and walked along for awhile in silence.

"It was a good, square talk," said Fairview, speaking in his sturdy fashion. "I like Spencer. He's healthy in his mind."

"Yes, I like him," said Wallace slowly. It was a good deal for him to say.

Fairview was a man of few words at any time. But his own religious experience was a very real and joyful thing to him, and it would not have been natural for him if he had not said a few words more.

"You won't think I am meddling in what does not belong to me, old man, will you, if I tell you I have been hoping you might get something real out of these meetings, something that would make the Christian life a real personal thing to you."

It was a simple thing to say, yet there were probably not half a dozen men in the whole college who could have said it to Wallace without rousing his anger or disgust. In fact, it was the first time in all his life that anyone had ever said a word to him about personal religion. His father had never dreamed of such a thing, his mother had never dared. That sounds strange, but it is the truth. This woman who was a nominal Christian, who belonged to a church, had never felt enough of the real life of a real Christian to talk about it, in a natural way, to her own children. And as the years passed on and they had grown up, she had become afraid to mention the matter to them. When such conditions are not uncommon in what we call good families in America, is it any wonder that there is a great number of men and women in our civilization who have no use for prayer or churches or enthusiasm for missions, or, to say the last word, for God himself? For what is a lack of personal religious experience but a real lack of knowledge of God and of one's own soul?

The two young men walked along through the night for several minutes before Wallace spoke. His face was flaming and he was glad of the darkness.

"Why, no, I don't consider it meddling. But the whole thing is mighty unreal to me. I don't see anything in it."

"Wish I could help," was all Fairview ventured to say. They had reached a corner where the street to Fairview's room branched off from Wallace's way home. There was almost an awkward moment, Fairview laid a hand on Wallace's arm.

"Well, good-night, old man. God could do great things with you if you would once let Him."

Wallace did not reply to this except to say good-night, and they parted abruptly. Wallace, on reaching home, went directly to his room, although Agnes and John were in the sitting-room reading as he came in. He bolted his door as he very often did, and sat down to his table to study.

It was nearly ten o'clock, but he had never felt more wide-awake. It was not at all true that he was "under conviction," as we say in the old phraseology for which we have not yet found any satisfactory substitute. There was a mingling of mental disturbance together with more or less irritation. For a few minutes he sat at his table with his elbows on it and his books unopened. Then he suddenly shook himself and said out loud, "O pshaw! Get down to business!" He opened up his books and began to study. It was after one o'clock when he went to bed.

Next morning at the breakfast-table, Mr. Wallace was reading the newspaper account of the meetings. Among other items the paper said, speaking of Mr. Spencer's sermon: "'There was a crowd out to hear the Reverend Spencer, and it was in a critical attitude. The sermon itself was quite free from sensational features, quite tame, in fact. There were no oratorical flights, no thrilling passages. A very ordinary effort, although he held his audience well. It is predicted that now public curiosity is satisfied the audience will dwindle down. Many present last night expressed themselves as disappointed in the evangelist. They had expected something more sensational and attractive. A good deal of criticism is heard on the street to-day over the amount of money required by the Church Committee to carry on the campaign. The amount asked for is between $2,000 and $2,500. This is considered a large sum for a town the size of Westville to raise. After all incidental expenses are paid, it is reckoned by the public that Mr. Ambrose Spencer will carry off for

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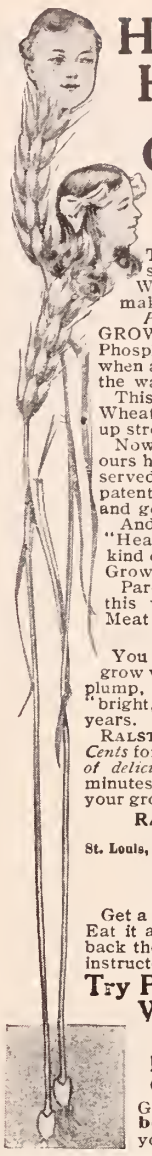

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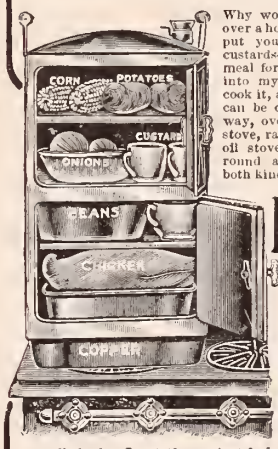

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Gospel Progress*

SCARCELY any fact connected with Christianity is so significant to an unprejudiced thinker as the progress it has made from its insignificant beginning. If Jesus were not the divine being we believe him to be, how could we explain the tremendous force he now exerts in the world? How is it that a humble Jewish working man, brought up in an obscure village, in a small and uninfluential country, has become the recognized religious head of a third of the world's inhabitants? True, they do not all obey his commands nor follow his teaching; but a large proportion worship him, and many of those who hold aloof from his religion reverence him personally, and call themselves by his name. No mere man has ever had servants so devoted, men ready to make sacrifices for him, to go to the ends of the earth to proclaim his Gospel and to lay down their lives in his cause. Men of all ranks, of every profession, cultured and ignorant, women of high birth and lineage, and women of the most humble and despised classes, vie with one another in doing him reverence. And this influence grows from generation to generation, and is still increasing. The little company of one hundred and twenty souls that attended the first general meeting of his followers, immediately after he left the world (Acts 1: 15), is now grown to a mighty host, of every land and nation. Could this triumph have come from a mere man? It requires more credulity to think of him as human than to believe him the Son of God.

It is astonishing, too, how his Gospel satisfies men of all nations and of every class. Missionaries have carried it to the most dull and degraded natives of Africa, to the outcast Pariahs of India, and to the most besotted classes of the Chinese people, and they have welcomed it; while the highest intellects of the world have bowed under its influence. It gives joy and peace to every man who accepts it, and, the more closely he follows its precepts, the happier and purer does his life become. It reaches out to the victims of vice, accepts the worst cases, and has the glory, which philosophy has vainly sought to win, of transforming character. After nineteen centuries we can still say with Paul: "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to all who believe."

The Power of Prayer†

WHILE the promises of answers to prayer are numerous and emphatic, it would be manifestly absurd for any man, or body of men, to suppose that they will receive from God whatever they choose to pray for. A more conspicuous instance of this rule we could not have than that of the period when President Garfield was lying ill. In every church and every synagogue in the country prayers were offered week after week for his recovery. In private homes, too, individual Christians pleaded with God for his life. It was not "two or three agreeing touching anything they should ask," but millions uniting in soul and voice. Yet the prayers were not granted. Garfield died in spite of them. Why God did not grant the petition no one knows, but shall we lose faith in prayer because of that and other less conspicuous instances? God does not give the control of his universe into the hands of any body of men. He sees further, sees more clearly, and knows better than we, what is for the good of the world and of the individual.

Shall we on that account cease to pray? That would be a very unworthy and irreverent deduction from the facts. Christ said that men should always pray and not faint, but even he knew what it was to have his prayer rejected. In that pathetic hour in Gethsemane, he prayed that the cup might pass from him, but it did not until he had drunk it to the dregs. In that, too, he was made like unto his brethren. There have, on the other hand, been prayers offered which have been answered to the sorrow of the person who prayed. We know of one instance in which a man relying on the promise, prayed often and earnestly for one thing which seemed to him the greatest blessing he could have on earth. Finally in his urgency, he devoted one whole night to that particular prayer, pleading with all the energy of his soul for the blessing. God heard him and gave him the desire of his heart. Not a year had passed over his head before he found that the blessing he had sought was a curse, a thing that worked ruin and desolation in his life.

What then is the true spirit of prayer? It is so sincere and complete a confidence in God's wisdom and love, that every desire is submitted in perfect faith to that test. Every desire may be stated, for God has said that he will be inquired of for these things, but in every case with the provision that it be in accordance with his will, and that it be granted or refused as he sees fit.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for Sept. 9. John 12: 32; 1. Cor. 15: 20: 28.

†Topic of the Epworth League for Sept. 9. Matt. 18: 19: Mal. 3: 16-18; Acts 12: 12; 1: 13, 14.

The "Hour of Song" at Mont-Lawn

MENTION has already been made in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of the great love for music of our little child-guests at Mont-Lawn. On another page of this issue is presented a typical Song Service, which the children have learned to perfection, and their singing of which has given pleasure to hundreds of visitors during the present summer.

It is worth all the trouble of a journey to Mont-Lawn, to hear these fresh voices ring out in the song, "Believe, believe on the Lord Jesus Christ." We are able to give space to but a portion of the entire musical score, but we believe that if every pastor and Sunday School superintendent in the United States could hear the exercise as our tenement boys and girls render it, they would not rest until it was incorporated in their own service.

Do you ask if the youthful hearts are influenced by the life at Mont-Lawn? Little Eddie was very frail. One night—a year ago—after a Temple service, he had been tucked snugly in his soft, white nest, and his teacher stole softly to his bedside, after the sturdy youngsters about him were soundly sleeping. In the course of a quiet chat, she asked, "Eddie, can you give your heart to Jesus?" "Oh, I have," the little fellow instantly replied—"just to-night, in the Temple." "But are you sure of it? When was it?" his teacher queried. "While Miss Fanny was praying I gave it and He took it."

The snows of the following winter fell tenderly on Eddie's tiny grave, but the dear Lord had kept the heart of the child who gave it to him so trustfully. Eddie will always be a treasured memory at The Children's Home. H. W. S.

"The Spirit's Power"

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

his share about $650 or $700, a good, tidy sum for two weeks' work, especially when it is considered that the number of converts he is likely to make will be small. The average citizen cannot understand how the average evangelist earns his money, especially when the average preacher, who has the care of a church and a parish, is expected to get along on as much in six months as most evangelists receive in six weeks.'

"'Mr. Spencer will preach to-night on the New Birth, and the meeting will begin at 7:30.'"

"There! That's what I say," Mr. Wallace commented. "It's an extravagant lot. What preacher in Westville gets anything like $300 a week? And this man is an ordinary preacher, sponging on the community and laying around the country, having all his expenses paid, putting up at the best hotels and having a good time generally. Great fake, I call it."

"I say, father, I don't just think the papers hit it off right on the preaching," said Harry, who, with all his faults had a very large sense of fair play in his make-up. "I thought his sermon was fine. Far above the average. I tell you there aren't many preachers can preach so that people will stand up for half or three quarters of an hour to listen, and that's what they did last night. The *News* is 'way off in its account. Spencer is an unusual preacher, I think."

"Why! How's that, young man?" Mr. Wallace turned a little red and looked at his son hard. "What do you know about it?"

"Well, I was there, for one thing," Harry replied, coloring a little but speaking in a straightforward way. All the family stared at him. Mrs. Wallace looked confused.

TO BE CONTINUED

Van Camp's BOSTON BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE PORK AND BEANS

A Word About the Tomato

Tomatoes for Van Camps are fresh from the garden.

That's the way they must be for Van Camp's Pork and Beans with Tomato Sauce—so much of the tomato's flavor depends upon having it just at the point of ripeness before picking from the vines.

The Van Camp Packing Houses are right in the midst of the Indiana tomato belt—the best tomatoes in the world are grown right at our very door. This is one reason why Van Camp's Pork and Beans with Tomato Sauce have such a delicious flavor.

Van Camps know when the tomato is at its best. Just eat a tomato plucked green and then ripened in a basket—then eat one plucked from the vine when just ripe, not too soft—that is the spicy moment—you will see the difference.

Van Camp's Pork and Beans are as convenient to serve as they are superior in quality. When the market man fails, or in any emergency, merely heat a can of Van Camp's Pork and Beans in a kettle of hot water, then open, and you have a perfect meat substitute—a substantial, delicious meal.

Nothing like them—hot—cherry—wholesome—Saturday night or any time.

Get the savory Van Camp's.

The Van Camp Packing Company

Indianapolis Indiana

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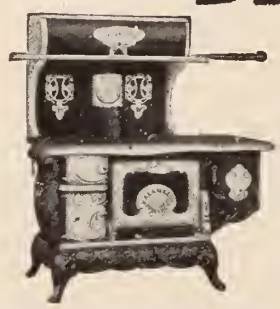

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You get a stove or range of the highest quality.
You get your money back if every thing is not exactly as represented.
You buy at actual factory prices.
You save all dealers', jobbers' and middlemen's profits.

RADIANT BASE BURNER
High Grade Parlor Heater for Hard Coal.

WE PAY THE FREIGHT.

Are you willing to test a Kalamazoo in your own home for 360 days with the distinct agreement that if you do not find it in every way exactly as represented you get back every cent you paid for it?

That's the way we sell it.
The Kalamazoo-Direct-to-You plan means a saving to you of from 20% to 40% and the positive assurance of a stove or range of the very highest quality.
Please do not confuse us with cheap "Mail Order Houses." We are **actual manufacturers,** with one of the best equipped stove factories in the world, and sell to you at actual factory prices.

Send Postal for Catalogue No. 103

(Showing 267 Styles and Sizes.)

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Remember, we guarantee that you cannot secure a better stove or range at any price than the Kalamazoo.

Kalamazoo Stove Co., Manufacturers, Kalamazoo, Mich.

All Kalamazoo Cook Stoves and Ranges are fitted with patent oven thermometer which makes baking and roasting easy. All stoves blacked, polished and ready for immediate use upon shipment.

Oven Thermometer

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You Can Afford to have a new Song Book in your Church or Sunday School, and one for every person, when you can get them for $3 for 100. Words and Music, 83 very best familiar Gospel Songs. Send 5 cents in stamps for copy. E. A. K. HACKETT, 100 North Wayne Street, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

In a world where "Cleanliness is next to Godliness" no praise is too great for SAPOLIO

The Friend of Sinners

By MRS. M. BAXTER

AS our Lord passed through Jericho, a man who had done much sharp dealing conceived a great desire to see Jesus. His name was Zacchæus. He was chief among the publicans, and he was rich. This was no credit to him. The business in which he was engaged afforded him a comfortable competency, but in order to get rich upon the commission obtained upon the taxes, he might have carried on his calling in a somewhat unscrupulous way. It was a calling loathed and despised by the Jews in general, who ranked publicans with sinners.

Zacchæus had heard of Jesus. The multitudes who hung upon the words of Jesus showed what power there was in his preaching. Zacchæus wanted to see this Man. Being short of stature, he could not accomplish his purpose by joining in the crowd. So, running on before, he climbed a sycamore tree, thinking to look down from his perch and get a good view of Jesus from between the foliage. He thought to see Jesus, but perhaps it never struck him that Jesus might want to have something to do with him! Oh that everyone would think, "What does God want with me? What is he willing to do for me? What is he able to do for me?"

To his great surprise, Jesus looked up and called him by name. A seeking Saviour cannot be indifferent to the whereabouts of the soul he seeks. Zacchæus may have thought he was hidden, but Jesus saw him. He may have thought himself unknown, but Jesus knew him: "Zacchæus, make haste and come down, for to-day I must abide at thy house."

This was a sudden, an unexpected, crisis. To have Jesus in his house was equivalent to losing caste among some of his rich friends; to have Jesus in his house meant a thorough reformation. Zacchæus must make his choice, make it publicly, and make it at once. He must begin by humbling himself. It might expose him to no small share of ridicule to have to come down out of the tree, and when it was known that he had done it in order to entertain the despised Jesus, he would have to take his stand altogether on the side of the Nazarene! But he did it. He "came down and received him joyfully." The decision once made, his stand was taken, his heart was glad.

Reader, would you like to have Jesus abide at your house? If he comes, there will be the most thorough house-cleaning you ever witnessed. Where he abides, there laziness and selfishness, worldliness and lightness must go out. The unkind word, the angry look, the giddy conversation, all which is not true and transparent, all which is "of the earth earthy," must go out if Jesus comes in to dwell. Doubts and despondency, anxiety and care flee before his presence. He must have the house for his house. We are but stewards and housekeepers; every room must be his, kept for him, used for him, furnished to meet his tastes.

But the decision once made, our hearts are full of joy. Zacchæus "received him joyfully." Nothing makes a house so sunny as to have the sun within, the very Sun of righteousness. It is the want of Jesus which makes sadness and gloom!

But while there is joy within, there may be plenty of persecution without. "When they saw it, they all murmured, saying, that He was gone to be a guest with a man that is a sinner." Oh, thank God, "this Man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them" (Luke 15: 2). Thank God, He is "a Friend of publicans and sinners" (Matt. 11: 19).

Zacchæus knew that a mighty change had taken place within him, and he was not afraid to own it before them all. "Zacchæus stood and said unto the Lord, Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor, and if I have taken anything from any man by false accusation, I restore him fourfold."

What is this? The man who, up to this time, had lived to accumulate money, now giving the half of that property, which was his idol, to the poor! That man, who had probably been "wilingly ignorant" of the holy integrity of the law of God, now voluntarily submitting to it, even to the restoring fourfold anything which he had unjustly taken (Ex. 22: 1)!

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No Good Reason Against Good Insurance

Nor any substitute for it. Wherever failure to live means financial loss, there is call for Insurance. Is your life of financial value to another—your family, partners or business? If so, Life Insurance deserves your attention, and deserves it now. Your forethought will be better than their afterthought. ¶ When it comes to the best kind of Life Insurance, men do not all think alike. There is no desirable kind that cannot be obtained from THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY. This is the oldest active Life Insurance Company in America, and the largest and staunchest in the world. It is a Mutual Company. It has no stockholders. Its assets belong to its policy-holders. It has paid them dividends continuously for fifty-six years. Taking its history through,

The Mutual Life Insurance Company

has done as well for its policy-holders as any company. It should have done better, as has recently been shown. Under the present management all policy-holders may expect unusually favorable results. This is made reasonable by the facts that it is a strictly Mutual Company, operated under New York laws, which are now the best in the world; that its great volume of business means smaller share of expense on each policy, and that the new methods and economies, which are now a part of its constitution, will save immense sums which must go to the policy-holders, as the only proper place. ¶ Mr. Charles E. Hughes, who became famous by conducting the investigation of the Legislative Committee, and who speaks with authority, has recently said: "We have had great companies exposed to close and unsparing analysis, only to find that their solidity was as the rock of Gibraltar. I would rather take insurance in a New York company compelled to transact business under these restrictions, than in any company not so restricted, and I believe that will be the sentiment of the people of these United States."

¶ If you would like to know for yourself the latest phases of Life Insurance, or wish information concerning any form of policy, consult our nearest agent or write direct to

The Mutual Life Insurance Company, New York

O.L. Chase

I Am the Paint Man

EIGHT-YEAR GUARANTEE—TWO GALLONS FREE TO TRY—6 MONTHS' TIME TO PAY

MY PAINT is a new paint—made in a new way—sold on a new plan. It is unique.

My paint is unlike any other paint in the world.

It is made especially for you after your order is received, and I ship your order in hermetically sealed cans.

I ship my thick pigment, which is double strength, freshly ground, in separate cans, and in another can I ship the pure, old process Linseed Oil—the kind you used to buy years ago. Any child can stir them together.

This is the only possible way that you can get fresh paint for your work, and fresh paint is the only good paint.

I sell my ***O. L. Chase Made-to-Order Paint*** direct from my factory to you at a very low factory price.

You pay no paint dealer's or middle man's profits. It is the most economical good paint made, for first cost, and because of the extraordinarily long wear, it reduces the average of your painting bills at least fifty per cent.

I pay all freight on six gallons or over. I allow you to try the whole order to paint your buildings. After you use it, stand off and look at it. If it is not entirely satisfactory and as represented in every way, the paint will be yours free.

No other paint manufacturer ever made such a liberal offer, and I make it because I manufacture the best paint ever put on the market.

I go even further. I will sell my paint on six months' time to responsible people if desired. This gives you ample time to test of its value.

Back of my agreement for quality, I also put a guarantee for eight years, the longest ever put upon a paint, and back of that is my $50,000 bond.

Before buying paint, be sure and send for my paint book. It will not cost you a cent. It is the finest paint book ever issued. It tells the whole of my paint story in the most convincing and common sense argument, and with it comes big samples of all colors to choose from. Drop me a line at once. I will be glad to forward you the booklet, with a copy of my written guarantee, etc.

Yours truly, **O. L. CHASE, The Paint Man, 701 C Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.**

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Get them to make good profits for **you.** We gladly put you on the right track, which leads to hours of genuine pleasure and many dollars in profit handling bees and selling their honey.

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FIVE LITTLE BEE-BOOKS FREE

You'll be more than interested in these helpful, easy-to-read, entertaining booklets. Illustrated with half-tones and cuts of bees, fixtures, etc., they attractively show beginners in bee-keeping how delightful and full of profit is this fascinating business. *To-day's* the day to write for them. Address

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The stove you select is sent on a year's approval, safe delivery guaranteed, freight prepaid, choice of latest designs and appliances, handsomely ornamented, highly polished, ready to put in your home. There is no doubt about these stoves being perfectly satisfactory, for they are well known by one of the oldest trade-marks among high-grade stoves. There are no better stoves or more economic prices than the

GOLD COIN stoves at Wholesale Prices

Sent directly from our factory at exactly dealer's cost (which saves you $5 to $25 on a stove), and if at any time within a year it isn't perfectly satisfactory to you we will return your money and take the stove back. There is no offer made anywhere else to equal this for a standard trade-marked stove of such high grade. First,

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It shows a full line of Ranges and Heating Stoves.

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Select style and price you prefer and learn all about the stoves before you order. Write now to

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INVEST CONSERVATIVELY BUT BE SURE OF 5%

We cannot offer greater dividends from investments than careful borrowers with ample security need to pay. But if your savings institutions demand for themselves more than *one-sixth* of the borrower's interest-payments, we can serve you to your advantage.

Assets, $1,750,000.
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They are made to fit, and do not break from heat.

My lamp-chimneys offer the only practical remedy for all lamp-ills—good glass properly made. That's why they make good lamps better.

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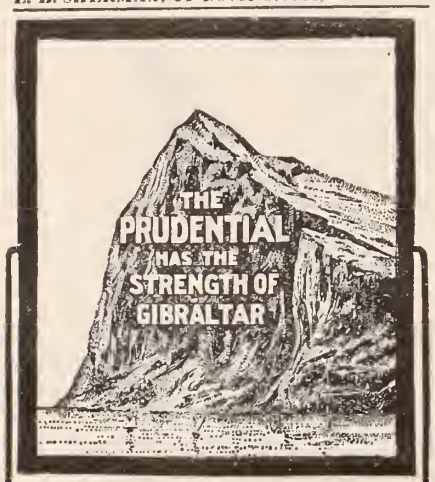
"FIRE CHIEF" Latest and Most Effective Extinguisher. Acts instantly without damage to surroundings. Handsome, light, inexpensive. Demand universal. $40.00 per week to High-Class, Competent Agents. Write to-day for terms and territory.—WESTERN FIRE APPLIANCE CO., 806 The Spitzer, Toledo, O.

SONG WRITERS Your Poems May Be Worth THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS. Send them to us to-day. We Will Compose the Music. Hayes Music Co., 71 Star Bldg., Chicago

WE HAVE CORNERED greatest money-making proposition for agents in this country. Selling highly advertised Sterling razors on approval and installments without one cent deposit. Secure territory immediately before too late. E. B. SHERMAN, 21 Dover Street, New York.



Waterport

Permit until first evening gunfire. CHIEF OF POLICE

SO READS the traveler's permit when he lands at Gibraltar. With the sound of the sunset gun he passes out. He knows the hour, and he prepares to go.

When the sunset gun sounds for you, at an hour that you cannot know, what preparation will you have made to protect your family?

A sinister note is in the sound of the sunset gun for the man who has thought his life permit would not be retired so soon—and who has waited for the time when he could "afford" life insurance.

To-day is that time. We would like to tell you how little it costs—what liberal terms are offered by this life insurance company.

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Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey.

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Without committing myself to any action, I shall be glad to receive free particulars and rates of Endowment Policies.

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The Gospel in Wall Street

Rev. Wm. Wilkinson Tells of His Evangelistic Work Among the "Bulls and Bears"

AT the request of the authorities of Jane Street M. E. Church, New York City, the Rev. William Wilkinson, of Minneapolis, Minn., addressed a very large audience in that church on a recent Sunday evening, the subject being the Gospel meetings in Wall Street. Dr. Wilkinson has had personal charge of these meetings, under the auspices of the New York Evangelistic Committee. He is a pastor of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

Rev. William Wilkinson

Dr. Wilkinson said:

"Wall Street is a busy place, where work is hard, great success quickly known and failure disastrous. It is a place where seeing is not to be satisfying, and where possessing is not to be blessed. So it presents a field white unto harvest for the Gospel preacher. In the services there we have no accessories to attract; we have no advertising, and no music. We have the Scripture, prayer and preaching, plain and direct as English can make it, and no apology is ever made, nor is any defence ever offered for saying what Jesus said, or telling what the apostles did. The human sympathy displayed from the throne of God with the weak, the weary, the troubled souls of men, was a very marked feature in all this work, and it came home to many hearts with power. Classes were never named so as to bring anyone into contempt; but sin, because done by rich men, was not passed as a thing of nought, but was declared to be an evil and a disgrace. The moral law was sounded forth, so that all could hear and none could mistake. The sinfulness of sin and its destructive power were set forth. 'Say to the wicked it shall be ill with him.' 'Evil shall slay the wicked,' every man heard. The mighty truths of the Incarnation of Jesus, the Eternal Son of God, of the Atonement for sin, and that repentance is the way to pardon, were strongly emphasized. It was shown that all attempts to make men happy which did not begin by making them holy, have been a signal, transparent, dismal failure. Regeneration is the great cry of need, and all reformation will follow, to stay, to steady, to rest, and to give pose, balance and stability to life.

"Grace in the heart is what, above all things, is needed. The world does not need a new creed; it needs to hear ringing out the old verities of the faith; not the superstitions of ignorant teachers, but the vast mountain ranges of truth, which centre in and come from the living God.

"Certitude has been at the bottom, the foundation of the Wall Street work. Religion that admits of Sunday golf, automobiles, Coney Island sports, and other partnerships with evil, has been properly characterized. On the other hand, a wretched and rude narrowness, which has found place in many a Puritan mind, found no voice in these services.

"In these all transcendent truths the men of Wall Street found refreshment. From the Old World and the New; from the far Orient; from the university; from the Subway and the Elevated railway; from bank and desk alike, they came, thousands of care-worn, sin-stained men, and in the truth their hearts have been made glad and free.

"We are told men have no interest in religion. This is clearly untrue of Wall Street. There never has been a meeting when at least seven men were not present to one woman. There has never been one meeting when the granite steps, facing the United States Custom House, nearly its entire depth, and twenty-four deep, would hold the men on every fine day. The sidewalk has been filled and scores of men in the street. Bible truth has not yet lost its peculiar charm, power and spell. The story of Jesus is yet so attractive, that men will still listen to it as to none other. By the way of the Cross to-day, as in other days, men are still coming, and singing as they come, to the Crown which is laid up in heaven for all righteous souls."

THE RUSSIAN UPRISING

CITY after city in Russia seems destined to have its carnival of blood, riot and disorder, in the great political struggle that has been going on for months. In a recent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a full account of the uprising in Helsingfors and Cronstadt was given. Now the ancient city of Warsaw has the eyes of the world focused on it, while race fights race, and Socialists and revolutionists strive for the supremacy. Warsaw, it should be remembered, is the chief city of Russian Poland, and the great body of its inhabitants are Poles, and not Russians, as they are usually designated.

On Wednesday, the 15th, rioting was started in several quarters of the city by the Socialist-Revolutionary party. The next day a religious procession was passing along Cholodna Street, on its return from a pilgrimage to the Shrine of the Holy Virgin, at Rokito, near Warsaw. It was about nine o'clock in the evening, and the spectators were crowded close to the marchers. Suddenly a boy in the crowd threw a bomb into the procession. There was a deafening report, and when the smoke lifted several persons were seen stretched on the pavement, two of them killed outright. Hearing the explosion, a patrol of infantry came up at the double, halted, and fired into the crowd from which the bomb had been thrown. Thirty people were wounded.

Some time before this explosion, a band of revolutionists made an attack on a government alcohol store, shot and killed one of the clerks, and wounded two other persons. A large number of policemen were killed by the revolutionists in two days of disorder. A report sent to London by an eye-witness, says: "The hospital surgeons, fatigued by their labors, were unable to attend to cases, and wounds diagnosed as fatal were left to take their course. The scenes in the morgue were horrible. In one case I counted thirty-two bodies, all dirty, and dressed as they fell. The people have grown callous with too much death. I was shocked," he writes, "to hear a young girl laugh heartily at the sight of a woman whose brain-pan had been torn off by a bomb thrown by one of the Socialists."

There is a reign of terror throughout Poland. Over fifty people of prominence outside of Warsaw have been assassinated by the Social-Revolutionists, and bomb throwing has become a veritable epidemic. The *Polska Gazeta* and the *Dznon Polska*, organs of the Polish national party, published strong articles denouncing the state of anarchy which the Socialists are producing in Poland, whose object, the papers declare, is not the attainment of freedom, but the bringing about of a civil war.

The recent knouting of Mlle. de Smernoff by some soldiers of a guard regiment, has produced a great deal of indignation in St. Petersburg, and the public outcry is so strong that it will probably not pass unnoticed. The report, widely circulated in American papers, that the young lady was an American girl, is incorrect.

Called Higher

After bearing great suffering with Christian fortitude, Mr. John A. Walcher closed a triumphant earthly record of forty years in the M. E. Church of Crescent, Okla., on July 16th, at the age of sixty-one years. He leaves a widow and two children to mourn his loss.

Free $1.00 Coupon

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RHEUMATISM

to receive prepaid, **Free to Try**, a regular Dollar pair of Magic Foot Drafts and valuable new book (in colors) on rheumatism.

Name.....

Address.....

Only one trial pair to one address

If you have rheumatism cut out this free dollar coupon and send it to us with your name and address plainly written on the blank lines. Return mail will bring you—free to try—a Dollar pair of the famous Magic Foot Drafts, the great Michigan remedy for rheumatism. They are relieving very bad cases of every kind of rheumatism, both chronic and acute, no matter how severe. They are relieving cases of 30 and 40 years suffering, after doctors and baths and medicines had failed. Send us the coupon to-day. When the Drafts come, try them. If you are satisfied with the benefit received, then you can send us One Dollar. If not, we take your simple say so, and the Drafts cost you absolutely nothing. Aren't they worth trying on that basis? Our faith is strong that they will relieve you, so cut out and send the coupon to-day to Magic Foot Draft Co., R A 11 Oliver Bldg., Jackson, Mich. Send no money—just the coupon.

Corns REMOVED. Nothing does the work like A-CORN SALVE. Safe, quick, sure; no pain, no danger of blood-poisoning. 15c. at your druggist's or by mail. Giant Chemical Co., Philadelphia

STARK TREES ARE FAMOUS wherever planted; are planted everywhere trees are grown. Free Catalog of superb fruits—Black Ben, King David, Delicious, etc.—Stark Bro's, Louisiana, Mo.

A MUSICAL OPPORTUNITY

MANY letters which reach us from time to time, referring to the musical compositions which appear in these pages at frequent intervals, show to what an extent the love of song enters into the daily life of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. It was Martin Luther who said: "Next to theology, I give to music the highest place and honor. It is one of the fairest and most glorious gifts of God . . . for it removes from the heart the weight of sorrow and the fascination of evil thoughts."

Unfortunately, however, there are many who have never enjoyed the opportunity of a musical training, and to whom the notes of the staff are simply so many hieroglyphics. There are others — many of them, too—who have a smattering of musical knowledge, but hardly enough to enable them to read or sing by note anything beyond the simplest phrases.

To the tens of thousands who miss all the delights of trained song, and who either follow "by ear" or sit silent, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD can now extend an opportunity for self-improvement that cannot fail to be welcomed. We have secured the services of a thoroughly competent teacher of vocal music, a lady who herself has been a pupil of Shoenig, Hilgers, Himmelbach and Henkels, and whose career as an instructor has been marked by many triumphs. This lady—Madame Caroline Newman, gold medalist—has consented to undertake the training of a class of CHRISTIAN HERALD readers, after a simple and effective method of her own. She proposes, in a short course of twenty lessons, to give a thorough training in sight-singing, beginning at the lowest grade, and proceeding in a manner so simple that all may easily understand.

"My object in this series of lessons," she explains, "is to satisfy the desire of that large class of intelligent persons who love music, but whose limited means, either of opportunity or of pocket, have prevented them from studying it. They need no longer lament this need. Success will attend all who follow the lessons conscientiously. Neither labor nor expense will be spared to make the course thorough."

While the progress of these lessons will be referred to from time to time in these columns, the course will be conducted by mail, one lesson each week being sent, with the necessary instructions, to the learner. There will be a nominal charge to cover the actual outlay, but the expenditure involved will be so trifling that no family will be too poor to give their children the benefit of this opportunity for a musical education. Mme. Newman's lessons on "Breathing" and "Tone Production" are exceedingly valuable, and illustrate the novelty and attractiveness of her method. The entire course is applicable to all ages, so that adults who have never studied vocal music, have how an opportunity to remedy this defect, and may look forward to enjoying pleasures they have missed till now.

Readers of all ages who desire to join the Sight Singing Classes, are invited to send their names and addresses on postcards, to Music Editor, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, New York.

Answered Prayers

L. M. P., California. "I should like to ask the prayers of the readers of this department for a dear brother in great distress."

A Reader, Texas. "I was greatly distressed and cast down, I asked God if it was his will to remove my burden, and he did."

Mother and Daughter, Illinois. "We wish to acknowledge God's goodness to those who trust in him and his answers to prayers."

A Friend, Pennsylvania. "I hereby wish to publicly acknowledge and thank the dear Lord for his gracious answer to my prayer."

Mrs. M. H., New York. "I want to join the list of 'Answered Prayer' believers. I have been trusting in the Lord for sixty years, and he never has failed me."

J. R. L., Iowa. "I rejoice to testify of his goodness. He is ever answering our prayers. I know; but God has so distinctly answered my prayers of last summer, that I want to acknowledge it especially."

L. E. P., Rhode Island. "The 'Answered Prayer' column does me so much good. I have strong faith in God, and he has seen fit to bless me with many wonderful answers to my prayers."

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SEE PAGE 735

Chili's Ruined Cities, Destroyed by the Great Earthquake

1. General View of Valparaiso. 2. Kiosque in Santiago Park. 3. Congress Building, Santiago. 4. Statue of San Martin, Santiago. 5. City of Quillotta, now destroyed. 6. Cordilleras, from Santiago.

Questions and Answers

Letters for this department must contain name and address of the sender—not for publication, but as evidence of genuineness and good faith. Where an answer by mail is desired, ten cents in postage stamps must be forwarded by the writers, with full address.

Reader, Gunpowder, Ky. What are we to understand from the petition in the Lord's Prayer, "Deliver us from evil?"

It is a part of the clause which immediately precedes it. It is an appeal not only to be strengthened and supported in temptation, but to be saved from the effects or results of temptation. A freer translation would be, "Leave us not in temptation, but strengthen and deliver us when we are tempted."

E. E. P., Ipswich, Mass. Why is the English flag called the Union Jack?

Because it is a union of three crosses, St. George's (red on white); St. Andrew's (white on blue); St. Patrick's (red on white). The word "Union" describes this uniting, and the word "Jack" means surcoat, or Jacket.

W. H. F., Brandon, Ia. What is the length of an ampere hour?

An ampere hour is a quantity of electricity sufficient to furnish a current of an ampere (the practical unit of electric current) per hour.

F. J. B., Egerton, Wis. 1. What can be done for a man who will not join the church, on the ground that he is not good enough. 2. From whom comes the authority of the Protestant Church to ordain ministers?

1. Christ does not require perfection of those who come to him. He receives the sinner, that he may cleanse him and make him perfect. The church consists of men and women who are trusting Christ to lead them to higher and better things. As he said, it is the sick not the well who need the physician. If your friend is not good enough, and desires to be better, let him trust in Christ and join the church, where Christ is doing the most successful work in making men better. 2. From Christ himself and his apostles. The true apostolical succession is that of men with Christ's spirit, consecrated and devoted to his service. That kind of man is not helped by the laying on of hands and human ordination. Like C. H. Spurgeon, who was never ordained, his call is proved by the testimony of the Holy Spirit blessing his ministry.

S. S. O., Bushong, Kan. I read in a Sunday School paper, that Jesus was born in the year of Rome, U. C., 749. What does that mean?

"U. C." stands for the Latin, *Urba Condita*, meaning, since the foundation of the city by Romulus. It corresponds to B. C. 5.

K. M, L., Deposit, N.Y. Who is the author, and where can I find the following quotation:

For every evil under the sun
There is a remedy or else there is none;
If there is one, try and find it,
If there is none, never mind it.

Possibly some reader may be able to answer this question.

J. W. C., Mercer's Bottom, W. Va. What was the origin of the Olympic Games?

The Olympic Games were "said to have been instituted in honor of Zeus, by the Idol Dactyle, 1453 B. C., or by Pelops, in 1307 B.C., and revived by Iphitus, 884 B.C. They were held at the beginning of every fourth year, on the banks of the Alpheus, near Olympia, in the Peloponnesus (in Greece), to exercise the youth in five kinds of combats, the conquerors being highly honored. The prize contended for was a crown of wild olive." A number of years ago a beautiful stone stadium was built at Athens and the games revived. The last contest included all of the modern sports, as well as those of ancient Greece. The prize is the olive crown. The team from America won the most points. It would be impossible to give the names of the winners of the various events, as it would fill several columns.

M. S. B., Nantucket, Mass. Did the poem entitled, "Old Ironsides," and written by Oliver Wendell Holmes, refer to a real ship?

Yes, the frigate *Constitution*. It was built at a shipyard near Boston, and her bolts came from the foundry of Paul Revere. She won her greatest laurels in the war of 1812, with Isaac Hull as her commander. After the war, she was used as a receiving ship. In 1828, it was proposed to break her up, but Holmes' poem stirred popular opinion to resent such action. Later, the Massachusetts Society of the War of 1812 undertook to raise the necessary funds to restore her hull and rigging, and the ship will be restored according to the original designs, which have been recently found.

M. H., Pittsburg, Pa. No one can tell how much longer it would take for a ship to go through the Panama Canal if built on the lock system, than it would if the canal were made sea level. It would, of course, take much more time when it had to pass numerous locks, probably twice as much at the least estimate.

M. A. B. What is electron?

It is native gold, containing a large percentage of silver. The word comes from the Greek *elektron*, meaning amber.

H. C. Wilson writes regarding a recent inquiry in THE MAIL-BAG:

Mrs. Eddy is alive and not in the least feeble. She is engaged from morning till night, day in and day out, with the details of the movement of which she is the recognized leader.

This, from an authoritative source, disposes of the doubt raised by another correspondent as to Mrs. Eddy's actual existence in the flesh at the present time.

R. L. Vernon Centre, N. Y. What is the history of the Hall of Fame? What names have been inscribed there?

In March, 1900, the council of New York University accepted a gift of $100,000, afterward increased to $250,000 from a donor, whose name was withheld, for the erection and completion on University Heights, of a building, to be called, "The Hall of Fame for great Americans." The hall is built in the form of a semicircle. The colonnade is four hundred feet long and contains one hundred and fifty panels, to hold the names of as many famous Americans. It was dedicated in 1901. You can find the full list of names in any good newspaper almanac.

W. S. B., Philadelphia, writes:

In THE MAIL-BAG of August 1, the question was asked by N. E. M., Windfall, Ind.: "Is it known what became of the Ark of the Covenant?" If he will read the second chapter of II Maccabees, he will find that Jeremiah hid the ark in a cave on the mountain from which Moses viewed the Promised Land—presumably Mount Nebo. Here it is to remain until the restoration of the Jews, when God will permit its hiding-place to be made known.

S. A. W., Westfield, Mass. What are the twelve most important cathedrals in the world?

In England, York, Canterbury; St. Paul's, in London; Notre Dame, in Paris, and the cathedral of Rouen, Cologne, Strasburg and Ulm in Germany; the cathedral of Milan and St. Peter's at Rome in Italy.

H. H. C., Washington, Pa. 1. What is the area of New York City? 2. What are its longest streets?

1. 326¾ square miles. This includes Brooklyn, the Bronx, the Borough of Queens, and the Borough of Richmond, as well as Manhattan, that is usually referred to as New York. 2. Broadway, and Third Ave.

F. A. T., Phœnixville, Pa. Is the story of "The Good Samaritan" to be accepted as a parable or a real incident?

It is a parable, and yet may have been founded upon an incident in real life. An inn or khan is still pointed out to travellers as the traditional scene of the incident referred to in the parable.

H. C. H., Petersburg, Va. Who was the author of "The Star-Spangled Banner"? Under what circumstances was it written?

The song was written by Francis Scott Key during the war of 1812. Key was a prisoner on a British warship during an attack on Baltimore. All night long he listened to the cannonading. When dawn came, he saw the "Stars and Stripes" stil floating, and he poured forth his feelings in "The Star-Spangled Banner." He lies buried in Frederick, Md., and the grave is marked by an American flag.

R. W., Lynchburg, Va. Will you give me the main facts of the life of George M. Pullman?

He was born in Chautauqua County, N. Y., in 1831. He learned the cabinet-maker's trade. He went to Chicago and studied the problem of making railroad travel more comfortable. The result was the Pullman Palace Car Company. He also invented the vestibule train, and founded Pullman, Ill. He died in Chicago, October 19, 1897.

B. E. H., Jacobs Creek, Pa., and A. M., Newton, Mass. History states that Greenland was so named, because when it was discovered it was a green, pleasant land, instead of an island of snow and ice, as it is now. Why was it more pleasant at that time? What caused this change?

There has been no marked change in the climatic conditions of Greenland since its discovery. In summer, there is a great deal of hardy vegetation on the southern coasts that gives it the color referred to by the explorers. Of course the season for any plants in that latitude is exceedingly short.

G. A. P., Newport, R. I., writes:

I have been much interested in the suggestions published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD as to the disposition of the Sage millions, and I have a plan which would be broad enough to place a large share of this vast fortune and would be perfectly feasible. 1st. I would provide an annuity for antiquated clergymen, who, on account of age and ill-health, have been laid aside. 2d. An annuity should be created for retired teachers who have been steadily employed either in the public or private schools for at least twenty-five years. 3rd. All persons who have been employed for twenty-five years in clerical positions, where the salary has been less than $1,200 a year should be pensioned. 4th. Every employee of any railroad in which Mr. Sage has been interested who has been in the employ of such road for at least twenty years, should receive a *pro rata* pension based on his salary average.

These four annuity propositions, if carried out, would certainly require a very considerable part, if not the whole, of the vast fortune left by Russell Sage.

IN A NORTH DAKOTA HARVEST-FIELD

MR. HENRY A. BEMIS, a reader in Cooperstown, N. Dak., sends this interesting photograph to "The Christian Herald," with the following note of explanation: "The Lord has sent 'the early and the latter rain,' and another bounteous harvest seems to be assured. Soon everywhere in the great harvest-fields, from early morning till darkness, a golden stream will fall into the husbandman's waiting bins. Judging the future by the past, there'll be no rest for the wicked until the last shock is threshed. Even the Sabbath will be disregarded, except by the faithful few.

"I send you a photograph of a Christian farmer, Mr. Steen Nelson, of Steele County, taking dinner with his men in the field, in order to save all the precious hours of the six work days."

Miscellaneous

H. R. H., Sabina, O. Yes, the death penalty is still inflicted in some States for certain forms of crime besides murder.

Subscriber, Portage, Wash. Conscience money should be sent to the Conscience Fund, U. S. Treasury, Washington, D. C.

Mrs. T. L., Scarborough, N. Y. *The Toiling of Felix, and Other Poems*, by Henry Van Dyke, is published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

C. S. A., Waynesville, N. Y. For information in regard to the engineers in charge of the bridges building at New York, write to the secretary of the Bridge Commission, 11 Broadway, New York.

B., Oneida, Knoxville County, Ill. If you send your questions to the Naval Department, Washington, D. C., they will send you full information in regard to the floating dry dock. No fee will be charged for this.

C. S. S., Ruffsdale, Pa. We are unable to answer your query. The chief clerk of the Weather Bureau, at Washington, D. C., has the statistics, and if you write to him he will send you a report without charge.

E. K. S., Pinebluff, N. C. 1, It was originally used by some wag as a telegraphic signal, meaning "all correct," or "approved," and gradually came into general use on account of its convenience. 2. Phillips Brooks was unmarried.

Charles Smith, New York City. 1. We refer you to Funk & Wagnalls' *Vest Pocket Standard Dictionary* for national flowers and birth-stones. 2. The laws governing the appointment of legal holidays are made by each State, not by the United States government.

Can any one oblige Mrs. M. L. Woodson, 1639 Lamar Street, Selma, Ala., with the lines beginning:

"From heaven he came,
Of heaven he spoke,"

found beneath an old picture of Zacchæus in the sycamore tree?

Reader, Nelson, Can. 1. We know of no reason why a cook in a hotel cannot be a Christian. 2. Theatre-going we regard as a detriment to spiritual progress. 3. Fortune-tellers, soothsayers, diviners, and necromancers are humbugs and impostors. They know nothing of the future, and money given to them is thrown away.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 5, 1906

A New Hebrides Canoe

A Group of South Sea Island Converts

Breadfruit of the New Hebrides

FIFTY YEARS AMONG CANNIBALS

The Remarkable Work of John G. Paton Among the Savage South Sea Islanders

FORTY-EIGHT years have passed since that day, in the spring of 1858, when the Rev. John Gibson Paton, a young, consecrated and exceedingly earnest missionary, landed with his wife on the island of Tanna, in the New Hebrides. This islet, which in recent years, has been called "The Lighthouse of the Southern Pacific," on account of its Gospel progress, was at the time of Paton's arrival in the blackest of heathen darkness. It was the dwelling-place of fierce cannibal tribes, and it had a history that was anything but inviting. Fifteen years before Paton came, Turner and Nesbit, two teachers of the London Missionary Society, had to abandon the island and flee for their lives. So also had the corps of native teachers who had been placed there by the veteran missionary, John Williams, who himself was murdered by the natives of another island, Eromanga.

With Mr. Paton and his wife there came to Tanna another young missionary named Copeland. Soon they were joined by the Rev. J. W. Matheson, and the Rev. S. F. Johnston and wife. All knew the dangers of the station, and that Tanna was really an island of cannibals like those of Eromanga, Fotuna, Aneityum and other islands of the archipelago. All had heard from truthful lips the recital of the tragic scenes that had taken place there only a short time before their arrival; but nothing daunted, they set to work and preached the Gospel of Jesus to the benighted people. Several of the party fell victims to the deadly tropical climate, and soon Paton was left with a single associate. They stuck to their posts amid inconceivable perils and difficulties until 1862, when the hostility of the natives became so violent that they were forced to flee like their predecessors.

They sought a refuge at Aniwa, a neighboring island, and for twenty years labored faithfully in that place, the whole population of which became Christian. This island had been settled by missionaries as early as 1840. About 1845, reinforcements to the mission work came from the island of Aneityum, and this was the signal for a rising of the natives against all the missionaries on the island. Several of the native teachers were killed and others fled. But soon other teachers took up the work, and when Mr. Paton arrived in 1866, he found the people in a measure prepared for his teachings. A mission house was erected on a spot which in former years had been the scene of cannibal orgies. After eight years of faithful labor, the entire island was Christianized, and its people were thereafter at peace.

The Mission House at Aulua, Mr. Paton in the Foreground

Mr. Paton is to-day the senior surviving worker of the New Hebrides Mission. With the exception of the Rev. Jacob Chamberlain, who has spent forty-seven years in missionary labor in India, probably no other living worker has seen so long a period of continuous service among the heathen as Mr. Paton. He has lived to see the fruit of his labors, and the whole group of islands which he found in darkness, ignorance, and sin, is now largely Christianized. Mission stations have sprung up in many places, and the staff of workers from abroad is ably supplemented by trained native teachers. He has seen also the martyr roll of the New Hebrides grow, until it now embraces the names of many consecrated men and women who gave their lives gladly that the islands might be won for Christ.

Readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are already familiar with the more recent labors of this missionary, whose letters from the field have appeared from time to time in these pages during the last ten or fifteen years, and whose name has become a household word among those who love foreign missions. Below we give an extract from a letter received from Mr. Paton recently, which shows how brightly the missionary fire still burns in the veteran's breast:

"VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA, June 22.

"DEAR DR. KLOPSCH,—I thank the Lord, you, and your readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the contributions you have so kindly sent me from them, for which may our dear Lord Jesus reward and bless them and you all in your work for Him.

"Enclosed find some photographic prints from our islands. They were taken by missionaries to send to friends. The three breadfruits are perhaps the most interesting.

"Uripiu is my son-in-law and daughter's station. The Tanna station is where I suffered so much, and was in such danger when the savages took possession of all I possessed in the world, except the clothes I had on, and my Bible, to which I clung till the last. Johnston, the young Nova Scotian missionary, died soon after they made a savage effort to take his life and mine, and one of my teachers died after a beating with a club.

"Our work goes on encouragingly, but by giving the natives intoxicating liquors and ammunition, the French traders are causing many to be shot dead by the heathen. The most part of our Christian converts keep away from those ruinous evils, yet a number of them are also shot by the savages.

"The marvelous power of God's Word is clearly seen

CONTINUED ON PAGE 746

THE AMERICAN PULPIT

SERMON BY

Rev. W. L. Watkinson, D.D.*

LIVING RELIGION

TEXT: TITUS 2: 10

"That they may adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things."

THERE are two things to be noticed in this text. The first is, the grandeur of Christian doctrine; and the other is, that that doctrine is to find its supreme demonstration in Christian character. "The doctrine of God." Now, we all know that very much indeed is meant when men speak of the eloquence of Demosthenes, or of the philosophy of Plato, or of the poetry of Shakespeare; but "the doctrine of God"—that is another thing altogether! It stands apart, with a majesty all its own. Says the Psalmist, "Among the gods there is none like unto thee, O Lord; neither are there any works like unto thy works." And just as the works of God are beyond the finest artistry of men, so the doctrines of God stand before all the philosophies and speculations and poetries of men.

"The doctrine of God." Why, the Gospel of Jesus Christ has about it the infinity of God. When a man speaks you can very easily measure his words. The word of man is a trick of speech. You know where it begins and where it ends. But the Word of God—it has the vastness, the immensity, the immeasurability that belongs to God. This is not the word of man. It has about it the depth, the vastness, the infinity that belongs to him who filleth all in all. What a mighty sphere the Bible has. It contemplates the redemption of the race. It is worked out through ages. It begins in the eternity behind us, and dips into the eternity before us. It has the infinity of Him who filleth all things with his presence.

Purity of the Doctrine

And then, if you think, the Gospel of Jesus Christ has about it the righteousness of God. Why, to look into the purity of the Bible, it is like looking into the sky. The righteouness of the Gospel of Jesus Christ is like heaven-born clearness, far beyond all conceptions of human righteousness. That is not the righteousness of man, it is the righteousness of Him who is light, and in whom there is no darkness at all.

And then, if you think, the Gospel of Jesus Christ has in it the charity of God. You know the charity of man; you know where it begins, and you know that it generally finishes up in the same neighborhood. We talk about our charity; but even to-day, when the Spirit of Jesus Christ has worked largely into the life of the race, look at our charity! Look at the way the Gentile often afflicts the Jew. Look at the way the Australasian is ready to oppress the Chinese. We talk about our charity and our cosmopolitanism. We soon come to an end of it. Just like when I go along the road outside the town. Why, the road is beautiful for a little while, so macadamized and well lighted; but, mind you, when I get to the end of the parish, I step out into the darkness. But when I look at the sky, why, there are God's lamps, his glorious stars; they go shining on. The very earth is ensphered in the great canopy of heaven.

It is just like men—you soon get to the limit of the parish. Sometimes it is a bit bigger than others, but you soon get to the end. But there is no limit here. It is one God and Father of us all; it is one Jesus who is the Saviour of us all, and it is one heaven, whose gates are opened for all nations, and kindreds, and tribes, and peoples, and tongues. That is not the charity of man, it is the charity of God: "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

A Doctrine of Power

Then the Gospel of Jesus Christ has the power of God. The Apostle Paul stood in the very metropolis of power, and said, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is a fine speculation! It is a superb idea! It is a magnificent poem!" Oh, no. "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek." When a man reads the New Testament he feels the same power that he feels in the sun, that he feels in the wind, that he feels in the sea. Ah, more! "It is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

And, brethren, there is another thing about the Gospel of Jesus Christ. It has the permanence of God. Our scientists say there is but one test of reality, and that is persistence. That which persists, irrespective of conditions, that is real. Then the New Testament is the most real thing in the world. Revelation is the most real; for everything changes; the world is a phantasmagoria; but there is no change about the Gospel of God in Jesus Christ. I know that every now and then we go into a panic, and we think the Gospel is coming to an end, but you have only to wait a little while and you see that it is the panic which comes to an end. Oh, no! The Gospel does not come to an end.

Unchangeable Doctrine

A gentleman told me one day that he was working in his garden when his little child came running to him and said, "Oh, father, the house is falling!" But when he looked he found the house was standing. The clouds went drifting across the sky, and the child had mistaken the movement of the clouds for the falling of the house. Every now and then there is a strong spirit of panic that the Church of Christ is coming down. Fortunes, fashions, philosophies, crowns, dynasties—they drift along like changing shadows, but the Church of Jesus Christ stands like a rock, and will stand "when rolling years have ceased to move."

When I go to the book of Isaiah I read: "All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field; the grass withereth, the flower fadeth; but the Word of our God shall stand forever." I go down some six or eight hundred years further, and I find the apostle takes up the same thought. Two thousand more years have gone, and the face of the whole world has been changed, but here we are: "All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass." And, mind you, the man who stands where I stand now—the man who stands here in two thousand years to come—will be saying just the same thing as I am saying to-day: "All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away; but the Word of the Lord endureth forever. And this is the Word which by the Gospel is preached unto you."

Surpasses Human Works

"The doctrine of God!" You know men can do wonderful things, but you can always tell where man's work ends and where God's work begins. God's work always has a character and a magnificence of its own. Why, some clever man or other has made a rainbow. I daresay it is a very pretty rainbow, about as big as a railway arch; but, mind you, there is nobody living that will ever mistake that rainbow for God Almighty's rainbow—never! Somebody else has made lightning, artificial lightning for theatrical purposes. I daresay it is very nice lightning—a well-conducted sort of lightning. But there is nobody living who will ever mistake that lightning for God Almighty's lightning—never! A few years ago a distinguished man went to the North, and for scientific purposes he created an artificial aurora borealis. "Oh!" you say, "we don't remember ever having seen that." No, of course not; it never got here—never. But when God Almighty sends his aurora borealis shimmering in mystic splendor over the midnight sky, you can all see that.

Oh, yes! we are very clever people, but we soon come to an end of our cleverness, and God's works are never to be confounded with our works. They are excessively more vast, and noble, and majestic. And just so with the Gospel; it is never to be confounded with the speculations and the philosophies and the poetry of man. As the heaven is higher than the earth, so are God's thoughts higher than our thoughts, and his ways higher than our ways. "The doctrine of God!" And now we come to the other part.

Christian doctrine is to find its supreme demonstration in Christian character. "Adorn the doctrine." The apostle says this:—You are proud of your creed. You have got a magnificent faith. But, remember, your creed is not for the purpose of speculation, not for matters of controversy, not to be the subject simply of literature and logic. "Adorn the doctrine." That is, reveal it, demonstrate it. Bring out its suppressed magnificence. Show in your character, your speech, and your life the breadth and the pureness and the glory of your Christianity. "Adorn the doctrine." Make it visible. Make it intelligible to mankind.

"Adorn." What a singular word it is; but this is the sense of it—make the abstract tangible. You glory in your faith as a matter of thought and hope; be Bibles in flesh and blood, and let the world see, in what you are, the depth, and nobility, and divinity of what you believe.

"Adorn the doctrine." You show me a sheet of music, and you tell me that that is music—the music of a great master. It is an astonishing thing to me, a sheet of music is. What strange characters! Why, Chinese is not in it! And you tell me that that is music—the music of a great master. Well, what are you to do now? Let the musician sit down at the organ, and from his painted pipes bring out the tender melodies and the magnificent harmonies, and everybody can understand that. I can feel that. The sheet is Chinese, but the music in the air—that is intelligible and grand indeed.

How to Adorn It

"Adorn the doctrine." You show me the plan of a cathedral. Well, now, I don't think much about a plan. It is scarcely to be considered a picture. There is not much there—straight lines, and crooked lines, and bits of paper, and all the rest of it. What now? Fetch in the architect, and with paint and mosaic, and with marble, with cedar and gold, he may build that plan into a splendid cathedral, "A thing of beauty and a joy for ever," and everybody can understand that.

"Adorn the doctrine." Did you ever see a design for a weaver? He has to stand or to sit, as the case may be, with the design at the machine, and his instructions are a dirty piece of cardboard, with a number of holes punched into it and a few figures and threads. There is not much to look at there; but he begins to work at the loom with his many-colored threads, and he works out a raiment which would be fit for a king. That is exactly what the apostle says. These pages of God's Word are music pages. What are you to do? You are God's pipe, and in your daily life you are to fill the atmosphere of earth with the music of the sky. What are these? Plans for a cathedral. Well, what are you to do? You are to go and build it with silver and gold and precious stones, and with whatever is solid and noble. You are to build your life into a grand, living temple unto God. What are these? Instructions for the weaver. What are you to do? You are to go into daily life, and, with the many-colored threads of changing experiences, you are to weave for your spirit a raiment of fine gold and needlework, and everybody can see the glory of that.

"Adorn the doctrine." Here you have got a creed. Here you have got an abstraction. Bring it out. Live it. Reveal it. As the stars adorn astronomy, as the roses of June adorn botany, as the rainbow adorns optics, so we are to go forth and to adorn, to reveal the grandeur of "the doctrine of God."

Work for all Men

But, you see, there is another thing. We are to "adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things." And if we are to do that, we have a great deal to do, for the moral creed of Christianity is a very wide creed. "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report: if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." A very wide, comprehensive creed is the creed of Christian morality. Now, says the apostle, do justice to your faith at all points. Bring out the glory of your belief in every relationship, and in every calling, and situation, and duty, and experience. Some men are great men. They are at the top—philosophers, and statesmen, and princes, and poets, and captains. If we are great people we are to bring out the glory of our faith there, and if we are little people we are to bring it out here.

"In all things." What a wonderful chapter this is that I read for a lesson (Titus 2). The Christianity of

* Ex-President of the English Wesleyan Conference, now visiting America.

that—it is the grandest creed this world has ever known. It is a creed that is to be illustrated by common men in the lowliest tasks of daily life and duty. The apostle Paul was a man who was familiar with the grandest speculations that ever filled the mind of man. But the apostle never for a moment lost sight of the practical world, and of ordinary people, and of daily duties. Just look at this chapter—"That aged men be sober, grave, temperate," and so on. And the grandmothers — "Likewise, that they be in behavior as becometh holiness, not given to much wine," not accustomed to tittle-tattle. And then there is some very good advice for the young women—"To be sober, to love their husbands, to love their children," and some other items of instruction. "Young men likewise exhort to be sober-minded." You see, he knew them! "Exhort servants to be obedient unto their own masters." Just think of that! "Not answering again; not purloining." What is that? In the original it means, "Not putting a nice bit away for yourself." It means servants did that sort of thing in the ancient days, but of course it is all gone by now.

Glorifies Common Life

One of our writers once said that art had done nothing until it had brought beauty into the cottages of the poor. The business of art, he said, was to make beautiful the walls in the cottages of the people, and to give a touch of elegance to the commonest pot and pan and kettle in the houses of the poor. True, that is the business of art, but Christianity found that out two thousand years ago in a still higher sphere, and it sought to create, not a few philosophers and poets and saints living apart from the rest of the world, but it came amongst the slaves, the multitudes, the common daily world, and sought to put the beauty of heaven into the lowest calling. And so, says the apostle, "Adorn the doctrine of God your Saviour in all things."

Some years ago some of the admirers of Shakespeare purchased the cottage in which the great poet was born, and they wanted to do something that was delightful, and so they planted in the grounds of that cottage all the flowers that Shakespeare mentioned in his plays—and, you know, he was a great admirer of the old English flowers. There they are: the peony, love-in-idleness, the oxlip, the freckled cowslip, the nodding violet, the red rose, the musk rose, columbine, woodbine, briar, they are all there, making a very dainty and sweet garden of it. Now, if I were to attempt to tell you all the lovely things that are mentioned in this book we should be here until to-morrow morning—all the beautiful things of kindness, patience, truthfulness, hospitality, courage, tenderness—why, it would take us hours even to go through the catalogue. What are you to do? You are to go into daily life and plant these lovely things out one after another, until you have turned your whole character and life into a garden of God, full of beauty and sweetness.

"Adorn the doctrine of God your Saviour in all things." Just as you carry this out, and embody, exhibit, demonstrate in your life the grandeur of your faith, so will you recommend Christianity. Does anybody in this place believe that Christianity is going to prevail through eloquence, logic, or literature? Never! People do not believe that way. What way do they believe? People believe in what they see. They do, and they believe in little more. Everybody believes in astronomy. It is an unbelieving age, but we all believe in astronomy. Why? Because we have read Sir Isaac Newton? Very few of us ever saw Sir Isaac Newton's book. Is it because we have verified all his calculations? Not so; very few men in the world can do that. Why do we believe in astronomy? On the first of January you take an almanac, and you see there is to be an eclipse in March, the 19th of March, to begin about nine o'clock, and to end at three minutes past twelve. Ten million people look into the sky when the time comes, and to the minute a shadow begins to creep across the white disc. "Ah," they say, "there it is." It goes on. Three minutes past twelve it goes out, and ten millions of people go to bed. They have swallowed astronomy. They believe in the revolution of the planets, in the orbits being fixed; they believe you can analyze the stars and weigh the sun. Seeing is believing, and that is the ground on which the million rest their belief in astronomy. What are you called upon at this time to do? When will people begin to believe in Christianity? When they see it; only this time they are not called upon to look at a darkened orb, but at a Church shedding on men and nations a splendor like the light of seven days.

Dishonoring the Doctrine

Brethren, live your religion, reveal it, demonstrate it. Let men see it in you. "Adorn the doctrine." Why, when I was a lad and went to school we used to go to the chapel on the Sunday morning. We were not very much interested in the sermons; they were too theological, as some of them are nowadays, so we spent our time in noticing how many mistakes the preachers made in reading the lessons. We registered all mistakes. They were all chronicled down, every one of them. Mind you, I have learned since then that the world has its eye not only on the preacher, but on you, and they not only notice when we stumble in the grammar or the reading, but where we stumble in the character and in the life. It is not put down to our discredit—we could get over that, but they put it down to the discredit of Christianity itself. "Adorn the doctrine." "Let your light so shine before men that they, seeing your good works, may glorify"—you? They will never do that. They know you too well. But far better than this—they will glorify your Father which is in heaven.

A FRESH-AIR CAMP FOR SICK BABIES

NO more attractive charity has ever been undertaken in New York than the one whose plant lies at the foot of Sixty-fifth Street, on a high rocky bluff, overlooking the East River. Upon a sign at the entrance gate are these words: "Junior Sea Breeze for Sick Babies. Those under eighteen months old received at any time of the day or night. Mothers and older children welcome." The tract of unoccupied land covers the entire block, and has been loaned to the New York Association for the Improvement of the Condition of the Poor, by Mr. John D. Rockefeller, who is also a generous contributor to the general undertaking.

Among the Sick Babies at Sea Breeze Home

Perched upon the rocky crags are five Japanese-looking pavilions, 16 feet wide and 43 long, painted a soft green, their side walls composed of blinds which freely admit both light and air. Adjoining this camp is the old Schermerhorn mansion of early Colonial days, which has been rescued from a family of "squatters," and thoroughly renovated for the use of the nurses in charge. Where only a few weeks ago a goat and brood of chickens lived in friendly comradeship, is now the freshly whitewashed receiving and examining office of the camp hospital.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD representative was greeted by a white-gowned young woman, Miss Alice C. Ellison, the Superintendent, a graduate from the New York Hospital Training School, and a nurse of wide experience. Miss Ellison said: "This isn't a hospital; it is just what its name implies—a Fresh-Air Camp for sick babies. Everything is done in the simplest way, and is done entirely free. There is actually no red tape. The hospitals and dispensaries all over the city are in touch with us, and we take every sick baby that is brought to us, provided its disease is not contagious. We will never send one away unaided. If the child is too old for us to take, we will send it where it will be cared for. If it is dying, we will do all that can be done to soothe its last moments."

Then we went to see the babies. Each pavilion held a double row of tiny white cribs. We gazed upon the occupants of the little beds. Babies white and babies black; babies of every race and clime, but all bearing the same stamp of suffering and disease upon their faces. Every infant—and there were well nigh a hundred—was a victim of that dread enemy of childhood, *cholera infantum*, superinduced by ignorance in care and feeding, and by the tenement conditions during the recent extreme heat. White-capped nurses flitted about, tenderly ministering to the little victims, who were too weak to cry lustily, and only a feeble wail was occasionally heard.

General View of the Buildings at Sea Breeze Home

Upon the porch, overhanging the river, one little crib stood by itself. Over it hung with bated breath the mother, who all day long had begged to stay until her baby died. The moment was not far off. "Yes," said Miss Ellison, "they die; twelve have died within a fortnight. That little one cannot live, nor that," indicating two bits of humanity, so emaciated that the skin seemed drawn tightly over the tiny skulls; "but if they have a fighting chance when they are brought here, we save them, and even when they are past saving, the mothers are so grateful to know that their babies are clean and comfortable, and well-cared for. Last night a mother stood here beside her dead child, and thanked God that he had taken it, and had provided such care for its last hours. Her husband lay dead in her bare tenement. She had nine children left to feed and clothe, and to keep a roof above their heads."

* * *

It is expected that much educational work among the mothers will be possible, and the staff of nurses seize every opportunity to instruct them how to bathe and feed their infants. Boston and Chicago have similar camps, but this is the first in New York, and it is conducted not only for present results, but also as an experiment, with a view to demonstrating what can be done to keep down infant mortality, and with the hope of establishing Fresh-Air Camps in many tenement localities all along the waterside, in summers of the future.

H. W. S.

JUST A LITTLE ITALIAN MAID

An Incident of the Work Among the Tenement Children at Mont-Lawn

"Care for Her Little Brother"

HASTENING away from the sweltering metropolis, on one of the sultry days that make life almost unbearable, the writer passed through the gate at the Grand Central Station, New York, just as it was about to close, and stepped on the last car of the long train that carries commuters to their homes in the suburbs. On entering, I found it crowded with children evidently bent on an outing.

Passing through the car, I saw that it was reserved for that special party of juveniles. There was a sweet-faced young woman in charge of this band of children, who told me they were going to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home at Nyack, and were to take the ferry at Tarrytown. Fearing I might be an intruder, I was about to leave the car, when the young lady invited me to join the happy party, which invitation I gladly accepted, for I live in Tarrytown, and am a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Besides, I have always loved little children. I took my seat next to a dark-eyed, black-haired, olive-skinned vivacious little Italian girl, with whom I was soon engaged in conversation.

Picture, if you can, a dirty, poorly ventilated, low-ceilinged tenement room. In that one room lives a family of five or six, perhaps even more, crowded together like so many animals. What pleasure can these little children get out of life? Brought face to face with all sorts of wickedness, the little minds and hearts of the poor tenement waifs in such a home know few innocent, wholesome pleasures. No one to look out for them; no one to think about them; they are simply thrown on the world almost as soon as they can walk and talk. Such is the life of many a poor, unfortunate, little tot in New York's tenement district.

Such are some of the children that form the parties that go to Mont-Lawn every Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Their little clothes are poor and threadbare, and their appearance arouses the sympathy of the passer-by. Just think what a ten-days' outing means to such unfortunates.

There is something touchingly pathetic in the faces of those children, when they realize that they are free to romp and play in the flowery fields as much as they please; to eat until hunger is satisfied, and that they are to receive the care and attention of kind, loving women. It seems to many of them like a fairy story, suddenly come true. The little heart which a moment before was heavy, lightens; the thin, pinched face brightens up, and the child leaps and cries for joy that it has come into its own at last.

My little dark-eyed Italian maid, sitting beside me in the car, I could see, was slowly awakening to the fact that new wonders were unfolding around her. She became smiling and communicative when I talked with her, and presently, casting aside all childish reserve, she voluntarily began to tell me the sad story of her life. What a pathetic little tragedy it was, barren of love and kindness, and all that goes to make child-life sweet. She knew nothing of God. All her days had been spent in a filthy tenement room, or on the foul-smelling streets. Her father, an Italian laborer, had been a drunkard, and as a result the whole family had suffered in unspeakable want and misery. The father had gone from bad to worse, and one night he didn't come home. The next day, they learned that he had been killed in a drunken brawl. Then the poor sick mother had a struggle to keep her little brood together. My little black-eyed maid did what she could; helped with the housework, and became a "child-mother" to her younger brother and sister. By denying themselves of many of the necessaries of life, the little family barely managed to keep soul and body together.

Then one day the little maid heard of Mont-Lawn, from other children in her neighborhood. She had heard them sing the songs and hymns they had been taught there, and she listened with wide-open ears as they told of the good things to eat, the clean beds in which to sleep, the tender kindness of the teachers, the beautiful fields, the swings—all that a little child could wish for. She begged and pleaded with her poor burdened mother to let her go, but the mother couldn't spare her just then. She would have to stay home, and care for her little brother and sister and help in the housework.

But the little maid could not forget, and, at last, the mother-heart yielded to her pleas, and so with her younger sister (the boy was yet too young to go), she was now on her way to the "Children's Paradise."

Ten days later, I saw another party of children at the station in Tarrytown. They were returning from the Children's Home to New York, and were now awaiting the 8:35 train to which a special car was attached. Every child carried some sort of a bundle and a bouquet of flowers. One of the teachers kindly invited me to join the party. After the train had started, I chanced to spy my friend of ten days before. My little Italian maid recognized me, and by pushing her little sister toward the window, made room for me on the seat beside her.

But the little maid had undergone a transformation. In place of the poor ragged dress of ten days ago, she now wore a neat little gown; the worn-out shoes were replaced with new ones; the wan and sickly-looking cheeks were now rosy and healthy-looking. But greater than the physical and outward transformation, was the spiritual change. She told me eagerly of the beautiful hymns she had learned, and she spoke of that Jesus whom she now knew, and who was the Friend of all children and the Saviour of the world. She was ready to go home to the dingy tenement, and to carry to her mother and the rest the message that had come to her own child-heart and which had illuminated her life. She was ready to sing to the neighbors all the sweet songs of God's love and mercy she had been taught at Mont-Lawn.

The dark eyes filled with tears as she told me sadly that next year she would "be too old to go to Mont-Lawn as a child." Poor little soul! Yet she smiled cheerily through her wet eyelashes, when the teacher started the hymn, "Jesus Loves the Little Children." Not a child in the car sang it with more spirit or enthusiasm than my little Italian maid.

Yet she was only one of New York's great army of tenement childhood. In the last twelve years, 25,000 of these dear little hearts have been brought under similar influences at Mont-Lawn; 25,000 little tongues have been taught to sing the songs of Zion; 25,000 pairs of ears have heard of the loving Saviour. All of these children have gone back to their homes better mentally, physically and spiritually for that ten days' outing at Mont-Lawn. Like my little Italian maid, there are doubtless thousands of others whose young lives have been illuminated and transformed by what they saw and heard and learned there.

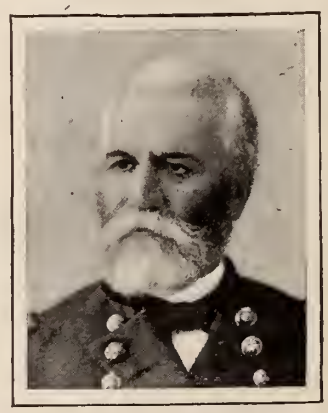
Thus the good work done at the Children's Home, in the name of the Master, is laying the foundations for a chain of spiritual influences which will make itself felt far and wide through the coming generations.

DISTINGUISHED VISITORS AT MONT-LAWN

Mr. G. C. Tullar

SATURDAY, August 18, was a memorable day at our Children's Home. On that day, the weather being fine, there was an unusual number of visitors to the Home. Among them were the Rev. Wm. Wilkinson of Minneapolis, Minn., who has lately been preaching the Gospel to the men of Wall Street; Mr. Grant Colfax Tullar, of East Orange, N. J., the well-known composer of hymns and sacred songs; Mrs. Anna Woods Tullar, and Master Hilton Tullar; Miss F. A. Faulhaber, New York City; Maj. and Mrs. George A. Hilton, Alhambra, Cal.; Miss Juanita Rosenow, East Orange, N. J.; Miss Alma Aigeltinger, Newark, N. Y.; Mr. Frank P. Holmes, New York City; and Mr. Chas. F. Bazata, Alhambra, Cal. All were deeply interested in this splendid work. Dr. Wilkinson and Major Hilton spoke briefly to the children, and Mr. Tullar taught them several new and beautiful hymns.

On another recent occasion General O. O. Howard, the veteran hero of the Civil War and the Rev. Joseph Newton Hallock, Editor of *The Christian Work* and the honored dean of religious journalism, were among the visitors at the Home. They inspected the trim and attractive dormitories, watched the 300 little tenement guests at play and at luncheon in the big new Pavilion, and listened with evident delight to their singing in the Children's Temple. Both of these distinguished visitors took occasion to address the children, and seldom have the little auditors shown more hearty appreciation. Gen. Howard spoke in reminiscent vein, recalling old war-time experiences of the sort that boys love to hear, and which were full of suggestion as to the importance of character and conduct. Dr. Hallock's remarks were also keenly enjoyed by his youthful audience as well as by the teachers and others who were present. These two notable men made the day a "red-letter" one for everybody at Mont-Lawn.



General O. O. Howard

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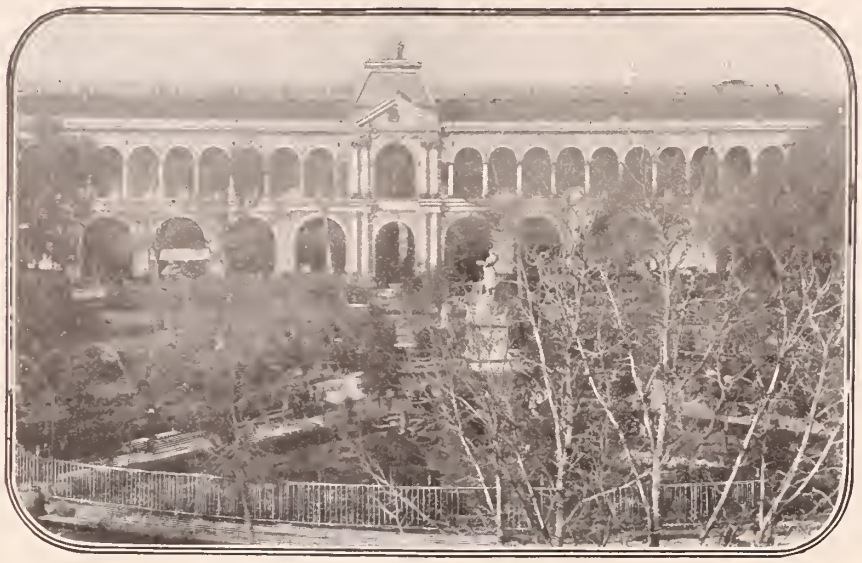
The Earthquake-Ruined Cities of Chili

IT has been many years since this world has been so much disturbed by fire, volcanoes and earthquakes as during the last few months. In Italy, Mount Vesuvius awoke after a long and troubled sleep, and buried cities and towns beneath tons of ashes. Then, on our western coast, San Francisco was shaken into ruins by the trembling of the earth, and now from South America has come the report that Chili has been torn and shaken by an earthquake, that caused more loss of life and property than the one that occurred in California. Many scientists think that the catastrophe in Chili is the direct result of the one in North America, the theory being that the earth was trying to readjust itself.



Plaza of Santiago City

The earthquake is probably the most severe that has occurred in South America for over a century. The first shock came at eight o'clock in the evening of Aug. 16. The day had been calm and pleasant, and the people after their work were promenading the streets and plazas. The first rumble and quake lasted about three minutes, and was followed in quick succession by four others. The electric lights went out and the gas mains broke, but the frightened people could see in the dusk the massive stone walls of the houses swaying and lurching like ships in a heavy sea. Then one edifice after another caved in, burying many of their occupants who had been unable to make their way to the streets. Fires started in various parts of the city, until it appeared from the harbor like a seething furnace, the black ruins standing up blackly against the red glare. In a short time the entire business district of the city was in ruins. The water front began to sink, carrying down with it the stone docks and great warehouses that marked the commercial importance of Valparaiso.

General View of Quillotta

Lower City and Waterfront, Valparaiso

Thousands of people fled to the seashore and put off in small boats, in a desperate endeavor to reach the ships lying at anchor in the harbor. Some of the ships were soon banked to the rails with refugees who had clambered on board. Even here they did not feel safe, as a tidal wave was momentarily expected as a result of the change in the harbor bed; but this was preferable to being crushed under falling walls ashore, or being burned to death in the flames that were now sweeping unchecked across the city. Those who could not get away took refuge in the tram cars in the streets. Thousands knelt in the squares, praying to the Virgin. Above the crackle of the flames could be heard at times the voices of priests raising a chant of supplication, the people joining in the responses. Here and there men and women stood with staring eyes, from which the light of reason had forever faded.

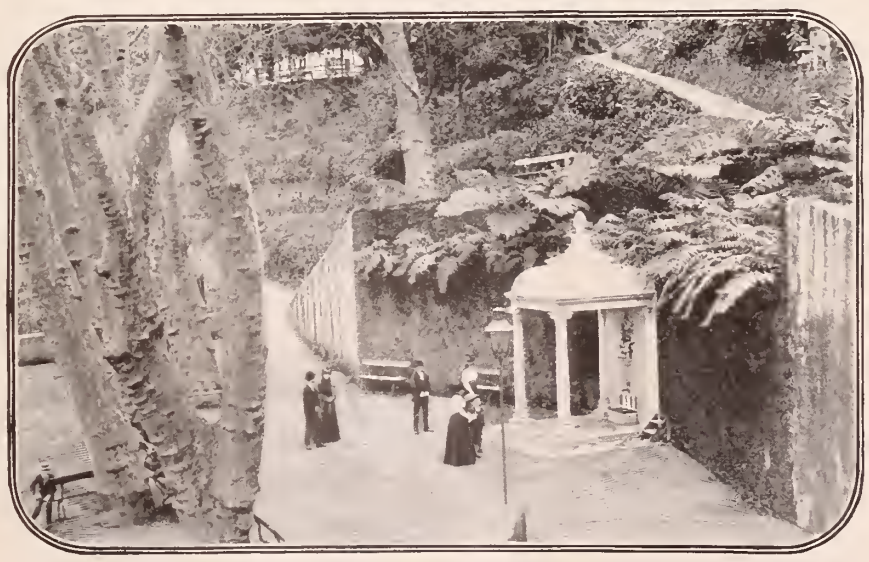
All of the horses that could be found in the confusion were taken by the panic-stricken refugees, who started to gallop into the hills to the neighboring towns. To their horror they found that the earthquake had caused as much havoc as in the city itself. Tunnels through the hills had caved in, and here and there great cracks, fifty to a hundred feet deep, yawned across the roadways, while many villages were completely wiped from the face of the earth. The whole Andean region seemed to have been tossed and strained, as all of the rivers and watercourses were affected.

The morning following the disaster the authorities saw that if the flames were not checked they would spread to the suburbs and complete the destruction of the city. Following the example set at San Francisco, they began to dynamite the intermediate buildings and confined the flames to the business portions. As it was, over four-fifths of the city were destroyed.

The Hotel Inglis collapsed, burying all of its occupants. The Chile and Terapaca Bank, the office building of the Eltereric, the Naval Club, the Merad Church, the convent of the French nuns, the English, German and American hospitals, the San Augustin and San Juan hospitals, the Lyceum Building, and the custom-house were among the edifices that have been practically destroyed. A large number of the prominent families of the city have perished, including those of wealthy merchants and officials of the government. The reports of the number killed, have varied greatly, but probably two thousand in Valparaiso alone is a small estimate. As was the case at San Francisco, thieves were soon busy pillaging the ruins and holding up defenseless people in the streets. Troops were at once sent for, who made short work of the marauders. On the bodies were placed placards, bearing the words, "A warning to thieves."

The city of Santiago was badly shaken, as were Quillotta, Limache and Petorca. The towns of San Felipe, Liqua, Vina del Mar, Hierro, Llaillal and Santa Rosa de los Andes are in ruins.

In the poorer quarter of Santiago most of the houses fell, causing great loss of life. Fires started in the *debris* and burned intermittently for a long while. As the city was entirely cut off from the outside world—the railroads, carriage roads and telegraph being completely wrecked—little accurate information could at first be secured.



Park in Valparaiso, Where Thousands of Refugees are Encamped

Those who have read the fascinating story of *Robinson Crusoe*, as told by Daniel Defoe, will be sorry to learn that in all probability the island of Juan Fernandez, on which Crusoe lived, has sunk beneath the sea. The report was brought to Lima, Peru, by a steamship. The island was mountainous and had but few inhabitants. On it a penal settlement and fort had been built.

In the Andes, the volcano of Wouin has become active and is threatening to overwhelm the nearby mountain towns. It will take a century to repair the damage wrought in a few moments of restlessness by Mother Earth.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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Christianity and the Jews

WHEREVER the subject of Gospel progress among the Jews is mentioned, we are met with the inquiry, put in all seriousness, yet not without incredulity, whether Christianity is really winning its way among the "ancient people," or whether the claims of that character are not, after all, largely imaginary.

This is a question which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD frequently encounters among the mass of communications from its readers. An excellent and comprehensive answer is at hand in an address by the Rev. W. T. Gidney, M. A., who has made the matter a subject of thorough research. Dr. Gidney deals exclusively with the results of Christian missions to the Jews. He quotes the Rev. J. F. de le Roi, a well-known statistician, as authority for the statement that in the century lately closed, 224,000 Jews were baptized in these missions—a very good percentage in a total of 10,000,000. The percentage is 1 to 40, whereas that of heathen converts is 1 in 300.

* * *

Nor was this army of 224,000 Jewish converts without notable names. It included "men renowned in every calling of life." Among them were: Professor Benfey, Sir Julius Benedict, Dr. Bissenthal, Isaac da Costa, Sir Michael Costa, Dr. Paulus Cassel, Benjamin Disraeli, Dr. Alfred Edersheim, the Halevys, the Heines, Herschells, Bishop Isaac Hellmuth, the Mendelssohns, the Margoliouths, Dr. Neander, Sir F. C. Palgrave (historian), Baron Reuter, A. G. Rubinstein, Joseph Salvador (historian), Sir Arthur Sullivan, Dr. Joseph Wolff, the Bernals, Furtados, Pereiras, de Silvas, Ricardos, the Lopez's, the Ximenes, and Uzziellis, the Mocattas; and also Lord Goschen, Jules Simon, Senor Castelar, Father Hyacinthe, Dr. Capadose, Lydia Montefiore, Bishop Alexander, Bishop Schereschewsky, Dr. Henry Aaron Stern, Dr. Adolf Saphir, Joseph Rabinovitz and Friedrich Stahl.

* * *

In England, on the continent of Europe, and in the United States, 750 Hebrews are now preaching the Gospel to Gentile congregations, these congregations themselves having once been of the "ancient faith." In the year 1800 there was not a single Jewish-Christian mission in existence. To-day there are 32 in America, with some 80 workers; 28 in Great Britain, with 481 workers; 20 elsewhere in Europe, with 40 workers; and 9 in other lands, with 47 workers — truly a remarkable showing as the growth of a single century.

* * *

Dr. Gidney declares that not only is the immediate outlook exceedingly hopeful, but that more Jewish homes and hearts are opening to Christian influences every year, and that tens of thousands of the most learned Jews now honor and venerate the name of Christ. Thus, he concludes, these missions to the Jews are gradually preparing the race for the eventual acceptance of Christ as the true Messiah, and "the eternal glory of the Jewish race."

Even in these days of widespread Gospel activity, there are few fields so encouraging or yielding so rich a harvest as this. The Jews, to whom Christianity and civilization owe so much, are remembered by few; yet they ought to be the very first in our Gospel ministrations.

Dreams

IN the mysterious realm in which we wander night after night, when sleep only partially locks us within its charmed enclosure, what strange dreams and fancies come! There must be a gulf beneath subconsciousness into which we plunge, and from which we bring strange fancies when slumber has us in its grasp.

In ancient days, people attached great importance to dreams. They were supposed to have significance as warnings, and even now, there are those who believe in lucky and unlucky dreams. In our candid moments, there are few of us who are not forced to confess that we have hanging about us some slight vestige of superstition that we say little about, but that has strength enough to make upon us some impression, perhaps, at times, to cause some discomfort. One affirms, that to dream of water at its flood means misfortune. Another does not like to dream of horses, or of snow piled up and the pathway blockaded. Dreams of this sort often follow late suppers or indigestible dainties. They really are intended only as warnings that the brain will suffer if the stomach be overloaded.

A dream common to many is to find oneself at a brilliant reception, or party, improperly or insufficiently dressed for the occasion. By what strange figment of thought this incongruity occurs it is impossible to explain; but a man or woman who would not in waking, go anywhere unless in conventional attire, will find in a dream that the feet are bare, the hair in disorder, and the general attire inadequate. One dreams of wandering through a labyrinth, or walking through endless corridors and knocking at door after door, behind which are strangers, while the dreamer is unable to find the door he wants. This is a bewildering experience of many.

* * *

Faces of our dead return to us in the night season, and often we meet and talk with those who have been gone for years, with no sense of surprise, and often with a sense of regret when we wake and the dream dissolves into thin air. Our memories seem to retain all the impressions ever made upon them, and the brain is like the old Greek palimpsest, on which each new manuscript was written above the one that had preceded it. We forget nothing, although we may seem to. In dreams the past comes back.

* * *

No doubt, in the early days, before the written Word was everywhere in the hands of men, the Lord spoke to men in dreams. He thus communicated his will to Abraham, to Jacob and to Moses, and in visions of the night he often spoke to prophets and kings. A dream precipitated the rout of the Midianites before Gideon and his little band, with their lamps and trumpets and their conquering shout: "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!" For aught we know, God may still speak to us in this way. Should he do so, let us hope for an ear attentive to the Divine voice.

Giving Wisely

REMARKABLE gifts, in aid of deserving charities, are chronicled from time to time in these columns. One such gift which we record to-day, is a two-fold benefaction, and is unique in the sense that the lady who is the donor in the case, has acted in this instance as her own executor. Instead of deferring her charities till after death, she has wisely distributed them while still enjoying health and strength.

* * *

It is becoming more and more a conviction among good men and women everywhere that earthly possessions are only a trusteeship, with accountability proportionate to means and opportunity. If, then, we are to employ these means to best advantage for God's glory and the benefit of humanity, it is surely fitting that we should make judicious disposal of them personally, instead of entrusting this duty to others. He who delegates this task to his successors, ignores a high privilege and misses the priceless pleasure of the blessing that follows persoual well-doing.

* * *

Other reasons, too, convince us that many a one would do far better to become his own executor than to impose that duty upon others. How often it happens that estates so left become an attraction to birds of prey, and sometimes wholly miss reaching the destination intended by the testator. On the other hand, where it is practicable for one to become his own executor, he has not only the satisfaction of carrying out his own purposes successfully, every dollar reaching its mark undiminished, but he enjoys the additional gratification of being a living witness of the happiness and blessing that follow his generosity. And if he does all this quietly, unostentatiously, and without self-seeking or the sound of trumpets, so much the better, for there are few things sweeter to the soul than good deeds done in secret.

HER OWN EXECUTOR

PHILADELPHIA, August 20.

I enclose herewith two checks for one hundred dollars ($100.00) each on the Colonial Trust Co. of this city, to be used one for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home and the other for The Bowery Mission and Young Men's Home, as per enclosed forms. Kindly send me receipt for same, and oblige

Yours very truly, A. W. R.

* * *

I give and bequeath to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home, Nyack, N.Y., a corporation created by and existing under the laws of the State of New York, the sum of one hundred dollars ($100.00), to be applied to the uses of such corporation.

Philadelphia, Aug. 20. [*Signed*] A. W. R.

* * *

I give and bequeath to The Bowery Mission and Young Men's Home, New York City, a corporation created by and existing under the laws of the State of New York, the sum of one hundred dollars ($100.00), to be applied to the uses of said corporation.

Philadelphia, Aug. 20. [*Signed*] A. W. R.

"TEN DAYS!"

Gen. O. O. Howard's Impressions of Mont-Lawn

DEAR FRIENDS: I have been to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home and looked myself upon the three hundred beautiful children. The whole magnificent array of beauties and glories in its founder's brain has been charmingly worked out upon the magnificent hillside over there, above the village of Nyack.

I was ascending with him the steep acclivity, and half a mile below, just as we caught sight of the buildings and the American flags; the children's friend gave a well-known call, so clear and so loud that there came a reverberation, and then in an instant a response from the three hundred children, which echoed from the Hudson valley to the very crest of the mountain heights. Oh, how they love him! I saw it as we approached the beautiful gate, the gate of welcome; I heard it in the breezes, coming to me like the sound of many waters; I saw it in the sparkling of the eyes. It was difficult to get them to stop their cheering as we rode to the main building.

I have been to many children's resorts, but I have never been to a place more delightful, and, I may say, more heavenly than this one! What struck me first was the carefully selected words on the gateway; and next, the unexpected expansion over so many acres of ground: and next, the splendid architectural finish of the buildings, and the structures and apparatus, which are evident on your right hand and on your left for the amusement and entertainment of the little ones. The cottages are as nice as they can be, commodiously arranged for little boys or little girls, under the supervision of two lady teachers at each cottage. The little beds are sweet and nice, like those my own children occupied when of the same age.

The Temple, toward the west, startles you by its beauty and its simplicity. The appropriateness of the richly colored window pictures, illustrating our Saviour's life with the children; the chapel part with every convenience; the firm and easy pews for the three hundred children. . . . I cannot tell it to you, but simply beg you to go and look for yourselves. How they all form in column under the molding hand of the teacher! How they march to the splendid entertainment hall and sit down at the long white tables richly laden with food.

I walked among them and listened to their little voices. I heard their whippoorwill song and their song of blessing before eating, sung with fervor. I looked from the faces of the happy children to those of the care-taking loving teachers, and somehow I was overcome by emotion so that I could hardly speak. I said to myself, "*Only ten days—only ten days each year*, outside of the city smoke, and dust, and dirt, and noise, and contagion of every sort; yet how happy are these ten days!"

We ascended to the room above the entertainment hall—"the room-for-rainy-days"—room enough there for roller skating and room enough for the children to play tag or "ring round rosey," as children have always played, where they could get space enough to do so. I watched the little ones, as they all scattered over the green to find the beans in the grass which their kind friend, Dr. Klopsch, had sown to the winds. Every bean found by a child brought him or her a penny. That was a lively, a wild, an indescribable sight! Yet something to my eye was superior even to that, and that was the universal flag drill. The air for long distances all around us was filled with the noble emblems of patriotic fervor, held up by little quick-moving arms, the children singing patriotic songs and cheering as only children can cheer. Blessed country, ours, when all the children are as happy all the time as these for the ten days!

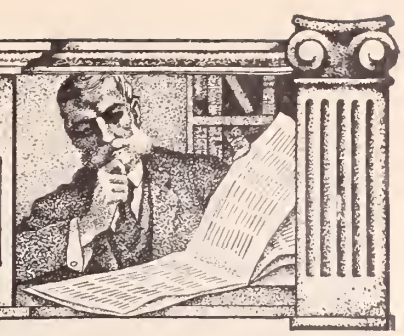
In the afternoon we were gathered in the Temple. The hymns and songs and Scripture verses sung with shrill, well-modulated voices, are still ringing in my ears. Dr. Hallock, of *The Christian Work*, and I talked to them and told them stories of peace and war, but there was no story that would come anywhere near the story told by the unanimity and melody and strength of their sweet voices, praising the Lord.

I do not wonder that Dr. Klopsch is fond of referring to this as the "foremost exponent of applied Christianity." It is a new expression to me, but there is strength and beauty in it. Real Christianity—I mean the love part of it, which shows itself at this Children's Home—is an honor to him who conceived it and a delight to those self-denying teachers, who, including Miss Collins, the immediate Superintendent, have rendered this exhibition possible during all the summer. Its record already is 24,000 little ones, representing all nations, uplifted for a short time into the beauty and sunlight of real comfort, hope and joy.

OLIVER OTIS HOWARD.

Major-General U. S. Army (Retired).

THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER



Trouble in Cuba

DISTURBANCES in Cuba, supposed at the beginning to be of trivial importance, are daily becoming more serious. The origin appears to have been dissatisfactton at the conduct of the recent election, which gave President Palma a renewed lease of power. The Liberal party, which opposes the Moderates, as the supporters of Palma are styled, complained that the election was won by intimidation, a false count, and the expulsion of duly elected Liberals, and the substitution of Moderates in their places. The discontent has been growing since that period, and now that there is a leisure time on the sugar plantations, it has broken out in open insurrection. A band of insurgents, commanded by Pino Guerra, has seized the town of San Luis, in the province of Pinar del Rio, and has proceeded to San Juan de Martinez, the terminus of the Western Railroad, which it occupied without opposition. Large bands of insurgents are reported in the Province of Santa Clara. Several towns, among them Aguacate, have declared for the insurgents. President Palma declares his ability to suppress the rising. He took prompt measures by arresting prominent persons suspected of conspiracy against the Government. Among them are Jose Miguel Gomez, the opponent of President Palma at the recent election, Enrique Castillo, a former Congressman, and Manuel Piedra, Chief of Police of the House of Representatives. The most serious feature of the trouble is, that the Rural Guards, on which President Palma necessarily depends for the suppression of the insurrection, are in several instances deserting to the insurgents.

Jose Miguel Gomez

It is difficult to understand what the insurgents are striving for. It is said that it is nothing but place and power, but they must be aware that to overthrow the Government will involve a long and desperate struggle. The suspicion is prevalent in many quarters, that the rising has been incited by American interests in Cuba, in the hope of rendering interference by the United States and eventual annexation necessary. If it can be demonstrated that neither Palma nor the Liberals can secure to the Island "a Government adequate for the protection of life, property, and individual liberty," then the Government of the United States has the right to interfere, under Cuba's own constitution. Neither Palma's party nor the Liberals can wish for such interference, but it may be that certain settlers, desiring annexation, may have set the two parties quarreling, which in Cuba is not a difficult thing, in the hope of precipitating such an event. It is very clear that the success of the insurrection would not give the United States the right to interfere, inasmuch as the Liberals might give the island a government adequate to the protection of life and property. Our government manifestly understands its duty in the matter and will not interfere in any factional struggle, but will leave the Cubans to decide for themselves whether they will live under the government of Palma's party, or under its opponents, and will not take any action unless or until the incapacity of either party to maintain order is demonstrated. In this course they will have the approval of the American public as they have the endorsement of the ancient philosopher:

He that passeth by and meddleth with strife belonging not to him, is like one that taketh a dog by the ears (Prov. 26 : 17).

Gen. Tomas Estrada Palma

First President of Free Cuba

General View of the City of Havana, Cuba

The Seaman's Friend

No more valuable friend to the mariner exists than the Hydrographic Office of the Navy Department at Washington, D. C. It issues a weekly bulletin, notifying seamen of derelict ships and other dangers to navigation, and every month a pilot chart of the Atlantic and another of the Pacific Oceans. The master of a vessel weighing anchor, from San Francisco to Yokohama, can, by reference to the Hydrographic Office's chart of the Pacific, so shape his course as to keep out of the way of an abandoned ship, which the chart informs him had been reported on a certain date in a certain position, moving in a certain direction with a certain current. If the skipper does not deem it necessary to alter his course to avoid such an obstruction, he at least doubles the lookout to keep a sharp watch for it when his ship approaches the latitude and longitude indicated on the chart. The chart for the Atlantic Ocean has been issued every month for the past twenty-two years, while that for the Pacific has only been published during the past ten years. The charted positions of derelicts and icebergs as given on these maps of the sea, have so often been verified that the commanders of ships of all nations have come to regard them as almost infallible. The captains, knowing the value of such information, carefully examine the charts during their voyage. They do not neglect them, as people too often neglect their Bibles, which are similar charts of the voyage of life. Many a spiritual wreck might be avoided if the voyager consulted more frequently the Book which warns him of his danger, and tells him of hidden perils which lie on a course which to him is apparently safe.

Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path (Ps. 119: 105).

Escaped from Slavery

The proprietor of an employment agency in New York was brought into court recently by a United States marshal, and charged with sending men into peonage in Florida. The marshal had arrested him on the complaint of a man who had escaped from the peonage camp. Seven weeks ago, he said, he was living with his sister in New York and was seeking work. Hearing that the defendant was engaging men for employment in Florida, he applied to him and was accepted. When he arrived at his destination, he was set to work under a negro guard. He was compelled to work long hours and badly fed. At the end of two weeks he found that the charge for board and lodging had absorbed all his pay and left him twenty-four dollars in debt to the company. He made his escape, but was caught, severely beaten and sent back to work. He was warned that if he attempted to run away again he would be killed. But realizing that he would die if he stayed, he resolved to make another effort. Some of the victims, less courageous than he, supplied him with money and gave him letters to their friends, begging them to come to the rescue. He escaped in the night, and after a long tramp reached Baltimore, whence he was sent by rail to New York. His back showed the marks of the beatings he sometimes their lives. But none of these need remain, since Christ has laid down his life to deliver them.

Who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the kingdom of his dear Son (Col. 1: 13).

Burglars in Church

Two burglars were brought into a police court in New York last week, who had been captured in a church. They had broken into an apartment house in Harlem and were making up a parcel of plate and valuables to carry away, when the lady, who lives in an upper floor, came in and saw them. She instantly ran into the nearest room, and, locking herself in to keep the burglars from her, she opened a window and screamed loudly for the police. In course of time the police arrived, but the burglars had made their escape. The policeman went in pursuit, and was told by a man that he had seen two men climbing through the window of a church. He pointed out the window and the policeman followed, and searching the church, found them hidden with their booty in one of the pews. They had doubtless regarded the church as a safe hiding-place, as no one would expect to find a burglar in a church. It proved to be no safe refuge for them. Nor is it a safe refuge for more cunning thieves of another kind, who often try to divert suspicion by attending there. It was so Christ declared in his day:

My house is the house of prayer; but ye have made it a den of thieves (Luke 19: 46).

A Naval Dog Deserts

A curious instance of a dog's change of nationality has come to light with the return to New York of the *Maine*, the flagship of Admiral Evans. It appears that when the British fleet, under command of Prince Louis of Battenberg, was in these waters last year, a favorite dog, the mascot of the British ship *Cornwall*, was lost. Search was made for him, but he could not be found, and the sailors of the ship reluctantly sailed away without him. There was genuine sorrow over his loss, for he was very intelligent, recognizing the various calls of the ship and joining in the manœuvres of the crew. No sooner had the British fleet sailed away than he reappeared from his hiding-place and boarded a launch from the *Maine*. He was driven away, but struggled so persistently to enter the boat that he was admitted, and taken to the big ship. There he was recognized and made a pet. He has been on the cruise with the fleet, and has returned looking well and hearty. He seems, however, to have learned from his past experience, for he will not go ashore with the men, and sticks persistently to his home on the vessel. The crew boast that he has entirely changed his nationality, and shows a partiality for the American airs, which he does not show when a British tune is played by the band. What the dog's motive can be is a mystery. We can understand a man changing his nationality, but a dog, however intelligent, is incapable of appreciating the difference. His determination to remain with his new masters is an example which may well be followed by men who enter the service of Christ, who too often mingle again in the world's pleasures and amusements, heedless of the danger they run of being drawn back into the service from which they have escaped.

Take heed, brethren, lest there be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief in departing from the living God (Heb 3: 12).

THE ITALIAN MISSION IN MONTREAL

Children of the Italian Sunday School

Home of the Italian Mission of Montreal

The Congregation of the Mission

IN the city of Montreal, a determined effort is being made by some Italian Protestants to carry the Bible and its teachings to the Italians who have left their own country to make their homes in Canada. The great mass of the Italian people have been without evangelical Bible training for so many centuries, that one cannot but admire these soldiers of the Cross who are battling successfully against great odds. The story of Italian Mission work is one of obstacles constantly overcome.

About thirty years ago, the Presbyterian Church established a Mission for the Italian population of Montreal. Among its earlier pastors was Rev. A. Internossa, a priest who had been converted from Romanism. He took a course of study at the Presbyterian College, and devoted himself to missionary work for twenty years. He was followed by C. A. Buffa, a clergyman of the Waldensian church. He remained two years, and then went back to Italy, where he had been called to fill an important position among the Protestants there. Then the work was in turn in charge of Rev. V. di Genova, who had been converted at the Mission, and Rev. M. A. Geonanette. The latter has since been called to the United States.

Three years ago, Rev. S. B. Castellini was asked by the evangelization committee to take up the Mission. His career has been interesting. His family were all Catholics, and he was, of course, baptized into that Church. He was converted, and entered the Protestant College, conducted by the Waldensian Church, in Florence, Italy, and graduated in the class of 1897.

Under the auspices of the Methodists, he worked as a missionary in different parts of Italy. For awhile he was at Pisa and then at Milan. Bishop Walden heard of the young man and sent him an invitation to come to America. Mr. Castellini accepted and came to Cincinnati, where he took charge of the Italian Methodist Mission. From Cincinnati, Mr. Castellini came to take up his present important work in Canada. Both he and his wife are completely consecrated to mission work. His wife is an Italian lady, but educated in America. She is a most accomplished musician, and her singing has added much to the effect of her husband's preaching, and greatly aided the religious work.

The Italian priest, alarmed by the progress of this little Protestant church, attacked the Mission in his sermons, and attempted in every way to belittle the director and his work. The clergy also became alarmed and tried to counteract its influence, but unsuccessfully. "It is the work of God," writes a Canadian, "and He will lift it up."

For a long time, the congregation held its meetings in the Church of St. John, but it was felt that if the work was to go on unhampered, it must have quarters of its own. In July, a large house was purchased and fitted up. The missionary and his family will live in the lower part. There are a chapel, lecture-room, and school-room. An evening school for Italians will soon be opened as an auxiliary to the religious meetings. A recent letter from Mr. Castellini is given herewith, in which he tells of his hopes for the future of the Mission:

Rev. S. B. Castellini

Mrs. Castellini

"As you know, I took charge of the Mission about three years ago, and from that time on it has grown considerably, both in number of converts and in the esteem of the people. I began to preach the new birth, and to work directly for the salvation of the souls, saying clearly to all that if they were not born again of the Spirit, they need not hope of ever being saved. In so doing, my wife and I and several of the members began to meet privately for prayer. We prayed for the conversion of those who frequented the services and for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and our prayers were nearly always answered. The members in good standing are now thirty-two, and we have twelve under probation. We are very careful in receiving new members, and this has given the Mission a certain stability which is good to see. The meetings are well attended by all members and many others, and we always feel the Spirit of the Lord among us. During prayer meetings we have many who testify and pray, and we may say that all give good testimony out of the church, as well as in it.

"Last year we had fourteen boys and girls in different Protestant educational institutions, and these paid something toward their tuition and behaved well. We hope to have many more for next winter. All the members give liberally for the cause of the Lord. We firmly believe this is due more to our united prayers than to my preaching. We have now a debt of about $12,000, and to pay it off I rely mostly on prayer. The Presbyterians of Montreal and our other Christian friends will help us; but in view of the great mission work carried on by the churches among French Canadians, in the great Northwest and among the heathen abroad, we feel justified in making known our needs and opportunities in this way. We trust in the Lord and in his people, and feel sure he will see that the debt is wiped out soon."

Information regarding the work may be had from Rev. James Patterson, Clerk of the Presbytery of Montreal; Rev. Dr. Scringer, Principal of the Presbyterian College, and Rev. S. J. Taylor, Secretary of the Missionary Board, Y. M. C. A. building in the city of Montreal, Canada.

OUR MIGHTY SUNDAY SCHOOL ARMY

Marion Lawrance

THE Sunday School workers of this country represent a mighty volunteer army, enlisted under the banner of Jesus Christ and engaged in the warfare for righteousness. There are more than 1,000,000 teachers in charge of this work, and nearly 15,000,000 scholars.

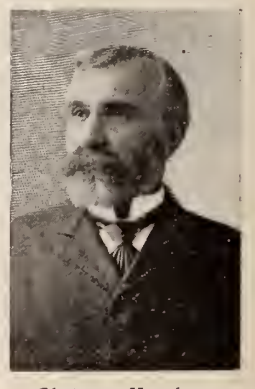
During the second week of August, the leading representatives of the Sunday School work gathered at Winona Lake, Indiana, for the annual meeting of the Executive Committee of the International Sunday School Association. Fifty of the committee of one hundred were present. Of these, a majority were laymen, justices, judges, lawyers, doctors, merchants, and other prominent men. Each one paid his own expenses, for this meeting was of more importance to the friends of the Sunday School than any financial transaction. Many State representatives discussed problems of method and organization and considered the valuable interests of the Sunday School world. Two of the members came from Canada, one of them being Justice J. J. Maclaren, of Toronto.

Their work extends not only throughout the United States and Canada, but Mexico, Honolulu, Manila and the West Indies—the last mentioned having a very creditable organization. Money was raised to place a field secretary in charge of this work.

Perhaps one of the most important questions decided upon was to reorganize a Sunday School system in Japan. Such a step was undertaken about ten years ago; but, so far, the work has not been considered a success. Mr. Frank L. Brown of Brooklyn, Superintendent of what is probably the largest Sunday School in the world (the Bushwick M. E., with thirty-five hundred members), has been commissioned to go to Japan in behalf of the united association and confer with the leaders of the missionary movement with the view of organizing a Japan Sunday School Association. The Association will have to appoint a secretary. One of the candidates for the position is Mitto, a native Japanese, now in this country.

Another important matter was the movement to incorporate an International Association. A resolution to this effect will be presented to Congress next session by the committee of which Judge John Stites of Louisville, Kentucky, is chairman.

Marion Lawrance of Toledo, Ohio, made an exhaustive report. He said: "There are 193 people in the ranks of the official or international working family. The work in Mexico has been placed on its feet; a national convention has been held and a native secretary is giving his entire time to the movement. An international worker has been placed in the Northwest. The West Indies have been organized, with twelve separate associations, and the Sunday School standard has been planted for the first time in South America. Hawaii has been organized during the year. Fifteen states and provinces have been added to the field force. Four negro state secretaries have been employed. The home department shows 424,631 members, a gain of 27,786 during the year. There are 50,000 in the teachers' training classes of the field. The adult Bible Classes have shown wonderful growth.



Chairman Hartshorn

Next August, the Committee will meet at Louisville, Ky. Justice Maclaren was made chairman of the Programme Committee and Mr. Hartshorn made chairman of the Executive Committee. Next May, many of the International Committee, field workers, pastors and teachers will go to Rome, to attend the World's Fifth Sunday School Convention.

IN THE SHADE OF THE VINE

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Secrets of Power

IN Winston Churchill's latest book, *Coniston*, there is described a very extraordinary character. Jethro Bass is illiterate, somewhat grotesque, eccentric in dress and manner, and would seem to lack most of the advantages that assist men in gaining influence and position. He is a silent man, with few friends and no intimates, yet he rises step by step, never losing an inch, never boasting, never courting favor or popularity, until he holds the politics of his State in a masterful grasp, and makes and unmakes other men and great enterprises at his discretion. It is an interesting study, and one that causes us to search for the secret of so much power.

In Jethro's case, it lies deeply rooted in a strong personality. The man sees clearly what he wants, has endless patience, has no hesitation in using other men in his service, and is ambitious not for place but for power. Power is his ultimatum. Men of better breeding, of finer education and of broader outlook yield to the force of his compelling vigor, scarcely knowing how or why they yield.

Throughout the world's history there have been instances in every department of life of the immense power resident in character. Sometimes it has been shown, as in the example of Aaron Burr, in a resistless magnetic charm, that drew every one within its circle, and induced them to obey the winning influence of the man. Sometimes, as in John Wesley, George Whitfield and Dwight L. Moody, the secret of power has been in fiery convictions, burning eloquence and consuming zeal, fused together by love for God and love for man. The greatest generals, the greatest statesmen, the men eminent in any line of earthly labor, have had in them a secret of power that has, consciously or unconsciously, swayed the multitude.

The question arises, can we, as individuals, find out for ourselves and apply these potential secrets that some of the dead have had and that many of the living have? When God sent Moses to appear before Pharaoh, Moses drew back timidly and shrunk from the task. But Jehovah bade him go onward and clothed him with invincible might. Any one of us confronted with danger, difficulty or trial, may equally be clothed with power from on high, if we seek it in the right spirit.

There is wonderful power in silent patience. Those of us who are forever in a hurry for results, who cannot bide our time, who are always trying to force events, and who cannot make haste slowly, lose much of our power. We are so uncertain, or so weary, or have so little self-control, that we cannot overcome in the battles of life.

There is wonderful power in love. Only let us love people enough, and service and sacrifice will alike seem light, and we shall have no need for anxiety or disappointment. Love is the strongest motive on earth, far stronger than hate, far stronger than wickedness. Love is the greatest secret of power.

Another secret of power is faith. In its lower developments, faith in one's self is a factor to be reckoned with in every exigency. The man who has no right sense of his own ability, who cannot and does not believe in himself, will always remain in the rear. Next comes faith in others. We must believe in our friends, in our helpers, in those who surround and carry out our plans. Lastly, and this is the strongest and most abiding secret of power, comes faith in Almighty God. Who fights with God is always in the majority.

About Visiting Cards

The little bit of pasteboard bearing one's name and address is a great convenience in society. Calls may be made without visiting cards, but their use makes certain the fact that the friend who happens to be out when a visitor rings the door-bell, will know that she has had the courtesy of a call. It is not customary to leave cards on very intimate friends every time one drops in for an informal chat, but cards are imperative if you be invited to a function which you cannot attend. In many cases, a card answers the purpose of a written regret. The card, in brief, stands for the person whose name it bears. The eldest daughter of a family has her cards engraved simply Miss Fitzgerald, the second and third daughters are, respectively, Miss Eleanor and Miss Mary Fitzgerald. A lady who is sending out cards for a reception, may have them engraved for the occasion in this fashion: Mrs. Brown on one line, and beneath it, The Misses Brown, or, if she please, she may have her name engraved as Mrs. John Alexander Brown. These observations are in answer to questions recently received by the editor of this page.

An Angel in the Sky

From Geneva, comes a story which illustrates the strange superstitions of the Swiss villagers. Over 5,000 peasants fled from Val Vedasco, on the Swiss-Italian frontier, during a great storm on Lake Maggiore lately. The villagers declare they saw an angel in the sky, pointing a finger at the valley. They believed the valley was doomed, and, in terror, abandoned the place.

MENDING THEIR NETS

Winning bread from the sea,
The fishermen fear no toil,
And often they mend their nets
That break with the shining spoil.

GOD'S PROVIDENCE

"GOD's Providence is mine inheritance!" I read
The quaint old legend on a rainy day,
When gray and thick the clouds hung overhead,
And mists were folding close about my way.

God's Providence? Then wherefore should I fear?
My Father's love is roof and inn for me,
Forever, since my Father holds me dear,
His goodness shall my guard and shelter be.

Another, heaven-endowed with worldly gain,
May count his wealth and gaze his acres o'er,
May reap his harvest-fields on hill and plain,
And heap in barn and bin his fragrant store.

And I may own no inch of tithe or foot
Of fallow in this great wide earth I tread;
Yet am I rich and need no pledge to hoot,
Save God's clear stars above my lifted head.

God's Providence is mine inheritance! Come loss,
Or change, or grief, whatsoe'er God may send,
All things shall work for blessing, and the cross
Be gladly borne if shared with Christ, my Friend.

The Care of the Hair

BEAUTIFUL hair is greatly desired by women and with reason, since it is the crown of natural feminine adornment. The golden tresses of Helen of Troy and the dusky strands of Cleopatra's hair, are famous in history. So, also, is the abundant hair of that fair Matilda, who is said to have flouted William the Conqueror and refused his suit. Enraged, the rough monarch seized the maiden by the hair of her head and dragged her about, whereupon she changed her mind and became his wife and queen. In the fairy tales, the loveliest princess is always she whose exquisite hair floats about her like a mantle of shimmering grace. The poets are often a little hazy in their descriptions of woman's eyes and cheeks, but they seldom fail to descant on the glory of the heroine's hair.

The practical matter for us is how to preserve our hair, how to keep it from growing dry and thin and perhaps from losing its original hue too early in life. Yet women are extremely absurd who vex themselves too much over gray hair. About a still youthful face, soft gray hair wreathes an aureole that is an added charm, and when women grow old, white hair is much more becoming to them than hair that has remained brown or black. The effect of white hair on the complexion is to soften harsh lines and to harmonize with the pleasant lines of time.

The young girl who wishes to have thick, wavy hair, should brush it thoroughly every night before going to bed. Fifty strokes of the brush are not too much to make the hair soft and bring the needed friction to the scalp. Hair may be injured by too frequent washing, but it should be washed whenever the scalp is clogged with dirt, whether this be every week or every month. At night the hair should be uncoiled and loosely braided. Occasionally, it is well to singe the ends. Avoid the use of oils and pomades on the hair, as nature has provided an oil quite sufficient to keep it in good condition if it is faithfully brushed.

Concerning Accidents

As compared with the vastness of travel by land and sea, and the safety with which steamers forge across the ocean, and railways span the continent, accidents are few. Yet, from time to time, there occur terrific casualties that fill our hearts with dismay and send a dark shadow over wide circles of mourning friends. Every day of our lives, at home and abroad, we are in the kind care of the heavenly Father, and it is through his watchful providence that we have immunity from peril and go here and there with freedom and fearlessness. Are we as swift to acknowledge the good hand of our God in this regard as we ought to be?

Every one has noticed by how slight a margin one sometimes escapes accident, and every one, too, has observed that accidents come to all alike, even as the rain from heaven falls impartially on the just and the unjust. Yet, as our Saviour has said that God's care extends to everything, to the minutest detail as to the greatest occasion, we may not feel that accidents come by chance. Our lives are in God's plan. Whatever be his will for us in every exigency, that is the best that could possibly happen, whether it were sorrow or gladness, life or death. "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing, and one of them shall not fall to the ground without your Father?" He who cares for the half farthing, for the sparrow worth so little, yet worth so much to him, may surely be trusted to care for us.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—MONTAGUE. Consult an encyclopedia for the information.

—MINNIE. The Apocryphal books of the Bible are included in the *Modern Readers' Bible*, and may be purchased separately.

—HATTIE. Ask your bookseller to get you Marion Harland's *Complete Cook Book*, published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company. Messrs. Harpers & Brothers publish a little book called *Recreations in Botany*, by Caroline A. Creevy. It may meet your need, but you had better consult the principal of your grammar school and get the names of the latest and simplest Nature Study books from him before beginning botany with a child.

DUTIES TO GOD AND MAN

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts *

WHAT a story might a well-worn penny, or any sort of coin tell of the hands that have handled it, and the things good and bad for which it has been used! But coins are dumb. Jesus, however, gave a penny a voice and made it both eloquent and convincing. We stand beside Jesus in the court of the Temple, surrounded by a group of men, mainly Pharisees and Sadducees. These two sects, usually most unfriendly to each other, because they held diverse views on the resurrection, are now of one mind seeking to entangle Jesus by hard questions and "catch him in his words."

A Dilemma Planned

A Pharisee asks Jesus, "Is it lawful to give tribute unto Cæsar or not?" They well knew that if he should answer "No," he would be treated as an offender by the Roman government, and if he should answer, "Yes," he would incur the displeasure of all Jews, to whom the paying of tribute to Cæsar was a token of bitter bondage. Jesus replies to the question by asking that a penny be brought to him, and as he holds it up, and points to the image of Cæsar engraved upon it, he asks the question, "Whose image and superscription is this?" They answer, "Cæsar's." In the hush of expectancy that follows, there seems to come a voice from the lips on the coin as if it said: "Do I not give you protection of life and property? Do you not travel upon the highways which I have caused to be built? Do not I guard even your Temple, and keep the peace there? Does not tribute, therefore, rightly belong to me?" Jesus needs only to corroborate this point of view as he says: "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's." And he takes the occasion for reminding them as they bare about in their bodies the image of the God who created them, they owe to him the tribute of loving service: "Render unto God the things that are God's." There is no room left for carping on the part of the Pharisees.

Heavenly Conditions

And now the Sadducees take their turn. They have a sinister purpose: to make ludicrous the teachings of Jesus concerning the resurrection and immortality, and also to bring reproach upon the Pharisees. "The Sadducees say that there is no resurrection, neither angel nor spirit, but the Pharisees confess both" Acts 23:8.

They hold up to Jesus the law with the superscription of Moses, than whom none was held in greater honor among them, as they ask the question: "In the resurrection whose wife shall she be, for the seven had her to wife?" The superscription of Moses pleased Jesus well, and he recalls to the Sadducees the words of Moses concerning the patriarchs Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, of whom he spoke as not being dead but living, even in the bosom of the Father. "He is not the God of the dead, but of the living," adds Jesus.

Pharisees and Sadducees alike are vanquished, and the true relations of civic duty and immortality are brought home to the hearts and minds of those who have witnessed the battle royal between Jesus and his opponents.

"Jesus saith unto them: Whose is this image and superscription? and they said, Caesar's"

Illustration and Application

Right thought and action in regard to God and government, in this life and the next—that is the unifying view of the seemingly disconnected incidents of this lesson. It bids us "see life steadily and see it whole," avoiding the errors of those who neglect one aspect of duty in an overzeal for some other aspect, as the Pharisees made much of the future life, but needed to be called to a sweeter life here and now, with a proper balance of duties to God and man.

The less spiritual Sadducees, who depreciated the future life, made as great a failure of the present life as the Pharisees. Both were proud, selfish, envious, hateful. What they had was religiosity, a counterfeit of religion, which means right relations to God and man. Their devotion was more partizan than spiritual. But when we consider that the Pharisees devoted a tenth of their income to God, and fasted twice in the week, and prayed many times a day, we may well ponder seriously the warning of Jesus, "Except your righteousness exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no wise enter the kingdom of heaven." That means the fellowship on earth of the heavenly-minded. Do we exceed the Pharisees in the money or time we devote to religion? Do we give more? Or more scrupulously seek to obey God's law? Or deny our appetites more? And they were mostly Puritans in morals—are we morally cleaner? In none of these matters of conduct should Christians fall short of Jews. In outward action let us not fall short of them. But if in heavenly-mindedness we do not excel them, all our religiosity is vain. Three great duties stand out in the lesson. 1. Christian citizenship; 2. Consecration; 3. Otherworldliness.

Submission to the State a Duty

1. Christian citizenship. The Jews, like some of to-day, were habitually "agin the government." There seemed to be good reason for regarding the government only with hostility. It was not a government of the people, but of despots, and of foreign despots at that. But Jesus teaches that the Christian is bound to do his duty even to a government that is not altogether to his liking. This does not deny the right of revolution when there is opportunity to substitute a better government. But when one is receiving civil protection and other benefits of orderly government, he must, as a part of his Christian duty, pay his taxes and aid in maintaining law and order.

When the Jews were using Roman coins and Roman roads, and receiving the protection of Roman soldiers and Roman police, they could not reasonably refuse to pay some of these Roman coins back in taxes. The parallel to-day is the case of those who have been outvoted in the election of officers and in the enactment of laws. The Sunday laws, for example, may require a man to close his shop, who believes it would be right for him to open it; but he is bound to make the sacrifice if he remains under the protection of the government that has made this law, as a part of his contribution to the general benefits of majority rule. Ah, something else, somebody else must yield to his preferences when they coincide with the views of the majority. At the command of government one may waive a right though he is not thus justified in doing a wrong. All are commanded to labor for six days, but not to labor in any one way. Curiously this truth is needed by none to-day more than by those who most frequently quote our two-winged golden text, but who quote it to prove that we owe all duties to God and none to the government, the very error of the Pharisees, who fully recognized that they had duties to God, but because they hated the Roman government thought they owed no duties to that. To those who to-day teach their children that the United States government is a successor of Nero, Jesus says, Render not only to God the obedience and love you owe to God, but also to government the obedience and loyalty you owe to government.

The Penny Shown to Christ

Modern Pharisaism

A citizen has a right to move out from under a government he does not like; a right also to agitate in proper ways for a change of officers and of laws; but he has no right to disobey laws that do not compel him to do wrong, but only to forego a preference. In these times when law-breaking in many forms has become a national habit, many in all our churches need the command of Jesus, "Render to the government the loyal obedience due to the government." Alas, many officers of government themselves need Christ's command to obey the civil laws, especially the Sunday laws. Several of our very highest national officials have this year most conspicuously travelled on Sunday in disregard of the laws of the States as well as the laws of God. It is almost as bad a sign of the times that Christians do not oftener bring home to such offenders the rebuke of Christ in both parts, "Render due obedience both to the law and the Lord."

Alert Mechanics

During the Centennial Exposition in 1876, a party of workmen from certain potteries in New Jersey visited it. Nothing but white ware, coarse in design and finish, had ever been manufactured at these potteries. Mr. George Smith, the Superintendent of the SouthKensington Museum in England, happened to meet these workmen, accompanied them through the main building, giving a running lecture on pottery. The workmen listened in silence, putting now and then a keen, comprehensive question. A week later, two of these men came back, bringing with them two or three vases, dishes, etc., of exquisite outline and effective decoration. The Englishman looked at them with astonishment. "It is incredible that you can have made these things!" he exclaimed. "Why, here are some of the most advanced ideas I gave you carried into effect! When did you go to work at them?" "The day you gave them to us, sir," was the modest reply. After he returned to England, and before his death, the great artist was accustomed to tell this story, adding, "And then I understood the secret of American success."

Our commercial success would be paralleled in the improvement of our cities and States and the whole nation politically, if the words of Christ and of good men about nobler social relations among men were thus eagerly caught up by the plain people. God's plan is not alone to save souls in heaven, but to save society, if only to make a safe place for saved souls and to make a "better country" and a "better world" here and now.

Explorers Frozen to Death

2. Consecration. There are more who neglect God and the future life than there are that neglect their duties to their fellow-men. When a man makes what he calls a "good moral life" the excuse for not rendering to God the love and obedience to which as our Creator he is entitled, it is as if a man should say: "I have done my duty to everybody but my father," "I have been faithful to everybody but my wife." If to "love God" is the first and great commandment, not to love God is the greatest crime. Many a man, like these Pharisees, prays but has never learned to love either God or man.

In the search for Sir John Franklin, the polar explorer, the successful party records: "We found the ship, an English vessel, crowded up in the ice. It had been there thirteen years, and the sailors cried when they saw it. We climbed in and found the captain sitting at a table, with his hat and overcoat on, and pen in hand. The last words he had written were: 'My wife froze last night.' The sailors were sitting around frozen." "There are churches," says Dr. A. T. Pierson, "where the members have been sitting frozen for more than thirteen years."

*International Sunday School Lesson for Sept. 16, 1906. Jesus Silences the Pharisees and Sadducees, Mark 12: 13-27. GOLDEN TEXT: "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God, the things that are God's," Mark 12: 17.

HOME INDUSTRIES FOR BOER GIRLS

Miss Emily Hobhouse

OUR globe has grown very small since the far-seeing Master said to his disciples, "The field is the world." Little by little, as the centuries advanced, people began to realize that that was true. During the last hundred years, with the aid of steam and electricity, the brotherhood of man, the sisterhood of nations, has become more easily possible and the sense of kin has deepened. A striking instance of this is seen in what has been done for the Boers and by the Boers themselves during the past two years. The chief factors in this work have been three women—a remarkable trio, whose inspiration has kindled sympathy in the hearts of many people of many lands. One of these women is Miss Margaret Clark, the granddaughter of John Bright of England. Her mission has been to stir up the English people to make good to the Boers the opportunities of which they were robbed by war. The second is the Countess Evelyn degli Asinelli, whose home is in Switzerland, and who has written with her own hand thousands of appeals to men and women of every country in Europe, asking for aid in the effort to give fireside industries to the girls and women of the Boer households.

The third and chief worker is Miss Emily Hobhouse, a near relative of several celebrated Englishmen of that name. Her field of labor is in South Africa, where she is devoting heart and head and hand to the stricken women of that country.

Miss Hobhouse did not go into this serious work unprepared. Before undertaking it, she took a long course of instruction in dyeing, spinning, knitting and weaving, so that she is a master of these various crafts. She then went to Africa, taking with her an equipment of looms and a few spinning-wheels. Through the effort of Countess Asinelli, the peasants of Switzerland sent several hundred wheels from their own homes to the homes on the dreary veldts of that far-away land. There was no need to import material for the weavers. The sheep and goats of that country are rich in fleeces, but these had hitherto been exported.

This trio of women planned to change all this, and they are gradually doing it. It seems but yesterday since the first loom was set up in the little school for spinning and weaving, opened by Miss Hobhouse. It was really only a year ago last March. Rent had to be paid, teachers taught, and after they had learned and schools were established, salaries had to be raised. Then the work spread, and other schools, requiring other teachers, were demanded. There is not a school in the world doing that sort of work which can earn enough to pay its own expenses. Education is always expensive. One could hardly expect the Boers, stripped of their all by a long war, to be able to do what richer communities find impossible. Yet it has been slow work to convince men and women who might have helped, that it is as legitimate to buy a spinning-wheel for a poor struggling Boer woman in South Africa, as to pay the rent for some unhappy woman on the East Side of London or New York.

The latest report from Miss Hobhouse is a most interesting mingling of faith, hope, and charity, seen under a little cloud of discouragement. She says:

I am very anxious that our supporters should understand the exact position of the two schools. The interest in our old school at Philippolis keeps steadily on, as is shown by the fact that it draws fresh girls every month or so to come and learn. Every few weeks also, a pupil leaves for her farm, keeping the average at school at about seventeen or eighteen girls. The yarn here is principally supplied from the neighboring hamlet. Our first pupils went home and taught their relatives and friends, with the result that we had a large demand for wheels, which we were enabled to supply by the opportune arrival of the Swiss gift. We have now some sixty in the immediate district. We are receiving an average or fifty pounds of yarn a week from these spinners. The quality is not yet very high, but it improves, and will always tend to improvement. We pay according to quality.

Our trouble is that these spinners require payment on the spot, which means putting out thirty or forty dollars a week, whereas the weavers have to wait for their money till the articles are sent away and find a purchaser. The railway rates are terribly high, and add considerably to the cost of the work. Of course, so long as we are there as a school, we can manage to put out money to pay for the yarn, but my fear is what may happen if we shut up, and single girls, weaving in their homes, are unable to advance money for the yarn.

Looms in the Schoolroom at Langlaagte

Weaving at Philippolis

Turning to Langlaagte, there is much to say. This has become purely a training school for teachers. The South Africa Federation are maintaining ten girls from as many districts, the Federation paying half and the district from which they come half of the board expenses. In these girls are centered the real interest and usefulness of the school. Naturally, the girls now training will begin teaching elsewhere. I shall give each when she goes a loom for herself and a certain number of Swiss wheels to take for her pupils' use. As yet, we do not see where the salary for these girls is to come from. To minimize expense, we urge them not to attempt starting a school, but from the first to be itinerant teachers in the farms. They are an interesting and intelligent set of girls, and teaching them is an enjoyment.

The first, Anna Fourie, left us yesterday. When all the ten are gone, we do not know what will happen. It all depends upon money. The Federation wants to send us relays of girls, but they also live from hand to mouth, and cannot promise beforehand. The really wise thing to do would be to buy a site with water, and put up suitable premises and make it for some years to come a central home of the industry. I think it would largely support itself if once we were helped with the premises. I think $5,000 would buy a site and put up what is required.

So many girls want to come to us and learn, but we have not the means to board them, and they are wretchedly poor; as to the Federation, it can only undertake the ten already mentioned, and is uncertain of the future. Hence, we grope our way along in the dark, not knowing what will turn up, and desperately afraid of undertaking responsibilities we may not be able to meet.

Meanwhile applications reach me from all parts to send teachers to the distant lonely districts, where board and lodging will be freely given; but there is no money for even a low salary for such a teacher. It is sad to have to refuse when one has the teachers to send, and the necessary wheels!

Another feature of the situation is the increased production of cotton, and in the low warm parts where this is grown, much could be done with this. Flax is being grown by a firm for making linseed oil cakes, and they have been writing to ask me if I could take their flax. Another opening. Also a man from Natal has sent samples of a fibre grown there, of which he can obtain large quantities, if I can spin it. We are trying it, a sort of fine jute, I think.

On every side there is opportunity to develop, and desire to co-operate in helping the work forward, but we have to nip it in the bud for want of means.

EMILY HOBHOUSE.

Miss Hobhouse adds that she has just received from Germany a gift of fifteen spinning-wheels, three of them being a present from the Grand Duchess of Baden.

The specimens of work done at the Langlaagte School, under Miss Hobhouse, are very interesting and beautiful. The spinning, dyeing and weaving are all done at Langlaagte, and most of the colors used are veldt dyes. Rugs and "stoep-mots," which would do very well for doormats and small hearth-rugs, form the greater part of their exhibits. Ex-President Steyn made the school a present of some wool from his farm, and this has been woven into little cot blankets, and in return the pupils made him a Christmas present of a splendid rug, with a Dutch design and motto.

"It is difficult to believe," writes a critical visitor, "that these articles were really made by South African women, chiefly from the fleece of South African sheep, in less than the space of a year from the time that the industry was first introduced amongst them and taught to them. In many cases the work has been dyed with the products of roots and veldt-plants, extracted by the workers themselves, experimented with by them, and then applied to their work with such beautiful and satisfactory results. Not a few of the exhibits have been made entirely by one young Dutch girl, from wool picked herself on her father's farm or some other property."

Knowing of this need of help in a good work in South Africa, there are no doubt many friends of humanity who who will respond to the call of this trio of brave women. The teachers are there; the people of Switzerland have sent the wheels; the people of England have sent the skilled women to carry on the work, and the good people of America might help to build the school and to pay the salaries of the teachers. Any reader of this journal who may wish to aid in this deserving work, can do so by sending their gifts for the Boer Home Industries to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. All such gifts will be forwarded to Miss Hobhouse, who will acknowledge the same through these columns."

ANSWERED PRAYERS

R. S. F., Missouri. "It strengthens my faith to hear these testimonies from God's children all over this land: God has answered many prayers for me when in the hour of greatest need. I am still trusting him."

Reader. "We desire to express our thanksgiving to our Heavenly Father for his goodness to us. We have been in trouble so many times and have together called upon the Lord and he has so wonderfully answered our prayers."

Reader, Milbrook, N. Y. "I have been passing through a great deal of trouble. I took it to my Heavenly Father, and he has heard and answered my prayers as many times before. I know that God will hear us if we ask in faith."

E. W. W., Illinois. "I wish to add my testimony to a direct answer to prayer, far above what I thought possible, and to Him be all the praise. 'Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass.'"

S. S., North Dakota. "God has answered some of my prayers in a wonderful manner. I long to be drawn closer to him."

Mrs. E. J. C., Oregon. "I am sure that it was in answer to the prayers of my husband, my friends and myself, that my life was spared during a recent illness. Times too numerous to mention have I had direct answer to prayer. I have learned to carry even the most trivial incidents of every-day life to Him who said: 'Ask, and it shall be given you.'"

D. A. N., New Jersey. "I wish to acknowledge an especial answer to our prayers. He not only took away all our fear, but also removed the cause of it."

A Friend, Kansas. "Your column of 'Answered Prayers' has been such a help and inspiration to me, that I wish to testify to the dear Lord answering many prayers for me—some almost direct answers. I love the prayer column."

A Connecticut Mother. "I desire to acknowledge the help that I have received from the 'Answered Prayer' column, and also to tell others that the Lord has answered our prayers in a very large measure, for a dear son who is far away from home, for whom we are praying very earnestly now."

A Subscriber, Ohio. "I want to acknowledge God's goodness in answering my prayers. Time and time again he has heard the prayers of one so unworthy. I shall never cease to thank him for his goodness to me."

Mrs. H. "I would like to add my word of praise of One who not only hears prayer, but gives comfort in time of anxiety, distress and suspense, by giving assurance of prayer about to be answered. Many, many times under such circumstances have I had rest and comfort and assurance of the coming answer to my prayer."

H. C. R., New York. "I know that God hears and answers prayers, since I have proven it many times. For nearly a year I prayed that, if it were consistent with his will, a certain blessing might be granted me, and he has recently granted that blessing, and also many others, for which I praise his holy name."

A Reader, Ohio. "An anxious mother requests the united, earnest prayers of all Christians, for the healing of a dear one. We can call upon the same God who caused the pure blood to flow through the veins of the leper. Oh pray earnestly that she may be spared to us and that we may all become true Christians."

Mrs. C. A., Minnesota. "'Unto him who is able to do exceedingly abundantly above all we can ask or think,' I wish to give grateful praise, and acknowledge his tender mercy in answering four requests most unmistakably in the last two months."

A Friend, Kentucky. "Through God's love and the spirit of faith in prayer, he has wonderfully blessed my life with great peace. Better still, he has brought into the fold of the Good Shepherd a dear one who had drifted into the world."

An Old Subscriber, Virginia. "I wish to acknowledge God's goodness in answering prayer, and raising up my dear boy from what seemed his deathbed. Will the dear readers of these lines pray earnestly with me that his heart and life may be given entirely to God."

Mrs. C. N. B., Massachusetts. "I have taken THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for a number of years, and delight in reading Answered Prayers. I want to join the list of believers. The Lord has answered my prayers many times."

Rev. James H. Taylor, of Macon, Ga., writes: "We had a debt to pay on Monday last. Upon my arrival I began a series of prayer services each night to talk to the people about prayer. I told them that we ought to pray for a spirit of liberality among ourselves, and that we be given the grace to pay this debt. We had to raise about $425. I urged them to pray about this matter in private. On Sunday we had a Communion Service, and after the Lord's Supper was administered we had prayer. I asked for $600. For a stranger to have looked in on us and heard us asking for that amount from this handful of people would have looked like sheer folly. We received $867.18, a congregation of sixty-four and two outsiders giving that amount! I feel so humbled that it makes me feel that in all our work we do not honor God enough."

Savory Soups--

RICH, meaty, wholesome, satisfying and palate-tempting—soups that nourish and delight, without overheating—are best made with

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* * *

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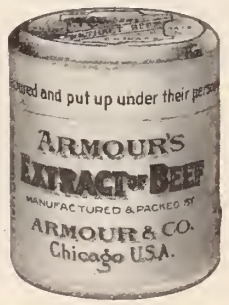

Try this for tomorrow's dinner:

Cream of Celery Soup

One cup of stock made from Armour's Extract of Beef
3 cups celery, cut in inch pieces
2 cups boiling water
1 slice of onion
2 tablespoonfuls flour
2 cups of milk
2 tablespoonfuls butter salt and pepper

* * *

For directions for preparing see "CULINARY WRINKLES," our little cook book written by Mrs. Ida M. Palmer. It tells of scores of appetizing ways in which Armour's Extract may be used. Mailed free on request.

Armour & Company
CHICAGO

"The Spirit's Power"

By CHARLES M. SHELDON

Author of "In His Steps," etc.

CHAPTER II.—Continued

"HOW was the singing? Of the cheap order, wasn't it?" asked Agnes, who was sensitive on the question of music in the church. One reason she had stopped going to Sunday School was because she did not like some of the hymns in the Sunday School book.

"O I don't know." Harry was irritated suddenly; "I'm no judge of such music. Most of the people seemed to enjoy it. But I say the *News* doesn't give a fair account of Spencer."

Mr. Wallace opened his lips as if to speak, but shut them again and turned to the paper. Harry applied himself to the breakfast and no one else asked any questions for several minutes. After awhile John said, "Spencer is a college man, isn't he?"

"Yes, Yale '89, so Fairview told me."

"Was Fairview at the meeting?" Mrs. Wallace asked.

"Yes, we went together."

"Any other students there?" asked Mr. Wallace curiously.

"Yes, sir, I saw quite a number."

"What do they say about Spencer?"

"I don't know. I haven't talked with them."

"What does Fairview think?" Agnes asked. Fairview was one of Agnes' heroes out of the very few she carried on her list.

"Fairview thinks Spencer is all right," replied Harry with vigor. "He says Spencer has a healthy mind. But if you're all so curious about him, why don't you go yourselves and hear him?"

Harry looked at his father as he sometimes did in his open-hearted, frank manner. His father laughed shortly as he rose to go down to the store.

"Catch me; I've no desire to add to the audience of dupes who are hypnotized by an impostor."

As his father went out of the room, Harry said, speaking to his mother, "I don't think father is fair to Mr. Spencer, he's not an impostor. And I'm sure he doesn't hypnotize people. It struck me he was a very pleasant-spoken, straightforward Christian gentleman. I wish father wouldn't talk as he does."

"Your father has been deceived on several occasions by church members in business transactions," Mrs. Wallace said timidly. "I think that accounts for his prejudice in the case of evangelists."

"He has no right to judge Spencer on that account," replied Harry shortly. "It's not fair." He got up from the table, gathered up his books and went out without any more words. Mrs. Wallace, Agnes and John, seemed more than usually surprised at Harry's manner, although it was the regular rule in the Wallace household for every member to express himself with the greatest possible freedom.

"Doesn't it seem queer for Harry to go to the meeting?" Mrs. Wallace said.

"Not if Fairview asked him," said Agnes. "He would do anything Fairview asked him."

"He seemed to like Spencer pretty well," said John. "That isn't like Harry, to take to strangers at first sight."

"It seems queer to me," Mrs. Wallace murmured.

Nothing more was said about the meetings until after supper.

The family had finished the meal. Mr. Wallace was at his newspaper again. Agnes had gone upstairs. Mrs. Wallace, who was sitting in her customary place by the library table, spoke suddenly, half rising from her chair.

"Agnes has an engagement with the society this evening. She says she can go to-morrow. I can go with Mrs. Thomas. I heard her say this morning she was going." Mrs. Thomas was the Wallace's next door neighbor.

"O well, that's all right." Mr. Wallace resumed his paper and his cigar. Harry still remained with one foot on the stair, his books under his arm. John had opened the front door and gone out. Harry started upstairs. Halfway up he paused, then turned and came back again.

"I'll go with you, mother," he said slowly. Mr. Wallace looked up from his paper. Mrs. Wallace looked astonished.

"You can't spare the time from your studies."

"Yes, I can. Just let me fling these books into my room." He ran upstairs, threw his books down on the table, and was downstairs again. Mr. Wallace was hard at his paper and cigar again. As Mrs. Wallace and Harry went out he looked up.

"I suppose it will be ten o'clock before you get back. These evangelists are long-winded animals."

"I don't think it will be as late as that," Harry said, as he and his mother went out.

On the way to the meeting scarcely a word was exchanged between Mrs. Wallace and her son. The event of his accompanying her was so unusual that it acted almost as an embarrassment between them.

The service began as usual with singing. Mrs. Wallace, who had something of Agnes' dislike for what she called cheap church music, sat listening at first with a feeling of critical discomfort. But the solo singer was a man of much refinement and unquestioned conservation. Mrs. Wallace confessed the next morning that his voice compared favorably with many she had heard in opera. And, in fact, Mark Burleigh had begun his career as a professional opera singer until he was converted at a street meeting in Hyde Park, and Ambrose Spencer had prevailed on him to come with him. They had been together five years, and were like brothers in their feeling toward each other.

During the sermon Mrs. Wallace several times glanced at Harry. He was listening carefully, but his face did not tell anything in particular of his impressions. When Spencer finished and announced that decision cards would be distributed, Harry straightened up, and his face assumed its usual expression of good-natured indifference. He took one of the cards from the usher and read it, but almost instantly put it in his pocket without signing it. When the meeting was finally dismissed he went out with his mother, and their walk home was almost as silent as it had been on their way to the meeting.

Only once Mrs. Wallace said, "Mr. Spencer is a very pleasant speaker. His sermon had some beautiful illustrations in it, don't you think?"

"Yes, I thought they were unusually good," said Harry.

"The *News* was certainly wrong in its prediction about a falling off in attendance," Mrs. Wallace murmured.

"Yes, a bigger crowd than last night. There must have been twice as many standing up."

Mr. Wallace was sitting up as they came in. It was a quarter of ten. Harry went right up to his room, with only a brief good-night. Mr. Wallace asked only one or two questions, and next morning at breakfast little was said about the meetings. Agnes asked her mother if she wanted her to go with her to-night, and Mrs. Wallace replied that she would be glad to have her, and spoke a word of praise of Mr. Burleigh's solo work. Harry said little and left the breakfast-table early.

Mr. Wallace, on his way downtown, was saying to himself, "Queer thing

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

CHAPTER III.

"I WAS thinking some about going to the meeting to-night. You don't mind, do you, Ralph?"

"No, of course, not," replied Mr. Wallace. "Go, if you want to. Will Agnes go with you?"

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Rich with the scent of roses in their bloom;
And, with the wind, all sins and sorrows pass,
Leaving a sweet contentment in their room.

Here are no troubles: here are none that weep:
Here come no thoughts of sadness or despair;
But fairest flowers, in fullest beauty, sleep,
And softest sunlight dreams upon the air.

The murmurings of fountains, low and sweet,
Forever fill the ear and never cease,
Soothing the silence with a gentle beat,
Like kindly voices speaking words of peace.

And here, forever and forever, rest
The weary souls, unburdened of their sin:
And things accursed are here forgiven and blessed,
And wicked hearts are made all clean within.

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"My trouble first began in the form of bilious colic, coming on every few weeks and almost ending my life. At every attack for 8 years I suffered in this way. I used to pray for death to relieve me from my suffering. I had also attacks of sick headache, and began to suffer from catarrh of the stomach, and of course awful dyspepsia.

"For about a year I lived on crackers and water. Believing that coffee was the cause of all this suffering, I finally quit it and began to use Postum Food Coffee. It agreed with my stomach, my troubles have left me and I am fast gaining my health under its use.

"No wonder I condemn coffee and tea. No one could be in a much more critical condition than I was from the use of coffee. Some doctors pronounced it cancer, others ulceration, but none gave me any relief. But since I stopped coffee and began Postum I am getting well so fast I can heartily recommend it for all who suffer as I did." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville." "There's a reason."

"THE SPIRIT'S POWER"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 742

that Harry should take to going to those meetings. I expect last night is about all he will want."

On going over his morning mail he came upon the following letter, which came as near disturbing his peace of mind as he ever allowed it to be moved. The letter was from an old college classmate in Washington, and he read it through twice. Andrews was a business man whom he admired greatly on account of his great ability and his success. He had accumulated a fortune since going to the Northwest, and Wallace had heard from him only occasionally.

"My dear Wallace," the letter began, "I understand Ambrose Speneer is to begin or has already begun a series of revival meetings in Westville. At the very beginning I want to commend him to you and your family as a splendid, consecrated Christian gentleman. You know, perhaps, that when I came out here I had little or no use for churches or religion, and my main purpose was to make money. This whole Northwest is a wonderful place, and before I knew it I was up to my neck in money-making. It seemed as if the money just poured in on me and I couldn't prevent it. Well, all that time I let the church and the Bible and prayer and religion generally simply drift out of my life. My wife and children (we have three boys and one girl) were just like me, and we were living as near like pagans as any family in a nominal Christian country can live. I gave a little money once in a while to good causes, but spent ten times as much on foolishness and luxuries. About a month ago Spencer came to Seattle and began his meetings. I had no use for them and didn't go near them, until an old friend urged me to attend. I went just to please him, got interested and to make this letter shorter, I at last got soundly converted, and I found my whole life changed. Next my wife became interested and our children, and it seems like a miracle to me, but we have all become Christians, and last Sunday we all united with the Church. It was the happiest day of my life. I find the joy of it doesn't wear off. Of course, I naturally feel very grateful to Mr. Spencer. And I felt an impulse to write you this much and express a hope that you might meet him and get help from his Gospel message.

"It has meant more than words can tell to me, this new life. People may say what they please about being hypnotized and all that, as some of my business friends do, but I know well enough it is the work of the Spirit of God who has opened my eyes through Ambrose Spencer, as the human messenger, to see Christ as my daily life. I was a critical, fault-finding, narrow-minded, selfish man, living for my own ease and pleasure. I am now, I say it with praise to God, at least a man with a far different definition of life and an honest desire to build up the Kingdom of God on the earth, and I trust I see the difference between that sort of a life and my old life better than anyone else.

"There is one matter I would like to mention to you, as it may possibly influence your thought of Mr. Spencer. A great deal of newspaper criticism has been made about the compensation he receives for his service as an evangelist. I happen to know that a great deal of this criticism is based on a lack of knowledge concerning Spencer's income and his use of the voluntary offerings.

"In the first place, Spencer, five years ago, left a church in the East where he was getting a salary of $6,000 a year. From a close personal friend of Spencer's, I find that during the five years he has been in evangelistic work he has not received, in any one year, half the amount he once had while pastor of the Eastern church. In the second place, he is able to work only eight months in the year on account of the tremendous nervous strain. In the third place, he has, by choosing this life of an evangelist, cut himself off for eight months at a time from his home and his family, a great privation in itself and a greater sacrifice than even the foreign missionaries make in many ways. In the fourth place, I found out that he has dependent on him an unusually large number of poor relatives and old people for whom he has made himself responsible, so that he is not able, even if he wishes, to make any money, to say nothing of laying up anything more than sufficient to keep up a little insurance for sickness and old age.

"Under these conditions, it seems like a cruel thing for the papers to make the charges they do and prejudice the public against one of the most useful, conscientious, noble Christian gentlemen that ever lived. I know, of course, that you could never be guilty, personally, of such criticism, but simply wished to let you know these facts so that the newspaper criticisms might not have any effect on your mind. You will, I am sure, pardon the expression of the desire on my part, Wallace, that you may sometime know the joy yourself that I feel as I write this letter. There is nothing like Christian life to give you peace and happiness. And I wish you nothing better than the same experience that has come to me. My regards to Mrs. Wallace and the family. Very cordially, your old college classmate and friend, ALBERT ANDREWS."

Parts of this letter made Mr. Wallace angry. When a self-satisfied gentleman like Mr. Wallace, who is fixed in his opinions receives an intimation, even innocently made, that he is mistaken as to certain deep-seated prejudices, the first feeling he has is a feeling of angry irritation. Such a man does not like to be corrected or enlightened. Nothing is so irritating to the dead sure man as any statement in the way of proof that he may be mistaken. He was angry that Andrews had written him at all. And as he threw the letter into the waste-paper basket he muttered, "Andrews might 'tend to his own business. I'm not interested in all his gossip about this evangelist." Nevertheless, the letter annoyed him all day, and when he reached home that night he was in a glum humor which showed itself in a moody and disagreeable manner to every member of the family. The usual attitude of the Wallace household on such occasions was a profound ignoring of the whole thing until it wore off.

Immediately after supper Mrs. Wallace asked Agnes if she was ready to go to the meeting.

"Yes, mother, I'll go. I don't care much about hearing Mr. Spencer, but I would like to hear Mr. Burleigh. Some of the girls think he has a beautiful voice."

Just then the bell rang, and Harry, who happened to be out in the hallway, opened the door. "Oh, come in, Fairview," Mrs. Wallace and Agnes heard him say. Fairview came in, and as he closed the door said, "Don't you want to come down to the meeting with me to-night? I couldn't get away from a business meeting of the Y. M. C. A. last night. I suppose you didn't go, so I thought, maybe, you could take the time to-night."

"Yes, I went with mother last night," Harry replied in some embarrassment. "She and Agnes are going to-night and I had planned to put in the evening on my *Antigone*."

"I'll help you with it when we get home," Fairview said pleasantly.

"Well, I don't know; I guess maybe I'll go, then," Harry said after a pause.

Mrs. Wallace and Agnes came out into the hall and greeted Fairview.

As they were going out, Mrs. Wallace said timidly, "Good-bye, Ralph." Mr. Wallace made no answer

Once outside Harry took his mother's arm, leaving Fairview to go with Agnes.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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"THE SPIRIT'S POWER"

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

The arrangement had not been premeditated, and Fairview was the last man in college to imagine that a girl like Agnes Wallace cared one way or the other for him. As a matter of fact, Agnes was delighted with every opportunity she had, which was not often, to talk with Fairview. He was not a good talker, either, and as the distance to the place of the meeting was not far, very little was said on the way.

"Does Mr. Burleigh sing to-night?" she asked.

"Yes, he sings every night."

"Do you like him?"

"Yes, he has a splendid voice. But I think I like Mr. Spencer even better."

"I don't think I care much about Mr. Spencer. He is doing it for pay."

Agnes was simply repeating her father's talk in her own sharply critical manner.

"Where did you get that idea?" Fairview asked slowly.

"Oh, it's been in the papers. Haven't you read it?"

"Yes, but I don't believe all I read in the papers, especially when I know it isn't true."

"Do you know it isn't true?"

"Yes, I do. Mr. Spencer is an old college classmate of my father. He knows him very intimately. There never was a more unselfish Christian gentleman in America, father says. Any paper that speaks of Spencer as a religious crank or grafter is saying an untruth." Fairview spoke as near anger as he ever came. Agnes liked it in him.

"I shall listen to him with more interest," she said frankly. "Although I am prejudiced and might as well say so."

"He can take care of himself, I am sure," Fairview said gently. And that was about all the conversation that passed between them before the hall was reached.

There was a great crowd. Floor and galleries were packed. Several hundred people were unable to get it. At the close of the service nearly a hundred people rose and said they wanted to begin a Christian life. The decision cards were passed, and, as before, Harry took one, looked at it and dropped it, unsigned, into his pocket. Fairview glanced several times during the service at Mrs. Wallace and Agnes. Once he saw a tear on Mrs. Wallace's cheek. Agnes' face several times expressed deep interest. Spencer had never preached with more impressive appeal. He had spoken on the joy of Christian faith and had described the empty, fruitless results of a negative morality. Over against that he had shown how like a star in the night shone the soul that had Christ at the centre. Then, his closing appeal had been wonderfully tender and strong in its plain love for the multitude.

"The idea of calling him a crank or a fake," Fairview heard Wallace mutter. Agnes on the way home had the frankness to say to Fairview, "I'll take back all I said about Mr. Spencer. He is splendid. I had no idea he was so fine."

"I'm glad," Fairview had said. And that was about all. Only it was noticeable almost nothing was said about Burleigh that night, and even Agnes forgot to mention her feelings which, at the opening of the service, had been hurt by one or two crude Gospel hymns, as she called them.

Mr. Wallace had gone to bed. The next morning at the breakfast-table he began to ask questions about the meeting, and seemed unusually annoyed at the enthusiasm displayed by Mrs. Wallace, Agnes and Harry, although the boy was less talkative than mother and sister.

"You ought to go yourself, father," Agnes said boldly. "You would change your mind about him if you once heard him."

"I guess not," Mr. Wallace replied grimly. "I don't often change my mind."

"I wish you would go," Mrs. Wallace said in her timid fashion.

"Well, if I go it will be to please you," Mr. Wallace said with unexpected good-nature, to the surprise of all the family as he rose to go out.

"Father will never go to the meetings," Agnes said with incredulity.

"Perhaps he will." Mrs. Wallace spoke with a real longing that had been a stranger to her for years. So much already had that one service done for her.

TO BE CONTINUED

BIBLE APPRECIATION*

WHO can estimate the indebtedness of the world to the Bible? It is well that at definite times we should set apart a period to think of it. People in these days are apt to decry the Book and to warn us that it is not God's Word. But there is no indication that the world is heeding them. Never were there so many Bibles being printed; never were there so many being sold as now. The great Bible Societies in New York and London say that the demand for the Book at home and abroad was greater last year than in any earlier year, and it was difficult to supply it. Besides these, other publishers are issuing large numbers, and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD sent out its Red Letter Bible to a host of applicants, who report it superior to all others for private use and for Christian work. People do not buy books unless they need them, and the demand is evidence that the Bible is being read by this generation more generally than by any that have gone before it.

There is more intelligence, too, in the reading of it than ever before. The prediction of the famous Rev. John Robinson, the Pastor of the *Mayflower* Pilgrims, that there was more light to break out of the sacred pages is being fulfilled. We understand the Book better and appreciate it more justly than before. That service the Higher Critics have done for us in spite of all the mischief they are charged with doing. We recognize now the human element in the book and understand how God used men in expressing his thoughts. We no longer attribute the same degree of inspiration to the long list of genealogies in Chronicles, that we ascribe to the Psalms, the Prophets and the Gospels. We discriminate in our reading as God intended us to do, and realize that pedigrees important to the Jewish people and necessary to insure their careful preservation of the book, are among the parts that have served their purpose. We no longer go to its pages, either for science, but for spiritual instruction and guidance, for inspiration, for stimulus, for consolation and for hope. The other things are supplied elsewhere, but nowhere else can we get these sublime necessities.

The inimitable freshness of the Book is marvelous. Written many centuries ago for a people differently situated, it serves our purpose in this twentieth century with perfect adaptation. This generation finds in it the beauty and the grandeur and the help that our ancestors found in it. The world has not outgrown its sublime simplicity and derives from it the principles of the highest civilization.

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*Topic of the Epworth League for Sept. 16. "Our debt to the knowledge of God's Word." Ps. 119: 1-18; Mark 10: 17-19; Heb. 1: 1; John 20: 30; Luke 1: 1-4; James 2: 1-4.

Working Girls' Vacation Society

In addition to its houses at Santa Clara (Adirondacks, N. Y.), the houses at Huguenot, Chester, Westport, Greensfarm and Farmington, Conn., this society has recently had a gift of another cottage in Connecticut, near Cobalt. It appeals for funds to pay the expenses of this new house. Last year the society sent 781 working girls to the country. With the additional facilities offered by the new house they hope to reduce the long list of disappointed applicants made necessary by lack of room and funds. About twelve hundred dollars are required to cover expenses at the new home this season. Ten dollars gives a vacation of two weeks to some needy working girl. None are sent to the country unless the society's physician says that the applicant is in absolute need of the change and rest. The society is undenominational. The treasurer is Miss Edith Bryce, 361 West Thirty-fourth Street, New York City.

Cavillers Reproved

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

NOTHING angers unspiritual teachers so much as to feel the power of the Holy Ghost in the word of others. They try by every means to explain it away; some call it mesmeric influence, some designate it the power of a strong mind over a weak one; others do not hesitate to imply that it is the work of the enemy of souls; but there it is; a power, a felt power, and one which they cannot crush out. But the Scribes and Pharisees, the religious teachers of Christ's time, were determined to try. The personal power and popularity of this simple Jesus of Nazareth were intolerable to them.

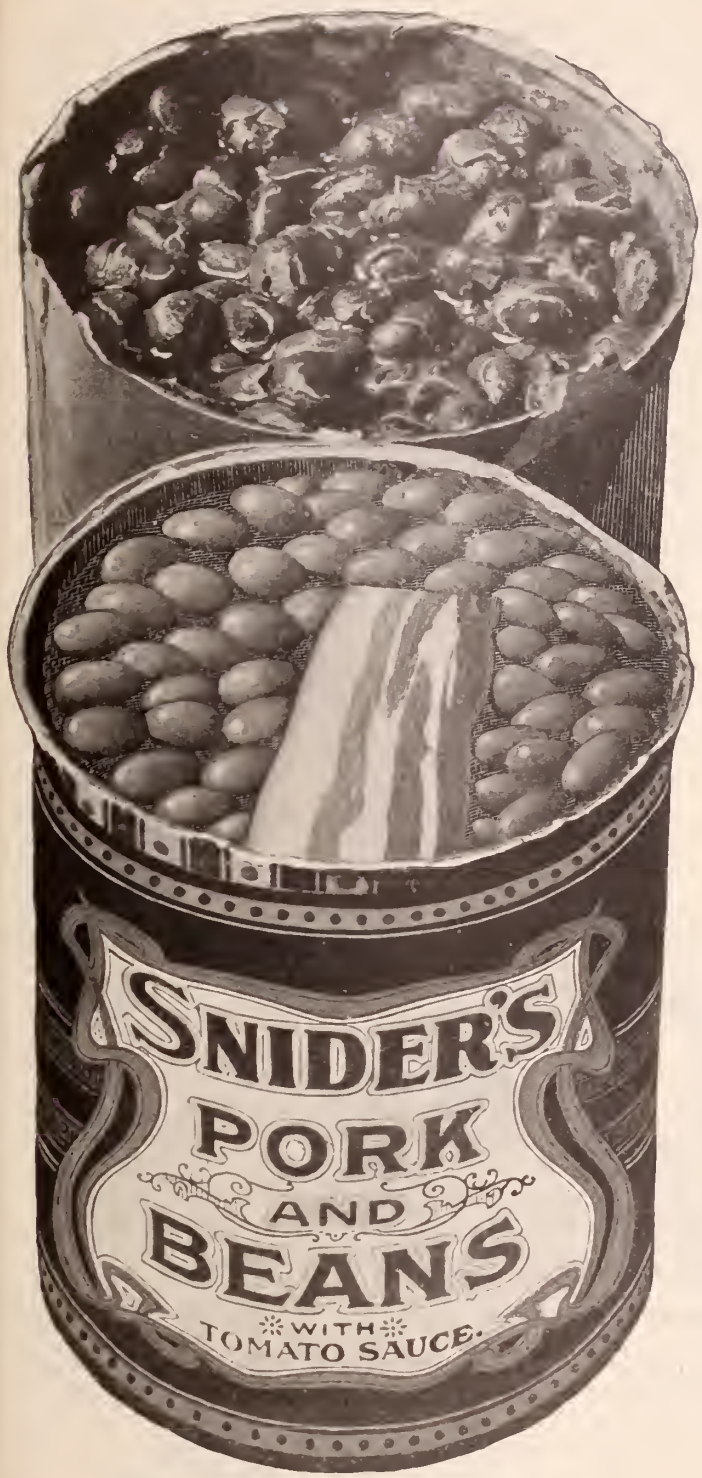
"They send unto him certain of the Pharisees and of the Herodians, to catch him in his words." How little they knew the task they were attempting! Jesus said to his disciples, "The words that I speak unto you I speak not of myself; but the Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works" (John 14:10). There was nothing in the words of Jesus which any man could lay hold of; they were all divine. That which is human can dispute and overcome that which is human, but that which is divine must stand. "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away" (Luke 21: 33).

It is very striking that in all the attempts of Christ's enemies they never made an appeal to anything personal in him. His every word and deed were evidence that he did not live for himself, and that he knew no personal consideration. Therefore, the ground on which they sought to entrap him was the law of God. They would have him take sides in some of the questions of the day, and thus sought a ground of condemnation against him; but they knew not him with whom they had to do; they knew not that he is above all parties, all questions.

They weighed their words with the ut most care, and approached him with an apparent confidence in his teaching. "Master, we know that thou art true, and carest for no man; for thou regardest not the person of men, but teachest the way of God in truth. Is it lawful to give tribute to Cæsar, or not? Shall we give, or shall we not give?"

But they had miscalculated. Jesus was not to be blinded by words of apparent trust in him, and appreciation of his teaching. Under the bland tones of courtesy, he heard tones of treachery; under the eyes which outwardly manifested only ingenuous desire to know the truth, he detected the falsity of the heart. "He, knowing their hypocrisy, said unto them, Why tempt ye Me?" All their disguise was useless; he who could decipher hearts was there, and they must have felt small when he said, "Why tempt ye Me? Bring me a penny, that I may see it. And they brought it. And he saith unto them, Whose is this image and superscription? And they said unto him, Cæsar's. And Jesus . . . said unto them, Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's." This was no such answer as they had looked for. With all the sophistry with which they were so well acquainted, they would have found no difficulty in proving that if Jesus decided they should give tribute to Cæsar, he was teaching that which was contrary to the law of God. If, on the other hand, he decided that they should not do so, then they had a ground of condemnation against him as a rebel against the Roman yoke.

Jesus always answered his questioners by leading them out of their depth. If you are of the world, be heart and soul for the world, be a whole man for one thing; if you are God's, be all for God, within and without; let there be no reserves. God calls us to live in a holy and continual independence of the world, to let it have its own. "Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's." The world loves honor; let it have all the honor it craves; but, oh, Christian, don't you seek after it; the world loves pleasure; let it have its pleasure; it has nothing better; but, oh, child of God, don't you go and drink at such a miserable fountain. Let Cæsar have his own; but, oh, let God have his rights. Are you his? then be his out and out; let him have you altogether. The questioners "marvelled at him," but they could not answer him; they were silenced.



Baked Beans Are Never Sold in Tins

BAKED Beans would not KEEP for a week in tins. That's why positively NONE are canned.

Besides BAKED Beans are too rich for the average digestion—too short," oily, and full of Gas, for health.

Beans, you know, though very nutritious, are naturally bitter, and very rich in Sulphur.

The Sulphur turns into Sulphureted Hydrogen Gas when the beans are eaten.

It is this Sulphur that thus causes colic, flatulence, "wind on the Stomach."

So the SULPHUR and the bitter flavor are good things to get RID of.

That's what the Snider People think, anyhow.

It took Sniders several years to find out how to eliminate these Bean faults.

But the years of experiment were not wasted.

In learning how to make FINER food of Beans a way was discovered to make them much more DELICIOUS also.

Proof of this statement is supplied below.

You've only got to COMPARE Snider Pork and Beans with any other kind to discern at once the wide DIFFERENCE in flavor, condition, and appearance.

And this difference put the Snider People on to a very CONVINCING way of selling their Pork and Beans to GROCERS.

When a Snider salesman goes to a Grocer to sell him Snider Beans, he doesn't TALK, he just ACTS.

He buys a tin each of the best kinds of Pork and Beans that Grocer sells, opens them up on the counter, and asks the Grocer himself to LOOK at them, and TASTE them.

Then he opens up a tin of SNIDER Pork and Beans beside them, and asks the Grocer to compare and taste THESE also.

This selling method almost NEVER fails.

Because every tin of SNIDER Beans is found whole, white, and dainty to the eye, as shown in the lower photograph herewith.

Other Beans are often (and many kinds are always) found split, squashed, soupy, discolored and of "beany" instead of "fine" flavor.

Each Snider Bean is seen set in a rosy circle of that Snider Catsup which is found on the tables of every good Club in America.

Snider Beans are found firm but soft and cheesy to the tooth, with a delicious mellow taste.

This mellow, waxy condition of Snider Beans, which makes them so agreeable to the tooth, also makes them absorbent as little sponges.

And THAT is why they soak themselves through with the tart-sweet, spicy, flavor of Snider's delicious Tomato Catsup, with which they are generously surrounded.

This Snider Catsup is made only from ripe red Tomatoes, seasoned with SEVEN spices, instead of with the usual Cayenne Pepper spicing of other Catsups.

You will never know how DELICIOUS Pork and Beans CAN BE until you've tried your first tin of SNIDER'S.

And here is an offer which will now enable you to test them at OUR risk.

When you buy your FIRST tin of Snider's Beans, you can get your money back if YOU don't find them finer flavored, finer looking, and more delicious than any you ever ate before.

Tear out this page now and take it to your Grocer as authority for this offer.

THE T. A. SNIDER PRESERVE CO.
CINCINNATI, OHIO

This To This $10

To increase the number of our customers, we will send without extra charges, with every suit ordered all that is needed to dress you complete in latest style from head to toe, with hat, shirt, collars, cuffs, necktie, suspenders, socks and shoes—all of reliable quality and selected to look best with each suit. **These free articles have a cash value of at least $5.00.**

Our new sack suit shown above, is cut after the latest Fall and Winter fashion. The coat has the long body effect, being nearly straight in front, with nobby flare back and center vent. This suit tailored to fit you perfectly from the newest fabrics in coloring and pattern and above outfit all for..... **$10**

Let us send you our latest fashion plate, with large illustrations of our sack suit, showing every detail of suit in back and front, also our new Fall and Winter samples, latest catalogue of men's furnishings, etc.; all will be sent free.

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Dept. A 48, 242-244 Market Street, Chicago
Ref.: Royal Trust Co. Bank, Chicago, Capital, $1,000,000.

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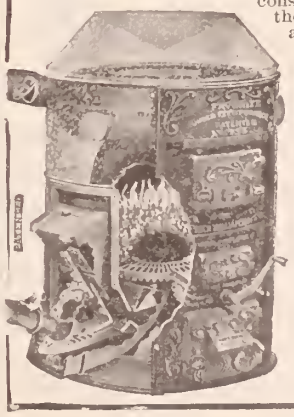

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Fifty Years Among Cannibals

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 731

in enlightening and changing the hearts and lives of many thousands of the cannibals on these South Sea Islands and in making them new creatures in Christ Jesus. His blessing has been upon its power and teaching, not only in our own group, but in all the islands where it has been enjoyed. They have become new creatures in the living God, whom they now feel that they fear, love and worship; new in their beautiful moral changed lives, for they now live in peace and happiness.

"Of late, our missionaries have had many converts to Christ's service from the many thousands of cannibals yet remaining on our group. These conversions have been chiefly in the interior of the larger and more recently occupied islands. Our converts show an increasing desire and zeal in helping to bring others to Jesus for salvation, and in assisting the missionaries as far as they can in all branches of their work. This is very encouraging to us all.

"We plead for the prayers and help of good friends and supporters in the United States. Oh, that all men and women who seek satisfaction and cannot find it in money and earthly pleasures and honors, might accept Christ's pleading while their opportunity lasts, and consecrate their hearts and lives to Him, and see that God is good and that those who trust in him are blessed. And at the last, may we all have Christ's welcome to glory: 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, be they black or white, ye did it unto Me. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.' JOHN G. PATON."

Christ Criticised*

WITH all genuine inquirers, Jesus always showed himself friendly and affable. Talking with Nicodemus, as with the woman of Samaria, he gently led the conversation to weighty and stimulating topics, suggesting to them thoughts which might move them to spiritual growth. Throughout the talk there is on Christ's part a tender, almost affectionate tone, which could not fail to win reverence and confidence. He showed himself willing to teach and to adapt himself to their standpoint.

Toward men who approached him to puzzle him, to entrap him, or to cavil at him, he assumed a different attitude. Courteous and patient still, but ever on his guard, with a perception of their duplicity or hostility. The honest inquirer was received cordially, but the mere quibbler, the critic, the self-satisfied and self-righteous man were turned back upon themselves, and were shown that Jesus understood their motives by the skill with which he evaded their trap and applied the lash to their own backs. "Woe unto you hypocrites" was a denunciation which, coming from one ordinarily so mild, must have stung them to the quick. The men who brought to him the woman taken in adultery must have quailed under the scorn of his challenge. The man who asked, "Who is my neighbor?" was taught a lesson for his own use. So with the Sadducees, who wanted their curiosity about celestial marriage satisfied, and learned that such a question could proceed only from ignorance. It is very pathetic, this view of Jesus coming to our world, at infinite loss to himself, that he might teach and help men having to undergo the captious criticism, the sneers and taunts of men who loved darkness rather than light.

Such men still survive, as none know better than we. Men who are continually finding difficulties and apparent contradictions in the Bible, that they insist on being straightened out before they will believe. It is hard to be patient with such inquirers yet Christ bore with the trouble and we ought to follow his example. His patience, his gentleness, his tact are a model, perfect as all else that came from his loving nature.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for Sept. 16. "How Christ met his enemies." Luke 4: 28-30; 11: 37-44; 23: 33, 34.

The "Sea Serpent" Photographed

FOR centuries strange stories have been told by mariners of enormous serpents they had seen swimming in the sea, coiled about some weedy wreck, or following in the ship's wake, or waiting for the storms to send one more craft to the traditional "locker" of the ocean bed.

At our seashore resorts the sea serpent story has become one of the traditional jokes, recited for the benefit of nervous guests who are making their first acquaintance with surf-bathing. There are, however, men of science who believe that there is some foundation for these tales, and that the green and slimy depths of the ocean is the home of creatures of which we know little. Dr. Sharpe, an English physician, has taken a photograph of a sea monster, which he saw from the deck of the yacht *Emerald*, as it was cruising between Madeira and the island of St. Thomas. It is thought that it may be a sea serpent, as it was from eighteen to twenty feet in

The Sea Monster

length. It had no fins, and was slaty-black above and white below. Only a comparatively small part of it showed at the moment the plate was exposed. The dark spot at the extreme left, on the water-line, is the creature's eye.

Unfortunately Dr. Sharpe was unable to capture the "serpent," and so prove, once for all, that the ancient tales were true.

Called Higher

Mr. J. B. McCall, of Big Hickory, Ark., died suddenly on the 6th of April. He had been an interested CHRISTIAN HERALD reader for many years.

On the 16th of May the spirit of Mrs. Belle Carnom passed to the Great Beyond, from Skabbona, Ill. Mrs. Carnom was beloved by all who knew her for her Christian qualities.

Mrs. Elizabeth Wright Whiting departed this life on July 3d, at Massena, N. Y., in her eighty-sixth year. She lived to see her children of the fourth generation, all of whom were much attached to her.

Pauline Elizabeth, wife of Hugh Anderson Murphy, departed this life at Keokuk Falls, Okla., on July 15th, in the fifty-fifth year of her age. She left many warm personal friends who bear witness to her faithfulness and piety. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

Mrs. F. M. Duval passed from this life on May 18th, at Leavenworth, Kan., in the eighty-sixth year of her age. Mrs. Duval was the daughter and last surviving member of the immediate family of the Rev. William Craig Brownlee, Minister of the Collegiate Church of New York City from 1826 to 1860.

Mrs. Annie E., widow of the Rev. James Thompson, died on the 17th of July, at her home on Jersey City Heights, N. J., aged seventy-one years. Mrs. Thompson was the first president of the Woman's Missionary Society in the First United Presbyterian Church. She leaves an only son, who is a deaf mute.

The Rev. J. G. Williamson passed away at Plainfield, N. J., on the 19th of July, aged seventy-three years. For more than half a century he held his first and only pastorate in the Bethlehem Presbyterian Church of Hamden, N. J., and was greatly beloved by his people. An account of the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of his life with the church was published in 1899, in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Mr. Williamson gave two sons to the ministry. He sleeps beneath the shadow of the church he loved so well.

Evangelist Torrey in New York

The recent preaching of Dr. Torrey in Tent "Evangel," Fifty-seventh Street and Broadway, New York, on three successive Sunday nights, was remarkably blessed. At his closing service, thirty men accepted Christ. It is expected that Rev. J. Wilhur Chapman will preach in this tent during the closing weeks in September. Tent "Evangel" Board (Rev. G. W. McPherson, Superintendent), conducts another very successful tent at 124th Street, near Amsterdam Avenue. In Evangelist John A. Davis' meetings, some nights as many as twenty confessed Christ. This tent movement is not under the auspices of "the Evangelistic Committee," but is interdenominational.

IMPORTED JAPANESE FANS

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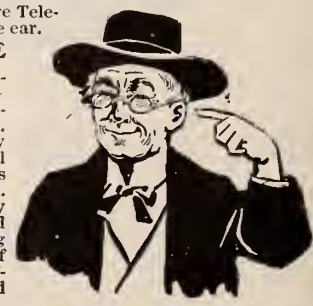

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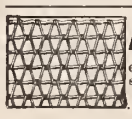

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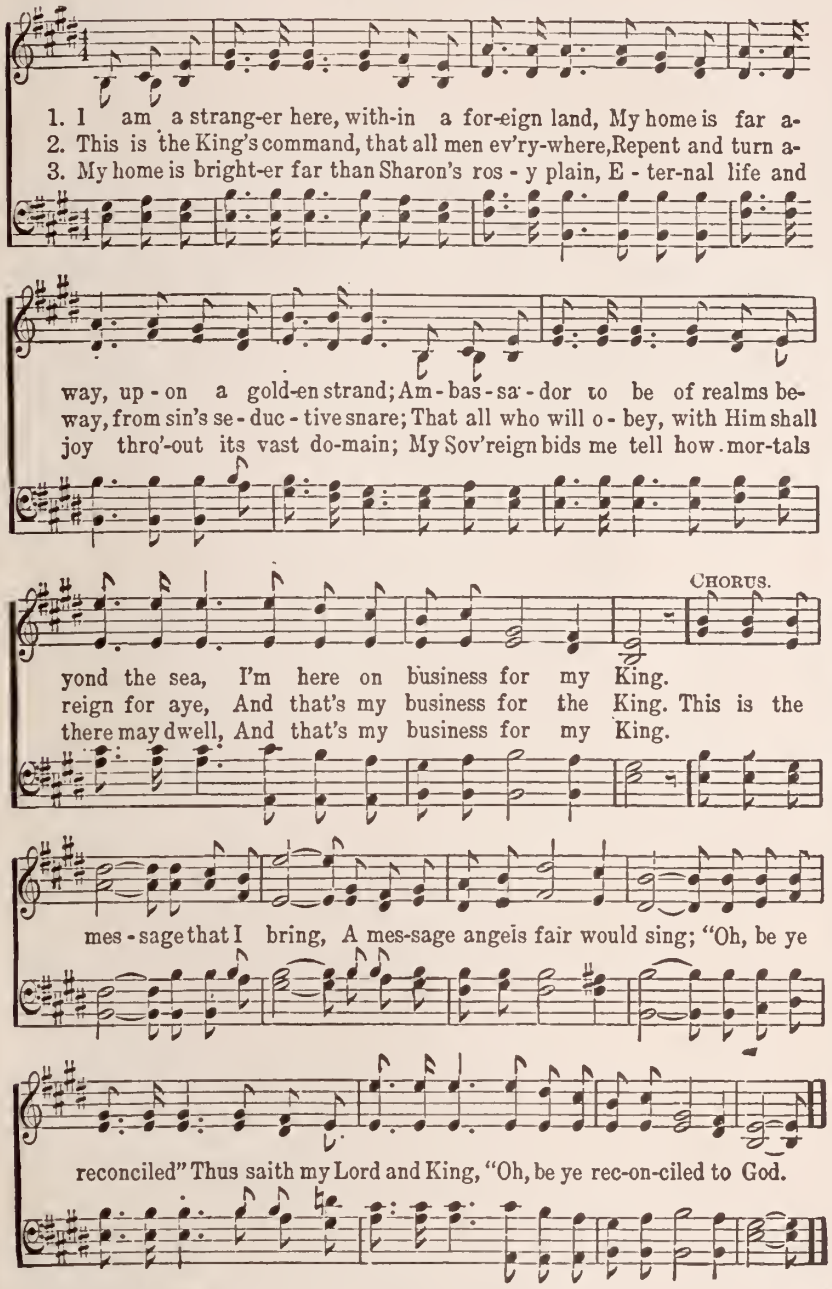

From Excell's new Sunday School song book *Praises*. Single copies by mail 35 cts. E.O.Excell, Pub., Chicago.

THE SIGHT-SINGING CLASSES

ANNOUNCEMENT was made in last week's issue of the proposed organization of Sight-Singing Classes, under the leadership of a well-known musical expert and teacher, Madame Caroline Newman. In a series of twenty lessons by mail, it is proposed to give a thorough training on sight-singing, beginning at the lowest grade. This course, which is a decided novelty, will be open to all readers of this journal, the sole charge being a nominal one to cover actual outlay. By this arrangement, all who join the Sight-Singing Classes will have the benefit of a training which, in our larger conservatories, and among teachers of recognized ability, usually costs so much that it is beyond the reach of all but the rich. Under the Sight-Singing Class method of Mme. Newman, this privilege will be within the reach of all.

It would be difficult to overestimate the value of an opportunity of this sort. In almost every home, there is someone who has been musically backward, or who, for some reason, has never given attention to voice cultivation. To such persons these lessons will be a welcome boon. So also will they be to the young folks who are ambitious to learn to sing "at sight" and to be able to contribute their share in song, whether it be in church, at concert or social gathering, or in the home. The love of song is universal and no home is complete without it. "To make a home out of a household," wrote Sidney Lanier, "two things are necessary: these are a good fire and good music. As we can do without fire for half the year, I may say music is the one essential. Music means harmony, harmony means love, love means God!"

"Any one can instruct himself by this method," explains Mme. Newman, "which is so clear and concise, so plain and simple, as to be quickly understood and learned. The musician who has not studied theory and sight-singing, can gain as much as the beginner. It teaches you to read music and to sing it; to keep good time; to train the ear and memory, in a word, to get a musical education for the price of what many have to pay for a single lesson. One can learn more in one month by this method, than in six by the old methods. Many men, women, and children who are gifted with voices, through lack of knowledge of the divine art of music are deprived of its fullest enjoyment. Why should not each one of them

> Sing as sings the bird on yonder branches swinging,
> It is not that the song be heard, but for the joy of singing."

As many of our readers have desired just such an opportunity as the present, it is expected that large classes will be quickly formed. All who wish to enter are invited to send their names and addresses on postal cards to Music Editor, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, New York City.

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TRADE MARK

The Mark of Closet Sanitation

What disinfection means to the surgeon—what vaccination means to the public health—all that and more does the Sy-clo Closet mean to the sanitation of the home. The Sy-clo is more than the best closet—it is a wonderfully efficient and perpetual safeguard of health.

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BEFORE you read what *we* have to say about tooth brushes, read this letter from DR. RUE A. THOMAS:

HUTCHINSON, KAN., Oct. 6.

FLORENCE MFG. CO., FLORENCE, MASS.—Having returned from the Philippines, China, and Japan, the first thing I invested in when landing at San Francisco was a "PROPHYLACTIC." During my stay I saw hundreds of natives making tooth brushes for export to the United States. I don't believe any one should use a brush unless positive as to its cleanliness.

Dr Rue A. Thomas

Pick a tooth brush out of a pile on a druggist's counter and you may get a brush made by fairly clean hands, or one made by a Chinese coolie; you may get one that is simply dirty, or one that holds dangerous disease germs; in either case you will get a brush that has been exposed to dust and handling — and the tooth brush goes into one's mouth where cleanliness is imperative.

Ask for a PROPHYLACTIC TOOTH BRUSH, and you will get a brush that is made in a scrupulously clean factory located in a little New England town, where the air is pure and the surroundings uncontaminated; you will get a brush that has been thoroughly sterilized before leaving the factory; you will get a brush that has been protected from dirt and handling from the factory to you by the famous Yellow Box (always look for that box). Knowing all this to be true, can we not say that the PROPHYLACTIC is the only tooth brush for *you*.

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

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VOL. 29—NO. 37. PRICE 5 CENTS
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will produce a finish as **smooth and beautiful as a looking glass.** It is the MOST DURABLE FLOOR FINISH MADE. It is as hard as flint and "wears like iron."

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 12, 1906

A Native of Lima

A Lama Ranch in Peru

A Typical Chola

LIFE IN THE LAND OF THE INCAS

How the Quaint People and Ancient Customs of Peru Strike a Foreign Visitor

THE Bay of Callao can boast of being one of the safest and best on the South Pacific slope. Wide and deep, it lies sheltered from the full force of the Pacific swell by the island of San Lorenzo. Yonder is the town, and behind it the sweet, green cane, growing in the valley where the rushing Rimar forces its way out to ocean freedom.

About 1,000 vessels enter the docks every year, a large proportion of the sailors being English-speaking men. Wholesome literature is distributed in the bay, and when we meet a godly captain, services are sometimes held on board. There is no seamen's Bethel here, and after their long sea voyage, these men stand in great need of a home and a helping hand to keep them from the temptations they meet on every side. The sailors' quarters are the very lowest part of the port. Many of the poor fellows get enticed there by the boarding-house masters, and are fleeced and degraded, and their earnings spent in the haunts of sin.

The chief streets lie but a few steps from the docks, and besides the business houses, consist of shops kept by foreigners, to supply the needs of travellers. From the church and plaza of La Matriz, streets branch off in every direction, with dwelling houses and more shops. Electric trams run through the town, and beside oxen-ploughed fields, up to Lima.

As the church bells ring, we see women, old and young, passing into the lofty white building. Many of these now wear colored dresses with lace mantillas over their heads, while others are the old-time devotees, black-robed figures who, with bowed heads and sombre brows, glide into the church at matins and vespers. Early in the morning, at evening, and again at night, "we suspend our toils," they say, "to give ourselves to the worship of God, his religion and mysteries." "Mother of God, have mercy on me!" mutter the crouching forms in the dimly-lighted church.

"Rejoice in the liberty . . . . ?" Nay, theirs is no liberty. Joy has no part in their religion. Crushed down, willing slaves, without comfort now or assurance for eternity, these women, when faithful to the church, are truly shut off from freedom's rights.

The market square is a white structure, surrounded by small shops kept mostly by Italians, *Cholas*, and Chinamen. The inner square—the market proper—consists of many stalls, shaded by a high roof and set up around a square of trees and an open space, with a little flower-garden and a fountain in the middle. Here the Bible-worker takes his stand, armed with New Testaments and Gospels, his colored Scripture cartoons hanging from the branch of a tree, while he explains in a loud, clear voice the "Story of the Book."

All down one side, we see on sale fish, sold by Peruvian women, whose husbands are Italian fishermen. This woman, who is gesticulating and calling us to buy her soles, we have often visited in her home, taught her children hymns and Bible-stories, and talked to the poor old shrivelled-up grandmother, who is reputed to be nearly a hundred years old.

The Business Centre of the Port of Callao

The meat shambles do not look at all appetising to us, but the carrion-crows do not agree with that, as they perch meditatively on the edge of the roof, blinking envious eyes toward the stalls. Next we pass five long rows of vegetable stalls with potatoes, beets, cabbages, pumpkins, *calabazas*, tomatoes, *abondigos*, and great dishes piled high with prepared red-pepper and garlic. We chat a few minutes with a woman selling carrots and turnips. She bought a Testament once, and likes to tell how she has read and learnt from it.

Past the dried-pork, goat-cheese, eggs, bread, ices and steaming coffee we take our way, pushing through baskets and bundles, past purchasers and rubbish-sweepers, to the fruit-stalls, and here we find great stacks of oranges and bananas and smaller quantities of apples, lemons, luscious grapes, figs, strawberries, *granadillas* and *cherrimoyas*. These fruits of the earth show clearly how varied are the climate and productions of this wonderful country.

We laugh to see a baby sleeping in a basket, slung under the mother's stall, and our children shout with glee, when another woman opens a drawer in her stall and exhibits a brown-skinned little pair, as like each other as two peas in a pod, safely stored away while she is at work.

The hot sun is beating down on us, the sky is a clear blue, broken only by a few fleecy, white clouds, but the cool wind from the sea tempers the air and makes the summer day pleasant and enjoyable. Along the road our way lies, past houses, flat-roofed, dusty, sun-scorched, each one washed a different color from the next. In this row is first a small house with large iron gate at the entrance, color bright red; second and third are two-story houses, color green; next, another small one joined to it, and this washed a vivid blue, and so on, to the end of the street. Round the corner, where the dwellings are smaller, and the once white mud walls are crumbling away, women are sitting at their doors, or at the alley entrance, cooking unwholesome-looking morsels on charcoal braziers to tempt the passer-by, and making good-natured personal remarks to while away the time:

"*Muy caballero es*"—("What a true gentleman!")

"*Que ojos azules*"—("What blue eyes!")

"*Gringuitas?*"—("Little foreign girls!")

Away beyond, this street opens on to a green pampa; the free sea-breezes rush in to meet us, and over yonder, further than the surf and the breakers, we see rocks out in the sea, and white foam breaking over them, as the waves of the Pacific sweeps ceaselessly by.

* * *

Callao is a liberal port in a country where religious liberty does not exist, and has for a number of years served as a centre for missionary homes, and with Lima as a training ground for new workers and a basis for extending missionary enterprise in many parts of Peru. A most hopeful work among the residents is carried on

CONTINUED ON PAGE 754

THE
AMERICAN PULPIT

SERMON BY
Rev. F. DeWitt Talmage, D.D.

THE
OMNIPRESENT POOR

TEXT:—DEUT. 15: 11
"The poor shall never cease out of the land"

TURNING to that valuable and suggestive edition of the Bible called the Red Letter Bible, I notice that this passage in Deuteronomy is printed in red, indicating that it was quoted by our Lord. It is astonishing how many of such passages there are, showing how close a student of the Scriptures Christ was. Guided by this reference in the Red Letter Bible, I find the circumstances under which Christ quoted the passage. It was at that feast when Mary broke the alabaster box of spikenard over Christ's feet. Judas said it was wasteful, as the ointment might have been sold, and the money given to the poor; but Jesus said there were other opportunities of giving to the poor, for said he: "The poor ye have always with you."

There were poor people during the Mosaic era. There were poor people during all the wealth and the splendor of the Solomonic reign. There were hovels and rags covered by the shadows of the magnificent Grecian temples. Poverty and gaunt want went begging for bread during the Roman triumphs, when Christ lived. There are poverty and rags and hunger now, and there will be poverty and want upon this old suffering world until the millennial dawn, when the glory of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the seas. Poverty is everywhere.

The Church's Problem

We have to-day our poor in Europe, Asia, Africa, South America and in North America. We have them upon every island of the seas, in every town, village and city, and farming country. We have an omnipresent poor. During all the centuries from the beginning, this burden of poverty has been upon the shoulders of a large proportion of the race, calling for our sympathy and our help. How long will it be before the wisdom of our social philosophers, and the commiseration of Christ's Church take up the problem, and, searching for the causes of the affliction, find out how to remove them and remedy the misery. I know of no duty more urgent, and if we find out in studying the problem that in some cases poverty is the result of social evils, let us go forward in God's name to eradicate them. May the Holy Spirit help us to preach an appropriate sermon on this Sabbath, following our annual Labor Day.

First among these evils I place the pre-natal influences, which help crowd our cities with the omnipresent poor. In this matter let us be brave and truthful. Let us not seal our lips and be silent on account of a mock modesty. It is better to have an inflammation opened and the wound drained, no matter how repulsive the odor, than to allow the disease to go on festering and eating its way into the vitals. There is many a danger more horrible than the surgeon's knife.

Inherited Diseases

Now, I must tell you there is a deadly disease eating into the very heart of our social life. Thousands upon thousands of our cradles are infected by pre-natal weaknesses and the evil results of ancestral sins. We must remember that the present generation is not responsible for all its poor. For, as most of us have inherited the physical looks of a father and a mother, a grandfather or a grandmother, so there are hosts of unfortunate children born into the world who from the cradle are doomed to a life of physical incompetency, because mentally and physically tainted from birth. But though the law of heredity is inexorable, and though our poorhouses and hospitals are crowded with a lot of miserable creatures, who are dragging out a suffering, an appalling existence, because they were not the offspring of healthy parents; and though thousands of men and women, who are not inmates of public institutions of charity, are social parasites or dependents upon others for support, through the same dire causes, yet the strange fact remains, that respectable and refined society forbids its teachers to discuss these vital questions in public, lest such a discussion should offend delicate and sensitive ears.

Is the offending of delicate ears to stand in the way of the untold agonies that are cursing childhood, because men and women are allowed to marry who have no business to marry? Shall we refuse to look at little children, born with curvature of the spine and with diseased blood and with crooked limbs, who, with swollen lips and distorted and malformed features, are looking at us from hundreds of cots—shall we refuse merely because these little sufferers have inherited the physical weaknesses of their parents? What right had the parents of these suffering children to marry?

Pathological Remedies

"Well," some one says, "how can you stop men and women, who are physical incompetents, from marrying?" By doing what every intelligent physician in the world is advocating—by making it obligatory upon every man and woman to pass a proper physical examination, before they can get from the county a license to marry. In old Sparta, it used to be the custom for the attendants to kill at birth children that were born cripples or weaklings. We cannot do that. Such a custom would be abhorrent to our feelings. But we can do better. We can prevent feeble children from being born of physically incompetent parents, by refusing to let physically unsound men and women marry at all. Water cannot rise higher than its source. A strong branch cannot grow from a withered trunk. Neither can a physically and mentally healthy child descend from unhealthy parents. The first reformation of our social evils should be pathological. It should be a sweeping diagnosis, and should start with a sound physical marriage altar. It should extend our immigration laws, namely, the laws which allow little children to come into the world among ourselves, rather than the immigration laws which prevent leprous children and their parents to come from other lands into ours. Pre-natal causes may be just as far-reaching in their social results as post-natal.

Marital laws having made it possible for the coming generations to be born well, the next question is almost as important as the first. What are we going to do with the physical and moral development of our children after they are born? I am alluding to all the boys and the girls who are born in the slums and in the congested quarters of our large cities.

The Orphan's Appeal

Did you ever try to put yourself in the place of the street Arab who is running wild in one of our large cities? Mr. Spurgeon in one of his books told this anecdote. He was one day visiting his Orphan Home. While there, a little boy came up and sat down beside him, and said: "Mr. Spurgeon, suppose there was an orphanage and there was a lot of little boys there? And suppose all those little boys had lost all their fathers? And suppose once a month their mothers came, and their aunts, and brought them pennies and apples and oranges and nice things? And suppose there was a little boy that had got no mother, nor aunt, nor anybody to come and see him; don't you think somebody ought to give him sixpence? 'Cause, Mr. Spurgeon, that's me."

Do you wonder that the great London preacher when he heard that little orphan child pleading his cause so eloquently, should have put his hand in his pocket and drawn out a sixpence, and given it to the lad who had no father, no mother, no aunt, no uncle, no pennies, no apples and no anything?

Startling Facts

Well as that orphan child pleaded with Charles H. Spurgeon, I want the average street Arab to plead with you. In the first place, I want him to take you by the hand and lead you to his home. Where is it? I cannot describe its loathsomeness and horror in one page, or twenty pages, or fifty pages. If you want a description of some of the homes of the poor, go and read the books of Jacob Riis, entitled, *How the Other Half Lives*, *The Battle with the Slums*, *The Peril and the Preservation of the Home*. Read General William Booth's *In Darkest England and the Way Out*. Read Robert Hunter's *Poverty*. Read Jack London's *The People of the Abyss*. The simple fact is, "truth is stranger than fiction." No tragedy ever written by playright genius can half depict the horrors which have been described by the pens of Jacob Riis and William Booth. These men were not imaginative writers. They simply describe the filthy hovels which they have visited, and the malodors and repulsions amid which they saw children and men and women herded.

Now comes the practical question. Are we, as intelligent Americans, going to care for our neighbor's children, born in filth and dirt? Are we going to give them public parks and public playgrounds and free bathing-places and free docks, where the poor can get a breath of the sea air in the hot summer months? Are we going to furnish them model tenement houses, properly ventilated and lighted and with healthy sanitary plumbing? These are vital questions which the American people must solve. These are not luxuries which the poor are demanding, but necessities. And if the poor do not have these physical necessities, then they will pay us back in our own coin. For filth and darkness and vitiated air always breed crime and drunkenness and licentiousness and brutality and sins of all sorts. As the black plagues of Europe always started from the vile, stenchful quarters of the congested cities of the East, so the plagues of debauchery and ignorance and crime thrive best in the filthy quarters of the poor of our large cities, where the sunlight cannot get into the homes, and where the little children have no parks or playgrounds in which they may develop healthfully, as all children should develop.

A Business View

Furthermore, I was struck with another fact when reading about the physical necessities of the poor. The poor are not paupers, as we conceive paupers. The poor are willing and able to pay a just return for their necessities. But the trouble is when a man becomes poor, then he becomes helpless. Then the capitalist robs him of the little he has, however small that all may be. When he sells the poor man his coal, he sells it by the shovelful, and at a ruinous price. He charges the poor man three times the price at which he sells it by the ton to the rich man. When he builds the poor man his miserable hovels, the capitalist usually gets thirty, forty, sixty, and even a hundred per cent, on his money invested. A dog or a wild beast would not live in some of the filthy dens in which the poor of New York used to be housed. And yet, for every one of those dark cellars and back rooms in which the sunlight never comes, the capitalist would charge the most astounding rent, and, like a modern Shylock, demand his pound of flesh nearest to his victim's heart, because the poor man could not help himself. As Solomon said long ago. "The destruction of the poor is their poverty." They are kept poor by being poor.

The Rights of the Poor

Has not the State a right to step in and demand that our capitalists shall not build unsanitary tenements for the poor? "Oh, no," some man says, "that is not right. The capitalist is not in business for his health. He is not a philanthropist. You cannot demand that he will put up a building which is to be a losing investment." No, my friends, we do not demand that. But we do demand that the tenement building that the capitalist erects shall be one with such modern improvements as the Alfred C. Clark Tenements, and the Riverside Tenements of Brooklyn, and the Mills Houses of New York. There must be no more such rookeries built as the "Mulberry Bends," and the "Bone Alleys," and the "Cat Alleys," and "Seven Dials," and "Five Points." And furthermore, you must remember that when we stamp out the bad tenements, we do not demand a charity in its place. Jacob Riis, in one of his books, declared that every tenement house built on the Mills plan, or the Clark plan, or the Riverside plan of Brooklyn, has given a legitimate return for the investment from the very start. The city poor are not paupers. They pay enough taxes for their public parks, and they should have them. They pay enough money for decent sanitary homes, and they should have them also. And it is the business of the State to see that the extortioner's hands should not be reaping an extortioner's return for the moneys invested.

But we must give our poor more than a clean cradle and decent homes and sunlight. We must give the children of our poor neighbors an education, whereby they shall be able to work intelligently with their hands, or else Satan will come in and teach them how to work in another way. In other words, the poor must be taught how to earn their own living, or else they will live upon the moneys some one else has earned.

I was never more powerfully impressed with this thought, than when reading the account of how the late Dr. Barnardo saved "Punch," the boy thief, and made out of him a respectable member of society. For many years, it was his custom on the stormy nights of winter, to prowl about the lowest parts of London and go into the most disreputable resorts, looking for the boys and the girls with whom to fill his orphan homes. For a long time he had his eye upon a lodging-house noted as the resort of juvenile thieves. At last, by a subterfuge, he persuaded the keeper to let him in to attend a sick boy. There he met "Punch," the ringleader of a youthful gang of pickpockets. Dr. Barnardo led "Punch" on gradually, until he enticed him into one of his homes. He led him on, until he not only taught him how to read, but how to become a first-class shoemaker. And then he sent "Punch" forth as a reputable member of society, not only able to read, but able to support himself and those he loved.

My friends, there are thousands upon thousands of "Punches" in our back alleys. As street Arabs they are sent forth to battle for bread when they are nothing but children. Their fathers and mothers are dissolute or dead. No one cares for them. It is simply an absurdity for the cities to open their public schools to such and say, "Come and learn." They have to be wooed to the better life in a different way than that. They must have their Dr. Barnardos to hunt them out, to entice them into their schools, and to teach them some plain, practical livelihood, or else these youthful pickpockets or embryo criminals, will never become the strong, self-reliant members of society that so many of "Punch's" friends became, under the loving teachings of that noble man of God, Dr. Barnardo, the friend of the London waifs.

But we must not stop here in our work among the poor. We must give them sunlight. We must open their eyes to see and teach their hands to do. We must also surround them with moral and spiritual influences for good. If possible, we must continue to do as Dr. Barnardo and General Booth have done, and as their disciples are doing to-day, that is, as far as possible we must colonize the poor of our large cities, and send them away into the pure, sweet wholesome life of the country.

Why a poor man wants to live in a city is inconceivable to me. Where there is work for one man in a large city, there are five applicants for the position. In 1888 there were 79,000 deaths in the city of London. 10,170 took place in the public workhouses, 7,113 in public hospitals, and 380 in public asylums. This made in all 17,662 paupers who died that year in London. One-tenth of all the population which die in New York City are buried in Potter's Field. Now, Dr. Barnardo and Gen. William Booth intelligently recognized these social conditions, and they sent forth their colonists by the thousands and the tens of thousands.

Thank God, I say, for Dr. Barnardo. He saved the man by colonizing the boy, while Gen. Booth sent his Salvation Army soldiers into the city slums, and gathered the men and the women together, and took them out of their surroundings, and placed them upon the farms, and saved them also. Thus, my brother, you and I should embrace every means we can find to take a boy, or a girl, or a man, or a woman, out of the overcrowded city, and send them out into the farming regions. Then we are doing God's work as Dr. Barnardo did it, and William Booth is doing it to-day.

But we must do more than to simply colonize our boys and girls in country places. We must carry the institutional church into our poor districts and fight sin on its own ground. The simple fact is that many of our churches are going to pieces, simply because the people do not have enough to do. The congregations listen to sermons, but do not work for Christ.

The churches are gradually deserting the poorer sections of our cities, not because they are not needed there, but because they do not do their duty as they ought to do it. The poor of our large cities need a church building for something more than a place where they shall attend a divine service once or twice on the Sabbath Day. They need a church building where men and women can come and find Christian fellowship and help in social intercourse. They need a church building where poor mothers can come and leave their babies, while they themselves go out for a day's work. They need a church building for an intelligence office and a dispensary. They need a church building where a man or a woman can go in all times of trouble and always find it a "Temple of Refuge." Oh, why do we not, as Christian people, grasp the Gospel opportunity and go back into the poorer sections of the city and teach women how to sew and how to keep the babies clean, and teach ignorant, tired men, how to work, as well as how to pray and to sing.

I want you to realize that Christ was preaching a practical Gospel sermon when he told the Pharisee the parable of the Good Samaritan. I want you to remember that Christ meant just what he said when he took a little child in his lap and said, "It is better for you that a millstone were hanged about your neck and that you were drowned in the midst of the sea, rather than that you offend one of these little ones." I have tried to show you that, even among the lowest and the vilest of outcasts you can find some whom you can lead to Christ, if you will only go after them. And thus my friend, on this beautiful Christian Sabbath Day, I invite you to help bridge over the ever-widening chasm that is separating the rich man from the poor man, and the so-called respectable man from the social outcast, by throwing across it the strong, broad, central beam of the Cross of Christ's sacrifice. Will you become a brother to the poor in a practical way, as Christ did during his earthly ministry?

THE WHITE RIBBONERS' CONVENTION

Miss Eliz. Greenwood, U. S. | Mrs. Lillian N. M. Stevens, U. S. | Mrs. Frances J. Barnes, U. S. | Countess of Carlisle, England | Mrs. J. K. Barney, U. S. | Miss Helen E. Dunhill, India | Lady Henry Somerset, England

CHRISTIAN women in different lands, of as many varied languages and nationalities, have been drawn together in the great missionary movement of the World's Women's Christian Temperance Union, which will hold its seventh biennial Convention in Boston, Oct. 17 to 23. One of the greatest obstacles to the progress of missionary work has been the liquor traffic. It has been carried from Christian lands, where it is legalized, to lands where even heathen religions forbid the manufacture and use of all intoxicants. The opening of foreign ports has given free access to the three C's—commerce, civilization and Christianity. But close behind them came the drink evil. That is a terrible summary, which states that for one really converted Christian as the proof of missionary labor, the drinking practices of civilized countries have made a thousand drunkards.

The temperance movement has become world-wide, because intemperance has become international. The Russian with his *vodka;* the Syrian, drunk on *araki;* the Mexican with his intoxicating *pulque* and *mescal;* the Brazilian *poraty;* the South American *cana* and *aguardiente;* Turkey's *mastic;* the *absinthe* of the French; the *genever* of Holland; German *alcohol*, Belgic *rum* and American *whisky*, are all equally soul-destroying and productive of vice, immorality and poverty in their most hideous forms. Happily, a multitude of organizations have come into being, and are at work keenly and aggressively to remove this universal growing menace of intemperance. Theirs is essentially a silent influence, an unnoticed undercurrent of purposeful endeavor, beneath the foam and sparkle of more popular and showy movements.

The World's W.C.T.U. is first Christian, and then temperance. Its evangelistic work is conducted in a score of countries; Gospel meetings being held in prisons, almshouses, rescue homes, saloons, lumber camps; on ships, in forts, in missions, in free reading rooms, in drawing rooms, in depots, factories, railroad shops, as well as in halls and churches, and in the open air, and workers being trained for soul-saving labors wherever they are called. This important work is led by Miss Elizabeth Greenwood, of Brooklyn, who, when a girl of fourteen, dedicated her life and fortune to Christian service. The gentle ministrations of the W. C. T. U. prison evangelists are conducted by Mrs. J. K. Barney, of Providence, who has belted the world in the interests of Gospel temperance, especially among penal charitable and reformatory institutions. It was Mrs. Barney who originated the plan of police matrons to care for women and girls committed to prison. The Christian temperance workers for penal reform are also cooperating with the D. L. Moody Prison Fund Prayer Union, to promote faithful and unceasing prayer for the salvation of those behind prison bars, and to distribute Bibles and religious books in prisons.

That everywhere the great evil of the liquor traffic would be obliterated if Christian people would only unite to stamp it out, is the conviction of the white ribbon women who are aiming, through religious temperance education in Sunday Schools, to set young Christians' faces in opposition to intemperance. 414,858 pledged members in the Sunday Schools of the United States are a part of the great army of young total abstainers enrolled around the world.

Scientific temperance instruction, which goes hand in hand with religious temperance instruction, has also been an instrument effectively wielded by the white ribbon workers, led by the late Mary H. Hunt. A great host of 350,000 boys and girls, enrolled in all parts of the world, are being trained to aggressive work against alcoholic beverages. Eleven countries have national W. C. T. U. journals. There are thirty-four temperance periodicals published by the various State W. C. T. Unions in the United States.

The movement against the opium traffic has been most ably abetted by two devoted workers, Mrs. Elizabeth Wheeler Andrew and Dr. Kate C. Bushnell, 'round the world missionaries, who also did a signal service for fallen women in revealing conditions in the British Army in India, and causing Parliamentary action to be taken against the abuses.

Young Women's Work has been fostered by Mrs. Frances J. Barnes, of New York, who was associated with Miss Willard in evangelistic work in Chicago at the outset of the movement, and who founded the Loyal Legion Temperance Society of New York City. The movement in Great Britain (which, next to the United States, is the largest national union) is headed by the Countess of Carlisle, a consecrated follower of Christ, and a total abstainer of the uncompromising type, no liquor ever being served in her two castles or her London mansion.

Though slow the advance, no retrogression is shown in any country in which groups of earnest women have been formed who, having once put their hands to the plough in the Christian temperance movement, are not likely to turn back. They hold daily tryst in a universal prayer to God at noontide the world around, and they are showing in their labors the power of example and the power of Christ to bring the world out of darkness and out of sin. J. A. S.

LIFE IN THE LAND OF THE INCAS

The Main Thoroughfare of Callao

In the Mission Home

A Street in Lima

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 751

by the Methodist Episcopal Church through their schools, exerting an important influence on an increasing number of the homes of the people. This Christian influence is extended and strengthened by the work of the devoted colporteurs, who visit from house to house, persuading people, and unfolding the message and power of the Gospel, and leaving behind copies of the Word of God.

MARY E. STARK.

* * * *

In a rececnt letter from Rev. A. R. Stark, in acknowledging a remittance of contributions through this journal, he says: "It is a great joy for the workers on the field to know that they are upheld by the continuous prayers and sympathy of the Lord's people, and I take this opportunity of heartily thanking them through you.

"My heart is full of gratitude to our Heavenly Father for the joy of another year's service. Thousands of miles have been traversed; thousands of homes entered and religious instruction imparted and twenty thousand Bibles distributed.

Cascilla 58, Callao, Peru. "A. R. STARK."

OCEAN GROVE'S GREATEST "LOVE FEAST"

THE three closing days of the Ocean Grove Camp Meeting were spent "upon the Mount," and it was hard to come down to every-day life and duties. On Saturday morning at 9 o'clock, the Young People's Meeting was held in the Temple, and led by Rev. Theodore S. Henderson, Field Secretary of "The General Conference Commission on Aggressive Evangelism." It was a remarkable time of God's manifested presence. At the beginning, the surpliced choir of young ladies sang very softly:

O, come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee.

Rev. Mr. Henderson said that the greatest obstacle to the missionary work in home or foreign fields was the unwillingness of parents to give up their children to go, even when God called them. He told how opposed his father was to have him enter the ministry; but he obeyed the Spirit's call. He asked fathers and mothers to come to the front, and indicate their willingness to put no hindrance in the path of their children to whom God was speaking in regard to their future Christian life of service. At least fifty came forward. Then he called for workers "who were willing to go anywhere God wanted them to go." A large number pressed to the platform.

Then, in great solemnity, he asked the young man, or young woman, who was willing to answer to God, to come forward. At least sixty bright young people arose and moved to the altar, many with tears rolling down their cheeks.

At three o'clock the Holiness Meeting was held in the Temple, led by Rev. Joseph Smith, evangelist. He spoke from Rev. 3: 6.

At the Saturday night service some ten thousand were present. Rev. J. O. Wilson preached an impressive sermon from the text: "He that winneth souls is wise." The altar was crowded with mourners anxiously inquiring, "What must I do to be saved?" The Auditorium rang with the praises of souls borne into the Kingdom. The meeting continued until after 10 o'clock P.M., and then the people seemed reluctant to leave.

Sunday was the great day of the Camp Meeting. From 5.45 A. M. until 10.30 P. M. there were continuous meetings. The Sunrise Meeting started with considerable enthusiasm. The Young People's Meeting took place in the Temple at eight o'clock in the forenoon, when Rev. T. S. Henderson spoke briefly of the need of the Holy Ghost. The great "Love Feast," at the Auditorium—nine o'clock—called out a vast audience, and the sight was inspiring. When Bishop FitzGerald announced the opening hymn—"When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder," it seemed as if the congregation of twelve thousand people joined in the chorus, led by Tali Esen Morgan and his orchestra. Rev. Dr. A. E. Ballard led in prayer, and then the testimony meeting began. Three hundred ministers sat upon the platform, but few had the opportunity to speak, as often two persons were speaking at the same time in the audience. Some one started the hymn—"Is Not This the Land of Beulah?" and the shout of "Glory" was heard all over the camp. Many more witnesses were heard, and then, under the inspiration of the occasion, Miss Minnie B. Shay, the singing evangelist, extemporized a new verse to "'Tis the Old Time Religion." It ran thus:

It was good enough for Wesley.
It was good enough for Simpson,
It was good enough for Cookman,
And it's good enough for me.

This was like an electric shock, and the people joined in the chorus. Then came a message from the Children's Meeting, held at the same time in Association Hall, and led by Mrs. Joseph Hudson. It read thus:

One hundred and seventy children send greeting:
"When the roll is called up yonder,
We'll be there."

The love feast continued until 10.30 A.M., the tide of feeling rising higher and higher, until the climax was reached when all joined in the "Glory Song."

At 10.30 o'clock, Rev. Bishop J. F. Tigert, of the Southern M. E. Church, was greeted by an audience which filled every seat in the auditorium, and crowded the doors. He spoke from Psalm 139 : 19-22. From first to last, he held the attention of the great congregation, and at the close the crowd moved out solemnly, to return later for the other services.

It was very touching at the Sunday School—Mr. Hudson, Superintendent—to see the large company of children who came forward and pledged themselves to Christ. Miss Lizzie Smith, the evangelist, conducted her meeting at the Tabernacle, at six o'clock P. M. It was large, and deeply spiritual. Amanda Smith, the colored evangelist, sang and gave a ringing testimony. A great last night's service was held at the auditorium. A hush rested upon the people, as Rev. Dr. Charles M. Boswell, Secretary of the M. E. Church Extension Society, rose, and announced his text, Luke 10: 42—"But one thing is needful." The sermon was most appropriate, and was followed by a very earnest exhortation to sinners, which resulted in bringing many to the altar. The after-meeting was the greatest of the camp-meeting, and like an old-fashioned revival service. Nearly the whole congregation of twelve thousand people remained, singing at intervals. Then as a kneeling mourner would rise with a shining face, the people would burst out into song. At ten o'clock P.M. little groups of Christians were singing around a sorrowing penitent. At half-past ten Bishop FitzGerald said the hour had come to close.

When the last hymn was sung, nearly ten thousand handkerchiefs were waving in the air, and the "Chautauqua Salute" was given for Bishop FitzGerald, who pronounced the benediction, and the vast crowd moved out quietly.

Monday morning was devoted to the baptism of children. Thirty-six children were presented, and Bishop FitzGerald baptized them. The Bishop then gave out the closing hymn—"God Be With You Till We Meet Again." As the last notes sounded, the great bell struck twelve o'clock noon, and, with the benediction, pronounced by Rev. Dr. A. E. Ballard, the oldest member of the Ocean Grove Association, the camp meeting of 1906 closed.

MARY BARTON COOKMAN.

In Front of the Ocean Grove Auditorium

AFRICA'S CHAIN OF MISSIONS

Congo State Police

SWIFT movements of Divine Providence mark the Africa of to-day. What was until recently the ancient continent of weirdness and strange mystery, is now the modern land of keen effort and intelligent study. Here the maker of States and the maker of money alike contend, flanked by the missionary, the anthropologist, and the student of flora and fauna. The statesman, the speculator, the missionary and the scientist, all find in this gaunt and giant stretch of blackness a rugged field for endeavor and achievement.

But what of the missionary and his labors? Despite the serious adverse circumstances in South Africa of politics and gold-greed, the Lord's work is not without large marks of blessing. Thousands of the Zulus and Basutos are regularly hearing the Gospel. In addition to the activities of the missionary societies of the different churches, there are the labors of the South African General Mission, with centres at Cape Town, Durban and Johannesburg, and with work in Zululand, Pondoland, Tembuland, Basutoland and Gazaland, and extending north into Portuguese territory.

It is a cause for thanksgiving, that large sections at least of the Boer church is taking new and fresh interest in the work of giving the Gospel to natives. The founding of a Missionary Training School by the Dutch church was necessitated by a remarkable movement of the Holy Spirit among the young Boers, who at the time were prisoners of war at such places as St. Helena and Ceylon. This movement, while not of the same range and scope as the Welsh revival, was, in its true inwardness, most like to that wave of the Holy Spirit which swept so many young men into the way and work of Christ. These Boer volunteers for country, for the time captives of war, at once became volunteers for God and missions. "Het Boren Gesunden Institout," known as "de Drostdy" (Worcester, Cape Colony), came into being with this new missionary life generated by the Spirit of God, and thus captive-volunteers became student-volunteers.

The recently organized American work, known as the Africa Inland Mission, has six or more stations along the general direction of the railroad through British East Africa. Some of these mission stations are doing a work in populous and quite neglected districts.

The American Society of Friends, less than three years ago, established a station known as Kaimosi, situated about twenty-five miles north of Kavirondo Gulf, in Victoria Nyanza. This is the only Protestant mission to the large Kavirondo tribe.

The Naudi tribe adjoins the Kavirondos, on the east. They are a fierce and warlike people. Against them the British government has recently completed a considerable and successful expedition. No mission exists among these savages, and it is to be hoped that soon the evangel of the missionary may come to their midst. To the south lies German East Africa, which, despite what has already been done there, has vast tracts of unevangelized peoples.

The C. M. S. work, which begins at Mombasa, on the east coast, continues with increasing intensity and influence in Uganda. This aggressive work—its well equipped quota of missionaries, its many native Christians and church buildings, its excellent Luganda Bible and literature, its native pastors and teachers, is all too well known for detailed repetition here. Pushing westward from Uganda's port, on the great Nyanza, the traveller, during sixteen days of marching, sees more of this work, which continues into the country of Toro.

Here, on the slopes of proud snow-capped Mount Ruwenzora, is another strong centre of C. M. S. work, of the same policy and stamp as that of Uganda and connected therewith. With its native pastor, teachers, churches and schools, this C. M. S. work is fast giving to the country a native church, which could, in any event of wisdom or necessity, become self-perpetuating. As in Uganda, this Toro work evidently began, and certainly continues, with the patronage, so to speak, of the upper class—king, queen, six chiefs and leaders coming to daily Bible class.

As the mission stations entering from the east coast end at Toro, so the stations entering from the west coast end at Yokusu (The English Baptist Missionary Society), three hours' river travel below Stanley Falls. To cover this intervening gap, one tramps for eight weeks, of six days each, of six hours each. He will pass through more than one hundred towns and villages. These are clearings made in the great forest said to be of 300,000 square miles. In the deeper tracts of the forest are the villages of those interesting little people, the timid, shrinking Pigmies. During eight weeks of travel here, not one herald of the Gospel was seen.

A Central African Dance

In the territory known as the Congo Free State there has been a sad arrest of missionary progress, which is most unpardonable and criminal. This is chargeable to the Congo State, which itself alone is free in pushing the work of self-enrichment and native enslavement. This State has no use for Gospel work.

The traveller "thanks God and takes courage" as he reaches the chain of mission stations from the west coast, viz., the two English societies, the B.M.S. and C. B. M.; and the two American, the F. C. M. S. and the A. B. M. U., and stands upon Christian soil, is welcomed to a Gospel meeting, and meets and greets not only European workers but native Christians.

Wife of Native Evangelist

The spiritual condition of the Upper Congo River, with its mission stations, outposts, schools, native evangelists and Christians, is in strong contrast with that of the dark gap which marks the heart of real central Africa.

The youngest work of all, that of the Foreign Christian Mission Society, conducted by the American Christian Disciples, is located at Bolengi, at the place where the great river crosses the equator. This work, with a native church of 116, supporting ten evangelists, is emphasizing Africa's greatest need in missionary work, viz: numbers of itinerating evangelists traversing the back and unevangelized tracts.

A good degree of Christian or church unity prevails on the Congo. Natives freely pass by letter from the communion of one church to another. In times of sickness or need the missionaries of one society hasten to the side of a fellow missionary of another; and the native Christians know nothing of the divisions in the homelands.

Africa, with its present inrush of Europeanism, has a peculiar pressing need to-day. She should rest heavily upon the heart of God's people. This land, which sheltered not only the ancient people of God's choice, but even the imperiled infancy of the Redeemer himself; this land which gave a cross-bearer to the weary Saviour, dropping on his march to the world's redemption, and which received the Christian Ethiopian on his chariot-journey from Palestine; yea, this land which has received the choice cluster of life's offerings—a Livingstone, a Gordon, a Mackay, will one day, the curse lifting, the blessing descending, enter upon that life of fullness, emancipation and victory that our Father in heaven purposes for all his children on earth.

EKU CREIGHTON.

F.C.M.S., Bolengi, Haute Congo, Africa.

MAN'S SHARE IN SALVATION*

ONE of the commonest errors and hindrances of the unconverted, is the idea that conversion is a kind of supernatural "hocus pocus" that relieves a man of all effort and transforms him into a new creature. As Naaman said: "I thought he would surely come out to me, and stand, and call on the name of the Lord his God, and strike his hand over the place, and recover the leper." That would have been a simple and dignified way of healing; but the prophet, under God's guidance, adopted a different method. Naaman needed something more than the cure of his leprosy. He needed to have his racial pride humbled; he must learn that there was something for him to do—something requiring an effort of his own and an effort extremely disagreeable to him. God could have cured him in the way Naaman had imagined, just as Jesus could have fed the multitude without the five loaves and two fishes, but that is not the divine way of working. Man must contribute, must co-operate, howsoever infinitesimal his contribution. Just so God could convert man by a miracle, and there have been cases of his doing so, but it is unusual.

The ordinary course is for the man to seek, that he may appreciate the value of the boon he desires. The Holy Spirit stirs him up to seek, but he is generally unconscious of the fact, and supposes it is of his own motion. His decision for Christ, too, is his own. He has to consider what it will involve and the sacrifices it will demand. After he has decided he is generally tried in some way and must make the fight himself. But if he is resolute and fully resolved to struggle, he finds unexpectedly that the battle is much easier than he expected. He receives unseen help. He does not know how it is, but his powers are increased and he is stronger than he had supposed. God is helping him. The coward and the lazy man fail, but those who go forward, relying on God's strength, succeed. God will not carry a man over the mountain, but he will give him strength to climb. He will not carry the boat across the lake, but if the man will spread his sails, God will send the wind to waft him over. "How many loaves have ye?" Christ asked. "What can you furnish?" "Bring it hither to me." His power is effective, but he must have our material.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for Sept. 23, "A Strong Will, how to get it and use it." 1 Peter 4: 1-11.

Finding Work for the Aged

The Chicago Bureau of Charities has set an example in its newest enterprise which may well be emulated in other cities. It finds employment for persons who are quite capable of performing many useful tasks, but, while honestly anxious to earn their own livelihood, are incapacitated by age or infirmities for arduous labor. It is said that upon the very first day this new scheme was put in operation, twenty such persons were placed in positions suited to their capabilities.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, Associate Editor — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, Associate Editor

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A False Maxim

IN the course of a discussion on the question: "Does it pay to do wrong?" which has been raised in the columns of the New York *Sun*, a correspondent of that journal takes an attitude which appears to demand a word of comment. He says: "It does pay to do wrong, both while doing it and in the end; it pays to do wrong and repent of it and reform; it pays better than to do right from the start." This is a very dangerous maxim and as untrue as it is dangerous. It is possible that from a money point of view, it may pay to do wrong; but we doubt whether from that low standpoint the maxim is true. Of all the defaulters who have robbed their employers, there are few, if any, who have prospered. A robbery has never yet laid the foundation of a great fortune. Besides this, the happiness that the possession of money is supposed to bring, and which is the chief motive for acquiring it, can never attend the defaulter. He is perpetually haunted by the dread of discovery and conviction, which is an effectual bar to peace and happiness. Nor does it pay to do wrong and repent. Sin is always loss. We thank God that he does forgive the penitent; but not even He can give back to the penitent the joy he has lost. No repentant man believes it paid him to do wrong. His penitence costs him bitter tears, all the more bitter for the mercy that relieves him from punishment. Wrong fails to pay in his case, more miserably than in the case of the man who does not repent. His penitence sets his sin before him in the most heinous light, and forces him to recognize what a hideous thing he has done; while the unrepentant man may keep up a feeling of bravado that dulls his conscience. It did not pay Peter to deny his Lord. It paid him at the time in escaping malignant taunts. But, after he had repented, what lifelong sorrow he endured! To the last, "when he thought thereon he wept." What would he have given, what would he not have endured, to recall that one act! He would never have said that in his case it paid to do wrong.

It is a perversion of the truth, too, to say, as this correspondent does, that Christ took the same view when he spoke of the ninety and nine as being less dear to Him, than the sheep who went not astray. His sorrow over the wanderer, his compassion for the lost, stirred him to seek and restore; but it is in his restoration, not in his wandering, that he rejoices. The father does rejoice over the restored prodigal; but can the prodigal ever forget what sorrow he caused that loving father, and how he must envy his brother, who has never so wrung that loving heart. There is more joy over the repentance of the prodigal, than over those who did not go astray, but we are not to suppose there is more love. That would be to set a premium on the wandering, which is repugnant to our sense of justice. It is not so that we may win God's love. We rejoice that He does love us in spite of our wandering, but we can never believe that He loves us because of our wandering. Of all the restored wanderers, millions of whom have been won back, there has never been one who gloried in his fall, or believed that it had paid him to do wrong.

One Phase of Sabbath-keeping

TO say that in many cases the serious impressions derived from a sermon are dissipated in the church aisle, or the church vestibule, or on the way from the church to the home, is to make an apparently sweeping assertion; yet it is not an exaggerated statement of a familiar fact. In the transit from the pew door to the church door, there is time for trivial gossip, for an airy criticism on the music, or on a friend's new gown or bonnet, or on a neighbor's wrap, or a child's change from kilts to trousers—for much that is insignificant. No wonder that the minister often reaches Sunday night weary and discouraged, so much of his endeavor being nullified, not by the sinners, but by the saints of his congregation.

In times of revival, it is evident that there is reformation here. People go and come to God's house, and from it again, and their faces are earnest, their voices hushed, their spirits are absorbed in devotion, even while they walk the street. An arrest is for the moment laid on the impulse to worldliness, which so interferes with heavenward progress and hallowed thoughts. As flowers which have withered in a drought spring up anew after the blessing of the rain, so in days of the right hand of the Most High, the hearts that love the Master are refreshed and invigorated, and are so brought into touch with Jesus, that trifling becomes impossible in hours so sweet and sacred.

Of Sunday conversation at home—not in those exalted moods when it is easy to live on a high plane, and when the soul is conscious of breathing in a divine atmosphere, but in the common experiences of our lives—what shall we say? The spirit of Sunday's talk should be religious. Week-day subjects and engagements may be put aside with the week-day work, and the patterns and prices of new gowns, the shortcomings of servants, the comparative merits of different remedies, the enchanting strain of the last concert, the beauties of the art gallery, or the interest of the novel which at present enjoys the greatest popularity, are all secular, and let down our minds and our talk from the higher to the lower levels. It is not absolutely essential to home happiness on Sunday that there should be a great flow of talk; even if we are somewhat quiet and a little subdued in manner and speech, that might be to our soul's profit.

The persons responsible for the tone of Sunday conversation at home are, naturally, the parents. They, rather than the young people, may gently establish a habit and maintain a standard. Father and mother may not be able to think beforehand of topics fit for the day, but they may avail themselves of suggestions from the pulpit or the religious paper. It is a good old-fashioned plan to discuss the sermon after the return from church, and at the midday meal. If it is the family custom to do this, the listening will be the more attentive, and there will be neither confusion nor consternation among boys and girls if they are asked to repeat the text.

The New Spelling

NEW methods of spelling, as recommended by the Simplified Spelling Board, have received unexpected endorsement by President Roosevelt. The announcement that he has ordered all documents issued from the White House to be printed in the new forms, will naturally have great influence in promoting a general adoption of the system. It is, however, merely the expression of an individual opinion and not an edict, such as might be issued by the Emperor of Germany. The American people have the right to spell as they choose, and while some newspapers and some individuals will be eager to follow the President's example, it will still be lawful, though possibly not expedient, for everyone to spell according to his own taste.

The changes proposed are not so numerous as they appear. Of the entire three hundred, about one-half are already in common use. There are few journals in which we find the old-fashioned forms: honour, humour, judgement, develope, cheque, waggon, baptise, skillful, gaol, moulding, and words of a similar kind. We have been long accustomed to the new forms, which have gradually, and not by Presidential endorsement, come into general use. Of the remainder there are such changes as the omission of the final letters in words like catalogue and programme, that are on their way to adoption, as is the change to center, theater, etc., though it would surprise us if the reformers in seeking consistency, should write centeral or theaterical. We would have willingly accepted some change to harmonize the spelling with the pronounciation of cough, dough, etc., which would have been a welcome improvement.

It gives a reader no shock to see the words catalog and program in print, nor is he confused by reading dram instead of drachm. The change is an obvious improvement. So much, however, cannot be said for the change of termination in such words as mixed, pressed, blessed, passed. The word past does not convey quite the same idea as passed, nor would we quite recognize either in pronounciation or in print the quotation, "Blest are the dead who die in the Lord." But the radical changes are in the words, though, although and through. It is these when written tho, altho and thro that are most trying.

President Roosevelt has given vitality to a movement which was apparently languishing, and which is really needed. His suggestions are not so revolutionary as to be startling, and although some of the forms he suggests will require time to be fully acceptable to the American people, we should be surprised if most, if not all, of them did not ultimately come into common use.

Mr. Bryan's Return

IT is no ordinary greeting which has been accorded to William Jennings Bryan, on his return to America after his ten months' tour of the world. In other lands the "Great Commoner" was the recipient of distinguished honors. In Japan, he was received by the Mikado; in Korea, the Philippines, China, India, Egypt and Palestine, he was the guest of the most exalted dignitaries. Hungary, Italy, France and Switzerland lionized him. He was present at King Hakon's coronation and made an address, and he also had the unique distinction of being probably the only foreigner who addressed the short-lived Russian Douma, or People's Parliament. In Germany the Kaiser gave him welcome, and in England, while Ambassador Reid's guest, he met King Edward. Little Holland, too, showered attentions upon the Western visitor. Yet we doubt not that, in his estimation, all these together were as nothing to the phenomenal welcome that awaited him in New York on August 29.

He has shown, since his return, that he has lost nothing of the old power to charm and thrill the multitudes with his rare eloquence, nor of the old force and vigor in the presentation of great public issues. Even his severest critics will do him the justice to admit that Mr. Bryan has broadened with experience. He touches vital questions with a firmer and surer hand than before, but with the old-time freedom and impartiality.

Whatever fortune may have in store for the "Great Commoner"—whether in the foremost ranks of public service, or in the no less worthy role of a private citizen, Mr. Bryan, in the coming years, can always recall with pleasure this splendid spontaneous tribute, when men of all parties, and journals of all shades of opinion, showed their admiration and respect for him as a worthy citizen of the great Republic.

Among the Workers

—REV. EZRA T. SANFORD, pastor of the North Baptist Church, West Eleventh Street, New York, while visiting at Chester, N. Y., lately found a little church at Craigville, near that place, which had not been used for several years. The ladies of the neighborhood "cleaned house" in the little chapel, and Dr. Sanford started services, which are now being maintained every Sunday afternoon.

—EVANGELIST J. D. FLEMING has just closed in Alabama a six-weeks' evangelistic campaign, in which forty-one were added to the church and many backsliders and lukewarm Christians were brought back to a higher plane. He begins a union tent meeting at Whitehorn, Tenn. (near Memphis), on 26th Sept., to be followed by one at De Vall Bluff, Ark., one at Jackson, Ala., and one at Houston, Miss.

—REV. E. O. GUERRANT, Wilmore, Ky., writes: "We have now about one hundred faithful evangelists in the field, beyond all preachers and churches. During the last month over a hundred of these long neglected Americans of the mountains have accepted Christ. We are now building several churches and schoolhouses where there never was one before. A noble lady sent us $5,000 to help establish an Orphans' Home in the mountains, where there never was one, and yet it was most needed."

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An Imperial Conference

MORE interest than usually attaches to the meetings of monarchs, was felt in the recent meeting of the Emperor of Germany with the King of England. There has been for some time past a coolness between the two monarchs and the two peoples. Englishmen have never forgotten or forgiven the telegrams of congratulation that Emperor William sent to President Kruger on his early victories in the Transvaal. There have, too, been vague rumors of personal antipathy due to the King's resentment at the Emperor's treatment of his mother, the King's sister. They have been near together on the occasion of the King's visit to the Continent, but have avoided a meeting. It was obviously bad for both countries that the alienation should continue; it was therefore a welcome announcement that a meeting had been arranged. It took place at Friedrichsof, the beautiful palace built by the late Empress Frederick. The King was met at the railroad station at Cronberg by the Emperor, who was in his big automobile. The monarchs embraced cordially, and then entered the machine and proceeded up the winding road to Friedrichshof. There a luncheon was served, after which they drove to Saalburg, where they viewed the old Roman camp. Thence they went to Homburg and back to Friedrichshof for dinner. Early on the following morning, after sitting in conference till after midnight, the King bade farewell to his Imperial nephew and set out for Marienbad, where he is drinking the waters. It was noticed that the parting with the Emperor was of the friendliest kind, and that both seemed to be on the best terms. The best results are expected from the conference. Both the monarchs are astute diplomats, and keep close watch over their respective foreign relations. In the interest of peace and goodwill, their friendly meeting is a happy augury that is welcomed by the Powers of Europe.

Be wise now therefore, O ye kings; be instructed, ye judges of the earth; serve the Lord with fear, and rejoice with trembling (Ps. 2: 10, 11).

A Disastrous Failure

The news that the Real Estate Trust Company of Philadelphia had closed its doors, carried consternation into many a home. The Company owed no less than seven million dollars to its depositors. Its president, Frank K. Hipple, who had been held in the highest esteem, died on August 24. It was supposed that he had died from apoplexy, but since his death it is stated that he committed suicide. An investigation of the Company's affairs, shows that he had dealt recklessly with the funds of the Company, and it is stated by the receiver who was appointed by the court, that the president had taken stocks and bonds left by customers of the Company as collateral, and had raised money upon them for his own use. The business appears to have been wrecked by the enormous loans, amounting to about five millions, which President Hipple made to a speculator. It is thought that it was in a frantic effort to make good the losses, that Hipple seized the collateral for purposes of speculation. The directors of the Company appear to have had a blind confidence in their president, and to have accepted, without question, his account of bogus loans, by which he explained the depletion of the negotiable securities. When the discovery of the Company's difficulties was made, the directors promptly paid over large sums to make good the deficiency; but as the investigation proceeded, the possibility of continuing the business was seen to be hopeless. Each day since has increased the gravity of the situation. The son and executor of the dead president has volunteered to turn over to the Company the whole of the estate that his father left. The depositors whose savings are in peril are very indignant, and the name once so highly esteemed in the city is now covered with obloquy.

Woe unto him that buildeth his house by unrighteousness, and his chambers by wrong (Jer. 22: 13).

Why there was no Wedding

A wedding party assembled at Ocean Grove, N. J., to witness the celebration of a marriage, but at the last moment, the bridegroom sent a note excusing himself. The prospective bride announced that there had been a misunderstanding, which would be eventually adjusted, and invited the guests to sit down to the luncheon that had been prepared. From the bridegroom himself, the reporters obtained an explanation of his sudden change of mind. He said that on the day before that fixed for the wedding, he had called on his intended bride and had asked her for a glass of milk. She put some wine in the milk she gave him, and he, being a strong Prohibitionist, was so incensed at her act, that he determined to break the marriage engagement. There are not many who would have given up a bride for such a reason, but he evidently thought that the harmony necessary to a happy marriage could not be expected in one who trifled with his most intense convictions.

Can two walk together except they be agreed? (Amos 3: 3).

A Living Statue

A strange case of dementia is now under treatment in an Institution in Toledo, O. It is that of a girl who was found sitting in one of the law courts entirely rigid. She did not move a muscle of her body, nor stir a limb when the sheriff's officers carried her out and put her in a wagon. She stands, sits or lies as she is placed. No noise alarms her, nor is there any ruse which will surprise her mysterious immobility. The girl seems as if turned to stone and her muscles are tense and hard to the touch. When food is offered her, no attempt is made to partake of it, and the physicians fear she will eventually starve to death. But for the fact that she breathes and that her heart beats, she might be mistaken for a dead person. Some mysterious power seems to have arrested all power of motion and sensibility. It is seldom that the physical frame is so affected, but there are people whose spiritual nature showed the same immobility until Christ quickened them into life.

And you hath he quickened who were dead in trespasses and sins (Eph. 2: 1.)

Saved by Blood

A pathetic story of self-sacrifice comes from Cleveland, O. Two weeks ago a patient was taken to St. Alexis Hospital, in that city, suffering from an internal hemorrhage. He was dying from the loss of blood, and the physicians announced there was no hope of recovery unless blood was transferred into his body. One of his brothers agreed to give up his blood to save his brother's life, and both were sent to the operating room. Dr. George H. Crile performed the operation. Lifting an artery from the brother's wrist, Dr. Crile opened it and joined it to an artery in the patient's. He began to revive, while the brother became weak. The patient was on the road to recovery when he sufferred another hemorrhage. The surgeons agreed that his brother was too weak to give up any more of his blood, so another brother, seventeen years of age, was summoned. This time an artery from his wrist was joined to an artery in the patient's left arm. He is now said to be well on the way to recovery, but should there be another hemorrhage, his life will be again in peril. His sister, a girl of nineteen years of age, sits beside his bed ready to sacrifice her blood if the need arises. How devoted that family must be! If the patient recovers, how grateful he will be to his brothers and sister. Yet how few realize that it was for us, that we might live, that Christ shed his blood.

For scarcely for a righteous man will one die: yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die. But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us (Rom. 5: 7-8).

Rescued from Burning Ship

Twenty-one persons were taken off the burning steamship *Eddy*, on Lake Huron, a few days ago. The *Eddy* was owned by a firm of merchants in Cleveland, O., and was bound down from the head of the lakes with a cargo of ore. Fire started in the bow while the steamer was off Port Sanilac. It spread with great rapidity, and was soon beyond control of the crew. Distress signals were sounded, and Capt. Simpson, of the *City of Mackinac*, whose boat was crowded to its capacity with passengers responded. A heavy sea was running, and Capt. Simpson decided that the quickest and safest way to take off the people on the burning boat was to lay his big steamer alongside. He accordingly steered to the windward and took her crew off. All on the *Eddy* lost their entire possessions except the scanty clothing they had on. They were glad to have their lives saved though their possessions were lost. None needed to be urged to escape, as those do who are in peril of perishing eternally, when the offer of salvation through Christ is made to them.

As though God did beseech you by us: we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God (II. Cor. 5: 20).

Entrance to the Palace of Friedrichshof

The King and Emperor in the Library

The Terrace Before the Palace

Proposed Simplified Spelling Reform

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, by announcing his determination to employ hereafter in his official documents the "reformed spelling" of the Carnegie Committee, has excited something of a stir among the philologists and educators of two continents. In the list of changes prepared by the Simplified Spelling Board there are some 300 words, and if all were adopted in the new form, the result would be such a transformation in our written and printed language as would be almost radical enough to awaken a universal smile. In some few cases (as may be seen by examining the list which is given on this page), the changed or new forms have already been very generally adopted; but in the great majority of instances, the innovation suggested is so startling that it need only be expected to become popular gradually. Orthographical reforms in living languages are not made in obedience to the dictum of Presidents or dictionary makers, but usually come slowly into general use, and are incorporated permanently only after years of familiarity with the new forms.

But the time was ripe for such a movement as the present, and President Roosevelt has unquestionably rendered a valuable public service in bringing the whole question boldly to the front for public discussion. Doubtless a number of the proposed changes will gradually come into use; others, and probably the greater number, may linger for years before they are viewed with popular toleration.

In Britain, where the spelling reform movement had already attained considerable headway, the general feeling seems to be one of amusement rather than serious consideration over the list of proposed changes. Some of the English papers declare that we have taken a step far in advance of even Sir Isaac Pitman, the phonetic reformer of a past generation.

Just what the effect of the new "simple spelling" movement may be in the United States, it is not easy to predict. It is already announced that three of the leading dictionary-making firms have intimated their approval of the proposed changes (some of which they had already adopted), and new dictionaries of the "reformed" order may soon be forthcoming. Meanwhile, the Simplified Spelling Board has been inundated with inquiries for the list, which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD publishes to-day. The Board announces that a number of publications, several railroads, many business firms, and a few college professors have signified their intention of using the new spelling. Several school superintendents are preparing to teach their pupils both the old and the new forms. Superintendent Chanler, of the District of Columbia Public Schools, has decided to introduce the simplified spelling alternatively in the higher grammar grades. School Superintendent Maxwell of New York, too, has joined the spelling reformers.

Of course, the leading reformers in the movement are delighted with the publicity given to it by the President's action, and they predict that the people will follow his example. The Simplified Spelling Board was organized in New York last March, through the efforts of Mr. Andrew Carnegie. The chairman of the Board is Professor Brander Matthews, and with him are associated such men as Supreme Court Justice Brewer, Mark Twain, Isaac K. Funk, ex-Secretary Gage, President Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia; President David Starr Jordan, of Leland Stanford; Professor William James, of Harvard; Benjamin E. Smith, editor, and Dr. Scott, etymological editor, of *The Century Dictionary*.

Not all the leading educators, however, are enthusiastic over the proposed reform. Some wish the change to come gradually; others pronounce it too radical, and assert that its adoption would mean, in many instances, the loss of the derivations and true meanings of the words so changed. That the reform will now make substantial progress, however, seems to be generally admitted.

The 300 Words Officially Selected for Change

Present Form	New Form
abridgement	abridgment
accoutre	accouter
accursed	accurst
acknowledge-[ment	acknowledg-[ment
addressed	addrest
adze	adz
affixed	affixt
although	altho
anapaest	anapest
anaemia	anemia
anaesthesia	anesthesia
anaesthetic	anesthetic
antipyrine	antipyrin
antitoxine	antitoxin
apothegm	apothem
apprise	apprize
arbour	arbor
archaeology	archeology
ardour	ardor
armour	armor
artisan	artizan
assise	assize
axe	ax
banns	bans
barque	bark
behaviour	behavior
blessed	blest
blushed	blusht
brasen	brazen
brasier	brazier
bunn	bun
burr	bur
calibre	caliber
calliper	caliper
candour	candor
caressed	carest
catalogue	catalog
catechise	catechize
centre	center
chapped	chapt
checque	check
chequer	checker
chimaera	chimera
civilise	civilize
clamour	clamor
clangour	clangor
clapped	clapt
clasped	claspt
clipped	clipt
clew	clue
coaeval	coeval
colour	color
coulter	colter
commixed	commixt
compressed	comprest
comprise	comprize
confessed	confest
comptroller	controller
coquette	coquet
criticise	criticize
cropped	cropt
crossed	crost
crushed	crusht
queue	cue
cursed	curst
cutlass	cutlas
cyclopaedia	cyclopedia
dactyle	dactyl
dashed	dasht
decalogue	decalog
defence	defense
demagogue	demagog
demeanour	demeanor
deposite	deposit
depressed	deprest
develope	develop
diaeresis	dieresis
dyke	dike
dipped	dipt
discussed	discust
despatch	dispatch
distill	distil
distressed	distrest
dolour	dolor
domicile	domicil
draught	draft
drachm	dram
dressed	drest
dripped	dript
drooped	droopt
dropped	dropt
dullness	dulness
oecumenical	ecumenical
acdile	edile
acgis	egis
enamour	enamor
encyclopaedia	encyclopedia
endeavour	endeavor
envelope	envelop
Acolian	Eolian
acon	con
epaulette	epaulet
eponyme	eponym
aera	era
aesophagus	esophagus
aesthetic	esthetic
aesthetics	esthetics
aestivate	estivate
aether	ether
aetiology	etiology
exorcise	exorcize
expressed	exprest
faggot	fagot
phantasm	fantasm
phantasy	fantasy
phantom	fantom
favour	favor
favourite	favorite
fervour	fervor
fibre	fiber
fixed	fixt
flavour	flavor
fulfill	fulfil
fullness	fulness
gauge	gage
gazelle	gazel
gelatine	gelatin
guild	gild
gypsy	gipsy
glose	gloze
glycerine	glycerin
good-bye	good-by
gramme	gram
gripped	gript
harbour	harbor
hearken	harken
heaped	heapt
haematin	hematin
hiccough	hiccup
hough	hock
homoeopathy	homeopathy
homonyme	homonym
honour	honor
humour	humor
hushed	husht
hypothenuse	hypotenuse
idolise	idolize
impressed	imprest
instill	instil
gaol	jail
judgement	judgment
kissed	kist
labour	labor
lachrymal	lacrimal
lapped	lapt
lashed	lasht
leaped	leapt
legalise	legalize
licence	license
liquorice	licorice
litre	liter
lodgement	lodgment
looked	lookt
lopped	lopt
lustre	luster
mamma	mama
manoeuvre	maneuver
materialise	materialize
meagre	meager
mediaeval	medieval
metre	meter
missed	mist
mitre	miter
mixed	mixt
mould	mold
moulder	molder
moulding	molding
mouldy	moldy
moult	molt
mullein	mullen
naturalise	naturalize
neighbour	neighbor
nitre	niter
nipped	nipt
ochre	ocher
odour	odor
offence	offense
omelette	omelet
oppressed	opprest
orthopaedic	orthopedic
palaeography	paleography
palaeolithic	paleolithic
palaeontology	paleontology
palaeozoic	paleozoic
paraffin	parafin
parlour	parlor
partisan	partizan
passed	past
patronise	patronize
pedagogue	pedagog
paedobaptist	pedobaptist
phoenix	phenix
phaenomenon	phenomenon
pygmy	pigmy
plough	plow
polype	polyp
possessed	possest
practice	practise
prefixed	prefixt
praenomen	prenomen
pressed	prest
pretence	pretense
preterite	preterit
praetermit	pretermit
primaeval	primeval
professed	profest
programme	program
prologue	prolog
propped	propt
purr	pur
quartette	quartet
quaestor	questor
quintette	quintet
rancour	rancor
rapped	rapt
rase	raze
recognise	recognize
reconnoitre	reconnoiter
rigour	rigor
rhyme	rime
ripped	ript
rumour	rumor
sabre	saber
saltpetre	saltpeter
saviour	savior
savour	savor
sceptre	scepter
septette	septet
sepulchre	sepulcher
sextette	sextet
sylvan	silvan
scimitar	simitar
sipped	sipt
skillful	skilful
scythe	sithe
skipped	skipt
slipped	slipt
smoulder	smolder
snapped	snapt
sombre	somber
spectre	specter
splendour	splendor
steadfast	stedfast
stepped	stept
stopped	stopt
stressed	strest
stripped	stript
subpoena	subpena
succour	succor
suffixed	suffixt
sulphate	sulfate
sulphur	sulfur
sumach	sumac
suppressed	supprest
surprised	surprize
synonyme	synonym
tabour	tabor
tapped	tapt
teasel	teazel
tenour	tenor
theatre	theater
though	tho
thorough	thoro
thoroughly	thoroly
through	thru
throughout	thruout
tipped	tipt
topped	topt
tossed	tost
transgressed	transgrest
trapped	trapt
tripped	tript
tumour	tumor
valour	valor
vapour	vapor
vexed	vext
vigour	vigor
visor	vizor
waggon	wagon
washed	washt
whipped	whipt
whiskey	whisky
willful	wilful
winked	winkt
wished	wisht
woe	wo
woeful	woful
woollen	woolen
wrapped	wrapt

Helping the Boer Women

IN a letter from Geneva, Switzerland, just received, Countess Evelyn Asinelli, the friend of the helpless Boer women of the Transvaal and Orange River Colony, writes to thank THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for presenting to its readers the philanthropic work of Miss Hobhouse, in South Africa. Countess Asinelli says:

"Allow me to thank you heartily for thus helping us to make this practical and humanitarian undertaking better known in your own country; I feel your kindness very deeply, for, by so doing, I seem to have a proof that God is blessing our efforts in a very special way.

"Already your readers have heard of Miss Hobhouse through Rev. Charles Wagner, who, in an issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, in February last, gave such a charming account of the starting of our home industries in the newly-conquered land. Since then, the enterprise has made wonderful progress; in fact, people who visited our two exhibitions of Boer goods at Johannesburg and at Pretoria were in a state of admiration at the sight of the beautiful stuffs and rugs, really exquisite in coloring, design and texture, made entirely by our girls. On the other hand, we seem only now to realize how difficult it is to 'plant' such a work in an utterly ruined country, where there is such scarcity of wood to make the needed implements (looms, wheels, carders, etc.), and where even wool is hard to find, the farmers having been unable to restock their stables since the war.

"Many of our cleverest and ablest pupils long to go and teach spinning and weaving in the poverty-stricken districts of the Transvaal, where hundreds of women are eagerly waiting to learn these new, unknown arts. Unfortunately, our funds do not allow us to pay them even the smallest salary, and thus, perforce, we have to shut our hearts to the bitter cry for help. Things would take a happy turn if we, on the other side of the world, could lend substantial aid to our workers for two years to come. We reckon that after that lapse of time the undertaking will be self-supporting. For this reason, I am appealing so earnestly and so strongly to the Christians far and near; for, by joining hands with us, they would secure a means of living to those women, who, during the long struggle, showed such fortitude, courage and abnegation. This would in truth be a labor of love."

EVELYN AEGLI ASINELLI.

MISSIONARIES OUTWARD BOUND TO HEATHEN LANDS

WITHIN a few weeks forty-four missionaries will have sailed from San Francisco, Cal., bound for foreign fields. These heralders of the Cross will go to Chinese and Korean fields to labor in the canse of Christianity and education. Eighteen of the forty-four left San Francisco on the morning of August 14, on the Oriental liner *Manchuria*.

Before their departure for the new fields of labor, a reception was tendered the missionaries by the women of the Occidental Board, and numerous clergymen and laymen, at Calvary Presbyterian Church of San Francisco. The great Sunday School room was thronged with church workers, who came to bid the young men and women and the veterans who are going into distant and alien lands, godspeed on their journey. Refreshments were served, and Evangelist Clifton Powers sang songs appropriate to the occasion. The Rev. John Hemphill, D.D., the Rev. J. H. Laughlin, and Mrs. H. B. Pinney, President of the Occidental Board, spoke feelingly of the work their guests were about to undertake.

The missionaries who sailed on the 14th inst. for Korea and China are the Rev. and Mrs. W. C. Isett, Mrs. W. S. Paris, the Rev. and Mrs. Cyril Ross and three children, the Rev. and Mrs. S. C. Peoples, Robert M. Ross, M. D., Rev. and Mrs. W. M. Campbell and two children, Miss Esther L. Shields, Dr. and Mrs. W. E. Robertson, Dr. and Mrs. Carl J. Shellman, Miss Elizabeth C. Langman, Rev. and Mrs. George F. Fitch, Mrs. H. H. Woods, Miss Edmunds, C. A. Bergstesser, and J. E. Morrow.

Those who are to sail on the steamship *Korea* this month, are Miss Grace M. Lucas, Miss Edith C. Dickie, Miss Anna L. Morton, Miss Lillian A. Taylor, Dr. and Mrs. R. Mason, Miss Eula Van Vraken, Rev. and Mrs. Chas. E. Scott and child, Rev. and Mrs. F. S. Curtiss, and Francis J. Hall, M.D.

On Sept. 21, there will sail on the liner *Siberia*, Rev. Walter C. Erdman, Rev. and Mrs. Charles Leaman, Miss Mary Leaman, Miss Lucy Leaman, Dr. and Mrs. John M. Swan and child, Rev. David S. Tappan, Rev. George D. Byers, and Miss Ellen Ward.

These missionaries all go under the auspices of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church of the United States.

J. M. B.

San Francisco, Calif.

THE CUBAN REBELLION SPREADING

CONTRARY to the confident predictions of Cuban officials, the rebellion on the island seems to be steadily gaining headway. Pino Guerra, the leader of the rebels, is not only popular with his command, but the people appear to be devoted to him. Recruits in the government ranks are but lukewarm in their fealty. Information states that Santa Clara City is at the mercy of the insurgents, unless reinforcements quickly arrive. Although President Palma declares himself fully prepared to protect the present government, he has, nevertheless, issued an order instructing the officials in the provinces of Pinar de Rio, Havana, Matanzas and Santa Clara, to allow all insurgents who repent of their errors to go free to their homes, except those who are already prisoners, who will be detained until it is determined whether they are to be tried in the courts or given their freedom. The insurgent sentiment is growing stronger daily in the above-named districts, and the insurgents have occupied Cabanas, and succeeded in disarming a detachment of Rural Guards, also capturing their horses. This much more than offsets the surrender of some of the insurgent leaders and the coming in of few scattered insurgents, in response to the government's offer of amnesty.

Officers of the Cuban Army (Regulars)

The pursuit of Pino Guerra is in progress, Palma's forces having left San Juan de Martinez in search of the main body of insurgents, which is now estimated to number 2,000 men. Guerra, in order to avoid contact with the troops, is changing camp every eight hours. His endeavor is to provoke American intervention, which would guarantee legal elections, his one avowed purpose in organizing the rebellion. He charges President Palma, Secretary Montalvo and General Andrade with all manner of official and personal dishonesty, in which charge he is sustained by General Carlos Garcia, a son of one of the most famous warriors in Cuba's war for independence, who accuses Palma of "governing with a clique and not 'with the consent of the governed.'"

Colonel Estrampes, leading the main body of government troops, composed of four hundred men, is determined to force Colonel Ernesto Asbert, who, with Guerra, leads the insurgents, to a combat. An important battle in Havana province is imminent. The government can produce more men, but they are recently enlisted Rural Guards and raw recruits, while the rebels now camping in the mountains are seasoned veterans.

The insurgents or "Liberal Party" have taken the position that they are determined to force a fair election, and to that end threaten that, if the present government does not accede to their demands before September 15, they will destroy trains and burn property without respect to foreign ownership.

There is no immediate prospect of American intervention. Our government will recognize any administration that is able to maintain peace in Cuba.

However, the Liberals have made a mistake in raiding a ranch owned by Americans, and seizing its horses. The United States will not permit encroachments upon the lives or property of its citizens, wherever they may be.

Special dispatches from Cuba state, that whether or not the Palma government may in time put down the rebellion, it will be a work of months. But that if the United States can be persuaded to act, it can have the situation in hand and order restored within a week at very slight expense.

The revolution has entirely stopped the planting of the usual seed-beds for the extensive tobacco crop which Cuba yields. Cigar manufacturers everywhere are in despair, at the prospect of their business being ruined.

UPLIFTING THE NAVAJO INDIANS

FEW of the remaining Indian tribes in this country are so interesting or so little known as the Navajos of the Southwest. The average person connects their name with the beautiful blankets that sell for such large prices in our city stores, and that is about all. Although known to the "whites" for over three centuries, it is but within a few years that any systematic effort has been made to bring to them a knowledge of our civilization and tell them the story of "the white man's God." In their own tongue they call themselves simply Dine, "the people"; the Spaniards, however, as early as 1630, spoke of them as Apaches de Navajo. Once the Franciscan Friars tried to conduct a mission among them, but it was soon given up, and they have carried on their heathen rites to this day. At present they have a great reservation stretching through parts of Utah, New Mexico and Arizona. We print below a letter from one of the missionaries who has taken up his residence on the arid plains of the Navajo country, and who is working to uplift the people, especially through their children.

He writes:

"We are always glad to receive THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. With special interest do we read your mission articles, for we have the privilege of being in the mission field ourselves, and consider it the 'greatest work in the world,' as Rev. A. Pierson calls it.

"I would like to call the paper a missionary, because it does so much for Christ's cause in making known to our Christian people the deplorable condition of heathendom, living and dying without a Saviour. Among these heathen are also the Navajo Indians, our field of labor. The Navajos live in New Mexico and Arizona and are a nomadic people. They have large flocks of sheep and do little farming.

"Their way of living is very rude. Their winter quarters are huts made of cedar timber, while in summer they only have a few evergreen branches, put up in a semicircle, to protect them from the cold night air.

"Their homes have no furniture. The ground is their table, chair and bed. Only a few sheepskins, a sack of corn, a saddle, a coffee kettle, and a few other little things are found. The Navajo grinds his corn between two stones, and from the meal makes a cake they call *nonneskattie*.

A Progressive Navajo Family

Group of Navajo Children at "Rehoboth" School

"The children of the Navajo are much neglected by their parents and enjoy none of the privileges of civilization. They are sent out by their parents to watch sheep and carry wood. They are only half-clothed and are often found in the most wretched condition.

"It is in behalf of these children that the Christian Reformed Church of America is working at their mission school, 'Rehoboth,' about six miles from Gallup, New Mexico, on the Santa Fe Railroad. This school has only been in existence two years, and is in flourishing condition. The accompanying picture shows the nineteen children and the four mission workers. A fine group of children they are. Some have gone to school for two years and already read and write well. They love to hear Bible stories, and we pray and trust that they shall not only hear about Jesus, but become his followers.

"Some time ago I visited a Christian school at home and asked what the children could do for missions. As these answers are as good for grown-up Christians as for children, I will give them as they were given me: 'Give to the heathen.' 'Pray for the heathen.' 'Go to the heathen.' Very brief, but at the same time very true.

Rehoboth, Gallup, New Mexico. "LEE S. HUIZENGA."

GRATEFUL INDIA MISSIONARIES

THE Rev. Frederick Wood, M. E. Church, Bombay, Secretary and Treasurer of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD India Famine Orphan Work, has received a large number of letters from missionaries in that country, expressive of their sincere gratitude for the extraordinary generosity of CHRISTIAN HERALD readers in their continued support of the famine orphans. These writers also record their unqualified approval of the entire management of the Fund, and the promptness of the remittances at all times.

As our readers, who contributed the Fund, have a special interest in knowing how its management is regarded in India, we give a few extracts below, which are fairly illustrative of the whole:

"THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has been very prompt in all its dealings with us." Rev. W. Moyser, Akola.

"We appreciate all that has been done through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD." Rev. Joseph Reed, Jubbulpur.

"It deserves the thanks of every missionary in India and all the orphans. All right-minded people will always have the highest appreciation of its many philanthropic acts." Rev. John Newcomb, Cumbun.

"I know of nothing but expressions of gratitude on our part for the help afforded." Rev. G. H. Hamlin, Balasore.

"I think it wonderfully kind of our American friends to have persevered with their help as they have. That it has been continued through the current year came as a pleasant surprise. What they have done will have a lasting and widespread effect upon the India church. May God bless and prosper Dr. Klopsch abundantly for all he has done for the India church." Rev. C. W. Thorne, Aurangabad.

THE TEACHINGS OF JESUS

*Sunday School Review, by Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts**

"Never man spake like this Man"

"DOCTRINES" is only another name for teachings, for doctor means teacher. Perhaps "Christian doctrines" may be more appreciated when we know that true Christian doctrines are only the teachings of Jesus.

Jesus' teaching concerning childhood. As the apostles ambitiously discussed among themselves who should be greatest in the kingdom Jesus said he would establish, which they then thought would be a temporal kingdom, Jesus, overhearing them, gave them a new standard of greatness, by setting a little child in their midst, saying: "Whosoever shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in my kingdom." Humility and teachableness are thus enthroned, while self-seeking receives a strong rebuke.

A little Moslem child accounted for her preference for the Christian religion by saying: "I like your Jesus because he likes little girls. Our Mohammed did not love little girls."

Jesus' teaching concerning forgiveness. Peter evidently had a grievance against some one, when he came to Jesus with the question: "How oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? Until seven times?" Jesus made his reply all the more forceful, and harder to be forgotten, by giving it a rhythmic form: "I say not unto thee until seven times, but until seventy times seven." By that time reckoning would have ceased, and all-forgiving would have become the settled disposition.

Obliterating Scars

In medicine, the "Faradic current" is a well-known agent. Dr. Lenandowski has recently used it in an Austrian military hospital, to do away with unsightly and painful scars. By galvano faridization the scars disappear, and not only the skin, but the affected part becomes normal. It is said that this treatment bids fair to become of great importance in surgery. But of far greater importance to mankind is that divine alchemy which obliterates the scars of sin by forgiveness. We have God's promises. "Thy sins will I remember no more." "As far as the East is from the West, so far has he removed our transgressions from us."

Jesus' teaching concerning our duty to others. A certain lawyer had come to Jesus with the question: "What shall I do to inherit eternal life?" Jesus answered the man by asking him questions: "What is written in the law?" "Love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself." The answer pleased Jesus well. But the lawyer was in the questioning mood, and he asked: "Who is my neighbor?" Jesus' reply was the wonderful story of the Good Samaritan. We know it well. How the man of a despised race relieved a sick and dying stranger by the wayside, at the cost of much sacrifice of ease and money. Thus Jesus taught that whoever is in need is our neighbor. The Samaritan seized the opportunity that the priest and Levite passed by. O, the tragedy of lost opportunities!

Rev. Frank Fox tells of a foggy day spent on the ocean on one of the great liners. Cautiously, throughout the entire day, they crept along to the mournful sounding of the foghorn until 6 p.m. At that hour the fog lifted for just three minutes, and the captain found that they were exactly opposite the port; but some of the men were not at their posts, and before they reported for duty the fog had again fallen and a whole night of peril followed just outside the harbor.

The Model Prayer

Jesus' teachings concerning prayer. One day one of the apostles, seeing Jesus in prayer, made the request, "Lord, teach us to pray." Jesus answered: "When ye pray, say: 'Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name, thy kingdom come.'" No prayer has been or will be on human lips so often as this prayer. And so Jesus taught not only the Apostles, but the whole world to pray.

A woman lay on her deathbed. "Read me something new," she said, impatiently, to friends who were trying to divert her with interesting books. While her sister went out to search for "something new," the nurse took out her pocket Bible and began to read the Sermon on the Mount. The sick woman paid close attention to the end. "Beautiful!" she said. "That will create a sensation. Who wrote it?" "Why," replied the astonished nurse, "that is the Sermon on the Mount—in the Bible, you know." "The Bible! Anything so good and beautiful as that in the Bible?" "Surely; what else but good did you think could be in it?" "Oh, I don't know. I have never looked into a Bible in my life. My father wouldn't have one in the house." "But you have certainly heard the Bible read in church?" "I have never been to church. Sabbath was always our holiday. We got into that way in Paris. We went to all the places of amusement, but never to church. I have never thought much about the Bible. I never supposed it contained such beautiful things. I wish I had known it before!" She begged the nurse to read again the prayer in the Sermon on the Mount that was so new to her—"Our Father which art in heaven." She passed away, saying unto her last breath: "I wish I had known it before!"

A Persian Legend

In an old Catholic book of devotion, prayer is compared to a golden rope let down from heaven, on which we are bidden to climb up, hand over hand. As we climb, looking up, we will seem to be drawing heaven down, but we are also being drawn up.

Jesus' teaching concerning pride. Jesus was dining with a company of Pharisees. Discourtesy seemed to be the order of the day, for as the guests arrived they took the best seats at the table without being assigned to them. A man sick with the dropsy was brought in that Jesus might heal him. This Jesus was glad to do; but the countenances of those around the table, particularly that of the host, frowned with displeasure because Jesus had healed the man on the Sabbath day. Jesus tried to help them to a better point of view by describing a feast to which the poor, the lame and the blind might be invited, who would take their places in humility and thankfulness.

"Having once in my youth," says the legend of a Persian sage, "notions of severe piety, I used to rise in the night to pray and read the Koran. On one occasion, as I was engaged in these exercises, my father, a man of practical religion, awoke. I said to him: 'Behold, thy other children are lost in slumber, but I alone wake to praise God.' He answered: 'Son of my soul, it is better to sleep than to wake to remark the faults of brethren.'"

A Modern Prodigal

Jesus teaching concerning pardon for sin. God would draw his erring children back to him with cords of love. And so Jesus tells the story of the Prodigal Son, who was lovingly received by his father when he repented and returned. Some years ago, a youth, tired of the restraints and monotony of home, one day left without bidding anyone good-by. He soon found the world larger and rougher than he had imagined. Temptation lured him into sin and beggared him. In his destitution he often longed for home, but lacked courage to return. In course of his wanderings, he was seen by an old friend of his father's, who wrote to him in Illinois that the long-lost son was in San Francisco. When the father got this word he boarded a train for the West. The young man, shortly after meeting this friend, determined to try the welcome at home, and took "the overland" eastward. Two days later two trains pulled up at an eating station in Colorado, one from the East and the other from the West. As the people from the two trains crowded into the dining-room, a gray-haired man and a young man in shabby clothes, came side by side. Despite the changed appearance of both, each recognized the other. It was father and son seeking each other. The father had found his boy. Love clasped penitence in his arms. So God seeks the sinner, and so he receives the returning prodigal.

The teaching of Jesus concerning a right spirit in prayer, draws a sharp contrast between the Pharisee who prayed in a self righteous spirit, thanking God that he was not as other men are, and the publican who prayed in self abasement, "God be merciful to me a sinner." The hypocrisy of Pharisees does not disprove religion. A young man needed to learn that lesson, and so a wise Christian drew a bad coin from his pocket that had a thin veneer of silver upon it, which, in spots, had worn off, and showed the brass beneath. "Once it would have needed sharp eyes," he said, "to tell the difference between this and a good coin, but in time the bad coin showed what it was. This bad coin also shows that there must be good coins somewhere, or there would be no use in making counterfeits. Sham Christians only prove that there are good and true Christians in the world."

When Money is Useless

Jesus' teaching concerning the use of riches. The rich young ruler came to Jesus asking, "What shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?" And Jesus replied, "Go sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven, and come, follow me." And so Jesus taught that money was to be sent around doing good. But the young ruler was not so minded, and he went away sorrowful. It is related that a man who was dying had led such a moral life, that his neighbors thought that of course he would get to heaven. At last he came to his fatal illness, and passed into a kind of trance just before he died. He regained consciousness after a time, however, but as his friends and neighbors bent over him, it was no triumphant assurance that they heard, but the sad and terrible words: "I have missed it by just a little." It is a terrible thing for a man to be struggling for riches all his life, and find at the last that his coin is worthless in the greatest stock exchange of all. That was what Jesus meant when he said: "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Jesus' teaching concerning the love of God. When sight came to the eyes of Bartimæus through the power of Jesus, his first act was to glorify God. But it is not necessary that a blind man shall be made to see with his eyes before he can realize the truth of God. Blind Fanny Crosby has said: "I would not see if I could, for then I would be afraid that the Lord would not reveal himself to me as plainly as he does now."

Christ's Day of Triumph

Zacchæus lived in the same time with Bartimæus, and met Jesus on the self same day. Zacchæus could see with his eyes, but his soul was blinded with avarice. Jesus made him to see also, and he glorified God by restoring fourfold the money he had wrongfully taken, and by giving half of his goods to the poor.

Jesus' teaching concerning his kingship. It was his crowning day that Jesus rode into Jerusalem with the crowd waving palm branches, casting their garments in the way, and shouting: "Hosanna to the Son of David." And what did the King do? He drove out from the Temple those who were defrauding the people. And so we may learn that we are serving our King, when we are fighting against wrong as well as when we sing Hosannas to praise him.

Loyalty to God

Jesus' teaching concerning loyalty. The Pharisees tried to entrap Jesus, by making him say that the Jews should not pay tribute to the Romans. He gave them a wholesome lesson in loyalty to rulers, by showing them the superscription of Cæsar on the penny which they daily used. And he gave them also a forceful lesson on loyalty to God, by reminding them of the image of God which they bare about in their own bodies: "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's."

*Quarterly Review, September 23, 1906. GOLDEN TEXT: "And they were astonished at his doctrine, for his word was with power." Luke 4: 32

Mont-Lawn's Garden of Happiness

NEVER in the annals of our Children's Home history have there been so many children tucked away in every available nook and cranny of Mont-Lawn's spacious dormitories, as there were during the month of August.

The summer's outing season—all too short for the accommodation of the many, many little ones among the neediest and poorest of the great city's slums—was so nearly over, that added efforts were made to crowd in all who could possibly find room, and the Home's wonderful capacity for taking in "just one more," was practically tested when over 300 boys and girls found a cordial welcome awaiting them, with a "cosy corner" for every one.

The Last Load of the Season

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S urgent and repeated invitation to the friends and patrons of Mont-Lawn to come and see with their own eyes the comforts and benefits, both physical and moral, which their generous-hearted charity has provided for New York City's children of poverty, has been widely accepted. From far and near our friends have flocked to see the beautiful garden which we have planted among the Rockland hills.

It is true that Fresh-Air work has extended to foreign lands, but only in America are social conditions such that because a child begins his life in the slums, it does not at all naturally follow that he shall end it there. Dr. Klopsch seldom fails, in his frequent and forceful talks with the endless groups of children who swarm about him during his weekly visits, to impress upon them the fact that among their number may be the future great and wise citizens of America, and it rests with them to climb "on their dead selves to higher things."

Only last week, one of our good missionaries who, for sweet charity's sake, has for years past sought among the "byways and hedges" of her district for "the least of these," that they might form a part of the joyous life at Mont-Lawn, related an incident of recent occurrence; it accentuates the assurances which repeatedly present themselves of the influence of the Home and its teachings remaining with its youthful guests after their return to their former environments. She said: "I was passing through one of the principal uptown avenues, when a very prettily-dressed and attractive young lady stopped and introduced me to the fine-looking gentleman who accompanied her, by saying: 'Miss W., this is my husband, and I want him to meet the dear teacher in whose mission class I first came to visit Mont-Lawn; I learned there to be discontented with the way I had lived and to long to be like the sweet girls who gave me such loving care while I was with them.' So the little girl had returned to her own home, where none of the small courtesies and Christian refinements of life were practised, and all alone had struggled on, with the recollection of her Mont-Lawn teachings for a constant incentive, until she had left her 'low-vaulted past,' and had in time become the wife of a good and honorable man of superior station." Another gleaning by the way, came to us in the course of a recent conversation upon quite another subject held with the stately head-nurse of the new Babies' Fresh-Air Camp on the East River's bank. We were talking of the poverty and want, the heat and suffering and death which are the portion of the children of the poor in great cities, and she said: "A poor mother told me a very touching story of your CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home a few days ago. I had gone to see one of the family who was ill, and I found some pathetic attempts at reducing to some degree of neatness and order the chaos which had previously reigned in the small, overcrowded room. I spoke a word of commendation, and the tired, worn mother replied: 'Oh, it's all our Nellie's doing. She's just come back from the country up at a place they call Mount-Lawn, and she wants to fix up everything just like it was there. This mornin' her Pa began his breakfast, and Nellie said: 'Oh, Papa, wait a minute. First, before you eat, you must sing what we learned up in the Pavilion.' "

And then six-year-old Nell folded her tiny hands and sang our familiar "Grace before meat," with its sweet refrain, "God is Great and God is Good." Truly, "A little child shall lead them" was not written alone for days of old, and we may not yet measure the work of little Nell or its influence on the future of mankind.

The little grandchildren of the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., of beloved memory, sent to our chief a few days ago, the following letter:

"DEAR MR. KLOPSCH: Brother and I wish to send you $5 each, for the poor little children at Mont-Lawn. If you could find a poor, little crippled child, brother and I would like to send him for a few days' pleasure. We children are very fond of reading the articles about Mont-Lawn in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Brother is only five, so I am writing for him. Your friend, GERTRUDE TALMAGE."

Dear little Gertrude and "brother," too—we are not always sure of finding children who are crippled in limb, to send, as you and others often request, but be sure that the sad, young lives are crippled and that Mont-Lawn and its Housemother do all they can to make all that is crooked and warped and ugly, straight and smooth and beautiful with love and care and "Home."

H. W. S.

The man in the bow: "Let's have a bath!"

The man in the stern: "All right! Here's the Ivory Soap."

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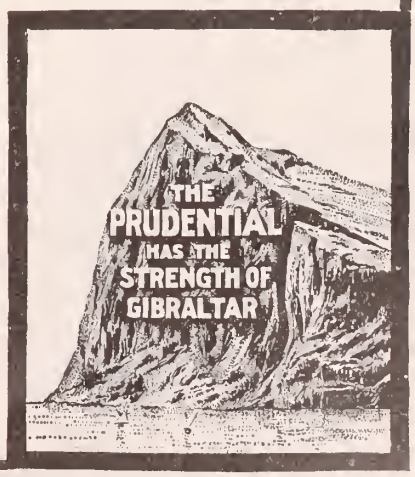

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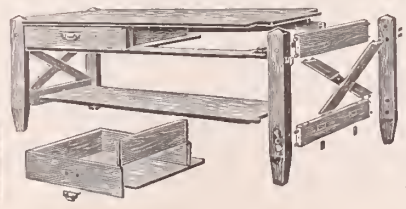

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"The Spirit's Power"

By CHARLES M. SHELDON

Author of "In His Steps," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

AND then, three nights after that, Harry Wallace faced his battle-ground of decision. He had been to every meeting so far. Drawn by the sweet compulsion of the Divine Spirit, this young athlete, up to this time three-fourths animal, came up to the place where his soul had to have a chance at itself. He realized that it was not playtime at all, but grim, earnest, serious, everlasting reality that he had to grapple with. He held one of the decision cards in his hand. He had already put five in his pocket, one for each night he had attended the meetings.

Mr. Spencer had preached this night on "Personal Decision." "What wilt thou do with Christ?" Harry was not bewildered nor confused in the least. Light in plenty had come to him. His hesitation was on account of the clearness and greatness of the light. Could he live up to it? Was he equal to this great life? He read the words at the top of the little card: "I decide that henceforth I will lead a Christian life." Then he read underneath the words "For the Lord God will help me." He waited a little longer. The usher had given him a lead pencil. He had taken it mechanically. The evangelist was talking. He kept listening to him, and every word he said was distinct and clear. "Don't make your decision about the new life without clearly realizing what it means. It means for some of you restitution of ill-gotten money in business; for others it means practicing brotherhood after all your lives so far lived in the atmosphere of caste and pride; for some of you it will mean forgiving old enemies or loving them whom you have hated for years; for others here this decision will mean changing the old habits of ill-temper or peevishness, or fault-finding, or ingratitude, or impurity, or pride, into the habits which are the exact opposite. In other words, if you make a real true decision to lead an honest Christian life, it will mean the complete overturning of all the old selfish, self-centered habits of a lifetime. Christ on the throne, the Kingdom of God the first passion of the soul, and righteousness the great hunger of the whole being. This is not a decision therefore to make lightly or as if it meant little. It is the greatest step you will ever take. But if God's grace is sufficient for you, as it always is, take the step, make the decision with joy. Don't be afraid, for the Lord God will help you."

Harry heard all this distinctly. He remembered afterwards that he signed his name while the people were singing the "Glory Song," one of the hymns that Agnes had severely criticised the evening before. When he went home, he was conscious of a certain well-defined feeling of peace. He had had a talk with Mr. Spencer and it had helped him greatly. For twenty-one years, all his life, he had known only what is called nominal Christianity. He had been born into a civilization saturated with Christian ideas, but had personally received only as much as outward surroundings can give. Now that the spirit of God, moving in his spirit, had touched him in his own real life he was literally a new creature. "If any man be in Christ he is a new creature; old things have passed away; behold all things are become new." The miracle of regeneration had come to him as it has come to thousands of other souls, and his stalwart nature responded to it with enthusiasm. Truly, Fairview was right when he had said to him, "God could do great things with you if you would let him."

In the morning he faced the family at the breakfast-table with a strong feeling of embarrassment. It was not fear or cowardice or shame, but a knowledge that he had begun to live in a different world from that of his father, his sister and his brother. His mother could understand, in part at least, and after breakfast, before he went out to his college work, he told her what he had done. The quick response she made, the sight of the joyful tear in her eyes affected him profoundly. He had time for only a brief talk with her, but it meant very much to him. In the family circle, it meant that one member at least understood and sympathized with him.

How little we know or anticipate of the strange and unexpected events in our lives. That afternoon while going through his regular practice on the campus, Harry, who had never before been hurt at any of the athletic games, during the last minute of scrub practice fell under a pile of players, and when all the others rose he remained on the ground. Fairview was kneeling by him in an instant.

"What is it, old man?"

"Collar-bone, I think," Wallace answered, with a faint smile on his face.

Fairview slid his hand gently along the shoulder and up the neck. Then he raised his head and said to the group standing around, "Awful sorry, fellows. It's the collar-bone, all right. And the big game only ten days off."

"He'll hardly make it, will he?" was the anxious query.

"Well, hardly," Fairview replied grimly. "Old man, I'm so sorry."

They improvised a stretcher and carried him home. When the doctor had come and set the bone, Harry made him say how soon he could play again. "No more this season, young fellow," said the doctor.

"Can't you patch me up for the big game, doctor?"

"Yes, and the patches would come off after the first kick off." The doctor was inexorable. He assured Harry that his trouble was more serious than he imagined and that he might be thankful if he got out on the campus by next spring in time for the baseball season, and left him with the comforting assurance that it might have been his neck instead of his collar-bone.

But the whole thing was a strange, and in the end, a true test of his new-found life. For ten years he had worshiped muscle, wind, endurance, flesh. Here he was, suddenly flung down off that pedestal, put on the list of shut-ins, reduced to practical invalidism, all his accustomed scorn of weakness flung back at him, the crack centre of the team, the hero of the class, the unscathed one, who had so often boasted that it was only the weaklings who get hurt in a scrimmage. Put on the sick list by the scrub team of his own college in a light practice game! For the first few minutes of reflection after the doctor had gone out, hot rebellion surged up in him and he could not reconcile himself to it. Then there followed almost immediately a feeling of submission that was a new experience. His mother discovered him crying a little. He had not done that since he was a very little boy. Her accustomed mild affection leaped on the instant over all barriers and she fell on her knees by his bedside, and called him by long-forgotten pet names of babyhood. To her surprise he soon began to laugh, in a natural way, and assured her that he really had much to be thankful for.

"I'll be a good invalid, mother," he said. "Now that I'm here I'll not let my back hair down and wail over it. Don't pity me. I've got great blessings and I appreciate them."

And to the astonishment of the whole family, to no one more than to his father, Harry, as the days went on, proved himself capable of great control and large-heartedness. The new life was so marked a thing that it could not be concealed or mistaken for anything else. The second day of his illness, the pastor of the Presbyterian Church called to see him. It was in the evening, and Mr. Wallace, Agnes, and John happened all

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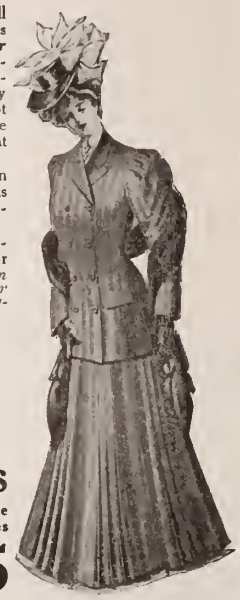

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"THE SPIRIT'S POWER"

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

to be in the room. During the minister's brief stay, Harry frankly told him of his signing the decision card and expressed his desire to join the Church as soon as he was able to get out. The minister received the news with evident emotion, and in a few well-chosen words let Harry know how much he was pleased with his decision. He had risen to go when Harry said in a natural, frank way, "Dr. Barton, would you offer a prayer before you go?" Dr. Barton kneeled and offered a prayer in his simple, helpful way, rose, said good-bye to Harry and the rest, and at once went out. The moment he had gone out of the room, Mr. Wallace, who had been standing by the table during this episode, turned his back on his children and walked out without a word. Agnes and John seemed embarrassed by the incident but made no comment. Harry seemed to take it all as a matter of course, and was unusually cheerful and happy all the evening.

The next afternoon Ambrose Spencer called for a few minutes. Mrs. Wallace and Harry were both helped by his cheery, sensible presence. In the evening Mrs. Wallace mentioned his visit while the family were at supper. Mr. Wallace made no comment at the time. After supper he said, as he picked up the paper and lighted his cigar, "I suppose Spencer will expect us to bring Harry to the meetings in a hack. It won't do for him to miss any meetings!"

No one said anything to this outburst, and after a while Mr. Wallace looked up and spoke directly to his wife.

"Are you going out to-night, Lucy?"

"No, I expect to stay with Harry."

"You going, Agnes?"

"No, sir, I'm not planning to go."

"Or you?" he continued, turning to John.

John colored up and replied shortly, "No, sir, I haven't been, and don't expect to go."

"Well, I'm glad if we can have the family together one night in the week. It's a rare occasion," Mr. Wallace grumbled as he turned to his paper again.

"I suppose, then, father," said Agnes in her usual sharp, incisive manner, "that you will make yourself entertaining and agreeable to us as usual?" Mr. Wallace answered by an articulate grunt. His customary habit in the evening was to read and smoke, paying little attention to anyone else.

Two nights after that, Mrs. Wallace timidly said, as the family rose from the supper-table, "Harry insists that he does not need any watching any longer and wants me to go out to the meeting to-night. So if you don't mind, Ralph, I'll go. I think Mrs. Thomas can go with me. Agnes says she would rather stay with Harry. The meetings close next week."

Mr. Wallace looked up from his paper. Something about the wistful look on his wife's face seemed to impress him strangely. He hesitated a moment. What was passing in his mind he told her sometime afterwards in one of those moments of confidence of which his life had been almost empty. He said it swept over him in a self-accusing wave a mountain high, how, for twenty-five years, he had selfishly exercised his rights and allowed his wife to go unattended or thrown upon the courtesy of neighbors to church and religious gatherings. He got up and threw his cigar into the grate and with an embarrassing manner said, "Well, Lucy, what would you say if I offered to go with you?"

Mrs. Wallace gasped in astonishment. Agnes stared at her father as if he were crazy. John uttered a low whistle of amazement.

"Come on," Mr. Wallace said abruptly, going into the hall and getting his overcoat. "I suppose we don't need to stay to any after-meetings."

Mrs. Wallace struggled with emotions that were new to her, "I shall be so happy to have you go, Ralph," she said, and again the wistful look heightened now by a gleam of pleasure, smote Mr. Wallace anew. When they had gone out there was a moment of deep silence in the sitting-room. Then Agnes got up and ran upstairs to Harry's room.

"Harry, what do you think? Father has gone out to the meeting with mother!"

"Thank God," Harry murmured in such a low tone his sister scarcely heard. She did see the tear that rolled over his cheek. All that evening Harry Wallace lay there praying incessantly that the Holy Spirit would reach his father. Would anyone say after the great history of prayer is recalled that what came to pass that night was not in direct answer to that son's petition?

The meetings which had been in progress now for two weeks, had to the sensitive mind of the evangelist, reached a crisis. The spirit of criticism was gone; the spirit of prayer had swept it out of the meeting-place. For two nights now he had been obliged to ask the Christian people to go to prayer-meetings in the neighboring houses so that the non-church people could find room in the building. God's Spirit had never been so really and wonderfully felt in Westville. People acknowledged its power and bowed before it.

Into this atmosphere of waiting, Ralph Wallace and his wife came on that memorable night. I do not think it was any special eloquence on the part of the preacher that made possible the "remarkable conversion," as all Westville called it, of Ralph Wallace. The evangelist certainly would not claim anything of the kind for himself. It was an unmistakable instance of the power of God to take a life and subdue it to his own will. God has been doing this thing in every century with apparently unsavable material. He will continue to do it as long as men live, to prove his majestic ownership of man's life. "Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith Jehovah."

That night Ralph Wallace let the Spirit have complete control of him. Afterwards he confessed he had determined not to go to the meetings for fear something of the kind might come to him. In a voice that choked with happy emotion, he confessed to Ambrose Spencer his faith in Christ. This was in an after-meeting, at which over a hundred men and women acknowledged, for the first time, their love to God and their desire to live the new life.

It was nearly half-past eleven o'clock when Mr. and Mrs. Wallace entered their own home. Mrs. Wallace walked like one in a dream. She seemed to fear it would not prove true. Agnes and John had gone to their rooms, but Harry was awake, and as his father and mother came upstairs he called out to them. They came in, and to his dying day, Ralph Wallace will never forget the look his son cast at him as the light first fell on his redeemed face.

"Thank God! O father," he said. "My prayer has been answered soon!"

Never had these two known such an experience. Mr. Wallace and his wife kneeled. For a moment the Divine Presence was felt in that all-mastering joy which, I am sure, the angels in heaven have some way of making men feel when one sinner on the earth repents. From Ralph Wallace's broken prayer as it ascended that night there rose a spirit of fragrant incense to God, for one of the most beautiful events in the world was beginning there that night, the birth of a new family affection, founded on mutual religious faith, the most joyful and enduring tie that binds human hearts together.

We have not time here to relate, in detail, the after results of Ralph Wallace's newly begun life. The meetings came to an end. The evangelist departed. The papers had exhausted their accounts of the events which had absorbed the time and thoughts of the public. Many people still smiled at the idea of Wallace as a church man. One Sunday, when Harry was able to go, he and his father joined the church to which Mrs. Wallace had for so many years belonged. Every

CONTINUED ON PAGE 766

You Cannot Tell Her Age

What is it that makes a woman's appearance an index to her age?

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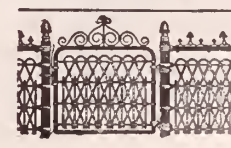

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Reader, Camden, S. C. Are there people living at the present time, known as Chaldeans, Hebrews, Assyrians, Phœnicians, Babylonians?

The Hebrews alone remain. All the other races or nations have passed away many centuries ago. In their places and in their ancient lands, there are now Arabs, Syrians, and others, chiefly of the Moslem faith.

S. H., Penn Yan. How far is the moon from the earth?

The distance varies. It is sometimes as near as 251,000 miles, at others it is 250,000 miles distant.

W. M. C., Wilmington, N. C. Was it Peter whom Christ addressed as Satan (Matt. 16: 23), or was it Satan in Peter, tempting Christ to avoid suffering?

We cannot say to what extent Satan may make a man his mouthpiece. Sometimes a man of impulsive temperament will say and do things hastily, which on thinking over them afterwards, he sees to have been ill-advised or cruel or mistaken, and he regrets them. They really seem to have been suggested by some evil spirit. Of course we are responsible, because we ought to keep a better guard over our lips, but there is no doubt that a man of hasty speech is a convenient instrument for Satan's use. In this instance, Peter's protest appeared to Christ Satanic, because it was in line with Satan's tactics in the wilderness. It was an attempt to dissuade him from the path of duty instead of strengthening him for it. Peter's remark was prompted by love for Christ, and Christ would understand that; but it was none the less evil, and was all the more dangerous for being the counsel of a friend.

Mrs. V. N. C., Ottawa, Kan. Can one be a Christian and always have that timidity which hinders one from speaking out their feelings before others, even though they always read the Bible and pray daily, and try to do good to others and to love all and hold malice toward no one, and attend divine worship?

Yes; one may lack the gift of public utterance and still be a good Christian. (See I. Cor.: 4 to 11). There are occasions, however, when even the most timid should cast timidity aside and confess Christ before men, though it be only by a single word. (See Matt. 10: 32, 33.)

J. D. H., Stonington, Conn. When and where was the first camp meeting held?

In Kentucky, in 1799, the Presbyterians held a series of sacramental services at which divines of their own and the Methodist denomination preached with remarkable effect. People came from far and near, and the house of worship proving too small, they adjourned to a grove which bordered upon a bank of the Red River. Bringing food and clothing in wagons, the people gave themselves up to the influences of the outdoor protracted meetings. Success led to other similar gatherings, and it is said that 20,000 attended some of those early meetings.

Jessie R., Ottawa, Ont. What is a bore? Where can I find, in compact form, the best description of one?

A bore, according to the ordinary acceptation, is one who wearies you by tedious, prolix, dull talk, or who persists in dragging in subjects which his hearers do not want, or who, by his general conversation or conduct, becomes disagreeable to others. There are many ways of being a bore. The best description we know of is this by Shakespeare:

> Oh! he's as tedious
> As is a tired horse, a railing wife;
> Worse than a smoky house;—I'd rather live
> With cheese and garlic on a windmill far,
> Than feed on 'cates, and have him talk to me
> In any summer house in Christendom.

S. H. W., Long Plain, Mass. 1. Under what circumstances was the famous national hymn of France written? 2. Why was it called "La Marseillaise?"

1. The hymn was composed by a young French officer, named Rouget de Lisle. He was stationed at Strasburg, in 1792, and was a frequent visitor at the house of the Mayor, where he often sang the songs he had written. One evening, upon entering his own solitary chamber, a feeling swept over him that some great event was about to transpire. His fingers ran over the keys of his instrument, and then, as in a dream, he launched into the soul-stirring song which cost France a hundred thousand lives and made the streets of Paris run blood. Next morning, hurrying to the Mayor's house, the young officer sang his composition before a few friends. At the first verse, the company grew pale; at the second, tears fell—and at the end, the assemblage burst into wild enthusiasm. The hymn of the nation had been born. 2. "La Marseillaise" was so called, because soon after it became known it was sung at the adjournment of the clubs in Marseilles.

M. C., Brooklyn, N. Y. Who invented the first mandolin?

The original two-stringed lute was adopted by the Arabs from Persia, finding its way West at the time of the Crusades. The mandolin is an Italian evolution of the lute, and embraces two varieties: the Neapolitan, with four pairs of strings, and the Milanese, having five pairs. We believe Venere, of Padua, made the first six-pair-stringed lute in 1600.

J. A. H., Rockford, Wash. What was the parable of the Laborers (Matt. 20: 1-16) intended to teach? Was not the householder unjust in paying all the same sum?

There has, probably, been more difference in explaining this parable than any other. To us it appears that the incidents of it are not intended as laying down a business principle, but as a commentary on the events in the preceding chapter. Peter had asked, "What shall we have therefore?" showing a bargaining spirit. Christ

CONTINUED ON FOLLOWING PAGE

A Noble Gift to Worthy Charities

ONCE more we have to announce the reception of a substantial contribution from a donor who desires to remain unknown, and, in accordance with whose wishes, we have apportioned his gift of $500 among the following twenty deserving causes:

McAuley Rescue Mission—For homeless, hapless, friendless men	$25.00
Pacific Garden Mission of Chicago, Ill.—For homeless, hapless, friendless men	25.00
The Goapel Mission of Washington—For homeless, hapless, friendless men	25.00
People's Mission, Washington—For homeless, hapless, friendless men	25.00
Bowery Mission—For homeless, hapless, friendless men	25.00
Abigail Mission—For sheltering, educating and feeding the children of working mothers	25.00
Minetta Mission—The Gospel Lighthouse among the negroes of Minetta Lane, New York	25.00
Taylor University—For co-education on industrial lines	25.00
Mayesville Institute—For co-education among the blacks on industrial lines	25.00
Mrs. Eva P———, —A destitute widow with nine children	25.00
Christian Herald Children's Home—For Fresh-Air work among the tenement children	25.00
Gospel Settlement—A most deserving charity among the tenements of New York	25.00
Steele Orphanage, Chattanooga, Tenn.—A most deserving charity for colored orphans	25.00
Union Gospel Mission, New Orleans—For homeless, hapless, friendless men	25.00
Soul-Winners' League—Greatest spiritual influence among the mountaineers of Kentucky	25.00
Memorial House—A refuge for reclaimed men to help them to employment	25.00
Emanuel Sisterhood—An unpretentious charity among impoverished Israelites	25.00
Dr. Chas. M. Sheldon—For his superb work in Tennessee town	25.00
Hon. Selah Merrill—For the poor of Jerusalem	25.00
Jerusalem Y. M. C. A.—Greatly in need of help, and very deserving	25.00
TOTAL	$500

HOW MANY OF US?

Fail to Select Food Nature Demands to Ward Off Ailments.

A Ky. lady, speaking about food, says: "I was accustomed to eating all kinds of ordinary food until, for some reason, indigestion and nervous prostration set in.

"After I had run down seriously my attention was called to the necessity of some change in my diet, and I discontinued my ordinary breakfast and began using Grape-Nuts with a good quantity of rich cream.

"In a few days my condition changed in a remarkable way, and I began to have a strength that I had never been possessed of before, a vigor of body and a poise of mind that amazed me. It was entirely new in my experience.

"My former attacks of indigestion had been accompanied by heat flashes, and many times my condition was distressing with blind spells of dizziness, rush of blood to the head and neuralgic pains in the chest.

"Since using Grape-Nuts alone for breakfast I have been free from these troubles, except at times when I have indulged in rich, greasy foods in quantity, then I would be warned by a pain under the left shoulder blade, and unless I heeded the warning the old trouble would come back, but when I finally got to know where these troubles originated I returned to my Grape-Nuts and cream and the pain and disturbance left very quickly.

"I am now in prime health as a result of my use of Grape-Nuts." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

LET ME DO YOUR **COOKING**

Why worry, watch and fret over a hot stove when you can put your meat, vegetables, custards—in short, the whole meal for the whole family—into my ample shelves and cook it, as food never was or can be cooked in any other way, over ONE BURNER of stove, range, gas, gasoline or oil stove? I come in both round and square shapes—both kinds have whistles.

IDEAL

Combination **STEAM** Cooker and Baker

made of heavy tin *or copper*, with **all copper** seamless drawn tank; seamless top. **I blow my whistle** 20 minutes before water needs replenishing; never go on strike nor talk back. **I cut the cost of fuel** and **work in half.** I hold 12 one-quart cans in canning fruit. Write right now for **Free Book** 48 pages. It tells you all about me. Gives full details; letters from people all over the land who would not do without me for ten times what I cost.

TOLEDO COOKER COMPANY, Desk H, Toledo, Ohio
County and State Agents Wanted—Salary and Commission

5%

The trouble with most banking organizations is that they want to tie your money up so you can't get it when you want it.

And then only pay you 3 or 4 per cent. for the use of it.

This Company pays **5 per cent.** annual interest for every day your money is on deposit, and allows you to withdraw at any time without notice.

If you **want** to leave your money on deposit for two years or more, we will pay

6% *And back of it all absolute security is guaranteed.*

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1046 Calvert Building, Baltimore, Md.

SEND YOUR **SONG POEMS** TO ME

I will write the music and present to big N. Y. Publishers. I made a fortune writing songs and can help you do the same. My songs "Blue Bell" and "Way Down In My Heart" achieved world-wide fame. Write to-day for **Free Booklet.**
Edward Madden, 76 Madden Bldg., New York

AMERICAN GRAPHOPHONE COMPANY

A quarterly dividend (No. 35) of ONE AND ONE-QUARTER PER CENT. on the Common Capital Stock of the American Graphophone Co. will be paid on September 15, 1906, to stockholders of record September 1.

EDWARD D. EASTON, President.

MAN OR WOMAN wanted to travel, distribute samples and employ agents. $18 a week, expenses advanced. Local manager and canvassers also.
ZIEGLER CO., 235 Locust St., Philadelphia

OUR MAIL-BAG

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

shows him by this parable that, not they who stipulate for reward, but they who trust in God, leaving their reward for him to fix are treated best. That was a prominent characteristic of Christ. He craved personal trust and personal faith in himself. Where does the injustice of the householder come in? He kept his agreement with the early laborers, who had stipulated for a penny a day. They had the amount they had demanded and had no grievance. The householder chose to deal more liberally with the others, who had left their remuneration to him, but that was in no sense a wrong to the early laborers. If an employer knows something about one of his employees—perhaps that he has been sick, or that he has a large family—and chooses to give him a double wage, is he bound to go all round his factory and double the wages of every man in his employ? It is the hireling spirit, the spirit of the man who bargains, who resents the kindness done to another as a wrong to himself, that Christ reproves here. He condemns it, as he condemned the elder brother in the parable of the Prodigal Son, who resented the feast to the prodigal and reminded the father of his own claims. Many of the first (not all) shall be last because of the spirit in which they have performed their work.

J. J., Germantown, Pa. What is the population of Oklahoma? Has it sufficient to qualify as a State?

Yes. It enters the sisterhood of States with 1,500,000 population, which is considerably in excess of the number in any territory heretofore admitted.

W. and M., Des Moines, Ia. In common with many others of your readers, we are very much interested in the proposed Sight-Singing Classes. Kindly inform us (1) When they will begin: (2) If they will be in series (3) What books will be necessary, and (4) How about pitch, in homes where there is no musical instrument?

1. The date of beginning the classes will be announced shortly, all preparations being now practically completed. 2. Yes; they will be in series. 3 and 4. All information concerning the material needed for study will be given by Mme. Newman, with such simple directions that all can understand. She seems to have overlooked nothing that is necessary to make the classes a complete success, and has not even forgotten to arrange so that those who have no musical instrument will experience no difficulty in finding the key. Many names are now coming in from readers who wish to join the classes.

I. W. M., Ableman, Wis. What is the difference in the belief or doctrine of the Presbyterian and Methodist Episcopal Churches?

The chief difference is on the questions of divine sovereignty, predestination, free will, final perseverance, etc. On these subjects the Presbyterians follow Calvin and the Methodists Arminius.

E. H. H., Atlanta, Ga. How did the phrase, "He will never set the river on fire" originate?

It was first used in Germany as a local phrase as early as 1580, thus: "It is as hard as to set the Rhine on fire." Then it was adopted in different countries, and the Seine, the Thames and the Liffey figured respectively in French, English and Irish local phrase.

R. H. F. Amsterdam, New York: In a recent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Prof. Swift speaks of the "five rings and ten moons of Saturn." In astronomical school-books of fifty years ago, we were taught that Saturn was surrounded by two rings and six moons. It would be interesting, indeed, if Mr. Swift would tell us all he knows about Saturn and his surroundings.

In a former article, I spoke of his five rings and ten moons, which was, no doubt, a great surprise to all who studied book astronomy fifty years ago. I well remember what I was taught seventy years ago, when a boy of sixteen. Though only ten moons are visible, yet it is possible, and I am half inclined to believe, he has many million satellites. Many astronomers are inclined to believe that his rings are neither solid nor gaseous, but composed of small globular bodies that, strictly speaking, are satellites. The Crape ring is translucent, stars having been seen through it. If the broad ring were solid, the outer and inner edges would appear in a spectroscope to move at the same velocity, but the spectroscope says the inner edge moves faster than the outer, proving that it is not solid. I have lately read that his tenth satellite is so near the surface of Saturn that it revolves round the planet in ten hours, which, being shorter than the planet's rotation, must cause it to rise in the West—a pretty short month, only ten hours long, while a month by its most distant moon is 2.11200 miles distant and revolves in seventy-nine days. Once in fifteen years the rings are visible, but only when their edges are turned toward the earth, they being only about 100 miles in thickness.

The inner satellite of Mars completes its revolution round the planet in 7 h. 39 m., being the shortest month known, or about three months in one of our days.

Marathon, N. Y. LEWIS SWIFT.

E. L. J., Chicago. A person gave two lectures here on the Wales revival, himself claiming to be an eye-witness. He gave some most wonderful instances of happenings, which, if true, are bordering on the supernatural and miraculous. 1. That in houses where Evan Roberts and a company of co-workers were praying, the trees at night suddenly blossomed, the blossoms turned into red balls of fire, left the tree and went down and up the chimney. 2. On the hills the people were praying at night; a smoke would ascend, then suddenly turn red and ascend in the form of a pillar of fire. Also a blood-red cross was seen, in the air.

We should suspect any one who talks in such a way of either having a too vivid imagination, or of being a victim of serious mental hallucination, which should be investigated by his friends. You should pay no heed to such romances. No such statements could be substantiated, and we should suspect the sanity of any one who persisted in making them.

Miss C. N., Winston-Salem, N. C. Did F. E. Weatherly really have such a dream as is expressed in the words of the hymn, "The Holy City"?

It is very improbable. The verses are no doubt simply the result of a very beautiful poetic fancy, which has been greatly enhanced by the musical setting.

Reader, Phœbus, Va., writes:

In reading your June 20th number, I observed that in your MAIL-BAG Department you answer S. A. R., Farmingdale, Ill.: "O. K. is the short telegraphic signal of 'all correct,' or all right. Its origin, in this sense, is uncertain, but it was used at first in joke and then kept up for convenience sake." I have read, and have always understood, that this expression "O. K." originated in the White House at Washington, during the time Andrew Jackson was President of the United States. I may be entirely wrong in my information, but it is known that Jackson was a self-made man, not extraordinarily literate, and used to error in writing, and many of the bills sent him for signature he would mark them "O. K." and sign his name. Being asked by a member of his Cabinet why he did this, or what "O. K." signified, replied that it means, "Oll korrect," and it was then remembered that Jackson at first wrote these two words that way.

Miscellaneous

J. U. G., Rockland, Del. There is no deadly gas generated by an oil heater.

Mrs. J. B. T., Creighton, Neb. Chauffeur is pronounced sho-far, the a as in far; Goethe is pronounced Gay-tay.

Lavada C., Malvern, Ala. 1. Never heard of such a passage. 2. II. Kings, 19 ch. and Isaiah 37 are alike. 3. No such passage. 4. See I. John 1 : 8.

R. L., Passaic, N. J. It was Abraham Lincoln who said, "As we keep or break the Sabbath day, we nobly save or meanly lose the last best hope by which man rises."

H. B., Chicago, Ill. We are unable to find out anything about the life of the author you mentioned. You might write to his publishers, John Murphy & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Mrs. J. N. M., Sapulpa, I. T. There is nothing necessarily wrong in running a skating rink. Some are well conducted; others the reverse. It all depends upon the management.

S. G. B., Germantown. If you send your query to the Director of the Washington Observatory, he will send you a better answer than we can give, as he has the information on file.

M. B. L., New Bedford, Mass. An ambassador holds the highest diplomatic rank, and enjoys the privilege of having personal access to the head of the government or nation to which he is accredited, which a minister does not.

A. J. B., Baltimore, Md. Write to Thomas Whittaker, bookseller and publisher, Bible House, New York City, for Burritt's works. The area of England is 50,839 square miles; Wales, 7,470; Scotland, 29,785, Ireland, 32,583; islands, 302.

Mr. W. S. S., Bennings, D. C. You will find the verses for which you ask—"Annie and Willie's Prayer"—in *Choice Selections and Recitations*, compiled by James Clarence Harvey. Published by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Price 15 cents, postpaid.

O. U., North Yakima, Wash. No one who has the advancement of Christ's kingdom and the welfare of humanity at heart will engage in any business that is directly connected with, or in any way tributary to the liquor traffic, which is the cause of more sin and crime and misery than any other single thing in the world at the present time.

The Health Light for Reading

EVERY *fifth* person we meet now wears Glasses. Why?

Life never averaged so *long*, as it does to-day.

Yet Nervous Diseases never were so *prevalent*. Why?

Because "Eye-strain," the curse of this age of Printing, is the great and growing cause of Nerve-tire, Brain-fag, Nervous Headaches, Nervous Dyspepsia, Neuralgia and Mental Depression.

And "Eye-strain" is almost entirely due to *excessive reading*.

Two-thirds of that excessive reading is done *at night*, under artificial Lights, some of which ruin eye-sight through their excess of *color*, their *variability* and their rapid consumption of Oxygen in the air breathed by the Reader.

* *

Do *you* know that light from a Kerosene Lamp or a Gasoline Jet is only about *one*-tenth Light and *nine*-tenths Color-fog, Heat, and other useless or injurious things?

So that a big Flame, to *look at*, doesn't necessarily mean much of a light to *see with*.

It takes *five* times as much Yellow Light, or *four* times as much Red Light, to read by as it does of *White Light*, you know.

And since both Kerosene and Gasoline Lights have chiefly red and yellow Rays, we deceive ourselves into thinking, from their large Flame, that we have "lots of light to read by," when at the same time we are unconsciously *straining* our eyes to see the type clearly for *want* of enough *real* white Light.

Moreover, Kerosene, Gasoline or Electric Lights *diffuse* very little.

They are strong enough to see well when the book is held close to them, but in reading at proper distance from the light, the type becomes dim, and seriously *taxes the eye muscles* in focusing.

* *

Now, *this* is where Acetylene Gas Light comes in.

It is, first of all, a clear, *white* light, without any color-fog in it.

For that reason an Acetylene flame the size of your thumb-nail gives a full 24 candle-power Light.

It would take a Kerosene or Gasoline flame of more than *ten times that size* to equally illuminate, or make printed type seem equally distinct.

That can easily be *verified* by actual test.

Acetylene is also a wonderful light to *diffuse*, viz.: to *spread* around a room.

Take a newspaper and read it as far away from a 24 candle-power Kerosene or Gasoline Light as you can see the type, and you'll find that 13 feet is about the limit.

Then take the *same* newspaper and see how far away you can read the same size of type from a 24 candle-power *Acetylene* Gas Jet.

You'll find that the *same* pair of eyes can read the *same* size of type about 18 feet distant from the Acetylene Jet.

Now, just think *that* over, and reflect what it means, a minute—18 feet against 13 feet of diffusion.

* *

Such *diffusion* also means that *fewer* Lights, of equal candle-power, are needed to light a room. It *softens* the light, spreads it around like daylight, so that you can see things clearly *all over* the room without *eye-strain*.

And, besides, when you need only *one-tenth* as much *Flame* from Acetylene to give as much *Light*, you get only *one*-tenth as much Heat. You also burn up only *one fourth* as much Oxygen from the air, and leave only *one-tenth* as much poisonous Carbonic Acid in the room, as you would with either Kerosene or Gasoline Light of the same candle-power.

This *purity* of white Acetylene Light also means *lower cost*.

Because, when only *one-tenth* as much Flame is needed, only *one-tenth* as much lighting *Material* is consumed.

That's *why* this brilliant, soft, diffusive, cool and wholesome Acetylene Light costs *a third less* (when installed) than Kerosene or Gasoline Light, and only *half* as much as fluctuating *Electric* light.

* *

A Kerosene Lamp giving 24 candle-power Light costs, for *Kerosene* alone, about 13 cents a week, if lighted three hours per night.

An Acetylene Light of 24 candle-power costs, for the same number of hours per week, only 9 cents for *Carbide*, which is the sole outlay, as water is the only other material used.

And there is *less work* in caring for 25 Acetylene Lights per month than for *one* single Kerosene Lamp, with its filthy cleaning, filling, wick-snuffing, chimney-breakage and its ever-present danger from Fire or Explosion.

Now, I want to *prove* these statements for you.

Drop me a letter to-day, telling me how *many* rooms you've got in your Home or Hotel, or how large your Store, and I'll tell you about *how much* it would cost you to light them with brilliant, eye-saving, sanitary Acetylene.

If you do this at once, I will send you a mighty interesting little book on Light called "Sunlight-on-Tap." Address me direct as—

"Acetylene D. Jones," 159 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

The Spirit's Power

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 763

one noted the thoughtful happiness of Mr. Wallace and his son. As time went on, those in Westville who knew best, noted marked changes in his habits. He became an enthusiast in missions. He was unexpectedly humble where once he had been proud and haughty. His once constant habit of cynical criticism passed out of his life. People said "Wallace is really a changed man." He was more than that. He was a new man. The old man had passed away. All things had become new. The prayer circle was formed. The Bible was honored. Spiritual things were given high place in the Wallace household. Mrs. Wallace renewed her youth, and her church life took on new significance. A happy woman. Her daily prayer was, "O God, bring my other children into the Kingdom." Who shall say that prayer will not be answered?

We are permitted to read a portion of a letter written soon after his union with the church by Mr. Wallace to his college classmate, Albert Andrews. This letter revealed in part the writer's sense of what had befallen him.

"I have already told you, Andrews, of the astonishing suddenness with which all this experience came to me. But it is no more sudden than has happened to very many other souls in the history of the world, and I am grateful every moment of my life at the event, no matter how it occurred. I am now praying that my other children, Agnes and John, may become Christians with us. They did not make any confession during the meetings. But I am living in great faith that they will enter with us into this living way.

"My oldest boy, Harry, is a splendid fellow. He is preparing himself for a physician and his Christian influence is marked and strong in the college. As for myself, Andrews, I am compelled to confess, I was, up to this experience, a pagan. There is no other word to define my life. The years have been largely wasted. Praise God, I will do my utmost to atone and make good. A wonderful thing is the grace of God through Christ. I owe much, very much, to Ambrose Spencer. He is one of God's noblemen. Since he left us his little girl has died and his wife is dangerously ill. No doubt you have heard. Let us join our prayers for him and his. I ask you to pray with us for our children. I have been a poor father to them. I let them grow up without any thought of their eternal life. The only dark thought I ever have now in the midst of all my joy is the thought that I was for so many years untrue and false to my trust as a parent. God forgive that also. And if in any way I can make it good now to my family, hy his grace I shall do it. For I have, at the age of fifty-six, begun really to live. Mrs. Wallace joins me in good wishes to Mrs. Andrews and yourself and all the family. Your old college classmate and friend, RALPH WALLACE."

Thank God for the presence of the Holy Spirit in the world of men. May we never lose out of our daily consciousness the thought of his living, abiding presence and power. Amen.

THE END

Interpreting God's Word*

LIVING epistles is the phrase by which the Christian may be designated. He is to embody and exemplify the doctrine of Christ. The world does not understand it, does not appreciate it, but it can understand and appreciate a life. The story is told of a man who applied to a minister for admission to a church. He had been regular in attendance on the preaching, and the minister asked him what sermon of his it was that led him to Christ. "It was no sermon at all," was the answer. "I worked beside a carpenter for some weeks and was impressed by his character. He was so patient under provocation, that I wondered what could be in him so different from what there was in me. At last I asked him, and he told me it was his religion, and I resolved to get that which had made him what he was." That carpenter was a living epistle; he showed in his life what religion could do for a man. Sermons of that kind never fail.

Any man can do such work if he will avail himself of the help that God offers. People have the idea that they could be heroes in a crisis, that if persecution came, as it came a few years ago to Christians in China, that they would be brave and refuse to purchase their lives by renouncing Christ; but they, too often, overlook opportunities that they have. The patience, the helpfulness, the uniform kindness and cheerfulness that count for so much in the home, are too humble methods for them. Yet the small things count for so much in ordinary life. It is an old story of the servant girl, who being asked how she knew that she had been changed, answered: "Well, for one thing, now I sweep under the mats." Her employers must have noticed the conscientiousness which had entered into the girl's service and was doubtless shown in other ways.

The secret of the changed character is to be found in that recipe of Paul's: "Beholding as in a mirror the glory of the Lord, we are changed into the same image." There is no way to the ideal like that. To study the character of Christ, ever to ask ourselves what he would do in our place, to strive to grow more like him in spirit and in conduct, that is the Christian's way of becoming a living epistle, translating doctrine into life.

*Topic of the Epworth League for Sept. 23. II. Cor. 3: 3; Lev. 19: 2; Matt. 5: 48; I. John 2: 6; I. Peter 2: 11, 12; Rev. 3: 21.

Called Higher

Mrs. M. M. Fadely, of Ashburn, Va., died on the 1st of July, aged fifty-six years. For thirty years she had been a devoted worker for the Master. She had been one of the organizers of the Second Presbyterian Church and a constant laborer in its Sunday School. Her bereaved husband testifies to the inspiration which she drew from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and, in her name, pledges a life subscription.

"Stunted lamp-light"—smoky chimney, poor draught, imperfect fit, cracking chimney, clouded glass—why do people put up with this when *good* lamp-light is the best light to read by?

I make and put my name—MACBETH—on lamp-chimneys that are clear as crystal, never break from heat, and fit perfectly.

MACBETH lamp-chimneys give lamps new life.

Let me send you my Index to tell you how to get the right chimney for your lamp; it's free.

Address, MACBETH, Pittsburgh.

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"America's Greatest Railroad"

Operating more than 12,000 miles of Railway east of Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati

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For a copy of "America's Winter Resorts," send a two-cent stamp to George H. Daniels, Manager General Advertising Department, Grand Central Station, New York.

C. F. DALY, Passenger Traffic Manager, New York

ARE YOU DEAF?

We have 25 kinds of Instruments to Assist Hearing. Sent on approval. Write for Catalogue.
WM. C. WILLIS & CO., 134 S. 11th St., Philadelphia

Free $1.00 Coupon

ENTITLING ANYONE WITH

RHEUMATISM

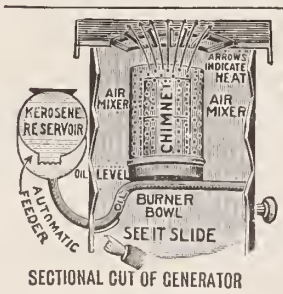
to receive prepaid, **Free to Try,** a regular Dollar pair of Magic Foot Drafts and valuable new book (in colors) on rheumatism.

Name.....

Address.....

Only one trial pair to one address

If you have rheumatism cut out this free dollar coupon and send it to us with your name and address plainly written on the blank lines. Return mail will bring you—free to try—a Dollar pair of the famous Magic Foot Drafts, the great Michigan remedy for rheumatism. They are relieving very bad cases of every kind of rheumatism, both chronic and acute, no matter how severe. They are relieving cases of 30 and 40 years' suffering, after doctors and baths and medicines had failed. Send us the coupon to-day. When the Drafts come, try them. If you are satisfied with the benefit received—then you can send us One Dollar. If not, we take your simple say so, and the Drafts cost you absolutely nothing. Aren't they worth trying on that basis? Our faith is strong that they will relieve you, so cut out and send the coupon to-day to Magic Foot Draft Co., RA 15 Oliver Bldg., Jackson, Mich. Send no money—just the coupon.



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HEATER AND COOKER, OR HEATING EXCLUSIVELY.

BURNS BARRELS OF AIR NOTHING ELSE LIKE IT.

MOST WONDERFUL COMBINATION HEATING & COOKING **STOVE EVER INVENTED**—CAUSING GREAT EXCITEMENT WHEREVER EXHIBITED. Fuel drawn principally from atmosphere. **Uses 395 barrels of air, while consuming one gallon of oil.** Wood, coal and oil cost money. **ONLY FREE FUEL IS AIR.** Supply unlimited. No trust in control. Air belongs to rich and poor alike.

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Automatically generates gas from kerosene oil, mixing it with air. Burns like gas. Intense hot fire Combustion perfect. *To operate*—Turn knob—oil runs into burner—touch a match, It generates gas which passes through air mixer, drawing in about a barrel of air, to every large spoonful of oil consumed. **That's all.** It is self-regulating, no more attention. Same heat all day, or all night. For more or less heat, simply turn knob. There it remains until you come again. To put fire out, turn knob, raising burner, oil runs back into can, fire's out. As near perfection as anything in this world. No dirt, soot or ashes. No leaks—nothing to clog or close up. No wick—not even a valve, yet heat is under perfect control.

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The Lord's Need

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

THAT is a lesson for every evangelist or Christian worker that Christ gives in the instructions to his two disciples (Matt. 21: 2, 3). Our first duty is to untie those who are bound, to loose them and bring them to Jesus. We find them, as these disciples found the colt, "in a place where two ways met" (Mark 11:4). The wrong way and the right way, the way of death and the way of life, the broad way and the narrow way, meet before the feet of the unsaved. They are on the broad way, but the other way lies open, and runs out of this one. The work of an evangelist is to get souls thoroughly loosed from the place where they are, from their old life, associations, tastes, desires. It is not enough to bring them to faith in the atoning blood of Christ where they are, and to leave them to carry on their own life of ease and comfort, with the addition of some measure of spiritual life, which may render a little Christian work, easily done, simply a new interest to them, a new way of occupying their time. No, God wants a man to be revolutionized, to give himself completely up to God—to be another man to what he was before, so that it can be said of him, "He is a new creature, old things are passed away, behold all things are become new."

If this is so, then the former votary of fashion is to be loosed from the world's fashion: "broidered hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array" (I Tim. 2 : 9); and to make a striking witness for God's fashion—*i.e.*, "modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety." The former pleasure-lover, who spent all he had upon himself, is to be loosed from his self-indulgence, and to become God's chosen witness of the Christian vocation—*viz.*, to live not unto ourselves, but unto him which died for us and rose again. The money-lover is to be loosed from his golden idol, and to be ready, like Zacchæus, to give away half his goods; nay, more, like the early Christians, to abstain from saying of ought that he possesses that it is his own. The man whose position in society was his idol is to be loosed from that, and to be made willing to take the lowest place.

But what evangelist has power to cut souls loose from all these trammels? Not one, in himself, but he who is a man sent from God, goes forth as God's instrument, in God's power, to do God's work. Let him once see that God calls men completely from the world, to be "not of the world," as he is "not of the world" (John 17:14-16), and there will be a boldness in his assertion of the Master's claims which will overpower the adversaries. He will not make his appeals on the ground of self-interest, but on the ground of God's right over his creatures, "the Lord hath need of him."

Reader, the Lord hath need of thee—of thy spirit, soul, and body, of thy time, influence, money, children, friends,—of thy all. Wilt thou surrender all to him? Two ways meet before thee—first, the way of unreserved consecration to Christ, in a path which is unpopular; the way of being misunderstood, despised, and singular, as thy Lord was, but filled with him, with the blessed sunshine of his presence, which brings "a conscience void of offense toward God and toward men" (Acts 24 : 16), which makes you a blessing to many, and removes from you all fear; secondly, the way of self, whether in open sin, or as a believer in compromise with the world. This is the popular way, but, in treading it, who knows you to be a Christian? You often doubt it yourself. What power have you to bless others? Are you not paying too heavy a price for the worthless approbation of a condemned world, against whose godless follies you have been called to bear witness?

The two disciples did as they were told, and to every question asked them, they returned the answer, "The Lord hath need of him." Oh, how much stronger than any argument is this simple assertion of God's claim. "Why are you so peculiar? Why need you be so different from other people?" is often asked. Here is the answer, "That the name of my God may be hallowed in me, that his kingdom may come and his will be done in me." But you don't think there is any harm in amusements or such-and-such simple indulgences? "The Lord hath need of me for another purpose," is a sufficient answer.

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Do you expect to buy a stove or range this season? If so, why not have a "Kalamazoo" shipped direct-to-you from the factory? Let me send you my big catalogue, showing photographs and complete descriptions of 267 styles and sizes,--a much greater selection than you could possibly find at any retail store. You can sit down quietly in your own home and make your selection from our immense line, free from interference by Clerks or Salesmen.

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They are made to **sell,** not to last and give the users permanent satisfaction. Clever advertising writers describe them in glowing colors, under high sounding guarantees.

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As actual, bona fide manufacturers of Kalamazoo Stoves and Ranges, with our own factories under our absolute control, we are in position to give a guarantee that **means** something.

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SEE PAGE 783

THE SONG OF THE FALLING LEAVES

Questions and Answers

Letters for this department must contain name and address of the sender—not for publication, but as evidence of genuineness and good faith. Where an answer by mail is desired, ten cents in postage stamps must be forwarded by the writers, with full address.

Reader, Chicago, Ill. What is the most appropriate and reverent attitude in family prayers—kneeling, sitting or standing? Should all, including the leader, kneel in family prayers?

In every land and among almost all nationalities to-day, the approved attitude in prayer is the kneeling one. The ancient Egyptians, Persians and Romans prayed standing or kneeling. The first Christians are represented as praying standing, although some knelt. Kneeling is described in many Bible passages as the posture of worship. There are several forms of it; some show the suppliant on one knee, in others he is completely prostrated (after the modern Oriental fashion), and again he is on both knees, with face upraised and hands uplifted. Certainly, in our own day, kneeling is considered the most reverent and expressive attitude, although, where there is a large gathering, standing with bared and bowed heads is a common attitude in prayer. The custom in many churches of sitting bolt upright, with closed or half-closed eyes while prayer is being offered, is the reverse of reverential. In family prayer, the usual form is for all to kneel, while the leader pours forth the supplication. It is optional with the latter whether he kneel or stand.

W. W., Germantown, Pa. I read lately of Lilith, "Adam's first wife." Was there ever such a one?

Lilis or Lilith is a character in Rabbinical mythology, which says that she was the wife of Adam before the creation of Eve. Lilis refused to submit to Adam's authority, and she left Paradise and became a bird, which haunts the night as a spectre, and is especially hostile to new-born babes. Some ancient Jewish coins bear the words: "Avaunt thee, Lilith!" and our modern word, "lullaby," is said to be a corruption of "Lilla-abi" (Lilith-avaunt!) The whole subject is one of myth and legend and nothing else.

M. H. A., Camden, Ohio. Who was the composer of the musical score of *Rigoletto*, and when did he live?

Guiseppe Verdi composed the music of *Rigoletto*, as well as that of twenty-five other operas. He was born on Oct. 10, 1813, in Roncola, in the Apennines, the same year in which the great German composer, Wagner, was born. Verdi was the son of a village innkeeper, but his musical genius soon lifted him from his environments. *Rigoletto* was written in his thirty-seventh year.

Cecelia G., Farmer, Wash. 1. Who were the father and mother of Cain's wife? 2. Was Cain married before he went to the land of Nod? 3. Did Adam and Eve have only two children?

1 and 2. Nothing is known concerning the wife of Cain, beyond the Scripture account. He was probably married before his exile. Josephus, the Jewish historian, says God cast Cain, "together with his wife," out of the land, and they went elsewhere and built a city named Nod (which means "exile"). 3. Josephus says they had daughters also (see *Antiquities*, book 1, chapter 2).

C. P. D., Buda, Ill. 1. If one has not the gift of eloquent speech, should he pray publicly at meetings? 2. If such a one is snubbed, what should he do?

1. Yes, he should pray, even though he only utters a few simple sentences. Earnestness and straightforward simplicity are more to be desired in prayer than fine words and high-sounding phrases, which often consume time and mean little. 2. He will never be snubbed by a real Christian, and therefore he can afford to overlook the objections of others. Good men and women would rather try to help him.

D. N. R., Wilkes Barre, Pa. I have been curious to know how our common fabrics gain their names. Can you throw any light upon the question?

Hardly a fabric but derives its name from some city or country. The study is an interesting one. Muslin is named from Mosul, on the Tigris, in Asia. Cambric is from Cambrai, a city in France. Damask is readily seen to be from Damascus, in Syria, and gauze also comes from the Syrian city Gaza. Calico first came from Calicut, a town in India once celebrated for its cotton cloth. Alpaca comes from the animal of the same name, in Peru; and so on.

President Roosevelt and the Congressional Committee Viewing the Naval Parade

THE United States celebrated its advent to the third rank among the naval nations of the world by a most impressive spectacle. Gathered in the Sound off Oyster Bay, there lay on Sept. 3 more than one-third of the fighting and floating force of the navy, composed of battleships, armored cruisers, monitors, colliers and torpedo-boats. The President, in the dispatch boat *Mayflower*, reviewed the ships with bared head, and as the band played "The Star-Spangled Banner," the drenching rain ceased and the sun broke radiantly through the clouds. Many eminent Americans were present, including Secretary Bonaparte, Postmaster-General Cortelyou, General Horace Porter, Surgeon-General Rixey, with representatives of the nation's naval committees. The evening was devoted to a brilliant electrical illumination of the fleet. At eight o'clock the flagship *Maine* flashed its signal light, and, as if by magic, the fleet leaped into view, outlined in white fire, and searchlight answered searchlight in a series of blinding flashes. The display was witnessed by multitudes upon scores of steamships, sailing craft and small boats, which lingered in the vicinity until the bugle call proclaimed "lights out," and the imposing pageant was over.

W. S., Cottage City, Mass. You say there is in the Bible abundant encouragement for the backslider to return. Is there any hope held out to the hypocrite?

The same hope that there is for other sinners. His case is aggravated, and there is more difficulty for him; but if he will repent and seek pardon through Christ, honestly and humbly, he will certainly be forgiven. "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." The hypocrite is a sinner and must take the sinner's place, and he will receive the sinner's welcome.

P. H. B., Brighton, Colo. What is the difference between the old and the new theology?

It would require a volume to answer fully; but, roughly stated, its chief difference lies in the new view of the doctrine of the Atonement. The old theology teaches that Christ died instead of the sinner and in his place, and that God accepted the death of Christ as a substitution, as he accepted the ram that Abraham offered (Gen. 22:13), instead of Isaac. That it is by the blood of Christ that men are saved. The new theology calls this the Gospel of the shambles; insists that God did not require any such sacrifice to appease him; that he was willing to forgive without such sacrifice; and that Christ came to tell men so, and died as a martyr. There are other differences between the two theologies, but this is the cardinal difference, which changes the entire view of the whole matter.

M. F. R., Baltimore, Md. I have recently heard of Agneta Park as a delightful home. Will you be so kind as to locate it for me?

Agneta Park is near Delft, Holland. It is a tract of land of ten acres, with 150 houses upon it, each with its little garden, and with certain grounds and buildings used in common. These houses are occupied by the employees of a great company, who form a corporation which owns the park. Each employee owns shares, and pays rent, and the surplus comes back to him as dividend. If he dies or goes away his shares are bought up by the corporation, and sold to the man who takes his place.

Isidor, N. Y. Is it true that Russia is about to expel the Hebrews from the Czar's dominions?

No official declaration of the sort has been made, but it would seem, from the cablegrams, that the government is placing no obstacle in the way of the hostility shown by the ruling classes against the Hebrews, and that it is inflexibly opposed to granting them their rights. In Moscow, the officials openly endorse the Zionist movement, and are urging the government to assist in the work of expatriating the Hebrews.

A. E. M., Mt. Pleasant, S. C. Is there any reason for the universal custom which men have of wearing apparently useless buttons on their coat-sleeves?

Yes, indeed. It is said that Frederick the Great, of Prussia, who was a stickler for neatness among his soldiers, finding that the men, during a march, were in the habit of wiping their soiled and perspiring faces with the sleeves of their coats, ordered that a row of buttons should at once be placed upon the inner side of every sleeve. This broke up the habit, and, as the original purpose was long since forgotten, the buttons are placed on the outside, to be out of the way.

E. L. R., Mt. Ayr, Iowa: Why is a woman's allowance called "pin-money"?

Because, at the beginning of the fifteenth century pins were considered a very acceptable present by women, who, up to that time, had used wooden skewers. Sometimes money was given instead of pins, for "pin-money."

J. L. S., Bennington, Vt. What is the origin of the unwritten law which compels shaking hands with the right hand?

In the Middle Ages, every man carried a sword or a dagger to defend himself. They were worn at the left side, convenient for the right hand to quickly grasp in moments of peril. When a man wished to show his friendliness, he extended his right hand, which would be clasped by his neighbor if he, too, meant peace. Thus each was assured that the other could not draw his sword.

R. S. G., Mt. Clemens, Mich. I have heard it said that much American money is lost to our country through the extensive European travel. Is this true, and do you know to what extent?

It has been calculated that American visitors take to European merchants the sum of $400,000,000 annually. This has been a record year; the hotel proprietors in Paris state that they have had no such year since the Exposition. Every year, of the 100,000 Americans who go to Europe, it is safe to say that ninety per cent. pass through Paris.

B. L. G., Lakewood, N. J. Can OUR MAIL BAG furnish information concerning the Dead Sea?

Its area is 360 square miles. Its length 47½ miles, and its width 10 miles. It contains 25% of solid substances: common salt, chlorides of magnesium and calcium, so that it is not to be wondered at that a body floats easily on its surface, which is 1,295 feet below sea level. 6,500,000 tons of water is received daily as an average into the Dead Sea, from the Jordan and other sources. There is no outlet, and only rapid evaporation keeps down the level. A few microbes are the only living denizens of the Dead Sea.

D. R., Spokane, Wash. Are not the Jews right in contending that it was not they, but the Romans, who crucified Christ?

Technically they are right, but not morally. It was the Jews who demanded Christ's crucifixion. It was they who trumped up the charge against him that he was an enemy to Cæsar. It was they who forced Pilate by menaces to consent to the crucifixion, when he tried to save Christ; and at the last, when he took water and washed his hands before them in token of his repudiating responsibility, the Jews said: "His blood be on us and on our children." And their wish has been granted.

Miscellaneous

M. McC., Marietta, O. We are unable to get the information you desire.

P. A., Harman, W. Va. Sir John Lubbock was born in England, in 1834. Any encyclopedia will give a good account of his life.

R. A. F., Franklin, Mass. Ask the teacher of physics in your local academy. The question is too technical for our department.

N. E. C., Ohio. John Hay, late Secretary of State, was a Christian, and his life was one that should be particularly inspiring to young men.

J. R. P., Williamsville, Ill. The poem, "We are Seven," was written by Wordsworth, the English poet. His works can be obtained at any bookstore.

I. W. M., Ableman, Wis. There were one hundred and one pilgrims on the *Mayflower*. We cannot print the list. See Goodwin's *History of the Pilgrim Republic*.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 19, 1906

A Familiar Type

A Street Scene in Cebu

Filipino Mestizos

Stereograph, Copyright, by Underwood & Underwood

GOSPEL TRIUMPHS IN THE PHILIPPINES

FROM a Christian worker in the Philippines, now on sick furlough, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has received, through Superintendent Fitt of the Moody Institute, Chicago, the following interesting letter: "The work in Cebu Island was opened up about four years ago. It was the very citadel of Romanism, but no earthly power could withstand the Gospel, and there are between 700 and 900 earnest native Christians there to-day. During the past months the number of converts has increased by the thousands. Just two missionaries—a man and his wife—worked there at first, then later two others joined them. Never more than four were on the field; and during my three years there, only two out of the four had been in Spanish and Filipino work long enough to know the language.

"There are a good many in the old Christian homes who pray for the workers and the people in the Philippines. Many times as we have traveled about visiting the converts, we have felt as if we were walking on holy ground. In Cebu, the older native converts are, in the majority of cases, earnest workers. Several of the native Christians are missionaries (evangelists) and Bible women. The fervor and consecration of the native workers give great promise for the future.

"In some of the native-built churches in the robber-infested mountains of Cebu Island, there are large congregations. Sometimes 200 or more Christians gather for a prayer-meeting or for study of the Bible. When crowded out of their churches, they hold their services in the open air, and it is a marvelous witness to God's redeeming love to hear their voices ringing out 'Jesus, Lover of my Soul' and 'Rock of Ages Cleft for Me,' etc., in the desolate looking mountains. Many of the people outside the city of Cebu were devil worshipers before the Gospel reached them, though all were nominally Roman Catholics. There is still much persecution of the converts, and at all times the missionaries and native evangelists who travel in the mountain regions are in danger of being killed. But, so far, the Lord has made the revolutionists and outlaws who shelter in the mountains to spare their lives, because of their being teachers of the true God, although ignorant of the Gospel.

"Last year, news was brought to the city of a large party of robbers who were found by the mountain police. They were reading a little card which had the text John 3:16 printed on it. They were sitting down and earnestly conversing about it, saying that 'as the Protestant converts lived such good words, surely the words were true, and had more power in them than the sacred stones which they wore, supposing that they could protect them from death in battle. The words spoke of eternal life.' While they were groping after the truth, they were one and all shot down. The knowledge of Jesus through the Gospel is being spread by the native men and women through the mountains and villages.

"One Christian who came to us from a distance, arrived when we were particularly busy. But the poor, earnest-spirited man was willing to take a Bible lesson of half an hour from 7 A.M. to half past, and wait until 11 o'clock for another lesson. After three weeks of unfaltering purpose he returned, filled with the Holy Spirit and joy, to his people in the mountains. His work of preaching and teaching the Gospel has been followed with great blessing. This man is but an individual case out of many.

Native Musicians in the Philippines

"The British and Foreign Bible Society is retrenching in several places, thinking that the missionary societies will be able to support the Bible women, but many of the Mission Boards find it difficult to meet all the needs of the fields. Through friends, Mr. Jansen and I have had the great joy of supporting some of the native workers, and of meeting some of the evangelistic expenses, such as traveling, etc. But for two Bible women, whose support by the B. and F. Bible Society will cease at the close of this year, we look to God for new friends for his work, and feel that he desires us to seek these friends for his work. One of these two Bible women refused, with her son, an offered bribe of £500 sterling, in the early months of the work in Cebu, when both had become Christians. The offer of the bribe was to get the son to give up preaching the Gospel. This woman, after seeing a native church built in Cebu (to which she gave nine-tenths of her salary, as did several other of the Christians in their eager desire to have a Protestant church of their own), and after winning many to the Gospel by her prayers and teaching, went to the other side of the island to spread the Gospel there. She is over sixty years of age. The other Bible woman had been a seeker for many years, and has persevered and worked through much persecution. We so long that some friends would take up these two Bible women for special interest in prayer, and for their work. Also that they might be led by God to undertake their support—it costs only $90 a year.

"Yours faithfully in Jesus, E. WHITE JANSEN"

THE

American Pulpit

A Sermon by

Rev. Charles M. Sheldon.*

The Greatness of Little Things

TEXT: JOHN 29: 7 R.V. "And the napkin that was upon his head not lying with the linen cloths, but rolled up in a place by itself"

IT is human ambition to want to be great and to do great things, but it is also human weakness and lack of vision to think that greatness is a result of a thing we call genius, or that great things are accomplished without any attention to what we call little things. On the contrary, it is true that great things in life, whether they be what we call accomplishments or the sum total of character, are invariably due to the sum total of a multitude of little things well done. There is not a great thing in the world that is not traceable to little things. There is not a great character in history anywhere, which is not the result of careful attention to the minute details of every-day conduct.

Importance of Details

This is specially true, so far as results are concerned, in the realm of character. What we call genius, may and does do certain things which the average mind or skill cannot accomplish; but even genius does not accomplish its wonders by neglecting details. It rather seems to be the mark of genius to pay more attention to details than the average man. Men like Mr. Edison insist upon it that it is not genius at all, but hard work. It is, of course, true that there is something added to the hard work in his case, which you and I do not possess; but it is also true that he would not do his work even with his superior mind for invention, if he were not tremendously painstaking over details.

A man who has made a comfortable living from the waste material thrown on a dump heap, says he makes assortments of material in eighteen different barrels. He finds that old tin cans are in demand for the making of Christmas toys. Old corks are worth eight cents a pound. Every old shoe has one piece of leather in it which is good, and that is the instep. This is used by leather makers in the formation of purses and little articles of sale for holiday goods. In the manufacture of calico, and in the process of making kid gloves, eggshells are in demand, and one million pounds of them are used in the world every year. The man and his dump heap represent the finding out of the value of apparently unimportant and even useless things. The manufactories of the world are beginning to find that the waste product of much material pays the running expenses of a department. The artist who made beautiful statues, said in reply to a question, "It is easy to make statues, isn't it? Yes. All you need to do is to get a piece of marble, and knock off all the little pieces you don't want." But in the knocking of them off, the most scrupulous attention has to be paid to the minutest particles knocked off.

The Punctuality of Great Men

Now there are certain habits of life which lie within the reach of the average person. They are not the property of genius. They are not beyond the reach of anyone who has in any degree a mind or body fit to do anything. Let us take, for example, the habit of punctuality. Empires have been won or lost by obedience to this habit or the neglect of it. Mr. Mardin says of President Washington that he dined at four o'clock. New members of Congress invited to dinner at the White House would sometimes come late, and be mortified to find the President eating. "My cook," Washington would say, "never asks if the visitors have arrived, but if the hour has arrived." The same thing is told of Napoleon, who once invited his marshals to dine with him. They came just as he was rising from the table, and he said: "Gentlemen, it is now past dinner, and we will immediately proceed to business." Sir Walter Scott says: "When a regiment is under march, the rear is often thrown into confusion because the front does not move steadily and without interruption. The same thing is true with business. If that which is first in hand be not instantly, steadily and regularly dispatched, other things accumulate behind, until affairs begin to press all at once and no human brain can stand the confusion." And Shakespeare reminds us of the value of time in his well-known command: "Stand not upon the order of your going but go at once." Promptness or punctuality does not mean hysterical haste, but it does mean keeping our appointments, keeping our word. As has been said: "There is one thing that is almost as sacred as the marriage relation, that is, an appointment. A man who fails to meet his appointment, unless he has a good reason, is practically a liar, and the world treats him as such." Young men are losing their positions, and failing to find them, and making a failure of life every day because they are not prompt. It is a little thing, but upon it has depended the well-being of thousands of human beings ever since the world began.

*Preached in the Central Congregational Church, Topeka, Kan.

The Initiative Quality

By that I mean doing things without being told. I shall never forget a little story I read when I was a boy not twelve years old, about a rich old man who was an invalid, living in a beautiful house, who was one day sitting at a window which overlooked the street. A teamster had carelessly hitched his horse to a young tree in front of the old man's house and the animal was tearing the bark off the trunk. The old man fumed and rang his bell for a servant, but none appeared. The teamster finally came along, unhitched his horse and drove away. Up the street a school was dismissed and the children scattered down the sidewalk, laughing and playing as they went home. The old man sitting in the window looking at the injured tree, rang his bell and stormed, but no one came. As he continued looking out of the window, one of the schoolboys happening along saw the tree and stopped, looked around and found a rag in the gutter, took out of his pocket a piece of string, went up to the tree, carefully put back the pieces of bark which had been torn off, wrapped it around carefully with the rag and tied it with the string and then went along. The old man looking at it all was unable to open the window or call to the boy; but when a servant finally appeared he described the boy's appearance as well as he could, and told him to make every effort to find out who he was. I remember, as the story went on, it ended as a good many stories of that kind do, in the boy being found and sent for by the rich old man, who helped him to get an education and a position and gave him a start in life. That part of the story, of course, is not necessary to the moral. The main thing is, and that was impressed upon my mind, this boy saw what other boys did not see. He did not wait to have some one tell him to repair the injury to the tree, but did it without being told.

The Pastor's Best Helpers

One of the finest qualities in a workman is this quality. One of the rarest in a servant in the house is the doing of things that need to be done without being told. Young men working their way through college are invaluable if they have this quality. A tool is left out on the lawn; there is a rail off the fence; there is a lock broken from a door; there is a window pane gone somewhere. The boy who tends to these things because they need attending to without specific directions is the boy who, other things being equal, is going to be in demand when he gets out into the great world, and it is the attention to little things and the habit of observation, which sees what needs to be done and then does it, which makes exceedingly useful men and women. There will always be a position for such persons. There will always be a call to come up higher. It is in one sense a small thing to do these little things without orders, but it is the doing of them that makes great captains, great engineers, great artists, great architects, great workers in any department, and it is the absence of this quality that makes commonplace men and women, who will always have to live under the dominion of petty orders, men and women who do nothing unless they are told to do it. It is this quality which makes volunteers in church work, and the invaluable men and women who do not have to be stood over. They are the joy of the pastor's heart; they are the persons who do not have to be watched.

The habit of good nature is something which can be acquired, like other good habits. A man who is superintendent of schools in a city says, that of all qualities for school-teachers the one that he prizes most is the habit of good nature. This habit consists of a series of little things done throughout the day without remission. Men and women make failure of life or success of it, in many cases, according to the habits of sweetness of temper or of moroseness and sourness of spirit. The difference between optimism and pessimism is drawn by this line. Good nature is a great asset in the way of making friends. It tides one over heavy places. It helps in a multitude of ways to make life worth living. It does not cost anything except the effort. One's temperament may be a matter of heredity or surroundings. The fight for good nature may be a hard one, harder in some cases than in others undoubtedly, but it inevitably pays in large results. It is a little thing, but in the sum total of little things it has a great place. The people we like to meet, the people to whom we go for help, the people who help to make dull things interesting, are the good natured people.

Good-Natured People

Dr. Lyman Abbott says that New York has lost its politeness. People live at too rapid a pace to pay any attention to the details of kindliness in public life. The pass word of the day is, "Step lively, lady," and the procession is kept moving at the call of Mammon or fashion, and the finer sensibilities and the things which come with leisure are being rubbed out. When I was in Chicago a few days ago, I heard two men in a crowded street car talking. The aisle was full of women holding on to straps and bundles. One man, evidently a stranger in the city, said to his companion, who was evidently an old resident, "I am going to give this woman my seat." His friend laid a hand on his arm and said, "Don't you do it. You will not get any thanks for it, and the minute the woman gets up to go out some man will crowd in and take your place and you will have to stand up to the end of the route." This street car was a sample of every other street car in Chicago. Three-fourths of the people in the seats were men. More than half the people standing were women. What shall we say of civilization which gets to the point where it is so busy making money, or so tired, that it is willing to let go those things which give the finer sensibilities place to grow. Dr. Johnson says, "The difference between a well-bred and an ill-bred man is this; one immediately attracts your liking, the other your aversion. You love the one till you find reason to hate him. You hate the other till you find reason to love him." George L. Cary says, "Politeness has been compared to an air cushion which, although there is nothing in it, eases jolts wonderfully."

I do not know why we should ever become so hurried in our lives, or so absorbed in the rush for wealth or a living, that we should drop out of our lives the small but effective courtesies of life. It would be interesting to know how many people in this world have either succeeded or failed because they were polite or impolite, because they treated little children and servants and workingmen with indifference or haughtiness, or with consideration and kindly feeling. I hope our Western civilization will never become so intense and strenuous that we cannot find time to say "thank you" and "please" and a cheery "good-morning" when the family group gathers about the table, and a kindly hand-shake which does not begrudge the time spent in human friendship. There are many things which money cannot buy, and among them is the habit of courtesy maintained throughout all one's life.

Value of Self-Control

Self-control also, like good-nature, is a habit which grows by practice. Herbert Spencer says: "The most important attribute of man as a moral being is the fact that he has self-control." Sidney Smith says: "I was once very shy, but it was not long before I made two very useful discoveries; first, that all mankind was not solely employed in observing me, and next, that shamming was not of any use, that the world was very clear-sighted and soon estimated a man at his just value. This cured me." George Eliot said: "Half the sorrows of women would be averted if they could repress the speech they know to be useless, nay, the speech they have resolved not to utter." And we recall Robert Burns' verse:

Reader, attend whether thy soul
Soars fancy's flights above the pole,
Or darkly grubs this earthly hole
In low pursuit;
Know, prudent, cautious self-control
Is wisdom's root.

And the Bible phrase covers the ground perfectly: "If any man offend not in word the same is a perfect man and able also to bridle the whole body." We cannot expect to master the world unless we master ourselves. The word used as temperance in the New Testament, is translated in the American version as self-control. It is a great quality, but it is the sum total of small things.

The Virtue of Patience

Patience. In other words, keeping at it. Here again we find battles won or lost according to obedience to this quality, or disobedience. We find the path of life strewn with failure, or blossoming with success, according to the presence or absence of patience. Oliver Wendell Holmes says:

> Be firm: one element of luck
> Is genuine, solid, old Teutonic pluck."

Thomas Edison says: "I never did anything by accident, nor did any of my inventions come indirectly through accident, except the phonograph. No; when I have fully decided that a result is worth getting, I go ahead on it, and make trial after trial until it comes." Thomas Carlyle, that rugged old Scotchman whom we like and dislike so well, says: "The tendency to persevere, to persist in spite of hindrances and discouragements, it is this that in all things distinguishes the strong soul from the weak soul." James Whitcomb Riley says: "For twenty years I tried to get into one magazine. Back came my manuscripts eternally. I kept on. In the twentieth year that magazine accepted one of my articles." James Russell Lowell says: "Endurance is the crowning quality, and patience all the passion of great hearts."

But patience is like the other qualities, the sum total of a large number of small things, of small habits persevered in; the accumulation of minutes and hours, of days, weeks, months and years of waiting on God. "Wait patiently for Him and He will bring it to pass."

Economy. It is well to remember that the Greek word for economy is a word which pertains to the household, to the management of the family in its expenses. It is, in other words, a noble and not an ignoble word. It does not refer to small and mean parsimony. It does not have referenee to narrow little habits of expenditure when it comes to things which are necessary for civilization; but it does mean the adaptation of one's household expenses to his income. As Edmund Burke says, "Economy is of two kinds, the true and the false. Economy is a distributive virtue and consists not in saving but in selection." Benjamin Franklin, our best representative American in many ways, said: "If you know how to spend less than you get you have the philosopher's stone." Lord Lytton himself, one who practiced it even in his high station, said: "Let your first effort be not for wealth but for independence. Whatever be your talents, whatever your prospects, never be tempted to speculate away on the chance of a palace that which you need as a provision against the workhouse."

The young man, who, in the East, because he thought he must be with others in the same social circle, mortgaged his little home, in order to buy an automobile, hung a millstone around his neck. Young men, who spend for dress or entertainment or amusement in excess of income or of need, are laying up for themselves trouble throughout all of their lives. This, also, like other habits, is a succession of attention to details, and lies within the power of any man who has any power whatever.

All of life which is worth living is, in fact, made up of the sum total of little things which begin with the morning light and continue with every day. There is no way of relieving drudgery from its monotony and deadening numbness except by considering in the right spirit the reason for it. One can wash dishes to the glory of God, or he can do it to the honor of the devil by the spirit which enters into his task. It may be the spirit of heaviness, or rebellion against the work of the hand, of envious desire for someone else's place, of discontent over the eternal drudgery of daily living, or he can redeem the task by the spirit of thankfulness to his heavenly Father for health, for home, for friends, for the very things which make the daily life a round of duties.

The Way to Happiness

The very universe itself is made up of the same things constantly enacted. The earth turns in its course as it did from the time it came out of the hand of God. The grass grows as it did from the time it first spread its wonderful vitality over the face of the ground. The birds sing the same songs they have sung from the beginning of time. The trees bear their fruit and the field yields its grain after the same fashion. The forces of nature and of animal life repeat their processes indefinitely. The life of a man is a constant succession of the same repetitions. We can find in these things the joy of life or its bitterness by the spirit which we take to them. The same habits of life have made character from the foundation of the world and will continue to do so. The fruits spring out of the same soil and will always do so. Daily obedience to the eternal commands of God's righteousness will result in happiness, in growth and in power. Disobedience to these eternal principles will result in trouble, in bitterness of spirit, in loss. On the one hand stands life beckoning. On the other stands death menacing. It is for us to choose by our own will, assisted by the will of the heavenly Father, whether we shall get from these daily things the training for our spirits that shall make us grow up like angels, or become dwarfed and twisted and bent over like demons, and it is the attention to these little things that makes the greatness and the sweetness of life possible.

Christ's Example

When the disciples entered into the tomb where Jesus had been laid, they found the napkin folded up, lying in a place by itself. This was proof that the grave had not been robbed of its tenant by enemies. Grave robbers do not stop to put things neatly and in order. Even He who had command over the powers of death, and who said, "I can lay down my life and I can take it up again," did not consider it in keeping with his character, as the Lord of the universe, to go out of that tomb and leave his grave clothes untidily scattered about; but he took time, even in that transcendent moment of his resurrection, to fold up neatly the napkin that had been about his head. If the Lord of all the earth who said, "All authority and all power has been given unto me in heaven and upon earth," could take the time at such a moment, one of the greatest events in the history of the world, to attend to so small a thing as the folding of a napkin, how much more should we who are so far below Him in habits that make greatness, pay attention to all the little things of life which make for the greatness of life. He who was not willing that the fragments should be lost when the five thousand were fed, is not willing that we should lose any possible power out of our lives by neglecting the things that are commonly thrown away. Let us learn of Him that there are no little things, but that all of life, which seems to us sometimes so small, may become great in the end because we have been faithful over a few things, and not forget what He said to him who had two talents—as each of us has—and live in expectation of hearing Him say to us also, after we have done our work here, "Well done, good and faithful servant. Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

CLOSING DAYS AT MONT-LAWN

SEPTEMBER'S golden days seem to have touched with an added depth of beauty, the fair home upon the hillside, which has contributed so largely to the relief of the children of the poor in New York during the especially trying summmer which is now waning. What Mont-Lawn means to many a poor, but grateful parent, is clearly evidenced by the following letter, which is but one of many similar ones received from time to time:

> I want to say to you thank you for the kindness to my litl Helen and Harry how much good it dun Helen the rich Aught to never die that is away All Summer when 10 days helpt my child so and the colord man cook was so nice to Harry. I wish I culd tell how greatful I am. Yours truly.
> Mrs. R —

. . .

Mr. Grant C. Tullar, the popular evangelist, was so well pleased by his August visit to the little ones, that the Home was privileged, a few days since, in receiving him for a second time. This time he was accompanied by his co-worker, Mr. I. H. Meredith, who presided at the Temple organ, while Mr. Tullar began all over again, and taught a "fresh batch" of over 200 children how to sing some of his own tuneful songs. And how they sang:

> "It never pays to be bad—
> It makes you feel so mean inside.
> It never pays to be bad."

Not very artistic verse, perhaps, but a good, strong lesson for those scores of street boys to bring back to town with them, isn't it? And so lustily did they shout the refrain, that their listeners hoped the echoes might reach the ears of every friend of Mont-Lawn not able to be present in person.

Pleasant Hours Spent on the Big, Spreading Lawn

Dr. Smiley, of Denver, Col., prominent in New York City's Gospel Tent work this summer, was an interested visitor upon the same day, bringing a bright gleam of the breezy West with him, as he graphically told the children the story of "the baby in the rushes," bidding them "guess who that baby was." And many a little voice could tell, too!

Wonderful, indeed, are some of the interpretations given to the Scripture verses of the daily lessons! Yet, oddly enough, clothed as these childish explanations are in the brief and vigorous jargon of the street, the little ones grasp intuitively the true meaning of the lessons they are taught. A teacher asked the meaning of the beautiful promise, "Whosoever cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." An eager hand was raised, and a keen-faced little chap answered thus: "Why, it means, if you'll only come to God, he won't chase you." That promise will mean a little more hereafter to more than one member of the lad's audience.

Nothing — absolutely nothing — escapes the sharp young eyes; there was one small newcomer, whose horizon until her arrival among "the everlasting hills" had been limited to the gloom of the filthy court, with a gutter the boundary line between it and the burning, blistering pavement of the crowded street. She seemed dazed at first by the broad reaches of the meadows, the wide arch of blue skies; but, most of all, her eyes were drawn to those fine old patriarchs, the massive, branching trees, which form one of the chief attractions of Mont-Lawn. Timidly creeping up to kind "teacher" for sympathy in her appreciation, the little one said, in awed tones: "O I love to see the trees with the tall stems, 'cause they look more fuller."

. . .

Another wee boy, dwelling thoughtfully upon the just-learned verse: "Of such is the kingdom," etc., asked—oh how wistfully—"But, teacher, will there be a yard like this in heaven?"

How good it was to be able to promise of a surety that "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive" the delights of the better country! Meanwhile, dear friend, shall that wan little man have his "yard" next summer as he has had it this? He owes it to you now—may he still look forward to it?

Contributions in aid of our Children's Home, should be sent to The Christian Herald, 92 Bible House, New York City. They will receive due acknowledgment in these columns.

H. W. S.

THE PERSONAL FACTOR IN BUSINESS

BY HON. LYMAN J. GAGE
Ex-Secretary of the Treasury

THE forces which make for success in business life, have furnished fruitful themes for discourse through generations. Maxims have accumulated on maxims, embodying enough of truth and wisdom apparently, to well equip the aspirant for that arena where material prizes are the hoped-for reward of the successful contestants. These maxims may be regarded as wise directions, posted on life's highway to be observed, whether as incentives to diligent effort, or as guides to judicious action. That many of these maxims are of value, worthy to be acquired by those who aspire to success, cannot be rightfully denied. But when so recognized and adopted, are they to be considered a sufficient guaranty of business safety and success? However valuable good maxims well memorized may be, it appears that they are not in all emergencies subject to ready command; they may indeed be overborne as to their just influence by the pressure of temptation, which seductively offers large rewards to treachery.

A coaching party, with an Englishman as the guest, passed a place where several roads crossed near to a blacksmith's shop. At the crossing, guide-boards had been put up indicating the directions to this, that, and the other place. Some wag had put up an additional sign —"If you can't read, ask the blacksmith." All laughed except the Englishman, who gravely remarked: "If the blacksmith should not be at home, what would the poor man who could not read do then?" Moral—and other wise business maxims must be always at command, in order to give them the greatest value.

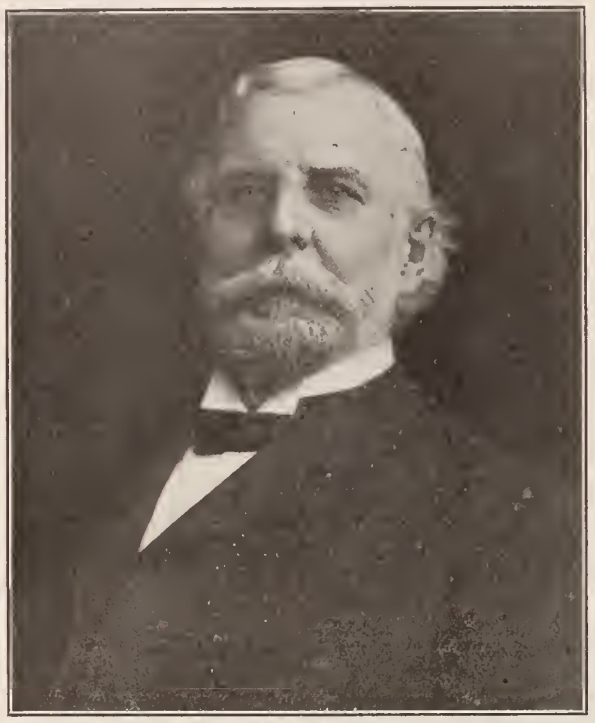
Giving due honor to these wise and virtuous guides, I want to indicate the superior part played in all successful movements by the personality of the man himself, or that force or quality which we may conveniently name "the personal factor."

When we say of a man—"He has a commanding personality," we sum up in a short phrase a total of elements or qualities, some perhaps discoverable in their outward action, but more of which are indefinable. The composing elements are so blended, like the several notes involved in the expression of a musical chord, that while we are moved by the total effect, we are unable to analyze the units out of which the composite whole is derived. This indefinable thing, the "human personality," is in all the affairs of life the most powerful factor. It is in a large measure the secret of the orator's influence, the politician's triumph, and the business man's success.

It is but a few years since the late Senator Hanna stepped from business life, where he had achieved success and distinction, into the white light of politics, where he was comparatively unknown. At his first appearance the voice of detraction was raised against him. He was traduced, lampooned, and caricatured as the swollen embodiment of corrupt political issues. He was made to wear the $ mark as his distinguishing garment, and the general estimate of him was formed from these injurious misrepresentations. Against this powerful tide he had no defence other than his personality. He was possessed of a resourceful mind, and had unflinching courage. With perfect confidence in the rectitude of his intentions, he presented himself and his political ideas to assembled thousands of his fellow-citizens in hundreds of places throughout the great West, where the prejudice against him had sunk the deepest. He was not eloquent, as men count eloquence; his speech was plain, simple, and direct; but his words had behind them the imponderable charm of the man. After hearing him, a rough Western man declared: "I have changed my mind. You can't make me believe that Hannah is any bad man. Why, he's got a smile that would grease a wagon." This rude simile may illustrate the awakening confidence and regard for Mark Hanna among those with whom he came in contact, and at his untimely death, it is no exaggeration to say that he was the chief figure in our political life.

Many examples of great achievement in enterprise, commerce and finance are living among us now, the cause of whose power lies in their personality. Those who are dead we can properly name. Collis P. Huntington was one of them. He had his way among men; they yielded to his force of character. He made men believe in his plans, and they fell in line to support him with their capital and their credit. Stephen Girard, John Jacob Astor, Cyrus W. Field, George Peabody, Cornelius Vanderbilt, are the names of some that come most readily to mind.

Is it worth while to explore for the secret of power which actuated these men and their like? Some features are obvious enough, and those we may catalogue, while others, perhaps equally important, cannot be classified and labeled. They must remain mysteries hidden even to those who possessed and used them. The qualities most obvious are ambition backed by energy, which drives the possessor to action; courage, restrained by an instinctive prudence that guards from an excess of hazard. The mental ability to perceive things in their true nature, and what they are in their relationships.



Hon. Lyman J. Gage
Ex-Secretary of the United States Treasury

These, united, blended, balanced and vivified by interior forces or influences which cannot be traced, compose what we recognize as the personality. The power of this subtle something cannot be denied; it is too plainly felt to be ignored.

Who cannot recognize among his acquaintances some man to whom the following description might properly be applied? It is taken from real life:

D. was of ordinary physical appearance. He gave no striking evidences of mental power. He spent his money in a generous way, but was neither sensational nor extravagant in the manner of it. He carried himself with an easy grace, or self-assurance, not so marked as to give offence, just sufficient rather to win attention and respect. His kindly manners and gracious smile, perfectly natural to him, made him a welcome addition to any company. The quick-witted hotel clerk always saw in him a man to be favorably considered, and so everywhere easy paths opened before him. He was successful in business. He won favor and good-will in many directions, achieved a good degree of financial success, and died in fair honor among men. And yet the best that could be truthfully said of him is, "He was possessed of fair intelligence, together with an infinite tact in directing it."

How to use one's natural gifts is a question of no small importance. A Western lawyer, famous for his unblushing audacity, which often carried him through difficult places, was thus accosted by a friend: "S., I wish I had your cheek." To which S. responded: "Don't wish it, my friend. If you had my cheek with your brains, you would be driven out of town before night."

Nor ought we limit our study to those who may be said to possess a "commanding personality." These are the leaders of men, the "Captains of Industry." Below them in the exercise of power are the lieutenants and the privates, who compose the real army, both in the business world and in general industry. Here, too, in the humbler ranks, the "personal factor" marks the differentiation among men. Born apparently to obey, to execute orders, the average man is not in a position to command, he must win promotion or advancement through recognition from his superiors, or from an observing and discriminating public. Here, too, the good maxims which preach Industry, Attention, Fidelity, are to be observed as conditions to honorable success, but here, too, the "personal factor" counts for much. A. is a good clerk, honest, faithful, but he is silent and morose. B. is equally capable and trustworthy, but he is loquacious and indiscreet. C. is the equal of either, but he is hasty in temper, impatient of either counsel or reproof. E. executes his duties, but he appears indifferent to everything else. E. is "all right where he is, but he is vain, and advancement might turn his head and make him arrogant." F. differs from the foregoing in rather indefinable particulars. Not less efficient than the others in the discharge of commonplace duties, he appears to be quicker in power to comprehend. He betrays a desire to get on. His mind reaches out beyond the limits of daily routine, with an interest in the broader features of business affairs. He has shown adaptability, given some evidences of reserved powers, is agreeable in his manners, would win confidence and favor from the public. In short, the personality of the man, some features of which are to be perceived, but others of which are to be felt rather than understood, mark this man F. for larger duties, higher responsibilities, increased honors, larger monetary rewards.

If now the "personal factor" be of so much importance in this world's affairs, if it contribute so greatly to success in life, the question naturally arises how its power may be gained by those who possess it not, or how increased or developed in those with whom it counts for little. The answer to the question must be found, if found at all, in the reflection of those to whom it makes its appeal. It cannot be prescribed from without. Deep within the man, often unconsciously to himself, lie the forces, the aptitudes, the desires, the aspirations, the tastes, the proclivities, the temperamental qualities, which find outward expression independent of his will.

A change in our personality, in the direction of improvement, whatever the cause, must come from within. That the mental faculties can be strengthened by exercise, the moral sympathies quickened by right reflection, the emotional nature purified by good ideals, the energies aroused by effective appeals to ambition, must be admitted; and wise is he (in whatsoever state he may be), who avails himself of every means he can discover to develop the good and useful inward forces and powers, which, taken together, constitute his personality; for it is the personal factorship that lifts a man into prominence and power, where mere mechanical skill alone, though it may rank him among the honorable and useful, cannot endow him with the strength of leadership.

WHAT SHE DID WITH ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS

SOME years ago I read in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD (which we take and enjoy), of a young girl whose father gave her $1,000, that she might accompany some friends to Europe. On making the necessary preparations for the journey, she found many tired, weary girls standing behind the counters, to whom she thought a summer outing would be a heaven-sent blessing. So she changed her purpose, and with her father's consent the $1,000 was spent, not on herself, but in giving others a glimpse into God's beautiful world.

On reading this, the writer's thoughts turned to the many poor old people around her home in Camden, N. J., who would enjoy a stay in the country during the hot weather. But the next thought was, "Where is the money to come from?" Then thinking of the story, she said: "My Father is rich. I am sure He will help, for surely it is his work." So, making the matter a subject of prayer, and asking divine guidance, the way was opened. Not a cent was in hand when the plans were laid, but with God's blessing, money began to come in. At first we rented two cottages, and brought hither many old pilgrims, no longer able to work. Four years ago we were able to buy a piece of ground, beautiful for situation, about eight miles from Camden, and surrounded by fine old oaks. We built "Rest Cottage," as a summer home for aged and infirm colored persons. Every morning a Prayer and Praise Service, varied by testimony, is held in the large front room, built for the purpose. All belong to the household of faith. The running expenses are supplied through prayer, by those whose hearts are moved by the grace of every good and perfect gift. Anyone wishing to know more of this work, may address the founder and superintendent, Isabel Shipley, Haddonfield P.O., N. J.

This Offer Closes Positively Monday, October 1st, 1906

Your Only Opportunity

For Securing the Two Most Charming Companion Pictures Ever Issued } FREE!

Only Recently Imported from Europe and Never Before Offered to the American Public

A Description of the Pictures

The Christian Herald has just secured two Companion Masterpieces of European art—the one entitled, **"Good Morning,"** or **"Our Father, Who Art in Heaven,"** the other, called **"Good Night,"** or **"Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep."**

These exquisite pictures, in superb coloring, very delicate, yet highly effective, represent—the one,a sweet-faced, fresh-looking little maid, about to offer up morning prayer ; the other, a veritable cherub of a boy, tired as only a boy can be, engaged in his evening devotions.

Never before have we had the good fortune to present such an exceptional opportunity to our readers for securing, at the cost of only a trifling effort, two companion pictures of such genuine value and such real beauty as these, and greatly congratulated is to be the household fortunate enough to secure a set while yet they are to be had.

The famous German artist, Storch, who conceived and executed these beautiful paintings, never did better work than when he gave to the world these two masterpieces, **"Good Night"** and **"Good Morning,"** and never were paintings more accurately and charmingly reproduced in all the delightful coloring of the original.

Appreciated by Art Connoisseurs

Dresden is the art centre of middle Europe, which harbors within its museum the *Sistine Madonna*, a painting universally acknowledged to be the greatest production of human art—and for which, it is said, but recently an offer of Forty Million Marks, or Ten Million Dollars, was declined. There these two companion pictures which we now offer, evoked instantaneous and almost unprecedented admiration and enthusiasm, and reproductions identical in size and execution with those offered by us were quickly sold by the thousands at fifteen marks, or $3.75 each.

Why This Unusual Offer?

At this season of the year, when the American people are seriously considering the provision of suitable reading matter for home use during the coming year, **The Christian Herald** seeks an opportunity to present its just claim to careful consideration to a million homes in which it is not now taken, and in order to accomplish this, we must have the names and addresses of a million families likely to subscribe for just such a paper as ours.

How You Can Help Us

Our present readers, who dearly love **The Christian Herald**, and who know its many admirable qualities, can best help us to carry out this great propaganda. They know the very people in their own immediate neighborhood who would be likely to welcome **The Christian Herald** into their homes, and we appeal to them to send us enough lists of twenty-five names each to enable us to reach a million households.

A Reward Awaits You

Many, yes most, of our subscribers, would, we know, gladly co-operate with us to this effect without hope of fee or reward. They would consider it a labor of love, in which they would cheerfully engage, and send us the twenty-five names with their compliments and best wishes. We feel, however, that it is but right and proper that we should offer them some appropriate compensation for their trouble and expense, and we have, therefore, provided the superb companion pictures mentioned above. We are thus enabled to tender them practical expression of our hearty appreciation of their kind co-operation, in the shape of these two exquisite reproductions which, for many years to come, will prove to them an unfailing source of genuine pleasure.

The Kind of Names Wanted

It goes without saying that the twenty-five names sent us, must, in each instance, be those of Protestant Church Members. They must be the names of **adults,** and **no two must live in the same house.** Unless these conditions are complied with, satisfactory results cannot be secured. We feel quite sure that our subscribers, in preparing the lists, will carefully observe these requirements.

How to Prepare Your Lists

You may, if you wish, send a **postal** to **The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York,** asking for blanks on which to write the names, which, of course, will be sent **free** by return mail, or you may take a plain sheet of paper and write on it the twenty-five names, being careful to give in each and every instance :

1. **The PREFIX, such as Dr., Rev., Prof., Mr., Mrs., or Miss.**
2. **The CHRISTIAN NAME. such as John, Peter, Mary, Josephine, etc.**
3. **The GIVEN NAME, such as Smith, Jones, Cunningham, etc.**
4. **The POST OFFICE ADDRESS, including Street, Number, Town, County, State.**

Thus a full address might read as follows :
Dr. William Cunningham, 40 Broad Street, Tarrytown, Westchester County, New York.

* * *

SPECIAL NOTE: Be sure to **number your names** in consecutive order from 1 to 25, so that you may know you are sending the required number, and at the bottom give your own name and the post-office address to which you wish the Pictures sent.

Please Bear in Mind

Under no circumstances enclose any other communication with your list, as letters sent to our List Department are handled in that department only.

How to Get the Pictures

Send your list of twenty-five names, enclosing a dime, or ten cents in stamps, to pay for packing and postage, and we will promptly send you the pictures. Do not be impatient if your pictures do not reach you immediately. It will take **40,000** sets to pay for one million names, and the preparation of so large a quantity of Companion Sets, the packing, addressing and mailing will consume at least thirty days. Now, to avoid **premature** disappointment, we plead in advance for the exercise of a little patience, before you complain to us that the pictures have not been received. In most cases the pictures will cross your letter, and your complaint will, therefore, entail a vast deal of **unnecessary** and laborious investigation

We pledge ourselves to see that **not one is overlooked,** but we cannot undertake to guarantee that every one of the forty thousand shall be shipped first.

In forwarding the pictures, we shall exercise the greatest care to preserve them flat and unwrinkled, and guarantee their delivery in absolutely undamaged condition.

The Proposition in a Nutshell

For twenty-five names of adult Protestant church attendants or Christian workers, with full post-office address, legibly written, and mailed on or before **Monday, October 1, 1906,** together with one dime, or ten cents in stamps, for packing and shipping, we will send, all charges prepaid, Storch's two great companion pictures, in **beautiful colors,** entitled **"Good Night,"** and **"Good Morning,"** with the understanding that the pictures will be sent in the order in which the lists are received—that is : First come, First served. It goes without saying, that after a million names have been received by us, we expect to promptly return their lists and dimes to all late comers. The two pictures measure **140 square inches each.**

NOTE—This Offer is open only to present subscribers to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Hoping that you will be among those who will kindly co-operate with us in this good work, and thanking you in advance for your acceptance of this invitation, I am,

Very cordially yours,

When the list is ready, enclose it in an envelope, and address it to

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
List Department **Bible House, New York**

and mail **at once.** Please do not forget to affix a postage stamp before mailing.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, Associate Editor — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, Associate Editor

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The Long Arm of Justice

JUSTICE, though frequently slow, rarely fails in the long run to overtake the offender. Indeed, if we employ the broader spiritual vision, we soon become assured that Justice never fails. Years may pass during which, apparently heedless of public or private offenders, Justice seems to slumber, and the wicked flourish in their sins. But, soon or late, a day comes when they are swept away like chaff—a day when all plans and plots however cunningly laid, utterly fail, and the stern-visaged figure of Justice, the Nemesis of the ancients, stands accusingly before the sinner, while his guilt is proclaimed from the very house-tops.

Almost every issue of the daily papers furnishes convincing illustration of the fact that sin does not go unpunished. A public official, a bank president, or some one acting in a fiduciary capacity, is untrue to his trust. Vainly he tries to persuade himself that he is clever enough to escape and that long before the storm—which he is forever dreading—breaks, he will be secure beyond pursuit. His punishment begins the instant the realization of his crime strikes through his soul. His disgrace, though hidden from the world, rankles in his own breast and takes the zest out of life. There are moments when he would give the whole world to be again as he was before his crime, when he could look his fellow-man in the face unashamed. Go where he will, he cannot escape from the unseen flagellator, who scourges him daily with regrets and remorse. Besides, the arm of the law is long and strong, and he can feel it constantly reaching out for him, as it reached out for Tweed in Spain, and for self-deluded evil-doers who fled to Europe and South America, and as it is now reaching out for Stensland, the Chicago banker-fugitive, in Morocco. No, the world is becoming altogether too small to hide a criminal from human justice, and the whole universe is not spacious enough to afford an escape from his own conscience. Living or dying, he cannot evade his accountability.

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," either in this life or the next. How important, then, is it that we should seek divine strength to resist temptation to wrong-doing, and that we may be kept from taking the first step in the downward path, which has led to the ruin of so many noble and promising lives.

Resuming Work

BACK from the country, the mountains, or foreign travel, clergymen are appearing again in their own pulpits. It is good to see them, and to notice on their faces the effect of rest and change of scene. They, too, are glad to take up their accustomed work and make plans for the coming season. It should be a season of earnest work for Christ, a time of sowing as well as reaping. There is a great work to be done, and though the preacher may say in humble spirit, "Who is sufficient for these things?" he knows that with the help promised to the sincere and earnest worker, results will follow as they have done in past times. The old Gospel has lost none of its force; it is still the power of God unto salvation, able to transform character and rescue men from the slavery of sin.

What may we hope to hear from the pulpit during the coming season? If the clergyman can lay aside his clerical manner and mix with the people of his parish, he will easily find out what it is that they need. The majority can dispense with learned and scholarly disquisitions that bring glory to the preacher. They do not go to church to learn history, not even the glorious history of the church in past times. Nor do they care about the defense of the great doctrines; they have heard enough of predestination and free will, of baptism by immersion and baptism by sprinkling, of the proper system of church government—the one thing essential is, how they may be delivered from the power of sin, how they may gain strength to resist temptation, and how they may enjoy close fellowship with Christ. If the preacher will confine his attention to teaching these things, not in the language of the theological class-room, but in the phrase of the market and the street, he will be astonished at the crowds that will flock to his ministry. It is this that men want to know, and there are many who call themselves Christians who do not know them. The preacher need not fear that there will be a sameness in such preaching. It will tax all his powers of logical presentation and of illustration to make his message plain to his hearers. And it will bring fruit, it will win souls, which is his business.

There should be cordial co-operation between the pulpit and the pew. The preacher renders better service when he knows that his people are praying for him and are ready to work with him. They may invite their friends to increase his audiences; they may go for him to places and circles to which he cannot go and may in many ways hold up his hands. At the beginning of the new season of work, there should be earnest endeavor on both sides to make it a time of effectual soul-winning. The time is short and the need urgent.

A Farming Revival Needed

ACCORDING to the estimates of some of our leading statisticians, within the next two generations our present population—which continues to grow at a rate that astounds the world—will have more than doubled. What, then, shall we do, if our cities continue to be congested, and if masses of the unskilled and inefficient are permitted, as now, to hive there and to become more or less dependent? This problem is one of the most serious with which our nation has to deal. It is a problem which has confronted other countries also. England is partially solving it, by providing in her extensive colonies a field for her expanding population.

It is the part of wisdom to plan, not for the present alone, but for the future as well. Some of the most thoughtful minds in America are turning toward this great question, and asking what this nation should do to enable the ever-increasing multitudes of undistributed and unassimilated inefficients to become self-helpful.

A quarter of a century ago we were still a distinctively agricultural nation. Our backbone and main dependence was the land. But since we have entered upon a phenomenally active stage of industrial and commercial development, thousands of our beautiful farms have been deserted, and the flower of our agricultural youth has been transplanted to the cities. Our boys and girls, allured by the promise of an easier life, speedier rewards and a wider variety of activities, flocked to the populous centres, where their expectations, while realized in many cases, have resulted, as far as the great majority are concerned, in a hopeless, commonplace drudgery, destructive to ambition and to many of manhood's best qualities.

How to reawaken the interest in agricultural life and to attract the people back to the land, is the question which must soon be taken up for serious consideration. We hope to witness before long such a wholesome revival of agricultural training as will give promise of better, more useful and happier lives for many who must otherwise struggle on and sink under the conditions that now surround them. Commercial and technical schools are springing up everywhere; but farm schools, well located, with abundant land, supported at public expense and conducted on modern methods, are needed for the winning back of our youth to the love of the land and the life of the farm. Then we may hope to see a sturdier race taking the place of the physically depleted conglomerates who now swarm in our crowded cities, lost for the want of a proper vocation and existing rather than living. Take out to the land the surplus of our cities' population; train them in farming, gardening and the allied industries; give them a chance to develop self-support under normal surroundings, and the "waste places," the deserted homesteads, the vast tracts still untilled and unimproved will soon blossom and become profitably productive.

Here is room for a movement, state and national, patriotic and humanitarian, which would result in benefit to the whole country. Who is there to lead it?

Defending the Missionaries

IT has become a popular pastime, in certain worldly circles, to abuse the missionary. Some of the statements that have been given currency, in recent years, by travelers of vivid imagination and a hearty contempt for facts, represent the missionary in heathen lands as a sort of nabob, petted and influential, and with a dangerous *penchant* for meddling in politics, thereby inviting no end of trouble. Those, however, who speak or write from personal experience and not from second-hand or superficial observation tell a different story.

To the latter class of observers belongs Mr. Chester Holcombe, an American, who, in past years, has occupied important diplomatic positions and held the confidence of the Chinese government besides. In a contribution to the *Atlantic Monthly*, Mr. Holcombe deals with the popular misrepresentations about the missionaries, and especially with the oft-repeated charge that their overzealous meddling and wrongheaded activity were the real causes of the Boxer rebellion, which has been described as a popular uprising to throw off the yoke of a detested "missionary incubus." In a word, the whole anti-foreign movement was laid at the door of the Gospel missionaries. Mr. Holcombe sets this slander at rest by stating that the Boxer rising had nothing whatsoever to do with the missionaries, but was an effort to drive all foreigners of every class out of China, in order to avert the partition of the empire by the great Powers, which was believed to be impending. In the development of this crazy fear in the minds of the people, the missionaries had no part or responsibility, although many of these mission workers, who were stationed far inland, fared roughly at the hands of mobs.

Mr. Holcombe has also had opportunities far beyond those enjoyed by foreigners generally, of ascertaining the feeling in government circles, and he declares unhesitatingly that the Chinese government and people at large respect, admire, and trust the missionaries, and hold them as friends.

Among the believers in foreign missions, Mr. Holcombe's statements will excite no surprise, since they already know that the devoted workers in the field are conscientiously doing their duty, and deserve the most cordial co-operation. With those who are not so well informed, this emphatic denial of the old anti-missionary slanders, coming from such a source, must surely carry weight in discrediting such unfounded reports in the future.

Among the Workers

—Rev. J. B. Andrews, evangelist, lately concluded a series of union meetings at Paris, Tex., during which over 200 confessed Christ.

—The Gospel Tent work conducted by Evangelist L. Shellhorn, of Ashland, N. J., for several years past in Scranton, Pa., has met with great success. Hundreds have crowded the tents, and many confessed Christ.

—Dr. G. Campbell Morgan, of London, England, who since the close of the Christian Workers' General Conference at Northfield, Mass., has been taking part in the Post Conference addresses, has suddenly been called home by an illness in his family.

—The Twenty-fourth General Conference for Christian Workers, at Northfield, was the greatest gathering of its kind ever held there. National revival was the undercurrent of thought during the Conference. The lectures and discussions all tended toward the possibility of each pastor becoming his own evangelist and the absolute necessity for personal work to win souls.

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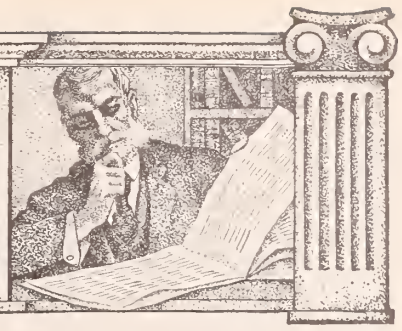
THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER



Reform in China

MANY signs show that China is awakening from the slumber of ages. Not the least is the scene depicted in the illustration on this page. It represents a procession and review of the new organization of volunteer soldiers, which now exists in many large centres throughout China. This special review was recently held in Shanghai, and 450 of the new force formed the parade. Still more important is the announcement that China is to have a constitution. It is not to be granted at once, because the people are not ready for it, but preliminary steps are taken to prepare citizens for their new duties. Commissioners have been sent on a tour through Europe and to the United States, to study the various systems of government, and it is on their reports that plans have been made. The edict of the Empress Dowager, issued in the name of the Emperor, is a clear and sensible document. It says in part: "Since the beginning of our dynasty, there have been wise Emperors, who have made laws suited to the times. Now that China has intercourse with all nations, our laws and political system have become antiquated, and our country is always in trouble. Therefore it is necessary for us to gather more knowledge, and draw up a new code of laws, otherwise we shall be unworthy of the trust of our forefathers and the people." The edict goes on to say that the traveling Commissioners reported that the cause of China's weakness was antagonism between the rulers and the ruled, and it promises administrative and financial reforms. When these are accomplished, and the people have been educated to understand their relations to the Government, a constitution will be framed. The time for putting this into effect, the edict says, will depend upon the rapidity of the nation's progress toward enlightenment. This is an admission on the part of the Empress that reforms are needed, which was unexpected. The world thought that China considered herself perfect, and regarded all other nations as barbarians. It now appears that the Empress realizes the Government's deficiencies, and wisely resolves to follow the example of modern nations. She is wise in going about the change cautiously, and preparing her people for it. We hope that while laying her plans she will remember that something more than the change to a constitutional government is needed for the nation's real development.

Righteousness exalteth a nation (Prov. 14: 34).

Commemorating the Peace

There was a celebration on September 5 at Portsmouth, N. H., of the anniversary of the conclusion of the peace between Russia and Japan. Rear-Admiral Meade had charge of the proceedings. He addressed a gathering of several hundred persons, who had come together to commemorate the memorable event. He said that it was exactly a year since the treaty of peace was signed, and it had been determined to signalize the anniversary by unveiling a tablet which had been placed on the building in which the envoys met. The tablet is of copper, composed of pieces of metal of Japanese and Russian origin, the mingled metals symbolizing the agreement of the two nations. It bears this inscription:

In this Building, at the Invitation of Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States, was Held the Peace Conference between Envoys of Russia and Japan, and on Sept. 5, 1905, at 3.47 P. M., was Signed the Treaty of Portsmouth, which Ended the War between the Two Countries.

These words are surrounded by a border, consisting mainly of the seals of the three countries, those of Japan and Russia arranged alternately, and with the United States seal at the centre of the border at the top and bottom of the tablet. This tablet is a memorial of a more honorable achievement than those erected on battlefields, inasmuch as it signifies not a victory of one foe over another, but of peace and concord brought about by wise counsel.

The servant of the Lord must not strive, but be gentle unto all men; in meekness instructing those that oppose themselves (II. Tim. 2: 24, 25).

A Railway Over Sand

A traveler who recently passed over the Russian railroad from the eastern shore of the Caspian Sea to Samarkand, in Turkestan, a distance of nine hundred miles, tells an interesting story of the devices employed to overcome natural obstacles. The object was to establish communication with the cities of Khiva, Bokhara, Kokhand, etc., in spite of the deserts surrounding them. The difficulty was in getting a firm bed for the tracks on the shifting sands, which threatened to bury them within a month of their being laid. To overcome this difficulty, search was made for a shrub which would grow in the desert, and would bind the sand together with its roots. After a long series of experiments by eminent botanists, it was found that a lichen called saxaoul, would effect the purpose. It was planted by millions over the district through which the line was to run. Wooden fences also were erected at places where wind storms were frequent, to check the drift of the sand. The whole work of constructing the railroad involved an expenditure of twelve and a half million dollars. The object of this large outlay was to facilitate the movements of the Russian army. The time is coming when such works will be undertaken for a very different purpose. When Christ comes to reign, the command for such highways as this railroad in the desert will issue, in order that all people shall share in the blessings of his rule.

Prepare ye the way of the Lord; make straight in the desert a highway for our God (Isa. 40: 3).

Parade in Shanghai, China, of the New Volunteers

Misleading Door-Plates

A student interested in the early history of New York sends to a daily journal a statement of a discovery he recently made which surprised him. He began an exploration of one of the oldest districts of the city. In tracing the streets and trying to form a mental picture of the region as it used to be before the city absorbed it, he noticed that the older houses had on their doors the brass door-plates which were once seen on the better class of houses. Many of them bore the names of families famous in the city's history, and, concluding that the houses were occupied by representatives of these families, he promised himself the pleasure of gleaning from them interesting facts relating to the past. To his surprise, however, he found in several instances that there was no one living in the house of the name which was on the door-plate. From one resident to whom he applied for an explanation, he learned that the original owners had made it a condition of the sale of their houses that the door-plates should never be removed. They wished their names to be identified with the houses as long as the houses stood. Their wish is gratified, but all that the door-plate now indicates is that a person of the name it bears once lived there. Unhappily there are some churches which bear the name of Christ, but are in like condition, and there were such churches even in Apostolic days.

Thou hast a name that thou livest and art dead (Rev. 3: 1).

The Sun to Move a Bridge

It has recently been discovered that the new bridge over the river between New York and Brooklyn, has been sliding eastward since its completion. Its progress has been extremely slow; it being now only three inches out of place; but it is realized that in a matter of so much importance, the movement must be checked before trains are run over it. One attempt to rectify the position was partially successful, the gigantic structure having been shoved back into proper position through a surprising piece of engineering perspicacity. But the blocks were moved when it was believed the evil had been corrected, and the big bridge again tilted over. The difficulty of correcting the position may be realized, when it is remembered that the structure weighs forty-five thousand tons. The plan now to be adopted is to utilize the sun's rays, which expand the wires in the cables. There are seven thousand of these wires in each cable, and the cables are eighteen inches thick. As they expand, the structure sags, causing an aperture between the steel and the masonry. Into this aperture metal blocks will be inserted, which, it is believed, will keep the bridge in place. No machinery could move so immense a structure, but the engineers believe that the sun's rays can do it. It is in mechanics as it is in religion, the gentle not the violent that conquers.

Verily I say unto you, if ye have faith and doubt not, ye shall say unto this mountain be thou taken up and cast into the sea, it shall be done (Matt. 19: 21).

The Oldest Immigrant

The oldest woman who ever landed at Ellis Island in the history of the immigration service at the Port of New York, was permitted to come ashore one day last week. The woman formerly lived in Warsaw, Poland. She is ninety-one years old. She was permitted to land after her son, a citizen of New York had convinced the authorities that he was well able to care for her. When she reached Ellis Island she was so tired as a result of her long ocean journey that the United States Marine Hospital doctors ordered that she should be sent to the hospital to recuperate. Her husband died about a year ago in Warsaw. Few women who attained her age would care to change their country. It may be hoped that in that other journey, which, in the course of nature, she must soon make, she will find a ready admittance through the merits of Jesus Christ.

For so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ (II. Peter 1: 11).

Liberty from a Spiritual Standpoint

QUARTERLY TEMPERANCE LESSON

*By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts**

THE Epistle to the Galatians is a divine exposition of true liberty, in contrast to its counterfeits, license and anarchy. Because Paul taught that love to God frees from bondage to the Law of God by making us disposed to do freely by innermost preference what God requires, instead of doing it under the slavish lash of fear, many who had not received this willing spirit of obedience jumped to the conclusion that one might do not only what a spiritual heart prompted, but also whatever a selfish heart desired. Paul's words, "free from the law," are hardly less understood to-day, and "liberty" is still the watchword of slaves to evil passions. Senator H. W. Blair, who was for many years the champion of moral measures in Congress, and daily encountered the opposition not only of bad men, but also of some good men, who did not see that there is no liberty to do wrong, said: "The whole question of liberty needs to be expounded anew." And we may add, that the most effective way to root out the false ideas of liberty that prevail is to begin with the children.

Liberty Not License

For ye, brethren, were called for freedom; only use not your freedom for an occasion to the flesh, but through love be servants of one another. We need to go back two verses from where the Lesson Committee starts the lesson to get in the above words, the strong pedestal on which it stands. Freedom, we are taught, is not freedom to indulge in selfish and sensual sin, but freedom to serve God and man by the spontaneous impulse of love, "for the whole law is fulfilled in one word, even in this, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." If we do not love God and our neighbor it will be enforced slavery to serve them; but if we love God as a father and all men as brothers, we shall freely choose to serve them, as children rejoice to serve whomsoever they love.

Walk by the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfill the lusts of the flesh. In the sixteenth century, Europe was aglow, as with northern lights, with the cry of "religious liberty." There was nothing selfish in that cry. It meant to many who uttered it, liberty to die that their children might have liberty to pray. In the course of two centuries that light in the upper sky had worked down into the lower sky, and Europe rang with the cry of "civil liberty." There was nothing selfish in that cry. It meant to many who uttered it liberty to die that their sons might be free from despots. Alas! that "liberty," this word of heavenly glory, should now be oftenest heard in that synonym of personal selfishness, "personal liberty." There is everything selfish in that cry. It means liberty to destroy oneself and the peace of society.

No Personal Liberty to Do Wrong

There can be in civilized society no such liberty as prodigals and politicians advocate when they cry "personal liberty." Even in the wilderness, far from civilized society, the solitary can not indulge in impurity with impunity. Even there his "personal liberty" is encircled by law, the laws of nature, which he can nowhere escape. Even there, "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap. He that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption." Even there in the wilderness, "he who sows an act shall reap a tendency, and he who sows a tendency shall reap a habit, and he who sows a habit shall reap a character, and he who sows a character shall reap a destiny." Nowhere in all God's world of law can there be personal liberty to do wrong with impunity. The only real liberty that can exist under the reign of law is the abundant liberty to choose among the various ways of doing right.

But so far as civil law is concerned, the solitary, living far from any neighbors, is at liberty to keep a stench at his cabin door, because he is not interfering with any neighbor's liberty to enjoy sweet odors. The story is so pertinent here, that it is worth repeating, even where it is familiar, of the foreigner of the baser sort, coming out of a saloon where he had imbibed more "liberty" than he could manage, who swung his arms about on the crowded sidewalk and struck the nose of an American passing by, who straightway knocked him down. He rose to his feet indignant, shouting: "I thought this was a land of personal liberty." "So it is," replied the American, "but your personal liberty ends where my nose begins;" a remark which, like a flashlight, exposes the absurdity of the popular idea of "personal liberty." My personal liberty is bounded by my neighbor's nose,

The Fountain that Ruins Millions

as I shall find if I attempt to put up a fertilizing factory near a residence neighborhood. But this solitary man we are studying, has "personal liberty" to make night hideous with drunken rage and revelry, for, having no neighbors, he is not infringing the liberty of any one else to rest in peace.

But when that solitary concludes that he prefers a more limited liberty in civilized society, with its protection and fellowship, just as a man exchanges a quarter section in the wilderness for a corner lot in the city, he exchanges his boundless liberty of solitude, for the smaller but more desirable liberty of civilized society. What is liberty in civilized society? It is the ample space within a great circle, that is bounded on all sides by law which protects the rights and liberties of others. But that law does not really infringe the liberty of any one who has no wish to break it, just as your neighbor's fence is no restraint of your liberty, if you do not wish to break into your neighbor's yard. How strange that one on entering a new town or county, does not find it necessary to drive swiftly to some official and spend days in reading up the numerous laws! The man who has in himself that equity, or "fair play," which makes laws, and interprets them, is by that same centripetal force of equity, held within his orbit, and obeys the laws he never saw as he moves swiftly from place to place. The man who has no will to do ill, is free in that only true freedom that comes from within. You can do what you like, when you like to do what is just.

The Struggle of a Balloon

But if ye are led by the Spirit ye are not under the law. A helpful illustration of what this means is afforded by the balloon ascension at the original Chautauqua the first year. The climax of the night of illumination was to be a toy balloon of unusual size, in whose successful ascent the great crowd took a supreme interest. Those in charge waited for some minutes for the wind to lull, lest it should be blown into the trees in rising. When the wind seemed to have ceased it was at last let go, and rose steadily until it had almost cleared the woods, when a slight breeze threw it into the topmost branches of the tallest tree, that seemed to be stretching out its arms as a sentinel of the earth to catch the escaping prisoner. Then came a battle, which thousands watched with anxiety as if some great matter were involved. It was like the ancient battles of light and darkness, of the flesh and spirit. The balloon, impelled by the hot air within it, struggled to rise, while the tree seemed to be struggling to hold it down to earth. But at length, to our great relief, the balloon pulled free and rose into the freedom of the upper air, sailing on and up until it shone like a star in the far-off sky. Picture, I thought then, as often since, of the greatest experience that can come into a human life, when, by the indwelling Spirit of God, that we have admitted to our hearts, we seek to rise from the earthly, sensual, devilish, often to be caught by some gust of temptation and thrown into the entangling branches of appetite, lust and greed. But if we hold fast to the Spirit, we shall pull free at last, and pursue our heavenward way onward and upward, not by any outward constraint, whether of force or fear, but of the innermost preference of a transformed nature. Such a battle in the soul Paul describes in Romans 7, 8. The flesh represents our entire human nature unregenerate. While the struggle is on, human nature wishes to do the thing conscience forbids.

Claiming the Keys

Conscience alone is not strong enough to win, and presently the flesh is on top. Then conscience cries to Christ for reinforcement: "Who shall deliver me?" Christ reinforces consciences and then the Spirit is on top, and body and mind under, as in the Y. M. C. A. triangle, and the soul passes through the triumphal arch of "the blessed eighth, exclaiming: "The law of the Spirit of life hath made me free!" It is not any external circumstance but only "life" and "Spirit" that can really make us free.

This, too, is the meaning of the power of the keys, as we need to say again and again, until Christians generally, to all of whom it was given, and not to Peter alone, shall claim it. Jesus said at one time to Peter, at another, to all the apostles for us all, in substance: "I will give you in a life of free and loving loyalty to God such a similarity of feeling with him, that you will forbid yourselves on earth what he forbids from heaven, and permit yourselves on earth only what he permits from heaven." Thus do our hearts loose on earth what is loosed in heaven, and bind on earth what is bound in heaven. Thus are we free from the law because we obey it freely, having in us to inspire desire and action that same Spirit that inspired the law itself. Those two great utterances of Christ and Paul: "Thou shalt love God and man; on these two loves hangs all law"; "For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free"; together present to us a tree, whose root is love, whose trunk is law, whose sap is life, whose topmost fruit is liberty.

Legalized Mischief

Inasmuch as government's chief function is to protect property and life and character, manifestly it should prohibit a traffic which at best is unnecessary, and which in its total effect greatly increases the crimes which government is bound to prevent, as well as punish. No law absolutely annihilates an evil, but, in the words of Gladstone, "Law makes it harder to do wrong and easier to do right." Prohibition in its various forms does that. The legalized saloon, on the other hand, makes it as easy as possible to do wrong, and as hard as possible to do right. Put over the door of a saloon the words, "Love worketh no ill to his neighbor," if you would realize how completely it embodies the opposite of all this lesson teaches.

The greatest temperance issue in most States and towns is to enforce the laws we have against the saloon, especially the local option laws, now covering nearly half of the United States, and nearly half the population. In order to enforce such laws everywhere, and especially in no-license towns, we need to ask Congress to withdraw Uncle Sam's "interstate commerce" shield from the "blind tigers," who are feeding on "original packages" brought in under that shield by liquor dealers outside the State, who claim the protection of the Federal courts, because they call this nullification of law "interstate commerce." The Littlefield bill, H. R. 13655 (successor to Hepburn-Dolliver bill), now pending in Congress, would withdraw this shield of Uncle Sam, and allow the friends of law and order to kill the "blind tigers" that feed on our fathers and brothers. But do not forget what Rev. O. R. Miller has suggested, that tigers with their eyes wide open and the collar of the State on their necks, roam about the streets freely.

*International Sunday School Lesson for Sept. 30, 1906. Temperance Lesson, Gal. 5 : 15-26 ; 6 : 7, 8. (Read also Eph. 5 : 11-21.) Golden Text : Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging. Prov. 20 : 1.

AUNT LIDDY

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

ALTHOUGH in these days electric cars are spinning everywhere and steel rails intersect all portions of most States, there are still rural neighborhoods where a daily stage is the usual conveyance for bringing passengers from the nearest railway terminal. Wood Haven, a tiny hamlet deep in the midst of forests, was quite six miles from Martin Centre, the nearest town. Until three years ago the Centre itself had been remote and rural, but at that time the railroad had been cut through and now times had changed and things were booming. Six miles out, however, the little cluster of homes, the blacksmith's shop, the grocery store, and the little church, remained as they had for almost a century. In that hamlet there were old people who freely declared that they never would trust their lives in a railway car, and only the young and eager souls in the place had the least longing to get away from it, and see what might be in the world outside. The stage was a sort of express wagon, too, and carried parcels from the Haven to the Centre, and only occasionally did it bring back a strange passenger. Regularly it started from the front of the grocery store at eight o'clock in the morning, and as regularly returned at four o'clock in the afternoon. If it brought passengers, it set them down at the respective cottages expecting them, if not, it stopped at the grocery store, to which people came for their parcels, when they casually paused for a bit of neighborly gossip or stopped to get the mail.

The Van Blarcom twins had finished their work for the day, and, as usual in the afternoon, were dressed in their second-best gowns, and each seated by a window were sewing in a leisurely fashion. The twins were on the sunny side of sixty, but no one would have suspected it, for Time with them had been standing still since they had passed their fortieth landmark. Up to that date they had looked rather old for their age and ever since they had seemed to stand still, so that now they looked younger than the entry in the family Bible really warranted. They were not in the habit of receiving company, and both sisters started in surprise when the stage drew up at their door. Out stepped two persons, a little brisk old lady and a pretty girl of twelve. The former was dressed in a bygone fashion; she wore a rather large bonnet, and a long green barege veil floated behind her like a pennant; she carried a large band-box, done up in a green muslin bag with drawing strings at the top. This in one hand; in the other she held a bird-cage, shaded, that the inmate might not be frightened at the sights of the road. The child, who was very daintily dressed, and had long, yellow curls, was loaded with small bundles that filled her bare arms as she followed the old lady up the garden walk.

"I reckon I've taken you by surprise," said the old lady

"Bring up my trunks as soon as you can, young man," said the old lady addressing the driver. Then turning to the astonished twins, she said, "I reckon I've taken you some by surprise, Mary Anna and Gertrude; but I'm your Aunt Liddy from Boston way, and I've come six hundred miles with little Charlotte to stay with you the rest of my time. I had to make a bolt for it, didn't I, Charlotte? And I wan't going to leave you behind either. I knew you girls had a big house and plenty of room and that you needed somebody to stir you up, and when Rebecca Parsons decided that the Old Ladies' Home would be the best place for me and the asylum the right place for Charlotte, we took the next train. I have always kept a little money for an emergency, and I had enough to pay our expenses here. Maybe I've got more and may be not. But, anyway, here I am."

This was so long a speech that the twins had time to adjust their emotions; they each kissed Aunt Liddy and the child, and Mary Anna, who spoke for both, said, "Of course, Aunt Liddy, you did right to come straight to us. What could Rebecca have been thinking of to want to put one of our kin in an Old Ladies' Home? I never heard of such a thing. But pray who is this dear little girl?"

"A friend of mine," answered Aunt Liddy, and said no more.

The twins led the way up a short flight of stairs to a great west room in which were two beds; one was in the centre of the room, the other in a corner. Both were made up with fresh sheets and pillow cases, and there were two dressing bureaus, two easy chairs and two tall wardrobes. Flowers stood on the bureau nearest the large bed. White curtains, that looked as if they had been very lately laundered, hung at the windows. "Why," said Aunt Liddy, drawing a deep breath, "why, girls, this room looks as if you had just fixed it up for company. I never saw the like!"

"Yes," said Gertrude, "for some days sister and I have had a feeling that somebody was coming. We didn't know who it might be, but we both knew in our hearts that we were going to have visitors. We couldn't have anybody nicer than our dear mother's Aunt Liddy, and we are very glad you have come and glad to have the little girl with you. Make yourselves at home. This west chamber was mother's room long ago. She always had two beds in it."

By this time the stage-driver had arrived with two trunks, a large and a small one. These he brought upstairs and deposited in the west room. In the sitting-room the sisters, very much excited, were holding a council. They had a small, fixed income; enough for their own wants, but hardly enough for the permanent entertainment of two other persons, one of them a growing girl. "It was queer," said Gertrude, "that Aunt Liddy didn't write, queer that she should want a little girl like this Charlotte. The child's dress does not indicate poverty. I wish we could find out why Aunt Liddy brought her. If her people don't know where she is, they'll be frightened half to death."

"Well, sister," said Mary Anna, "as father used to say, 'We must wait developments.' Don't bother them with questions, and, above all things, don't let the neighbors know anything about our affairs. Now we must get supper."

In a few days it seemed as if the old house had always sheltered the newcomers. School opened, and Charlotte Lindsay was duly sent in to take her place in one of the classes. Aunt Liddy explained that Charlotte was an orphan, and that she had no near relatives. She had been living since her babyhood with an elderly lady in Aunt Liddy's town. This lady had provided for her generously, but on her sudden death, relatives who had inherited her property, wanted nothing to do with the child, and had been thinking of putting her in an institution. Aunt Liddy had taken her into her own home. Then followed a disaster to Aunt Liddy's fortunes. She said she had lost money through a nephew whom she had helped. She was sure he would make it up after a while, but he had grown discouraged and gone away and nobody knew where he was. When Rebecca Parsons, who was the manager-in-chief of everybody's business, had gone about with a subscription paper to raise funds that she might have a room for the rest of her days in the Old Ladies' Home, Aunt Liddy had run away.

"What did you do with the house and the furniture?" asked one of the twins.

"Left them there. Turned the key in the door. Made my will; in case of my death they will belong to you. You girls are the nearest to me in the wide world, even nearer than John."

When women are approaching sixty, with hearts as young as ever they were, it pleases them very much to have somebody twenty years older speaking of them and to them as if they were girls. The addition to the family meant a little self-denial, and a little more economy than they had hitherto practiced. It had been their custom to purchase new gowns and hats every autumn. This season they furbished up their old ones, and sent no order to New York for anything new. They cut down expenses in many little ways but did not abridge their donations to the church or the missionary society. As winter came on, aunt Liddy kept closely by the fire; she was of an active temperament, but she was beyond eighty, and a little feeble. Charlotte waited on her with the most loving affection. After a while the twins wondered how they had ever gotten along without the company of the dear old lady and the helpful child. Charlotte brought a breezy life from school into the home, day by day. Aunt Liddy's bird filled the house with music. The only shadow was that Aunt Liddy herself seemed to pine away. She ate very little, and grew constantly thinner. She would gaze from the window with a far-away look, as if she longed for something or somebody, and before very long the twins sent for the doctor. "Nothing is the matter," he said, "except old age. Cold weather is trying to old people. Make your aunt as comfortable as you can, and if there is anything she wants try to get it for her if possible."

They were all sitting together one day when Charlotte, returning from school, brought the mail. There was a letter for Aunt Liddy, addressed in a strong, manly hand. "From John," she said. She trembled a little as she opened it. The next instant she uttered an exclamation

CONTINUED ON PAGE 782

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Is the Church Fair an Evil?

Both Sides of the Question Discussed by Christian Herald Readers

IN a recent issue this journal printed a page of letters relative to the above problem, received from our readers in response to the question: "Are Church Fairs, Festivals, Raffles, Lotteries, Auctions, Oyster Suppers, etc., Helpful or Detrimental to a Church's Spirituality?" These letters were, in the main, upon the negative side of the debate. But, as both sides of a question must be given in order for it to receive fair consideration, we present to our readers a sheaf of letters received from many who approve of such money-raising vehicles, if used with discrimination:

. . .

A Good Word for Church Fairs

W. J. V., Brooklyn, N. Y. "If the lottery and raffle features are taken out of the church fair, and if they are conducted in a building separate from the church proper, I see no reason why money raised in this way for church work would not be acceptable to God.

"I feel assured that God honors money raised for his work in an honest way, whether it is given to Him through the church fair, or otherwise."

. . .

Draw the Line

C. L. P., Fort Worth, Tex. "An unmistakable line should be drawn between a pleasant, social gathering and palatable supper, and a raffling carousal. If the people need and enjoy the supper and the church needs the money, why should not a generous offering be cheerfully dropped into the treasury on such occasions? A reasonable price paid enhances one's self-respect, and lends spice to even the plainest dishes."

. . .

Opposition to Saloons

M. E. H., Calton, Ontario: "I do not believe in raffles, etc., to raise money for the cause of God, but I can see no harm in a sociable. The saloon has its lights, best of music, and everything to entice the young man. If the Church of God, would open its doors every night in the week, and have the sweet songs of Zion sung, and the daily papers and magazines to read, and a cup of coffee and sandwiches on sale, I believe there would be more souls brought into the Kingdom of God."

. . .

Indirect "Tithing" Not Wrong

Rev. S. B. L., Oakland, Kan.: "I am against raffles and lotteries, because they procure money with no return; but I thoroughly believe in church fairs, socials, suppers, etc. I would not give much for the religious life of a church that is sapped by a twenty-five cent supper, given by the good women of the church, in order to buy a new carpet for the vestry. True Christians do not quarrel at a church supper, or anywhere else.

"No, it is true that Christ and his followers never resorted to the use of fairs or suppers, nor do we hear of his instituting the use of subscription papers or the envelope system, either. When Jesus drove the money-changers from the Temple, they were not engaged in raising money for the support and repair of that Temple, but were running a business for their own enrichment."

. . .

All Right if Not Held in the Church

Reader, Mount Auburn, Ill. "I can see no harm in festivals, fairs, etc., if it is plainly understood what the money is to be used for, and if they are not held in the church.

"I believe that if we had more of such entertainments, the young people would not be so apt to seek amusements of a doubtful character, and we that are older need the friendly interchange of thought which social gatherings engender."

. . .

No Wrong Result from Right Purpose

W.A.C., Highwoods, N.Y. "If money is raised in the right spirit for right ends, there never can be wrong connected with it."

Where is the Sin?

Rev. J. W. M., St. Paul, Minn. "In a city mission school was a class of nine girls of poor families. They were earning no money and had none to give. The pastor gave each girl a dime. Some bought sugar and made candy; some bought materials for fancy articles. They gave their labor, and at the end of a few weeks they had a little fair and gave fifty dollars to the church. Where was the sin?

"In a city church in Pennsylvania, a very poor young woman was anxious to help the church. With fifty cents' worth of wool she knitted a baby's sacque and sold it for $1.25. Then she got a class of the Sunday School girls together, and taught them to crochet during the week. After a while they had a little 'fair' in the Sunday School room, sold their articles and gave $125 to the church. Where was the sin?"

. . .

A Plea for Girlhood

H. F. W., Providence, R. I. "Your Symposium deeply interests me. When I was a girl, my parents were opposed to dancing and theatre-going, and my father, who held the purse-strings of the family, was equally opposed to lectures, concerts, etc., outside of the church. If it had not been for the church sociable, with its twenty-five cent supper and its evening of games and music, and for the occasional turkey supper, when the minister's wife rose and demanded a new chamber set and a few whole plates in place of the relics she found in the parsonage, I can truly say that I should not have one single memory of bright social life in my girlhood. Even now, after twenty-five years, those turkey suppers, when 'we girls' excitedly waited on the tables, arrayed in our simple, white gowns, are delightful recollections in a somewhat drab and dreary youth; while the big 'Fair,' with its 'Feast of Days,' shed sunlight through the whole winter of busy preparation."

. . .

Packed With Affirmative Arguments

A Busy Pastor, Lancaster, Pa. "Zacchæus was converted at a supper, and great good can be done by having suppers rightly conducted by church people. They may be held in the homes of the people, in some hall, or the church building may be erected with a basement set apart for such gatherings.

"Out in the mountains, twenty-five miles from a railway, a very poor congregation needed money for a Sunday School library. They could hardly get money enough together to pay the pastor. These people had no money, the people outside the church took no interest in it. So one woman gave milk, another ice, others baked cakes, the storekeeper gave salt, others froze ice-cream. They had an ice-cream festival in the grove on a Saturday evening. The people came from all around the country. They became acquainted with the pastor. They cleared thirty dollars, and started a library that has grown quite large.

"The people liked the pastor and church people, and began to come to church, reading circles were formed—Church and Sunday School have filled up. Those people were drawn together, socially, then intellectually and spiritually."

. . .

Not for Minister's Salary

L. L., Laredo, Mo.: "I can hardly bear to see our pastor's salary paid with money thus obtained. I think it is coarse, and must be exceedingly embarrassing to the pastor, to have his righteous wage thus dragged before the public. But when building, repairs, lights, etc., are to be paid for, I do not see any wrong in resorting to socials, especially as I think it well to mix with the people."

. . .

Letters bearing upon this theme have also been received from J. B. V., Chicago, Ill., Miss C. H. R., Greenwood Lake, N. Y., T. F., Manitoba, Can., E. R., Mt. Morris, Ill., E. G., Pittsburgh, Pa., W. S. J., Buffalo, N. Y., S. N. S., Antwerp, No. Dakota, J. E. B., Luxora, Ark., F. G., Honey Creek, Wis.

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Removes all odor of perspiration. Delightful after Shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original). *Sample Free.*

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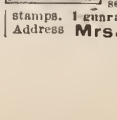

My **New** outfit contains **30 patterns** and directions for long, or **10** for short clothes, with directions for material, etc., a copy of NURSES HINTS TO MOTHERS, also TRUE MOTHERHOOD, and my catalogue illustrating articles and clothing for the new baby, with prices and full descriptions. This outfit sent postpaid for **25 cents,** silver or stamps. I guarantee satisfaction or will refund your money.

Address **Mrs. C. D. ATSMA, Newark, N. J.**

THE NURSE AND THE KAISER

"SISTER SELMA," the ship's nurse on the ocean liner *Amerika*, had a notable experience lately, which she relates in an interview in the New York *Tribune*.

"I had a conversation with the German Emperor," she said. "It was during the imperial yacht races at Cuxhaven. The Emperor and his suite stayed on the *Amerika*. They occupied the cabins *de luxe*. The first night after dinner—which lasted from 8 to 11—I thought to myself, 'Well, I've seen the Emperor, now I'll go to bed.' I'd made the acquaintance of two little under-the-sofa dogs he had—dachshunde, you know—but I certainly didn't dream that I was to make the acquaintance of the Emperor. But after I was in my berth—it was past midnight—there came a great knocking on my door, and a voice calling, 'Sister Selma! Sister Selma! The Emperor wants to see you!'

"I thought it was a joke, for they were always fooling me, and I said, 'Nonsense! The Emperor wants to see me!' But they insisted it was so; so I got up and tumbled into my uniform somehow and went out. At the head of the stairs an officer with a lot of orders on his breast—Admiral Somebody—was standing. 'I have come to conduct you to his Majesty,' he said.

"The Emperor was on deck. When we reached him, 'Sister Selma,' he said, 'I'm glad to see you.' I said, breathlessly, 'I'm honored, your Majesty.' I'm sure I don't know how I got the words up, for all the time I was trying to shake myself into my uniform, which didn't feel half on.

"He touched my arm, and said, 'Shall we walk?' and so we promenaded. We promenaded from 1 o'clock till 2:30. We saw the dawning! Several times I tried to go—I thought I ought to, or, that is, I didn't quite know whether it was my place to break up the audience or not—but each time he'd take my arm and say, 'Come! come!' and go on with the talk. All the while, wherever there was a crack or a crevice, you could see eyes—stewards and stewardesses and so forth—peering at us. Next day the topic of conversation was, how Sister Selma had been skylarking with the Emperor!

"What did the Emperor talk about? Oh, many things, but chiefly nurses and hospitals and diseases and doctors—and he asked innumerable questions about American hospitals and nurses. Really, Americans haven't at all a true idea of the German Emperor. He's delightful, so simple and natural and full of humor. While I was talking with him that night I kept forgetting he was an Emperor, and afterward it occurred to me that I didn't say, 'Your Majesty' half the time when I should have. Once I contradicted him flatly about a symptom. Next morning I was in the gymnasium, and some one called, 'Good morning, Sister Selma!' It was the Emperor, wiggling his hand at me through one of the openings."

GILMOUR IN MONGOLIA*

AMONG the famous men who have consecrated their lives to missionary labor, few have won a more honorable place than James Gilmour, the apostle of the Mongols. A more discouraging field man could not have chosen. More obstinate, more superstitious and more ignorant than their Chinese neighbors, the people of Mongolia were regarded at the time Gilmour went among them, as incapable of apprehending the truths of the Gospel. They were difficult to reach because of their nomadic habits, and their language was more difficult than Chinese for the acquirement of a foreigner. But Gilmour was undaunted, and was strong in faith. He was only twenty-seven years of age when he went out, and he knew that he was undertaking to preach to about two million persons. It was a stupendous enterprise, but the young missionary was a Scotchman, with boundless energy, and he did not quail at the work. He entered China when the country was in turmoil, and passed through it to the frontier city of Kalgan, three hundred miles beyond Pekin. Thence he went, after a few years, to Chao-yang, a city still farther in the interior. Much of his time was passed among the wandering tribes, living like them in tents and preaching in the open air. He had some medical knowledge, which opened his way to the hearts of the people, and he succeeded in winning their confidence and affection. For twenty-one years he labored, laying the foundation for an extensive work. He had the satisfaction of seeing large numbers won to Christ under his preaching, and was just beginning a series of labors with better hopes of success, when God called him from labor to reward. At the age of forty-eight he passed away, and his body was laid to rest among the people whom he loved so well.

In China itself the story of missionary labor is one of many tragedies. It is but a few years ago, that in a short period 135 missionaries, with 52 of their children, perished by violence. Many missionary societies are engaged in service there, but none have succeeded so well as the China Inland Mission, which has now stations in nearly every province of that vast empire.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for September 30. "Gilmour, and Missions in China." Isaiah 49: 6-12.

ANSWERED PRAYERS

"Now our wants and burdens leaving
To His care, who cares for all.
Cease in fearing, cease in grieving,
At His touch our burdens fall."

A Reader, Maryland. "I want to acknowledge God's goodness to me. He has answered my prayers many times and will always do so when it is best, if we fully trust him."

From Mississippi. "Many times my prayers have been answered in small, every day trials, and great troubles, also. What a comfort to feel the assurance of prayers answered!"

A Regular Subscriber, District of Columbia. "I want to give thanks for a direct answer to prayer. The clouds were so dark, but the dear Lord has lifted them, so that I can see the silver lining."

E. D. L., Ohio. "I want to praise the Lord for his wonderful kindness to me and mine; for the marvelous answer to prayers I have had in the past month. Please pray for us that we may live close to Christ."

M. A., New York. "I want to tell the readers of this paper to believe in prayer. For fifteen months I have prayed for the conversion of a friend who never prayed. He has been converted, and I do thank God for answering prayer."

L. L. W., Iowa. "I commenced when a child to take everything to God in prayer. He has answered my prayers a great many times. I am now praying for one whose mind is affected. Will the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD pray for this one."

Mrs. E. H. F., Tennessee. "I desire to testify through the 'Answered Prayer' column, that the Lord has answered my daily prayer for a dear daughter who has been away for a year at school, and has reached home in health and strength. Dear friends of the prayer column, 'we will trust and not be afraid.'"

S. M. F., Pennsylvania. "I want to acknowledge God's goodness in lifting a burden, for which I prayed for a long time. I want also to tell that when the world goes hard with me and 'every man's hand seems against me,' he gives me the comfort the world cannot give, nor take away. He gives 'peace, sweet peace, the gift of his love.' I want to accept the dispensations of his providence with a cheerful heart, and, with Job, say, 'Yea, though he slay me, yet will I trust him.'"

A Child of the King, Connecticut. "I, too, want to add my testimony that the God of the Christian answers prayer. This I know from personal experience. Since the blood of Jesus has cleansed me from all sin, and I have received the Spirit, he has answered prayer marvelously many times, even to the healing of bodily ailments. To Him be all the praise. Oh, Christians, let us all unite and besiege the throne until our God answers by fire and sends a mighty, lasting and world-wide revival. 'All things are possible to him that believeth.'"

Practical Christianity

Many of the Japanese are wondering why America, England, Canada, Australia, and other countries, are showing them such kindness. The Golden Rule and its Teacher are not known to them. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of New York has sent $250,000, and every dollar of it is preaching a practical sermon that cannot fail to turn the thoughts of these people toward Him in whose name it is given.—*Cincinnati, O., Standard.*

Special Offer for One Month Only

To stimulate sales, before the fall rush begins, we offer an assortment of **full size Ostermoor Mattresses, 4 ft. 6 in. wide, 6 ft. 3 in. long, one part weighing 50 pounds** each, (5 lbs. more than regular) hand laid filling, built, not stuffed, with bound edges, square corners, beautifully made, and covered *with any ticking you desire* (we illustrate three patterns above) A. C. A. wide or narrow stripe; Gray and White Dust-proof Satin Finish Ticking striped in linen effect; Blue and White Herring-bone; or Mercerized Art Twills in fancy stripe with floral effects of Blue, Pink, Yellow, Green or Lavender, all at the special price of

Regular Price $23.50 — **$15.00 Delivered** — Saves You $8.50

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EXPRESS CHARGES PAID BY US ANY WHERE IN THE UNITED STATES

Terms of Sale Cash with Order. None sent C. O. D.

These are great bargains, way under regular price. You must speak quickly if you want any, as our offer is open for immediate acceptance only—it will expire Sept. 30.

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When ordering, please state first, second, and even third choice of covering and color desired, in case all you like are already sold, as there will be no time for correspondence. Beware of imitations. See that the name "Ostermoor" appears on every mattress.

Even if you do not wish a mattress now, you should know all about the "Ostermoor" and its superiority to hair in health, comfort, and economy. Send your name on a postal for our free descriptive book, "The Test of Time," a veritable work of art, 144 pages in two colors, profusely illustrated.

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Without Extra Expense to Anyone.

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The Larkin Church-Aid Plan can be used to raise a ***large sum quickly*** —the Christian Union Church of San Lorenzo, Cal., recently made $1,000 profit on a single order of Larkin Products. The plan can also be established as a ***permanent source of income***—a pastor writes "Your Church-Aid Plan is permanently established and giving splendid results. We are already making $60 to $80 a month."

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To an interested Church Society (or individual) we will sell $20.00 worth of Larkin Products for $10.00. Of every dollar paid to the committee by the members and friends of the church for Larkin Laundry and Toilet Soaps, Toilet Articles, Coffee, Teas, Spices, Extracts, and more than a hundred home needs, fifty cents—one-half—goes to the committee for the church treasury. Those ordering through the committee pay no more for these pure Products than they now pay the retailer.

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The New Glove Fitting Petticoat of Fashion

THE only Petticoat suited to prevailing modes. Hundreds of New York's fashionable dressmakers will fit over no other. Glove fitting, light weight jersey fabric top, deep flaring flounce, made without vents, or buttons, or tapes, or hooks and eyes; no wrinkles or folds; gives the smooth waist line and slender hip effect. *A joy to the bunchy woman.*

Introduced for the first time last season and taken up with so much enthusiasm we could not meet the demand. The second order from a fashionable store in New York was for one thousand dozen. You have no idea what it will do for your figure until you try it—then you will wonder how you ever did without it. A boon to the woman who makes her own clothes. Dressmakers are delighted with it.

If your dealer hasn't the Novent in stock it will be sent anywhere postpaid for $3.00 (with flounce of black rustling Taffeta) Silk Ruffle $5

State size of waist and length. Important that you have Novent before your next fitting. You can know all about it quickly if you

Send today for our Free Petticoat Book

with illustrations, detailed descriptions and prices.

Greenwald Bros., 318 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The only way to enjoy the wholesome, nutritious qualities of coffee is to make it without boiling.

The only percolator that absolutely does this is the

Universal Coffee Percolator

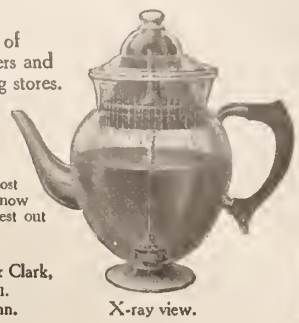
In less than one minute after heat is applied, luke warm water is percolating through the coffee, gradually increasing in temperature. When the boiling point is reached the coffee is ready to serve—without any tannin—without bitterness—pure and wholesome.

$3.00 and up, of hardware dealers and house furnishing stores.

May we send you our free booklet?

It's worth the cost of a postal to know how to get the best out of coffee.

Landers, Frary & Clark, 54 Commercial St. New Britain, Conn.



X-ray view.

THE "GOSPEL SKIPPER"

UPON the placid waters of Vineyard Haven, Mass., storm-bound vessels are sure of finding a safe harbor. However adverse the wind and tide, the large fleets, from the fishing smack to the four-masted schooner, may peacefully ride at anchor at the doorway of the quaint New England village to which the harbor gives its name. The number making use of the harbor yearly is estimated at above 10,000.

Nearly fifteen years ago, the Boston Seaman's Friend Society became convinced that no place on the coast offered so many advantages for the establishment of a mission for sailors. At the head of the wharf, which is the centre of the village life, the Society erected a commodious chapel. The interior is comfortable and cheery, and displays many interesting trophies of the sea in the cabinets which line its walls. It contains a good cabinet organ, and the tables are laden with papers and magazines, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD included, while writing materials are always at the service of the sailors, who drop in daily for a social hour.

Nor does the floral mission end here, for every day great clusters of blossoms carry cheer to the sick sailors in the big United States Marine Hospital on the hillside, and more than once they have been scattered upon the coffin of some sailor brought in for burial in the sailors' own quiet lot, the gift of the Woman's Seaman's Friend Society. Food, clothing, and shelter are supplied to shipwrecked and destitute sailors, and many are thus cared for during the rigors of winter.

In his gasoline launch, the *Helen May*, the chaplain visits the vessels anchored in the Haven, leaving packages of good reading matter, and always a cordial invitation to visit the chapel. It puffs cheerily from ship to ship, picking up, here three or four frousy-headed sailors from a Pictou coaler, there a half dozen merry lads from a Maine lumber vessel, and over yonder, a dozen serious-faced fishermen from their smacks, and then puffs cheerily back again, with its human freight of forty or fifty men, perhaps towing two or three boats astern, bound for the meeting in the chapel, where the "Gospel Skipper" will speak to them. Night after night, for weeks together, this is done, and often is it the case that the men go back with a new light in their eyes and a new purpose in their hearts, because of the earnest Christian counsel to which they have listened.

The Gospel Launch "Helen May" at Vineyard Haven

A letter from the Chaplain states: "Last winter was greatly blessed in the winning of many men to the Christian life. For several years I have kept the addresses of those who have very definitely asked us to remember them in prayer, and to-day the list numbers over seven hundred. Once a year at least, I come in touch with all these men, either by means of personal interview or by letter."

AUNT LIDDY

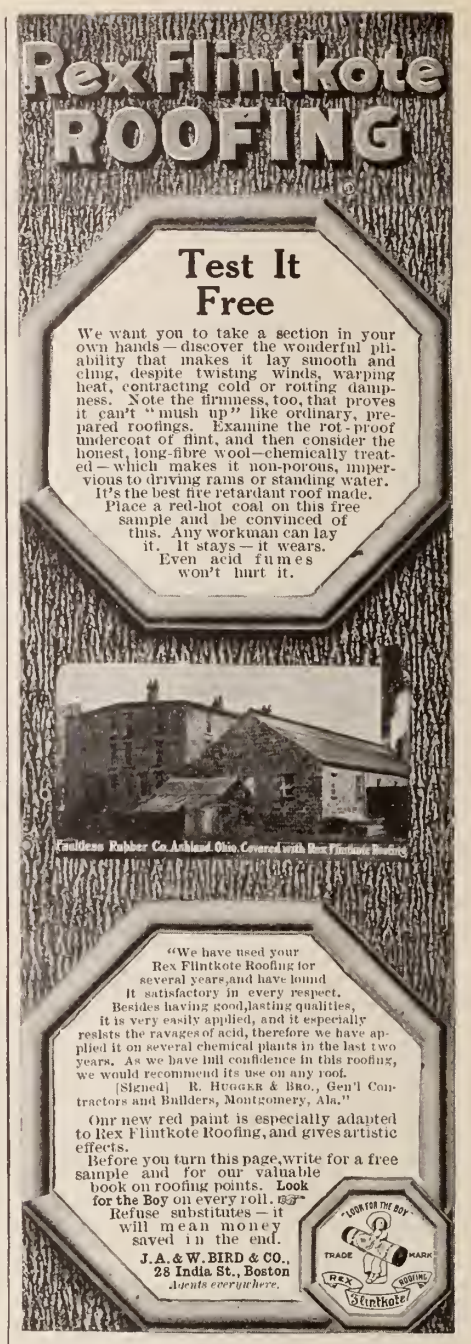
CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 779

of delight. "Oh, girls," she said, "this letter is from John. He has gotten all my money back and his own, and he will be here some day next week to see us all. Oh, I wish he were coming to-day."

The letter proved the best medicine. Aunt Liddy plucked up her spirits and began to seem her old self again.

The twins were a good deal flustered at the idea of entertaining a man under their roof, but they arranged their other guest chamber and awaited his coming. When he arrived he brought good fortune. He had been to the Klondike, and was one of those to whom a tide of gold had flowed at the right moment. He insisted on adopting Charlotte as his own particular care, and told the twins that he would pay them for her support until she should be twenty-one. "You are not to have a particle of anxiety on her account," he said. And he named a sum to be paid quarterly that, to the twins, appeared munificent. He stayed only a few days, but when he left, the house had taken on a new brightness. Aunt Liddy lived several years and passed away quietly one September morning. When she was gone and her will was read, it was a surprise to the sisters as to many others, to find that she had never been, in any sense, a poor woman. She left her little home, all her old furniture, and a goodly sum in the savings' bank, to her nieces, Mary Anna and Gertrude.

When Rebecca Parsons heard of it, something like a blush rose to her sallow face. "How foolish I was," she said, "and how impertinent Miss Liddy must have thought me! All that might as well as not, have been left to our church, if I had only minded my own business."



MUCH CHEAPER

Grape-Nuts Accomplished What Ocean Travel and Medicine Could Not.

It's not what you eat, but what you digest that gives strength.

Many a man drags around year after year half dead, because his food is not digested, and he takes first one kind of medicine and then another without relief—because medicines cannot take the place of well-digested food, and never will.

Give nature a fair chance, as a prominent German-American of Chicago did, and if you're in a bad fix from stomach trouble, read what he says and try it on.

"About a year ago," he writes, "I was afflicted with stomach trouble, which so enfeebled me I had to quit work. I grew so lean I was merely skin and bones.

"I had the advice of six different doctors and two college professors. One thought I had cancer of the stomach, another advised a change of climate, and recommended ocean travel. I decided to follow this last and went abroad for three months.

"But my health became worse and worse. The least amount of food caused me awful pain, and I obtained relief only by having my stomach pumped out.

"Nothing did me any good. Soon I could take no food at all except strained oat meal; then a time came when I could not even take that. I lost courage and prepared myself to die. At that time my wife brought me a package of Grape-Nuts, but I had no confidence in anything any longer.

"She finally persuaded me to taste a few spoonfuls of the new food and to my surprise I retained it and had no distress. That made me feel fine and encouraged to make another trial for life. For several months I ate nothing else—every day a bowl of Grape-Nuts with cream, and thus I regained my health, my old-time weight and am now as well as ever. I could not live without Grape-Nuts." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason." Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Personal Consecration*

IN all ages of the world, and in every religion, one common tendency has been seen. It is the attempt on the part of men to effect a compromise with God. The scheme is to offer him sacrifices, or gifts of money, or to undergo penances, to give or to do something rather than to comply with his demands. God requires a clean heart, right conduct, personal consecration; the human tendency is to try to propitiate him in some other way, instead of giving him these things. As Micah replied to the man who asked, "Wherewith shall I come before the Lord and bow myself before the high God? Shall I come before him with burnt offerings, with calves of a year old? Shall I give my firstborn for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul? He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly and to love mercy and to walk humbly with thy God?" But the people would not listen to the prophet any more than they will listen now. They are willing to worship, to give to charity, to do anything and everything but the things that God wants.

It is strange that it should be so. The family relations should have enforced the other idea. What would a husband accept in place ot the loyalty of his wife? She may be an excellent housekeeper, a good cook, but if she is not loyal, her husband is aggrieved. Can the child do anything that his father will accept in place of personal obedience? The poor little presents he brings to his father, his poor little offerings—of what value are they, if his heart is not true? There is no substitute and as the father is firm in that matter, so God is firm in his dealing with men. It is we, ourselves, our love, our devotion, our loyalty that he requires. If those are rendered our gifts will follow and they are accepted, not on account of their value, but because of the devotion that they signify.

As Paul says, this personal consecration is a reasonable service. We can do nothing for ourselves, equal to what God can do with us. We give ourselves to him, in the firm conviction that it is the surest way to the highest development and that he can fit us for eternal life. The method may be painful, but in the language of the market, "it pays." God knows our frame; he knows what service we can render; he desires our highest perfection. If we believe in his wisdom and love, what can we do better than to put ourselves in his hands, with complete faith, ready to acquiesce in any discipline that he may see fit to apply. "Not my will, but thine be done."

*Topic of the Epworth League for Sept. 30. "The Standard of Personal Service." Rom. 12: 1, 2; Matt. 26: 39-42; John 6: 39, 40; 15: 5-16.

Teaching the Immigrants

THE Society of Italian Immigrants, with headquarters in New York City, has for its aim the "assistance, wherever possible, of such immigrants as are unfamiliar with the language and customs of the country, to a practical knowledge thereof, to give them information and to promote their welfare." The Society is looking forward to the establishment of a system of schools for the adult immigrant—schools adapted to the need of the laborer whose daily tasks must not be interrupted, but whose approach to the duties of American citizenship should be guided for the safety of the State. The proposed teaching will be Christian, though not denominational. The instruction will include the principles of patriotism, a knowledge of the English language, and of the customs and laws of the country.

The first school to be founded is now in active operation in the camp of the great Pittsburg Filtration Plant, in the Aspinwall suburb. Almost the entire labor force is Italian, and the construction of the plant will require three years. Five weeks of steady work, five evenings per week, demonstrated the reality of a demand for instruction among the camp laborers. In fact, they showed pathetic eagerness and attention. Self-interest alone, if no worthier motive, points out the pressing need for this charity for this stranger within the gates, who must be taught to be a friend, lest he turn into a foe.

Miss Sarah Wool Moore issues an appeal for books and school supplies, and for the Aspinwall Labor Camp School. Miss Sarah Wool Moore may be addressed at Labor Camp Evening School No. 1, Aspinwall, Pa.

The Falling Leaf

SEE ILLUSTRATION ON FIRST PAGE

YELLOW, mellow, ripened days,
Sheltered in a golden coating;
O'er the dreamy, listless haze,
White and dainty cloudlets floating;
Winking at the glowing trees
And the sombre, furrowed fallow;
Smiling at the airy ease
Of the southward flying swallow.
Sweet and smiling are thy ways,
Beauteous, golden Autumn days.

Called Higher

On the 6th of May, Mr. Angus Campbell, of Auckland, New Zealand, a valued subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, entered into rest.

Mr. G. R. Hoagland died at South Omaha, Neb., July 24, 1906, aged eighty years. An invalid for thirteen years, he yet maintained a lively interest in the work of God's kingdom and in all public affairs. "With long life did God satisfy him and show him his salvation."

Mrs. N. W. Stafford passed from this life at Bowling Green, Ind., on the 20th of June, after four years of patient suffering. Her daughter writes, that after Mrs. Stafford became unable to read THE CHRISTIAN HERALD herself, she enjoyed hearing its contents read aloud.

Mrs. Geo. Metselder passed away at the home of her son near Marshall, Minn., August 10, 1906, in her ninetieth year. She was a good Christian, a kind wife, a loving mother and a true friend. She was a constant reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD up to the last days of her life.

August 6, 1906, Sarah D., wife of Ira A. Adams, passed away from her home in California Township, Mich., aged fifty-eight years. She was an active and faithful member of the Methodist household of faith. Mrs. Adams left a husband and six children to mourn the loss of a kind and loving wife and mother.

Sarah Elizabeth, wife of Orson Baxter, died on August 21, in her fifty-first year, at Freesoil, Mich. Her husband and children of the second generation are left to mourn their loss. Mrs. Baxter was a devoted Methodist. A favorite poem described her attitude of mind, beginning:

"So close heaven lies, that when my sight
is clear,
I think I almost see the gleaming strand."

Mrs. Abbie A. G., wife of William N. Sweet, entered into rest on May 1, 1906, from her home in Washington, R. I., aged sixty-eight years. She was a valiant worker in the ranks of the W.C.T.U., and a consistent member of the Noose Neck Baptist Church, always cherishing THE CHRISTIAN HERALD as a true and tried friend.

"His eternal day knows no to-morrow,
And life and death are all the same
with God."

Florence M., beloved daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank C. Jackson, of Redlands, Calif., died on Jan. 8, 1906, in her twenty-second year. At twelve years of age she united with the Presbyterian Church, and her entire life was characterized by a devoted Christian spirit. She is mourned by all who knew her, but her sorely bereaved parents are comforted by the assurance of a blessed reunion beyond. She had been a close reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for years.

Isabel, wife of Joseph E. Vaile, passed on to the better land from Kokomo, Ind., on the 22d of March, 1906, aged forty-eight years. She was from a little child a member of the Christian Church, in whose faith and exalted teachings she bravely endured much suffering, and met death triumphantly. Mrs. Vaile was a prominent worker and officer of the Woman's Relief Corps and of the Betsey Ross Flag Association. Her mother is still living, and she leaves a husband and four children to so order their lives that they might meet their loved one in the great Hereafter.

Miss E. M. Mason, of Providence, R. I., forwards an account of the recent death of Ida A. Mason, which is an evidence of the triumphant power of prayer. For twenty-five years, Christian relatives had prayed that their loved one should "know the Father," but she had given no evidence of a change of heart. During her last illness, she lay in a stupor for thirty-one hours, when she rallied as one inspired. Her face became radiant with divine light, as she said, "I am about to leave you all. I am perfectly resigned, but I want to see my brothers and sisters." As they gathered about her, she besought them to forgive any injury she might ever have done them. It was not until she had made her peace with each one, that she quietly clasped her hands, and saying, "Now I am ready to go," sank back unconscious. Thus were the prayers of faith answered and the Word fulfilled. "Signs shall follow them that believe."

Golden Milestone

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Watson celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding day, at Weston, Schuyler County, N. Y., on the 5th of July, 1906. "After touch of wedded hands" for a half century, it was the pleasure of their daughter, Mrs. J. E. Litteer, to spread for her honored parents a wedding feast, to which many friends of the aged couple were bidden, finding it indeed a "golden" occasion.

Infant and Adult

For the up-building of the infant and sustaining the adult, milk is essential and to be wholesome must be pure. Eagle Brand Condensed Milk and Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream have no equals for purity, flavor and richness.

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Each horn is 30 inches long with a 17-inch bell

An Entirely New Principle in Phonographs

—**TWO** vibrating diaphragms to reproduce the sound.

—**TWO** horns to amplify and multiply all the sound from **both** sides of **both** diaphragms.

—No tension spring and no swing arm to cause harsh, discordant mechanical sounds.

—Consequently, the **Duplex** produces a sweeter tone and greater volume of music than any other phonograph and is absolutely free from all metallic sounds.

Size of cabinet, 18 inches by 14 by 10 inches high.

Double Volume of Sound

THE **Duplex** is the first and the only phonograph to collect the vibrations and get **all** the sound from **both** sides of the diaphragm.

Because the reproducer or sound-box of the **Duplex** has **two** vibrating diaphragms and two horns (as you see) to amplify the sound from **both** sides of **both** diaphragms.

The **Duplex**, therefore, gives you **all** the music produced—with any other you lose one-half.

Compare the volume of sound produced by it with the volume of **any** other—no matter what its price—and judge for yourself.

Purer, Sweeter Tone

BUT that is not all, by any means.

For the **Duplex Phonograph** not only produces **more music**—a greater volume—but the tone is clearer, sweeter, purer and more nearly like the original than is produced by any other mechanical means.

By using **two** diaphragms in the **Duplex** we are able to dispense **entirely** with **all** springs in the reproducer.

The tension spring used in the old style reproducers to jerk the diaphragm back into position each time it vibrates, by it jerking pull **roughens** the fine wave groove in the record, and that causes the **squeaking**, squawking, harsh, metallic sound that sets your teeth on edge when you hear the old style phonograph.

In the **Duplex** the wave grooves of the record remain perfectly smooth—there is nothing to roughen them—and the result is an **exact reproduction** of the original sound.

Direct From the Factory

WE ask the privilege of **praying** to you that the **Duplex** gives a double volume of music, of purer, sweeter tone than any other phonograph made. We want to prove it at our expense. We ask you to let us send you one **at our expense**—under an arrangement mutually satisfactory—for use in your home one week.

Invite your neighbors and musical friends to hear it and if they do not pronounce it better—in volume and in tone—than the **best** old style phonograph, return it at once at our expense. That's a fair offer, but it isn't all.

We save you in the price exactly $70.15—because we save you all the jobbers', middlemen's and dealers' profits. We sell it to you at actual factory price.

Sold through dealers the **Duplex** would cost you at least $100—and it would be a bargain at that. Bought direct from our factory it costs you (one profit added) only **$29.85**

And you get a seven days' trial in your own home—and under no obligation to keep it if you are not satisfied. You run no risk, for this advertisement could not appear in this paper if we did not carry out our promises.

Music in Your Home

WITH the **Duplex Phonograph** you can enjoy a delightful selection of songs, poems, piano, banjo, gnitar, or violin music, short stories, anecdotes or dialect pieces, all reproduced by the marvelous two-horned **Duplex** with the faultless fidelity of an instantaneous photograph.

You can bring to your family and friends, in all their original beauty, the priceless gems of musical art, the classic performances of famous artists like Paderewski, D'Albert, Raoul Pugno and Jan Kubelik.

The majestic tones of the mighty organ and the many voices of great chornses and famous church choirs are reproduced with marvelous fidelity.

All the great hymns which have thrilled the souls of men from the earliest history of the church, sung faultlessly by the most famous singers, can be heard in your own home.

"Nearer My God to Thee," "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," "Rock of Ages," "Lead, Kindly Light," "Abide with Me," and many others of our simple yet beautiful devotional hymns are reproduced by the **Duplex Phonograph** in a way to bring out all their sweetness and beauty.

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Far Past the Century Mark

MRS. ELIZABETH HUNT, of 407 Adelphi Street, Brooklyn, New York, reached the great age of 106 years on Aug. 31. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of Sept. 13, 1905, published a full account of the long and useful life of this God-fearing old lady. The anniversary of her birth, which took place in 1800 A.D., finds her still here, the centre of a large and devoted family, who, unto the third and fourth generation—"arise and call her blessed."

It is a wonderful and unusual experience to gaze upon the still vigorous and intelligent form and face of this true servant of God, and to realize that she has seen the dawn of two centuries; that she has calmly and conscientiously pursued the even tenor of family life, while nations have fallen to rise no more, and while our own land has grown to full and noble stature, from the infancy in which her childhood found it.

Mrs. Elizabeth Hunt, Centenarian

Two sons of Mrs. Hunt are still living, and although she has many descendants in the immediate vicinity of her home in Brooklyn, the great event of each year is her pilgrimage to the home of a favorite granddaughter, Mrs. Emma Holman, in Meriden, Conn., where the dear old grandmother is right royally entertained on her birthday.

Throughout Mrs. Hunt's long life, serenity of character has been a marked feature, and it has unquestionably conduced to longevity. She has always had an abiding belief in the Gospel of Jesus Christ as presented in the Holy Scriptures. No modern religious fad has disturbed her simple trust. Through more than a century of storm and calm, she has lived out the sentiment of the old hymn:

"Faith of our fathers living still—
. . . . .
We will be true to thee till death."

PRISON-GATE GLIMPSES

HE was very old and gray-haired and feeble. It was pitiful, and yet the compassion which the world might have felt for him it withheld, for he was "wicked and steeped in sin." A Salvation Army officer, of the Prison-Gate Department, visited the prison one day and succeeded in having a quiet-corner talk with this man, and after awhile the dry eyes overflowed and the stony heart melted. If anyone really wanted to give him a lift—all right, "he'd let them." He had felt that every man had been against him. Was he mistaken?

On a quiet farm work was found for him. "God is good," he writes, in a cheerful letter. "Out here, where the fields are wide and the flowers bloom, I am getting closer to Him. He has restored the old wanderer, and now leads him in green pastures and beside the still waters."

It was all the fault of rum, and he had had a taste for it, he said, even from his very birth. He was a man with a good trade—a machinist—and he had had a good position; but the love of liquor outweighed and outdid every favorable circumstance of his life. Even a good wife and a beautiful child could not hold him from the defiling stuff! Finally the prison found him, and a letter, which stirred his very soul, came one day from the heartbroken wife. The baby had died suddenly; there was no food in the house and no fire on the hearth, and no money for the coming bills. "Not a dollar," wrote his wife, "to buy even a little plain box in which to lay away our darling."

He has "come to himself" since that day, as the other prodigal did. In the meantime, the Prison-Gate Mission took hold of the case and gave the child a Christian burial. On the father's release from prison a position was secured for him, and he is now supporting his family, a sadder man, but a wiser and better one.

[Contributions to the work of the Prison-Gate Mission may be sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and will be acknowledged in these columns.]

OUR ORPHAN WORK IN CHINA

REV. W. HAGQVIST, missionary at Hsiau, Shensi Province, China, writes a very interesting letter describing the progress of the orphan work undertaken by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers, in that part of the "Flowery Kingdom." He says:

Since our last report we have adopted another little girl, Tsui Tsing-chi, aged twelve years. A list of names of the latest fifteen orphans adopted is enclosed herewith.

From Chen-uen, Miss Elizabeth Petterson writes:

"Our second boy, Teo-keng-chi, who has been with us now a little more than a year, is one of the very best boys I have ever had anything to do with. He got the first prize for good behavior in school last year and the second prize for good lessons. While our next boy, Chang Shuang-chu, took the prize in deportment and first for lessons. These two boys have given us much joy already, and we trust we shall always have reasons to thank God for sending them to us, and through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD supplying the means to save them from starvation. Lu-tien-neng knows his Bible better than any boy of his age. He grasps the Gospel truth in a way uncommon to one so young as he. Ching-len-ming finds it a source of joy that Jesus loves him. Ching-long-tsang was one of the bad boys a year ago, and some thought we had made a mistake in taking him in. But we now rejoice more over him than the other nine, seeing the great change that God has wrought in this young child in a short time. One feels as if one would spend ten lives, and all the means at our disposal, to rescue little orphan children."

The following orphans have been adopted lately for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by Mr. Hagqvist and his missionary co-workers:

Men Han Keng	Ko Tsi Mei
Yang yi Sin	Chang Tsuen Seng
Tsui Tsing tsieh	Chang Hsiang lien
Wu Ku wa	Yang Fuh-tsai
Li Ing tang	Shang tuh tuh
Chang Tsuen neng	Ma lien hua
Tang wen wa	Li Mu tan
Chang Man wa	Ma Wang wang

The Robin's Tribute

Upon reading the account of a dog's refusal to leave the grave of its mistress in Royden, Essex, churchyard, the Bishop of Barking, England, wrote to a correspondent that he witnessed a touching and remarkable incident in the same village three years ago. He was officiating at the funeral of the late vicar, and when the coffin was placed in the chancel, a robin hopped up the centre aisle, glancing right and left at the villagers and mourners, and eventually alighted on the coffin, singing a few notes at intervals as the service proceeded.

The bishop stated that he ascertained afterwards that the robin was a pet of the late vicar, would often appear in church, and was present when he preached his last sermon a few days before his death.—*Daily Chronicle*, London.

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The Educator way: comfort—room for five toes.

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THE SHOE OF HEALTH AND COMFORT FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY.

Made in Russia Calf, Patent Calf and Vici Kid. Best Oak Tanned Soles. The shoe in every respect is as perfectly made as forty years' experience can produce.

Sizes:	INFANTS'	5 to 8, $1.50
	CHILD'S	8½ to 11, $1.75
	MISSES'	11½ to 2, $2.00
	WOMEN'S	2½ to 7, $4.00
	GIRLS'	2½ to 6, $2.50
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Better than all imitations.

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These 30 Bulbs, 10 kinds, 3 of each, different colors, will make 10 beautiful little pots of flowers for winter, or 10 clumps of early spring flowers for your garden. Pot or plant them now.

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Is Guaranteed to go twice as far as paste or liquid polishes. X-Ray gives a quick, brilliant lustre and DOES NOT BURN OFF.

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A National Daily Newspaper for Women

If there is an intelligent woman in America who has not longed for a great daily newspaper of her own, full of the things WOMEN want to know, clean, fearless, independent, ready to fight womankind's battles and handle without gloves the things busy money-seeking men are afraid of for "business" reasons, we have not found her yet.

This great publishing plant, built expressly for The Woman's National Daily, covers a city block and will print, fold, address and mail ONE MILLION EIGHT-PAGE PAPERS in 200 minutes, sending them whirling to all parts of America by the fast night mails. It is owned by nearly thirty thousand small stockholders and has three and a half million dollars capital.

After a year of vast preparation, the building especially for it of the largest and finest publishing plant in America, and the largest and fastest printing press in the world at a cost of hundreds of thousands of dollars, a great national daily newspaper to circulate from coast to coast by fast mail each day has become an accomplished fact. By special facilities this great daily paper, already having more subscribers than any newspaper in America, can be delivered in homes even on rural routes a thousand miles from St. Louis the day of date of issue. Published by a corporation with three and a half million dollars capital, but owned by the people, **fearless, clean, independent and powerful,** it will give the TRUTH of each day's world events. The only woman's daily newspaper in America, every member of the family is provided for in its columns. If you want to know more about what is really going on all over the world each day than the men do, the latest news from Paris, London, Berlin, Rome, the best daily short stories, the latest advance daily fashion notes from Europe, the daily "doings" at Washington, what men and women are doing each day throughout the world, with INSIDE information about them, all beautifully illustrated, if you are interested in some of the greatest battles for better things for womankind that have ever been fought, you want the Woman's National Daily.

Simply Send Us a Postal Card

The women of this country have never been united as a force in public life because the daily papers are published for men. The Woman's National Daily will make them a force that will be felt. We want you to see and read this great daily woman's newspaper, to know what it is doing for women, to be better posted, better read. You need not send us any money in advance. The subscription price is one dollar per year (313 issues, every day but Sundays). Simply send us a postal card as follows: **"Enter my subscription to The Woman's National Daily for one year, and if at the end of three months, thirteen weeks, I do not want it longer I will send you 25c for the 78 issues I will have received and you are to stop the paper."** Sign your name and full address and we will send the great daily to you by fast mail each night, delivered to you every morning but Sunday. If after three months you do not want it longer, simply send the 25c and it will be stopped. We know that once you have read it you will always wonder how you got along each day without it before.

If the men of your family can take a dozen daily newspapers, can you not have one of your own? After looking over the "news" in your husband's daily paper you will find the FACTS in THE WOMAN'S NATIONAL DAILY and can tell him some things.

The Woman's National Daily

Care of LEWIS PUBLISHING CO., Dept. 8, ST. LOUIS, MO.

"Jesus, Lead Me"

JESUS, lead me all the way,
Lest my wandering footsteps stray,
Gently lead us by the hand,
Lead us to that heavenly land.

Give to us the Spirit's power,
Firm in faith, keep every hour;
When the gloomy shadows fall,
Listen to our plaintive call.

Should we weary in our way,
Tried and tempted every day,
In the road, though thorns there be,
May we ever cling to thee.

Thou hast borne the hardest load,
Thou has walked the thorny road,
Thorns have worn on pierced brow,
We are thine, oh! take us now.

D. D. FORN.

John Newton's Dream

JOHN NEWTON tells of a night that he lay in his hammock on the Adriatic Sea, after a fearful spell of wild debauchery. In a dream, he saw himself throwing away his soul into the sea like a precious jewel at the daring of Satan, and as it sank beneath the waves a shout went up from the pit and a flash of fire seemed to light up the mountain tops along the shore. His spirit sank within him, and he felt that he had lost his soul and buried forever a treasure more precious than all the world.

Then, in his dream, the Saviour seemed to stand before him, and asked him if he wished to have the jewel recovered once more. He threw himself at his feet and earnestly pleaded for him to save if he could. The Redeemer leaped into the flood, battled with the waves, sank beneath the surges and at last, wearied and panting, rose and reached the deck, holding in his hand the precious gem. Eagerly the sailor reached out his hand to grasp it, but the Master held him back and said, "No, I will keep it now for you. If I gave it to you, you would but sacrifice it again, and when life is done, I will have it for you at the gates of heaven, safe forevermore."

From that vision that drunken sailor went forth to become the sweetest of the saints of God.

San Francisco's Chinese Mission

Mention has been made in these columns of the disasters which overwhelmed the Rescue Home for Chinese Women and Children during the recent San Francisco earthquake. This Home is under the auspices of the Woman's Occidental Board of Foreign Missions, a branch of the Presbyterian Board, and has sent out an appeal for assistance in rebuilding and re-establishing the work. "The Pioneer Matrons and Daughters of Cathay," a New York City organization of philanthropic women, has recently given an entertainment for the benefit of their suffering sisters in San Francisco. Realizing $300, they forwarded one-half of this sum to the above-mentioned Rescue Home, now located in San Rafael, Cal.; $50 to the Methodist Home for Women and Children, at present situated in Berkeley; and a like amount to the Womens' Board of both the Congregational and Baptist denominations.

The Mission to India's Lepers

WILL you allow me to return thanks, through the medium of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, to the kind friends who have subscribed to the Mission to Lepers, in response to the article which appeared in your June number. We feel very much encouraged by these kind expressions of sympathy, and are confident that our Father in heaven will give his blessing to those who have remembered the lepers and their needs. We have lately received most encouraging reports from the missionaries on the field, concerning the progress of the work. Extracts from these reports are usually published in our quarterly magazine, *Without the Camp*, and I will be very glad to forward copies of this magazine to those friends who have subscribed to the Mission, if they wish it, and if they will kindly forward me their names and addresses, to the head office of the Mission, 28 North Bridge, Edinburgh, Scotland. This little magazine has been the means of great blessing to the work, as it has sustained the interest of our helpers. In it we try to record the most interesting events in connection with our various asylums.

Again thanking you and all those who have through your advocacy of our cause assisted in the work, Yours very gratefully.

THOMAS A. BAILEY.

The "Preacher's Rest" at Ocean Grove

ELIM COTTAGE, at Ocean Grove, is well known to the multitudes who go there as a restful place for ministers and their families. It was founded by Alfred Cookman and fills the position of the "preacher's tent" at the camp-meetings of earlier days. During the camp-meeting at Ocean Grove, preachers have the open door and first choice at Elim; but in the weeks immediately preceding and following the meeting all Christian workers may find a place under its hospitable roof. Mrs. Reeves, the matron, who has been in charge for many years, has now returned after a year's absence on account of broken health. The Home is in the care of the ladies of Elim Association, of which Mrs. Alfred Cookman is President, and Mrs. L. D. Blanchard (a daughter of Rev. Benjamin Adams) is Secretary. The income of the Home is insufficient to maintain it, and the help of outside friends is welcomed. This season several ladies have donated rugs to cover the parlor floor and have furnished the bedrooms, while Mr. Freeborn Garretson Smith has generously presented the Home with a new piano to replace the old one.

When You Look in Your Mirror

Are You Satisfied?

Any Woman Can Have Good Health, a Refined Face and Good Figure

You will doubtless take up some special study this year—why not study to make yourself perfect in health and figure with a clear brain that you may be useful, attractive and a source of pleasure to your family, to your friends and to yourself? Many a woman has surprised her husband and friends by giving 15 minutes a day in the privacy of her own room to special directions which I give her for the care of health, face and figure.

Over 19,000 Women are Studying Themselves

I study each woman's case just as a physician studies it, the only difference being that I strengthen and put in place weakened organs by exercise for nerves and muscles controlling such organs, bring a good circulation of warm, pure blood which I purify by teaching correct breathing and by prescribing the special diet, bathing, etc., adapted to each individual. I strengthen ***all your vital organs, lungs, heart, nerve*** centers and send your blood bounding through your veins as when a child. I ***develop*** or ***reduce your figure*** to correct proportions. I teach you to stand and to walk with an ease and dignity which at once bespeak culture and refinement.

My Method

Every figure ***can be rounded*** out ***symmetrically*** unless bones are missing or tissues entirely wasted away, and the woman who carries from 20 to 100 pounds of ***superfluous flesh*** every time she moves has my sympathy—but she does not need to do so—and surely it is every woman's privilege and duty to keep herself attractive and pleasing.

Clear Skin and a Good Figure

SUSANNA COCROFT

You Can Be Well Without Drugs

Drugs may relieve pain but they do not remove the cause of your difficulty.

Miss Cocroft at Her Desk

As women approach or pass middle life, they need more care in keeping a good circulation and the use of every faculty, so they may be useful and a pleasure to self and family. I have hundreds of pupils over 70 and a few over 80. Here are a few extracts from my morning mail

I Keep Women Young

"My weight has increased thirty pounds."
"My kidneys are much better."
"My eyes are stronger and I have taken off my glasses."
"I have not had a slm of gall stones since I began your work."
"I weigh 83 lbs. less, and have gained wonderfully in strength."
"I am delighted with the effect of the exercise upon my catarrh."
"Just think of it! To be relieved from constipation. Entirely free after having it for 30 years."
"Have grown from a nervous wreck into a state of good, quiet nerves."

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Sight-Singing Classes

IF one may judge from the number of applications already received, the Sight-Singing Music Classes about to be established by Madame Newman, will be exceedingly popular among readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. These classes are to be conducted in series, by mail, at nominal cost, and will be a great boon to many who find obstacles in the way of a musical education, or whose early training in that art has been neglected.

We have the assurance that the system which Mme. Newman employs is so thorough and complete, yet so simple, that it will be a revelation to students, young and old. They will find that there is no longer any need of taking expensive courses in vocal training, for lessons taught in this course may be studied anywhere, in leisure moments, either by children or adults. It is not necessary that the beginner should have had any previous training.

Everyone who wishes to take advantage of this opportunity, which has been arranged especially for CHRISTIAN HERALD readers and their friends, should not fail to send in name and address on a postal card to "Music Editor, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York."

Helped in Her Time of Need

UP five long flights of narrow stairs, so dark that the stranger literally feels her way from step to step, the representative of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD climbed on her mission of mercy. Information had reached us of a poor woman, widowed recently, who had thanked God when he took her two-year-old baby girl, since nine fatherless children remained to feed and clothe and house.

A knock admitted the visitor to the humble but scrupulously clean home of the sad-faced widow. A bright-eyed baby splashed and crowed in the dish-pan—literally the family dish-pan—full of water. In a quiet corner, two pallid, slender little girls betrayed the "eternal feminine," in the loving care they bestowed upon their battered apologies for dolls.

The poor mother burst into tears at a word of sympathy; so heavy was the anxious heart that tears flowed easily. Then came the whole wretched story of many children, ailing husband at last dead, and broken health through frequent motherhood. The eldest son, a lad of fifteen, is the sole dependence of this family of ten, although a gleam of pride shone in the mother's eye, as she said, "But Jimmie—he's twelve—is a smart boy, too, and he picks up a good quarter now and again." The girl of fourteen "minds" the five younger children, and the mother speaks hopefully of the morrow when, her own strength restored, she can pass on the youngest baby to the "little mother," who knows nothing of the happy freedom of childhood.

A recent gift from a donor who desired to remain unknown, had been drawn upon to meet the immediate necessities of these afflicted "widowed and fatherless," and it was worth a weary journey to hear the woman's broken tones, "Oh God bless you—it's the rent, ma'am, and it's coals and shoes. God Almighty bless the kind hearts that sent you."

We pass the blessing on; for it belongs to the kind heart that "considered the poor."

A Liquorless Town

Governor Carter of Hawaii, is reported, in a recent issue of the *Advertiser* of Honolulu, as making the following interesting statement of his experiences while in the United States, recently:

"I have seen, since I went away, a town where no liquor is permitted to be sold—and I have seen that it is almost an earthly paradise. That town is Pasadena, Calif., and it is the Mecca of the millionaires of the country. They allow no liquors to be sold there, and the people are proud of it. The cleanness of the town and its wholesomeness are a revelation. They can never tell me again that the tourist and the traveler want places where they can get their drink. They do not.

"Redlands, another town where no liquor is sold, is clean and healthful and thriving. And here I was astonished to see that even the hackmen took pride in the fact that it was a dry town, and were interested in the success of the temperance cause. These things have been borne in upon me very strongly."

A Brave Deed

Peace hath higher tests of manhood
Than battle ever knew,

And if the poet Whittier could know of the brave deed chronicled below, he would assuredly include it among the "higher tests." Mr. R. B. Hamilton is a prosperous farmer living near the town of Bottinean, No. Dak. Not long since, his two sons, one fourteen, the other four years of age, were playing about in a field wherein their older brother was cutting grain with a machine known as an "Eight-foot-cut Deering Harvester." Pausing to oil some portion of the gear, the spirited young horses took fright and ran furiously on, with the harvester in full motion. Fourteen-year-old Hugh, seeing his little brother directly in front of the frightened horses, ran to his rescue. He was too late to draw the child from the path of danger, but, young as he was, he had the courage and presence of mind to throw himself, with the little one, flat on the ground, thus permitting the platform of the machine to pass over them unharmed.

Books Received

The Art of Living, the new book to which we referred in our issue of May 30, is published by the D. S. Sager Publishing Co., Brantford, Can. Price $1.50. Postpaid.

Mr. World and Miss Church Member; a Twentieth Century Allegory, by Rev. W. F. Harris, illustrated. In the form of a story dealing with the journey of a girl along the Broad Highway, it deals with great moral truths. It is a book that will interest the reader from the first to the last page—a modern *Pilgrim's Progress*. Pp. 349, cloth covers. Price $1. J.E. Jewett, 604 Lexington Ave., Brooklyn, publisher.

A little book of verse, entitled *Restful Rhymes*, by Mrs. A. L. Berney, has more than one lesson well worth the learning tucked away within its thirty-three pages. The writer unobtrusively hangs her abounding faith in the cleansing blood of Christ upon all the pegs of every-day life, and a happiness which is "founded upon the Roek," and finds a future consolation in every present disappointment, shines through the little booklet. Statesman Publishing Co., Walla Walla, Wash.

From Silver Burdett & Co., publishers, New York, Boston and Chicago, we have received the following books, comprising the "New Health Series of School Physiologies," viz: *The Primer of Health*, 135 pp.; 30 cents; *A Healthy Body*, 207 pp.; 45 cents; *The Essentials of Health*, 309 pp.; 70 cents; all three volumes by Charles H. Stowell, M.D. Also by the same firm, the First, Second, Third, Fourth and Fifth Books of the "New Century Reader Series." by Ella M. Powers and Thomas M. Balliet (the latter, Dean of the School of Pedagogy, New York University.) This series covers a wide range of literature.

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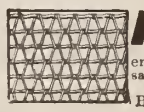

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The Spirit and the Flesh

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

WHEN the children of Israel had passed through the Red Sea, the wilderness, and the Jordan, they still had to conquer the land of Canaan, and the enemies in the land. After we are converted to God, and have turned our back upon Egypt, the type of our past life of sin, the world, and the flesh, and taken our journey through the wilderness—living only by faith in the Son of God, till we come to the Jordan, the river of Judgment, and there see ourselves crucified with Christ—we do not have an easy time of it. Giant enemies are in the land, cities walled up to heaven, and no efforts of ours can either take the cities or destroy the enemies. Here, indeed, we walk by faith, not by sight. It is true, indeed, that with God for us, we are well able to overcome. But we need to know the enemies who are against us, lest, like the Gibeonites, they work wilily with their mouldy bread and worn out garments, seeking to deceive the people of God, and make-believe that they live in a far country, when they are proved to be our near—too near—neighbors.

The greatest enemy in the land is the flesh, or what we call self. The apostle Paul says: "Walk by the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfill the lust of the flesh. For the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh, for these are contrary, the one to the other; that ye may not do the things that ye would."

God in his wondrous grace has called man into a relationship with himself, and thus linked him on to the unseen world of spirits. Man has perverted this inestimable privilege, lusted against the Spirit, and sought to get at the things which God has in his love and in his wisdom hidden from him, by means of evil spirits which seduce him, and thus sorcery, and all kinds of spiritualism, witchcraft, etc., have been substituted for that holy intercourse with God which the Holy Spirit yearns to give us. God has taught us by the life of our beloved Lord on earth, and by his teaching, to deny ourselves, to esteem all others better than ourselves, and to love not only them that love us, but even our enemies, as God has loved us sinners. The flesh has turned its back on that holy example, and those holy teachings; has asserted itself, considered itself, and fought for itself, instead of yielding, and thus lusting against the Spirit, has produced "enmities, strife, jealousies, wrath, factions, divisions, heresies, envyings, and even drunkenness and revellings," instead of love and forbearance, even in our churches! Oh, how sad that the flesh should reign where the Spirit alone should have control! And we are not ashamed.

We Christians are not ashamed to be in the flesh and not in the Spirit. It is the "unjust" that knoweth no shame (Zeph. 3: 5). It was the flesh in the disciples which made them strive which should be the greatest, and this led the Lord Jesus to come forward and wash the feet of his disciples, because there was not one among them who would so forego his desire to be the greatest, as to do the slave's work and wash the other's feet. Only Jesus himself was free enough from the flesh to do this service. Oh, do we understand that it is the same flesh in us which wants to be the greatest as led the chief priests to crucify our Lord? If he were the Messiah, they were nobody, and this they could not brook, so they put him to death. The Spirit of God in us shows us our littleness, not our greatness; in the light of the Spirit, none is great but God.

The flesh has "works" to show, but no fruit; only life can bring forth fruit. "From me," says our Lord, "is thy fruit found" (Hosea 14: 8). The Spirit brings forth fruit, and his first fruit is "love" to God and man. There is life-power in love.

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New York, September 26, 1906

CHRISTIAN HERALD

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SEE PAGE 795

President Roosevelt Preaching in his Home Church at Oyster Bay, N. Y.

A Gift from Dr. Klopsch

WHY THIS UNUSUAL OFFER?

At this season of the year, when the American people are seriously considering the providing of suitable reading matter for home use during the coming year, **The Christian Herald** seeks an opportunity to present its just claim to careful consideration to a million homes in which it is not now taken, and in order to accomplish this, we must have the names and addresses of a million families likely to subscribe for just such a paper as ours.

How You Can Help Us

Our present readers, who dearly love **The Christian Herald**, and who know its many admirable qualities, can best help us to carry out this great propaganda. They know the very people in their own immediate neighborhood, who, if they were once acquainted with it, would be likely to welcome **The Christian Herald** into their homes, and we appeal to them to send us enough lists of **twenty-five names** each, to enable us to reach a million households.

An Appropriate Reward

Many, yes most, of our subscribers, would, we know, gladly co-operate with us to this effect without hope of fee or reward. They would consider it a labor of love, in which they would cheerfully engage, and send us the twenty-five names with their compliments and best wishes. We feel, however, that it is but right and proper that we should offer them some appropriate compensation for their trouble and expense, and we have, therefore, provided the superb Companion Pictures described hereafter. We are thus enabled to tender them practical expression of our hearty appreciation of their kind co-operation, in the shape of these two exquisite reproductions which, for many years to come, will prove to them an unfailing source of genuine pleasure.

How to Prepare Your List

You may, if you wish, send a **postal** to **The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York,** asking for blanks on which to write the names, which, of course, will be sent **free** by **return mail**, or you may take a plain sheet of paper and write on it the twenty-five names, being careful to give in each and every instance:

1. **The PREFIX, such as Dr., Rev., Prof., Mr., Mrs., or Miss.**
2. **The GIVEN NAME. such as John, Peter, Mary, Josephine, etc.**
3. **The SURNAME, such as Smith, Jones, Cunningham, etc.**
4. **The POST OFFICE ADDRESS, including Street, Number, Town, County, State.**

Thus a full address might read as follows:

Dr. William Cunningham, 40 Broad St., Westchester Co., Tarrytown, N.Y.

* * *

SPECIAL NOTE: Be sure to **number your names** in consecutive order from 1 to 25, so that you may know you are sending the required number, and at the bottom **give your own name and** the post-office **address** to which you wish the Pictures sent.

The Kind of Names Wanted

It goes without saying that the twenty-five names sent us, must, in each instance, be those of Protestant Church Members. They must be the names of **adults**, and **no two must live in the same house.** Unless these conditions are complied with, satisfactory results cannot be secured. We feel quite sure that our subscribers, in preparing the lists, will carefully observe these requirements.

Please Bear in Mind

Under no circumstances enclose any other communication with your list, as letters sent to our List Department are handled in that department only.

Description of the Pictures

The two Companion Masterpieces of European art—the one entitled, **"Good Morning,"** or **"Our Father, Who Art in Heaven,"** the other, called **"Good Night,"** or **"Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep"**—which we offer for twenty-five names, have never before been published in the United States.

"Our Father, who art in Heaven"
GOOD MORNING

"Now I lay me down to sleep"
GOOD NIGHT

These exquisite pictures, in superb coloring, very delicate, yet highly effective, represent—the one, a sweet-faced, fresh-looking little maid, about to offer up morning prayer; the other, a veritable cherub of a boy, tired as only a boy can be, engaged in his evening devotions.

Never before have we had the good fortune to present such an exceptional opportunity to our readers for securing, at the cost of only a trifling effort, two Companion Pictures of such genuine value and such real beauty as these, and greatly congratulated is to be the household fortunate enough to secure a set while yet they are to be had.

The famous German artist, **Storch,** who conceived and executed these beautiful paintings, never did better work than when he gave to the world these Two Masterpieces, **"Good Night"** and **"Good Morning,"** and never were paintings more accurately and charmingly reproduced in all the **delightful coloring** of the originals.

Appreciated by Art Connoisseurs

Dresden is the art centre of middle Europe, and harbors within its Museum the *Sistine Madonna*, a painting universally acknowledged to be the greatest production of human art—and for which, it is said, but recently an offer of Forty Million Marks, or Ten Million Dollars, was declined. There these two Companion Pictures which we now offer, evoked instantaneous and almost unprecedented admiration and enthusiasm, and reproductions identical in size and execution with those offered by us were quickly sold by the thousands at fifteen marks, or $3.75 each.

How to Get the Pictures

Send your list of twenty-five names, enclosing a dime, or ten cents in stamps, to pay for packing and postage, and we will promptly send you the pictures. Do not be impatient if your pictures do not reach you immediately. It will take **40,000** sets to pay for **one million** names, and the preparation of so large a quantity of Companion Sets, the packing, addressing and mailing will consume at least thirty days. Now, to avoid **premature** disappointment, we plead in advance for the exercise of a little patience, before you complain to us that the pictures have not been received. In most cases the pictures would cross your letter, and your complaint would, therefore, entail a vast deal of **unnecessary** and laborious investigation.

We pledge ourselves to see that **not one is overlooked**, but we cannot undertake to guarantee that every one of the forty thousand shall be shipped first.

In forwarding the pictures, we shall exercise the greatest care to preserve them flat and unwrinkled, and we guarantee their delivery in absolutely undamaged condition.

OUR PROPOSITION IN A NUTSHELL

For **25** names of Adult Protestant Church Attendants or Christian Workers, no two living in the same house, with full post-office addresses, legibly written, and mailed on or before **Monday, October 1, 1906,** together with one dime, or ten cents in stamps, for packing and postage, we will send, all charges prepaid, Storch's two great Companion Pictures, in **beautiful colors,** entitled **"Good Night,"** and **"Good Morning,"** with the understanding that the pictures will be sent in the order in which the lists are received—that is: **First come, First served.** It goes without saying, that after a million names have been received by us, we expect to promptly return their lists and dimes to all late comers. The two pictures measure **140 square inches each.**

Hoping that you will be among those who will kindly co-operate with us in this good work, and thanking you in advance for your acceptance of this invitation, I am,

Very cordially yours,

Louis Klopsch

When the list is ready, enclose it in an envelope, and address it to

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
List Department **Bible House, New York**

and mail **at once.** Please do not forget to **affix postage stamp before mailing.**

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 26, 1906

A Muster of Volunteers in Havana

Watching the Troops at Punta Brava

An Insurgent Band on the March

AMERICAN TROOPS LAND IN CUBA

Chaos in Havana, Attack on the City Impending and United States Intervention a Probability

AFFAIRS in Cuba have reached a stage where it has been deemed advisable that our government should take steps for the protection of American interests and the interests of foreign residents generally. With the rapid spread of the rebellion, not only are all kinds of business paralyzed, but there is a general feeling of insecurity, bordering on panic, in Havana, which is said to be expecting an attack by the insurgents in force. All the city officials have resigned and the capital is under military control.

In view of these conditions, four American warships have been sent to Cuban waters: The cruiser *Denver* to Havana, the gunboat *Marietta* to Cienfuegos, and the cruiser *Columbia* and auxiliary cruiser *Dixie* to Guantanamo. The *Dixie* has on board a force of three hundred marines, to be landed, if necessary, to protect American interests. Besides these vessels, the cruiser *Des Moines* is held at Key West, within an easy run of Havana, while the *Newport*, *Paducah*, *Don Juan de Austria*, and *Dubuque*, under Commander Southerland, with nearly one thousand marines for service ashore, are patrolling Dominican waters, and could be made quickly available in an emergency.

Mr. Jacob Sleeper, our Charge d'Affaires in Havana, on September 13 reported the situation critical. He went on board the *Denver*, after having received a message from President Palma to the effect that while he hoped his government would be able to protect American interests and to preserve order, it might be well to make the matter certain by having American marines land at some convenient point. Immediately after receiving this news from Mr. Sleeper, Commander Colwell landed 120 sailors with one field piece and two machine guns from the *Denver*. They camped at a point in the city, where their guns commanded the palace front and the Plaza des Armas. Toward evening, the men were ordered back to their ship, with the exception of a small guard, which was left at the American Legation.

Havana for weeks has been preparing for defense. In the first week in September, President Palma issued a proclamation offering amnesty to all insurgents who laid down their arms. This offer, however, did not produce the desired result. On the contrary, insurrectionary activity soon extended beyond the boundaries of the provinces of Rio del Pinar and Havana, to Matanzas, Santa Clara, Puerto Principe and Santiago. Scores of fine plantations, some of them belonging to Americans, are reported destroyed.

One of the most active leaders of the insurrection is General Pino Guerra, who is operating in the province of Rio del Pinar. For a time it seemed as though he would overrun the entire province; but his march was temporarily checked by Colonel Avalos in a sharp engagement near Consolacion. An armored train under General Diaz, containing two batteries of machine guns, commanded by Captain Webster, an American, who had entered the service of the Cuban government, was surrounded by rebel bands under two brothers named Paez (belonging to Pino Guerra's army), and at one time was reported to have been captured. While the gunners were fighting desperately and doing great havoc in the rebel ranks, a detachment of Rural Guards (government troops) under Colonel Avalos, came up opportunely and attacked the rebels on the flank and drove them to the hills.

President Palma, early in the present month, issued a decree suspending the constitutional guarantees.

President Tomas Estrada Palma

This was followed by the arrests of many prominent members of the Liberal party, including legislators, editors, municipal officials and others. Senator Alfredo Zayas, the real head of the revolution, fled. It was said, too, that a press censorship was contemplated. These rigid measures drove over to the cause of the revolution many who were hesitating. The capital was practically in a state of war. Persons were prohibited from leaving the city limits, except with passes; cafes were ordered closed at 11 o'clock; not more than three persons were permitted to stand in the streets together, and all balls and meetings were prohibited.

It is not denied that the Liberals, who constitute the backbone of the rebellion, have some well-founded grievances. They declare that the Moderates, or Palma faction, were guilty of gross frauds at the last election, and that the government itself shared these frauds to no small extent and profited by them. They insist that the preparations for fraudulent registration were so glaring and so open, that many Liberals, by way of protest, refrained from voting.

On September 12, all the roads leading to Havana were in possession of the rebels, who were in strong force, especially in the direction of Guanajay and Santiago de las Vegas. Governor Nunez, military commandant of Havana, directs the defense. News had been received of the presence of ten thousand revolutionists in Santa Clara province, the greater part of whom, uniting with the insurrectionists in Rio del Pinar, were marching in the direction of the capital.

On Sept. 14, the Palma administration showed signs of collapse, and it was rumored that the President's resignation might be expected at any moment. Vice-President Dr. Dominguez Mendez Capote was indicated as his probable successor, but his appointment would not end the war, as he is quite as unpopular as Palma.

Before this issue reaches the hands of our readers, intervention, for the purpose of ending the rebellion, and re-establishing order on the island, may actually have taken place. While the United States government does not seek annexation, it may feel justified, under Article 3 of the Treaty of Cuba (known as the Platt Amendment), in adopting any necessary measures, naval or military, to end the war and restore peace. The entire available navy will be used, if necessary, for this purpose.

If the leaders of the insurrection and their friends hoped to force annexation to this country, they will find themselves mistaken, as nothing is farther from the purpose of the administration. Moreover, to assume the pacification of the island, if need be, a naval cordon will be placed around it, and every seaport guarded against filibustering.

Secretary of War, Hon. Mr. Taft, accompanied by Acting Secretary of State, Hon. Mr. Bacon, will visit Havana on a special mission and in an American warship. President Roosevelt, in a recent letter to Senor Quesada, Cuban Minister to the United States, refers to the four years of peace and prosperity Cuba has enjoyed under her own government, and declares that whoever is responsible for disturbing this peace and exciting revolution is the enemy of Cuban independence. He adds that the U. S. Government will not hesitate to do its whole duty under the treaty which gives us the right of intervention for the protection of life, property, and individual liberty.

THE AMERICAN PULPIT

SERMON BY

Rev. F. DeWitt Talmage, D.D.

The Secret Thunder

TEXT:—PSALM 81: 7

"I answered thee in the secret place of thunder"

I WONDER where the sweet singer of Israel caught his inspiration for my text? Was he herding his sheep one day in the valley or the lowlands, where the shepherds, a thousand years later, watched their flocks by night, and heard the angel of the nativity say: "Fear not, for behold I bring you tidings of great joy which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the City of David a Saviour which is Christ the Lord"? While he was sitting upon a rock in the fields did he look up and see the storm-clouds gathering over the surrounding hills? Then away off in the distance, did he hear the muttering of the thunder? And while the valleys remained dry, did he see the rain falling in torrents upon the mountain heights? Then did he see a beautiful rainbow in a great arch, lift itself above those mountain-tops? And then when David saw the rainbow and witnessed the storm-clouds disappear, did he feel that God was his protector and never-failing friend? Was he filled with the divine peace which passeth all understanding?

The Psalmist's Experience

Or, it may be different scenes that suggested to the sweet siuger of Israel the image of my text. Perhaps it was on a day when one of his sheep went astray. He counted the flock over and over again, and he found that one was surely lost. So he started up the mountainside to hunt it. Higher and higher he went. He plunged through this thicket and that. Then at last he found it. But in the meantime the night settled in. Then the stars of the heavens were shut out by the black clouds. Then the thunder began to growl. Then with his bleating sheep following close at his heels, he saw the lightnings flash and shatter a huge tree just a short distance off. Then he said: "Ah, that must have been the way God's voice sounded to Moses, when he spoke to him among the caverns and the ravines of Sinai. This is truly one of the secret places of thunder."

We do not know what were the scenes that caused these words to spring from the lips of the ancient poet, but since his time the child of God has often been reminded of them in times of trouble and crisis. It is well to know that there are secret places in which God's voice may be heard by the discouraged soul. There are times when the heart of the faithful is depressed by the noises wrangling around him; when his ears are filled with the loud babble of the world's disputings, with the fierce cries of contention, with the silly utterances of society's frivolity, with the vain and foolish sophistry of learned philosophers proclaiming that there is no God—then happy is he, if he can retire into his closet or some other secret place, and hear the voice of God answering his perturbed spirit in thunder tones.

Reaching the High Grounds

The words suggest that God's secret places of thunder are far away from the ordinary haunts of man. They are so far away, that for a little while at least, we can get away from the selfishnesses, and meannesses, and sordidness surrounding us. We can live upon a higher plane. We can be, as I was sometime ago, when I climbed the San Bernardino Mountains, to camp in the noted Little Bear Valley of Southern California. After we had gone up one thousand, two thousand, three thousand, four thousand, five thousand feet, suddenly we came to the summit. There we were able to stand upon the rocks, and with sweep of eye, take in the hot plains dotted with cities, and villages, and ranches. There we could see where men and women were toiling and struggling in the work of everyday life; but we were above them all and above their turmoil. We were in the flesh, yet we were so far up that when the mists began to gather, they shut out the whole world beneath us. These mists looked like a great sea, with here and there a mountain peak pushing itself up, reminding us of the world beneath us, as the Azores rising above the Atlantic, remind us of the continent of Atlantis sunk beneath the waves. It was a strange experience—that of withdrawal from the world and all its concerns. It is necessary at times, when our vision is clouded and our spirits warped by the world's principles and maxims, to climb beyond its reach into the upper air of God's presence, where we may hear his voice. Thus, in order to reach God's secret places of thunder, we must get out of the world.

My friends, I would like to ask you a blunt question: Have you ever tried to seek God far away from the haunts of man? Have you ever tried to commune with him in the secret places of the thunder? In order to do this, you do not have to climb the Matterhorn, or Mount Shasta, or Mount Rainier, or Baldy Peak of New Mexico. You do not have to leave the city walls and hie yourself to the hills and listen to the songs of the thrushes and the wooings of the brooks. A man can live in the city and yet not be in the city. My friends, how many times during the week do you withdraw yourselves from man, to commune with God? How many time do you seek him in prayer and in holy communion? How many times a week do you say to your loved ones, "Come, let us go and talk with God for a little while in the secret places of thunder, as Moses talked with him upon Sinai's heights"?

But I find that God's secret places of thunder are upon the mountain-tops of difficulty, as well as in the quiet places removed from the ordinary habitations of man. They are to be found only among the steep heights where the eagles build their eyries, and where only the most persistent of Alpine climbers is willing to go. Do you suppose for one instant that the Psalmist had an easy time finding his lost sheep in the secret place of the thunder!

On the Mountains of Difficulty

Ah, yes, the secret place of the thunder is always to be fouud upon the mountain-tops of difficulty. It is no easy matter to be a real Christian. It is no small task to listen to the voice of God in the secret place of thunder, and hear aright and obey aright. I was never more impressed with this thought than sometime ago. As I was tramping along the country roads of the lowland, a couple of automobiles passed me. The women in those cars were dressed in the latest fashion. The men were lounging back in their seats. The gentleman with whom I was walking said: "How would you like to be riding in one of those machines?" "No," I answered, "that is not the way people get health. Nature does not give strong lungs and stout limbs to those who are seeking the easy times, but only to those who are willing to make sacrifices for it." But the work of tramping over the lowlands was nothing to the work of climbing the San Bernardino hills. In the first place, even though we were walking, we had to take every ounce of weight out of the wagon that we could take. We kept in the wagon only a light camp stove, a few blankets, and enough to eat for a few days. We threw aside every extra pound, and had our goods carried up by the heavy team wagons. Then we made our trip to the foot of the mountains early in the evening and went to sleep, and when the night had settled down, and the moon had come up and the heat of the day was gone, we were up and on our way.

My, what a journey it was! The grade was the steepest I ever climbed. They say it is about five miles to the summit, but I would willingly go six times that distance on the level road. Every few yards we had to stop and let the horse rest. One man handled the brake, the other led or drove the horse. Zigzag, backward and forward the switch-back road went. In one place, you could look up and see where the road, like a lazy river, curved backward and forward in seven distinct places. It was only by the most persistent effort and struggle that at last, tired and exhausted and hungry, we came to the top. Then at last we reached the ravines where the thunder-storms were cradled and the mighty tempests were sent forth on their mission of giving drink to the famished crops and orchards of the valleys below. Yes, truly I am right when I assert that the secret places of the thunder are always built upon the high peaks of the mountains of difficulty.

The Low Level Christian

My friends, the great trouble is with most of us, we want to be Christians, but we want to be low-valley Christians. We want to be Christians not of the crags and cliffs, but of the orchards and the harvest fields and of the flower-gardens. We want to be the lazy Christians, lying upon beds of ease,where the bees will bring to us their honey and the sun will smile upon us a continual benediction, and the tossing, tumbling fountains will slake our thirst, and where the birds will never cease to sing for us their sweetest lullabies. Ah, no, that is not where we will hear God's voice speaking to us in the secret place of the thunder. It is not in the lowlands, but upon the mountain-tops. It is not where we lie down upon a bed of roses and close our eyes in indolent somnolence, but only upon the mountain heights of difficulty, to scale which we will have to do as Paul did when he described himself, in the twelfth chapter of Hebrews, as running a Gospel race: "Wherefore seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight and the sin which doth beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us." When you read those words, dare you for one moment assume that Paul had an easy time when he gave himself up for consecrated service to Jesus Christ?

Still Higher Achievement

It is only when we are able to press towards the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus that we are able to reach that prize. It is only when we are willing to climb the highest mountains of difficulty that we are able to hear God speaking to us in tones of love, as he spoke to Moses in the secret places of thunder. There is a beautiful story told that in olden times a heathen king lay dying. He was mortally wounded on the field of battle. No sooner did he receive the fatal thrust than he sent for his most trusted servant and said: "Tell the dead that I come." At once the servant drew the king's sword, and drove it into his own heart. And as his spirit was about to speed away, the servant said: "Master, I will go and tell the dead that thou wilt soon be in their midst." "Oh," you say, "that was a beautiful devotion. That servant was willing to give up all for his king." So must we sacrifice if we are to hear our Divine King speak to us in the secret place of thunder. We must be willing to give up all for him. We must be ready to climb every mountain of difficulty for his honor and glory. "So likewise, whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple."

But how shall we be willing to forsake all for God's glory and honor? You say, "That is not in my nature to do. A man cannot rise above his own nature. He may try to do so. But if a man is born with the instincts of a coyote, sneaking and deceptive he will be, no matter how hard he may fight against that disposition. If he is born selfish, he will be selfish. If he is born generous, he will be generous." "I was born selfish," he says, "and I do not want to give up all for God's glory and honor. I want a little of the glory and honor to abide by my own doorstep, and not all to be placed at the throne of God." Ah, my friend, I am glad you mentioned that fact. You have spoken well. With your own nature born in sin, you cannot give up all for Christ. But remember this, when you get to God's secret place of thunder you are going to have your whole nature changed. You are not going to be as you are now; you are going to have your sinful nature recreated by Christ. What you love now, you will hate then. What you hate now, you will love then. You will not then be as a wolf going around in sheep's wool. Your lion-like nature will be changed into the loving nature of a little lamb. Let me find this fact in the simile of my text.

The Thunder that Changes

The Psalmist, in all probability, cared but little for the scientific causes of the thunder-storm. In his time the national and international systems of weather bureaus had not been established. There were not then, as now, weather outposts or observatories stationed all around the world, connected with telegraph wires. In our day no sooner does a storm start south from Alaska, than the great ganglion, or nerve centre at Washington, is made cognizant of the fact, and the danger signals are lifted along the coast, to warn American shipping. In all probability, David knew nothing about the different strata of air overhead. He did not know that, just as the scientist to-day drops a fathom line into the ocean and finds different currents of water, flowing above or underneath each other in different directions; so the aeronaut in his balloon, finds different currents of air in

CONTINUED ON PAGE 801

Selling Scriptures in the Streets

Tidal Waves in the Harbor

The Bible House, Valparaiso

A MISSIONARY VISIT TO VALPARAISO

From an Occasional Correspondent

I HAVE recently returned from an extended journey of 3,000 miles by sea, and over 1,000 by road in Chile, Bolivia and southern Peru, in the interest of missionary enterprise and Bible circulation. Valparaiso and Santiago, the scene of the terrible earthquake of Thursday, 16th inst., were both visited.

Chile extends for 2,750 miles along the Pacific Coast, from Arica to Cape Horn. The Andes, which form the divide between Chile and Argentine, run the whole length of the country. It is of interest that on one of the summits commanding the two countries, there was recently erected a statue of Christ the Redeemer, as a symbol of peace and good-will between the two republics. Chile may be considered one of the foremost countries in South America. The volume of its commerce stands third in this Southern continent, while in education it is first. Twenty-five years ago, agriculture was the mainstay of the country. Now, in its nitrate fields alone, 30,000 people are employed in elaborating and exporting more than 31,000,000 quintals of nitrate annually.

But Chile is on the brink of social revolution. At one end of the social scale there is abundance, luxury and self-indulgence, and at the other, poverty, drink and vice. In many towns it is unsafe to be in the streets after dark. This points to one great need which only the pure Gospel of Christ can remedy.

Valparaiso, a great portion of which has been levelled to the ground, means the "Vale of Paradise," but is to-day the "vale of tears," its thousands of inhabitants camping on the hillsides and public squares. Valparaiso rises from the bay in the form of a magnificent amphitheatre. It is the leading seaport and commercial city on the west coast of South America. Here there is an immense amount of shipping, and the flags of many nationalities fly in its bay. Chief among them are those of Protestant countries, carrying thither the industrial wealth of progressive and Protestant lands. Stately warships, with the *O'Higgins* at its head, float in its waters. Here the names of *O'Higgins* and *Cochrane* are favorites.

On the low level, where the hills have been dug down and the waters of the bay thrust back, rise the noble business structures. Residential streets rise in terraces, one above the other on the hill slopes. *Cerro Alegre* ("Happy Hill"), is chiefly occupied by English-speaking residents. From this hill, on a clear morning at sunrise, the clouds from the high peak of Aconcagua, lift for a few minutes, and an early observer is abundantly rewarded by a glorious glimpse of this highest summit on the New World.

In the business part of the city, electric tramways dart along its narrow streets, with women conductors. Business men crowd its busy thoroughfares, especially when the brokers are about. English, German, and Spanish are freely spoken in its streets, and its stores are more English than South American. Plaza Victoria is one of the gayest on this west coast. Its theatre, now leveled to the ground, was a fine building. Other public buildings commanding attention were the Bank of London and Tarapaca, the Naval School, the Marine Office, and the beautiful edifice of *El Mercurio*, the leading daily paper of Chile.

The religion of Chile is Roman Catholicism. The laws of the Church exercise little or no control over the lives of men, until they are brought face to face with a violent earthquake or stretched on a death-bed. Protestantism is well represented in Chile by English, German and native congregations. In Valparaiso foreigners have three churches: the Union, Anglican, and German Lutheran. The Union Church was founded by Dr. David Trumbull, for many years a notable figure in religious work not only in Valparaiso, but on the coast of Chile. To-day it is one of the largest and most influential English-speaking congregations in South America.

A Chilean Schoolmaster and His Pupils

Under the ministry of the American Presbyterian and Methodist Churches, native congregations and schools are springing up along the whole length of Chile. A quickening spirit is abroad, the family altar with Bible study is in evidence. There is an earnest tone in many of the congregations. A Christian people, with a pure simple worship is being gathered together. In Valparaiso the work is full of promise. It was my privilege while there, to address both Presbyterian and Methodist congregations, and to see something of the Sunday and day school work. The services open with the singing of Spanish hymns, many of them old favorites, translated from the English. The Chileans have caught the spirit of these hymns and sing to effect. Prayer is then offered, the Scriptures read, and an earnest Gospel address proceeded with. In comparison with the work in the adjacent Republics of Bolivia, Peru and Ecuador, the services in Valparaiso are well attended. These congregations are forces making for righteousness in this Godless city.

The Bible Depot in Valparaiso, which stands on one of the leading streets, is a Protestant landmark. A cable to hand tells that it has passed through the earthquake intact. It is well fitted up, in its street window the Scriptures in many languages are displayed. This depot, apart from being a witness in Valparaiso to the grand Old Book, is a distributing centre for the coast of Chile. Between January and June of the current year, 328 Bibles, 371 Testaments, and as many Gospels have been dispatched to missionaries on the coast, not to speak of the circulation by the coast colporteurs. Since it was opened, no fewer than 135,000 Scriptures have been placed in the homes of Chile.

When in Valparaiso, recently, I visited, along with one of my colporteurs, a great number of homes, and sold many Scriptures among the people. Our visiting in Valparaiso took us into courts and alleys, and revealed sights to us that we shall never forget. Fine buildings, we know, cannot make good citizens; tenents require to be transformed as well as tenements.

On one occasion we found ourselves in one of the lowest dens of the city. It proved to be a court of ill-fame. Soon we found ourselves surrounded by about twenty-five of these poor degraded women. At first they did not understand the object of our mission or visit. New Testament in hand, we felt it was an opportunity of carrying the light of the Gospel into a dark place. We trust that the human ministry of our blessed Lord as unfolded in the story of the well of Samaria, will live in the memory of some who listened around this court. Even here, six New Testaments in Spanish, and several Gospels of John, were gladly purchased.

This terrible earthquake has demolished many of these degraded buildings. Let earnest prayer be made, that under the ever-increasing influence of the ministry of the Gospel, a purified moral atmosphere may obtain, and make Valparaiso worthy of its name: the "Vale of Paradise."

A. R. STARK.

Callao, Pacific Coast of S. America.

Chinese Sunday School Workers

The New England Chinese Sunday School Workers' Union, an organization composed of superintendents and teachers connected with the various Chinese Sunday Schools throughout New England, will hold its Third Annual Convention in Lowell, Mass., on Thursday and Friday, October 25-26.

"THE LITTLE KRAAL GIRL"

Wherein the Wee African Heathen Maid Resembles Sally of the Slums

I HAVE just been reading "The Redemption of Sally," in the June 27th number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and it has awakened in me memories of what seems now to be long, long ago.

One of the most touching scenes of my life was when I saw several hundred of the Mont-Lawn children marching and singing, "We are the Children of the Heavenly King." My eyes grew dim, and my throat choked up. Poor wee lads and lassies, with their pale, shrunken forms! But for once in their lives they were happy, and they put an emphasis into that song that neither you nor I could have done. I knew only too well what their lives meant at home, for I had hardly entered into my teens, when our Father called me to go down into the slums, and there I learned some of the most valuable lessons of my life, if I did nothing else.

Back from Zambesia—Coolies Carrying The Christian Herald Organ

For one thing, and that which impressed me most of all, was that in these same slums are a mighty number of people who had never expected to get there. I learned there that civilization does not save from sin. And when, since then, I have been advised by people who know nothing of salvation, that the best way to convert the African is to first civilize him, and then give him the Gospel, I have thought of those wrecks of men and women in the slums, whose early life and youth had been surrounded by all that money could buy in the shape of culture and refinement. Out here in Africa, we do not have to go into the slums to find these wrecks. Alas! they are everywhere. Every tide washes them up. A large percentage of them are supposed to be victims of the "deadly climate," and their deaths are accredited to fever. Would that it were true!

And by this contact with the slums, I learned what a menace such a condition is to the more respectable parts of a city itself. The Christian churches ought to work for the salvation of these wretched "submerged tenths," if not for the love of Christ, in pure self-defense. The church-going and respectable classes who give either their time or money for the rescue of the unfortunates, do, if they but realize it, confer a greater benefit upon themselves than upon the poor.

A few days ago, while at Kimberley, we were discussing the perplexing race problem with a man who had an excellent chance to see South African life from many points of view.

"Now, then, what are we to do?" exclaimed Mr. Springer, as he finished a recital of the open hostility against mission work in this country.

"Do!" exclaimed the other; "keep on educating the native, for our sake, if not for his own. We cannot live alongside of a lower race, and not try to lift them up, without being dragged down ourselves. I could cite you case after case where white children, who have been nursed by heathen boys and girls, have imbibed the morals of those heathen until they could never be trusted when they became men and women. I could take you to men living not far from Kimberley, whose moral sense has been dragged lower than the raw Kaffir's, simply because they elected to try and keep the Kaffir 'in his place,' as they say. That means that they have refused to give him the rights of a human being, and, in so doing, they and their children have had to pay a terrible penalty."

The same thought was expressed by another layman a few nights later. He was speaking of a certain class of white men, who have ever tried to keep the native down, and this was what he said:

"I was born and brought up here in South Africa, and I know them well and speak their language; but I have never known one of them yet whom I could trust to tell the truth, however pious he might seem to be, or to do an honest deal. Their moral sense is often far below the raw Kaffir's."

Verily, charity begins at home; but the charity that stays at home, not only withers and dies but becomes pestilential!

To come back, however, to Sally, the slum girl. In all essentials, she and the little kraal girl might be twins. Heathenism is a condition universal and not local. One of the most ignorant heathen I ever met lived in "Upper New York," and was just returning from a trip abroad. So the little kraal girl is really no more a heathen than Sally. It's true, the daughter of Africa has a plentiful amount of God's out-doors; but she really doesn't see much more of it than Sally. She might be totally blind for all the appreciation the magnificent scenery spread out before her daily, gets from her. As for the flowers, she asks, "What good are they?" She can't eat them. Not that she often goes hungry, like Sally. She usually has a-plenty, such as it is; but it has frequently been a hard strain on my gastric nerves to see her eat it. Hygiene and cleanliness are two words left out of her vocabulary; and if they ever were there, were lost several generations back. "But," you say, "she at least gets fresh air." Ye-es, perhaps so; at least part of the time; but not inside the kraal, or her hut, which is misnamed home. She gets plenty of air, such as it is, for I doubt if there is a windier country on the globe than South Africa, and the cold winds strike her poor little naked body with a chilling blast. But the winds have to sweep up the foul odors of the kraal and are often freighted with the death germs of disease.

Missionary Springer Preaching to a Kraal Congregation

The greatest difference between these two children lies in their chances, and in this the slum girl has the best of it. There are men and women who are accessible, or, to be strictly true, more accessible to Sally than to the little kraal girl. There are missions in the slums, —not as many as there ought to be—and there are godly men and women—not nearly as many as there ought to be—who spend a part or the whole of their time where they can reach or be reached by Sally. Not so with our little African.

On this last trip to the Zambesia, when we went out with the little CHRISTIAN HERALD organ, we traveled about a thousand miles and only came to one mission, and that a Jesuit one. Kraal after kraal we passed through where I was the first white woman the women and children had ever seen. I can't tell you my feelings. At times it seemed as if I could not take part in any service, but wanted to hasten on without seeing the pitiful helplessness of these poor souls. To hold a Gospel service among them and then go on, was like a glimmer of light in a dark, dark night which, before the dazzled eyes have comprehended it, is gone forever. And yet not forever, in this case, for all of them. It is true that some will have gone into the eternal before other missionaries can follow us, and before mission stations can be established; but I feel sure that God has both the men and the money ready to follow up our trail, and I hope that inside of three years there will be some opportunities for many a little kraal girl to escape from the moral death which certainly awaits her, unless we go to her again with the saving story of the Cross. Traders of all nations, most of whom look on her as their natural and lawful prey, are to be found all over this unevangelized region. Government officials and the mounted police find their way to the most out-of-the-way kraals, for the purpose of collecting taxes, and—oh! the shame and the pity of it!—too many of them also consider her as merely legitimate prey. For the sake of our Anglo-Saxon brother, who will sink to lower moral depths than the natives themselves if left to himself in a swirling pool of heathenism swarming with untaught savages,—aye, for his sake, it would pay to do this mission work; for the sake of our own race, to say nothing of the salvation of the black race.

We had to hurry on that trip. The work here at the Old Umtali Station would not permit of our spending the time we really needed. The few who were left had to assume our duties beside their own, which were quite enough before. The trails were rough, and much of the time water was scarce, and we had to average nearly twenty miles a day, traveling by foot and by donkeys. We tried to reach a kraal by night and hold a service there that evening, and at one or two kraals in the morning, if we could reach other kraals before the people had all gone out to the fields to work. But most of our meetings were in the evening. And it is at this hour that I can see them best in my mind's eye, as I look back. There they are huddled together in the dark, or at best, beside the small bonfire. Some of them are giggling, some are gossiping, some are openly making comments on all that I do, and especially on the merits of the little organ. Babies squalling, men and boys jabbering, cocks crowing, dogs a-barking and the goats sending up their plaintive wails from their neighboring pens. Sometimes the racket drowned our voices and the organ, too; and then, again, they listened in wonder. And all against a background of the dark, dark night. Sometimes they were sober and appreciative and welcomed me with an unmistakable warmth, calling me "mother" and "friend." Sometimes they were drunk and insolent in their curiosity, but, in any case, it was all against the dark, night—the night of heathenism. Often I saw hungry faces, which revealed aching, anguish-wrung hearts, and they listened as if it all was really true, and as though their life destinies hung on every spoken word, which they repeated again after us. And as I watched these faces by the flickering firelight, I wondered if the Words of Life would also be swallowed up in the dark, dark night enveloping these people. And I heard the voice of the Master saying, "I am come that they might have Life, and that they might have it more abundantly."

Umtali, Rhodesia, Africa. MRS. J. M. SPRINGER.

RELIGION THE NATION'S NEED

President Roosevelt Speaks in his Oyster Bay Home Church on "Conduct," as the Supreme Test of Christian Character

Neighbors Gathering at the Church to Hear the President

PICTURESQUELY perched on a high terrace overlooking the winding road, nestling cosily beneath towering oaks and maples—surrounded by ancient tombstones marking the spot where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep"—historic old Christ Church in Oyster Bay, N.Y., recently celebrated its two hundredth anniversary. The rector, the Rev. Henry Homer Washburn, in his address, reviewed the history of the parish from its earliest establishment by a missionary who was sent from London by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. The present structure is the third building erected for the church. The finely constructed Parish House, in keeping with the architecture of the church edifice, was added in 1893. Christ Church's membership is large, the fruit of the zealous efforts of a line of devoted Protestant Episcopal pastors and earnest lay workers.

Addresses were also made by the Rt. Rev. Frederick Burgess, D.D.; the Bishop of Long Island, the Rev. W. Montague Geer, vicar of St. Paul's Parish of New York, and the Rev. George R. Vandewater, D.D., of St. Andrew's, New York, former rectors of Christ Church. President Roosevelt delivered the concluding address. Invitations had been sent to 150 of the clergy, who responded in large numbers. It was a picturesque and impressive sight, the company of sweet-faced choir-boys and girls followed by the imposing body of clergymen in white or purple robes, with the President in their midst, marching out into the soft September sunshine, singing the "Recessional."

> Golden harps are sounding, angel voices ring,
> Pearly gates are opened, opened for the King.

As Mrs. Roosevelt is a member of Christ Church, and the family attend service here regularly during the summer, while at Oyster Bay, there was singular propriety in President Roosevelt's name figuring on the programme. He spoke with his characteristic, simple, strong, straightforwardness. His address, which is given below, was listened to with profound attention. He said:

"I have only a word or two to say on this celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the Church here at Oyster Bay. I cannot understand any American citizen who has the faintest feeling of patriotism and devotion to his country, failing to appreciate the absolutely essential need of religion, using it in its broadest and deepest sense, to the welfare of this country. If it were not that in our villages and towns, as they have grown up, the churches have grown up in them, symbolizing the fact that there were among their foremost workers, men whose work was not for the things of the body, but for the things of the soul, this would not be a nation to-day; because this country would not be an abode fit for civilized men, if it were not true that we put our material civilization — our material prosperity — as the base only (a necessary foundation, a necessary base, but only serving as the base, as the foundation), upon which to build the superstructure of the higher spiritual life.

Christ Church, Oyster Bay, L. I.

"In listening with the pleasure that we all felt to the address of the Bishop of Long Island, I was struck, as I am sure all of us were, by his statement of the mission of the church; of its mission to work not in the interest of one sect only, but of humanity as a whole. Speaking here to-day as a layman, who is not expected to go into any question of dogma; any question of ceremonial, I wish to emphasize the vital importance to this nation, of our people being taught to realize that the highest value of Christianity must manifest itself in the conduct of those who profess it.

"I shall read four or five verses from the end of the first chapter of James:

> But be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves. For if any be a hearer of the word, and not a doer, he is like unto a man beholding his natural face in a glass:
>
> For he beholdeth himself, and goeth his way, and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was.
>
> But whoso looketh into the perfect law of liberty, and continueth therein, he being not a forgetful hearer, but a doer of the work, this man shall be blessed in his deed.
>
> If any man among you seem to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain.
>
> Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.

"And to ask you to remember in connection with those verses, the verse ending the next chapter:

> For as the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without works is dead also.

"And again to remember the insistence of the Saviour himself upon the thesis that 'By their fruits ye shall know them.'

> Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit; but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit.
>
> A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit.

"It is true that in many things, the tendencies at work among us to-day are evil; but it is true also that there are plenty of other tendencies at work among us that are good. I do not know that I am prepared to assent to the statement that we are so much worse than we used to be; but it is not of any importance whether, as a matter of academic belief, we hold that things have grown better or have grown worse. What is of vital importance is that we should be resolved to do all in our power now—at this present moment, as well as in the future—to make them better; and if we are a unit in this belief, it is open to us to differ as regards the other matter. I do feel that there has been a real growth in broad Christian charity. I doubt very much whether, a couple of centuries prior to that Episcopal gathering in the Friends' meeting-house, it would have been possible for you and their spiritual ancestors to come together on such an occasion; and it is a mighty good thing that it is possible now. I do believe that the different creeds are, in the essentials, in really vital things, coming closer and closer together all the time; because I think that they are grasping the fact that the way in which they can best serve the Lord is not by warring against one another, but by joining hand in hand, by standing shoulder to shoulder in the great struggle against unrighteousness, in the great war for decency, for honesty, for clean living in the home, no less than in the nation.

"The worth of any creed must in the long run be judged largely by the conduct of those who profess it. The most effective service for Christianity that can possibly be given is to show in actual life that those who profess it, do give in their conduct an approximate expression to the faith that is in them. I doubt if any of us will be able to give more than such approximate expression of that faith; nevertheless, we can each of us strive in our conduct to show that the Word is alive in us; that we are striving to live up to the essentials of Christianity, of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, as they are taught in the Bible, as they are preached to us Sunday after Sunday. It is the conduct of the average Christian, not on Sunday but on week days, not in the church alone but in his family, and in his relations to his neighbor and to the State, that will, more than anything else, determine, in the eyes of the general public, the worth of the creed that man professes. If a man treats mere going to church, or mere devotion in word to his creed, or to the outward forms of his creed, not as an incentive to decent action, but as a substitute for decent action, he is in very truth an enemy to the creed he professes; he is a drawback and not a help to the church.

"Of course, all this applies in little things as much as in big things. It applies in the little things which, in their sum are so big. The man is not a good Christian, if his domestic conduct is such that when he returns to his home, his wife and his children feel a sense of uneasiness at his having come. The man is not a good Christian, who, in his business dealings, fails to remember that it is incumbent upon him to hold a higher standard than his fellows; that it is incumbent upon him, if he is a very rich man, to make it evident alike in the way he earns and the way he spends his fortune, that the Word of the Lord is to him a living truth, and not a dead doctrine. And, of course, what I say applies even more strongly to the man in public life than to the man in business, than to the man in private life.

"More and more I believe that people who possess either religious belief, or aspiration after religious belief, are growing to demand conduct as the ultimate test of the worth of belief. Whenever we read in the newspapers that some man, esteemed to be a pillar of church, has been guilty of business dishonesty, or political dishonesty, of offenses against the moral law in any shape or way, all who are members of the churches should feel a far greater disappointment, should feel a greater regret by far, than those who are not. We cannot afford to let it be supposed for a moment that we exact from those who are attendants at, or members of churches, any less strict observance of the moral law—anything but a more strict observance of the moral law, in all relations of life—than we expect from those who do not go to churches, or who do not belong to them. We must strive, each of us in his own life first, each of us in certain sense as his brother's keeper next, so to bear ourselves as to show that we actually take to our own souls the teaching that by our fruits we

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OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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The President on "Conduct"

TO Christian people everywhere, and especially to those who are striving to serve Christ in their practical, every-day lives, it is a matter for sincere gratification that the Executive of this nation should be a man thoroughly grounded in Christian doctrine, and both able and willing, in public as well as in private, to "give a reason for the faith that is in him." President Roosevelt's address in the little home church at Oyster Bay, which recently celebrated its two hundredth anniversary, was not only an admirable sermon on Conduct as the best test of Christian character, but it was a most effective answer to those who have claimed that as a nation we cannot be classed as distinctively Christian.

In President McKinley's time, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD received written avowals from the leading men in every branch of the public service—from President and Cabinet, down through all the Departments, including also the Army, the Navy, and leading statesmen in Congress and elsewhere, Governors, College Presidents, and men eminent in science and letters—giving assurance of their belief in God and their faith in Christ as a living Saviour. And to-day, even after the changes wrought by the intervening years, we confidently believe that a similar inquiry would produce the same identical results. As a nation we stand for Christianity, and for the old faith and the old Bible, with a fervor and a constancy that have nowise diminished.

But our nation is steadily growing. We have taken unto ourselves new elements, some of which are more or less at variance with our own time-honored customs and beliefs. We have to face, more than ever before, the tendency to Sunday desecration, to bad business methods, to public immorality, to injustice and oppression. And it is just here, in the attitude of the individual toward these and similar evils, and in the personal example of the individual in every-day affairs as well, that President Roosevelt distinguishes the good Christian. Character and conduct are indeed the test of the sincerity of a man's religious profession. Unless we live our Christianity we are worthless impostors and an impediment to others. This individual responsibility for our conduct in daily life is far-reaching. "We cannot continue as a Republic," urges the President, "we cannot rise to any true level of greatness, unless that greatness is based upon and conditioned by a high and brave type of spiritual life."

What is this but an echo of the grand old Bible utterance: "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people?" It is not material nor commercial expansion; not the conquests, the inventions, the industrial supremacy of a nation that count for real greatness. It is the spiritual element, the high moral standard, the tremendous influence of lofty individual character and conduct, as illustrated in innumerable personalities, that have made our nation what it is to-day.

So, if we would rise to the highest plane of national character, we must each strive, with Divine help, to attain to that high standard in our own conduct as individuals. To be a good patriot, a good citizen, a good American, one must, first of all, be a good Christian.

Fighting Temptation

OVER and over again in the Good Book, promises are made to the one who overcomes temptation, and vanquishes the foe in the battle of life. The hidden manna; the seat on the throne beside the beloved; the "new name" that no one knows except the one who receives it, are among the beautiful rewards offered to those who overcome.

The Bible is full of militant figures, symbols, and orders. From end to end it rings with the clash of arms. We are told to fight the good fight of faith, to endure hardness, to hear ourselves like good soldiers, following the Captain of our Salvation.

> The Son of God goes forth to war,
> A kingly crown to gain.
> His blood-red banner streams afar,
> Who follows in his train?

We fight not alone against flesh and blood, else the fight would be easy; but against principalities and powers, against unseen forces of wickedness, against sin and all its hosts. The sin that most easily besets us may be the sin of cowardice, of irresolution, of half-heartedness, of inertia, or of doubting the power and love of God.

Every day the battle is renewed. So long as we are on this earth, we shall have to contest every inch of the ground. Sometimes the strife wavers, and the enemy gets the better of us. Sometimes we weakly and meanly cease to struggle and give way to temptation. Some-three-hundred years ago, superstitious farmers in Great Britain had a custom of leaving untilled a field which they called "The Good-man's Croft." By "the good-man," they meant the adversary of souls. They fancied that he would be flattered by the appellation, and be less likely to injure them than if they called him by his own black name. His field was sometimes the best on the farm, but it was never ploughed, or sown, or reaped. It was left as waste ground for weeds to riot in at their pleasure.

Some of us have a field like this in our own natures. We make a stand-up fight in other places, but we leave the "good-man's croft" to the enemy, and we never overcome there, because we never try our mettle on the spot, nor the two-edged sword that God has given us. Perhaps we are indulging in some secret sin; or too fond of money, and care not how low we stoop to obtain it; or cruel or unkind to those in our own homes. Wherever the place may be where we cease to fight, there the enemy will get the better of us.

If we would overcome, we must use the weapon of prayer. "Restraining prayer, we cease to fight." In *Pilgrim's Progress*, Christian and Apollyon had a terrific struggle. Christian was faring through the Valley of Humiliation. In our day, we would probably say that Christian was run down in health and exhausted in nerves, and therefore an easy prey to the fierce foe who is on the alert to rob us of our peace. At all events, Christian prayed, took courage and resisted, and the demon spread his dragon wings and was soon out of sight.

We march to victory with the Cross of our Lord before us. In the personal fights with temptation, in the strain and stress of the inner life, on the familiar arena of the home, in our business, in the great world, we shall overcome if we fight, not in our own strength but in Jesus' Name. To him that overcometh there shall be present joy, the assurance of Christ's hand in his, and the bread to eat that is life eternal.

The Hague Conference

VERY significant is the suggestion made by Dr. H. Pereira Mendes, in the current number of the *North American Review*, in reference to the approaching Hague Conference. He points out the difficulty that the Conference has hitherto experienced in the organization of a Board of Arbitration, which would have the confidence of all nations. Hitherto, the decision has been made by some one or two men, as each nation has had a representative on the Board whose opinions are known beforehand. In a case, for example, in which a question of Russian interests is involved, it is almost certain that the Russian and French members of the Board would vote in one way, and that the German and English members would vote in the opposite way. The final decision would therefore rest with the representatives of other Powers, who might have such affiliations with the principals in the dispute, as to be influenced in giving their decision. This fact causes all the arguments and elaborate verdicts to appear very much of a farce.

Dr. Mendes suggests the appointment of a real court, composed of men having no political entanglements, no territorial interests, no alliances, zones or protectorates. The decision of such men having no national interest in the question involved, not prepossessed by any patriotic prejudice, would be recognized as impartial, and if they were men of education and intelligence, would have the confidence of the world. But where are we to find such men? Dr. Mendes answers with a great deal of force, that in the Hebrew race we have just the men needed. The Hebrew is a man without a country and without affiliations, yet he is a man of high intelligence and exceptional judicial skill. "The Hebrew nation is the only one," he justly affirms, "that can maintain a judgment or an action unbiassed, by reason of never being hampered by instructions from the home government as to materialities or as to what questions shall or shall not be discussed."

The suggestion is excellent, though there is little hope of its being adopted by this Conference. The prejudice against the Jew in Russia is strong, and it is little less strong in Germany; but if the nations want an intelligent and impartial Court of Arbitration, it is in the Hebrew race that they will find it. The fact may eventually impress itself on some future Conference, if the Powers are really in earnest in their desire for peace. What a sublime spectacle it would be, to see this race, for generations harrowed and persecuted, sitting in judgment among the nations, and deciding questions of international moment, giving us peace instead of war. This may yet be realized, and so the prediction of Isaiah be fulfilled: "Out of Zion shall go forth the law and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem," and so as God himself declared, Through the sons of Abraham all the families of the earth would be blessed.

Autumnal Glory

THE matchless splendor of an American autumn surpasses in beauty every other season of the year. As we walk on country roads to-day every hedge-side is an idyl. Nature riots in a profusion of flowers, the coloring of which would have made pale the magnificence of King Solomon. Asters and goldenrod, blue gentian and cardinal-flower, are seen in the opulence and glow that only God bestows in his great garden. The trees already, in places where the frost comes early, have changed their robes of green for brilliant tints of red and yellow, so that one seems to walk amid a miracle play of bright color and entrancing gayety.

Nothing more exhilarating than an American autumn, every wind touched with an edge of sharpness or mellowed with a softness that is like a caress, can be experienced on this earth of ours. The children going happily to school or tramping to the woods to gather nuts are as blithe and merry as the squirrels or the birds. The latter, indeed, ruled by an instinct as strong as it is mysterious, are beginning their migrations to warmer climates, and it is interesting at times to note great flocks of winged creatures, following their leader, outlined clearly against a sunny sky. Thousands of birds will winter in portions of our Middle States, and find for themselves snug retreats from the rigor of the coming storms.

A pleasant feature of the autumn is the fire on the hearth in early morning and after sunset. The family, somewhat scattered during the summer, now draws together at nightfall, and finds its rallying place around the hearth. A fire that one can see affords cheer and comfort beyond the warmth it diffuses. We talk, laugh and sing around the open fire.

TULLAR AND MEREDITH'S SACRED SONGS

In THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of August 29, we published a "Children's Song Service," consisting of extracts from various compositions of sacred music. We have since been informed that several of these pieces were from songs composed and published by the Tullar-Meredith Company of New York and Chicago. We now make this acknowledgment with pleasure, in justice to the composers and publishers, whose beautiful music has delighted our little guests at Mont-Lawn. We trust to be able, by the kind permission of Messrs. Tullar and Meredith, occasionally to present in these pages other sacred songs from the same talented source.

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Anarchy in Russia

WILD terror and bitter hatred seem to be tearing the Empire of Russia to pieces. It is not now single assassinations of tyrannical officers that shock the Government, but a continuous war on all authority. The soldiers of the Czar have acted so brutally, attacking inoffensive citizens, old men, women and children, with their whips and sabres, seizing refined ladies and carrying them to the barracks, where they are stripped and flogged, that the populace is maddened and hates them with fierce intensity. The soldiers are shot at from roofs, from windows, and from the shrubberies, and bombs are thrown at them with horrible results. The people court certain death, feeling themselves well compensated by some minute of delicious vengeance. As one brave girl who was sent to the scaffold for murdering a general, said, when they were putting the rope around her neck: "All that I can do for the cause is to give my life, and I do that gladly."

The most recent horror, that of Siedlce, has all the characteristics of Kishineff and Bialystok. It started in the killing of two soldiers. The military assumed, without much evidence, that the crime was perpetrated by Jews, and a massacre immediately commenced. That is the safest course, because the soldiers are sure of the sympathy of the lowest classes of the population in attacking the Jews. There was a wild night of murder, outrage and pillage, lasting till after dawn. Then, in order to destroy what evidence of the crimes might remain, batteries of artillery were trained on the Jewish quarters. The number of persons mown down by the guns or buried in the ruins of their dwellings, or burned in the fires that broke out, is stated to have been two hundred, but were probably ten times that number. A search was subsequently made for living victims, and one thousand prisoners, chiefly Jews, were seized. Many others hid in cellars and were afraid to emerge, and remained there until hunger or thirst ended their misery.

In Southern Russia there have been wild outbreaks of frenzied passion. In the district of Bobrov a member of the Douma announced that he would give an account of his stewardship. Peasants came from a hundred villages to hear him. On their arrival they found the square in which he was to speak, occupied by Cossacks, armed with whips and swords. Some of the peasants who had walked a hundred miles to hear the deputy, hesitated to obey the imperious order to disperse. The Cossacks charged them, and literally whipped them out of the town. The men were furious under the treatment, and as they trudged homeward they planned revenge. Arriving at their respective villages, they attacked the mansions of the nobles nearest them, devastating the buildings, destroying precious art treasures, and burning all they could not carry away. It is stated that 142 estates were thus laid waste. Troops were summoned to suppress the disorders, but the mischief was completed before they arrived. It was not, however, too late to take vengeance, and the inoffensive villagers, who had taken no part in the outbreak, were put to the sword, the real culprits having made their escape. The condition of the country is deplorable. As it was in ancient times, so it is now, oppression produces lawlessness.

The people of the land have used oppression, and exercised robbery, and have vexed the poor and needy: and I sought for a man among them, that should stand in the gap, but I found none (Ezek. 22: 29, 30).

A Clerical Renovator

One of the most astonishing modern examples of triumph over difficulties is that of the vicar of a church in Hertfordshire, England. The church building, some twenty-six years ago, was in a deplorable condition of dilapidation. But the parish was a very poor one and no funds were available for renovation. The vicar

Church at Marsworth, England, Restored by the Vicar

brooded over the situation, and finally resolved that, instead of appealing to the public for funds, he would himself undertake the work. He had no practical knowledge of architecture, but he had access to books and was not ashamed to study in stonemasons' yards and in carpenters' shops. After brief preparation he set to work on the church and labored incessantly, on week days, for twenty years. The results are pronounced by good judges as exquisitely beautiful. The carvings on pillar, buttress and wall are done with fine taste and with a loving hand. Throughout the work he was his own architect, builder, mason, sculptor and laborer. During the time he preached regularly, carefully preparing his sermons. An interesting feature of the renovation is the elaborate oak screen, which is a marvel ot exquisite carving. This was done by the vicar's wife, from designs by her husband. The church now is a marvel of artistic beauty, a fitting temple for the worship of God. It is astonishing that a clergyman should have so quickly acquired such knowledge and ability, but his love for his church and his dependence on God explains it. God prepares his instruments as in former times.

A Sculptured Corbel in the Chancel

Rev. F. W. Ragg

Oak Screen Carved by Mrs. Ragg

Rev. F. W. Ragg, an English Vicar, Who has Renovated his own Church

I have filled him with the spirit of God, in wisdom, and in understanding, and in knowledge, and in all manner of workmanship, and in cutting of stones, to set them, and in carving of timber (Ex. 31: 3, 5).

A Chair as a Bier

A strange tomb, says a New England journal, is pointed out by the sexton of a cemetery near Amesbury, Mass. It is that of an old gentleman buried there six years ago. He had lived in that city for about thirty years, and had made few friends. To one, whom he admitted to the rare privilege of his confidence, he said that he had a dread of his body being placed in a coffin under a heavy pile of soil, and he meant to make other arrangements for his interment. He selected a plot in a country cemetery that he often visited, and gave orders for the erection of a miniature mausoleum. The walls were to be of brick and cement, and were to be a foot thick. The exterior was to be cased in marble. The interior was to be eight feet square and six feet high. The only thing within was to be a reclining chair of iron, facing the door, where the light from the east would fall on it. The mausoleum was finished to the owner's satisfaction and he visited it occasionally. When he died, it was found that he had left elaborate directions as to his funeral. He ordered that his body be carried to the vault and placed in a sitting position in the chair prepared for it, facing the door. The door was then to be securely locked and the key destroyed. His directions were carried out exactly, and the body now reposes in the room designed for its reception. It was a singular fancy and seems to have implied a belief in the man, similar to that of the ancient Egyptians, of the soul remaining in connection with the body. If he had accepted Paul's teaching he would have known that at the last day he would not need that body, but the one that God will provide.

It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body; and as we have borne the image of the earthly, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly (1. Cor. 15: 44, 49).

The Flower of the Resurrection

That mysterious blossom described by Humboldt, only one specimen of which he possessed, though he carefully sought for more, is said to have just been found growing in Arabia. It is called the flower of the resurrection, because of its remarkable power of coming to life when apparently dead, if it is moistened with a little water. Dr. Deck, who gave the specimen to Humboldt, received it from an Arab, who declared that he had found it in an ancient tomb in the desert, resting on the bosom of a young girl's mummy; the plant looking as brown and withered as the corpse on which it lay. Gravely and reverently the Arab poured a few drops of water over the withered stems, when, as if called back to life by a charm, they began to tremble, to move, to contract and expand, as if alive. Presently the buds lifted themselves as their stems strengthened and slowly enclosed one diaphanous petal after another, until they encircled a central part. The flower thus formed somewhat resembled a daisy, but with a grace and beauty all its own. While Dr. Deck watched with fascinated gaze he saw the blossoms gradually fade, wither and droop, and the process reversed. In a few minutes the plant had again taken the aspect of complete death. The stem had lost its fresh color and was brown and dry, the buds drooped on limp stalks like dry balls. No other specimen was found, and the flower was regarded by botanists as a myth; but now comes the news that Serge Lostonkoff, the famous Russian botanist, during an exploration of Arabia he has been making in search of rare plants, has found it, and is bringing a specimen home. Botanists are intensely interested and eagerly await its coming. It is a beautiful emblem of the resurrection of the dead, but it fails in the one essential of reverting to death after its revival by water. In this it is an imperfect emblem of the resurrection of those who sleep in Jesus, for they whom he raises know no more death, but are as the angels in heaven, and go to that country where death is forever unknown.

He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die (John 11: 25, 26).

GET RIGHT WITH GOD AND MAN

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

*By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts**

THE gathering of rare coins is a passion with some people. Large prices, hundreds of times their intrinsic value, are paid for old and rare coins. What price, think you, would one of these collectors be willing to pay for those "two mites" which the widow cast into the treasury when Jesus was sitting by? They are lost to the world, but Jesus, the day he saw them in the hands of the widow, spoke words that gave them a value beyond all price. There was only one place in the Temple at Jerusalem where women might go, called "the Court of the Women," though men might go there also. It meant that women could go no further. It was a part of the Temple situated between the Gate Beautiful and the Gate Nicanor, and was about two hundred and fifty feet square, surrounded by a wall forty to sixty feet high.

Around the walls were thirteen trumpet-like contribution boxes, because of which the Court of the Women was also called the Treasury. Many of the teachings of Jesus were given in this place, probably because it was the only place where women could gather with the men to hear him. It was on the last day of his public teaching that he saw the widow cast her two mites, her whole living, into the contribution box. As it was made of metal, the little coins made a small tinkle as they dropped into the trumpet where big silver and gold coins had just resounded, but how the echoes of the widow's greater generosity have been reverberating all around the world ever since! Jesus was glad that this act of the widow was done just when it was, for it gave him a beautiful illustration for the discourse he was making on love to God and man. The inquiry had been made by one of the scribes, "Which is the greatest commandment?" In his answer Jesus had gathered the commandments about our duties to God into one: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart;" and the commandments about our duties to man he also condensed into one: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

Jesus said, "Verily I say unto you, this poor widow hath cast in more than all"

Illustration and Application

Our Lord Jesus Christ divides all law and all life into two overlying hemispheres of love—love to God and love to man. Love means right relations, which is also the best definition of religion. Love to God means right relations of the individual soul to God, to be developed through the Saviourship of Jesus. Love to man means right social relations between man and man, to be developed through the Kingship of Christ. The individual is to be saved by his cross, but the community is to be saved by his crown, that is, by making the law of Christ the law of business and politics and pleasure.

1. Thou shalt love the Lord thy God. If this is the first and great commandment, is not one who does not love God guilty of the greatest sin? Men say, "I am not a Christian, but I live a good moral life." It is as if a boy should say, "I do not love or obey my good father, but I play fair with my schoolmates." It is as if a man should say, "I am not faithful to my wife, but I pay my bills." The first and great commandment is, "Get right with God." One cannot begin either personal religion or social reform successfully in any other way. For example, behold the absurdity of atheistic or agnostic socialists attempting to develop an ideal brotherhood of man while denying or ignoring the Fatherhood of God! Manifestly they are seeking fruit at a rootless tree. Only in an intense appreciation of the Fatherhood of God can we find the material to develop a brotherhood of man.

Love Developed

Some one will say, "Love is not a child of the will to be commanded, but a child of the heart, to be attracted and persuaded." Yes, but the will can arouse love by contemplating the object adapted to prompt love. Love to God naturally arises from hearing the story of God's love to us as shown in his gift of Christ to die for us.

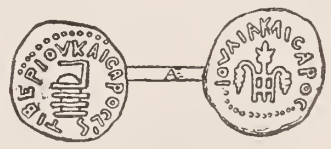
In September of 1863, the Rev. Jacob Chamberlain, well known for his faithful missionary work among the Telugus of India, started on an expedition of 1,200 miles on horseback. The route was both difficult and dangerous, but offered new openings for Bible distribution and preaching. Four native Christian evangelists were with him, and they took with them a large quantity of Bibles, Testaments, and Scripture portions, in the six different languages. The party had been traveling for two weeks. Many difficulties had been experienced; but all through, God gave his servant the special promise, "I will be with thee," and no evil had touched them. In one city, where a mob was very threatening, and paving-stones had been torn up wherewith to stone them, the missionary asked for leave to tell just one true story, before they killed them. He says: "I told the story of the Cross in the graphic language that the Master gave me that day, and the large crowd became an absorbed audience. Down the cheeks of many I saw the tears trickle, as I pictured Christ dying upon the cross that we might all be freed from sin. At the close, they threw their stones into the gutter, and bought many Gospels and portions, to learn more about the wonderful God-man."

Just as I am thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O, Son of God, I come, I come.

2. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." There are three kinds of love: 1. The love of esteem, that looks up—the love with which we love God and good men; 2. The love of sympathy, that looks straight out—the love with which we love congenial relatives and friends and neighbors; 3. The love of pity and compassion that looks down to lift up—the love with which Christ and Christlike men love the unlovely and unfriendly because they are children of God, even though wayward children.

Love the Fulfilment of Law

Such "love is the fulfilling of the law," and all true laws are the fulfilling of love. As Browning says, "All's love yet all's law." Here is the fundamental reform for disobedience to the laws of God, the laws of home, the laws of the school, the laws of the State,—to show the very children who seem to regard all laws as bothersome enemies, that mother's law is but a form of love; that God's law is "for our good always;" that the laws of the school and of the State are smooth highways to keep us out of the marsh and the mire and the thorns. The longest Psalm in the Bible (119) is an ingenious acrostic in which ten names of the law of Sinai, namely, Way, Word, Truth, Law, Precepts, Statutes, Judgments, Commandments, Testimonies, Ordinances, are used as ten strings of a harp to praise God for his love expressed in the moral law on which he lavishes as much enthusiasm as the naturalist upon the wonders of natural law. In that spirit we might well sing of law as we now sing of love, for law is the expression of love:



The Widow's Mite—Actual Size

O, 'twas law, 'twas wondrous law!
Law divine! all law excelling,
Joy of heaven to earth come down.

It is easy to love pleasant neighbors, but God's command does not allow us to stop there. As God loves us in spite of our faults because we are sons of God, so we are bound to love our human brothers in spite of their faults because they are brothers, that we may love away their faults.

When H. M. torpedo destroyer, *Cobra*, foundered in the North Sea last year, the heroic lieutenant-commander died at his post, bidding all who could to save themselves. Both he and the crew knew that the dinghy was the only boat able to live in such a sea, and that it could not hold all to whom he spoke. Quickly was the boat lowered and filled. One poor fellow, who had jumped overboard, made for her, and laid his hand on the gunwale, but seeing how full she was, he quietly let go. His friends cried to him to come aboard, but he know the risk for them, and called out: "No, mates, no. One life for many. Good-by all," and he sank.

3. Thou shalt love thyself. Mothers and some others need to remember this third one of the great commandments. To love our neighbor as ourselves implies loving ourselves. Self love is a virtue in the right place, the third place, to which Shakespeare referred when he said, "Love thyself last." That is also what we mean when we say, "Be good to yourself." Self love becomes selfishness only by getting into the second or first place, above love of God or of our fellow-men. Dirt is matter out of place. Selfishness is self love out of place. But some mothers make their families selfish by being themselves too unselfish. A mother who lets her grown daughter loaf in bed and does double duty herself in the kitchen, loves "not wisely, but too well." The mother who makes a drudge of herself serves her family less than one who takes her share of picnics and privileges and keeps her mind and body in tune.

A Boy's Self-Sacrifice

Here is a story worthy to go with the story of the widow who gave her two mites. There was going to be a big tea party at John's Yard Ragged School. Bob Brown had gained a ticket by regular attendance and good behavior, but he wanted a ticket for Louie Sanders, the little flower-girl, who was only an occasional scholar. Miss Howard looked at her and shook her head. "I'm sorry, Bob," she said, "but our rules are very strict, and if I made an exception for Louie I would have no end of complaints." "But she's so often sick," pleaded Bob; "'taint fair to keep her out if 'taint her own fault." Miss Howard felt very sorry, but she tried to explain to both boy and girl that punctual attendance was the only passport to the feast, and that she did not know how to alter the rule. An hour or two afterwards Miss Howard was going the rounds of the well-filled tables with a big jug of milk in one hand, when she saw Louie Sanders munching away at some delicious cake, with oranges to follow, and looking beamingly happy. She touched the child on the arm. "How did you manage to get in?" asked the teacher wonderingly, and the little child flushed up. "'Twas Bob Brown, miss, and we hope you won't mind! He gave me his ticket, 'cos he said I wanted it most. You see, teacher, I'm so weakly and he's quite strong." With a flash Miss Howard's thoughts went off to the eager figure which had so lately stood beside her. She remembered the clean, well-scrubbed face, the scarlet scarf arranged so carefully. Then she thought of Bob's regular attendance at school and how he had been looking forward to this very feast and trying his utmost to gain the right of admittance to it. Certainly Bob Brown had proved that he loved his little neighbor as himself, or better, by renouncing his privilege that she might enjoy it.

Wealth Distributed

A man in Boston entered in his journal, "I this day resolve before God that I will not, after I shall have acquired a competence—enough to live on the income—spend for myself any part of my earnings." He accumulated property up to a moderate amount, the interest on which would comfortably support himself and family; and what he earned beyond that he gave away. For a series of years he was incredibly rich, and yet died with only a small fortune. But he was rich in what he had given away. It is a remarkable fact, attested by experience in many ages and in many lands, that the men who give most in proportion to their income have the most to give. God sees that they can be trusted with money and he prospers them beyond their expectations. It has always been true, that "the liberal soul is made fat."

*International Sunday School Lesson for Oct. 7, 1906. The Two Great Commandments, Mark 12: 28-34, 38-44. GOLDEN TEXT: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart" Mark 12: 30.

Questions and Answers

Letters for this department must contain name and address of the sender—not for publication, but as evidence of genuineness and good faith. Where an answer by mail is desired, ten cents in postage stamps must be forwarded by the writers, with full address.

Reader, Dayton, O. What are the relative proportions of illiteracy in the cities and the rural districts?

According to the *Scientific American*, in the country the illiteracy among children is 88.7; in cities of over 25,000 inhabitants, it is only 10.4. The contrast is least in the North Atlantic States, where the so-called country includes many large towns or cities under 25,000, in which the school systems are by no means inferior to those in the large cities. In this section of the United States, child illiteracy in the city is 7.8 and in the country 10.8. In the South Atlantic division the ratio is 32.4 and 193.4 for city and country, respectively, and in the South Central, 44.9 and 181.3.

H. McD., McDermott, O. Why is the birth of Christ placed at B. C. 5, instead of A. D. 1?

This question has been answered in this column several times. The reason is that B. C. 5 is the correct date. Our era should have commenced with that date. The reason why we know that Christ was born then, is that he must have been born before Herod died, as that monarch slaughtered the children (See Matt. 2: 16), and we know from the Roman archives that Herod died in the year corresponding with B. C. 4.

G. H. T., Katahdin, Me. I followed the story of the awful San Francisco disaster with great interest and sympathy, but have seen no authoritative statement—even approximate—of the loss of life. Can you tell me what the loss was?

San Francisco's local health department formally reports that 452 people perished as the result of the earthquake and fire. Of these 266 were killed by falling walls, 177 perished by fire, 7 were shot and 2 died from exposure; 351 were females, and 77 males; 420 were white, 18 Chinese, and 4 Japanese.

J. W. B., Wisdom, Ky. How is it that II. Kings 19, and Isaiah 37 are word for word alike?

The incident recorded in Kings would naturally be a part of the history of Hezekiah's reign. But as Isaiah was principally concerned in it, and much that he said was contained in it, he had a right to include it in his works. He probably wrote both, or gave his record to the King's secretary to insert in the national history.

D. K., Bridgeton, N. J. What will the Panama Canal cost this country?

It will cost the United States at least $200,000,000, before the big cut across the Isthmus is finished. In 1878, Colombia contracted with the Civil International Inter-Oceanic Canal Company to construct the canal; the following year the contract was transferred to the French Company under De Lesseps, who built the Suez Canal. In 1889, his company became bankrupt, and the United States paid $40,000,000 for the holdings of his company. Theodore P. Shonts is now the Chairman of the Panama Canal Commission, and there is every reason to believe that he will succeed where De Lesseps failed.

M. S., Mount Pleasant, Pa. Is the statement true, as I have heard, that all sickness and affliction are sent as a punishment?

No, the statement is a hideous libel on God and a cruel outrage on the sufferers. Sickness is sometimes a punishment for disregarding the laws of nature, but it is not God's punishment for sin. The book of Job was written to show how false and cowardly was the theory that those worst afflicted were the worst sinners. Job insisted and God confirmed him, that we have no right to infer that the afflicted man has been a heinous sinner. Christ also indignantly repudiated the idea (see Luke 13: 2-4), and again John 9: 1-3. Sickness often comes as a discipline to develop spirituality, to lead to greater faith and patience and sometimes to give an example of Christ's sustaining power. People have often wondered at the patience and endurance of the afflicted Christian and have gained from the spectacle a deep impression of the power of religion.

A Sorrowing One, ——, Mich. I thought I was converted four years ago, but cannot get peace. I am distressed about my past sins. I am unable to make restitution to the people I wronged. What should I do?

Your need seems to be a lack of faith. God promises to forgive all your past sins, if you put your faith in Christ. Do you doubt that he will keep his word? If some man to whom you owed money told you he forgave you the debt, would you refuse to believe him, and keep on worrying? God is surely entitled to as much confidence as you would put in a creditor. If you have put your case in Christ's hands and are honestly trying to obey his commands, you have no reason to worry. Should you ever be able to make restitution, you should do it, but if you are not able, it is of no use worrying, and you will do much harm and no good by making public confession, unless some other person is wrongfully suspected.

C. C., Lebanon, Pa. What is the meaning of the twain becoming one, in Ephesians 2: 15?

It is explained in the eleventh verse of the same chapter. The Gentiles were despised by the Jews, and treated as "strangers from the covenants of promise," and "were far off." Christ, by abolishing the ordinances, brought in the Gentiles, and they stood on common ground in his new covenant. The twain once so opposed, thus became one; having the same privileges under the Gospel, they were not addressed as Jews or gentiles, but as men, reconciling both (as in ver. 16) in his own body on the cross.

M. H. L., Washington, D. C. When and where was the first newspaper published in America?

Boston published the first American newspaper, on Sept. 25, 1690, entitled *Publick Occurrences*. There was but one number, as the Legislature suppressed it. Next came the weekly *Boston News Letter*, April 24, 1704. New York did not print its first paper until 1725, while the first daily paper had its birth in Philadelphia in 1784.

M. R., Clarksdale, Mo. In THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, August 29, J. G. W., San Francisco, Calif., asks, "Why is it that on clocks and watches which have the Roman numerals on them, that for four, IIII are put instead of IV?" Some years ago I saw the statement, that when the first dial plate was completed, it was shown to the king. "There," said the king, "that is wrong; IIII stand for four, not IV." In vain the maker protested that IV was right. "Change it," said the king, and so it stands to-day, a monument of a king's ignorance.

The story may be true, or it may be apocryphal. The usually accepted explanation is that the four Roman numerals were used in watches because, in holding them up to ascertain the time, the IV and VI being similar, if held at certain angles, were apt to lead to mistakes.

E. M. L., Walton, N. Y. What is the difference between the title Jews and Hebrews?

Accurately speaking, the Jews are descendants of Judah. They are the only descendants of Abraham we know of at the present time. The other ten tribes were deported and scattered in the year 721 B. C. (see II Kings 17: 23). They were lost, whether absorbed into the population or not is unknown. Many believe that the Anglo-Saxon race is descended from them. The ten tribes, with the Jews, form the Hebrew race. Thus the Jews and the lost ten tribes, are all Hebrews, that is, descendants of Abraham; but all the Hebrews are not Jews.

R. T. F., Oakes, N. D. What do you consider the true explanation of the contrasting terms, "the mind and the flesh," in Romans 7: 25?

The argument of the preceding verses has been the hopelessness of the struggle which that man must fight who strives to obtain salvation through the law. He is defeated by his own body, or the flesh, as Paul calls it. It drags him down and forces him to obey and to yield to its cravings; so that in his despair he cries, "What I would I do not; but what I hate that do I." The picture is one that appeals to every unconverted man's experience. His reason, his pride, his manliness direct him to renounce some sin, such as drunkenness or lust. He resolves, but suddenly the craving arises, and in spite of the resolves of his mind—his real ego—he is swept off his feet, and yields to his passion. The revelation of Christ as a helper crosses Paul's mind, and he thanks God. In the eighth chapter he is going to explain this at length, but he halts here at verse 25, to mark the stage reached by the man he is describing. "With the mind, I myself," the real ego am serving God; while with the flesh, the animal nature, I am serving sin. In Romans 8: 10, this problem is solved. Through Christ the spirit is strengthened, and the flesh is controlled and subdued. He is freed by the spirit of life (Romans 8: 3).

President Palma's Palace in Havana, near which American Marines were Posted, September 13th.

G. S. F., Montreal, Can. Has the Chinese army any cavalry? Somehow, it seems incongruous to think of a Chinaman on horseback, so natural to the German, English or American.

So far from being "incongruous," an American writes from China that the Chinaman is a born horseman, who has nothing to learn from Europe or America, and that horses in finer condition do not exist in any army in the world.

C. D. L., Wilkes Barre, Pa. Was Joseph sold to Ishmaelites as stated in Gen. 37: 25, or to Midianites, as stated in Gen. 37: 28?

It may have been a mixed company, such as traveled together for mutual protection. The Midianites, like the Ishmaelites, were descended from Abraham, and were probably loosely classed together by the brothers, who recognized them as traders.

L. E. S., Brooklyn, N. Y. Why were the descendants of Esau called dukes in Gen. 36: 15-18?

The word duke comes from the word *dux*, a leader or chief. The American Revised Version, issued by the Oxford Press, translates the word both in the verses you name, and in the 19th verse, chiefs, that is, heads of tribes.

J. E. L., Lilly, Pa. When, where, and by whom was the Independent Order of Good Templars started?

It is said to have had its conception in this country, in the minds of a few printer boys, in Utica, N. Y., in 1850, and is a direct outgrowth of a society known as Cadets of Temperance. The I. O. of G. T. is a secret society of both sexes, which stands for total abstinence and no license. In 1899 it numbered 600,000 members throughout the globe; 350,000 in the U. S. alone.

M. H. A., Charlestown, Mass. A friend has told me that Canada forbids Sunday newspapers. Is it possible that this is true?

Not quite. But the House of Commons at Ottawa, took a long stride in the direction of Sabbath observance when, on July 6 last, it passed a bill forbidding the publishing of Sunday papers, or even their importation from the United States. The same bill also places very severe restrictions on transportation on the first day of the week.

J. R. C., Cassopolis, Mich. Is the description of the darkened sun, etc., in Matt. 24: 29, to be accepted literally or figuratively?

It is simply a poetic description of the perturbations in nature which will precede the second coming of Christ.

Miscellaneous

J. W., Warsaw, N. Y. Human nature is weak where the circus is concerned. It would be difficult, however, for a church member to explain on what grounds he could justify his absence from service, to watch the circus unload.

Alma C. N., Ottawa, Kan., and others. The "prayer chain," about which you inquire, has been denounced by the bishop in question as a forgery and a humbug. He never wrote it and never authorized it.

Subscriber, Pictou, Ont., Canada. Yes: Ira D. Sankey, Moody's longtime associate, is now blind and wholly incapacitated for public work. His blindness was the result of severe ocular strain. He is in fairly good health otherwise.

Mrs. M. M., Enterprise, Kan. 1. The foremost American names in invention are Ericsson (designer of the *Monitor*), Edison (electrical devices, phonograph, incandescent light, etc.), Bell (telephone), Field (Atlantic Cable), Morse (telegraphy), Manning (harvester), Westinghouse (railway brakes), Pullman (sleeping cars), Elias Howe (sewing machine), Fulton (first steamboat). 2. We know nothing about the work of the ladies you mention.

Religion the Nation's Need

CONTIUNED FROM PAGE 795

shall be known; and that the corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit, and that the sound tree must prove its soundness by bringing forth good fruit. The nominal Christian, the man who has attended to all the outward observances of Christianity, with no matter what scrupulous care, who nevertheless embezzles trust funds, who is a disgrace in business, in politics, or in home life, has sinned against the light, and is more, not less, blameworthy than if he had never made profession of belief. Each of us, laymen and clergyman alike, must strive in our actual conduct, day by day with the people among whom we live, to make them understand that what we expect from Christian folk, if they are sincere in their devotion to Christianity, is the highest standard of conduct, the actual carrying out in practical life of what they profess to receive in church, from the Bible, and from their associations with their fellow-members, of whatever creed.

"All men in public life come in contact with much that is base, with much that is venal, or cowardly, or dishonest, and if they have in their hearts any appreciation of what is really necessary to true national greatness, they must feel the need of every force for good in this country being multiplied and strengthened to the utmost possible extent. We cannot continue as a Republic, we cannot rise to any true level of greatness, unless that greatness is based upon and conditioned by a high and brave type of spiritual life.

"There is nothing we should abhor more than the telling of an untruth, whether a conventional untruth or not. I would on no account be understood as affecting to deprecate material well-being. To tell men to disregard riches entirely is to preach to them not only a doctrine which it is impossible for them to live up to, but which the preacher knows perfectly well they will not try to live up to. Regard the things of the body, but put them below the things of the soul. Give to the body what the body is entitled to, but do not give it more than it is entitled to. The multi-millionaire, the man of wealth generally, is not a harm, but a good to the community if he appreciates that he is a trustee for that wealth, that his use of it must also be a use which tells for decency in private life, for honesty and courage in business and in public life. No man is going to be of any real use to others, until first of all he is able to carry his own weight, and if a man entirely disregards the things of the body, it means that some one else has to regard them for him. He cannot be a factor for good in the community at large, unless he is first able to support himself and those dependent upon him. That is a fundamental, a basic duty for every man, and if he does not fulfil it, he is not only doing wrong to those who are near him, but he is depriving himself of the chance to do decent work for outsiders. So we need material well-being in this nation, as a foundation without which no superstructure can be raised. But upon that foundation we must see to it that we build the superstructure of high individual and national conduct, so that each man in his relations to his fellows, shall actually be influenced by the ethical standards which teach us that the thing in life best worth having, will prove in the end to be the sense of having so lived that others are better, and not worse off, because we have lived."

"The clergy all feel greatly stimulated by this meeting, and the reminiscences of two hundred years," commented Bishop Burgess to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD representative. "It means much to the Church and to the nation for the Chief Executive to state so plainly his conviction that Christianity is a necessity to good citizenship," he continued, alluding to the President's statements.

After the services a collation was served in the Parish House, preceded by an impromptu reception held by the President, who stood near the door of the hall, chatting with those presented. When the venerable rector, Dr. Washburn, introduced the representative of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, President Roosevelt, after the customary polite preliminary remarks, said emphatically, clasping his hands fervently, and nodding his head in his positive manner:

"THE CHRISTIAN HERALD! Now, that's a good paper. Look what it did for Japan. Now, that is what I call *conduct*."

MONT-LAWN'S SEASON ENDED

ALL the way from Ottawa, Canada, there came to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, not long ago, a letter. Its round, childish penmanship told a story that we would like to have illuminated, like the beautiful work of the monks of olden time. The little girl who wrote the letter had been given, by her wise mother, the choice of a watch for her birthday gift, or the value of the watch in money to send to our Children's Home. The money reached us in time for one more child from the slums to know the joy of a visit to the country. If the young giver, Miss Grace ——, could have seen the merry play, and the gleeful surprise of that last load of vacationers to Mont-Lawn, their tinkling laughter would have been more musical to her ears than the ticking of any watch.

One pastor, in a church where there are many poor, writes his earnest thanks for the outing which twenty of the children of his parish enjoyed at Mont-Lawn. "You returned them to us," he writes, "round and ruddy, from the wholesome fare and out-door life of the Home."

It has been a wonderful season at Mont-Lawn. The new buildings added much to the comfort and convenience of children and caretakers alike. Friends of the work responded nobly to appeals, and never in any previous season has our "Children's Paradise" received so many visitors, all of whom were delighted with the work.

Apropos of the moral training given the little ones—at the closing Sabbath gathering in the Temple, a visitor heartily and publicly congratulated Dr. Klopsch upon the splendid work he had accomplished in fixing the mental vision of our throngs of street children upon better and higher things than they had ever known. In reply, Dr. Klopsch disclaimed all share in the praise which had been lavished upon him, begging the audience to believe that it is to Miss Collins, the "little Housemother," and her carefully, even prayerfully, selected corps of assistants in the work, that the credit is due.

Now, the children have come back to the city. Let us not forget them during the long winter that is coming. All the workers and managers of the Home need the prayers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers, that, with the approach of another summer, they may be able to "think clearly, plan largely and do heartily."

H. W. S.

BOOKS RECEIVED

The Damask Girl, and Eight Other Stories, by Morrison I. Swift. Cloth covers. Price $1. Published by the author, at 136 William Street, New York.

School History of the United States, by Henry William Elson. Clear, comprehensive, well illustrated and up-to-date. Pp. 491. Cloth covers. The Macmillan Company, New York, publishers.

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THE SECRET THUNDER

Sermon by Rev. F. DeWitt Talmage, D.D.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 792

the atmosphere overhead blowing in different directions. But this one fact the Psalmist knew about a thunder-storm. It represented an atmospheric change. Before the storm came, the hot valleys would be blistered. Then the droughts would be parching the grass and drying up the water holes. Then the sheep would be bleating from hunger and thirst. But no sooner did

The Echoing of the Storm

sound from the secret place of thunder, than at once the hot, blasting air became cool. Then the reservoirs of the clouds were emptied of their waters. Then all nature began to teem and to smile and to hum and to sing with life. So, in the secret place of thunder, when God speaks to us, our natures will be changed. Being sinful, we shall become pure. Being morally crooked, we shall become straight. Being spiritually dead, we shall become spiritually resurrected. "Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson they shall be as wool." Oh, the miraculous change which comes into man's sinful nature as soon as the sinner comes into touch with Christ's love in God's secret place of thunder. To the Psalmist, as well as to every Christian, the secret place of thunder should represent change, complete change, entire change.

But in the secret place of thunder, man is not only brought into right harmony with God, but also into right harmony with man. There we are taught to love the Lord our God with all our heart and soul and mind. But we are also taught there to love our neighbor as ourselves. And in no place on earth does a man try more to help his neighbor, than when he is in the mountains. The valleys are the places where man too often lives for himself. The mountains are the places

Where Man Lives for Others

If you are in trouble in the hills, you can always go to the first man you meet and he will help you out of that difficulty, if it is possible for him so to do. Kindness, kindness, kindness, brotherly and sisterly kindnesses are to be found everywhere in the mountains. Oh, why do we not learn to help each other in the valleys and lowlands, as the mountaineer is always willing to help his neighbor among the hills? Yes, in the secret place of thunder, man not only learns to love the Lord his God with all his heart and soul and mind, but he also learns to love and to help his neighbor as he would his own child.

But there is still another fact about these mountains that I would have you bear well in mind. God's secret place of thunder is not circumscribed. There are many secret places of thunder. Just as mountains seem to overtop mountains, so for man there should always be higher secret places of thunder, to which he should always be striving to go. This fact also is most beautifully illustrated among the hills. While I was on my way tramping, I looked up and saw where a storm was raging in Little Bear Valley. "Oh," I said to myself, "if I could only climb up there and sit by the cradle of that storm." Time passed on and I was able to climb up to where that storm was born. "We had an awful electric storm here a few days ago," said a lady to me after I had climbed into Pioneer Camp. "Did you see it in the valley below?" "Yes," I answered, "We saw it." Then I was in a secret place of thunder. Then I went to "Observation Point" at Skyland, and looked off upon the valley. How far below me that valley appeared. Far, far below, I could see the trees laid out in rows. I could see the ranch houses dotting the horizon here and there. I could see the cities and villages through which we had passed. Then, from watching the earth under my feet, I began to look up. I saw the greater mountain peaks rising just as high above me as the valley was below. There were mighty Grayback and San Jacinto Peak and old Cucamonga. There they lifted their snow-capped heights thousands upon thousands of feet higher than I was. Then I said, as I saw the valleys below and the mountain heights above, "There are secret places of thunder where God talks to us near to the valleys." But the Christian who stays in one secret place of thunder must surely die in a spiritual sense. Higher than his present spiritual life he must see visions. God keeps saying to him always this one sentence: "Child, climb! Keep climbing higher and higher into the spiritual realms. Way off among the cloudlands of the mountains I have for thee other secret places of thunder, where thou canst commune with me. Thou must climb and keep on climbing, until at last thou shalt dwell with me in the eternal secret places of heaven."

Strength Renewed

And oh, how beautiful the valleys look, after we have dwelt for a little while among the hills. A man, as a rule, cannot appreciate the lowlands and the valleys when he is climbing up the mountain sides. Then his breath comes quick and short. Then he, like Bunyan's hero, Christian, is tugging at his load. He stops every little while to put his mouth to the waters to quench his thirst, for his lips are feverish and his brow is an overheated forehead. But after he has climbed the mountains and rested his tired limbs among the cool shades of the trees, and slept for a little while upon the softest of couches made up of pine needles, everything is changed. Then, when he starts down into the valleys, the world looks so different. Every brook sings to him. Every tree rustles with gladness. Every step seems buoyant with perpetual youth.

Oh, tired and weary soul, working in life's lowlands, would you enjoy your life? Would you feel that every deed that you do is a joyful deed of Gospel opportunities? Then for a little while hie away from the deep valleys of selfishness. Climb. Keep on climbing. Climb up into the secret places of thunder and listen to God's voice talking to you. Then God will send you back to your work strong in a physical and mental and spiritual sense. Then he will make you say, "Next to the blessed opportunity of singing the song of Moses and the Lamb, before the great White Throne of God, is the blessing of working for him in his vineyards in the lowlands of earth."

Oh, God, may we hear thee speaking to us to-day in the secret places of thunder, that we may go forth as joyful reapers to gather thy sheaves from the great harvest-fields of the world into the Gospel granaries. Dost thou not hear God speaking to thee in the secret place of thunder?

A Plea for the Ex-Prisoners

The approaching autumn is already noticeable in the Prison-Gate Mission of the Salvation Army, New York, by the increased call for clothing of all kinds. The Mission needs a plentiful supply of clothing of almost any description—clothing for men, women and children. Garments that are still serviceable will be most thankfully received. One woman just discharged from prison, came to the Mission and was given a position, but had to be refitted with clothing, and the Mission was unable to supply all her needs. Friends who can send packages should address them to Colonel Thomas Holland, Superintendent, Prison-Gate Mission of the Salvation Army, 122 West Fourteenth Street, New York City.

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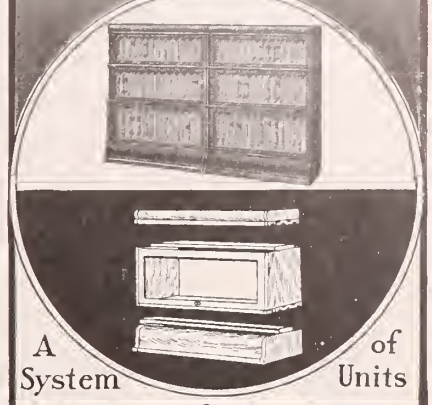

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WON BY FIRE

By Helen T. Churchill

FROM the southern coast of Nova Scotia, Hazard Head stretches out into the Atlantic for two miles, like a long arm trying to grasp as much as it can from the greed of the sea. It is not a fertile spot,—barren heath-covered hills, with the fishermen's cottages scattered here and there,—poor, comfortless homes for the most part; destitute of any protection from the sweeping blasts.

A lonely place to live, and looking lonelier on this dreary morning; but 'though the sky is grey and the sea sullen, the fishing boats have already been out for the herring nets; and down at the beach and clustered about the rude, unsavory landing stages, the women gather, knife in hand, ready for their work of "gibbing" the herring. They work steadily, but a constant hum of talk goes on.

"So Allison Stevens is home, I hear," said an old woman, whose bent back showed marks of long service at the shore.

"Yes," answered the neighbor addressed, drawing her knife skilfully through a herring as she spoke. "He come las' night; I seen him, for I was over at Tom's when he come."

"Now, ain't that too bad," purred a fat, motherly looking woman; "an' Ruth seeh a purty gal, too, an' Allison seeh a ketch; skipper, now, ain't he?"

"Oh, yes;" returned the other; "they set a store by him in Glo'star, so our Hiram says; was skipper of the *Mary C.* all summer, and can get any berth when he goes back. S'pose he'll want to take Ruth with him."

"Well, he'll find ole Silas won't have nothin' to do with him," said the first speaker.

"Don't ever mention 'bout that land now, does he?" queried another.

"Dear, yes," was the answer; "harks back to that all the time."

"What about the land?" asked a woman, folding back her limp blue sunbonnet, that she might better peer into her neighbor's face.

"Sakes alive! did you never hear that ole story? I s'pose it happened afore you come here. You know that sheep paster that stretches between Tom Stevens's and ole Silas Orchard's? That was Guv'ment land once, like all the rest of the Head; well, Allison's father, ole George Stevens, got a grant of it from the Guv'ment, an' ole Silas says his father said 'at he had a grant of part of that very land, but lost the deed. So he fought George Stevens all his days 'bout it, and now he holds a grudge 'gin Tom and Allison. Sakes! Allison's willin' enough to give up the land, but ole Silas won't take it that way,—wants law for it or somethin',—guess he don't know what he wants, only to fight."

"The young skipper helped her over the stones and up the path"

"Ain't you seen him yet, Aunt Beeky?" asked another woman of the old lady. "Not yet, but I ain't afeared but Allison will come to see me; he's a'most like my own son, is Allison."

"I wonder if him and Ruth Orehard will be the same as ever," said one of the girls curiously.

"Why not?" answered Aunt Beeky sharply. "Ain't him and Ruth b'en keepin' company since they was boy and girl, and ain't she b'en true to him?"

"Yes," said one of the women, as she deftly wiped her knife and hands on her coarse apron; "but I guess ole Silas is the same mind as ever. I ain't seen no change in him: heerd him goin' on 'bout Allison t'other day. Seems to me I couldn't stan' it if I was Ruth, an' I don't know as she's called to."

"Honor thy father and thy mother," quoted Aunt Beeky solemnly.

"Well, I dunno," retorted the other; "it's pretty funny if the Lord means Ruth to go ag'in her own natur' for the sake of an ole crank like Silas; mean, too, mean as dirt. I was there t'other night, and do you believe, there was Ruth sewin' by an ole fish-ile lamp; won't let her have store ile, says it comes too high an' lamp chimblys break."

"Hullo, here comes Allison now, with our Bill," said the fat woman.

The girls among the group began to work away industriously; their cheeks redder than ever, and consciousness of the approach of two comely young men in every motion.

Skipper Allison was certainly worth looking at; a tall, well-formed figure, moving with the rolling grace so soon acquired from a life on shipboard; his bronzed face, with regular, strong features, firm chin and keen grey eyes, was well set off by a wealth of waving brown hair. He came straight to Aunt Beeky, and putting his arms about her, kissed her withered cheek.

"Well, dear old Aunty, you're still at the gibbing; I'm glad to find you so well, but you ought to give this up now."

"Tell me who's to do it then;" returned

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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WON BY FIRE

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

Aunt Becky, as she gazed with loving pride at the stalwart form before her; "s'long as the ole man is able to go to the nets, I guess I can do my part."

"Oh, ho! the wind sets in that quarter, eh?" laughed Allison; "don't want Uncle Ben to think you are not as smart as he; all right, as long as you don't overdo it; remember that good folks are scarce." And he turned to shake hands with the other women.

The girls having finished their work, were now down at the shore, washing their hands and coquettishly laughing or screaming as they pretended to push each other into the water; but Allison made no attempt to join them.

Aunt Becky had finished her herring, and the young skipper helped her over the stones, and together they took the path up the hill.

"Seen Ruth yet, Allison?" she asked, as they left the group behind.

"Not yet, Aunt Becky," he replied. "Do you think it would do to go up now?" and he turned an anxious face towards the old lady.

"Well now, Allison," she said, "I don't believe I'd go afore I seed Ruth. Ole Silas is worse'n ever, an' he'd only raise a row if he sees you. I'll send over for Ruth, an' you come home with me."

"It's pretty hard on a fellow to have to meet his girl that way," muttered Allison. "I'm not afraid of Silas Orchard; I'll go there and have it out with him."

"But you must think of Ruth, my son;" urged the old lady. "Better see her first, anyway." Allison silently assented, and the two walked on.

"Be you goin' back to Glo'star this winter?" asked Aunt Becky at length.

"Not unless I can take Ruth with me," he replied firmly.

"Oh, dear!" said Aunt Becky, "it seems a pity for you to lose such a good chance, and you such a smart feller too; I fear it will he some time afore ole Silas dies, and Ruth has strong ideas of her duty to her father; this is a dull place for young folk like you."

"I don't know that the place makes much difference," said Allison, "if you're happy. That glorifies any place, and if you're miserable, all places are alike to you."

"That's true," assented Aunt Becky, "an' I'll not say anythin' ag'in the Head; I love it. I couldn't live away from the sea. When I was young they got me a place to live at 'way out in the country. I was wild to go, but oh, I didn't stay long. I couldn't breathe out there, and I couldn't sleep without the roaring of the surf in my ears. They was kind folks and good to me, but they wasn't like fisher folk. No, I love the sea; though my two boys sailed away one day, and never come back ag'in; but I'd ruther they was lying under the waves than in the dark ground. There's where the ole man an' me will be buried;" and she pointed to a bold hill that rose abruptly from the water's edge. "I doubt me if I could rest out of hearing of the sea."

As Aunt Becky resumed her walk, she glanced over her shoulder, and, pausing again, she laid her hand on the arm of her companion: "See, Allison, there's Ruth now, coming up the hill; join her, lad."

Allison needed no second bidding, and Aunt Becky went on alone.

The lovers had not met for a year, and Allison's brown cheek grew paler, and his pulses throbbed with excitement, as he quickened his pace toward the tall, slender girl, who walked with a free yet sturdy step; head and chest well up, as one used to breasting the strong winds of the Atlantic. She wore a red cloak with the hood thrown over her head, and the bright scarlet set off the clear pale skin, so peculiar to the women of those fog-bound coasts. Her dark hair, roughened by the wind, and moist with the fog, curled in little rings about her forehead and ears, and when her blue eyes met Allison's, they brightened with shy love.

But they only clasped hands, while Allison's "Oh, Ruth! I am so glad to see you" brought but the response, almost whispered: "Allison, Allison!"

"Where are you bound?" he asked.

"Only to Aunt Becky's."

"Then won't you come for a walk? I have so much to say to you."

Ruth assented, and they turned towards the sea. Over the heath-clad hills they passed, and then down towards the shore; here they climbed over the loose stones of the shingle, till they reached the great rocks that raised their dark sides against the battling waves. In times of storm, the sea broke against these cliffs and dashed its foamy spray far above them. Seeking a well-known niche, sheltered from the wind, Allison seated his companion and placed himself beside her.

"Dear Ruth," he asked, as he drew her head to his shoulder, "do you love me, as you told me when I went away?"

"Oh, Allison!" murmured Ruth; "I love you just the same as ever, and always will. You do not doubt me, Allison?"

"No, Ruth; the thought of your true love has kept me up many an hour. When I am on the Banks I have so much time for thinking, and I've thought of you, and planned for you. Now, I've got on well, Ruth, and can give you a good home; you'll come to it, won't you?"

"Oh, father will never be willing," cried the girl. "Oh, what shall I do?"

At the mention of her father's name a cloud passed over Allison's face; but the girl's distress appealed to him.

"Don't you think he will agree, Ruth, when I tell him how well I am doing now? He ought not to have anything against me; I'm steady, and I'm Captain now; surely he knows you must be married sometime."

But the girl only shook her head and buried her tear-stained face in Allison's breast.

"Well, anyway, Ruthie, I'm going to see your father and have a talk with him. When is the best time to see him?"

"There isn't any best time," said the poor girl; "he's not well now, getting so lame, and that makes him cross all the time. Sometimes in the evening he seems a little better."

"Then I'll come this evening," said Allison decidedly; "it's best to have it over as soon as possible. Don't tell him that I am coming, Ruth."

"He won't let me speak of you at all," said Ruth. "I must go now Allison; he grows so angry if I am long away."

"Kiss me once again, Ruthie," whispered her lover, "for good luck, you know. You do love me, don't you?"

"Oh, Allison, you know I love you with my whole heart."

"Then nothing shall keep us apart, I vow!" and taking Ruth's hand, he helped her over the rocks to the verge of the hill, whence she took a short cut home, while he turned toward Aunt Becky's.

When evening came, Allison climbed the hill that led to Ruth's home. Going around to the back door, he lifted the latch and walked directly in. No one at the Head ever used the front door; it seldom had a step, and was apparently only for an emergency; bells and knockers were unknown. From the back door, Allison stepped at once into the kitchen. The room was lighted by an ill-smelling, smoky oil lamp, whose dusky flare revealed old Silas seated close beside the small cooking stove. His huge, gaunt frame was bent and crippled with rheumatism, and the face turned toward Allison, bore the marks of pain and suffering met by a rough, tempestuous spirit. His keen grey eyes peered from beneath shaggy beetling brows, and when they recognized his visitor, they gleamed with fierce hatred.

"Good evening, Mr. Orchard," said Allison, courteously.

"Now, what do you want?" demanded the old man.

"I want to have a little talk with you," returned Allison.

"'Bout the sheep paster?" sneered Silas, "that's the only bizness you and me can have, and I don't want none o' your talk 'bout it,—my mind's made up."

TO BE CONTINUED

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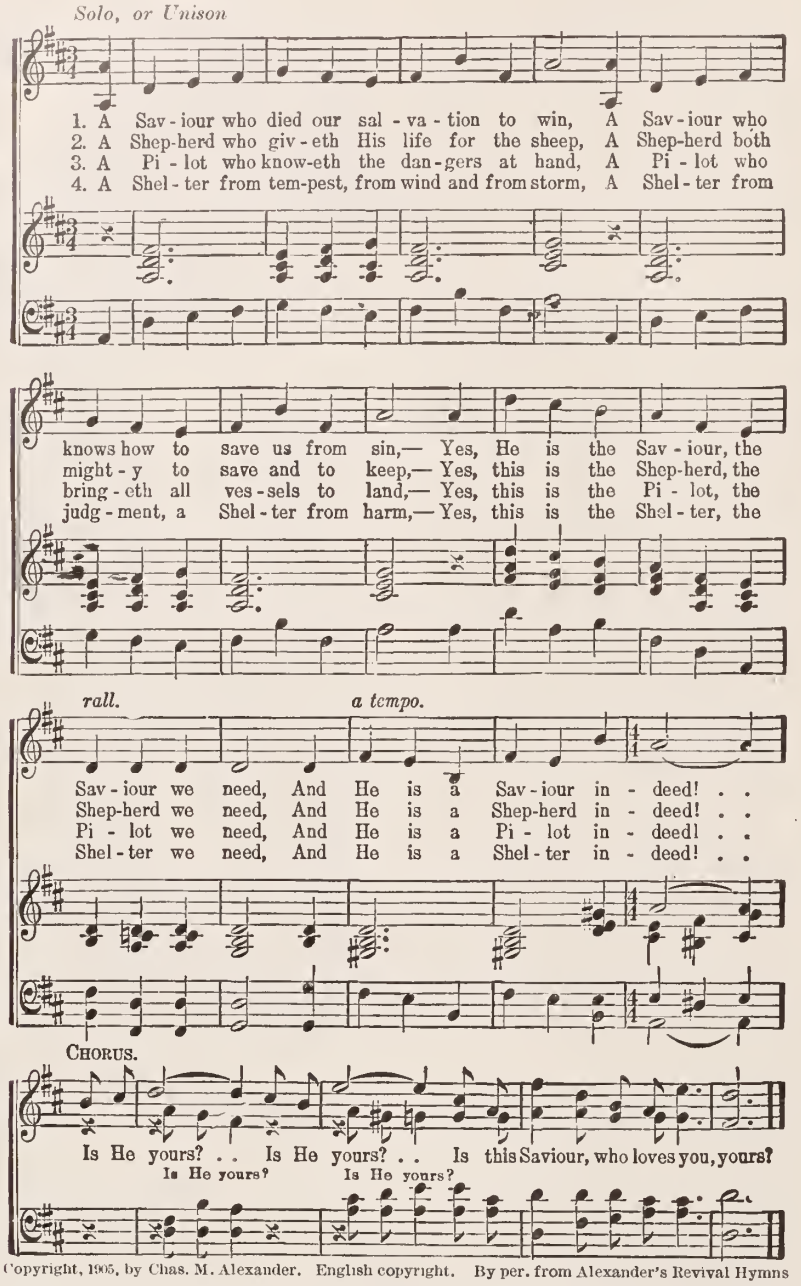

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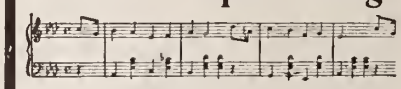

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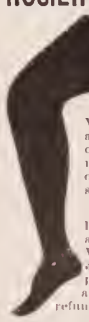

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EVERY steward is a man who acts in the place of another; who is intrusted with duties and obligations, and sometimes with money; a man who must give account to his employer of his conduct of his affairs. Viewed in this light, the Christian, whether he be poor or rich, is under bonds to do all the good in his power. The poor man, following Christ's commands and example, should seek opportunities of service. He can give but little money to Christ's cause or to the poor, but he can give what is of more value than money. One of the poorest men we have known was one of the most helpful. He was the friend of all who were sick or in trouble, pacifying their creditors, pleading with their employers, and helping them by personal service. Yet his stewardship was faithfully performed. He could say, as Peter did: "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I thee."

With the rich it is different. What a changed world this would be if every rich man regarded his wealth as a trust-fund, to be administered according to the purposes of the "God who gave him the power to get riches." He would see that his wealth should not be distributed indiscriminately. Sometimes the worst thing that one man can do for another is to give him money. But in how many instances a gift, or even a loan, would be the making of a man. There are cases of sickness in which a man hurries to his work as soon as he can stand, and incurs a relapse, whereas a little help to support him while he recovers his strength might save his life. There are others whose hands are crippled by debts, which, if lifted, would enable them to make their way in the world. In these and in many other ways the rich may become stewards. Besides these personal opportunities, there are the causes of Christ, the home and foreign missions, the struggling churches, the aged and infirm ministers, all of whom may be blessed by money.

Obedience the Test of Love†

OUR obedience to Christ is a fair test of our love for him. We do not want to be among those to whom he said, "Ye call me Lord, but do not do the things that I say." There are people whom we like and people whom we revere and esteem, but whose advice we would never think of taking. Among these are pessimists and fanatics and crude formalists. We have no objection to their putting in practice their ideas and we like them all the more for being consistent, but we ask to be excused from following their eccentric notions. They may be our friends, but not our teachers. Christ never wished to be in that category. If a man would not follow him wholly, and obey him implicitly, he was not worthy to be his disciple. He came as a king, and as a king he desired to be obeyed. Nothing in his career was more marked than this personal claim. If a man love me he will keep my commandments. Love with him was not an expression of the lips, a theoretic allegiance, but a pervasive, all embracing principle of life. Men are at liberty to reject him, but if they accept him, it must be as teacher and king.

It was characteristic of his self-forgetfulness, that his first commandment should be one apart from himself. It was not loyalty, though he demands that, but of love to one another. His concern was for his people. He wanted them to be bound together in a common bond. Do Christians think of this command when they rail at one another, when they ridicule one another, though the man they so treat is admitted to be a follower of Christ? It is disobedience to his command and implies that they do not love him. It is not always easy to obey. Some of Christ's followers are not lovable; but if they are true Christians, they are brothers and have a claim on our love. We do not love them for their own sake, nor for their faults, but because they love Christ and are united with us in a common bond. On that account, we, who are ourselves far from perfect, can afford to forgive them many things.

*Topic of the Epworth League for October 7. II Cor. 8 ; 9 : 6-8 ; I Cor. 16 . 2.

†Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for Oct. 7. John 15 : 1-17

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DEAR MR. EDITOR:—It is with much pleasure I greet THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers and their friends. We meet on the mutual ground of our love of music. I am glad to be able to announce that all the preliminaries being arranged, enrolment will begin for the Sight-Singing Classes at once.

To inspire the love of song and spread the knowledge of music is the aim of these classes, and has been the task of my life. Whatever willing service can accomplish I shall gladly give toward helping the students to overcome any and all difficulties as they may arise.

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Mme. Caroline S. Newman

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As the Classes progress, our friends will be able to perceive their own progress. Regular reviews will be a feature of the work. The opening class in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Series (Class No. 6), will be formed very soon, and studies will begin the same week. Other classes in the same series will form in rapid succession, each class averaging two hundred students. I will have the pleasure this week of communicating by mail with all applicants whose names have thus far been received through your journal, which—permit me to add in closing—is doing a great service to the cause of musical education.

CAROLINE S. NEWMAN.

Mme. Newman's fame as a teacher of vocal music is well established and her classes have been most successful. She will personally conduct THE CHRISTIAN HERALD classes, directing all studies by mail. The pupils will receive their lessons weekly, and accompanying each lesson will be the musical exercises for that particular week. Every lesson in the course will be self-explanatory. From time to time, musical contributions, calculated to assist the student, will appear in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

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We would urge all those who have not yet sent in their names for the Sight-Singing Classes to do so early, in order that they may be assigned to one of the series, and thus begin their musical education as early as possible. Address Music Editor, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, New York.

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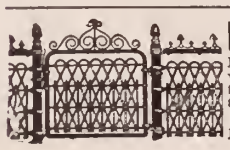

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The Great Command

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

REAL love is always without limit; we may like a person in measure, but love is a thing as illimitable as it is eternal. Therefore the command, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart." The heart must all go out to him, there can be no reserve for self; he has given his infinite heart of love to win it; let it go, and treat every thought of self as unfaithfulness to him. This is the rea onable law of God, this is the right privilege of man.

"With all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength." Let there be but one key to lock or unlock all parts of thy being—God. In order to win thee, he has become even as thou, the Creator has been "made flesh, and dwelt among us;" in order to make thee pure, he has takeu upon him thine impurity; in order to heal thee, he has borne thy sicknesses; in order to give thee part in his own eternal life, he has gone through death. O God, when shall we understand thy love! And what is there which such love does not deserve in return? Is it becoming that we should render to him a part — some few thoughts, some little service, some hours of our time? Is anything else reasonable than to give him all our heart, all our soul, all our mind, all our strength—*i. e.*, our whole, our undivided being?

When the wicked Herod, probably under the influence of drink, promised the voluptuous daughter of Herodias the half of his kingdom at her desire, and when the great Ahasuerus promised his Jewish queen Esther the same thing, thereby expressing the greatest and most magnificent of earthly generosity, it was still but an offer of a divided kingdom. He who is the "King of kings and Lord of lords" offers us not the half, but the whole—himself; yes, all he has, and all he is, that we should be one with him, as he is one with the Father (John 17:21, 22), "heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified together"(Rom.8:17)

What an appeal it makes to us to yield all we are and have to him. He gives his fullness to win our emptiness; shall we withhold it? His only demand is "Thou shalt love;" but there is implied in the terms of God, "Thou shalt do nothing but love;" to love demands heart, and soul, and mind, and strength, in their entirety. How can we, who are by nature all self, thus become all love? Only by giving up ourselves unreservedly, as those who are crucified with Christ, as those who desire nothing but God, that he may fully enter into and possess us; and that he who is love may fill our whole being with himself, with love. If love fills our hearts, then we cannot but love with all our hearts; if love fills our minds, then our very thoughts and imaginations will be love; if love fills our bodies, then with our strength will only love be produced. "He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him (I. John 4: 16)."

"How may I know whether I love God?" is often asked. Let God answer: "This is the love of God, that we keep his commandments, and his commandments are not grievous." "There is no fear in love, but perfect love casteth out fear; because fear hath torment. He that feareth is not made perfect in love. We love him, because he first loved us" (I. John 5: 3; 4: 18, 19). Now, how do we stand with regard to God's commandments? Are they no longer grievous to us, but the very joy of our hearts? Is his law put into our minds, and written on our hearts, so as to be a second nature, an impulse of the Divine life within, instead of a hard, impossible bondage, the conditions of which we strive to fulfil, and cannot? And is all fear of the consequences of displeasing God gone?

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See Page 814

Secretary Taft's Mission of Peace in Cuba

With Portrait of (1) Mr. Taft, (2) President Palma, and (3) Assistant-Secretary of State Bacon, and View of President's Palace

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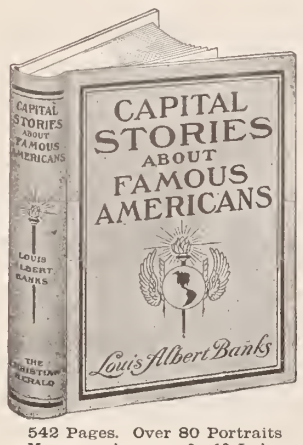

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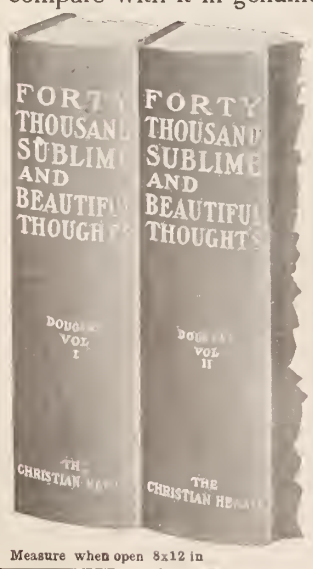

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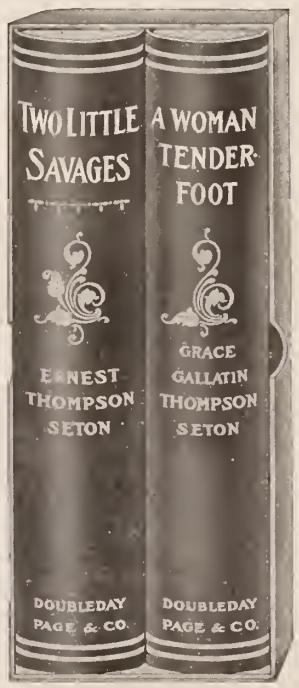

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A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 3, 1906

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Rev. Jas. B. Ely, Gen. Manager of the Work

A C. E. Tent Rally in "Hell's Kitchen"

SINNERS WON UNDER CANVAS

Close of New York's Gospel Tent Campaign and the Work Reviewed

CLERGYMEN and laymen of nearly all denominations have given their support and active co-operation to the work of the Evangelistic Committee of New York City, now brought to a close for the summer. The evangelists themselves have been united in sweet bonds of fellowship.

"Send the Spirit so upon us that it shall not be brother this or brother that, only the Holy Spirit that does the work and has the glory," prayed one at the Workers' Conference. "With no regard for self, but all striving to present Christ and him crucified to the great masses of humanity. If we are not right, make us right, and use us for Jesus' sake."

The unsympathetic observer considers the expense of tents and their equipments; he observes the men and women meeting for conference and prayer in the morning, preaching at noon, calling at the homes all afternoon, teaching and singing and preaching and praying late into the evening, perhaps marching over rough cobblestones in a street parade until midnight, retiring weary in body and mind, only to rise and repeat the programme day after day for three months, during blistering heat or pouring rains. And he asks, "Does it pay?"

Does it pay, brother, to save a man from suicide?

Two men passing the tent at Canal and Spring Streets one night, paused at the door.

"Let's go in, Charley, I'm tired and discouraged," said one. He entered the tent, listened to the service, went forward for prayers, found peace and rest, and is to-day a Christian man. His comrade refused to go into the tent, wandered on, "tired and discouraged," to the poor lodging-house he called home. His wretched life ended shortly afterward.

Another man, once engaged in business as a marketman, but who had squandered $16,000 in the past seven years, was attracted to the tent by curiosity. He attended the meetings, was converted, confessed publicly his sin, and is now living a decent life, and exerting a good influence.

"Here, Mister, here's my 'jimmy,' no more burglar for mine," were the words which astonished one of the preachers at an evening meeting. The convert rose from his knees to confess that he had started out to commit burglary that night, but had wandered into the tent to wait until the night was a little darker; there he was convicted of sin, and had begun a new life in Christ.

A bench loafer, shaking like one with the palsy from the effects of dissipation, heard the Gospel message ringing out through the trees in City Hall Park: "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

"I am perishing," he said, as he staggered to his feet, and moved slowly toward the platform.

Though your sins be as scarlet
They shall be as white as snow.

The Last of the "Noonday Services" in Wall Street

The choir was singing as he reached the stand. Tears rolled down his cheeks, and when the invitation was extended he was among the first to mount the steps and ask for prayer. He has had a hard fight with his old enemy, whiskey, but by the grace of God, he is winning.

The temperance phase of the work is by no means the slightest. "Pray for me that I may be saved from drink!" is the pitiful cry heard nightly in all meetings.

"Come, quick, preacher, my brother is dying!" came the request toward the close of a service in the Bronx tent. The dying man was found to be the owner of three saloons, and he confessed that he had led a thoroughly bad life. He lived for ten days longer, and in that time he learned the story of the dying thief and that salvation was possible for him even on his death-bed. He gave his heart to Christ, and begged the preacher to proclaim everywhere the ruin that comes through drink. His funeral was unique. The evangelist conducted the service, speaking from the text, "Prepare to meet thy God," and at the close of his sermon begged the friends of the young man to give their hearts to Christ and lead better lives. One after another they came, sisters, brothers, relatives, and friends, joining hands around the casket, solemnly singing, "Blest be the tie that binds." The wife, who declared herself to be "just as bad as her husband," was converted, and is to join an evangelical church.

Among the Italians, many are joining the Protestant churches, as well as an occasional Jewish convert. Many Jews have requested instruction and enlightenment as to the fulfilling of Scriptural prophecy, and numbers have become interested in the meetings at Fort George and City Hall. One young Jew walked from 108th Street, to the tent at 164th Street, to obtain a New Testament in Hebrew. He found one. The ready resources of the Evangelistic Committee have impressed those who have become acquainted with their methods of work, and their quickness to meet any emergency or crisis has proved almost invaluable.

"Who's your leader?" called out a party of men, driving by an open-air meeting, and evidently thinking it was a political rally for Assembly District leader.

"Jesus," cried the preacher, shaking a warning hand at the jeering party. "Jesus is our leader, and you need him for yours. You need him to live by and you'll need him to die by."

There has been little in the way of persecution. At first there was some stone-throwing, "not too much, I think," said the superintendent, as he recalled the days of John Wesley and his experiences. At one of the tents, a boy threw a stone, which landed exactly on the top of the preacher's bald head. "Come in

CONTINUED ON PAGE 815

THE
American Pulpit

A Sermon by

Rev. John Balcom Shaw, D.D.*

THE UNSEEN WORLD

TEXT: Luke 16: 27-31—"Then he said, I pray thee therefore, father, that thou wouldest send him to my father's house: for I have five brethren" etc.

JESUS here makes explicit, almost categorical answer to the two questions so often asked: Do our dead friends know what we are doing? Can we communicate with them? Christ's words are a part of a parable; and a parable, as so aptly defined years ago by a little child, is an "earthly story with a heavenly meaning"—its basic characteristic being that it is true to nature and life. Adopting this form of utterance, in order to make the truth he would teach regarding the other world the plainer, Jesus represents Dives as not only thinking of his friends on the earth but knowing about them and being concerned for them. He also reports Dives as being denied the privilege of sending to these friends a message of warning. Let us examine these two significant answers separately.

Do Our Dead Friends Know?

1. Do those who have passed into the other world know what their friends on earth are doing? We have Jesus' authority in this parable of Dives and Lazarus, stated in so many words, that they do. Better authority, confessedly, we could not have; for whatever be our thought of Jesus' divinity, we must all believe that he had a knowledge of the other world possessed by no one else who ever lived on the earth. If we seek confirmation of his authority, our search is speedily and satisfactorily rewarded. Moses and Elijah were evidently aware of what was taking place on earth during our Lord's lifetime. If not, why did they descend upon Hermon just as Jesus had reached its summit? And how could they have talked intelligently with him at his transfiguration regarding the decease which he was shortly to accomplish in Jerusalem? And what is said about the repenting sinner? That the inhabitants of heaven are aware of his course and instantly begin to rejoice over it.

Such knowledge as this would seem eminently reasonable. Space cannot be the barrier to spiritual beings which we find it to be. Their sensibilities are infinitely keener, and there must be means and modes of communication possible to them that are unknown to us. And were this not true, if immediate vision of earth is denied them, the angels are constantly passing to and fro between this world and that, on their ministering mission. Would not inquiry of them at any time bring information about us? In any case, Christ is surely omniscient, better aware of what is occurring among us than even we ourselves are. Would he refuse information when sought by those who are one with him and dwell perpetually in his presence? No, I am forced to believe—I could almost wish it were not so, for it gives one what is at times an uncomfortable feeling—that the citizens of eternity know what is taking place down here on the earth.

Lessening the Happiness of Heaven

Your loved ones, then, are fully aware at this moment whether you are a saved or an unsaved man. If you are living an immoral life, they are conscious of it and are pained by it. If you are serving your generation nobly and well, your life is ascending to them like a sweet-smelling incense. What a solemn fact this sets before us and how we ought to be admonished by it. We have the power to lessen or increase the joy of the redeemed. Pain by right has no place in heaven, but we sometimes actually force it into the hearts of our departed friends. Man, your mother whom you promised on her death-bed you would meet in heaven, knows that up to this hour you have broken your promise and it lays a weight upon her heart. Fancy her feeling, and be ashamed to be its cause. Woman, that fair little one who went away into Emmanuel's land some years ago is watching and waiting for you, and she knows that your steps are taking you farther away from her rather than nearer. Would you like to see the look that it brings into her face? We utter no heresy when we sing the modern Gospel song:

> Bright as the morning, fair as the day,
> Loved ones in glory looking this way.

Some years ago the remarkable conversion of one of our most distinguished preachers was described to me by the classmate in whose room it took place. He had been a loose and wayward young man, one of the rakes of the college, with apparently no prospect before him but that of a blighted life. One night, when in one of his debauches, he came into this classmate's room and, overcome with feeling, began to sob like a babe. Bewailing his sins and owning the grief which he had given his sainted mother, he dropped into the old-fashioned hymn so popular in revival meetings a half century ago, singing it over and over in maudlin tones:

> I have a mother in the Promised Land,
> I have a mother in the Promised Land,
> My mother calls me, and I must go,
> To meet her in the Promised Land.

The Spirit used the hymn then and there to change the man, and, miraculously sobering up, he came over to where his friend was sitting, and with the hot tears running over upon his cheeks, he took his hand, saying: "My mother shall not be kept waiting another minute—I will start out to-night to meet her, and every step I take hereafter, if God will help me, shall bring me nearer to her." Before he had left the room he had found Christ and Christ had found him, for like Phillips Brooks, who used to say the day of his conversion was the day of his ordination, he at once dedicated himself to the work of the ministry, and was thereafter a new man in purpose as well as in character. What joy there would be in heaven if some wayward son who reads this, would face about and start out in earnest to meet his father or mother, or some other loved one in the Promised Land.

Can the Dead Speak to Us?

But we have stayed already too long upon the first question, whereas the second, especially just now, is of more popular interest. There have always been those who tried to believe that there was some channel of communication between the inhabitants of the other world and of this, but this belief was not formulated into a cult till a little over a hundred years ago. Then for a time Spiritualism, as it was called, attracted wide attention and was popular in many quarters. It had about run itself out, at least among thoughtful and prudent people, after such exposures as the notorious Disdebar case, and such investigations as that of the Siebert Commission, when two eminent psychologists recently began their investigations, when interest in the subject was revived. I am inclined to be little impressed by all that the Spiritualists, encouraged by the attention their cult is getting, tell us about their communication with departed friends, and to regard it as a phase of hypnotism, or mind reading. If it be not some such translation of our own sub-consciousness, how sad and unsatisfactory these communications are. They give us no assurances about departed friends save that they have obviously deteriorated since their entrance into the spirit-world. They were above such puerile exhibitions as table-rapping and piano-moving when here among us, and their writing was intelligible and sensible, whereas now it would seem to have neither reason nor purpose. According to the returns which these so-called mediums bring us, immortality must mean insanity, or, at the best, inanity.

Christ's Testimony

I bring the claims and theories of these people up to the bar of Christ's word for judgment, and what little value they might have seemed on the most charitable basis to have, at once disappears. Our Lord does not here say in a declaratory sentence that there is no communication between the two worlds, but he does justify the inference that all ordinary intercourse between the living and the dead is cut off. If they are denied communication with us on the supreme question of life, our soul's eternal welfare, as Jesus explicitly declares they are, would they be allowed communication on any less important or necessary subject? In the face of the uncertainty of outside data and before these words of the parable, I am compelled to believe that there is a great gulf fixed, not only between them, but between us and them.

There is, however, one comforting thought about the departed which we should never lose sight of. Though we may not converse with them, nor enter into actual and physical communication with them, there is a mystical communion of saints, in which souls above and souls beneath enter into fellowship with each other; a silent, spiritual intercourse, dependent not upon the senses but the inward emotions of the soul. I cannot exchange messages with my friends in glory, but I do enjoy a communion with them which is at once inspiring and chastening in its influence upon me. That little waif in Lady Somerset's orphanage understood it, when, upon finishing his wonted prayer, he added, "And, God, would you mind giving my mother a kiss for me."

> He holdeth my hand,
> He holdeth thy hand,
> And keeps us near.

Our present attitude as to the problem, therefore, is negative. We need some better proof than any yet given, before we can believe that the dead do, or can, communicate with the living. But we must believe that they can communicate with one another. This suggests another important question: Since we shall sooner or later be among them, how shall we get on with people who have proved uncongenial or incompatible here, when we join them in the unseen world?

Uncongenial Association

There are many excellent people of evident sincerity and undoubted piety whom, do what we may, we cannot bring ourselves to like, and many others who, whether we like them or not, are not easy to get on with. Their prospects of heaven seem as good as ours, perhaps better. Therefore, if individuality survives the grave, and there is to be recognition in the other world, there is every prospect of our being thrown with them there, and the prospect is not encouraging. We have sometimes thought that the heavenly life would be far less enjoyable if we should find we had to spend eternity in the company of these people. Far from idle or sensational then is the question, How shall we get on with uncongenial and incompatible people in heaven?

There is a current story told of Robert Breckenridge and Stuart Robinson, men of some little fame in their day, which closes rather than opens the way out of the difficulty. These two ministers could never agree, but were always in sharp contention in the meetings of their Kentucky Presbytery. One day, when they had had a particularly bitter encounter, the mother of one tenderly remonstrated with her son, asking him pointedly how he ever expected to get on with his fellow-presbyter in heaven. "Oh, mother," was his quick retort, "didn't you know there are to be many mansions there!" The answer savored of wit, but not of truth. The Father's house will be everything but a monastery or nunnery—a refuge from the uncongenial, or a fortress for selfishness. We are compelled to seek a saner and surer way out of the difficulty, and such, I believe, may be found.

Changed Dispositions

While our individualities will remain the same, many, if not all, of our peculiarities and idyosyncrasies must undergo a change. In growing like Christ we shall gradually cast these aside; and, were not this the case, the climate of heaven will so rub down and soften our angles and oddities that these will be minimized and lost sight of. With the perfect balance and equipoise that must come with the glorified life, under the tempering and ameliorating influences of its redeemed society, our native uncongeniality and incompatibility will be reduced to their lowest terms. Nervous specialists insist that much of the irritability and so-called naughtiness of children is due to an inferior state of health, and according to their theory, all children would be easy to control were they perfectly well. Push this law on into the other world, and there will be no people there who are uncongenial. Take sin out of our human nature and it is bound to be in any case a lovable thing. Said the sister of one of our recent converts, "I know her conversion is genuine, because she is so much easier to get on with at home." If such be the effect of conversion, what may not complete sanctification bring to pass?

Nor must we forget that the transforming process which will take place in others will operate equally within us. Our tastes will be refined, our standards of judgment elevated, our likes and preferences will all be

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* Preached in the Second Presbyterian Church, Chicago.

sanctified, our patience perfected, our capacity for appreciation increased, our charitableness multiplied, and our vision of others extended. We shall know each other not "in part," as here, but in the entirety of their characters. The law of love will be everywhere in operation—there will be no other law — and all will be equally under its sway. Where, then, will the uncongenialities and incompatibilities of this life be? Surely, not in heaven. They will be shut out from the holy place.

If Newman Hall found upon drawing nearer that the ghost he thought he saw in the London fog was his own brother, can we not believe that when at the resurrection the mists have lifted forever from about our humanity, our attitude toward those who have repelled us will be very different from that we find possible here?

If we err in human blindness,
And forget that we are dust,
If we miss the law of kindness,
When we struggle to be just,
Snowy wings of peace shall cover,
All the pain that clouds our day.
When the weary watch is over,
And the mists have cleared away,
We shall know as we are known,
Never more to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists have cleared away.

But, fortunately, we are not dependent upon argument or analogy in attempting to answer this question. The solution has been concretely exhibited to us. Jesus lived the life of heaven on our earth. He was perfectly human, but his humanity was emancipated from the control of sin. How unlikely and humanly speaking, how uncongenial and unlovable were the people with whom he had to deal. Peter, at times, was wholly out of sympathy with Jesus. John's native character being the opposite of what, under Christ's influence, it came to be; this son of thunder had nothing in him to attract the Master. But Christ did not shun any of these men, nor find it uncomfortable to live with them in the closest and most intimate relation. On the contrary, it was easy for him to be patient with them, to be charitable toward their faults, and he grew genuinely fond of them. So fond, that upon returning to the Father, he comforted himself, as well as reassured them, that he would come again and receive them unto himself, that where he was, there they should be also. Death was not to him a happy release from those he had had to mingle with on earth; it was the gateway through which he in the Spirit should come into yet closer relations and companionship with them on earth, and through which they should finally pass to be forever with him above.

If Jesus found no difficulty in getting on with uncongenial and incompatible people when he brought heaven with him down to our earth, and if such people shall have no power in heaven above to lessen his happiness, though they must be inherently much further removed from him than from us, wherein shall our difficulty consist when we awake in his likeness and live wholly in his presence and under his leadership?

Sordid and shallow must our notions of the life immortal be if such a question as this can give us more than a passing concern. And we are surely unfit as yet for heaven if uncongenial and incompatible people cause us any serious discomfort here and now. We cannot, it is true, be fond of all people; affinity is the Creator's function, not ours, at least in this life; but we must love all the brethren with a pure and long-suffering love, else we are unworthy of heaven and a long way off from it. We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren. He that loveth not his brother abideth in death. And this commandment have we from him, that he who loveth God love his brother also.

THE JERRY McAULEY MISSION BOAT

Mr. and Mrs. Bradford Lee Gilbert

ALMOST forty years ago, a missionary of Jesus Christ was climbing the stairs of a miserable tenement house in lower New York. Meeting a quarrelsome woman who disputed his passage, he gently asked, "Madam, do you know Jesus?"

Upon the floor of a room a few feet away, there lay a young man just aroused from a drunken sleep. He heard the question, and it recalled the name he had once loved, now almost forgotten. Pulling himself together, he accosted the missionary, saying: "I used to know that name in prison long ago, but I lost Him. I wish I knew where to find Him."

Four years from that day, the reclaimed drunkard and ex-convict opened the famous Water Street Mission, better known to every Christian worker throughout these United States, and in every corner of the world where the name of Christ is known and honored, as the old Jerry McAuley Water Street Mission, where thousands of fallen, degraded men and women have been helped to help themselves, "In His Name."

For years the work went on under Jerry McAuley's leadership, and when he died, his faithful wife continued his work in the Cremorne Mission on West Thirty-second Street, until her failing health compelled her to withdraw from official service in the cause she loved and labored for so long and well.

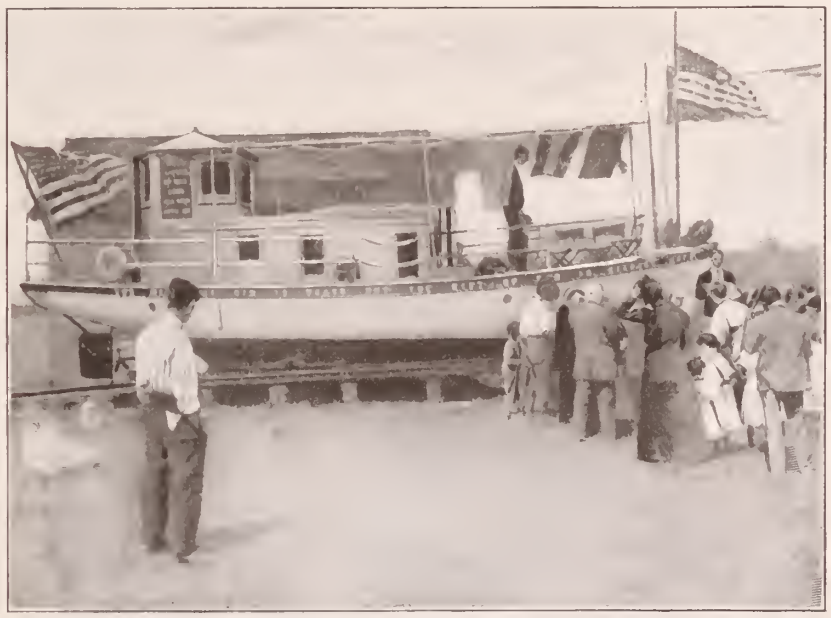
Early in the seventies, there came to New York City a young man named Bradford Lee Gilbert, who became associated with the McAuley Mission. There he came to know and value the Mission's founder and his wife. The Lord wonderfully prospered Mr. Gilbert in his profession, and when, in 1892, he married the widow of his old friend, Jerry McAuley, it was with the determination to so order their united lives, that their stewardship should perpetuate the memory of the friend they both mourned. Since that time, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert have been staunch supporters of God's work in many fields.

Sitting on the vine-covered veranda of his summer home at City Island, on the shores of Long Island Sound, Mr. Gilbert talked with the writer lately.

"I was ill a few years ago, and the doctor sent me up here to rest. I didn't realize at the time that God had anything special for me to do here, but somehow it wasn't long before we had some of the Water Street boys up, helping us out with the church meetings. And then the inspiration came to me: 'Build ye a boat and consecrate it to the uplift of them who go down to the sea in ships.' So I said, 'Yes, Lord,' and—there's the boat."

There it lay, rocking gently in the blue waters of City Island's harbor. Going on board, we found a snowy, graceful launch which an old Norwegian pilot had consumed the entire winter in building. It was ready for its blessed work of serving as a "sky-pilot" to the multitude of sailors whose ships "heave-to" in that vicinity all through the summer months. Truly, it is a little boat with a big commission.

It is built with the wheel-house in the rear, so that the entire forward deck, capable of seating perhaps twenty-five, is free for the workers to conduct their meetings. There are sleeping accommodations for eight people, and the tiny cabin, with its swing-table, gives promise of many a cosy meal. Within the cabin a tablet is erected, which bears upon its surface the keynote of the whole enterprise:



Launching the "Jerry McAuley"

TO THE GLORY OF GOD
In Loving Memory
OF
JERRY McAULEY.
Built A. D. 1906,
FOR MISSION WORK,
By Maria and Bradford Lee Gilbert.

Just above the little organ are porcelain letters forming the promise, "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men." That same organ has already had a baptism which may well consecrate it for the work to which it is pledged. Mrs. E. M. Whittemore, founder of the Door of Hope Mission, held a fair thirty years ago, and bought that organ with the proceeds, installing it in the Water Street Mission. Later, it was used for a while in the Cremorne Mission; then at Hoboken, in a Mission which the Gilberts established, and finally in a mountain mission which they started near their former summer home.

The little boat carries "Old Glory" above her deck, but she sails under a flag still more revered, the "blue button" flag presented by the Water Street boys, which bears the white cross of Christ upon a blue ground, the same insignia which every true Water Street Mission convert wears as a button upon his coat lapel.

On Labor Day, at noon, the *Jerry McAuley* was launched; Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Whittemore, Mr. John H. Wyburn, superintendent of the McAuley Mission, with many of his "boys," and other friends being present. As the boat's keel struck the water, Mrs. Gilbert broke a bottle of delicate perfume upon the prow, saying, "I christen you *Jerry McAuley*, for God's work." Upon one side of the boat is this message: "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." Upon the other: "The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life." High upon her pilot-house she proclaims: "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me."

Mr. and Mrs. Smith Allen, well known for their effective work at the Crittenton and other Missions, are holding "Gospel meetings of testimony and song" on board, anchoring their little craft off the main wharf at City Island every evening, first visiting the vessels in the neighborhood, to proffer a hearty invitation to the sailors to be present.

Coast Erosion in England

THE shores of England are composed very largely of clay, chalk, or friable rock, which is easily eaten away by the waves of the ocean or the strong currents and tides along the coast. In consequence, great stretches of the shore have been worn away and are constantly crumbling farther inland with each succeeding year. This gradual destruction has caused great damage to many towns situated on the seashore and has destroyed thousands of acres of valuable farming land. At certain locations, even within the memory of men still living, the sites of prosperous villages of former times are to-day covered by many fathoms of water, sometimes several miles from the present shore line. Coast erosion following severe storms within recent years has been so marked at many points on the English coast, that after extended press discussion a parliamentary commission has been appointed to thoroughly investigate the subject, and, if possible, to devise means for the abatement of the injury. . . . There can be no doubt that coast erosion is causing serious loss of land at many points.—*Scientific American.*

PEACEMAKING IN CUBA

The Harbor of Havana, where the United States Warships are Anchored

WHEN it was announced from Washington that Secretary Taft of the War Department was on his way to Cuba, to make an impartial investigation of the political conditions in that war-torn island, there was a distinct sense of relief throughout the United States, and also in Cuba, among those who have the welfare of their country at heart. The decision to send Mr. Taft, was in accordance with the President's declared policy of neglecting nothing that would give our government a true knowledge of the present Cuban insurrection, and restoring peace in the republic.

Secretary Taft, accompanied by Assistant Secretary of State Bacon, and Minister Morgan, who had rushed back from Europe to take up his duties at Havana, left Washington on the 16th of last month. They went to Tampa, Fla., where a lighthouse tender was waiting, with steam up, to hurry them to the U. S. Cruiser *Des Moines*, which had been ordered to carry the party to Cuba.

When the Cubans found that the Taft party had actually started, both the government and the rebels manifested a desire for a suspension of hostilities. It was said during the first weeks of the revolution that President Palma was anxious for American intervention, for the purpose of crushing the rebellion, and that some of the rebels wished it also, as a step toward ousting Palma from his position, or as a step toward annexation. An investigation by Mr. Taft put an entirely new face on the matter. President Palma evidently wished to have the American delegation find the island peaceful, and issued the following decree: "All campaign operations are suspended, and, as a consequence, all the forces of the government will remain on the defensive in all of the territory of the republic."

The rebel commission, it is reported, at once cabled President Roosevelt that they would respect his letter to the Cuban Minister, an account of which was given in the last issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and that they would suspend hostilities.

The departure of Secretary Taft, however, did not cause any suspension of activity on the part of the military and naval branches of our government. The Cruiser *Tacoma*, with 300 marines, sailed the next day from Norfolk bound for Key West. The *Cleveland* had left a few hours before, steaming South. On Tuesday, the 18th, the *Minneapolis* and the *Newark*, set sail, carrying large detachments of marines from League Island Navy Yard, and from Norfolk.

General Funston, who was in the Northwest, was ordered to come to Washington and then to proceed to Cuba. He served in the Cuban insurgent army against Spain some time before the war between that country and the United States was declared. He is held in high esteem by Cubans of all classes, and his knowledge of affairs on the island is expected to be of great service to Secretary Taft. He speaks Spanish fluently, and is well acquainted with the topography of the country. Plans have been made to mobilize 5,000 troops at Tampa. If the United States has to intervene, these will be at once sent over, and a large number of horses and mules have been purchased in the West for the War Department. Gen. Barry and Gen. Duvall, who are now at the German army manœuvres, have been ordered home.

The day Palma's decree was issued, an American in an automobile visited the towns of De las Vegas, Rencon and Wajay, near Havana, places where the rebels had been in force, but he did not see one. The inhabitants said that the insurgents had withdrawn, but the investigator could not find out what had become of them. Filepo Romro, one of the rebel leaders, said that he had received orders to cease fighting until Secretary Taft arrived, from Colonel Aguirre, of the insurgent junta, established in New York City. These orders, he said, he was unable to give to the insurgent commanders, but there is little doubt but that they reached their proper destination.

On Wednesday morning the cruiser *Des Moines* steamed into Havana Harbor and dropped anchor not far from the United States cruiser *Denver*. Captain Colwell, of the latter ship, was the first person to board the *Des Moines* and greet Mr. Taft. Captain Colwell has been for several days one of the most important personages at Havana, having made repeated efforts to get the contending parties to agree on terms of peace. Shortly after Senor O'Farrill, Cuban Secretary of State, boarded the cruiser and had a short conference with the American delegation. He presented the government's side of the case, and spoke of the fact that President Palma was the most popular of the candidates in the last election on account of his long and faithful service in the cause of Cuban independence.

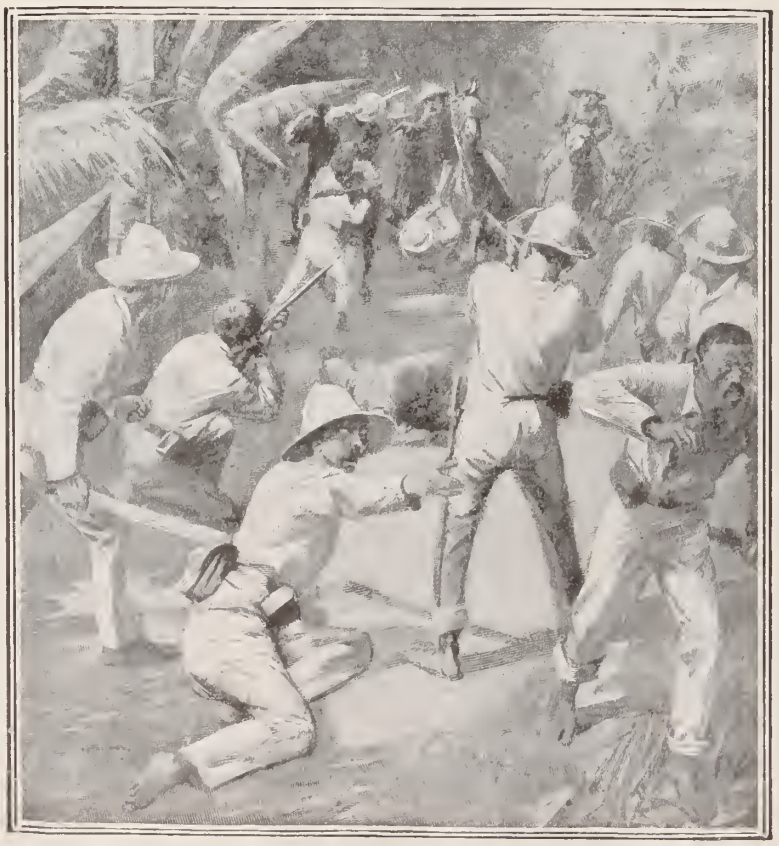
Secretary Taft's party landed at 10 o'clock, the ships in the harbor thundering their salutes. Large crowds greeted them at the dock, and along the streets leading to the presidential palace. For over an hour Secretary Taft was in conference with President Palma, and while there spoke of his fervent wish that peace might soon be restored. Leaving the palace, Mr. Taft was driven back to the pier, where he at once entered a launch and was taken to the cruiser *Denver*. The Liberal Commissioners—in other words the rebel commissioners—were already on board. Senator Zayas, who represents both the Liberal party and also the revolutionists in the field, presented their side of the case, so that within a few hours after landing Mr. Taft had an accurate idea of the wishes and claims of both the government and the rebels.

The brief armistice that was declared had a result unexpected by the American representatives. It gave the revolutionists a good opportunity to strengthen their positions, and they have received a large number of recruits, especially from Havana. Emboldened by this, the rebel leaders have become more arrogant in their demands. At a convention held in Havana the liberal leaders not only asked for a new election for the House and Senate, but also that President Palma resign and a new election be held to fill his place. Senator Zayas is, in consequence, accused of bad faith. He urged President Palma to release about forty suspects, by giving him the impression that the liberals would agree that the legality of the president's election be not questioned. The released suspects at once went off and joined the rebel army, while the liberals took the action given above. The rebels besieging Cienfuegos cut off the water supply of the town, causing great suffering among the people. Marines were landed from the *Dixie* and *Marietta*, to guard the sugar plantations owned by Americans. About the same time 800 rebels took the field near Santiago, led by General Duboy.

Gen. Fred. Funston

On Thursday, Sept. 20, Gen. Pino Guerra appeared at Los Mangas, Pinar del Rio, at the head of four thousand men. He was on his way to Havana Province to join Gen. Loynaz del Casillo, who had taken up a strong position near Santiago de las Vegas. The two forces combined will form an army of nearly ten thousand men. As the rebels promised to suspend hostilities, it is doubtful if their continued activity will be considered favorably by the members of the American delegation. So far as can be ascertained the government forces have followed their instructions from President Palma to the letter, and are acting strictly on the defensive. A plantation next to the Constancia plantation was burned, both crops and buildings. The rebels then threatened to burn the Constancia unless the owner promptly furnished the rebels with 1,500 rounds of ammunition. The owner refused, and the rebels, overawed by the approach of the American marines, withdrew. In Santa Clara Province, the rebels planned to destroy the great sugar works of E. F. Atkins, an American, on the Saledad estate, where over two thousand people are employed. Marines from an American gunboat arrived just in time to save the buildings. The towns in the interior of Santa Clara Province have been cut off by the insurgents, and as they have received no supplies for several weeks, many of the poorer people are reported to be starving. The United States having made itself sponsor for the good conduct of affairs in Cuba, has been receiving appeals from various countries asking what this country was going to do, and what protection it would afford the property of citizens other than those owing allegiance to the United States. British subjects have large property interests in Cuba, most of the railroads being owned in England. A great deal of track has been torn up, bridges burned, and rolling stock destroyed.

If Secretary Taft agrees that new elections are necessary it will leave the island under American authority. Some say this would be only temporary. Others declare that the condition of affairs is such as to warrant a long occupation.



A Skirmish Between Guard Rurales and Insurgents

For a World's Temperance Convention

Mrs. Randolph Clarkson
England

Mrs. C. E. Seberry
United States

Miss K. G. Smart
Japan

Mrs. Elizabeth Griswold
Canada

Miss Marion Ferguson
Scotland

Miss Maud K. Jones
Wales

Because he died to save me from all sin,
Because he waits till souls are gathered in,
This pledge I take, for Jesus' sake.
Because man loves to wander far away,
Because his darkness chooses night, not day,
This pledge I take, for my brother's sake.
Because all flesh is weak, temptation strong,
Because all right should be against all wrong,
This pledge I take, for my own sake.

THESE are the lines which have been adopted as expressive of the spirit and purpose of the world-wide organization known as the Young Woman's Branch of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union. A modest and quiet body of workers, the Young Woman's Union has been made an effective leverage in spreading the sunshine of Gospel truth, of temperance and purity in many lands. A number of their representatives are to meet in Boston, October 7 to 23, to hold conferences in the interest of the work in connection with the World's W. C. T. U. Convention.

Active unions of the Christian young women exist in Japan, India, South Africa, Burma, China, Italy, Egypt, France, Mexico, Bulgaria, Spain, Norway and New Zealand, as well as in the English-speaking countries—Australia, Canada, Great Britain and the United States.

Japan has now twenty-four different Young Woman's Christian Temperance Unions, in colleges and schools, with over two thousand members, who are hopefully battling against heathen superstition, through the spread of the knowledge of Christ, of temperance education, and through the sweet ministry of the flower mission.

In India, the Lucknow College Society has petitioned local liquor dealers and brewers to close their places of business on Sunday; has furnished a shelter for men trying to reform, and gives public lectures on temperance. The work in Burma is centralized in three unions, "the Thandaung," amongst English-speaking girls; the "Karen Girls" of the Rangoon Woman's Bible School; and the "Burmese Girls" of Moulmein. The only women's Christian Temperance Union in China is that at Chinkiang. There the temperance department in one missionary journal has a wide influence among the Mandarin-speaking Chinese. Some very young mothers are members. They are greatly helped by correspondence with the Young Woman's Union of Cardiff, Wales.

Daughters of missionaries and pupils of the missionary schools, form the constituency of the unions in Egypt, in Rome, in Pueblo, Mexico; and in San Sebastian, Spain. They instruct the young, and study the problem of the drink evil and its effect on the progress of Christianity in their own and other lands.

Christian temperance working girls' clubs have been formed in Australia, where over thirty unions are enlisted against the twin evils of intemperance and impurity. The young women's societies of Canada, have been a quiet but important factor in keeping alive public sentiment against the liquor traffic. Over 1,000 members are enrolled in the Dominion, under the leadership of Mrs. Elizabeth Griswold-Waycott, of Montreal, general secretary.

Great Britain's Young Woman's Unions now number 167: 126 being in England, 40 in Scotland, and 1 in Wales. Under the leadership of Miss Marion Ferguson, general secretary for Scotland, Glasgow Union leads the world in membership, having 1,400 enrolled. Many of these are working girls. Mrs. Randolph Clarkson, of Birmingham, is the general secretary of the British Young Woman's Christian Temperance Association, whose widely extended work covers nine separate and distinct phases of practical endeavor, in which evangelistic work and teaching the children rank first.

The enrollment in the United States is about the same as that of Great Britain, 10,000 in round numbers, working in every State of the Union. The Young Woman's Christian Temperance Union have provided several devoted and consecrated white ribbon missionaries for the foreign field, among them the following well known workers: Miss Alice Palmer; the Misses Vincent and Cummings; Miss Clara Parrish (Mrs. Noah Wright), and Miss Kara Smart.

Special efforts are made everywhere to enlist the girls in schools and colleges—a "Somerset Union" having been created for the purpose of bringing together those in isolated sections. Under the direction of Mrs. Frances J. Barnes of New York (now honorary general secretary of the World's Union), the work was broadened to include work for the children, medal contests, temperance education, public meetings, social work, securing signers to the pledge, placing temperance books in libraries, the flower mission, in addition to the all-pervading evangelistic work. J. A. S.

A MOSES OF THE CAROLINE ISLANDS

ELIZABETH BALDWIN, an American missionary in the Caroline Islands, sends THE CHRISTIAN HERALD an interesting account of a native worker, appropriately called Moses, who is leading his people out of the darkness of paganism and cannibalism into the light of Christianity:

"Moses was the first convert to be settled on Truk, as a herald of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. He was brought up on Ponape Island. His parents were natives of the Gilbert Islands, who drifted to Ponape in their canoe and were killed, but some one befriended the boy and saved his life. He was converted by the missionaries of the American Board, settled at Ponape, and was sent as a teacher to one of the Mortlock Islands. The people of Truk heard of the way the Mortlock Islands had received the glad tidings of salvation, so some of them went in their native canoes to the islands and asked that a teacher be sent to them also. Moses was selected as the one to undertake this dangerous mission, and he settled on the island of Uman, in this lagoon, in 1879. At that time the natives were dressed in their red paint, and were in an almost continual state of warfare among themselves, island against island, tribe against tribe.

"To-day a fine stone church with galvanized iron roof and bell, stands on the mission lands at Uman, where the people of all the villages on the island gather for the worship of the living God. Last Sunday the regular semi-annual communion service was conducted by Mr. Stimson, and was an interesting sight to behold. The large church was filled with neatly dressed men and women, who were quiet and attentive throughout the service. Our boat went over on Saturday afternoon, taking Mr. Stimson and the Uman boys, who are members of the training school, also one of the ladies of the girls' school, in charge of the girls from that station. On Monday morning when the missionary party with those under their charge were preparing to return to the mission at Kutun, the people, men, women and children, came running in from all the nearby villages, bringing their welcome gifts of breadfruit to our schools.

"This was most acceptable at this time, as the harvest is small owing to the ravages of the cyclone of last November. Mr. Stimson had asked if we could purchase fruit of them, and they replied that they did not have enough to sell, but the small gift of a large number of

Moses, the Apostle of the Carolines

people made such a quantity that our boat was loaded down, and the teacher's boat had to be pressed into service to help carry the food and scholars. These breadfruit were divided between the boys' and girls' schools, and have been preserved for winter use.

"Moses has remained steadfastly at his work on Uman all these years, and to-day has not simply the love of his own people, but the respect of the islanders throughout this lagoon, and the Mortlocks. Candace is his second wife and was one of our former pupils. She is a woman of unusual strength of character for a native, and is a great help to her husband, being able to supply his place in the pulpit to the entire satisfaction of the people, when he is detained by illness or absent on a missionary journey. They have a large school, as Moses is both pastor and teacher.

"Some ask, 'Does the work pay?' We would ask, 'Does it not pay?' and who will help to make it bring forth still better, larger fruitage by uniting their prayers with ours for the constant transforming, renewing work of the Holy Spirit in the hearts of these native Christians, who have influences to struggle against which would stagger many a stronger professor at home. The sum of money so kindly sent through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, was used for the purchase of rice for our family of girls, at a time when native food was scarce."

Sinners Won Under Canvas

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 811

here, boy," he cried; "you're a good shot. You're just the kind of boy we're looking for." It is through the children that much of the influence is extended. By winning their hearts, the parents and the homes are more easily visited and won to the tents and ultimately to the Gospel.

The reaction on the members of churches and Young People's Societies has begun to be felt already. Christian Endeavor Societies and Epworth Leagues have entered heartily into the campaign, and are planning for systematic aggressive work during the coming winter. The tents have done for scores of people what no churches could have done. Hundreds have been hearing the Gospel who would not enter a church, but many of them will now attend churches. Many have already joined churches on confession of faith. Few investments for the kingdom are yielding larger and quicker results than the tent campaign.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, Associate Editor — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, Associate Editor

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Indian Summer

WHERE the gentle West Wind sigheth,
And the South Wind low replieth;
Where the faint blush—stealing through
Mornings, bridal-gemmed with dew—
Hath a trembling glow and tender,
Where the moons are rich with splendor,
And the sunsets, soft and golden,
Linger on the mountain olden,—
There, enchanting, fair, serene,
Dwells October, like a queen.

Strictly speaking, Indian Summer arrives in November, but October has its Indian Summer mood, and so, too, has December. All the way along through the brilliant autumn the days are processional, and go from one glory to another. Nothing is richer, nothing more affluent in magnificence than an American autumn. The blood bounds in the veins, and we thrill with the gladness of health and strength when the Hunter's moon hangs in the October heaven, or the mellow haze of an Indian Summer enfolds the November forests. The ripened leaves have changed their exquisite verdure for such beauty of coloring as no painter on earth can portray.

If we lived in a mountain land, where the keen, crisp frost came early, we have seen great splashes of the brightest red and yellow and sombre depths of purple, brown and crimson in the varied tints of the woods. In the valleys and in the more temperate regions, the coloring has a lower tone, is more subdued and takes a less emphatic note. But here it is of soft yellow, pale opal or lovely amber. The flowers keep on blooming bravely, and the last of them waves defiance when snow flies down from the cold North.

Indian Summer has for the children its delight in nutting parties, and tramps over hill and dale on the latest excursions that are possible before winter begins in earnest. Morning and evening the family gather about the fire on the hearth, the children, busy with maps and exercises, surround the table, and their bright heads make a pretty sight in the glow of the lamp. Family life comes to its own in the autumn, when we begin to draw close together and once more have time for home and love.

China's Awakening

IT seems but a short time since the people of Europe and America, were thrilled with horror at the Boxer outrages in China, and were wondering if that country would ever break the chains of custom and of prejudice that bound it to its past, and retarded any movement toward twentieth century civilization. The young Emperor, it will be remembered, became to a certain extent imbued with modern ideas and wished to introduce them among his subjects. He was made a prisoner in his own palace as a result, and the Dowager Empress became the real ruler of the Celestial Empire. A woman of great ability, she managed, with the aid of several remarkable advisers, to keep the country fairly peaceful and out of trouble with the Powers.

Last month came one of the great changes of history. The Dowager Empress issued a series of decrees that not only embodied all of the ideas that put her son into retirement, but went far beyond. If the Chinese people accepted them at once they will not only break entirely with their anti-foreign traditions, but become Westernized. If they are accepted, even in part, it will place China abreast of Japan, and in a quarter of a century ahead of her.

China first opened her eyes to the need of a more modern army if she did not mean to be absorbed by grasping neighbors. The success of Japan made a great impression on her people, and military schools were established, the teachers being foreign officers. Modern uniforms, drill and equipments were adopted, and now she has an army up-to-date in every respect. A decree was issued, turning the famous examination booths at the Imperial University into a school of military science, and the learning of to-day was declared of equal importance with the old. Candidates for office must hereafter have some knowledge of modern subjects. The leading Viceroy has already established over five thousand schools to prepare young men for the new government courses. The Empress, finding that the foot binding was still carried on, has declared that no man shall hold office who allows his wife or daughter to have their feet bound.

Most startling of all was the order that the Bible be studied in conjunction with the works of the priests of Confucius, in the provinces of Hupeh and Hunan. A Sunday was also established and rules made for its observance. China in all its history has had nothing analogous to our day of worship and rest. Numerous other changes were made in customs and laws, but the above is enough to show the way in which the government is trying to modernize the people. That the decree will meet with but little favor in many quarters is only to be expected, but a new day is beginning to break in the East, and before it has set many of those now living may see China one of the great Powers. Her countless millions modernized would destroy the balance in world politics as we now know it.

A Bold Stand on Alcohol

CANADA has lately been entertaining the British Medical Association, the largest of all medical fraternities, with a membership of 20,000, and branches in every land. In this gathering there were present several men of commanding eminence, one of whom, Sir Victor Horsley, the world's greatest authority on brain surgery, is probably the leading representative of his profession in the British dominions, at least.

Men listen with respect to those who have reached the highest point of human achievement, whether it be in art, literature, science, mechanics, or any other field of action. So, when Sir Victor Horsley expressed his views on the place to be assigned to alcohol in surgery, he was certain of an attentive hearing. We quote from a report forwarded to us by Rev. E. Ryerson Young:

> He (Sir Victor) said that he was speaking for the generally received opinion of the British medical world, and they had found out the true benefit of alcohol, and that was—*nil!* The Medical Association of France had also spoken against it. The attitude of the whole profession might be said to be hostile, rather than friendly towards the drug.
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> He then gave an account of its position in the British world. When he was a student, alcohol had a large place and was the traditional remedy for pneumonia and many other diseases, for which it is now not prescribed. It was then the custom to give it to patients before they went to the operating table. The amount given has been gradually reduced and now it holds its traditional sway in only a few hospitals. Sir Victor displayed an illuminating chart which showed that in 1862, in seven of the largest hospitals in London, $40,000 was spent in alcohol, and $15,000 in milk; in 1902, just forty years after, these figures were reversed: $40,000 being spent for milk and $15,000 for alcohol, and the speaker said that when medical men could rise from the trammels of custom and traditionalism, the amount spent for alcohol would be still farther decreased. In the Royal Infirmary of Salisbury, twenty-five years ago, $1,500 was spent for alcohol annually; last year their alcohol bill was $35.
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> "Personally," the distinguished speaker added, "I believe the medical profession to be the great social reforming agency of every nation, for they are the real witnesses of social life." England was lagging behind the colonies in the matter of temperance sentiment, but he hoped she would gain fresh wind and cut a respectable figure in the race.

Another famous doctor, Professor G. Sims Woodhead, of Cambridge University, told of the place of alcohol in the world of general medical practice. Emphatically, he declared, alcohol was not for the benefit of the patient. Almost every experimenter who has taken up this question has come to the definite conclusion that alcohol interferes with the production of what we call the condition of immunity, a condition as a result of which we recover from various specific and infectious diseases.

It was not the province of these men to discuss the question of promiscuous liquor drinking; but the way their testimony points cannot come otherwise than with great encouragement to all temperance workers. Statements by men of renowned learning and assured position must have telling effect; the logic of their words can be easily followed out. If alcohol is of no use in the hospital or sick-room; of no service in helping the sick to reach the state of immunity and come back to health; then it can be of no service to a healthier organism. Whatever it does must be in the end injurious, and hence all workers, whether medical or laymen, who are endeavoring to enlighten their fellow-men concerning the evils of drinking alcohol, and to check the ravages of the liquor traffic, are real benefactors of mankind.

New Spelling Under Fire

IT is now becoming apparent that the "Simplified Spelling" reform must win its way by sheer merit, if it is to become a recognized fixture in our language. At first, it will doubtless be used commercially, in business correspondence, as it is a time saver; next, we may look to see it taught to a slowly increasing extent in our schools. It will probably be slower in making its way among newspapers and periodicals, and slowest of all in the higher walks of literature, where the last test of scholarship must be applied with satisfactory results, before any new terms can be admitted on equal footing with the old.

In a recent speech in England, Lord Roseberry referred to the proposed list of words selected by the American Simplified Spelling Committee for change, as "a blow struck at the recognized rules" of English spelling. He then proceeded, with some acerbity, to denounce the whole system of phonetic spelling as vicious, and favored only by the unscrupulous, who did not propose to be hampered by spelling like the good and virtuous, who were willing to conform to the established rules. But in his haste to make this rather superficial point, the learned ex-Premier seems to have forgotten that every age and generation brings its own changes in the language, and that the spelling, no less than the form and syntax of a hundred years ago, would seem absurd to modern minds. That he had not studied the Committee's list was also evident, else he might have made the point that the principal change—the substitution of final "t" for "ed"—is really a return to ancient usage.

Wherever the reform does not obscure or destroy the derivation, or does not confuse accepted interpretations, it will ultimately win favor. In cases, however, like the substitution of "cue" (pointer), for "queue" (pigtail), "gild" (to brighten), for "guild" (an association of merchants or tradesmen) "rime" (hoar frost), for "rhyme" (metrical harmony), and "controller" (one who controls anything), for "comptroller (chief-keeper of accounts)—where the original root and meaning are totally lost by the change and a wrong and confusing meaning substituted—popular acceptance must be expected to come very slowly, if at all. Secretary Bonaparte of the Navy Department has pointed out a very good illustration of the liability to confusion, if such changes as "past" for "passed" are introduced without full consideration. He insists that "Passed-Assistant Surgeon So-and-So" is by no means equivalent to "Past-Assistant Surgeon," which might be popularly understood to mean a retired or dismissed officer.

But the "Simplified Spelling," while it may undergo some necessary prunings, will stay, in spite of the critics. Probably the best all 'round argument for its general adoption is that advanced by Mark Twain, who said, a few days ago at a public dinner in New York: "There are eighty-two millions of us that use this orthography and it ought to be simplified in our behalf; but it is kept in its present condition to satisfy one million people who like to have their literature in the old form; that looks to me to be rather selfish."

Among the Workers

—EVANGELISTS C. J. FOWLER and B. Carradine will begin a series of Gospel meetings in St. Charles Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, New Orleans, Oct. 19, to close Oct. 28. Rev. D. H. Kirkpatrick is the pastor.

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Typhoon at Hong Kong

FROM Hong Kong, Britain's stronghold on the Chinese coast, comes the report of a terrible typhoon, which destroyed more than twenty million dollars' worth of property and caused the loss of at least five thousand lives. The morning of Tuesday, Sept. 18, dawned peacefully and the Observatory signalled that light winds might be expected, though the barometer was steadily falling. Half an hour after the signal was given, the typhoon was raging over the bay. It continued for two hours, with most disastrous results. Fifteen large steamships were sunk or driven ashore and an immense number of smaller vessels, of which it will take long to obtain a full record, were sunk or torn to pieces. The steamships wrecked were British, French and German. An American sailing vessel, the *S. P. Hitchcock*, and two other American ships were also lost. With the larger vessels the crews generally were saved, though individual seamen were hurt by the violence of the storm. In the case of the smaller craft, those on board were nearly all drowned. They were chiefly Chinese, but one conspicuous exception was the Bishop of Hong Kong, the Right Rev. Joseph C. Hoare, of the Church of England, who was out on the bay in a yacht. Only six other white persons are as yet reported killed, though several are missing. The damage on shore is very heavy. Wharves were swept away and the military barracks and several large buildings were destroyed.

The city of Hong Kong has a population of 300,000. It is one of the largest ports in the world with a vast export trade. It was ceded to England in 1841 when its population was only 7,000. It rapidly rose in importance and its position on an island at the mouth of the Canton River, with its magnificent harbor, rendered it a convenient place of call for passing ships. When the Suez Canal was opened, its value increased and a large foreign population settled there. Fine villas rose on the slope of the hills facing the sea, and churches, schools, hospitals, etc., were built. These appear to have escaped the full force of the typhoon, being sheltered by the high ridge. There is a strong feeling of indignation against the officials at the Observatory. If a warning had been given in time, as it should have been, the yachts and boats in the harbor would have sought shelter, so the people say, and it is probably true, for men do not often risk their lives in the face of warning, though they often risk their souls in spite of the most earnest appeals.

They mocked the messengers of God and despised his words, and misused his prophets till there was no remedy (II. Chron. 36:16).

The City and Bay of Hong Kong, Scene of the Recent Typhoon

An International Funeral

Four United States vessels under the command of Rear Admiral Brownson arrived unexpectedly at Gibraltar a few days ago. The Admiral had heard by a wireless message, while on his way with his cruiser squadron to the far east, of the death of the British Admiral, Sir Edward Chichester. He immediately turned out of his way to attend the funeral, with the Captains under his command and a detachment of marines from the squadron. The reason of this remarkable expression of respect dates back to the time of our war with Spain. It appears that when Dewey was at Manila there was a German squadron there, the commander of which, Admiral Von Diedrichs, assumed an unfriendly attitude toward the American commander. He moved his fleet in a menacing position and showed so hostile a spirit that Dewey sent him an indirect message that if he wanted to fight, the Americans were ready. At this juncture the British squadron, under the command of Sir Edward Chichester, took up a position between the Germans and the Americans, in which he could have protected the latter if Diedrichs had made a hostile movement. He also assisted Dewey by furnishing him with coal, and when Diedrichs sailed away sent two British vessels after him to see in which direction he went, so that Dewey might be on his guard. Chichester's kindness and courtesy won him the gratitude of the whole American Navy, and when Admiral Brownson heard of his death he determined to render a tribute of respect. He and his Captains followed the body of the Admiral to the ship, and the American marines joined the British in the guard of honor at the funeral. Kindness rendered to a man in a difficulty lives in the memory, and a brave man never forgets it. In the ancient history of God's people, gratitude was to be continued even to the children of a benefactor.

Show kindness to the sons of Barzillai, and let them be of those that eat at thy table: for so they came to me when I fled before Absalom thy brother (I. Kings 2: 7).

Living, but Pronounced Dead

A singular experience was that of a man who has just been discharged, cured, from St. Joseph's Hospital, Yonkers, N. Y. He was taken there suffering from scalp wounds and was laid on the operating table. The surgeons were at work on him when he apparently died. His heart stopped beating and there was no trace of respiration. His feet and hands became as cold as those of a dead man. The surgeons stopped work and pronounced him dead. An orderly was called to take away the body. In passing the body a nurse noticed a vibration of the muscles of the legs and called attention to it, and a tremor of the chest muscles was then detected. There was apparently not the slightest movement of the heart, but as a chance an artery was opened and a salt solution was introduced. Then artificial respiration was resorted to. Two hours afterward the heart was beating feebly and the lungs were working. He was finally brought back to consciousness, and after seven weeks of treatment, was discharged from the hospital. There are few men living who have been so near death as to be pronounced dead by expert judges; but there are many spiritually living who have been declared hopelessly given over to death, by their friends and even by Christian workers. Some of these hopeless cases have heard Christ speaking to them and have lived to serve him.

You hath he quickened who were dead in trespasses and sins (Eph. 2: 1).

A School Panic

A panic which might have proved dangerous broke out on the East side of New York last week. One of the girls of Jewish parentage was in school, when the City Physician entered, and she set up a loud scream. The doctor had come on his usual business of finding out if there were any children suffering from contagious diseases in the school. He had no intention of performing any operation, but the girl shrieked that the doctor had come with his knife. Instantly her cry was taken up by other Jewish girls and some one passing carried word to the Hebrew mothers of the neighborhood that their children were being slaughtered. In less than five minutes the schoolhouse was surrounded by a crowd of excited mothers, demanding that their children be spared from the physician and his knife. The Principal of the school, attempted to reassure them, but she might as well have tried to make herself heard in a hurricane. The angry mothers would not be satisfied, and attempted to storm the building. The police were summoned but were swept aside. To avoid a crush of the frightened children it was decided to dismiss the school. The teachers sat down at the pianos, playing march music, and under the discipline of the fire drill the school was emptied of its pupils without mishap. This is not the first time since the great Jewish immigration that schools have been similarly attacked. The ignorance of the mothers and their past experience of Russian inhumanity combine to produce such excitement which may some day lead to serious mischief. It seems impossible to convince them that the doctor's visits are a benefit and not a menace. They are in that condition that was predicted of them.

The sound of a shaking leaf shall chase them: and they shall flee as fleeing from a sword and they shall fall when none pursueth (Lev. 26: 36).

A Lover Transferred

An astonished wedding party left a house in Brooklyn on September 15. The guests had received their invitations a week before and a large party had assembled. The bridegroom-elect was among them chatting gaily. At the time appointed the minister entered and the bride was sent for. She came downstairs in her wedding dress, accompanied by a young lady of about her own age. The bridegroom stepped forward to greet her, but when he recognized her companion, he retreated and slunk away toward the door. There he was met by a friend who was in the secret, who barred his passage and told him he could not leave yet. The expectant bride then had an interview with him, at the end of which she announced to the guests that she would act as bridesmaid and that her companion would be the bride. The ceremony was soon performed, and then the bridegroom was informed that, having done his duty, he could depart as soon as he liked. He lost no time in getting away. The change of programme was explained to the guests as they were enjoying the wedding supper. The lady who was to have been married happened to visit Newark, N. J., a few days before, and there mentioned to some friends that she was about to be married and the name of the man she was to marry. They told her that he had been engaged to a Newark girl, whom he ought to marry. She looked up the girl and found that the facts were as stated. She accordingly arranged the little surprise for the lover and insisted that he marry the other girl. It is not every girl who would have given up her lover because another had a better right to him, but, as she probably realized, he was no great loss. It is not only wrongs done to ourselves that we should resent, but the wrongs that indicate the character of the wrongdoer. The girl therefore acted on Apostolic advice.

Now we command you, brethren, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye withdraw yourselves from every brother that walketh disorderly (II. Thess. 3: 6).

BRIEF NOTE

The Rev. George Grenfell, the English Baptist missionary of the Congo, died at Bassoko, West Africa, in July last, aged fifty-seven. He was engineer, explorer, peacemaker and herald of the cross.

ALWAYS ON GUARD

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts*

IT is Tuesday, three days before the crucifixion. Christ's public teaching in the Temple has already been completed. On his way to Bethany, he gathers his apostles about him on the slopes of Olivet, looking toward Jerusalem. They have just passed a marriage procession, veiled in the shadows of moonlight and starlight. And Jesus knows that over in the city yonder the bride and her maidens are awaiting the coming of the bridegroom. It is not the first time Jesus has seen such a procession, and the details of the marriage festival are well known to him and his apostles.

He seized the illustration to teach them their individual responsibility for right living before God. He would have them think of yonder bride elect as the church, the bride of Christ, and of himself as the bridegoom, for whose second coming the church should be in expectant attitude. The members of the church he likens to the virgins in waiting with the bride. As the bridesmaids had the responsibility of keeping their lamps trimmed and burning, so the members of the Church of Christ must look to their conduct with the thought of being ever ready to meet the divine Bridegroom, who may come at any time. But the virgins differed in their manner of waiting. One half—five of them—had brought oil for their lamps. These were wise. But the other five proved they were foolish, by bringing no oil. In what a sad plight these five foolish virgins found themselves when the cry came at midnight: "Behold the Bridegroom cometh." Lamps they had, but no oil. They asked for it in vain of the wise who had oil, but only enough for themselves. There was oil to be had in shops, but not time enough to buy it. They went after it, however, hoping that by some happy luck they might get back in time. But when they returned to the home of the bride, the bridegroom had come and entered in, and "the door was shut." They cried, "Open unto us," but in vain; the scene was familiar to the apostles, but the application was new: "Watch, therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of Man cometh."

"Give us of your oil, for our lamps are going out."

Illustration and Application

1. Ten virgins—five of them were foolish. All through the Bible, the church is symbolized by women, usually by one, here by ten. The ten virgins make up the party of the bride, the church, which waits as for a bridegroom's coming, for the second coming of Christ. It is profoundly significant that Jesus Christ, who knows the hearts of men, classifies one half the church as foolish and formal. The lamp clearly symbolizes the forms of religion, and oil represents all through the Bible the Holy Spirit. In one half the church Jesus says in this solemn parable, there is only the form or shell of Godliness without its spiritual light. There was, perhaps, a momentary religiosity, but "their lamps are gone out."

A Faded Red Flag

A railway wreck on the Atlantic Coast-line at Norfolk, Va., was accounted for by an instructive discovery. Two cars of an excursion train from Kingston, N. C., plunged into an open draw on the Elizabeth River. Through the promptitude of a farm-hand, thirty-five passengers were saved, but eighteen were drowned or killed. The mystery of the accident was increased by the positive assertion of the signal-man that he had displayed his red flag in time for the engineer to stop the train before entering the open draw. Other employees corroborated his assertion. The engineer, who was severely hurt, contended that it was a white flag that was shown, and he took it as a signal that the road was clear. A demand was made that the flag be produced. Then the mystery was solved. The flag had been in use so long that it had faded, and might easily, in the distance, have been mistaken for a white flag. Many a Christian has become like a faded flag or a flickering lamp, that fails to convey God's message of warning or encouragement to imperiled men. Oh, the wrecks of souls, that have resulted from the unfaithfulness of God's people whose religion is a faded flag.

The following warning to preachers is needed by many church members also, who spend too much time in "society's" foolish vanities, that do not recreate body, mind or soul: "I have usually noticed that the preacher who becomes a lion socially soon dwindles into a lamb intellectually. Of course there are exceptions. But too many pink teas will take the red blood from your sermons."

Here, certainly, is one of the foolish women in the churches. "Are your daughters Christians?" inquired a pastor of a mother. "Yes," replied the mother. One of the daughters coming into the room at this point, the pastor turned to her and said, "And are you a Christian?" With quivering lip the girl replied, "No, sir, but I would like to be." To the surprise of the pastor, the mother turned to him and almost angrily said, "I don't want you to speak to my daughters about such matters. They are too young to understand them." Yet these three daughters, aged fourteen, twelve and ten, respectively, had sense enough to comprehend many other things of importance.

Foolish Virgins of To-day

Among the foolish virgins of to-day we must include Christian girls who receive the attentions of men reputed to be "fast," in the idea that they can reform them after marriage. "How shall two walk together except they be agreed," especially if they be not agreed on the supreme question of religion? Differences in politics may be helpful to compel more careful thinking on both sides, if discussions are a race for truth, not for mere victory. But no one whose professed love for Christ is real can truly fellowship with one who disdains him. A London cable gives an astounding story of a mysterious photograph. A certain young lady called at the gallery of the photo artist on three different occasions for a sitting. After each sitting she was told that the attempt had been a failure. At her fourth visit, the photographer confessed to the young lady and her mother that all of the previous photos had been a success, but that in each plate, including the last one taken, there was to be seen standing beside her the figure of a man holding a dagger in his uplifted hand. The girl on seeing the photograph recognized the face as that of her lover and broke off her engagement. Many a Christian girl is inviting a dagger thrust into her heart by planning a marriage that is not in accord with that great watchword, "A white life for two."

The Horrified Chess-Player

It is not enough that a young man is nominally a member of the church. Perhaps his lamp has "gone out," and he is not ready for the call of Christ whether in death or in duty. Some years ago, Paul Morphy, the celebrated chess-player, was the guest of a preacher. He was at once attracted by a painting over the mantel, a copy of a famous picture representing a game of chess between a young man and the devil, the stake being the young man's soul. The artist had most graphically depicted the point in the game where it was apparently the young man's next move, and he seemed just to realize the fact that he had lost the game, the agony of despair being shown in every line of his features and attitude. It was to an apostle that Jesus said, "Satan hath desired to have you that he may sift you as wheat [until nothing but chaff remains], but I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not," a warning that young men in the churches in these days of increasing temptations should take to heart.

We do not forget that many boys and girls also are members of churches, and are in danger of letting their lamps go out by admitting the evil spirit into their hearts where the Holy Spirit ought to reign alone. The very first day after a girl had joyously joined the church, she came down stairs with a cross face and cross words, because something she had foolishly eaten that was not good for her had disturbed her sleep and put her in a bad mood. Her mother did not say a word, but looked at her reproachfully. The little girl said: "Oh, you need not look at me that way! I was a Christian girl yesterday, but I am not to-day." She ought to have remembered, that right after Jesus was baptized he was tempted of the devil, and said, "Get thee behind me, Satan." It did not prove she was not a Christian that she felt wicked, but she should have done as the little girl did who learned to say to her bad moods, "Stop that," and so "made me mind me," the better "me," conquering the bad "me."

2. Five of them were wise. Sir Henry Lawrence, the brave English soldier of India, asked that this inscription might be placed upon his tomb: "Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty." If you died to-day, would you be worthy of such an epitaph, or would it be more appropriate to have the band play, as it did at a recent funeral in the Philippines, "Always in the Way." The excuse of the band was that it was the best it could do, "its repertoire being limited." However, it ought to be suggestive to some people who bear no fruit of usefulness, but are only "cumberers of the ground," or, to use the simile of the lesson, lamps without light. We cannot boast that any of us are always "wise," but if we steadily aspire to be wiser and better by God's help, that he counts wisdom.

Never Satisfied

"During the nine years that I was his wife," says the widow of the great artist Opie, "I never saw him satisfied with one of his productions, and often, very often, have I seen him enter my sitting-room, and, throwing himself in an agony of despondency on the sofa, exclaim, 'I never, never shall be a painter as long as I live!'" A better mood is represented by the motto, "Always encouraged, never satisfied."

Of the "wise" in God's view are the parents who daily seek God's blessing in their homes. A story is told of Queen Alexandra of Great Britain, who, a short time ago, consented to be godmother to the little daughter of one of her neighbors and friends at Sandringham. After the ceremony was over, the queen asked that she might be taken to the new baby's nursery. Upon arriving there, she walked to the big window, and, taking a diamond ring from her finger, wrote on the glass, "May God's blessing rest on this house and all in it."

Lincoln's Promise

That boy is "wise," who allows no derision to turn him from the right promises he made to his Christian mother.

While a member of Congress, Abraham Lincoln was once criticised by a friend for his seeming rudeness in declining to test the rare wines provided by their host at a dinner party. The friend said to him: "There is certainly no danger of a man of your years and habits becoming addicted to the use of wine." "I mean no disrespect, John," answered Lincoln; "but I promised my mother only a few days before she died that I would never use anything intoxicating as a beverage, and I consider that promise as binding to-day as it was the day I gave it." "But," the friend continued, "there is a great difference between a child surrounded by a rough class of drinkers and a man in a house of refinement." "A promise is a promise forever," answered Lincoln, "and when made to a mother is doubly binding."

3. The foolish said unto the wise, Give us of your oil. This passage warns those in every age who expect to be saved because of their good associates, in spite of their own sins. The prophets found it very hard to disabuse even a few of the Jews of the general belief that every one of the "chosen people" would be saved, however bad, and that everybody else would be lost, however good. There are many who think they are to be saved because of the faithfulness of their wives.

*International Sunday School Lesson for Oct. 14, 1906. The Ten Virgins, Matt. 25: 1-13. GOLDEN TEXT: "Watch, therefore, for ye know neither the day, nor the hour, when the Son of Man cometh" Matt. 25: 13.

A Chinese Memorial Arch

A Street Scene in Nan-King

Pagoda at Han-Kow

ANTI-FOREIGN PLOTS IN CHINA

How an Incipient Rebellion Was Discovered and Crushed---Progress of Orphanage Work

WHILE news comes from China of great reforms, which must result in immense advantage to the whole empire, there is another aspect to the picture. It is evident that years must pass before the antipathy of the native masses to foreigners can be overcome, and herein lies a serious danger which may develop in the near future.

From Rev. G. Eugene Parsons, of the China Inland Mission at Lao-ho-keo, Hupeh Province, China, we have the following letter:

Priest and Tea Merchant

"An account of the occurrences of the past four months in this portion of Central China, where the secret societies are especially strong, may serve to aid friends in the home lands as they pray for the preservation of mission work and workers in China, during the times of unrest through which the Empire is now passing.

"Shortly after the first of the present manifestations of a desire on the part of the Chinese to rid themselves of the foreigners —the Shanghai riot— the news through the native press of that occurrence had the effect of emboldening the secret societies in this district to plan an attack upon the foreign mission stations here.

"Their plans being discovered, the plot came to naught, and several of the leaders were captured. Two days before the Chinese New Year we were, however, again aroused to the imminence of an attack through a Chinese woman giving the warning of a widespread anti-dynastic uprising, of which this city was to have been one of the centres. This woman—the wife of the rebel leader—divulged the secret in order to escape the certain death which awaits the nearest relatives of a leader of the Kiang-hu-hues, immediately previous to an uprising. As the result, her husband was captured and beheaded by the Imperial troops, who found in his possession a proclamation purporting to be issued by the Ming leader of Kiang-hu-hues in China.

"In this proclamation, this rebel announced his intention of ascending the throne on the Chinese New Year (January 25, 1906). In addition to this proclamation, and a list of more than a thousand names of local members of the secret society, the government agents found prescriptions which were said to confer invulnerability upon all who used them. Other leaders were captured, troops were hurried in, and the insurrection was 'nipped in the bud.' The rebels, who numbered several thousand, had planned to loot the city, liberate a leader for some time previous held a prisoner here, and force the customs with 200 Chinese boats, destroy the mission stations, and kill the foreigners; this last in order to involve the officials in trouble with the Powers.

"After the gruesome sight of the heads of some of their leaders exposed, according to Chinese custom, in the street to the public view, and the capture of many others, the rebels fled from Lao-ho-keo, and sought to reorganize their men at several other points. The cavalry, armed with foreign rifles, succeeded in dispersing them, the Chinese officials and foreign consuls acting with commendable promptitude throughout; the rebels become disheartened, and speedily lost many followers, who were promised pardon if they confessed. Their influence, however, remained sufficiently strong to make it necessary for the officials to shut the gates of Kuang-hua-hsein, a neighboring city, on February 7.

"Several other cities were threatened in succession by the rebels, and the situation became so acute that a foreign gunboat began its long journey up the Han River toward the scene. This, however, turned back, owing to difficulties of navigation, and proceeded to Nan-Chang, the scene of the anti-Catholic riot and massacre of recent date. On February 19, a Catholic mission in the neighboring province was destroyed, and several Chinese Catholics killed. Two hundred refugees from disturbed districts arrived here on February 23, causing considerable uneasiness among the Chinese gentry.

"Word that 40,000 rebels were before Kuin-cheo reached us on March 30, but the visit of the commander-in-chief of the provincial troops to the place, and the capture of the leaders, prevented serious trouble at that time. On April 5, a large force succeeded in surrounding and overpowering the local troops at Sui-ping, Honan, where they had first destroyed a section of the Hankow Railroad. Troops were hurried to the scene by rail from this province, turning the odds against the rebels, who lost 700 of their men. The missionaries in that vicinity have all escaped to places of safety, and the situation is still improving, although several cities are still threatened by the rebels."

Mrs. Elizabeth F. Brewster of the M. E. Mission, at Hinghua, writes (*via* Foochow):

"Your letter of June 13 was received yesterday, with check for $375.00, representing the support of fifty boys from January 1 to June 30."

The names of the fifty CHRISTIAN HERALD orphans supported at Hinghua Orphanage are:

1 Deng Dang-song	18 Chua-king	35 Dau Hong-so
2 Na Hah-deng	19 Seng-bau	36 Ceng Teng-ung
3 Geo Cing-ngeng	20 Ong Ging-eu	37 Ceng Teng-gi
4 Geo Kai-deng	21 Ng Seo-hok	38 Li Teng-ung
5 Ng Ging-ling	22 Deng A-hu	39 Au Meong-leng
6 Ngiang Teng-ung	23 Ng Teng-ung	40 Dng Su-gang
7 Iok-hang (John)	24 Deng Teng-gi	41 Ng A-seng
8 A-giang	25 Deng Ting-bau	42 Dng Co-lik
9 Ng Deng-leng	26 Au A-ching	43 NG
10 Ciang King-ung	27 Au A-cang	44 Lau A-mung
11 Ciang Meong-leng	28 A-meong	45 Deng Teng-ming
12 Lau-ah	29 Deng A-boi	46 Leo Hong-ung
13 Deng A-si	30 Deng A-di	47 Na A-lui
14 Deng O-sioh	31 Da Geh-ling	48 Si Hong-boi
15 Geng-ah	32 Ging-eong	49 (Accepted not
16 Gau-guoi	33 Teng-hua	50 (yet in)
17 Moi-seong	34 Li Ceong-ming	

Concerning these little waifs, Mrs. Brewster says:

"Deng Dang-song, is twelve years old. The plague, which desolates so many homes in China, took away his father. Na Hah-deng was taken into the Orphanage to prevent him from being taken by his heathen uncles. A-giang is nine years old. His parents are dead, also his grandparents. Ng Deng-leng is also a boy from the Binghai Peninsula, from the old Christian community. Ciang King-ung and Ciang Meong-leng are brothers, orphans of a Christian home, left entirely alone and destitute. Living in a heathen village, dependent on the pity and caprice of heathen people for food (in work or by gift), these boys would soon have drifted far away from the God of their father. Deng A-si, too, was a starving boy in a heathen village. Deng O-sioh was found in a more distant part, where there were Christian families. Dng-Geng-ah is already a Christian. Gau-guoi is a little hunchback; Geo Kai-deng is lame and cannot walk; Ng-Ging-ling was rescued from heathen relatives; Ng-Teng-ung had Christian parents, and his widowed mother could only earn 1 cent a day; Iok-hang is a blind boy," and so on through the whole list, the missionary gives the circumstances, character and peculiarities of each orphan.

Interesting letters, containing encouraging accounts of the progress of Gospel work in China have also been received from Missionaries J. J. Peat, Chung-king; Chas. E. Ewing, Tientsin, and others.

Orphan Mendicants

Saved from Heathenism

Two Types of Chinese Orphans

Questions and Answers

Letters for this department must contain name and address of the sender—not for publication, but as evidence of genuineness and good faith. Where an answer by mail is desired, ten cents in postage stamps must be forwarded by the writers, with full address.

J. A. H., Rockford, Wash. Does the Parable of the Prodigal Son apply to all sinners, or only to backsliders?

It represents the attitude of God toward every wanderer. Every one, whether a backslider or a sinner who has never been converted, is assured of a welcome from the heavenly Father, if he will turn from the world and seek God. But it is the backslider who most keenly feels the parallel; he knows, as the ordinary sinner does not, the joys of the home he left.

J. D., Rahway, N. J. 1. What is the territorial extent of the Republic of Colombia? 2. What about the climate?

1. It is well that Americans should know more about our southern republican neighbors. Colombia is not the tiny geographical speck some imaginative writers would seem to suppose. She has 500,000 square miles of territory, and is larger than Germany, Holland and Belgium combined, or larger than Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Kentucky and Tennessee, merged into one State, or as large as California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Nevada together. 2. The climate varies greatly. Some sections are as cool as New England, others quite tropical. Hon. John Barrett, United States Minister to Colombia, has made an official report on the country generally, which you can procure from the Department of Commerce and Labor, Washington, D. C.

Constant Reader, Haddonfield, N. J. 1. Is China the same city as ancient Babylon, and are the walls the same? 2. What is the address of Dodd, Mead & Co.?

1. Certainly not. China is a great nation in eastern Asia, with 400,000,000 inhabitants. Babylon was an ancient city, situated in what is now Arabia, on the banks of the Euphrates River. Nothing is left of it but mounds. 2. New York City will reach them.

A Reader in Brooklyn (W. J. V.), referring to the recent case of a manufacturing confectioner, who refused to permit his product to be sold on Sunday in the confectionery shops, tells an interesting anecdote, apropos of the plea made in some quarters that the moral law is too old-fashioned for the present age. He writes:

Rowland Hill, the eminent divine, once asked a visitor, who called on him, to remonstrate with him because he kept the Ten Commandments too well: "Don't you regard the Ten Commandments as a good guide for the Christian?" "Certainly not," replied the visitor. The minister at once rang the bell, and when the servant appeared, said, 'John, show this man out, and watch him that he does not take away anything out of the hall."

We should be strongly disposed to follow Rowland Hill's example, and suspect any one who claimed that the moral law was abrogated or useless.

G. B. K., Jersey City, N. J. 1. If the Jews became believers in Jesus Christ, to which church would they be most likely to turn—Catholic or Protestant? 2. I see in an article written by Oscar Straus, he intimates that he does not believe any Jews become Christians except for some earthly gain. He mentioned having known only one case, where a Jew married a Roman Catholic, and through the pleadings of his child (I believe when he was seriously ill), became a convert.

1. It is possible that he may have spoken without giving the matter the same thorough study and investigation that others have done, who, like himself, were Hebrews by birth. Of course, no intelligent man would deny the genuineness of the conversion of such Hebrews as those who compose the list of distinguished men and women which appeared on the editorial page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in our issue of Sept. 5. Besides, we have personally known cases, the genuineness of which cannot be doubted. 2. Naturally such a one would join the church which had exercised the strongest influence over him, and with whose workers he had come most closely into contact.

M. J. B., Piqua. What prompted Toplady to write the hymn, "Rock of Ages"?

He wrote it while dying of consumption at the age of thirty-six. It was his object, he said, to make it "a living and dying prayer for the holiest believer in the world." He had been engaged in a hot controversy with the Arminianists, he being a Calvinist, and it was during a pause in this strife that he wrote the hymn and sent it to the *Gospel Magazine*, in 1776. It is probably the most popular hymn in the English language.

Several Readers. Mme. Newman is now communicating with all intending students and will give all needed information concerning the Sight-Singing Classes.

Mrs. C. E. T., North San Juan, Calif. 1. The chronological table of the Herod family gives Cleopatra as a wife of Herod the Great, and the mother of Herod-Philip, Tetrarch of Trachonitis. Is this the Cleopatra of history and of Shakespeare—Egypt's Queen?

They were not the same. The name was borne by several royal women. Herod had ten wives: Doris, Mariamne, Mariamne II., Malthace, Cleopatra, Pallas, Phedra, Elpis, and two whose names are now unknown. His wife, Cleopatra, is believed to have been a native of Jerusalem. Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, was an Egyptian by birth. She was contemporary with Herod, and, according to Josephus, the Jewish historian, she tried to entangle Herod in her wiles. (See Antiquities, Book XV., Chap. 4).

Photograph by the L. M. Jones Photo Company

The McKinley Monument Unveiled at Columbus, Ohio

THE citizens of Ohio had long been looking toward the fourteenth of September, the time appointed for the ceremony of unveiling the $50,000 bronze and granite memorial to the late President William McKinley, at Columbus, the State capital.

When the day arrived, a dense throng of more than fifty thousand people was packed before the speaker's stand in the State House grounds. The stand was occupied by Governor A. L. Harris and members of the memorial commission, including State officials and prominent citizens. The guests of the occasion were the Hon. Nicholas and Mrs. Longworth, the latter having been invited to unveil the memorial.

When the Rev. Washington Gladden attempted to deliver the invocation, the crowd broke all restraint and became involved in a dangerous struggle for points of vantage. Unable to finish his prayer, Dr. Gladden joined the Governor in exhorting the people to observe order, but to no avail. Without ceremony, Mrs. Longworth stepped to the front, and was greeted by a mighty shout. The band struck up the strains of President McKinley's favorite hymn, and the flags that veiled the statue of the late President fell slowly to the pedestal, as President Roosevelt's daughter tugged at the ribbon which was connected with the monument a hundred feet distant.

An attempt was made to go on with the programme, but the audience was too large to be controlled. As Mrs. Longworth left the stand, a mad, enthusiastic rush was made toward her, and a ribbon was pulled loose from her gown. Apprehending a still more serious crush, policemen formed a wedge, thus forcing a way to the street, and Mr. and Mrs. Longworth sought refuge in an office building.

G. C., Albany, N.Y. What proof is there, if any, that each fixed star, of which Prof. Swift assures us there are 500,000,000—is the centre of a solar system, similar to our own, though much vaster?

There is no positive proof that the stars, except our own star, the sun, is the centre of a planetary system, but the assumption that they are is too strong to be doubted. Before I open a melon, I can say, reasoning from analogy, that there are seeds in it, because all I have ever opened had them; so we say that our sun, which is a self-luminous star like the others, is the centre of a planetary system. Therefore, reasoning from the melon analogy, we say that the stars subserve a like purpose. We also say that at least one of the planets in our system is inhabited; so we again say, reasoning from the melon analogy, that one of them may be, and doubtless is, inhabited.

LEWIS SWIFT.
Marathon, N. Y.

Mary N., Utica, N. Y. Who is Miss Krupp, and why should the newspapers regard $250 as a small price for her wedding outfit?

She is one of the daughters of the late Herr Krupp, the great gunmaker of Essen, Germany. Fraulein Bertha is the richest woman in Germany and the principal heir under her father's will. She is engaged to marry Gustav von Bohlen und Halbach, Under-Secretary of the Prussian Legation to the Vatican. Barbara Krupp, her sister, has a fortune of $12,500,000. Her fiance is Baron Telo von Wilowski, son of the Governor of Prussian Saxony. Neither bridegroom-elect is wealthy. The fact that Fraulein Bertha expended so little for her trousseau was commented upon by some newspapers, which took the ground that her position demanded proportionately lavish expenditure. She is a very quiet, unassuming, sensible girl, and cares little for show.

C. R. S., Emporia, Kan. Under which dispensation, Jewish or Christian, did the thief on the cross die? If under the former, was baptism necessary?

Christ did not appear to have thought it necessary in his case. Whether you regard that period as belonging to the Jewish, or Christian, or the overlapping dispensation, it is very certain that before the death of the thief, people had been baptized, and that, too, by Christ's own disciples (see John 4: 2, and other places). But Christ did not wait to hear whether he had been baptized or not, before assuring him that, "To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." We believe, too, that at this time, if any man believes on Christ, and is prevented, as the thief was, from being baptized, he, like the thief, would be admitted to heaven.

Miscellaneous

W. D., Dorset, Minn. We know nothing about the antecedents of the lady in question.

W. A. Wichita, Kan. 1 and 2. No reliable data for either question. 3. Statistics show that crime is increasing.

Union Level, Va. Certainly there is no such thing as witchcraft. It exists only in the mind of ignorant people.

Subscriber, Hubbard, O. 1. We think, George Eliot. 2. Tastes differ. Our own favorite is *Mill on the Floss* 3. *Adam Bede* stands for right.

Rose Mallory. If you will write to the matron of The Working Girls' Home, 335 East Seventeenth Street, New York City, giving your full name and address, with references, she will answer your question.

Mrs. L. T., Ansbon, Ia. The list of words, in both the present and the new form, was printed in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD precisely as given out by the Simplified Spelling Board. We recognize the fact that, in a number of cases, the "new form" has already been substituted in the dictionaries for the old.

Mrs. S. B. R., Elmira, N. Y. 1. The Russian hatred of the Jews is due to envy of their business success, jealousy of their education and increasing influence, and an inherited enmity against their race. Russia, for centuries, has been so accustomed to browbeat and maltreat the Jew that it has grown to be a national custom. As for the peasants, they are no doubt kindly disposed at heart; but they are ignorant and superstitious and are simply tools in the hands of the Jew-baiters, who stir them up at pleasure.

IN THE SHADE OF THE VINE

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Common Mercies

NO single day passes over our head without bringing to us mercies from the hand of our heavenly Father. Many of these we take as our due without so much as a thought of acknowledgment or a transient feeling of gratitude. Indeed, we go so far as to complain and murmur when the weather or the temperature does not suit us or further our individual plans. We fret and fume over slight disappointments and disturb ourselves and our friends when, in what seemed to us affairs of large importance, our arrangements are sometimes set aside. If we cultivate the habit of thinking of our lives as each ordered by our heavenly Father to the minutest detail, common mercies will take a conspicuous place in the story of our days. We shall never bow the knee in prayer without grateful appreciation of the goodness of God.

Among the mercies which we ought to recount with continual thanksgiving, immunity from sickness should take high rank. Illness, of course, is our portion at intervals, but during youth and middle life those who live in accordance with the laws of health have few interruptions from this cause. Think of the vast army of breadwinners who stand at their posts, day in and day out, seldom losing any time on account of ill-health; think of the long spaces in which the doctor is not summoned to the ordinary home. So plainly are the laws of health written for us that all may obey them, and, unless they are violated, we may confidently count on being well.

Another equally rich blessing is accepted without a word of praise to God, and that is the blessing of the air we breathe. Every time we inhale pure air or walk forth out of doors under the blue sky into the sunshine, the feeling in our hearts should be one of thankfulness to God for the atmosphere, for the sunshine, for the clouds above us, for the rainfall, in short, for all that makes life beautiful in God's world. We should thank God, too, for the cold water that bubbles from the spring or that we draw from the deep well, or that, pouring down from a crystal river, satisfies the thirst of thousands.

. . .

Every morning, people leave their homes on errands connected with the day's labor or pleasure. Every day, children go gaily forth into the street, to the playground or to school. Every day travellers set off on journeys, now to a distant land, again to a point near home. Families are temporarily separated, but evening, or Saturday night, or next week, or next month, sees them again gathered in an unbroken circle around the hearth. Is there not reason to thank God for the safety with which we go on the daily round, and the freedom from accident that makes a disaster by rail or by boat an extraordinary event in memory?

The faculty of thanksgiving may be strengthened and the habit of gratitude deepened if we remember to recount our mercies. Much joy is added to life when it consciously takes hold of heaven, and when whatever happens is received as directly sent from the throne. Matthew Henry, in his pithy way, said that thanksgiving should be thanks-living. Is it thus with us?

On Making Collections

At a certain age young people take a great delight in making collections. Coins, stamps, picture postals, autographs and curios are among the articles that form a legitimate motive for the young collector. Rarely do the collections industriously made attain either to a scientific or a financial value, but in their way they are educational, and possess the merit of calling out powers of research and investigation and of throwing a flash-light on more serious studies. For instance, the collector of postage stamps, both incidentally and directly, may learn a great deal about geography and history. Coins that have passed from hand to hand for many decades are in themselves interesting as determining dates and recalling what was doing in the world's progress at a past day forgotten now, but intensely alive and active once.

The student of natural history makes collections of moths, beetles, and other horned, armor-plated or gauzy winged creatures, and his specimens awaken his own enthusiasm and often are the means of bringing him into correspondence with collectors in other parts of the world. So long as collections are made for the simple purpose of giving pleasure and comfort to the individual they involve no disappointment. It is only when the collector, wanting to turn an honest penny, attempts to sell his antique coins or interesting stamps, that he learns how little they are worth in currency.

Collectors of books, especially those who prize rare editions and who have taste for costly bindings, first editions, or anything that gives a volume individuality and beauty above the common, are more fortunate. The market price for really fine books or for books that have a story attached to them, is not quite so disappointing as the price belonging to coins and stamps.

In this country we move so often and strike our roots so slightly into the soil, that collections of all sorts are apt to impede our progress and to become embarrassing. In old lands, where homes have remained in one place for centuries and where people care a great deal about permanency of occupation, it is easier to house collections and to keep them together than it is for us here.

CHILDREN IN THE SUNRISE LAND

In the Sunrise Land, they say,
Children have their happy hours;
Glad as birds in Spring, they play
In the gardens, gay with flowers.

A Graceful Carriage

AN erect and graceful carriage adds very much to the dignity and beauty of either woman or man. When the head is well poised and the neck is what it should be, a pillar to support the head; when the shoulders are not rounded and the chest is well thrown out, the whole personality gains an air of ease and freedom. Women particularly need to be reminded that the posture they assume when sewing or reading has a great deal to do with giving them an awkward or a graceful carriage. A woman sits down to darn stockings or to patch the knee of her boy's trousers. If not engaged in such homely tasks, she is doing fine embroidery or making a pretty frock for her dainty little daughter. Nine-tenths of the feminine contingent spend a part of every day in sewing. Do they sit up straight when they sew? Not at all. Very often the back is bent like a bow, the head droops over the lap, and the whole attitude is as tense and as clumsy as if the aim were to grow old as fast as possible.

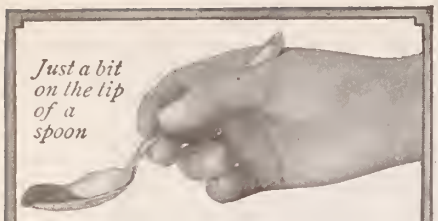
The same comment may be made about the position taken by hundreds of women when they are reading. They sit facing the light instead of letting it fall over the shoulder upon the page, and they sit all in a heap. A hundred years ago, it was part of the education of a lady to hold the head up and the shoulders back. Very great pains were taken to give girls an erect carriage. There are still among us matrons far on in the eighties who habitually carry themselves with an elegance that multitudes of young women might envy.

If the habit of stooping has been contracted, it may be corrected by firmness and attention. Little by little an improvement will be visible. Sleep with the head on a low pillow and walk with the chin up.

The Use of Good English

Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll, in a reminiscent paper on an old instructor of his youth, ventures the opinion that the advantages of the study of grammar are very doubtful. Probably Dr. Nicoll does not wish his words to be taken literally, but only to assert that a good deal of the time spent during school life in studying conjugations and the like might be put to better use. The truth is that we learn to write good English by reading the best models, and that we acquire a good style by absorption, rather than by imitation of the masters whom we follow. Also, we learn to speak correctly and to use language fittingly by association with those who speak with precision and without falling into error. It is not impossible for a grown person to understand syntax and etymology according to the grammarians, and to be able to parse, analyse and construe difficult passages in books, and yet to make marked lapses and mistakes in common speech. People who know better, say "ain't" and "hadn't ought," "seen" for saw, "done" for did, and constantly shock the fastidious, because by familiar repetition in childhood, the ear has grown accustomed to those regrettable blunders. People who are careless as to the meaning of words say "expect" when they mean "hope," and use the substantive "suspicion" for the verb "suspect." The word "funny" is by some people used to describe a thing that seems to them singular, and "guess" does duty in a half dozen meanings for which it was never intended.

Double negatives are peculiarly the province of the illiterate. To hear them drop from the lips of those who have attended school, gives one a creepy feeling, if not an absolute shiver. Our duty to our mother-tongue should not be neglected.



THE Italians understand the value of a meat flavor in seasoning. It tones up the digestion and gives that indescribable, savory flavor which tempts the appetite and delights the palate, says a famous cook.

Armour's EXTRACT of BEEF

gives the Italian touch

Keep up variety and snap in the home diet by a change of seasoning. There are few vegetables, but many ways of preparing them without complex and tedious combinations of herbs and costly condiments.

Use Armour's Extract of Beef as a vegetable seasoning. It gives the ideal Italian flavor — butter and cream are insipid in comparison. Just a bit of Extract on the tip of a spoon will flavor a whole family serving. Thus used it is very inexpensive and it is the easiest way in the world to give to home cooking those most delicious flavors which characterize foreign cookery.

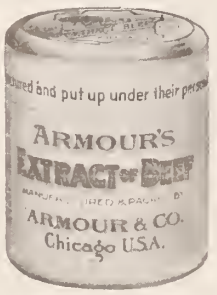
When appetites lag, tone up with this pure, delicious, wholesome seasoning.

Order a jar today and try this:

Compote of Rice with Lettuce

1 Cup rice.
Boiling water.
2 Teaspoons salt.
2 Tablespoons butter.
¾ Teaspoon Armour's Beef Extract.
A grain of thyme.

Pick over rice and wash until water is clear; scatter rice, by spoonfuls into kettle of boiling, salted water (about 2 quarts); boil 30 minutes, or until soft. Drain in colander and carefully pour over it about a quart of boiling hot water, drip a moment; return to kettle and season with butter and Armour's Beef Extract melted together in a small basin. While adding the sauce, stir rice very lightly with 3-tined fork, until well mixed. Arrange in a mound upon rosette of lettuce leaves and serve at once as a vegetable with meat course.



Send for the latest edition of "Culinary Wrinkles," the Armour Cook Book.

ARMOUR & COMPANY
CHICAGO

WON BY FIRE

By Helen T. Churchill

Continued from last week

"I DON'T care two cents about the old sheep pasture," said Allison in answer to Silas; "you're welcome to it. I want to talk about Ruth; I love her, and want to marry her."

"Confound yer impudence!" shouted the old man, half rising from his chair in his rage, but sinking back with an involuntary groan. "Do you dare to come here an' talk about marryin' my darter? I'd ruther see her ten foot under ground, ay, an' I'd put her there, afore you should marry her, you sneak!"

"Now come," cried Allison, "none of these names; I'm no more sneak than you, and you know it. I love Ruth, and can give her enough sight better home than this;" and he glanced contemptuously around the room.

Old Silas seized his crutches and hobbled towards Allison, shrieking, "Get out o' here you villain; I'll break my crutches across yer back. Don't dare to speak to my darter, and don't ever show yer Yankee face here again or I'll have the law on yer."

Allison was now at a white heat himself; but he thought of Ruth, and with a mighty effort he controlled his desire to seize and shake the old man. He opened the door, and as he stepped out he turned and said: "The time may come when you will be only too glad to welcome me here."

"It'll be the first time that one of your race was welcome then," shouted Silas, shaking his crutch threateningly.

As Allison closed the door and shut himself out into the dark, windy night, it seemed to him that the door of all his hopes was indeed closed, and he was facing the darkness and dreariness of his future life. With a lover's prescience he divined that it would be a hopeless task to persuade Ruth to leave her father. He had promised to meet her at Aunt Becky's after the interview with her father, but he felt as if he could not see her now; so he walked on and on, finding a sense of relief in breasting the fierce southeast gale. At length he was brought up by the bars at the end of the road. Here he paused for a while, but the long walk had calmed him, and now the thought of Ruth asserted itself. What must she think of his delay,—would she go home and meet her father with no previous knowledge of how he had treated Allison? Poor girl! she had enough to bear without this suspense; already Allison was rapidly retracing his steps.

As he reached Aunt Becky's, Ruth came out, and holding up her lantern, peered anxiously along the road. The feeble rays fell on Allison, and the girl gave a cry of joyful relief: "Oh, Allison, where have you been? I did not dare stay any longer."

Allison made no answer, but took the lantern from Ruth, and drawing her hand through his arm, walked along the path to the rude gate.

"What did father say?" asked Ruth timidly, after the silence had lasted for some minutes. But she needed no answer after a glance at Allison's face.

"Oh, I told you he would not listen to you," she said piteously, while the slow tears gathered to her eyes and fell unheeded down her pale cheeks.

"No, Ruth," said Allison, "he would not consent; he was very angry, very rough; but nothing need keep us apart. We can go to the Port any day and be married; say that you will."

He looked earnestly at her, but she did not at once reply. Then he urged again, "Say that you will go, Ruth."

Her bosom heaved with agitation, but the tears had ceased; she took his hand, and raising it to her cheek, answered: "No, Allison. I love you, and would go to the end of the earth with you,—in poverty, if need be,—but he is my father and is old and feeble; I cannot leave him."

"And have you no thought for me, Ruth? Do you choose him first? Then why talk of love."

"Dear Allison," pleaded the girl, "you know that I love you; but my duty just now lies with him. God would not bless us if I left my old father to suffer."

"You care nothing for my suffering, nothing that my whole life will be ruined."

"Allison," cried the girl, "forget me! I bring you only misery; go back to your work, and—"

But she could say no more; Allison caught her in his arms, and cried: "forgive me, Ruth. I know you have the greater burden. I will try to hope that we may yet be happy."

They had now arrived at Ruth's home, and she parted with her lover and entered timidly, dreading the old man's mood. But he took no notice of her late arrival, nor mentioned Allison's visit. When she had helped him to bed, the poor girl sought her own couch.

The next morning, after the frugal breakfast had been cleared away, Ruth took her sewing to her usual seat by the window; then the old man turned to her:

"That feller Stevens was here las' night; I soon sent him 'bout his bizness. I don't want none o' his breed nigh me. Don't you dare to speak to him."

Then Ruth put by her work, and resolutely faced her father.

"I will speak to Allison when ever I see him, father. I love him and you have no cause to be so hard on him. I will not marry him without your consent, but I'll love him till I die."

"You brazen hussy! to be talkin' that way 'bout lovin' a man," shouted Silas. "Girls is come to a pretty pass nowadays,—" but Ruth had left the room.

After this, no more mention was made of Allison; but old Silas grew more constant in his demands on Ruth's attention; and day by day he grew more lame and helpless, until, at length he was not able to leave his bed. These were hard days for poor Ruth; her father jealously barred any attempt she might make to see her lover, and knowing of Aunt Becky's fondness for Allison, Silas forbade Ruth to visit the old lady, thus depriving the poor girl of her only source of comfort. Allison she seldom met, but she knew that he remained at the Head, and had joined the lobster fleet. Day after day, she watched him put off from the shore in his little dory, for the dangerous task of hauling in the lobster pots. She felt keenly, that if it were not for her sake, he might be winning his way in the world and facing a life less rough and hazardous.

The winter set in early. One night, Ruth stood at her window before retiring pressing her face against the glass and peering out into the night. A brave moon struggling behind the heavy clouds, revealed the boisterous, foam-capped waters, and afar the beacon light gleamed, watchful and unwearied. Life had seemed very difficult to Ruth lately, but in some way the scene calmed her weary soul, and she sank upon her knees with a cry for strength and patience.

It seemed to Ruth that she had been asleep for some hours, when she awoke with a mysterious sense of danger. She sat up in bed, listening intently; no sound but the roar of wind and waves reached her ears. But now, a strange sense of suffocation oppressed her; she arose and hastily opened the door of her father's room—it was filled with smoke—the house was on fire.

Ruth flew to her father's bedside; the old man was sleeping heavily. In her frantic fear she shook him, crying, "Father, father, awake!"

Slowly old Silas was aroused to a knowledge of his danger; already the flames were darting into the room. He tried to raise himself from the bed, but fell back with a groan.

"Darter, save yourself," he cried; "you can't save me."

But Ruth persisted; the smoke was

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 823

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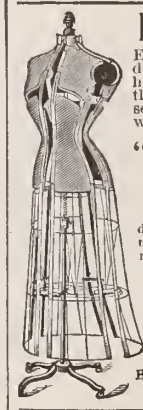

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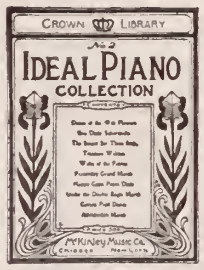

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OUR obligations to our neighbor increase with our enlightenment and our moral growth. Or rather our perception of those obligations; the obligations themselves have been there all the time. In all ages, in proportion to the degree of ignorance and moral callousness, has been the number of the men, descended from Cain, who ask: "Am I my brother's keeper?" Such men in our day, pay their employees starvation wages, grow rich on the difference between the price they pay for the product of their toil and the price they get for it in the market, and then if their conscience pricks them, hand back a small percentage in charity. In past ages, the monuments of the habit still exist, in the castles reared on the hilltops, every stone of which was dragged up by serfs who had no share in the comforts or joys of those castles. Man will enslave and outwit his fellows whenever he gets the opportunity. When the oppressed rise and refuse to work—which is their only remedy—the employer only too often says: "There is nothing to arbitrate; I propose to conduct my business in my own way; can I not do what I will with my own?" He can now; but a time of reckoning is coming, when he will be held to strict account for his treatment of the dependent class. "The hire of your laborers, kept back or you by fraud, crieth, and the cry has entered the ears of the Lord" (James 5:4).

All this product of selfishness and disregard for the welfare of others is opposed to the principles of Christianity. "Who is my neighbor?" Christ was asked, and his reply took in the whole world. Not your family, not your fellow townsman, not your fellow countryman, not even your friend; the word comprises your enemy. Any one who is in need of neighborly service, of help of any kind, is your neighbor if you have a neighborly heart. What a spectacle it must be to God and the angels, to see poor human creatures dividing themselves into classes and establishing competition, the system under which they struggle with one another like dogs over a bone. To help one another, to protect one another, to lift the burden from the shoulder of the weak, to rescue the slaves of sin—that, let theologians say what they will, is the essence of Christianity. He that loveth God, love his brother also.

*Topic of the Epworth League for October 14. "Who is my neighbor?" Luke 10:29-37; Rom. 13:8-10; 1 Peter 2:11, 12; Col. 4: 5, 6.

The Fallen "Virgin's Tree" at Matarieh, Egypt

In a recent issue, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD gave an interesting account (received from a correspondent in Egypt), of the fall of the famous Sycamore tree at Matarieh, said by legend and tradition to be the offspring of the tree under which the Holy Family rested while in Egypt. The illustration above shows the present condition of the venerable tree, which is said to be nearly four hundred years old. Its predecessor, according to legend, was still standing in the sixteenth century.

WON BY FIRE

CONCLUDED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

suffocating, the flames almost upon them: with a last despairing effort she attempted to lift her father from the bed, and sank fainting to the floor.

. . .

On this stormy December night, Allison was more restless and unhappy than usual. In vain he tried to sleep; the roar of the ocean, which had always soothed like a lullaby, seemed changed into an insistent call. Unable to longer bear this nervous strain, he arose, dressed, and went out into the stormy night, thinking that perhaps a walk would quiet him. With a yearning to be near Ruth, even if he could not see her, he took the road up the hill toward her home.

As he came within sight of the house, broad tongues of flames darted from the roof; for a moment Allison stood paralyzed, then summoning all his energies, he started with a frenzied speed for the doomed house. Would he be in time? with a silent "God help me!" he hurried on. It was the kitchen that was burning, so he rushed to the disused front door; it was fastened. Frantically Allison dashed himself against it—the rusty bolt gave way, and he was precipitated into the room. The house was filled with smoke, and the sudden draught of air fanned the flames into a brighter blaze.

Where was Ruth? Oh, God! was he too late? Then he heard old Silas calling, "Here's Ruth! Save her, boy; never mind 'bout me."

Allison caught the fainting form of the girl in his arms, and bore her to a place of safety; then back into the burning building. Already the greedy flames had caught the bed-clothing, but the gaunt form of old Silas, borne as easily as a child in Allison's strong arms, was soon beyond their reach.

A little later, as the three sat—Ruth with her head pillowed on her lover's breast—and watched the flames finishing their work, old Silas broke out with a bitter cry:

"Gone, all gone! everything I had in the world; house, and three hundred dollars in that box under the bed. But there," with a sudden change of tone, "I'm rightly sarved; I've been a wicked, ongrateful ole man. Thank God, my dear darter's safe! Thank God, you come on time, boy!"

"I told you that you would welcome me some day, Mr. Orchard," said Allison meaningly.

But old Silas, with new-found grace, made no reply.

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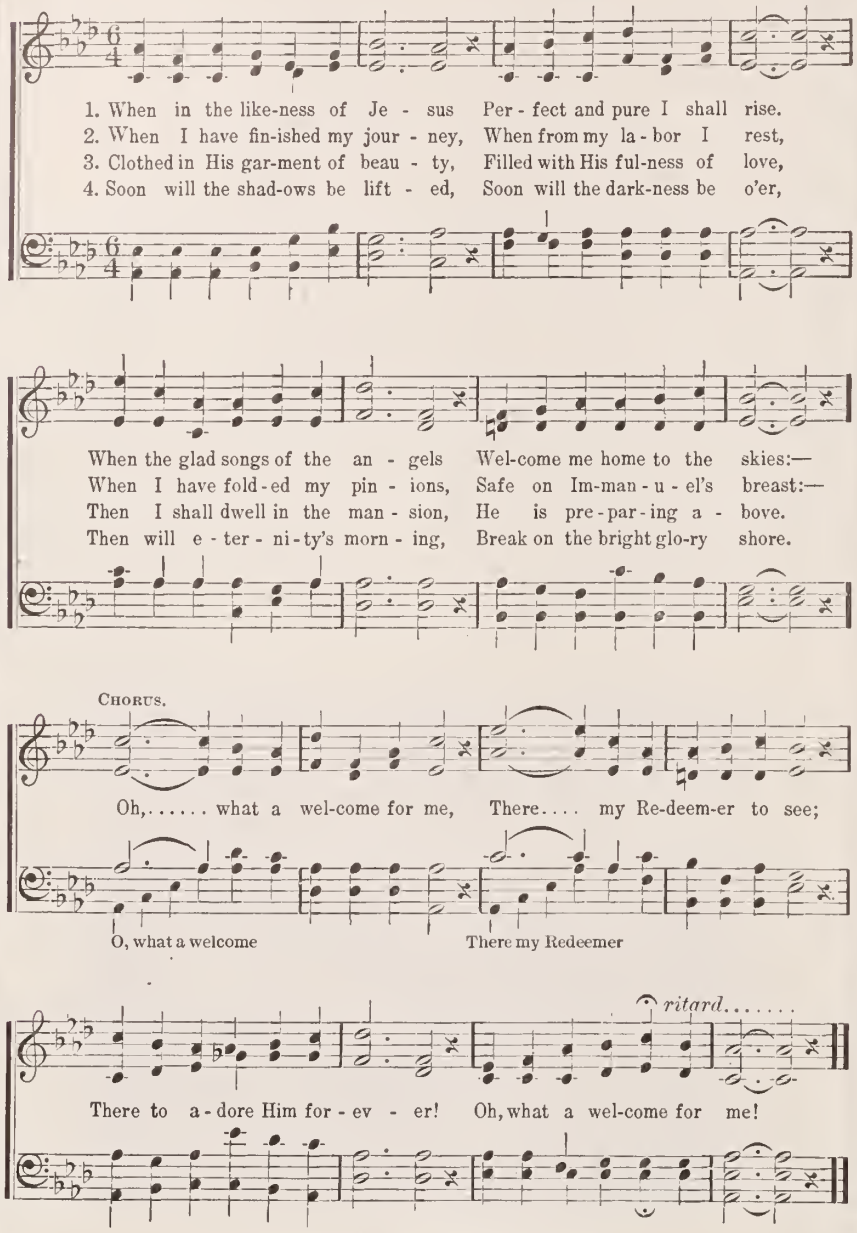

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BOOKS RECEIVED

The Praying Skipper, and Other Stories, by Ralph D. Paine. A well written and entertaining volume. Pp. 292. Illustrated. Cloth covers. Price $1.50. Outing Publishing Company, New York, publishers.

The Czar's Gift, by Wm. Ordway Partridge. Illustrated. A charming story of a young artist and his brother, telling how the latter was rescued from Siberia by the young artist's genius and the Czar's liberality. Price 40 cents. Funk & Wagnall's, New York, publishers.

Luminous Bodies Here and Hereafter, by Charles Hallock, M.A., Member of Washington Biological Society. A thesis attempting to explain the interrelation of the mental, spiritual and physical kingdoms, and of man to his Maker. Price $1. Metaphysical Publishing Co., New York.

"Transformed"—The Life of Jerry McAuley, By Abbie C. Morrow. A book full of spiritual help and encouragement, telling the story of a life redeemed from sin and made a powerful agent for the redemption of others. Pp. 231, cloth covers. Price 50c. J.E. Jewett, 604 Lexington Ave., Brooklyn, publisher.

Half-Hours with Fishes, Reptiles and Birds, by Charles Frederick Holder. Pp. 255; 60 cents. *Little Stories of France*, by Maude Barrows Dutton. Pp. 176; 40 cents. These two books, the most recent additions to the well-known series of Eclectic Readings, are also issued by the American Book Company.

A Desk Book of Errors in English, by Frank H. Vizetelly. This little volume should be kept in front of young literary aspirants and of all who desire to avoid some of the commoner snags and pitfalls of the English language. Pp. 232. Cloth binding. Price 75 cents. Funk & Wagnalls, New York and London, publishers.

The New Earth. A recital of the triumphs of modern agriculture in America, by W. S. Harwood. This is a notable book and deserves a wide reading. Mr. Harwood will be remembered as the author of *New Creations in Plant Life*, in which he dealt with the wonderful experiments of Luther Burbank, in flower and fruit culture. The present volume deals with a much broader field, including agriculture and its allied occupations of dairying, forestry and stock-raising. Copiously illustrated. Pp. 379. Price $1.75. The Macmillan Company, London and New York, publishers.

Some Fancies in Verse, by Mary Pettus Thomas, is a little book of verses full of quaint conceits and pretty fancies. The metre is halting often, the ideas never. The subjects range from "grave to gay, from lively to severe," so that every reader may pluck a blossom which shall suit his taste. Price $1. Neale Publishing Company, New York and Washington.

American Poems, 1790 to 1900, with copious notes and compact biographies, by Augustus White Long, Preceptor of English at Princeton. This is intended to serve as a useful collection of American verse, illustrating the growth and spirit of American life, as expressed in its literature. It is divided into three periods, and contains the notable productions of the best poets of each period. Pp. 368. Cloth covers. Price 90 cents. American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago, publishers.

The Way of the Gods, by John Luther Long, is what the reader has a right to expect from the author of *Madame Butterfly*. Its dedication, "To him who owns his joy, because he has bought it with sorrow"—conveys a hint of the *motif* of this story of Japan, which is sad, but sad with a tender sweetness, which is more to be desired than commonplace content. The foreword, *Tadaima*, is Japanese for "wait a moment," but the reader is unlikely to obey after once beginning the book. Pp. 314. Price $1.50. The Macmillan Company, New York.

The American Book Company, publishers, New York, Cincinnati and Chicago, brings the following additions to textbooks, suitable for use in any school:

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WE SEND FREE to any part of the United States our **new Fall and Winter Book of New York Fashions**, showing the latest styles and containing our **copyrighted** measurement chart; also a large assortment of **Samples** of the newest materials.

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Hair Dressings

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We ship Hair Goods post-paid

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Extra Short Stem Switches made of splendid quality selected human hair, and to match any ordinary shade: 2 oz., 22 in. . . . . $1.50; 2½ oz., 24 in. . . . . 2.25; 3½ oz., 26 in. . . . . 4.00; Light Weight Wavy Switch 2.50

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200 other sizes and grades of Switches, . . . 50c. to $25.00

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Send sample of your hair with your order. We will send prepaid on approval. If you find it perfectly satisfactory and a bargain, remit the amount. If not, return to us. Rare, peculiar and gray shades are a little more expensive. Write for estimates. Our free catalogue also contains many valuable hints on The Proper Care of the Hair. Write for it to-day.

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Largest Mail Order Hair Merchants in the World

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To introduce our 25c. trade-mark Hosiery

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We will upon receipt of $1.00 send postpaid to any address in the U. S., seven pairs high class socks or stockings. You may take seven pairs of either men's, women's or children's, or assort your order to suit the needs of your family. In ordering state number of pairs of each size.

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is guaranteed fast black, seamless, reinforced heels and toes. Knit to fit from select quality yarns. With our Cotton grown and spun, our Coal mined and Labor raised right here in Tennessee, we produce the biggest value Hosiery in the world, and want you to try it. Satisfaction or money refunded. Sample pair either kind upon receipt of 25 cts.

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KRINOGALON is better, purer, more effective than soap for your daily toilet. Try it.

Made by the **NEW JERSEY MFG. CO., Inc., Jersey City, N. J.**, since 1890, and sold on its merits only. An active partner wanted in each State on most liberal terms.

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Free report as to Patentability. Illustrated Guide Book, and List of Inventions Wanted, sent free.

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The Second Advent

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

THE first wonderful description of Christ's Second Coming is of a coming which shall be the consummation of a time of trouble greater than the Flood itself, for it is "such as was not from the beginning of the world till this time, no, nor ever shall be." Surely in such a time the work in the field will be neglected, and the grinding at the mill will cease; but in Matt. 24:40 Christ speaks of these pursuits going on as usual.

May it not be that these are two distinct parts of the coming of the Lord, and that the last mentioned shall have priority of the first? If not, why does the Lord say, "Watch, therefore; for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come"! And again, "Therefore be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh." Why does He say, "Take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting, and drunkenness, and cares of this life, and so that day come upon you unawares"? (Luke 21:34).

How can it come unawares if such terrible catastrophes precede it as shall cause a disruption of the very elements themselves? Where would be the need for the exhortation, "Watch ye, therefore, and pray always, that ye may be accounted worthy to escape all these things that shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of Man," if it did not refer to that selection we have read of where one shall be taken and the other left? Why, then, shall there be such a selection? The apostle James says: "God at first did visit the Gentiles, to take out of them a people for his name" (Acts 15:14), for his home, for his interests. A man may receive into his house visitors and servants, but he does not put his name upon them; He gives his name to none other but his Bride. The Lamb of God is seeking a Bride who leaves her name for his name, her all for Him. He woos her with no promise of dowry, but by the call to self-renunciation like his own. "Hearken, O daughter, and consider, and incline thine ear; forget also thine own people, and thy father's house; so shall the King greatly desire thy beauty: for He is thy Lord; and worship thou Him" (Ps. 45:10, 11). It is her call to "follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth" (Rev. 14:4). As Christ pleased not Himself, so it is her privilege to deny herself and take up her cross and follow him (Matt. 16:24).

Paul understood this vocation, and instead of seeking for himself either glory or ease, he suffered the loss of all things, as he says, "That I may know Him, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable unto his death; if by any means I might attain unto the resurrection of the dead" (Phil. 3: 8, 11). And he distinctly tells us, twenty-eight years after his conversion, that he who has done so much, and suffered so much for Christ, forgets those things which are behind, and reaches forth unto those which are before, pressing toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus (Phil. 3: 10-14). Paul understood his vocation; Christ had won him and he would win Christ; like the man who had discovered the treasure hid in the field, he sold all that he might get it (Matt. 13:44).

Here we see the distinction between the coming of Christ for his servants and the coming for his Bride. In Matt. 25, the Bride is not seen, but the virgins, her companions (Ps. 45:14). The virgins are never spoken of as the Bride; the Bridegroom does not give them his name. They expect the Bridegroom and the marriage feast, the Lord's joy is theirs, but the Bride is not formed until the members of Christ's Body who compose the Bride are gathered at his coming.

Minister's Reply

Quite a time ago a statement appeared in the papers regarding a minister's experience in rebuilding his lost health by correcting his diet, and without drugs.

The original statement is here reprinted, followed by some extracts from a letter he wrote to another minister who made direct inquiry of him.

(Original Statement)

FOLLOWING SCRIPTURE

He Proved the Good Thing and Holds Fast to It

A young preacher found the change from life on the home farm to the city and college very trying, especially the transition from the wholesome country food to the boarding-house fare. How he solved the food question is interesting.

"I soon came to face a serious problem," he says, "I began to decline in health, grew thin in flesh and weak in body and mind. The doctor diagnozed my trouble as 'indigestion,' but was unable to give me relief. I tried patent medicines with the same result. I was weak and growing weaker, and had no capacity for study. For four years I fought a hard battle—fought it poorly, because of my physical and mental condition.

"A Postum Cereal calendar fell into my hands. I hung it over my study table. It bore the inscription 'Brains Repaired' across the face. I used to lean back and gaze at it when weary with study, till at last it occurred to me that my brains needed repairing. Why not try Grape-Nuts food and see what it would do for me? I acted on the thought, beginning a few months ago.

"Gradually I found that it was making me stronger and better. Then I decided that as Grape-Nuts was helping me I would stop coffee and take on Postum. This I did, and the two are simply working wonders! And while the improvement has been only gradual, it is permanent. I do not gain a little for a few days and then lapse back—I keep what I gain.

"From the use of the two, Grape Nuts and Postum Coffee, I have acquired a quickened vitality, capacity for harder work, clearer and more energetic mentality and can study better. My flesh has become firm and healthy and today I weigh more than for years before. I am a new man. As pastor of the Christian Church I preach Christ from the pulpit and in my pastoral work, as a man among men, I also preach Grape-Nuts and Postum. I have 'proved them to be good, and am holding fast to them.'" Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

A 10-days trial is easy.

Box 244, Metropole, Ill., April 19, '06.

Rev. ———

Dear Sir and Brother:

"Your letter at hand and contents noted. Yes, a minister's life is very busy, but his duty is to "do good" and no man in real need should be considered by him as a stranger. Therefore I take pleasure in writing you the facts as I know them, in hopes they may be suggestive and place you in a better position to understand my troubles and the blessing derived from Grape-Nuts and Postum for I honestly believe these were the "black-winged ravens" that brought, or induced the return of the natural activities of the body which condition we call "health."

"Until I was 25 years of age I could and did eat anything I wanted at any time, day or night. I entered the "College of the Bible" at Lexington, Ky., and after three months took the measles which settled in my stomach, and in a short time was compelled to give up my work. I reentered College the next September but bad stomach and hard study kept me torn up. I fought along for over a year taking pepsin, and several other preparations besides medicine from the doctors. I was a sufferer, did poor work and did it at all times in the face of the aggravated condition of my stomach which made me so very nervous. I starved myself, eating very little but soup and this was even painful to me.

"One day a calendar came to my study which was placed over my table and it bore a peculiar message—"Brains Repaired." Mine were gone and my nerves gone. I doubted whether they could be properly restored. At last my wife urged me or rather sent and purchased two packages under protest (if I remember well). I began eating. I had been drinking coffee but had given that up and was taking water. As coffee was injuring my wife's health I proposed she try Postum which she did to her relief and my surprise. I soon began taking Postum also. I had been eating Grape-Nuts and drinking Postum but a few days until I was feeling better. Even then I did not think of giving Grape-Nuts the credit. I kept eating and still grew stronger in mind, nervous condition improved. I was taking no medicine, working harder, with much more ease and comfort, from the growing sensation in my stomach. Before, I got hungry but dared not eat, now I did not get hungry as before. I finished that year's work (9 months) and came out in far better condition than I begun. September came again, it found me in my place for my fourth and last year. I had missed two-thirds of my first year by measles, now if I finished I must do the fourth year's work and two-thirds of the first. I had discovered my weapons the year before. They were Grape-Nuts and Postum. That year's work was the most satisfactory to me, also to my professors as same told me.

"I did not take Grape-Nuts as a medicine but a natural food. I still keep it up. My wife and two little school girls find it a nourishing morsel which guards against fatigue. It is our meat.

"I have tried many of the breakfast foods on the market now, as a change, but invariably I flee to Grape-Nuts and Postum as the Old Reliables.

"I am glad you wrote me and will be pleased to answer any question which I have not made perfectly clear. My praise of Grape-Nuts and Postum is given not in the interest of the Company, but simply my honest conviction of what they have done for me and can do for others. Hoping for your speedy recovery, I am,

Your Bro.,"

Pastor Christian Church.

Ministers owe to themselves and to their noble cause, that they keep "the machine," (the body, which they use to carry out their work), in fine working order, and naturally they feel a certain solicitude for the physical welfare of their people, for the man or woman who is consciously or unconsciously crippling the "beautiful human temple" by the use of harmful food, drink or drug habits cannot express the intent of the Creator, until those habits are eliminated and the body again assumes its proper condition, the reward comes when a clean soul dwells in a well ordered house. A minister can consistently guide for physical well being while seeking to influence towards the higher life.

SIX for a Dime Dollars of Comfort

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No. 1 No. 2

Have You Tried Them?

For hanging up **CALENDARS, small pictures, draperies, posters,** match-scratchers, tooth-brushes and innumerable other things without disfiguring wood or plaster walls like tacks. **Allowed in hotels and schools where tacks are prohibited.**

No Hammer Needed

Easily inserted with the fingers; can be withdrawn and used over again. Made with fine tempered **STEEL** points and polished transparent **GLASS** handles, harmonizing with any color decorations. Strong and ornamental.

Sold at stationery, house-furnishing, notion, and photo-supply stores, or mailed prepaid for 10c per packet of ½ doz., or **20c. per box of 1 doz.** No. 1 or No. 2, like cuts.

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Save $10- to $15- Per Cow

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UNLIKE OTHER BELLS SWEETER, MORE DURABLE, LOWER PRICE. OUR FREE CATALOGUE TELLS WHY.

Write to Cincinnati Bell Foundry Co., Cincinnati, O.

CATALOGUE FREE

Fall and Winter catalogue containing everything in the Woman's Wear, mailed FREE. Write for it to-day.

No. 19 x 514

This coat is made full 48 inches long; all wool American blind cheviot, in black only. Collarless effect with new Hercules silk braid trimming at neck and cuffs in most tasteful manner. The new circular back and double-breasted front; full leg-o'-mutton sleeves and large fancy shaped patch pockets finished with crocheted buttons. Yoke and sleeves lined with heavy black satin. Our special price only **$7.95**

No. 19x514 $7.95

No. 19x515 $5.95

No. 19x515

This is without doubt the most extraordinary value in women's coats ever offered; made full 48 inches long of all wool London mixture in the most popular shades of light or dark gray; full loose back and double-breasted front, collarless, with velvet and braid trimmed outline and cuffs; the front and back are both trimmed with wide tailor-stitched straps in pleasing manner, roomy slashed pockets at sides and full cut leg-o'-mutton sleeves; finished with fancy metal buttons. The lowest price ever quoted on a garment of such exceptional merit **$5.95**

We Have No Branch Houses — THE BIG STORE — SIEGEL COOPER Co. — A CITY IN ITSELF — SIXTH AVE. 18TH & 19TH STS. NEW YORK CITY. N.Y. — We Employ No Agents

X-RAY Stove Polish

Ask dealer for it.

Trade Mark.

GUARANTEED to go twice as far as paste or liquid polishes. Gives a quick, brilliant lustre, and DOES NOT BURN OFF.

FREE SAMPLE. *Address Dept. D*

Lamont, Corliss & Co., Agents, 78 Hudson St., New York

The "Best" Light

is a portable 100 candle power light costing only 2 cts. per week. Makes and burns its own gas. Brighter than electricity or acetylene and cheaper than kerosene. No Dirt. No Grease. No Odor. Over 100 styles. Lighted instantly with a match. Every lamp warranted. Agents wanted everywhere.

THE "BEST" LIGHT CO.

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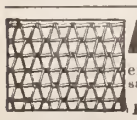
For stirring and mixing batter. Also useful as a skimmer and in many other ways. Sent with other attractive novelties prepaid Free to Agents. Catalog Free. Dept. T HOUSEHOLD NOVELTY WORKS, 25 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.



FENCE STRONGEST MADE. Bull-strong chicken-tight. Sold to the Farmer at Wholesale Prices. Fully warranted. Catalog Free

COILED SPRING FENCE CO., Box 47 Winchester, Indiana.

5 Little Bee-Books Free

All intensely interesting and helpful in a hundred ways to beginners in Bee-Culture. THE A. I. ROOT CO., MEDINA, OHIO

TEN DAYS' GRACE

NO doubt, many of our subscribers were enjoying their vacations when our request for lists of twenty-five names appeared, and it was, therefore, inconvenient for them to carry out their good intentions, and send in the list they would gladly have done had they been at home. Now, to afford these friends, and in fact **all** our readers, a **final opportunity** of sending these lists of twenty-five names, under the offer reproduced below, we **extend** the time for the **mailing** of such names to Wednesday, **October 10th.** Please bear in mind that no names sent later than that date can be accepted.

Here is the offer, repeated from our issue of September 26, with the date changed in accordance with the above modification.

Our Proposition in a Nutshell

For **25** names of Adult Protestant Church Attendants or Christian Workers, no two living in the same house, with full post-office addresses, legibly written, and mailed on or before **Wednesday, October 10, 1906,** together with one dime, or ten cents in stamps, for packing and postage, we will send, all charges prepaid, Storch's two great Companion Pictures, in **beautiful colors,** entitled, **"Good Night"** and **"Good Morning,"** with the understanding that the pictures will be sent in the order in which the lists are received—that is: **First come, First served.** It goes without saying, that after a million names have been received by us, we expect to promptly return their lists and dimes to all latecomers. The two pictures measure **140 square inches each.**

Hoping that you will be among those who will kindy co-operate with us in this good work, and thanking you in advance for your acceptance of this invitation, I am, Very cordially yours,

Eliz Storch

When the list is ready, enclose it in an envelope, and address it to

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
List Dept. Bible House, New York

Copyright, 1906, by Louis Klopsch SIZE 10 X 14 IN

"Our Father, who art in Heaven"

"GOOD MORNING"

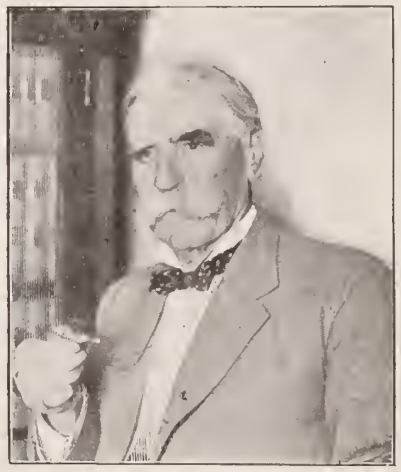
Copyright, 1906, by Louis Klopsch SIZE 10 X 14 IN

"Now I lay me down to sleep"

"GOOD NIGHT"

Prominent Men of the Hour

The Late General Trepoff



Francis Murphy

GENERAL TREPOFF of the Russian army, whose death was recently announced in dispatches from St. Petersburg, played a most important part in Russian affairs. He was faithful to what he considered his military duty during the recent disturbances, and spared none if they interfered with his orders. His severity made him hated by the revolutionists, and he was about the last person in Russia that people expected would die peacefully in his bed. For a time he was chief of police in Moscow. He believed in "forcible repression." Several times his life was attempted. September 1st he was placed on the retired list.

FRANCIS MURPHY, the famous Gospel temperance evangelist, is about to start again on an active crusade against the evils of alcoholic indulgence. He has been living in retirement in Los Angeles, Cal., for the last few years. Those who recalled the Francis Murphy of the old days, saw at the Bethany Presbyterian Church in that city, recently, a much changed man. As the temperance orator of twenty years ago, Mr. Murphy was a strong, young looking man. To-day he is white-haired, but as soon as he speaks, the strong personality which made him so prominent a figure in the past, holds the audience enthralled.

A Dividend Earning FURNACE CERTIFICATE

AUTUMN'S golden days should be made a most profitable forerunner of Winter's frigid reign by following the example of thousands who have found, to their delight and the good health of their bank accounts, that the

PECK-WILLIAMSON UNDERFEED FURNACE
Saves 1–2 to 2–3 on Coal Bills

We might grow eloquent ourselves in telling of this *modern* furnace-marvel, with *all the fire on top*, which gets as much heat out of the *cheapest* coal as *high-grade* anthracite will yield in an Overfeed. We prefer, however, to speak through the enthusiastic and voluntary testimony of those who know and want others to know the exclusive saving, lasting worth of the Underfeed.

Mr. JOSEPH A. WARREN writes from Cumberland Mills, Maine, and Maine folks know just what cold weather is:

"I have used the Underfeed Furnace one Winter with ENTIRELY SATISFACTORY results. I find that a ton of soft slack coal will go as far as a ton of anthracite coal costing TWICE AS MUCH. We have no dust in the house and the furnace consumes all gas and smoke. The heat is regular and we have abundance of pure, warm air."

Our Underfeed booklet is crowded with fac-simile testimonials just as cheerful. Can't we send it to you? Heating plans and services of our Engineering Department are yours—FREE. Write to-day, giving name of local dealer with whom you prefer to deal. Illustration shows furnace without casing, cut out to show how coal is forced up under fire.

THE PECK-WILLIAMSON CO., 395 W. 5th St. Cincinnati, O.
Mr. Dealer, Write for Our Proposition of Profit to *you*

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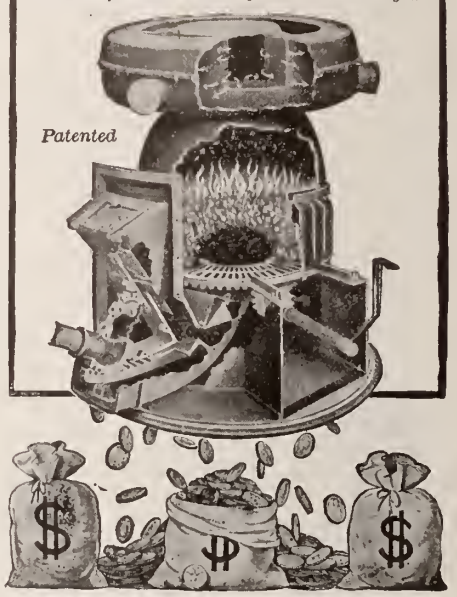

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MURRAY'S CHARCOAL TABLETS

They are absolutely unmedicated. Prevent fermentation, absorb all gases, and sweeten the stomach. A bad complexion is wonderfully benefitted by their daily use.

FOR 10c. in stamps, a full size 25c. box mailed for trial. Once only.

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STORM PROOF BUGGY

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30 Days' Free Trial.

A Rig for Men Who Drive in All Weathers

A top that gives perfect safety from all storms and quickly adjusts for fine weather—one buggy for every day, comfort all the time. Your money back if you are not thoroughly satisfied. **Write for catalog O giving all details.**

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135 S. Third St., Terre Haute, Ind.

MAN OR WOMAN wanted to travel, distribute samples and employ agents. $18 a week, expenses advanced. Local manager and canvassers also. ZIEGLER CO., 235 Locust St., Philadelphia

AGENTS OUTFIT FREE. Easysweep Dust Pan. Handled with foot; dirt emptied without litter. Large Catalog very latest household articles; rapid sellers. Richardson Mfg. Co., Dept. G, Bath, N.Y.

One Brave Woman's Work for India

FIFTY years ago last April, two passengers embarked upon a steamship in Boston harbor one bright morning, and sailed away to the East. They bore the commission of the King of kings to plant the standard of the Cross in far-off India, in the name of American Methodism. On landing in Calcutta, William Butler and his young wife found their progress delayed by a procession bearing a huge image of the heathen goddess Kali, her tongue hanging upon her breast, her four hands holding cruel, murderous instruments.

Deep into the hearts of the newcomers sank the awful cry, "Victory to Kali! Victory to Kali!" but with sublime faith they looked forward to a glad day, when hosannas to the Son of God should replace the frenzied shouts of heathenism. Scarcely had they become settled in their station at Bareilly, when the terrors of the Sepoy Mutiny spread a dark shadow over the little home. Mr. and Mrs Butler fled for their lives, escaping as by a miracle from the wild beasts of the Indian jungle, among whose lairs they had sought refuge from the more savage mutineers, at the memory of whose atrocities the world still shudders.

Mrs. Butler, Founder of Woman's Missions in India

In the Himalaya Mountains the fugitive missionaries found protection, and rest. While there, their little child was born. A few months later, the trial of the last of the Moguls for the murder of the Christians was held at Delhi. Sitting upon the crystal throne of the Moguls, Dr. Butler was inspired with the idea that a Woman's Missionary Society should be organized in the Methodist Episcopal Church of America, to provide homes and education for the many friendless children and to penetrate to the heart of India's sealed zenana life.

After some years of arduous toil, the little family returned to the homeland. Strong in her knowledge of the condition of India's women, and the awful isolation which rendered missionaries powerless to alleviate their state, Mrs. Butler first told her story in 1866, before the Congregational women, who were the first of the denominational auxiliaries to be organized in the United States. She showed clearly that their own family cares rendered the wives of missionaries wholly unequal to the task, and that the only effectual open door was the plan proposed of sending out single women to labor for their own sex. In 1869, this consecrated woman repeated her story before a body of Methodist women in Boston, being aided in the recital by Mrs. E. W. Parker, also the wife of a missionary in India. The result of this agitation was the foundation of that organization known as the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which is to-day one of the strongest woman's religious organizations in the world, numbering over 200,000 members, and raising for foreign missions in the year 1905, more than $500,000. It has a more extensive work in India than the Parent Society of the denomination is carrying. The New England Branch of the organization is projecting a Thank Offering in Baroda, India, to be known as the Mrs. William Butler Memorial Hospital.

. . .

And now the year of jubilee is come. The little mission established at Bareilly a half century ago, has grown into a Christian community numbering nearly a quarter of a million souls, scattered over an area bounded by the Himalayas on the north, the Philippines on the east, Singapore on the south, and Arabia on the west.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has already given in its columns an outline of the programme of the jubilee, with thanksgiving, which will be held in Bareilly in December.

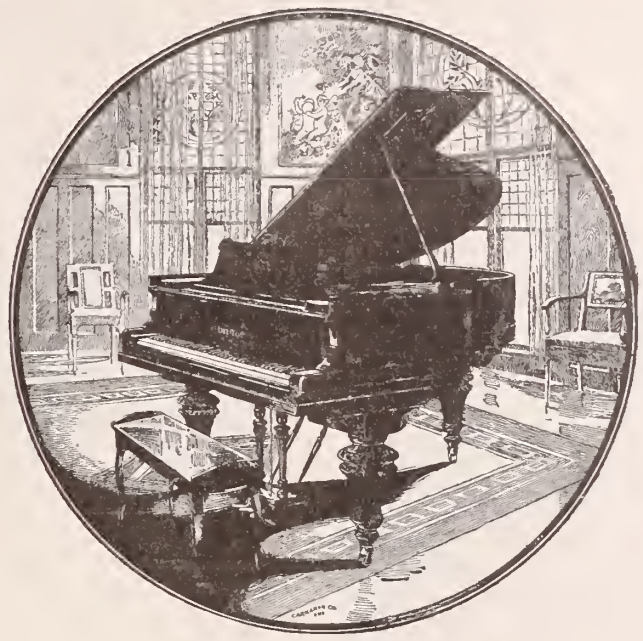
When the good ship *Koningin Luise* slipped her moorings in the North River, New York City, on September 15, 1906, Mrs. Butler was among her passengers. In her eighty-seventh year, she is returning to the scene of her early struggles and triumphs. She is accompanied by her son, Rev. John Butler, D.D., of Mexico, and her daughter, Miss Clementine Butler, the efficient Home Secretary of the New England branch of the W. F. M. S. She was bidden "*bon voyage* and Godspeed" by a host of friends, among whom were Bishop and Mrs. C. H. Fowler, whose honored guest she had been prior to the date of sailing. Many prayers follow Mrs. Butler as she crosses the wide seas, and a joyous welcome awaits her in the distant land she loves so well. H. W. S.

Discovered a New River

The Duke of Abruzzi has just made the first announcement of important scientific results achieved in his latest explorations in the interior of Africa. One of the most important of these was the discovery of a river never before described in any geography. He marked its course and measured its volume and flow. In his exploration of Ruwenzori, the great mountain of the Lake Nyanza region, the duke marked five hitherto unmeasured peaks of the height of 5,600 metres. Of more novel interest is the explorer's account of the fauna and flora of the region, which he says are completely strange, being like nothing known in Europe or other parts of Africa. He will write a full report of these discoveries.

For the Nursery—For the Table

For all ages, in all climates, under all conditions, Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk and Peerless Brand Evaporated-Cream fill every milk requirement. Superior for ice cream.



The Conover Piano

IN deciding between a Conover Piano and one of less merit, you should be guided simply by your musical requirements and your idea of true economy. If you wish to possess a piano of superior tone quality, one that will enable you fully to express your interpretative ability; if you desire an instrument that will be permanent in musical character, choose the Conover.

Even for temporary use, it is much more satisfactory to have a fine instrument than an inferior one: the good piano not only gives better service but always represents a higher intrinsic value. And it is a better investment to purchase an instrument whose musical qualities you know will be lasting than it is to buy one that may disappoint you later on.

Sooner or later you will discard an unsatisfactory piano. You will keep a Conover. The best economy is to buy one in the first place.

Sign the Coupon and mail it to us and we will send our BOOK OF CONOVER PIANOS and other useful information FREE.

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WRITE FOR COMPLETE INFORMATION AND APPLICATION BLANK No. 104.

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CHURCH-AID DEPT

THE DISAPPEARING ESKIMO

By DR. J. H. ROMIG, Medical Missionary in Alaska

IN mail coming to this place (Nushagak, Alaska), that was mailed last fall, I note these letters from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, with remittances for the work we are here doing. These contributions are from readers of your paper. It is encouraging when, from those interested in such a work, cheering letters and remittances come for the prosecution of the work.

Often the missionary knows not of the interest and gifts of friends for a work when things are all done through a central Board, whereas, when letters and support come direct from sympathetic and interested friends, the stimulus to more extensive effort is given to the worker, and, at the same time, the giver knows and is sasured that his gift is applied where he intended the same to go. So, in this letter, I thank the readers of your cosmopolitan Christian paper for the kindly interest they have manifested in this remote locality.

A Returning Egg Hunter

Here we have the Eskimo — greasy, dirty and fat—to deal with, and, in this, my particular work, we find much to do for the Eskimo, for the race is rapidly crossing the river to the far beyond. As the wild deer flees before the noise and excitement of civilization, so do the Eskimo and the Indian. Civilization does not kill; but the crude manner of early or partial civilization does. He barters his warm furs for gaudy calico. His food supply is destroyed to secure the allurements of trade, and for his food, instead of warming meats, the poorly prepared and indigestible articles of commerce. Then there are also the diseases he is liable to contract, and which are passed along with almost deadly certainty, owing to a lack of all sanitary rules. With tuberculosis everywhere prevalent, it seems that this race is rapidly doomed.

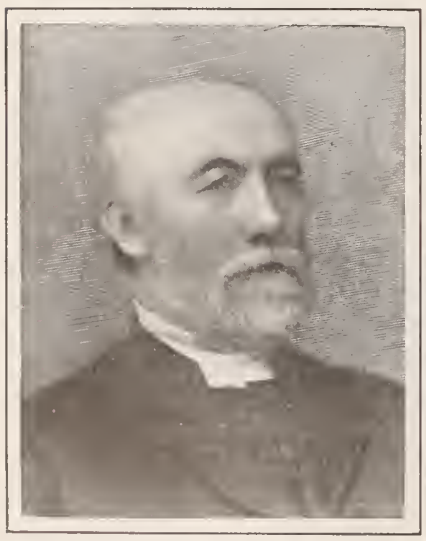
Yet with all the infirmities of the flesh and the darkness of superstition, there are hopes of more than transient benefit resulting to the people, when the Gospel messenger comes to them. Many an eye has brightened when the new light was perceived, and many a sorrowing heart has been comforted by a hope not heard of in heathen lore, but found only in the message of Love and Peace in the Gospel that is to be preached to these people.

In this new land there is urgent work for the salvation of souls among both natives and frontiersmen. Mine is the medical part of the work, but while treating the body, the work of the Great Physician is also needed. We hope the time is near when the call may come to some devout person to work among the cannery employees of this region, where much good may be done for the cause of our Lord.

A NOTABLE METHODIST GATHERING

By J. P. GERRIE

FOUR years ago THE CHRISTIAN HERALD published an article on Canadian Methodists in Council in their Quadrennial Conference at Winnipeg. The body is again in session in Montreal. The growth during the quadrennium is interesting, as are the questions which will be considered. The increase reports: membership, 25,822; ministers, 19; probationers, 150; local preachers, 168; exhorters, 1,119; class leaders, 1,180; Sunday Schools, 127; churches, 203; amount raised for all purposes, $2,809,379. The present membership is 317,717; regular ministers, 1,811.



Rev. A. Carman, D.D.

The total contributions were, $13,720,650; the missionary contributions being $1,466,400; and those for connexional purposes, $2,620,995. The general superintendent, Rev. A. Carman, D.D., commenting on these figures, expressed thankfulness to the Giver of all good, and regret that more had not been accomplished in face of the opportunities before the church.

The Conference will consider the question of recruiting the ministry, which is inadequate for the needs, in view of the rapid development of the great work. The general Union Church movement, which was set on foot by the Conference four years ago, and which has since made rapid and satisfactory strides, will be again dealt with. Temperance, evangelism, and missions, are topics prominently at the front.

The superintendent, Dr. Carman, has occupied that position since the union of Methodism in 1883. For nine years before that date he was Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Canada. He is now seventy-three years of age, and his vigor and energy is a marvel to all. The secretary, Rev.T. Ulbert Moore, began life as a journalist, and after several successful pastorates, became one of the field secretaries of the Dominion Lord's Day Alliance.

St. James' Church edifice, the place of meeting, is an imposing structure. It is the most costly edifice in Methodism, and is one of the finest in the Dominion. The seating accommodation is 2,500, but 3,500 have been crowded in on special occasions.

RIGHT HOME

Doctor Recommends Postum from Personal Test

No one is better able to realize the injurious action of caffeine—the drug in coffee—on the heart, than the doctor.

When the doctor himself has been relieved by simply leaving off coffee and using Postum, he can refer with full conviction to his own case.

A Missouri physician prescribes Postum for many of his patients because he was benefited by it. He says:

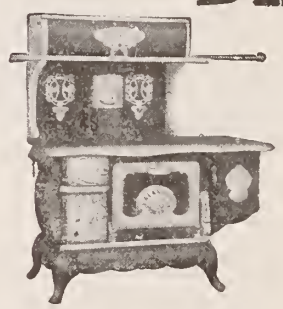
"I wish to add my testimony in regard to that excellent preparation—Postum. I have had functional or nervous heart trouble for over fifteen years, and part of the time was unable to attend to my business.

"I was a moderate user of coffee and did not think drinking it hurt me. But on stopping it and using Postum instead, my heart has got all right, and I ascribe it to the change from coffee to Postum.

"I am prescribing it now in cases of sickness, especially when coffee does not agree, or affects the heart, nerves or stomach.

"When made right it has a much better flavor than coffee, and is a vital sustainer of the system. I shall continue to recommend it to our people, and I have my own case to refer to." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville." in pkgs. "There's a reason."

"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"



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Compare the quality and prices of the Kalamazoo line with others, and then decide to save all middlemen's profits.
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A miniature Telephone for the ear.
INVISIBLE
easily adjusted and entirely comfortable. Makes low sounds and whispers plainly heard. Over fifty thousand sold, giving instant relief from deafness and head noises.

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A Remarkable Woman of India

Ahalya Bai of Indore, the widow of Khande Rao, the only son of Mulhar Rao, the founder of the Holkar dynasty, was a good and virtuous sovereign, devout, merciful and laborious to an extraordinary degree. On the death of her only son she was compelled to come forward to maintain the independence of the family she represented. The wise conduct of Ahalya Bai, combined with the determination of the Mahratta chiefs to uphold her legitimate rights, frustrated the vehement opposition presented by Ragobah Dada, in the early part of her reign. The prosperity and reputation of her reign were largely due to her wise choice of a commander-in-chief, Tukaji Holkar.

Ahalya Bai devoted herself to her duty with great earnestness. She transacted business in public Durbar from 2 to 6 and from 9 to 11 P. M., when even the most insignificant cases were most patiently investigated. She built forts and constructed roads, and she raised Indore, the present capital of the State, from a village to a wealthy city. She fell under the domination of the priesthood and expended large sums on religious edifices all over India. Though kind and conciliatory, she knew well how to inspire dread in the hearts of the most callous criminals. During her reign her kingdom was but once invaded (unsuccessfully), by the Rana of Udaipur. Her reign enjoyed unprecedented prosperity. She also commanded great respect from foreign sovereigns. The Brahmans regarded her as an Avatar or incarnation of the Deity. The loss of her two sons, under peculiarly painful circumstances, tinged her life with a sombre hue which no successes in her public career could brighten.—*Advocate of India.*

Answered Prayers

Thankful One, Kansas. "I prayed God to convert our two daughters, and he heard and answered my prayer, why should I not be thankful to him! I love to read the 'Answered Prayer' column; may God bless all connected with your grand paper."

Mrs. L., Ohio. "Please say in 'Answered Prayer' column, God does hear and answer my prayers many times. Friend, claim the promise, 'If ye abide in me,' etc."

A Reader, Canada. "The 'Answered Prayer' page of your paper has been such a help to me, God has given me a special answer to prayer lately and also at many other times. He will never fail us if we only trust and serve him. How much trouble it would save us if we would only remember it always."

Reader, North Carolina. "The 'Answered Prayer' column helps me so much and calls to my attention the many times my prayers have been answered. It shows me that the hand of God is in so many things, it is bound to be true that he does hear and answer prayer."

Sufferer, California. "I believe God can and does answer prayer. I want to ask all THE CHRISTIAN HERALD family to pray that it may be the Lord's will that the present bitter trouble may pass from us, and peace be given our family."

F. P. M., Kansas. "God has heard and answered me so many times during my life that I cannot number them, I can but compare them to God's 'thoughts' as expressed by the Psalmist: 'How precious also are Thy thoughts unto me, O God; how great is the sum of them.'"

A Believer, Virginia. "I know that God does hear and answer prayer. He has answered two of my prayers in his own best way. God doeth all things well. I know I am an embodied want, He an infinite and immediate supply."

Mrs. A. S. G., Washington. "I would testify to having my prayers answered. Especially within the last few months I have had a very comforting assurance of my children's salvation, for which I am thankful."

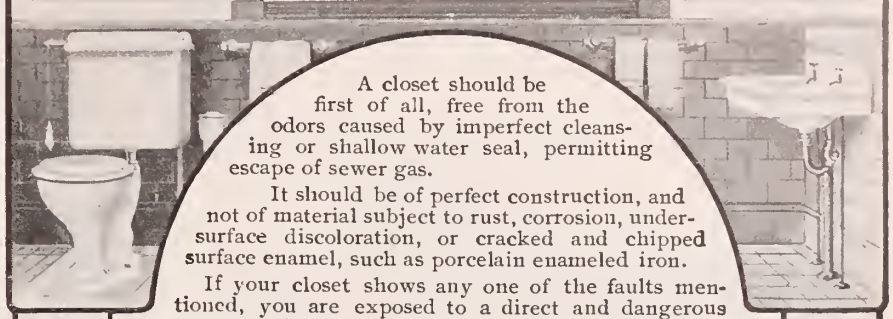
Mrs. W. H. R., Virginia. "Some time ago I was in great trouble. God heard my prayer and all was right. I was and am so thankful. I would like the prayers of Christians for dear friends who have been in trouble, and that a loved one may be restored to health."

Mrs. W. H. J., Nova Scotia. "I wish to acknowledge God's goodness to me in answering prayer. He removed a great cloud of trouble from my life, and has made me so happy that my faith is greatly strengthened and I shall trust him more and more in joy and sorrow."

Book on Household Health sent free, if you mention the name of your Plumber.

What Your Closet Should Be TO BE SAFE

Book on Household Health sent free, if you mention the name of your Plumber.



A closet should be first of all, free from the odors caused by imperfect cleansing or shallow water seal, permitting escape of sewer gas.

It should be of perfect construction, and not of material subject to rust, corrosion, undersurface discoloration, or cracked and chipped surface enamel, such as porcelain enameled iron.

If your closet shows any one of the faults mentioned, you are exposed to a direct and dangerous menace to health. If examination or past experience shows your closet to be defective, replace it with the perfect sanitation embodied in

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Unlike the ordinary closet, the "SY-CLO" has a double cleansing action, a combination of flush from above and a powerful pump like *pull* from below. The downward rush of water creates a vacuum into which the entire contents of the bowl is drawn with irresistible syphonic force.

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The name "SY-CLO" on a closet guarantees that it is made under the direction and supervision of the Potteries Selling Company, of the best materials, and with the aid of the best engineering skill, and has the united endorsement of eighteen of the leading potteries of America.

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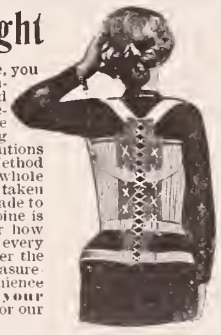
If you are suffering from any form of spinal trouble, you can be relieved in your own home without pain or discomfort. A wonderful anatomical appliance has been invented by a man who relieved himself of spinal curvature. Its results are marvelous. It is nature's own method. The scientific and medical world is amazed at the work being effected. Noted physicians in prominent medical institutions and in private practice are endorsing it. The Sheldon Method relieves the pressure at the affected parts of the spine, the whole spine is invigorated and strengthened, all soreness is taken out of the back, the cartilage between the vertebræ is made to expand, the contracted muscles are relaxed and the spine is straightened. There is bright hope for you, no matter how long you have suffered. We have strong testimonials from every State in the Union. The appliances are being sent all over the world. Each one is made to order from individual measurements and fits perfectly. There is positively no inconvenience in wearing. **We guarantee satisfaction, or refund your money at the end of thirty days' trial.** Write for our new book giving full information and references.



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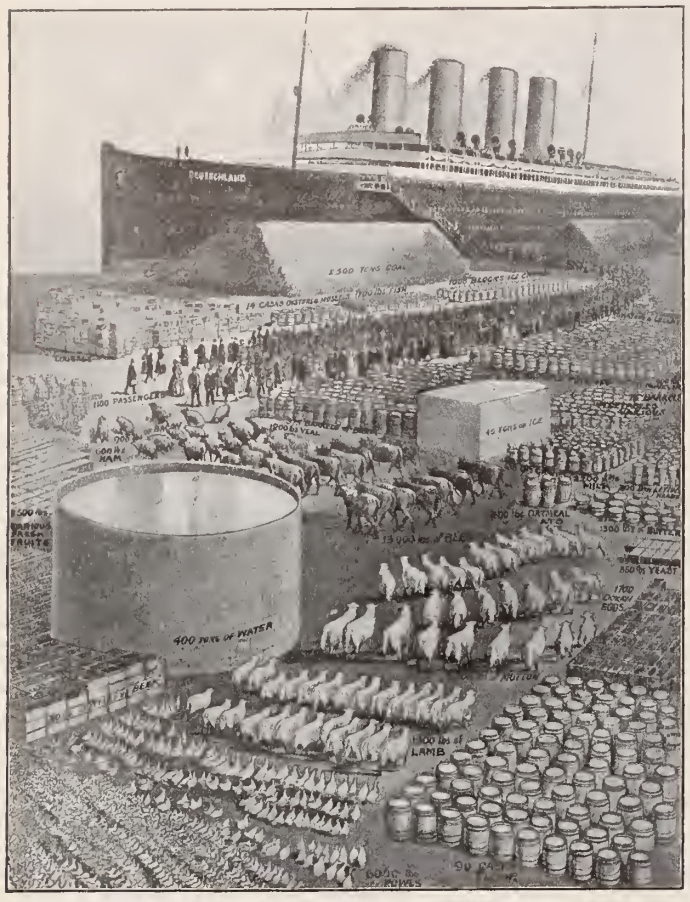
FRANK H. FLEER & COMPANY, INC., Philadelphia, U. S. A., and Toronto, Can.

PROVISIONS FOR A MODERN LINER

FEW persons have any idea of the provisions that have to be put on board a Transatlantic Liner for the sustenance of its passengers and crew during a voyage. One can but wish that Noah, who had probably the first experience in providing for a crew afloat, could see a list of the provisions stowed away in the hold of a modern steamship. Capacious, beyond the ideas of our ancestors, as his vessel was, it would have taxed its convenience to have found room for the supplies provided for the table of the ocean travelers of to-day. The *Deutschland*, on a recent voyage, had a passenger list of eleven hundred persons booked for New York from Hamburg. Besides their personal luggage and freight of various kinds, and besides the five thousand tons of coal required to fill the maw of its engines, it took on board the following quantities of provisions for the consumption of the passengers and crew, none of whom we imagine could have suffered from hunger and thirst on the voyage:



A Trans-Atlantic Liner's Food Supply for a Single Voyage

400 tons of water	600 pounds of oatmeal and groats
13,000 pounds of beef	6,000 fowls
2,200 pounds of mutton	175 casks of potatoes
1,200 pounds of lamb	400 pounds of tongue
600 pounds of ham	75 casks of various vegetables
900 pounds of pork	200 dozen lettuce
1,200 pounds of veal	90 casks of flour
375 barrels of beer	350 pounds of yeast
3,000 bottles of beer	8,500 pounds of various fresh fruits
2,200 quarts of milk	40 casks oysters and mussels
300 quarts of cream	1,700 pounds of fish
1,000 blocks of ice-cream	
40 tons of ice	
1 300 pounds of butter	
1,700 dozen eggs	

Wise or Foolish*

VERY common is the type of character Christ describes in this parable of the Virgins. It is the same that he depicted in his parable of the four soils (Matt. 13: 1-9), under the image of the stony ground. It is the superficial, impulsive soul that is easily convinced and is generally full of enthusiasm at the outset, shouting and singing above all others, but, like a fire of straw, is soon a heap of ashes. The difference between the wise and foolish virgins, was not that one kept awake while the others slept; they all slept, and were not blamed for that, but because the foolish were unprepared with oil. There are instances of that kind in every revival. They are persons who, to use the cant phrase, are "swept into the kingdom." They could as easily be swept into spiritualism, or into dissipation. The froth that can be swept anywhere by a wind that is strong enough. People who always agree with the last speaker and are caught by every wind of doctrine. An instance in point is that of a prominent teacher of our own time, who began as a Methodist, then became a Swedenborgian, then a Low Churchman, then an extreme Ritualist, and is now lecturing in behalf of Theosophy. Always intense, always enthusiastic, but a very will-o-the-wisp for instability.

The man who is slow to decide, who takes the trouble to investigate, who must have good and sufficient reasons for any step, but who having once made up his mind, stands firm—that is the wise soul. The foolish virgins, like the wise, were attracted by the Bridegroom and thought enough of him to go out to meet him, but they had not anticipated a long delay in his coming and did not provide for that. It is always in some such way the impulsive soul is caught. He had not anticipated the opposition of his family, the ridicule of his associates, the uncongeniality of his fellow Christians. He grows cold because he has not in himself the sustaining power of vital religion and does not know how to obtain it through the Holy Spirit. It is the emergency that tries the mettle of the soul. Let adversity come, let affliction befall, let persecution result—and instantly there is a separation between the foolish and the wise. The foolish are not the hypocrites, as some suppose, but merely the weak. As a famous novelist says of one of her characters, "He was of poor clay, which would fit into any mould, but would not keep shape." That is the type of the foolish virgin.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for Oct. 14. Matt. 25: 1-13.

My lamp-chimneys sometimes get broken, but seldom or never break. There is a great difference.

My Index is useful to every one who owns a lamp, and it is free.

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The Woman's National Daily

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You pay no paint dealer's or middle man's profits. It is the most economical good paint made, for first cost, and because of the extraordinarily long wear, it reduces the average of your painting bills at least fifty per cent.

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No other paint manufacturer ever made such a liberal offer, and I make it because I manufacture the best paint ever put on the market.

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Back of my agreement for quality, I also put a guarantee for eight years, the longest ever put upon a paint, and back of that is my $50,000 bond.

Before buying paint, be sure and send for my paint book. It will not cost you a cent. It is the finest paint book ever issued. It tells the whole of my paint story in the most convincing and common sense argument, and with it comes big samples of all colors to choose from. Drop me a line at once. I will be glad to forward you the booklet, with a copy of my written guarantee, etc.

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LAST CHANCE TO INVEST AT

PLEASANTVILLE TERRACE

Atlantic City's Popular Growing Suburb, 11 Minutes from the Boardwalk, on the Main Line of the Reading Railroad

BUY ahead of Improvements now under way, and Realize the Same Proportion of Profit other Thoughtful Investors have.

This man made 125 per cent. in 6 months. Are YOUR investments earning profits like this?

PHILADELPHIA, PA.
May 23, 1906.

ATLANTIC CITY ESTATE CO.
10th Floor Drexel Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

Gentlemen: As an investor at Pleasantville Terrace, interested in the success of the place, I think you will be interested to know that I have to-day sold the lot I purchased from you at $25 to Mr. Thomas Moore, of this city, for $60 cash. You will remember I purchased this lot from you six months ago.

Will you please let me know how I can make this transfer and what will be the charge for drawing up the deed. Also let me know at what price I can purchase lots in Pleasantville Terrace, because I am interested in a further investment, as I know of nothing else that affords an equally safe and profitable opportunity.

Very truly yours,
[*Signed*] WM. S. KENNEDY.
1636 South 20th Street.

Here are a few of the many reasons that have made Pleasantville Terrace so profitable:

Pleasantville Terrace is intersected by the Main Line of the Atlantic City Railroad (Reading System); 11 minutes from the Boardwalk. All trains stop there, except express. *(See Reading Time Table.)*

This road, shortly to be electrified, will mean trains every 15 minutes to Atlantic City and Philadelphia.

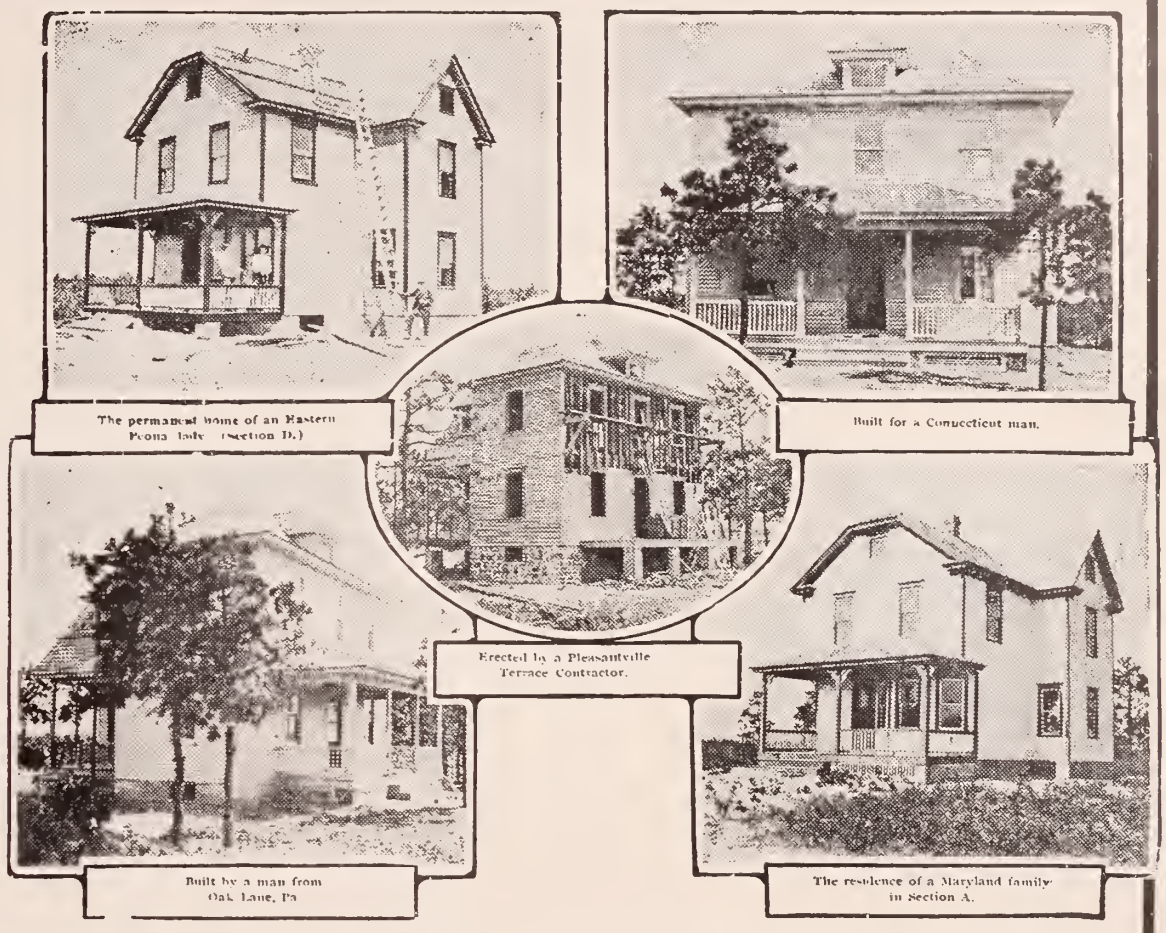
Pleasantville Terrace is 55 feet higher than Atlantic City, free of swamps and malaria. It occupies the most desirable high ground near Atlantic City, and is beautifully shaded with large pine and oak trees.

Atlantic City real estate values have grown enormously. The entire island was originally sold for less than $20 an acre. Now its real estate valuation runs considerably over $90,000,000.

A number of instances could be cited to show how a very small investment made intelligently a few years ago has now grown into a fortune.

FRANKLIN P. STOY, Mayor of Atlantic City, says: "I regard Pleasantville Terrace as the natural suburb of Atlantic City."

We anticipated this a number of years ago by purchasing the General Doughty estate, which is now Pleasantville Terrace.



A few of the many pretty houses already finished or in course of erection at Pleasantville Terrace. As building operations progress, the price of adjoining lots is bound to increase. Scores of lot owners now contemplate building.

PLEASANTVILLE TERRACE IS GROWING

(Read the following, from the *Atlantic City Review* of August 11, 1906)

Building Active in Pleasantville Terrace — Valuable Properties are Being Taken up by Cottages—To Erect a New Hotel.

Building activity in Pleasantville Terrace is leading to numerous sales. This activity is very largely stimulated by the practical confirmation of the early electrification of the Reading Railway.

A double brick house is building in Pleasantville Terrace, adjacent to the home of Mrs. Howard, by Mrs. Elizabeth McClenigan. The contract ($3,500) was awarded to Contractor Charles S. Adams of Pleasantville. A number of New York purchasers are planning the erection of cottages ranging in price from $2,500 to $5,000. Another Atlantic City investor contemplates the erection of a somewhat less pretentious house on a site near that of Mrs. McClenigan's.

The house for Dr. Drake, of Chattanooga, Tenn., on the corner of Norman and Atlantic avenues, is nearing completion. Dr. Drake will retire and make this his permanent residence here, on account of the healthful climate.

The Atlantic City Estate Company have a force of men at work opening up streets.

LOOK AT THE MAP! See how near Pleasantville Terrace is to Atlantic City

The local office of the Company, at 937 Boardwalk, in charge of Mr. Morton, is as busy as the exchange of one of the big hotels, now thronged with guests.

Relative to the phenomenal rise in the value of local properties, a well-known real estate man said last night: "There seems to be hardly any limit in the rise of Atlantic City real estate, and when one considers that two of the largest hotels, the Chalfonte and Marlborough-Blenheim, are turning away guests, and that Captain Young, one of the shrewdest of investors, has confidence enough in the resort to put up another $1,000,000 pier, which has just been opened, it must undoubtedly have a remarkable future."

Some of the choicest lots have been reserved for this Closing Sale at prices ranging from $30 to $75

Payable $1 weekly. They cannot remain long at this price, now that improvements are so pronounced.

If you want to share in this unusual investment before the further advance in prices shortly to go into effect, call or write at once for free illustrated book, *Where Fortunes Are Made.*

You can see the property any time when in Atlantic City.

Pleasantville Terrace will grow very much more rapidly than Atlantic City, because Atlantic City is already there to help it along.

It does not have to make its own way, but will receive the overflow of Atlantic City's population. Demand for homes in Atlantic City's suburbs was never greater than this year.

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Are you a man with a dollar or so a month to invest? Are you ambitious to get ahead in the world? If so, this is your opportunity. If you have found it hard to save a portion of your income, our system of easy payments will help you form this most desirable habit. You may secure a piece of real estate on easy terms and thus make one of the most important steps toward success in life. John Jacob Astor said: "Buy land near the great cities."

An opportunity like we now offer you was once offered him and others of our wealthiest men. Will you take advantage of it before it is too late?

In order to make sure of some of the best locations reserved for this closing sale, better fill out and mail the coupon to-day

Atlantic City Estate Co.

VICTOR J. HUMBRECHT, President

Address the Main Office: **1001 Drexel Building, Philadelphia**
Atlantic City Office: 937 Boardwalk Opposite Steel Pier

ATLANTIC CITY ESTATE CO., 1001 Drexel Building, Philadelphia

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Name.....

Address.....

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New York, October 10, 1906

VOLUME 29 — NUMBER 41
OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

See Page 837

The Late Capt. Bundy, Apostle of the Lakes, and His Work

1. The First "Good Tidings." 2. The Second Gospel Yacht. 3. Gospel Service on Board.

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A DEALER in a large city told our Advertising Manager that he was "The Arch Substitutor"—and proud of it. "Why," said he, **"People don't know what they want.** When they ask for JAP-A-LAC, I tell them it's no good; that I have something better. If they insist on JAP-A-LAC, I show them the contents of an old can of JAP-A-LAC I have had **open for years,** and from which the pure turpentine has been allowed to evaporate. Then I have no difficulty." ¶ Fine dealer, that fellow! Would you trade with him, if you knew who he is? We think NOT.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

x Vice-President Mendez Capote, Going to Confer with Mr. Taft | Senator Alfredo Zayas | Committee of Americans on Way to Meet Secretary Taft

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INTERVENTION IN CUBA

The Government Resigns, Congress Fails to Act, and the United States Takes Hold Temporarily

FOUR years ago the American Army hauled down their colors from the Havana forts, and left Cuba to carry on its affairs as an independent nation. The bright hopes of the island's well-wishers have not been realized, and after a fruitless endeavor to have the Cubans reconcile their differences, Secretary Taft, on Saturday, September 29th, declared himself provisional governor of the island, and ordered all officials to report to him. The Cuban flag, however, will still fly from all government buildings. On Friday, President Palma informed Mr. Taft that all the officials had resigned, and that the Congress had not been able to secure a quorum. The story of the few days preceding active intervention is one of plots and counterplots by the Moderates and the Liberals.

The large American fleet anchored in the Harbor of Havana, was ready on the Monday of the first week after Mr. Taft landed in Cuba, to send ashore 2,500 sailors and marines, in case fighting began in the vicinity of the city. A company of marines landed stores and tents at the Caballeria wharf. This is near the Presidential Palace. At the very hour when these necessary precautions were being taken by the American officers for the protection of life and property in the city, Col. Avolos, with 600 government troops, with rapid-fire guns, arrived at Guanagay from Caveleloria. They were on their way to re-enforce President Palma. On the road, however, between Guanagay and Havana, was encamped a strong force of rebels, who were inclined to dispute Avolos's passage, armistice or no armistice, Mr. Taft was informed by Senator Zayas, that a battle would be fought unless Mr. Taft stopped Avolos where he was.

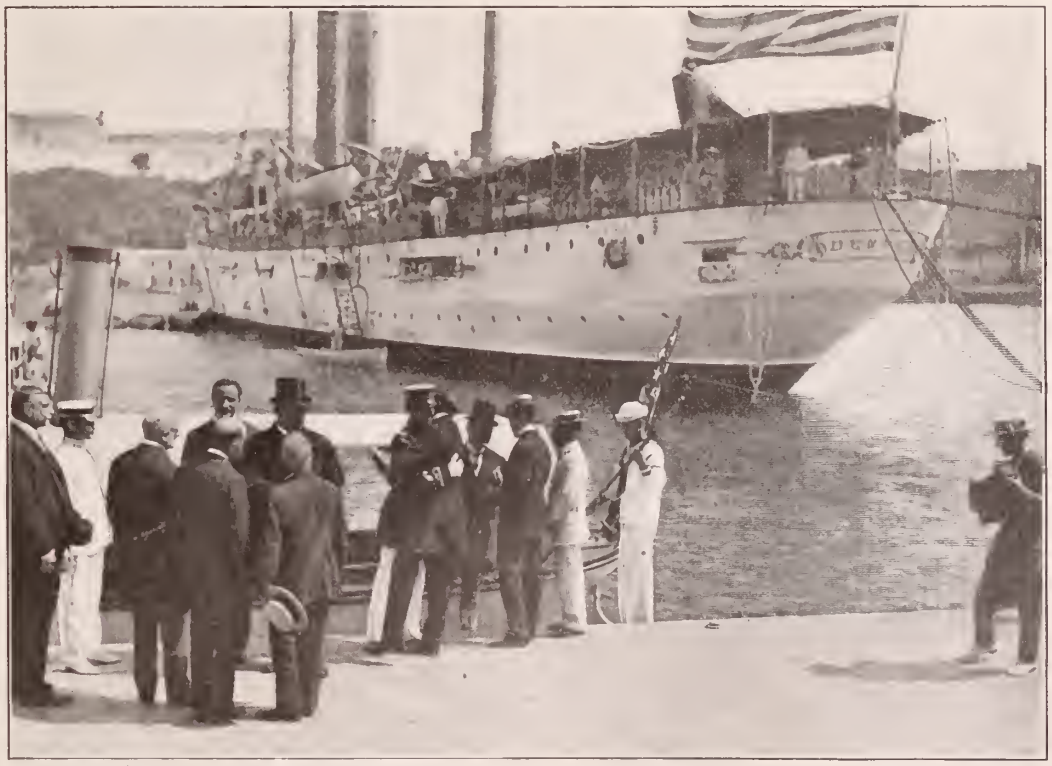
It is reported in some quarters that the government ordered the march of Avolos with the intention of bringing on a battle in order to force the American government to intervene. The real facts of the case were that Avolos had to march out of the Province of Pinar del Rio, as his food supply had been cut off. It was march or starve for the government troops, and they naturally marched.

On September 24th, Mr. Taft and Mr. Bacon received in conference seven members of the revolutionary committee. The question of new elections came up. It looked in the afternoon as if President Palma might be retained in office even if new elections were held for the other offices; but as Mr. Taft put it, it was a case of "pulling and hauling." The Moderates objected strongly to the amount of recognition already afforded to the rebels by the American Commissioners. Secretary Taft persuaded both parties to sign a truce.

Although the truce looked well on paper, Secretary Taft felt that at the most it would be but a temporary arrangement, and the reports sent to President Roosevelt were decidedly pessimistic. From different quarters word came of movements of troops, and depredations by hungry insurgents.

Officers in Washington, much against their own wishes, were forced to the conclusion that the only thing that would bring the hot-headed Cubans to their senses was a big naval and military demonstration before Havana, showing them that they must either preserve peace, or lose their independence for the time being. The large fleet cruising for target practice off the Massachusetts coast had most of its marines placed on board the *Kentucky* and *Indiana*, and within an hour after the last bluecoat had swung over the sides, the ships were hull down on the horizon toward Cuba; the other vessels were on waiting orders, but ready for an emergency call. For the first time since the end of the Philippine insurrection, the Navy and War Departments placed their telegraph offices on a war basis, waiting for dispatches from the "front," as Cuba has already been spoken of by government officials.

On Friday morning, September 28th, dispatches were received in Washington, giving an account of the meeting of the Moderate Party in Havana the night before. At that meeting the Washington Government was denounced as aiding the Revolution. When the Cuban Congress met on Friday, there were not enough members to constitute a quorum. The machinery of the government was at a standstill, and until Secretary Taft proclaimed himself governor, the state was headless. Within a few hours after the proclamation was published in the Havana papers, the cutters from the warships were darting back and forth, loaded with marines. Taft sent them to Camp Lee, on the outskirts, while Funston went to the rebel camps and ordered the men to disarm. That night Havana, for the first time in months, slept in security.



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The Arrival of Secretary Taft and Assistant-Secretary Bacon in Havana
Just landed from the U. S. S. *Denver*, they are being greeted by U. S. Minister Morgan, and others

THE
AMERICAN PULPIT

SERMON BY
Rev. F. DeWitt Talmage, D.D.

ANGELIC VISITORS

TEXT:—GENESIS 18: 2
"And, lo, three men stood by him"

WHEN a gentleman travels in the Far East, he does not stop at a public inn, but lodges with the people he meets on the way. Thus, one day, Abraham was sitting at the door of his tent. Off in the distance he sees three travel-stained men approaching. At once, according to the social customs then practiced, and with the cordial hospitality of the East, Abraham runs towards these three travelers, and kneels at their feet and says: "Come and lodge with me. Tarry and rest yourselves and eat of my bread. After refreshing yourselves, you can continue your journey." The three travelers accepted this kind invitation. To make a long story short, Abraham and Sarah found out that their guests in human form were not simply three men, but three angelic messengers of God. What an inconceivable privilege that was! Let us think about it this morning, remembering that we too can entertain angelic messengers almost every day, if we will. We can entertain them as did Abraham, when strange travelers approach our dwellings, and perhaps knock at the door for admittance. You may think these strangers are men, as did Abraham. But they are not. They are messengers of God.

Often Garbed in Poverty

Shall we, in the first place, receive the angelic visitors who come from God dressed in the rough garments of poor men? These messengers come to us almost daily, as the three strangers came to Abraham, in olden time. As we approach the Hebrew Patriarch's tent, we see him sitting under the shadow. It is almost noon. The intense Syrian sun is beating down upon the plains. Abraham, suddenly puts his hand over his brow and begins to look. He seems to be watching something afar off. "What is it, Abraham?" says his wife. "Do you see any one coming?" "Yes," answers the aged lover. "I think I see three travelers. They are strangers to me. See how tired and hungry they look; Sarah, we have so much, let us give them a good meal and start them on their journey afresh. No man ought to be traveling in this awful heat." Abraham runs and salutes these strangers, who are traveling afoot. He says: "Strangers, will you come and lodge with me?" Lesson the first. These three angelic messengers came to Abraham's tent afoot. They came as poor men. They came as God's messengers often come to us, when they look up into our faces and piteously beg, "Wilt thou feed me? Wilt thou clothe me? I am God's poor, wilt thou care for me?"

Christ's Own Representatives

"Oh no," you answer, "that cannot be. You are only making a pretty figure of speech. An angelic messenger never comes clothed in rags. He may have come to an Abrahamic tent afoot, but he certainly never comes to me as one of those dirty, filthy beggars, who knock at my back door." Does he not, my brother? Does he not? Do not speak too quickly. What says Christ in the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew? Does he say, "If you would find my messengers, you should seek them among the palaces and in the king's throne-rooms? You should seek them clothed in purple and fine linen!" Nay, that is not Christ's command. He says, "If you would seek my messengers, you shall find them clothed in rags, and with the pinched cheeks of want, and wandering around from street to street, as did John Howard Payne, piteously looking at the fireside of happy homes, and yet with no homes of their own." Have you not read the parable, "When saw we thee an hungered and fed thee, or thirsty and gave thee drink? When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in; or naked, and clothed thee?" And the King shall answer and say unto you, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Does not Christ mean by these words, that when you look after the poor, you are looking after his messengers, and caring for him?

The poor, the poor, the helpless poor! Oh, God, they seem to be everywhere. They are thy Angelic Visitors. How many of them last year have we helped in Thy name? Have we put one cloak about the bare shoulders? Have we lifted one morsel of food to the famishing lips? Have we gone to one helpless widow, and said, "Sister, here is coal to keep you from freezing; here are coverlets for your beds; here are garments for your wardrobe; here is food for your cupboards; here is schooling for your children. I know that God has sent you to me that, out of my abundance, I may give you aid."? Answer me, friend, with all your money, and with all your luxuries of the past year, did you go out of your way one step in order to help

God's Poor?

Did you look after just one needy family, when there are so many hungry and naked ones in the city where you dwell? What! Did you not help feed just one hungry family? Then you have slammed shut your door of gospel opportunity in the face of the "Angelic Visitors." God's poor are always around. They have come to bring you a spiritual blessing from heaven, as the three strangers of old brought a divine blessing to Abraham and Sarah from their Master and King.

But when this noble Hebrew herdsman runs forward to prostrate himself at the feet of the three strangers, I see him sharply scrutinize their faces. He not only sees that they wear the travel-stained garments of poor men, but methinks I hear him mutter, "Poor fellows! Poor fellows! Perhaps they are exiles from their own country. Perhaps, on account of a king's hatred, they are fleeing for their lives. Perhaps they once had sheep and oxen, and horses and men-servants, as I have. But now, on account of bitter persecution they have lost all. I must be especially kind to these poor fellows who are fleeing for their lives." Cannot you imagine such thoughts passing through Abraham's mind as he runs forward to greet the three strangers? I can. And I firmly believe that when any man goes to the help of the persecuted, and the unjustly treated, he is welcoming to his home "Angelic Visitors," who will always bring to him a spiritual blessing from God.

The Vindication of a Statesman

How many people there are who are being unjustly persecuted! How many there are who are being lied about and misrepresented! Many of these poor fellows who are being unjustly treated are dying of broken hearts, as did the late Daniel D. Tompkins, who was one of the most pathetic characters of American history. In his prime, no name was more powerful in the political world than his. He rose from office to office. At last he became Governor of New York State, and then Vice-President of the United States. The White House was almost his. But suddenly his enemies were able to head him off. Though his whole life stood for honesty and purity and truth, his political foes charged him with misappropriating some of the public funds when he was Chief Executive of New York State. He indignantly denied the charge, but he could not produce evidence to vindicate himself. His enemies had stolen it. His forehead, like that of Cain, had a black mark of guilt placed upon it, and he was shunned by his fellow-men as an embezzler of public funds. Thus Daniel D. Tompkins was compelled to retire from public life, and went down into a dishonored grave. Hardly had the grave closed over his body, when vouchers were discovered, which proved not only that Daniel D. Tompkins had used the public funds aright, but that he had spent a large part of his own private fortune for the public good.

Slain by Innuendo

"Alas, alas!" you say, "what a tragic story!" But the history of Daniel D. Tompkins is that of hundreds and thousands of men and women about us. Pure and true and noble are they. But people are whispering against their characters, and whispering against their purposes of life, and whispering against their homes. Though their enemies bring forth not one scintilla of proof of wrongdoing, yet we sit idle and utter not one protest in their behalf. Who is there that has the courage to stand up in defense of a man or woman, who is under the ban of society? How often does it happen that some unscrupulous enemy traduces a man or woman by hints and innuendo and the poison spreads stealthily through the community, because it is not arrested at the beginning? When will every Christian perceive it to be his duty to defend the reputation of other people from charges based on mere gossip?

Furthermore, if you and I are only willing to go to the aid of those who are being persecuted, God will not only personally bless us, but we will save many men and women, who are being unjustly treated, from entering a life of sin and crime. If you are willing you shall not only receive "angelic visitors," who will bring a mighty blessing to your home, but you will save men, and women, and boys, and girls for Christ. Your arm, your voice, your self-sacrifice may mean the temporal and the eternal salvation of immortal souls, if in Christ's name you go to their aid. They are God's angels whom you may entertain, as Abraham thought he was greeting the three travel-stained, homeless and perhaps persecuted and exiled strangers.

Enemies as Angels

But stepping out into the broader interpretation of my text, we assert that Angelic Messengers can approach our homes with the scowling visage of hate and with the clenched fist of anger, as well as in the fluttering rags of the pauper and the distorted, terror-stricken countenances of the persecuted. Well, my friend, let us turn again to the Bible. Study there the most powerful and the most familiar sermon ever delivered, namely, the "Sermon on the Mount," spoken a short distance from Lake Galilee. What did Christ say? Did he lay down the great doctrine that we should be kind to others, just in proportion as others are kind to us? Did he say, "Men be just to friend and foe. Never forget a kindness which a neighbor does you, and never forget the injury of a treacherous foe." Did he say, "Build a walled-in castle. Have the moat deep and wide. Have watch-towers above the walls, where you can always keep a lookout to lower the drawbridge for your allies, and have spears and swords and bows and arrows and slings with which to drive back those who have betrayed your trust?" No. That is not Christ's command. Listen how he describes the way in which you should welcome some of your "Angelic Visitors." These are Christ's words, not mine: "Love your enemies." That means, give them the best places at your table and your warmest welcome. "Bless them that curse you." That means, go out of your way to speak a kind word for those who are denouncing you and trying to undermine your character. "Do good to them who hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you." Do you hear it? My Lord and my God, have we read thy words aright? How few, how very few of us have welcomed at our doors those who have reviled us and persecuted us, and have said all manner of evil things against us!

An Irishman's Will

Now you may have read many essays and heard many sermons upon the theme, "The Blessings of having an Enemy;" but I want to tell you that the greatest blessing of an enemy, after all, is to teach us to forgive those people who have trespassed against us, as we expect God to forgive our trespasses. Unless we can learn this lesson of forgiveness, we can never learn to be like Christ. Are you willing to live as that famous Irishman lived who recently passed away? Did you read the last will and testament of Michael Davitt? He did not have any money to give, for he spent most of his life in the struggle of "Home Rule" for the Emerald Island. So he made up his last will and testament thus-wise—I do wish I had it verbatim. He said in part: "This is my last will and testament. I have not any money to give, but I leave my blessing to all mankind. I first ask forgiveness from all those whom I may have injured in life, or toward whom I have acted unjustly. Then I leave my forgiveness to all those who have done me any injury. Then I ask that, when my literary executor publishes hereafter any of my works, he will cull from them any bitter words which might wound the heart of any living man, or the hearts of the loved ones of any of my political foes." Did you ever read a sentiment more beautiful and

Christlike than that? My brother, you have greeted many friends in your home. They have dined with you and you with them. But have you ever spoken the words of a Davitt? Alas, if not, then I fear you have shut out "Angelic Visitors" who, if they should enter your home, would bring to you the greatest of spiritual blessings. These Angelic Messengers may be men who have spitefully used you. Cannot you give them a loving welcome for Christ's sake, as Abraham asked the three strangers to rest with him under the shadow of his Eastern tent?

But should our hospitality end here? Oh, no. If you turn to the fourteenth chapter of Luke, you find these words: "When thou makest a feast or a supper call not thy friends nor thy brethren neither thy kinsmen nor thy rich neighbors, lest they also bid thee again and a recompense be made thee. But when thou makest a feast call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind." Now, who are the maimed and the lame and the blind? Are they simply the poor who go around on crutches, or feel their way with a staff? I think not. Christ would not here say, "the poor and the maimed and the halt and the blind," if that was the case, I think the maimed and the halt and the blind, means the moral cripples. I think these words to a great extent mean the spiritual outcasts. I think they mean those who are like the seven deviled Mary and Zacchæus, whom honest people shun as the healthy physical man would run from a lazaretto, or a loathsome plague. Yes, we are to give a cordial welcome even to the vilest of sinners, such a welcome as Abraham gave the three strangers at his home.

These words mean that we should go forth in the name of Christ and try to save those who have sunk so low in the quagmires of sin, that, befouled and reeking with immoral filth, like wild beasts of prey, they seem to be staggering alone through a dark wilderness of despair. They seem to be alone, all alone in their crimes. When the great Roman orator Cicero, was hurling his condemnation against the sins of Cataline, so overpowering was the scene that no Senator would sit by the conspirator and destroyer of young men's virtues. One by one they left the bench upon which the cringing Cataline crouched. There he trembled, with no friend by his side, while the Edmund Burke of Caesar's reign was denouncing him as Warren Hastings, centuries later, was denounced in Westminster. Thus, as we see the wrongdoer cringing under the lash as he sat alone, we can see the modern Catalines shunned and forsaken on account of their sins. We can see the poor harlots, the brazen-faced libertines and the immoral lepers reeking with sin. Christ bids us to go to them, even to the maimed and the halt and the blind, and give them a Gospel salutation, as Abraham accosted the three angels.

And, my friends, a sinner can never sink so low but in that sinful degradation the true Christian may see the infinite possibilities of glory that will redound to Christ if his redemption could only enter that sinful soul. It is said that when the great Prime Minister of France, Cardinal Du Bois, was about to undergo a serious operation, he said to the noted surgeon, Dr. Boudon: "Doctor, be careful and don't treat me as you would one of those poor miserable wretches at your hospital of Hotel Dieu." With that the famous surgeon proudly lifted his head as he replied, "My lord, every one of those miserable wretches, as your eminence is pleased to call them, is a Prime Minister in my eyes." Oh, cannot we act so in our Christian work. Even among the lowest and the vilest cannot we see a possible king of heaven saved by grace. If we do thus every immoral and sinful leper with whom we come in contact will be an "Angelic Visitor," bringing us a spiritual message from Christ.

"But," some one says, "I never have the poor and the maimed and the halt and the blind coming to my door. Why, I live a most secluded life. Once in a while the door-bell rings and the maid brings me in a card. But that is all. I am very particular about returning these calls. But I cannot help my friends much. Most of them seem to have everything they want and much more than I do." Is that so? Well, I am not surprised at your answer. Of course you do not have any "Angelic Visitors" coming to your house as Abraham did.

Supposing Abraham in that Eastern country, had shut up the front of his tent tight. Then, supposing he had closed in a small back yard with skins. Then, supposing he had said to his wife, "Sarah, we must be very careful whom we associate with. Have the maid allow only those to get into our tent whom we like to have visit us. We must be careful about our social position, and only go with people who are just as good as we, or a little better." What would have happened? Those three angels would have come within sight of that tent and said to each other, "Abraham and Sarah do not want to entertain us. Let us move on." But what did happen? Abraham sat at the tent door. It was wide open. Away off in the distance he saw the three strangers. Then he ran to meet them from the tent door. They did not come to him. Abraham went to them.

Friend, how is it with thy Christian life. "Art thou opening wide thy doors? Art thou looking for the coming "Angelic Messengers?" Art thou trying to spy out these "Visitors from God" when they are in the far distance? Cans't thou not see them? There they are in that dark alley. There they come down the street. Do you not see them? Why, they are by your side now. Will you greet them, and go after them in the name of Christ?

THE "SAILOR APOSTLE" OF THE LAKES

BY GEN. CHARLES H. HOWARD

THE romantic story of the life of Captain Henry Bundy is brought to mind by his death on Saturday, the 15th ultimo, at his home in Chicago, at the good old age of eighty years. For over thirty years he has been engaged in evangelistic work among the sailors on the Great Lakes. Of a pleasing personality, with a frank, engaging way of approaching people and a zeal for souls, he has accomplished wonders in reaching a class of people who almost never go to church and are not usually accessible to Gospel influences.

For the greater part of the time since his conversion he has had vessels or steamboats of his own, and was accustomed to go from port to port, from Chicago to Duluth and on to Buffalo, especially calling at the smaller villages. Usually he invited the sailors and those about the wharves to come to a preaching and song service in his boat. Often he got access, also, to a schoolhouse or village hall, or one of the small churches. His wife was an efficient helper in all the Gospel work, and his two daughters, as soon as they were old enough, assisted by playing the baby-organ and singing.

A glance at his early history will show that Captain Bundy had good reason to know sailors and understand all their trials, hardships and temptations. He was born in London, in 1826, and went to sea as an apprenticed roustabout in the forecastle, when only ten years old.

It could hardly be charged to the hardness of heart of his parents, but largely to his own incorrigible disposition, that at this tender age he was bound for seven years to the owners of one of the ships engaged in the East Indian trade. The name of this vessel in which he got his first lessons in sailor-craft was the *Abel Gowar*. Captain Bundy used to give vivid pictures of his experiences on the salt water and illustrate, from his early life, the Scripture that "the way of the transgressor is hard." The *Abel Gowar* at one time ran short of water, and young Bundy was caught stealing a few drops. His punishment was a lashing, which he could never forget, and at the first chance he deserted. His career afterwards on many vessels marked a similar disregard of rules or the ship's discipline or something worse. He stayed longer in the British Navy than on any merchant ship, serving two years. Of course this sort of life for a mere boy was a hard school, and Captain Bundy, in after life, did not mince matters in telling of his escapades and the vicious habits contracted.

He learned most thoroughly the art of seamanship. His voyages took him around the world and gave him a sight of almost every known country. Of course a bright youth was learning much of the world and of human kind, but as yet he had had no schooling. He later learned to read and write at a Chicago night school.

In the early '50s he found himself in the port of New York, and following what had become almost a habit, he forsook his ship and came to Chicago. Here he naturally took to cruising about the lakes. It was not long before his superior seamanship was recognized, and in 1870 he was captain of the schooner *Potomac*. While the *Potomac* was tied up at Halsted Street one day in 1870, some women workers of the Free Methodist Church came aboard and asked permission to hold religious services in the cabin. He rather reluctantly granted the request, and could not well avoid listening to much of what was said. He had always been fond of music, and the Methodist hymns so pleased him that he invited the women to come again. They returned another day, and in a short time Captain Bundy was converted. He immediately resolved to begin evangelistic work among sailors, and the rest of his life was thus spent until poor health compelled him to retire only about a year ago. Captain Bundy engaged a crew, and, abandoning the merchant trade, started up the lakes to carry his Gospel message to the sailors who would give ear. He went among fishermen and the lumbermen engaged in bringing logs and lumber to Chicago. Success attended his labors from the start. Soon he found the *Potomac* unsuited to his purposes and purchased, first, a small sloop, and later, larger sailing vessels, and finally a steamboat, each of which he christened *Glad Tidings*.

The Late Capt. Henry Bundy
"The Apostle of the Great Lakes."

Leading laymen took an active interest in support of his work. Rev. Dr. Goodwin, for many years pastor of the First Congregational Church, Chicago, was his warm friend. Dr. Goodwin was instrumental in having Captain Bundy ordained to the ministry as a missionary-at-large for the Great Lakes. In this work he represented the Chicago churches of all denominations. He was when in the city, in early days, a co-worker with D. L. Moody, and was seldom absent from the noonday prayer meeting. When shut off from his lake work in the winter, he was found earnestly co-operating in any movement in the city which gave promise of reaching any neglected class or community.

In his methods he was unostentatious, simple and direct, but his preaching had an air of deep sincerity and earnestness. He kept no record of conversions and claimed no personal credit to himself. He leaves three children—a son, Henry T. Bundy, of Brookfield, Mo., one married daughter, Mrs. E. E. Scott, of Aurora, Ill., and Miss Agnes Bundy, who was constantly with her father in his last illness. In the lake voyages, after the daughters were old enough, they accompanied their father, one of them playing the baby-organ, which was always at hand, and the whole family joining in the singing. The son assisted also in the sailing of the vessels.

The funeral service was conducted by Dr. Wm. A. Bartlett, the successor of Dr. Goodwin as pastor of the First Congregational Church, assisted by Prof. Hugh A. Scott of the Chicago Theological Seminary, and by Rev. John John, pastor of the Summerdale Congregational Church, near to Captain Bundy's home. Captain Bundy's career was unique in its personal consecration and its fruitfulness for a long period of years.

The Cathedral at Sonsonate

Royal Palm, Salvador

A Salvadorean Sugar Mill

A LAND OF IDOLS AND VOLCANOES

A Missionary Tells of the Persecution Endured by the Native Christians of Salvador

SMALLEST of the Central American countries, Salvador was the first to declare its independence. It is thickly populated, and its people are industrious and fairly prosperous. It is a land which, in the past, has been frequently afflicted by earthquake and revolution. In plain sight of the capital (San Salvador City), are eleven great volcanoes, two of which are almost continuously active.

Salvador's President is elected for four years, and he has a Cabinet consisting of four ministers. There are two legislative branches—a Chamber of Deputies and a Senate—but their powers, in the past at least, have been more nominal than real, and the power has usually rested in the hands of some one man. With the general advance of South American affairs during the last ten or fifteen years, Salvador has made considerable progress. The little Central American Republic, however, is still in a sadly benighted condition, spiritually. It is ruled by Rome and its idols, and the people are priestridden, and given over to superstition. It is a field that cries out loudly for Gospel workers, as the following letter from a missionary shows:

"SAN SALVADOR, C. A.

"You may wish to know of the progress the Lord's work is making in Salvador. During the past three months I have been engaged in visiting some fourteen out-stations, remaining from two to six days in each place, and baptizing some thirty-one believers. The number of believers in each place ranges from ten to forty.

"Two of the stations are the result of a loaned Testament. About three years ago, a woman from a mountain village was given employment by one of our native families, the Gospel was preached to her. She was brought to our meetings, and after awhile she became desirous to return to her native village and was given two New Testaments. On her arrival at one village she loaned a Testament, and passed on to her own home, where she loaned the other to friends, who, on reading it exclaimed: 'Surely this book tells the truth, and it must be God's Word.'

"They inquired where she procured it, and as soon as the crops were gathered and sold, three men from El Paraiso walked into San Salvador, some thirty miles distant, to hear the preached Word for the first time.

"After service they remained, and made known their desire to buy some Bibles and engage a teacher. Then they told us how they first came into possession of the Word, which resulted in opening their eyes concerning the sin of idolatry, and led them to take down their idols and destroy them.

"Not until five months elapsed was it my privilege to visit these simple people hid away in the mountains. Word was sent around quickly that the missionary had arrived. A company of some twenty assembled, and all listened with intense interest and were quickly strengthened in their faith. On my latest visit I found them still faithful, with many more souls added to their number. A few months after the Word reached them, a mother and son of one of the families of El Paraiso were taken ill and died. Both had trusted in Christ for Salvation. Formerly they were devoted Romanists, and while the mother was on her death-bed, her former friends asked her if she did not wish the priest to come and confess her; to which she replied:

"'No, he is but a sinner like myself. Jesus is the only Saviour, and he is mine.'

Idol Worship in the Streets of a Salvadorean Town

"She then passed away. A few weeks later, the son was taken; but during his sickness he would read the Testament earnestly, and he testified that it was a source of strength and comfort to him. At his own request, the Testament was buried with him. Thus we have the fulfilment of those words recorded in Isaiah 55:11. 'My Word shall not return unto me void.'

"Those who did not believe, soon began to persecute and despise the believers. Then the priest was notified, and in order not to lose any more of his people, he sought to make them fearful. He has an altar erected on one of the mountains, and tells the people that they are to bring an offering, and that he would 'curse the Protestants.' The result is, that some of the believers would flee for their lives, leaving all their possessions behind. Others gathered themselves together, prayed to God, and sang hymns, while they stood with their Bibles in hand, awaiting the visit of the priest. But he returned to town, for he had not the courage to confront twenty believers, with the open Bible. Great was the disappointment of the Romanists, when they saw that nothing had happened to the Protestants.

"At another station one man had bought one of our colportage books, entitled, *The Way to God* (in Spanish), and on reading on 'Repentance and Restitution,' was greatly troubled as he began to think of some past dealings. A still small voice whispered within him to make restitution. On my arrival, he confided to me his trouble, and besought me with tears to help him. I told him that he must obey the voice of the Spirit, for such was the teaching of Scripture. He said that eight years ago, he had bought two sacks of coffee and four milk cans (valued at eleven dollars each), from a man who had stolen the goods from his employer. From another thief he bought one sack of coffee, and a crowbar. He had defrauded several other persons besides. I went to the different parties with him, and after explaining, he returned them the value of the goods stolen. We improved the opportunity to witness to the power of the Gospel in the homes of some of the wealthiest Romanists. One of them remarked, 'Surely it must be the best religion, that can make a man return stolen goods after so many years.' Another, on some one making mention that there was nothing of the sort practiced among Romanists, replied, 'No, it would be a miracle indeed.'

"In the city where this occurred, the priest and people have resisted us and have sought to prevent us from establishing a mission. The priest threatened to excommunicate, and the people, fearing the priest, were unwilling to rent us a house. But God in his own time converted a man who has opened his house for public worship. Thus we have an entrance and mean to press the battle. May not some heart be led to send us a hundred or two copies of *The Way to God*, in Spanish?

"We are endeavoring to make use of the printed page here as much as possible. We have already scattered thousands of tracts and religious books broadcast, and in this way have been able to do what we could not have done by our voice. We are much handicapped by lack of workers, there being but myself and wife, and an agent of the British Foreign Bible Society, to a million of souls in this Republic.

"*San Salvador, C. A.* ROBERT H. BENDER."

The Great Hereafter

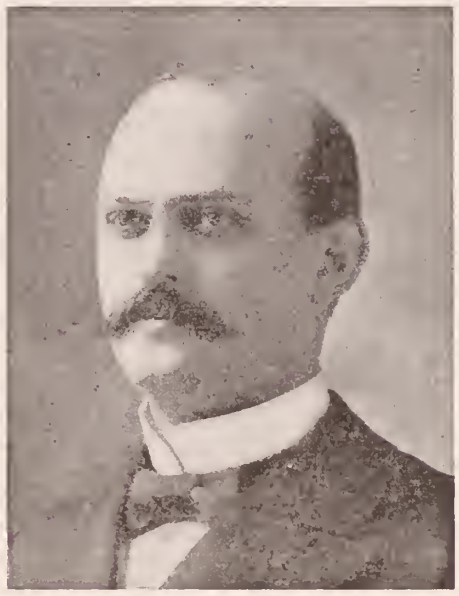
From THEODORE ROOSEVELT,

President of the United States:

"I shall read THE GREAT HEREAFTER with deep interest. I have looked over it enough to be able to tell something of its value, and it has to me the added value of knowing the life, and the strife after right, of the man who wrote it."

I believe the saints will differ in Heaven in the glorified bodies which their souls will wear, and that the characters which they make on earth will determine their eternal bodies.

THE GREAT HEREAFTER, Page 382.



REV. MADISON C. PETERS, D D.

From GROVER CLEVELAND,

Ex-President of the United States:

"THE GREAT HEREAFTER will not only have a place in my library, but will often be found in my hands, as a source of reinforcement of faith, exceedingly opportune in these days of loose thinking and careless teaching."

'Tis not a Silent Land!
Tones of harmonic spheres,
Heard not by mortal ears,
Thither their echoes roll
Into the answering soul;
Oh! 'tis a Voiceful Land!

THE GREAT HEREAFTER, Page 130.

Glimpses of the Coming World

Did He See Heaven?

IT is not often that the daily press contains sensational articles about the life hereafter, but a few days ago the newspapers related at considerable length the story of a priest, apparently in good health, who had a vision of heaven, and who died suddenly the following day.

☆ ☆ ☆

The Other Side of Death

Such visions are not so rare as the prominence given to this occurrence would lead one to suppose. If all the exalted thoughts, the beatific insights and the death-bed glories could be gathered together, they would fill, not merely whole volumes but entire libraries.

There has been needed a book that should clarify the misty and often unhealthy notions that largely prevail in regard to the state of the righteous dead, a book not made up of the crude ideas of ignorant and superstitious people, but of the views of scholars and of the highest type of Christians.

☆ ☆ ☆

The Great Hereafter

Such a book has indeed made its appearance. It is entitled **The Great Hereafter,** and is from the pen of the Rev. Madison C. Peters, D.D., the late pastor of the Bloomingdale Church, in New York City. Whether Dr. Peters has looked into heaven with his own eyes we know not, but in this substantial and handsome volume he sees, and makes his readers see, the beauties of the Cloudless Land.

It was a stupendous undertaking to bring together in one volume the views of more than four hundred of the world's greatest thinkers upon the questions of the immortality of the soul and the Great Hereafter, but Dr. Peters possesses unusual qualifications for the task. A ripe scholar, a sympathetic pastor and preacher, and an author of other works akin to the matter of this book, he has brought to bear upon his subject rare powers of heart and mind

☆ ☆ ☆

Is Heaven a City or a Country?

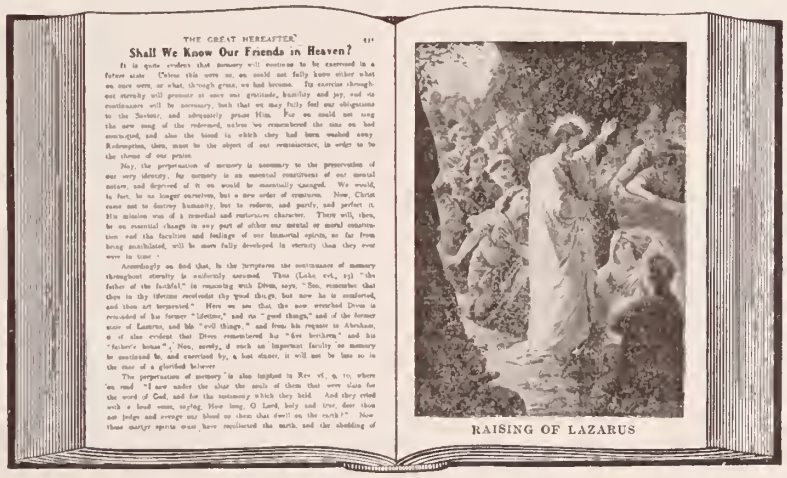
Some people picture Heaven as a beautiful country, with rolling hills, winding streams, orchards of luscious fruit and meadows of living green. With others, it is a city of everlasting foundations, jasper walls and golden streets. The author of **The Great Hereafter** shows how these opposite conceptions may be harmonized.

☆ ☆ ☆

The Occupations of the Blessed

"Is there any one who can carry his present employment into Heaven?" inquires a writer in a recent periodical. "The lawyer cannot, there will be no quarrels; the doctor cannot, there will be no sick; the preacher cannot, there will be no sinners." Dr. Peters explodes some false views of the subject, and gives some hints in regard to the nature of the employment in the better country.

MONEY REFUNDED IF NOT ENTIRELY PLEASED



ACTUAL BOOK, WHEN OPEN, MEASURES 10 X 16 INCHES

☆ ☆ ☆

Our Friends in the Sorrowless Land

It is a book for everybody because everybody is interested in the themes discussed. Such questions as these continually rise to our lips: Where are our dead? Shall we know our friends in heaven? What is the occupation of our loved ones in the life beyond? Do they know what is going on in this world? Can they communicate with us? Is Spiritualism a safe guide? What is the state of the soul between death and the resurrection? Are there degrees of happiness and glory in heaven? What is the nature of the resurrection body? What do the dying often see?

☆ ☆ ☆

The Testimony of Great Men

These fascinating but difficult questions the author has undertaken to answer. He has ransacked the great libraries and questioned the master spirits of humanity, until he has knit together in one compact volume the best the world has to say upon these great themes. From Socrates to Spurgeon, from pagan philosophers to Christian preachers, the long procession moves on, each distinguished witness asserting his belief in the Great Beyond.

☆ ☆ ☆

Shall We Wear Mourning?

The chapter on funeral customs is replete with interest. It is a collection of curious facts in connection with the burial of friends. Many good Christian people will be surprised to learn that the use of crape is a heathen custom, and not in harmony with the belief in the believers' victory over death. The author shows the marked changes which Christianity has made in funeral rites, but there are yet some needed reforms. The reader is exhorted to defy several silly social customs.

☆ ☆ ☆

An Immortal Book

In an age of such an enormous output by the press, when the most popular book of a year is soon buried under fresher covers, it is hardly safe to predict the immortality of any work. But it is surely not too much to say, that as long as there are human griefs to be assuaged and human longings for another life, this noble book, **The Great Hereafter,** must find a place.

It is published by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, is finely illustrated, and is bound in several attractive styles.

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IMPORTANT

Will all of our friends who contemplate sending us lists of 25 Adult Protestant Church Attendants or Christian Workers (no two living in the same house), as per our request of last week, please take notice that the time for sending in these names expires with the date of this paper. To-day is the last day on which you will have an opportunity to make up your list of selected names and send it to us. Lists mailed to-day will still be in time to be serviceable, and to secure for every sender the two beautiful Companion Pictures, "Good Night" and "Good Morning," described in our issue of September 26. Enclose your list in an envelope (with a dime for packing and postage of the Companion Pictures). Address it: "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, List Department, Bible House, New York." Affix stamp and mail immediately.

Our Duty in Cuba

TO those who have watched the progress of events in Cuba lately, and who are genuinely interested in the moral and material progress of that island and its people, the developments in connection with the American efforts at peacemaking are full of significance.

Cuba has been torn and distracted by contending factions, whose leaders, in this crisis, have shown a lamentable lack of patriotic spirit. From the head of the government, down to the most insignificant official, there has been a selfish indifference to the real welfare of the country, which was in sharp contrast to what Secretary Taft and his associates might naturally have expected to find. On the other hand, the leaders of the insurrection were either unable or unwilling to control their forces, to the extent of assuring a quiet and orderly condition of affairs throughout the island pending the peace negotiations. Thus, while President Palma and his official associates regarded it as beneath their dignity to confer on even terms with the leaders of the revolt, the latter were equally tenacious in their determination to retain the advantage they had gained in recent military operations, and their lawless bands, in districts remote from the capital, were allowed to continue their depredations.

Under the treaty of Cuba, it was incumbent on our government to put an end to such a chaotic state of affairs, and to take steps to restore order and to protect life and property. While this might have been accomplished sooner by armed intervention and occupation, such a course was the furthest from our purpose. Our government, in sending Mr. Taft and Mr. Bacon to Cuba, clearly had in mind the now familiar proposition that there is no dispute in human affairs which is incapable of being adjusted by arbitration. We were pledged to do full justice to Cuba—to afford it every opportunity and extend it every aid to rise to the dignity of a self-governing people. We had a right to expect that the leading men in Cuba, knowing the nature of the duties imposed upon our government, would have smoothed the path to the restoration of order by mutual concessions and the surrender of all personal ambitions that might stand in the way of a peaceful agreement.

That expectation has not been realized. All the bright hopes of Cuban independence have been temporarily blighted, and by those who should have prized that independence the most. Active intervention and occupation, which began Sept. 30, have been forced upon us as an international necessity, under the terms of the treaty. There are, in round figures, over $100,000,000 in American interests in Cuba, including railways, crops, mines, banks, steamships and real estate, thirty plantations being owned by Americans. These interests, to say nothing of human life nor of the possessions of other foreigners, would have been needlessly jeopardized by a continuance of the insurrection.

Our national conscience is clear concerning Cuba. We have done all that our duty called for; we have redeemed our pledges. With Cuba itself rests the responsibility of failing to appreciate the gift of independence which this nation bestowed upon it. It has literally sacrificed its most precious possession over a petty squabble. It has demonstrated to the whole civilized world its unfitness for self-government. But we do not believe that Cuban independence is dead beyond resurrection. Under American guidance its people will have a chance to develop on civilized lines, and some day in the future, they may learn to rightly value what they have just flung away. If that day does not come too late, the Gem of the Antilles may again have an opportunity, under brighter auspices than now, to regain the lost jewel of independence.

The Right Aim in Life

THE successful man, the successful woman, the one who has attained a goal and made a place eminent in the world, is regarded with envious eyes by those who have still to climb. "You are there," they cry, "on the height where we long to be. Fortune favored you at the start. You had advantages that we shall never have. You have succeeded."

What is success? The word has several definitions. In some minds, the successful man is the one who has accumulated a good deal of money. He may have had very little pleasure, he may have known nothing of books or of art, he may have had few friends; but his capital has doubled and trebled and quadrupled until he has become famous as a financier. The owner of millions is generally supposed to be a successful man. He may be lonely, he may have dyspepsia, he may suffer from insomnia; but he is rich, and with the multitude that counts as success.

Another has gained distinction as a statesman or a soldier. His name carries weight, and is known around the world. In the mighty game of chess, otherwise called diplomacy, or on blood-red fields of battle, this man has achieved renown. Many fear him, and few love him. He is unscrupulous, and it may be, cruel, but—he is successful.

There is a kind of success that meets the test of heaven's alchemy. They who achieve it shall one day walk in white, because they are worthy to stand on the shore of the crystal sea and sing the song of redemption. Here they have been poor and obscure; they have been martyrs; they have endured calamity and persecution, ever as seeing Him who is invisible. Theirs will be the success of eternity.

Some of these successful ones are toiling to-day in humble country parishes, at annual stipends that would not pay a single month's rent of a city apartment of the better sort. Some are teaching country schools, miles away from a railroad, in places where, next winter, they may be snowed in from the outside world for weeks at a time. Some are in the signal service, and on remote mountain-tops they watch the weather, and send the word to commerce that keeps the great wheels moving, and warns the ships away from perilous coasts.

Should a bright-eyed lad or a sweet-faced girl inquire: "What is success?" shall we not say to them: "Success is serving God and serving our fellow-men? It is doing the best one can by the light one has; and the reward will be given and the seal put upon it in the heavenly land, when only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame."

Campaign Amenities

ALREADY evidences have shown themselves in various States, of a revived tendency to personally abuse candidates for office. In recent years it has been gratifying to notice that in the press and on the platform, the principles, rather than the persons and reputations of the nominees have been denounced. This is as it should be, for personal abuse is vulgar and often wicked, while the principles and policy of a candidate are legitimate subjects of debate. It is one thing to say that a man should not be elected because his methods would be disastrous to the State or nation; and quite another to say he should not be elected because he is low-born, or niggardly, or because his wife was a domestic servant. The struggle of politics ought to be fought on a level above personalities and on high patriotic grounds.

Is it not time that we had learned that the man who differs with us on questions of policy, may be just as good a citizen as we are? He believes that a certain policy as to the tariff or taxation should be adopted; while we believe that that policy would be injurious. It is fair to try to convince him that our view is the sound one; but it is very unfair to denounce him as a traitor to his country, or as a man wilfully blind. He has the right to be credited with good motives and with being concerned for the welfare of the people and to be treated as sincere, though we may think he is mistaken. Reading the editorials in the organs of the various Parties, we would, if we believed them, get the idea that there is no political honesty outside the Party they represent, and that the men whom we know to be patriotic and respectable are deceivers and tricksters, if they happen to belong to the opposite Party. No citizen, and especially no Christian citizen, should be influenced by such abuse, but give his opponent credit for the patriotism and good motives he claims for himself.

More Grateful Words from India

From the Report of the Gujarat Orphanages

"IT having been reported to the Mission Council of the Irish Presbyterian Church in India, that Dr. Louis Klopsch and the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, who have already so generously supported some 275 of our 1,600 Indian famine orphans during the past four years, have most kindly further undertaken to continue the support, for at least twelve months more, of all the children under fourteen years of age, and any others for whom patrons may come forward, the Council desire to place on record their deep sense of the obligation under which they are in this country to their warm-hearted and noble friends in America, and beg to submit to them, through Dr. Klopsch and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the expression of their most sincere and heartfelt thanks.

"By this ministry of love, the religion of Christ is being presented to the Christless in this great country, in an aspect so winsome that it cannot but appeal with special power to many hearts; and we feel sure that, under God's blessing, the means thus used will lead to the bringing in of many orphan children to the fold of Christ, and through them, a large extension of the Redeemer's kingdom in India. The love that has prompted the generous help accorded since the great famine, seems as a link to bind in the bond of Christian fellowship the three countries of America, India and Ireland, and in thus overstepping all international distinctions, it reflects the love Divine. Very cordially and gratefully do we as a Mission Council acknowledge the assistance rendered in the support of so many of the mission orphans, and the Clerk is hereby instructed to forward a copy of this minute to the Proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD."

AMONG THE WORKERS

—EVANGELISTS HOLMAN AND WILSON have closed this season's work. Their permanent address is Freeport, Mich.

—A REVIVAL is reported from Buffalo, Ind., where Dr. Foreman, of New Albany, has been preaching in conjunction with the pastor, Mr. A. J. Marbet.

—THE FORTY-NINTH ANNUAL MEETING of the National Association of Local Preachers of the Methodist Episcopal Church will be held in the Trinity M. E. Church, Trenton, N. J., October 11, 12, 13 and 14.

—THE IOWA CONGREGATIONAL Home Missionary Society has established a Congregational Church at Buxton, Ia., with Rev. Abraham Lincoln DeMond as pastor and missionary. There are five thousand colored people at Buxton.

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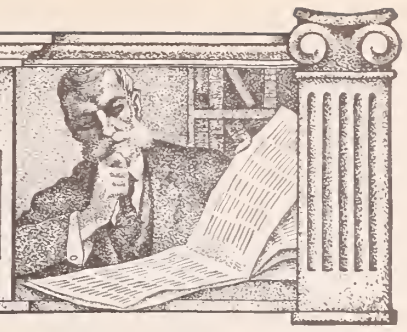
THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER



Heirs to a Throne

HAPPILY unconscious as yet of the honors and responsibilities that he may yet feel only too heavily, the new heir to the Imperial Throne of Germany is reported to be enjoying his life like other infants. He has been duly taken to the chapel of the Palace at Potsdam, and there christened by the chaplain to the Emperor, Dr. Dryander. The father and mother of the babe, the Crown Prince and Princess, and a distinguished assemblage of Royal personages were present at the ceremony. Princess Victoria Louise of Prussia, carried the infant to the altar, where he was placed in the arms of his grandmother, the Empress, who presented him for the administration of the rite. He received the names of Wilhelm Friedrich Franz-Joseph Christian Olaf. In his honor, and to mark the Emperor's gratification at the birth of a grandson, an edict of amnesty, under the customary reservations, was issued to persons who have been found guilty of *lese-majeste* and whose sentence has not yet taken effect.

It is probable that only a comparatively small number of persons will benefit by this act of grace, for it is only offenders of a particular class and not all of those, who will owe their escape from prison to the advent of the child. But it is well that some at least should be set at liberty on his account, that they may have personal reasons for rejoicing over his birth. But how small is the extent of the benefit compared with that which resulted from that other birth memorable throughout the universe, in all ages.

The Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek: he hath sent me to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound (Isa. 61: 1).

A Disastrous Hurricane

Sad news poured in from the Southern States on September 27 and following days. A tropical storm originating in the Gulf of Mexico, spent its fury on the southern coasts. New Orleans, La., Pensacola, Fla., Mobile, Ala., suffered heavily. The dispatches contained but meagre reports owing to the wires being down. All the three cities were practically isolated from other parts of the country for twenty-four hours. At Pensacola alone, it was estimated that besides serious loss of life, there was a loss of property of the value of three million dollars. Every house in the city was injured and many were stripped bodily of their roofs. The water front had been cleared as if by a huge knife of the jutting wharves and big ships were lying in the streets. To add to the horror, a fire broke out, and the wind carried the sparks far and wide. Refugees arriving at Flomaton, Ala., report wholesale destruction. There were no cars running, and the railroads out of the city had been torn up. The Louisville and Nashville road reports losses aggregating millions of dollars. Huge trees lie across the railroad tracks, cutting off communication. The hurricane attained a velocity of forty-eight miles an hour and raged all night. At Birmingham, Ala., railroad traffic was entirely suspended, all the telegraph wires were down, and no mails could be sent out or received. At Bay St. Louis, fifty miles from New Orleans, the wind attained a velocity of sixty miles an hour, accompanied by an abnormally high tide, which destroyed all the wharves and piers, and did other damage. The full extent of the calamity could not be learned, but preparations were made by the Government at Washington to send relief if it was found to be required. It is hoped that the warnings sent from the weather bureau predicting the region most likely to suffer, which were exactly fulfilled, may have prevented the extensive disasters to shipping which might otherwise have occurred. The previous knowledge men have of these disasters proves that they are the products of natural forces; but it is no less true, as the ancient prophets perceived, that God's hand is present in them all.

The Lord hath his way in the whirlwind and in the storm, and the clouds are the dust of his feet (Nahum 1: 3).

An Awkward Dilemma

There is a curious story connected with a house in one of the suburbs of New York. It appears that a citizen, hearing that some eligible lots in that district were for sale, purchased two from the agent. He was not at the time in a position to build upon them, but was sure that their value would not depreciate by waiting. Some time afterwards, being in the neighborhood on other business, he went around to take another look at his lots. To his astonishment, he found on them a Queen Anne cottage nearly completed. He ascertained the name of the owner, and on his return to the city, notified the agent from whom he had purchased the lots. It was then found that the trespasser had bought the adjoining lots, and that his contractor had begun building without having a survey made. It was admitted by all parties that the house stood on the wrong lot. The owner of the house offered to sell it to the owner of the land on which it stood, but he did not want such a house. Finally, after long negotiation, he was induced to accept the lots belonging to the owner of the house in exchange for those belonging to him, but he demanded and received a considerable sum for the accommodation. The other man, doubtless, thought it was better to pay it than to lose or move the almost completed house. He is not likely to repeat the blunder, if he builds other houses elsewhere; but he may repeat a similar blunder at a much more serious loss if he raises the edifice of his life on the foundation of this passing world in which no man has more than a life interest.

The world passeth away and the lust thereof: but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever (I. John 2: 17).

Mischievous Boys' Trick

Four small boys put the entire automatic signal system of the Jersey City yards of the Central Railroad of New Jersey out of business one day recently. The boys got into a big box at Jersey Avenue and tore out numerous copper wires running from the battery jars, to furnish them with material for electrical experiments. This served to paralyze the signal system in the yards, extending to all the approaches to the station. The tie-up caused great confusion. Trains were stalled on both the outgoing and incoming tracks. A large jam in the station resulted and the report spread that there had been a bad wreck. It took a lot of activity on the part of the railroad employees to get the battery box fixed up and the signal system working again. Happily no accident occurred, as the result of the mischief closed the signals against all trains and did not mislead any. So much cannot be said for the mischief worked by children of larger growth, who, by disturbing the warning signals of God's message, cause souls to lie dormant in sin or to go astray.

The leaders of this people cause them to err and they that are led of them are destroyed (Isa .9: 16).

The Crown Prince and Princess of Germany, and their Infant Son

Responsible Work

A magazine writer, who has written a description of the railroad systems of this country, gives a graphic account of a new device for controlling the switches, which has been introduced at some centres to do away with the services of numerous switchmen. At one of the depots he visited, he says that nearly a thousand trains pass daily, which must be switched to their proper tracks. "Here," he says, "I was shown an electric controller which is a marvel of ingenuity. Three shifts of men, working eight hours a day, are required to handle the trains that pass through the station daily. Working in his tower with compressed air cylinders connected with electric wires, a touch of the switchman's finger is sufficient to make connections work and shunt an incoming or outgoing train on to the proper track. The control is perfect, and the combinations are very like those of the improved switchboard used in telephone and telegraph offices. But I was glad that some one rather than myself had the responsibility of touching those buttons, which involve safety or death to thousands of people at a time when the movement of the trains must be almost incessant." The writer naturally shrank from a task weighted with such responsibility. Neither he nor others, however, can evade the effect of their words or actions, which, by example or direct teaching, may turn a soul into the way of destruction.

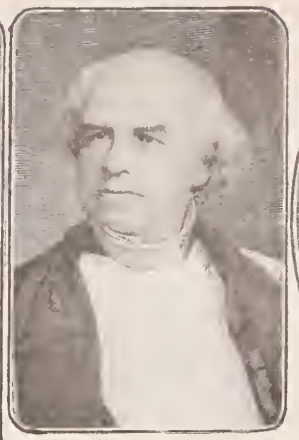
Whosoever shall cause one of these little ones that believe on me to stumble, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he were cast into the sea (Mark 9: 42).

Making Pearls

The artificial production of pearls has become an extensive industry in Japan. The study of the habits of the oyster suggested to a pearl merchant at Shima, the possibility of stimulating the production. He accordingly laid out an oyster farm in the Bay of Ago on the Pacific side of Central Japan. The shores of this bay are irregular, full of deep-running inlets and coves, all washed by very quiet water, such as oysters choose for their breeding-places. The area occupied by this oyster farm is about one thousand acres. Mr. Mikimoto, the farmer, plants stones about seven pounds in weight over this area in July, which is the breeding season. About a month afterwards an immense number of tiny shells are found attached to these stones. They remain there until November, when the stones with their precious burden are removed to deeper water to protect them from the cold. There they remain for three years, when they are taken up and the nuclei for pearls are inserted between the shells. They are then put back in the water and left for four years more. At the end of that time, seven years and a half in all, they are taken out and opened. About three hundred thousand are treated every year, so that from the seventh year after beginning the industry Mr. Mikimoto has an annual crop of pearls. It is said, however, that lapidaries easily detect the artificial pearls, as they differ in shape from the natural ones, though they are quite as brilliant. Thus in another sphere man has been able to stimulate and guide the processes of nature. It is, however, only in the material sphere that his power is displayed. In the spiritual realm he is dependent on God, from whom alone he learns the means of salvation through Christ.

The kingdom of heaven is like a merchant seeking goodly pearls: who, when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had and bought it (Matt. 13: 46).

Dr. T. Underwood Dudley
Bishop of Kentucky

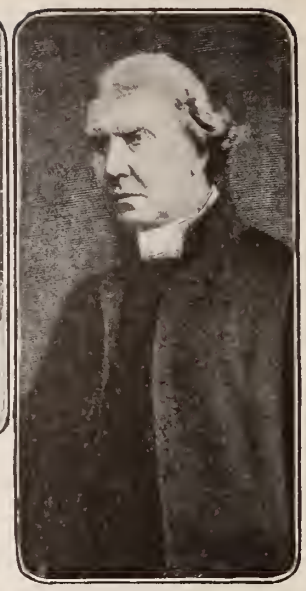


Dr. J. P. Bell Wilmer
Bishop of Louisiana

Dr. Phillips Brooks
Bishop of Massachusetts

Dr. Frederick Temple
Archbishop of Canterbury

Dr. E. White Benson
Archbishop of Canterbury



Dr. A. Campbell Tait
Archbishop of Canterbury

BISHOP POTTER'S REMINISCENCES

*A Notable Book by the Distinguished New York Prelate**

AMONG the thousands of books that constitute the season's literary product, there are few that will better repay the reader than the volume of *Reminiscences of Bishops and Archbishops*, by the Right Reverend Dr. Henry Codman Potter, Bishop of New York, which has just been issued from the presses of G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London, publishers. Bishop Potter's literary skill has selected a field in which it appears to the very best advantage, and the *Reminiscences* abound in delightful anecdote and incident and are brimful of human interest throughout. The charm of the book is its natural simplicity of style, its kindly judgment of men and motives, and its hearty fraternal appreciation of the good qualities in others. His characters do not strut through these pages pompously, as grave and solemn dignitaries, but they are presented to us with all geniality, just as he has known them. Of the *Reminiscences* the author observes in his preface: "In no sense do they presume to be biographies . . . . . but they will furnish some of those side-lights, by means of which *individuality* in human portraiture may be detected; and in the often lighter and more playful quality of which are recognized or recalled those more endearing characteristics which make men widely remembered and genuinely beloved."

Through the courtesy of the publishers, we are enabled to give below a few anecdotes selected from the many that abound in Bishop Potter's book. These, coming from an authoritative source and now appearing in print for the first time, are of unusual interest. The bishop is an excellent *raconteur*, as the following will show:

A Question of Wives

"It happened on one occasion, that a recent episcopal election had come up for review; and questions as to the bishop-elect were being asked and answered with considerable freedom. A bishop who knew the bishop-elect in a very intimate way was on his feet and was being catechised, when a bishop called out, 'What kind of wife has our brother-elect?'

" 'His present wife—' began the bishop thus challenged, when the Bishop of Maryland (Dr. Whittingham), sprang to his feet.

" 'One moment!' he cried. 'Do I understand my brother aright? Did he say "his present wife," and am I to understand that, by that phrase, he means to imply that the brother-elect has had a previous wife? Because, if so, I cannot vote for his confirmation. St. Paul says "A bishop must be the husband of one wife," ' quoting a verse from the 1st Epistle to Timothy, which scholars usually regard as designed to forbid, in an age in which the usage prevailed, polygamic unions.

"For a moment the House, in which were a number of bishops who, having been bereaved of their earthly partners had supplied their places, sat still in stunned silence, until a prelate, whose sense of humor was as keen as Bishop Whittingham's was feeble, rose in his place and said, 'Do I understand the Bishop of Maryland as regarding the language of the Apostle which he has just quoted as *mandatory?*'

" 'Certainly,' exclaimed Bishop Whittingham, not detecting the trap that had been laid for him.

" 'Very well, then, Mr. Chairman,' said the interrogating bishop blandly; 'if the Bishop of Maryland regards the language of St. Paul, when he says that a bishop *must be* the husband of one wife, as mandatory, I would like to ask him what he proposes to do with the Bishop of —— [naming a bachelor bishop] who hasn't *any?*'

"There was a shout of laughter, amid which the Bishop of Maryland flushed angrily, and took his seat. The humor of his blunder was wholly unperceived by him."

Celibacy Appreciated

"One of Bishop Williams' private secretaries once called his attention to a facetious statement in a newspaper to the effect that they were proposing to put a tax on bachelors—the bishop having never married. 'Read it,' said the bishop. The secretary then read it in full, to the effect that upon young bachelors the tax was to be light, but as years increased and probabilities of change diminished the tax was to be made more and more weighty, until to those upwards of seventy—as the bishop then was—it was to amount to some hundreds of dollars annually. The secretary read the latter part with something of a gusto. When he had finished, the bishop said, calling the secretary by name, 'P——, it comes high, but it's worth it.' "

A Pantheist and Didn't Know It

"On one occasion, Bishop Brownell (of Connecticut), came in upon Bishop Williams somewhat unexpectedly; and the latter, not unnaturally, enquired, 'Where have you been this morning, bishop?' 'Down at Christ Church,' answered Bishop Brownell, 'where I heard Clark. He preached pantheism; but he didn't know it!' If Dr. Clark's sermon could be disinterred to-day, it is doubtful whether the most critical eye could detect in it any savor of pantheism; but Connecticut standards in those days were both narrow and austere."

No "Noes" Wanted

"The Rev. Dr. Levi Bull, having on one occasion put a question to the Convention of the Diocese of Pennsylvania, and had a loud response to his request, 'Those in favor of the resolution will say *aye*,' at once declared the resolution carried. 'But, doctor,' said a grave divine, rising in his place, 'You haven't called for the *noes!*' 'Oh, well,' said the doctor, '*we don't want any noes.*' "

An Astonished Committee

"I was leaving Bishop Eastburn's study one morning when the bell rang, and the bishop, stepping to a window that commanded the front door, said: 'Wait a moment, Potter. Here comes a committee, and I should like to have you present while I receive them.' The committee was from a suburban parish whose rector was a man already known by his pen, of eccentric habits, but of rare gifts. He had made himself obnoxious in the family of one of the vestry by declining to continue in it as a 'table boarder' when he found the table impossible; and the committee had come, at the instigation of the lady whose table he had deserted, to denounce him as an opium-eater.

"The bishop heard the charge (which I may say here was false) with a pained surprise, which he at once proceeded to express; and then, after a moment's pause, he said: 'I suppose, gentlemen, you wish me to take canonical action in this painful business, and I shall proceed to do so; but to that end, it is necessary that the charge should be presented to me in writing, and that you should subscribe your names to it.' At this suggestion the faces of the committee underwent a sudden transformation, and with one accord they sprang to their feet, their spokesman exclaiming: 'Oh, no, bishop! We couldn't do that! We don't want to sign anything. We merely wished to come and tell you what we have heard, and leave the matter in your hands. But we couldn't sign any paper.'

" 'No,' said the bishop, while his whole form dilated with the indignation which was seething within him. 'No! You will not stand behind your charge, when you are called upon to do it; but, though you know that a clergyman's reputation is well-nigh as sensitive as a woman's, you will do all that you can to destroy it; and when you are asked to subscribe to your own accusation you will refuse.' The bishop had risen from his seat, and was moving towards his study door as he continued: 'Do you know, gentlemen, what the Rev. Dr. —— would do if he were a layman? He would horsewhip you—and so would I! Good morning, gentlemen!' and the bishop swung open the door and bowed them out."

A Tribute to Bishop Brooks

"Bishop Brooks' episcopate was very brief; but not so brief as to be without significant and suggestive notes. One may venture to affirm now what no record of his life has seen fit quite candidly to recognize—that there cannot be the smallest doubt that toward the end of his life his mind underwent a fundamental change as to the episcopate. He was a man of ideas, and, as such, he did not greatly value institutions. He gloried in 'the living creature within the wheels'—for the wheels themselves he did not greatly care, and of this he made no secret. His prophetic office, as a preacher, he regarded as the highest of all the ministerial callings, and he regarded bishops, usually, with a good-natured condescension which did not trouble itself to understand their office or to appreciate its influence. He came to see that in the episcopate one might find the largest opportunity for the largest powers. He came to see that what he had reckoned a calling of dry routine might be transformed—and that with no violent dismemberment of its component parts—into a ministry of noblest opportunities and of most potential service. And nothing is finer in his whole history than the frankness with which, when once he discerned this, he set about realizing it. From the time that Bishop Brooks turned his face toward the episcopal office, he saw, as though it had broken upon him in a strong light, that the office of religion is both inspirational and organic; that there cannot be life in the divine society without the incarnation of that life; and that the moment one has gotten that far, the inevitable necessity that the life organic must be a life of law, of rule, of related forces—of authority, in one word—and of obedience, becomes overwhelmingly clear."

A New Kind of General

"One day Bishop Dudley (of Kentucky), was walking down street with a friend, and saw approaching him a man whom he knew, but whose name had slipped him. He nudged his friend and said, 'Tell me quick, who is this man; his name has utterly gone from me?' Then the man walked up and spoke. Immediately the bishop grasped his hand with a 'How d'ye do, Mr. ——,' and had a little chat, inquiring about various

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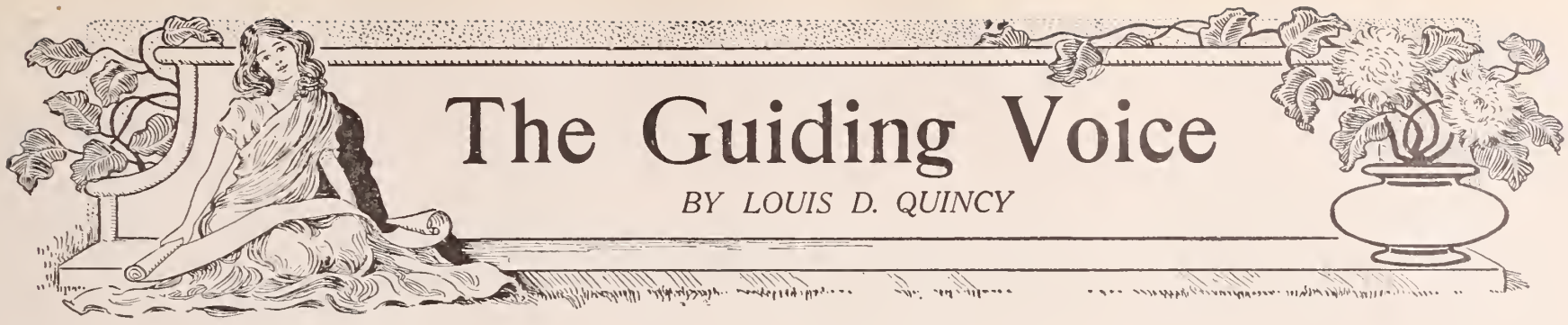
**Reminiscences of Bishops and Archbishops*, by Henry Codman Potter, Bishop of New York, illustrated with portraits; pp. 225; cloth binding, gilt top. Price $2.00. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London, publishers.



The Guiding Voice

BY LOUIS D. QUINCY

CAROLINE LEATHERBEE stepped briskly from the one car, the narrow gauge of Bemis afforded, as the eight o'clock train wheezed laboriously into the little station, and, with a long drawn sigh of content, came to a grateful standstill. She turned toward her maid, struggling heroically amid legions of wraps.

"Well, Celeste," she questioned, in a low, musical voice, a look of mischievous kindness in her laughing grey eyes; "how are you going to like the place?"

The trim little figure by her side ignored the darkness about her as, with a look of perfect adoration, she gazed timidly into the smiling face.

"Eet ees all right wher' ever ze grat madam ees," she answered, the broken English dropping haltingly from her foreign lips. "Eet ees lofly here."

Caroline laughed, with appreciative humor.

"Good, Celeste," she said, encouragingly. "Always speak as well as that, and I will be proud of you."

The maid blushed with pleasure at the praise of her great mistress.

"Eet ees ze kind mademoiselle dat teel me ze way to speek," she ventured happily. "I am ze—what you call slow!"

"No carriage, Celeste," Caroline answered the eyes of the maid, peering expectantly into the darkness. "It is only a little way. We will walk."

Two small French hands were raised in horror. The erstwhile blushing face went suddenly pale.

"But ze doctair," she remonstrated, quickly. "What does he say? Ze grat ladee ees not well—she must reest! She ees not to walk. Nevair! Ze doctair sez no!"

Caroline turned, a trifle impatiently.

"Never mind the doctor," she said. "We are home, now, and will do as we think best. Get the wraps," she added, with a quiet finality, as the maid started to speak. "I will send for the trunks in the morning." Her face softened into a sweet, tender smile, wholly pleasant to look upon, for the promise of beauty in girlhood had developed into a rich, womanly loveliness.

The little maid silently gathered up the wraps, a look of protest on her face. The wilful, lovable ways of her mistress were most distressingly at variance with her own ideas of the fitness of things. She sighed disconsolately as she followed the tall figure down the uneven road to a white cottage, set in a garden of fragrant, old-fashioned flowers. They went silently up the walk, and Caroline knocked gently on the door.

The maid eyed the plain exterior of the little dwelling with evident disfavor. "Ees eet ze right plaz, mademoiselle?" she asked, fearfully.

Before Caroline could reassure her, the door opened wide and a portly negro mammy filled the space. She placed her hands on her ample hips, to balance her great weight, as she leaned forward and peered out into the night. As her eyes became accustomed to the darkness, she caught sight of the tall figure. "What yo' want, honey?" she queried, kindly. "Yo' jes' tel' me what yo' want."

The mellow, darky dialect, and unforgettable inflections of the old voice, tightened a cord of strong affection around Caroline's heart.

"Why, Nancy," she cried, a tremulous rebuke in her musical voice. "Don't you know me, Nancy? I'm Caroline!"

The massive black head tilted backward. "Mis' Car'line!" she scoffed, with incredulous disdain. "Yo' ain't er foolin' this hyar nigger, that-a way, honey!"

A changed position brought the girl's face into view. The full joy of it breaking on her vision made her suddenly dizzy. Had it not been for Caroline's strong young arms, the old negress would have lost her balance on the threshold, so great was her surprise. She folded the tall, graceful figure close in a loving embrace.

"God bress yo', honey, child," she murmured, brokenly, fondling Caroline's wealth of auburn hair with the trusting confidence and affection of a life-long intimacy. "Yo's jes' es purty es er pictur'!"

She drew the unresisting girl into the cozy room. The little maid followed close, in wondering, speechless amazement.

"Yo' sit right hyar," she advised, lovingly, placing a comfortable rocker by the sitting-room table, and coaxing the tired girl to its soft depths, "while yo' ol' mammy gits yo' som' o' dem seed cakes yo' like, honey." She paused on her way to the pantry, her large mouth

"The Little Maid Nestled Closer to the Side of the Great Singer"

expanding in a confidential grin that displayed the even, white teeth within. "Yo' po' uncle eats one o' dem seed cakes ev'y day," she confessed, volubly. "An' he gits mighty sick, ev'y bressed tim'. I jes' say ter him: 'What yo' eat dem cakes fur, Marser Amos?' an' he says back: 'Nancy, I ain't nohow so lon'sum' when I does—Car'line loved 'em so'!"

She bustled happily into the other room, returning shortly with a silver tray laden with delicacies. "Ol' Nancy ain't got mueh ter giv' yer, honey, child," she apologized, ruefully, giving the white hand resting on the table little pats of affection as she passed to and fro in arranging each tempting morsel.

"Uncle Amos is at the prayer-meeting, I suppose?" questioned Caroline, tracing the curves on her snowy napkin.

Nancy's radiant face grew dolefully long. She walked heavily to the other end of the table, and, laying one chocolate-colored hand over the other, groaned miserably.

"Yo' eat yo' supper, Mis' Car'line," she counseled, resignedly. "Den I's goin' ter tel' yo' al' 'bout it."

Caroline's face grew strangely white.

"Uncle Amos is well, is he not?" she questioned, haltingly. "I purposely withheld the exact time of my coming from him. I hoped that the pleasure might be greater. Tell me, Nancy," she pleaded, tremulously, "that he is well."

She had risen, and now stood with her hand clasped entreatingly on the strong arm of the old mammy, her eyes filled with an unspeakable dread. She remembered a certain letter that had come to her after her aunt's death, a little over a year ago, in which the reserved old man had poured out his heart in an abandon of woe. It had not all been written, either, for she had read between the lines and understood something of his great loneliness. It had come the night of her first great triumph in the world of music, and had not made the impression it would otherwise have done. She flushed with guilty sorrow, as she remembered.

Ole Nancy read the apprehension in the large grey eyes, and answered reassuringly.

"Bress yo' child," she said, "ther' ain't no need o' takin' on so. Yo' uncle's jes' es well es I is! Oh, Mis' Car'line," she sobbed, "yo' uncle's er blasphemin' o' th' Lord!" She covered her turbaned head with her apron. Her voice descended in a low wail of misery.

Caroline's face cleared instantly. She knew Nancy's religious instinct by heart. A little smile of misehief played faintly about her mouth as she resumed her seat by the table.

"Tell me all about it," she encouraged, leniently. "Has he really been so very bad?"

Nancy emerged from the snowy folds, and wiped her eyes with elaborate unconcern. If "Mis' Car'line" was to take up the cudgels, she could afford to be deliberate. She knew the power the girl had over the tender heart and stubborn ways of her beloved master, and rested secure in the knowledge.

"It's jes' lik' this," she said, spreading her large, capable hands before the face of the little maid, who sprang aside in alarm. "Yo' po' ol' uncle ain't nohow goin' ter be bossed 'round by any young stra'ger thet sees fit ter com' ter thes' air parts, an' thet's jes' what Mr. Judd, th' 'vangelis' preacher's tryin' ter do ter him. He's er been hyar," she continued, with a forcible toss of the head, "'bout ev'y mo'in' an' night fer th' las' two weeks, er pesterin' ol' Marser 'bout 'ligion! This mo'in', when I's makin' som' o' thet jelly yo's er eatin', honey, I hears er loud noise down by th' gate. An' if 'twant Passen Judd an' ol' Marser, jes' es sure es fate! Passen Judd, he says, says he: 'Yo're to' good ter go ter th' evil place, Mr. Leatherbee.' An' I hears ol' Marser say, kinder quiet like. 'I reckon I ain't goin' ther' jes' yit er while, passen.' 'Yo's sure goin' ther' 'f yo' don't 'brace 'ligion,' says th' preacher, warnin' like, an' ol' Marser, he says, says he: 'I'm goin' ter 'tend yer meetin' ter night, Mr. Judd, an' when yo' git done talkin' I'm goin' ter tell th' folks o' this air town, jes' what I think o' yo' an' yo' 'ligion!' Then he left th' preacher er standin' right ther' in th' road, an' comed in th' house. When he'd shut th' door tight, he put th' milk-pail he's er earryin', right in th' ve'y chair yo's er settin' on, Mis' Car'line, an' he says, reel mad like: 'Nancy,' says he, 'ther' ain't any ol' fool o' er preacher er goin' ter tel' me what I'm er goin' ter do wid my conscience. 'f th' Lord don't pester me 'bout gittin' up in meetin', I cal'late ther' ain't no one else er goin' ter do it.' After er li'l while he gits up an' goes ter th' winder. I hears him chuckle kinder low, an' jes' happens ter look out myself, es I's er passin'. Ther' wasn't no one in sight. Th' preacher'd gone mighty quick, seemed ter me. 'Nancy,' he says, not lookin' 'round—an' I jes' 'tects er cry in his voice, honey—'Nancy,' he says, 'th' good Lord knows I ain't er kickin' 'gainst any thin' thet's goin' ter make me glad—I ain't got any to' much 'joicin' in what's left o' this ol' life o' mine. What I ain't goin' ter stan' fer, is gittin' up in meetin' an' sayin' I got 'ligion, when I ain't no ways better 'n I've been tryin' ter be al' my life!' He stood by th' winder er li'l while, Mis' Car'line," she continued, sadly, "den he turned 'round an' says: 'I wish my Car'line's ter hum. She'd know jes' what ter say ter me. She al'ays knowed my stubborn streak, an' th' way ter git me out o' it!'"

Caroline folded her napkin and motioned for her wrap. She rose, and throwing it carelessly over her traveling dress, turned toward the door.

"There is no need of worrying, Nancy," she reminded the grieved one, lightly, although her own heart felt like lead. "I will take my maid and go to the meeting. Perhaps I can help Uncle Amos, after all."

The two entered and took seats in the shadow by the door. Caroline's eager eyes sought and found the dearly-loved face, in the front of the church. A sob rose in her throat as she noticed the pathetic droop of the once erect shoulders, and the snowy whiteness of the sparse hair. The only thing, she told herself with a whimsical smile, that had not changed during the past four years,

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SLAYING THE DRAGONS OF VICE

Anthony Comstock's Lifelong Crusade as Protector of the Home and Defender of Childhood

A HIGH official of the Government on one occasion mildly denounced Anthony Comstock as a "meddler who accomplishes no permanent good." Of this denunciation I was the solitary auditor, as at the time the official and myself sat together in the library of his home. This happened right after Mr. Comstock's seizure of an objectionable magazine published by an art school in New York, when public men and the press were calling Mr. Comstock "busybody," "notoriety seeker" and "fanatic."

After the official had concluded further remarks, not complimentary to Mr. Comstock, I told him—not in any praise of Mr. Comstock, but just by way of a journalist's love for facts—the story of the crusader's work as I knew it, summing up his achievements of a third of a century, merely giving the facts, without comment.

"You have taught me a lesson that thousands of other Americans should learn," said the official, when I had finished the history of "Comstockery." "I have condemned Mr. Comstock without adequate knowledge of his work. There must be thousands of others who to-day speak disparagingly of him, because, as one might say, it is the fashion, and because they are ignorant of the good he accomplishes for the youth of the country. I, for one, have been enlightened by your summary of his work. You have turned my derision into sympathy. Doubtless legions of parents, through lack of understanding, deride the man whose operations spare their own children many a moral menace; and an army of teachers think contemptuously, through ignorance of his services, of the man whose deeds remove moral perils from the paths of their own pupils.

"Now you must go to my friend Dr. Klopsch, tell him what you have related to me, and I am sure he will print your story in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, so that others may better understand Mr. Comstock's work and hence encourage him, instead of ridiculing."

* * *

In the first place, Mr. Comstock has friends in high places. Not the whole nation or whole community, by any means, is against him. I found many friends of his in the seats of the mighty. Next, I found that men and women whose names are known for good the country over, not only assist him with money, but encourage his work by personal attention. The incorporators of the society of which Mr. Comstock is secretary—The Society for the Suppression of Vice—include such distinguished names as Morris K. Jesup, who gave Mr. Comstock, thirty-four years ago, the first $650 that started him on his crusade; William E. Dodge, whose son, William E. Dodge, Jr., is to-day a supporter of the society; and J. Pierpont Morgan, who contributes annually a sum of money to the work.

Among those who most recently gave money to aid Mr. Comstock, is Andrew Carnegie, who sent $500. When Mrs. Carnegie learned of her husband's contribution, she said: "I, too, wish to send $500, for his work deserves substantial appreciation," and she sent the check. John D. Rockefeller last year sent Mr. Comstock $250, and a like sum was contributed by Mrs. William E. Dodge. Elbridge T. Gerry sent $100; Mrs. Elliott F. Shepard $50; Morris K. Jesup $250; Tiffany & Co. gave $25; F. W. Devoe $25, and Francis E. Lynde $50.

From the first, the members of the Colgate family have been Mr. Comstock's friends. Samuel Colgate was long president of the Society; one of his sons, Sidney, is to-day a member of the Executive Committee, and only a few months ago his other sons, Richard and Russell, contributed, respectively, $50 and $10. The contributors last year included Dr. Klopsch, $100, and readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, $131,70. Mr. Comstock himself contributed $105 in fees.

Hundreds of others, whose names are not only well known, but also stand for various forms of Christian endeavor, are Mr. Comstock's friends and allies. They give cash assistance because they understand the scope of Mr. Comstock's work; they give him their personal encouragement because they have informed themselves of the main fact in the case, the fact that Mr. Comstock draws tight the armored protective cloak of the law around the youth of the land.

"Comstockery!" The word was coined by Mr. Bernard Shaw, whose plays Mr. Comstock enjoined from production, on the ground that they outraged public decency. What is the definition of "Comstockery," a word that, as a rule, is used as an expression of contempt? "Comstockery" is the applying of the noblest principles of law, as defined by the higher courts of the United States and Great Britain, in the interests of public morals, especially those of the young. Thus Mr. Comstock himself defines his work.

In carrying out this meaning of the word derived in derision from his name, Mr. Comstock has ever had the physical as well as the moral courage of his convictions. That he is hated by those whom he has pursued, to avenge the evil they have worked upon youth, is shown in the scars on his face and by the bodily wounds from which he has never fully recovered. While making one arrest, he was slashed in the face with a razor. At the very bar of justice, he was attacked by a man whose career in the printing of vile pictures he had checked, the result being black eyes. Again, infected letters have been sent into his home; infected porous plasters have been sent to him at his office, and infernal machines have reached him through the express. He has had three ribs smashed, and was laid up for weeks in dire suffering. Mr. Comstock is

Anthony Comstock

hated, indeed, by those who seek to transgress the law, by those whose unnamable businesses he labors to suppress by enforcing the laws as the laws stand.

In applying "Comstockery" throughout the United States, what has this crusader accomplished? He has completed thirty-four years of his chosen work. In that time he has brought 3,000 persons to justice and has seized and destroyed over 100 tons of questionable literature. The number of arrests he has made has increased with each year. Last year, he made one arrest every three days. Of those arrested, over 2,000 were convicted or pleaded guilty, while over 1,800 were sentenced. Over five hundred years of imprisonment in the aggregate have been imposed upon persons brought before judge and jury by Mr. Comstock. Fines imposed upon those brought before the bar amount to over $200,000. Half of all fines collected are divided between the Female Guardian Society and the Prison Association of New York.

Of improper pictures and photographs, he has destroyed far over a million and a half. Of indecent circulars, catalogues, songs and poems, he has destroyed over 2,500,000. "Green goods" circulars he has suppressed to the number of 2,000,000. He has destroyed nearly 3,000 indecent figures and images, over 400 vile pictures framed on the walls of saloons; over 125,000 open letters in possession of persons arrested; over 6,000 indecent playing cards; over 145,000 articles for immoral use; and over forty tons of books, embracing 316 different immoral novels and the like. Also fifteen tons of stereotype book-plates. He has stopped twelve obscene plays and closed the places of amusement; has seized and destroyed nearly 100 slot machines; nearly 8,000 vile microscopic pictures for charms, knives and so on; and only recently he seized 468 watches containing immoral pictures. He brought suit against the publishers of D'Annunzio's *Triumph of Death* and of Tolstoi's *Kreutzer Sonata*. Hundreds of thousands of vile postcards he has destroyed, including recently, 169,000 from a Brooklyn dealer from whom, on a previous occasion, he had taken 139,000.

In addition to these seizures of things immoral, Mr. Comstock has aided the police largely in suppressing gambling, especially such forms of gambling as included boys and girls among their victims. He has destroyed over 3,000,000 lottery tickets, nearly 2,000,000 pool tickets, over 600,000 lottery circulars; has suppressed 119 lotteries; has destroyed hundreds of faro, keno, roulette, and other gambling "layouts," and closed nearly 500 pool-rooms.

Such is the brief summary of "Comstockery." It requires no expert mathematician nor profound moralist, to estimate the results for good by stopping so many influences that were being scattered before the receptive minds of the youth of America. Mr. Comstock's official position is that of Post Office Inspector—without compensation from the government. Further authority is vested in him, however, as an officer of his vice-suppressing society, giving him the right to act in enforcing the laws, either of New York or of the United States, in respect to suppressing advertisements and articles of indecent or immoral use. The police in all places are required to aid him in enforcing such laws.

In his work, Mr. Comstock has traveled, outside of New York, over 613,000 miles, or a distance equal to twenty-four and one-half journeys around the equator. At sixty years of age he is still vigorously active.

"But how do you discover the existence of all the immoral books and pictures, and so on?" I asked him, as he showed me the storerooms at his New York office—storerooms to which he holds the keys and which no one may enter, not even his clerks, except in his presence.

"I discover wrong-doing through the hundreds of letters written to me by parents, teachers, and decent citizens. I get some seventy-five letters a day, asking me to investigate, prosecute, and suppress, and to save children from evil." Thousands call Mr. Comstock "The Children's Friend." He conducts what he calls a "Helping Hand Department," in the interests of the young.

Never once in thirty-four years has Mr. Comstock lost the moral courage of his convictions. He reads the law, and despite all opposition, he takes measures to enforce it. "No matter what has been the attitude of the public through all the weary years," he said, "I have gone right on in the course I believed to be right. Many times I have faced utter disaster; often has our treasury been empty when debts demanding liquidation stared us in the face. Yet even these difficulties have been overcome; friends in high places have come forward to help when we least expected such aid."

How did "Comstockery" begin? Back in 1872, Mr. Comstock made his first seven arrests. He had no thought at that time of engaging in the work as a business. But when he discovered that there existed an organized business for the sale of immoral books, that had been in existence half a century, he determined to do what he could to get those books out of the way of the young. Four publishers were issuing 169 such books in the United States. How to organize a fight against those four publishers, that was the problem.

Mr. Morris K. Jesup happened to see a letter of appeal from Mr. Comstock to the Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. in New York. Mr. Jesup at once personally visited the young would-be crusader, took him by the hand, assured him of his sympathy and placed $650 in his hands to secure, if possible, the plates and stock-in-trade of the four publishers who were issuing the 169 books. Within a few weeks, seizures of the plates and stock were made, the bulky plates being stored in the rooms of the Y. M. C. A. in Brooklyn. Then ten tons more of stock were seized and stored in the basement of the building of the American Tract Society. The seizures were deemed to be of such importance that Mr. Jesup invited certain prominent clergymen, physicians and business men to his home,

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IN · THE SHADE OF THE VINE

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

The Wedding March

WEDDINGS have all seasons for their own; but perhaps the favorite times for the blithe ringing of bells in honor of the bride, are early summer and mid-autumn. June and October are popular months with maidens fair, for surrendering their freedom to those who have won their hearts. The bride who is married in autumn and goes straight to her new home, is greatly to be envied. If she has chosen to have a church wedding, the stately strains of the wedding march have accompanied her down the long aisle to the altar, where the groom and best man have waited to receive her, as with her procession of flower girls and bridesmaids, she walks leaning on the arm of her father. It may be that she has preferred a simpler style, in which case, herself and her fiance have entered the church together, walking side by side down the aisle, after a brief and solemn ceremony, to walk out again husband and wife.

A wedding is a festive occasion, and yet to thoughtful minds there is something very solemn in the brief ritual that pledges two persons to live together in the closest intimacy possible in human intercourse, from youth to age. In every wedding ceremony, however joyous, there is the far-off undertone of a requiem in the little phrase "till death us do part." The two angels of Life and Death join shadowy hands in the background, when the groom slips the ring on the finger of the bride. White is the most appropriate choice for the dress of a youthful bride. The fabric may be costly, or the reverse. A simple muslin is as beautiful and dainty as the richest satin, and there are many delicate grades of wool that are very satisfactory for bridal costume. A veil may be worn or omitted at the bride's pleasure. The idea of the veil is very ancient, and symbolizes womanly modesty and virginal purity. The veils worn by Oriental women in the remote past, as at present, differ wholly from the filmy fleece-like affairs that Western women wear. The former are opaque and shroud-like, screening the bride from observation in accordance with the immemorial Eastern notion of the seclusion of women. With us, a bride often wears a veil that is a priceless heirloom, and if it be of some costly lace, her grandmother may have worn it, and she may in turn pass it on to her descendants.

Wedding presents are among the pleasant features of every wedding. They range over a wide field. If the father of the bride is wealthy, he may bestow on his daughter a liberal check, so that she will begin her new life with a good bit of money of her own. Sometimes a father who is well-to-do, presents his daughter with a new home, beautifully furnished from garret to cellar. The bride's relatives usually give her what they can of flat silver, by which term spoons, forks, knives, and other table furnishings are meant. Added to this, they may fit her out with china, cut glass, and whatever else their affection and her fancy can desire. She is likely to receive useful and beautiful gifts. Her first housekeeping will be full of enjoyment, and she will take no end of pleasure in catering to the tastes of her husband, who, on his part, should refrain from criticism, if every dish has not the precise flavor that his mother gives it in her more experienced cooking.

The bride's part in the equipment of the home, is to provide the table linen, the sheets and pillow-slips, and whatever else belongs under the general head of household linen. Other furnishings fall to the groom. It is fortunate for both if they have saved a little money, so that they may have something as a margin for emergencies, after they have begun their life partnership.

FLOWER-MAKERS

Deftly twisting into shape roses, lilies daisies bright,
Here these bonny maidens toil, patiently from morn till night.
Scarce the bees themselves could tell that these flowers were not real,
For they copy leaf and bell very closely the ideal.

About Visiting the Sick

In the midst of severe illness, with trained nurses stepping softly about and caring for their patient, in the capacity that amateurs envy, when anxiety is at its height and suspense is harrowing, visitors are not wanted. Sometimes where the sick one has a host of friends, a member of the family is detailed to give information as to the condition of the sufferer, and does this either at the door or in a room remote from the chamber of illness. A bulletin tacked on the door does the same office and saves the time of the family for something else. Callers, however intimate, should not expect admittance to a household where one is hovering between life and death. There comes a time when the corner has been turned and the patient is convalescent, that is in contrast to the weeks of work and watching, and now visitors are made very welcome.

They should remember that although a patient may be mending, he is not yet well, and that a relapse is a dangerous experience. Therefore, the caller on an invalid or a convalescent should enter quietly, speak cheerfully, but in a matter-of-fact way; sit down without hurry and without fuss and make a brief call. Do not dwell on illness either in the patient's case or in the general. Bring in an atmosphere of health and wholesomeness. Avoid loud talking and do not ask too many questions. Never tell a depressing anecdote or allude to an epidemic or a calamity in the presence of one who has been ill and who is gaining strength by slow degrees. Fruit, flowers, an interesting book, a bottle of perfume or a fan, may be brought as tributes to a convalescent.

Church Fairs and Bazaars

While, undoubtedly, when the millennium arrives, there will be no occasion to raise money by church fairs, bazaars, concerts, or other entertainments, until then, these reciprocal opportunities for giving and receiving will go on and flourish. After every objection that can possibly be urged has been stated and discussed, there remains a good deal to be said in favor of church fairs. They promote sociability; they bring together in pleasant intercourse and friendly relations, women who have hitherto had little real acquaintanceship. In the ideal church fair, every woman in the church is interested, and lends a hand. Few women control a great deal of money; for married women, it is usually easier to give time and supplies and the work of their hands, than it is to give money outright. For this reason among others, one of the natural outlets for womanly beneficence is a church fair.

Home and School

THE long vacation over, children and teachers begin school with light hearts and fresh enthusiasm. When school closed everybody was tired, and it was with unaffected joy that the good-bys were spoken and the keys turned in the locks. A few weeks of rest and whatever else may happen in this wide land, schools and colleges resume their work and the process of educating the next generation begins once more in earnest. How the home may co-operate with the school is a question of no small importance. What are you doing as a parent to assist the teacher who has the responsibility of training your children? Does it occur to you as a fact that the teacher has the children under her care for many hours longer daily than you yourself have them, Saturdays and Sundays excepted? They leave home soon after breakfast; if the school be near enough, they return at noon for luncheon, and then follows the afternoon session, occupying them until three or four o'clock.

For many hours of every week teachers mould and shape the minds and manners of their pupils. It is important that the teacher be sustained and upheld by the home in two ways. First, her authority should be unquestioned. Complaints about her, if entertained, should be done so without the child's knowledge. Teachers are not infallible and often make mistakes; but the father or mother who sees this should seek a private interview and have a confidential conversation, of which the child affected is in ignorance. Some trouble should be taken at home to see that children prepare the lessons assigned them and carry in their examples and definitions properly written out. That the children should be at school in time, should be neatly dressed and should be absent as seldom as possible, are matters within the mother's province. A great deal of preventable illness interferes with the regular attendance of children at school. They are permitted to eat imprudently, to sit up too late, and to indulge in diversions that unfit them for school work.

The comparatively high rate of health enjoyed by children in institutions, where everything is done by rule, where food is plain and abundant and candy an unheard of treat, where there is military order about going to bed and getting up, and very little personal indulgence and petting, is a proof that health in the ordinary home could be much more certainly counted on were parents a little more judicious, and a little less disposed to humor every childish whim. Far be it from us to wish that our home life should be modelled after the life necessarily lived where children are brought up in masses, and yet most of us have something to learn as to the real well-being of our children at home.

To invite the teacher to the home as an honored guest and to show her every possible courteous attention, is another means of making her dear to the children. Few friends of the family so minister to its growth as does the little lady who trains its children.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—J. T. In traveling, one has to consult the convenience of his neighbors: to insist on raising a car window if some one behind you objects, is rather selfish, is it not?

—Archie. Practical jokes, hazing, and every other form of amusement that has for its root the discomforture and misery of its victims, are mean and unmanly.

—J. H. S. The children of brothers and sisters are first cousins. The next step in kinship is first cousin once removed. After that come second and third cousins, but I am not sufficiently versed in genealogy to help you much in this line.

—Priscilla. Personally, I would be very glad were it the fashion to wear neither hats nor bonnets in church. They interfere with the sight of the preacher, and sometimes disturb the devotions of the congregation; but your Aunt Patience knows perfectly well, that many readers do not agree with her about this. I do not advise you to remove your bonnet, if doing so will make you unpleasantly conspicuous.

LOST OPPORTUNITIES

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

*By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts**

THERE is a passage in Josephus which seems to furnish the historic basis of this parable. The cruel Herod, who slew the children of Bethlehem, who was only a subordinate king or viceroy under the Roman Emperor, had died, and his son Archelaus must go to Rome—a long voyage in those days—"to receive the kingdom" from Cæsar. Charles H. Spurgeon tells the story as follows: "While he was on the way his citizens, who hated him, sent an ambassage after him—so has the Revised Version correctly worded it; and this ambassage bore this message to Cæsar: 'We will not that this man reign over us.' The messengers represented to Cæsar that Archelaus was not fit to be king of the Jews. The people were

Weary of the Herods

and preferred anything to their cruel rule. They even asked that Judea might become a Roman province, and be joined to Syria, rather than they should remain under the hated yoke of the Idumean tyrants. It pleased Cæsar to divide the kingdom, and to put Archelaus on the throne as ethnarch, or a ruler with less power than a king. When he returned he took fierce revenge upon those who had opposed him, and rewarded his faithful adherents most liberally. This story of what had been done thirty years before would, no doubt, rise up in the recollection of the people when Jesus spoke, for Archelaus had built a palace for himself very near to Jericho, and it may be that under the walls of that palace the Saviour used the event as the basis of his parable. Without excusing Archelaus, or commending him in the least degree, the Saviour simply makes his going to Rome an illustration. The Saviour likens himself to a nobleman. He was here on earth a man among men, and truly a nobleman in the midst of his fellow-citizens. It was his to become king, king of all the earth; indeed, he is such by nature and by right; but he must first go, by death, resurrection, and ascension, away to the highest courts, and there, from the great

Lord of All

he must receive for himself a kingdom. It is written, 'Ask of me, and I will give thee the nations for thine inheritance,' and therefore Jesus must plead his claims before the King, and win his suit. The day is coming when he will return, clothed with glory and honor, to take unto himself his great power and reign; for he must reign till all enemies are put under his feet. When he comes his enemies will be destroyed, and his faithful servants will be abundantly rewarded."

Talents Defined: "A talent" in Bible times meant a great sum of money—about one thousand dollars. "Talent" now means something more precious and more abiding, namely, human capacity, natural and acquired, to do things by hand or head or heart; capacity to think, feel, speak, act. Opportunities, as well as capacities, should be counted in the total of our talents.

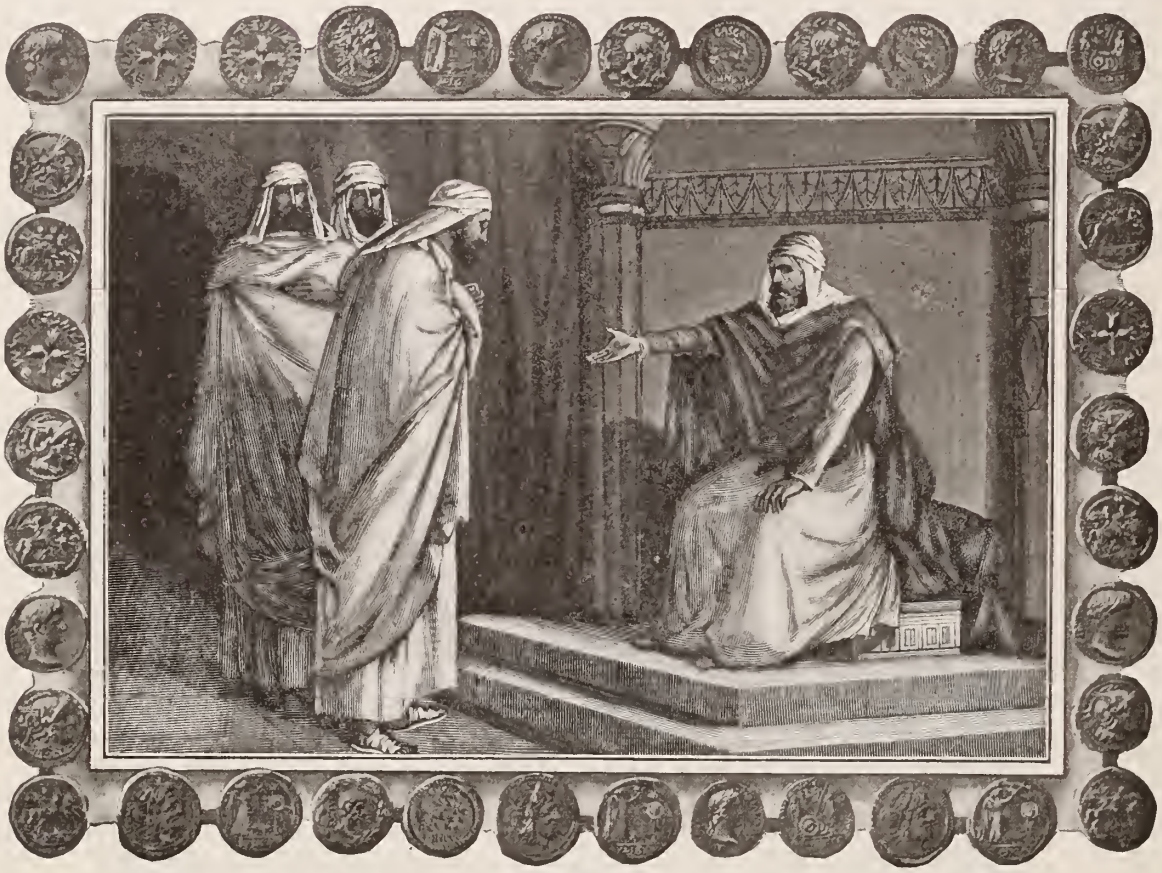
A Famous Englishman

A brave Englishman, handicapped with blindness, a one-talent man, instead of burying his one talent, living on charity, and murmuring against God because he had not been given the talent of vision like others, improved his one talent to such an extent that he became distinguished as a musician, a philanthropist and an astronomer, in spite of his blindness. His wife, hearing him spoken of in a social company as a "very clever [that is, a very capable] man," demurred, saying, "My husband is not more clever than other men, but this he has done: he has made the most of his capacities and opportunities." She had praised him more than they all. Neither God nor man can say anything better of any man than that he makes the best of his capacities and opportunities. That story is at once a definition of what talents are, and an example of what the one-talent men should do, in contrast to the neglect of opportunity by the one-talent man in the parable, and in real life also.

*International Sunday School Lesson for Oct. 21, 1906. The Parable of the Talents, Matt. 25: 14-30. Golden Text: "A faithful man shall abound with blessings," Prov. 28: 20.

It will interest men's classes to know the sums entrusted to those servants. Five talents was equivalent to $5,850; two, $2,340; one, $1,170. Double the first and second to show the increase in those cases. It was better than many a trustee does to day when the one-talent man gave back the full principal. He was honest at least, but is condemned because he did not use the talent he received and so increase it. God counts that a great sin.

"Feet wanted" was the sign that made people smile as they passed a shoe-shop window. Feet were wanted there for commercial reasons, but God, too, puts up the sign, "Feet wanted." Among the things the father provided for the returning prodigal, additional to the robe and the ring, were shoes for his feet. God wants the feet of returning prodigals, that they may be shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace, but he always wants feet to run his errands, to carry his glad tidings all round the world. And he wants hands and tongues and brains and hearts to help him and to help humanity. All our powers of body, mind and soul are talents to be used for God and man.



"After a Long Time the Lord of Those Servants Cometh and Reckoneth with Them"

Talents Increased. The man with five talents made it ten, and he with two increased to four, picture of the fact that we can greatly increase by our own diligent and wise efforts our talents and capacities of body, mind and soul. Our muscles are talents as well as our mental and spiritual powers, and we can serve God in the gymnasium and library as surely as in the prayer meeting. Like Jesus, we should "grow in wisdom and in stature and in favor with God and man." Instead of burying our talent in envious discontent, we should plant it and water it and cultivate it and make it grow, as the seed grows to flower and fruit.

The Fable of the King's Garden

This duty to improve our talent is beautifully illustrated by the parable of the king's garden. Entering his garden one morning he found nearly all the plants and trees murmuring enviously, each dissatisfied because it could not do what some other tree or plant could do. The vine, heavy with rich clusters, was not contented, because it could not stand alone like the pine. And the pine in its stately beauty, was murmuring because it could not bear fruit like the vine or pomegranate. And like complaints came to the king from many another envious plant and tree. But at last, in a corner of his garden, he came on a pansy, a heartsease, that turned up its cheery face to his without a sign of complaint. "How is it, heartsease," he said, "that you are so content amid the general gloom?" And heartsease answered: "O king, when you planted me I suppose you wanted a heartsease, and not a vine, and so I've determined to be just the best little heartsease that ever I can."

Here, again, is an illustration of the duty of growth, of making the most of ourselves, in a picture of what that envious, discontented one-talent man should have done. He should have determined to make the most of his one talent. It is a story of a singer with five talents who made it five talents more by devoting her power of song to doing good. She had sung only for ambition, because she hoped to win fame and wealth. But one Sunday she went to sing in a prison. Among the convicts was one with strangely sad and hungry eyes. "I sang to that one man," the singer said, "and as I sang a power that was never mine before was given me. The tears rained down the man's cheeks as he listened. Faces all about him began to soften under the influence of his emotion." It was a holy moment for the singer. Her song began a new life for that man, and from that time she sang not only with a new purpose but with a new power.

The Many One-talent People

If every one-talent man and woman would double it by using it to the utmost of God and man, the one-talent people could do more good than the two and five-talent people put together, for there are more one-talent people ten times over than all others. That is why Jesus directs the parable to the one-talent people, the "plain people," in whom Lincoln so much believed, who do occasionally wake up and do great things. Phillips Brooks said: "It seems very certain that the world is to grow better and richer in the future, not by the magnificent achievements of the highly gifted few, but by the patient faithfulness of the one-talented many." A little American boy being asked the catechism question, "Who made you?" promptly replied, "God made me so long [measuring a baby's length] and I growed the rest." God gives capacity, but we must develop character. God gives opportunity, but we must turn it into achievement. Dr. John Hall said to a young teacher, "We cannot all have gifts but we can all have graces." That is about the same as saying, We cannot all have genius, but we all have some talent and will have more and more if we use it. It has been said that "Genius is inspiration, but talent is perspiration."

Sin of Negligence

Talents Buried. We all have opportunities, but nothing in our lives is so common and so sad as lost opportunities. In this parable, and in all Christ's pictures of punishment, it is not some positive vice but the sin of not doing that is most condemned, the besetting sin of us all. The word opportunity means opposite the port. A moment the fog lifts, and the harbor's mouth is visible to the storm-tossed vessels; but there is hesitation, and the fog closes down again and the opportunity is gone. Safety gives way to shipwreck for lack of swift decision and prompt action.

An Opportunity Missed

We speak of our lost opportunities for getting rich, and for cultivating our minds, but what can be said of these in comparison with the opportunities we lose daily, for winning a soul to Christ? We have plenty of excuses for our failures, but what wil' we have to say when we stand at the judgment seat of Christ and see those whom we might have saved go away into the eternal night? Dr. John Balcom Shaw tells of his sad experience with "Old Harvey," his Adirondacks guide. He had not spoken the personal word to Harvey that was in his heart, but had compromised by getting a promise from the guide to hear him preach the following Sunday. But the morning after the promise had been made, he was told that the guide had been taken seriously sick. He went to see him, but was not admitted, because of the doctor's positive order that no one should see him but his nurse. The next day he died. "At the funeral," concluded Dr. Shaw, "when I fell in line with the country folk and walked around his casket, as I drew near I did not see the plate. I only saw instead an inscription, put there by divine hands, and it read: 'A lost opportunity.'"

Bishop Potter's Reminiscences

Continued from page 842

persons and things with which Mr. —— was conversant. After they passed on, the friend inquired, 'How on earth did you get that man's name?' And the bishop confessed that he had seen the initials in his hat when it was doffed. He knew pretty much everybody (who was known) in Kentucky; and not often did a general or a colonel escape him. But upon one occasion some one was telling of Gen. —— of Cynthiana. The bishop could not get the general located. At last he asked, 'Who is this Gen. ——?' The general was described in detail. 'But,' asked the bishop, 'what was he general of? I know that man, but I never heard of his being a general.' And the narrator confessed that he had at one time been general ticket agent of the —— R. R., a rather small railroad, by the way."

A Kentucky Bishop

"Bishop Dudley of Kentucky was on a hunting expedition near Louisville, and happened to fall in with a local sportsman, whose unconcealed admiration for the city man's marksmanship paved the way for further conversation.

"'What's your name?' the countryman finally inquired.

"'Dudley' was the reply.

"After some exchange of incident and experience, the bishop's interlocutor hazarded:

"'Say, Dudley, what business do you follow?'

"'I'm a preacher.'

"'Oh, get out! What are you giving me?'

"'But I am. I preach every Sunday.'

"'Where?'

"'In Louisville.'

"'Well, I never! I never would ha' thought it. You ain't stuck up a bit like most of the preachers down this way.'

"An invitation to hear this new-made acquaintance preach was accompanied by a scribbled card, and the next Lord's Day saw the rustic in his 'Sunday best' ushered into the bishop's own pew, where he listened intently to both service and sermon.

"He was manifestly amazed, afterward, to have the orator of the morning come down to greet him as cordially and familiarly as in the woods. He managed to stammer his thanks, and added:

"'I ain't much of a judge of this kind of thing, parson; but I riz with you, and sot with you, and saw the thing through the best I knew how. All the same, if my opinion is worth anything to you, the Lord meant you for a hunter.'"

An Unexpected Summons

"A venerable American bishop from one of our Western States is said to have visited England long before the days of Archbishop Benson, and to have been asked by the Archbishop of Canterbury, of that time, to be a guest at Lambeth Palace.

The bishop and his wife arrived late in the afternoon, just as the household was assembling in the drawing-room for 'afternoon tea.' In this they were bidden to join; and albeit rather discouraged by the scanty nature of the repast—for they had made a long day's journey and had had nothing since a very early breakfast—they ate as freely as they were permitted of everything in sight. Then the mistress of the house rose and, without further explanation, said, 'The servant will show you to your rooms.' The bishop and his wife were somewhat staggered, for in that Western home from which they came, tea or 'supper' was a much heartier and somewhat later meal; and, after it, people did not immediately retire; but the air of the hostess was somewhat mandatory, and they meekly followed the servant to their rooms. There they sat, in one of the windows looking out upon the somewhat dreary vision of smut and chimney pots which so widely saluted them, until at length the bishop, looking at his watch, said, 'Well, my dear, I am very tired, and I think I will go to bed.' Proceeding with some deliberation to do so, the Episcopal person had just comfortably tucked itself between the sheets, when there came a sharp rap at the door. 'Yes,' said the bishop, who was already dozing, 'what is it?' Answered the voice of the butler from without, 'It is half-past eight, my lord, and dinner will be on the table in five minutes!'"

HELPING THE BOER GIRLS

COUNTESS ASINELLI writes from Geneva, Switzerland, to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, as follows:

"As you have taken such a kindly interest in our Hobhouse undertaking among the young Boer girls, I herewith enclose some extracts from our dear friend's latest communication. The details she gives of our work on the lonely farms, and the glimpses of the Boer women's characters—so serene, quiet and hopeful—are charming, and it appears to me that we who have never gone through such hardships, ought to take a lesson from these simple, God-fearing people. They never complain, they always hope. This must be the secret of their great moral strength."

The extracts from Miss Hobhouse's letter are given below:

PHILIPPOLIS, Orange River Colony, S. A.

July has brought me again to Philippolis after a restful fortnight spent at President Steyn's farm *en route;* from there I came down to this dried up spot, the whole journey saddened by the parched and locust-swept country.

The work seems going on very briskly in the school; there are about twenty girls, and still new ones keep applying for admission. The great interest for me here lies outside the school, for there one begins to see the growth of home industries; the nursing and developing of this branch is due to Marion Rowntree's energy. A weekly duty of hers is to go to the neighboring village of Waterkloof to weigh and pay for yarn, and yesterday she and I walked there, found quite a collection of mothers, babies and yarn. I was very well satisfied with their work. We afterwards visited several cottages where spinning was going on, notably that of Mrs. Fourie, a very fine middle-aged woman of sterling character. She was spinning on one of the Swiss wheels, and in passing, I must remind you that the growth of this outside work is wholly due that gift from Switzerland. She and her husband were well off before the war, had flocks and herds, but now nothing at all, and so she was driven to make a few shillings where possible. She earns from ten to twelve shillings a week, and she begged me for another Swiss wheel to give to a girl near by, whom she was going to teach.

The Waterkloof people are very keen about dyeing, also, and have made many attempts with varying results, but the fact is the vegetable world is at a standstill; well known plants have disappeared, and the remainder have no sap or goodness left in them. The farmers have no money to employ men, even if it were possible to do much in the drought-stricken land. Before the war, the great supplies laid in during abundant seasons, enabled people to weather the drought cycles; but the war exterminated all supplies, and there has been no good season since.

Called Higher

Mrs. Ann, widow of Cyrus Boyd, died in New York City, September 17th, in her ninety-fifth year. "Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age."

Mrs. Maria S. Johns, of Granville, N. Y., was called from this life August 31, in her ninety-second year. An earnest Christian, a devoted mother, a sympathetic friend, she will live in the memory of all who knew her.

"Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep!
From which none ever wake to weep."

Died in West Dover, Vt., September 9, Mrs. Wm. H. Mann, aged sixty-seven years. Mrs. Mann was an old subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Mr. John M. Howerton departed this life in Holden, Mo., on July 12, aged seventy-four years, leaving a bereaved wife and six children. Mr. Howerton was a pioneer in Missouri, and was known in his community as a straightforward business man and a consistent church member. He belonged to the Cumberland Presbyterian Church and counted THE CHRISTIAN HERALD among his choicest blessings.

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Questions and Answers

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L. T., Pensacola, Fla. What place does our navy occupy as compared with other countries?

In the matter of tonnage, the United States occupies fourth place on the list, being more than a million and a quarter tons behind Great Britain, which stands first, while France and Germany hold, respectively, second and third places. But the United States is now building ships which, when completed, will give her third place.

Scott B., Iowa. Is there any account in the Bible of Moses having had more than one wife?

He married Zipporah, daughter of Jethro, chief of the Midianitish tribes (Exodus 2: 21, and 3: 1). Again, in Numbers 12: 1, we hear of an Ethiopian wife, but she was probably taken after Zipporah's death. Josephus mentions an Ethiopian princess as a wife of Moses, but he probably had reference to the Cushite wife. On the other hand, some excellent commentators have held that Zipporah herself was referred to in Numbers 12: 1, her country of Midian being close to Cush. This leaves ample room for doubt whether the great leader really had more than one wife—Zipporah.

M. E. H., Nashville, Tenn. Was stenography known to the ancients, or is it an outgrowth of the rush of modern business methods?

Shorthand was known to the ancient Greeks and Romans; they used a form of writing in which each word was represented by a special sign. Xenophon, in the fifth century, B.C., is believed to have used abbreviated writing in taking notes of the lectures of Socrates. The development of shorthand was due especially to Marcus Tullius Tiro, Cicero's secretary, and Manilius, a contemporary of Cicero. Horace (first century, B.C.), verifies the existence of stenography in verse:

In shorthand skilled, where little marks comprise
Whole words, a sentence in a single letter lies.

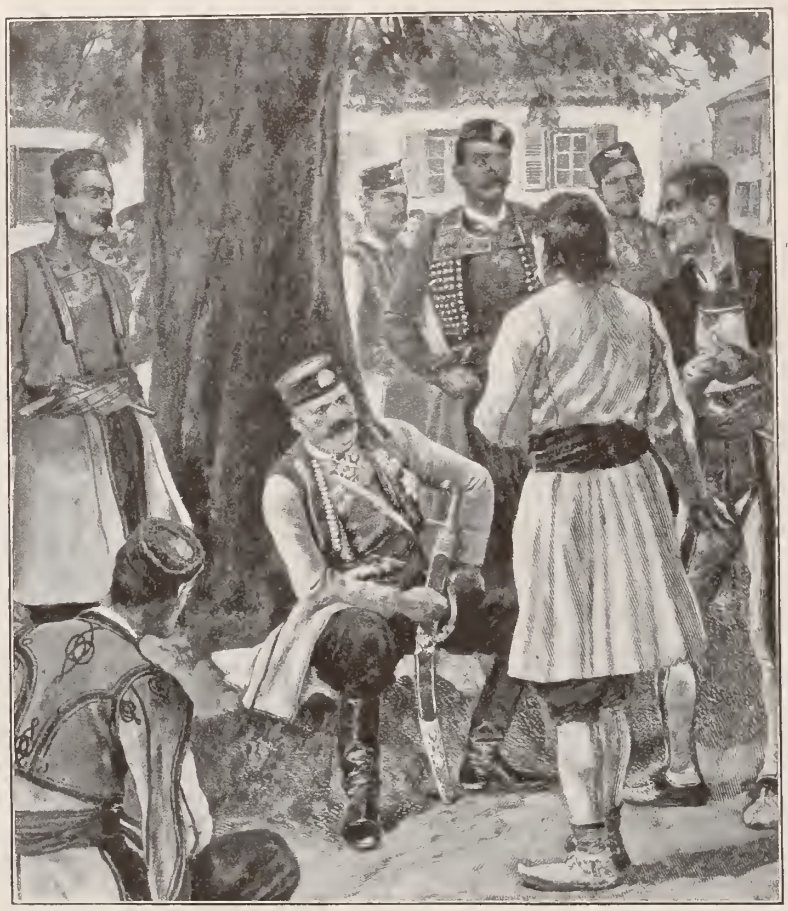
Subscriber, C. G., New York. At what period of Christ's life did he realize that he was to be the Saviour and Redeemer of the world?

It was probably a growing intuition, coming to culmination at his baptism. He must have seen where John the Baptist's weaknesses lay. No man can hope to reform the world who withdraws from it, as John did. No man can expect permanent results whose message goes no further than "Repent ye." Jesus must have been startled when John recognized his divine mission, and still more startled at the voice from heaven. In the wilderness, he fully realized who and what he was, and the doubts that would naturally arise, and the longing for their removal were probably those on which Satan laid his finger when he said, "If Thou be the Son of God," do this, do that. When Jesus came back from the wilderness he certainly knew what he was and what he was sent to do.

A. L. G., Ohio, sends this letter. The case he cites is a most exceptional one:

There is a young man in the penitentiary of Ohio, placed there for some crime committed as a gambler. He says he is there from the influence and effect on his character of church entertainments. He says that he was so lucky in all the grabbing and raffle performances of the church, that on entering life as a young man, he discovered a liking in him for things of that character, and it occurred to him that as he had been so fortunate in church raffles, he might be equally successful in cards, lotteries, etc. So he embarked on the life of a gambler, then came a crime, and then the penitentiary.

Continued on page 849



A Prince Holding Court Under the "Judgment Tree"

The Prince of Montenegro, on certain days (says a writer in the London *Illustrated News*), sits under the judgment-tree outside his palace at Cettinje, to hear complaints and try offenders. The parties conduct their own cases, and the Prince gives decisions in the combined character of sovereign and judge. Trivial disputes are settled by the local *Kneezes*, who generally act as peacemakers. The supreme court of Cettinje is called the *Veliki Sud*. It has jurisdiction, both appellate and concurrent, over the whole principality, and from its decision in civil matters there is no appeal. In criminal cases, however, the Prince may pardon or may mitigate sentences. Crime in general is rare in that country.

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On receipt of **10 cents** I will send to you, all charges prepaid, the latest and sweetest sounding Musical Novelty you ever heard and **guarantee** to refund your money if not pleased. Any child can play it. In addition to the above I will send absolutely **free,** my latest illustrated Catalogue, which tells you about all the *Newest and Best* Toys, Games, and Musical Novelties out this season.

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OUR MAIL-BAG

Continued from page 848

A. P. C., Durham, N. Y. Can any one tell how the quassia cup was used, many years ago, and what was the benefit?

Fresh water was poured into it and allowed to stand for several hours before drinking. It was regarded as a tonic.

H. C. H. S., New York City. What was the origin of the Young Men's Christian Association?

There were associations of young men for religious improvement in Great Britain at an early period; the meetings of college students, largely controlled by John and Charles Wesley were of this character. In 1710, there were similar societies in New England, which Cotton Mather called "Young Men Associated." The German Association of the present time had its birth in a movement which occurred in 1849. The Y. M. C. A. of England and America originated in a meeting of a dozen clerks in the upper story of a London commercial house, in 1844. It was organized by George Williams, one of the clerks, and its scope and plans were soon enlarged to meet the needs of the young men of the vicinity. The plan was imitated in other British cities, and in 1851 found its way across the Atlantic.

S. M. H., New York City. I often see sailors from the United States Navy on our streets and cars. Will you please explain why their trousers are so much wider at the bottom than other people's?

When a sailor is on small boat duty, he generally goes barefoot, and in making a beach landing, he grasps his trousers and pulls them up to the knee, thus wading through the surf with dry clothing. Landsmen would have to stop to roll theirs, causing too much delay.

B. R. E., Huntington, Ia. 1. Do the women of Bavaria do men's work? 2. Is not Bavaria a civilized European country?

1. The lower classes certainly do outdoor work. In all Bavarian cities wood sawing is a customary employment for women, who are also frequently engaged in house-building operations, carrying mortar, bricks and the like. Munich encourages female employment by allowing the tramway company to use women for cleaning out the tram rails. 2. Yes, Bavaria is in civilized Europe. Are the healthy, outdoor employments she fosters, worse than the arduous and often degrading conditions of factory life as presented in many of our own great cities?

I. G. W., Covington, Ky. 1. There are two familiar phrases, the origin of which I do not know: "Trust in God and keep your powder dry," and 2. "Don't give up the ship." Will OUR MAIL-BAG kindly place them for my information?

1. The first was used by Oliver Cromwell to his troops. 2. They were the dying words of Capt. Lawrence, on the *Chesapeake*, and the order was floated at the masthead of Commodore Perry's flagship during the Battle of Lake Erie. The order became a proverb.

A. E. R., Charleston, N. H. 1. When was the first railroad across our continent built? 2. Do you know how much it costs our government to pay its official salaries?

1. The first was the Union Pacific, completed in 1869. 2. The Civil Service total is about $174,000,000. If to that sum is added the pay of the army and navy, the salaries of officers in our military and naval equipment, and salaries of all civic officials, high and low, the grand total payroll amounts to something between two hundred million and a quarter of a billion of dollars.

Mrs. H. M. H., Stonybrook, Mass. 1. Aside from the earth's revolutions upon its axis, around the sun and around its celestial pole (as explained in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of Aug. 8), how many other motions has it? 2. What are they?

Besides the motions of the earth (as given in the quoted article), it has legions of others, but too infinitesimal to be considered here. One, however, deserves to be carefully considered. Our sun, with its eight planets, nearly six hundred asteroids, twenty-five moons, and several periodic comets, are moving at the rate of nearly twelve miles a second toward Alpha Lyra (Vega), that bright star, now nearly in our zenith at midnight, going, we know not where—nowhere, if in a straight line, but somewhere if it is curved, indicating that we are revolving around some mighty centre, which doubtless will take ages to complete. When it is completed, as a distinguished writer said, "the great bell of the universe will strike one." Aside from the above, the earth has another motion, almost infinitely small. It rocks up and down as if in a rocking chair, caused by the apparent motions of the sun and moon, north and south, lifting first one pole and then the other, so that the circles described by the wire through the apple (see previous article), is a wavy one, unlike one described by a pair of compasses. Another strange motion it has, too. The earth revolves round the sun in an orbit once a year, but the orbit also revolves once in 109,800 years. Who will be here to tread in our footsteps when that mighty cycle shall end? LEWIS SWIFT.

Marathon, N. Y.

J. T. W., Wheeling, W. Va. Is the phrase, "A modern Utopia," derived from some land of ancient times?

Utopia is the imaginary land described by Sir Thomas More, where everything is just as it should be, and no one does anything he ought not. It is visionary, of course, and yet there are places where conditions approaching this perfection certainly do prevail. On the island of Kutaba, New Guinea, are thirteen native villages, in which, it is said, war, crime and poverty have been unknown.

H. D. L., Grand Rapids, Mich. Is it in accordance with the Bible to take wild animals out of their natural surroundings and place them in Zoological Gardens? I have always been taught that it was wrong to attend the circus. It seems to me that at the Zoo the wild animals are not in their proper sphere.

There is nothing concerning the subject in the Bible. The keeping of wild animals in captivity is a very ancient custom. It is unnatural; but if they are treated kindly and used only as subjects of illustration and education, they probably experience very little, if any hardship. "Zoos" are educational and should not be confounded with circuses.

R. S. Cohoes, N. Y. When was the first Life Saving Corps established in the United States?

The first organized effort to establish a permanent corps, was made by the Massachusetts Humane Society, in 1789. Nothing was done by the National Government, however, until 1846-7, when a series of disasters on the coast of New Jersey forced it to take some steps toward establishing stations. In 1849, eight stations were equipped between Montauk Point and Coney Island. The present system was started in 1871.

A. W., Saratoga. What were the "letters of a Pennsylvania Farmer," referred to in newspapers of a century ago?

They were a series of letters written by John Dickinson, of Philadelphia, and first printed in the year 1767. They did much to strengthen the opposition to the measures of the English Parliament, in the years just preceding the outbreak of the Revolution. They have been reprinted in England and in France.

IMPORTANT

Will all of our friends who contemplate sending us lists of 25 Adult Protestant Church Attendants or Christian Workers (no two living in the same house), as per our request of last week, please take notice that the time for sending in these names expires with the date of this paper. To-day is the last day on which you will have an opportunity to make up your list of selected names and send it to us. Lists mailed to-day will still be in time to be serviceable, and to secure for every sender the two beautiful Companion Pictures, "Good Night" and "Good Morning," described in our issue of September 26. Enclose your list in an envelope (with a dime for packing and postage of the Companion Pictures). Address it: "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD," List Department, Bible House, New York. Affix stamp and mail immediately.

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There's a great deal of difference between *getting some of the dirt* off and *getting all of the dirt* out. Washing will take off surface dirt. Only massage with

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will take out the dirt that is in the pores—below the surface. It's this pore-dirt that it is most necessary to remove, because that is the cause of blackheads, bad complexions and unhealthy skins.

To prove how washing leaves the pore-dirt in, and just how Pompeian Massage Cream gets it out, wash your hands as thoroughly as you can with soap and water, then rub a little of the cream on the back of your hand. Rub it in well, then keep on rubbing till it comes out—that tells the story better than words. We will send any man or woman a liberal sample of Pompeian Massage Cream, free, to make this test—or men can try it at their barber's.

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This is the jar the druggist sells for home use.

We prefer you to buy of your dealer whenever possible. Do not accept a substitute for Pompeian under any circumstances. If your dealer does not keep it, send us his name, and we will send a 50-cent or $1.00 jar of the Cream, postpaid on receipt of price.

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No Man can do his best—reach the goal of his ambitions and influence the respect and loyalty of other people—unless he is well, strong and has the carriage and repose that belong to perfect bodily health—a physical organization in perfect harmony.

No Woman can carry herself with perfect poise and grace unless she be well, strong, and of full vitality. The well woman is marked by the springy step, the bright eye, the clear color of youthful vigor.

Good health is the foundation upon which mental development, physical perfection, beauty of form, ease of manner, personal magnetism, attractiveness and control of men—all are builded.

Any Man in possession of the clear eye, the ruddy cheek, the springy step and firm tread of abounding health and full understanding of life, has multiplied chances of success and achievement—is admired and envied of all mankind.

Any Woman with the fair skin, sparkling eye, the graceful carriage and perfect poise which mark one whose nerves and body are in harmony, delights all who meet her and becomes the object of every friend's affection.

And I can show you how to gain this foundation of all good things in life—this abiding health—this realization of existence which Nature intends you to enjoy. But not by upsetting your plans or changing your style of living, or, in fact, asking you to do anything that will be hard or inconvenient. I simply tell you how to do the very things you now do—eat the foods you like best—and go about your daily life as before, only doing these things so they will not harm but benefit you.

If you are too thin, I can show you how to put on good firm flesh. If you are too stout, I can show you how to reduce your weight. If you are not fully developed, I can show you how to build any part to normal condition. If you are weak or nervous, I can show you how to gain strength which will give you poise and self control. If you are ill, I will show you how to help Nature reassert herself and throw off disease. If you are well, I can show you how to safeguard yourself against all sickness.

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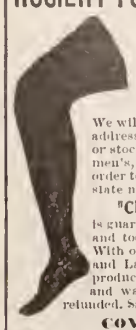

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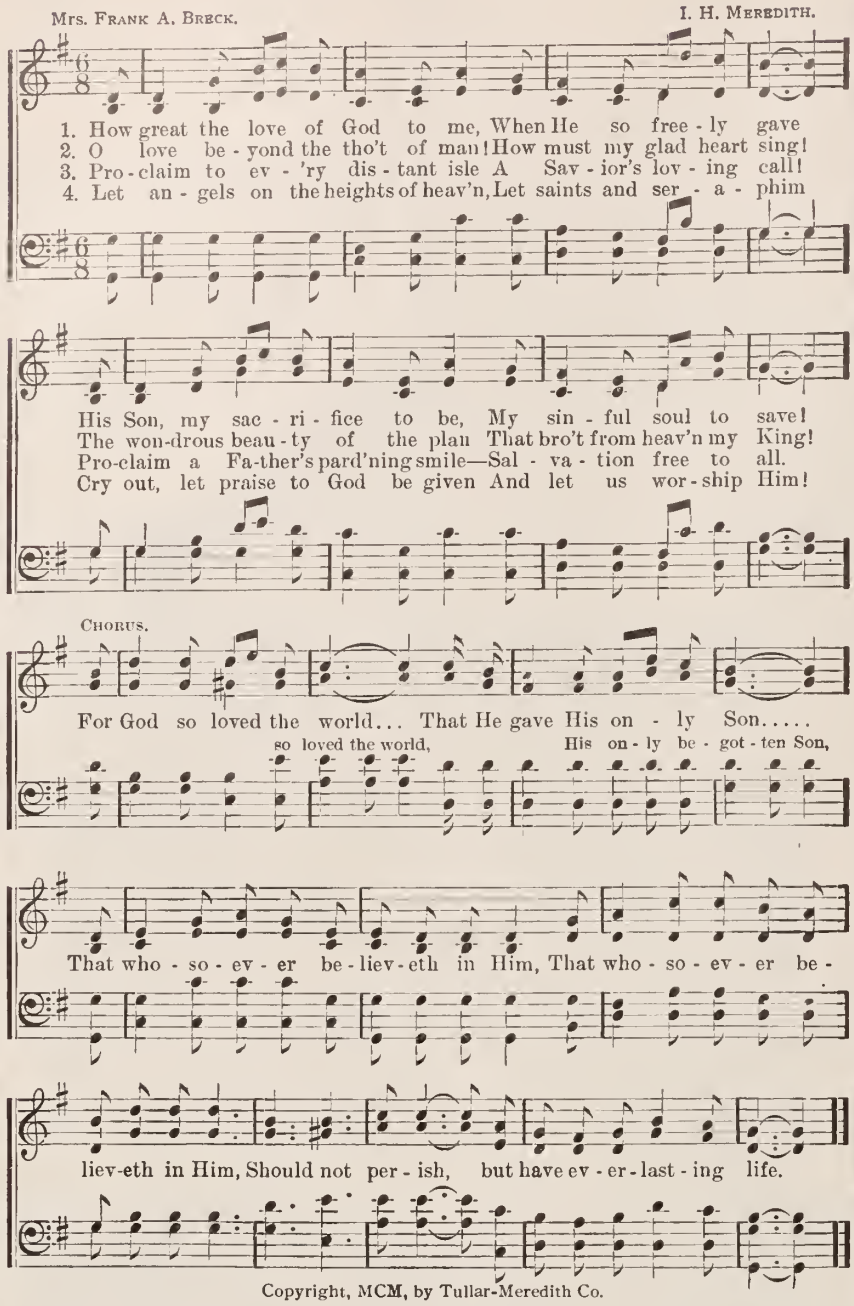

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In our issue of August 29, we published Scripture verses set to music, as used at our Children's Home, not knowing that these were fragments of songs written by I. H. Meredith, and copyrighted and published by the Tullar-Meredith Co., New York and Chicago. It is due to the author and publishers that we should acknowledge the rightful ownership of these beautiful songs which, through a misapprehension as to their source, appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD without the proper credit for authorship and ownership. We now take pleasure in according due credit to the source of these uplifting spiritual songs, and in announcing that the Tullar-Meredith Co. has granted consent to the publication in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of the complete songs, which have thus far appeared only in fragmentary form in these pages. We believe their publication will give pleasure to many of our readers and be a means of spiritual blessing. All of these songs are taken from a choice collection of Gospel hymns, entitled, "Sermons in Song, No. 3," price, 35 cents per single copy, postpaid, and published by Tullar-Meredith Co., 150 Fifth Avenue, New York, and 57 Washington Street, Chicago.

FAITHFULNESS*

TIMELY to an unhappy degree is the topic of the week. Men of eminence, great reputation and church connection, prove to have been embezzlers and unfaithful custodians of other people's money. It is a shock to the confidence of the public, and men are asking, "Whom can we trust?" We would not be severe on the culprits; they are men with human faults, and the misery they endure must be very bitter. It is the tendency, the seed from which their unfaithfulness springs, that we should condemn. Men who set out with the passionate desire to make a large fortune soon get the avarice that dominates them. They speculate in the hope of amassing a large sum, and when their speculation goes awry the temptation to use the money belonging to other people, if they have it in their control, is very strong. Few, if any, men at the beginning of their career intend to be dishonest; it is only when the strain comes, when a few thousands may be borrowed—they usually consider it borrowing—to retrieve their losses, that they use the money intrusted to them. There is often a protest of the conscience before this is done.

The habit of faithfulness, of doing strict duty, of fulfilling to the utmost the trust reposed in one, should be inculcated at the very outset of life. It is in childhood and youth, that habits are formed, and once formed not easily given up. A father can do no better service to his son than by training him to a strict performance of his pledges. The loose principles, the doubtful honesty which some boys have when they begin life, are direct incentives to wrongdoing. They ought to be taught that the exact fulfilment of a trust is a duty that cannot be evaded except at the cost of character. They ought to be sure that any departure from the straight course, even though detection may never come, is a loss of self-respect, a flaw in the character that is never repaired. The man who does wrong is never the same man afterwards, and years of honest life can never restore the peace of conscience that is given up.

Another and important view of fidelity is that of the obligation to God for the talents intrusted to man. Every man has some talent, for which he must give account. They are given him for a definite purpose, and if he prostitutes them or neglects their use, he will be held to strict account for them.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for October 21. Luke 16: 10; 1. Cor. 4: 1-5; Rev. 2: 10.

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Five Generations in One Home

"FIRST the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear," is Holy Scripture, which may well be applied to Mr. William Andrews, and Sarah, his wife, of Windham, Pa. For seventy years of sunshine and shade, "the heart of her husband hath safely trusted in her," and Mr. Andrews yet rejoices in the best of all wedding gifts which came to him on July 31, 1836, when the nineteen-year-old maiden, Sarah Turrall, gave her life into the keeping of the stalwart youth of twenty years.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrews and their Descendants

They are of English birth, and not until 1851 did their oldest son, a lad of fourteen, come to the new world to seek his fortune. For seven years he worked, early and late, and then his reward came. He had earned enough money to send for his parents and eight brothers and sisters, who joined him in time to celebrate his twenty-first birthday. As the years passed, the English wife became the mother of fourteen children, seven of whom are living. They, with grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and one great-great-grandchild, united with neighbors and friends in making a joyous festival of the seventieth anniversary of the aged couple. In the photograph are shown Mr. and Mrs. Andrews, Mrs. Kattell, Mrs. Sullivan, Mrs. Saddlemyre and baby George Saddlemyre.

ANSWERED PRAYERS

A Mother, Iowa. "A long-delayed answer has come, and my heart is full of gratitude."

E. R., California. "I want to say that God answers prayers. If not in the way we expect, it is just as good his way."

W. H., New York. "Surely we have a God who hears and answers prayer. Glory be forever to his good and holy name."

M. E. H., Pennsylvania. "I have been burdened with a great sorrow for months. The dear Father has answered my prayer."

Mrs. L. W. G., North Carolina. "Because he hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call upon Him as long as I live."

A. A., New York. "This verse appeals to me: 'Delight thyself also in the Lord, and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart.'"

A. J. G., Ohio. "I wish to acknowledge God's goodness to me and give grateful thanks to him for many answered prayers."

One Who is Trying. "I wish to acknowledge God's goodness to me in answering a special prayer. He always answers if only we will trust him."

C. D. S., New York. "Some time ago I was in trouble and prayed for help; the Lord heard me. I believe he hears all those who call upon him in faith."

A Believer, New Jersey. "I sought the Lord and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears. Very recently the dear Lord has delivered me from deep sorrow."

A Baptist, Iowa. "I know the Lord does hear and answer prayers. He has answered mine many times. What a privilege it is to carry everything to God in prayer."

L. A. B., New Jersey. "I wish to acknowledge God's loving kindness to me, in answering prayers. 'Cast thy burden on the Lord and he shall sustain thee.' His will be done."

Grateful Mother, Ontario. "I want to acknowledge God's goodness to me in the conversion of my son. The Prayer Column has been a great comfort and help to my daughter and myself."

A Mother, Illinois. "I wish to add my testimony to your prayer column, by acknowledging the goodness of God in answering my earnest prayer. He spared the life of a very dear son."

A Believer, California. "I want to testify in 'Answered Prayers' column, to God's mereiful kindness, in so many times directly answering my petitions. I do praise his holy name."

Mrs. N. M., Illinois. "O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together. God has wonderfully heard and answered my prayer. We thank him forever and ever."

Subscriber, North Carolina. "I wish to add my testimony to the prayer column. God has recently answered my prayers in a great calamity, and delivered me, for which I praise his holy name."

S. G., Michigan. "A dear friend who is a professing Christian, is daily breaking God's laws. I can only pray, and I want to ask those dear ones who are getting such answers, to pray for me that I may not get discouraged."

G. K., Wisconsin. "I was greatly worried and I took it to God in prayer. I always feel as though I could take all my troubles to Jesus, and if we ask in faith, he will give us all things that are for our good."

R. A. E., Pennsylvania. "At the age of seventy-three, I am glad to add my testimony to 'Answered Prayers.' In many wonderful ways God has answered mine; not always as I asked him, but in his own good way, which was far better."

Mrs. M. C. C., Pennsylvania. "God has repeatedly answered my prayers in time of trouble and sickness. I pray that all readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD may learn to go to him and find help for every need. I cannot keep from adding my testimony to the 'Answered Prayer' column. It is so helpful to me, I turn to it first. May God bless every reader."

H. T. C., New York. "I wish to acknowledge two direct answers to prayer. I wish that all Christians could read the book—*With Christ in the School of Prayer*, by Andrew Murray. It helps to a clear understanding of our Lord's teaching on prayer."

D. C. P., Colorado. "I was in great distress and anxiety where no human help was possible, but I took my trouble to my heavenly Father and left it with him. He not only took away all my fears but also removed the cause of my anxiety. I am glad to tell of God's goodness to me. It has given me greater faith in him and filled my soul with hope for advancement in the Christian life."

Answers to prayer are also acknowledged from E. G. G.; Mrs. W. A. W., Oregon; M. E. L., Washington, D. C.; G. E. F., North Dakota; A. J., Illinois; A Reader, Tennessee; C. M. D., New York; Mrs. L. E., New York; W. C. M., Wisconsin; Mrs. M. E. and A. M. K., Pennsylvania; Mrs. F. N. C., Bear River; "Nittany Valley," Pennsylvania; E. T., Georgia; Mrs. D. D. L., Vermont; H. J. M., Dakota; M. W., Nebraska; Reader, Virginia; Mrs. E. C. B., Washington; M. R., New York.

When You Look in Your Mirror Are You Satisfied?

Any Woman Can Have Good Health, a Refined Face and Good Figure

SUSANNA COCROFT

GIVE me 15 minutes of your time each day, in your own home, and I will help you to overcome the fault—of face or figure—which your mirror shows you; will enable you to secure good health without drugs.

I have helped over 19,000 women to attain their ideals for themselves—I can help you.

Some of the difficulties I correct are listed on the attached coupon. If you will fill out and send it to me, I will send you my book, showing you how to stand and walk correctly, free.

MISS COCROFT AT HER DESK

I give personal attention to each case. I will hold your letter in strict confidence and will frankly tell you what I can do for you.

SUSANNA COCROFT
Dept. 18 57 Washington St., Chicago
Author of "Growth in Silence," "Character as Expressed in the Body," Etc.

For details about MY PERSONAL INSTRUCTION

Write me which of the following ailments apply to your case. ON YOUR LIST mark with (XX) opposite the points MOST IMPORTANT in your case and mark (X) opposite those which also interest you. If you are suffering from any other ailment or if there are any particulars in regard to your case which I should know, write about them fully and I will frankly tell you, without charge, what I can do for you.

Dept. 18

Thin bust
Thin chest
Thin arms
Thin neck
Round shouldered
Superfluous flesh
Prominent hips
Protruding abdomen
Height
Weight
Do you stand correctly
Complexion
Do you walk gracefully
Weakness
Lame back
Dullness
Irritable
Nerves
Headaches
Catarrh
Dizziness
Indigestion
Constipation
Liver
Kidneys
Lungs
Heart
Throat
Colds
Rheumatism
Circulation
Blood
Is your health or figure imperfect in any way not mentioned here?
Occupation?
What is your age?
Married or Single?

Give me your full name and address, writing very clearly, please.

Write me TODAY!

NOTE: *Miss Cocroft, as President of Physical Culture Extension Work in America, needs no further introduction*

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and-woven by Indians in Mexico from strong palm fibre. Uniquely colored, durable, useful, ornamental. 8 in. high; fine for den sewing room, etc. Warranted genuine. Retails for $1.00, but we will send prepaid for 25c. (2 for 44c., different designs, to introduce our new 80-page Art Catalogue of Mexican Drawnwork, Indian Rugs, etc., sent FREE with orders. Catalogue alone for 4 cents.

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The Press Co., Meriden, Conn

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THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,
H—33 Vesey Street. - - - New York, N. Y.

Wash-Day Troubles Ended by a "Self-Working" Washer

Anything familiar about this picture?
Pleasant sight—isn't it?
Cook going on "short notice"—housemaid refusing to stay "another minute," or, perhaps it's "the wash-lady," getting out in a hurry and leaving part of the clothes in the tub and the rest on the floor.
Do you find it hard to keep good servants because of the troubles of wash-day?
Do you have to put your washing out, or have a washwoman in, because your girl will not do such work?
Do you have to keep a girl for no other reason than that you are not strong enough to do your own washings?
Do you depend on laundries?
If so, glance at the picture on the right, where the turning of a water faucet is the hardest work connected with the week's washing.
The "1900 Self-Working Washer" does all the drudgery.
50 lbs. water pressure, or an ordinary electric light current (alternating or direct), will work this washer and do a big week's washing at a cost of 2 to 4 cents for the work.
All that is necessary to start the work is to turn a water faucet or an electric light key. Then you do nothing more.

Send no Money. Use It a Month FREE We Pay the Freight

And, as soon as a tubful of clothes is washed, a twist of your fingers switches power to the wringer to wring the clothes out.
You don't have to tend this washer.
It doesn't need anything but mere watching.
It works itself.
No rubbing—no drudgery—no work for you.
Only a twist of your fingers to start or stop the washer, or switch the power to the wringer.
All the rest is done by the water, or the electricity and the "Self-Working Washer."
And the "Self-Working Washer" saves its cost over, and over, and over again in washwomen's wages, lowered laundry bills and lessened wear and tear on all your washables.
The "Self-Working Washer" is as great an innovation to washing as automobiles are to locomotion—making mechanical power do the work human or anima force had to do before.
For the "1900 Self-Working Washer" will wash the finest linens, lawns and laces and get them spotlessly clean, without breaking a thread.
There is nothing about this washer that can wear out your clothes, nor tear them; rip seams nor fray edges; pull off buttons nor break them
And the "1900 Self-Working Washer" will wash bed blankets, comfortables, carpets, rugs and get them as clean as clean can be.
To prove this, use a "1900 Self-Working Washer" **one full month FREE.**
We will send one to any responsible party and prepay all freight. Send us no money.
You can use it for four weeks' washings, and then, if you don't find it all we claim—if you don't see how it will save its own cost—save wear and tear on all your house linen and washable clothes—save time and trouble and servant worries—just return the washer at my expense and the matter will be closed.
The trial costs you not a penny.
We make this offer because we know the "1900 Self-Working Washer" will do all we say—and save all we say.
And, if you keep the washer, you can, if you wish, pay for it out of what it saves for you. Pay us by the week or by the month (suit yourself) until the washer is paid for.
Write for our catalog today.
Your request will bring you our illustrated washer book by return mail.
Let a "1900 Self-Working Washer" solve your Wash-Day Troubles—keep your servants contented—save your laundry bills—and save your clothes. Address, 1900 Washer Company, 3010 Henry St., Binghamton, N. Y.

Any lamp—no matter how good—is handicapped if it hasn't the proper chimney.

My business is manufacturing lamp-chimneys that fit perfectly—of clean, clear glass that won't break from heat.

My name—MACBETH—goes on every one.

My Index tells of lamps and their chimneys, fully and interestingly. Let me send it to you—it's free.

Address, MACBETH, Pittsburgh.

5%

The trouble with most banking organizations is that they want to tie your money up so you can't get it when you want it.

And then only pay you 3 or 4 per cent. for the use of it.

This Company pays **5 per cent.** annual interest for every day your money is on deposit, and allows you to withdraw at any time without notice.

If you **want** to leave your money on deposit for two years or more, we will pay

6% *And back of it all absolute security is guaranteed.*

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One of your White Bronze Monuments has stood in our city cemetery for 25 years. It has never changed in appearance. LENHART-MURPHY CO. *Peru, Ind.*

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WHITE BRONZE

will withstand the attacks of time and tempest. It is the only material that guarantees an **imperishable memorial.**

White Bronze is beautiful in appearance and never fails to give perfect satisfaction.

Send for our catalog containing illustrations and testimonials. State about how much you wish to pay for a monument.

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The most ecoaomical, safest aod cheapest Vapor Light is the "CLEVELAND." Costs 1 cent an evening—smokeless and odorless. Buy a "CLEVELAND" aod your friends will do the same—you get such a liberal discount that you'll make a *snug* profit in selling. If oot what you expect return at our expense—we'll do the same with your money. Get a catalog, theo a lamp, and you'll waot to be our Agent as there's a profit worth having. *All Styles.*

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STARK TREES ARE FAMOUS wherever planted; are planted everywhere trees are grown. Free Catalog of superb fruits—Black Ben, King David, Delicious, etc.—Stark Bro's, Louisiana, Mo.

REDUCED RATES on Household goods to or from Colorado, California, Washington and Oregon. Write Bekins Household Shipping Co., 95-D Washington St. Chicago

Slaying the Dragons of Vice

Continued from page 844

where the facts were laid before them. And from that meeting William E. Dodge, Samuel Colgate, General Slocum and others, came forward and gave their support and sympathy. Mr. Jesup still gives his active support, and that of the others never relaxed while they lived.

It was these men who, in company with Anthony Comstock, founded the Society for the Suppression of Vice, of which Samuel Colgate remained the president for twenty-one years. And it is a noteworthy fact that all the distinguished men and women who stood by Comstock at his humble start in this cause—and all the notable men and women who have joined since in aiding his efforts, came forward voluntarily to take the stand they have maintained through all the years of fierce opposition and assaults upon the Secretary of the Society. To-day the Society has a permanent fund of $65,400 invested on bond and mortgage. The total running expenses last year were less than $10,000, of which the largest items were $7,000 for salaries, and $1,250 for rent. Mr. Comstock's office is administered with every possible economy. As to opposition, the majority of the people made the laws, and in enforcing them, therefore, Mr. Comstock argues that he is carrying out the wishes of the majority of his fellow Americans. The minority may oppose, but he, Comstock, must nevertheless see that whoso transgresses the law is brought to justice.

"Is there any cause dearer to the hearts of every decent man or woman?" said Mr. Comstock, "than the integrity of the youth of the nation? When the public learns, if ever it will, that that is my mission—the integrity of our youth—then I know that my friends and sympathisers and supporters will be in number as the leaves of the trees."

There were none before Comstock. Will any come after Comstock in the thankless task? If he should be killed or totally disabled in action, as it were, who will seize the shield of "Comstockery," and with it guard the youth of the country from traps set by the pennyseeking vicious? Is "Comstockery" worth perpetuating? Every parent, every teacher, every public man, every American who loves the pure in body and heart and mind, may answer, each for himself.

GILSON WILLETS.

Notes from Jerusalem

From a Y. M. C. A. Correspondent

IN connection with the Lenten celebration of Christ's Church, it is customary to hold an open-air meeting on the slope of the Mount of Olives after the celebration of the Lord's Supper. A large number of residents and visitors were present this year. At the last confirmation service of St. George's Collegiate Church, Jerusalem, there were presented eight candidates from Christ's Church.

A small passenger steamboat is now launched in Lake Galilee, connected with the railway. Passengers will be able to go from Semakh (the railway station on the lake) to Tiberias in the railway company's steamer.

The annual meeting of the Jerusalem Y. M. C. A. showed an increase of membership of about twenty-five per cent. Thirty-five meetings had been held, among others nine Bible readings, eight lectures (three illustrated by lantern), six entertainments, two addresses by visitors and one social.

Recently a party of eight German residents of Jerusalem, accompanied by two boatmen, made a most successful boat expedition on the Dead Sea. They found abundant evidence of the rise of the level of the water at a recent period, a change which is witnessed at the northern end by the gradual submergence, and now complete disappearance of the peninsula of Rejum el Bahr, as well as other changes.

The Jericho road is being improved near Jericho to avoid the dangerous descent before the plain is reached, immediately above the Wady Kelt. The road is diverted about a mile beyond the good Samaritan's Inn, and passes southwards, following for a time an old path towards Nebi Musa. Near the neighborhood of that shrine, to which a branch of the road is continued, the carriage road follows the road from Nebi Musa to Jericho. It enters the plain below, three or four miles south of the old road and then runs perfectly straight over the plain to Jericho.

Clothing for the Children

The following persons have contributed gifts of clothing to our Mont-Lawn little guests during the present season:

Mrs. F. S. Johnson, Miss Verda Gillogly, Mrs. M. L. Rising, Miss C. G. McFarlan, Mrs. F. J. Brownell, Mrs. M. Logan, Mrs. E. L. Palmer, C. A. Gardanier, Mrs. U. A. Copeland, Mrs. W. Lowe, Mrs. Sylvia Beach, Mrs. C. F. Sobberg, From Friends, Clyde, N. Y.; Mrs. Jordan, Mrs. Sarah Brennaman, Mrs. E. P. Wiard, Mrs. Lucina Arnold, Mrs. J. S. Jessup, Mrs. Rhoda E. Barnes, Grinnell Doreas Circle, Grinnell, Iowa; Mrs. Maria Hill, Miss Anna Briggs, Mrs. Laura Case, Mrs. H. W. Clink, Baldwin Coolidge, Mrs. M. B. Hunt, Mrs. W. J. Peck, Mrs. W. S. Byers, L. P. Peterson, Mrs. W. P. Ostrander, M. Pardell, Mrs. A. C. Crane, Mrs. J. S. Clark, Mrs. E. A. Barron, Mrs. R. E. Bisgantz, Judith Hansbrough Howard, Mrs. Irving H. Merrihew, Immanuel Baptist Church, Jersey City, N. J.; Mrs. Agnes Firth, Mrs. F. A. Kincaid, Misses D. F. and M. N. Moore, Irene Falkner, Miss A. W. Van Houten, Cora Marie Boulton, Mrs. W. C. Tilden, Nellie A. Orcutt, Mrs. Ellen Foxall, Mrs. F. C. Jackson, Mrs. M. L. Carman, Mrs. E. Van Ben Schoten, Mrs. F. L. Johnson, Mrs. M. J. Agnew, E. M. G., Ocean City, N. J.; Mrs. J. C. McNitt, Mrs. A. R. Banning, Mrs. H. M. Wells, Cora F. Day, Mrs. H. T. Moulton, Mrs. J. L. Pease, Edith L. Dickinson, Mrs. F. P. Mills, Mrs. A. K. Kochenour, Florence Jackson, Miss Carrie B. Parks, Mrs. B. Stevenson, Mrs. Dr. Tuttle, A. Plewe, Mrs. E. V. Bayless, Mrs. Jas. B. Brudick, Mrs. T. P. Brokaw, Mrs. M. H. Haley, Miss Elizabeth Aldrich, Mrs. F. P. Mills, Rev. Charles L. Stuart, Mrs. F. H. Conant, The Ladies' Mission Circle, Sidney, Me.; Mrs. Frances M. Munsey, Miss Sarah Forbes, Miss Louise Rhinehart, Mrs. C. A. Adams, Mrs. M. L. Weiser, Mrs. David Forster, C. M. Post, E. Bledsoe, Mrs. Montague Lee, Mrs. and Miss Blair, Reader, Mercer Co., Ill.; Miss A. E. Rich, Mrs. C. D. Rose, Mrs. C. Lewis, Mrs. H. F. Duhard, Miss A. Williams, Miss A. Hershey, Mrs. S., Miss O. M. Palmer, Mrs. P. S. Felter, Mrs. G. H. Winter, L. W. Felter, Mary A. Brainard.

IMPORTANT!

Will all of our friends who contemplate sending in lists of 25 Adult Protestant Church Attendants or Christian Workers—no two living in the same house—as per our request of last week, please take notice that the time for sending in these names expires with the date of this paper. To-day is the last day on which you will have an opportunity to make up your list of selected names and send it to us. Lists mailed to-day will still be in time to be serviceable, and to secure for every sender the two beautiful companion pictures, "Good Night," and "Good Morning," described in our issue of September 26. Enclose your list in an envelope (with a dime for packing and postage of the Companion Pictures.) Address it: "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, List Dept., Bible House, New York." Affix stamp and mail immediately.

LOOSE TEETH

Made Sound by Eating Grape-Nuts.

Proper food nourishes every part of the body, because Nature selects different materials from the food we eat, to build bone, nerve, brain, muscle, teeth, etc.

All we need is to eat the right kind of food slowly, chewing it well—our digestive organs take it up into the blood and the blood carries it all through the body, to every little nook and corner.

If some one would ask you, "Is Grape-Nuts good for loose teeth?", you'd probably say, "No, I don't see how it could be," but a woman in Ontario writes:

"For the past two years I have used Grape-Nuts Food with most excellent results. It seems to take the place of medicine in many ways, builds up the nerves and restores the health generally.

"A little Grape-Nuts taken before retiring soothes my nerves and gives sound sleep." (Because it relieves irritability of the stomach nerves, being a predigested food.)

"Before I used Grape-Nuts my teeth were loose in the gums. They were so bad I was afraid they would some day all fall out. Since I have used Geape-Nuts I have not been bothered any more with loose teeth.

"All desire for pastry has disappeared and I have gained in health, weight and happiness since I began to use Grape-Nuts." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Get the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

"Taylor-Made"

Honey Comb Chocolate Chips

FOR just one reason, these dainty chocolate chips are the most popular candy ever made,—because they're so good. Pure honey-molasses taffy, crisp and airy, coated with pure rich chocolate, they simply melt in the mouth. "Taylor-Made" is stamped on every chip.

To any lady who sends us the name of her candy dealer, druggist or grocer and five 2c. stamps we will send, once only, a fancy box of our famous confection.

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Real BARCAINS in

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Direct from the mills at one-third less than store prices. We pay all Express Charges.

Fine Taffeta Silks, all colors, as low as 39 cents a yard. Heavy Broadcloths only 89 cents a yard, 50 inches wide. Mercerized Chiffon, Poplin and Mandalay Silk finish in all colors, everything in Cotton Goods; also fancy plaid Silks, Taffetas, Changeable Taffetas, Peau de Cygne in all colors; also fine Panamas, Nuns Veilings, Brilliantines, Broadcloths, Panama Suitings, heavy Plaid Suitings, Albatross, everything in woolen goods, "made by the mile and sold by the yard" at very low prices. We give away free patterns of the LATEST NEW YORK STYLES. Write for FREE pattern sheet, and FREE samples of Dress Goods for Waists, Suits, Skirts, Coats, or anything for women or children's wear. Mention what the material is to be used for and if possible state the colors you like and we will mail, free, a lot of samples and prices that will surprise you.

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66 LEONARD ST., NEW YORK CITY.

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Unequalled for Cleaning and Polishing SILVERWARE.

Send your address for a FREE SAMPLE, or 15c. in stamps for a full sized box.

Grocers sell it.

THE ELECTRO SILICON CO., 30 Cliff St., New York.

GINSENG culture is the "Only Way" to make *big* money on *little* capital. One acre is worth $25,000, and yields more Revenue than a 100-acre farm with *one-tenth the work.* Write today.

T. H. Sutton, 530 Sherwood Ave., Louisville, Ky.

SONG WRITERS Your Poems May Be Worth Thousands of Dollars Send them to us for the music. Accept no offer before reading Music, Song and Money. It is free.

HAYES MUSIC CO., 71 Star Bldg., Chicago

WRITE THE Words FOR A Song

And we will write the music and present to BIG N.Y. Publishers A HIT will make you RICH. Send now for Free Booklet.

Metropolitan Music Co., 762 St. James Bldg., New York

SONG POEMS WANTED, also Musical Compositions. We pay Royalty, Publish and Popularize. We Compose and Arrange melody FREE of charge.

GEO. JABERG MUSIC CO. 176 W. 7th St., Cincinnati, O.

ARE YOU DEAF?

We have 25 kinds of Instruments to Assist Hearing. Sent on approval. Write for Catalogue.

WM. C. WILLIS & CO., 134 S. 11th St., Philadelphia

MAN OR WOMAN wanted to travel, distribute samples and employ agents. $18 a week, expenses advanced. Local manager and canvassers also.

ZIEGLER CO., 235 Locust St., Philadelphia

Missions Join the Federation

ALTHOUGH the National Federation of Gospel Missions was only organized a few months ago, its growth in membership has been rapid, and its charter roll now includes the names of the superintendents of a majority of the leading Missions throughout the country. President Madison reports that the following have qualified as charter members:

Morristown, N. J., Market Street Mission, Thomas B. Ironsides, Supt. Germantown, Pa., Whosoever Gospel Mission, J. B. McIntyre, Supt. Duluth, Minn., Star of Hope Mission, T. L. Dunn, Supt. Detroit, Mich., The McGregor Mission, Tracy McGregor, Supt. Utica, N. Y., Utica Rescue Mission, James Cowdre, Supt. Cedar Rapids, Ia., Sunshine Mission, F. K. Ward, Supt. Louisville, Ky., Holcombe Mission, S. P. Holcombe, Supt. Coney Island, N.Y., Coney Island Church and Rescue Home, W. D. Hughs, Supt. Minneapolis, Minn., Union City Mission, C. M. Stocking, Supt. New York, N. Y., The Eighth Avenue Mission, Miss Sara Wray, Supt. New York, N. Y., Door of Hope, Mrs. E. M. Whittemore, Pres. New York, N. Y., Old McAuley Water Street Mission, John Wyburn, Supt. Akron, O., The Gospel Mission, Rev. G. A. McKinney, Supt. Boston, Mass., Boston Industrial Home, Oliver C. Elliot, Supt. New York, N. Y., McAuley Cremorne Mission, Charles E. Ballou, Supt. Washington, D.C., Central Union Mission, Rev. S. N. Vail, Supt. Watertown, N.Y., Gospel Mission, W. H. Standley, Supt. Milwaukee, Wis., Milwaukee Rescue Mission, Rev. A. N. Sanford, Supt. Chicago, Ill., Bible Rescue Mission, John Stewart, Supt. Binghamton, N. Y., City Rescue Mission, Rev. W. E. Blendy, Supt. Herkimer, N. Y., Union Faith Mission, D. A. Silliman, Supt. Springfield Mass., Beacon Light Mission, Miss Katherine Leonard, Supt. Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Union Rescue Mission, C. H. Madison, Supt. Duluth, Minn., The Union Bethel, J.T. Moody, Supt. Crawfordsville, Ind., The Grand Avenue Mission, Alex. Asher, Supt. New York, N. Y., The Bowery Mission, J. G. Hallimond, Supt. New York, N. Y., Hadley Hall Mission, John Callahan, Supt. Reading, Pa., Hope Rescue Mission, Wm. White, Supt. Washington, D. C., Gospel Mission, Geo. W. Wheeler, Supt. Charleston, S. C., Star Gospel Mission, O. B. Dugan, Supt. Watervliet, N. Y., Watervliet Mission, Mrs. Lyman Miller, Supt. Bridgeport, Conn., Klondike Rescue Missian, W. Swanson, Supt. Portland, Me., Rescue Mission, Miss Lucretia Davis, Supt. Albany, N. Y., The Home Mission, B. E. Braziell, Supt. Pittsburgh, Pa., Rescue Home and Mission, Miss Florence M. Santord, Supt. LaCrosse, Wis., National Purity Federation, B. S. Steadwell, Pres. New York, N. Y., Door of Hope and Gospel Mission, Miss C. Ellis, Supt.

Applications have been received from the Elizabeth Rescue Mission, Elizabeth, N.J.; Keswick Colony of Mercy, Whiting, N.J.; Steele Home, Chattanooga, Tenn.; Girl's Industrial Home and School, Cumberland Gap, Tenn., and many others.

The object of the Federation is a practical working national union of the superintendents and leading workers, both men and women, of all Gospel and Rescue Missions, to enable the united Missions to take advantage of every opportunity for the advancement of Christ's kingdom. The Federation will be a medium of public enlightenment concerning the Missions and their work, and thus by giving national publicity to these matters, to strengthen the Missions and open to them a wider range of usefulness. In no sense is the Federation to usurp any of the powers or functions of a Mission, or to interfere with its management or the sources of its support. Every Mission in the Federation continues to exercise the right of self-government in its own affairs as heretofore. All applications for membership should be made to the Secretary of the Federation of Missions, 2t N. Clover Street, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

HIS OWN EXECUTOR

Addison J. Nowlen, one of the wealthiest citizens of Irving Park, Chicago, Ill., will dispose at once of his estate, estimated at $250,000, among the institutions in which he is interested. He hopes in this way to avoid legal complications that might follow the administration of a will, and he is seconded by his wife. The first gifts were made a few nights ago, when two houses were given to two churches of Irving Park.

Lighting Country Houses, and Hotels, with White Gas

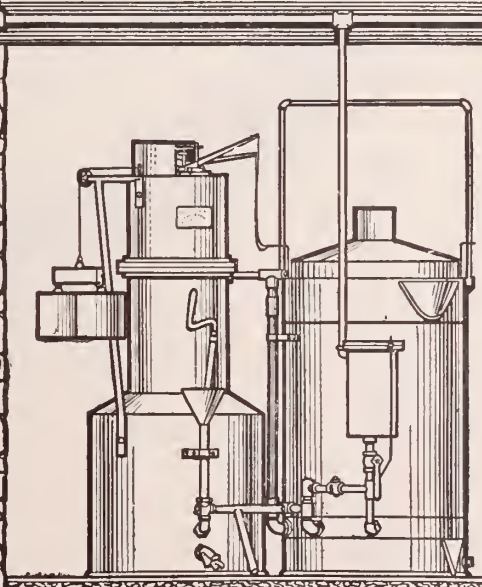
By "THE PILOT"

THE pipes are run, as in picture, so they won't *show* anywhere but in the basement.
—Between the plaster and the outer walls.
—Between the ceiling and the floor above.
Can be done this way without injuring ceilings.
And, only about two days' work is needed.
After that—solid comfort for 20 years.
No more lamp-cleaning, wick-trimming, chimney-breaking, nor risky carrying around of lamps.
—No more expense for mantles, chimneys, wicks or globes either.
—Light *always ready*, in every room. You merely touch a match to the burners.
And, *such* light—brilliant, white, soft, spreading, cool and eye-resting.
Costs even *less* than Kerosene light whe once installed—a *third less*.
Safe too—ten times safer than Kerosene, Gasoline, or even Candles—as insurance records show.
Not one child has *yet* lost its life to Acetylene, while thousands die yearly through Kerosene or Gasoline fires and accidents.
Kerosene lamp explosions are so *common* that the newspapers no longer notice them.
But, Acetylene being a comparatively *new* light, and accidents being so very *rare* with it, the newspapers make the *most* of any such accidents as do happen.

Here is one full year's record of Fires from the different illuminants, as shown by the insurance reports.

8222 Fires from Kerosene and Gasoline at a loss of	$ 8,441,445
1048 Fires from Electric Light—Loss	16,294,540
1033 Fires from City coal Gas—Loss	368,970
453 Fires from Candles—Loss	282,080
22 Fires from Rays of the Sun—Loss	12,965

During the *same* period the total number of Fires from Acetylene Gas was *four* (just 4), with a loss of $13,260, among the two million Americans who now use Acetylene.
So when any one tells *you* of an Acetylene accident just quote him back these actual figures.
There is *less* danger with Acetylene than with any *other* Light ever devised, not excluding the tallow candle—as Insurance records prove.
But, such few Acetylene accidents as do happen are due to faulty Gas-making Machines of early make, formerly or still in use.
With a "Pilot" Generator, however, accident is practically impossible.
Because, if anything goes wrong with a "Pilot," the generator simply quits making Gas till the neglect has been attended to.
The "Pilot" is planned so that the most forgetful person *couldn't* cause an accident with it through any *oversight* in operation.
This protection against forgetfulness is effected by automatic checks called "Interference Devices."
With an ordinary generator if you fill up the receptacle with Carbide and *forget* to screw on the Cap afterwards there will be a dangerous escape of gas into your basement which might explode if you took a lighted match into it.
But, this *couldn't* happen with a "Pilot" Generator. Because the Pilot *can't* feed any Carbide into the water, nor make any Gas whatever, until you *have* screwed on the Cap to its limit and pulled a Safety Lever over it.
Accidents have also occurred with so-called "Gravity Feed" Generators.
These let the Carbide fall into the water by its own weight.
If the feed-valve should stick, with a Generator of that kind, the whole load of Carbide would drop into the water at once and generate an enormous volume of Gas, capable of doing great damage when lighted and exploded.
But *this* condition would be impossible with a "*Pilot* Generator."
Because the "Pilot" feeds Carbide into water by *clockwork* instead of by the sheer *weight* of the Carbide itself resting on a valve.
No Carbide *can* thus get into the water tank of a Pilot Generator to make Gas, unless the Clockwork runs and deliberately pushes it in.
Now, the instant there is more than eight inches of Gas in the Bell, or Holder, that Clock Motor *can not* work until the pressure goes down again, when it starts once more to feed Carbide by ounces.
This Clockwork Motor needs winding about once a month. And, if anything *should* go wrong the Clockwork Motor simply quits feeding Carbide, which in turn means that Gas quits forming, so that *accident* with a "Pilot" Generator is practically impossible.
Other equally simple and ingenious "Interference Devices" make *mistakes* impossible in charging or emptying "Pilot Generator" even by inexperienced persons.
Now there *are* Makers of Acetylene Generators who say *we* have been *too* careful—unnecessarily so.
But, *we* think, it is well worth a few dollars more, on the twenty-year life of a Generator, like the "Pilot," to make it absolutely "foolproof" against accident or oversight.



And, if *you* think as we think about this factor of Safety and Certainty, we would like to send you a book, which shows just *how* the "Pilot" has been made practically Infallible, and as Economical as it is Safe.
A 25-burner "Pilot" Generator, each Burner giving 25 candle-power Light, will cost you only about $100.
We install it completely in your Home, Hotel, or Store, with piping to third floor, handsome brass Fixtures, Burners, and fancy Globes—all ready to light up—for about $150 cash, or terms if you want them. This includes Labor.
And, when *once* installed, it will give you as *much* light from every *Dollar's* worth of Carbide used as you can get with the very best lamps out of *One Dollar and Fifty Cents'* worth of Kerosene at 12 cents per gallon.
No soot, no smell, no mantles, no wicks, no chimneys, and no everlasting lamp-cleaning, with Acetylene gas.
And, a beautiful, soft, *white* light, almost as easy on the Eyes as daylight, and Wholesome as Sunlight itself.
Tell us how *many* rooms there are in your Home, or Hotel to be lighted and we will tell you about what it would cost to install the right type of "Pilot" equipment to light them properly.
And, we'll send you a book full of evidence as to safety.
"The Pilot Generator," 159 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

The Guiding Voice

Continued from page 843

was the look of strong, unshakable determination that rested on the firm lips. As her mind sought the remedy for the coming evil, the evangelist sat down, a look of confidence on his clean-shaven, youthful face. He knew he had spoken better than ever before, and felt it only fair that he should succeed with the erring one outside the fold. As though by an arrangement of finest precision, Amos rose as the speaker touched his chair. The local pastor, looking mildly over his glasses, saw the expression of stubborn protest on the upturned face of the old man, and rose hastily to soothe the troubled waters of indignation and discontent.

"We will sing a hymn before hearing from any of the brethren," he announced, with pacific calmness. "Will some one make an appropriate selection?"

Old Amos reluctantly resumed his seat. Caroline, gazing sorrowfully at the bent figure, torn by conflicting emotions, sighed softly. The asthmatic organ ground forth a doleful tune. Amos sat rigidly straight and stern, except when some weak, aspiring voice faltered and cracked to a dismal falsetto. Then he cowered and shrunk together, as at a blow, for he loved good music, as he did all great and good things.

As the last wheezy note died away, a voice, at first low and uncertain with suppressed emotion, then full and triumphant, ascended in a volume of purified sound. The spellbound congregation forgot to look around, as was their custom, at anything new or strange in their midst. They listened in dazed surprise as the wonderful voice that had enthralled vast audiences, raising them to heights of joy, or dissolving them to tears of despair, at its will, rose and fell in a boundless tide of graduated melody, in the sweet old hymn.

The little maid nestled closer to the side of the great singer, a look of worshipful awe in her rapt gaze. Never before had she heard such wondrous sounds come from the perfect lips. She could not know that the girl was pouring forth a wealth of love and entreaty to the old uncle, stumbling blindly and painfully along life's lonely path. Unmindful of all but the bent form within her vision, she sang the hymn to its ending, the pure lyric soprano caressing each word of promise, and offering them to the hearts of each one present. She heeded not the slight stir of the congregation, as one by one they slipped from their comfortable seats. Quietly and humbly their knees pressed the floor in a purer, more earnest consecration to Him of whom the great voice sang.

As the triumphant refrain was sung for the last time, old Amos stirred restlessly. The rebellious, defiant pose had disappeared, but in its stead, there slowly grew a look of intense, hopeless longing, that covered his honest, weather-browned face like a pall. Caroline saw, and with a sinking heart, understood. Her eyes filled slowly with unshed tears. She had done her best. The greatest effort of her life had been made, and she had failed. Her wrap had fallen from her shoulders as she sang, and she stooped mechanically to pick it up. As she did so, a worn hymnal lying at her feet, caught and held her gaze. She remembered the words before her as a favorite hymn of her uncle's, and one he had taught her to sing, years ago. She straightened suddenly, her face aglow. Once more, her voice, with its wonderful range from lyric soprano to deep contralto, pealed forth its majestic, rich tones.

"From every stormy wind that blows," it rose soothingly, persuasively grand, and the bent head relaxed its strain. "From every swelling tide of woes," it pulsated softly, appealing to the troubled brain and inserted a wedge of old memories and old beliefs. "There is a calm, a sure retreat;" the deep tones vibrated with a love so great, so all-compelling, that the old man tottered to his feet, with a child-like trust in his dim eyes, and as the words, "'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat," burst forth in all the grandeur of that matchless voice, and throbbed back in ever increasing waves of dulcet sound from the surrounding walls, he stepped firmly and lightly from his seat of unbelief, and joined the evangelist at the altar rail.

THE GRACE OF GIVING*

WHEN the early church became dissatisfied with the Apostles' method of distributing church funds, they said (Acts, 6: 2), "Appoint men to attend to the duty, it is not reasonable that we should leave the Word of God and serve tables." They had work to do of vastly greater moment than that of attending to the finances. Ministers often feel the same reluctance. It is grievous to them to find that the treasury of the church is so depleted that they must spend the time in appealing for money that ought to be devoted to teaching the way of salvation. Still more grievous is it when the chiefs of a great society feel it necessary to appoint a day for the thousands of its members to consider the duty of giving to the funds of the church. We may be sure it is not done willingly, and it would not be necessary if converted men realized their obligations.

The lack of funds in the treasury of the church is frequently the result of thoughtlessness. The Christian does not realize that the vast enterprises of home and foreign missions are an absolute duty of the church, and that those enterprises cannot be conducted without funds. Missionaries in the foreign field deny themselves the comforts of home and run risks from the climate and hostile people. Surely, the small sum they need to maintain themselves and their families should not be grudged. The *home* missionary, too, who spends his days in visiting the sick and the poor should have the means of giving material as well as spiritual help. And what of the minister in the home field? Is it astonishing that the supply of pulpit talent is decreasing? The young man of capacity and learning, leaving college sees before him two courses. In business, or in the legal or medical profession, he may live comfortably, and perhaps accumulate a competence on which he can retire when age or infirmity call for it. In the ministry, he must work hard, must live on a salary barely sufficient for his present needs, and when he reaches the age of fifty or sixty, must be thrust aside by some petty tyrant, who declares him superannuated, and is left to eat the bread of charity or to starve. The church needs to be taught the blessedness as well as the duty of giving.

*Topic of the Epworth League for October 21. Studies in Church Benevolence. Rom. 10: 14; II. Cor. 8; 1-7 II. Cor. 8: 9: II. Tim. 2: 15.

IMPORTANT!

Will all of our friends who contemplate sending us lists of 25 Adult Protestant Church Attendants or Christian Workers—no two living in the same house—as per our request of last week, please take notice that the time for sending in these names expires with the date of this paper, To-day is the last day on which you will have an opportunity to make up your list of selected names and send it to us. Lists mailed to-day will still be in time to be serviceable, and to secure for every sender the two beautiful Companion Pictures, "Good Night" and "Good Morning," described in our issue of September 26. Enclose your list in an envelope with a dime for packing and postage of the Companion Pictures). Address it: "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, List Department, Bible House, New York." Affix stamp and mail immediately.

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WONDERFUL REDUCTION IN PRICES

Steel Ranges Reduced to Prices Heretofore Unknown or Unthought of.

OUR BEST STEEL RANGE, the Acme Triumph, reduced in price from $5.37 to $7.17, according to size. Wonderful reductions throughout the entire line of steel ranges, cast iron stoves and heaters. If you have one of our big catalogues, received by you before September, and you are thinking of buying any kind of a stove, don't fail to write for our latest big Special Free Stove Catalogue, showing all the big price reductions, marvelously low price quotations, many improvements, astonishing inducements. By the introduction of the very latest, new and modern steel range and stove making machinery, we have just now made a most wonderful departure in low price making, which is all explained in our free Special Stove Catalogue.

$12.75 buys this big, handsome, new 1907 model, full nickel trimmed, full size, 6-hole steel range, exactly as illustrated, complete with big deep porcelain lined reservoir, high shelf, warming closet, etc. Very much lower prices if you do not need the reservoir, shelf or warming closet. All shown in our big, free, new, marvelously low priced Special Stove Catalogue.

$18.87 buys this extar large, beautifully finished, nickel trimmed heavy steel range, our ACME RENOWN, exactly asillustrated, complete with deep porcelain lined reservoir, high back, shelf, warming closet, etc. Very much lower prices if you do not need reservoir, shelf or closet. This shows a great reduction in price from what appears in the big catalogue you have. Price reductions on stoves are shown in our big, free Special Stove Catalogue.

$22.58 buys this, our ACME TRIUMPH, the highest grade and best steel range made in the world, the equal of any range you can buy anywhere for $50.00. Just reduced from prices ranging from $27.95 to $32.05 to the now heretofore unheard of and unthought of price of $22.58; and remember this steel range carries every up to date feature found on any other steel range and many features found on no other ranges, the very best of everything throughout, the best money can buy; 6-hole top, porcelain lined reservoir, high back, big shelf, big closet, everything the best, and prices reduced from $5.37 to $7.17. We give you the price advantage as worked out by new automatic stove making machinery as developed only in our big Newark, Ohio, foundry. If you have any use for a stove DON'T FAIL TO WRITE FOR OUR FREE STOVE CATALOGUE.

$19.06 buys this extra large, extra heavy, self feeding, double heating, return flue base burner Hard Coal Heater, the most elaborate, large, swell, silver nickeled, ornamented dome, elaborate nickel base, rims, frame and other trimmings with mica (isinglass) swing doors, every known up to date feature, the best base burner made, combining all the good qualities of every other extra big, high grade base burner made, with the defects of none, the equal of any base burner you can buy for $50.00. Our new prices, the great reductions and wonderful offers are all in our latest Free Special Stove Catalogue. Don't fail to write for it.

$16.95 buys the new, extra large, 1907 model, improved ACME HUMMER Steel Range, exactly as illustrated; 6-hole top, deep porcelain lined reservoir, nickel trimmed, high shelf, back and closet, one of the best ranges made. All these great price offers, big reductions and big offers will be sent you on application in our latest Free Stove Catalogue.

$20.82 buys this big, heavy, genuine ACME REGAL steel range, exactly as illustrated, complete with deep porcelain lined reservoir, high back, shelf and closet, full nickel trimmed, made of heavier steel than is used in any other steel range made in the world, the equal of ranges that sell generally at double the price. The same range without reservoir or closet at greatly reduced prices. You will find by comparing this price with the price in our big catalogues that there has been an average reduction in the price of this range of more than five dollars. To get all the reductions, all the great price offerings, all our wonderful new inducements you should write for our Free Stove Catalogue.

69 CENTS buys this wonderful value in a high grade 1907 Model Airtight Sheet Iron Heating Stove. We also have a large assortment of other Airtight Heaters at correspondingly low prices, wonderful price reductions, astonishing offers in our new Special Stove Catalogue.

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$1.89 buys this New, Big, 1907 Model, Rococo Pattern Oak Heating Stove, for coal or wood; has every up to date feature, perfect fire control, one of the very handsomest, strongest and best oak heaters made. Our new line, with the wonderful price reductions, the astonishing offer shown in our Free Stove Catalogue will astonish you. Don't fail to write for the book if you are interested in stoves.

IN OUR OWN FACTORY at Newark, Ohio, the largest stove foundry in the world, we make an almost endless variety of the highest grade stoves made in the world, and we sell them direct to the user at about one-half the lowest prices you can buy elsewhere. Each stove is covered by our binding guarantee; we guarantee every stove to reach you safely, free from break or damage of any kind, and we bargain and agree to always furnish you any repairs in the years to come. We have an immense stock of every style and size of stove on hand and can ship your order for any stove the day we get it, so it will only take just a few days for your order to reach us and the stove to reach you.

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CUT THIS AD. OUT and send to us, or on a postal card or in a letter to us simply say, "Send me your free stove offer," and by return mail you will receive postpaid our very latest Special Stove Catalogue, the new one with the latest prices, steel ranges reduced $5.37 to $7.17, reductions in everything, offers never known before. It's the largest and most attractive Stove Catalogue ever issued. We have new propositions never heard of before, we have stove offers to make you that will surprise you, so don't buy a stove at home or elsewhere until you get our latest Free Stove Catalogue, and please tell your friends about our Free Stove Catalogue and the wonderful price reductions we have just made and are just now appearing in the Big Book. Remember the Special Stove Catalogue is free to anyone.

REMEMBER if you buy stoves from us you can share in the profits of our business. There are no end of valuable articles which we will send you free, and, by the way, they are all shown bigger, handsomer and more liberal than ever before, given in exchange for a less number of Profit Sharing Certificates, given free to our customers who buy stoves or other goods from us. These are all shown in our free Stove Book. You can learn all about the valuable articles we send you free, you can learn all about it if you Send for our Stove Catalogue. Address

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When coffee causes nervousness and dyspepsia, it's time to stop it. And there is where Postum is a true comforter. It is a warm, palatable and wholesome beverage and at the same time is a liquid food.

Coffee does harm, not because it's well or poorly made—not because it's high or low priced—but because of the alkaloid—drug—caffeine, it contains. The habitual use of coffee, therefore, forms a drug habit.

A Buffalo physician said recently, "I have used Postum Food Coffee in my family and find it to be all that is claimed for it—a most wholesome, delicious beverage. When made and served according to directions it is certainly delightful and refreshing.

"I have read carefully Dr. Davenport's analysis of Postum Food Coffee, as printed on the pkg., which I most heartily endorse. I have been prescribing it to my patients."

The Dr. is right and there's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Service and Reward

By Mrs. M. Baxter

THE parable of the talents is the most important for the children of God in our day. We see in it our own responsibility in view of our Lord's return, which may be at any day, and will certainly come without previous announcement. Our Lord has left us, but he has left us in charge; and, like a wise Lord, he has given us responsibilities up to, but never beyond, the capacity he gives. And he is coming back; not only as a Bridegroom for his Bride, but also as a Master to reward his servants according to their service. It is not to his enemies, but to servants already engaged, already in his service, that the Lord commits his talents. This parable can never signify God's dealing with unsaved souls. Salvation from sin and from hell can never be the reward of our faithfulness; it is always of grace, "without money, and without price" to us, and comes to us as an already purchased gift, purchased by the "precious blood of Christ as of a Lamb without blemish and without spot" (I. Peter, 1: 18, 19).

It is only to those who are redeemed and know it; those who are fully assured of their salvation, and who are living in the spirit of constant thanksgiving for their redemption, to whom the Lord can commit his service. But this service is very diverse. Many think that only preachers and those who are engaged in very special and well-known Christian work, are the servants in trust with the talents. But "Martha served" (John, 12: 3), at the family dinner-table, and so did the women which had been healed, and who ministered to Jesus of their substance (Luke, 8: 2, 3.).

We serve the Lord in all which we do in his name, and to please him, however simple and ordinary it may be. The work of the Lord Jesus at the carpenter's bench was a holy service to his Father, and all which we do in the will of God, because it is his will for the moment we do it, is counted of him one of the "good works which he hath before prepared, that we should walk in them" (Eph. 2: 10). A widow put two mites into the treasury. "Not worth giving," some rich Pharisee might have said; but the keen eye of Jesus read, with clearer light than the Roentgen Rays, deep into the devoted heart which gave its all, and counted it priceless service.

There is much which passes for service: sermons preached which bring no glory to God, but only to the preacher, and are in no way a service to God. Hymns of praise sung, in some grand oratorio, not to honor God, but to charm the ear of man, and to glorify some famous singers: this is no service to the Lord. There are multiplied services, intoned and sung, in many of our churches which are called the service of God; but God is not served by them, for he has never been consulted as to whether such service is acceptable to him or not. He has declared that "the true worshipers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth, for the Father seeketh such to worship him."

No service which originates with us can please the Lord. He must be served in his way, not in ours. If our prayers are not, "in the Holy Ghost," they are not spiritual; and if our singing is not "in the spirit," it is not spiritual. The only spiritual worship which God can accept is from one who has presented his body a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto him, which is our spiritual worship (Rom. 12: 1, R. V., margin).

The man who went on his journey gave talents to his servants according to their ability, and rewarded each, not according to the amount of work which he had done—it was not piece-work—but according to his faithfulness. God may give to some the special gifts and opportunities of a Moody; and to others the task of love and patience under the suffering through a drunken or an impure husband. And thousands may see the faithful service of the successful evangelist, while none but a few neighbors may know of the successful love, which "suffereth long and is kind," under the most trying circumstances, but which the Lord rejoices over perhaps equally with the honored laborer in his vineyard.

$33

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Second-class one-way Colonist tickets from Chicago on sale daily until October 31st, inclusive, to various points in California, Oregon and Washington.

Correspondingly low rates from all points east of Chicago.

Tickets good on the famous electric lighted Los Angeles Limited, (less than three days to Southern California without change of cars,) via the **Chicago & North-Western, Union Pacific and Salt Lake Route,** and on the China and Japan Fast Mail through to San Francisco and Portland daily, via the

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The stove you select is sent on a year's approval, safe delivery guaranteed, freight prepaid, choice of latest designs and appliances, handsomely ornamented, highly polished, ready to put in your home. There is no doubt about these stoves being perfectly satisfactory, for they are well known by one of the oldest trade-marks among high-grade stoves. There are no better stoves or more economic prices than the

GOLD COIN stoves at Wholesale Prices

Sent directly from our factory at exactly dealer's cost (which saves you $5 to $25 on a stove), and if at any time within a year it isn't perfectly satisfactory to you we will return your money and take the stove back. There is no offer made anywhere else to equal this for a standard trade-marked stove of such high grade. First,

Write for Our ILLUSTRATED STOVE BOOK—Free
It shows a full line of Ranges and Heating Stoves.

Our Oven Thermometers Make Good Baking Easy.

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Select style and price you prefer and learn all about the stoves before you order. Write now to THE GOLD COIN STOVE CO., 11 Oak St., Troy, N. Y. (Successor to Bussey & McLeod, Est. 1860)

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Makes old stoves look like new. Nothing so easy. Large package.
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HOOSIER

KITCHEN CABINETS

EVERY HOUSEKEEPER NEEDS ONE

Did you ever think about the time you spend in getting ready to do your work and in "clearing up" after you get through with it?

Take baking day, for instance—or even one of the meals. Think how long it takes you to collect all the necessary materials and utensils and then put them away again—some in the pantry—some in the cupboard, some in other places around the kitchen.

That is just the part of the work that a **HOOSIER KITCHEN CABINET saves. It** groups all these articles in one commodious, well arranged piece of furniture.

Think what that means in preparing a meal or in baking.

A PRACTICAL EXAMPLE

Suppose you were baking a cake. You want the recipe. It is on a card—filed in the cabinet—right at hand. The flour is just above the table space—in a sanitary bin. A few turns of the crank and you have it—sifted—all ready to use. The sugar is in the cabinet—in a dust-proof bin—where you can get it without a step—twenty pounds of it, and there is a scoop to take it out of the bin. The eggs, chocolate and extracts are in one of the little cupboards. The baking powder and spices are right at the fingers' ends in air-tight cans. The egg beater and nutmeg grater are on hooks, above the table space. The crocks—the cake pans—and other utensils—are in the bottom cupboard. You do your work on a sanitary, aluminoid table space. When your cake and bread are done, there is a metal box, or drawer, to keep them in.

It is not only in baking that a **HOOSIER CABINET** saves steps, but in all kinds of cooking and "clearing up" in the kitchen.

It does this by a convenience of arrangement—the result of years of study.

FOUND IN NO OTHER CABINET

This convenience of arrangement is found in no other cabinet. The Hoosier special features—the sanitary self-cleaning flour bin—the automatic sugar bin—the special aluminoid sliding top—the Hoosier cake and bread box—the housekeepers' recipe box and want list—you can't get unless you buy the Hoosier.

THE HOOSIER INDEX SUPPLY CASE

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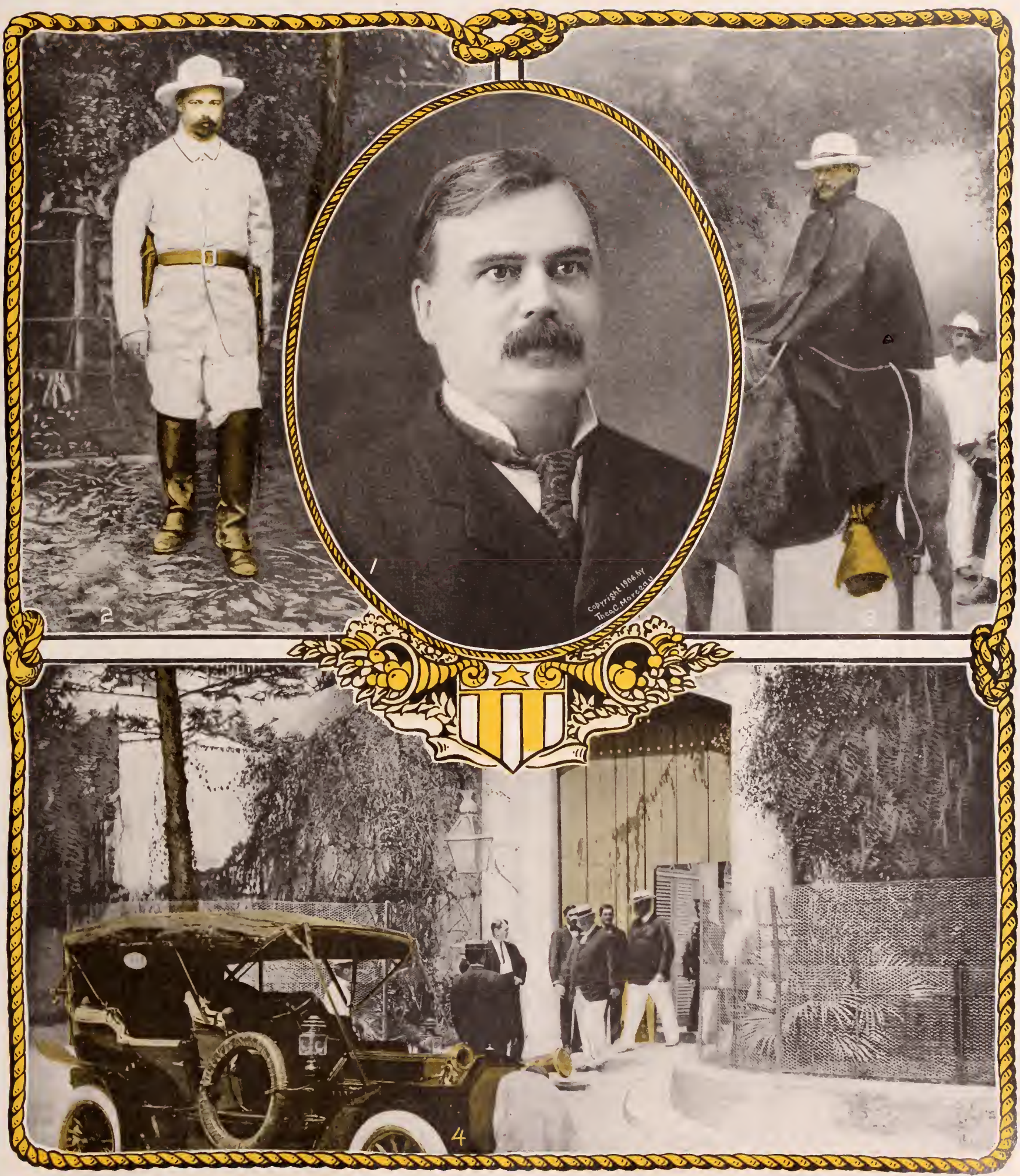

Photographs—Underwood & Underwood

See Page 877

THE NEW AMERICAN GOVERNOR OF CUBA

1. Hon. Charles E. Magoon, the New Governor 2. Gen. Asbert 3. Gen. Pino Guerra 4. Secretary Taft leaving Quinta Ridalgo to go into the country

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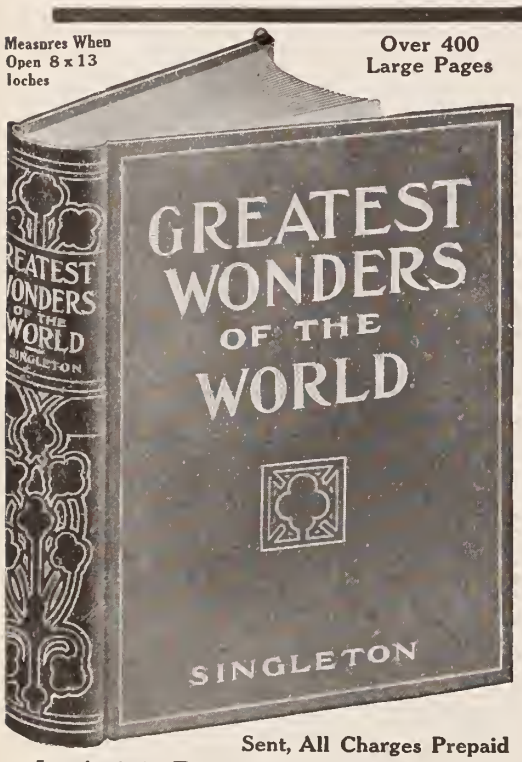

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MARGARET E. SANGSTER
Editorial Staff

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The Christian Herald
981 to 991 Bible House, New York

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 17, 1906

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

A Mandarin's Cart, H'sian

On a Chinese Ferryboat

A Missionary Journey

CHINA BREAKING HER IDOLS

The Old Nation Awake at Last, and Struggling Forward to the Light

ALL the world now knows that China—with her vast empire and her population of upwards of 400,000,000 souls—has at last set her face in the direction of progress and enlightenment. After ages of torpor, the old empire has awakened, and the long-expected, oft-prophesied transformation has actually begun. Modern schools on approved Western models are being established throughout the country, and "Western civilization" is the new order of the day. Western books and teachers, Western languages and the sciences, as well as the business methods of the foremost Western nations, are all to be made familiar things to the Chinese youth of to-day. Already we hear of an approaching reformation which will affect the great office-holding class. Already a new Chinese army, outnumbering that of the largest of the European Powers, is being trained in modern tactics.

But to the thoughtful observer, the transformation of China is not to be simply a material evolution, but it promises to become a moral and spiritual change as well. Viceroy Yuan-shih-kai has already directed that in the schools of his province, the Bible shall be read as a classic, along with the standards of Chinese literature. Sunday is gradually being recognized as a holiday in the larger cities of the empire, and will ultimately be observed generally. There are evidences, too, that the opposition to foreigners is fast dying out, and that many of the obstacles which formerly lay in the path of the missionaries are also disappearing.

Recent letters from our missionary correspondents have been full of encouragement regarding the future of Gospel work in China. Converts are multiplying; native Christian churches are springing up; idolatry is losing its ancient hold upon the people, and many are forsaking their idols and ranging themselves under the standard of Jesus. We frequently receive letters from missionaries, telling of some temple being transformed into a Christian church or of some heathen who, having been converted, has voluntarily given up his idols to the missionary to be demolished. Mr. P. V. Ambler, of the China Inland Mission, sends us this history of the turning of a whole community from heathenism to Christ:

"A remarkable thing has happened in one of the villages about twenty miles from Hong-tong. Some years ago a man in this village who had been an opium smoker, broke off the habit at one of our refuges, and there learned the truth as it is in Christ. He became an earnest man of prayer and started to plead for his village. Two years of bad harvests had driven the price of grain to about three times its usual value. The idols of the eight temples in the village had been prayed to in vain and incense had been burned, but no answer had come, and starvation was staring many in the face. "At this crisis, was in some way suggested to them (I think by the old Christian I mentioned), that the only way out of their miserable condition would be to repent and break off their opium. 'We would willingly do so,' said they, 'but we have no food to eat, much less money to pay for medicine for breaking off opium.' 'Never mind that,' said the old Christian, 'you can pay afterwards.' About two miles away was a large farm, owned by four brothers who had been Christians for many years. They were well-off and able to help. To them the old Christian made his way, to ask if they would be willing to advance the money, that the people in his village might break off opium. 'What would be the security?' was asked. The old Christian had a plan. 'Let my land stand as security, and if this is not sufficient, I have a friend who is also willing to let his land stand as security. My friend is also interested in the Gospel, and wishes the villagers to break off opium.' The rich farmers agreed to the proposal, and the old Christian, willing to sacrifice his land for the good of others, signed the deed of security.

The Courtyard of a Mission in China

"The Opium Refuge Society was accordingly invited to open a temporary refuge in the village. The old Christian set apart the two best rooms in his house, one for the women patients and one for the men. Daily the Gospel message was preached to those poor people, and from the commencement God's seal seemed to be set on the work. Soon the people themselves took the paper gods from the walls and doors of their houses, and one man gave a large cave for a chapel—a place large enough to seat one hundred people. Many were convicted of sin, and cast themselves at the feet of Jesus and obtained peace.

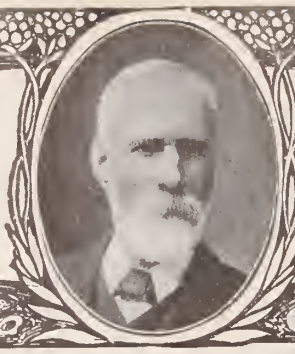
"The crowning day came when the villagers agreed to destroy the large village idols in the eight temples. At daylight I struck one of the large temple bells, in response to which the chapel was soon filled with the villagers, most of them armed with axes, mattocks and other implements. These were piled in the corners, while all hearts were lifted up in prayer to the living and true God.

Continued on page 862

THE
American Pulpit

A Sermon by

Rev. J. F. B. Tinling, M. A.*



THE HEART AND ART OF SOCIAL SERVICE

TEXT:—Luke 10: 37
"Go, and do thou likewise"

THIS is Christ's practical application of his parable of the Good Samaritan to the man who had drawn it out by the question: "Who is my neighbor?" The Divine Artist had pictured a true ministry of man to man, and asked, with reference to the figures in the scene, "Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto him that fell among the thieves?" His hearer promptly replied, "He that showed mercy on him," and the Lord said, "Go, and do thou likewise."

What "likewise" meant to this enquirer, in respect of the form of humanitarian service, we cannot guess; but no question can be more practical than what does "likewise" mean to-day, in respect of the sum of needed service, and the principles which should determine the distribution of its parts. By presenting ideal service as done without relationship or previous acquaintance, and in spite of racial antagonism, and done naturally, freely and thoroughly, at personal inconvenience and cost, with a view to nothing less than the complete restoration of the sufferer, the Lord has imposed upon his disciples a duty which could not be small in the simplest society, but which the complexity of modern life makes all but infinite.

The number of those who take this direction seriously to heart may be larger than that of any past time. Yet no one can imagine that the need is overtaken, or that the Master's ideal of service has been generally adopted.

Our Neighbors of To-day

Great sections of society in the most "civilized" countries to-day are represented by the unfortunate traveler in the "bloody way"—stripped, wounded, and half dead. The conditions in which they are forced to live, make piety, and even decency, all but impossible. Without privacy or leisure, and with no relief from monotonous toil but in the suspension of employment, with loss of daily bread; driven by necessity into unions which disregard all considerations but the material interests of their members, and so, in fighting for their lives, sacrifice the sentiments of social solidarity and responsibility to God and man, the laboring masses naturally believe that social revolution, which will terminate the tyranny of capital, is the only way of salvation for them, while many of their most cultured and zealous friends, even in the Christian Church, are tempted to turn wholly from evangelism to plans of practical reform. Yet there is no antagonism between these methods of social service, each requiring the other for the full realization of success.

The perishing man on the highway illustrates the most urgent need of the mass, in the renewal of life. The parable suggests this, but the New Testament explicitly teaches it throughout. Nothing has rendered obsolete the great words: "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life," or "I am come that they might have life." The reception of this life by faith is regeneration. Men are still saved in every sense, through what seems to some the foolishness of preaching. Nowhere is this more evident than in the missions of the slums. These are at work in every city, and many of them are ably directed by men who, in the most desperate straits and conditions, received in them a message of God's love which made all things new. We have heard the testimony of these men in the presence of those who knew their changed lives, and it is substantially the same in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Norfolk, Toronto and elsewhere.

Let us put a few samples of it in evidence. In the Pacific Garden Mission of Chicago one said: "When I first entered this place seven years ago, I was too drunk to stand steadily, and so filthy that no one would knowingly have sat by me. My wife, worn out with ill-treatment, had left me that day, springing upon a running street car to escape the knife in my hand." At this point, a woman sitting beside us on the platform observed with quiet joy: "That's my husband; he's one of the best men in Chicago." During these seven years the two had been preaching Christ with recognized efficiency to the lowest of their neighbors.

*Founder and ex-Hon. Secretary of the English "Christian Union for Social Service."

The director of a Southern mission, now an honored member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, tells frankly of similar degradation; of wading in blood as a soldier, and fearing for the first time when he looked down into the water of New York Harbor, in which he was about to plunge as a suicide; of fleeing from the spot and finding himself in Jerry McAuley's Mission, till then unknown to him; of hearing with wonder the testimony of men like himself who had suddenly found a Saviour in Jesus; and then, on grasping the truth of free and immediate salvation, of rushing out, regardless of the food and shelter he desperately needed, and running like a madman along the streets, shouting, "Glory to God!"

Saved to Save

The citation of these examples may seem to imply their rarity, yet they will be recognized as common typical cases by every evangelical worker in the slums. They represent a class of men who are now effective social workers themselves. They have experienced deliverance from the slavery of sin, through faith in Christ, when every other way had been tried in vain, and their testimony is constantly bringing new hope and power to others in the depths from which they have themselves been raised.

Every preacher of the Gospel, in church or in mission hall, is, in some measure, exercising the same influence, and promoting the same work. This is the heart of social service, because it brings the sinner into agreement with God, and his life into harmony with moral, which is social, law. Every one so gained is a reformer, at least by the example of the new life, for the proof and essential quality of that life are the righteousness which is one with charity. Yet the chief need of the pulpit seems to be more pointed preaching of the Gospel, which is at once the great offer and the great claim of God. When that offer and the corresponding claim are understood, men are satisfied with Christ, as Saviour and Master, and become ready agents of the social regeneration through which his kingdom is established.

The regenerate man has a single eye, which sees the spiritual ideal and appreciates its beauty, while it is at least a little clearer than the eye which is not single for appreciating the natural and the actual. True soul-winning is therefore the surest and directest way of promoting social betterment. But, while there is no substitute for the Gospel, as a social healer, there is room alongside of it, and in association with it, for every movement of physical, mental and circumstantial reform, and no one will promote these more readily than the evangelical pastor, whose efforts are constantly neutralized by iniquitous or unreasonable social conditions.

Methods of Service

Art, if genuine, is of God as truly as nature. It expresses man's sense of the Divine ideal, and may go far beyond the actual in nature left to itself. If God makes the field, and man the garden, it is because the Creator will only do his best work by his noblest agent. Luther Burbank is but the latest discoverer of His purposes in fruit and flowers. Social art is greater than all other in respect of extent and usefulness, and, unlike music and painting, it is present and cultivable in every moral being. Times of tyranny and ignorance and stagnation have afforded it little opportunity or stimulus, but in this respect all the world is new, and to-day every one who cares to do good has the opening before him and the experienced helper by his side. Accredited specialists for every kind of service abound, and welcome all who would give or pray or learn.

While altruism is always largely shaped by personal temperament and local need, there are objects and methods of such peculiar importance, that reformers with wide views must give them the first place in their own plans, and press for a similar recognition by others. Such precedence will, in theory, at least, be allowed to the vital interests of children, and, after them, or rather inseparable from them, of women, as actual or prospective mothers, whose well or ill being must largely determine the fortune, the character and the capacity of coming generations.

The only adequate method of attaining this object is through legislation. The reform of laws governing the labor of children and their mothers, so as to secure at least a reasonable chance of health, effective education and a protective home, is probably the most urgent need of many States of the American Union to-day. But reform is as necessary in administration as in legislation; hence, the further duty of public oversight of public servants. According to the Commissioner of Labor in 1902, 2,607 factories in New York State were employing children in violation of law, yet only five prosecutions were instituted, and only three of these issued in punishment. According to the State Factory Inspector of Pennsylvania (in 1903), more than 17,000 girls from thirteen to sixteen years of age were working in the manufacturing establishments of the State; about 4,000 of them all night in the textile mills (probably one-half being under legal age), while the justification of this state of things was offered in these words of a large mill-owner:

"Much of the prosperity of the State of Pennsylvania is owing to the fact that she has a lower age limit than any of her neighbors." Boys in the mines are still employed in labor which is physically, mentally, and morally destructive, because human life is found cheaper than machinery.

Iniquitous Child-Labor

These are only samples of the modern Moloch worship in which children are sacrificed, probably in every State of the American Union, and in every other "Christian and civilized" country. The position of the seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, the author of remedial legislation on behalf of children in England, enabled him to compel the British Parliament and the British public to consider the frightful abuse of power by which industrial leaders—and pious men among them—were exploiting child life under the new industrial system; but the pity and perseverance of the great Earl would make a poor man a power in the battle with wrong which has yet to be fought to the end. Modern legislation is the expression of public opinion. Every voter can help to send true patriots, as legislators, to the national and State Assemblies; and the neglect of the vote, or the bestowal of it without regard to the highest social interests, makes the voter a party to the evils which he has not been interested enough to condemn. "If thou forbear to deliver . . . if thou sayest Behold we knew it not; doth not He that pondereth the heart consider it . . . and shall not He render to every man according to his works?"

Apart from legislation and the influence which may be brought to bear upon it by the opinion of every man (and not less truly of every earnest, if voteless, woman), there is a measureless field for social service open to all. Little good, however, will be done without direction. The day is past in which impulsive charity had an appreciable value. Its gifts only aggravate the evils of to-day. United charities, loyally co-operating and scientifically directed, are the only agencies fit to deal with the complex problem of the miseries of modern life. This does not mean that such work must be left to the few who have some special competence of wealth or wisdom. They are the

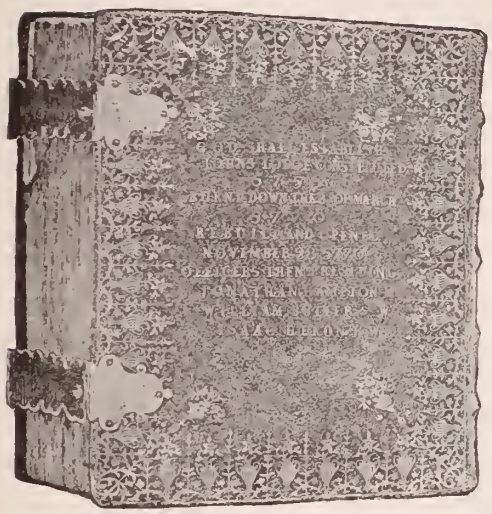
Representatives of the People

as really as are members of Congress, and their ability and opportunity must depend more upon the Christian public than upon themselves. In respect of money, which is the most obvious measure of interest, the support of the worthiest agents of philanthropy is utterly inadequate, and the charity of nominal Christians falls far below that of ancient or modern Jews. If these people would, for a single year, throw the price of their liquor and tobacco, their jewels and their superfluous dress into the Lord's treasury, or into the savings bank for suffering humanity, the result would be such an application of remedies, well proved but at present inoperative through poverty, as to compel all but the most selfish and heartless to continue permanently that support.

But personal service is likewise due by all who can render it. The modern recognition of this moral

Continued on page 861

FAMOUS BIBLES IN AMERICA



Bible upon which Washington took the oath of office in New York, as President of the United States

THERE is a peculiar fascination in collecting old and rare books, especially those that show the development of the art of printing, the changes from vellum and sheepskin to paper, and from hand-carved blocks to movable type. America is the home, beyond all other countries, of the collector, and his tribe is on the increase. He is searching the shops, the abbeys, and the palaces of the Old World and bringing their treasures to the New. How often when we read of a certain famous volume, do we find the foot-note that it is now in some library in New York, Boston, or Chicago. Our book lovers have been especially indefatigable in collecting famous copies of the Bible, and it is doubtful if the collections in any one of the old countries, unless it be Italy with its library at the Vatican, can equal in historical interest those already brought to the United States.

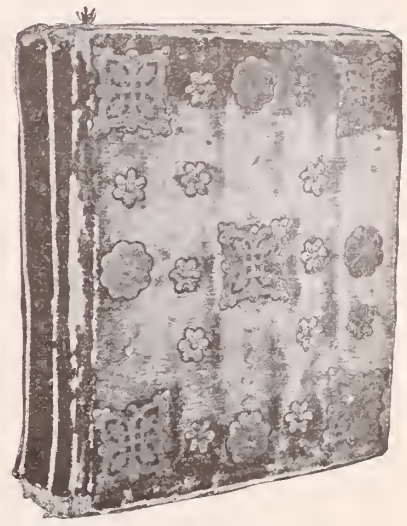
Students of Bible literature, collectors and scholars will be interested in the work of Rev. John Wright, D.D., on *Historic Bibles in America*,* which has just been published by Thomas Whittaker, of New York. We are indebted to this valuable book for the information contained in the present article, and to the publisher for the use of the photographs that illustrate it. Dr. Wright is an enthusiastic bibliophile, and has made a life study of the printing of the sacred Book. He has written, in addition to the book mentioned, *Early Bibles in America*, and *Early Prayer Books in America*, both considered standard by critics and librarians. In his present work, the author describes Bibles that belonged to presidents, statesmen, soldiers and scholars, and Bibles that belonged to people of historic note in the Old World, and which have come into the possession of wealthy collectors. The story of the wanderings of these sacred books are of even more interest than some of the volumes themselves.

In the Smithsonian Institution at Washington is a manuscript in Ethopic, of the four Gospels. It is bound in silk velvet, underneath which is a cover of leather, and embellished with steel and bronze ornaments. The text is bright with quaint illuminated lettering. It was once the property of King Theodore of Abyssinia, and was given to General Grant by Lord Napier, who captured it in the Abyssinian war.

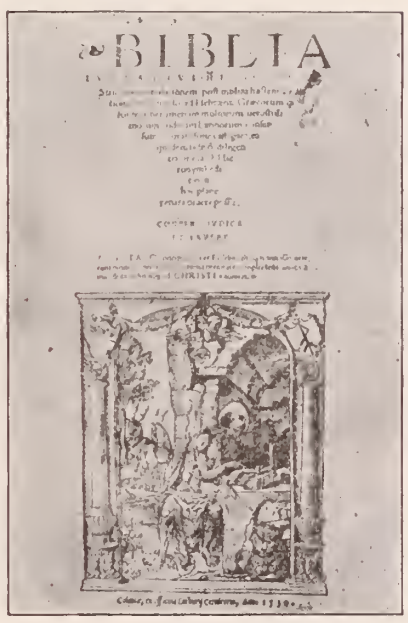
One of the most valuable is the volume called *The Golden Gospels of King Henry VIII. of England.* It is written, or rather painted, in large letters of gold on purple vellum. There are 144 leaves, it is bound in crimson morocco and is folio in size. For a time it was in the possession of Henry VIII., and later passed into the library of one of the Dukes of Hamilton. It was bought in London by Mr. Theodore Irwin, of Oswego, N. Y. In 1901 it was sold to Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan. "The great German palæographer, Prof. Wattenbach," reads the catalogue description, "asserts that it is identical with the famous 'Golden Gospels' which Archbishop Wilfred of York caused to be written for him about A.D. 680, and which was saved from the fate that awaited York Library, by being given to the monastery at Ripon. He considers that it was presented by Cardinal Wolsey, in 1521, to King Henry VIII., and that it is to the hand of Holbein that we owe the presentation verses, with the Royal Arms illuminated above them."

Among other Bibles in this country which belonged to royal personages, are those of Charles I., now in the possession of the American Bible Society; the Bibles of George III., Queen Anne, Prince Henry, the Prince of Orange, Prince Eugene of Savoy, and the Duke of Gloucester, afterward Richard III.

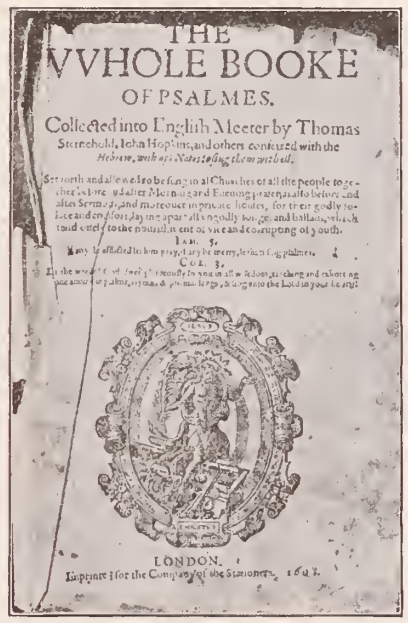
Among those of Protestant reformers are the small Latin Bible of Savonarola, printed at Brescia, in 1492; Martin Luther's folio Bible, which contains Luther's family record, as well as that of his father and grandfather, and is now in the possession of a Canadian family. There are four Bibles of Melanchthon, one owned by Rev. Mr. Wright, D.D., of St. Paul, Minn. It is in Latin, and was printed in Cologne, Germany, in 1530. On the title page is a picture of St. Jerome in prison. The pages are decorated with artistic initial letters. What makes this book of great value, aside from its age, is the fact that on the margins are many notes written by Melanchthon himself. In the Lenox Library, New York, is another Bible that belonged at one time to Melanchthon. It is a folio, printed in Latin and bound in old vellum. It was printed by A. Koberger, at Nuremberg, in 1477. The reformer has covered page after page with notes, commentaries and interlineations. These are sometimes in German, sometimes in Latin. The third was printed at Leyden, in 1522. It has the autograph of Melanchthon. It was owned in Washington for a number of years; its present location is unknown. The fourth is in the library of Wellesley College. It was printed at Basle, in 1544. It contains a quotation in Melanchthon's own writing.



The Four Ethiopic Gospels of King Theodore of Abyssynia, given to General Grant by Lord Napier



Title page of the Bible that belonged to the Reformer, Melanchthon



A title page of the Bible that belonged to John Alden, the pilgrim

To patriotic Americans there is probably no book more interesting than the famous Bible belonging to St. John's Lodge, of New York City, on which Washington took the oath of office as the first President of the United States of America. The inauguration took place on the balcony of the old Federal Hall, and the Chancellor of New York State, Robert R. Livingston, was about to administer the oath when it was found that no Bible had been brought for the ceremony. The Chancellor sent to St. John's Lodge in haste to borrow their Bible. The Bible was held by the Secretary of the Senate on a cushion of red velvet. Washington took the oath with uplifted hand, and ended with the words, "So help me God." St. John's Lodge guard it as their most sacred relic, and it is only brought forth on rare occasions. It is bound in red leather, with silver clasps, and among its illustrations is a picture of King George II. of England. The Alden Bible is a real *Mayflower* Bible, as it belonged to John Alden, who came with the Pilgrims to Plymouth, and whose love story has been made famous through Longfellow's poem, "The Courtship of Miles Standish." It is a copy of the "Breeches" Bible of 1599, so called from the reading of Gen. 3: 7. "They sowed figge leaves together and made themselves breeches."

*Historic Bibles in America, by Rev. John Wright, D.D., LL.D., illustrated, frontispiece in colors, pp. 222; cloth binding, gilt top. Price $1.75. Thomas Whittaker, Publisher, Nos. 2 and 3 Bible House, New York.

THE HEART AND ART OF SOCIAL SERVICE—Cont'd ✳ Sermon by Rev. J. F. B. Tinling

obligation, especially in Germany, is most noteworthy. What is known as the Elberfeld system came originally from Dr. Chalmers, of Glasgow, and it is now, afteri rooting itself deeply in the civic life of Germany, casting its seeds into its native soil, in various parts of Great Britain. The most distinctive features of the system are the unpaid co-operation of a large body of citizens of every respectable class, and the neighbor-service of systematic personal visitation, by which the poor are at once supported by sympathy and preserved from demoralization.

But Germany's lessons in organized charity are not confined to the Elberfeld system. The record of "Praying and Working" by the great pioneers of modern charity, from Wichern to Harms, and the more recent story of, "A Colony of Mercy," planted and developed by the son of a Prime Minister, who put aside all earthly prospects to become a missionary to ragpickers and other wretched ones, to whom God might send him, are lights upon the world's need and the resources of consecrated life, which are calculated to kindle enthusiasm and confidence in all who have any acquaintance with the redeeming purposes of Jesus Christ.

For every kind of suffering there are some who are caring wisely, though always too few. If conscience and circumstances move us toward any class, let us give and serve, as far as possible, through the agencies which are justified by results.

Above all, let us practically recognize the heart of this work, of which the art is so manifold. The Gospel preached by pastor or evangelist, or pressed home in a private word, is, as truly as ever, "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature," and "all things are become new." This is the short and sure way for those that have ears to hear. Even for these, all manner of helps may still be needed to neutralize disabilities and hindrances, and to put within reach their share of the blessings of civilization; while with others the hearing must be gained by ministries of kindness adapted to their mental and circumstantial need.

But first and last, true social service is leading humanity into touch with the one Saviour, who has brought into the world the possibilities of personal and social health, order and prosperity, and while it includes all betterment, it is based upon Christ's own doctrine of a new birth, for He "who went about doing good" said, in the most emphatic terms of all recorded speech, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."

CHINA BREAKING HER IDOLS

Continued from page 859

A Dwarf Buddhist Priest

A Young Christian Student

There are some hundreds of idols, some of which, I should think, weighed quite half a ton on their pedestals, and took nearly two days to destroy. It was all so sudden and wonderful that one did not like to write about it until some time had elapsed, so that the work might be tested.

"The work still goes on. The largest of the temples has been altered and converted into a chapel, which will seat from 150 to 200 people. A second temple has been made into a boys' school, and the hum of children's voices can now be heard repeating the characters and memorizing Scripture. Some other Christians in different parts had another temple made into a dwelling-place for me to live in. This was done without my knowledge. The blessing has gone on and has spread, so that in several other villages around we have a number of inquirers."

In a letter from Rev. Charles E. Ewing, Tientsin, we have a glimpse of the wide scope of missionary work in that country, and also of some of its encouragements and discouragements. He says:

"Missionaries have been at work in Tientsin since 1860. Work has been undertaken, not only in the city itself, but in many villages to which inquirers returned home, after having heard the Gospel here. Some of these villages were a hundred miles away, others two hundred or more. The little village where Rev. Arthur H. Smith and other successful missionaries have been living for many years, was first visited by workers from Tientsin. Thus, other mission stations have owed their origin to work that began in Tientsin. While reaching out to these distant points, however, it has been easy to pass by nearer places. In the region immediately around Tientsin, there are large numbers of villages which have not been evangelized. It may be that an occasional visit has been made by a colporteur or preacher; but the blessed Gospel is as little known as if it were a thousand miles away. In some of these villages there are a few Christians, perhaps a little chapel. That the total number of Christians in these places is still very small is indicated by such a fact as this: In twenty-four villages in one region to the north, there is only one church member. Now, while we must not drop any work further away, this work so near at hand appeals strongly to me. Our own mission (American Board) is to move this year from the present location in the midst of the foreign settlement, to a new site at the extreme north side of the city. Only five miles north of our new station site there is a large market town. There are three church members living there. In a neighboring village lives another Christian. To this market town I am sending a man who has just completed his year's work in the 'short-cut' theological class at Peking. I want to have him preach the Gospel to the crowds that gather on market days. He will also have to visit other villages where he can get a hearing, sell books, do anything that will call the attention of the people to Him who was lifted up that he might draw all men into him. Not far over the Tientsin county line into the next county, I have recently sent a young man to another market town. Here, also, the good news had never been told except by an occasional colporteur. Into this market town the young man has gone frequently, taking with him an accordion.

"On this he plays Christian hymn-tunes until a crowd gathers; then he begins to speak, and they listen attentively as long as his voice holds out. I spent part of a Sunday with him recently and a colporteur was there too. How glad it makes one to tell of Jesus to those who do not know!"

Rev. Edward James of the M. E. Mission at Nanchang-fu, also sends a cheering note of Gospel progress in his district. He writes:

"In this Central China Mission of the M. E. Church, we are occupying the following great centres: Yang-chow, Chinkiang, Nanking, Wuhu, Kiukiang, Nan-chang.

"These are all large cities, of great commercial, social, political and educational influence. In addition to these centres occupied by foreign missionaries, we have a large number of "out-stations," visited and worked by the missionaries, but manned with native preachers. This city of a million people is the capital of Kiangsi Province, and is one of the eight largest cities of the empire. It is in the same vice-royalty as Nanking, but has from two to three times the population of that city. The entire province is open now to missionary effort, and the people are well disposed to us. Missionaries, men or women, travel anywhere unattended, with perfect liberty. Foreign ladies walk through the midst of this city free from insult or indignity. Strangely enough, this province is not well manned with missionaries. Only three missionary societies are doing anything considerable, namely, the Plymouth Brethren, Methodist Episcopal, and China Inland Mission. These are undertaking to bring light to nearly 30,000,000 souls. There are, perhaps, nearly two hundred professing Christians united with the churches in this city, and several hundred, more or less, constant attendants. Many are believers who have not yet the courage of their convictions.

"Hundreds in our chapels and thousands on the streets hear the Word of Life; while the Scriptures, with Christian tracts and general literature is sold to tens of thousands. No one can long be in this work without realizing that he is on the winning side. We are not alarmed at the ignorant or wilful misrepresentations of worldlings. We have infinitely more at stake in this work than they have; and if we find abundant encouragement, surely no one else need fear."

Below, the Heathen Temple and Pagoda: Above, the Modern Schoolhouse

A MISSION IN THE BLUE RIDGE

IN Bedford County, Va., about twenty miles from Roanoke, stand the magnificent Peaks of Otter. No other part of the Blue Ridge Mountains, with all their ruggedness and grandeur, is more interesting. Rising to a height of more than 4,000 feet, they present a scene of rare beauty, and the traveler who scales their lofty summits will behold a panorama of fields, hills, valleys and mountains that will thrill his heart and cause him to look from Nature up to Nature's God. On the south side of these peaks lies a remote region, extending several miles, and including Taylor's Mountain and other ranges. It is somewhat different, because of its ruggedness and inaccessibility, from the surrounding territory. Nature seems to have done her best to adorn and decorate this bosom of the mountains for the dwelling place of man. The population is quite large, and the people are strong, sturdy, intelligent and hospitable. While their educational advantages have been limited, they have improved such opportunities as they have had, and many have developed into first-class citizens. They are strongly inclined to religion, and nothing gives them greater pleasure than to gather in their little log church on the mountain side to pray, and sing the Gospel songs of Zion. Ministers of the Gospel are always welcome guests in their houses, and many a weary home-missionary has found rest and shelter and a bounteous hospitalty beneath their humble roof. Our photograph shows Rev. J. S. Liggan, of Lynchburg, Va., and his congregation, just after a religious service recently held in these mountains. To this now venerable man of God, is due much credit for long and efficient work among these people. A sketch of his life and work appeared in The Christian Herald a few years ago. Penetrating these mountains more than twenty-five years ago, he has continued his labors there with only short intervals of rest until the present. His age is now well beyond the three-score-and-ten mark, but he endures with enthusiasm and real pleasure the privations and hardships of mountain travel that he may break the Bread of Life. To the people of the mountains he is a veritable benediction, administering to their sick, burying their dead, consoling them in their sorrows, and, above all else, holding before them the high ideals of Christian life and service. He is a self-supporting missionary, being the senior partner of a well known printing concern in his home city; traveling long distances at the end of each week to preach the Gospel on Sunday.

Rev. J. S. Liggan and his Congregation

OKLAHOMA FACING A CRISIS

THE STRUGGLE FOR PROHIBITION FOR THE NEW STATE

By Rev. E. M. SWEET, Jr.

WE are facing a crisis at the birth of our new State. We have a magnificent country, rich soil, good climate, and great possibilities. And these conditions bring their dangers. The liquor traffic, outlawed from Kansas, where even the big cities are being made to obey the law; driven from three-fourths of Kansas and over a hundred and fifty counties in Texas, is looking with greedy eyes to our new State.

We were powerless to meet these conditions alone, but we federated our forces, irrespective of creed and party, and appealed to the great National Anti-Saloon League of the churches to make our righteous cause theirs. Heaven and Congress answered our prayers last winter, and we have a provision continuing the prohibitory policy (which has been in force seventy-four years in the Indian country), in the Constitution of the new State. This means Indian Territory and the Indian reservations in Oklahoma.

We are seeking to make this effective, and extend its benefits by the adoption of a State-wide Prohibition section in our new Constitution. We are in the midst of the fight against the organized saloon forces now. We believe we can win, if our friends throughout the land will hear and answer our prayer for immediate succor in this hour of need. This is not a fight for or against any political party, or on behalf of any one organization. It is for humanity, for clean government, for a new State, with its hands washed of partnership in the saloon crime. Once more, from both Territories, the united request went to the National League to send us Superintendent Dinwiddie, under whose generalship our fight in Congress was won last winter, and he is on the ground to direct the campaign, but we shall be powerless without the "sinews of war."

Our fight is for the welfare of the Indian and his white neighbor. The need of Prohibition in this country must appeal to all who have humanitarian instincts. We shall hold it and enforce it if we can put it in the organic law of the new State. We can do that if our friends will help.

Both Territories are mission fields for the churches. We cannot meet the demands of this campaign from within, but we will return in work for the kingdom what our Christian friends put into this contest for us. We shall work and sacrifice ourselves, but we cannot cope alone with the rich and unscrupulous forces which are trying to maintain the saloon in the Oklahoma part of the new State, and by that process wrest the Indian portion of the State from us. Three churches alone—the Methodist, Baptist, and Presbyterian—have put nearly $4,000,000 into this country as mission money. Nothing will better safeguard that investment than the success of onr present campaign. We need not less than $25,000 to supply the speakers, pay the cost of travel, sow the State with temperance literature, and pay postage. We appeal earnestly to the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to help us save Oklahoma and enable her to be the first State in the new century to outlaw the saloon, and thus pave the way for a series of such temperance victories as will free the entire nation of the legalized liquor traffic before its close.

Rev. E. M. Sweet, Jr. — Secretary Church Federation
Chief Pleasant Porter — of the Creek Nation
Rev. E. C. Dinwiddie — Legislative Superintendent

I can do no better than add the words of Chief Pleasant Porter, of the Creek Nation, before the House Committee on Territories, last December:

"You (addressing the Committee), have brought your Christianity, your civilization, and you have brought your evils with you. While we could live with you and agree with you and merge with you in your virtues, we found we were unequal to live and merge with you in the vices you brought with you (Applause). It is natural for the Indian to be a Prohibitionist. It is unnatural for him to take into his mouth something that kills his soul, his purity of character. This matter of liquor is one of the greatest curses of the human race . . . I beg of you not to violate your faith in the matter of keeping good faith with the Indian people; in keeping them, so far as practicable, free from the curse of strong drink. It is not necessary for me to talk to you about it, as to the reason why I think it should be done. My very earnestness of nature would tell you what I mean. I know it has devastated this country of thousands of good homes, not only among the Indians, but among your own people."

Let us quote also from Rev. J. S. Murrow, Superintendent of the Indian Orphanage at Atoka, who has given his life as a missionary among these Indians. "But the greatest danger of all to these full-bloods, will be to open this Territory to licensed whiskey saloons. This will destroy them faster than anything else. I believe it would be better for the government to send a regiment or two of soldiers out here and have these full-blood Indian men shot to death, than to open this Territory to whiskey saloons. It would be more merciful." E. M. SWEET, JR.

Secretary Indian Territory Church Federation for Prohibition Statehood.

Muskogee, I. T.

OTA BENGA, PIGMY AND PAGAN

EVERYBODY who visited the St. Louis Exposition and viewed the wonders of "The Pike," remembers the African pigmies, who were an interesting feature of that cosmopolitan thoroughfare. When Mr. Samuel P. Verner returned those little specimens of mankind, as stunted in intellect as they were in body, to their native wilds, he continued his journey along a southern tributary of the Congo River, with a view to adding some rare animals to America's scientific collections. During his travels, he came across a solitary pigmy, held captive by a tribe of cannibalistic savages. Prompted by the instincts of humanity, Mr. Verner ransomed the little fellow, intending to return him to his own tribe. Failing in this attempt, because of unforeseen obstacles, the explorer yielded to the entreaties of the ransomed captive, who threatened to drown himself otherwise, and brought him to this country. "Pigmies are pigmies still," even when brought to public notice without the beating of tom-toms and the fanfare of trumpets which accompanied them at St. Louis; therefore, when it became known that the authorities of New York's Zoological Park had consented to look after the weird little savage during Mr. Verner's absence from the city, those people who are always in search of something new flocked to the "Zoo." Meanwhile, Ota Benga—such was the pigmy's name—had been assigned to a room in the monkey-house, and, to simplify conditions during the hours in which the park was open to the public, he occupied a vacant cage in close and friendly juxtaposition with the chattering monkeys and chimpanzees of his native land, one of whom had voyaged across the sea under his especial care and guardianship.

Ota is a well-developed, symmetrical little man, four feet eleven inches in height, with a merry countenance, which is rendered singular by a formidable row of milk-white teeth, each one of which is filed to a sharp point. He is not happy when idle, and he soon convinced his temporary gnardians of his manual skill, by expertly weaving hammocks and nets. He has the true African love of music, and seemed to keenly enjoy the ear-splitting strains which he evoked from a mouth-organ, which was his constant companion while at the park. Ota has picked up a few English words, which he mingles with an unintelligible gibberish, and when THE CHRISTIAN HERALD representative visited him, he volubly disclaimed all liking for the country to which he had been so eager to come, saying:

Oto Benga and his Simian Pet

"Me go back Africa two week; me no got wife here. America no good."

Inquiry elicited the fact that, at twenty-three years of age, he had already had two wives, now dead. The simple purchase of a girl from her father constitutes marriage among these people.

The attention of some of the pastors and public-spirited citizens of the city having been drawn to the fact that a human being was being exploited for spectacular purposes, not a little adverse comment was excited, and a few days since Prof. Verner transferred his charge to the Howard Colored Orphan Asylum in Brooklyn, where he has been given a room and is treated as a visitor. Ota is a human document, whose seal has never been broken by the light of Christian faith. The pigmies have some idea that the elements are a manifestation of Power in the heavens, but a bad Power, since it mysteriously slays their comrades with its fire (lightning). The teachers realize the difficult problem they have on hand, but they are hopeful, too, and will direct their efforts to so far inculcating the elements of Christian civilization, that he may return home and teach his people. Meanwhile, Ota Benga disports himself in a jaunty khaki suit, with a gray campaign hat to complete his attire, and only by his impatience of restraint, gives evidence of his recent removal from a state of barbarism. Prof. Verner is under pledge to return him eventually to his own country. Until then, his friends here are living up to the ancient Jewish law, which reads: "The stranger that sojourneth with you shall be unto you as the home-born among you, and thou shalt love him as thyself."

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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National Control of Wealth

IN his speech at the dedication of the new State Capitol at Harrisburg, Pa., President Roosevelt once more seized upon a public occasion as a fitting time to express himself on several of the great problems that are now before the American people. His utterances, while in no sense to be regarded as having been made for passing political effect, are of a character to challenge the widest attention, and the most serious consideration by citizens of all political parties.

His address is, in effect, a plea for an increase of the power of the Federal Government, to enable it to deal with conditions which the individual, the municipality, and even the State cannot control. Among the great questions which urgently demand Federal attention he specifies the efficient regulation of railroads, the efficient supervision of great corporations, and the need of a child labor law. He holds that the National Government alone is competent to deal with the regulation of all of the vast wealth that goes into the commerce between the States. "Whenever the States cannot act, because the need to be met is not one of merely a single locality," he proceeds, "then the National Government, representing all the people, should have the power to act." He asserts that actual experience has shown the States to be powerless to deal with many questions affecting the control of the great business corporations. To permit them to continue without effective supervision would be "fraught with untold dangers to the future of our whole system of government, and indeed to our whole civilization."

But the President goes even further in his suggestions, and shows that he has been a keen observer of social and economic conditions. Attempts to excite hostility against men of wealth, as such, he denounces as abhorrent; but it is the duty of our Government, he believes, to exercise adequate supervision and control "over the business use of the swollen fortunes of to-day, and also wisely to determine the conditions upon which these fortunes are to be transmitted, and the percentage they shall pay to the Government, whose protecting arm alone enables them to exist. Only the Nation can do this work. To relegate it to the States is a farce, and is simply another way of saying that it shall not be done at all."

These are far-reaching propositions, which, in the working out, must come in contact with practically all the great commercial and industrial interests of the country. To-day, public opinion stands divided concerning them. How it will stand a few years hence, should the solution be then under way, who can tell?

To Save Oklahoma

A GREAT battle for Prohibition is about to open in Oklahoma. It is a struggle in which the good men and women of all the States are interested—a titanic conflict between the forces of light and darkness.

Shall the new State, still in its swaddling clothes, be bound hand and foot and flung down as a prey to the liquor traffic? Or shall it be allowed to grow to the full measure of Statehood under normal and favorable conditions, like Kansas, where the infamous liquor traffic has been outlawed in three-fourths of the State, and where the people are prosperous and happy accordingly? This is the question which is agitating Oklahoma, and upon the decision of which the future welfare of its people largely depends.

For three-quarters of a century the Indian Territory has been Prohibition ground. This includes the Oklahoma Indian reservations. Like wolves scenting their victims, the liquor outlaws are keen on the trail for new game. White and Indian are alike to them. Whole tribes of the red men have been decimated by strong drink, and the legions of King Alcohol are slaying multitudes of white victims every year. The new State is virgin soil—a tempting field for the hosts of liquor. They are marshalling their forces for a great battle. Shall Christian America sit tame and indifferent?

If the friends of temperance come to the aid of Oklahoma, the battle can be won for Prohibition and good government. Rev. Dr. Sweet, who writes from the camping ground, tells on another page of this issue how the lines of battle are drawn. His description is well worth the reading.

The Tragic Side of Football

THE football season is upon us. All over the land, young men and boys are eager to show their prowess in the popular game, which is especially attractive because of its dash and daring. Every college and university and every preparatory school, backed by faculties and by general newspaper approval, has something at stake in football. Schools making no provision for the practice of this game are likely to be losers, and colleges frowning on football are voted slow and behind the times.

The supporters of football urge that it fosters a manly and unselfish spirit, that it makes necessary a period of robust and athletic training, and that it teaches young men obedience, and greatly aids in the symmetrical development of body and mind. Fathers who played football in their youth are proud to see their sons excel in the contest that once stirred their blood. Grave dons and learned professors are wild with excitement when, on the event of a great game played in the presence of admiring thousands, their college wins and their rival is defeated.

On the other hand, thoughtful people who count the cost of bringing up a boy from infancy until he has reached his nineteenth or twentieth year, doubt the practical wisdom of letting him imperil life and limb in a game of such brutality that it throws a prize-fight into the shade. When a few lines in the morning paper inform the great public that a mother has been summoned by telegraph from her home to the school where her son is a student, only to find him dead after making a "splendid run," the question rises to the lips: To what purpose was this waste? Had not the widowed mother borne enough and lost enough? Must this bitterness come to her that her boy, at the threshold of his college course, must be struck down and killed in a senseless conflict? When a youth dies of disease or gives his life in heroic effort to rescue some one in danger, or when he dies for his country on the battle-field, there is the element of glory that yields a certain measure of consolation. But there is no consolation, as there is no glory, in the tragic side of football.

Years ago, football had a different aspect. It was more democratic than at present, and was, perhaps, less scientific; but it was a schoolboy's sport, and into it there had not entered anything of the eagerness that now nvests the contest. To-day it is demoralizing and brutal, and if many mothers and some fathers could be heard with emphasis, it would be forbidden as a form of school and college sport.

Insanity Increasing

WARNING is given by the famous authority on insanity, Dr. Forbes Winslow, that there is an alarming increase in the number of demented people in the world. In a recent interview, he said, that in all countries, especially in the United States, England and Germany, statistics show that the number of insane persons, in every thousand of the population, is rapidly increasing. At this rate, he says, "Before long there will actually be more lunatics in the world than sane people. . . . . We have before us this absorbing problem, the contemplation of an insane world."

The problem, as stated by the doctor, is very serious, and it cannot be denied, or explained away, as it is based on statistics. It may be that he is unduly pessimistic in his forecast, but the appalling fact cannot be controverted, that in this generation and those immediately preceding it, more people lose their reason than in the days of our fathers. In the report of the interview, cabled to this country, the doctor does not give any explanation of the cause of the increase, but it is not difficult to imagine it. We cannot suppose that the minds of the people are weaker than formerly; there is evidence that there is increased mental activity and a higher degree of education now, than there was in any previous time. It must be that the hurry of our movements, the excitement, the strenuous effort, the worry and anxiety of our lives, are overtaxing our mental powers and undermining the vigor of the brain.

What then is the remedy? On this, too, so far as the cable informs us, the expert is silent. But there are obvious precautions which every man can apply for himself. He should ask himself, whether it is wise, even from a worldly standpoint, to concentrate his mind so intensely on the acquisition of a large fortune as to overtax his mental powers. His own reason must tell him that it is better to be content with a moderate competence and remain sane, than to gain millions and become incapable of enjoying them. Reason is too precious to be exchanged for money. Neither is it wise to delve too deeply into abstruse studies of problems which distract the mind. There are some questions that are beyond the power of man to solve, some conditions which, distressing as they are, must be left for the future. Above all, the great remedy, the most effective antidote is faith in God. No man is overwhelmed with the trials and vexations of life who is convinced that "All things work together for good to them that love God." No man is worried and over-anxious about the future who believes that God will provide for him and the family he will leave behind him. The worry and the turmoil of life do not touch a man so sheltered, for it has been the experience of ages that "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee."

Cuba's Opportunity

NOW that the smoke is lifting in Cuba and the atmosphere growing clear again, the wisdom of intervention is apparent. It has settled, without bloodshed, what was a mere political quarrel, which, in our country, would have been adjusted either through the courts or at the polls. Not only have hundreds, or possibly thousands, of lives been saved, which would probably have been needlessly sacrificed in the guerilla warfare that had just begun, but property, both native and foreign, has been assured ample protection, and with the voluntary disarmament of the insurgents, peace willvery soon be re-established throughout the island.

Perhaps the only persons who are disappointed at the result are the annexationists, who were clamorous for the absorption of Cuba by the United States. They regarded lightly the solemn promise of our Government to help Cuba to become self-governing, as a pledge to be broken when expedient. They were willing, for the sake of gratifying their own selfish interests, that this nation should do a dishonorable thing, and break faith with Cuba, the weakling among nations, which Mr. Taft aptly designated as "still a child."

Let us be thankful that our national ideals rise higher than this, and that Cuba is still to have its chance to develop. In the years to come, should the island take a dignified place among the great Sisterhood of Western Republics, the generosity of our nation in placing it upon the pedestal of independence will be remembered with gratitude, not by Cubans only, but by all the free peoples of this hemisphere.

Among the Workers

—GIPSY SMITH will proceed to keep a Western engagement on his arrival in this country and will not commence meetings in Brooklyn, N. Y., till November.

—EVANGELISTS ALBERT W. PETER and Daniel Martin have been holding midnight Saturday services in the heart of the Chicago "slum district," with good results.

—EVANGELIST E. T. LIDDELL, of Collingswood, N. J., lately conducted a very successful series of services in Pauling Avenue M. E. Church, Troy, N. Y., Rev. Philip Goettel, pastor. Over one hundred adults confessed Christ. Other churches have caught the enthusiasm.

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Seeking the Pole

SNOW and ice in the Arctic are reported to be unusually heavy this year and weather conditions unpropitious for exploration. It was, therefore, not surprising that reports came from Mr. Wellman, early in August, that there was little prospect of his attempting his balloon voyage to the Pole this year. Later reports, however, intimate an improvement in the situation and show that he is still hoping for an opportunity to put his plan to the test. At any time now, there may come definite intelligence of his effort, or of his abandonment of it until next year. In the meantime, however, he has established his station, in which all that is possible is arranged for his comfort, if he has to stay during the long winter night. The house shown in our picture, on the right, has been named by Mr. Wellman, "Arctic House." It is built on Dane's Island, one of the Spitzbergen group, and is made as storm-proof as possible. There, if he has to remain, he will spend his time in study, and in recording his observations on the weather and the climate. In the centre of the illustration is a picture of the Norwegian vessel, *Fridtjof*, and on the left is a picture of Mr. Wellman and his party. He has with him two motor sleds, run by gasolene, and a metal unsinkable boat, which will be of service in the event of his striking open water. The dirigible balloon, in which Mr. Wellman intends to make his journey from Dane's Island to the Pole, is cigar-shaped, and is fifty-two feet wide. He estimates that it will take seven days at the least, or twenty days at the most, to reach the Pole, which is about 700 miles from his present station. No æronaut yet has been able to remain in the air so long a time; but Mr. Wellman hopes to generate from the iron filings and sulphuric acid he carries with him, hydrogen-gas in sufficient quantities to keep his air-ship afloat. The expedition is clearly of the most perilous character, and when news of the ascent is received by the wireless telegraph he has established, there will be great anxiety in all scientific circles throughout the world as to its fate. Should it be successful, Mr. Wellman may communicate from Siberia or from Alaska, according as the wind carries him. If the expedition fails, it is only too probable that he and his companions will perish. Even if the attempt succeeds, it is little likely that we shall learn more of the long-sought region than the patriarch declared:

He stretcheth out the North over empty space (Job 26: 7 R. V.)

Mr. Wellman and his Party at Spitzbergen

The S. S. Fridtjof of the Wellman Polar Expedition

Arctic House, Spitzbergen

A Forgotten Note

A banker in New York, in an interview with a reporter, referred to the habit some people have of hoarding valuables. He said that a year or two ago a note was sent to him for collection by a bank in Massachusetts, which had been lying idle for nearly a century. It was part of a series issued in 1812 to cover arrearages in the expenses of the war of that year. No note of that series has been presented to the Treasury for payment since 1842, and it was supposed that at this late period none ever would be presented. The note, however, being a genuine acknowledgment of indebtedness, was paid and charged to an account of the old public debt. Where it has been during the past years no one appears to know. If the holder had put it to use at compound interest instead of hoarding it, he would have been entitled to a large sum in interest. Every business man perceives the folly of the holder of the note who suffered it to lie idle so long; but few realize that there is similar folly in neglecting to use property and personal effort in God's service; though Christ clearly and emphatically taught the danger of such neglect.

Thou oughtest therefore to have put my money to the bankers and at my coming I should have received back mine own with interest (Matt. 25: 27 R. V.)

A Hall of Shame

A new scheme for the prevention of drunkennesss has been adopted in Fond du Lac, Wis. The saloon-keepers were notified some time ago that they must not supply liquor to habitual drunkards. A list of the names and addresses of these men was supplied to each saloon. But it was obviously impossible to question every man who came to the bar for a drink. Besides, the men went to saloons where they were not known, and, if suspected, gave fictitious names. In addition to this difficulty the list supplied was constantly lengthening, and the bartender, in the rush of business, would not go to the desk to see if his would-be customer was registered there. The order, consequently, was being continually evaded and the municipality devised a new plan. They have ordered that when a man has been three times arrested for drunkenness, his photograph shall be taken and a copy supplied to every saloon-keeper in the city. The bartender, therefore, will in future simply have to familiarize himself with the pictures in the gallery and so will easily recognize the too-frequent patrons of other saloons. Another possible advantage of the system is, that the men who are drifting into the class of habitual drunkards may be alarmed at the prospect of their faces appearing in the collection and may desist. A man must be very hardened to have no shame at the thought of being so branded throughout the city. There are many who would shrink from that disgrace who are indifferent to the much more important fact that their evil ways are recorded in the book of final account.

They consider not in their hearts that I remember all their wickedness: now their own doings have beset them about; they are before my face (Hosea 7: 2).

Kindness Misunderstood

The effort to save the life of an injured child nearly provoked a riot in a New York street recently. A surface car, running through Clinton Street, struck a little girl who was playing on the tracks. She fell under the whells and rolled away, but they caught one of her feet and crushed it. She was carried into a drug store, and an ambulance was called. The doctor who came with it saw that prompt surgical treatment was necessary. A great crowd in that densely-populated district easily collects, and in a minute there was a surging throng around the door. The police made a passage and the child was carried to the ambulance. But at the door, the child's mother, almost insane with grief, attacked the surgeon and tried to tear the child from his arms. The crowd, which had previously fallen on the motorman of the car and beaten and kicked him into insensibility, now joined in the struggle with the surgeon. It was only by the aid of a reserve police force that the child was placed in the ambulance. Even then the mother clung to the wheels, fighting vigorously for the possession of the child. At last she was securely held, and the ambulance drove away. Under surgical care at the hospital, the child is recovering, but she surely would have died if the mother had had her way. Pain and sorrow are sometimes necessary for the accomplishment of high ends, though unwise friends would save their loved ones from them, as Peter would have kept Christ from the Cross.

Peter took him and began to rebuke him, saying, Be it far from thee Lord; but he said unto Peter, Get thee behind me Satan; for thou savorest not the things that be of God (Matt. 16: 22, 23).

A Fatal Salutation

A reminiscence related by a government officer in a Texas journal shows what fatal results may ensue from thoughtlessness. He says that in the course of a journey in the Northwest he stayed for a day at the cabin of a friend, high up in the mountains beyond Georgetown. The snow was very deep and there had been some dangerous slides. His host urged him to remain, but he was anxious to proceed and set out soon after the early meal. After he crossed the canon he turned to look at the scene. Opposite to him, on the other side of the canon, he could see his host and his wife standing in the doorway of their cabin watching him. He waved his hand to them, and, without thinking of the possible results, he raised his voice and gave a reverberating good-by. Hardly had the echoes of his voice died away, before a muffled sound struck the ear—a noise like the boom of a cannon—and the whole side of the mountain seemed to be in motion. The snow, ice, trees, and rocks started toward the bottom of the gulch, and within five seconds the cabin was buried under fifty feet of snow. He summoned assistance as quickly as it could be done, and they frantically dug out the two dead bodies. "I have never," he writes, "forgiven myself for the word which I shouted on that never to-be-forgotten day." Few men have cause for self-reproach of that kind; but how many there are whose heedless words have caused spiritual ruin to some soul.

I say unto you that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof at the day of judgment (Matt. 12: 36.)

A Test of Character

Testimony taken recently in a court in Milwaukee, Wis., disclosed an ingenious method adopted by a father for testing the character and capacity of his sons. He was about to make his will, and, having many millions to bequeath, he was concerned about the use his sons would make of their respective portions. He decided to make a test of their characters by giving each of them a million dollars, and to apportion his estate according as each proved wise or foolish in the use of that sum. The money was given and the will was made accordingly. Probably the sons did not know their father's object, and some of them may have been tempted to spend the million in frivolous pleasures, unconscious that the portion of their future inheritance depended on the way in which they used the million. Men frequently act so with the opportunities God entrusts them with in this world.

He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much; and he that is unrighteous in a very little is unrighteous in much (Luke 16: 10 R.V.)

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

At the Marriage Altar

THE wedding march always thrills us with swift interest and sympathy. We never grow indifferent to the beauty of the bride, to the pomp and pageantry of the grandest wedding, or to the little details of the humblest—the white gown, the flowers, the bride's demeanor, the ceremony itself, the manliness and tender pride of the newly-made husband. It would indeed be a hard and cynical heart which would fail to wish all joy and strength and blessing to the two who join hands in faith and love and set out on the path of life together. All the better chance for happiness theirs if there has been a brief engagement.

There has come in recent years a change very much for the better in at least one aspect of the wedding preparations. Formerly, in families where most of the sewing was done at home, the bride's trousseau was so serious an affair that it often went far toward making an end of the bride herself before the last stitch was taken. There had to be sets, full a half-dozen or more, of everything in the line of underclothing. One bride whom I recall, the daughter of people in rather moderate circumstances, made with her own hands eighteen separate articles of four different kinds of garments—seventy-two in all—tucked, flounced, lace-trimmed, ruffled, embroidered and insertion-edged pieces of linen or cambric. This did not include any minor articles of costume, nor obviate the necessity laid upon her to hem quantities of towels and hem and hemstitch sheets and pillow-cases for her housekeeping outfit.

"She used to be so pretty," was whispered at the wedding. "Why, I would not have known her; she is as pale as a ghost!" And indeed she was, poor child! One would have thought her about to emigrate to a land where nothing could be bought and her wardrobe never be replenished once its first supplies were exhausted. It was not wonderful that her health continued fragile long after marriage, and that her dear, first baby was a small bundle of nerves and temper, a trying morsel of humanity, who cried incessantly and slept under protest.

I do not think our brides of the period regard their weddings as simply pegs on which to hang innumerable clothes. To most of them the gate which swings inward from the world into Eden on their wedding day opens upon the scenes of blessing and glad opportunity to do good and to add to the sunshine of life. No more beautiful and sacred thing exists on this earth than a new home, unless, perhaps, it be an old home, which has gathered around it the fidelities and the ministrations of many years. Home is the dearest refuge for which hearts can hope and men and women strive in this mortal sphere, and it requires two, complementing and supplementing one another, to make a perfect home.

The bride, on her day of gentle triumph, is fain to think that her skies will be all unclouded. She never dreams that her good man is capable of the errors and perversities common to the race. He seems in her eyes absolutely without the possibility of fault and beyond criticism. On his part she is regarded with an even more touching reverence. Half child, half angel, but wholly woman, and his very own, of course no other being was or ever will be like her.

Yet, singularly enough, many youthful husbands and wives find pin-pricks in their bubble of joy, and stand amazed when it collapses, or they unexpectedly tread on pebbles which hurt their feet and make them cry out with pain. John was brought up by one mother, Jane by another. In his family were certain standards, certain traditions, in hers another set of both, equally impressive and quite as conscientiously maintained and believed in. From the two families a new and different one will be formed, partaking probably of the best features of both. But the process of formation will be accomplished by some friction: it will not be at once possible for the two, who have become one, to thoroughly understand and to grow perfectly well acquainted and at home with one another. The happiness of marriage, granting a stock of true love at the beginning, grows and flourishes, notwithstanding occasional small difficulties at the outset, and the most devoted husbands and wives are those who have passed years together.

Love and candor and mutual respect, cemented by common sense, build a good foundation. Over all the wedded hearts let us hope that prayers may be said and the new homes receive the divine benediction.

ATTAR OF ROSE DISTILLING

When the roses all are gathered,
From the petals crushed and torn
Is distilled a costly perfume,
Fragrant as the breath of morn.

Many roses give their sweetness
Scenting every breeze that blows;
But the prisoned life and spirit
Is the attar of the rose.

Domestic Service

No one can fail to notice the new element that in the last decade has entered domestic service. On the Pacific Coast, the clever deft-handed and light-footed Japanese are displacing the Chinese, who, a little earlier, made excellent cooks and butlers, and largely recruited the ranks of house servants. In the East, it is not now unusual to find Polish, Russian, and Hungarian maids in homes that once depended on Ireland and Germany for help in the kitchen. Swedes and Danes are gradually finding their way into factories, and leaving household work to the immigrants from other sections of Europe. Armenians and Syrians are occasionally found, and the American housewife is learning how to do home missionary work in a field that is beset with troubles; not the least of them being the inability to speak with one who does not understand your language.

Is Profanity on the Increase?

THE Third Commandment says, in plain terms, Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that takes his name in vain.

Our Saviour, in the Sermon on the Mount, told those who listened to his marvelous words, that they must not lightly take an oath upon their lips. "Swear not at all; neither by heaven; for it is God's throne. Nor by the earth; for it his footstool."

In past times, if we may judge by those books that best describe current manners, swearing was indulged in by men of the rough-and-ready swaggering type, by roysterers in bar-rooms and by sailors on the high seas. It was seldom the vice of gentlemen, and if under provocation of any kind, a well-bred man resorted to profanity, he was careful not to do so in the presence of women. Christian people were known as much by the purity of their speech as by the wholesomeness and cleanness of their lives. In New England, in the early days, swearing was prohibited by legal enactment and severely punished by fine and imprisonment.

We are led to the inquiry whether a change has not crept into the fashion of the day very much as a serpent may creep into a rose garden, by the ease and frequency with which polite and well-taught people in society use names too sacred for common conversation. A gentle girl without a blush will exclaim a half dozen times in a morning, merely as an expletive, "Good Lord," or "Good heavens," or "My Lord"; and the expression "My God," which ought to be reserved for prayer and public worship, falls from the lips of men and women so often that it has ceased to amaze us. The coarser references to the devil and all his works, and to his dwelling place, together with familiar forms of swearing heard in the streets, have not penetrated the drawing-room as yet; but who knows how long it may be before they are among the commonplaces of social intercourse?

The plain truth is, that profanity is on the increase. We have been letting go much that we once prized, and we have learned to hold lightly privileges that were once inestimably dear. Among these privileges is that decorum, that dignity characteristic of simplicity in word and reverence in demeanor that befit those who worship Jehovah, and do not lightly take his name in vain. How are we to retrace our steps? By the obvious method of penitence and reform. Let us watch ourselves that we make no heedless slip. Our children may be guarded from companionship with those who are careless and reckless in this particular line of conduct. Habits formed in childhood are the best protection against degeneracy in manhood and womanhood. A good habit is as potential as a bad, and in early life is as readily formed. We shall do well to recall and impress upon our homes the fact that the Ten Commandments have never been repealed.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—J. W. H. A widow may be either Mrs. John Jones or Mrs. Mary Jones, as she pleases. The former style is the more usual at present.

—JAMES. A young man has no right to dictate the course a young lady shall pursue in the matter of amusements: considered by many people to be entirely proper. He must act according to his conscience, but he cannot lay commands upon his friend. If their difference of opinion cannot be reconciled, it is well that their friendship should cease to be intimate.

—JUNIUS. Are you not a little too self-conceited? Is there any reason to imagine that the young lady in question meant anything more than kindness in her polite attention to you?

The Wall of Partition

By E RYERSON YOUNG, JR.

"MARY, why don't you reprove that boy!" said the father, Mr. Theodore Jarvis.

The mother lifted her eyes from her sewing, heaved a sigh, and surveyed her husband before speaking.

"Why, Theodore," she said deliberately, "George is not a boy now."

The man, into whose head white hairs had been making great conquests amongst the brown, gave a little start.

"Not a boy now," he mechanically repeated.

"Why, no, dear. He is seventeen years old. He's a young man now; but you speak of him and think of him as a child still in his long clothes or petticoats, when, after a romp with him in the evening, you used to say, 'Here, mother, here's your boy. Hear him say his prayers.'"

Mrs. Jarvis felt that she had had a grievance for a long time, and that she had been bearing the real burden alone. To-night, however, she spoke out more plainly than had been her wont; and, having spoken, she heaved the sigh that had become habitual, and lapsed into the silence which denoted that she thought that she would have to continue to bear alone the burden of the boy's guidance, with its necessary restraint and reproof.

Theodore Jarvis, however, had been deeply touched. The evening paper fell from his hand, his cigar went out, and he sat long in his chair, deep in thought. He had married Mary Griffis, believing that, as she was a woman of exalted motives and warm affection, she would make an ideal mother. When little George arrived his cup of rejoicing seemed full, and many a delightful hour he spent with the little fellow. He romped and played with him every evening, but invariably closed the entertainment, as Mrs. Jarvis had remarked, with "Here, mother, here's your boy. Hear him his prayers." Theodore would go so far, but no farther. He most ardently believed in religion. He showed that in the choice of his closest companion; but when it came to uniting his forces with hers to guide the boy, he halted. So the foundation of the wall of partition was laid—between him and the boy.

Theodore Jarvis had generous ideas of boy-life, and so young George had an enthusiastic companion in rambles through the parks, and, on holidays, visits to the country, fishing expeditions, or attendance upon ball games. His father always outrivaled him in applause and appreciation of the virtues of the sport or the points of the game.

College came after the public school. But Theodore and George had their holidays, and both enjoyed them, in a way. While Mr. Jarvis was silent in expressing himself to his boy, George was impressed by his regular, consistent, religious life. He believed that his father was a good man. He was ready enough to lay down his business principles to his employees, and also to expound his religious belief to the objects of his philanthropy. Unknown to his father, George had heard some of these *unta rier augen* lectures, and they had become fibre in his soul. Of others he had been told. A dissatisfied and deceiving beggar, who had received a good lecture instead of alms, had sneered at George, cast aspersions upon his father, and then pitied the boy.

"You, doubtless, get more of these curtain lectures than I do, you poor thing."

For a reply, George gave him a sound cuffing, a lecture that rang in the parasite's head with more effect than his father's.

After this, George was more impatient with his father.

"He thinks more of a cheap clerk in his warehouse," he declared indignantly, "or a good-for-nothing beggar, than he does for me, his son. These he will talk to, instruct and help, but as for me! I am only fit to be a companion of his sports, a thing to play with or to amuse! He casts his pearls before these swine that heed him not, but to me, who would gather them and treasure them, he offers none."

The incident that had caused the father to call upon the mother "to reprove that boy," was a lively escapade that had set the town laughing.

Old Flanders, a crusty bachelor and a nearby neighbor of Mr. Jarvis, had a very fine orchard. Of this he boasted rather loudly, especially when he had had an extra glass at the saloon, and, as a consequence, he had had some of his choicest apple-trees stripped each fall.

"The father rose to his feet and opened his arms"

This year he had purchased an ugly, cross, brindle bull-dog, and more loudly than ever declared that he had defeated the plans of marauders. This boasting led others than mere sneak-thieves, to become interested in his apples. On Hallowe'en, Flanders had his ferocious dog tied to a choice apple-tree. On his last round of inspection, just before midnight, he found all things right.

But next morning, when he again visited his orchard, he found the dog with his chain wound tightly around the apple-tree, the ground torn up by the dog's claws, and that very tree stripped of almost every apple! The dog was lying very still, and he poked it with his stick. It was dead.

The old man was in a towering rage. But the more he stormed the more the people laughed. He had, as it were, thrown down a challenge, and the boys, or someone else, had accepted the gage, entered the lists and had won.

But he had some sympathizers, and among these was Mr. Jarvis. Instinctively he connected George with this escapade. In this he was right, but he did not know exactly how right he was. For it was George who had told his college chums of the bull-dog and of Old Flanders' boast. He had organized the Hallowe'en party, had boldly entered the grounds, roused the dog's ire and had it chase him round and round the tree until it was completely wound up. Then, while he tantalized the dog, he had urged his companions to make the best use of their time, which they did, to the complete stripping of that tree, the only one they touched.

This having been accomplished, the collegians tossed the dog a bone and left. That the brute died was a surprise to the visitors. That was not in their programme.

Mr. Jarvis now thought that George should be reproved, and Mrs. Jarvis had made him feel that he had neglected his duty in leaving all guidance of the boy's life and reproof of his ill-conduct to her.

"I'll do it," said Mr. Jarvis, relighting his cigar and reaching for his paper.

"Do what, father?" asked Mrs. Jarvis, with a start of apprehension.

"As you say, reprove the boy, Mary. I'm sorry that I have neglected him so long."

"Do not act rashly, dear, or without giving him good reasons for your reproof. Chastisement, even with word, given in anger, only sears and bites the spirit, and does more harm than good," she said hastily.

"Well, Mary, I'm certainly not used to it, but I'll do it or die. George and I are going to find each other out."

Mrs. Jarvis hardly comprehended her husband's meaning, but, having delivered her warning, had recourse to her old, patient sigh and resumed her sewing.

* * *

Theodore Jarvis found many difficulties in the way of carrying the citadel of his son's soul, and was hardly aware of the fact that most of these difficulties lay in his own mind and heart. Man-like, he tried to argue otherwise. He determined to open his heart the next time he met the boy; but when George was in his presence he found it difficult to do what he had determined, and so easy to fall into the old habit of being pleasant to his boy and seeking to take pleasure out of his company.

"Whoever thought that it was so hard to really approach one's son!" he exclaimed to himself, after George had left him. "George seems more difficult every day. There was a time when his eager little face looked up to drink in everything I said; but now! O dear, how supercilious he is! But what is the matter with me? I cannot brook any wrong word or act in my warerooms, and buyer and clerk are equally open to my censure; still, I feel as if I would rather he hanged than talk openly, decently, honestly, with my boy. Truly, habit is a great sinner, when he is indulged, and I have the wrong habit with George."

"I believe mother feared I would make a storm with snapping coat-tails behind me, such as she has stumbled upon, when I was bearing down upon some delinquent clerks." And he laughed at himself. "No, I shall not act rashly or harshly, either. For, God knows, some do it both ways. They scare the poor youngsters, and teach them to hate their fathers.

"There must be a right method between the extremes, and, if it is not too late, I shall find it."

But the more he thought about it, the greater and stronger became the wall of partition.

He determined to consult his lawyer about the matter. "He may laugh at me," Mr. Jarvis thought, as he was entering the office of Justice Rightway. So he talked very seriously about his business matters, trying to work the mind of the lawyer into a mood suitable to giving the advice he wanted; but, in the end, he revolted at the idea of dragging his boy into public, even if that public were only his long-trusted friend and legal adviser. So he dropped that matter completely.

But Mr. Jarvis was a disappointed man when he left the lawyer's office. He was no nearer, indeed, he seemed to be farther from the solution of his problem.

That afternoon he took a long ride in his auto car. The countryside was beginning to look bleak and bare. Autumn's leaves were fast falling, and Nature sighed and wailed, as if bemoaning her fading glories. Mr. Jarvis was not a man given to moodiness, and storm and calm, rain or shine, had been the same to him in business. He knew how to meet every season of the year. But today he was different. The sadness of Nature settled upon him.

"It's too late," he brooded. "The summer is past and the harvest is ended."

The car swept down a graceful stretch of road. Across the bridge there was an abrupt rise, the land upon the right abruptly jutting and overshadowing the stream. Man had joined with Nature in terracing, tree-planting, and landscape-gardening, and here was created one of the most attractive "God's acres" in the land. The white tablets and other monuments made numerous punctuations amidst the everlasting greens of noble cedars, spruces and pines. Here the ravages of the year were less apparent, and the scenery was most refreshing.

"Stop at the graveyard, John," said Mr. Jarvis to his chauffeur.

Continued on page 872

Questions and Answers

Letters for this department must contain name and address of the sender—not for publication, but as evidence of genuineness and good faith. Where an answer by mail is desired, ten cents in postage stamps must be forwarded by the writers, with full address.

J. G. W., Macon, Ga. I was surprised recently at the width of Philadelphia's main street. Are such streets usual in large cities?

Market Street, Philadelphia, is the widest street in the world. The Via Sol, Havana, Cuba, is the narrowest, being but forty-two inches in width. The very highest street is Main Street, Denver, Col., and the richest in the world is Fifth Avenue, New York, while the shortest is the Rue Ble, Paris.

B. G. C., Gutelius, B. C. What was meant by Jesus blessing the children? Did the children derive anything from it, and did it make them happier?

Some of the children brought to Him were literally babes. It was a venerable custom to bring infants to a holy man, to be touched and blessed. Those who brought their children to Jesus were probably believers in him and his mission. Besides, the incident afforded the Master the opportunity he sought to teach his disciples the lesson of humility. There are traditions that tell of the after life of some of those children, who became leaders in the early church and a blessing to all around them.

H. M. J., Colgate, N. Y. Which is the older game, cricket or football?

The first mention of cricket is in a thirteenth century English manuscript. The name comes from the Saxon *cryc*, a crooked stick, a reference to the bat used in the game. Football was undoubtedly introduced into England by the Romans and is, therefore, older. Varieties of it may be found through the Polynesian Islands, among the Eskimos, the Faroe Islands and in New Zealand. The Greeks also played it.

C. M., Providence, R. I. I heard a clergyman recently refer to an authentic letter from Jesus Christ still in existence. I appeal to you for facts.

The story is wholly legendary. The Greek writer, Eusebius, in his *Ecclesiastical History*, written about 330 A.D., declares that Abgar, the prince of Edessa in Mesopotamia, wrote to Christ while he was working his miracles in Palestine. Abgar was afflicted with leprosy, and he besought Jesus to come and heal him. Legend has it that Christ dictated a reply by the hand of Thomas, the Apostle, and that after the crucifixion, Thomas sent Thaddeus, one of the Seventy, to heal Abgar, who at once became converted to Christianity. Eusebius gives what purports to be copies of both letters.

C. S., Jersey City. 1. How large is Lake George, N. Y.? 2. What was the name given to it by the French?

1. It is thirty-three miles long and from one to four miles wide. 2. The French called it St. Sacrament, on account of the clearness and purity of its water. Objects many feet below the surface can be distinctly seen on a calm day.

W. D. H., Ohio. 1. Are not all the planets (except the moon when so-called) too distant to affect us by the law of gravitation unless infinitesimally. We often see the statement that a "conjunction of Jupiter and the moon" has affected the earth. Is not this untrue? 2. What law of perspective explains the fact that the apparent size of Sirius and of Jupiter are about the same, and yet one shows its disc through a small telescope while Sirius shows as a "point of light" in the largest telescope? Mere distance does not seem to explain it.

1. Every planet in the solar system affects by its gravitation every other planet, but the amount compared with the moon's influence on the earth is infinitesimally small, depending on mass and distance. The influence of the moon in raising the tides, notwithstanding her small size, is greater than that of the sun, in the ratio of 5 to 2. The work she is constantly doing for the benefit of man is inconceivable. When Jupiter is in conjunction or opposition to the moon, no difference in the height of the tides has ever been noticed. 2. As regards the disk of Jupiter and its absence in the Dog Star (Sirius) the fact must be borne in mind that his distance is but a step as compared with that of even the nearest star (Alpha Centauri) 24,000,000,000,000 miles. To count this tremendous distance at the rate of five a second and ten hours a day, would take 365,000 years; railroad car time at forty miles an hour would take 67,500,000 years. The fare at three cents a mile would be $720,000,000. To send a telegram there would take fifty-five years. If these startling statements apply to our nearest stellar neighbor, a bright star of the first magnitude (just below our southern horizon), what can be said of the 500,000,000 which plainly depict themselves on the photograph plates by an exposure of from fifteen to eighteen hours, far beyond the reach of our largest telescopes? To space there is and can be no end, and doubtless no end to suns and planets made by Him,

From out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand.

Marathon, N. Y. LEWIS SWIFT.

B. D. T., Baton Rouge, La. Why are Kilkenny cats always written of as examples of quarrelsome people?

During the Irish rebellion, in 1798, the Hessian soldiers, garrisoned in Kilkenny, were accustomed to find amusement in tying two cats together by their tails and throwing them face to face across a clothesline. The helpless, infuriated animals fought to the death. The officers learned of this barbarism and went to investigate. A trooper, with a single blow of his sword, divided the tails, the cats escaped through the open window, and when the officers arrived, to find no trace of the animals but their bleeding tails, they were told that "so quarrelsome were the Kilkenny cats, they had devoured each other, with the exception of their tails."

B. T. C., Rochester, Mass. Does tradition assign a grave to Adam and Eve?

Tradition locates the tomb of Eve on the Arabian coast of the Red Sea, near Mohammed's burial place. Inside a dome-crowned mosque, a black stone let into the floor is supposed to lie directly over the tomb of Eve. It is polished like marble by the kisses of the faithful, for the mother of the human race is venerated alike by Christian and Islamite. Adam is supposed to lie buried under the forest-clad slopes of Adam's Peak, in Ceylon.

H. S., Brookfield, Mass. What countries were included in ancient times under the name of Libya?

It was used in a general way for the whole of Africa, but properly it designated only the territory west of Egypt. The Persians under Cambyses, in 525, unsuccessfully attempted to overrun the country.

A. B. C., Alabama. Can a local church of any denomination take away from an ordained minister his right to marry people, or take away any official right from him as a clergyman?

The authority to deprive a clergyman of his power to do these things lies not with the individual church, but with the official body of the denomination. The church may reject him, but cannot prevent him from officiating elsewhere.

Reader, Howard, Mich. Is it the duty of a child to support his parents in their old age? The case I refer to is different from the ordinary. The father has been a drunkard for more than thirty-five years. Three wives have secured divorces on above grounds. For thirty years he has been as a stranger to the children of the first marriage, and during that time has not contributed toward their support.

Certainly, such a father has been anything but a model parent. Still, we believe, that if the children, though they may not love him, were to help him in his old age by a small allowance, they would be doing their duty, and might be the means of reforming him.

X., New York. I am desirous of making restitution of a certain sum through the "Conscience Fund." To whom should it be sent?

Address it "Conscience Fund," Treasury Department, Washington, D. C.

C. E. H., Durango, Colo. Should a church deal with disorderly members or let them alone?

By disorderly we assume that you mean any members whose conduct is such as to give offence to the congregation, or who are living in wickedness openly. See Matt. 18: 15-17; Titus 1: 13 and 2: 15; also I. Tim. 5:20 and II. Tim. 4: 2. In all cases, however, we should exercise Christian charity, giving the full benefit of every doubt and not judging our brother. Rebuking is a duty, though sometimes a painful one; judgment belongs to God alone.

S. D. B., Hood River, Ore. I can't help wishing the Simplified Spelling Board had left our language alone. They have "simplified" some of the words until they are too simple for anything. Take the word "drest"; it is no word at all: and how could we ever get along without the word "blessed"? It would spoil the Bible. I think a good many will keep to the old way of spelling—at least some words. If those great men want something to do, why don't they take hold of something that needs reforming more than the English language does? Take the liquor question, for instance. That would be weighty enough to engage all their surplus energy. If they could only banish the saloon, the whole nation would rise up and call them blessed.

Simplified spelling will win its way slowly. Many persons, like our correspondent, regard it as too radical, but if these good people would only take up a volume, printed say in 1776, and note how our language has changed since that time, they might be less critical of the proposed new changes.

Miss L. N., Philadelphia, writes:

A late issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD speaks of the Resurrection Flower. I have one which came from Salt Lake City. It has been in my possession for two years. To look at it, it seems like a bird's nest, dead and dried; but when placed in a saucer of water, it expands, and is a beautiful shade of green.

Photo, Underwood & Underwood

The Delegates at the Pan-American Conference

The third Pan-American Conference, which has just closed its sessions at Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, has been one of the most successful of the series. Questions affecting South America and the West Indies were discussed by delegates who were distinguished statesmen of their respective countries. Venezuela and Hayti, however, were not represented. The photograph shows the members of the Conference on the steps of the Monroe Palace, named in honor of the American President who framed the Monroe Doctrine. The palace is not yet completed, but will be a masterpiece of classic design.

Miscellaneous

P. L. S., Oneida, N. Y. In trees, the side that gets most sunshine is usually the one that turns in color.

W. A. S., Neenach, Calif. The prize-fighting barbarity is a disgrace to our civilization. It can only be reached by legislation.

A. A. W., Macomb, Ill. So spoke and taught the Sadducees, who denied the resurrection. There is nothing new in the statements you enclose.

Mrs. H. F., Panama, Ia. It was held some four years ago in the "House in the Woods," a palace near the Hague, Holland. Thirty governments participated.

Mrs. M. J. C., Crawfordsville, Oreg. We have repeatedly expressed our views with regard to dancing. Countless thousands have found the ball-room a path to perdition.

Mrs. L. F. P., Brooklyn, writes: H. M. L., Deposit, N. Y., will find the quotation, "For every evil under the sun, there is a remedy or there is none," etc., in *Mother Goose's* Nursery Rhymes.

Many Readers. 1. The Sight-Singing Classes are now in process of formation. 2. Every reader, who has sent in name and address, will be communicated with by Mme. Newman, who will give all necessary information as to cost, etc. 3. The review questions will be sent to students monthly. 4. Would advise you to keep note of musical matters in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

H. B., Maryland. 1. In some respects the world is growing better. In others, there is little improvement. Slavery is disappearing, but war, murder and general crime continue. Benevolent and philanthropic enterprises increase, but sin abounds as universally as of old. It depends upon the point of view how the question is to be answered. 2. We should call one who smoked cigarettes and went in rolled-up sleeves, vulgar and ill-bred. 3. No; evil thoughts may come, but they can be driven off if we ask Divine reinforcement. Temptation is not sin, but yielding to temptation is sin. 4. The passage about heaven's streets being paved with gold occurs in Rev 21:21. John was describing the glories of heaven in figurative language.

The Mightiest Thing in the World

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

*By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts**

THE sun has set upon the Jewish Sabbath, and Jesus is at supper in Simon's house in Bethany. We may not only look in at the door, but we may enter as onlookers, and not be thought rude, for it is the custom to do so. Of course, we shall not unbidden take places at the table.

We recognize some familiar faces: the twelve apostles of Jesus, and also Mary, Martha and Lazarus. They seem to be very much at home in Simon's house, for Martha has charge of the feast. What does Mary hold in her hand, half concealed? It is a small alabaster bottle or vase. We have seen something like it before, and know that it is filled with 'nard, a costly perfume, worth about fifty dollars, although the bottle is hardly double the length of a finger. What can Mary be going to do with it? She steps up close to Jesus, breaks the seal of the bottle, and slowly, drop by drop, pours the precious ointment upon his head.

A Good Deed Criticized

But Mary's good deed is evil spoken of by Judas. He asks: "To what purpose is this waste; for this ointment might have been sold for much, and given to the poor." We are amazed to see the other apostles nod their heads in approval of what Judas has said. Mary is troubled and looks appealingly to Jesus. He has no word of reproach for her, but only for those who have found fault with her. He says to Judas and the other apostles: "Why trouble ye the woman, for she hath wrought a good work upon me? For ye have the poor always with you, but me ye have not always; for in that she hath poured this ointment on my body, she did it for my burial."

The apostles are silenced, and they look incredulously at each other, for the meaning of what their Master has said is not clear to them. And Jesus adds: "Wheresoever this Gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there shall also this, that this woman hath done, be told for a memorial of her." And Judas shows his extreme displeasure by leaving the supper.

The sweet perfume of the nard fills the whole room, and, like a spell, rests upon the guests at the table. The tone of their conversation becomes low and sweet, and, with loving glances, they seem to hang upon the words of Jesus. Mary has disappeared, the prominence into which she was brought being distasteful to her modest, gentle spirit.

"Why trouble ye the woman? She hath wrought a good work"

Illustration and Application

1. Loving Service Outpoured. An enthusiastic Sunday School teacher and author, whose heart has been daily outpoured in efforts to make children Christlike, has long been wont to sign her public and private letters, "Yours in loving service." That was the meaning of Mary's anointing of Christ, She could not speak for him as eloquently as Peter or write about him as profoundly as John, but she could proclaim her heart's adoration in the precious nard, poured upon his head, and her act has spoken to the world, as Jesus said it would, as widely as the words of Peter and John.

The best short definition of success is in the words which Jesus spoke in this lesson, not of some great man's public act, but of a lowly woman's anointing of his feet. "She hath done what she could." Success is doing your best—not excelling or equaling somebody else, but filling your own place in God's plan. In the Tyrol, they have a proverb:

God has his plan
For every man.

A mother, Frow Baptiste, used to quote it often to her crippled boy, who was unhappy because he could do so little for his family and for his country, especially when the men of the neighborhood were put on guard near heaps of wood that they were to light as beacons of warning when Napoleon should invade their free hills, as he was expected to do. For a long time he did not come, and the men grew careless and left their beacons one holiday to join the festivities of their families in the valley below. The boy was left alone, as too feeble to go to the festival. He became anxious about the unguarded hills and dragged himself to the nearest beacon. Sure enough the French were close at hand, crawling through the grass and bush. He seized his tinder box and struck a light, and kindled the bonfire that gave warning just in time. The invaders shot him down, but his country was saved, and a beautiful cross was raised in his honor because he poured out his precious blood for his country, glad to find even in death that "God has a plan for every man."

A Crippled Girl's Picture

In the Royal Academy of London, there hung, a few years ago, a picture of the brave boy dying for his country, painted by a crippled girl, to whom the story of how the boy found his place in God's plan had proved an inspiration to use her talent as an artist, when, counted out of all the activities of her stalwart brothers and sisters, she seemed to have no place in the home life or any other. There was a touch of pathos about that prayer of a young girl in the Christian Endeavor meeting who said, "O Lord, help our pastor to set us at work."

Those persons are to be pitied who want to work for Christ, and yet do not know just how to go at it. But there is an old adage about the connection of a will with a way. And some of the mightiest ways are those which prosy people call sentimental.

A newspaper item tells us that the power of Niagara is now running street cars in Syracuse, one hundred and sixty-five miles away. But that is not the only service Niagara is rendering. It is—

A voice that since the world began
And waters ran, has spoken still to man—
Of God and of eternity, hath spoken.

It is God's outpouring of grandeur and beauty upon the brain of man, made for great thoughts and imaginings. It was the custom among the Jews and early Christians to use tear bottles, in which to gather their tears to deposit in the graves of friends who had died. Hundreds of such bottles have been found in the catacombs. It was a poetical way of saying, "I will remember thee." King David had this custom in mind when, in great trouble, he prayed, "Put thou my tears into thy bottle."

Tears of sympathy when we "weep with those that weep," God puts into "his bottle" as ointment for troubled hearts.

Have you had a kindness shown?
Pass it on.
'Twas not meant for you alone:
Pass it on.
Let it travel down the years,
Let it wipe another's tears,
'Till in heaven the deed appears.
Pass it on.

Sydney Smith shows how we may outpour from 365 beautiful vases a year, the nard of loving deeds by doing our best in little things every day. "When you rise in the morning, form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow-creature. It is easily done; a left-off garment to the man who needs it, a kind word to the sorrowful, an encouraging expression to the striving, trifles in themselves light as air, will do it, at least for the twenty-four hours; and if you are young, depend upon it, it will tell when you are old; and if you are old, it will send you gently and happily down the stream of human time to eternity. By the most simple arithmetical sum, look at the result: You send one person, only one, happily through the day—that is 365 during the course of the year; and suppose you live only forty years after you commence that kind of medicine, you have made 14,600 human beings happy, at all events for a time."

2. Loving Service Misunderstood. It is easy to see why Judas criticised Mary's gift as a waste. If the nard had been put into the "poor fund," which he handled, he would have gotten "graft" out of it. The devil tree (*arbor diaboli*), which grows to a height of about forty feet, has drooping, slender limbs like those of a weeping willow, but these branches are

Electric Traps

that close quickly about little birds that light upon them and hold them prisoners, and even men who climb the tree are at last fully entangled in the branches. Little by little Judas was at this time climbing the devil tree, not yet bad enough to sell his Lord, but only pilfering small sums from the widows and orphans, who are robbed on a larger scale in this age of private speculation with insurance trust funds. He was allowing the love of money to grow upon him. No wonder, with such an example under his eye, that Jesus condemned covetousness, that is commercialism, more than any other vice, for the love of money is the chief root of "all kinds of evil." In classes of men and boys the contrast between Mary's generosity and the greed of Judas should be made an impressive contrast.

The Grace of Giving

The Sunday School is the very place to make church people "quit their meanness" about giving. Many young men of good positions, and girls who always have nickels and dimes for soda and candy, have never outgrown the "penny collection." The term should be abolished. Even in the primary classes, many children can and should bring more than a penny, if only to learn that religion is more than a trifle. The word "collection" belongs to the art gallery, and the only proper word for the church in any of its service is the "offering," which should be kept in succession to the generous offerings of the Old Testament, when God's people after "paying a tenth," which was God's share in the production of their property of flock and field, and which they rightly felt they could not keep without embezzlement, poured out additional free-will offerings, often reaching to a third of all their income. Some can and should give a third and some even more. John Wesley gave all save his very moderate living expenses, and such giving it was that Jesus commended in the widow who gave her "two mites." Let no one dare to say "I will give the widow's mite," who is not really giving God his all. The cure of greed in manhood is systematic beneficence in childhood, Judas probably might have been saved by his parents and teachers.

Oriental Ointment-Jars

It is easy to understand the criticism Judas made, but what of the condemnation of Mary's outpoured sentiment by the honest apostles, all of whom nodded approval to the words of Judas, "Why this waste? It might have been turned into alms for the poor." Martha probably agreed with them. Jesus' reply, "The poor ye have always with you but me ye have not always." suggests that we have "always" with us the people who are blind to the supreme value of sentiment. It is not so much the money we give that God values as the motive. He wants our hearts even more than our pocket-books. To build a beautiful church from pride, whether family pride or church pride, makes it hideous to God, but to pour out to God "a psalm in stone," is adoration as welcome as the fragrance of Mary's nard.

*The International Sunday School Lesson for Oct. 28, 1906. Jesus anointed in Bethany. Matt. 26: 6-16. GOLDEN TEXT: "She hath wrought a good work upon me." Matt 26: 10.

My Conversion to Life Insurance

By ALFRED HENRY LEWIS

THERE once lived a Scotchman—born in 1812—who went to and fro in the world as Samuel Smiles. For all the inferential hilarity of his name, Mr. Smiles took, if not a sad, then a serious view of life and its responsibilities. He began his career by studying medicine and surgery in Edinburgh. Graduating in drugs and lancets, he found the speedy road to England, after the manner of those Scotchmen of whom the jealous Johnson so often complained to Boswell.

Mr. Smiles settled in Leeds—a fifth among the principal towns of Great Britain. Here he was in the swirling midst of manufacture—woolen, iron and countless other branches—and those neighbors who surrounded him were, for the most part, mechanical, wage-earning folk. If not poor, they were not rich, and young Smiles, as he tied up their arteries and set their bones, grew to a tacit philosophizing over their work-a-day conditions In the end he tired of pills and plasters; thereupon he took down his doctor's sign, cut the wire of his night-bell to protect his pillow, and gave himself to writing books.

Being young, with blood hot, and perhaps a liking and a lust for trouble he wrote the "History of Ireland." Later he became cooler; and as he did so, what he'd seen and heard and thought in those days when he went drug-dispensing among the work-folk of Leeds began to come uppermost. He wrote "Character" and "Duty," and "Self-Help"; and as, one after the other, these went from under his pen, fame began to settle like a mantle about the shoulders of Mr. Smiles. He found celebration and acceptance for his honesty, his wisdom and the solvent worth of his counsel. In the end he wrote "Thrift," which some think the capstone of his works.

The other evening, being in that mood of mental weariness when one is inclined to relegate one's thinking to one's neighbor, and wants to be told things without being driven to the trouble of hunting them out for oneself, I picked up "Thrift." The book did very well as a rest-cure, and I drifted about among its mild and temperate passages with a deal of passive satisfaction. For the greater part it was telling of people who, in a worldly sense, were worse off than I myself was, and that alone is ever calculated to invite repose.

This pleasant condition continued until I went aground on certain observations touching Life Insurance. The particular chapter was headlined "The Economy of Life Assurance"; and it turned out to be replete with a long array of fact and argument, all urging the investment-propriety of rich and poor, high and low alike, going with Life Insurance, each to the fair limit of his means.

What I read made an impression upon me; for my author Smiles was not a Life Insurance agent, owned no personal interest in any Life Insurance attitude that either I or any other individual might take, and as a last but not least weighty feature wrote this his argument in favor of the idea, towards the end of his own long life, when it would be reasonable to assume that he was not to be deluded by the fallacious in theory or imposed upon by the fraudulent in fact. Particularly I was caught by these words:

"But life is most uncertain, and he knows that any moment he may be taken away, leaving those he holds most dear comparatively destitute. He insures for five hundred pounds, payable to his survivors at his death, and pays from twelve to thirteen pounds yearly. From the moment on which he pays that amount, the five hundred pounds are secured for his family, although he died the very next day. Now if he had deposited that twelve or thirteen pounds in a bank it would have taken about twenty-six years before his savings would have amounted to five hundred pounds. But by the simple expedient of Life Assurance, these twenty-six years of the best part of his life are on this account at least secured against anxiety and care. The anticipation of future evil no longer robs him of present enjoyment. By means of his annual fixed payment, he is secure of having a fixed sum at his death for the benefit of his family. In this way Life Assurance may be regarded in the light of a contract by which the inequalities of life are to a certain extent averaged and compensated, so that they who die soon—or rather their families—become sharers in the good fortune of those who live beyond the average term of life."

Having come thus far with Mr. Smiles, I closed the book—with my finger holding the place—and gave myself up to cogitation. In one sense I had met defeat. I had embarked upon those rippleless tides of "Thrift" with a thought of rest, and to avoid the heave and billow-toss of even a least mental exertion. Now I was of a sudden caught up in a very storm-center of conjecture. I could understand Mr. Smiles. Those who take alpen-stock and go forth to climb the Matterhorn are made, by the prudent wisdom of the guides, to tie themselves together, each man to his neighbor, front and rear, to the end that should he miss foothold and slip, the rest shall save him. That, thinks I, so far as one's wife and children are involved, is Life Insurance. The policy is that saving rope. One misses one's foothold on the steeps of existence, but one does not thereby—because of that saving rope—hurl wife and children into an abyss of want. Living, one labors and supports them; dying, that good binding rope, the policy of Life Insurance, reaching from neighbor to neighbor and holding all for each, takes up the strain and saves them from destruction.

Most men, particularly those who make a trade of ink, are more apt to think on living than on dying, and seldom make plans for the last day. The greater part of us are not forethoughtful. We live as carelessly as Highlanders, in the rocks and the cliffs and the caves of opportunity, going down onto the plains of each occasion, carrying off what we can, and setting fire to what we cannot carry off. And yet, speaking for myself, I have lived long enough to be afraid of error, and to take defensive measures against mistake. One cannot afford error: it provokes peril, provides risk. Peculiarly should one shrink from going wrong concerning Life Insurance, which gravely and seriously proposes to take up the burden of fending for one's family when one is no more. Thus ran argument when, on the heels of Mr. Smiles and his "Thrift," I fell to thinking.

"Surely," I said, in conclusion, "it is either a great fraud or a great philanthropy. And yet it cannot be a fraud; for if not the honest Smiles, then those years upon years of its successful existence offer an incontestable evidence against that assumption. It could not thus have lasted for that century and more, during which it has had first rank as a soundest economy. If Life Insurance were mere malignant hocus-pocus, the world would have discovered it; if it were a fool's fallacy, the world would have pierced it; in both cases the world would have rejected it, and it would not now occur either as a pet proposal on the pages of the sage Smiles, or a question of sound investment in the sane minds of men."

Having decided, both by the word of my good Scotch author and what deductions I have laid bare, that the theory of Life Insurance embodied within itself a best principle of safety—like the anchors of a ship—and fearing as I said to be wrong or ignorant in so important a matter, I resolved upon investigation. I was as untaught of Life Insurance, in either its theory or what I shall call its practice, as of oat-culture in Nova Zembla; and with that I cast about me for a best practical example, to become the basis of my studies. The Prudential, that Gibraltar of Life Insurance, attracted me. I had heard it best spoken of. Besides, its controlling spirit was Senator Dryden—whose intelligence had been its architect, just as his integrity was and is its corner-stone.

U. S. Senator John F. Dryden, President, The Prudential Insurance Co. of America

It is not difficult to get possession of Life Insurance literature, and I presently had an armful. And I went carefully through it, booklet after booklet, with occasional side-flights into Mr. Smiles and his "Thrift."

For a first confident matter, I discovered that Life Insurance has been brought to a science Every chance has been measured and accounted for; every last possibility eliminated of the company breaking down. The process of Life Insurance, as practised by The Prudential for example, is mathematically exact, and as certain in its results as two and two are of making four. Given a policy plus death, the death-loss is paid, and that promptly.

True, my doubtful friend, all things of this world are liable to fail or to fade. Crowns rust, thrones decay, and the sponge of time wipes nations from the map. And yet, as men use the word, such companies as the Prudential are *sure;* since they found themselves on investments that are as the blood and sinew of the country. The government must fall before they fall; and the policies they issue, and the promises they make, have all the vital enduring qualities of a government bond.

In a broad way, the thought behind Life Insurance—I found this out as I read my literature—is readily comprehended. I had seen the Hanlons in their daring flights, over the heads of a theatre audience, from one swing to another. In its raw stage, the "act" lay wide open to peril. The flying Hanlon might fail to connect; he might miss his clutch at the swing, and come tumbling, to break his back on the orchestra seats. As closing this door of death, the Hanlons always did their "act" over a net; then, should a Hanlon fall, his safety was made sure.

Life insurance was the Hanlon idea over again, with the policy acting as the net. The natural risks of existence make every man a Hanlon, with the added drawback that, in his flights from swing to swing, he must take wife and children with him. His risk is bound to be their risk. And so, being a prudent Hanlon, owning enough of loving forethought to bear the welfare of his family on his daily slope of thought, he takes out Life Insurance, and spreads that net of safety between those he loves and a poverty that might destroy them.

Being by this time thoroughly converted to Life Insurance as a theory of good, I began to read over what proffers were made by the Prudential to the would-be policy getter. There were, I found, the "Whole Life Policy," the "Limited-Payment Policy," the "Endowment Policy," the "Intermediate Policy," the "Guaranteed five per cent. twenty-year Insurance Endowment Bond," and the "Five per cent. Gold Insurance Bond Policy." These policies, being one and all of the sort termed straight Life Insurance were aside from that Industrial Insurance which the company offered and of which it conducted a larger business. This Industrial Insurance, by the way, is most important, as opening a path of safety to the wage-earner.

Running these proffers over in my mind, from the "Whole Life Policy"—which is the old-fashioned, heel-and-toe method of insurance, whereby one pays his premium of so much per year while he lives, and his family receives the face of the policy when he dies—to the "Five per cent. Gold Bond" plan—which latter struck me as an admirable savings-bank arrangement—it was made clear that The Prudential had invented, for the good of its policy holders, divers improvements that were unknown when Life Insurance was young. Under the old system, a failure to

pay your premium on the nail when due, meant the death of the policy. You might have paid your premiums for years; let your foot but slip, miss but one payment, and all was swept away. The policy died; the premiums already paid were lost, and you were where you started. No, you were worse off than when you started; for there was now that handicap of added years. Your increased age, should you seek to take out fresh insurance, would tell against you in increased premiums. You would now pay more, while the face of your policy would be no bigger than before.

This catastrophe, the result of a failure to meet one's premium, was obviated in those offers of insurance which the Prudential held forth. If one who had met his premiums during a certain brief space of time—always written in the policy—should fail in any particular payment, the policy did not die. As a primary step there was a month of grace given the policy holder. If his premium was due on the first of July, he had until the first of August wherein to pay.

Even then a default did not put him out of court. Failing to bring in his premium by August first, the whole amount he had already paid in premiums would be counted up. Then he was granted a paid-up policy, for a sum the size of which grew in proportion to the whole sum of his former premiums.

The scheme was perfect; it was like those safety arrangements one sees on the modern elevator. The rope breaks; but the car does not go crashing to the far bottom of the shaft. The mere parting of the rope gives instant action to the automatic brakes: the car is caught and held. And so with these safety contrivances of the Prudential Insurance Co. The rope might break, the premium might fail: those automatic safety brakes will catch the policy, midair, and the policy holder is saved his honest proportion of Insurance. This feature of excellence is incident to all policies written by The Prudential. Another element—and one calculated to make easy the sleep of the policy holder—is that the company waives all right to contest a policy, and squabble in court against the payment of a loss, once the policy be one year old.

In a day long gone in Life Insurance, when the old, and only the old method prevailed, a blunt personage, approached on the subject of taking out a policy, put the suggestion aside on the grounds, as he phrased them, of "not caring to go into a game where he had to die to win."

Something of this gentleman's egotism and selfishness I confess abides in a partial sense with me. If I don't wholly refuse a game wherein you have to die to win, I at least prefer those games in which you may both live and win. Being thus constituted, I am frank to say that of those Insurance proffers made by the Prudential, that one to most win upon me was the "Guaranteed Five per cent. twenty-year Endowment Bond."

As illustrating what might be done with this scheme of Insurance, I imagined a man whose years were thirty: What would he give, and what would he get, under that scheme of Prudential Insurance?

Assuming then that under it he takes out a policy for five thousand dollars, the whole amount of the premiums to be paid up in twenty years: His premium yearly, by this arrangement, will be $405.30. But this further fact is to be considered: While year after year he pays $405.30, and no more, the face of the policy increases annually by five per cent. During the first year, the policy calls for $5,250; during the second for $5,500, and so it grows until at the end of twenty years when the policy is paid up and no more premiums are to be called for, the policy is worth $10,000.

There then is the situation: My friend of thirty has paid into the Prudential, during those years, $8,106. On his side, and as against this, he holds the company's paid-up promise for $10,000.

What can he do with that promise?—being now in his fiftieth year. He can cash it at the company's office for $10,000. Or he may have part cash, and part in a paid-up policy, and there are other methods. Best of all, he may buy an annuity for himself; and if he be what President Roosevelt would call "a square man," he'll do the latter. By this annuity plan, the company would receive his $10,000; and for it would pay him $750 every year for life—being seven and one-half per cent.—even though he lived to be as old as Old Parr.

The great point, never to be forgotten—for it was the first reason of insurance—is that should he die at any moment during those twenty years, were it the next day the policy was written, his wife and family would be paid the face of the policy. It would be at the smallest amount $5,250. It would increase five per cent. of $5,000 for every year the policy ran.

Suppose my provident friend had put those annual $405.30 into a bank at four per cent. interest. It would take ten years before the deposit climbed to $5,000. And yet, at the end of ten years, that Prudential policy in the event of death would call for $7,500. No saving could equal it, no investment approach it. Samuel Smiles was right.

"But," says one, turning the 'ifs' and 'ands' in his thoughts, "if he had put those $405.30 in a bank, he could have drawn them out at any time, and used them."

Read your policy, friend! Given a certain age, three years I think, you, on your policy, can borrow from the company a big proportion of all you've paid in as premiums. Or you can surrender the policy for cash. The whole story of what you can borrow, or what you can "cash" for, is plainly told in the policy; for I might say in passing that the Prudential sells no pigs in pokes.

The longer I looked at the above insurance, the more perfect the scheme seemed to me. It was safer than a bank; for there can be no "runs" on the Prudential, to lock its doors and put its shutters up. It was better than other investment: for it paid five per cent.—more than the usual "safe" investment pays. Also—and this was the unique advantage—it anticipated the years, and gave one an investment capital of $5,250 at the very threshold of the transaction.

How can the Prudential pay so much for so little?—how can it take your $405.30 a year for twenty years, and when you are fifty give you an alternative of $10,000, in hand, or an annuity of $750 while you live? Because, in addition to it being Life Insurance the company buying, as it does, millions of securities at a time, it can get a bigger interest for its money than you—a small investor—can get for yours. Beyond that—and here is another great reason—it will issue policies only to hale people. Every one who asks for a policy doesn't get it. The would-be policy holder must show himself sound in wind and limb, or the company will refuse him. It requires no argument to show the effect of this in favor of the company—an effect which finally expresses itself in those vast advantages whereof I've told you to healthy folk who are granted policies.

When Senator Dryden laid the bed-plates of the Prudential as its founder, he had Industrial or *mass* insurance in his thoughts. Until then, in America, only the well-to-do in this world's goods might talk Life Insurance. The wage-earners, that great body of people who were "poor," couldn't think of a policy because they couldn't manage the premium. Insurance, in those days, went in one thousand dollar parcels, and was out of a wage-earner's reach.

Senator Dryden is a practical and thinking man, he saw that, to best help a man, one had but to help him help himself. Then it was he resolved upon inaugurating an Industrial Insurance; and with that the foundation of The Prudential began.

America has taken many a good thing out of England besides its Independence; and, among the rest, Industrial Insurance. Senator Dryden, who begins a study at its source, went to England to make himself master of the details of Industrial Insurance. This was in the early '70's; when he had equipped himself he returned and formed The Prudential in 1875.

Industrial Insurance is primarily a burial insurance, which gives even the poorest an opportunity to relieve the public of a burden that does not belong to it, and at the same time take his own self-respect down with him to his grave, and therefore it should have the widest public endorsement.

Whatever may be the life beyond, certainly one's entrance into it can in no wise be injured by making a reputable exit from this one. Also, on grounds of sentiment, and for the mere sake of a name, it is worth the while of any man to be laid away under conditions of solvency and level manhood. He shall be none the worse, here or hereafter, who gives no occasion for those he leaves behind to either lie or blush when his funeral is mentioned. Being first of all a burial Insurance, Industrial Insurance must needs provide for every member of a family—the man and the woman, the child at school, the grandsire by the hearth.

There are those six or seven black weeks—weeks empty of plan, void of direction—which inevitably descend upon a house with the death of the breadwinner. With crape on the door!—that is no time for a family to be without a dollar. Industrial Insurance steps in and pays the face of the policy—that policy which five or ten or fifteen weekly cents provided.

And what should it mean to pay those five or ten or fifteen cents? The foregoing of a glass of beer! A walk of a mile on a Saturday afternoon, when one would have else taken a car! The sum is easily mastered; and with the peril that lies all across them like a shadow—the black peril of dying a pauper, with the blacker peril superadded of leaving wife and children without a least splinter of provision—it is no wonder that nearly every wage-worker, however small his fortune, buckles himself, his wife and little ones with this insurance.

There is another admirable plan, which the Prudential makes, that should have widest advertisement. The father may also provide for the child's education. Under the "Child's Endowment" plan, by the annual payment of a small sum, the father secures the child, say at the age of eighteen, the flat fortune of one thousand dollars. An ambitious boy can go a long journey into his books with that equipment of one thousand dollars.

In England, when a rich man's son is born, the rich man begins "laying down," in the baby's bibulous behalf, cellars of claret or port. These are sacred as the wine-bins of the son; and young hopeful may pull the corks at twenty-one.

The Prudential "Child's Endowment" offers a more reasonable field for the exercise of paternal love. Instead of "laying down" a bin of claret, let the father lay down the premium asked, and thereby secure that money needed later to give the son a finished education.

"Plant the tree of learning in your youth," said Lord Chesterfield, "and it will shade your old age."

The old cantaloupe expert of Blackheath was wise in his way, and the American father could do no better than just to help his son with the planting of that tree.

There you have the story of my conversion to Life Insurance. It protects a man—or the man's family—from those natural dangers that surround us all. It protects a man from himself—often his own worst enemy—and teaches him sobriety and thrift. It lengthens life by lessening anxiety.

The more I consider, the more I believe. If a liner, now, were to clear for Europe, wanting its life-boats, vast would be your horrified amazement. By the same token, it is as wild a venture and one as recklessly improvident, when a man goes sailing the dangerous reef-sown oceans of existence, with wife and babies aboard, and never a life-boat policy of insurance swinging from the davits, to see them safe ashore should he strike and go down.

The Christian Herald Advertiser

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The Wall of Partition

Continued from page 867

Mr. Jarvis entered the lovely spot, and wandered around aimlessly for some time. At last he came to a grave that riveted him to the spot.

"This is Eden Park," he said quietly, "and this is my father's grave. O what a father he was," said he, reverting to the difficulty that rested so heavily upon his mind and would not be shaken off. "How he labored and wrestled with nature to get us boys a living! Early he made us partners in his toil. We worked with him, thought with him, and learned to pray with him, too. He didn't do it all and always for us, or let us grow up dependent upon him. As soon as we were able to do and understand, we were graduated from the swaddling-clothes of dependency into active partnership in life's battles for bread, knowledge and faith. He was one with us, and made us one with him—in everything."

A pang shot through his heart, and he put his hand spasmodically to his side.

"That is where I have made the mistake—my boy is partner only in sport. He must be partner, sympathizer, in everything. He claimed joint-ownership often enough, the boastful little rascal; but I failed to respond and to initiate him. Poor boy! He must feel that his father did not trust him as a son—the most intimate, because God-given, of partners. My father trusted us and we were one. God helping me, George will yet be one with me."

Mr. Jarvis returned to his car and began speeding homewards. He met his pastor, and took him into the car with him. Mr. Jarvis told him of his visit to Eden Park, and began to expatiate upon the virtues of his father.

"Yes, brother," replied the pastor, "there were fathers in those days. I have a great grievance against the parents of this generation. They become fathers and mothers fast enough, by the course of nature; they glibly take baptismal vows and covenants to become nursing fathers and nursing mothers for the Lord, but little do they carry home and enforce the teachings of the pulpit. The young things go their own ways, and the parents either restrain them not in the multiplying of their foolishnesses, or they follow them into the paths of sin. The Lord's work cannot go forward at this rate. Parental neglect is the root weakness, not to say sin, of this day and generation."

"But, my dear sir," replied Mr. Jarvis, "it might be more helpful if we had advice from our religious teachers, instead of denunciation. Now, take a living instance. I want to do right by my boy; but I cannot see how to better my course, I feel that there is some estrangement, some wall of partition between us. How is that to be overcome?"

"By being demolished at once and at any cost. Nothing can be done until that is out of the way. If necessary, humiliate yourself in the dust to win him. God humbled himself and became obedient even unto death to save us sinners; shall we not slay false pride to win the love of our children! Become open, humble, trustful as a child with your son, and he is yours forever. But, friend, in all your dealings with your son, respect his feelings. They are more alive, more sensitive than yours. When Abraham would treat with Isaac, he left wife and home, servants and flocks, behind, and they two sought the Mount of God. No young man will resent such delicacy of consideration. There, alone before God, let him or you be sacrificed. God will then answer prayer, find his Lamb for offering, and save the boy to be, in his turn, a shining light to his generation."

"I thank you for your words. May I profit by them," said Mr. Jarvis, wringing the hand of his pastor, as he left him at his gate.

* * *

"We are going to the woods to-morrow, George," announced Mr. Jarvis to his son that night.

"Why now?" asked George in great surprise.

"Fishing."

"But this is not the season for fishing."

"Hunting, then."

"The hunting season is not yet open, either."

"We'll find something in the hills to entertain us. Get ready."

Nothing loath, George made the necessary preparations.

Mr. Jarvis was very quiet while on the train, and George noticed it. His father was usually lively, and occupied this part of the journey in looking over his "flies," hooks, lines, and other unique inventions for ensnaring the finny delicacies. George took his father's books and boxes and examined them for him.

"That is right, George, put them in order," commented his father.

Their guide and canoemen met them at the little station and paddled them up the river. Then came the tramp through the woods at the long portage. Mr. Jarvis generally acted like a young boy let loose from school; but now his silence and quietness of manner were even more marked than on the train. George began to be troubled.

"We have the tackle and the guns, father," he said, "but what game can we get now?"

"If we are to bring down any game, George, it will be there when we get there," said his father, philosophically.

They walked on in silence. But George could not long stand it.

"Look here, father," he said, throwing down his kit, "what is the matter with you? If you are going to light into me because of Old Flanders' apples, as mother said you are, let me tell you that that matter is settled. We were sorry the dog choked itself. We made up a purse and sent it to Flanders by Right-way, and the old man said that he wished that he had more dogs to be choked, if they would be paid for at the same rate."

"I am very glad, my boy, that that matter is so amicably settled; but that is a light matter compared with another. Let us go on a little further. The men may hear us."

George, somewhat relieved, picked up his kit again and followed his father.

"There is a good seat, George. Sit down there," said Mr. Jarvis, pointing out a large boulder, in a quiet, sheltered place.

George sat down, and his father placed himself beside him, prepared to argue with him, woo him, or even to humiliate himself before him.

"George," he said, and the spirit, yes, all the spirits that were uppermost in him, seemed to be in the tone with which he spoke that word. The very sound rang deeply in the young man's soul and subdued him. He could have thrown himself at his father's feet. "George, I want you to come into partnership with me."

"I'll be glad to, father," he promptly replied. "I'll be glad to work from the bottom upwards, to do anything to please you."

The father was almost swept away by this outburst of filial affection. He knew not how much the mother had done to save the boy and prepare him for this very hour. Nor did George know how much he had to be thankful for, in having such a mother to prepare him.

"And George," continued the father, "I do not want to have any secrets hidden from you; and I do not want you to have any from me."

"I've often wanted to tell you everything, father, but you didn't seem to want to hear me. It was always, 'Run away, George, about your play'; as if life did not hold anything for me but play. I told mother what I could, and the rest I've hidden from everybody."

The father rose to his feet and opened his arms, as a lover might. George sprang into them, and father and son clasped each other in one strong, manly embrace.

"This is the game I am after, my son," said the father.

"But, father," said George, "I've got the bigger bag. I've got an open-hearted father."

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Discoveries in Ancient Crete

IT is indeed an out of the way corner of the ancient world that is not being overturned by the pick and shovel of the archæologist, in the search for records on stone and bronze, to tell us more of the life and beliefs of the great nations that have made their mark in history and then passed away for ever. The isle of Crete, the Candia of classic days, is now yielding a rich harvest of inscriptions, tools and weapons of bronze, vases and ornaments of gold and silver, that have lain concealed for more than twenty centuries, while their former owners became myths to the historians of this mysterious island. Although the archæologists turned their eyes longingly to Crete for years, it was not until Turkey's authority in the island was modified and it was granted autonomy, that any systematic work has been possible. Moslems and Christians used it for a battle ground and peaceful investigation had proved a dangerous task.

Painted Filler from Palaikastro

Mr. Arthur Evans has, in the last two years, made some remarkable discoveries. He found a great palace that is many acres in extent. It is as old as the legendary days when Minos ruled in Crete, and Dædalus built the famous labyrinth as a place of residence for that startling zoological specimen, the Minotaur, whose fondness for children was the cause of dire dismay to every Athenian mother.

The numerous passageways and crossing corridors of the palace may have suggested the idea of the labyrinth itself to the Greek mind. The oldest blocks of the ruins were fashioned over 3,000 years before Christ, and the most recent portions were gazed upon by their admiring builder twenty-nine centuries ago. The throne room has been identified, and back of it are long rows of storerooms, in which are hundreds of earthen jars, that once held the wine, oil, and wheat, to furnish dainties for the royal table. The Council Room, has a dais with steps, similar to those found in Arabian palaces of the present day. There is a square central pillar here, on every block of which is chiseled what is called a doubled war-axe, but which looks more like a rude representation of a butterfly. In the great hall, is a finely-carved throne, that shows traces of having been elaborately painted, and on the walls are numerous frescoes. Hundreds of clay tablets have been found about the place, which, when deciphered, may throw more light on the history of the palace, and also on that of Crete itself.

The workmen have to dig with extraordinary care, otherwise pick and shovel may be driven through some inscription or work of art, whose value is incalculable. They found a statuette of the great goddess that presided over the sacred rites of the Cretans; a great jar covered with papyrus designs in relief; a group in enameled terra-cotta of a wild goat and her kids, and a sea-pan in faience of flying fish, nautilus, and cockle-shells.

At Zakro a beautiful vase was found, dating from 1500 B.C., and at nearby Palaikastro, another. Both are shown in our illustrations. A great many tombs have been found at the last mentioned place, more than in any other part of the island.

Italian investigators have discovered a great palace near ancient Phæstos. It is smaller than the one already described, but better preserved.

There is a great central court, around which are the living rooms for the king and his officials. One of the interesting features is the great staircase. Two miles from the palace the searchers came upon the ruins of a villa that has proved a veritable treasure house. In one of the rooms were found two steatite cups, on which were carved elaborate scenes in relief. They are equal to any of the finest art treasures that have been found on the mainland of Greece.

Jars in the Storehouse in the Palace of Knossos

A great tablet, carved in the sixth century before Christ, bearing the "Laws of Gortyna," was found serving as the support of a mill-race embankment. It was at once taken to a place of greater safety. The Cretan government is making a great effort to preserve its interesting objects of art, and has constructed a museum unique among the museums of the world.

Painted Vase from Zakro

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The Doctor's Night Vigil

*BY DR. WILFRED T. GRENFELL**

IN a little hospital like ours, with a small staff of one nurse and one doctor, a serious case, making a night watch a necessity, gives one a thoughtful time. A boy has been moved temporarily into our pretty white-enameled operating theatre. It is nearly four in the morning, and I am sitting by his side. He is a fisherman's only son, of ten years old. After a severe operation on the abdomen he is making a brave fight for life.

Hard by, in a neighbor's little cottage, an anxious mother is waiting for the first streak of daylight, to get the news of her child. She has left her home, far away on the shores of the Straits of Belle Isle, to bring her only boy, Willie, by a trusty dog-team, over these miles of snow—to the surgeon's knife.

It is a new world to her. For never before has she seen a hospital, nay, scarcely heard of one; even a doctor is a new experience. Hoping against hope, that her son would recover, she lingered long, before at length she ventured forth to what, in her mind, might spell death to her only son. It was a supreme effort of faith.

The tell-tale thermometer warns me that the temperature of the boy has risen one degree, and there is a slight flush about the cheek, the pulse rate has reached a hundred. He is drowsy from a dose of morphine, given because he must not move at any cost. In spite of it, he is restless between short snatches of sleep. He must be closely watched. A patient coughing noisily in the next ward—there is only a wood partition between us—has waked him. He has asked for a drink. Two teaspoonfuls of cold water is all I dare give him for the next twenty-four hours. He must have no more at one time. Thank God, he is asleep again.

After all, why am I so anxious? It is only a fisherman's boy from the wilds. Who will care if a hundred such are carried seaward to-morrow, as they go seal-hunting on the ice-floes? Who would care in the busy world outside, steeped in its own anxiety and cares, mindful only of its own joys and sorrows, if he died here in my room? Here in this silent night watch, with no one to speak to, my thoughts go flying now across the sea—to my home in England. It is peace and quiet there. If I were only there, I need not see these things. I should get rest from this gnawing anxiety for a child whom I never saw till yesterday, and of whom once I could say, "he is nothing to me."

There is a stir in the bed. It makes me drop my pencil, and a queer feeling rushes through me as I see that Willie's large brown eyes are open, and evidently fixed on me. How closely he seems to be watching me. Surely, he could not have known my thoughts? No. It is the loneliness of the night that makes one foolishly credulous. But suppose he had read them—and I calling myself a missionary. Thank God, he only asks for another drop of cold water and for a pillow to be moved, because, already he is "so tired of lying."

Why all this restlessness? Can there be something going wrong with the wound? Alas, it is the imperfect work of my own hand! Alas, Alas! What a poor instrument to represent the Master. Surely He might have sent a better surgeon than I to do this work. What would I not give for a consultation now—such as one got so readily in the old hospital at home. What price would I not pay for the advice of some great physician.

A dog has started howling outside. He is joined in loud chorus by all my four-footed friends, over twenty in number. Hundreds of miles they have carried me already across hill and dale, over sea and land, 'mid snow and ice. Now, out on the snow in this bitter cold, with only the stars overhead, they are contentedly making their beds this night. Few pleasures, as we know them, ever fall to their lot. Meat, in great frozen blocks, is the best food they know of, and that is often far too scarce. Yet, with every sign of affectionate joy, they will come leaping up to greet me in the morning. In spite of everything they will be ready—yes, and more than ready, eager to work for me again, and plod on at it till I have seen them drop dead, uncomplaining, in their very traces. They have brought me back to the reality of things.

Here am I, with but poor talents—God help me—and here is this little lad. His life must be saved. I must save it. It must be done now, and I must do it. The time and place offer to no one else this "opportunity" to be the instrument. True, it is no greater, perhaps, than other opportunities—but then, in reality, all opportunities are great. Yes, and each is vast in importance, for it only comes once. Never again. Never. Am I not even now expecting to hear the footfall of the child's mother over the crisp snow outside. Though scarcely daring to risk an answer, she is coming to ask me "the news." Yes, "the news"—

Continued on page 876

Eskimo Women Now Under Christian Training

*Dr. Grenfell has been for years one of the most noted missionaries in the North American field. He established his mission on the bleak coast of Labrador and his work there is known throughout the world. Norman Duncan, the famous novelist, based his story, *Dr. Luke of the Labrador*, on the work of Dr. Grenfell.

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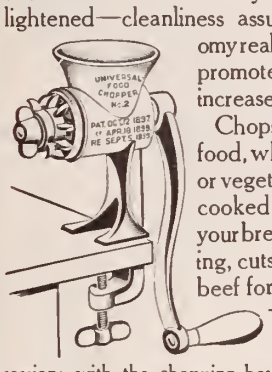

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Anyone who has eaten New England pies knows how good they are. But some things that taste good don't always agree. A Mass. lady had to leave off pie, but found something far better for her stomach. She writes:

"Six or eight years ago chronic liver trouble was greatly exaggerated by eating too much fat meat, pastry and particularly pies, of which I was very fond.

"Severe headaches, dizziness, nausea followed, and food, even fruit, lay like lead in my stomach accompanied by a dull heavy pain almost unbearable. I had peculiar 'spells'—flashes of light before my sight. I could read half a word and the rest would be invisible.

"A feeling of lassitude and confusion of ideas made me even more miserable. I finally decided to change food altogether and began on Grape-Nuts food which brought me prompt relief—removed the dizziness, headache, confused feeling, and put me on the road to health and happiness. It clears my head, strengthens both brain and nerves.

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Christian Friendship*

ONE of the most difficult problems in the young Christian's life is that of his friendships, and it sometimes proves one of the most painful. Especially at the beginning of his career as a Christian does this problem demand solution. Should the newly-converted man drop all his friends? In some instances, there is no other safe course. When the friends are profane, drunken or vicious, he cannot afford the risk of contamination. To some of them he may, and ought to, make an appeal to do as he has done.

There are some of the friends whom he formerly knew from whom it will be hard to part. May he not keep them? The difference between a real Christian and worldings is so radical that there can be no compromise. He will either draw them to Christ, or they will draw him away from Christ. That there can be intimate friendship between a man fully and completely transformed and a man devoted to the world is inconceivable. They have no common basis of thought or action.

Association between the Christian and the worlding is necessary and cannot in most cases be avoided. But association in the home or in business is a different thing from chosen friendship. That acquaintance may be a means of usefulness. It is by cheerfulness, by unvarying good humor and helpfulness on the part of the Christian that business associates and the inmates of the home are influenced and attracted to religion. All this the Christian should practice while showing that his friends are those who are friends of Jesus.

David Livingstone†

WHILE Livingstone is remembered by the scientific world chiefly as an explorer and discoverer, his fame as a missionary deserves a still higher place. It was love of Christ and a hunger for souls that sent him to the scene in which his discoveries were made. He never forgot that purpose or allowed it to be eclipsed by his scientific researches. Wherever he went he preached the Gospel to the natives, and Stanley, the last white man who ever saw him, bears witness to the earnestness with which Livingstone pleaded with him to turn to Christ.

David Livingstone was born in Blantyre, Scotland, in 1813. He was the son of poor parents, who sent him at the age of ten years to work in a cotton factory. There he worked long hours in the day and studied in the evening. Laboriously acquiring the art of reading, then of mastering Latin, he reached the age of sixteen a master of Virgil, Horace, and other classical writers. At the age of nineteen he entered himself as a student of medicine at the University of Glasgow, earning the money for his support at college in the winter by his work in the factory in the summer. He completed his course in 1840, and instead of beginning to practice as a surgeon, offered himself as a missionary to the London Missionary Society.

He was accepted and sent to Africa to help the veteran missionary, Robert Moffat. He was stationed at Kuruman, but afterwards went farther into the interior and settled at Kolobeng. Here he labored earnestly among the natives and made many converts; but the Boers of the Transvaal, incensed by his treating the African as a human being, burned his house, tore his books to pieces, and destroyed his property. Driven out, he began the explorations which have made his name immortal. Entering regions never before trodden by a white man, he discovered lakes and rivers whose very names were unknown. He crossed the continent from sea to sea, recording the names and character of tribes previously unknown and opening the way for future exploration. Starting from the Cape, in the extreme south of Africa, he penetrated northward to Bomba, ten degrees from the Equator. These travels were continued until 1873, when, worn out by fatigue and hardship, he bade his followers build him a hut to die in. There they found him later kneeling by his bed. His spirit had passed away as he was praying for the land for which he had given his life.

*Topic of the Epworth League for October 28. John 15: 15; James 2: 23; Acts 10: 24; Luke 10: 38-42; Col. 3: 14; Proverbs 18: 24.

†Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for October 28. Ps. 68: 28-35.

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MARY'S ABSORBING LOVE

By Mrs. M. Baxter

JESUS was "in Bethany, in the house of Simon the leper": this was his abode from the day of his triumphal entry into Jerusalem until the time of his crucifixion. "As he sat at meat, there came a woman having an alabaster box of ointment of spikenard, very precious; and she brake the box and poured it on his head" (Mark 14: 3). The Apostle John says that the ointment was poured on the feet of Jesus, and, in the Gospel of Matthew (Matt. 26: 12), Jesus says, "In that she hath poured this ointment on my body"—which may mean either head or feet, or both—"She did it for my burial." We cannot but regard the incident as one. What woman then was it who thus anointed Jesus? "It was that Mary which anointed the Lord with ointment, and wiped his feet with her hair, whose brother Lazarus was sick" (John 11: 2), the Mary by whom the town of Bethany was known.

What was there peculiar about Mary? Jesus gave her credit for possessing the one thing needful. She was much misunderstood by man: Martha thought her idle, the disciples thought her wasteful, but she had an ear open to Jesus' voice, and that voice was dearer to her than that of sister or disciple: she had found her place, and she kept it, at the feet of Jesus; she had learned her occupation, and she was constantly engaged in it, she "heard his word." Thus it came to pass that that lesson of death and resurrection, which no other disciple understood, was understood by Mary, and none but Mary could anoint him for his burying. Every one could appreciate, admire, and understand the busy, active, energetic Martha; but Mary was not set on service; she had the true spirit of the Bride, she was intent on learning and reciprocating the heart and mind of Jesus; it was himself she sought, and there was more, far more, of real adoration in the act of anointing him for his burial than in the impulsive utterance of Peter, who would have saved him from suffering, "Be it far from thee, Lord; this shall not be unto thee." Peter's was the impulse of natural sympathy which would spare his Lord the pain; Mary's was the deep entering into the divine plan of God, which she had understood at his feet, and which had so revealed his love to her as to draw her attention from all else, and cause her to be swallowed up in its greatness.

To Mary, time was of no value but to listen to Jesus; money was of no use except for him; all she was, all she had, centred around the person of her Lord. The disciples, who had not learned the lesson of the Cross, could not understand the action of Mary; "there were some that had indignation within themselves," but one spoke out; it was "Judas Iscariot, Simon's son, which should betray him." He said, "Why was not this ointment sold for three hundred pence, and given to the poor?" (John 12:5). Poor, unhappy Judas! he cared not for the poor, but only for the acquisition of wealth—Mary gave all, Judas sought to gain all; Mary was indifferent to what friends or relations might say of her, Judas grudged much money spent upon his Lord, and yet sought to gain a reputation for benevolence at the very hour in which he pronounced it waste to spend the ointment for Jesus.

And so it always is with those few, rare disciples, whose whole being is taken up with Jesus; who are occupied, yes, absorbed with Jesus. Where a soul is taken up with Jesus, where doctrine, experience, work for God, as well as all the lesser things of this world, have become secondary, and Christ fills all the range of vision for time and for eternity, there is an unconscious power, an unconscious influence, which those around must feel whether they will or not; the house where they live, the church where they worship, the circle where they work, cannot but be conscious of the odor of the ointment for it is Christ in them.

The Doctor's Night Vigil

Continued from page 874

no news in the world is so important to her.

What can I do? Thank God, the boy is quiet again now. For myself, I can almost feel the silence. Only the clock, ticking outside, reminds me that the hand of time alone is never still. Is there anything more I can do? Anything? My worried brain gives me no help. I seem to have done all that I can—I wish I could have a consultation with some able physician.

There seems to be an unseen presence here in response to my wish. Does it mean that, that very Friend I have been so keenly wanting is really near after all? Can my professional mind think of Him as being of real value here in this prosaic operating theatre as the "second opinion" I've been groaning for? Something within me resents the hope as merely a creation of my own desire. But if it is true, then whatever I feared that the lad saw with those great eyes of his, He must surely know. And those unworthy thoughts of a while ago! Can it be that He knew those? May I really shift the burden of responsibility on Him, and so get rest from this anxiety?

Prayer is not to replace action—the Old Book itself says so. Faith, without works, cannot save this boy, I am certain. The Old Book is too genuine to suggest fatuous words as a narcotic for incompetence, if there has been carelessness or sloth. The Master means, "She has done . . . now is the time for Me."

Three days have passed. The crisis is over. The mother is even now sitting for a few moments, her heart too full to speak, by her boy's bedside. I saw her kiss him. Yes, and a tear fall on his face as she bent over him. So I closed the door, and waited outside.

God give you your joys in service, dear readers. We owe you much down here, though you may think it little. You have sent of your means and of your prayers. You have sent us words of cheer. You have paid—who knows—for the very knife that wrought this joy. God bless you, and give you many more such joys, fellow-workers. May your hearts make your faces radiant with this same joy when you are waiting to see for yourselves Him who has promised to consider all these things as "done unto Him." Nay, do not shrink from responsibility. Do not dread the anxiety and the real suffering it so often entails. For in no earthly home will a follower of the Christ escape these things. Only when the golden gates are closed behind us can we expect the rest of heaven. Only, amidst it all, God give you the joys of having "done what you could," and so give you that joyful countenance that communion with Him has ever given—and must of necessity ever give—for it reflects his own.

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But occasionally the spirit of youth and determination remains in some men to the last day of their lives. When such men do find any habit of life has been doing them harm, they surprise the Oslerites by a degree of will power that is supposed to belong to men under 40, only. "I had been a user of coffee until three years ago—a period of 40 years—and am now 70," writes a N. Dak. man. "I was extremely nervous and debilitated, and saw plainly that I must make a change.

"I am thankful to say I had the nerve to quit coffee at once and take on Postum without any dawdling, and experienced no ill effects. On the contrary, I commenced to gain, losing my nervousness within two months, also gaining strength and health otherwise.

"For a man of my age, I am very well and hearty. I sometimes meet persons who have not made their Postum right and don't like it. But I tell them to boil it long enough, and call their attention to my looks now, and before I used it, and that seems convincing.

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THE CUBAN REBELS DISARMED

DURING the first week of October, Secretary Taft and General Funston made rapid strides toward bringing about a peaceful condition of affairs in Cuba, and making arrangements for the temporary occupation of the island by the "boys in blue," or, to modernize the phrase, the boys in brown. General Funston had not been on shore a day, before he visited one of the largest camps of the insurgents and ordered them to put their rifles in the custody of the American authorities. The rebel general was astonished at the coolness of the request and made a strong protest. He said that his men needed their guns for hunting deer. As much more time has been spent recently by the Cubans in hunting one another than in chasing wild animals, the American officers could not see the force of the argument, and took possession of the rebel guns. For several days disarming went on peacefully with the exception of a hitch in Pinar del Rio. Gen. Guerra's officers refused to give up their guns without an order from Gen. Costillo. Major Ladd, of the American forces found the General taking his ease in the palace of Anita. He was full of apologies and said the order would be written the next day. The Major insisted on an immediate order and got it, and also the rifles.

Marines and soldiers have been landing almost daily. On October 1st, a brigade of 700 swung through the streets of Havana, on their way to camp Columbia on the outskirts of the city. Their fine appearance made a deep impression on the Cubans who lined the streets. These they knew were real fighting men "who had no bouquets in their guns." They have gone about their duties in a quiet, business-like way—that means that bloodshed by lawless bands is at an end in Cuba.

Mr. Taft made a great impression when he acted as chairman at the annual prize-day at the University. The audience received him coldly, but he soon won them with his cordial sympathy, and they soon began to cheer him. "It is sad for me to be here," said the Provisional Governor, "but sadder for President Roosevelt to have sent me. I am glad of the opportunity to assure you in the name of President Roosevelt that I am here only to help you on, and with my arm under your arm to lift you again to the resumption of the wonderful progress you have made, so that you may once more be able to point with pride to the fact that the United States is not an exploiting nation, but only has such sympathy with progress as to be willing to spend its blood and treasure in spreading progressive government throughout the world."

The appointment of Hon. Charles E. Magoon, to be Governor of the island, in succession to Mr. Taft, the latter being needed in Washington, has given much satisfaction. Mr. Magoon has a fine record as a business administrator, and has great tact in dealing with people of the Latin races.

The Cuban election laws are being revised by a commission representing all parties, the chairman, however, is an American. Doubtless the election for the half of the Cuban Congress whose title to office was questioned, will be held as soon as the country is pacified. The other half have not had their position questioned, and the election for their seats will not come for thirteen months.

Answered Prayers

M. G. C., Pennsylvania. "I feel that I should acknowledge God's goodness in giving me many blessings."

L. O., Wisconsin. "I want to acknowledge God's great goodness and mercy in bearing when we called to him."

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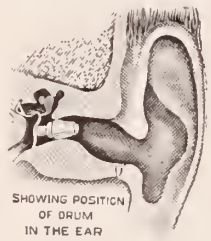

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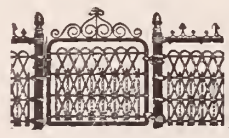

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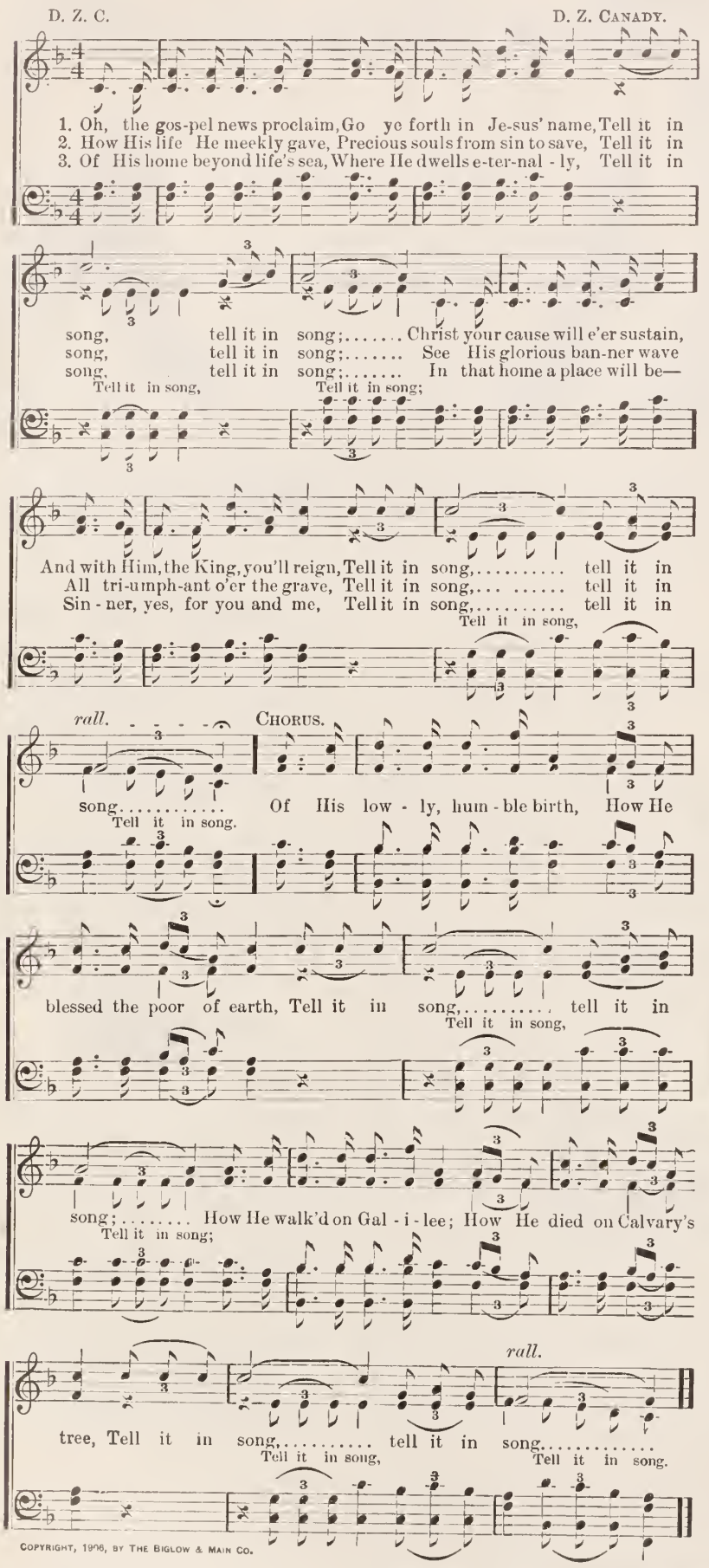

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MUSICAL NOTES

DEEP breathing strengthens and develops the lungs, broadens and deepens the chest, brightens the eyes, improves the circulation, and purifies the blood. It is a general tonic. Notice the general bearing of the trained singer, and you will see the high chest, the well-poised shoulders and head that should be, and can be, the heritage of all. The vocal student must breathe from the abdomen, not from the chest. Jean de Reszke, the famous tenor, says: "I shall begin by teaching breathing, proceeding with the placing of the voice and resonance, and only when they have worked hard at vocalization will I teach them vocal declamation and articulation of the words."

Madame Patti gives this advice to singers: "I should cultivate the middle notes, and the voice of the singer would be good at the age of one hundred. The whole harm to a voice comes in pushing it up and down, in trying to add extra notes to its compass. My success is founded on my middle notes, and there can be no enduring success without them. High gymnastics are very beautiful, but lose the middle notes and you lose all."

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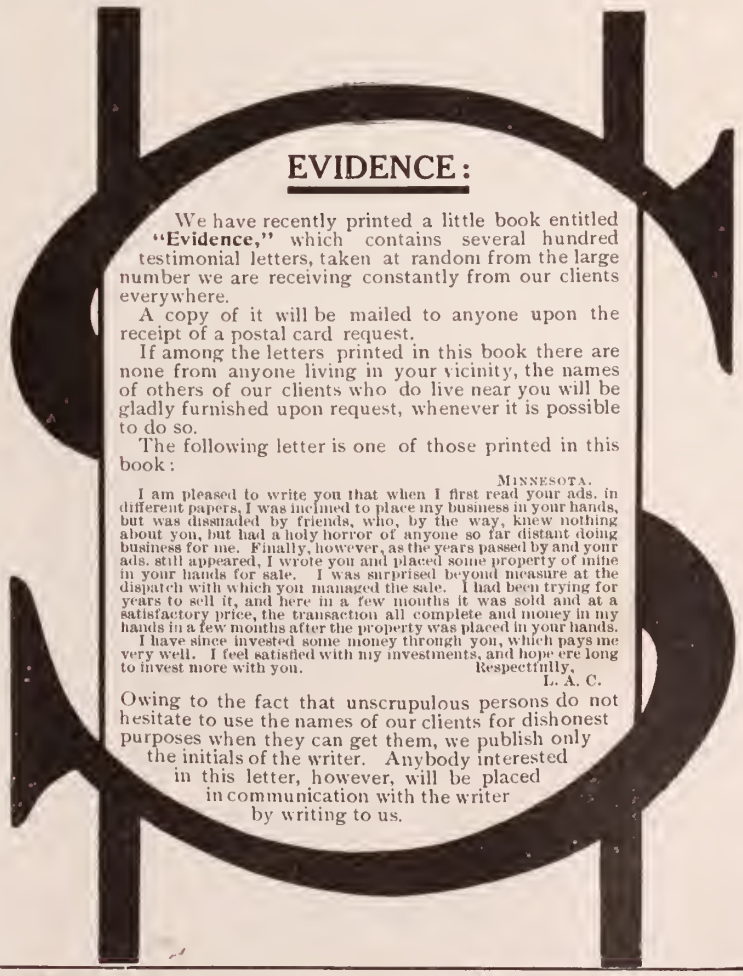

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I am pleased to write you that when I first read your ads. in different papers, I was inclined to place my business in your hands, but was dissuaded by friends, who, by the way, knew nothing about you, but had a holy horror of anyone so far distant doing business for me. Finally, however, as the years passed by and your ads. still appeared, I wrote you and placed some property of mine in your hands for sale. I was surprised beyond measure at the dispatch with which you managed the sale. I had been trying for years to sell it, and here in a few months it was sold and at a satisfactory price, the transaction all complete and money in my hands in a few months after the property was placed in your hands.

I have since invested some money through you, which pays me very well. I feel satisfied with my investments, and hope ere long to invest more with you.

Respectfully,
L. A. C.

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PUBLISHED 52 TIMES A YEAR

New York, October 24, 1906

VOL. 29—NO. 43. PRICE 5 CENTS
OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

Photographed for The Christian Herald

SEE PAGE 885

The American Woman as a Voter—Scene at the Polls in Denver, Colo.

Questions and Answers

Letters for this department must contain name and address of the sender—not for publication, but as evidence of genuineness and good faith. Where an answer by mail is desired, ten cents in postage stamps must be forwarded by the writers, with full address.

W. F. S., Kuntztown, Pa. 1. What are we to understand by the first and the later resurrection (Rev. 20: 5, 6)? 2. What is meant by a new earth? Will the present earth be destroyed? 3. What is meant by the words in the creed "He descended into hell"?

1. That there will be a resurrection of the righteous at the beginning of the millennium, while the wicked will be raised at the close of the millennium for judgment and sentence. 2. It is not necessary to suppose that the material earth will be destroyed, though it may be so. An earth "in which dwelleth righteousness" as stated in II. Peter 3: 13, where the same idea of destruction or renovation is implied, would indeed be a new earth even if it was the old earth transformed. 3. The phrase has reference to the mysterious statement in I Peter 3: 19. It is omitted in the repetition of the Creed in some churches.

H. J. C., Machias, Me. Please explain the origin of Hallowe'en.

Hallowe'en is the evening before the feast of All Saints, which was appointed by Pope Gregory IV., in 835 A.D., because it was impossible to observe a separate day for every saint. Hallowe'en is more or less celebrated everywhere, but the peasantry in the west of Scotland regard it with sincere veneration. The leading idea is that upon this one night of all others, supernatural influences are strong, and spirits, both good and evil, walk abroad. All who choose may avail themselves, through the many spells and charms peculiar to the Hallowe'en celebration, of the opportunity to pierce the veil of the future.

M. M., New York City. 1. Is every person who truly repents and accepts Christ as his Saviour, born again? 2. What is meant by Christ's imputed righteousness?

1. Those are the first steps. Without them, no one can be born again. But sometimes the repentance is a passing emotion, and the man returns to his sins (See II. Peter 2: 20-22). The acceptance of Christ as a Saviour should include acceptance of him as a king to be obeyed (see John 15: 14). When, in short, the change is superficial without influence on the life (see Matt. 13: 19-22), the new birth has not taken place. It is God who changes the heart, and we can know that it has taken place only by the life (see Gal. 5: 22-24). 2. The doctrine of imputed righteousness is a Calvinistic doctrine, earlier held substantially by Anselm and Thomas Aquinas. It is, that as Adam's sin is imputed to his descendants, so Christ's righteousness is imputed to his people. Paul explains it in Romans 5: 15-19. It is often symbolized by a robe which covers human imperfection. The progressive school of religious teachers do not lay emphasis upon it.

C. A. G., Berlin, Ont. What is the name of the star which we see in the west about two hours high after sundown? There are many here who believe it to be a huge electric light somewhere near Grand Rapids, Mich.

The name of the star is Arcturus (Alpha Bootes). In one sense it is a distinguished star. See Job 38: 32. The meaning of the expression, "His sons," has given rise to much research and discussion. The heavens are covered with double and triple stars, but where motions of revolution are detected around each other, they are called binaries. Ever since the invention of the telescope this conspicuous star has been the target for the employment of large telescopes, but up to the present no duplicity has been detected, and it is regarded as a single star. In my opinion, the expression, "Canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons," means simply the forty-five other stars in the same constellation.

Marathon, N. Y. LEWIS SWIFT.

H. H. M., Anderson, S. C. What do you think of the denominations which promote ministers to positions of power and influence simply because of their skill in raising money?

The denominations have need of such men in certain offices. There must be such men in connection with the Boards of Foreign and Domestic Missions, for example. There are other Boards, too, in which such skill can be used. It would be matter for regret if such men were placed as ministers in influential pulpits. They should be officers of the Boards. The one recommendation for a preacher should be his power to present the Gospel in a way to win souls. In the Congregational, Baptist, and some other churches, men cannot be promoted by any one. Their capacity for preaching wins them acceptance without any consideration of their money-raising ability. Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, who probably had more money put in his hands for the Lord's work than any modern minister, seldom, if ever, adopted methods of raising it.

S. S. M., Dayton, O. I expect to be in Naples within a few weeks with several friends. Can THE CHRISTIAN HERALD suggest where the best accommodations are to be found in that city?

From personal experience, we have found the Hotel Royal des Etrangers a most agreeable place for Americans. Its equipment, table, service and general appointments are very satisfactory. Mr. A. G. Caprani, the proprietor, is again in full possession, and has a host of American friends, who regard his house as their legitimate headquarters when in Naples.

O. E. B., Springfield, Mass. Is the soul by nature immortal, or does its immortality depend on faith in Christ?

The question has been argued for generations without result. On the one side, in modern times, were men so eminent as Henry Ward Beecher, Dr. William Leask, Dr. R. W. Dale, Dr. Edward White and Dr. Joseph Parker, and on the other side Dr. McCosh, Dr. F. L. Patton and a host of orthodox clergymen, philosophers and Christian scholars. To the Christian the question is not a matter of personal concern. Even if it could be proved that the soul is not inherently immortal, he is sure of immortality as the gift of God through Jesus Christ.

A. H., Ocean Grove, N. J. Did Voltaire die in the Christian faith?

The records state that when he was eighty-four years old, he visited Paris to witness the production of his tragedy of *Irene*. During the visit, he was taken with a hemorrhage, which was so violent that he believed death was near, and he sought a reconciliation with the Roman Catholic Church. He then signed a statement that he would die in that faith, and asking pardon of God and the church for his sins. He recovered from the attack, but died soon afterward. It is impossible to escape the conclusion that his so-called repentance was merely formal, and of extremely doubtful sincerity.

Sarah M., Bridgeport, Conn. The characteristics of the various States are humorously set forth in the following, which is probably what you mean:

The most religious State—Mass.
The cleanly State—Wash.
The most egotistical State—Me.
The sickliest State—Ill.
The most maidenly State—Miss.
The medical State—Md.
The most paternal State—Pa.
The mining State—Ore.
The bunco State—Conn.
The deep in debt State—O.
The coy State—La.
The personal State—U.
The swift divorce State—S. D.
The liquid State—Fla.
The card-sharp State—Mont.
And the oldest State—Ark.

C. A. C., Ashley N. D. What causes the Northern lights so often seen in North Dakota?

The Northern lights, or *Aurora Borealis*, is caused, it is thought, by the passage of electric currents, or light, through the rarefied air in the polar regions. The first appearance of the Northern light on record was seen in London, in 1560. Cornelius Gemm wrote of two seen in Brabant, in 1575. They had the appearance of armies in battle, fortified cities, and lines of spears. One was seen in France, in 1621, by Gassandi, who gave it the name of *Aurora Borealis*. In 1859 there were a number that affected telegraph lines and interrupted communications in the United States.

C. D. L., Middletown, N. Y. On different silver dollars, underneath the inscription, "One dollar," are found stamped a single letter, S or U, etc. What do these letters stand for?

It is the distinguishing stamp of the mint in which the coin was made. The S, for example, stands for the mint of San Francisco.

AUDIENCE ROOM IN THE SHAH'S PALACE

MUCH to the surprise of the rest of the world, the Shah of Persia issued an edict recently from his palace at Teheran, calling for the election of representatives to a national parliament. Persia was supposed to be several centuries behind other nations, and her people probably cared little for representation so long as they were left to carry on their business without too frequent visits from the tax-gatherer. The Shah, however, is a great admirer of Western ways, and evidently wanted the Persians to fall in line with the twentieth century countries. The palace of Teheran is one of the most gorgeous in the world. The audience room is a mixture of Eastern and Western styles, with enormous glass chandeliers. The chairs are inlaid with rare metals, and on the walls are trophies of arms, set with precious stones.

Miscellaneous

Subscriber, Fairbanks, Fla. There are no reliable statistics on the subject.

Reader, Marblehead, Conn. The name is pronounced as if spelled Pay-ton, with accent on first syllable.

Miss M. S., Narvon, Pa. Theatre-going has already been frequently discussed in former issues of The Mail Bag.

Reader, Fitchburg, Mass. Ingersoll's influence has almost been forgotten. One rarely hears his name mentioned now.

Mrs. H., Schenectady, N. Y. The proneness to slander proceeds from two causes, viz.; Ignorance and innate depravity.

J. W. P., Bangor, Mich. Certainly it would be unfortunate if a profane man, or one who had no religious convictions, should happen to be selected for a responsible public position.

C. J. H., Hood River, Ore. There are no better watches made than those produced here in America. The Swiss watches have long been famous, and justly so, but the best American watch is equally good.

Inquirer, Hamilton, Ont. Bowling, under certain conditions and in proper places, is an unobjectionable recreation, but we regard the so-called public alleys, which are generally attached to saloons, as decidedly objectionable.

EVERY now and then inquiries reach this office, from generously-inclined friends, for the proper legal designation of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD charities. While the benevolent work of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD extends over the whole world, its special charities are the Bowery Mission and our Children's Home. The corporate name of the Bowery Mission is as follows: "The Bowery Mission and Young Men's Home of New York City." The proper designation of the Children's Home is as follows: "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home at Nyack, New York." Both are duly incorporated and entitled to receive legacies.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 24, 1906

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

Group of Children of Australian Aborigines

Jacky-Jacky, King of Tarampa

Australian Gins (Women), and Pickaninnies

AUSTRALIA'S VANISHING RACE

A Correspondent Describes a Native "Koroboree," with its Weird Music, War Cries, and Dances

ON our recent trip around the world we made a special study of the superb and stupendous work of missions among the colored races of the earth. In every land and in every clime there is an awful battle being waged between the trader's greed and the Christian's creed. Nowhere, however, do we see this great struggle for mastery raging so fiercely as in South Africa and Australia, where the forces of evil and good are opposing one another and are trying to drive one another from the field. Alas, in Australia greed has conquered and the black races have almost been exterminated.

Is the white man to blame for all this wholesale murder? Mark Twain, in his book, *More Tramps Abroad*, says that he is. He tells of the appalling crimes that have been committed by the whites against the blacks, and of the awful burdens that have been put upon the black man by his oppressors.

Alas, the field in Australia has been left far too long to the greed of the white man, and when missionaries came with the Christian's creed, they only found a disheartened, dying remnant of people, and very little could be done to save these wrecks of humanity. The British government at last has come to the aid of the poor blacks. Land has been reserved for them, schools have been established for their children, habits of sobriety and industry are being taught; but it is too late—it is too late! In less than a century from now, the many thousands of aboriginal natives of Australia will have disappeared and their race will be lost and forgotten.

Even now, one only finds these people congregated in stations, or exhibited in shows. They are no longer met with in the forests, living in their small huts, hunting the kangaroos and opossums, and fishing in the streams. "Black fellers' creeks" are pointed out to one; black fellers' tomahawks of stone are found as the fields are being plowed, but these are the only traces one finds of them. If one wishes to see them, it is necessary to go to one of the missionary settlements, where the few remaining families live, and where their children are being taught, principally at the expense of the British government, in the schools established for them.

On the 26th day of July we had the privilege of going to Deebing Creek with the Rev. O. E. Krueger, M. W. Haenke, Esq., and Miss Taylor. Here there is a school for the children of these poor blacks. In the school we heard their recitations, saw their work, and then I was permitted to speak to the little ones. I told them that wherever I had been the children had asked me to sing to them a song from India, and that the song the children among the Telugus in India loved best of all was: *Yesu yokka, prema, nannu rakshinchenu.* I sang this for them, and then asked them to sing with me the English version of it: "Oh, how I love Jesus, because he first loved me."

To my surprise all joined in singing this song, and their fervor proved that they sang with health and soul this sentiment of every heart that beats for Jesus. Since then the children have sent a special request to me to send them the Telugu words in English scrip, and now they are singing these beautiful Telugu words. Jesus loves those little black children, and they love Jesus, and we shall meet many of them before his throne, singing his praises, when we join the heavenly choir.

The "black fellers," as they are called, living at these mission stations, are, many of them, nominally at least, Christians. Dr. Paton, of the New Hebrides Mission, has also preached to these blacks, and intimates that the Gospel could have saved them from extinction, if only missionaries had come with their creed, instead of criminal traders and convict settlers with their greed.

After our inspection of the school, we heard the singing of war songs and saw the war dance called the Koroboree, when the men act war scenes, while the women chant war calls and war cries. We also saw the throwing of the wonderful boomerang, that flies swiftly away, suddenly turns back, and comes down near the thrower. It is a weird spectacle this throwing of the boomerang. The sickle-shaped weapon would fly from us, but not return to us, when we tried to throw it. Why not? I am sure I cannot tell.

Aborigines in War-Dress at a "Koroboree"

Thank God, the white man's, the Christian's creed is becoming more powerful than the trader's greed. This we saw in the successful missions in South Africa and the Fiji Islands. Gradually the nations are being brought together under the cross of Jesus. May God hasten the day when every knee shall bow in the name of Jesus, and every tongue shall confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.

(Rev.) Geo. N. Thomssen.

* * *

The Australian aborigines believe in a "Great Spirit," whose name is only spoken on solemn occasions. They pray to him as "Our Father." According to tradition, he formerly lived on the earth, instructed the tribes, and gave them laws. Once very numerous, there are now only a few thousand aborigines left in New South Wales, Victoria, and South Australia.

THE AMERICAN PULPIT

SERMON BY

Rev. F. DeWitt Talmage, D.D.

UNPROMISING FIELDS

TEXT:—ECCLESIASTES 11: 1

"Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days"

THIS text has been impressed on my mind ever since I journeyed around the world and came home by the land of the Pharaohs. When I wandered amid the ancient ruins and stood under the shadows of its obelisks and pyramids and reflected that all these temples and palaces and monuments and tombs were the relics of the ancient race which was attracted by the fertility of the land lying along the banks of the River Nile, these words have had for me a complete fascination. For in the light of Egyptian lore, I thought King Solomon was alluding to the custom with which the descendants of the ancient subjects of the Rameses are wont to sow their seed. That custom is very interesting to a traveler from this hemisphere. Egypt is a vast desert. From one end of the year to the other no rain falls on that parched soil. How, then, is the land cultivated? By the River Nile, which, when the spring freshets flow into it, rises above its banks and overflows the low-lying lands on each side. Then, as the River Nile dries up again, most of the overflowing water is drawn back into the original channel and leaves the adjacent regions under a layer of thick mud, with here and there small shallow lakes and pools. Then the Egyptian farmer goes forth and scatters his seeds upon this water. The seeds sink into the mud. They take root. Then, when the harvest time comes, the lands alongside of the Nile are covered with luxuriant crops.

In Swampy Regions

In light of this strange custom of Egyptian agriculture I used to say, "Ah, I know what King Solomon meant when he said, 'Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.' He is practically saying, 'Pick out your richest grounds. Go up to the rich mud-covered fields by the Nile. Drop here a seed and there a seed of God-given teaching. You will never find that those seeds will die. Your harvests will soon yield their thirty, their sixty, their hundred-fold. The ground is so rich that it is certain to bring forth a harvest.'" Thus I would always picture the Christian in obeying this injunction as casting his seed upon rich soil, and then, in a few months, driving up to the Gospel granaries with his wagons laden with the heavy golden sheaves, which he had harvested for his Master.

That is a very beautiful vision which I had about the message of my text. There was only one trouble about it. The vision was not true. When I began to look up what the Bible scholars said about this theme, I found they made no allusion to the River Nile and its vast muddy banks, with their mud filled with the sowers' seeds. According to Thomas Scott, this text alludes to the Palestine farmer and not to the Egyptian. It pictures a Palestine farmer scattering the seed over his fields and coming to a swampy region. It is the poorest part of his farm. He has never cultivated it before, because, when he came to it, he always said, "What is the use of my planting there? I will never get any return for my labor. My seed will only rot and never bring me back any sheaves." But Solomon says. "Oh, farmer, go to the most unpromising parts of the farm. Scatter your good seeds amid the swampy soils, where you and all good people are sceptical about getting any return. Your Gospel seeds will never be uselessly thrown away. The harvests will come. Believe me, the harvests will come." Let me read to you his very words: "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days." Could we have more practical advice for Christian work?

Children of the Slums

Instead of seeking the richest fields, God is here telling us to sow in the most undesirable ones. Now, as I begin to run over some of the most unpromising regions for Gospel seed-planting, my mind in the first place naturally turns toward the child who is born of dissolute or degraded parents. "Oh," you say, as you look at him, "there is no use wasting anything upon that boy. He was born of a bad mother. His father was divorced from her on account of her flagrant sins. She is never at home. You might as well try to change a leopard's spots, as to overcome the parental taint in his blood." Or you say, "What is the use? That boy's father is a drunkard and an infidel. He daily scoffs at the Bible. Any good seed we might sow in that child's heart would be rooted out in a night by the ridicule of his parent." Yes, Sunday School teacher, I know how discouraged you are over that boy. But do not despair. Go on sowing your Gospel seed in that child's heart whenever you have an opportunity. Christ will look after the result. The Gospel harvests in that life will surely come. Do you not recall the divine promise given to us in Ecclesiastes: "Cast thy bread upon the waters." That means, "Cast thy seed in the unpromising fields, for thou shalt find it after many days."

Receptive Young Hearts

And why should we not cast the Gospel seed upon the child heart? Have you a right to say that any child cannot be led to Jesus Christ, until you have tried to lead him there, not only seven times, but seventy times seven? A child's heart seems to me to be like the desert of Arizona. Now there are two kinds of desert. There is the desert of sand and rock like that of Sahara. You might as well expect a dotted sieve to hold water as such a desert. You can pour rivers upon rivers into it, and have shower after shower descend upon it, and those waters will almost instantly disappear. It would take centuries upon centuries of inundations to change the Sahara sands into the rich soil of a harvest-field.

But such a desert as that is not to be compared to the Arizona desert. There the lands are rich beyond all human computation in all the elements that are essential to develop vegetable life. You could grow wheat there. You could grow corn there. You could grow orchards there. You could grow the most exquisite of flowers there, if you only had water. Travelers will tell you that when the short rainy seasons come to the Arizona desert, it will be literally covered with wild-flowers, and the richest of grasses will spring up as if by magic. I never cross the Arizona desert, but every sage bush, every bare mound, every inch of parched soil, seem to cry out to me this one sentence, "Water! Water! Give me drink! Give me water, and I will cover these wide expanses with farm lands. Give me drink, and I will feed multitudes of people who will not only dig gold out of yonder mountains, but cover these prairies with harvests and orchards worth far more than the minerals buried in my depths. Water! Water! Oh, give me water, and then let the starving people come and fill themselves with my abundance." Thus I feel when I look off upon a great community, with its many children. There I do not find rocky hearts, stony hearts, flinty hearts, which cannot be touched by a Saviour's love. But like the Arizona plains, I find rich soil just ready for the Gospel showers. Give the child a chance for God. Sow the Gospel seed in the homes where the parental life is not what it should be. Christ will look after the result. The harvest will surely come for his glory. Dare you deny that God's promises are true? "Cast thy bread upon the unpromising fields, and thou shalt find it after many days."

Parents Influenced

And this Gospel promise is especially dear where it has reference to our labors for Christ among children, because inevitably when you win a little child for Christ, you will also win the parent for Christ. "Everybody has an influence for good," said John B. Gough many years ago, in a great temperance meeting near London. Then, in his powerful and dramatic way, he strode towards the front of the platform and pointed directly to a little child sitting in the front seat, and said, "Even that little child has her influence for good." With that, the father, who sat by her side, arose and said, in a loud voice, which rang through the hall, "That is true, sir. That is true," and then sat down. After the lecture was finished this father came up to Mr. Gough and said, "Mr. Gough, you never spoke a truer word than when you said that little girl had her influence. For many years I was a drunkard. I not only went every night to the public tavern, but I used to take this little girl along, because she is my favorite child. I did not want to go alone. Night after night I have staggered home drunk, with her in my arms. But one night, as I was going to the intoxicating cup, she heard a row going on in the ale house. I felt her tremble in my arms and she said, 'Papa, don't go in. Please don't go in.' 'Hold your tongue,' I muttered. 'I will do as I like.' Trembling with fright, she pressed her little forehead against my head and I felt a tear upon my cheek. I turned and went back home. Mr. Gough, I have never been drunk since. Yes, sir, even a little child has her influence." Ay, not only has a little child her influence, but I sometimes think children have a greater influence upon the parental lives than the older folks.

Let me open for a moment the door of your home. For whom are you chiefly living? I think your chief desire is for your children. You say to your wife: "No, Mary, I will not allow that. The children must not go." But after the supper is over, your little daughter climbs up into your lap and begins to talk. The first thing you know, you have not only consented for her to do what you said she might not do, but you have consented to let her take you along. "Oh, John," your wife says, "those babies can twist you about their little fingers. You have no mind of your own when they are about." You answer: "Not at all. Not at all. I always make them do what I feel is best." But tell me honestly — the children are not listening — do you not live for them? Do they not lead you anywhere they will by

The String of Love?

Now, my friends, if your little children have such an influence over you, your neighbor's children have just as much influence over him. Remember this fact, if you win a child of worldly parents to Christ, that child, in all probability, will lead the parents to Christ also. Oh, my brother, are not these Gospel prizes worth striving for? The easiest way to get Christ into a worldly home is to go there by the half-open door of a child's heart. "Cast thy bread upon the child's life, and thou shalt find it after many days."

But another unpromising field for Gospel seed planting is the besotted life of the man or woman who for years and years has been living the life of a degenerate or a social outcast. When you think of them, you invariably say: "They are Ephraims wedded to their sins. Leave them alone. They have had their moral characters absolutely driven out of them. When the ear-drum is gone, there is no hope in going to a specialist. He will have nothing to work upon. The hearing, in that case, can never be restored. So is it with the degenerates. It is useless to cast pearls before the swine; back into the filth they will go. It is useless to read the Ten Commandments to a flock of human wolves. Only upon the carcasses of sin will they banquet. All that you can do is to leave them to gormandize at their corrupt and disgusting feasts."

Well, my brother, what you say may be true. Ephraim may be wedded to his sins. But when you go forth to sow Gospel seed and are tempted to leave Ephraim's land unsown, be very sure that it is really swamp land. Perhaps you may be making a mistake. Perhaps you are hastily passing judgment of condemnation upon men whom God has not yet given up as hopeless. What I do know is this: if you had lived in Christ's place, many of the

Sinners and Outcasts

with whom he talked, you would never have spoken to, for fear of defiling your garments. Many of the thieves and robbers and the libertines and the moral lepers whom he lifted up out of their sins, you would never have touched. You would have said: "It is useless. They are degenerates. They are Ephraims wedded to their sins. Leave them alone." You had better be careful when you refuse to scatter the Gospel seed in the shriveled heart of an outcast. Even there Christ will bless your seed planting. Yes, he will bless you when you plead with a devil-possessed Mary, or with a libertine and a murderer like David, or with a hard-hearted tax collector like Zacchæus, or with even an adulteress like the woman of Samaria. Your Gospel seed planting will never go astray. No matter how unpromising the human field which you sow, those seeds will never be lost. "Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days."

Among the lowest and most depraved characters there

Continued on next page

WOMEN WILL VOTE IN MANY STATES

IN the November elections, women will cast their ballots in twenty-seven different States and one Territory, in which they enjoy full or fractional suffrage. The women's suffrage movement was launched along national lines in 1848, when the Woman's Convention was held at Seneca Falls, New York. It is admitted, even by its opponents, that great progress has been made by the movement since that time. It has never retrograded, and legislation on the subject has invariably conferred upon women more political rights than they had formerly enjoyed.

Wyoming was the first sovereign State to grant women full rights at the polls, taking that step in 1890. Though the women of Wyoming vote at all elections, they rarely become candidates for office. A few years ago they served on juries almost to as great an extent as the men; but this practice has now been nearly discontinued.

Colorado gave women the ballot in 1893. In the large cities of that State, women seem to take almost as active an interest in public affairs as their husbands and brothers. Ten women have been elected to the Lower House of the State Legislature; but never more than three have occupied seats at the same time. Four years ago Colorado had 3 women legislators, 29 county school superintendents, 508 school directors, 1 county clerk, 1 county treasurer, 1 assessor, 1 clerk of county court, and 1 clerk of district court. This was the greatest aggregate number of female office-holders at any one time, in any State of the Union.

Utah extended the franchise to women in 1870 while still a territory; but it was taken away by Act of Congress seventeen years later. However, when Utah was admitted as a State in 1896, a provision in the State Constitution restored the full political rights of women. Since then women have served in both Houses of the State Legislature, and have filled many minor offices. Idaho extended the right to vote to women in 1896. At the first general election thereafter, three women were elected to the State Legislature, and four counties elected women treasurers.

These four States are the only ones that have thus far granted full political rights to women. In twenty-three other States they enjoy fractional suffrage. In Kansas, they vote upon school and municipal affairs. Twenty-five different women have been mayors of Kansas towns and cities; and many others have served as aldermen, police judges, city treasurers and in minor capacities. In Montana and Iowa, women are permitted to vote upon the issuance of municipal bonds; and in Louisiana, upon all questions of public expenditure. In nineteen other States and one territory, women exercise school suffrage. These are Arizona, Connecticut, Delaware, Illinois, Kentucky, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Michigan, Nebraska, North Dakota, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon, South Dakota, Vermont, Washington and Wisconsin. Full or fractional suffrage for women is now a live political issue in the States of Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, Oregon and Washington.

With not less than 4,000,000 women competing with men in the ranks of the bread-winners in this country, the line that separates the sexes in the trades, professions and business pursuits has been almost obliterated. It is, perhaps, natural that the women who perform so large a share of the world's work, are demanding a voice in the making and executing of the laws by which they are governed.

Other lands, it is urged, have been even more liberal than our own in recognizing the rights of women. In Australia, New Zealand, Finland and the Isle of Man, they stand on absolute equality with men in the ballot and the holding of office. In Great Britain, Sweden, Norway and Iceland, women exercise the suffrage for the election of all officials excepting members of Parliament. Canada has given the right to vote on municipal affairs to widows and unmarried women, provided they are property-owners. The granting of additional political rights is now being agitated in Canada, Denmark, France, Germany, Great Britain, Holland, Hungary, Norway, Sweden and Switzerland.

UNPROMISING FIELDS—Cont'd ✳ Sermon by Rev. F. DeWitt Talmage, D.D.

is always hope of salvation if we go forth with faith in Jesus Christ and scatter the right seed. Has not Christ saved many, who, like Paul, have been the chief of sinners? Cannot he then save others from their sins? An impressive parable found among the Hindus is the following: Many years ago, a thief was captured with stolen money in his hand and sentenced to die. The night before his execution he devised this novel plan for rescue: He called the jailer into his cell and said, "Go tell the king that if I can come to him, I can tell him

How to Grow Gold"

The news was carried to the king and he said, "Let the culprit be brought before me." When the thief entered the royal presence he produced a piece of gold and said, "Your majesty, if this piece of gold be planted in the soil it will grow into a tree, every branch of which will be laden with gold as an orchard with fruit. But this golden seed must be planted by a hand which has never been stained by a dishonest act. Of course, I am a thief and cannot plant this seed. My hand is not clean, so I pass it to your majesty." The king looked at the gold a moment, then he said, "I would plant it if I could, but alas! my hand is not clean; I will pass it to my Prime-Minister." The Prime-Minister's hand was not clean, so he passed it to the governor of the citadel. The governor's hand was not clean and he passed it to the high priest. The high priest's hand was not clean, and he passed it on to another.

Thus the golden seed went from hand to hand. Then the thief said, "Your majesty, if no man's hand is clean, why should I alone die for the crime." "You are right," said the king. "If you are to die then I must die also" Then the conscience-stricken king pardoned the culprit, because he and his officers were all sinners alike. Is the story a mere legend, a fable? I think not. We say certain men are degenerates and beyond the pale of Gospel hope. Are they? Are our own hands morally clean? Have we always been pure? Oh, my Lord and my God, if thou canst save us, the chief of sinners, canst thou not save even the lowest and the vilest with whom we come in contact in our daily life. Yes, even the lowest and the vilest the Lord Jesus can save. "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."

But the next unpromising field for gospel seed-planting to which my mind turns naturally, is the bitter hearts of the persons who for years and years have been identified with Christian work, whose labors were unappreciated by their contemporaries, and who have been cast out, or rather frozen out of the churches with which they were identified. Some of these men and women now are among the most bitter of all enemies of the churches. There are hundreds and thousands of men and women who despise the Church of God, because some Christian friend or some church has proved false to them. They despise the Church of God, which they once loved, because some man, or body of men, has been unappreciative of their loyalty and self-sacrifice. Now, my friends, it is your duty and my duty to go after these delinquent church members. We must go after them. We must harness them up to the Gospel chariot again, and get them to pull. I know it is an unpromising field for Gospel seed-planting. But if we go forth in the right spirit, with the right Gospel seed, we can get a harvest even in this unpromising soil. Remember the words of my text: "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."

The Field of Apostacy

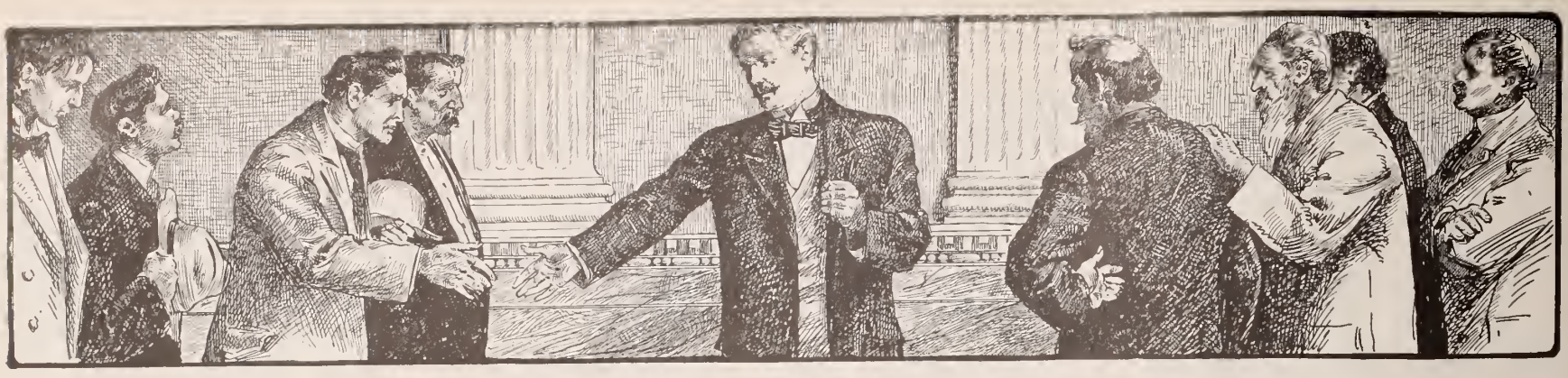
But though this unpromising field may appear utterly useless to some of us for Gospel seed-planting, it is not as bad as many think. When the Christian once tastes the joys of Gospel work and of Christian fellowship, he is never happy without it. There is an old proverb that, if the traveler once drinks of the Pierian spring of old Italy, he will always go back there and drink again. The waters are so sweet and pure that he never ceases, until his dying day, to long to drink of them again. So is it with Christian labor. When a Sunday School teacher has once felt the joy of leading little children to Christ, he can never stifle in his heart the desire to again bring other little children to Christ. Almost every little one he meets seems to be lifting up her hands and saying, "Won't you please show me the way to Christ?" When the Christian worker has once felt the thrill of a Gospel revival in which he has labored, all worldly joys are insipid in comparison. The hearts of these Christians have simply been allowed to lie fallow. Oh, man, go to them. Scatter there the Gospel seed. You can surely bring those delinquent souls back to church work, if you will only go after them. Have you forgotten the words of my text? "Cast your bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."

But lastly, I think of one of the hardest of all fields in which to sow the Gospel seed. That is the stony heart of the man who has stilled the pleadings of his conscience by accepting a religion or a creed which will allow him to give free rein to his evil desires and not feel that he is doing wrong. And these

Liberal Religions

or false creeds are everywhere. There are so many, that at least one of them will satisfy almost any condition of sinful life and gratify every evil desire. A liberal creed which will allow a man to turn his back upon his wife and children, and start a social community, where man can defy the domestic laws, and where the laws of purity are so liberal—so utterly lax—that they will allow men to do almost anything they will. Now, how are we to fight against the sins of these men and women who stifle the pleadings of conscience by false creeds? Simply by Gospel seed planting. I know the stony hearts of these transgressors are unpromising for a rich harvest, but remember, God's seeds can bring forth their hundredfold harvest, even in places where you may think a Gospel sheaf can never be gathered.

But I cannot close without asking this one pertinent question: Is it not a fact, after all, my brother, that the reason you have not been a Gospel sower in the unpromising fields of life is because you do not hold the good seed in your own hand. What is the good of a field and a sower if that sower has no seed to scatter? Friend, why are thy hands empty? Is it because thou hast not yet been consecrated to the service of Jesus Christ? Wilt thou become one of God's sowers to-day, and equip thyself for the work of his Holy Spirit? Wilt thou dig thy empty hands down into the bin of God's promises and bring them up full, and then plant them first in your own stony heart and then scatter them over the fields of thy neighbors' hearts? "Friend, this seed is for thee. This seed is for thee." Wilt thou receive these Gospel seeds and plant them in thine own heart and here and now fit thyself as a Gospel sower for Christ? Wilt thou, friend? Art thou ready now to be his sower? "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."



A BOWERY MISSION WELCOME

RARE, indeed, is the instance which excuses an audience for its abrupt interruption of the reverent reading of the Holy Scriptures, but such an occasion presented itself to the "Bowery Mission boys" on a recent Sabbath morning. For a long six weeks, their beloved Superintendent, Mr. John G. Hallimond, had been absent from his place among them, prostrated by serious illness. Mr. Hallimond returned to New York, after a business trip during the early summer, eager to take up his work again among the men to whom he has become a tower of strength in his simple and all-satisfying presentation of the road to honor and manhood by way of Jesus Christ. Scarcely had the first step been taken in his plans for a fall campaign, when he was stricken down. During the long weeks of his illness, his chief desire for speedy recovery was that he might push on his life work as a "fisher of men" in that black and turbid stream, the Bowery, from which he has already, under God, been the means of drawing hundreds of floating wrecks, almost ready to sink for the last time.

The day came, a happy day alike to Superintendent and workers, when he might return to their midst. Entering the door within whose portals the most despairing may seek and find hope for time and for eternity, the stalwart figure of Mr. Hallimond quietly made its way through the close ranks of men who filled the old mission from platform to doorstep. The clergyman who was conducting the service of the morning had just begun to read the parable of the Good Shepherd; when the men saw their Superintendent among them once more, they could not remain silent. Every man sprang to his feet amid a mighty burst of applause, and then the grand old Doxology swung out upon the air.

To the visitor of the morning it was a wonderful demonstration of the place which the Bowery Mission Superintendent occupies in the lives of the men among whom he labors. It was a morning fraught with inspiration to the "stranger within the gates," whose imagination had pictured the men of the Bowery with seamed, lined faces, swollen with dissipation or pinched with want. And they were there, too, with tragedies written in their tired faces which will never be told until they go before Him from whom no secrets are hidden. But of the 600 men who filled every available seat and crowded the platform and the stairway, fully one-third were men who had come to the Mission, "sick and helpless and ready to die," and had there fixed their hope

. . . . . on nothing less,
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness.

A few minutes were given to expressions of gratitude to the Father of all mercies who had given their beloved friend back to them, and it was a goodly thing to see the light upon Mr. Hallimond's countenance as he listened to the brief expressions of thanksgiving. In a few quiet words he showed his appreciation of the love that greeted him on every side, and then the joyfully interrupted service was continued.

Straight from heart to heart, from one man who had struggled and conquered to other men who might conquer if they were willing to struggle, Mr. Davey's earnest appeal won breathless attention from all. "Be not overcome of evil," was the gate by which the speaker entered the field of his argument. A most telling illustration was that in which he used the famous statue of the Laocoon to prove the fact that no matter how strong a man may be, how much he may strain and fight to overcome the ever tightening grip of the serpent of evil, he cannot do it alone, but faints and falls at last. "With Christ, all is possible; without him the end brings failure." Simple, but strong, every word was an inspiration to reliance upon God, with the sure and certain promise of finally reigning with Him in "the Father's house of many mansions." The service of the morning concluded with a testimony meeting conducted by the dear "Mother of the Bowery boys," Mrs. Bird. The throbbing record of those lives, in which tragedies had been turned to Psalms, should be heard by every friend of the Bowery Mission. May they long live to sustain it by their prayers and by their purses.

H. W. S.

THE HAYSTACK CELEBRATION

The Haystack Monument

AT sunrise, on Wednesday morning, October 10, in the village of Williamstown, Mass., a steady stream of people could be seen making their way toward a pillar of stone surmounted by a carved globe. There were in the throng prominent clergymen of the American Board, which had begun its sessions in the town the day before, laymen from many States who were interested in the cause of foreign missions, and men whose faces of darker hue showed that their lots had been cast in climes more sunny than our own. To these last the monument, the famous "Haystack Memorial," meant more than to all the rest, for on its side was chiseled:

THE FIELD IS THE WORLD.
THE BIRTHPLACE OF
AMERICAN FOREIGN MISSIONS.
1806.

A heavy shower came up before the services commenced, and the greater portion of the assembly went to Jesup Hall and held a prayer meeting, led by Rev. Dr. Samuel M. Zwemer, of Arabia. About a hundred of the pilgrims, for such they really were, remained out in the rain, and in groups held services of praise and prayer, as did Samuel J. Mills and his four companions during the thunder shower a century ago. Then that little body of Christians could only see the host of converts in foreign lands as a glorious vision of the future, while those who were there on this centennial day could see about them some of the great fruits of the seed planted in such a humble way by men who believed that God was with them and had called them to preach the Gospel of his son to all people. An account of that first meeting under the haystack was given in our issue of March 28. A students' conference was held during the morning in Jesup Hall.

It was most appropriate that the American Board should hold its meetings at Williamstown, as the Board is the "Child of the Haystack meeting." Wednesday's sessions were entirely devoted to the celebration of the Centennial. After the morning prayer meeting at the monument, there was an academic service in the Thompson Memorial Chapel of Williams College. The five young men who had the famous first haystack meeting, and who started the foreign mission movement, still have their memory cherished by the students who have come after them, and the meeting was under college auspices. There was an inspiring address of welcome by President Hopkins of Williams, and an address by President Tucker of Dartmouth College. Among the other speakers were Dr. Samuel B. Capen, president of the American Board; Dr. William DeWitt Hyde, president of Bowdoin College, and Dr. Edward Judson of New York, who represented the Baptists. Degrees were then conferred on prominent missionaries.

In the afternoon, when the rain had ceased, there was a great open-air meeting in Mission Park. Dr. Edward Judson, of New York City, the son of the famous missionary Adoniram Judson, told the story of "Missionary Achievements for one Hundred Years." Then Dr. Arthur J. Brown, of the Presbyterian Board, gave an outline of what missions would accomplish during the century to come. He said in part:

"The transition from the first century of Protestant missions to the second century is attended by no more significant change than this—that the non-Christian peoples are regarded with more respect.

"We not only know Asia better, but Asia knows us better. The same steamer that brings to non-Christian nations Western goods, brings also Western books and periodicals. The brutal, immoral trader arrives on the same ship with the missionary. Bibles and whiskey speed across the Pacific in the same cargo. The Asiatic travels through Europe and America, and goes back to tell his countrymen of our intemperance, our lust of gold.

"Our work in the future should be less sectarian and more broadly Christian. We should unite in presenting to the heathen world not so much the tenets on which we differ as the truths on which we agree."

"The Appeal of the Haystack to the Church of To-day," was given by Dr. Henry Emerson Cobb. It was a stirring appeal for the Christians here in the homeland, to take renewed interest in the great missionary enterprises that had been started by the consecrated men and women of the past, and that need the active support of the church people of to-day.

In New York City, on November 13 and 14, in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, will be held public meetings in commemoration of the "Haystack Missionary" movement.

The Legal Value of a Man

IN his table showing the value of individuals of the American laboring class, Dr. Holt states that at ten years of age a boy is worth $2,061.62, at fifteen years of age he is worth $4,263.66, and at twenty-five he is worth $5,488.03. From that time on his value decreases, it is declared, until at seventy he is worth but $17.13.

It will not be difficult to demonstrate that the laboring man, taking him limb by limb, is worth at his maximum considerably more than Dr. Holt's $5,488.03. At twenty-five, says this authority, the professional man has an economical value of $25,898.94.

The following table is compiled from judicial decisions of the courts of last resort of this country and England:

One eye	$5,000
One leg	15,000
Two legs	25,000
One arm	10,000
One hand	$6,000—10,000
One finger	1,500
Permanent disability	$25,000—80,000

Courtesy Revell & Co.

Rev. Charles Stelzle | Prof. Edwin H. Hughes | Edward Everett Hale, Jr. | Rev. Theodore S. Henderson | "Gipsy" Smith

THE WORLD'S GREATEST BUSINESS

It is the Winning of Souls, say the Speakers at the Evangelistic Conference

THE value of the individual—of individual consecration, individual service, individual needs and individual conversion—was the central thought and idea, the keynote of the Institute on Evangelism, which assembled in Calvary Methodist Episcopal Church, Seventh Avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-ninth Street, New York City, October 9 to 11. There were morning, afternoon and evening sessions by the metropolitan district, including the New York, New York East and Newark Conferences, and representing a thousand ministers, tens of thousands of Epworth League and Sunday School workers, and 175,000 church members.

Calvary Church extended its hospitality to the delegates through its pastor, the Rev. C. L. Goodell, D.D., who ministers to what is said to be the largest church membership in the Methodist Episcopal denomination throughout the world. Bishop E. G. Andrews and Bishop C. H. Fowler were the presiding bishops, while Presiding Elders and representative clergymen were present from each Conference, and many prominent preachers took part in the proceedings.

Prayers were offered that the Holy Spirit should enter each individual heart and fill it with an overpowering desire to go and seek individual souls for Christ.

"Jesus was no pale ænemic vague sentimentalist," declared the Rev. D. G. Downey of Brooklyn, "but a red-blooded, virile young man, who would have been perfectly at home in the strenuous conditions of these opening days of the twentieth century."

The Rev. J. G. Wilson, Presiding Elder of the Northwest District, Philadelphia Conference, urged that each one should "Get a strong grip on God, and then get so close to the burdened life of the community as to feel the burden of 'the other man,' and to make the cold hearts in this world feel the warm heart of God. Confronted as we are to-day," said Dr. Wilson, "by the great problems of finance, labor, industry, immigration, social complications, 'it is up to us' to see that these problems are solved satisfactorily, because of the control the church has over individuals in the professions, in business, or among the working people. The hope of the world rests in the fact that the church will recognize its responsibility to go forth to reach men. The greatest business in the world is saving men and introducing them to Christ."

The need of individual personal work was emphasized by President Edwin E. Hughes of De Pauw University, who believes that far more can be done with the average man by quiet personal evangelistic effort than by general revival services.

"There is a tremendous impression," said President Hughes, "wrought by a heart-to-heart talk with a person about his salvation. A man should talk of divine life as if it was food, and not medicine. Don't pull a long face and speak in sepulchral tones. Remember that you are a man first and then a preacher; that offices and stores and roadsides and fields and cottages may become the door of heaven to some souls."

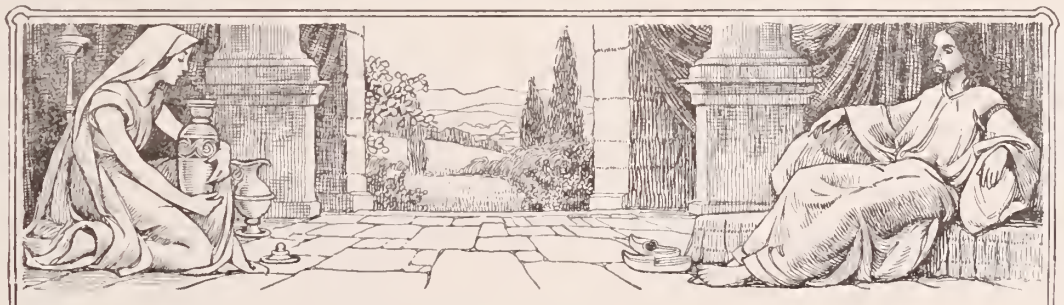
One session of the Institute was completely given up to the consideration of evangelism and the workingman. "No committee on aggressive evangelism can hope to solve the problem of bringing the working people into the church, until it agrees upon a definite plan to enter into individual relation with the people," said the Rev. Dr. George P. Eckman, of New York. "The church has a particular and specific message for the masses."

The Rev. Charles Stelzle, Superintendent of the Department of Church and Labor of the Presbyterian Church, said: "This message of the church and the preacher must be a clear message to reach the working people. The church must take a definite stand in its relations to such questions as that of child-labor, sweatshops, unsanitary homes, and the employment of mothers in factories. The labor question is fundamentally a moral and religious problem, and can never be settled on any other basis."

Edward Everett Hale, Jr., Professor of English at Union College, brought to the Convention some plain, lessons in practical mission work.

Prof. Hale believes in preaching the simple message of salvation, and that "if a man is brought to Jesus Christ, he will, of necessity, stop doing the things that are not right. A strikingly noteworthy thing that impresses me every time I see it," he added, "is the change effected by something which we do not manipulate ourselves—a change brought about not in any way that the human intellect would naturally suggest: the making of a shiftless man into a thrifty one, a man who is a drunkard into one of sober habits, a wanton woman into a decent one, by coming forward and kneeling in prayer for conversion."

The Conference cordially welcomed to its platform the world-renowned English evangelist, Gipsy Smith, now holding a series of union evangelistic meetings in several of the West Side churches. "If the people won't come to church, the church must come to the people," said Gipsy Smith. "What some of your churches want is open-air treatment. Go out and preach at the street corners. Now, during election time, the man who wants the people's vote goes among them, calls on them, kisses the babies, pats the dogs. 'When they want me to vote, they come for me. When they want me to go to church, they don't know where I live,' says the workingman. "If we had the grand passion of Jesus Christ we shouldn't sit in our cushioned seats and sing, 'Rescue the Perishing,' but we should go out to the people and save them." M. K. H.



Mary's Memorial

I.

PHARAOHS built their costly pyramids to keep their names alive,
And to guard their mummies 'till, as they supposed, they should revive;
And Darius carved his triumphs on the Rock of Behistun
To be read as long as time should be marked off by sun and moon;
And the mighty Persian, Cyrus,
Used the sheepskin and papyrus,
And the brick, to will his glory to the ages, as a boon.

II.

But a woman, meek and lowly, with no purpose of display,
Did a deed that shall be told when these shall all have passed away.
When their deeds of martial pomp and glory shall have been forgot,
Then the humble deed of Mary—of her tender love begot—
Shall be told in winsome story
To her everlasting glory,
And when earth itself shall pass away, that deed shall perish not.

III.

What she did was not of moment, whether blood she gave or nard;
Whether it was very easy to bestow, or very hard;
Whether from a box of clay or alabaster came the flow
Of the best she had for Jesus—only this it went to show:
She had done the best she could;
He declared it very good;
It should give her deathless honor, for the Master willed it so.

IV.

Every nation knows the story; every language knows her name,
And a hundred thousand printing-presses spread abroad her fame.
In a hundred million homes are her memorials to-day,
And the odor of that ointment nevermore shall pass away;
And in cycles yet to come,
When all earthly lips are dumb,
Shall the angels tell the story in a sweet, supernal lay.

V.

Never lived a soul so consecrated, yet so pure and good,
As to merit higher praise than "she hath done the best she could."
Never stood a seraph yet so far above the sons of men,
As to merit commendation higher than was spoken then.
Nor with Him do honors vary,
If we do as then did Mary,
He will speak the same sweet plaudit and encomium again.

W. C. MARTIN.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, Associate Editor — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, Associate Editor

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A Permanent Postal Commission

ONE of the principal results of the labors of the Congressional Postal Commission, now investigating the working of second-class mail regulations, is the revelation of the fact that a Permanent Postal Commission has become a necessity. While the present Commission, which includes as members, United States Senators Penrose, Clay and Carter, and Representatives Overstreet, Gardner and Moon, is unquestionably making an honest endeavor to deal with the extremely complicated questions that have come before it since its labors began, it must be obvious to the members themselves, and to all who have watched the course of the inquiry, that the matters involved, which affect not a few thousand publishers merely, but 51,000,000 readers, or two-thirds of the whole population, are altogether too important and far-reaching to be disposed of summarily and without the most thorough and practical investigation.

Briefly stated, the present controversy stands as follows: It is the contention of the Post-Office Department that the Postal Service, instead of being conducted at an annual loss, should yield a substantial revenue. Through the Third Assistant Postmaster-General, the Department has proposed that all second-class mail matter, which now pays one cent per pound, should be taxed four cents per pound hereafter. This new rule would place all dailies, secular and religious weeklies and monthlies, agricultural journals and other legitimate publications, on a level with advertising organs, trade sheets, circulars and stock quotations, which are now handled as third-class matter. There are certain other changes suggested, but they are unimportant beside the one proposed in mail classification.

It is no exaggeration to say that one of the results of such a sweeping change would be to practically wipe out the agricultural press of the country. What with the postal rate increased, and various privileges abridged or wholly cut off, publishers of the farmers' weeklies would find their modest revenues swamped and their publications literally crushed out of existence. Then, too, the secular periodical press, including even the foremost magazines and weeklies, with their great issues, rich in all that appeals to culture, taste and intelligence in American homes, would find the proposed multiplied postal rate such an onerous burden that they would be compelled to greatly increase their subscription price in order to continue without actual loss. A thousand enterprises which now give pleasure and moral and intellectual profit to multitudes, and keep them abreast of the world's progress, would suffer a permanent check.

In the domain of religious journalism, the cost of producing and distributing publications like THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the *Outlook*, *Christian Endeavor World*, the *Churchman*, and the *Sunday School Times*, would be greatly increased, necessitating a proportionate advance in subscription prices all along the line. Thus, the drastic "reforms" proposed by the Post-Office Department are not only a blow at the legitimate press of the country—religious, secular, literary, scientific, and agricultural—but at the fifty odd millions of readers whom it would indirectly tax, by compelling them to pay increased prices for their favorate publications.

We may add that the publishers themselves are anxious to co-operate with the Post-office Department in the effort to remedy existing defects in the Postal Service. That there are defects, some of them grave ones, is well known. There is, in the daily, weekly, and monthly field a considerable class of doubtful publications, house organs, trade-sheets, advertising and circular prints, and the like, which are not to be confounded with the legitimate publications. These are the most flagrant real violators of the postal laws, "the little foxes that spoil the vines." Then there are other abuses, including free postal service to county publications; the abuse of the sample copy privilege; the use of "cut-outs," inserts of music, pictures, supplements, etc., not a part of the regular issue; the serving of unpaid subscribers, and the free return of undelivered publications; the mailing as second-class matter of trade and fraternity journals, etc. But abuses are quite as numerous in other branches of the Postal Service, not the least being the monumental abuse of the franking privilege by all departments of the government.

Besides, the question, as a whole, cannot be regarded as one of revenue and deficits alone. It should be viewed from the broader ground of high public interest. Our great dailies, weeklies, and monthlies exert a power and influence to-day unrivalled by similar publications in any part of the globe. In this Republic, the freest and widest dissemination of news and good literature has resulted in more than the entertainment and enlightenment of the average reader. It has contributed in countless ways to the upbuilding of sound morals, loyal citizenship and stalwart Americanism. Greater than all colleges and schools, the power and influence of the press have ever served the nation well, and are serving it well to-day. There are many different ways in which the Postal Service may be reformed without striking a vital blow at the one great agency for the dissemination of intelligence, the encouragement of learning, and the training of the people to the highest standard of citizenship.

The Haystack Centenary

RIGHTLY did the centenary of the memorable meeting by the haystack at Williamstown, Mass., claim the recognition of American churches. It would be difficult to name any event that has led to such important results. There have been meetings in which great enterprises have been initiated, meetings at which political revolutions have come to the birth, but that meeting by the haystack has led to the belated fulfilment of our Lord's last command, has changed the destiny of millions of the human race in far-off lands, and has wrested from the grasp of the enemy of mankind his boasted dominion over the regions of darkness. In that time of the culmination of the ages, when the great multitude, which no man can number, who come from the East and the West to acclaim Him who loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood, the meetings of men of science and of political magnates will sink into insignificance compared with that humble gathering of the five students, whose prayers led to the salvation of the nations. We should have been obtuse indeed if we had failed to recognize its significance and to commemorate its centenary.

Consider for a moment the achievements in which the enthusiasm that meeting evoked has had a part. When it took place in 1806 the people in heathen lands who had heard the glad tidings of salvation were a mere handful. China was closed; Japan had not seen a Christian in two centuries; India was untouched save by the work of the devoted missionary, Ziegenbalz, among the Tamils; Ceylon, briefly and superficially stirred, had just fallen back into Buddhism; in Africa a narrow coast-line was all that was known of the vast continent, and the hundreds of millions in the interior had never seen a missionary; in Australia the only white men known were convicts and their guards; the islands of the South Seas were given up to cannibalism and hideous degradation; even the southern part of South America had been left to its fate.

When that meeting by the haystack took place, the Spirit of God was just beginning to move the churches to their great work. In England, the Church Missionary Society, the London Missionary Society and the Baptist Missionary Society had just been founded. Should America be indolent? Should it have no part in carrying the message to the benighted heathen? The little prayer-meeting by the haystack was the answer. The five students formed a feeble band for the stupendous task, but they went to the source of power. The five loaves carried to the Master, under his multiplying hands have helped to feed all heathendom.

Who can count the number of illustrious men whom America has given since that day to missionary service? Hundreds have passed from labor to reward, leaving behind a record of achievement that can never be forgotten. At the present time, according to the latest statistics, there are more than four thousand men and women in the field, who have been sent out and are supported by the evangelical churches of America. In the churches they serve in heathen lands, the communicants number 523,982, of whom 31,715 were added within a year. Besides these, how many heathens who were brought to Christ under the labors of American missionaries, have passed beyond the grave? Those that are gone and those that remain to this day, constitute the vast number won through God's blessing on the movement initiated at that little meeting.

Co-operating with the missionaries sent out by European churches, the American missionaries have had no small share in the toils and triumphs of the century. In China, Japan, India, Africa, and Australasia, stations have been established, the Gospel has been faithfully preached and God has honored it by giving a rich harvest of souls. In almost every land on earth, the missionary is toiling, devoting to his work the energies of body and soul. Many martyrs have fallen before the hostility of the men they sought to save, but there has never been a gap in the ranks. No sooner did a brave and faithful soldier of the Cross fall than others volunteered for the post of danger. It has been a glorious record, and the churches have done a wise and right thing in commemorating the beginning of the work.

Young People in the Church

EVERY now and then pastors complain of the difficulty of getting young people to attend church after they have reached the age when they have become to a great extent masters of their own lines of conduct. In fact, in many places we find the congregations are composed of two classes, the children who are still brought by their parents, and the parents who are bringing the children. Those from sixteen to thirty-five seem to have disappeared. Pastors often endeavor to correct this by giving entertaining, or even sensational, sermons, preaching to that part of the congregation that is absent rather than to the portion that is before them.

Of course, there are a hundred things to divert the thoughts of the young people from church-going, compared to what there were a generation ago. We do not believe that the church can do much for itself by setting up as a "counter attraction" in opposition to these. We believe that at least a partial remedy for the present state of affairs may be found, in letting the young men and young women be more than members of a weekly "audience," as it were, or members of a chorus choir. Church organizations very often do not seem to think that a man or woman can serve as a church officer, or on a church committee, until their hair is well silvered. Our young people like to be where they are considered a necessary part of the machinery and have something to do. Usually the more they have to do the happier they are. How many of our churches are managed, down to the ice cream supper, by a small ring of people, year in and year out, until they are regarded as part of the church structure itself. Put the young men and young women on church committees, not social committees only, but those that are absolutely necessary to the very welfare and life of the church itself. Let all ages, from the young man just finishing his teens, to the gray-haired elder, work shoulder to shoulder. It will be a double benefit; the young people will not feel that they are excluded, and the older people will find many cares lightened by the youthful energy that must find an outlet. If it does not find this outlet in its own church, it will seek it elsewhere. It is noticeable how soon a church fills up with young faces when some society for mutual improvement is formed.

Every church, unless it is spiritually dead, has work for every young person in it. If it has not, it should wake up and see where work is needed in its town or city, among the poor and unchurched, and then put it in charge of the young people.

The older generation will not only find these young workers in the pews every Sunday, but bringing their friends with them. They come where there is a prospect of something to do in this busy world of ours. We should be as active in a spiritual way as we are in a material way. Heaven help the contemplative congregation with its folded hands, that sits complacently in church on Sunday and that toils not in the Master's service for the six days that follow.

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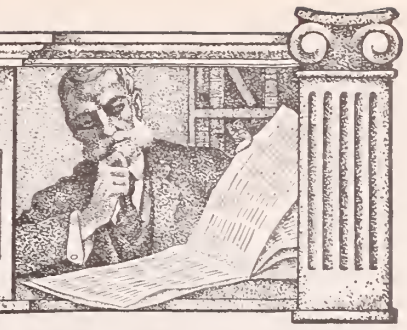
THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER



An Admiral's Funeral

FOUR United States warships took part in an interesting ceremony at Gibraltar last month. As briefly mentioned in these columns on October 3, Rear-Admiral Brownson in command of the squadron, made a hurried voyage that he might take part in the ceremony. It appears that the obsequies of Admiral Sir Edward Chichester, of the British Navy were to be observed on that day. It is unusual for officers of a foreign Power to participate in such observances, but there were special reasons for the sympathy of United States officers to be manifested when Admiral Chichester's body was being sent to its last resting-place.

The London *Times* gives this account of the circumstances:

"Admiral Chichester was in command of the British fleet at the China station in 1898, when the Spanish American war broke out. His flagship was the *Immortalite*. When, after destroying the Spanish squadron at Cavite, Commodore Dewey blockaded Manila, the *Immortalite*, was sent there for the protection of the English. Ships of other nations also assembled there, and among them Germans in a larger number than appeared necessary or commensurate with the very limited extent of German interests. This, together with the position actually taken up by the German ships, naturally caused some suspicion that an opportunity for interference was looked for; and when Commodore Dewey, who was in no humor to stand any such thing, fired a shot one night across the bows of an intrusive German, there seemed some possibility that the war might extend further. Fortunately, in view of the very friendly attitude of Great Britain toward the United States, the British ships were a factor which the Germans had to reckon with, whilst Chichester's influence was exercised with a rare combination of tact and firmness to restore good-will on both sides, and Dewey accepted in a friendly spirit the apology which was handsomely tendered by the German Admiral. The exact details were never divulged. It is, however, not too much to say that a very ugly diplomatic incident, if nothing worse, was averted by Chichester's happy tact."

Admiral Brownson had not forgotten this incident, and a warm regard for the British Admiral who showed his friendliness to this country at a trying time, was felt by him in common with the officers and men of our Navy. When, therefore, he heard by wireless telegraph that Chichester was dead, he hurried to Gibraltar to show national respect to the dead officer. He and his officers, with a guard from his ships, followed the casket as it was borne to a warship for conveyance to England.

Oil and perfume rejoice the heart, so doth the sweetness of a man's friend that cometh of hearty counsel. Thine own friend and thy father's friend forsake not (Prov. 27: 9, 10).

A Child's Plea

In the mail of the Governor of New York a few days ago, there was a pathetic letter from a little girl. She wrote: "My papa is in the prison at Sing Sing and we want him to come home so bad. My mamma says you can let pa come home to us if you want to, and oh, I want to ask you please let him come to us as he was always a good papa and he was always kind to ma and us. Mamma has five younger children besides me and she is always crying, and we need pa so bad, and I am not able to go to work yet. I hope your little girls wont kise their papa like I lost mine. Mamma says that some kind people are going to ask you to let papa come home to us. I hope you will, as we love him ever so much, and then ma won't cry any more. I pray every night for my dear papa and I am going to pray every night and morning so that God will let you give us our papa again." Gov. Higgins immediately inquired into the case, but there appeared no reason for executive clemency. The pathetic letter, however, had its weight, and as the man had served four years of his eight year sentence, he ordered that he be liberated before Christmas. The prisoner had no merit of his own, but the plea of his innocent child availed for him.

If any man sin we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ, the righteous, and he is the propitiation for our sins (I John 2: 1).

The Fleets at Gibraltar at Admiral Chichester's Obsequies

A Solitary Honeymoon

When the *Graf Waldersee* left her dock in New York for Cherbourg, France, the other day, she had on board a young bride who was going on her honeymoon without her husband. Her passage had been booked under her maiden name, but when she went on board she bore the name of her husband. It appears that the young couple were engaged about two years ago, with the consent of their respective parents. As they were both young, it was agreed that the marriage should be deferred for three years. This summer the bride's mother planned a tour in Europe, and passage was taken on the *Graf Waldersee*. The young lover came to New York to bid his fiancee farewell. They remained together in the city until the time approached for the vessel to sail. The mother awaited her daughter's arrival and presently she appeared, accompanied by her lover. The two informed the lady that they had just been married, believing that it was best that the marriage should take place before the separation. The young bride assured her mother that she would not disarrange the original plans but would accompany her on the projected tour. She bade her husband a loving farewell and she sailed on the vessel, while he stayed behind to attend to his business. It was probably the best thing to do under the circumstances, but it is one of the queerest honeymoons on record. Unhappily there are some Christians, who have not the same justification who take a similar course. Though they profess to have entered into union with Christ, they leave him with his communion and his service, and go back to enjoy the pleasures of the world.

Sailors Bearing the Flag-Draped Casket

I marvel that ye are so soon removed from him that called you into the grace of Christ (Gal. 1: 6).

Protection of Metals

A discovery of great importance to builders is mentioned in a recent issue of a scientific journal. It is, that metals of all kinds may be kept from rust and corrosion if surrounded by concrete. A well-known European engineer declares that he has found iron rods quite free from rust after remaining some forty years imbedded in concrete below water level, and an instance is on record of an iron wrench, left buried in concrete for twenty-two years, which, on being broken out, still showed its black metallic surface. The writer adds a word of caution as to the application of the concrete. He says: "Such application depends for its success on the adhesion of the concrete to the metal and on perfect action as a unit, their rate of expansion and contraction being uniform. The metal is used in forms varying all the way from wire cloth, or expanded metal as metal lathing, to the massive beams or built up lattice girders for the largest spans. Metal work in bridges, roofs and similar structures requires, when exposed, constant inspection to insure its maintenance in an efficient condition, also a periodical coating of paint or other preservative adapted to the particular exposure involved and the service intended. Concrete, on the other hand, is recognized as an excellent conservator of iron and steel." Christians have often longed for some means of a similar principle by which they might be kept from the pollutions and cankers of worldly association. It is this which Christ has promised to supply.

I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from the evil (John 17:15).

Winged Petitioners

A recent visitor to Porto Rico reports the discovery of a singular superstition there. One of the American officers showed him a dead bird resembling an oriole, which had the fragment of a card attached to its leg. On the card was an inscription like those displayed at the doors of Roman Catholic churches, begging the reader "of his charity to pray for the soul" of some recently deceased person. The idea of committing such a request to the agency of a bird seemed so peculiar that the visitor inquired about the person whose name was inscribed on the card. He found that she had been a widow, who lived on an annuity in the city of San Juan. She was the victim of an incurable disease and had suffered much. Realizing that her end was approaching, she devoted a portion of the last instalment of her annuity to the purchase of some birds. These she took to her home and tied a card to the leg of each bird. Then she bought a grave, and finally a coffin and shroud. Her last request to the friend who waited upon her in her last moments, was to lay her, immediately after her death, in the coffin she had provided, and to liberate the birds. Her friend complied, and the birds carried her request to all parts of the island. We can but wish that the poor creature had been better informed. People who, reading the cards, may have prayed for her, wasted their breath. The prayers could not avail her if she needed help; and if through Christ she did not need it, it was superfluous to pray for her.

Therefore are they before the throne of God and serve him day and night in his temple; He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. (Rev. 7: 15.)

BRIEF NOTES

The receiver appointed to investigate the affairs of Dr. Dowie's settlement at Zion City, reports that the liabilities of the city aggregate $6,125,018, while the assets are only $2,528,481.

Evangelist C. H. Yatman has been assisting in the Presbyterian Tent Evangelistic Campaign in Philadelphia, and has had charge of the Young Men's Christian Association meetings on Sunday afternoons during the summer.

"Verily, I say unto you, that one of you shall betray me. And they began to say unto him, Lord, is it I?"

From Da Vinci's Famous Painting

MEANING OF THE LORD'S SUPPER

*INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON, BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS**

GATHERED about the table for the last time are the Lord Jesus and his twelve apostles. They occupy an upper room—the guest-chamber on the roof of a house in Jerusalem, a room which they have temporarily secured the use of where they may eat the Passover.

They eat after the regular order: the first cup of the fruit of the vine; hand washing (foot washing by Jesus); eating of bitter herbs; instructions as to the significance of the Passover; singing, Psalm 113, 114; second cup of wine; hands washed; bread broken and thanks given; Passover lamb eaten; grace after meat; washing of hands; eating of broken bread (here Jesus said, "Take, eat, this is my body," etc.); third cup of wine (here Jesus said, "This is my blood of the New Testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins"); fourth cup of wine; singing a hymn, Psalm 115-118; going out to the Garden of Gethsemane.

A Symbol of Fellowship

The old-time Passover had received a new graft, even the Lord's Supper, which was to bring the whole world into fellowship; all lands, all people, all times, until all should sit down together at the marriage supper of the Lamb about the throne of God.

Many artists have tried to picture this scene, but Leonardo da Vinci has excelled them all in his painting on the wall of the Dominican refectory at Milan, Italy. Its great merit has caused it to become the most familiar of all pictures of the Last Supper, but this can in no sense cause it to become common, but rather classic.

The point in the Supper represented in the picture is just after Jesus has said, "Verily, I say unto you, that one of you shall betray me." Study the expressions on the faces of the apostles as Jesus makes this announcement; one may see surprise depicted in all its shades. But look at the hands. What a study in gesture—speech! The right hand of Christ seems almost involuntarily to point to Judas, who clutches the bag all the more tightly, thus revealing his guilt; if they could but see it so. John, sitting next to Jesus on the right, clasps his hands in agony at the thought. Peter, with one hand, grasps a knife, with nerves strained for action, while, with his other hand, he presses against the shoulder of John and points to Jesus, telling him to ask Jesus whom he means. Andrew raises his two hands, palms outermost, in utter abhorrence at the thought of

A Traitor in Their Midst

James the less, also anxious, reaches his left hand behind Andrew and touches Peter, as if urging him to find out all he can through John. The hands of Bartholomew rest upon the table in perfect abandon at the thought of such a crime. On the left of Jesus, and next to him, sits James, the brother of John. His outspread hands seem to say, "Search me, and try me, and see if there be any such wicked thing in me." Peering over the shoulder of James is Thomas, with his forefinger doubtfully raised, as if to say, "One of us?" On the left of James is Philip, his hands clasped, expressing devotion, even worship of Jesus.

The three apostles at the extreme left of the table, are, first, Matthew, then Thaddeus, and last of all Simon. These three are evidently discussing what Jesus has said; Matthew points to Jesus with his right hand, and with the left seems to be saying, "It must be so, since He said it." Thaddeus, who is between Matthew and Simon, is about to bring his hands together as if to say, "I told you so," with Judas in his thought. Simon extends his hands in a judicial sort of way as if to say, "We have misunderstood the Master—this thing cannot be."

Illustration and Application

The Jewish Church of the Old Testament had five offerings, whose significance is very largely merged in the two sacraments of the Christian Church. The Lord's Supper has in it elements of the sin offering, the burnt offering, the peace offering, the trespass offering and the thank offering.

1. The Lord's Supper as a Sin Offering. The ancient altar reappears in the Lord's table. Indeed, the altar represented a table where God and the worshiper met. The Passover, which passed into the Lord's Supper, was most distinctly associated with the sin offering, for a lamb was slain on the Passover night, and the blood sprinkled on the door of every home in Israel, that the destroying angel, who slew the firstborn in every Egyptian house, might pass over. It was a very striking illustration of David's song of atonement and reconciliation, "Blessed is he whose sin is covered." The sinful past is under the blood. The death of the lamb represented the death of a substitute, and that substitute was Christ, "The Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." Jesus instituted the Lord's Supper before he had even been betrayed, knowing that he was soon to die upon the Cross. The Lord's Supper is a memorial of the Cross, the broken bread picturing his wounded body, the wine his flowing blood. On the table he writes the words, "Remember me." Surely memory has no sublimer service than to remember him who died for us.

> Remember thee, thy death, thy shame,
> The grief which thou didst bear:
> O memory leave no other name
> So deeply graven there.

A man who at one time had been a chimney-sweep, but afterward became possessed of great wealth, kept his old sweep's brush in a glass-case in his drawing-room. When asked why he kept this reminder of his humble days, he replied in the words of Scripture, "Thou shalt remember that thou wast a bondsman in the land of Egypt." The Lord's Supper calls on memory to recall, not only the blood of Christ, but also the sins by which we crucified him.

Old Testament Symbolism

2. The Lord's Supper as a Burnt Offering. The burnt offering in the Old Testament consisted of an entire animal laid alive upon the altar, to be subsequently slain, representing the truth that "living and dying, we are the Lord's"—a truth which Paul expressed when he said, "I beseech you by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice." This consecration is represented in the very word "sacrament," which means a Roman soldier's oath of loyalty. The word "consecration" is often thought of with "holy ambiguity," but we all understand thoroughly what loyalty means, and coming to the sacrament is a renewed oath of loyalty to our Captain. It means that Christian life is not a life on "Easy Street," following "the line of least resistance," but a real warfare against evil without and within. An explorer found, floating in the icebergs of the Arctics, a ship. Going on board he found that the captain was frozen, and sat dead at his log book, while the helmsman stood at his post, and the men on watch still on duty, but cold in death. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

3. The Lord's Supper is also a Peace Offering, a truth which is represented by the word "Communion." The sinner having been brought into at-one-ment with God through the sin offering, and, having devoted himself to the service of Christ by the burnt offering, comes back to the Lord's table as a friend, on such intimate terms as to eat with the King. This offering was divided into three parts: one part to be burnt, which represented God's part in the feast; a second part to be eaten by the priest; and a third part to be taken away to be eaten by the worshiper and his friends at a sacrificial supper. Thus, God and the priest and the worshiper were all represented as taking a meal together. This is one of the most prominent meanings of the Lord's Supper, that we come to the Lord's table for communion with a living Lord and friend, and it should suggest that at our table we may have the same companion and in all our daily walks.

Seeking the Holy Grail

A beautiful poetic story to study in preparation for the Lord's Supper is that of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table, and their sacred search for the Holy Grail, as they called the cup that Jesus blessed at the Last Supper. Tennyson tells beautifully how long and earnestly they searched for it, all but one in vain. Sir Launcelot, though chivalrous and brave, failed because of his sin with the queen. Only Sir Galahad succeeded, because only he could claim the beatitude, "Blessed are the pure in heart." He it was who sang:

> My strength is as the strength of ten;
> Because my heart is pure.

To him Christ is represented as revealing himself, bleeding and yet glorified, bearing in his hands the Holy Grail. Amid the heavenly music and the mystical light surrounding the prostrate knight he receives the Holy Sacrament. Heaven opens, and, like his Master, he is received out of our sight.

> 'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
> 'Tis only God may be had for the asking.

The Holy Grail is said to be deposited in the Cathedral of St. Lawrence at Genoa; but more truthfully, according to Lowell's "Vision of Sir Launfal," whoso gives a cup of cold water in the name of the Lord Jesus, finds thereby the Holy Grail.

4. The Trespass Offering. This offering and the ancient thank-offering are not so clearly represented as the other three in the Lord's Supper, and yet their significance is there. The tresspass offering is distinguished from the sin offering in this that the sin offering deals with the man in a state of sin and brings him into the relation of reconciliation with God. The trespass offering represents forgiveness for actual transgressions, such as even a Christian may fall into, who therefore needs to pray every day, "Forgive as we forgive." As we gather at the Lord's table this is instinctively in all our thoughts, a desire to seek forgiveness for any recent act of sin, as one would wish to have clean hands who was to feast with a prince.

***International Sunday School Lesson for Nov. 4.** THE LORD'S SUPPER, Matt. 26: 17-30. GOLDEN TEXT: "This do in remembrance me," I. Cor. 11: 24

The Reformation of Billy

By MARY C. FRANCIS

IT was four o'clock on a hot July afternoon, and a hurrying and wilted crowd at the great intersection of streets at Sixth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, seemed intent chiefly on getting to some other point, probably home.

It was the fifth day of one of those terrific heat waves with which New York is painfully familiar, when the thermometer far exceeds its achievements in the tropics, and when man and beast fall victims to the dreadful sun-sirocco. So great was the heat that one wondered why people should be out at all, but the jam of cars, vehicles, shoppers, heavy trucks and vans made a characteristic scene, added to this at this particular moment was an eager crowd gathered about a horse that had fallen dead in the street. The policeman at the crossing had his hands full, for the clanging of the ambulance gong had scarcely died out, having sped up the avenue with two heat victims, and the nervous excitement of the crowd had been instantly augmented by the fire-engines dashing east on Twenty-third Street. Men clutched spasmodically at the handkerchiefs around their necks, mopped their brows with one hand and fanned themselves with the other, which held their hats, glanced hastily at the nearest thermometer and hurried on, as if fearful of being struck before they could reach shelter. The women were not so bedraggled, but many were pale, and looked as though unkind necessity had driven them forth. Only reckless and dirty little gamin were unterrified and unwilted, and they closed in about the dying animal with the soulless curiosity of the street.

Billy the "Screw," the well-known panhandler of the locality, drew himself along the sidewalk with his familiar corkscrew motion, and thrusting one hand deep into the shapeless mass of rags that adorned his figure, drew out a rag that rivaled the dust of the street, and applied it to his face, though with what object it would be difficult to determine, and then carefully returned it to the obscurity whence it had been produced. The flower vender on the corner diplomatically placed some of the less wilted flowers in front on the stand, and contemplated Billy with languid indifference. They seemed to be the only persons on the street who did not share in the excitement over the dead horse.

The "Screw" picked up an evening edition of a paper and scanned the headlines contemptuously. "Official temperature 98°," he snorted. "These high guys that know it all oughter be down here on the street for awhile. Its about 198°. These official figures make me tired." He threw the paper away. The flower vender suppressed a yawn.

"Business bad, Billy?" he inquired.

"Bad!" growled the persuader of public wealth, exploding into expletives of profanity and violence, "why it's so bad I won't be able to go to Newport this summer. This weather's hard on professional people like myself; too hot for 'em to stop to throw a coin, and me a-workin' from mornin' till night. Nothin' doin' all this afternoon, and I'm all tired out."

The flower vender cast a suspicious eye over the curiously twisted limbs of Billy the "Screw," and gave utterance to the well-founded suspicion he had long harbored: "Maybe you'd get along better if you'd untwist yourself and stand up straight," he said. "I hear they're short of men for work on the underground."

The "Screw" carefully and deliberately winked one eye: "I'm not going to the poorhouse yet awhile, my friend." he said. "I know my business better than that, and, in the meantine, I take notice you ain't at work on the underground yourself." The flower vender seemed about to make some reply, but before he could speak the "Screw" had dropped back into the whining, professional tone, and was addressing a tall and handsome man who had finally worked his way through the jam and was approaching them, holding by one hand a beautiful boy, about ten years old. "Please, sir, a few cents for a poor man, sir. A few cents to buy ice for my poor babies in this heat, and their father a helpless cripple." He sniveled the regulation snivel, and make the sinuous motion with his artistically distorted body with which he was wont to evoke the misplaced charity of the multitude. The flower vender eyed him enviously, and watched the man and the boy out of the corner of his eye.

Dudley Morris took in the beggar's measure at a glance. His experienced eye told him the truth at once, and he would have passed him by had not the boy gently pressed his hand and whispered an appeal. He was his only child, the very apple of his eye, and he could deny him nothing. With a vague reflection that in the future he would have to undo by precept what he was doing by example, he reached hastily into his pocket among the loose coins and drew out a piece which he handed to the boy, who, with a shy smile, instantly transferred it to the fawning, outstretched hand of the beggar.

Cringing after his kind, the claw-like fingers closed on it, while his lips began to mumble the insincere thanks that were second nature. But in the second that had elapsed before the dirty hand concealed the money, Morris saw that the piece was not the dime he had intended, but a five-dollar gold-piece, and with an instinctive impulse, he said, "Hold on, my good man, I've made a mistake. Just let me have that back, will you, and I'll give you something else."

"Hear that, will you?" said the "Screw," addressing the flower vender and the passers-by in general. "The gentleman gives me, poor cripple, a dime, an' wants it back." He opened his hand; in it there lay a silver dime. The flower vender grinned. Dudley Morris felt foolish, and he did an utterly hopeless thing for a man in his position.

"I think we have both made a mistake," he said, "I gave you a five-dollar gold-piece by mistake. It is a souvenir, and I do not wish to part with it. I will give you much more than a dime for it. Just look among your change, won't you?"

The crowd, drifting aimlessly, had found a fresh excitement, and promptly forgot the dead horse on the other side of the street. Here was a well-dressed man arguing with a beggar. It was enough. They closed in on him. The "Screw" was elated. There was something doing at last.

"That's what an honest poor man gets," he said, in a loud and snarling whine. "This gentleman here just now give me this here dime, an' now he says he give me five dollars, an' wants it back." With a sudden motion he thrust the silver into Dudley's hand, saying fiercely, "Here, you're welcome to your money, an' when you spend it, remember you got it by robbing a poor beggar."

"For shame!" hissed a voice. Dudley started; the dime slipped from him and fell ringing to the pavement, whence it rolled out past the curb. A small and scantily-clad newsboy dived through the crowd and rescued it and returned it to the "Screw," who held on to it this time, and burst into the blatant and meaningless lamentations that had so often served his purpose. The policeman pushed his way through and confronted the two. "What's the matter?" he inquired, brusquely. "Here, shut up," to the "Screw."

"He's tryin' ter rob a poor beggar," announced someone safely on the outskirts. Dudley's blood was thoroughly aroused with that accusation, and in a few brief and convincing words he told the officer the truth. "And I would give up the money," he concluded, "were it not that I am in the right. There is no reason why I should be accused of trying to cheat this man."

The "Screw" sniveled, but his eyes flickered under the stern gaze of the policeman. "I haven't seen a five-dollar piece in a year." he whimpered. "Here's all I got to-day." He turned out a handful of small coins.

"Will you make a complaint, sir?" asked the officer.

"Yes," said Morris, sternly.

"Come along," said the policeman, with official brevity. He laid his hand on him, but the brazen clanging of the fire-engines responding to the second call from the same box, broke on the simmering air, and the snorting horses, plunging in their harness, dashed by, closely followed by the hose-wagon and the trucks. The crowd had been fed on excitement until it was at a midsummer frenzy. Now, in unreason, it swayed and shouted and pressed. Some men swore, and there were hysterical cries. Then, suddenly, a woman, crazed by fear, rushed out almost under the horses' feet and fell shrieking. The officer caught her away from hoofs and wheels that would have crushed the life out of her, and lifted her inert form in his strong arms.

The panhandler, wriggling his distorted path through the dense, panic-stricken mass, escaped as readily as a snake slips through grass.

"The policeman pushed his way through and confronted the two"

. . .

It was about eight o'clock on the evening of the same day that Billy the "Screw" sat out on the sidewalk in front of his dwelling on Avenue A, near Fifty-eighth Street, but his figure no longer disposed itself in spirals and windings. Such were the ethics of his profession that after a hard day's work he became an upright citizen in a perpendicular if not a moral sense, and, to all outward appearances, was not notably different from other men. Just how this was done is one of the mysteries of a great city, but it is a fact that would not be disputed at Police Headquarters. Around the corner came an ice-wagon, and a mad scramble ensued among the children and the populace generally.

The "Screw" cast an idle eye toward it, then became almost transfixed. Behind it, alone in a light, open buggy, sat the man who had given him the "dime" that afternoon. Evidently, the ice-wagon was a private enterprise, for he jumped to the ground and began to give directions concerning its distribution, saying the mothers with babies were to be served first. Then, as he turned, the eyes of the two met, with instant recognition on the part of both. The "Screw" rose, with the instinct of flight upon him, and revealed a tall and not ungainly form, whose supple muscles were evident through the light clothing he wore. It went quickly through his mind that a station-house cell would be uncomfortable on a night like this. Dudley Morris smiled.

"Don't be alarmed, my friend," he said. "You are quite safe. Have you been able to buy enough ice for your babies with that dime, or shall I supply you with more? There is plenty here."

The "Screw's" tongue hung speechless in his dry mouth. In truth, he felt as though he needed a chunk of ice to wet his whistle at that moment. He looked helplessly around and saw his own small son toddling toward the wagon, and, with a sense of shame, saw him handed a generous piece. Then a weazened, little, old woman, glancing upward at the half-demolished building on the corner, shrieked, "Look out!" Both Dudley and the "Screw" jumped forward toward the

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The Reformation of Billy

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frightened children and struggling women, for a huge rafter that had hung tottering all the afternoon, was toppling downward. Most of the crowd scattered in time, but the "Screw's" child, paralyzed with terror, stood still directly under the beam as it crashed to the ground. Both men seized him almost at the same instant, and flung him far out amid the crystal, shivering ice, but with their heads together the great timber struck a blow that laid both of them senseless on the pavement. There was a wild and aimless shrieking, and then, purring and buzzing its way directly into the crowd, came the Roosevelt Hospital automobile ambulance, two spectacled young doctors working over a white face.

"Two more, Connors," said one, grimly. "We might as well take them along. Flower and Bellevue have both telephoned that they're full, and we can put them out in the yard." Without ado they lifted them in, and in almost less time than it takes to read it, the ambulance went purring its merciful way toward the hospital. Two hundred and ten heat prostrations had been reported that day, some of them, of course, in the haste and excitement, being mere accident cases. At any rate, every ward was full to overflowing, and out in the yard of Roosevelt Hospital, in full view to the L trains, the surface-cars, and all the hurrying traffic of the city, many stricken ones were laid out in cots and hammocks in the shade of the brick buildings. On this night the moon was full, and its soft glow looked down on one of the strangest sights of all this great, strange city, for there, side by side on small white cots, lay Billy the "Screw," a prominent panhandler, and Dudley Morris, an equally prominent manufacturer, whose wealth and benefactions had made his name known and respected.

The spectacled doctors and white-capped nurses worked diligently over the strangely assorted pair, and it was not long before both recovered consciousness. As the "Screw" looked at the fine white face near him, the shame that he had felt an hour before returned and flooded him as with an incoming tide. Without a word, he felt down in his garments, and drew something out that gleamed in the moonlight as he handed it to Morris, who took it and smiled faintly.

"Thank you, very much," he said, simply.

The "Screw" moved uneasily. "I hope you won't think too badly of me, sir," he said. "I didn't always do this. I haven't any regular trade, but I can do most anything, and I worked at odd jobs and managed to earn a living, and then one day I broke my arm and was laid up in the hospital for some time with that and a fever that came after it, and when I got out I had hard luck, and a friend put me onto this way of doing, and I've been doing it ever since. I—I beg your pardon, sir, for what I did this——"

"There—there—that's all right," said Dudley. "Look here, you're willing to do something honest, are you not, for a living?"

The blow that had been sufficient to stun had been nothing more serious, and both men were sitting up now, with a mutual interest in each other's affairs.

"Yes, I am," said the "Screw," with emphasis, "and I'll do it if I get a chance to prove that I'm an honest man at heart. I'm pretty sick of being cuffed around."

"I'm feeling all right, thank you," said Dudley, in reply to the doctor who passed, "and my friend is, too. So, as you seem to be full here, we'll get out and give others a chance. Let's take a car and talk this over," he added to the "Screw." The "others" were arriving in another delegation as they passed out, and within less than a minute the vacated cots were occupied by more inert forms.

Out into the moonlight of that hot summer night went the two so oddly met, and they talked long and earnestly.

That was a year ago. To-day, Mr. William Johnson, once Billy the "Screw," is a shipping-clerk in the freight department of Mr. Dudley Morris' big establishment, and his limbs have no tendency toward convolutions, save when he indulges in them for the amusement of his fellow workmen.

An Interesting African Mission

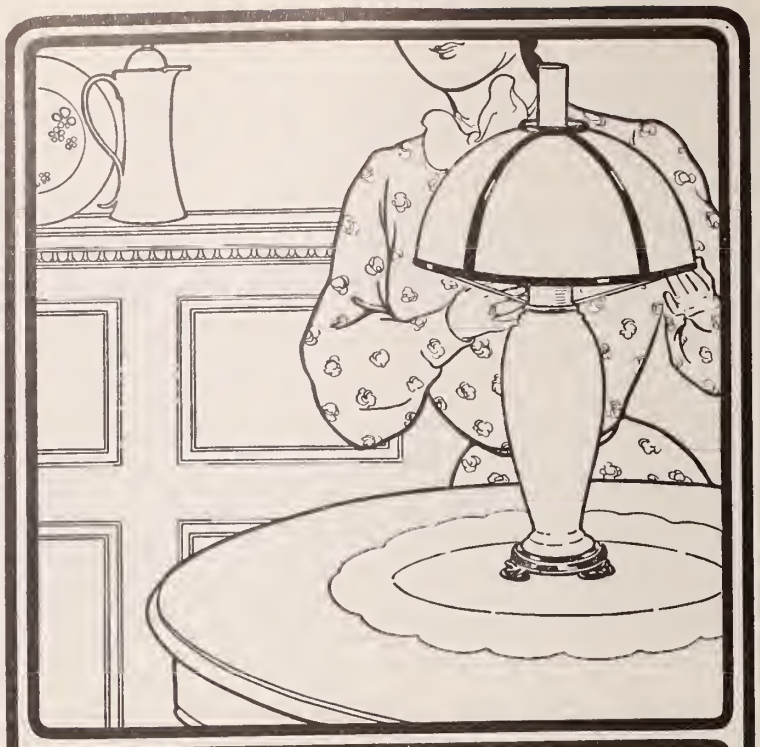
THE American Presbyterian Congo Mission, "A. P. C. M.," as it is called, is one of the most successful and remarkable of modern missions. This work was started by the Southern Presbyterian Church, in 1891, when Rev. Messrs. Samuel N. Lapsley, son of a distinguished judge of Alabama, and William H. Sheppard, a consecrated colored man, educated at the Southern Presbyterian Theological School for colored ministers, opened the first station. This is situated at Luebo, about one thousand miles from the Atlantic coast. This section is thickly populated, and the mission reaches the Bakete, the great Bakuba tribe, the Baluba, the Bakalalua, and the Bashilange, which include the Zappo-Zaps, some of whom are cannibals. After a brief service of eighteen months, Lapsley fell a victim to the African fever, and his life was the first sacrifice of the mission.

In 1897 a second station was opened at Ibange, a market town of the Bakuba tribe, and a trading centre. This station is about forty miles north of Luebo. Probably, a year ago, Lukengo, the fierce and haughty king of the Bakubas, having been ill-treated by a white official, made war against the Congo Government, and the missionaries at Ibange had to flee, barely escaping with their lives. The station was looted by the Bakuba and burned to the ground, entailing a loss of $9,000. After the capture of the king, and peace was declared, the missionaries returned and the station was rebuilt,

In this Congo work white and colored missionaries labor together; there being seventeen missionaries all told at both stations, of whom only six are whites. The Rev. Dr. W. M. Morrison, after a vacation in America, during which he completed his grammar and dictionary of the language, is now returning with his bride. Rev. L. C. Vass, another white man, is at Leopoldville, superintending the reconstruction of the second mission steamer, the *S. N. Lapsley*, which was built on the Clyde, and shipped in sections to Matadi. The first steamer, *Lapsley*, was capsized in a swift current, and a white missionary, with over twenty natives, were lost. These two vessels were provided by the Southern Presbyterian Sunday Schools.

Medical and industrial works claim a large share of the mission service. Two homes have been established which receive children from far and near, all the adjacent tribes having representatives. The children receive daily instruction in the Gospel, are taught housework, reading, writing, etc., and are trained to habits of cleanliness, industry and morality. The people are eager to learn, and chiefs for miles around make urgent appeals to the missions to send evangelists to teach their people "the palaver of God." Bright young men are selected, and, after a course of training, these are sent out as evangelists through the surrounding country and villages to hold meetings, and carry the story of the Cross where it has never been heard before. The statistics for the last year's work are as follows: Baptisms, 1,102; evangelists employed, 48; enrolled catechumens, about 1,300; Sunday School members, 535; members enrolled in daily school, about 2,100; total communicants from founding of the mission, 4,907. The largest church of the Southern Presbyterians, and one of the largest Presbyterian Churches in the world, is not in civilized America, but in the wilds of Africa, at Luebo, in the "A. P. C. M."

Bartow, Fla. (Rev.) Edward J. Young.



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Dissolve one-fourth of a cake of Ivory Soap in boiling water, add to a pail of warm water, in which put two tablespoons of kerosene. Stir thoroughly. Wash furniture with soft cloth, moistened in compound. Wipe dry with clean, soft cloth.

There is no "free" (uncombined) alkali in Ivory Soap. That is why it will not injure the finest fabric or the most delicate skin.

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HUSBAND DECEIVED

But Thanked His Wife Afterwards

A man ought not to complain if his wife puts up a little job on him, when he finds out later that it was all on account of her love for him. Mighty few men would.

Sometimes a fellow gets so set in his habits that some sort of a ruse must be employed to get him to change, and if the habit, like excessive coffee drinking, is harmful, the end justifies the means—if not too severe. An Ills. woman says:

"My husband used coffee for 25 years, and almost every day.

"He had a sour stomach (dyspepsia) and a terrible pain across his kidneys a good deal of the time. This would often be so severe he could not straighten up. His complexion was a yellowish-brown color; the doctors said he had liver trouble.

"An awful headache would follow if he did not have his coffee at every meal, because he missed the drug.

"I tried to coax him to quit coffee, but he thought he could not do without it. Our little girl 3 years old sat by him at table and used to reach over and drink coffee from papa's cup. She got like her father—her kidneys began to trouble her.

"On account of the baby, I coaxed my husband to get a package of Postum. After the first time he drank it he had a headache and wanted his coffee. We had some coffee in the house, but I hid it and made Postum as strong as I could and he thought he was having his coffee and had no headaches.

"In one week after using Postum his color began to improve, his stomach got right, and the little girl's kidney trouble was soon all gone. My husband works hard, eats hearty, and has no stomach or kidney trouble any more. After he had used Postum a month, without knowing it, I brought out the coffee. He told me to throw it away." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Weilville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

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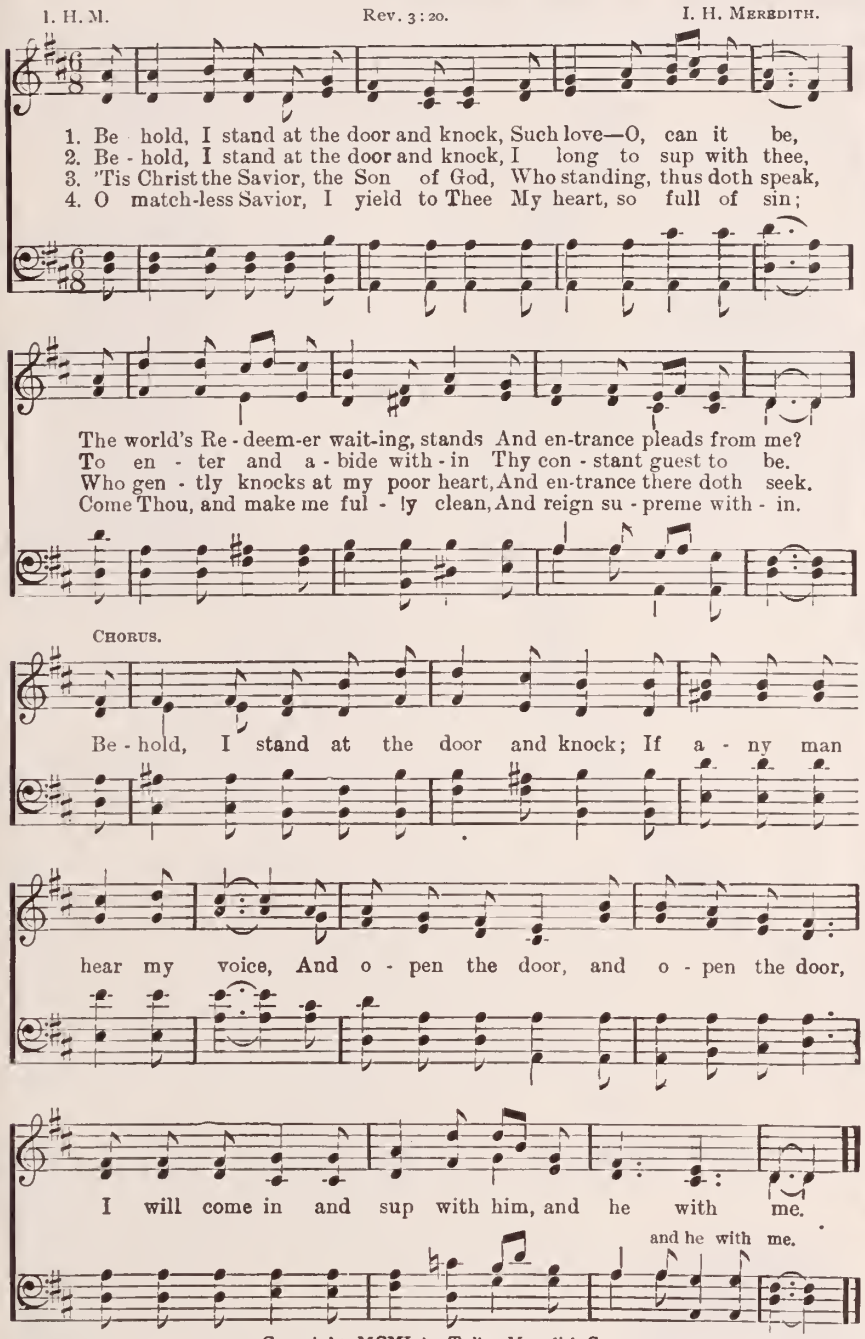

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Musical Notes

Simultaneously with the arrival in this country of Gipsy Smith, the well-known Evangelist, is announced the publication by Messrs. Biglow & Main, New York, of *Gipsy Smith's Mission Hymnal*. His new collection contains, among other hymns, "Get Right With God," "Won't You Pray?" and "Tell It In Song." The first and last of these three have already appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Madame Blauvelt, the famous singer, recently said to an interviewer: "There are many reasons why all young people should learn to sing. It is good for the physical health. In every one there is a germ of power to appreciate the finest music, and the easiest way to express that appreciation is with the voice. All are capable of being taught to sing, to express spontaneously the finer emotions."

"No isolated efforts can make a community musical," writes J. W. Jendwin, "unless the community, as a whole, joins in and takes part in the making of music. Those who cannot play or sing can do and help with their means, as the friends and patrons of the great 18th century writers encouraged their genius."

Answered Prayers

Anxious One, New York. "Will you pray that faith in Christ may be given to a dear one who is an unbeliever."

P. M. H., Virginia. "I asked God to make my little sister well; she is now well and strong. I again asked him to promote me at school, and I was promoted."

Mrs. B. D., Ohio. "In time of great trial my prayers were answered, and I thank God for his great kindness to us. My heart is full of gratitude and praise."

Reader, Toronto. "An old subscriber wishes to acknowledge prayer answered in behalf of her dear husband, who was converted in the Torrey-Alexander meetings."

Mrs. W. G. J., Virginia. "God has heard and answered many, many of my prayers. One especially that removed the greatest burden of my life."

A Reader, New York. "The 'Answered Prayer' column is a great comfort to me. I was in deep trouble, and the Lord heard and answered my prayer for a loved one. I thank the dear Lord for all he has done for me."

A. L. B., New York. "I want to acknowledge God's goodness in answering my prayer for the conversion of a dear friend. I am praying now for another dear one, that he may see the light, and believe it will be answered—as our God hears and answers fervent prayer."

Mrs. L. F., Pennsylvania. "I wish to tell of God's goodness to us in answer to prayer; he is helping us out of deep trouble. I am still praying, and have faith that everything will come out right; He alone shall have the glory."

A Subscriber, Ontario. "I wish the prayers of the dear CHRISTIAN HERALD friends for a boy who has fallen into evil ways and who has been sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. May he find that Jesus can pass through prison bars."

Mrs. M. S. B., Illinois. "The Lord sent deliverance from a great trouble in answer to prayer, and my heart is full of gratitude. I ask the prayers of the dear praying ones of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD that the heavy burden of to-day may be removed, if it is God's will."

Believer in Prayer, Pennsylvania. "The 'Answered Prayer' column is a great help to me and gives me great encouragement when I am cast down in spirit. I have had many prayers answered, for which I thank God truly. My sister and I are the main support of our aged mother; may we ask the readers of this column to pray that our positions may be retained?"

Answers to prayer are acknowledged from M. E. J., Kansas; Mrs. W., Toronto; R. E., Pennsylvania; Reader, Ohio; Deer Lodge, Montana; Mrs. G. W., West Virginia; a Reader, Pennsylvania; Reader, Missouri; M. L., California; Mrs. J. L. H., Kansas; Mrs. H. E. K., Pennsylvania; Mr. and Mrs. T. W. B., California; Miss A. B. H., New York.

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Vellastic Underwear is an elastic ribbed garment with a soft downy fleece next the skin. The elasticity of the rib allows perfect fit and comfort, while the fleece keeps the body warm and allows perfect ventilation. Vellastic Underwear will not shrink, nor will the fleece bunch or mat.

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A FOOD CONVERT

Good Food the True Road to Health

The pernicious habit some persons still have of relying on nauseous drugs to relieve dyspepsia, keeps up the patent medicine business and helps keep up the army of dyspeptics.

Indigestion—dyspepsia—is caused by what is put into the stomach in the way of improper food, the kind that so taxes the strength of the digestive organs they are actually crippled.

When this state is reached, to resort to stimulants is like whipping a tired horse with a big load. Every additional effort he makes under the lash increases his loss of power to move the load.

Try helping the stomach by leaving off heavy, greasy, indigestible food, and take on Grape-Nuts—light, easily digested, full of strength for nerves and brain, in every grain of it. There's no waste of time nor energy when Grape-Nuts is the food.

"I am an enthusiastic user of Grape-Nuts and consider it an ideal food," writes a Maine man.

"I had nervous dyspepsia and was all run down and my food seemed to do me but little good. From reading an adv. I tried Grape-Nuts food, and, after a few weeks' steady use of it, felt greatly improved.

"Am much stronger, not nervous now, and can do more work without feeling so tired, and am better every way.

"I relish Grape-Nuts best with cream and use four heaping teaspoonfuls at a meal. I am sure there are thousands of persons with stomach trouble who would be benefited by using Grape-Nuts. Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville" in pkgs. "There's a reason."

The Great Petition Goes to Japan

WOMEN of all nations are again rallying about the great "World's Petition" of the W. C. T. U., which the world's officers are arranging to send to Japan very soon. The keenest interest is shown by the Japanese Christian temperance workers who are eagerly expectant, and are making great plans for a suitable demonstration when the gigantic petition shall have arrived in their capital. The National Temperance League of Japan, composed of twenty different organizations of men, has appointed a committee of three to co-operate with the two committees appointed by the women's societies (foreign and Japanese) to arrange for the presentation of the petition to the Emperor and Government of Japan.

Miss Agnes Slack
England

Miss A. Blume
Denmark

The declaration of the temperance leaders is: "There never has been, and never will be, such another time in the history of this country for the presentation of such a petition, and we want it done, and as quickly as possible."

The head of the National W. C. T. U., of Japan, the venerable and gifted Mrs. Kaji Yajima, is now in the United States, in attendance at the Boston Triennial Convention of the World's W. C. T. U., and to complete arrangements for the transportation of the colossal petition to the Orient. Mrs. Yajima is a remarkable converted native, who has devoted her life to the Christian education of her countrywomen, in the college at Tokyo, Japan. She is a progressive woman, full of strong Christianizing evangelistic power, and has labored so well that the Japanese W. C. T. U. has now a unique position as the most influential society of native women in the Sunrise Kingdom, their influence being exerted for good in the Loyal Temperance Legion work, humane education, Gospel temperance and scientific temperance instruction.

In company with Mrs. Kaji Yajima are several other consecrated and intelligent Japanese women, among them Miss Uta Hayashi, of Osaka Branch Japan W. C. T. U., who is also head of a large orphanage sweetly known as "The Widely Loving Society."

It is twenty-two years since the late Frances Willard framed the words of this notable petition, which (after outlining the disgrace and misery entailed by alcoholic and opium indulgence, and emphasizing the responsibility of nations in spreading these vices for the revenue derived, declares:

We therefore come to you with the united voices of representative women of every land, beseeching you to raise the standard of the law to that of Christian morals, to strip away the safeguards and sanctions of the State from the drink traffic and the opium trade, and to protect our homes by the total prohibition of these curses of civilization in all the territory over which your government extends.

In 1884 the Petition was presented to the International Temperance Congress at Antwerp, Belgium, and there the first W. C. T. U. was organized on the continent of Europe. Blank petitions were sent with forms for signatures to religious and temperance workers everywhere around the globe, and were returned to Chicago. As the names came in, they were mounted on half-yard wide strips of muslin, four abreast. Over 2,000 yards of muslin were used, making about four-and-a-half miles of signatures; the total number being over one million individual signers, and an additional five million by the attestation of organized bodies.

The Petition fills seven huge packing cases, and previous to Miss Willard's death it did considerable traveling. It draped the galleries at the first World's W. C. T. U. Convention in Boston fifteen years ago.

In 1895, it went to Washington, where its sweeping yards decorated the great convention hall seating 7,000 persons, and during a three days' demonstration, in which Miss Willard was the leading spirit, the Petition was presented to the Chief Executive of the United States, President Cleveland.

Miss U. Hayashi
Japan

Miss C. Tinling
England

The Petition was the central feature of the London Biennial Convention of the World's W. C. T. U. in 1895, when it was presented to Queen Victoria. The occasion was one long to be remembered. Since that time the great Petition has been packed away, awaiting a favorable time for the carrying out of Miss Willard's cherished plan to present it to all the heads of nations the world around.

J. A. S.

LOVE FULFILLETH THE LAW.

IN humble homage as Thy due,
Oh, let me love—keep Thou me true;
Give faith, as he upon the tree
Asked and received Thy pardon free.

And craving still Thy care divine,
As Thee I pray—line upon line:
So let me love and feel that Thou
Art with me still when e'er I bow.

Teach me to serve when sorely tried;
Increase my faith, subdue my pride:
Teach me to love—not counting cost,
When I am weary—all but lost.

So give me but an humble trust
Until this form returns to dust:
Content to know that Thou art nigh,
Ready to do and ask not why.

Let me but take Thy word for guide—
All the precepts Thou dost provide
O'erflow with love both heart and mind,
Fill me with love for humankind.

So make me fit Thy sacred call,
Washed in Thy blood from sin's dark gall—
What joy there is in serving Thee!
Prepare me for eternity.

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(The World's W. C. T. U. Convention)

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Mothers of the world.
Tender guardians of the home,
Mothers of the world.
From the ice of frozen seas,
From the isles of spicy breeze,
From their closets, from their knees—
Mothers of the world.

Mothers of the world are they,
Mothers of the world.
Those who labor, those who pray,
Mothers of the world.
Ushering in the early dawn
Of that bright and glorious morn,
When the world shall be reborn,
Mothers of the world.

Daily fighting hosts of sin,
Mothers of the world.
Costly victories those they win.
Mothers of the world.
Leading those who've gone astray
In a safer, better way.
Teaching youthful lips to pray,
Mothers of the world.

Gathered here from every land,
Mothers of the world.
Like that Pentecostal band,
Mothers of the world.
From that "upper room" proclaim,
Spirit-filled with "tongues of flame,"
Messages in Christ's own name,
Mothers of the world.

Pittsfield, Me. MRS. MARY B. WINGATE.

Church Extension*

WHEN the Seer of Patmos had his vision of the heavenly city, he must have been surprised to notice that there was no temple therein (Rev. 21: 22). We should not draw from his statement the inference that his ideal city was that of one without a church. It was simply that the temple and the church were superseded by the presence of Christ himself. From him flowed that religious spirit, that high spiritual force, which made every home a temple and every heart his abiding place. As one of our great religious teachers has said: "The great use of the church is to help men to do without it." There has been too common a tendency to make religion a matter of church going and Sunday observance, and to forget that it should permeate the whole life and fill every day's duties. Church attendance is commendable; it should never be neglected; both for a man's own sake and for the sake of his example, he should not forsake the place where Christians assemble together; but the church door should not be the limit of his religious experience. A Christian may render to God the most acceptable worship by absenting himself from church that he may sit with a sick neighbor; or to care for the children of a poor mother while she goes to church. Church-going is not the whole of religion, though it is an important religious duty and conduces to religious growth.

It would be shocking to us to find a city anywhere in which there was no church. That would be likely to be a city entirely given over to iniquity, a city in which immorality and crime flourished, a city to be avoided by men who had anything to lose. The moral influence of a church is mighty; it reaches even to those who never enter its doors, cleansing and purifying the moral atmosphere. It has a still higher mission in proclaiming the truths of the Gospel, and in cultivating and in developing Christian life; but even on the lower ground of its healthful influence on the community it should have public support. The schoolhouse does its work in educating the people; but alongside of it must be the church, to teach men how they may be sons of God.

A Royal Blunder

A story is told in Vienna to the effect that Emperor William, while on a hunting expedition lately in North Germany took breakfast at the castle of a young newly-married couple. The soup was served *en tasse*, and the Kaiser, who was busily engaged in conversation, asked the servant for milk and sugar, thinking it was tea. The hostess was too shy to call attention to the mistake. The milk and sugar were brought in and the Kaiser added them to the soup. When he sipped it he discovered his mistake, but rather than embarrass the hostess, he heroically drank the contents without comment.

*Topic of the Epworth League for November 4. Luke 4: 16: John 18: 20; Acts 9: 20: Ex. 40: 34-38; I. Kings 8: 10, 11; Luke 7; 1-10; Ex. 36: 3-7.

The Great Difference In Life Insurance Companies

is not revealed by their names nor their claims. The day before the San Francisco disaster, all Fire Insurance Companies seemed alike to the thoughtless; there was a great difference nevertheless, and when the test came, some quibbled, some defaulted, while others drew on the reserve funds which they had ready for such a contingency, paid the large amounts due, and went right on.

¶ It is because for years the money it has received from its policyholders has been invested with unusual skill and care—always safe, always growing, always ready for the hour of need—that

The Mutual Life Insurance Company

is the strongest and staunchest Life Insurance Company in the world. Read these figures as to the Mutual reserve. ¶ At the close of 1905, the Mortgage Loans amounted to $109,771,163.16, on which more than four and one-half millions have been received in interest during the year, and less than fifteen thousand dollars of interest was overdue at its close. Most of this trifling amount was paid in within a few days. The sum of $28,198,278.84 was loaned on the Company's policies, and $18,195,000.00 was loaned on other collateral, no interest whatever being overdue on either item. Bonds and Stocks costing $239,986,702.05 and having a market value on December 31, 1905, of $265,301,867.38 were held by the Company, and on this enormous amount not one dollar of interest was overdue and unpaid, and but one stock failed to pay a good dividend in 1905, this stock being that of a new company, subsequently sold at a profit over cost. When it is borne in mind that no such aggregation of purely investment securities has ever been brought together elsewhere, the absolutely clean and indeed perfect quality of these immense investments excites praise and wonder, felt and expressed most strongly by those who know most as financiers of the dangers and pitfalls attending the care of large investments. This remarkable showing also appeals to the plain people whose money comes slowly, who value safety and who understand that security like the above makes "insurance" insurance indeed.

¶ If you would like to know for yourself the latest phases of Life Insurance, or wish information concerning any form of policy, consult our nearest agent or write direct to

The Mutual Life Insurance Company, New York, N. Y.

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A wonderful offer to every lover of music, whether a beginner or an advanced player.

Ninety-six lessons (or a less number if you desire) for either Piano, Organ, Violin, Guitar, Banjo, Cornet or Mandolin will be given free to make our home study courses for these instruments known in your locality. You will get one lesson weekly, and your only expense during the time you take the lesson will be the cost of postage and the music you use, which is small. Write at once. It will mean much to you to get our free booklet. It will place you under no obligation whatever to us if you never write again. You and your friends should know of this work. Hundreds of our pupils write: "Wish I had known of your school before." "Have learned more in one term in my home with your weekly lessons than in three terms with private teachers, and at a great deal less expense." "Everything is so thorough and complete." "The lessons are marvels of simplicity, and my 11-year-old boy has not had the least trouble to learn." One minister writes: "As each succeeding lesson comes I am more and more fully persuaded I made no mistake in becoming your pupil."

We have been established seven years—have hundreds of pupils from eight years of age to seventy. Don't say you cannot learn music till you send for our free booklet and tuition offer. It will be sent by return mail free. Address U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Box 7 H, 19 Union Square, New York City.

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Largest Makers of Stoves and Ranges in the World.
A STOVE or RANGE to meet the wants of all—also a complete line Garland Gas Ranges.
No attention can be given to your letter unless this coupon, fully filled out, is attached.

9

Send me free of charge your Stove Book on

Cast Ranges	Base Burners
Steel Ranges	Heating Stoves
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Also your Expert Stove Advice free of charge.

Indicate this way (X) the kind of stove or range wanted.

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O-HI-O COMBINATION STEAM COOKER - BAKER . . .

EASY TO CLEAN. Guaranteed to save 50 per cent in fuel, labor, time and provisions. A whole meal cooked over one burner on any stove. It assures you deliciously cooked hot meals, 30 *days trial.* No inter-mingling of odors or tastes. Fine for winter use on coal or wood stoves. A necessity every day of the year. The only healthy way to cook foods and breadstuffs. *Handsomely Illustrated Catalog Free.* $1.00 cook book for 4c. postage. We Want Good Agents, $30 and $40 weekly and expenses. Traveling positions open for experienced men.

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THE PETTYJOHN CO., 673 N Sixth Street, Terre Haute, Ind

INTERESTING CONTEST

Heavy Cost of Unpaid Postage

One of the most curious contests ever before the public was conducted by many thousand persons under the offer of the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., of Battle Creek, Mich., for prizes of 31 boxes of gold and 300 greenbacks to those making the most words out of the letters Y-I-O-Grape-Nuts.

The contest was started in February, 1906, and it was arranged to have the prizes awarded on April 30, 1906.

When the public announcement appeared many persons began to form the words from these letters, sometimes the whole family being occupied evenings, a combination of amusement and education.

After a while the lists began to come into the Postum Office and before long the volume grew until it required wagons to carry the mail. Many of the contestants were thoughtless enough to send their lists with insufficient postage and for a period it cost the Company from twenty-five to fifty-eight and sixty dollars a day to pay the unpaid postage.

Young ladies, generally those who had graduated from the high school, were employed to examine these lists and count the correct words. Webster's Dictionary was the standard and each list was very carefully corrected except those which fell below 8000, for it soon became clear that nothing below that could win. Some of the lists required the work of a young lady for a solid week on each individual list. The work was done very carefully and accurately but the Company had no idea, at the time the offer was made, that the people would respond so generally, and they were compelled to fill every available space in the offices with these young lady examiners, and notwithstanding they worked steadily, it was impossible to complete the examination until Sept. 29, over six months after the prizes should have been awarded.

This delay caused a great many inquiries and naturally created some dissatisfaction. It has been thought best to make this report in practically all of the newspapers in the United States and many of the magazines in order to make clear to the people the conditions of the contest.

Many lists contained enormous numbers of words which, under the rules, had to be eliminated. "Pegger" would count, "Peggers" would not. Some lists contained over 50,000 words, the great majority of which were cut out. The largest lists were checked over two, and in some cases, three times to insure accuracy.

The $100.00 gold prize was won by L. D. Reese, 1227-15th St., Denver, Colo., with 9,941 correct words. The highest $10.00 gold prize went to S. K. Fraser, Lincoln, Pa., with 9,921 correct words.

A complete list of the 331 winners with their home addresses will be sent to any contestant enquiring on a postal card.

Be sure and give name and address clearly.

This contest has cost the Co. many thousand dollars, and probably has not been a profitable advertisement, nevertheless perhaps some who had never before tried Grape Nuts food have been interested in the contest, and from trial of the food have been shown its wonderful rebuilding powers.

It teaches in a practical manner that scientifically gathered food elements can be selected from the field grains, which nature will use for rebuilding the nerve centres and brain in a way that is unmistakable to users of Grape-Nuts. "There's a reason."

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich

Don't Have a Bow-Legged Child

Put Krieger Custom Weak Ankle Shoes on your baby when he is learning to walk, and prevent bow-legs. These shoes while supporting weak ankles, also strengthen them so that they will not need support permanently.

KRIEGER

Custom Weak Ankle Shoes

(PATENTED)

are light, don't chafe, and have all the style, finish, fit and comfort of regular shoes. Recommended by leading physicians and surgeons.

Sizes: 2 to 6, no heel, $1.25; 3 to 8, spring heel, $1.50

INTERESTING BOOK MAILED FREE

Shows and explains the construction of the Krieger Custom Weak Ankle Shoes, giving facts of interest to parents. Mention name of your shoe dealer when writing. If he will not sell you Krieger Shoes, we will send them, prepaid, upon receipt of price.

KRIEGER SHOE CO., 131-B Patchen Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y

Church Money

If you wish to raise cash easily, quickly for any church, Sunday school or Society fund, send a postal to-day for the booklet, "MONEY RAISING PLANS FOR CHURCH WORKERS." New Method Souvenirs of church and pastor have already raised in cash over $200,000. We will send you hundreds of letters in which church workers tell how they raised money with these plans. Write for this book to-day.

New Method Co., 5860 Prairie Ave., Chicago

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

A Study of the Political Boss

"CONISTON," by Winston Churchill, is the most important novel his pen has yet produced. It does not, as in his previous work, deal with national history, and yet the evolution of the political "boss" is perhaps as significant an event in the history of the American people as any of Revolutionary days. It is not too much to say that Mr. Churchill's clear perception of the complex motives which govern human nature, even more than the literary cleverness of his work, has written his name high upon the list of American authors.

"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" do not better portray the dual nature which may rule mankind, than does the character of Jethro Bass, as Mr. Churchill draws him. Fostering in his barren youth the inordinate love of power, born in him by poring over *The Life of Napoleon Bonaparte*, the tanner's son of Coniston becomes the owner of legislatures, the ruler of governors, judges, and railroad presidents. His political methods are unscrupulous and relentless, yet the other man within him is of fine and delicate feeling, with a big and warm heart.

For those who do not care for politics, there is a bright and charming love-story, where loyal hearts and clever tongues triumph over all worldly considerations. The story affords in its course a delightful glimpse of General Grant as President. The "Afterword" of *Coniston* declares its purpose, to help us "to recognize that popular government is not in itself a panacea, except as the virtue and wisdom of the people make it so." Price $1.50. Published by The Macmillan Co., New York.

BOOKS RECEIVED

A second series of more than a hundred excellent charades are compiled under the title, *At the Sign of the Sphinx*, by Duffield & Co., New York. Price $1.00.

Poems, by Henry Lynder Flash. These deal with a wide variety of subjects and show the true poetic temperament. Pp. 162. Cloth covers. The Neale Publishing Company, New York and Washington. Price $1.50.

The Action Primer, by T. O. Baker, Ph.D., and *The Indian Primer*, by Florence C. Fox, are issued by the American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati and Chicago. Illustrated. Price 25 cents each.

The Mill on the Floss, by George Eliot, Nelson's New Century Library Edition, India paper, handsomely bound in green leather, limp, gilt top, frontispiece, book-mark, in box. 822 pp. Price $1.25. Thos. Nelson & Sons, New York, publishers.

Experimental Physiology and Anatomy, by Walter Hollis Eddy, Chairman of the Department of Biology in the High School of Commerce, New York City. A book prepared for laboratory study in secondary schools. American Book Company, New York. Price 50 cents.

Daily Musings. A series of thoughts for each day in the year, selected from leading thinkers of all ages, by R. A. S. Rankin. An aid to fixing the attention of the reader upon certain vital truths of religion. Pp. 378. India paper, limp covers. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, publishers.

Views in Africa, by Anna B. Badlam, is really Volume VII of a series of Geographical Readers, included under the title, *The World and Its People*. It uncovers the mysterious Dark Continent in stories of thrilling interest. Pp. 443. Illustrated. Silver, Burdett & Company, New York, Boston and Chicago. Price 75 cents.

Mother Goose comes to the childhood of the present day in far more alluring dress than she wore for the previous generation, and her dear old rhymes have all their original fascination. Fox, Duffield & Co., 36 East Twenty-first Street, New York, have prepared a treat for the little ones in their new and brilliantly illustrated edition of this classic of youth. Price 75 cents.

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In *The Master of Fate*, by Sophia P. Shaler, the author adds to her own clear comprehension of the subject, a mass of scientific material, for which she declares her indebtedness to her husband, Professor Nathaniel S. Shaler, late of Harvard University. She demonstrates the power of the human will to dominate over physical weakness in the accomplishment of its ends, and makes use of many famous examples to illustrate how intellectual and moral development have conquered in the race with chronic invalidism. The work displays unusual erudition and should become a force in determining the mental attitude toward life of the passing generation. Pp. 358. Price $1.50 net. Duffield & Co., 36 East Twenty-first Street, New York.

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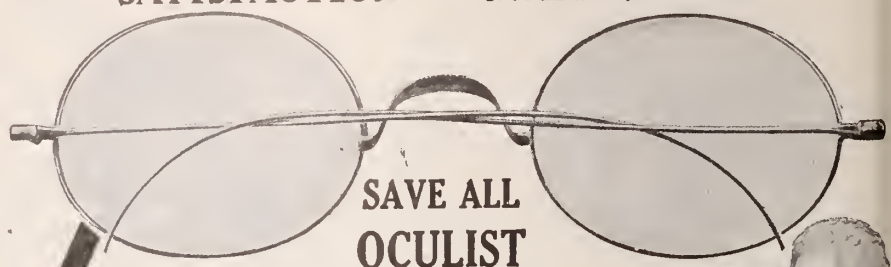

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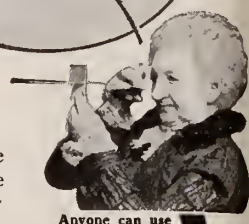

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Any Woman Can Have Good Health, a Refined Face and Good Figure

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study to make yourself perfect in health and figure with a clear brain that you may be useful, attractive and a source of pleasure to your family, to your friends and to yourself? Many a woman has surprised her husband and friends by giving 15 minutes a day in the privacy of her own room to special directions which I give her for the care of health, face and figure. I study each woman's case just as a physician studies it, the only

My Method

difference being that I strengthen and put in place weakened organs by exercise for nerves and muscles controlling such organs, bring a good circulation of warm, pure blood which I purify by teaching correct breathing and by prescribing the special diet, bathing, etc., adapted to each individual. I strengthen ***all your vital organs, lungs, heart, nerve*** centers and send your blood bounding through your veins as when a child. I ***develop*** or ***reduce your figure*** to correct proportions. I teach you to stand and to walk with an ease and dignity which at once bespeak culture and refinement. Every figure ***can be rounded*** out ***symmetrically*** unless

Clear Skin and a Good Figure

bones are missing or tissues entirely wasted away, and the woman who carries from 20 to 100 pounds of ***superfluous flesh*** every time she moves has my sympathy—but she does not need to do so—and surely it is every woman's privilege and duty to keep herself attractive and pleasing.

You Can Be Well Without Drugs

SUSANNA COCROFT

Drugs may relieve pain but they do not remove the cause of your difficulty.

Miss Cocroft at Her Desk

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As women approach or pass middle life, they need more care in keeping a good circulation and the use of every faculty, so they may be useful and a pleasure to self and family. I have hundreds of pupils over 70 and a few over 80. Here are a few extracts from my morning mail:

"My weight has increased thirty pounds."
"My kidneys are much better."
"My eyes are stronger and I have taken off my glasses."
"I have not had a sign of gall stones since I began your work."
"I weigh 88 lbs. less, and have gained wonderfully in strength."
"I am delighted with the effect of the exercise upon my catarrh."
"Just think of it! To be relieved from constipation. Entirely free after having it for 30 years."
"Have grown from a nervous wreck into a state of good, quiet nerves."

I will send you my little booklet on how to stand and to walk, free—

My Booklet Free

every woman should have this, and if you will fill out the enclosed coupon I will tell you what I can do for you and I will send you extracts of letters from my pupils if I have helped similar cases. I do not give the name of a pupil unless she has given me permission to do so; every woman's letter is held in strict confidence. I will not work with you unless I feel I can help you. My advice and information in regard to my work are free. I wish you could read the reports from my pupils for one day—they would do your heart good, as they do mine.

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Author of "Growth in Silence," "Character as Expressed in the Body." Etc.

For details about MY PERSONAL INSTRUCTION

Write me which of the following ailments apply to your case. ON YOUR LIST mark with (XX) opposite the points MOST IMPORTANT in your case and mark (X) opposite those which also interest you. If you are suffering from any other ailment or if there are any particulars in regard to your case which I should know, write about them fully and I will frankly tell you, without charge, what I can do for you.

Dept. 18

Thin bust
Thin chest
Thin arms
Thin neck
Round shouldered
Superfluous flesh
Prominent hips
Protruding abdomen
Height
Weight
Do you stand correctly?
Complexion
Do you walk gracefully?
Weakness
Lame back
Dullness
Irritable
Nerves
Headaches
Catarrh
Dizziness
Indigestion
Constipation
Liver
Kidneys
Lungs
Heart
Throat
Colds
Rheumatism
Circulation
Blood
Is your health or figure imperfect in any way not mentioned here?
Occupation?
What is your age?
Married or Single?

Give me your full name and address, writing very clearly, please.

Write me TO-DAY!

NOTE: Miss Cocroft, as President of Physical Culture Extension Work in America, needs no further introduction

A—Flame Spreader. *B*—Air space outside of Wick Tube. *C*—Air space inside of Wick Tube. *D*—Wick. *E*—Outside Casing to Burner. *F*—Air space between Fount and Outside casing. *G*—Fount for oil, entirely separate from Burner. *H*—Feed pipe carrying oil from Fount to Burner. *I*—Shield on top of Fount with air space underneath.

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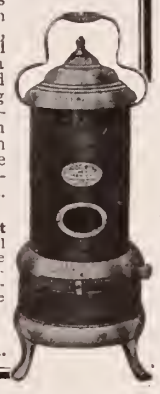

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Money-makers; for sale in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey and the South. "Strout's List No. 16" describes hundreds in detail, 1 to 1,000 acres, $300 to $20,000; many with stock and tools included. It is the most complete book of real farm bargains ever issued. It has hundreds of cuts of buildings and travelling instructions to reach properties. Send to-day for free copy.

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MOTHER'S PRAYERS ANSWERED

By Rev. George N. Thomssen

IN writing a short sketch of my life, I wish to emphasize the fact that my brothers and I have always been mother's boys, and that in our own and our children's blessing we see God's gracious answers to our dear, sainted mother's prayers. Our humble German mother did not crave riches for her boys, neither did she pray that they might become great, or honored, or learned, but she did pray that they all might love Jesus and win many souls for him. This prayer has been answered in the life of every one of her three boys, especially my own.

Rev. George N. Thomssen

I was born in Holstein, in the original home of the Anglo-Saxons. When only six years of age I came to America, so I know almost nothing about Germany. On the steamer that brought us to America was a noble Christian lady, who made my mother promise to send her boys to a Sunday School. In Cincinnati we were all won for Jesus through the Sunday School, and since the year 1865, it has been our endeavor to win souls for our Master. When I was a boy ten years of age, I felt called to become a missionary. I did not dare, however, to go to any theological schools to prepare myself for the ministry, but went into a printing office instead. The Lord made the printing office and the Sunday School my first and best preparatory schools for my life's work.

When I was eighteen years of age God led me to Rochester, N. Y., where I spent six years in study in the German and English Departments of the University. In 1879 I came to New York, and was ordained to the work of the Gospel ministry. During my student days and my first short pastorate in America, God helped me to lead many, especially young souls, to the Master. At last, in 1881, just twenty-five years ago, I was appointed a missionary to the Telugus in India, and, during the three terms of service there in Vinnkonda, Kurnool and Bapatta, I was permitted to baptize thousands, many of whom we had brought to the Saviour.

It was our great endeavor to win the young for Jesus, and these little ones have become a blessing to their people, not only in India, but also in South Africa. During my two former furloughs I was privileged to build a new church in New York, and renovate another in Brooklyn.

New York is the greatest mission field in the world, and we praise God for helping us to do something for Jesus here. On this, our third furlough, we have had a unique experience; we could go to South Africa and Australia on a soul-winning mission, Now we are back in New York working for Jesus. Our life's experience proves that God hears and answers prayers, especially a mother's prayers, and that it pays to serve Jesus.

[Rev. G. N. Thomssen is for the present in New York City, supplying the pulpit of the German Baptist Church, at 220-222 East One-hundred-and-eighteenth Street, during the month of October. He will probably be in and around this city till Christmas, laboring for Jesus as a missionary evangelist, preaching in both German and English churches. Any church desiring his services can address him to the care of this paper.]

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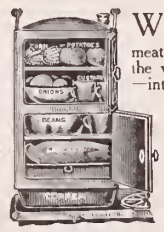

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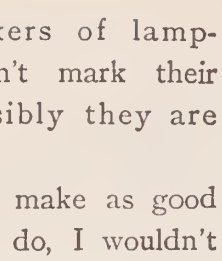

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Communion with Christ*

HOW tender, how inexpressibly close is Christ's idea of the relationship between himself and his people. This topic, considered a few weeks ago, is the basis of the idea of communion. Nearer than sister and brother, than wife and husband, is his conception, symbolized by the vine and its branches. Depending on him for the very life, deriving from him all nourishment, all support, withering when separated from him, the Christian finds in Christ his all in all. His own existence as a Christian and his own power of bearing fruit, both depend on his connection with him. "I am the vine," he said, "ye are the branches."

We know not, perhaps no lower intelligence than that of Christ can know, all that is comprehended in this simile. How it is that he can impart his own life to us is a mystery. It is more than mere influence. We know how much that can do. The influence of a father over his son, the influence of a mother over her daughter, the influence of a wife over her husband—that we can understand, for we have seen its effects in our daily life. We have seen it in its evil side as well as in its beneficent effects. The young man, fully resolved to do right, led away by the influence of evil companions, actually giving up his personality to do the things he would not. We have seen a good daughter, dutiful and affectionate, drawn from her home by the influence of a worthless man. Good or evil, it is a mighty power. But still mightier than that is the union of the vine and its branches.

We must accept the fact in humble trust in its fidelity, for no image that we can conceive of can interpret it for us. Gladly, reverently, hopefully let us derive comfort and encouragement from it. The thought that into our poor weak nature, so prone to wander, there is pouring the divine power, as the sap passes from the vine into its branches, is sufficient to uphold us under every experience. Life and growth and fruit-bearing are all comprised in the conception. Paul realized its truth when he said: "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me and the life which I now live I live by faith of the Son of God."

Like a Little Child

MISS MAY B. LORD, Evangelist of the Connecticut Bible Society, has recently conducted a series of meetings in Mianus, Conn., with the result that the community has not been so stirred religiously for fifty years. One of the converts, a quiet man of sixty-five, has written to her so beautifully, that the following extracts from his letters are worthy to be printed, as showing what he has found through repentance and faith in Christ.

You know you told me that all I had to do was to open my heart and ask the Saviour to be my helper and friend, and my pastor told me the same, and we knelt in prayer. I opened my heart and asked him to be my helper, and vowed it would not be my fault if I did not find him, and so it went on for three days. On that night at half past one, I woke up out of a peaceful sleep, began to think of what you had told me, and began to grow happy.

I could not believe that I was awake, so I thought I would get up and see. I went out into the kitchen and looked at the clock. It was half past one. Yes, I was awake, and all that I had seen and felt was true. I know that all this happiness, peace and joy came from my Saviour.

This old man writes in another letter:—

Do you remember the day I told you that I was not a very bad man, and you told me that you would rather I would tell you that I was a sinner? Well, I knew I was a sinner, for there was one little spark of light in my heart that had been there since I was three or four years old. My mother used to hear my little prayers by her side and tell me stories about Jesus. They sunk into my heart, and Satan has never been able to drive them out. I wish you would talk to young mothers. Tell them to get their children to kneel by their side. Tell them to teach their little ones Bible stories, for they will never forget them. When I have heard people say that religion was a fake, and that the Bible was a cheat, I would say to myself: "Mother never told me so, and mother was a good Christian, and I know she would not tell me a lie."

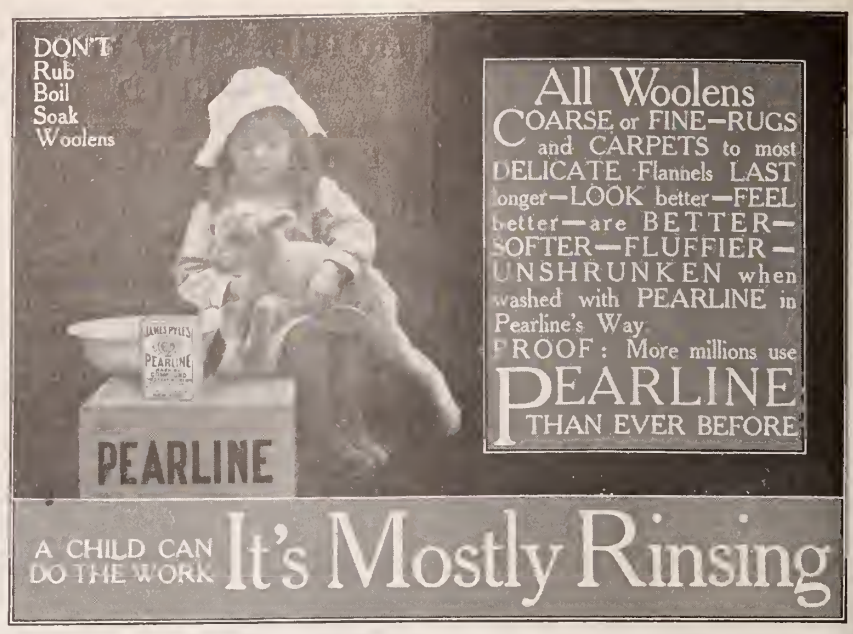
Myself and son and daughter go to church now every Sunday morning, and I suppose the good neighbors say: "How nice that looks! father, son and daughter." I wish all my sons and daughters were with us.

Such an experience as the above shows that the human heart can be stirred as profoundly now by God's grace as in the past.

HENRY B. ROBERTS.

Secretary Connecticut Bible Society.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for November 4. John 14: 15-26.



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Spiritual Communion

By MRS. M. BAXTER

THE design of our Lord was to make the Lord's Supper both a manifestation to the world of the unity of his people, and also a binding link among themselves, seeing they belong as much together as the broken parts of a loaf, fitting in only where they had been broken. "As often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye proclaim the Lord's death till he come" (I. Cor. 11: 26, R. V.). In the early days of the church, when bloodthirsty persecutors were seeking the disciples of the Lord, to put them to death, the little bands of faithful ones who dared thus to meet together knew that each time might be the last, and they proclaimed the Lord's death by their fearless following of him whithersoever it might lead—to prison, to torture, or to death.

In the circumstances of the institution of the Lord's Supper, we see none of that superstitious awe with which some earnest men have invested it. It was instituted during the feast of the passover, which was eaten with closed, blood-sprinkled doors, in token of the great deliverance from the destroying angel in Egypt, which foreshadowed a greater deliverance from the deserved wrath of God against sin.

"As they were eating, Jesus took bread, and blessed and brake it, and gave to the disciples, and said, 'Take, eat; this is my body'" (Matt. 26: 26). Everything was homely, familiar, natural; there was no preparation by long fasting, no break even in the memorial feast in which they were engaged. But Jesus was with them, Jesus spoke with them. No amount of preparation by prayer or fasting can prepare us for partaking of the Lord's Supper, if Jesus be not with us. If he is with us, what more do we need? He was with them, he had been partaking with them, and now would make them partake with him, for his word is, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me" (Rev. 3: 20). He fares with us, that he may lead us to fare with him; he took our body, that he might make us partakers of his body.

There is nothing, either in his words or in hard fact, to prove that the "consecrated elements" in themselves effect a change in the heart and life of those who partake of them. Peter went out from that table and denied his Lord, Judas, who was "the son of perdition," went out and betrayed him, and all the remainder "forsook him and fled" in the hour of his betrayal. Had the bread and wine possessed in themselves the virtue which some are wont to ascribe to them, how is it that the natural hearts of the disciples remained capable of such treachery to their Lord? Then, is the Lord's Supper nothing? Is it a mere form? Far from it! But unless there be real contact with God, unless he who partakes stands in real, spiritual relation with him, the mere elements are nothing.

"And he took the cup; and when he had given thanks (he whose blood, signified by it, was so soon to be poured out), gave it to them; and they all drank of it. And he said unto them, 'This is my blood of the New Testament, which is shed for many. Verily, I say unto you, I will drink no more of the fruit of the vine until that day that I drink it new in the Kingdom of God.'" The blood of the passover lamb was to be poured out upon the ground; the children of Israel, and, later on, the Gentiles, were forbidden to eat blood; "For the life of the flesh is in the blood; and I have given it to you upon the altar, to make an atonement for your souls; for it is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul" (Lev. 17: 11-14; Acts, 15: 29).

The life of all flesh is condemned—forfeited because of sin; but the life of Christ, which is in his blood, is not forfeited, therefore he says, "Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you" (John, 6: 53). How, then, are we to avoid materialism on the one hand, and rationalism on the other? Between all human extremes there is a Divine line which lies open, not to him who reasons, but to him who believes and obeys: "He that will do his will shall know of the doctrine."

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New York, October 31, 1906

CHRISTIAN HERALD

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From the painting by Melnik

See Page 921

"LEAVING HOME"

Our Money-Saving Combinations

IMPORTANT—At the request of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the publishers of the Magazines included in our Combination Offers, have supplied the following descriptive matter concerning their respective Publications. We publish it here for the information of our readers.

American Boy

A PROFUSELY illustrated monthly for boys, with nearly a quarter of a million readers. Without question, the most entertaining and practical boys' magazine in the world. Clean and high-grade. Covers in colors. Big pages. Serials by Munroe, Stratemeyer, Alger, Harbour, Tomlinson, Trowbridge, Ellis, Shute, and other prominent writers for boys. Boy hobbies, such as stamps, coins, curios, photography, amateur journalism, puzzles, mechanics, electricity, biography, athletics, exploited. Prize essay by boys. Cartoons on boy subjects, Gives badges for excellence in school work and for heroism. It preaches the religion of "do" and not that of "don't." Approved by parents and educators. Enthusiastically supported by boys everywhere.

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HARPER'S BAZAR next year will fill an even broader, greater field than in the past. It will continue to be the magazine of the up-to-date woman who wishes to be abreast of, or a little ahead of the times. It will still be the court of final appeal in all questions of fashion, entertainment, household decoration, and good form. But it will be more than this. It will be "guide, philosopher and friend" to countless women. In its domestic departments, long famous, the *Bazar* will also widen its scope. Every reader will find something there for her; there will be elaborate menus and simpler menus, suggestions for the most novel, up-to-date luncheons and dinners, and for the plainest home repasts. The *Bazar* sets the fashion.

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Each magazine may be sent to a different address

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THE Magazine Combination Offers of the present day originated with Dr. Louis Klopsch of **The Christian Herald.** Hence, Magazine Readers are indebted to **The Christian Herald** for the economy effected. This year we offer all of the magazines here illustrated

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Pearson's Magazine

DESTRUCTIVE journalism has had its day. Fair-minded conservatism is now having its inning. Get *Pearson's* and see for yourself. Read its inspirational character stories of the constructive men of the country and its presentation of the gigantic movements of the times by James Creelman, Alfred Henry Lewis, David Graham Phillips, Robert Adamson and Livingston Wright.

Pearson's unique distinctiveness as the magazine of intense fiction and the creator of *Captain Kettle, Monsieur A. V.*, and *Don Q.*, will be strongly emphasized during 1907 The price of *Pearson's* is $1.50 a year, but by special arrangement CHRISTIAN HERALD subscribers can secure it upon the same terms as the dollar publications illustrated on this page.

Review of Reviews

THE more magazines there are the more necessary is the *Review of Reviews*, because it brings together the best that is in all the most important monthlies of the world. Such is the flood of periodical literature that nowadays people say the only way to keep up with it is to read the *Review of Reviews.*

Probably the most useful section of all is Dr. Albert Shaw's illustrated "Progress of the World," where public events and issues are authoritatively and lucidly explained in every issue. Many a subscriber writes: "This department alone is worth more than the price of the magazine." The unique cartoon department, depicting current history in caricature, is another favorite. The *Review of Reviews* covers five continents, and yet is American first and foremost.

Suburban Life

SUBURBAN LIFE is a delightfully gotten-up magazine of 52 pages or more, each page measuring 12x14 inches, and beautifully illustrated with often as many as 100 fine half-tone engravings. It is printed on coated paper, and presents one of the finest pieces of magazine making published anywhere. *Suburban Life* is considered by many as the most complete exponent of suburban living ever published. It is to-day the one essential publication for the man or woman who lives in our rapidly growing suburban districts. It is full of the spirit of country life, without falling into the too common error of becoming either an agricultural or horticultural publication.

Success Magazine

SUCCESS MAGAZINE aims to be "The Great Home Magazine of America," valuable almost equally to the father, the mother, and the older sons and daughters. While still retaining as a foundation the idea of Inspiration and Uplift, it has broadened into a far wider field, and deals with all the stirring, vital problems of human interest—the Work of the World. Its serial and short stories are the best work of the most brilliant writers of the day, and its Special Departments, covering The Home Life and the Person, make, perhaps, its greatest strength in the family circle—the reason for its million and a half readers.

Woman's Home Companion

HAS the largest subscription of any ten cent magazine—three million people read this magazine every month. Besides the helpful intimate things that women want to know, there are delightful stories and articles by Kate Douglas Wiggin, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Jack London and Mary E. Wilkins Freeman; inspiring editorials by Dr. Edward Everett Hale; Miss Gould's fashion pages, her dressmaking lesson and her shopping service; Miss Farmer's cooking department; the children's own pages; in all, Twelve Useful Departments—something for all the family, and for the woman—everything.

World To-Day (The)

THE only magazine of its class sold at a popular price. *The World To-Day* is a monthly world review, but is not made up of clippings of other publications. It obtains its information from original sources, and is reliable and up-to-date. Its contributors are the foremost men and women of the day. The reader will find in it recreation for the idle hour, and best of all—something worth while. Many illustrations are in colors. All other magazines of its class sell at $3.00. *The World To-Day* is but $1.50. Its remarkable quality and low price make it an exceptional bargain, and we recommend it strongly to our readers.

Each magazine may be sent to a different address

ADDRESS THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 31, 1906

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

Applying the Bastinado

CRUEL Punishments in Persia

A Correspondent Describes Barbarities that call for Reform in the Land of the Shah

Persian Criminals in Chains

WHILE all the civilized world is welcoming the news that the Shah of Persia has decided to enlarge his people's liberties and to give them a Constitution, foreigners residing in Persia are watching events to see what the reform really means. Will it bring help and cheer and enlightenment to an ancient race, or is it merely a passing whim of the Eastern potentate, who wishes to do something to attract the attention of the Christian Powers? A correspondent of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, in the following letter, shows what vast room there is for improvement in the administration of justice in Persia:

* * *

Civil punishments in the land of the Shah do not differ so much in name from our own as in the methods of their infliction. A fine is a fine the world around; but in Persia the amount of the fine is not settled by law or by the enormity of the crime, so much as by the amount of property possessed by the one under arrest and the ability of the official to extort money from him. Hence, the fines are often unjust and heavy.

The fine is collected by extortion. The man arrested is sometimes bastinadoed till he pays over what is demanded. This consists in tying the naked feet of the prisoner to a pole, which is then elevated by two men, one at either end. The feet are then beaten with tough rods till the prostrate man roars with pain, and is glad to give any sum of money to be released from his tormentors. The bastinado is often resorted to, to make a man confess his real or supposed crime or to get testimony about others who are suspected. It is also used to cause persons to recant when they have offended some ecclesiastic. The Armenian who first rented us a house in Haftewan, Salmas, was bastinadoed by his bishop till his feet were well flayed, and then these lacerated members were put in ice till he died. The next one who rented to us was flogged till his toe-nails fell off, all the rent money was extorted from him (some $80), and he afterwards, when sufficiently recovered, fled to Russia, and remained in exile for years. One of the accompanying photographs illustrates punishment by means of the bastinado. In this case it is a Moslem who is being flogged. The two officials next at the left of the ladder I recognize. The scene is in a stable-yard. Back of the men are seen the miserable dens used as places of confinement.

Persia has but few regular prisons. Generally some dark, damp, cold cellar, or filthy, half-underground stable is used. In these places the vermin abound. No furniture or comforts of any kind are provided by the authorities. Not even food is given. Hence the prisoner is dependent on outside friends.

One of the few well-made prisons in this land is at Ardabil, and here prisoners are sent who have committed some crime that cannot be settled by a fine, or at least has not been so arranged. A photograph which I send shows a gang of these men in chains, who have been taken out for an airing. They have no kind of prison work. The men pass their time in idleness.

I once visited this Ardabil prison, and saw there a man who had taken refuge in our house after killing an ecclesiastic. He thought we were consuls. We soon informed him of his mistake, and at his request handed him over to the Russian consul. The Persians persuaded him to leave this asylum, and instead of releasing him, they imprisoned him in this fortress. He had been there several years when I visited him. He had a Bible with which he had become familiar, and from which he read much to others; but he was drinking badly. When I remonstrated with him for this, he quietly replied, "Had you seen the sorrows I have seen, you, too, would seek to drown them in drink." Once, when near this prison, I saw an immense crowd. On inquiry, I found that eight prisoners were being taken out of holes in which they had been executed. The holes were dug deep enough to leave the man's head above ground when standing in it. The prisoner was then encased by a liquid quicklime and gypsum up to his neck, which ate his flesh like fire, and by its contraction, as it set, caused him intense pain. The miserable sufferers called incessantly for relief, but no one dared to come to their help. Finally, one by one, death came to their release.

The opposite of this "burying-alive" is the impaling of the body upon a sharp stake, planted in the ground. This latter punishment, though even more horrible than the other, is speedily ended in death. In the case of infamous crimes, the body of the criminal is sometimes cut asunder and the halves are nailed on the city wall, near the gates, to deter others from similar deeds.

After being slain, the heads of prominent transgressors are often cut off, the brain removed, and the cavity stuffed with cut straw. The head is then impaled on a pole and paraded from town to town, with demonstrations of rejoicing.

A common way of disposing of persons whom the government fears to arrest openly, is to invite them to a banquet, as though to do them signal honor. Then, when their fears are all dispelled, a poisoned cup is given them, or, later on, as they depart for their homes, they are waylaid and shot. At other times the shooting of them takes place as they arrive for the banquet. We had one instance of this kind last fall. The victim's name was Jaafar Agha. I had known him from his youth. He was an insubordinate son, and when he grew up, became a scourge to both the Kurds in the mountains and to the people of the plain of Salmas. With a band of wild followers, he plundered districts, laid waste villages and slew not a few people. The Persian Government at times made war with him to try to keep him in bounds, and when this proved unsuccessful (as it always did), they would try promoting him. In this way he gradually became head of his tribe of Kurds and virtual governor of much of the surrounding region.

Last year he again became uncontrollable, and the Shah determined to execute him by guile. He was invited to visit the Governor at Tabriz, to arrange for a still higher office, and given every assurance of good faith. Along with a number of his braves he came, and was shown every mark of respect.

For a month or so Jaafar Agha and the Persian Government were in conference, and finally, when all the arrangements for his promotion had been made satisfactorily, he and his men were invited to a farewell banquet in the Governor's home as a mark of honor. The Kurds accepted the request, and at the appointed time went to the Governor's house.

But the Governor, at the command of the Shah, had secreted men in wait just inside the gate of his yard, whose duty it was to shoot these guests as soon as they had entered the street gate. Jaafar Agha fell at the first volley, but his men made a desperate struggle, and finally three of them got out of the city. Two of them, after many narrow escapes, reached their native mountains; the other died on the way, from wounds he had received. Before the conflict ended in Tabriz, it is said about thirty Persians were slain. I heard the report of firearms, and soon after was informed that Jaafar Agha and his men had perished. Their bodies were hung, almost naked, from the balcony of the court-yard.

These are a few of the many ways in which civil punishments are inflicted in Persia. They show how much the people of this land need the Gospel.

Tabriz, Persia. (REV.) JOHN NEWTON WRIGHT, D.D.

Jaafar Agha× and Some of his Outlaw Band

He is seated along with three Armenians, his braves standing behind

1756—A NOTABLE ANNIVERSARY—1906

WITH hearts full of thanksgiving for what has been accomplished in the past, and strong in purpose and faith for the future, the members of the old Scotch Presbyterian Church of New York City has been celebrating the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its founding.

The Church in 1764

The history of this church bears a striking resemblance to that of the great city in whose life it has played no unimportant part. From a small body it has grown to be one of the most powerful churches of its denomination. It suffered during the Revolution, did its part in repairing its ravages; went north with the tide of population, and now its home is a structure that is an object of admiration for lovers of architecture, with its stately tower and massive walls.

In 1756 New York was a small city of perhaps 10,000 inhabitants, its northernmost line extending not more than a mile above the "Battery." George III. was king, and the combined crosses of St. George and St. Andrew made bright the banner that floated from the flagstaff of the fort.

Britain was not yet sure that she was to be mistress of North America, for a time, as the September day had not yet come when the power of France in the New World would be shattered forever by Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham. The rumblings of the coming Revolution were as yet but faintly heard. The Scotch people of the city naturally wished to have a church of their own. They had been worshiping with the First Presbyterian Church, but some friction had arisen over the question of psalmody, and the erecting of a small wooden chapel was the result, built in what was then known as Little Queen Street, now called Cedar Street, between Broadway and Nassau. Eight years later, the growth of the congregation was such that the wooden building was removed, and a larger one of stone, with ornamental steeple and gilded weather-vane, took its place. With its white woodwork, arched windows and classic portal, it was quite an ornamental edifice, as old engravings show, compared to many that were built in those colonial days.

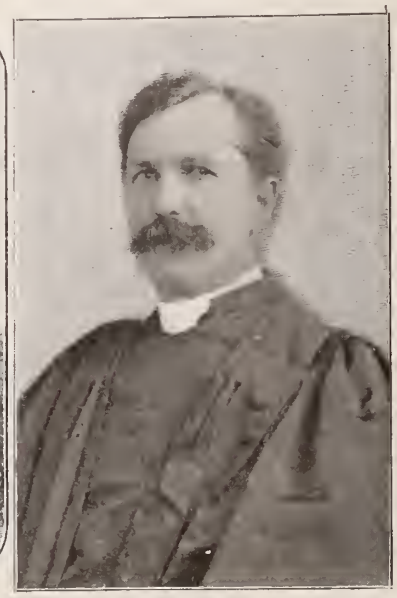
The first pastor was Rev. John Mason, D.D. He was born in Linlithgowshire, Scotland, and was but twenty-seven when he received the call, in May, 1762, to come and minister to his countrymen who had made their home on this side of the Atlantic. He was a stirring preacher and a scholar, as most of the ministers were who had been ordained by a Scotch Presbytery. He became thoroughly identified with the interests of the people with whom he had cast his lot, and fought vigorously against the oppressive measures of the British Parliament. He was hated by the Tories and admired and revered by the patriots. At last the revolution came, and the Rev. John Mason came down the pulpit steps, and left the church, which was not to echo with his fervid utterances for eight years. He went to the war as chaplain of a regiment, preaching to the men on Sundays, and comforting the wounded and cheering the dying in the hospitals.

The church as an organization barely existed during those years. A large part of its members were in homespun, and buff and blue, charging breastworks, or leaving their bodies on stricken fields, a way Scotchmen have had whenever there have been wrongs to be righted, or a good cause to be won. During the British occupation of the city, the Hessians took the church for their barracks; when they left, it bore such marks of their sojourn, that a public subscription was taken to repair the damage they had done. Prominent citizens of all creeds opened their purses, and the amount subscribed, £963 3s. 6d., was more than sufficient for the needed restorations. A pew was built for the Governor of the State. Later a gallery was added, and sconces for candles. Chaplain Mason returned from the field to his pulpit; the scattered remnants of his flock gathered once more about him, and the church again began to exert its influence in the religious life of the community. The pastor was honored by Princeton College with the degree of Doctor of Divinity, a tribute both to his learning and the active part he had taken to make the colonies an independent nation. Dr. Mason died in 1792, and his son, the Rev. John M. Mason, D.D., succeeded to the pulpit. He was a graduate in Arts of Columbia College at nineteen, and then went to Edinburgh University to be well grounded in the "fundamentals" of Calvinism. He was a man of many activities, founding the first theological school in New York, and also the Columbia Grammar School. He was also provost of Columbia College and president of Dickinson College. His sermons were printed on both sides of the Atlantic.

The drift of population was up the island, and in 1836 the church moved up to Grand Street, where it worshiped for over twenty years in a building built on the plan of an Ionic temple. The next move was up to Fourteenth Street, where it remained until the present imposing structure on Ninety-sixth Street and Central Park West was built. The question of the last move was long discussed, and was regarded by some of the members with misgiving, but its history during the last thirteen years shows that it was a wise decision. For some time the church had been far from strong; old members had moved uptown, and there were more churches in the district than could be properly supported. In the upper part of the city, however, conditions were far different. The population was growing with great rapidity and there were few churches. The Scotch church erected a magnificent stone edifice on the corner of Ninety-sixth Street and Central Park West, one of the finest in a city of fine churches, and took a new lease of life. Its membership began to grow from the first Sunday in the new location, and at present it numbers between eight and nine hundred, while the congregation numbers much more. It is a church in which there are many young people and they take an active part. Their influence is felt in the Sunday School and in the many social and philanthropic organizations connected with it. This is due largely to the work of the present efficient and popular pastor, Dr. Wylie. When he became pastor there were hardly any young faces in the congregation, but he made a special effort to have them come, and they responded in inspiring numbers. Dr. Wylie is of Scotch descent. He was educated at Yale and the Union Theological Seminary. Several colleges have paid tribute to his work by conferring on him degrees in philosophy and divinity. The Church is one of the few Protestant churches to have had a school for the secular education of the children of its members. The school was founded by Alexander Robertson over a century ago, and has had a prosperous existence ever since. On its staff are four teachers, and there are about eighty pupils.

Rev. John Mason, D.D.

The Scotch Church



Rev. David Wylie, D.D.

The anniversary celebration commenced on October 14. There were meetings, services and receptions for nearly two weeks thereafter. The Scotch people now connected with the church number less than one quarter of the membership, but all who come in are intensely loyal to the old name with its historical associations, in which they take great pride.

ROBERT SIERLING BLAIR.

Seeking Out the Lonely Mountaineers

BACK in the mountains of West Virginia, twenty miles from the nearest railroad station, and seven miles from a post-office, is a little log schoolhouse, near the home of an old mountaineer. To reach this neighborhood we leave the main road, and for three miles we follow a ravine, over rocks and ditches, turning and twisting; then for a mile it is up, up, till at last we reach the summit, and find ourselves on the top of Flat Mountain. Then across fields and through gates and bars, we come at last to the house.

This school building is no longer used for day-school purposes, but has been retained by this old mountaineer as a place for religious meetings. Here can be gathered a congregation of thirty-five or forty persons, who live on this mountain. A student missionary of the American Sunday School Union visited this neighborhood and organized a Sunday School. Some time after the school was started I received a letter from the son of the old mountaineer, saying: "We would like to have you come and hold a meeting for us; we have no preaching here." Soon afterward, in company with Secretary E. P. Bancroft, of New York City, I visited the district. I was not then quite prepared to hold a series of meetings as the people desired, but made arrangements with a minister to go there and hold a service. The next letter I received, said: "The preacher was here and preached once, but I don't think he will come back." This is one of the difficulties of these out-of-the-way places. The mountaineers have to depend almost entirely on the Sunday School Missionary, who seeks them out, often over rough, narrow roads, and in isolated places.

The old mountaineer himself is now very feeble. He lives with his son, who is an earnest Christian. He went out to open the gates for a man who had been at the house over night, and was offered whiskey by this man for his kindness; but he stoutly refused, though before his conversion he sometimes indulged in liquor. He said that if his religion was to count for anything he must set a good example. When the Mormons visited the neighborhood, he refused to open the abandoned schoolhouse for them, of which he held the key, and after asking them some questions about Mormonism that were hard to answer, he invited them to move on.

The Christians in these mountain places need much help and encouragement. A revival of religion would be a great blessing. The missionary is always glad to hold meetings and help in any way he can, but he has many more appeals than he is able to answer. To reach these places and give them the help they need calls for more men, and, unfortunately, these cannot be secured without more money. Mr. E. P. Bancroft, Secretary of the American Sunday School Union, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City, will gladly furnish further information. B.

General View of the Orphanage Farm at Salonica, Showing, (1) The Main Buildings; (2) Granary; (3) Bakery

SAVING THE MACEDONIAN ORPHANS

The Self-denying Labors of Rev. Dr. House and His Associates—A Missionary Work that Needs Aid—An Opportunity for Service

THREE years ago, an unsuccessful insurrection resulted in the burning of more than a hundred Macedonian villages and the leaving of scores of orphans in heartrending destitution. Meantime, in the Macedonian city of Thessalonica—to whose early disciples St. Paul wrote I. and II. Thessalonians—were two faithful missionaries of the American Board. They learned of the distress. Though poor in this world's goods, they offered to care for twenty of the orphan boys. To this end, and on their own account, they bought fifty acres of inexpensive land, about four miles from the city. They also put up one or two very simple structures for shelter. There they placed the orphan boys in charge of a native Christian farmer and his wife, with a native "house guard," or *kavass*, to protect persons and property. The unsettled condition of the country made such semi-police protection needful.

It was an act of courageous faith. It was also an act in which good judgment was clearly shown. The land itself, though not over-fertile, was easily cultivable and capable of varied products. It is already producing wheat, barley, rye, sesame, vetch, alfalfa, along with young mulberry trees, grape vines, English walnuts, apples, cherries, quinces, almonds and figs. The practicability of artesian wells of moderate depth has been demonstrated, and there are deposits of clay well suited to the making of bricks. The site is exceptionally fine. From the lowly farm buildings one looks upon a rarely attractive scene. In the foreground, only a mile away, is the Gulf of Thessalonica, northern division of the "blue Ægean." Beyond the shining gulf, to the southwest, in clear view, is Thessalian Mt. Olympus, around which cluster the associations of ancient mythology and poetry and romance.

The Founders and a Group of Teachers and Orphans

1, 2. Dr. and Mrs. House. 3, 4. Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Haskell. Teachers, with orphans in uniform

God's blessing abundantly followed the intrepid purchase of the land and the erection of the shelter buildings. Friends were raised up. Timely gifts came, one by one, from both Americans and Englishmen, who had heard of the undertaking. All debts were paid. Gradually the buildings were somewhat improved. A native school-teacher was secured, so that the time of the boys might be divided between the schoolroom and the farm. The boys made most gratifying progress. Their present appearance is in striking contrast with their appearance formerly; and the change is more than superficial.

In the fall of 1904 Dr. House was in the United States on a missionary furlough. To a circle of personal friends he told the story of the orphan school. Thereupon those friends obtained a certificate of incorporation according to the laws of the State of New York, for the "Thessalonica Agricultural and Industrial Institute," and to that corporate body the school property was legally conveyed.

The incorporating friends had kept distinctly in mind the plan and purpose of "Hampton Institute." They adopted Hampton as their splendid model. They believed that on the providential foundation of an orphan shelter, there might, with the divine favor, be built up an institution which should permanently bless the land from which, of old, came the cry for spiritual help. They were convinced that such an agricultural and industrial school would be a Christian philanthropy, attractive and effective.

A Trio of Orphan Applicants

During the last two years, there have been secured for the school a superior native teacher, a competent housekeeper, and a native carpenter for work and for giving instruction in plain carpentry. The farming operations have been extended, and the live stock increased, until now there are three horses, two yokes of oxen, two donkeys, and a poultry yard. Several hives of bees are producing honey, and a small amount has been gained from the sale of silk cocoons.

It is pleasant to put on record here the favor which the school has gained among the Macedonians. That favor has been shown in practical ways. For example, the simple, serviceable uniforms which the orphan boys at the school now have, were made up by native Christian tailors, who themselves offered the service. Christian women in Macedonian villages have woven cloth and sewed it into underwear for the boys. Small gifts of provisions have sometimes come from native farmers.

Latterly, effort has been concentrated on the construction of an industrial building, ninety feet by fifty, of brick, one-story, with ample well-lighted basement. That permanent building is now nearly completed, and nearly paid for. Not only will it serve important industrial needs, but also a part of it may be made to serve as a residence for Dr. House. It is to the fact of this possible, special adaptation that the kind attention of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers is solicited.

Subsequent to the incorporation of the school, the American Board cordially agreed that Dr. House might accept the presidency of the Institute, which had been urged upon him by the directors. They further consented that the Institute might, for 1906, enjoy a fourth part of his services, upon payment of one-fourth of his missionary salary. The proportion for 1907 will be at least one-third. The Institute hopes ultimately to assume all his salary and have his undivided service. The reason why the Board thus approved the taking up of new duties by one of its most faithful missionaries, was because it clearly recognized that the Institute would be a truly missionary institution, although not technically a "missionary" agency.

It is thus, as has already been pointed out, that there arises an emergency for the Institute, and a corresponding opportunity for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD's readers. The sum of $500 is urgently needed to meet the expense of making a part of the new building into a home for Dr. House, the missionary, and his family. From that home he can carry on his missionary work, and at the same time render to the school an additional service of incalculable value. His actual residence there will be a great advantage to the boys, intellectually and spiritually, in character and conduct, an advantage to the native staff, an advantage to every activity of both school and farm. Our readers have helped Macedonia in the past. Will they not add to their labors of love by aiding this worthy missionary and by making it possible for him to reside among those in whom he is so devotedly interested and who so greatly need his presence? As there are no administrative expenses in this country, every dollar they send will go promptly and intact to the hands of Dr. House. All contributions may be sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which will acknowledge every gift.

THE
American Pulpit

SERMON BY

"GIPSY" SMITH*

THE
FINAL CHOICE

TEXT:—Acts 24: 25

"And as he reasoned of righteousness, and temperance, and judgment to come," etc.

THIS is a wonderful picture. I wish I could paint it. Three people—one God's prophet, God's messenger, the other two a man and a woman who were living a very sinful life. Paul is in prison, awaiting his trial, and these two want some new excitement, something to amuse and something to entertain. Though they live in sin, time hangs heavily. They are like the man of whom we read that longed for some new pleasure, and offered a reward to anybody who would invent one, these two want something else to excite, something to pass away the time, and so they send for God's prophet that he may entertain them. Says the verse that precedes this one, "He sent for Paul and heard him concerning faith in Christ." Now it needs courage to preach to one man, or to two people. There are those who can preach to the crowd. It takes a man with a vision of the Cross to preach to two people, and it takes courage to preach to the man who sits in a high position, when he is close to you, when he is in his own house and you are sitting at his table, or in his own room face to face.

Paul's Subject

That was the picture. There sat Drusilla, there sat Felix, and here stood Paul, and he may have had the chains on him, the chains that told of suffering for Christ's sake. Paul never had a better chance than then of making a friend of one who could help him when the trial came on. His enemies were outside, his accusers were away. Those who were thirsting for his blood were not in this little, quiet meeting amongst the three. If he will only flatter, if he will only congratulate instead of expostulate, if he will fawn upon Felix and toady to him, if he will compromise he may capture this man at any rate, and he will have a friend at court when the day of trial comes.

But. listen, Paul was not made of that material. He could suffer, he could die, but he could not sin, he could not trim. His message was burning in his very soul, his message had come down to him as "Thus saith the Lord." And he seemed to take in the whole situation, and to realize that this was his only chance of dealing personally, pointedly, piercingly with this sinner in front of him and the other sinner beside him. And so he reasoned—of the Cross? Not to begin with. Of the shed blood? Not to begin with. Did he preach from this text, "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son?" Not to begin with. Did he say, "He that believeth on the Son shall be saved"? No. He reasoned of righteousness, he talked about God's holiness. He talked about God's love for righteousness and holiness, and how it was his purpose to lift men into that atmosphere. And he would talk about God's hatred for sin, and he made sin appear sin. He did not excuse sin; he meant Felix to see and feel the awfulness of his own sin. He reasoned of rightness, wholeness, Godlikeness, purity. He brought him up to face the blazing light and the scorching presence of God's purity. He talked of righteousness. I do not think that that side of the truth in these days is enforced as it ought to be. We have preached the love of God till some are lovesick. You know God's love; what you need to be told, and what I mean to tell you before I get through, is that God hates sin as much to-day as when Christ hung on the nails to put it away, and that he does not look upon sin with the least degree of allowance.

A Personal Appeal

He reasoned of righteousness to a man who was unrighteous. He talked about self-control—temperance—to the man who was intemperate, and whose passion was running wild. The man within was riot. His whole being was in a state of anarchy, a rebel.

He talked of righteousness, judgment; and as I have tried to enforce before, religion that honors God is right-doing, walking straight, holding a constant witness to the cleansing power of the precious blood. It is not hunting up meetings and preachers and going to conventions, taking your pencils and writing down in little note-books pretty little sayings, beautiful little extracts, pretty thoughts. It is letting them blaze in your life when the convention is over, when the meeting is past, when the Sunday is gone, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, three hundred and sixty-five days in the year all aglow, warm with holiness unto the Lord. Righteousness—"The kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but rightness—rightness." It is turning from darkness to light, from the power of Satan to God. It is the wicked man forsaking his wickedness in conformity to the will of God.

What Righteousness Means

Righteousness—not going to church, nor being christened, or confirmed, or baptized, or taking communion. All that will fall into the proper place, but first of all righteousness, rightness, right relationship with heaven, readjustment with God, putting me in my right place with God, and God in his right place in me and in all my concerns. What we want is sin dethroned, self dethroned, Christ honored and Christ glorified not only among the angels, not only among the saints who march around the steps of the throne, not only among those who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, and are singing the song of Moses and the Lamb, but down here in the city, in your home, in your workshop, in your business—rightness, righteousness in your yard measure, righteousness in your weights and scales, righteousness in your ledger; to handle your ledger with as much religious feeling and fervor as you take your seat in the pew on Sundays—this is what the Gospel means.

I tell you this is a mighty, sweeping Gospel. It is an unsparing Gospel where sin is concerned. "He reasoned of righteousness, of temperance, and of judgment"—judgment, don't forget it, judgment here and judgment yonder. Do not forget that "God hath appointed a day in which he will judge the world." Do not forget that there is a great white throne, and that we will have to stand before it. Do not forget that we shall stand as we are and not as we seem to be, and that we will have to give an account of the deeds done in the body. And do not forget that it will not be a mock judgment, it will be a righteous judgment, that God will be the judge, and that he will render to every man according as his work shall be.

The Closed Door

Oh, to have listened to this preacher, to have heard Paul as he waxed fiery, flaming as he talked of righteousness and of judgment! Oh, to have seen the flash in his eye, and the pointed finger and the erect figure as he shook and the chains rattled, while he lifted as high as he could that hand, pointing to the great white throne! Oh, to have seen him as he pealed out the truth upon that man like a mighty thunder-clap into his conscience and into his brain until he shook, until the seat shook on which he sat, until he clutched it and said. "Hold! that will do, Paul! I know it is true, I have heard as much as I can carry, I have got as much as I can bear; that will do. Go back to the dungeon, It is not convenient. I know it all, I feel it all; I know what I ought to do. My soul, my conscience, my better self, my illuminated judgment, everything—God the Spirit, your word and your presence, and these clanking chains—tell me what I ought to be and what I onght to do, but it is not convenient. When it is convenient I will send for thee." Cannot you hear him marching down that corridor? Cannot you hear the rattle of those chains? and don't you hear the slamming of the door that shuts the old saint up—glorious old Paul—in that dungeon for Christ's sake? Listen. The slamming of that door is but the echo of another door which closed itself forever against these two when Paul was ordered off. When he went their chance went with him. Oh, how different the story might have read! How blessedly it might have ended! How triumphantly it ought to have ended! But the man hugged his sin and would not yield.

Now why did not Felix become a Christian? He might have been an apostle, he might have been an evangelist, he might have written an epistle. It takes a saint to do that. He might have left a message which would have blessed the world, he might have left a decision that would have been an inspiration for all time. But he went the other way. He decided against Paul and Paul's Christ. And surely if any man in the world ever had a fair chance of salvation Felix had. With the world shut out and with that great soul-winner in front of him, with nobody to interrupt, nobody to come between, nobody but Paul and his Master facing him, and the plan of salvation in front of him, and the heavens opening above him, and the light streaming down upon him and God speaking through his saint, surely no man ever had a better chance of life eternal than this man.

Convicted But Not Saved

Surely, my brother, my sister, you cannot look in the face of God one day and say, "I should have been a Christian if I had an opportunity." You cannot say that because you have this blessed hour in which to yield to God. If you never had a chance before, you have one now, and if you never had anybody to talk to you about these things you have someone now. You cannot plead at the great white throne that you never had a chance. Felix cannot. Surely no man ever had a better preacher than Paul, the prince of preachers. There was no trimming about Paul. There was no stooping to suit his people. He was not afraid of the man in the chariot and he did not despise the man in the gutter. Why, Paul, glorious old Paul, he said himself, "I determined to know nothing among you save Christ and him crucified." There was no mongrel Gospel with Paul. There was no milk and water Gospel with Paul. It was the pure, unadulterated, unchanging, living message. Surely you cannot say when you get to the white throne, if you have not a wedding garment on, you cannot say, "Well,

If I Had Only Heard

the pure Gospel I should have been saved"? You cannot say that; you have had it from the pulpit, you have had it from the lips of your own ministers, you have heard it till you can go to sleep under it. You are hardened by the process of listening to it. For this mighty Gospel, what it does not soften and weld, it hardens. It is the savor of life or of death. You know it, and you are familiar with it.

Surely this man might have been saved, for he was convicted. He felt more than he wanted to feel. He trembled, but, mark this—he trembled, but the woman did not. That is striking. I have often seen two people sit together under the same sermon, and I have seen one shake and tremble and weep beneath the power of God, and I have seen the other rebellious and hard and hindering; I have seen one want to come, and I have seen the other pull him back. When a woman does set herself against Christ, she does. I have not been an evangelist for a quarter of a century, without finding out that when a woman does come to Christ she comes all the way. I believe this man would have been saved but for that woman. Felix trembled; she did not. He felt, he was convicted, he was awake, he knew, he was concerned, he was wrought upon. Haven't you been there? Is not your conscience, my sister, my brother, with me at this moment? Don't you feel your sin; don't you see something of its wickedness; don't you realize something of its damning power; don't you see how it is spoiling you, how it is robbing you of your manhood; don't you see how your life is embittered; don't you see how it is

Leading You Away From God

and peace and purity and rightness? Don't you see it? I know you do. That is the Spirit at work within you. Your conscience and your judgment are bearing me witness. Don't you see that you can get as far as trembling conviction, and yet stop and refuse to take the decisive step? Why do you not yield?

I want to push that question till I get an answer. Why didn't Felix surrender? If he heard the Gospel from the lips of that faithful man and felt its awful import, why, in the name of everything that is good, did he grovel in the dust and allow hell to drive over him its chariots and to grind him to powder? Why? The reason is given in one word—sin, his own sin. Beside him sat another man's wife, with whom he was

Continued on next page

*The famous evangelist who is now visiting this country on a mission from the Free Churches of England. Published by The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York and Toronto.

"THE CHURCH OF ALL NATIONS"

Leaders and Workers in the New "East Side Parish," New York

FOR many years in the history of New York City's Bowery, whenever "there was a sound of revelry by night," in the neighborhood of Houston Street, it was safe to conclude that it could be traced to the "Germania Assembly Rooms." These rooms comprised an immense dance hall, with a large barroom adjoining it, occupying the second floor of a huge building which extends from No. 293 Bowery through the entire block to Second Avenue.

On Sunday, the 14th of October, those vast halls, which had echoed to the tread of many feet lightly dancing on the road to ruin, which had seen thousands quaffing the liquid poison of the cup wherein lies death, were solemnly dedicated to the service of Almighty God, under the name of "The East Side Parish and Church of All Nations." For some years, the churches on Willett Street and Forsyth Street, belonging to the New York East Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, had found their membership rapidly decreasing, as the receding tide of population on its way up town had left them below the border of the residential district. The land upon which these buildings stood was of great value for business purposes, and the sale of the two church properties realized a sum which the Conference determined by a unanimous vote to apply to the purchase of the vast block in which the work of the "East Side Parish" is now located. Already Methodism had established a stronghold under this roof, a portion of the first floor of which has been for some time devoted to the grand rescue work for the men of that cosmopolitan thoroughfare of poverty, misery and sin; this was known first as the Wesley, later as the Hadley Rescue Hall.

The plant for this noble and extensive soul-saving scheme has cost the New York East Conference $250,000.

The size of the building permits of various rentals for manufacturing and other reputable purposes, still leaving room for the many educational, industrial and religious phases of training which are to be embraced in the East Side Parish Work. Already there are Italian, Chinese and other sewing classes, in which the devotional services are a prominent feature. A flourishing kindergarten is in existence, and an all-night mission is contemplated in the near future. The Jewish work is under the faithful leadership of Dr. and Mrs. Harry Zeckhausen, and is entirely supported by the New York Church Extension and City Missionary Society, but is under the general supervision of Superintendent and Pastor Stonehill. Dr. W. M. Stonehill and his wife are ideal leaders in the work to which they are unmistakably called of God.

The services which attended the dedication of the church were most interesting and very impressive. The Rev. J. S. Chadwick, Presiding Elder of the district, in his opening address, spoke with much feeling of the development of the East Side Parish Work, in all that relates to the culture of the head and heart as well as the industry of the hands; and congratulated the Conference and the workers that God had brought them to the glad hour in which the many activities of the Parish were united under the management of a church militant.

The Presiding Elder of Brooklyn, South District, Rev. C. S. Wing, D.D., also spoke. Rev. F. M. North, D.D., corresponding secretary of the City Missionary and Church Extension Society, delivered the address of the evening. He said in part:

> We want to impress the onlooking public with the fact that we are not here to propagate a social scheme, nor an industrial reform—nor even an ecclesiastical organization. We are here because we believe in the personal Christ, whoever liveth to make intercession for men; in that Christ who suffered on the Cross, and "by this sign we conquer." We shall have to deal with a class of men who are not few in this part of the city: this section is a turbulent sea of discontent—a centre of socialism. We meet here men—and I confess to great sympathy with them—who want more than the rent and the crust and the tea which is all their work wins for them, and who feel that they have a right to more. We shall have problems of race—right here are Americans, Italians, Chinese, Scotchmen, Jews and Englishmen in one seething mass—and we shall have to deal with them. I want to put emphasis on one great central fact. For all the ills we meet—poverty, socialism, racial contest—the one solid hub is the personal Christ.

An important feature of the evening was the baptism and reception into the church, on probation, of a number of fine-looking, earnest-faced young Chinese men. Their cues were cut, and their hair and dress arranged in English fashion.

Rev. Chas. H. Fowler, D.D., LL.D., resident bishop of New York City, after a brief address, conducted the ceremony of dedication. With the benediction, pronounced by Bishop Andrews, the services ended.

Little Members of the Chinese Sunday School Class

THE FINAL CHOICE—Cont'd

living. Are you surprised that Paul talked of righteousness? How could he talk of anything else? Could God smile on that? He talked of righteousness. I should think so. And Felix knew if he became a Christian that woman must go home to her husband; at any rate she must go from him. He knew that, and he looked at her, and in that look he lost his soul. He said, "No, it is not convenient. When it is I will call for thee." But he never did, he never had another chance.

Samson lost his strength through a woman. The daughter of Herodias danced Herod into the pit. Drusilla was the chain that bound this man for time and for eternity. What is binding you? What is fettering you? What is getting you by the heart and life? What has gripped you in its clutch? What is it? You know. You know. Who is it? You know, and God knows. The truth will out some day. The truth will out, for every man has some special sin. It may not be lust for a woman, but it may be lust for gold, it may be lust for drink, it may be appetite in another form, it may be ambition, which is just as damning. What is it? Every woman has her own sin. It may not be lust for a man, but it is lust of some sort, and there are some women who will sell their souls and the souls of their children, for dress and trinkets. May God save you. Listen—it is a choice between sin and holiness. It is a tremendous choice, but there can be no two opinions about it, if you look at it wisely and well. It is a choice between the low and the high, the earthly and the heavenly, time and eternity, the perishable and the imperishable, the tinsel and the real gold, the passing moment and the heaven that awaits those who will only obey.

Men and women, sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty, rise to the occasion. Don't mingle for yourselves the bitter drink, don't fly in the face of your eternal interests. Don't fight against God. Don't hug your sin. Don't play the fool—don't. God wants to save you, and he will save you. He would have saved that man if he had come, but he did not, and because he did not God could not. "Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life." "How often would I have gathered you under my wing . . . and ye would not."

It is not God's fault. If a man goes to hell—whatever hell may mean, I pray you may never find out, but whatever hell is—I do not know—but whatever it is, if a man goes there, it is because he will not accept God's remedy. You cannot charge God with your destruction; you must charge it home to your own will in the choice of evil, in your own wicked, rebellious, God-dishonoring, God-hating, Christ-rejecting life; you must charge yourself. I cannot hear my Lord libelled without protest. Some of you say, "Do you think God is a God of love, to send a man to hell?" God does not send him there; he sends himself. You don't go to hell because you are a sinner, but because you refuse to walk over the bridge that God has built and made it possible for you to go the other way. You refuse God's grace; you refuse the way of salvation. God wants to save you from your sin, and he will save you now if you will submit. Will you give up your sin? You don't want me to name your sin. If I did know it I would hold it before you till you loathed it; I would make you face it; I would hold it in front of you till you ran away from it; I would make you see your own sin, in spite of yourself, were it in my power, till you yielded and gave yourself wholly to Jesus Christ.

My brother, my sister, let this be a time of real surrender, when you turn from the wicked thing, the thing that God hates in your life, the thing that has made you all you are, the thing that is destroying you day by day. Turn from that, and turn from it now, and you will hear him say to you as you come, though your coming is faltering, though it is weak, if it is coming, if it is turning from sin, if it is yielding to God your heart, your life, all there is, with no reservation, the whole being, absolute, entire, if it is a real surrender, you will hear him say, "Thy sins are forgiven thee;" and if your ears were a little keener, then you would hear the angels singing, "The dead is alive, and the lost is found."

Sermon by "Gipsy" Smith

TO CHECK THE DRINK EVIL

Distinguished Men and Women Give Their Views as to the Best Remedies to be Applied

John Mitchell
President United Mine Workers

Chas. A. Blanchard
President of Wheaton College, Illinois

Hon. John Wanamaker

Hon. Silas C. Swallow

ONE of the greatest evils of modern times is intemperance. Nearly one-half of the revenue of our government comes from the drink traffic. Forty per cent. of the taxation, it is estimated, is for the support of inmates of prisons, almshouses, and insane asylums; a large majority of them are there through drink. Statisticians assert that nearly 70 per cent. of the crime, pauperism, and insanity of the country is traceable, directly or indirectly to drink.

Our prisons cost, in round figures, $60,000,000 yearly; our poorhouses, $7,000,000; our insane asylums, $13,000,000. We have 250,000 criminals, 150,000 insane, and 50,000 tramps. And, in the face of these appalling results of intemperance, the nation spends yearly $1,400,000,000 for intoxicating drink—double the sum it spends for bread, thrice what it pays for meat, 7 times what it expends for tea and coffee, 10 times what it gives for public education, and 50 times what it devotes every year to the preaching of the Gospel!

This is an astounding arraignment, but it is not all. The ramifications of the drink-evil are legion. It affects every class of society, the poor most of all. 5,000,000 persons are idle through its effects. 400,000 were arrested last year for drunkenness, being one-third of the arrests for all causes. 100,000 deaths annually are traceable, directly or indirectly, to drink.

Should we, as a nation of intelligent men and women, permit such conditions to continue without an effort to remedy them? Is there a remedy within reach? Should it be reached by education, by national legislation, or by prohibitory State laws?

This problem has been submitted by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to a number of leading Americans, men and women known for their broad and comprehensive views on public affairs. Their answers will be found below. Together, they form a symposium of unusual interest and importance, and one which, at the present time, deserves the thoughtful consideration of every true American.

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California's Governor for Temperance

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
STATE OF CALIFORNIA, SACRAMENTO.

1. The State and national governments can maintain, and where possible improve, the present laws for the punishment of intemperance. Also, the State can maintain, and if possible improve, the system of public school instruction regarding the unwise use of stimulants.

2. The individual can do *everything*. He can exercise personal influence in all of its forms. He can work for the promotion of temperance in any manner which commends itself to his judgment. Social reform is almost wholly a question of individual effort, or, at least, of voluntary co-operation by individuals. What governments can do is but little, as compared with what the separate individuals of whom society is composed can accomplish.

3. The drink evil is one of the greatest curses of civilization, and it is the duty of every citizen to do what he can to limit it and prepare the way for its ultimate extirpation.

4. The Government of the United States imposes a heavy tax upon the manufacture and sale of liquor, but not with any intention to "foster" the drink evil. The fact that it is an evil is one of the principal reasons why it has been singled out for heavy taxation.

In conclusion, let me give you my idea of the true temperance movement. It is not made up of any one set of persons or influences. It is a composite of all the forces which are working for a better civilization. Everything which makes for good morals, for a more intellectual life, for educational progress, for happier homes, for better wages and shorter hours of labor, for more sanitary towns and houses and workshops and for the better adjustment of the relations of capital and labor, makes also for the promotion of temperance. The older temperance reformers underrated the seriousness of the evil which they attacked. They did not realize how its roots ramified and attached themselves to a thousand things in our civilization. They made the great mistake of assuming that they could abolish the evil, by so simple a thing as the passage of a law. Half a century of experiment has shown their error, while rendering clearer than ever the greatness of the evil and the necessity for conquering it. Temperance is a question of civilization. As civilization advances there is less and less place in the world for the drunkard, and eventually he will be eliminated as being altogether unfit for survival in rational society.

GEO. C. PARDEE,
Governor of California.

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Brave Words From Upton Sinclair

PRINCETON, N. J.

In my opinion the drink evil is primarily an effect, and not a cause; it is a by-product of wage slavery. The working-classes are to-day organized as the bond-slaves of capital. The conditions under which they live are such as to brutalize and degrade them and drive them to drink. As I have phrased it in "The Jungle," if a man has to live in hell, he would a great deal rather be drunk than sober. The solution of the drink evil waits upon the coming of Socialism.

As a part of the capitalist system, you have liquor sold for profit, and the liquor interests are one of the forces which dominate the land. Therefore, you are unable to effect any legislation to correct the evil. Liquor is sold in order to make money out of the victim, therefore every inducement and temptation is laid before him. Under Socialism, the only barkeeper would be the community, and the community would have every object in limiting the traffic. The children of the masses would be taken in hand and taught the secret of right living; and when they grew up they would have enough to eat and the means of keeping in working condition, and would know other sources of happiness than drunkenness. At present, attempts to reform the evil are attempts to sweep back the tide. Moreover, it is to be noticed that many of those who are most active in the work are themselves busily engaged in exploiting the working-class in their private business, and are therefore directly identified with the cause of the evil they are attempting to combat.

UPTON SINCLAIR.

Hon. Geo. C. Pardee
Governor of California

Prof. F. S. Luther
President Trinity College

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The Problem a Difficult One

LELAND STANFORD, JR., UNIVERSITY, CALIFORNIA,
OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT.

There is no question, I think, that the greater part of the misery and distress in this country is due, directly and indirectly, to strong drink. There is no question that, socially speaking, this is the most important problem before our people. It is also a question how much can be done by direct legislation in the absence of any public opinion. It is certain, I think, that the teaching of temperance in the schools by means of hysterical and distorted physiology is ineffective. Whatever is taught must be the truth, and there is no point in attempting to stir up the feelings of children before they have knowledge. There is, therefore, I think, no simple answer to the problem.

DAVID S. JORDAN,
President Leland Stanford University.

. . .

Educate the People About Alcohol

PRESIDENT'S ROOM, WESTERN RESERVE UNIVERSITY,
CLEVELAND.

By the authority of the city of Oxford, there was put upon a bulletin board a statement of the evils of drinking alcohol. These evils were divided into two parts: to the drinker himself and to the community. The statement was most impressive.

Therefore, in answer to your question, I think it would be well for the government in its various relationships, to publish facts regarding the evils of the use of alcohol.

CHARLES F. THWING,
President Western Reserve University.

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Local Option as a Remedy

It used to be said, "All roads lead to Rome"—and now it might be said, "All roads lead to the Rum Traffic." The Christian, the philanthropist, the statesman, cannot think or plan for the welfare of the republic or of the world without coming into the presence of the all dominating and blighting curse. The statistics of its ruin are appalling. How shall we stop its ravages?

Dark as the prospect is, we are making headway. Half the counties in Georgia have Local Option; half in Tennessee; while in Texas, 125 counties have declared for liberty from this terrible traffic. Let us keep on. "The Kingdom of Heaven is likened unto leaven which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal till the whole was leavened." This is the only path to victory. It will come some day. The rum traffic will be overthrown. There is nothing too good to be true. When that day shall come sorrow and mourning shall flee away.

C. C. McCABE,
Chancellor American University.

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The Saloon at the Bottom of the Evil

HARRISBURG, PA.

Environment is one of the strongest educational forces. The children of vulgar homes, as a rule, in turn become vulgar, and when grown to manhood and womanhood, propagate the same offensive conditions in their off pring. It is the old doctrine that "like produces like." Seed is always a prophecy of harvest, and hence, whatsoever we sow, we reap.

In some things, cause and effect are reversed. Drinking habits do not go nearly

HOW TO SOLVE THE PROBLEM

A Remarkable National Symposium on the Greatest Curse of Modern Times

so far in the creation of saloons as do saloons in the creation of drinking habits. A saloon suddenly located in a sober community, will at once begin to produce tipplers, and they soon graduate into drunkards. And unlike groceries, dry goods and the necessaries of life, an increase of the supply of liquors creates an increase in the demand for them, I would say then, by legal enactment blot out the places where liquor is sold, and very soon the demand for liquor will be a thing of the past. Perhaps the first step is to elect men who will enact and execute prohibitory laws.

This the voting church members of this country can easily do whenever they really want it done.

I would, if possible, have every pastor in the nation place the temperance pledge side by side with the Bible and the church record, and at least once a month circulate it in the Sunday School, the church and the Young People's Society for signatures.

I would insist upon a dissolution of the profit-sharing partnership existing between the government and the liquor business, on the ground that it is the province of government to make it easy for a citizen to do well and hard for him to do ill.

S. C. SWALLOW.

. . .

Economic Justice the Only Remedy

GRASMERE, RHINEBECK, N. Y.

I believe that the greater part of intemperance is caused by poverty, overwork, lack of employment, insufficient employment, and improper employment. The statistics of our charities bear out this view. Probably the next greatest cause is the idleness and prodigality of wealth. Both of these causes are the result of an unjust and unwise distribution of the products of labor. Consequently, the only fundamental way to promote temperance, is to establish economic justice. For particulars, read Henry George's *Progress and Poverty*.

ERNEST H. CROSBY.

. . .

John Mitchell's Idea of a Remedy

OFFICE OF PRESIDENT,
UNITED MINE WORKERS OF AMERICA,
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Any movement that will encourage sobriety and reduce intemperance deserves thoughtful consideration and active cooperation on the part of every patriotic citizen of our country. I fear, however, that many earnest advocates of temperance and good government make the mistake of assuming that crime, indolence and insanity are the effect, fundamentally, of intemperance, while, as a matter of fact, the real cause and the real solution must be sought in another direction.

Investigation has demonstrated that intemperance is most prevalent in those communities in which men and women are overworked and underfed; where the conditions of employment are least tolerable. If it were possible for all the advocates of temperance and morality to unite in a movement that would secure to the workers a higher return for their labor, shorter hours and better sanitation, laws prohibiting the employment of children, I am quite sure that the evil of intemperance would be greatly minimized. Of course, much good would result from the introduction into the public schools of lectures upon the question of intemperance and its effects; but, as stated above, if we hope to eradicate the whole evil we must start at the root and remove the causes which destroy men, women and children; and that can only be done by proper housing, feeding and clothing of the working classes.

JOHN MITCHELL,
President U. M. W. of A.

. . .

Should be Regulated as a Poison

WASHINGTON, D. C.

It is the individual who makes up the body politic, and when each individual is sober, the whole nation will be sober. No man who values his influence in the community in which he lives, especially upon growing boys and young men, will openly patronize a liquor saloon. So far as the young are concerned, example is the great force which moves the world.

I believe that a law should be enacted prohibiting any liquor dealer from selling intoxicants to minors under twenty-one years. The age limit now in the District of Columbia is sixteen years. But what are we going to do with the boys in communities where the fathers and older brothers drink and smoke? Example, especially in those whom children should be taught to respect and reverence, is stronger than precept. The mother weeps and prays; the father drinks and smokes.

Upton Sinclair
Author of "The Jungle"

Hon. Francis E. Warren
United States Senator

Liquor is not sold at the present time in or around any public building in Washington. It is not permitted within three hundred yards from a public school, nor within one mile limit of the Soldiers' Home, and the canteens have been banished from the forts and the arsenal.

Through the efforts of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, with Mrs. Hunt at the head of the committee, a law was enacted for the District of Columbia, the State of New York, all of New England, and nearly all of the other States in the Union in succession, requiring temperance, and the effects of intoxicants on the human system to be taught in our public schools. I doubt if this law is being carried out to the full extent, but it behooves all good citizens to call the attention of teachers, and public educators to the duty and the opportunity for good that thus belongs to them.

In Denmark the sale of intoxicants is entirely under the control of the officers of the government, hence intoxication is almost unknown. That may be the solution of the question in our own country. It wrecks so many lives and fortunes, that the part of wisdom would be for the government to classify it with poisons, and put it under the same supervisory control. I doubt if the revenue received by our government from the sale of intoxicating liquors would, if it were all summed up, equal the cost of our jails, penitentiaries, almshouses and other eleemosynary institutions, which we are forced to create and maintain on account of its use.

BELVA A. LOCKWOOD.

. . .

Restrictive Laws Would be Effective

DRAKE UNIVERSITY,
DES MOINES, IA.

I believe that restrictive laws well enforced, furnish one of the most effective object lessons that can be presented to the people. No man, at heart, really wishes to do what his fellow-men by statute have declared to be wrong and immoral. I would not advocate placing the effects of strong drink in our college curricula as a subject for study. It seems to me that the best method of teaching the effects of intemperance in the colleges may be secured along broader lines of instruction. All education tends to the discouragement of intemperance. The progress that has been made toward eliminating intemperance, or of holding it in check, has been through the instrumentality of the church and the college. One of the great results to be attained by the movement known as Church Federation, is that of dealing with this question of intemperance. When all classes of Christians of whatever creed come to act together against this common foe, marked progress is certain to be noted. Such a movement will bring about the necessary temperance restrictive laws from our Congress and Legislatures.

HILL M. BELL,
President Drake University.

. . .

A Treasury Official's View of It

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON.

In my judgment, when all the people learn that the intemperate use of intoxicating liquors blunts the moral and mental faculties of all who so use them, and disqualifies them for social or business duties in the same way, if not to the same degree, as does the habitual use of opium or cocaine, then, and not until then, will drunkenness cease. I do not believe that preachments or petitions to Congress will materially accelerate the day of universal sobriety. The question of drink is a personal one, and the normal man will settle it as he settles other personal questions by enlightened selfishness.

R. J. TRACEWELL,
Comptroller United States Treasury.

. . .

License the Drinker as well as the Seller

HARTFORD, CONN.

I should favor the study in schools and colleges of the drink problem, if I did not believe that, so far, such instruction has done more harm than good, through the unscientific and sometimes even irrational character of the instruction often given on these lines. Nevertheless, I wish to be regarded as an advocate of temperance, as opposed to the sale of alcohol; as a believer in teetotalism as the best for everybody, though I do not in the least suppose that this last is likely to be attained. In my own view, the best thing that could be done, would be to license the drinker as well as the seller; make a man show his card before he gets a drink; take his card away from him after he has proven himself a drunkard.

F. S. LUTHER,
President Trinity College.

. . .

Mr. Wanamaker for Total Abstinence

PRIVATE OFFICE, JOHN WANAMAKER,
PHILADELPHIA.

I do not know any better thing that the individual can do to stem the tide of intemperance than to be a total abstainer, and not lend any aid or comfort to the makers of liquor in any direction.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

. . .

A Campaign of Education Needed

OBERLIN COLLEGE, OBERLIN, OHIO.

It is hardly possible to over-emphasize the importance of this question of intemperance. A steady campaign of agitation and education must be kept up along every

Continued on page 918

Belva A. Lockwood

David Starr Jordan
President Leland Stanford University

Hon. Morris Sheppard
Member of Congress from Texas

H. M. Bell
President of Drake University

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, Associate Editor — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, Associate Editor

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A National Evil

IN the Symposium on the Drink Evil and its regulation, which appears elsewhere in this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, there are many suggestions deserving thoughtful consideration. That intemperance is one of the greatest evils of modern times is now universally recognized. In the Old World, as well as in the New, it is demanding, with increasing insistence, the attention of legislators and educators. Theoretical remedies are numerous enough; yet the traffic in human degradation flourishes here, sending yearly 400,000 men and women to jail, causing 100,000 deaths, and depriving millions of the able-bodied of the power and the will to work. Well has strong drink been denominated "the curse of our civilization."

To this overshadowing problem, every contributor to the Symposium has doubtless given much thought and study. Their points of view, while radically differing in some respects, nearly all seem to converge on a single conclusion—that the rising generation in our schools and colleges must be thoroughly instructed concerning the nature of alcohol and its effects upon the human system. This is the first essential, but as some of the writers wisely point out, it will not suffice alone. There must be the salutary force of good example; the church must lend its powerful influence, and the States and municipalities, if they would help make people sober and law-abiding, must assist the movement by the passage of restrictive laws, which should be honestly enforced.

Thus, not one agency, but many agencies together, must unite if we are to have a sober nation. Churches, singly and collectively, can exert a tremendous influence, and it is no exaggeration to assert that God's people, with his help, can purge any locality of the liquor curse if they set about it in earnest. Experience in many of the larger cities, as well as in rural districts, has already proved this beyond dispute.

Unless the Christian churches of America take the initiative and set the pace, it is hopeless to wait upon legislatures and municipal governments to bring about the needed reforms. On the other hand, if all religious influences were to unite in earnest in a great national temperance campaign, we believe the momentum of such a crusade would be irresistible.

Headachy Churches

A RECENT paper by Mr. William Paul Everhard, C.E., in *The American Architect*, made the following interesting statement:

It is a well known fact that clergymen are frequently susceptible to headaches; that they find themselves exhausted at the end of the church service; that they are completely worn out when the summer vacation begins. The reason for the commonly prevailing feeling of lassitude is not far to seek; it is necessarily the outcome of the often intolerable condition of the air breathed during the evening service in a crowded church. The effects of the steady increase of impurities in the air are, in many cases, distinctly perceptible in the audience during the last part of the minister's sermon, and only in those churches where a perfect system of ventilation is installed will few, if any, drowsy or sleepy people in the pews be found. Ventilation and proper airing are of particular importance in those churches where more than one service is held in a day, especially so in our great cities, where all kinds and classes of people—the clean as well as the unclean, the washed as well as the unwashed—congregate.

All of the above is true, but science has shown it to be equally true that one of the features of church sanitation which has received the least attention, and yet which is most fruitful in its power for health and disease, is the wall. The combined exhalations of a multitude, Sunday after Sunday, week after week, produce a condition of the wall which is far from sanitary. Scientists even go further and assure us that when, under certain conditions, which need not be described here, germs are constantly being thrown out and carried to a wall or floor, the situation becomes positively dangerous, and includes much which is a direct menace to the health of every person in the congregation.

Here may be the solution of headachy churches. Modern science comes to our aid and shows us how we may cleanse the temple and make it absolutely wholesome, and the information applies equally to the smallest and the largest churches. Sweeping and dusting as usually performed are ineffective, as by these means the germs are simply scattered to settle again. Science directs that the walls of a church should be thoroughly brushed off at least every month. The constant accumulation of dust on the walls produces much of the coughing, the dryness of the throat and the irritation of the mucuous membrane whichis the signal for sneezing and general discomfort, especially when the heat is turned on.

That dust is a vehicle for disease is well known. If the walls were thoroughly, or even partially clean, these conditions would not exist. Much of the restlessness, fidgeting, coughing, and sneezing is caused less by the lack of religious appreciation perhaps than by the constant circulation of irritating dust and dirt from the walls.

If we keep our church walls clean, pure and wholesome, we shall have fewer sick pastors and healthier, happier congregations.

An Ungracious Protest

RATHER ungracious and certainly ill-advised, is the protest that has been sent to the Board of Education in a seaboard city. It comes from a Jewish Rabbi, who complains that the public schools are opened with the Lord's prayer. He said that Jewish children were compelled to take part in the exercises, contrary to their religious teachings, and he objected to it on the ground that the Constitution of the United States guarantees absolute religious freedom to all. This protest is astonishing, because we had been told by other Rabbis, that every clause of the Lord's prayer might be found in the Old Testament Scriptures, that there was nothing original in it, and that the Founder of Christianity had simply taken the phrases from Moses and the Psalms, and had made them into a mosaic, which his deluded followers accepted as an original production. If that is true, this Rabbi is objecting to Jewish children reciting extracts from the holy writings of his own people, which is inconsistent. He ought rather to be glad that, coming from a land of persecution, where everything Jewish is hated, the children are taught, in the country that gives them hospitality, words from the sacred volume of their fathers.

Apart from that consideration, however, the intrinsic purity and beauty of the prayer, whether it is Jewish or Christian, ought to commend it to the Rabbi. What petition is there in it that is offensive to Jewish ears? Every clause is a prayer for a blessing, which the devout Jew desires as cordially and heartily as the devout Christian. What teaching there is in it, accords completely with his own creed. The Rabbi may be very sure that any Jewish child whose life is modeled on that prayer will be a good child, a comfort to his parents, and a credit to the Jewish race.

In all kindness and friendliness, too, we would suggest to the Rabbi and to all who sympathize with him, the wisdom of not antagonizing American customs and practices. The country is not offensively Christian. Indeed, the majority of its citizens would willingly go further in identifying it with Christianity. In all its public acts it is distinctly secular, with no declaration of Christian principles. The Russian immigrant finds here an asylum, where his life and property are protected, and he can worship God in his own way. Is not that enough? We believe that our Jewish citizens are thoroughly satisfied and content. But if the newcomers are over sensitive, if they attempt to antagonize our ways, and to demand changes to suit their own ideas, we seriously fear that hostility to the Jewish race will develop, a result which we should deplore. Such hostility among the uneducated classes grows quickly, and, as our Jewish guests know to their cost, is more dangerous to their peace than government enactments. For their own sake, we would urge them not to make absurd and intolerant requests, for concessions which, if granted at all, would begranted reluctantly and with regret.

Preventable Accidents

FROM time to time we are startled when we read the daily press, by the recital of terrible accidents that have caused loss of life to their victims, or life-long injuries to their survivors. Unless we know something about the personality of those involved we seldom keep the incident in mind very long. In fact, we could not endure the strain if we took to heart every desolate home and every crushed hope as we do when the blow falls on friends and neighbors, and on people with whom in some way or other our lives are identified. For example, if one once attended a wedding in a village church, on an autumn morning, and wished the bride and groom god-speed on their new journey, and then the next day at the breakfast table read that the bride had been killed in a railway collision or the groom maimed or mangled, the horror of the catastrophe would be luridly impressed on one's very soul. Because such things do not touch the great public, they are suffered to happen again and again, and little is said and nothing done to make repetitions of the occurrence improbable.

Unfortunately, we are living at present under tremendous pressure. Everything goes at breakneck speed. The motor car flies like the wind. There is heedlessness on the part of those who are charged with running locomotives, and even the familiar elevator, almost a necessity in our tall buildings, becomes a fatal trap. The relief to the depression this would occasion arises from the knowledge that, as a rule, the average man may be trusted to do his duty. Nevertheless, inspection should be rigid and accidents should not be suffered to take place without close investigation and just fixing of responsibility on those who should, by preliminary care, have made them impossible.

Preventable accidents cannot be piously attributed to divine Providence. They are merely due to human infirmity or human negligence, and may often be very properly called the ironies of the devil himself.

Among the Workers

—FIVE HUNDRED clergymen, including the major part of the Protestant pastors of New York, met in the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church lately to greet "Gipsy" Smith, the English evangelist. The latter intends to stay in this country several months, and will conduct revival services in various cities.

—H. L. STOMBAUGH, the veteran mission worker at Bayou La Batre, Mobile County, Alabama, writes that the little mission chapel on Dauphin Island was blown down during the recent cyclone, and many other buildings were destroyed. Any aid sent to help rebuild the chapel will be greatly appreciated.

—DR. THOMAS S. CARRINGTON, surgeon in charge of the American Hospital and Training School for Nurses recently erected in Constantinople, writes us that the building was totally destroyed by fire on August 27, two days prior to the announced formal opening. Funds will be needed to rebuild and to supply a new plant.

—REV. E. O. GUERRANT, of the Soul-Winners' League, writes: "Eleven of our missions report 176 conversions. in September. We are engaged in building eight churches and mission houses, where there never was one. The Soeicty has purchased the most desirable property in the Cumberland Mountains for an orphan asylum, for the hundreds of homeless children in the highlands."

—LINCOLN MEMORIAL UNIVERSITY, Cumberland Gap, Tenn., is endeavoring to raise an Endowment Fund of $250,000, the income to be devoted to paying teachers' salaries. It also needs a Recitation Building and Auditorium, the estimated cost of which will be about $80,000. All who are interested in the excellent work of this institution among the "mountain whites," should address General O. O. Howard, President of the Board, who will answer all inquiries.

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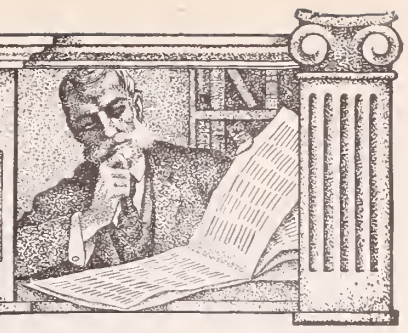
THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER



Persia's Parliament

CONTRARY to the predictions of European editors and critics, the arrangements for the meeting of a Persian Parliament were fully completed. The building in which the representatives of the people are to meet, has been selected and formally dedicated to its use. The high religious authorities who have been exiled by Muzaffer-ed-Din, the present Shah, were summoned from their refuges to take part in the ceremony, and were mollified by three days' entertainment at the royal expense. In the capital, the representatives were elected by the direct vote of the people; but in the provinces the people had to elect a college of electors, who had to choose the representatives. The provinces are divided into twelve electoral districts with representation according to population. The highest number of representatives from a single district is nineteen and the lowest six. The right to vote is given to every man between the ages of thirty and seventy, providing he can read and write and has never been convicted of crime. The assembly, according to the edict of the Shah, will not be simply consultative, as was inferred, but will have the power to enact laws subject to the approval of the Shah. Perfect freedom of speech is promised and the statement of grievances is invited.

The Shah opened the new Parliament formally in person. The ceremony took place in the great court of Teheran in the presence of the diplomatic corps, many high officials, army officers and the entire priesthood. The Shah entered the assembly to the strains of hymnal music, while the mullahs chanted prayers for the long life of his Majesty. In his speech, the Shah said that for the last eight years a constitution for Persia had been his dream and he now believed that the people were ripe for self-government. He declared that he recognized that the principal foundations of imperial power and progress rested on an alliance of the Government and the people, and he had made the strengthening of this alliance the chief object of his reign. He expressed the hope that the gift of the Constitution would ever be preserved. He was satisfied that they would not abuse the freedom, and that Parliament would give active support to the Government in its efforts for the happiness, progress and power of Persia. The speech was acclaimed with the greatest enthusiasm. In the evening Teheran was illuminated from one end to the other and the population gave itself up to rejoicing.

There is some curiosity among the statesmen in European cabinets as to the Shah's motive for summoning this assembly. One well-informed authority thinks the Shah is alarmed at the struggle in Russia, and hopes that the new Parliament will stand between the throne and the people. His need of money is urgent, and he is now unable to borrow in the foreign market, and dare not impose new taxes on his own people. If, however, the people's own representatives impose them, the Shah can point to them as the persons responsible for the situation. Whatever the Shah's motive may be, the step is a wise one, and it will rest with the assembly itself to develop and extend its power.

He that hearkeneth unto counsel is wise (Prov. 12: 15).

Hurricane in Cuba

As if war and pestilence had not done enough for Cuba's unhappiness, a new horror has come upon it in the cyclone that has destroyed property and life. The full extent of the calamity is not known at the time of writing, owing to the break in cable communications and the destruction of the poles and wires on land. It is reported, however, that on Wednesday evening, October 17, a terrific cyclone struck the western coast of the island. As the tempest reached its height, buildings were shaken as if by earthquake and the lighter of them were swept clear of their foundations. It is believed about eighteen lost their lives. More than a thousand tents in Camp Columbia were blown to pieces and some of the troopers were severely hurt. Still greater was the loss to the shipping in Havana harbor. Of the American warships in the harbor none were lost. A terrible feature of the same hurricane was the tidal wave which swept over Elliott's Key, near Miami, Fla. The wave covered the whole key, sweeping all the inhabitants, numbering about 250, into the sea. Houses, barns and trees were carried away, leaving the place completely bare. The loss in Cuba would have been much greater if it had not been for the timely warning sent by Father Loveat Gungoiti, a noted weather observer, who telephoned to Columbia Camp an hour before the storm arrived, that a cyclone was coming. His warning was immediately heeded by the marines, who hurried to shelter on the ships. What a pity it is that people who are warned of spiritual destruction, pay no heed, though the warning comes from God's Word.

Take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting and the cares of this life, and so that day come upon you unawares (Luke 21: 34).

A Risk for Liberty

A pilot boat approaching the entrance to the harbor of Boston, Mass., a few days ago, sighted a raft washed by the waves. It was ten miles from land and upon it were two men. The pilots steered toward it and rescued the men, who wore the uniform of convicts. They were almost dead from cold, hunger and exhaustion. They were taken on board and revived and in an hour or two were sufficiently recovered to tell their story. They said they had been in the prison on Deer Island and had planned an escape. They had eluded their guard and hidden in a shed until after midnight, when they ventured down to the water. There they secured a raft and launched it in the surf. There was a bitter wind blowing, but the men cared nothing for it while there was a prospect of liberty. They had not been afloat more than half an hour when they discovered that the raft leaked and they were gradually sinking. They held on until daybreak and were then drifting seaward and in dire peril. They had given up hope when the pilot boat appeared. The captain decided to take them back to prison, but the men did not care where they were taken if it was to dry land. Such risks will men take to recover their liberty when once they have lost it. Unhappily they do not make such efforts to escape spiritual captivity, which is a far worse calamity, because it is continued beyond the grave. From that there is a sure way of escape through Christ.

If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed (John 8 : 36).

Egypt's Ancient Bride

One of the most remarkable discoveries in Egyptian exploration of recent days is reported by Prof. James H. Breasted of Chicago, who has just returned from the Nile. It refers to a wedding of the Pharaoh, Rameses II., for whom the Israelites built treasure cities and whose daughter adopted Moses. In examining a temple in Nubia, Prof. Breasted came upon a long inscription, adorned with bas-reliefs, representing Rameses, his bride and her father. Prof. Breasted succeeded in photographing the bas-reliefs, and has therefore contemporaneous portraits of the famous old king and his bride. The latter, according to the inscription, was the daughter of the king of the Hittites, and her father accompanied her to Egypt to witness her marriage. The inscription, which is in forty-one lines, eight feet long on the solid rock, glorifies the matrimonial event, the lineage and beauty of the bride, her companions, and the big wedding feast that followed the ceremony. A curious expression occurs in the statement. It is that of Rameses, who expresses his gratitude that the journey of the Hittite princess was safely accomplished in spite of the rain and the S-R-K. That combination of letters was new to the scholars who deciphered the inscription, as it had never been found among the Egyptian hieroglyphs elsewhere. Careful study, however, convinced them that the letters stood for the word "snow." Rameses had never seen snow in his own country, but he evidently knew the Hebrew or Hittite name of it. Little did he think as he wrote that inscription, that the poor despised slaves at home, toiling on his cities and monuments, would become the ancestors of a Deliverer greater than Moses, one of whose followers would give the meaning of his writing to the modern world more than three thousand years afterwards. He and his great power and wealth, which he enjoyed for about sixty years, must have seemed to him imperishable, but he passed away and is now almost forgotton.

Their love, and their hatred, and their envy, is now perished; neither have they any more a portion for ever in anything that is done under the sun (Eccles. 9: 6).

The Shah of Persia Opening the Building Which is to be the Parliament House

LATE ROSES

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

WHEN Frances Lennox was in her twentieth year, her life unfolded before her in wonderful beauty. She was the eldest daughter and the third child in a happy home. Her brothers, Alec and Reuben, were proud of her, and it was their delight to wait on her as if she had been a princess. The little children, four brothers and sisters, were devoted to Frances, the more so that there was a difference of nearly eight years between herself and the one next in age. Her father was cashier in the local bank, and was a most popular man in several townships. Her mother, who had in her day been a belle, was, to some extent, an invalid, and her fragile health was really the only shadow in the sunny landscape that stretched before the young girl, every pathway beckoning her to new surprises of pleasure. To crown all, Frances Lennox was engaged to be married; her trousseau was ready, and the wedding-day was fixed. It was to be an October wedding; her chosen bridesmaids were four of her girl companions, and the ushers would be, of course, her brothers and the brothers of the groom.

In a moment, as suddenly as a bolt drops from the blue heavens when a thunder-storm sweeps across the sky, in an hour, everything was changed. Mr. Lennox died after an illness so brief and violent, that it gave him no chance to arrange his affairs or to say so much as a word of farewell to his family. After his death it was discovered, to the amazement of friends, that he was so deeply involved in debt, and so menaced by disgrace, that nothing except the sacrifice of his entire property would save his name from a stigma and satisfy the claims of creditors.

The boys left college and took whatever business positions they could obtain; the little home, with its dainty furnishings and its lovely garden, went under the hammer, and was changed to a narrow little flat in a crowded city. Frances broke her engagement. Her fiancé begged and protested, but it was evident that he could not lift the burdens of a shipwrecked family, and Frances could not desert her mother, nor the children.

"I will wait for you, Frances," John Maynard said, "as Jacob waited for Rachel. I shall hold myself bound." But, young as she was, Frances had granite in her nature, and she felt that it would be unfair to John not to leave him perfectly free. They went their separate ways, she to New York and he to California, and for a space of twenty years they neither met nor heard from one another.

The delicate mother, under the strain of grief and loneliness and the privations of a life altogether different from the one to which she had been used, faded away, and in a short time was laid beside her husband in the quiet grave. The brothers succeeded well in business. Frances learned typewriting, and was able to pay her own way as well as to keep house, and the younger children grew up. In twenty years much happens, and there came a day when, for the first time after a long period of bondage to routine, Frances felt that she might take a holiday. Alec and Reuben had both married. Her younger sisters were teaching, and the boys, who had been little chaps of four and six when their father died, were self-supporting and independent. An aunt in California invited Frances to make her a long visit, and, packing her trunk with a sort of strange bewilderment at her liberty, Frances set off, to enter for a time on a new world. She had been an extremely pretty girl, slender, graceful, brown-eyed, with dancing dimples, and cheeks like a June rose; there had been no one within twenty miles who surpassed her in her radiance of early girlhood. At forty, notwithstanding the wear and tear of much responsibility and the constant routine of a toilsome life, she was serene in gracious womanhood. She carried herself with the same ease and grace that had distinguished her years before; but her brown hair was powdered with gray, there were lines in the smooth forehead, and an air of gentle acquiescence had permanently eclipsed what had once been an expression of gayety and gladness.

She arrived at Santa Monica in the spring. Everything she saw, was to her the revelation of beauty of which she had never dreamed. Her aunt's house was hidden in a bower of roses, golden and pink, and the whole land was glorious with a profusion of flowers, that seemed to riot in the variety of their tints and the intoxication of their perfume. For twenty years Frances had been denied the joy of having all the flowers she wanted, now she was like a child let loose in a field of daisies and buttercups, and as she wandered through the gardens and thickets, free to gather or to leave roses, lilies, poppies, heliotrope and geranium, she took on a renewal of her youth. Her interest in people and things about her awakened, and her aunt, looking at her fondly one day, exclaimed, "No one would imagine you to be a day over twenty-five. I never saw any one improve as you have since you dropped your work and came to this land of flowers. You have been so faithful, Frances, you have earned the right to have a life of your own; not one devoted to your family any more."

"Ah," said Frances, "I wish it were just a little different. No one needs me any more. Sometimes I feel as if long ago I had made a mistake. I don't know that I did right to give Jack up when I did. It seemed the only thing then, and we always have, don't you think, to act according to the light we have? But sometimes, auntie, dear, I do shrink from looking forward to the loneliness of coming days."

"Take life one day at a time," said her aunt. "'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. Take no thought for the morrow; the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself.' You and I know, dearest, who it was that said those words. Live by the day. When one has done right so far as it was given her to see the right, she must leave everything else to God."

That night, in the privacy of their own room, Frances' aunt and uncle had a long and confidential talk. "Louise," he said, "I saw John Maynard to-day, and I asked him to come to dinner next Sunday. Do you think Frances and he will meet like old friends?"

"Yes," said the wife, "I think they will, but whether or not they will get beyond that, I do not know. Frances is little changed, but John Maynard has grown embittered and hard and has had so much to bear that he is not the man she knew, nor the man she was once going to marry."

"Poor fellow! He has had enough vexation and trouble to account for any amount of hardness. His wife was a trial of patience all through, what with her temper and her unfortunate habits. She is gone and her faults should be forgotten. But John has done well in material things, and he stands high in the State. His little Grace needs a mother, so I have dared to be a bit of a match-maker. Since Mrs. Maynard died, John has been an apparently contented widower. I believe in my heart that he still cherishes the thought of one woman, and that that woman is Frances Lennox."

Sunday came, a glorious day in May. Frances, all unsuspecting the plot laid for her, dressed for church in a white gown, wearing a hat with just a touch of color in a cluster of pale roses. When she came home at noon with her aunt and uncle, who never omitted going to church, a middle-aged gentleman, stout and gray-haired, came down the steps to meet them. "It was good of you to ask me here to-day," he said. "I have sent my daughter East to school, and the house misses the child's feet and her merry laugh. I was feeling rather low in my mind when I got this invitation, so here I am."

All this while his eyes had been fixed on his hostess. Now, for the first time, he noticed the lady by her side. "I need not present you," said the older woman, "to my niece, Frances Lennox. Frances, you surely remember John Maynard."

The two clasped hands and their eyes met. The vivid color flushed Frances' cheek, and to John, for an instant, it seemed as if there had been no interval, and he was looking into the face of the maiden whom he had expected to call wife years ago. On his part there was a singular diffidence. Man of the world as he was, accustomed to meet emergencies and to confront difficult situations, he felt somehow embarrassed and aware of his incompetence to say or do the right thing.

Frances was mistress of herself. She said simply, "This is an unexpected pleasure. I thought California had done all it could to make me happy, but it is one happiness more to see you again."

During the days that followed, John Maynard was often at Frances' side. They did not take up their life again where they had left it. There is always a gulf to be bridged when two who have been lovers meet after a long separation, and for each of these there had been so much to draw them apart that they could not at once become intimate. Each felt shy of the other, but in Frances' heart there had never been room for any love except the love she had given John, and although John had married, there had been little romance and much of convenience in the union he had sought. Perhaps he had been rightly punished for a marriage of convenience, when his wife had developed an appetite for drink and the temper of a termagant. He had known depths of mortification and pain that had left their mark upon him. But, as he again courted the woman he had loved in his youth, the brightness returned to his face and the blitheness to his spirits. There came an hour in the twilight under the roses when he asked Frances Lennox to marry him, and she consented. She would become John Maynard's wife in the Indian Summer of her life and his, and in her heart she pledged herself to be a true mother to his child.

It was in October that they stood together in a little church, with only a very few friends and relatives to witness the ceremony, that they were married. Her uncle gave the bride away. The two set off together when the vows had been plighted, to begin the journey which would have only surprises of gladness for them to its very end.

Around them bloomed the autumn roses. They would bloom for them wherever they might go, and all around them, middle-aged lovers as they were, would be henceforward an atmosphere of youth and hope and joy.

THE HERO OF "PUNCHEON CAMP"

ONCE when I was on a preaching tour through the mountains, an humble unlettered young man joined the church. Among a hundred others he made no impression on me, unless it was by his homeliness. On a subsequent visit, he met me at the church on the Middle Fork of the Kentucky River, and urged me to visit his Sunday School on Puncheon Camp. I was astonished that he had a Sunday School anywhere, especially on Puncheon Camp.

It was several miles from where he worked (as a hired hand) among a sparsely settled people, in a narrow valley, between big mountains. He urged so persistently that I promised to stop on the Puncheon Camp Creek at nine o'clock Thursday morning on my way to Jackson. I could hardly believe that a Sunday School could be gathered at nine o'clock on a week day, out of those wild, rough mountains. I did not know the man.

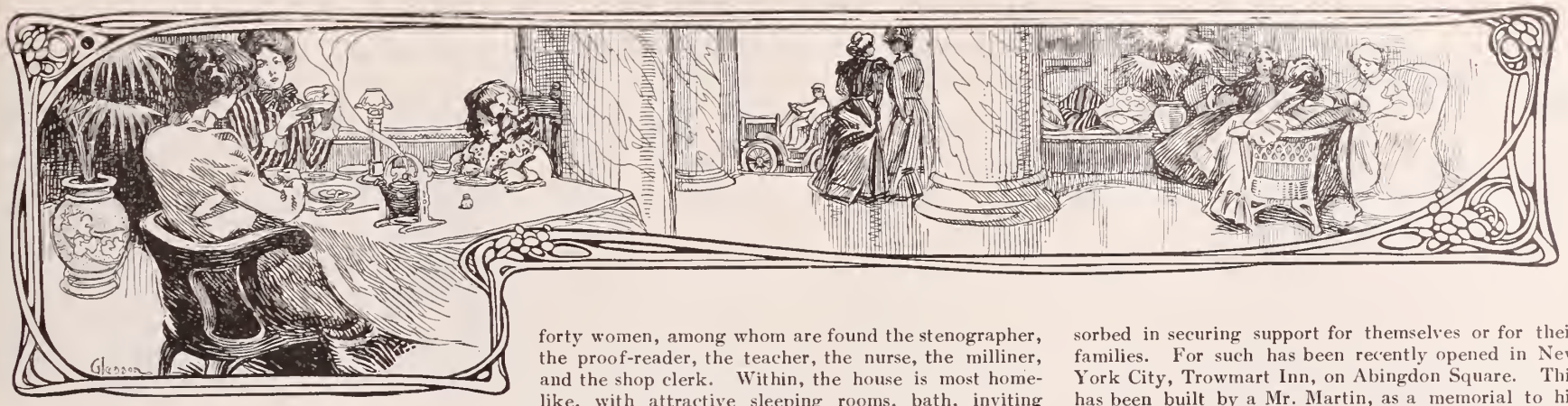
It was blazing hot; I came near having a sunstroke as I crossed the mountain at the head of the Puncheon Camp, though I started early. By nine o'clock I came in sight of the old deserted house where the Sunday School was taught. Imagine my astonishment, when I saw an anxious crowd of men, women and children filling the house, porch and yard at nine o'clock in the morning. They had climbed the mountains and crossed the streams on foot to hear the Gospel.

My friend was there, and made a place big enough for me to stand in a crowd that filled every inch of space both inside and outside the house. His equipment for the Sunday School consisted of one small copy of *Gospel Hymns* ("words only") and a small ten-cent Testament. Out of these he taught the Puncheon Campers to sing, and love Jesus. He led the singing and I preached. A hundred earnest, eager, hungry people sitting on the floor and porches of a mountain cabin, would make the dumb speak and the stones cry out, if others were silent.

That poor, untutored lad, Lewis Hensley, who had spelled out the story of Jesus' love to the simple mountain folk, had sowed the seed of the kingdom. I don't remember the sermon, but I do remember that when I was done, eighteen souls, some well stricken in years, some in the dew of youth, came forward to say they believed in Jesus. It was not far from there to heaven that day.

EDWARD O. GUERRANT.

WHERE THE BACHELOR MAID LIVES



WERE the portrait of a Colonial Grandmother to come to life, and step down from the frame to note the innovations of the twentieth century, her quiet eyes would open in surprise at the modern convenience of a hotel for women.

This recent innovation would demonstrate two new conditions, that a woman travels sometime without the protection of her liege lord, and that she takes her place in the business competition of the times. There was no demand for such a shelter in the "good old days" of carding and spinning; in pioneer life when the home must be made in the forest, and the qualities of endurance, ingenuity and domestic industry played an important part in the making of the new world. Truly, conditions have changed. To-day we have the

The Franklin Square House, Boston

aggressive business woman, forced, it may be, to become bread-winner for the family, and the student, whose delight is to climb the hill of learning. There are thousands of women going to the large cities to attain some definite object. They cannot own homes, even had they the leisure to care for them; hence it is that the corporation idea has entered into this need of the twentieth century and provided a homelike residence for women living in a great city.

The Ladies' Christian Union of New York City conducts three homes for the self-supporting young woman. One of the best known is near Stuyvesant Square, at one time a most aristocratic part of Manhattan. The handsome brown stone dwelling is truly a home to forty women, among whom are found the stenographer, the proof-reader, the teacher, the nurse, the milliner, and the shop clerk. Within, the house is most homelike, with attractive sleeping rooms, bath, inviting parlor, library and roof garden. It is presided over by a cultured New England teacher, who finds delight in being housemother to the working girl. For years the Women's Christian Association has sought to help the girl thrown out into the world on her own resources. It provides comfortable living, recreation, educational classes, and summer resting-places by the sea. The woman traveling alone has come to prefer such a stopping-place to the lonely hotel. So many are the applications that even this organization is obliged to turn the visitor from its hospitable doors because of lack of room. The Philadelphia Woman's Christian Association Building is equipped with all modern appliances, housing two hundred and fifty permanent boarders, and during the year caring for thousands of transient guests. The Margaret Louise, in New York City, was built by Mrs. Elliot Shepard, and then presented complete to the Woman's Christian Association. It is for transients. No one can stay there more than one month in one calendar year.

It is the same story at the Boston Association, which provides permanent as well as transient lodging and board for its guests. Here the gymnasium is a special feature. There are several instructors employed, the entertainment hall being given up to educational classes, with a registration of 800 to 1,400 during the year.

Quite different from the two organizations just mentioned is the new hotel for women, called the Martha Washington, situated on Thirtieth Street near Madison Avenue, New York City. This is a first-class hotel for women, daintily and completely furnished, with white, immaculate woodwork, where rooms can be procured from one dollar to five dollars per day. Pictures to remind one of the family at Mount Vernon, and with Madame Washington's sweet face smiling from wall and stationery. Even the head-waitress, with her fine presence and silvery pompadour, and the white-haired man in the entrance hall of the hotel, carry out the Continental idea. This hotel is also philanthropic in its purpose, and one of the rich, consecrated young women of New York is actively interested in Hotel Martha Washington.

A few miles to the north, at 1230 Amsterdam Avenue, close to Riverside Drive, stands Whittier Hall. It is for students coming to the Teachers College next door, or to Columbia University. Its doors stand open winter and summer, and happy voices sound through its airy halls. From the cheery entrance one steps into the bright drawing room, with its marble pillars and red walls. On either side opens a parlor, one in red, with pictures and library, the other in green, with piano.

Not all the girls of New York City have time or means or inclination to join this student body. Many are the hands that must work, the brains that must deal with business perplexities, the hearts that must be absorbed in securing support for themselves or for their families. For such has been recently opened in New York City, Trowmart Inn, on Abingdon Square. This has been built by a Mr. Martin, as a memorial to his little son. It is designed as a hotel for women under thirty-five years of age, who do not earn more than $12 a week. Here room, breakfast and dinner may be secured for $4.50 per week, if two occupy one room; or $5 for a room for one. A resident physician will look after the guests at moderate rates. The word "home" is not used. Trowmart Inn is simply a hotel for the self-supporting woman, where she can comfortably rest and lead an independent, self-respecting life.

Combining, in a measure, the best qualities of the houses described is the Franklin Square House in Boston, at 11 East Newton Street.

Rev. George L. Perin is the father of the enterprise. His clear insight into the needs of young business

The Trowmart Inn, New York

women led to the establishment of the Franklin Square House in 1902. Within the first year 1,800 women had rested under its roof. In the winter the hotel is filled with earnest workers. A delightful freedom and cheer pervade the house. Not irksome restraint, but a sweet and wholesome influence. In the evening there is often music in the parlor from the skilled musician or chorus by a merry group of girls, and on Sunday the after supper service of sacred song attracts many of the guests.

A new condition of modern times has led to a successful experiment, and the venture in several large cities will, doubtless, be repeated in other places.

S. E. Stoever.

CANADIAN CHURCH UNION

THE subject of Church Union in Canada is one that has recently engaged public attention as never before. It will be remembered that some years ago a union of all the Presbyterian bodies took place, and also a union of the six or seven Methodist Churches of the Dominion. Both these churches have since had rapid growth in numbers, in resources, in missionary contributions—in every department of Christian work. The conviction has been growing that a still further step forward in church union was not only possible but urgent.

Negotiations were opened between the Methodist, Presbyterian and Congregational Churches of Canada, and joint committees assembled for the preparation of a common platform of doctrine and policy on which it would be possible to proceed to organic union. The wonderful way in which a statement of belief in which the seemingly divergent theories of Arminianism and Calvinism should be harmonized, was reached with a practical unanimity, has been already recorded in these pages. At the ecclesiastical gatherings of the Presbyterian and Congregational Churches, this movement received cordial approval, and at the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in June last, a proposition for still wider union with the Anglican and Baptist Churches was proposed.

At the General Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada, just concluded at Montreal, a resolution in favor of this wider union was unanimously adopted with enthusiasm, and without a single dissenting voice.

A remarkable feature of the negotiations has been that the older men in the different churches have been the leaders. What little opposition there had been came mostly from comparatively young men. Another feature had been the strong support given to the union movement by the college professors of the different churches. The colleges were supposed to be strongholds of conservatism in theology and polity, yet they were the leaders in this great movement.

The Rev. J. H. Oliver, a young minister, said it was the business of the church to save the country from materialism. It would be high treason to the Lord, he said, to dissipate their energies in maintaining three or four ecclesiastical outfits, where one could do the work. If the churches unite, they would march as a mighty army against the foes of God and of humanity. They would be the mightiest power against the liquor traffic the country had ever seen; they would be a very Gibraltar in defense of the holy Sabbath and would cause great increase of enthusiasm and enlarged faith in conquering the country for Christ.

This question is now sent down to the annual Conferences and individual churches, who constitute the final court of appeal on this subject. W. H. Withrow.

THE PRAYER IN GETHSEMANE

*INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON, BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS**

A SMALL group of the Sunday School pilgrims visited Gethsemane early on a Sunday morning, April 17, 1904. It is a plot of ground 160 by 150 feet, surrounded by a high stone wall, through which is a low gate, where one must stoop to enter. Inside of the wall is a walk five or six feet wide; on the inner side of this walk is a high picket fence enclosing the eight old and gnarled olive-trees, which, it is claimed by some, have been growing there since the time of Christ; but this is hardly credible, since the besom of destruction, which has many times swept over Jerusalem, must have torn the old trees down—these may have grown up from the old roots. All among the olive-trees, little flower-gardens are planted by the monks, one of whom is always there to gather flowers for visitors.

Illustration and Application

Gethsemane's conflict includes: 1. Temptation. 2. Loneliness. 3. Sorrow. 4. Prayer. 5. Resignation.

"Pray that ye enter not into temptation." Jesus had just said to his apostles, "All ye shall be offended in me this night" (v. 31), replying to the proud boast, "I will lay down my life for thee," which Peter had spoken, and all the apostles had adopted (John, 13: 37). They would have been better equipped with less pride and more prayer. When Jesus left them in one part of Gethsemane's garden to pray by himself for strength to bear his temptation, he bade them pray also for strength to bear theirs, the temptations to cowardice and unfaithfulness which he saw just ahead; but they chose sleep instead of prayer, and so failed in the trying hour, while he triumphed, through prayer, in his greater temptation to avoid the death and shame that were confronting him in the path of duty. The word translated "agony" means conflict. No doubt the wilderness temptations were repeated, the temptation to use the power of miracles to save himself and startle his foes, and the temptation to set up a temporal kingdom of deliverance for his country at once, rather than a slowly-developed world-kingdom of spiritual deliverance through the Cross.

"The agony in Gethsemane then denoted not so much keen suffering as a tremendous conflict. It was the culmination of the Tempter's plot. If he failed then, he was vanquished forever." And he did fail.

His Loneliness

"Sit ye here while I go yonder and pray." Jesus knew there were depths in his agony into which his apostles could not enter, and so he went away alone to pray. The desire for human sympathy, which is strongest in hearts that are richest in affection, drove him back to his three most spiritual apostles again and again and yet again; but they were sleeping. They were weary with sorrows of their own, and could not enter into his deepest griefs. So in our own lives, "every heart knows its own bitterness." Some lighter griefs we can share with others, but every wife carries some anxiety that she cannot share with her husband; and the husband lies awake struggling over problems of his own, while his wife sleeps. But as Christ, lacking human sympathy, found help in his loneliness in God, so may we in our lonely agonies find help in him whose sympathies were enriched in his own Gethsemane. In securing herders for our Alaska reindeer, it was found that the Eskimo, afraid of the night, so much darker than their long Polar night, would not watch alone, and so two herders had to be provided where one would have sufficed. So, in our nights of trial, we do not watch alone, but with the unsleeping Shepherd always at our side.

Dr. Cullis tells, in one of his reports, of an aged Christian, who, lying on his death-bed in the Consumptives' Home, was asked the cause of his perfect peace, in a state of such extreme weakness that he was often entirely unconscious of all around him. He replied: "When I am able to think, I think of Jesus; and when I am unable to think of him, I know he is thinking of me." And to how many of the Lord's suffering children have the words of the Psalmist come with sweet consolation: "I am poor and needy; yet the Lord thinketh upon me."

The Valley of Sorrow

"My soul is exceeding sorrowful." Gethsemane also pictures the mission of sorrow and pain. Those who go with Christ to the Mount of Transfiguration are also called to go with him to the Gethsemane of sorrow, in which Peter might well have said again: "It is good to be here." How nature has been beautified by the great earth agonies! The beauty of hill and valley, of lake and river, is mostly due to earthquakes and volcanoes; and the splendor of marble and diamond is the work of internal fires. So what is sweetest in poetry, what is noblest in character, is the work of sorrow and pain, working on a submissive spirit, which receives pain as an angel of God. Sorrow without Christ often works despair, as in the case of one who became heartbroken by the tragic death of a brother and sister, and shut himself up in a lonely farmhouse, and there died a wretched hermit, after a life of unbroken gloom.

Paul was long in the Gethsemane of trial, praying for the removal of some "thorn in the flesh," which he regarded as a "messenger of Satan to buffet him." Some have thought it was weak eyes; others that it was a wife; others a wilful child. These, at least, are the "thorns" that other Christians have had to bear. He prayed thrice for the removal of his "thorn," as Christ of his "cup." But in both cases, instead of removing the trial, grace to bear it was given.

A story is told of a woman whose thorns were two maiden aunts, helpless as babes, and ceaseless faultfinders, giving back for the loving attendance of ten years only snarls and taunts. Urged to remove them to some old ladies' home, she replied, "It is my cross, and Christ is giving me grace to bear it."

"And he went forward about a stone's cast and fell on the ground on his face and prayed." Here was no formal prayer, but whole-souled supplication. Christ's struggle before the brook Kedron was anticipated in Jacob's wrestling by the brook Jabbok with a divine being he could see and touch, who must therefore have been the Son of God in his Old Testament manifestation. Out of that struggle he came with a blessing and his new title of "Israel," one who has power with God and man. Such spiritual power comes only through earnest prayer, that pleads and persists and

The Garden of Gethsemane

Struggles Until Victorious

The blessings brought to Scotland by John Knox were not more due to his preaching than to his wrestling prayer, "Give me Scotland, or I die." But the climax of prayer, both at Jabbok and in Gethsemane, was when the agony of supplication gave place to the quiet acceptance of God's will.

"O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass away from me"

"O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass away from me." There is no adequate explanation of Gethsemane's mystic agony that leaves out of it the burden of sin. Charles IX. of France, in youth had tender feelings. When his fiend of a mother, Catherine de Medici, proposed to him the horrid massacre of St. Bartholomew, he shrank from it. "No, no," he answered, "they are my loving subjects." And in the anguish of his last hours he said to his physician: "Asleep or awake, I see the mangled forms of the Huguenots. They drip with blood. They make hideous faces at me. They point to their open wounds and mock me. Oh, that I had spared at least the little infants at the breast!" And upon that, "bloody sweat" burst from his body. So it was the burden of sin, the sins of others, of the world lying in wickedness which the sinless but sympathetic Christ felt as his own, as a mother feels the guilt of a son as if it were her's—it was such a burden of sin that drew from Christ's veins the red tears of unspeakable agony. Of this supreme physical sign of mental agony the *Popular Science Monthly* says:

"This rare affection, which has always excited in a high degree the interest and attention of medical observers, consists essentially of a hemorrhage from the unbroken surface of the skin. But, inasmuch as it takes place from the network of small vessels which surround the sweat-glands, and makes its appearance through the opening of the sweat-ducts, it is not inappropriately, after all, named 'bloody sweat.' The discharge is generally intermittent, or at least remittent, and paroxysmal in its nature, the intervals varying from a few hours to months. Sometimes it is pure blood which coagulates in crusts or gouts upon the surface, sometimes it is so intermixed with serum or the perspiratory fluid as to be merely a more or less deeply colored bloody liquid. Its extent varies extremely; it may make its appearance over the whole or nearly the whole of the surface of the body, but more commonly it is confined to some selected regions, generally those in which the skin is thin and delicate. It most frequently appears as a more or less copious and continued oozing from the surface, which, when wiped away, rapidly or slowly reappears from numerous minute or indistinguished points, but it has been seen to spring up in a distinct jet from the surface. Every age and both sexes have furnished examples of it. Bloody sweat may be produced by overwhelming mental emotions, and marks the acme of such perturbing passions as terror, anguish, despair."

Vicarious Pain

In Christ, the impersonation of courage, innocence and hope, this weeping of the whole body bespeaks his sympathetic identification with the fearful, guilty, despairing souls of men, and whatever else of unspeakable meaning is in those words, "He was made sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him." Gethsemane is a mental crucifixion, the hidden foundations of the Cross. Its cup was filled with "our transgressions."

In Palestine, the fields are dotted with a little red flower called "The Saviour's blood-drops." It fitly symbolizes the joy and beauty that has been put into human life by the agony of Christ, whose bloody sweat has been a blessed dew that has made every noble impulse to grow.

We blame the apostles because they would not even sacrifice their sleep to watch with the agonizing Christ. But what are we sacrificing? Do we give him hours taken from sleep for his service? Or even a fair share of our waking hours?

"Nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt." George MacDonald has beautifully said: "If God's will is our law, then are we but a kind of noble slaves; but when God's will is our will, then are we his free children."

*International Sunday School Lesson for Nov. 11. Jesus in Gethsemane. Matt. 26: 36-50. GOLDEN TEXT: "Not my will, but thine be done." Luke 22: 42.

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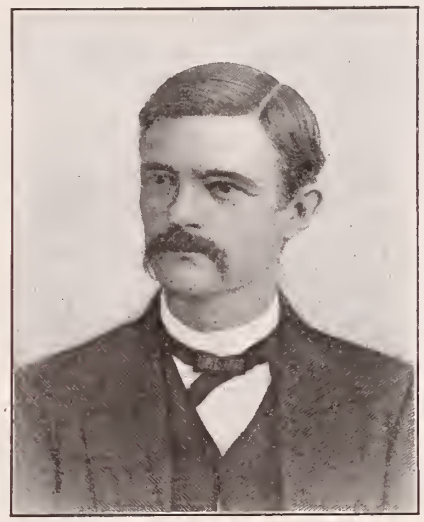
SAM JONES DEAD

THERE was sorrow in many a church and home, as the news passed from one to another on October 15 that Sam Jones, the famous evangelist, was dead. There are few cities in the South and West in which there are not some Christians who owe their hope of eternal life to his vigorous preaching; and assuredly there are many who greeted him on the other side the river when his spirit crossed, to give him an abundant entrance into the realms of light. Oh yes, he was hated, we know that—hated by thousands, but he was loved and honored by tens of thousands. A man of his positive character, of his outspoken, downright style of address, with its blunt exposure of evil, could not be regarded with indifference. He separated men into two classes and he did not conceal his abhorrence of the evil deeds of one of the classes. "I was shocked, inexpressibly shocked," said a lady who went to hear him in Brooklyn, N. Y., "he used such plain language and he did not qualify his threats." Like one of the ancient prophets, like John the Baptist, or John Knox, he hated and denounced sin in appropriate terms, and told the sinner what would be the end of his course if he did not repent. But the man could be very gentle and tender. As one heard him talking with some soul under conviction and drifting toward despair, one could scarcely believe that it was the same man who had been thundering an hour before. He could woo the trembling soul and encourage the depressed, with the sweetness and tenderness of a woman. It was only the obstinate, the callous, the hypocritical, who felt the lash. The combination in him of the thunder and the still small voice astonished all who knew him, as does that marvelous characterization of his Master the force of which we can never fully realize—"The wrath of the Lamb."



The Late Evangelist Sam P. Jones

Sam Jones, though nearing his sixtieth year—he was born in 1847—was in the full tide of his vigorous work. He had been holding meetings in Oklahoma City, Okla., and had preached with his usual power. Suddenly he felt the touch of death upon him, and instantly boarded the cars for his home at Cartersville, Ga. He did not live to complete the journey. At some point near Little Rock, the messenger of the Lord touched him and his soul went to meet the Master whom he had served so ardently.

There was a personal reason for his hatred of sin and dissipation. In his young days, he had the reputation of being the wickedest man in Georgia. He drank, he fought, he gambled. There was nothing mediocre about the man. When he served the devil, he did so without reserve, and when, after his conversion, he warned men of the evil of that service, he knew what he was talking about. But he cleaned up with the same thoroughness. He made no compromise with sin. Into whatever city he entered, his appearance was the signal for war. Time and again he was assaulted; gamblers and men who get rich on the degradation of others, tried to drive him away, but he feared no living man and he fought to a finish. Such men are rare. They are needed in every age and we thank God for having sent such a man in our time.

A Conference for National Purity

THE National Purity Conference held in Chicago, October 9-11, was probably the most important gathering of purity forces ever held in this country. Delegates were present from many States. The European workers were represented by Miss Marie Lydia Winkler of Berlin, and the Canadian Purity-Education Association sent as their representative Dr. Jennie Grey of Toronto.

The standard of thought presented, relative to social and personal purity, was a high one. The purely emotional and sentimental were absent. At all the sessions, the thought was emphasized that the time has come when resolutions and mere discussion are not sufficient, and that we must get down to concrete, practical work in saving boys and girls, young men and young women, from the tremendous temptations which impurity places in their way.

Rev. John Balcom Shaw, of the Second Presbyterian Church of Chicago, spoke of the work his people are doing in reaching the young men and young women of that city, especially those who have come there from other places, and find themselves in an environment where manhood and womanhood is sorely tried. Homes of wealth and refinement are opened to these young people, and a real, practical, personal interest taken in them by the entire membership of Dr. Shaw's church.

Rev. Sidney C. Kendall and Marie Lydia Winkler addressed the Conference on the national and international "White Slave" Traffic, and advocated the strengthening of the National Vigilance Committee and the undertaking of such a simultaneous, national crusade in all cities of the United States in arousing the Christian conscience as will check this awful traffic. Dr. Hiram Thomas and Dr. Denslow Lewis, advocated the instruction of every child in sexual hygiene and physiology. Mrs. E. M. Whittemore, Superintendent of the Door of Hope Missions, delivered a stirring address in behalf of the countless number of "mother's girls" who are each year ensnared and trapped into a life of sin.

Committees were appointed to lead in the several departments of the work during the coming year. Efforts will be made to place the Federation on a sound financial basis, with Rev. Sylvanus Stall of Philadelphia, as Chairman of the Committee on Finance. The next National Purity Conference will be held at Battle Creek, Michigan, in November, 1907. The officers of the Federation elected at Chicago, are as follows: President, B. S. Steadwell, La Crosse, Wis.; First Vice-President, Dr. Howard A. Kelly, Baltimore, Md.; Second Vice-President, Rev. Sylvanus Stall, Philadelphia, Pa.; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Hattie Dickson, Marshalltown, Iowa; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Rose Woodallen Chapman, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Treasurer, Dr. Carolyn E. Geisel, Battle Creek, Mich.

THE WIRELESS

FAR up from my heart go the towers of faith
For wireless message of prayer,
And all through the infinite regions of space,
Attuned by our good Father's care,
Are blessed receivers, that catch every word,
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The answer is waiting. It comes with Godspeed
And brings to my life just the blessing I need,

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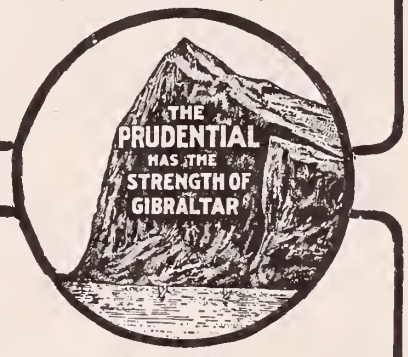

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Questions and Answers

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J. B. N., Prosper, Tex. Who was Lady Somerset before she was married? In what way did she come in possession of her estates?

She is Lady Isabel, the eldest daughter of Earl and Countess Somers, and married Lord Henry Somerset in 1873. The estates (except what she may have inherited) are those of her husband, he being the second son of the Duke of Beaufort. They include Eastnor Castle, The Priory, Reigate, Surrey, and Higham Hall in Essex.

J. F. S., Adamstown, Pa. 1. Does a blessing rest on the Jews in the present day? 2. Will they ever return to Jerusalem?

1. They are in the condition that Moses and the prophets warned them of. A people without a home, harassed and persecuted in many lands, and despised and hated in all. A brilliant people, with marvelous talents, successful in every pursuit, famous for their wealth and moral purity, but envied by other races. Can such a condition be regarded as people under a blessing? Yet they are God's chosen people, and every nation that persecutes them feels the punishing hand of God. Russia is a conspicuous illustration. 2. Every one who believes the Bible must believe that the Jews will again possess their own land. And not the Jews only, but the whole Hebrew race, including the ten tribes that seceded from Judah, and are now unidentified and scattered. God has promised it, and he will surely perform. Many promises to that effect are contained in his Word. Not all will return. Many will prefer to remain in the lands where they are settled and prospering; but a Jewish government will be established in Palestine, and all who will may return. Their conversion to Christianity will not precede, but will follow their restoration.

Reader, Eugene, Ore. Could not something be done to stop the printing and sale of dime novels? Four young men have gone astray here lately from reading them, two killing an old man and the other two stealing money.

If parents, guardians and teachers were careful to keep a watch on the reading of children, the dime novel evil would be greatly lessened. Many a child is ruined by this pernicious class of literature.

Reader, Milton, Wis. What are the leading tenets of the Christadelphians?

In many respects they are identical with those of the Plymouth Brethren. They have the same horror of ecclesiastical organization, the same independence of an ordained ministry, and the same intense belief in and longing for the personal appearance of Christ on the earth. They differ, however, from them in their views of the Trinity. They believe that there is only one God, the source and origin and ruler of the universe. That Jesus was the manifestation of him; tempted in all points as we are, and dying not to appease the wrath of an offended God but to manifest God's love. That the Holy Spirit is God's instrumental power, extending wheresoever he wills and existing not personally but in his works. That the soul is not inherently immortal, but that immortality is attainable through Christ. That the grossly wicked will be annihilated (the second death), and that men sunk in ignorance and barbarism, the heathen who have never heard the Gospel, will not be raised in the resurrection.

H. P., Homer, N. Y. 1. I cannot understand why Mars' inner moon rises in the west on account of its quick revolution. Will you please explain this? 2. Are there twenty-four hours on the dial of a sidereal clock?

To simplify the answer to Question 1, I will briefly explain why our moon, revolving as it does round the earth from west to east, yet rises in the east and sets in the west. Suppose Mr. A to be traveling rapidly east, and that at a very long distance east of him, Mr. B is also traveling east, but nearly thirty times slower. Of course A will overtake B, seeing him rise in the east, passing him, and finally sees him set in the west; A rotating on the earth west to east daily, and B revolving round it monthly. I will now in imagination place the men on the planet Mars, where A will rotate a little slower than he did here, but B will revolve around Mars in 7 hours and 39 minutes instead of a month, thus overtaking A, who, looking behind him, sees B rising in the west, and passing him like a meteoric fireball and setting in the east. Mars has two moons, Deimos and Phobos, the smallest known heavenly bodies, except shooting stars, being only from 8 to 10 miles in diameter. Deimos, the most distant moon, revolves round Mars in 30h. 18m., and, as Mars rotates in 24h. 37m. 23s., it results that Deimos, like our moon, must rise in the east and set in the west. The distance of Phobos from the surface of Mars is less than 4,000 miles, but as its orbit is quite eccentric when in perihelion, it must be not much, if any, farther from the planet's surface than 3,000 miles. To Question 2 I answer yes; but any clock can be regulated to keep sidereal time.

LEWIS SWIFT,
Marathon, N. Y.

T. J., Washington, D. C. Are the following words in the Bible, and if so, where can they be found: "I love to think of thee while I lay on my bed waiting"?

They are not in the Bible. You will find the same idea, however, conveyed in Psalms 4: 4; 63: 6, and 119: 48.

Lelia Jane Wood, 61 Pearl Street, Holyoke, Mass., writes:

I wonder if you have had opportunity to learn how many people are now living who were personally acquainted with the original members of the circle of students who took part in the memorable prayer-meeting around the haystack, at Williamstown, one hundred years ago. It would be very interesting to know who they are and where they now reside, if there are any such. My father, Mr. Franklin Salmon Wood, was for twelve years in active service as colporteur for the American Tract Society, in Orleans County, N. Y., about 1853 to 1865, and sometime during November, 1860, had occasion to visit the town of Sodus, Wayne County, N. Y., where then lived Judge Byron Greene, the only survivor of the circle who met for shelter around the haystack to pray, during a thunderstorm which was then passing over. Judge Byron Greene gave my father a cordial welcome. My father passed his eighty-first birthday, January 8, 1906, and is now quite feeble. His love for God's holy Word increases more and more as he is nearing the time when this mortal must put on immortality. He feels a great interest in the centennial anniversary of the haystack prayer-meeting and in the exercises which are now being held at Williamstown. He would be glad to know if there are people now living who were acquainted with the original members.

M. E. G., Guy's Mills, Pa. Does God ever let a sinner know that there is no forgiveness for him, as he did Saul?

We believe he does not, because there are no such sinners. He rejected Saul from being king, because he did not do his duty, but he did not reject him from salvation. Sinners often make the excuse that there is no salvation for them; but they have no ground for it. If they would put the matter to the test by going humbly to God and penitently plead for forgiveness as they would to a man whom they had wronged, they would be forgiven. It is a slander on God to say that he is not willing to forgive. His magnanimity and mercy have no bounds. It is with him as it was with Christ: "Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life."

Mrs. W. A. H., Newport, Vt. Where can I find the verses which convey the thought that "we will say 'good night' here and 'good morning' over there?" I have heard them read, and would like very much to get them, as they were the words I repeated to my dear companion the night he died. Also, can you tell me the author's name?

They are from a poem entitled "Life," by Anna Letitia Barbauld. The particular verse you refer to is:

Life, we've been long together.
Thro' pleasant and thro' cloudy weather,
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time,
Say not "Good Night," but in some brighter clime
Bid me "Good Morning."

R. B., Philadelphia, Pa. Where can I find information concerning Travelers' Aid Associations for Women, here and abroad?

You might write to the Y. W. C. A. of London, which organized in 1885 the first society of the kind, with Queen Victoria as patron. Its work is established in eighty cities in Europe and also in Australia and South Africa. The Travelers' Aid Society for Women was established in the United States also under Y. W. C. A. auspices, and with the vigorous aid of THE

Continued on next page

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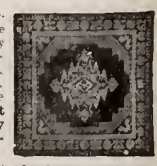

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Continued from preceding page

CHRISTIAN HERALD. Readers of this journal will recall the excellent work of the society during the St. Louis Exposition—a work in which they materially helped, and which was the means of aiding and protecting many hundreds of women at a critical time.

J. M. D., Havelock, Nebraska. In the parable of the "Good Samaritan," does Christ mean to teach a spirit of humanity that would extend to the dumb animals or to man only?

This matchless parable is intended to convey the divine lesson of charity, consideration and kindness for others, even for the humblest and most insignificant. It is a splendid object lesson in humanity and generosity. The same disposition of love and helpfulness would naturally be extended even to the dumb animals. A good man or woman would not see a brute suffer without relieving it, if that were possible.

Mrs. T. J., Vermilion, N. Dak. Please give a short history of Mother Shipton.

Mother Shipton, according to some writers, lived in the reign of Henry VIII., of England, and foretold many events, including the death of Wolsey, Lord Percy, etc. Her "prophecy," concerning horseless carriages is well known. According to other and better authorities there never was a Mother Shipton, and the so-called "prophecies" were a clever literary imposture, written in comparatively recent times.

Mrs. J. C. F., Lespe, Cal. At what time was the calendar changed, and by whom?

The ancient church calendar, being founded on erroneous suppositions, could not long continue to preserve its correspondence with the seasons. As the errors increased, the project of a reformation was revived in the 15th century. At length, Pope Gregory XIII. issued a brief in the month of March, 1582, in which he abolished the use of the ancient calendar, and substituted that which has since been received in almost all Christian countries under the name of the Gregorian or New Style Calendar. The author of this system was Aloysius Tilius, an astronomer and physician of Naples. It was later developed and verified by one Clavius.

Reader, Seattle, Wash. Who was Guido Aretino?

He was born about 1,000 A.D. and became a Benedictine monk in the monastery of Pomposa. His musical ability aroused the jealousy of the other monks. He therefore left the monastery and for a time wandered from place to place, spreading his ideas and then went to the monastery of Arezza, where he taught music. The students daily sang a hymn to St. John. He noticed that each line began with a different syllable and also rose one degree at each phrase. He taught his pupils to use these syllables to represent the notes, and thus the solfa method was invented and the first six tones of the scale were formed. "Guido's scale" consisted of six syllables, the seventh being added later. He wrote a thesis on music, which he classed as an art. For this he was degraded from his office. Pope John XIX, hearing of his fame, sent for him, and was taught to sing in one lesson, and then reinstated Guido. He was practically the originator of the modern musical staff. Statues adorn the two Italian cities Florence and Arezza, which have paid worthy tributes to him as a musical reformer.

A. C., Hamilton, N. Y. Where is the bread-fruit tree found, and what is its scientific name?

It is a native of the South Sea Islands, and is known to scientists as the *artocarpus incisa*. Capt. Dampier called the attention of the British government to the fruit in 1688. A ship was fitted to carry some of the trees to British colonies in 1787.

E. G., Deerfield, Mass. What are the Boyle lectures, mentioned in British publications?

They are lectures in defense of the Christian religion, instituted by Robert Boyle, son of the Earl of Cork, in 1690. Each lecturer holds his position three years and must deliver at least eight lectures.

Fraulein Bertha Krupp — Dr. Von Bohlen

THE WEALTHIEST BRIDE IN THE WORLD

IN a little, improvised chapel adjoining the bride's birthplace at Essen, Prussia, Miss Bertha Krupp and Lieutenant Gustav von Bohlen und Halbach were married on Monday, October 15, in the presence of the Emperor William and one hundred and forty guests. In no particular did the details of the marriage of the richest girl in the world differ from that of a simple German fraulein of moderate circumstances, except that royalty honored the ceremony with its presence. Dr. von Bohlen (as he is usually called because of his university degree), is of excellent lineage, and is Secretary to the Prussian Legation at the Vatican in Rome. The lot of the wedded pair will be cast in Essen, where the bride is the possessor of the greatest industrial inheritance the world has ever known, its value being estimated at $75,000,000. For three generations, the Krupp gun plant has descended from father to son, but there was no son to succeed Baron Frederick. That the father made no mistake in deeming his daughter—who was always his special confidante—worthy to administer the vast interests of the world's chief manufactory of artillery, is apparent from the manner in which the young heiress has ordered her life. During the four years following her father's death, Fraulein Krupp has directed that $1,000,000 should be expended for the benefit of the employees of the works, and the improvement of their village. Hers is a familiar figure in the schools, hospitals and other institutions, which owe their existence to her charity. Moreover, she maintains a wise oversight of the thousand acres which the plant occupies, with the adjacent townships and colonies established long since by the Krupp family for the homes of their fifty thousand workmen. Before the wedding ceremony, Fraulein Krupp and Lieutenant von Bohlen announced a joint gift of $250,000 to the Workmen's Invalid Fund; and the bride, who is described as so serious-minded and indifferent to luxuries that her trousseau cost but $300, added her own gift of another quarter of a million dollars to the same fund, and a hundred and twenty-five acres of land, upon which to build model dwellings for her workmen. The newly-wedded pair propose to perpetuate the close personal relations with the working people, so long maintained by Alfred and Frederick Krupp.

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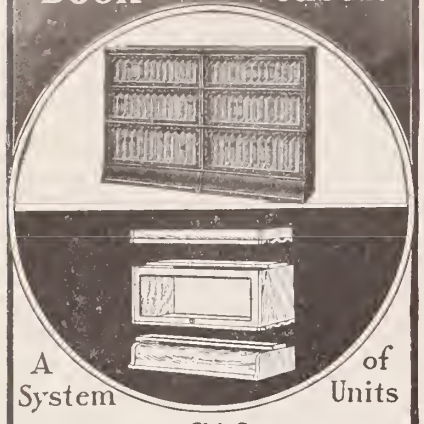

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To Check the Drink Evil

Continued from page 909

possible line. In our own State the best results, I think, are being achieved through the work of the Anti-Saloon League. The war against intemperance seems to be a part of our general warfare against all evil.

HENRY CHURCHILL KING,
President Oberlin College.

. . .

Miscellaneous Replies

Mr. Anthony Comstock writes that the police power of a State is fully competent to control the liquor business and regulate its evils or suppress it entirely. He quotes from the opinion of Justice Field of the United States Supreme Court, which takes this view, and which adds: "There are no inherent rights in a citizen to sell intoxicating liquors by retail; it is not a privilege of a citizen of a State, or a citizen of the United States." In other decisions the United States Supreme Court, referring to the power of the State to regulate the liquor traffic, ruled that "the State could not, by any contract, limit the exercise of her power to the prejudice of public health and morals," and again "government is organized with a view to their preservation and cannot divest itself of the power to provide for them." From which it is clear (Mr. Comstock argues), that every State has the right and power to suppress the liquor traffic. "Good laws, rigidly enforced," he adds, "are necessary to stay the curse."

President D. W. Fisher, of Hanover College, Indiana, writes that every college, in its course, should "bring out and emphasize the physical, mental, moral and social evils that root themselves in intemperance."

Congressman Sydney J. Bowie (Alabama), writes:

I introduced two bills in the present Congress: One to prohibit the Federal Government from issuing special tax receipts (generally known as licenses) to individuals not having a State and county license, and in communities where the sale of liquor is prohibited by State law; and the other to require the Commissioner of Internal Revenue and all collectors throughout the United States to furnish affidavits, upon request of State and local authorities, to the effect that any individual charged with violating the State laws in regard to the sale of liquor, had a license therefor from the Federal Government, when such was the fact. I do not believe that the Federal Government should wink at or condone or make a revenue out of the illegal violation of State and municipal statutes. No intoxicating liquors should be sold on government premises. My State has done a great deal towards lessening the drink evil, more than three-fourths of its territory being absolutely under Prohibition laws.

Chief Justice J. P. Hobson, of the Court of Appeals of Kentucky, writes:

The sentiment in favor of temperance is rapidly growing in Kentucky. In a large part of the State the sale of intoxicants is prohibited, and the area in which they may be sold is yearly decreasing. It would seem now that in a few years the sale will be prohibited in all of the State except the larger cities. It is undoubtedly true that a large part of the crime with which our courts have to deal is due to intoxicants, and perhaps after all, the greatest evil coming to us from intoxicants is the lowering of character. The habitual use of intoxicants deadens the moral sensibilities, stupefies the intellect, and gives us a lower class of citizenship than we would otherwise have. The result is a lowered public sentiment on moral questions. A great good has been done by the temperance lessons in the Sunday Schools, and greater good can be accomplished by a study in our common schools of the effect of strong drink. The remedy for the evil lies in popular education on the subject.

Congressman Amos L. Allen, of Maine, writes: "We have enforced Prohibition in Maine. Let other States do the same."

President Blanchard, of Wheaton College, Illinois, writes: "Every man, woman, church and civic power should join hands to banish the whole liquor business to its native hell."

United States Senator Francis E. Warren (Wyoming), writes:

Example rather than precept is the most effective form of education in promoting temperance. National and State laws have been enacted from time to time with the lessening of intemperance in view but without perceptible effect. Congress has enacted many laws in recent years at the request of the advocates of temperance. These legislative acts have had more or less influence in promoting temperance, but the results are inconsiderable in comparison with what could be accomplished by individual example, exercised by concerted methods. Should public men—educators, clergymen, teachers and leaders—abstain wholly from the individual use of alcoholic beverages, the influence such action would exert upon the youth of the country would be far more effective and more provocative of good than all the laws enacted against intemperance combined.

President W. P. Johnston, Geneva College, Beaver Falls, Pa., writes favoring individual total abstinence, voting for no man who favors license, and advocating a general union of all Christian forces to fight the liquor question.

Hon. F. M. Simmons, North Carolina, writes:

In this State we have a law limiting the manufacture and sale of liquor to incorporated towns, and requiring that there shall be at all times rigid police surveillance. Incorporated towns have the right by popular vote to prohibit its sale altogether, or to permit it to be sold only through a dispensary, controlled by the municipality. This has greatly reduced in this State the amount of liquor made and sold and the intemperance among the people. The Government can do much to make the State temperance laws effective by making these laws applicable to liquor shipped into one State from another.

Congressman Morris Sheppard (Texas) is heartily in sympathy "with the movement to educate the American people out of intemperance."

CHRIST'S IDEA OF FORGIVENESS*

MANY Christians take credit for the ease with which they forgive one who has injured them, forgetting that this act is not a matter of choice but an imperative duty. Christ enjoined it in his sermon on the Mount (Matt. 5: 23, 24); he found room for the lesson among the few in the model prayer (Matt. 6: 12); he repeated it to Peter in vigorous terms (Matt. 18: 22); he made it a condition of the answer to prayer (Mark 11: 26) and he made it the subject of one of his most impressive parables (Matt. 18: 23 35). Evidently Christ considered the duty a most important one, and held that man who would not forgive an injury, as no true follower of his. This fact should never be forgotten by the man who says: "That is a wrong, or an insult, that I can never forgive," and also by that near neighbor of him, whom we often meet, who says, "I must forgive but I can never forget." Forgiving is not complete if it does not include forgetting, as we realize very well when we think of our relations with God. Even in our relations with one another, we do not think much of the forgiveness of a man, who at every opportunity refers to the wrong which he professes to have forgiven.

There is still more than this in our Lord's teaching. If his injunctions are read carefully, it will be seen that the initiative rests not with the wrongdoer, but with the injured person. He it is who should rise and go to the wrongdoer. He is not to wait until the wrongdoer comes to him with his apology. His forgiving is a small matter compared with the other's danger. It is that which is his concern. He must love his enemy and as evidence of that feeling he must go to him and try to bring him to a better condition. "Thou shalt save thy brother." This is forgiveness in its most active form. There are many who, learning of an injury to themselves, say, "I do not care. The man is beneath contempt," and so ignore him in the future. That is not Christ's method. The wrongdoer must be won, his best interests must be considered, he has the claim of an enemy who must not be despised and cast off, but won. This forgiveness, as Christ taught it, as he enjoined it on his followers, is a far-reaching matter, that involves a forgiving heart, ready at all times to pardon, as God is. Such a heart comes from Him who prayed, "Father, forgive them."

*Topic of the Epworth League for November 11. Matt. 6: 12; 18: 21-35; Mark 11: 25, 26; Eph. 4: 32.

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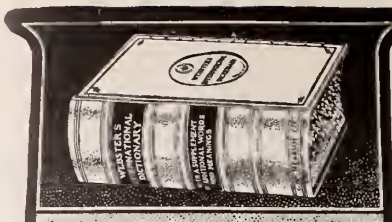

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Called from Sin to Service

Life-Story of C. H. Madison, President of the Federation of Rescue Missions

IN February of the present year, the idea of organizing a Federation of Rescue Missions was first placed before the Superintendents of Missions and Christian workers throughout the country. Since that time the idea has germinated, taken root, and become a strong and vigorous plant. The appeal to the Rescue Missions and Rescue Homes of the United States has met with instantaneous and enthusiastic response, and the result has been the organization of a large body of superintendents and leading workers, of both sexes, whose object and purpose is to render the Federation "a gigantic power for Christianity, and

C. H. Madison

to enable the united missions to take the most practical advantage of every opportunity for the advancement of Christ's kingdom."

In THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of Oct. 10, President Charles H. Madison reported a rapid growth in membership of the Federation. Mr. Madison's life for the past sixteen years has been a long preparation for the position which he now holds, and his enthusiasm and faith in the benefits, both practical and spiritual, which may accrue to the individual missions of the country by means of their Federation, will go far toward bringing about the ultimate success of the enterprise.

Charles Herbert Madison, the man who stands at the head of the national movement for the solidarity of Rescue and Gospel Missions, was born in the Adirondack Mountains on July 24, 1861, of New England parents. He left the little thatched-roof of his cabin home to go out into the world which "owed him a living." It yielded but a poor one. In shop and factory, wherever he could pick up a weekly pittance, he struggled on, acquiring bit by bit the trade of painter and expert color mixer. The old story was lived again—of discouraged boyhood with no fixed moral principle, no friends, no hope; and while scarcely more than a lad, he lost his way on the pathway of life, and became a drunkard and a gambler. For fifteen years—long, weary years they were—he lived in sin such as even now he cannot recall without tears of agony and contrition. One day, sitting by the door of his own humble home (for he had married in early manhood), bowed with weariness, sick unto death of the saloon and the cards, which had been his undoing, a great, black wave of disgust and loathing swept over his mental vision, well-nigh overwhelming him. Knowing nothing of the Church of God or of his people, almost as ignorant of the Gospel as the African savage, yet from his heavy heart burst the sobbing cry, "Oh, God, what shall I do?"

It was during this experience that the light broke in upon his soul. "I knew at last," he said, "that God was working with me, and that Jesus Christ could take it all away. All the sin, all the suffering—and make me a new man in himself. Truly, old things had passed away, and all things had become new. I studied my Bible by the hour. I had to begin at the very beginning. I slept with it under my pillow that first year. We had prayer-meetings at home; the neighbors came in, and many of them found Christ in the one room, which was kitchen, dining-room and living-room. Finally, I was called to the little church in the village, and we had a wonderful time there, too. There God called me to go out 'into the by-ways and hedges and compel them to come in.' I yearned over the lost and desolate who were as I once was, and I longed to carry to them the message of salvation.

"I went down to New York. I worked in the Crittenton Mission, often happy to share my last dime with some poor wanderer from the fold, who sought refuge there; I spoke to the sailors on the ships in the harbor, and God gave me the joy of winning many souls to his service.

"Step by step, as I grew into the work, I was blessed with the confidence of Christian workers everywhere. The late Mr. S. H. Hadley, of the old Water Street Mission, New York City, one day said to me, 'I want you to go to Poughkeepsie and speak on our rescue work at the Friends' Meeting there.' By that time I had a little Mission of my own up in Glens Falls, but I followed his wish, and went to Poughkeepsie. Pretty soon they wanted me to go back there for a week, and God blessed the meetings with a big revival. The Lord led me to establish my work in Poughkeepsie on the 9th of November, 1904, in an old saloon which the people who called me rented for the purpose, and for eighty-six nights we had relays of workers, working from eight o'clock until midnight in that crowded saloon; yes, and winning the fight, too.

"After six months we called all the pastors of the city together and showed them the work that had been done. The Rev. A. P. Van Gieson, D.D., pastor of the First Reformed Church, thus met the issue: 'This brother has shown me there is room in Poughkeepsie for a Rescue Mission. My church is open to him and to his people.'"

This was the beginning of the work which outgrew its quarters in two years, and, through general subscriptions, was installed in the present beautiful and commodious building, 21 North Clover Street, which has now become the National Headquarters of the recently organized Federation. Mr. Madison, during the twelve years of his Poughkeepsie work, has gone far afield, working with Dr. Wilbur F. Chapman and with the renowned evangelist "Sam Jones," in the South, speaking there to audiences of thousands with powerful effect. On the coming 9th of November he is to celebrate the twelfth anniversary of the founding of his Mission with a notable programme, during which the plans of the Federation will be presented.

The "Haystack" Celebration

The programme of the Anniversary of the Haystack Prayer Meeting, to be held November 13-14, in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, is a most interesting one. Dr. S. B. Capen, President of the American Board, will preside. Addresses will be delivered on "The Historical Significance of the Haystack Prayer Meeting," President Capen; "Prayer in Relation to the Origin of Two Great Foreign Mission Boards," Rev. Edward Judson; "Prayer and the Student Volunteer Movement," Rev. J. Ross Stevenson; "The Contribution of Foreign Missions to Education," President William D. Maekenzie, D.D.; "The Problem of the Evangelization of the World," Dr. A. J. Brown, Rev. H. G. Bissell, Bishop J. C. Hartzell and Rev. S. M. Zwemmer; "Soul-Winning the Aim of Christian Missions," Rev. N. D. Hillis, D.D.; "What is a Reasonable Programme for the Evangelization of the World?" Mr. John R. Mott.

Addresses will also be made by Mr. Robert E. Speer, President Woodrow Wilson, Hon. John Wanamaker, Bishop Greer, Mr. W. A. Montgomery, Rev. C. L. Rhoades, Mr. H. W. Wicks, Mr. John W. Wood, Rev. H. A. Stinson, Mr. J. H. Converse, Rev. T. G. Richards, Rev. W. I. Haven, Dr. L. C. Barnes, Prof. Harlan P. Beach, Rev. J. S. Dennis, Rev. J. L. Vance and others.

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Van Camp's Pork and Beans are not a substitute for fresh vegetables; they are a dish unto themselves—better, cleaner, more healthful than most vegetables, even better than most from the kitchen garden, owing to ***modern methods of sterilization.***

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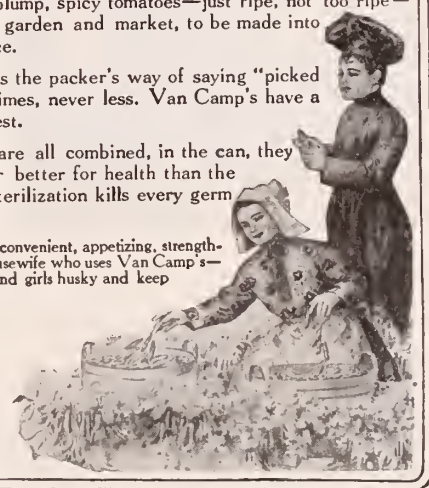
First, the beans are all "hand picked," which is the packer's way of saying "picked over by hand." Then they are washed three times, never less. Van Camp's have a certain Way, the Way experience has proved best.

After the Beans, the Pork and Tomato Sauce are all combined, in the can, they are sterilized at intensely high temperature—far better for health than the slower process of baking at low temperature. Sterilization kills every germ and cooks completely—deliciously.



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Mrs. Jefferson Davis Dead

MRS. JEFFERSON DAVIS, the widow of the ex-president of the Confederacy, died of pneumonia at the Hotel Majestic, New York City, on the 16th of October. Born in Natchez, Miss., on May 7, 1826, Varina Howell was the

The Late Mrs. Jefferson Davis

granddaughter of that famous Revolutionary soldier and staunch friend of Washington, Richard Howell, at one time Governor of New Jersey. At seventeen years of age, while visiting a neighboring plantation, she met the man, twenty years her senior, who within the year became her husband, Feb. 26, 1845.

In the following autumn, Mr. and Mrs. Davis made their home in Washington, where for nine years he represented his State as a member of the United States Senate. For three years he was the Secretary of War under President Buchanan. Then came the divisions and disasters of the Civil War, and for four years, 1861-1865, Richmond became the home of the President of the Confederate States and his family. During the first year of her husband's imprisonment, the faithful wife was separated from him, but later her dearest wish was gratified, and the government gave her permission to join him at Fortress Monroe, Va., during the second year of his confinement. Six children were born to the pair, four sons and two daughters; of these, four were living at the time of their parents' departure for England, late in 1867. There is now but one daughter left, Mrs. J. Addison Hayes, of Colorado Springs, Col., who was at her mother's bedside at the time of her death.

After her husband's release, she acted as his amanuensis in the work of which he felt the pressing need, that of writing a history of the Confederacy while events were still fresh in his memory. A portion of this task was accomplished during their continued residence at their estate of Beauvoir, on the Mississippi coast, but only after the death of Mr. Davis, in 1889, was the real production of two large volumes undertaken by the bereaved widow. The book serves as a monument to the memory of the husband whom she so truly loved and honored. The estate of Beauvoir is now owned by the Sons of the Confederate Veterans of Mississippi, and is used as a home for veterans of the Confederacy.

For some years Mrs. Davis was obliged by failing health to establish her residence in New York. No visitor to the hotel in which she lived failed to be impressed by the sable-clad figure, fine face and proudly carried head, with its snowy crown.

Mrs. Davis was buried in the family vault in Hollywood Cemetery, at Richmond, Va. The funeral was a military one, alike in all its details to the one accorded Jefferson Davis. There was a large escort of Confederate veterans.

CHRIST'S SORROWS*

HIS distinctive title: "A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," implies that sorrow was inseparable from the mission of the Saviour. It was inevitable in the character and personality he assumed. Of his social standing we hear nothing, but it appears to have been very humble. He was always spoken of with contempt, by the upper classes as despicable, by reason of his place of residence: "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" and by reason of his education: "How knoweth this man letters, having never learned?" These and many other reflections on his birth and poverty, show that the lot he chose was one of the poorest, which involves sorrow in every age. But it was not sorrow of that kind that weighed most heavily upon him. His chief sorrow came from the fact, that the people whom he came to save, rejected him. Such sorrow it was that drew tears from him as he beheld Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives and foresaw the desolation that was coming upon it. "How often," he said, "would I have gathered thy children together . . . and ye would not."

In that mysterious scene in Gethsemane, the sorrow of our Lord reached its climax. We cannot fathom it, but we note its intensity. Mark says he was "sore amazed," the Evangelist being obviously unable to describe Christ's suffering. What could it have been that terrified him? It was not the thought of his approaching suffering and death. Many men less heroic than he have contemplated torture and burning without such mental agony. It must have been the accumulated weight of humanity's sorrows and sins concentrated on his soul. It is difficult to conceive of such a burden. We sometimes come from a home, or a hospital, in which we have been distressed by the sorrow or the suffering of another. Going home through a crowded street we see many faces, each clouded with some special care; forms, each of which is bearing its own particular burden. If we could learn what each one is bearing, and could identify ourselves with it, we would be mentally crushed. What then must Christ have borne when he took on himself the sins and sorrows of the whole world, in that and all other ages! That may have been the explanation of the intense agony he endured. We know not. The scene is too sacred to dwell upon. All we know is that in the end, he could say, as we must, in our saddest moments, "Thy will be done."

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for November 11. John 11: 30-38; Isa. 53: 3-5.

HIS OWN EXECUTOR

Addison J. Nowlen, one of the wealthiest citizens of Irving Park, Chicago, Ill., will dispose at once of his estate, estimated at $250,000, among the institutions in which he is interested. He hopes in this way to avoid legal complications that might follow the administration of a will, and he is seconded by his wife. The first gifts were made a few nights ago, when two houses were given to two churches of Irving Park.

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The Editorial Page

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

About to Face the World

(See illustration on cover page)

THE subject of the beautiful painting by Melnik, of which the illustration on our front page is a reproduction, is one which strikes a responsive chord in many a human breast. The memories of the happy days of youth sweep like a stream of fragrant waters through the dry channel which has long been choked by greed or ambition or discouragement.

The metropolitan broker, deaf for once to the insistent call of the ticker, sees before him the home of his childhood. The old stone step by the south porch where he sat in the twilight with his porringer of bread and milk; the chickens clucking by the open door and the well-filled corncrib after the fall husking. And mother! She is in every memory of that long dead past—bustling about the kitchen in the early morning, skimming the big pans of cream in the dairy, and later, pouring it with lavish hand upon the boy's generous section of "mother's apple pie." He was her baby boy—her Benjamin. Her girl had come in the heyday of her own fresh girlhood, and now was grown and married, with a child of her own. It was her husband who ran the farm after the good man died, three years ago last harvest.

But the boy had come when her life had reached high noon, and he was her pride and joy. Still, it was only to the next parish he was going; he meant to get all the schooling he could that winter, when he could be spared from the shop, for by-and-by he was going out into the big world to seek his fortune.

Had he found it? The portly stockbroker breathes a heavy sigh, and a puzzling film obscures the simple home scene—full of warm, tender, human love—at which he is gazing. He would give all that he made in the fluke in wheat yesterday only to go back one little hour—only to feel the dear mother's lingering caress, and to know himself the eager, hopeful, clean-souled boy who bade her good-bye on that morning so far back along the road of years.

Answered Prayers

H. M. W., North Carolina. "I prayed to my heavenly Father when all earthly hope was vain. He has graciously answered my prayer, and many others in the past. May he continue his loving kindness to those that know him, for verily, 'More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of.' A dear sister sends me THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. I enjoy the 'Answered Prayer' column and, in fact, every word in it, and always hail its coming with delight."

H. A., Iowa. "I desire to return thanks for remarkable answers to prayer. God brought me out of great trouble and my faith was increased wonderfully. Only trust him, friends, for he knows best."

M. J. P., Canada. "As I have been reading from week to week the prayer column, my faith has been strengthened to hope in God under all circumstances of life through which we may be called to pass. I have had many prayers answered, and my hope is in Jesus for time and eternity."

A. J., New York. "My heart rejoices in the fact that the Lord does graciously answer prayer."

M. V. H., Maryland. "With a grateful heart I acknowledge, through this means, God's wonderful goodness and boundless mercy to me and mine. He has answered my prayers in times past; only recently he has helped my husband over a serious difficulty. It has been long in coming, but it came. My heart is full."

E. R. M., Maine. "I wish to express my firm belief in prayer. I know from my own experience that God has heard me in deep trouble. He has so often heard me, I wish to give thanks to him, and feel I will never doubt him."

Mother, Nebraska. "God has returned my wandering boy in answer to my prayers, and I would acknowledge his great mercy. He found true friends among strangers when in great need. Let us pray more and trust him fully."

E. G. D., New Jersey. "I wish to thank God publicly for answered prayer, having made a vow that I would acknowledge that he hears the cry of his children, he is the healer of all ills, a sick body, soul or mind. Time saved from prayer is time lost, but time lost in prayer is time saved."

A Friend, New Jersey. "I have passed through darkest, deepest trouble, and God heard and answered my prayers. I am still in sorrow, but feel that God will give me peace and happiness some day. I can never doubt him; please pray that God will answer my prayer soon."

M. H. H., Pennsylvania. "I wish to acknowledge God's goodness to me in many answered prayers. This column has been a great comfort to me."

Mrs. E. A. B., Oklahoma. "I believe God hears all our prayers and answers as many as he sees are for our good, if they are made in faith and in conformity to his will. So, let us trust on, dear CHRISTIAN HERALD readers, and keep on praying.

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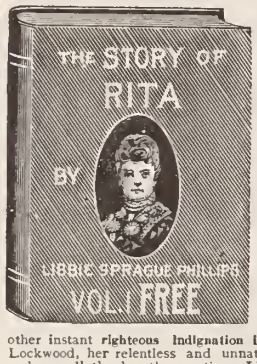

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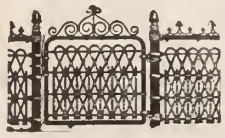

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Jesus in Agony

By Mrs. M. Baxter

IF God dealt with us about sin, every soul of man were lost; not one could raise his head for a moment, God "hath concluded all under sin." If God dealt with us about the consequences of sin, sickness, and death—then not one of us could claim exemption. "Death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." Who can claim exemption from it as a personal right? Surely, not one. But he who is not ashamed to call us brethren, he who has indeed done a brother's and more than a brother's part, he whose garments are "shining, exceeding white as snow; so as no fuller on earth can white them" (Mark, 9: 3), took upon him the filthy garments of our sins and our sins' consequences. And as he stood before the Shechinah, in the temple of the Lord, —*i. e.*, in the immediate and manifest presence of God, he, the Father, "answered and spake unto those that stood before him saying, 'Take away the filthy garments from him.'"

"From him," therefore from us only as we take and retain our place in him. "Without me ye can do nothing." As members of his body, of his flesh, of his bones, as having no life, no right, no claim, but in him, all which he bore for us is taken away, and in him we find other garments, righteousness and cleanness of heart instead of sin, the life of Christ instead of self.

No wonder the scene of our beloved Lord's agony was Gethsemane (the oil-press), for there he was pressed as are the olive-berries. "Then came Jesus with them unto a place called Gethsemane, and saith to the disciples, 'Sit ye here, while I go and pray yonder.'" How little knew those disciples, and how little can we enter into, what was there about to be done. At that time the eternal destinies of millions had to be secured, the claims of God's holiness vindicated, the voice of the adversary stilled; and all the responsibility lay on One who had emptied himself, and taken upon him the form of a servant, and who, as man, stood there pleading the cause of all men.

"And he taketh with him Peter and James and John, and began to be sorrowful and very heavy. Then saith he unto them, 'My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death: tarry ye here, and watch with me.'" Surely here, as well as upon the Cross, the crushing load was upon him, and the words of the Psalmist were undoubtedly prophetic, "O Lord, rebuke me not in thy wrath; neither chasten me in thy hot displeasure. For thine arrows stick fast in me, and thy hand presseth me sore. There is no soundness in my flesh, because of thine anger; neither is there any rest [margin, health] in my bones, because of my sin" (Psalm 38: 1-7). O how this description of physical and mental suffering combined, explains those filthy garments upon our High Priest, that bearing of sin! Surely every form of sin lay upon him. Twice he says that there is no soundness in his flesh, and every expression of his spiritual suffering is intense. The oil-press was, in very deed, doing its terrible work. Surely it was at this point that "he went forward a little, and fell on the ground, and prayed that, if it were possible, the hour might pass from him."

And he went a little farther, and fell on his face, and prayed, saying, "O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt" (Matt. 26: 36-39). He cometh unto the disciples (Mark, 14: 37), "and findeth them asleep, and saith unto Peter, Simon, 'sleepest thou? couldst not thou watch one hour?'" Where was the devotion which had boasted, "Although all shall be offended, yet will not I . . . If I should die with thee, I will not deny thee in any wise"? O what contempt would human nature have been inclined to feel for Peter just now! How human nature would have detailed its wrongs at being thus left alone to suffer, while the love of the disciples was not equal, so much as to keep them from sleeping at such an hour! But there was no bitterness in Jesus. He only exhorted them, "Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation."

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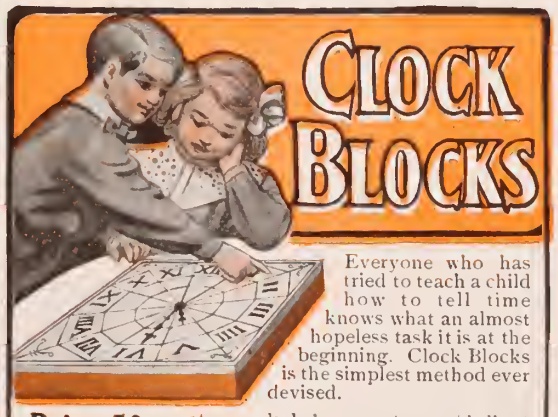

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See Account of Convention on Page 930

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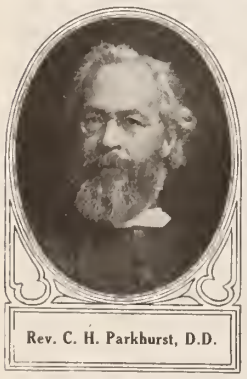
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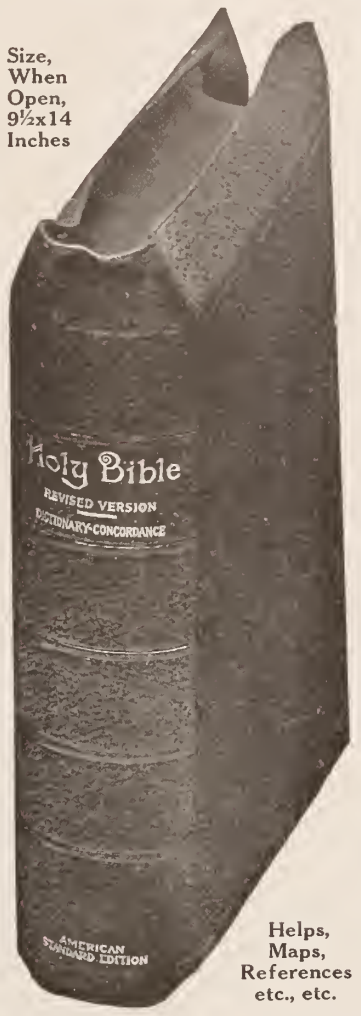

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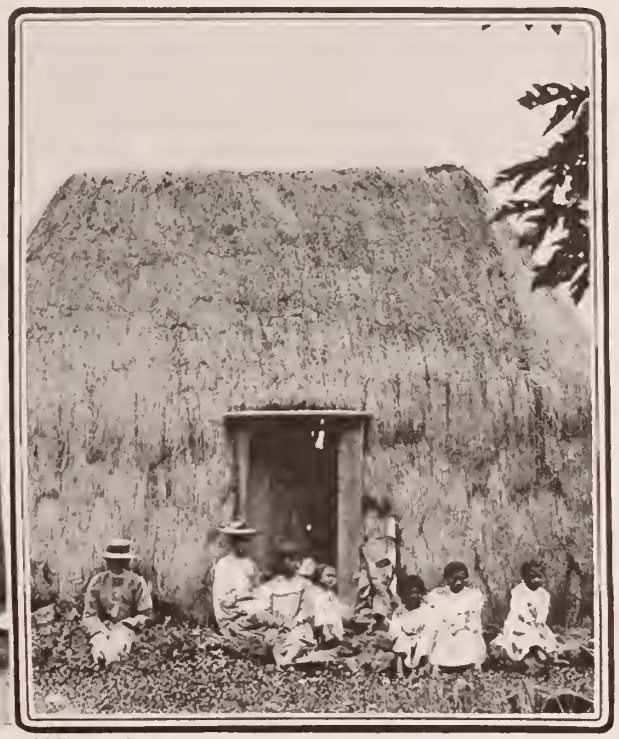
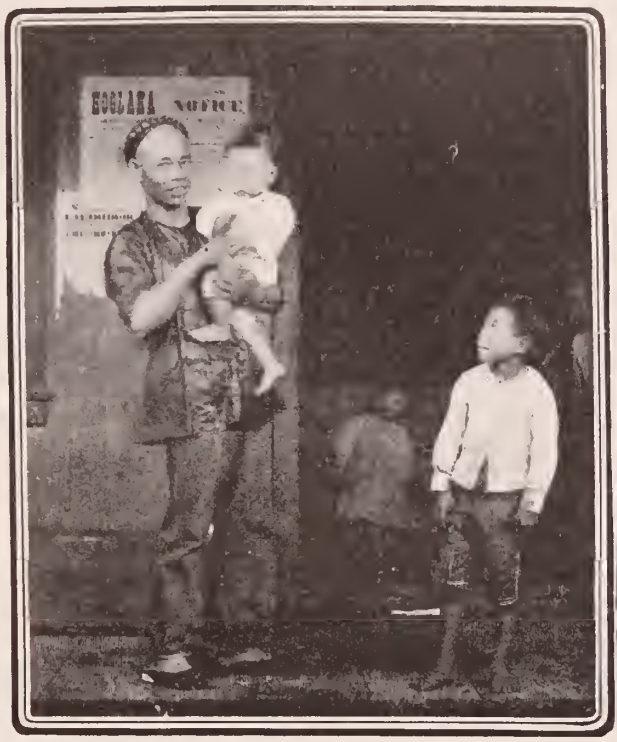
A Native Home in Hawaii



A Chinese Home in Honolulu



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TAMING A RACE OF SAVAGES

The Brave Gospel Pioneers of the Islands of the Pacific

THE richest population per capita in the world is on the Hawaiian Islands, and yet there has never been a gold nugget mined or a gem found here. From the soil alone comes the wealth, and it must be wrested by great outlay of brain and brawn. More brain than brawn went into the work that last year brought from a volcanic soil one crop alone that sold for $35,000,000.

But the most surprising yield of the islands is not sugar, rice, nor rubber, but men. It is a proud record that the leading men of the islands, with very few exceptions, are from the second or third generation of the hardy missionary pioneers, who, nearly ninety years ago, battled their way around Cape Horn to lay the foundations of an empire in the Sandwich Islands. Their sons to-day are the choicest blood of old New England, untainted by the tropics. This is a miracle, wrought by the grace of God either through the rare type of the first New England stock, or the influence of the trade winds from the shores of Alaska, that blow day and night to temper the heat and cool the brain in these semi tropics.

I have seen Baldwin, Alexander, Carter, Damon, Atkinson, Bingham, and Gulick, all sons of the soil, and men who to-day stand even shoulder with any of their generation in America or lands beyond. Baldwin is the name of a millionaire planter, as broad-minded and generous as he is rich. Alexander is a scholar and patriot. I met him but for a few moments, and parted as from a university. An hour a day with such a man would be a college course. Carter is the name of the young Governor, and Atkinson is the Secretary of State, the head of the acting government when Governor Carter is absent. To say that these two men are of the Roosevelt type, physically, mentally and morally, is to pay a just and fair tribute to them.

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A Hawaiian Surfboat Landing on the Beach at Diamond Head

Governor Carter is as full of modern, practical ideas and ideals, as a nut is full of meat. He is a man that dares to act up to his convictions. He is not always popular, but ever a man.

These islands have been for fifty years the birthplace of great missionaries. If New England ideals and thrift have moulded the merchants and statesmen, what shall we say of the missionary-stock—the Gulicks and Damons and Binghams—that flourish here? Time and space would fail me to write in this letter of more than one from this rare group of mighty men of God. Dr. Bingham, at the advanced age of seventy-six, is still a missionary to the Gilbert Islanders. He found them cannibals more than fifty years ago; gave them the Gospel, a written language, and a system of education. He is now working upon a dictionary for his parishioners two thousand miles southwest of Honolulu. I found him in his home city, in a bungalow embowered among palms, banyans and blooming plants, a modest little Eden in this paradise of the Pacific, a fit setting for an apostle of the Gospel that has in our age transformed habitations of cruelty into homes of domestic beauty, at whose touch cannibals and idolaters, little above apes and gorillas in their inhuman ferocity, have been transformed into devoted followers of the Nazarene.

Dr. Bingham is a tall, frail old man. He has been an invalid for years. The highest ground on the Gilbert Islands is but fifteen feet above the sea. The climate was tropical, the water brackish, the people brutal during the early years of his ministry. He literally gave his life for the poor islanders. His boy, his wife, his health with his years were laid upon the altar. Now a confirmed invalid, voice hardly more than a whisper, heart a poor broken down pump, constitution only a rag as the result of years of dysentery contracted on those deadly islands in the South Seas, yet I found

Continued on page 942

THE

American Pulpit

A Sermon by

Rev. Silas C. Swallow, D.D.*

A GODLESS COVENANT

TEXT—ISAIAH 28:18

"Your covenant with death shall be disannulled and your agreement with hell shall not stand"

THESE were God's words, through his prophet, to Samaria, which he calls the "Crown of the strongest of the Tribes, and is thus made Pride," because it was the capital of Ephraim, to personate the whole nation of Israel. Hence, what follows is of national import. Israel is charged with being a nation of drunkards, not because all drank to excess or even in moderation, but because they had turned their valleys and hillsides into vineyards, and the whole country had become a great wine-vat. Its revenues and its wealth were largely dependent on the manufacture and sale of such liquors as could be produced from rotting the grape juice. So universal had become the curse that in the eighth verse the Lord says, "For all tables are full of vomit and filthiness, so that there is no place clean"; thus using the effect of excessive drinking then, as now, to characterize the national system that made it possible; thus holding responsible for the wickedness, not only the drunkards and the moderate drinkers, not only the owners of the vineyards and manufacturers and sellers of the intoxicating beverages, but the individuals of the nation who consented to it by being silent; just as Saul was held responsible, in some measure, for Stephen's death, though he only stood by the clothes of those who had thrown off their coats that they might, with greater facility, hurl the stones crashing in upon the brain of the proto-martyr.

The Nation's Burden

God puts the burden of it on the whole nation; because, doubtless, in the interests of their business, of their social standing, of their popularity with drunken officials of the government, there was a general acquiescence in the general debauchery. And, because the government being implicated in the revenue of the business, every subject of the government who did not in every way possible protest against drunkard-making was held responsible for all its evils.

If this was true in a theocracy like Israel, whose government of the state was by the immediate direction or administration of God, our individual responsibility in America is intensified in comparison tenfold, because ours is a democratic theocracy, in which we recognize God, not only in all our public documents, oaths and forms of law, but in which every voter is a sovereign, and is clothed with sovereign duties and privileges, since he has a voice at the ballot-box, and is eligible, by virtue of his citizenship, to every office in the gift of the people. Therefore, back of all legislative, judicial and executive officers and offices and acts, is the sovereign voter, and if these officers' tables are filled with filthiness, it is because the voter, who elevated him to office, has a filthy table, so that "there is no place clean."

And now permit us to inquire: What are some of the characteristics of this "covenant with death and agreement with hell" in which we have entered in this professedly Christian country—this country, whose virgin soil was providentially opened to the noblest band of pioneers that ever settled a State or cemented its foundations with their blood; this country, whose mountains, plains and valley, lakes, rivers and coasts, are a perpetual inspiration to holy thoughts and high endeavors; whose soil is the most fertile, whose mines are the richest, whose climate is the most varied and equable, and whose resources are the most inexhaustible of all the countries on which the sun ever shone?

A Retrospective View

Our first "agreement with hell" was the institution of human slavery, which was national, and which the North abandoned, not on moral principles, but because, for climatic reasons, it ceased to be profitable in the North, and which the South then monopolized. Then was inaugurated a conflict that grew in fierceness till it culminated in the greatest fratricidal war of history. The war finally and satisfactorily settled nothing; war never did, and war never will. It saddled us with debt; it gave us a half million of pensioners, including children, an army of whom are with us to this day. It raised up an army of parasites, who fattened on the war that slew their brothers, and through that was laid the foundations for many of the great individual and corporate fortunes that in trusts and syndicates now seek to enslave the whole people. It demoralized large numbers of men who became tramps, and they in turn begot another army of tramps who, forty years after the close of the war, are still a menace to our civilization. The war did not settle the race question, it is upon us to-day.

*Preached in the Capital Street Presbyterian Church, Harrisburg, Pa.

The dominant party, to increase and perpetuate their power, missed the opportunity of a century when, at the close of the war, they gave the negro, degraded by slavery, the ballot, only to bring upon him untold misfortunes, to which that party has now abandoned him.

That was the golden opportunity of the party to have so amended the great Magna Charta of our liberties that only intelligent and moral men and women, whether native or foreign born, black white or yellow, should be entitled to vote.

The Evil Covenant

Prior to the Civil War, temperance and the prohibition of the liquor traffic had made great strides in public opinion and in local legal enactment. The government, through the representatives whom our votes elected, entered into a covenant with the liquor traffic to furnish it protection under the guise of regulation, and then tax it for war purposes. From that hour it took a new lease of life, since taxation always implies protection of the men and of the business taxed. Temperance and prohibition laws were repealed by legislatures, and the two parties vied with each other in bidding for the liquor vote, without which no candidate could be elected to a national office, and, in fact, but few to State or municipal offices. The two hundred and fifty thousand liquor sellers in the United States control an average of ten votes each, or a total of two millions and a half. This, with the church vote divided on partisan lines, and thus voting against each other because of imaginary commercial differences instead of as a unit on great moral issues, gives the liquor vote the balance of power.

Thus the church voter takes his candidate on faith, that he will do something, if elected, for temperance and good morals, while the liquor seller takes the same candidate on sight, having secretly committed him at least not to oppose the saloon. Thus the church voter becomes an ally of the saloon, and thus the tables of church members are "full of filthiness," as were the Israelites' tables, and for the same reason. As God said through Isaiah, "There is no place clean."

Duty of the Christian Church

Why do not the church voters of this country join hands to destroy the liquor business, not by hymns, not by prayers to God, which they themselves could answer if they would; not by church resolutions, which are as powerless as spitballs propelled by a breath of fetid air, but by votes for candidates who are openly pledged in advance of election to lift from the business the protection and dignity conferred upon it by the law?

We hear much about anarchy. There are many anarchists scattered through this great country. An anarchist is one opposed to government; one who revolts against law and order. There are anarchists in the family, in the church, in the State. A man who takes a church vow to abstain from those things which the church law forbids, and to do those things which it commands, and then violates his obligation, is setting an example of anarchy; and the higher his position in the world, the more pernicious and far-reaching will be the influence of that example, and history must so record it.

The corporation, by becoming a producer of commodities for transportation, instead of a mere common carrier of the products of others, thus fixing to other producers prices of transportation that drives them from the market and gives the corporation a monopoly of the business through which it robs the consumer, is an anarchistic corporation.

The individual or corporation that compels employees to labor seven days in the week, thus violating the laws of God and man, and also the laws of man's physical being, by which his life is shortened and his usefulness to the world impaired, is anarchistic, and while corporations are said to have no souls, which means that you cannot locate the blame, yet God will find a soul in the awards at the great Judgment Day.

The individual who makes the Sabbath, which God has said we must "remember to keep it holy," either a labor day or a holiday, is setting an example of anarchy. The officials and stockholders of such corporations may be seemingly pious; they may occupy seats in God's house on Sunday morning, singing "Nearer, My God, To Thee," and "Lead, Kindly Light," to supplement it with a progressive euche party in violation of statutory law, held in their palatial residences on prayer-meeting night, and yet with all their eminent respectability, covered with the glamour of wealth and the sparkle of diamonds, they are encouraging a revolt against God's law and man's law, which means anarchy.

Sowing Dragons' Teeth

Sherman said, "War is hell," and God says, "Your covenant with death"—even death by national gunpowder, and by a government bayonet—"Your covenant with death shall be disannulled, and your agreement with hell shall not stand." Such a government is sowing the dragons' teeth of anarchy that will grow a harvest of desolation and death. It goes without saying that the men who hate law and rulers, and who incite other men to violence, whether they be native or foreign born, whether emanating from a saloon or from an indignation meeting where curses are veneered with prayers; such men should be brought to justice, and to conversion if possible. Or, of not possible, then by a system of international comity, they should be banished from all nations to a common dumping-ground, among the islands of the sea, where, together, they may work out their ideals of "government without governors," to the health or hurt of themselves alone. The men who buy legislators, bribe voters, stuff ballot-boxes, intimidate voters, and make fraudulent election returns, and those who encourage them in it, or profit by it, or are silent concerning it, are anarchists who menace our liberties equally with those who strike with the bludgeon, the stiletto or the poisoned bullet.

But to return. The greatest anarchist of the centuries is the legalized liquor traffic, and our government has formed a "covenant" with it, and an "agreement" with it. God's law says, "Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright," that is, when it is fermented, "for at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." God says, "Wine is a mocker; strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." God classes drunkards with thieves, and says they "shall not inherit the Kingdom of God." God says, "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that puttest thy bottle to him and makest him drunken also." Yes, woe unto you, distiller, brewer, hop and barley grower, bar and saloon owner or tender; woe unto you bondsman, or license signer, and all agents in the work of drunkard-making.

Attitude of the State

We have told you what God says. Now, what does the State say? Why this, we will follow the laws of God in making statutes to prohibit or punish profanity, Sabbath-breaking, lying, stealing, adultery and murder, all based upon the Ten Commandments, the foundation of all law worthy the name of law, whether domestic, common, statutory, national or international the world over and through the centuries; but, for a consideration we will permit or license men to sell to other men a substance that will produce nearly all of the profanity, Sabbath-breaking, lying, stealing, adultery and murder, found in Christian lands to-day. A substance that calls for the multiplication of policemen and courts, and fills jails, prisons, insane asylums and almshouses. Yes, for a consideration, in the form of one hundred and eight millions of dollars internal revenue paid the nation, and a high license paid the State, you may put your bottle to your neighbor's lips, to the soldier-boy's lips, to the old soldier's lips, in the old soldiers' home, where the canteen was established, but is happily now banished therefrom; to our sons' lips, our husbands' and brothers' lips; yes, to the lips of the ten millions of heathen in our new possessions. Pay us for the privilege, and thus save the millionaire and the corporation and the syndicate from paying their share of the taxes, by putting it upon the laboring man, forced by his poverty to live next door to a saloon, which the rich man has driven from his own aristocratic neighborhood, and you may sell the poison.

Aha! hear the dimes and the dollars as they fall into the saloon-keeper's till—$1,500,000,000 last year. Aha! Uncle Sam—that is the nation—gets a share in taxes. True, it costs ten dollars for every one dollar we get, to take care of the drunkards paupers and criminals made by the business; but then it makes business for the judges, the lawyers, doctors, police, sheriffs, jailors, hangmen, coroners, and undertakers; yes, and for preachers, with their gruesome funereal moans over the drunkard's fate; yes, and for gravediggers, and for the devil. Here is surely a "covenant with death and an agreement with hell." But God says, "Your

Continued on page 929

HOW A FILIPINO TOWN WAS WON

BUCAY is situated thirty-five miles east and south of Vigan, in Abra, a sub-province of Ilocos Sur. At one time during Spanish occupation, it was the capital of the province. Now it is only an ordinary town, whose population, including that of all the barios or smaller towns under its municipal supervision, is in the neighborhood of 8,000 people. Typhoons and fires have wrecked some of the larger buildings built in more prosperous times. One is surprised to learn that a large number of the fine church edifices, convents and town halls found in almost every town of any proportion, were not built as the natural result of prosperity, but by forced labor, instituted by the Spanish friars.

When I made my first visit to Bucay, a year and a half ago, I found that many were anxious to hear the Gospel. The mayor of the town was much interested. He had heard of the Bible, but had never had the privilege of reading it. He had heard of Protestanism, and was anxious to know what it taught. He said he had never been satisfied with much that had been taught under the name of religion. He wanted us to preach to the people, and offered us the use of the schoolhouse. Some fifty or sixty people were soon gathered together. With intense interest they listened to the reading of the sixth chapter of John. With equal zeal they gave attention to the discussion on the forty-eighth verse. With our native evangelist, Filemeno Galang, who acted as interpreter, I left the town, with invitations to return.

A Strange Igorote Orchestra

Two months passed before we could call again. But what a change. No one welcomed us. No opportunity presented itself for a general meeting. Some personal visits were made, but no one seemed anxious to speak with us. Others were evidently afraid to be seen near us. A third, fourth and fifth visit was made with like results. It finally came out that the priest of the town, from the time of our first visit, had preached regularly against us. He told the people that the "Protestant Bible is very bad"; that they should not read it, nor hear it read on pain of losing their souls; that those who believed the teaching of the Protestants would not receive forgiveness of sins, and when they die, would be refused burial in holy ground.

On the 7th of June, 1906, a year and a half after our first visit, accompanied by Guillermo Blancaflor, a native preacher, another visit was made to Bucay. While I was conversing with the justice of the peace—who is a believer, but who is afraid to preach what he believes—Guillermo visited a relative of his, a widow, with three grown children, and a neighbor present with her. From where I was sitting I could hear the discussion of the preacher and the woman waxing warmer and warmer. Guillermo is a big man for a Fillipino, and has a voice to match. In his zeal he forgot the instructions received while in the school for exhorters held in Vigan a short time before. Although he was speaking to so few in a small room, his voice could be heard for a long distance and getting louder every moment. As I entered the house, he softened down somewhat until he had finished his sermon. Then some time was spent in answering such questions as, "Should we not pray to the Saints?" "Who can forgive sins if the priest cannot?" "How can we know that our sins are forgiven?" "How can we get our friends out of purgatory, if masses are not said for them?"

I showed them a compass. They had evidently not seen one before. I explained to them its use—how it always points north day or night, in time of typhoon or fair weather; that were it not for the compass, the sailor would get lost at sea, and his ship be destroyed; that the sailor follows his compass at all times, because he knows it is true. Men may differ as to what the direction may be, but the compass never changes. Whether a man is learned or unlearned, he can understand, so he need not lose the way. The compass is of no use to the man who does not believe it and follow it. Then it was explained to them that the Word of God is like a compass, and because God is true, and cannot lie, his Word is true. This Word points to God, leads to God, in time of joy or sorrow, in good times or in bad times. Those who do not follow this Word get lost and die in their sins. Whether a man is learned or not, he may find in this Word the way that leads to life everlasting. The Word of God is of no use to him who will not believe it and follow it. God's Word is in the Bible. Then, opening my Bible at John 3: 16, I preached to them salvation by faith. Following this we had a season of prayer, petitioning God to bring the message home to each one present.

Did one need ask if they believed? No. It was seen on their faces; it was heard in their voices. All in the house were happy in their faith in Christ as their Saviour. Certain of those in the town who had been secretly favoring us, now took an open stand. Among this number was the mayor, who had favored us on our first visit. One photograph shows two water-carriers and two dairymen. The other shows a band or orchestra of Igorotes. The musician with flute blows his instrument with his nose. The money sent us was used to support a native preacher for ten months.

B. O. PETERSON.

Vigan, Ilocos Sur, P. I.

Filipino Water-carriers and Dairymen

The Igorrotes, mentioned by our correspondent, are among the most powerful heathen tribes in the archipelago. They are expert agriculturists, and have constructed terraces and irrigation works and built strong, compact towns. They were formerly "head hunters," and probably the horrible custom still remains to some extent in out-of-the-way places. Like the Negritos and other wild tribes of the interior, they are pagans, while the greater part of the population of the islands is either Catholic or Mohammedan. The Igorrotes believe in a Supreme Being, Creator and Preserver, whom they name Apo. They believe in a future life of rewards and punishments.

A Godless Covenant—Cont'd ❦ Sermon by Rev. S. C. Swallow, D.D.

covenant with death shall be disannulled, and your agreement with hell shall not stand."

Look at the increase of 4,938 liquor dealers in one year alone. Look at the $3,000,000,000 capital invested in the manufacture and sale of liquors. Look at the increase of more than ten millions internal revenue from the business for the year ending June 30, 1900. Look at the increase in twenty years from six to twenty gallons of liquor drunk on an average for every man, woman and child of our seventy millions of population. Look at the merchants, bankers, lawyers, doctors, coal-dealers, lumbermen, manufacturers, and corporations patronized by those in the liquor business. The capital of the world is intertwined with it. Thousands of the ministers follow the example of the rum-silenced, whiskey-subsidized politicians in their congregations, in the belief that the "covenant with death and the agreement with hell" cannot be disannulled. Doubtless, many in Israel so thought and so said. But God is not man that he can lie, nor the son of man that he can repent. I need not tell those familiar with Bible history how the drunken covenant with death was disannulled; how Israel became a prey to war, pestilence, and famine; how they were broken, and crushed and led captive. It is for us to say whether the history of twenty-five hundred years ago shall repeat itself on American soil, probably during the boasted twentieth century.

What we need in this country to-day is less class legislation for plunder, and a better execution of our ethical laws; fewer politicians and more statesmen; less reading of sickly fiction and more of Bible history, biography and science; less desire to be amused, and more to be informed and useful; fewer expensive churches, with solo singing, intoned litany, and diamond-bedecked congregations, and more plain churches, where the people wearing "plain apparel" may meet the rich in equally "plain apparel," and both feel that "God is the maker of them all." We need fewer preachers whose divinity must be doctored, and who spend their time in doctoring or amending their divinity, and more preachers who, as a voice in the wilderness and as heralds of Jesus Christ, will cry, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord." We need less emasculated theology in the form of evolution, higher criticism, and a defense of war, and more plain preaching about God, Christ and the Holy Ghost, heaven, hell, and the Judgment Day; individual duty, privilege, and responsibility; and loyalty to government only where government is loyal to God. We need more soul consecration and less bodily decoration; more family prayer and less family swearing, drinking and eucre gambling; more interest in our government, municipal, State and national, and less interest in the stock exchange, the race-course, the theatre, the ball game, the Sunday excursion, and the drunkard-making club-house. In short, we need to so live that what in us is the boast of our friends while we live, will not be regarded by them as slander and defamation when we die.

The crop of anarchists is a large one. Let him that is guiltless cast the first stone. "The poorest use you can put men to is to hang them," said Horace Greeley. Let the incorrigibly bad be imprisoned at hard labor for the benefit, not of greedy contractors but of the State. Let us extirpate the government legalized, licensed, anarchy mills called saloons, that everywhere menace our Christian civilization. Then will the Gospel of love have right of way and a fair field in bringing sinners to Christ and in hastening the day when the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ.

I close with a quotation from a sermon preached in Market Square Presbyterian Church, Harrisburg, by the pastor, Rev. Dr. J. Richie Smith. After urging the enforcement of law, he says: "The other remedy is the Gospel of Christ, which is the power of God unto salvation. Christ is the Saviour of society, too. The law lays its hand upon a man's shoulder and says, 'You shall not do wrong.' The Gospel lays its hand upon his heart and says, 'You shall not want to do wrong.' That is the only effectual cure. No law, however stringent; no government, however strong and resolute; no police, however numerous and vigilant, can protect us from the evils that beset us, so long as the heart of man remains unchanged; for the heart is the fountain from which these bitter waters flow. The law of the Old Testament was given to prepare for the love of the New, and all our legal and governmental devices are vain, unless the Gospel is brought to bear upon the lives of men."

WHITE RIBBONERS IN CONVENTION

By Mrs. Martha M. Allen

THIRTY-ONE countries were represented at the seventh convention of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union, held in Boston from October 17 to 22. Seventy were present from England and Wales, fifteen from Scotland, eighteen from Canada, two from Australia, one from Austria, and one from Finland, Germany, Greece, Argentina, Uraguay, Fiji Islands, South Africa and New Zealand. Some countries were represented by former residents who are now in the United States, Bulgaria, for instance, by Miss Ellen M. Stone. The representative for the Fiji Islands was Mrs. Calvert, widow of the great missionary, James Calvert, who was the first Gospel teacher sent to those islands, whose people then were cannibals.

Lady Henry Somerset, who has been president of the World's W. C. T. U. since the death of Miss Frances E. Willard, was unable, on account of impairment of health, to be present, so the sessions of the Convention were presided over by the first vice-president, Mrs. Lillian M. N. Stevens of Maine, and a more able presiding officer it would be difficult to find.

At the opening session, Mrs. Stevens read a message sent to the Convention by Lady Henry. Thursday evening's exercises began with a "demonstration" by the Loyal Temperance Legions. The children were mostly of foreign parentage. One little Bohemian girl gives promise of being a remarkable speaker some day. Addresses were given by Fraulein Julie Kassowitz, of Vienna, Austria; Lady Dorothy Howard, of England, and Mrs. Kaji Yajima, of Japan. Fraulein Kassowitz is a daughter of Professor Max Kassowitz, M.D., of Vienna University, and of Frau Kassowitz, president of the W. C. T. U. of Austria. The young lady is a university graduate, bearing the degree of Ph.D. In her address, she said that the total abstinence movement in Europe is largely the result of the findings of men of science, who have become persuaded that alcoholic drinks are never necessary in the human system, but are very injurious to the delicate organism of the body.

Lady Dorothy Howard surprised the great audience by the forcefulness of her address. A beautiful girl of twenty was not expected to be able to talk like a veteran. She has been trained for the platform, it is said, and has been speaking in public for two years. Her mother, the Countess of Carlisle, has been president of the British Woman's Temperance Association for three years. As the mother could not attend the Boston Convention, she sent Lady Dorothy to represent her. This

Photo by Glines, Boston

Lady Dorothy Howard

One of the Principal Speakers at the Convention

sad old world would soon have a great uplift toward Heaven, were multitudes of beautiful and gifted young girls willing to follow the example of this sweet bud of the English nobility.

Mrs. Kaji Yajima not only spoke on Thursday evening, but also on several other occasions. She is a remarkable woman. She has been president of the W.C.T.U. of Japan since its organization, fourteen years ago. She it was who, during the recent war, set the W. C. T. U. and other women at work making "comfort bags" for the soldiers and sailors.

Friday was devoted largely to reports of departments. That of Sunday School work was especially interesting. It showed that through the quarterly temperance lessons, over 25,000,000 persons are now having temperance teaching in the Sunday Schools. An address upon, "Mormonism," by Mrs. Maria Weed, and one upon, "Medical Temperance," by Mrs. Martha M. Allen, gave variety to the programme. Mrs. Allen gave a demonstration of the quantity of alcohol in several well-known proprietary medicines, by means of a chemical apparatus with Welsbach burners attached. The alcohol burned brilliantly.

Friday evening there were five speakers: Miss Agnes Slack, of England; Miss Callespere, of Athens, Greece; the Earl of Carlisle; Mrs. Margaret Dye Ellis, of Washington, D. C.; and the Rev. Anna H. Shaw. Miss Slack is one of the World's secretaries. She is the daughter of a Wesleyan minister, and a sister of Sir Bamford Slack. Her address was strong and forceful. Miss Callespere is superintendent of girls' schools for Greece, and a graduate of the Sorbonne, at Paris. The Earl of Carlisle, whose family name is Howard, accompanied his daughter, the Lady Dorothy, to America, and was called upon frequently for brief addresses. Some years ago he was won to the temperance cause by his enthusiastic wife, and he then gave a practical demonstration of his changed views in a way similar to that used a few months ago by ex-Senator and Mrs. Henderson, of Washington. His cellars, which were stocked with rare old wines, were emptied and the bottles smashed. He also closed all the public houses and liquor stores upon his estate.

On Saturday morning the election of officers occurred. Mrs. Stevens stated that Lady Henry Somerset positively declined re-election. Mrs. Stevens also said that she herself must not be considered a candidate. Consequently the choice of the Convention fell upon the Countess of Carlisle.

Invitations were received for the eighth convention, to be held in Sydney, Australia; Glasgow, Scotland; and London, England. The choice of places was left to the executive committee, and is not yet announced.

Two messages were received by the Convention from President Roosevelt, one conveying greetings, another bearing an invitation to a reception for the foreign delegates at the White House, November 7th.

THE GREAT SOUTHERN CYCLONES

SHIPS sunk by mountain seas, villages swept away, forests felled as if their tree trunks had been but matchwood, beaches and keys strewn with wreckage and with dead, make up the sombre chapters of the story that comes by letter and by telegraph from the West Indies, Florida, and other Southern States, that were swept by the great cyclone of the third week of October. Never within the memory of living men, so reports the great meteorological expert at Havana, Father Loveat Gungoit, have such gigantic seas swept the Caribbean Sea and the waters north. The storm that broke over Galveston a number of years ago did not cover such a large area.

The knowledge that a furious storm was sweeping in from the Atlantic came to the Havana Observatory, on Oct. 12. It was then in Barbados and moving toward Honduras. It went along the coast and then turned to the northeast. On the 16th it was five hundred miles south of Havana. The next morning it was heading toward the city. Throughout the day the barometer continued to fall, and the observer saw that by night the storm would burst over the city. It was a night of terror in Havana. The black clouds piled high from the southward, with here and there a greenish tinge lighting their rolling fronts. The moon and stars disappeared. The rush of the wind as it grew in momentum to eighty miles an hour seemed to shake the earth itself.

Then the storm struck. A thousand tents at Camp Columbia went down as one. Yet through the noise of crashing trees and ripping canvas could be heard the voices of the lads in khaki singing away in the barracks as if but a summer's shower was sprinkling the earth without. The warships in the harbor strained at their cables as the great waves pounded at their bows. One only grounded—the *Brooklyn*—and she was pulled off uninjured. The streets of the city became rivers, and the street cars were stalled in the streets, the water running to the floors. Great trees that had shaken their boughs defiantly in the face of tropical gales for a century, went crashing to earth. Through the turmoil would come now and again the sound of falling tiles, the shriek and grate of tearing tin, as the roofs of houses were pulled from their fastenings; and the jingle, jingle of broken glass as the windows of the city broke in before the violence of the wind. In the morning it was found that hardly a tree was standing in the city.

Leaving Cuba, the storm rushed over the Florida Keys. How many ships braced themselves for the conflict and went down conquered, will never be known.

Of the crew and passengers of the steamer *St. Lucie*, of the Florida Coast Line, thirty-five were drowned. The survivors, all injured, are in the hospital. From his cot, Captain Brava told the tragedy of the night. "I anchored at Elliott's Key to get out of the cyclone," said he. "The waves were mountain high and the wind at least eighty miles an hour. I had been there about two hours when the wall of water appeared. Our anchors were cut loose or we all would have been lost."

"Elliott's Key was covered with water. Not a sign of land appeared anywhere. Houses, barns, trees, bodies, cattle went by us in the flood. We reached shore by the waves' own force, or all would have gone."

In lower Florida over a thousand lives were lost. Every coastwise steamer that came into port brought dozens of bodies. Hundreds of men working on the new coastwise railroad from Miami to Key West were washed overboard from their barges and dredges. One steamer of the Flagler line was wrenched from her moorings, driven into the gulf, and then ripped plank from plank. Over thirty men were blown off the deck of the steamer *Peerless* and over a hundred horses and mules were blown off a government transport. Such are a few of the reports. The storm went on northward, attacking towns in Alabama, destroying crops and homes, and then crashed its way through part of Georgia before it disappeared. Alabama has been particularly unfortunate. Ports of the State were devastated in September by a cyclone that destroyed many lives and valuable property. The photograph in this article shows the destructive fury of the first tornado. It was sent by Mr. O. F. Ingersoll, of Bayou La Batre.

Ruins of a Town in Alabama Struck by the Cyclone

ECHOES FROM HAYSTACK MEETINGS

International Delegates to the Centennial

FAR and wide the echoes from the recent Haystack Centennial Meetings at Williamstown, Mass., are still vibrating among the churches of the country and as yet show no sign of dying away. Delegates and visitors alike have returned home to tell their church people in missionary gatherings and in prayer meetings, of the inspiration, spiritual uplift, and renewed courage they had received in those few days among the beautiful Berkshire Hills.

The gathering was especially noteworthy for the number of distinguished missionaries who came, some of them from the dark places of Africa and Asia, to be present at the centennial, and to bring the greetings of their fellow-workers in the foreign field, the thankful messages of enlightened converts, and to honor the memory of the brave and consecrated young men who started the foreign missionary movement.

There were also present, taking an active part in the meetings and making a most favorable impression, a large number of converts who are missionaries to their own people. Some of them went to the Haystack monument and had their photograph taken with Dr. Capen of the American Board. It was a proud moment for them and a happy one for the distinguished clergyman who marshals the soldiers of the Cross on so many distant fields. There were in the group besides the Americans, Chinese, Japanese, Coreans, Africans and Hindus. As they appeared upon the streets in their native costumes of red, yellow or more sombre brown, they made picturesque the shady streets of the old college town. They attracted no little attention wherever they went, and seemed to greatly enjoy the friendly interest that was displayed.

A number of the foreign converts will stay in America for some time, in order to fill the engagements they have made to deliver addresses on missionary work and its prospects in their respective lands. Most of them speak English with remarkable correctness and fluency, and have a good pulpit presence.

The eagerness displayed by the native workers in the Master's service is an inspiration to the home people who have been supporting foreign missions with their money and prayers, and a great eye-opener to those doubters who have been saying: "Do foreign missions really pay?" The living proofs that they do were here at the Haystack.

"The field is the world," reads the inscription on the Haystack monument beneath the sculptured globe, and it is interesting to see how the earth has been girdled by missions of the American Board, the child of the Haystack, since the indomitable spirit of the five young men of Williams College first conceived the idea of the peaceful crusade. Space forbids mentioning more than the main facts.

In 1813 a Gospel outpost was established among the Mahrattas, followed by another, three years later, in 1816, in Ceylon. The latter year a mission was sent to the Cherokee Indians, in our own country, by some Christian people, who, contrary to the popular belief of the time, thought that Indians might be made good without killing them. Then the missionaries went to the Sandwich Islands, in 1819, and to Palestine the same year. In 1823 South America was explored for the foreign mission cause. In 1830 China received its first light-bearers, then Siam in 1831, Sumatra in 1833, and the Nestorians a year later. Africa had its first mission, at Cape Palmas, in 1834. This mission was transferred to the Presbyterian Church later. In Eastern Turkey the board planted a mission in 1836, and one among the Persian Mohammedans two years later. The Central Turkey Mission was organized in 1849, the Assyrian in 1850, the Micronesian in 1852, the Japan Mission in 1869, and others every few years, until there is hardly a country in Asia, or in Catholic Europe, that has not received some Gospel messenger, bearing his commission from the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. A glorious record, of which all Christians from Maine to California, regardless of denomination, may well be proud.

A Section of the Great Audience at the Haystack Centennial

A DAY AT CUMBERLAND GAP

IT had been my desire and intention every year for three or four years past, to make a visit to Cumberland Gap, and see the university I had heard so much about. At Berea the Cumberlands appear in blue, dim outline. Changing cars at Corbin starts one through about as picturesque and rugged river and mountain scenery as you will find anywhere, over bridges and through tunnels, with railway business so good that a double track is being built, costing as high as $70,000 per mile.

Passing through a tunnel three-quarters of a mile long (where a charge of fifty cents a car is made for every car that passes through), we bring up at once at "The Gap," where the depot is partly in Virginia and partly in Tennessee. Pinnacle Peak looms up above the village, from which cannon made this quiet vale echo during our historical struggle of forty-four years ago. A mile east is Harrogate Station. Half a mile south is the Lincoln Memorial University, founded on the inspiration of Lincoln's last words to Gen. Howard, in the fall of 1863. Over to Grant-Lee Hall we are led by the lantern light of Prof. Williams, and President Stooksbury meets us at the door with a hearty welcome. He shows the effects of his recent illness, but is still a very busy man.

After a good night's rest, bugle call sounds at 5:15 Sunday morning, with a second call at 5:45. Breakfast at 6—this time somewhat late. A crowd of motley mountain boys face you—fine lads—many of whom have walked thirty miles to the station to get here. At 9 A. M. Sunday School begins, led by the efficient Dean of the university, Mr. Moore. The sessions at present are held in the new Carnegie Library Building, nearing completion, The senior class is led by Mr. Sexton, the farm superintendent, who evidently understands spiritual matters as well as physical. The students, both boys and girls, take a lively interest in the Sunday School. Their Northern visitor is called on for a few remarks, which sound rather tame beside the better talent.

The Farm Buildings at Lincoln University, with Teams and Workers

Dinner at 1. I was invited to Avery Hall, the girls' hall, where bright mountain lassies undergo the same struggle to get an education as do the boys. Church services are held in the library at 3 P. M. Rev. Mr. Anderson, of Bristol, preached a fine sermon.

One is deeply impressed by the earnestness with which these students take hold of their work and by the good this Institution is doing for these people. A business man is impressed with the strict economy and good judgment with which funds and contributions are handled. Every chance for leaks is guarded against and watched; every dollar is accounted for in all the departments. It is said a college president nowadays must be a business man, as well as a learned man. This university has one who is both. A new main building is talked of and a suitable campus is already planned, the needs of which are emphasized by the fact that the student enrollment is over 500, having doubled in the last two years.

It may take some time to change the spiritual ideas of many of these mountain whites, to lessen the feuds, control the liquor traffic, start schools and institute good morals; but it is surely coming, and this big mountain school is back of it for a radius of fifty miles. This region has the making of an inland empire; it has the resources, the climate, the scenery and the men; all it needs is development.

Lincoln Memorial University should be permanently endowed. The money contributed will in more than one way redound to the credit of the giver. In any event, as the motto over the mantel in Avery Hall reads (quoting from the then Colonel Howard): "Whatever happens to me, keep the launch going."

Portage, Wis. H. W. GRIGGS

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, Associate Editor — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, Associate Editor

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Our Trouble with Japan

FOR half a century our relations with Japan have been closer than those of one nation merely at peace with another. There has existed a warm international friendship, which, in recent years, has been still further cemented by the treaty of 1894-5 and by the attitude of the two countries during the wars in which both have been engaged. At the outbreak of our war with Spain, the Tokio government let it be known very clearly to which side its sympathies leaned, and when the Japanese undertook to stem the tide of Russian conquest in Asia, this nation, though a neutral, made no attempt to repress the admiration which Japan's patriotism and brilliant strategy aroused here, and which found free expression among all classes of Americans.

These friendly international relations have recently been disturbed by an incident which Japan has regarded as a legitimate basis for a diplomatic protest, alleging an infringement of treaty stipulations. For some time past anti-American sentiment has been growing in that country, in consequence of the exclusion of Japanese children from the public schools of San Francisco. These children were not denied school privileges, nor deprived of any of the benefits of our public school system; it was simply decided by the San Francisco Board of Education to have separate schools in which the Japanese, Chinese and Korean children in that city could be taught, the course being identical with that of the white pupils. But, however desirable such a division of school pupils might be, the disagreeable distinction it involves has apparently offended the Japanese at home, who are exceedingly sensitive in all that affects the social and political standing of their people abroad.

Meanwhile, Japan's protest, presented through Ambassador Aoki, is receiving attention at Washington, where it has been the subject of Cabinet discussion. Officially, the Washington authorities knew nothing of the exclusion of the Japanese children from the California schools, and, under ordinary circumstances, it might have been regarded as a local affair altogether. It may even be a mere pretext, seized by characteristic Oriental diplomacy, to cover up the real purpose and as an offset to our indemnity claim for Japanese seal poaching. But, whatever the object of her claim, by basing it on the treaty, Japan has put it on the higher ground.

We must meet that claim squarely, and do full justice to both sides in this delicate controversy. There is little doubt that the result, be what it may, will be such as to effectually convince Japan of our unchanged friendliness. No precedent will be established here which would react to the disadvantage or discomfort of Americans in the Mikado's empire. Besides, it should not be forgotten that the Japanese are, in more senses than one, the leading race in Asia—foremost in energy, enterprise and intelligence, and as far removed from the intellectual plane of the ordinary Asiatic as could well be imagined. They are a superior people, and if their recent advance in national importance has rendered them sensitive as to their position in the eyes of other nations, it is a privilege common to any people under similar conditions and not to be denied them.

Whatever belongs to Japan of right, under the Treaty of 1894, she should be accorded ungrudgingly. We believe that when this is clearly understood, and the Treaty interpreted by the proper authorities, the present dilemma will be solved to the mutual satisfaction of both countries.

Concerning Short Cuts

WHEN the traveler steps from the train at his station, in the dusk of an autumnal day, he is very glad of a short cut across lots to his home. With rapid strides he dashes over the footpath, leaving the longer road to those who are not familiar with the village, and who cannot so swiftly as he traverse the distance between boundary lines. The goal before him, after a hard day's work, is the light in the window, and there is a warm glow at his heart as he hurries up the steps, slips his key into the lock, and is presently in the midst of his family—children tugging at his coat, the baby begging to be taken up and kissed, and, smiling upon him like a star, the lovely face of his devoted and beloved wife. How could he go the long way round when a short cut would save time and lead him home more quickly.

There is this to be taken into account, however, about short cuts. They are not a wise choice for the man in a strange place, who may easily miss his road and find himself a mile or so in the wrong direction before he is set right. Also, they are usually a mistake in other realms than that of daily journeying, unless one is sure of the ground. For example, there is no short cut to excellence in any department of science or critical investigation. One may not reach superior station anywhere without a preliminary struggle. If one wishes to be learned, one must acquire the alphabet and master the rudiments of the language, must, in fact, settle down to intense and absorbing struggle. There has never yet been a royal road to learning. There is no short cut in house-building. Now and then, a dishonest contractor runs up a row of houses that go down like paper before a strong wind, or topple over because of bulging sides and ill-adjusted balance. There was no short cut possible here. The buildings should have been on firm foundations, of good materials, honest all through, and then they would have endured the tests of time and weather.

In the Christian life, once the decision has been made to stand for the right and to serve God, there is no short cut to saintliness. Daily there must be waged the contest with the world the flesh and the devil. Daily the cross must be taken up and carried. Daily one must keep in view the pattern set by the Master, and with his help, strive to attain to its beauty. There are crises when, having done all, one has only to stand, holding fast the footing already gained.

The White Ribbon Army

IN the choice of the Countess of Carlisle as President of the World's Women's Christian Temperance Union, the Boston Convention is to be congratulated. Lady Carlisle, though little known in this country, is a most popular and greatly beloved personage, not in the island kingdom alone, but throughout the British Empire. As Lady Rosalind, the youngest daughter of Lord Stanley of Alderley, she was a great social favorite, both for her beauty and her accomplishments. She was married to the Earl of Carlisle in 1864. For many years past, she has been actively identified with temperance work in England, and at the present time she is the President of the British W. C. T. U., a post to which she has brought many of the best qualities of leadership.

It is to be hoped that the new President, like her immediate predecessor, Lady Somerset, will come into personal relations with her American co-workers. When she visits this country, she will be assured of a loyal and cordial welcome from the great army of American women who have been fighting the battles of temperance amid many discouragements. Our people have received a most pleasing impression of her accomplished daughter, Lady Dorothy Howard, whose eloquence surprised the great audiences at the Convention, where there was no lack of oratorical talent, both foreign and domestic.

It is a magnificent sight to contemplate these women, from thirty-one different countries, traveling across seas and continents to counsel together for the world's betterment. They should receive the cordial support of good people throughout the civilized world.

The Hidden Hand

THE abject terror with which worthy people in reduced circumstances, even when starvation has shown its gaunt and ghastly face, receive the idea that they must appeal for charity to an organization, or a church, is enough to make the Christian people stop and consider whether they are not in a measure to blame for such a condition of affairs—whether they have not, when called upon to aid "one of God's poor," made the gift more feared than death itself by the manner of the donor, the pitying disdain, the publicity that goes with it. Do not the people in their small philanthropies like to hear in close accompaniment the little ripple of applause from their own small circle that thus relieves its conscience by admiring a deed they should perhaps have done themselves.

Great national philanthropies are far different and must be managed differently. Publicity is their sole means of winning support, the only way of opening the purse-strings of a generous people, to aid a district, a State or a nation beaten by the elements or facing famine. But here so many contribute that personal glory is lacking. No one boasts of what he or she has done for San Francisco. In private charity we should not give with the glare of the limelight to illuminate the scene. There is no need for publicity when a family in our next street is to be helped. We have no right to make more bitter their already harrowing condition. Too often the food given seems steeped in gall. The aiding hand should be the hidden hand, and we know that from the Giver of All Good the brotherly charity is not veiled. If the giver is really a person of refinement, who is seeking day by day to grow more like the great Example, he will feel no better for the applause of the forgetful multitude.

The season especially devoted to good-will, and gifts to family and friends, is not far off. If all who have been favored with prosperity should include the less fortunate in their benefactions, they will increase their own pleasures many fold. Let the way of giving equal in kindness the thought that prompted it. Give as from a friend, not as from a patron, and where some one is struggling proudly with poverty, let the giving hand be hidden from curious eyes.

Crumbs of Comfort

"IT is an ill wind," says the old proverb, "that blows nobody good." According to the cable dispatches, the late West Indian cyclone has had one beneficent result at least—it has apparently cleared Cuba of mosquitoes and has effectually checked the threatened yellow fever epidemic. On the whole, Cuba has excellent reasons for thankfulness for recent blessings. The republic preserved from self-destruction, and the whole island cleaned up and sweetened by that magical sanitarian, Nature—these are benefits to be balanced in the scale against the disasters by land and sea.

Let us trust that the Gulf coasts, Florida, and the Keys, which suffered severely, may also have some crumbs of comfort to cheer them in their misfortunes. Meanwhile, the needy localities should be helped liberally.

Among the Workers

—DURING THE past twelve months, the New York Bible Society has distributed 93,585 volumes of Scripture, representing 34 different languages.

—REV. DAVID YULE will be installed to-day as pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Newtown, N. Y. Moderator of Presbytery Rev. George I. Eddy will preside. Rev. Harry B. Roberts, Rev. Lewis Lampman, and Rev. Lyman D. Calkins will assist at the ordination.

Thanksgiving

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S Thanksgiving Proclamation is as follows:

The time of year has come when, in accordance with the wise custom of our forefathers, it becomes my duty to set aside a special day of thanksgiving and praise to the Almighty because of the blessings we have received, and of prayer that these blessings may be continued. Yet another year of widespread well-being has passed. Never before in our history, or in the history of any other nation, has a people enjoyed more abounding material prosperity than is ours, a prosperity so general that it should arouse in us no spirit of reckless pride, and, least of all, a spirit of heedless disregard of our responsibilities, but rather a sober sense of our many blessings, and a resolute purpose, under Providence, not to forfeit them by any action of our own. . . . . .

We should be both reverently thankful for what we have received, and earnestly bent upon turning it into a means of grace and not of destruction. Accordingly, I hereby set apart Thursday, the 29th day of November next, as a day of thanksgiving and supplication, on which the people shall meet in their homes or their churches, devoutly acknowledge all that has been given them, and to pray that they may in addition receive the power to use these gifts aright.

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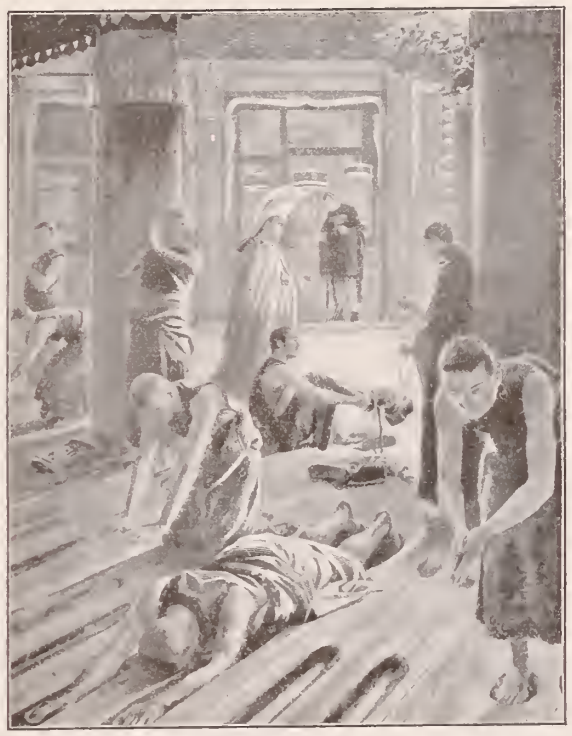
Asiatic Superstition

A RECENT traveler in Burma and the regions contiguous, in which varieties of Buddhism flourish, sends to the press interesting accounts of the superstitious ceremonies he witnessed. It appears that the ritualistic form of Buddhism prevailing in Tibet and Mongolia, is known as Lamaism, which differs radically from the Buddhism in Burma and Siam. The Lamas are men of considerable education and wide reading; but the masses of the people are very poorly educated. The lamas are, however, highly indignant when the numerous images in their temples are called "idols," and disclaim any idea of worship in their adoration of the material representation of the saints. The traveler had an interview with a *Khublighan*, a young man who is reverenced as the reincarnation of a saint. He found him very affable and courteous, dignified, and not at all vain of his reputation for perfect sinlessness. In the Bingyi Caves situated about fifty miles from Rangoon, in Lower Burma, were many women praying. These caves, together with several other natural caverns in the same neighborhood, have been hollowed out of the limestone hills by water action. They are full of stalactites and stalagmites, and are ornamented with carvings and plaster statues of Buddha, some of the stalactites themselves having been carved and sculptured. He also visited the monastery of Kum-Bum, formerly the residence of the Dalai Lama. In its sacred place the floors have been worn into grooves by the Lamas doing penance. They throw themselves on the floor and press their foreheads to the praying boards. Their sincerity cannot be doubted; but unhappily they have not heard of a Gospel which would deliver them from such follies.

Where there is no vision the people perish (Prov. 29: 18).



Tibetan Lamas Doing Penance in a Temple

A Burglar's Tomb

In a town in Vermont a significant tombstone has been erected. It is over the body of a man who was discovered one night robbing a safe in the store of a merchant in the neighboring city. He was startled by the entrance of the owner and grappled with him. In the struggle that ensued, he succeeded in drawing a pistol, but his assailant was a bigger, stronger man than he, and prevented him from firing it. In trying to wrench himself from the grasp of the merchant, the burglar accidentally discharged the weapon when it was turned against himself and fell back dead. The authorities investigating the case with the object of finding if he had confederates, discovered his identity. He was a member of a wealthy and highly respectable family in a distant State. They refused to disclose the name or residence of the family, and he was buried in the town cemetery. Some person whose identity is also kept secret has had the monument placed over his grave. It bears the inscription "Unknown," with the date of his death. Evidently his family desired him to remain unknown, so that the circumstances of his death might not disgrace them. If his life had been good and honorable his tombstone would doubtless have borne his name and a loving epitaph.

The memory of the just is blessed, but the name of the wicked shall rot (Prov. 10: 7).

Adrift Among Sharks

The steamer *El Paso*, which reached New York a few days ago, had a rescued man on board who had passed through a thrilling experience. He had been on the houseboat *Elfie*, on October 18, when the terrible storm that ravaged Cuba came up. He was a member of a gang employed in constructing a bridge for the Florida East Coast Railroad. The hurricane drove the boat from its moorings out to sea. It was soon broken up by the force of the waves, but the man clung to a piece of the wreckage. It was full of nails, which tore his hands and knees as he clung to it. As day broke he saw that he was about ten miles out at sea, and, to his horror, he caught sight of three sharks following him. It was difficult to hold on, but the thought of the sharks made him cling with a death-grip. All that day he watched for a passing ship, but the sun set without any coming near. All that night, hungry, thirsty and sleepy, he kept his position. At last the sun rose, but there was no sign of a ship. Two hours after noon, to his intense joy, he saw a steamer approaching. He waved his shirt as a signal, but was not seen. He gathered his remaining strength for a mighty shout, and as he was to windward his voice carried. It was heard on board the vessel, and it was slowed down and a boat sent to his rescue. He was almost dead, but the skilful attention he received on the vessel revived him. It was that cry that brought him relief. Many a Christian in a position of danger, surrounded by enemies, has given the same testimony when he has cried to God.

Burmese Women Praying to Buddha in the Bingyi Caves

This poor man cried, and theLord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles (Ps. 34: 6).

On the Wrong Ship

A resident of Kingston, Jamaica, arrived in New York last week from a long and vexatious journey. She came to this country from her West Indian home some months ago on a visit to some relatives. At the end of her visit she came to New York to take the steamer home. At the railroad depot she hailed a cabman and asked to be driven to the Hamburg-American line pier. She did not know that the company's West Indian vessels sailed from New York, and the cabman took her to the company's dock in Hoboken. There she found the *Pretoria* waiting, and she went on board and made herself at home. Three days later, talking with one of the officers, she incidentally mentioned her destination, and was chagrined at learning that she was on her way to Europe. Nothing could be done to rectify the mistake then for the ship was off the Banks; so she finished the voyage and took the next steamer back to New York. This time she says, she will take care to go to the right dock, for she is anxious to be at home. It would be well if those who are making the voyage of life would come to the same resolution. There are many who think that they are traveling toward happiness, whose destination is toward sorrow and bitter remorse.

Give glory to the Lord, your God, before he cause darkness, and before your feet stumble upon the dark mountains, and, while ye look for light, he turn it into the shadow of death and make it gross darkness (Jer. 13:16.)

A Bewildered Boy

The captain of a police precinct in New York was astonished one night recently by the entrance into the station of a well dressed boy about seven years old. He came to the station in a cab and said: "I should like to see the superior officer." The captain introduced himself and the precocious youngster then explained his errand. With great dignity and precise English he told how he had come over from New Jersey on a ferryboat; had enjoyed himself seeing the tall buildings and other sights, and finally had viewed Grant's Tomb. After leaving the tomb, he said, he had "lost his bearings," and, hailing a cabman, had told him to take him to the nearest police station. The captain, much amused at his self-possession summoned the matron, whom the boy greeted politely, and confiding him to her care for the night proceeded to call up the boy's friends on the telephone. They were in a state of great anxiety, and were delighted to hear of his safety and lost no time in coming for him. It is not every boy so young as he who would have had the sense when he found "he had lost his bearings," to take precisely the best means to get home. Nor is the older wanderer from his heavenly Father's care always so wise when he realizes that he is lost.

Thus saith the Lord, Stand ye in the ways and see and ask for the old paths, where is the good way and walk therein and ye shall find rest for your souls (Jer. 6: 16)

A Happy Accident

The extraordinary result of a fall on a blind woman is described by an English daily journal. When she was a girl working in a factory near Leeds, one of those miscreants who delight in practical jokes, pulled away a chair on which she was about to sit down. She fell heavily and struck her head against a machine. She was stunned, and when she recovered consciousness she was completely blind. The doctors said that the optic nerve was injured. That was nearly ten years ago, and she has not been able to distinguish night from day in all these years. In groping her way about her home recently, she fell down a flight of stairs and was badly bruised about the head. But when she was picked up, she cared nothing for her bruises for her sight was restored The doctors say that the shock and the blow have released the optic nerve from the pressure upon it. Such a case is very rare, but it is not the first time by many that a misfortune has proved a blessing.

Before I was affected I went astray; but now have I kept Thy word (Ps. 119: 67).

BRIEF NOTES

A steamboat has made its appearance upon the Sea of Galilee the scene of some of the miracles of our Lord. The boat is for the public service, and will communicate with the various little places situated on the borders of the lake, which is oval in shape and about fourteen miles in length.

A year has nearly passed away since the great Inter-Church Conference held its session in New York City. The published volume containing the proceedings and addresses made at the Conference, is a book of nearly 700 pages. A copy will be sent to every one who helps the work of the Executive Committee by the payment of an annual membership subscription of three dollars. Names and subscriptions may be sent to the committee, 81 Bible House, New York, N. Y., Alfred R. Kimball, Treasurer.

"WHY HURRIEST THOU?"

A TALE OF THE TIME OF THE CHRIST

By WILLIAM DIXON BELL

"HO, there, Claudius, old Simon's boy has got a fine string of fish."

"Where is he?"

"Yonder he comes."

The first speaker, a heavy-set Roman lad of about fourteen years of age, scornfully waved his hand toward the Sea of Galilee, from the shores of which a small Hebrew boy limped painfully along with a long string of fish swinging over his shoulder, suspended from a pole.

He addressed as Claudius, another Roman lad of about fifteen years of age, with a very aquiline nose, jet black hair and shrewd black eyes, from which sparkled a low, cunning look, grasped his companion and drew him back behind the corner of a large, stone building that fronted the sea.

"Sh—h!" Not a word. To-night we will eat fish, instead of hanging around the tax-gatherer's house, begging for a mite from the close-fisted aristocrats."

"What do you mean?" gasped the first speaker.

"Shut your mouth, fool Horatio," whispered Claudius, placing his dirty hand over the other's mouth. "Just wait and see."

Silence ensued between the two, and the young Jew lad continued to advance toward them. As he drew near, it was evident that his efforts of locomotion were very painful, made so by a congenital hip-bone affection, and that he was temporarily blinded by the evening sun, from which he was protecting his eyes by his open palm. However, he did not seem to be oppressed, but limped along, whistling merrily, his bright, young face beaming with gladness. When he approached the old building, behind which the two Roman lads were hiding, he stopped whistling and began to talk to himself.

"This will be a feast for father," he muttered, while a pleasant smile played around the corners of his mouth. "After eating stale, old barley bread for a week, fish will be a rare treat for him. Yes," and again he smiled, "this will be a happy day for father Simon and son Eshean."

At this juncture in his musings he turned the corner of the old building and confronted the two Roman boys. Instantly the Roman lad Claudius leaped upon him.

"Give me your fish, dog of a Jew," shouted the Roman, striking him a vicious blow on his head with his clenched fist and hurling him to the ground with an athletic twist of his foot.

The Hebrew boy, scarcely fourteen years of age and very small for his age, fell heavily, releasing his fish in an effort to sustain his equilibrium. Immediately the Roman boy grabbed the fish, and, waving his hand to his companion to follow, scampered off with them. The Hebrew boy made a desperate effort to rise and follow, but his lame leg had been hurt, and he was forced to fall back with a deep groan. He made another effort to rise, but without success. Then he turned his head and saw the two Roman boys disappear down a long, narrow street. Slowly a great shadow spread over his face, followed by bitter, scalding tears.

"Why did I come this way?" he sobbed. "I might have known it. Here live the scum of Capernaum, the Roman bandits and all the vile characters of the city. Oh, why did I do it; why did I do it! And now father Simon, my good father Simon, must go to sleep without supper—there is not even a pot of stale barley in the house."

And putting his arm over his head he sobbed as if his young heart would break. For some time he lay sobbing, but finally he quieted down, painfully staggered to his feet, and slowly limped past the old building into the city and along the narrow streets. It was getting dark when he turned down a street scarcely ten feet wide, and stumbled into the doorway of an old, tumble-down house. As he entered, he was greeted by a piteous voice from out of the shadows.

"Eshean, my son," exclaimed the voice, "where have you been all of this long, hot day? I am so thirsty and so hungry that I fear I famish."

The boy put his hand over his eyes to shut out the picture. He knew, without looking, that his father lay by the side of the wall on a bed of straw, in a position that enabled him to see the sun come in through the lattice of the eastern window in the morning and disappear through the lattice of the western window in the evening, yet, so afflicted with palsy as to be unable to move his body.

"And you were without water all day—and it so blisteringly hot?" and the boy leaned heavily against the wall and gasped for breath. "How did it happen?"

"The cat knocked over the jar of water, and a stray dog broke in and ate up the barley bread," querulously cried the palsied man. "But, hurry, son, and give me water and food, for I know that you have not been away all day without finding food."

"He laid his hand upon the lad's shoulder, and smiled"

Slowly, with his mind a mental torment, the boy stooped down, picked up the earthen jar from the ground (there was no floor to the house) and filled it with water from a huge vessel at the end of the room.

"Father," he whispered, handing the water to the sick man and heginning to cry, "I have no food. I have been out all day on the Sea of Galilee with Simon the fisher. He gave me a nice string of fish, and I was returning home with them when two Roman lads set upon me near the old custom place, beat me over the head, threw me upon the ground and stole my fish."

The palsied man, who was drinking like a wild animal, stopped.

"Take it away, my son"—there was a catch in his voice—"my thirst is quenched and I am no longer hungry. But you—you have had food to-day?" and he looked anxiously at the boy.

The boy turned away without answering.

"Have you had food to-day?" The tone was commanding, and demanded an answer.

"I went with Simon; we expected to be out only half of the day, and he did not take food. The fishing was excellent and we concluded to stay the day out. But I am not hungry."

"I thought so," and the man groaned. "Oh, my Lord, Father of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, why should I be thus stricken and my poor boy forced to starve? Why can I not be strong and well and be able to shelter him from the heat of the summer, the frosts of the winter and the pinching pangs of want? Oh, Friend of Moses, Companion of Joshua, mainstay and support of Daniel, heal me of these awful infirmities."

And the man turned his head to the wall and wept.

The boy crept into a corner of the room and stretched himself out on a bed of straw. For a long time he was silent, with his eyes staring vaguely up at the brush that underlay the tiling of the roof, finally to turn over on his side and fall asleep, while his father still wept.

When the boy awoke, all around him was still and dark. He listened long and attentively, but the regular breathing of the palsied man told him that his father slept. Rising softly he tip-toed out of the house and through the narrow to the broader street. Here he paused and looked up. Over his head the Milky Way spread across a clear sky, and in the east, Orion's golden bands peeped above the horizon. The boy looked at these beautiful arc lights of the Creator's plastic touch and shivered.

"Oh, Father of Abraham, shall I do it?" he asked, extending his hands supplicatingly toward the heavens. "It is awful; awful. But, dear Lord, my father starves! What shall I do? It is the only place where I can find bread, and I cannot let him starve."

Bowing his head, he turned and began to limp along the streets as swiftly as his feet could carry him. Past the great Roman temple, past the booths and shops of the rich merchants, past the magnificent home of the Roman judge, past the Roman buildings of state, past the residences of the Roman aristocrats who farmed out the taxes of the country, and into the small quarter of the city where lived the Jews, went the boy. Here he paused again and looked up, as if seeking heavenly guidance. Again he limped onward, finally to stop in front of the small Jewish synagogue. It was the darkest hour before dawn, and the night was sombre in its great silence. Eshean looked around cautiously in every direction, and then strode up the stone steps of the synagogue. At the doorway he paused to again look up at the heavens.

"Must I do it?" he asked himself in a husky whisper; "must I do it?—Oh, Father of Daniel, must I do it?"

Great beads of perspiration streamed from his forehead and stood upon his face; his features twisted and contorted in infinite agony; his fingers clenched and his teeth gritted sharply together. It was horrible anguish that enveloped and darkened the soul of the poor Hebrew boy. On the one hand, parental duty and love prompted him to move onward; on the other, moral training held him back. If he moved forward he felt that he would rescue his father from the grave; but he would also violate the laws of Moses and outrage the sanctuary of the Lord. He remembered, that during the days of Joshua, a man placed his hand upon the ark to steady it and he fell dead. It was true that he did not contemplate touching the ark; but to him it was an awful desecration of God's holy tahernacle to go forward.

He turned cold—it seemed as if the warm summer night had suddenly grown frosty.

"But they do not eat all of it," he reassured himself. "I have seen the high priest throw it to the dogs—surely God will forgive me."

He pulled his ragged garments around him, and with a quick, nervous tread limped across the flag tilings of the floor of the synagogue toward the altar. In front of the altar was the shew-table. On this table was placed by the Jews, according to their custom, the shew-bread, which was made out of the very finest flour, as a free offering to the priests. As usual, the table was now laden with this bread, which would be removed the next morning by the priests and eaten by them.

At this table Eshean stopped, and stood for a moment irresolute. Suddenly he stooped over, placed one hand upon the table, and with the other gathered up quite a quantity of the bread, which he placed under his outer garment. Then, tying a string around his body to keep the bread from falling, he turned and stole swiftly out of the building. Arriving on the street he ran quickly away, turned a corner and stopped to catch his breath. For a moment he rested, and then, as the gray dawn of the morning began to break in the east and make things more distinct, he started to move rapidly homeward.

"My son," suddenly came a low, gentle voice from behind him, "why hurriest thou?"

Eshean's face became as pale as that of a corpse and fearfully contorted, his lips moved, but no sound emanated from them.

Out of the darkness came a man, dressed in humble garments and walking with a staff. His was a face of indescribable beauty. Softness and tenderness, kindness and love, beamed from compassionate eyes, and mildness and exquisite gentleness dwelt in his whole countenance. He laid his hand upon the lad's shoulder and smiled sweetly down at the lad's contorted face. It was a smile like the outbreak of day; it seemed to awaken the melodious songs of innumerable birds in the lad's heart, and

Continued on page 943

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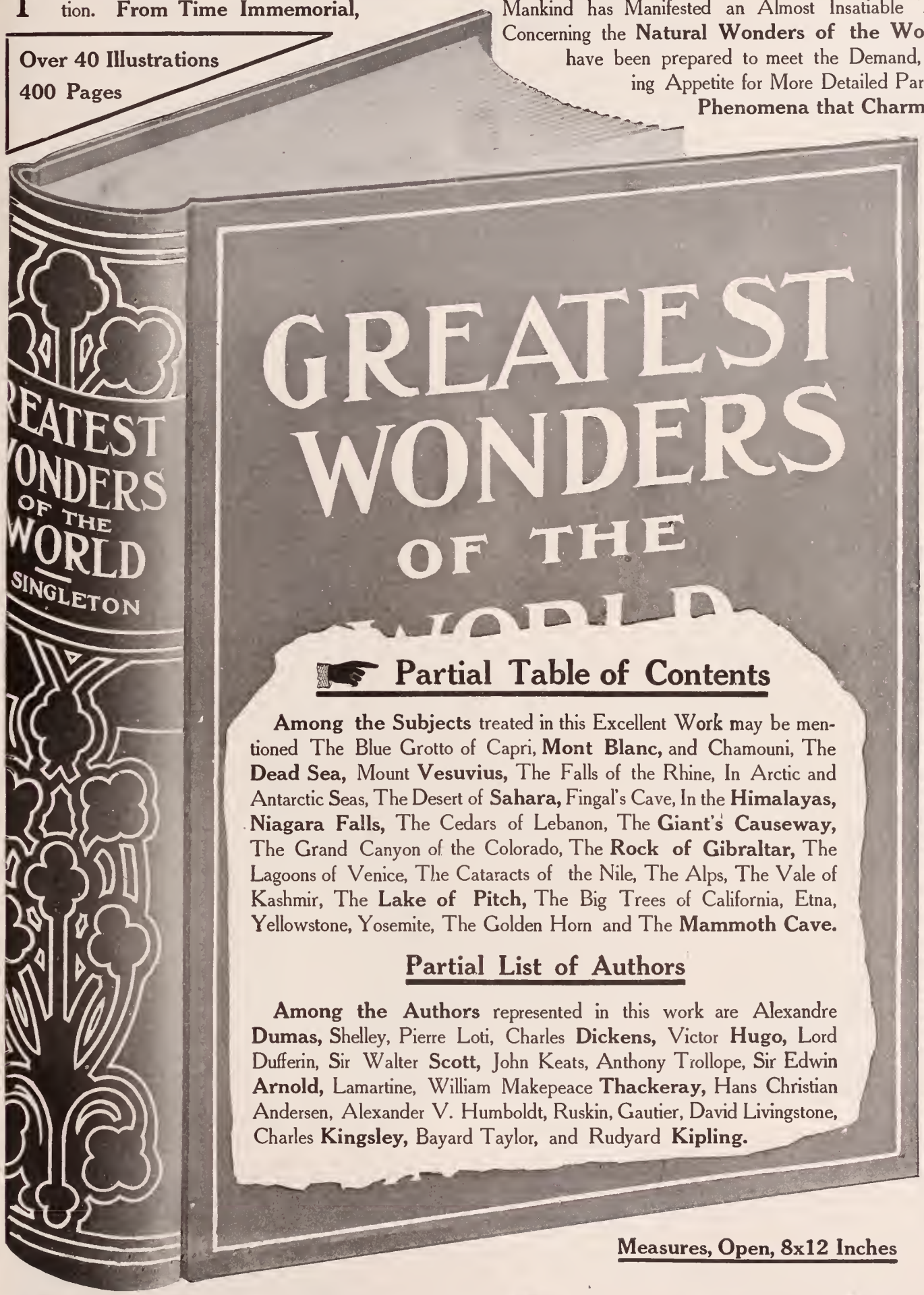

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Among the Subjects treated in this Excellent Work may be mentioned The Blue Grotto of Capri, **Mont Blanc,** and Chamouni, The **Dead Sea,** Mount **Vesuvius,** The Falls of the Rhine, In Arctic and Antarctic Seas, The Desert of **Sahara,** Fingal's Cave, In the **Himalayas, Niagara Falls,** The Cedars of Lebanon, The **Giant's Causeway,** The Grand Canyon of the Colorado, The **Rock of Gibraltar,** The Lagoons of Venice, The Cataracts of the Nile, The Alps, The Vale of Kashmir, The **Lake of Pitch,** The Big Trees of California, Etna, Yellowstone, Yosemite, The Golden Horn and The **Mammoth Cave.**

Partial List of Authors

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BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

At the End of a Long Day

THE long day that I am thinking of is not the summer day, when the sun rises early and sets late; but rather the day of a life that began as all lives do, in infancy, and has extended as all lives do not, until the shadows fall about old age. Looking back, there sometimes comes over an aged man or woman an intense realization of the length of this life-day. How many things have happened, how often the landscape has changed, how people have come and gone since the merry hours of childhood!

A little girl of twelve told me that she had written a composition and handed it in to her teacher on the subject, "What Shadows We Are and What Shadows We Pursue." What could the child, with her dozen years of sunshine, her sheltered years in a happy home, know about the shadow-side of existence? At four-score one may have some worth-while thing to say on a theme so profound, yet so elusive; but not at eighteen or twelve or in any early day of ordinary living. A letter that I opened in the morning mail started me on this train of reflection. The writer said "From my childhood, in youth and in middle age I have had a scheme of beautiful living. I have meant to do many lovely and gracious things. The hope of finding fulfilment for my dreams has ever floated before me in roseate hues. Alas, to-day I have wakened up to the knowledge that my life is really over, that I am an old woman with my opportunities exhausted and that I have never lived in any true sense; I have simply toiled and drudged and have nothing to show for it."

. . .

The letter goes on to describe the sort of experience that is familiar to many of my readers. This dear lady, who has arrived at the Inn of the Sunset Slope, and who feels discouraged and weary, who looks back over years of faithful service in her home, of bearing burdens, caring for others, nursing the sick and doing the little duties that make home pleasant, has no need to envy those who have had what she thinks are larger opportunities. She may not have had quite so many flowers as some to gather, but when her Lord sees her his kind eyes will note that the weary arms carry a whole ripe sheaf of golden grain, and he will take her by the hand and say, "Well done, good and faithful servant. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

. . .

We are a little too ready to underrate ourselves, and to think that our life has not counted for much because it has been a life out of sight of men. Shall we not find comfort in remembering that our Lord when on earth spent thirty hidden years in Nazareth, and only three years in that wonderful public service that preceded the Cross?

It may be a cross to give up things we would like to do and carry out only things for which we have little liking. A woman, for instance, is exceedingly fond of reading and study; but she rarely sees a new book and seldom has a quiet hour in which she can follow out a train of consecutive thought. The husband is dearly loved, but he makes many demands on her time, the children at every stage, from the nursery to adolescence, are continually claiming her care, and if there are invalids they can never be neglected. Her days go by filled with tasks that she thoroughly performs, yet which are not altogether congenial. Blessings on the women who keep their cheerfulness and their sweetness with undiminished courage, to the very end of the day.

THE CONVALESCENT

Tedious hours of pain and fever,
Nights of throbbing pulse and brain;
And we almost feared to lose her,
But she'll soon be well again.

How we thank the Lord who listened,
Gave us back our darling's life;
How we bless Him that the breezes
Now with joy and health are rife

The Women of Turkey

A romance by Pierre Loti, translated by Clara Bell, has lately been issued by the Macmillan Company. It is entitled *Disenchanted*. Better than any book we have seen, this story of Turkish interiors shows the position of educated women in the twentieth century under the rule of the Sultan. The Moslem woman of to-day is highly educated, and teachers from France and Germany are brought to the harem that she may be proficient in French and thoroughly instructed in music. Her rooms are marvels of luxury, if her father or husband happen to be possessed of wealth. None the less they are prisons.

The windows behind the latticed panes are barred, and the garden walls are high and strongly bolted. These women, however cultured and thoughtful, are compelled to lead a cloistered existence, and no man may look into their faces unless he be husband, brother or father. They are no longer acquiescent and resigned in their gilded slavery. Their spirits beat against the bars as caged birds long for freedom. Pierre Loti writes in a style of transparent purity, and his descriptions of Stamboul and the Bosphorus, of Constantinople and of Oriental life, are unsurpassed in fidelity and charm. In the story that runs through his sparkling pages there is ever the hint of tragedy and the menace of some terrible blow about to fall.

The women of Christendom do not rightly appreciate their blessings. A Mohammedan woman in India once said to a missionary, "I shall have words with our prophet if I see him in Paradise." Very hard and pitiful are the conditions of Mohammedan women. Hopeless and sorrowful is their fate.

This book, *Disenchanted*, should go into many libraries and be read by thoughtful women everywhere.

Half-Trained Housekeepers

THE cry for domestic help comes like a wail from every section of our country and grows more and more insistent. In the country, it has become an impossibility to secure young women to serve in the kitchen for any wages within the means of the ordinary householder. In an employment office a few miles from New York, one day recently, sixty ladies registered their names as employers desiring to secure maids of all work, and one young girl entered hers as an applicant for a position. Nearly all the young women who have intelligence and ambition are choosing factory work in preference to house work in these days. The newer immigrants, Poles, Russians and Hungarians, unable to speak a word of English and without the slightest training, are the material of whom servants in American households must at present be made. Alas, the trouble is that thousands of gentlewomen, finely educated, lovely and conscientious, are themselves so ignorant that they do not know how to teach these peasants, and the situation is hopelessly complicated. The complaint that there are few good servants to be had is balanced by another that there are very few women at the head of homes who understand the economy of the house as they ought. To be a good housekeeper a woman should be systematic, plan her work so that there may be no waste of time, and that one engagement may dovetail into another. She should know how to go to market, what to buy, how to serve what she procures, and how to utilize little odds and ends that are left over. A woman who has reached the age of forty and has children grown, yet who does not know how to make a loaf of bread or roast a piece of beef, should be exceptional, but in city and suburban life she is almost the rule. If her maid resents reproof and declares an intention of leaving, the mistress is abject and raises her wages, being fully aware of her own incompetence.

Country housewives have more independence, but even they are not always thoroughly equipped for their profession. Glancing at a letter recently received, I find that a home is in danger of shipwreck because the husband, overtaxed and overdriven, cannot possibly do his farm work and make up for the shortcomings of a wife who allows her house to be unswept, whose bread is always soggy, whose dishes stand unwashed all day long, and who has not the faintest idea of being a help instead of a hindrance. Until we have better trained housekeepers we shall have the same difficulty about domestic service, and we shall find marred homes instead of perfect ones.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—Mary. Try massage and eat farinaceous food.

—Eva. A girl of fifteen wears her dresses ankle length and usually has her hair braided.

—Madge. Possibly a dentist could obviate your difficulty. At least you might consult one.

—Elsie. You can safely reduce your weight by practicing calisthenics and taking prescribed daily exercises in physical culture.

—William. It is not good form to monopolize the conversation, nor to prolong a first call upon a friend after ten o'clock.

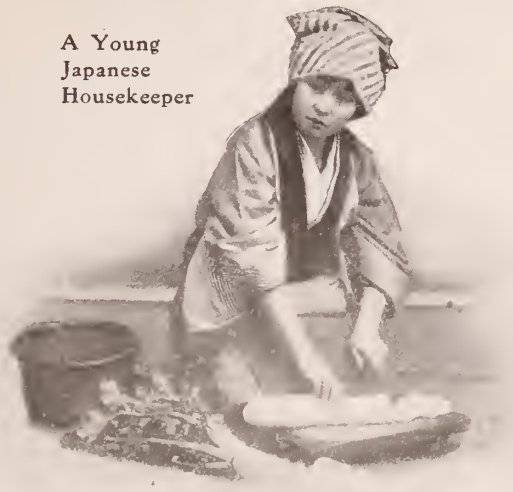
—Caroline. A boy wears short trousers until he is twelve years old. If undersized he may wear them a year or two longer, but at fourteen he should have long trousers.

—Alice. A pretty way to furnish your bedroom would be to cover lounge and chairs with flowered cretonne, have a bedspread of the same and curtains to match. Your window draperies may be of cretonne, with shirred netting close to the panes.

—Matron. Tea should never be boiled. Have the teapot very hot, put in it the dry leaves, and pour on them about a cupful of water that is freshly boiled. Wait three or four minutes and fill the pot with boiling water. Serve thin bread and butter or wafers with afternoon tea.

—Lena. It is not necessary to leave cards when you call on intimate friends who know you very well, particularly if they are at home. A card may be left in such cases if you fear that the maid will forget to mention your call. One does not hand a card when the lady of the house opens the door; she then, if a stranger, simply mentions her name.

CHILD LIFE IN OLD JAPAN



A Young Japanese Housekeeper

WHEN an American first lands in Japan he thinks at once that the country is indeed picturesque, with a delicacy and freshness in its coloring like that of a water-color sketch. Then when he sees the people pattering about the streets in their quaint sandals and flowing garments, he thinks that they are yet more picturesque; and when he catches sight of the little Japanese children he knows that they are the most picturesque and charming of all. One has to pinch himself hard to be assured that he is awake, and not dreaming that all the little people painted on his grandmother's teacups have not walked out of the glaze in a merry procession, and are playing about the streets. At last he catches his breath, and expects, for ever after, the unexpected in Old Japan.

The Japanese boys and girls seen in the shops and in the temple grounds, dressing much as their elders do, with the same flowing kimonas, wide sashes and clumping modern sandals with crosspieces, seem like copies in miniature of the preceding generation. When they have scarcely learned to walk, an almond-eyed doll is strapped to the youngster's back, and when the doll-bearer is strong enough, a younger brother or sister takes the place of the doll. There always seems to be a younger brother or sister in a Japanese family, and in consequence no fear on the part of the government that the race will die out. The burden apparently causes little fatigue, and the children romp and play with apparent disregard of the bit of humanity behind, and we wonder what would happen if the players should fall over backwards. The babies seem never to cry, and when awake stare with wise and solemn black eyes over their relatives' shoulders. When asleep, their heads wobble about in a manner to throw an American mother into hysterics. Nevertheless, the heads seem to stay on.

Dolls play an important part in the daily life of the Japanese girls, as they do in those of Western lands; in fact, much more, and the Feast of Dolls, or, in the musical Japanese tongue, the Hina Matsuri, is celebrated during the first of March, and is not only recognized as the greatest of girls' holidays, but is observed by the parents and relatives as well. Every prosperous family has a large collection of dolls and ornaments that are only used at this time. Many of them have come down from remote generations, new additions being made whenever a new baby girl arrives in the family. The toy stores during this festival do a rushing business, resembling our shops during the Christmas time, with their crowd of eager buyers, and the streets are decorated and hung with gaily-painted lanterns. The children blossom out in the most gorgeous costumes, their kimonos and sashes being made of the most beautiful silks, that rival the rainbow in their coloring. Their hair is elaborately dressed and bound with silk and gold threads. The parents have open house while the festival lasts, and from morning till night visitors, young and old, but especially young, throng the house and gardens. The family dress in their most elaborate and expensive garments. All of the most costly ornaments, which are usually kept packed away in boxes, are brought out, and displayed for the delectation of visitors, who, of course, must admire them, with exclamations of delight, though they have seen them on every previous festival.

Learning to Spin

The dolls are dressed to represent various historic characters, the Emperor and the Empress; others are in the court costumes of the days of the Shoguns, ladies-in-waiting and Samurai warriors, with sashes bearing a large and small sword, the badge of this ancient military caste. The dolls are placed on raised shelves resembling a sideboard, and before each is placed his own individual lacquer tray and set of dishes. As much interest is taken in providing dishes for the family doll as for the household, and among the very rich, cups and plates of gold, carefully done in miniature, are not unknown. Of course, the elaborate part of the celebration belongs only to the families on whom fortune has shone longest. But it is indeed a poor family, in good times, that cannot celebrate a little during Hina Matsuri.

The boys' especial holiday comes on the fifth of March. The schools are dismissed, and the boys go in a body to some park for athletic games, races, and drills, and where the youthful Orientals display as much excitement as is exhibited by Young America on Fourth of July.

The distinctive sign that this holiday is on, are the high poles placed in front, or on the roofs of the houses. The pole is capped by a ball made from wicker, and from the staff itself fly long strips of paper, or cloth, cut and painted to look like fish, the carp being usually chosen as being one of the largest and strongest of the finny tribe. These flag-fishes are called *nabori*. In their mouths small hoops are placed, and every passing breeze blows into the hollow fishes and sets them bobbing and swimming about in the air as if they had been mysteriously endowed with life. These fishes are only flown from houses in which a son has been born during the year, or at least where some young people of the masculine gender are carrying out the games and rites ascribed to the boys' festival.

A Picnic by the Riverside

Jugglers, young and old, gather the boys about them and perform feats for the recompense of a few coppers, that have puzzled foreigners for a generation. Rabbits and birds are taken from various parts of the spectators' clothing, and then the animals and birds are made to disappear into the air, apparently. One of the most popular tricks is for the jugglers to insert themselves into an enormous vase, to re-appear a moment later among the crowd of onlookers. The sword swallowers and acrobats also add to the day's entertainment. The former eat large blades with great gusto, and then extract them for the purpose of making a ladder, the sharp edges forming the steps, up which the swordsman walks in his bare feet as a grand climax to the performance. How do they do it? Only the Japanese know, and

Continued on page 947

Girls in a Japanese Silk Store

The Boys' Holiday

The Girls' Writing Class

Questions and Answers

Letters for this department must contain name and address of the sender—not for publication, but as evidence of genuineness and good faith. Where an answer by mail is desired, ten cents in postage stamps must be forwarded by the writers, with full address.

C. S., Norfolk, Va. 1. In what year was Boston, Mass., founded? 2. Did the place ever have an Indian name?

1. The first settlement was made March 17, 1630, ten years after the Pilgrims settled Plymouth. 2. The Indians called it Shawmut, which meant the "living fountains." The English called it first Trimontaine, from its three hills, but soon after changed it to Boston, in honor of Mr. Isaac Johnson, one of the principal promoters of the colony, who came from old Boston, in England.

Alice M. D., Olympia, Washington. 1. Is it possible for a business man of to-day to go through life without telling a lie? 2. Is a man a Christian in the true sense of the word who will and does tell falsehoods in order to carry on his business?

This whole question is almost as old as the human race. It has been repeatedly discussed at considerable length in the CHRISTIAN HERALD. Read a small book entitled, *Is a Lie Ever Justifiable?* published by John D. Walker & Co., Philadelphia. We believe it to be possible for a man to be truthful in business, avoiding all misrepresentations and exaggeration. When Christian business men rigidly adopt this policy, there will be a new standard set up in commercial life.

Mrs. A. H. R., Central Village, Conn. 1. Is it wrong for little boys to play domino and Jack Straws on Sunday evenings with older boys? 2. Is it wrong for any man to pick apples all day on Sunday?

1. It is wrong; but the sin would be the parents' and not the children's, who would not know better unless taught to reverence the Lord's Day, instead of spending it in every-day amusements. There are many ways of interesting even very young children on Sunday, among them being good picture-books, scripture cards, good singing, the reading of Bible stories, or a junior Sunday School class for little tots, which could easily be started at home if no regular Sunday School was available. 2. It is Sabbath desecration.

Reader, Sugar Creek, O. Our C. E. Society has some money for foreign missions. How can it be used to best advantage?

There are many different ways, but a few suggestions may be sufficient: 1. You might support, or help to support, a native Christian worker in China, Africa, India, or Japan—a splendid way of doing missionary substitute duty, where you cannot go personally to the field. 2. You might help to train a native heathen child in a Christian mission school. 3. You might give welcome help to some white missionary in his or her own special field in heathen lands. There are many such mentioned in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD If we can serve you any further (or any other inquirers in a similar position), we will gladly do so.

Mrs. O. D. C., Lowell, Mass Why do ministers, referring to "Bible times," so often speak of "the best they knew then," or "the best they had at that time"? Were not the people as intelligent then as those of to-day, and were there not as competent workers in all kinds of art as to-day? Could they not furnish so many changes of raiment for presents and provide clothing for such large armies with the hand-loom? Did they not have mills in Josiah's time (II. Kings 23: 7)?

It is an open question whether, save on certain well-defined lines, the world has advanced materially. The art of Greece and Rome; the great prehistoric temples, sculptures and carvings of Burma and Tibet; the pottery of the ancients, their skill in bronze and all metal work, in dyeing, weaving, and in many industries; their laws, libraries and advanced philosophy; their acquirements in certain sciences; and their literature (from what we may judge of it by the remains), all go to show that we must not rate their civilization too meanly. In magnificence of dress, courtliness of manners, and general polish, the nobles and scholars and cultured classes in Assyria, Persia, Babylonia, Egypt and Israel were unquestionably, at their zenith, in a high state of civilization. But civilization comes in waves, rising and receding, and all of those nations in their decay lost much of their civilization, while some have even retrograded to semi-barbarism.

E. B. F., Flushing, N. Y. Was Tom Paine converted to Christianity before he died?

No. He was the foe of Christianity to the last. The story that he became a convert lacks foundation, although it has been widely circulated.

W. S. L., Seattle, Wash. Knowing how the name of Stephen Girard is identified with charity, I write to ask when he died and how his wealth was distributed?

He died in Philadelphia in 1831. He was then the richest man in the United States, his estate amounting to $7,000,000. Proportionately to the amount of his possessions, he was probably his country's greatest benefactor in the way of public bequests. He was a childless widower, and, after leaving $140,000 to relatives, he bequeathed $96,000 to organized charities, $300,000 to the State of Pennsylvania for internal improvements, and a large property in Louisiana to the city of New Orleans for public improvements. The residue of over $6,000,000 was bestowed on the city of Philadelphia, for the erection and maintenance of a college to accommodate not fewer than three hundred white male orphans.

A Reader (Mrs. Elias Crall, of Hicksville, O.), sends this beautiful "Child's Morning Prayer," which many parents will read with interest:

Now I awake and see the light.
'Twas God who kept me through the night.
Gracious Father, now I pray,
That Thou wouldst keep me through the day.
Guide my feet and guard my tongue,
That I may do no one a wrong;
And when my days on earth are past,
Take me to heaven with Thee at last.
Through Christ my Saviour, this I ask.
AMEN.

S. B. M., Kingston, N. Y. Where and when was Desjardins, better known as Maarten van der Bogaart, the Dutch sculptor, born?

He was born in July, 1640, at Breda, Holland. His real name was Maarten Verbof. Van der Bogart was a pseudonym. He was sometimes called Desjardins (the gardens), as in his youth he had been a gardener.

J. A. C., West Lynn, Mass. In August and September, 1856 or 1857, a comet appeared in the western sky, with a broad tail that extended away into the eastern sky. I have never seen a comet since that was worth mentioning compared with that. Was there any name given to it, and is there any probability that it will appear again?

The comet alluded to is generally known as the great comet of 1858, or Donati's comet, having been discovered by him in June of that year. It was one of the most magnificent comets of ancient or modern times. Its orbit was found to be elliptical with a period of nearly two thousand years. When in perihelion (nearest the sun), it was but 50,000,000 miles from the earth, and as its tail was over 50,000,000 miles in length, it would have caused the earth to have been immersed in it had we been rightly situated for it. Comets to re-appear must move in elliptic orbits, those moving in parabolic orbits are here for the first and last time. There is an elliptic comet in the sky now, with a period of only six and three-quarter years.

Marathon, N. Y. LEWIS SWIFT.

Mrs. W. V. Paschall, Waldo, Fla., writes:

I spent a part of the summer in the mountains west of Asheville near Painter, N. C. A band of devoted Christian women are trying to build a Methodist church at Painter. These few women are saving up dimes and nickels as they possibly can. I helped discuss plans for raising funds, and promised to ask the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD if they would help toward it. They can address all communications to Mrs. Clara Smith, Painter, Jackson County, N. C.

Inquirer, Fresno, Calif. Your legal and moral obligations are a first charge upon your income. God does not desire that a man should devote to His work any portion of that which rightly belongs to another. What you give must be your own.

Soldiers Dedicate Governor's Island Chapel

THE soldiers of the American Army stationed on Governor's Island, in New York harbor, now have the finest post chapel in the country. It was built by the Protestant Episcopal Church, Governor's Island being in Trinity Parish, and opened with imposing military and religious ceremonies on October 19. The chapel bears the name of St. Cornelius. It is of gray limestone, in the early English style. Beside the altar is the morning chapel of St. Albans. The chancel and nave are hung with trophies and battle flags. Rev. Mr. Manning read an address by Dr. Morgan Dix, on Peace and War. Among those present at the dedication, besides officers and soldiers of the post, were Generals James S. Wade and Fred. D. Grant, and Bishop David H. Greer.

Several Readers. Mme. Newman's Sight-Singing Classes are in full and successful operation. New classes are still being formed, and all who desire to be enrolled should send in their names and addresses to this paper without delay.

Mrs. C. H., Nebo, N. C. I read in a magazine of a lady who did not use pork or veal, and who said that these were no better than the carrion eaters of the air—crows and vultures. Is this true?

Many persons, regardless of religious denomination, hold, according to the old Mosaic laws, that the flesh of certain animals is unclean, and therefore unfit for human food. This applies more particularly to foul-feeding animals, birds and fishes. It is no doubt true that impurities may be conveyed into the system by indulgence in such food, and that disease and death may result.

J. J. R., Kreischerville, N. Y. What was the title and by whom was the hymn written that contains the following lines: "But the bird with the broken pinion never soared so high again.'

It is from a poem called "*The Bird With the Broken Wing*," by Hezekiah Butterworth.

C. M., Cleveland, O. 1. Can a person enter heaven without first making restitution for anything he may have wrongfully acquired, although he feels that he is forgiven by God? 2. In last week's CHRISTIAN HERALD I saw something about the "Conscience Fund"; what is the purpose of this fund?

1. It is the duty of a Christian to show his faith by his works. One who, before conversion, did wrong, will not rest until he has righted the wrong, if such a thing be possible. If it is out of his power to do so, that fact will not stand between him and the divine love and forgiveness, if he has done his best. 2. The "Conscience Fund" so-called, is the money that is sent anonymously to the United States Treasury, by people who have defrauded the government either intentionally or accidentally, and who are conscience-stricken and want to make restitution.

W. B. C., Lynchburg, Va. Are ministers or church people justified in attending country or inter-State fairs, where there are gambling, fortune-telling, betting on horse-racing, and other questionable things?

If the persons you indicate went for the purpose of indulging in gambling and profanity, or even to encourage such wicked practices by their presence, it would be inexcusable. But good and evil are to be found side by side everywhere in the world, and it may be that the visitors had some reason not yet explained, which would throw a different light on the matter.

Miscellaneous

W. R. C., Janesville. Rev. Mr. Sharp's address is Kirksville, Mo.

C. C., Camden, Ill. You can find the story of Andre's career in any American history.

C. W. N., Victor, N. Y. We know nothing whatever of the religious views of the candidates.

M. N. J. K., Erin, N. Y. Nothing beyond what is found in the New Testament. All the rest is traditional.

Bennie, H., Chester, Pa. Read the book of Job, where it refers to the stars. Read also Proctor's *Other Worlds Than Ours*, which you can procure through almost any bookseller.

J. K., Memphis, Tenn. 1. Origin of the custom not known. 2. Italians do not usually drink heavy fermented liquors, consequently are not addicted to drunkenness. 3. Write to American Book Co., New York City.

Reader, Vermont. If a person be a true Christian, he will fight against an evil habit or besetting sin, and will ask divine help and blessing on the means he employs to rid himself of it. That help will come, and he will ultimately conquer.

J. A., Washington, O. No doubt some brands of flour have been adulterated. The governments of our States, however, are making their pure food laws more stringent. It would be hard to tell what has been used to adulterate the flour; probably chalk and magnesia have been used to some extent.

J. McC., Hopkinsville, Ky. If you write to the director of the Peabody Museum, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass., he will probably give you the name of some book on the Indian language. If there are springs near your country home you might call it *Shawmut*, living fountains. A good one denoting hospitality would be the Iroquois. *Go-win-sta-Go*, "he keeps big fire."

"Father Coffin's" Boys

EIGHTY-THREE years of age, at the head of one of the most unique charitable institutions in the country, and the only one of its kind in the West, the most active philanthropist in the State, is a distinction accorded Hon. L. S. Coffin, more familiarly known as "Father Coffin," of Fort Dodge, Ia. Together with local sympathizers, he formed the Iowa Benevolent Association, to which he personally donated $10,000 and a beautiful tract of ground near Fort Dodge, worth $15,000 more. The object of the association is to aid men who have served terms in prison to become honest, useful and self-respecting citizens.

Two and a-half years ago the Home began its work among the prisoners, and

Hon. L. S. Coffin

since then a considerable number of men have been aided in securing positions at fair wages and under good influences. Mr. Coffin is a visitor to all of the penal institutions of the State, where he organizes prisoners' leagues, the purpose of which is to inspire among prisoners a desire to lead decent lives after leaving prison, and those whose records reflect this desire are given a temporary home at the Fort Dodge farm.

The "Home" is admirably situated for its purpose. It is on an eighty-acre tract of the "Willowedge" farm, the home of "Father Coffin," on the outskirts of Fort Dodge. The building is a commodious frame structure, 76 by 30 feet, two stories in height, with a quaint gable roof.

In speaking of how the Home came to be realized, Mr. Coffin said: "A few of my near friends had talked from time to time about such a home for the men just out of prison. Finally one day I said, 'We have talked about this matter a good many times and have done nothing as yet. I am willing to do something in the matter to bring it to a head and have something tangible. To make the thing go, I will put $10,000 into the shape of a donation for a temporary retreat and refuge, until work can be found for the inmates, for that is the great drawback.' A society was organized; several churches, Christian Endeavor Societies and ladies' clubs furnished some of the rooms; some friends contributed in a small way toward the support of it, but the major portion of the expense has been paid by myself. From the time it was opened until the present, a considerable number of men have passed through it and are now doing well.

"Making and maintaining a home for these men just out of prison is only a part of the work of the friends of the prisoner. Leagues are organized in the Iowa prisons, where nearly 60 per cent. belong to the league. The prisoners pledge themselves to obey all the prison laws and rules, to use no profane or obscene language, to pray every night and morning, and to read the Scriptures every day, and never step across the threshold of a saloon or touch liquor.

"I have had a number of the ex-convicts work on my farm," said Mr. Coffin. "Some of my neighbors have tried them as an experiment. In every case they did the work assigned them faithfully. One of these men will do more work and stand more hardships than the average man, because of his desire to become re-established as a hard-working, honest man."

In 1883 Governor Sherman appointed Mr. Coffin a member of the State Board of Railway Commissioners. His sympathies were appealed to by accidents to railroad men, and upon looking into the causes, he found that most of the victims were men in the freight service, who were knocked from box cars or lost life or limb in making couplings. He aroused public sentiment in favor of a safety appliance law. During the last Congress of President Harrison's administration he saw his bill passed, and the President signed it the day before Congress adjourned. Captain Coffin also started the "White Button" temperance movement among railroad men in 1892. As a pledge of total abstinence, Mr. Coffin gave out a little white button, with the initials "R.R.T.A." on it. Up to date he has given out over 100,000 of these buttons. In 1890 he helped to inaugurate, near Chicago, a "Home for Disabled Railroad Men," and has been at its head ever since. The Home harbors a large number of homeless unfortunates, who have been made cripples during their service on railroads. They are well taken care of and given a permanent home for life.

L. D. AND J. E. D.

Little Stories of Salvation

FROM a number of missions that are affiliated with the newly-organized National Federation of Gospel Missions, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is now receiving reports of the newest and most interesting and helpful spiritual incidents in their work. All the Federation missions are deserving of cordial support. They work in a field which would otherwise be wholly neglected.

The Wanderer Brought Home

Fourteen months ago a young Englishman entered the Whosoever Gospel Mission, Germantown, Philadelphia. He was broken in health, largely the result of dissipation and a fall. His story was typical of that class of young fellows who leave home and plunge into riotous living. The mission sheltered him for several weeks; then the men and mission together bought him a ticket for home. In due time a letter was received from his mother, which contained her thanks for sending her wandering boy back to her. Another letter just received tells the close of the story:

"DEAR SIR: Just a line to tell you my son passed peacefully away at 9:30 this morning. May God bless your work and give you health to carry it on, is the wish of his mother. E. E. PARK."

The part the mission played in this life's tragedy was to make it possible for it to close peacefully, by leading the wanderer to accept Christ as his personal Saviour.

The Drunkard Reclaimed

A wagon service was in progress in Watertown, N.Y., under the charge of the Watertown Gospel Mission. A poor fellow, who had been enslaved by strong drink for many years, stopped to listen to the sweet strains of sacred song. He was on his way to a saloon, but the singing held him in its spell. Memory carried him back over the long years to the time when he used to sing in the little church choir at home. As he listened the drink was forgotten, while the preacher, a humble layman, proclaimed the message of salvation. The man's heart was melted, and, as he expressed it afterward in his own language, "Something made me feel that I would drink no more." He prayed earnestly to God for pardon. That night he came to the mission, at 100 Court Street, Watertown, and took the decisive step that brought peace to his soul. The chains of sinful habit were broken, and even the appetite for drink left him as if by a miracle. He has never wanted it since. At every opportunity he tells what great things God has done for him by snatching him as a brand from the burning. He has now obtained employment and is leading a clean, upright, Christian life—a new man in Christ Jesus.

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Christ Before the High Priest

International Sunday-School Lesson,
*By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts**

WITH murder in his heart, Judas approached Jesus with a kiss. It was the sign agreed upon by which Judas should designate to his henchmen which person they were to bind as their prisoner. Shakespeare says that one may smile and be a villain, surely one may kiss and be a foe. The hypocrite is altogether the meanest type of character in the world. Satan is the arch hypocrite. He made his first appearance to man in the Garden of Eden in the form of a serpent, and so the expression "snake in the grass," an epithet applied to a hypocrite, is of divine origin. It brands hypocrisy as the most loathsome of bad traits.

The Human Chameleon

The chameleon is said to look two ways with its two eyes; upward with one eye, and downward with the other. It has actually been noticed that the chameleon does look two ways for flies at the same time—on the ground and in the air; but whichever way he looks, his intent is the same—to murder flies. Judas was chameleon-like. By the kiss which he gave Jesus he did not deceive anyone but himself. He expected by the act that he would be looked upon as the friend of Jesus. That kiss was given nearly two thousand years ago, it grows more rather than less hateful. Every time we think of it, it is more abhorrent. We may not think it possible that we could follow in the footsteps of Judas in such a matter; but let us beware, what one person has done another may do.

Peter's Cowardice

Peter, though such a brave defender of Jesus in the garden, cutting off the ear of the High Priest's servant, was a coward when he got into the High Priest's palace. He lied three times to cover up his identity as a friend and follower of Jesus. He said that he never, never knew Jesus. The liar is not a bit less despicable than a hypocrite, indeed they belong in the same pod, to take an illustration from the vegetable world. God does not say that he hates the hypocrite and the liar, but he does include hypocrisy and lying in the list of seven things which he hates (Prov. 6: 16).

The colored folks sometimes sing in Gospel meetings:

"You say you're traveling to the
skies? Yes, my Lord!
Then why don't you stop telling
lies? Yes, my Lord!"

The judgment seat of David has been described as an eleven-sided colonnade, called also the Dome of the Chain, because there hung there a chain which witnesses were required to take hold of, and could keep hold of, if telling the truth; but, if they swore falsely, the chain went up out of their hands. If such a chain were in existence to-day, it would not be popular. Many people would be disposed to hang back; to put their hands behind them. David acknowledged, "I said in my haste, all men are liars." Let us thank God that we know of some men and women who would dare to put their hands on the chain. Let us ask ourselves the question, "Would we dare do it?" "The mouth that speaketh lies shall be stopped." Among certain tribes of the Hindus, if any person is proved to be a liar, he receives the punishment of the law, which requires that a liar shall have his mouth sewed up. The offender has his hands tied behind him; he is led to a post in a public place, is fastened to it, and one of the officers of the government, appointed for that purpose, sews up his mouth with a needle and thread. Then he is allowed to go. And every one sees his closed lips, and the blood flowing from them, and can say to himself, "There goes a liar."

A Boy's Evasion

Two Stories for the Children. "Willie, why were you gone so long for water?" asked the teacher of a little boy. "We spilled it, and had to go back and fill the bucket again," was the prompt reply; but the bright, noble face was a shade less bright, less noble than usual, and the eyes dropped beneath the teacher's gaze, as if there was something that he concealed.

The teacher crossed the room and stood by another, who had been Willie's companion. "Freddy, were you not gone for the water longer than was necessary?" For an instant Freddy's eyes were fixed on the floor, and his face wore a troubled look. But it was only for an instant—he looked frankly up to his teacher's face. "Yes, ma'am," he bravely answered; "we met little Harry Braden and stopped to play with him, and then we spilled the water and had to go back."

Continued on next page

"The High Priest said unto him, answerest thou nothing?"

*International Sunday-School Lesson for Nov. 18. Jesus Before Caiaphas. Matt. 26: 57-68. Golden Text: "He is despised and rejected of men," Isaiah 53: 3.

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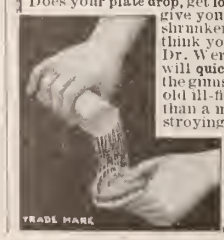

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Christ Before the High Priest

Continued from page 940

Little friends, what was the difference between these two boys? Neither of them told anything that was not strictly true. Which one of them do you think the teacher trusted more fully after that? And which was the happier of the two?

A little girl came to her mother with the question: "Which is worse—to tell a lie or to steal?" The mother, taken by surprise, replied that they were both so bad that she could not say which was the worse. "Well," said the little one, "I've been thinking a good deal about it, and I think it is worse to lie than to steal. If you steal a thing, you can take it back unless you've eaten it; and if you've eaten it, you can pay for it. But"—and there was a look of awe in the child's face—"a lie is forever."

Cannot, then, the liar recover himself? Surely the Apostle Peter did. When Jesus looked upon him sorrowfully, after he had heard Peter's lies of denial, Peter went out and wept bitterly. He repented and was forgiven, and afterward was the first disciple to enter the tomb of Jesus after his resurrection. If a lie should be a memory forever, it would be like the abortive egg in the shell that becomes a pearl when it is covered with the precious matter that goes to make up pearls. So, a lie remembered and forgiven may be a grateful memory.

The False Witnesses

False accusers are another sort of people to be classed with hypocrites and liars. The Sanhedrin had no right to assemble before sunrise; it was not a legal body until after that event. But they did assemble to pass upon Jesus two hours and more before sunrise. It has been said that "It was a packed jury, a star chamber of self-appointed accusers." It makes it all the worse that the assemblage was in the palace of the High Priest; and worse still that they treated Jesus with indignity, spitting in his face and striking him. These were measures of worst heathendom, and yet practiced in the High Priest's palace. They fortified themselves by bringing in other false accusers. Perjury is to-day one of the greatest crimes known in a court-room. Bribes were undoubtedly given by some of the members of the Sanhedrin to gain the testimony of the false accusers. But Jesus was calm and peaceful.

An Italian bishop, who had endured much persecution with a calm, unruffled temper, was asked how he attained to such a mastery of himself. "By making a right use of my eyes," said he. "I first look up to heaven as the place whither I am going to live forever. I next look down upon earth, and consider how small a space of it will soon be all that I can occupy or want. I then look round me and think how many are far more wretched than I am."

The Mock Trial

The High Priest was at a loss to find some charge against Jesus which he could substantiate.

At about six o'clock, at sunrise, the Sanhedrin was legally assembled, and the real trial of Jesus before Caiaphas began. The charge decided upon was blasphemy. In Greenleaf's review of *The Testimony of the Evangelists* (p. 520), we find the following: "It was blasphemy as defined by the law of Moses, and this offense, as thus defined, was committed when a merely human being, whether a prophet or not, arrogated to himself attributes and prerogatives which belong to God only. Such arrogation made him a blasphemer and subjected him to the penalty of death.

"Nothing can be clearer than that Jesus of Nazareth, while appearing 'in fashion as a man,' and never disclaiming his humanity, did, nevertheless, not only during his public ministry, but also in the presence of the Jewish Sanhedrin, assume to be a divine Person in the most absolute sense. He was so understood, and he knew that he was so understood. The apostles who preached the doctrine of his divinity did not invent this doctrine, but derived it in the first instance from him. The doctrine was a part of his own testimony concerning himself.

"Was Jesus, then, legally, a blasphemer? If we regard him simply as a man, a Jewish citizen, subject to the laws of Moses, this question must be answered in the affirmative. There is, upon this supposition, no escape from such an answer. If, however, he was really divine, as well as human, then the answer is in the negative. Being divine, the Mosaic statute against blasphemy had no application to him, since it applied only to a purely human being, and not to one who was really divine, even though he might also be human. The charge of blasphemy against Jesus turns upon the question whether he was what he declared himself to be.

Jesus Claimed Divinity

"The fault of the Jews did not consist in their zeal for the law against blasphemy, but in their utter and awful failure to appreciate the evidence by which Jesus proved himself to be a divine Person, committing no offense when he assumed to be such, and spake as if he were such. He himself places their fault just at this point, and so did his apostles. They ignorantly, in the sense of persistent unbelief, though without excuse, murdered the Prince of Life."

When the High Priest thought that the evidence against Jesus was incontrovertible, he appealed to Jesus himself to speak in his own defence, presuming that he would all the more entangle himself. "I adjure thee by the living God that thou tell us whether thou be the Christ the Son of God." And Jesus answered, "Thou hast said. Hereafter ye shall see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of power and coming in the clouds of heaven." The High Priest could endure no more; he tore his clothes in his frenzy. He appealed to the Sanhedrin, and they said, "He is guilty of death"—a false assumption at the end of a false trial.

A Boy's Testimony

Walter was the important witness in a lawsuit. One of the lawyers, after cross-questioning him severely, said: "Your father has been talking to you and telling you how to testify, hasn't he?" "Yes," said the boy. "Now," said the lawyer, "just tell us how your father told you to testify." "Well," said the boy, modestly, "father told me that the lawyers would try and tangle me in my testimony; but, if I would just be careful and tell the truth I could tell the same thing every time." The lawyer didn't try to tangle up that boy any more.

Did Jesus stand alone in the hour of his trial? Was there none to pity, none to sympathize? The following has been credited to Charles Spurgeon: "Shall I tell you a parable? There was once a king's son who went on a journey *incognito*. He journeyed to his father's country, but there he was ill-treated; and because of his language and his appearance the people of the land set him in the pillory—an old instrument of scorn. The mob then gathered around him and threw all kinds of filth upon him. But there was one man among them who loved the prince, and who knew who he was; and he crept up and stood by his side and wiped his face with his handkerchief, and whenever he could he put himself in the way of the mire and dirt that he might screen the prince from it.

A Friend in Adversity

"Well, years rolled on and it came to pass that the prince was back in his kingdom in all his glory, and the courtiers were standing round about the throne, and this man, who had been a poor one in his own country, came up to the court. The prince saw him and said to the peers of the realm, 'Just stand aside and make way for this man; he was with me when I was ill-treated, and now he shall be with me, chief among you here.' Do not you know the story of how our sweet Lord came down on earth and suffered, how He was despised and rejected of men? Young man, are you that man who would wipe His face and bear His shame, and take half turns with Christ in all His obloquy and scorn; are you that man?"

The Lady and the Grocer

Said the Lady—"No other breakfast food has been used in our house since we tried Sanitas Toasten Corn Flakes. The children want it for breakfast and lunch and dinner. We older folks are spoiled for anything else—because no other food has the delicious flavor of Sanitas Toasted Corn Flakes. I never tasted anything like it. My husband says its 'the angel cake of breakfast cereals.'"

Two Minds with A single Thought

Said the Grocer—"You needn't advertise Sanitas Toasted Corn Flakes in my town—it sells itself. The only fault I have to find with it is we can't get enough. They tell me the mills are working night and day to keep up with the demand, but that won't satisfy my customers. I never saw anything so popular since cereals were sold. I didn't know the reason until I started eating it myself—nothing else ever tasted so good. It has a flavor all its own."

Don't take a substitute. Get the genuine **Sanitas** *Toasted Corn Flakes. At all grocers, 10c. West of the Rockies, 15c.*

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Only 15 Minutes a Day Give me 15 minutes of your time each day, in your own home, by following my simple directions. Just a little care is all you need to make you the ideal woman of your type. Do not say it is impossible, that nature has not given you the first requirements of health and beauty—I know it is possible; I have accomplished it for thousands.

Drugs are Dangerous

I use no drugs. I never treat a pupil I cannot help. If I cannot help you I will tell you so.

I Keep Women Young Do you think "True Motherhood" means devotion of mother to her family and neglect of herself? True?—No, the true mother is true to her sacred duty of preserving and protecting herself, that she may be of greatest service to her family. The true mother keeps well, beautiful and young, that she may be a true wife—the delight of her husband, his joy, rest, social help and inspiration, and enjoy the confidence and admiration of her children.

If you could sit beside me, at my desk, I could, if I would, show you, daily, hundreds of letters from pupils I have helped. I never violate a confidence, never show a letter without permission; but here are a few snatches from one morning's mail:

What My Pupils Say of My Work

I wish every nervous teacher could know what benefit is to be derived from your physical culture.
I have lost 73 pounds, and was never better. I look ten years younger.
My constipation and biliousness are entirely relieved.
Just think how I have gained, since I began with you, from 112 to 137½ lbs. in one year.
My catarrh and lungs are much better and my body, which was a bony, crooked structure, is actually beginning to look like your picture of correct poise.
My head is steady, the confused feeling having gone. It is the best money ever spent for myself.
Just think, Miss Cocroft, before I took up your work I could not eat anything without the greatest distress, and now I think I could DIGEST TACKS. I am so happy.

How to Stand and Walk Remember, I give you personal instruction, after careful study of your symptoms and condition. When you request details about my lessons, I send you, **Free**, a booklet showing you how to stand and walk correctly, with a card of correct poise for your dressing table.

Personal Instructions Write me fully about your case, also letting me know your faults of figure, etc. I will make a personal study of your case and will let you know whether I can help you or not. Your letter will be held in strict confidence. I never publish letters without special permission, though I can send you hundreds of testimonials from women I have helped, who are only too glad to have me show their letters.

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Author of "Growth in Silence," "Character as Expressed in the Body," Etc

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Do you walk gracefully
Weakness
Lame back
Dullness
Irritable
Nerves
Headaches
Catarrh
Dizziness
Indigestion
Constipation
Liver
Kidneys
Lungs
Heart
Throat
Colds
Rheumatism
Circulation
Blood
Is your health or figure imperfect in any way not mentioned here?
Occupation?
What is your age?
Married or Single?

Write me TODAY!

NOTE: Miss Cocroft, as President of Physical Culture Extension Work in America, needs no further introduction

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This Suit, Coat or the Furs will be sent to you with our positive guarantee of absolute satisfaction or money back, including express charges both ways. This guarantee is made possible by us only for the reason that we know we are offering these beautiful high-grade New York styles at at least one-third less than their actual value. This guarantee insures you positively against the loss of one penny in ordering. Read the detailed descriptions—send in your order to-day.

CATALOGUE FREE
Fall and Winter Catalogue containing everything in the Woman's Wear, mailed FREE. Write for it to-day.

No. 69 x 7. This extremely high-grade Fall and Winter Suit is the very latest New York model, made of that stylish material known as **"men's wear mixture"** in a handsome broken plaid of Oxford gray coloring.

The Jacket is made the new pony style, 24 inches long, with notched back and front; trimmed with fancy braid and best quality velvet, finished with covered buttons of the same material as suit. Has semi-fitted back and is satin lined.

The Skirt is the newest Fall model, plaited at front, back and centre sides and hangs beautifully.

This is positively the greatest value ever offered in a high-grade suit. It could not possibly be duplicated for less than $22.00. Our special price - - **$15.75**

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Sizes 32 to 44 bust measure, length of skirt 37 to 43 inches. Give size and color when ordering.

GENUINE BLACK LYNX FUR SET FOR $8.50

No. 61 x 7. This beautiful **Genuine Black Lynx Fur Set**, shown with Suit Figure, consists of a 60-inch throw scarf and extra large 16-inch pillow muff; both are satin lined, the muff finished with silk wrist cord. Fashion dictates that **black lynx** fur will be the most stylish and popular this season. By taking the entire output of one of the largest manufacturers we are able to offer this magnificent set **as long as this lot lasts for $8.50.** This is actually less than **one half** the value of this set.

If sold separately, the price of muff is $5.00 or the price of scarf is $5.00. Order **at once** one of these magnificent sets.

No. 19 x 7. This Extremely Stylish Coat is 50 inches long and made of a fine quality of **lustrous black English Kersey**; full loose back and double breasted front. Collarless style, elaborately trimmed with fancy silk braid and velvet. Leg-o'-mutton sleeves plaited and braid trimmed at cuffs, finished with velvet buttons. For a 50-inch length genuine black English Kersey coat cut in the most approved up-to-date New York style it is the greatest coat value ever offered. Sizes 32 to 44 bust measure.
Price, **$9.50**

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Taming a Race of Savages

Continued from page 927

him cheerily toiling four hours a day at his dictionary and commentaries. He has a story about the precious dictionary, that reminds one of the experiences of Carlyle with the first manuscript of the "French Revolution," and of Sir Isaac Newton's priceless mathematical papers in the jaws of his famous dog. An English tourist called upon Dr. Bingham one day and begged the loan of the manuscript of his dictionary. The old man is as gentle as a woman. Though it was like asking for the loan of one's baby, the courteous old man, with many pleadings to handle with care and promptly return the priceless papers, gave them into the stranger's hands. He never saw them again.

After months of ill-health and all but despair over his loss, he one day turned out some old papers in a trunk that had belonged to his wife. There he found lists of words compiled by his wife and himself in the long ago. With these scraps he began again the monumental work.

He showed me one volume of the new dictionary. Then he said: "I must introduce you to my assistant; but first I will tell you his story." Then began the recital of as thrilling a tale of adventure as ever had stirred my blood in my boyhood readings of Fijis and the naked savages that visited the island home of that hero of all boys, Robinson Crusoe. A thousand naked warriors landed one day on the island where Dr. and Mrs. Bingham lived. A battle was fought, and fortunately the invaders were repulsed and driven into the sea. Many were the bodies of the slain. Among them was found lying by the side of his dead mother, a little infant boy. The Christian teachers adopted the child. He grew to be a great man among the simple islanders, married a daughter of a chief, and became the good doctor's right-hand man in his work of making a language and a literature for his adopted countrymen.

After the story this man was called in and introduced to us. He was of medium stature, sturdily built, with an intelligent, refined face and gentle bearing.

I asked the good doctor if the savages ever gave him another visit. "Yes," was the quiet reply, "I saw them defeat my people, burn my home, and tear the bones of my baby boy from the little grave we had made a year before for our only darling, and for two hours I waited quietly for a tattooed savage to brain me. God, for some good reason, shielded us in those hours of peril, and gave us the privilege in the years following of seeing our savage foes brought to Christ. Their descendants are now among the most devout of the followers of Jesus the Christ." Twice before I have felt as I did that afternoon in the home of Dr. Bingham and his aged sister in Honolulu—felt that I had had an audience with an Apostle; once when in Bombay I met George Bowen, the "White Yogi" of Western India, as the natives called the holy man; again when I saw John Paton of the New Hebrides, whom I stopped in the streets of New York one night and asked to put holy hands upon my head and bless me. I went from that audience feeling that a bishop of God had consecrated me anew to my ministry. Again in the presence of that frail saint, the tireless Apostle to the Gilbert Islands, I was conscious of a thrill as I seemed to take knowledge that I had been with one who had been with Jesus.

Honolulu, Hawaii. J. SUMNER STONE.

Personal Evangelism*

THE call to evangelical work is nowhere in the New Testament confined to the clergy. The saved soul in every case and in every condition is expected to win souls for Christ's kingdom. He can always give his testimony, which is always the most effective means of winning others. "Christ has saved me," he should say; "he has delivered me from the power of sin, he has given me peace and happiness and the hope of heaven and he is willing to do the same for you." Such testimony as that is easy and simple, and it is the best recommendation of religion. The patent medicine vendors are fully alive to that fact. Their advertisements of their nostrums always keep prominent the testimony of persons who profess to have been cured by them. Shall not we whom the Great Physician has delivered from the malady of sin be similarly ready to testify to his power? It is due to his skill and his love and it is the best return we can make to him.

Besides, our love for our fellows should incite us. When we think of the happiness it will bring them to know Jesus, what better service can we render them than to lead them to him. It will be an eternal shame to any Christian, if his brother or acquaintance goes into eternal darkness, declaring that he was never invited to Christ, or warned of his fate by the man who knew it and did not speak to him, when he had opportunity. In that day it will be seen that they "who turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever." So says Daniel, and Ezekiel is still more emphatic: "If he is taken away in his iniquity, his blood will I require at the watchman's hand" (Ezek. 33 : 6). The warning and the reward are enough to stir the ambition of every Christian.

There is another strong reason for personal effort. The Gospel has to be preached to every generation. If conversions were to suddenly cease, it would not take more than about sixty or seventy years to bring this world to a condition of utter godlessness. Not a Christian would be left on the globe. If God, in his anger, should cease to impart the Holy Spirit's influence, seeing that those who had enjoyed it, valued it so lightly that they did not seek to extend it, the doom of the world would be appalling. Let us then, each and all, strive to win souls for their own advantage and for a testimony to our own gratitude.

*Topic of the Epworth League for November 18. Mark 1: 17; Rev. 22: 17; Mark 8: 34, 35; John. 12: 25; Isa. 2: 3.

Oklahoma's Struggle

ENCOURAGING reports come from Oklahoma of the progress of the temperance campaign now being waged in that State. Rev. E. M. Sweet, Jr., Chairman of the Church Federation, in an article contributed to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S issue of Oct. 17, gave a brief account of the gallant struggle of the new State against the saloon forces. It is a battle in which the forces of righteousness, good citizenship, justice and sobriety are arraying themselves against the forces led by the brewers, the distillers, the saloon-keepers, and the vicious and criminal classes. In response to the appeal in Mr. Sweet's article in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD inviting contributions to this State-wide Prohibition Campaign in Oklahoma, the following gifts have been received:

A Friend, Muskogee, I. T.	$150 00
C. C. Long, Wewoka, I. T.	50 00
Frederick Blume	3 00
Amy Freda Blume	3 00
Geo. E. Gamble	10 00
Jas. D. Lytle	2 00
Mrs. Frank Heiskell	1 00
E. M. Craise	5 00
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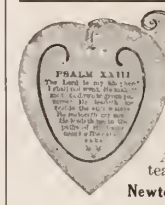

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"Why Hurriest Thou?"

A Tale of the Time of the Christ

Continued from page 934

stir up the sweetest harmonies; it brought the stars from heaven so close that they sang in gladness, and through the ethereal space he could hear the songs of David.

"Why hurriest thou, my son?"

There was nothing alarming about the interrogation, yet it was spoken in low, dulcet tones that aroused his soul.

Stumbling blindly forward the boy fell upon the ground and clasped the stranger by the knees.

"I am a thief," he cried wildly, "a desecrater of God's holy temple."

The stranger stooped down and placed his hand comfortingly upon the boy's head.

"Tell me about it, my son," he whispered softly, "and fear no evil, for I am thy friend."

"My father is sick," the boy sobbed brokenly; "palsied, and unable to move. He starves; I also hunger. There is food, food, food everywhere, but none for us—so I went into the synagogue and stole the shewbread from God's holy table."

The stranger lifted the boy to his feet and held him tightly in his arms, tenderly kissing him on the forehead.

"My son," said he in tones mingled with ineffable pity for the boy and a mysterious joy for himself, "there is a man named Jesus—a Nazarene—now in this city. He has healed the leper, has given sight to the blind, and can raise the dead. He came from heaven to teach men. He can heal your father. Go unto him and seek his aid. Take these pieces of money (and the stranger handed the lad some money), return the shewbread to the table and buy bread for your father."

The boy took the money and hung his head, while the tears streamed down his cheeks. Then he turned to thank the stranger for lifting the load from his heart; but, lo! the stranger had disappeared.

Without waiting to fathom the mystery of his disappearance, the boy hastened back to the synagogue, replaced the bread, and again went out upon the street—this time with a heart radiating with joy.

(To be Continued)

Deaconess Abraham's Work

THE two years are drawing to a close that the Lord has given Deaconess Esther Abraham the opportunity of traveling in Great Britain. At her request, I am writing to you, that friends in America may know the result of her stay in this country, and the conditions under which she is returning to the work of the Nestorian Orphanage.

In a farewell letter she says: "The time has now come for me to say to you all, 'Remain in peace.' I am returning home to face the great blank God has been pleased to make in my life—a blank that can never be filled. But I am looking to the words of our blessed Master, 'Be not afraid,' and so by his grace and power alone, I am returning to the work that has been made such a blessing to our nation. I have now yearly support promised for twenty-five orphans, so I am not discouraged to go forward, as these friends I know follow their help with their prayers, and there are others unable to help who are praying for me. This orphanage work is very dear to my heart, and also to my nation, and the memory of the founder, my late husband, Deacon Abraham, will not easily be forgotten."

The promised support for twenty-five orphans mentioned by Deaconess Esther in her letter is carried out principally by subscriptions of one penny per week, collected by local treasurers. Two shillings and sixpence per week, or two and a-half dollars per month, provides for the entire support and education of one orphan in far away Persia. Children are being rescued, trained, educated, and fitted to be of use to their nation. MARGARET S. TRYON.

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THE Duplex is the first and the only phonograph to collect the vibrations and get all the sound from both sides of the diaphragm.

Because the reproducer or sound-box of the Duplex has two vibrating diaphragms and two horns (as you see) to amplify the sound from both sides of both diaphragms.

The Duplex, therefore, gives you all the music produced—with any other you lose one-half.

Compare the volume of sound produced by it with the volume of any other—no matter what its price—and judge for yourself.

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BUT that is not all, by any means.

For the Duplex Phonograph not only produces more music—a greater volume—but the tone is clearer, sweeter, purer and more nearly like the original than is produced by any other mechanical means.

By using two diaphragms in the Duplex we are able to dispense entirely with all springs in the reproducer.

The tension spring used in the old style reproducers to jerk the diaphragm back into position each time it vibrates, by it jerking pull roughens the fine wave groove in the record, and that causes the squeaking, squawking, harsh, metallic sound that sets your teeth on edge when you hear the old style phonograph.

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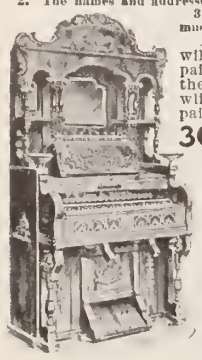

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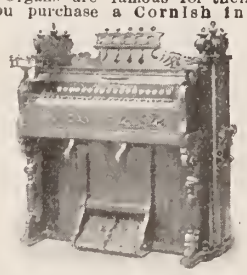

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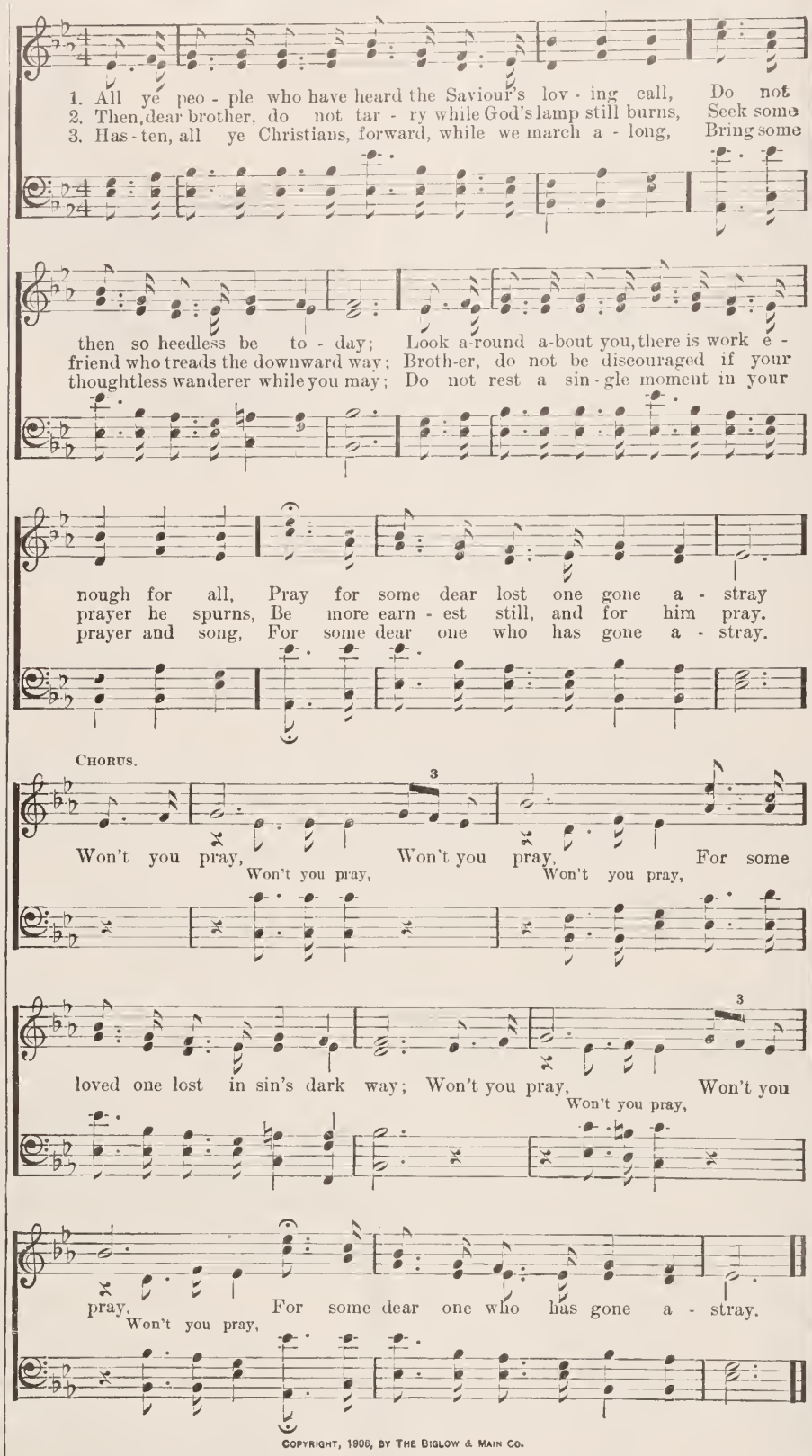

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Called Higher

Mr. B G. Clower, of Romney, W. Va., died recently, aged thirty-five years. He was greatly esteemed in his community, and his sudden death, just before the time appointed for his marriage, was much deplored.

Mrs. Louise White, daughter of Mrs. S. T. Adams, fell asleep in Jesus, at Boistford, Washington, on the October 2. The doubly bereaved mother laid her only daughter to rest by the side of the husband and father, who had passed on less than a year ago.

Mr. Robert Vokes, aged seventy-eight years, died at his home in Detroit, Mich., September 3. He was a faithful Christian and a lover of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, whose home for over thirty years was never without it, both in this country and in England. The kind, cultured life has gone on to greater happiness, but the example of love and kindness which remain will never be forgotten by those who knew him.

Mrs. Clarissa C., widow of Henry N. Hunton, passed from earth September 10, at nearly eighty-one years of age. When but a child Mrs. Hunton gave her heart to the Saviour, uniting with the Baptist Church, and has since lived an earnest, practical religious life. Since her marriage, in 1851, all her life has been spent in Claremont, N. H. She leaves three adult children, who mourn for her, but who yet rejoice that she has "passed through the gates into the city."

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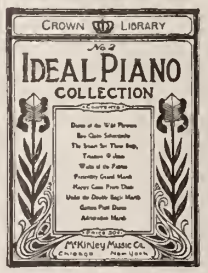

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Temperance in the Bible*

SOME people declare that the Bible nowhere enjoins abstinence from intoxicants. They forget that the Bible is a book of principles which men are to apply to their lives. Times and circumstances change, and the Bible, being given as a guide for all time, did not descend to details, but laid down principles to serve in all ages. The godly man in the time of Ezra, in the time of the Cæsars and in the Middle Ages, could go to it for instruction and warning; not for explicit direction but for the principles that he could translate into special application. It is so with total abstinence. In this age it is our most prominent vice. We are not explicitly directed to abstain, but if we follow Bible teaching we shall abstain.

Even if we are so constituted that we are in no danger of becoming drunkards, our duty is still clear. We are responsible for our weak brother, and for his sake we should set the example of total abstinence. The evil of drunkenness is so prevalent, so ruinous to body and soul, that any and every means of checking it ought to be used. If our example will encourage a tempted man to abstain, if it will help him by removing from him the stigma of weakness, our concern for his welfare should decide our course. The Apostle Paul said (I. Cor. 8: 13): "If meat cause my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth." A more direct endorsement of the total abstinence principle could not have been written. Intoxicating liquor, as we know to our sorrow, does cause our brother to offend and we ought, therefore, to renounce it.

Besides this there is another consideration that appeals to the patriot. How would we feel if we knew that in the next generation our beloved land would be the home of a drunken people? The boys and even the girls of our day are in danger. The habit of drinking to excess is increasing. There is no boy or girl who should be able to point to the example of a Christian for endorsement of the drinking habit. The boys who go from our homes with a father's blessing, to wrestle with the temptations of the world, should never be able to say, "My father drinks, so why should not I?" The poor boy may not know the insidious danger. He may not have his father's self-control. For the sake of our boys and girls, for the sake of our country, let us abstain.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for November 18. Hab. 2: 5-15.

Answered Prayers

W. B. S., Missouri. "I can say that God has answered many prayers for me. Glory to Jesus the Saviour and light of the world."

Mrs. M., Ohio. "'Blessed be God, which hath not turned away my prayer, nor his mercy from me,' therefore I acknowledge his loving-kindness in answering prayer."

M. H., Pennsylvania. "I desire to publicly express my thanks to a loving Saviour for prayers answered. May I ask the readers of your paper to join with me in prayer for a dear one?"

B. A. L., New Mexico. "I rejoice in numerous and unmistakable answers to prayer. Without the ever-present help it would be impossible to do the work of a missionary to the Indians."

Constant Reader, Pennsylvania. "Sometimes the answers to my prayers seem long in coming and I am almost discouraged; but God's promises are sure, and I wish to thank him for the blessing that always comes."

Mrs. B. H. K., Michigan. "I have often been encouraged by reading your answered prayers. I have had a direct answer to prayer within the last week, for which I am very thankful to the Giver of all good."

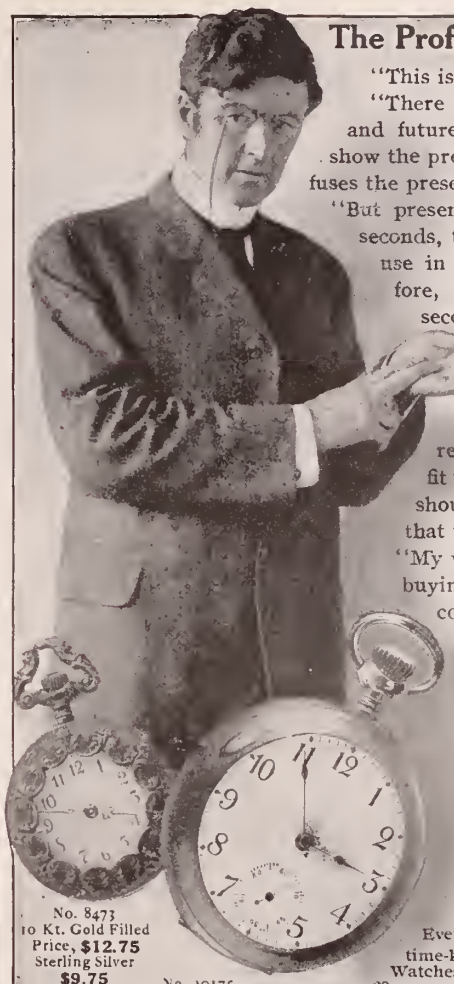
A. C., New York. "I want to speak a word for Jesus. When in great trouble the prayer column was a source of comfort. May it be so to others is my earnest prayer. Take your burdens to Him and He will hear and answer his trusting children."

One Who Tries to Follow Christ, Nebraska. "He always answers prayer as it is best for us. I know my desires will be granted through prayer, if it is his will. I hope these words may strengthen some faltering faith, as mine has often been by the blessed HERALD."

M. S., Michigan. "The Lord is so precious to me, that I am longing to tell others of his love. I flee to him when sorrows come that I would not tell any earthly friend. When the way is too hard, and strength and wisdom fail, I lean upon him, and he bids me 'be not afraid.'"

Old Subscriber, Nebraska. "What a blessing it is we can take everything to God in prayer. So many times he has answered my prayers and I trust him entirely. Especially when things look darkest, do I know the Lord is with me and helps me."

D. M., Massachusetts. "I know that God answers prayer. He has several times given me direct answer to especial prayer, and has answered numberless other petitions. Just now I am in deep trouble. I wish to ask the readers of this column to join their prayers with mine that my son may be converted and restored to me."



The Professor Says:

"This is my logic of watch-buying:

"There are three periods of time—Past, present and future. The purpose of a watch is always to show the present time. It is of little value if it confuses the present with the past and future.

"But present time is recorded only in minutes and seconds, the fractional parts of a second finding no use in business or social life. Plainly, therefore, the public has no real need of a split-second timer.

"Similarly, the extra cost of an expensive watch case can add nothing of genuine watch-value. Outside of refined appearance the only requirement of a watch case is that it must fit the works. Preferably the case and works should be built in the same factory in order that they may be a single whole.

"My watch is an example of this logic of watch buying. It is a *New England*. It always shows the correct time and it is a whole watch—case and works. It cost me but a moderate sum, yet it is neat and refined in appearance, but distinctly a watch—not a piece of jewelry."

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Ask your dealer to show you *New England* Watches. If he doesn't keep them, just give us his name and address and we will send you a free copy of a handsome and instructive book—the Blue Book of Watches for ladies or Red Book of Watches for men. Write us to-day for the book you want and we will make it easy for you to examine, test, and if pleased, to buy a *New England* Watch. Don't forget to give us your jeweler's name.

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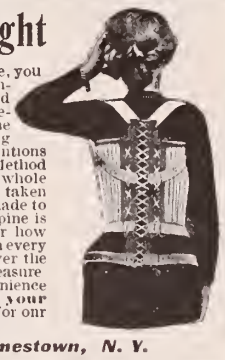

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at Newark, Ohio, the largest stove foundry in the world, we make every variety of the highest grade stoves made in the world and we sell them direct to the user at about one-half the lowest prices you can buy elsewhere. Every stove is covered by our binding guarantee, is guaranteed to reach you safely, free from break or damage of any kind, and we agree to furnish you any repairs in the years to come. Wonderfully low freight charges. We will tell you just how little the freight will be on any stove to your town and the freight charge is so small it will surprise you. We have an immense stock on hand of every kind and size of stove and can ship your stove the day we get your order and it will reach you in just a few days.

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MEN OF THE HOUR

Sir William Treloar Gen. Corbin Mr. Chatfield-Taylor

Sir William Purdie Treloar is the new Lord Mayor of London. In addition to his knightly title he has another, given by a grateful public, "the friend of the children." Both his time and money have been freely given to benefit the condition of the poor children of his city, homes, schools and hospitals all sharing in his gifts. He has been Alderman, and Sheriff of London, and is director of many enterprises.

Gen. Henry Clark Corbin has retired from the American Army, after years of distinguished service. Entering the United States forces in 1862, as a second lieutenant, at the age of nineteen, he reached the rank of Major-General. The grade was given by Congress in recognition of his services during the war with Spain.

Mr. Hobart Chatfield-Taylor, of Chicago, has received the unusual distinction for an American of being made an officer of the Order of Public Instruction in France. The appointment was made as a result of Mr. Chatfield-Taylor's important addition to French literature in his recently published life of Moliere. Although still young in years, he has been long known as one of our most versatile writers, and novels, essays and biographies by him can be found on the shelves of all libraries of the first class. He was born in Chicago in 1865, and graduated from Cornell University in 1886; four years later he was the editor of *America*. He was decorated by the Spanish Government for distinguished services during the World's Fair.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Shakespeare's Sonnets. Edited, with notes, by Wm. J. Rolfe, Litt.D. Illustrated. Price 56 cents. American Book Company, New York, Chicago and Cincinnati, publishers.

Mr. Agnetti Pritchard has translated from the Italian of Senator Antonio Fogazzaro, the third of a series of novels, entitled *The Saint*. It is more or less a study in religious psychology of the Italian school. Pp. 476. Price $1.50. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.

Little Nemo in Slumber Land won a host of friends among the little folk during his weekly appearances in the *New York Herald*. Duffield & Co., 36 East Twenty-first Street, New York, have collected all the pictures of the quaint little fellow and his wonderful adventures, and present them between two covers for 75 cents.

Frank E. Parlin, Superintendent of Schools, Quincy, Mass., has compiled a revised and enlarged list of 7,000 words, known as the *Quincy Word List*; pp. 140. Price, 24 cents. Everett T. Tomlinson, Ph.D., ably handles the *War of 1812*, in his contribution to the *Stories of Colony and Nation* series. Silver, Burdett & Co., New York, Chicago and Boston.

War Inconsistent With the Religion of Jesus Christ, by David Low Dodge. This book was written nearly a century ago, to further the interests of international peace. The writer, Mr. Dodge, was the founder of the first peace society in the world, and became its president in 1815. The book has been reprinted for the International Union. Pp. 168; cloth. Price 50 cents. Ginn & Co., publishers, Boston.

The *Vest Pocket Standard Dictionary*. This is one of the best books of its kind that has come to our notice. It gives the orthography, pronunciation and definition of over 26,000 words. At the back is a gazetteer, maps of the United States, its foreign possessions, weights and measures, and lists of rulers and presidents. It is edited by James C. Fernald. Cloth; 308 pages. Price 25 cents. Funk & Wagnalls Company, publishers, New York.

An Introduction to Astronomy, by Forest Ray Moulton, Ph.D. This volume reduces the science of astronomy to popular comprehension and gives the essentials in a form that is easily grasped by the student, "without mathematical or extensive scientific training." From its pages the reader can learn all that is new and important in this fascinating field of investigation. Illustrated. Pp. 557; cloth covers. Price $1.25. The Macmillan Company, London and New York, publishers.

Manual of Butterflies and Moths, and *Manual of American and European Insects*. These two little manuals are prepared by William Beutenmuller, Curator of the Department of Entomology, American Museum of Natural History, New York. Each type is reproduced in natural colors, and the common and scientific names of each are given. The manuals are also indexed. They are of value to all interested in Entomology, and will be of especial value in schools. Funk & Wagnalls, New York and London, publishers.

Recollections of a Lifetime, by John Goode, of Virginia. The author has had a distinguished career during the most interesting period of our country's history. Holding the most important offices in the gift of his State, he has met most of the men who have made history in the South for the last forty years. The recollections are written in a conversational way, and is replete with anecdotes of famous men and events. Cloth; 266 pages. Price $2.00. Printed by the Neale Publishing Co., New York and Washington.

Uncle Charlie's Poems, dedicated to his "millions of friends, scattered broadcast over this majestic land," is a compilation of the best verse which Charles Noel Douglas has produced during his ten years of invalidism. The rhymes are written with a pen dipped in sunshine, but amid all of his wholesome fun and mirth, he has never lost sight of the beacon light of faith. The J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company, 57 Rose Street, New York, are bestowing almost the entire profits received from sales upon the "shut-in" author. Pp. 158. Price 50 cents.

When Mary Raymond Shipman Andrew's story, *The Perfect Tribute*, was published in *Scribner's Magazine* early during the current year, it was at once accorded an established place in short story literature. Its reverent picture of Abraham Lincoln and the effect upon the people of his wonderful speech at Gettysburg, struck a tender chord in every heart, as it did in that of the dying Southern boy, in whom the bitterness of the fight had faded and only love of country was left. Pp. 47. Price 50 cents. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Geronimo's Story of His Life, taken down and edited by S. M. Barrett, Superintendent of Education, Lawton, Oklahoma. No more famous warrior is now living than the author of this interesting biography, Geronimo, war chief of the Apaches. He has now been a prisoner of war for twenty years. Recently he became a Christian and is now urging his tribesmen to study the Bible. Mr. Barrett, after much difficulty, persuaded the old man to dictate the story of his life. He tells first of the origin of the Apaches, then of his own career from boyhood until he was made captive. He gives at the end an interesting account of the Indians' social customs and their religion. It is illustrated with numerous photographs of the chief, in war and ceremonial dress, and prominent Apaches of the present day. Cloth; 216 pages; illustrated. Price $1.50. Fox, Duffield & Co., New York, publishers.

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The World's Sunday School Convention

ALL arrangements have been completed for the World's Fifth Sunday School Convention, which will be held in Rome, Italy, May 20-23, 1907. The White Star Line steamer *Romanic* has been chartered to take the American delegates from Boston to Naples and Genoa, and will sail from Boston, Saturday, April 27, 1907, and will be due in Rome, Thursday, May 16. Sunday School missionary meetings will be held at Funchal, on the island of Madeira, Algiers, in Northern Africa, at Naples, Genoa, and probably at Gibraltar.

Delegates from Great Britain will go to the Convention in two companies: one overland, holding conventions in the larger cities in France, Germany, Switzerland, and Northern Italy. The other section will sail from Liverpool and visit various ports on the Mediterranean, holding meetings and conferences as opportunity offers.

A number of religious leaders from Great Britain, Continental Europe, and America, will attend the Convention. Among these may be mentioned Dr. Campbell Morgan, Rev. F. B. Meyer, Mr. F. C. Belsey, Mr. Charles Waters, Rev. Frank Johnson of London, Rev. John Potts, Chairman of the International Lesson Committee; Mr. E. K. Warren, President World's Convention; General Secretary Marion Lawrance of America, and Bishop Hartzell of Africa, with many other men and women prominent in the religious life of both hemispheres.

On Saturday evening, May 18, probably one of the largest Protestant gatherings ever witnessed in Rome will meet for international greeting and Christian fellowship. The regular sessions of the Convention will be held afternoons and evenings. The mornings will be given to conferences, committee meetings, and institute work, in four languages—French, German, Italian and English. One of the features of the Convention will be an exposition of Sunday School literature and appliances upon a mammoth scale, under the supervision of C. R. Blackall, D.D., of Philadelphia.

W. N. Hartshorn, 221 Columbus Avenue, Boston, Mass., is Chairman of the Transportation Committee, and will furnish information.

Child-Life in Old Japan

Continued from page 937

they won't tell. All of the popular games of American and European children have been adopted by the imitative Japanese, but always with some variations suggested by their inventive minds, and novelties for the amusement of children are seen in the shops of Tokio, only a few weeks after their appearance in London and America.

It must not be thought, however, that life is all play for Japanese boys and girls, they are taught early to spin, make tea, and to prepare the various dishes of rice and fish that are so relished by the people of Nipon. They have their kindergartens and public schools, in which their receptive minds are exercised with all the educational methods that have been adopted from America, Germany, and France, but nevertheless, they seem to thrive under it. The rising generation are impressed every day with the saying that "knowledge is power," and also with the fact that "there is no royal road to learning." ROBERT STERLING BLAIR.

The Largest American Flag

What is reported to be the largest American flag is soon to be hung in the court of the Post Office Department in Washington, D. C. It will be sixty feet in length, and of proportional width. It is made of American wool bunting, and will cost $200. Each of the thirteen stripes is three feet wide. The largest flag hitherto owned by the government is in the court of the Pension Office, and is said to be the largest flag in the world. It is smaller than the one being made for the Postal Department.

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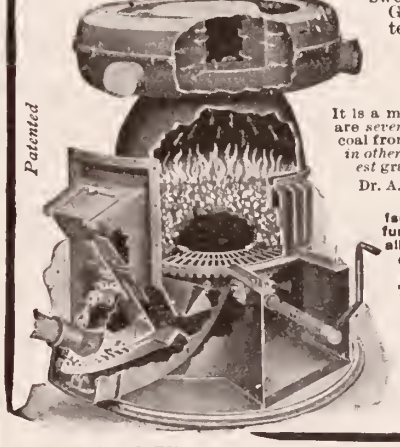

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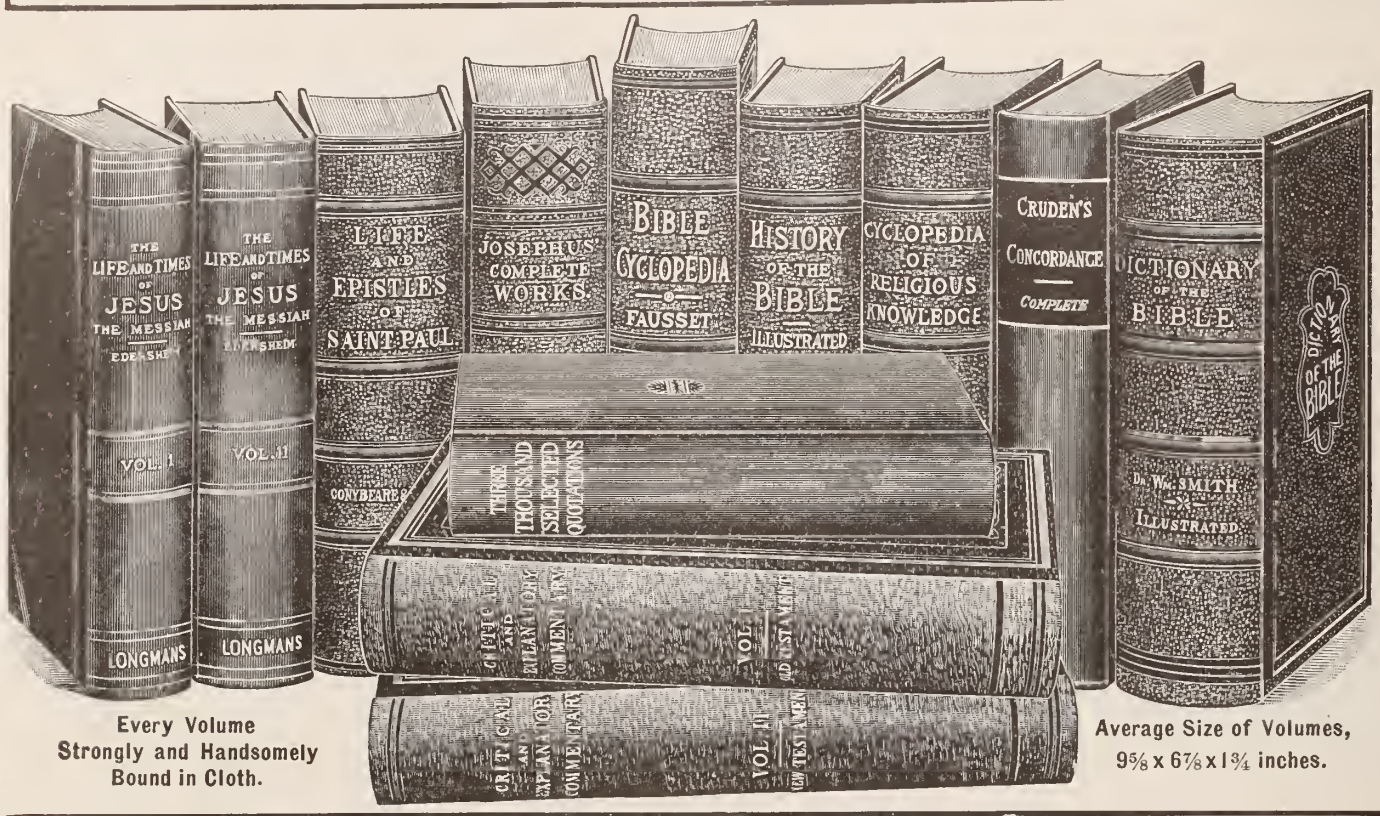

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See account on Page 955

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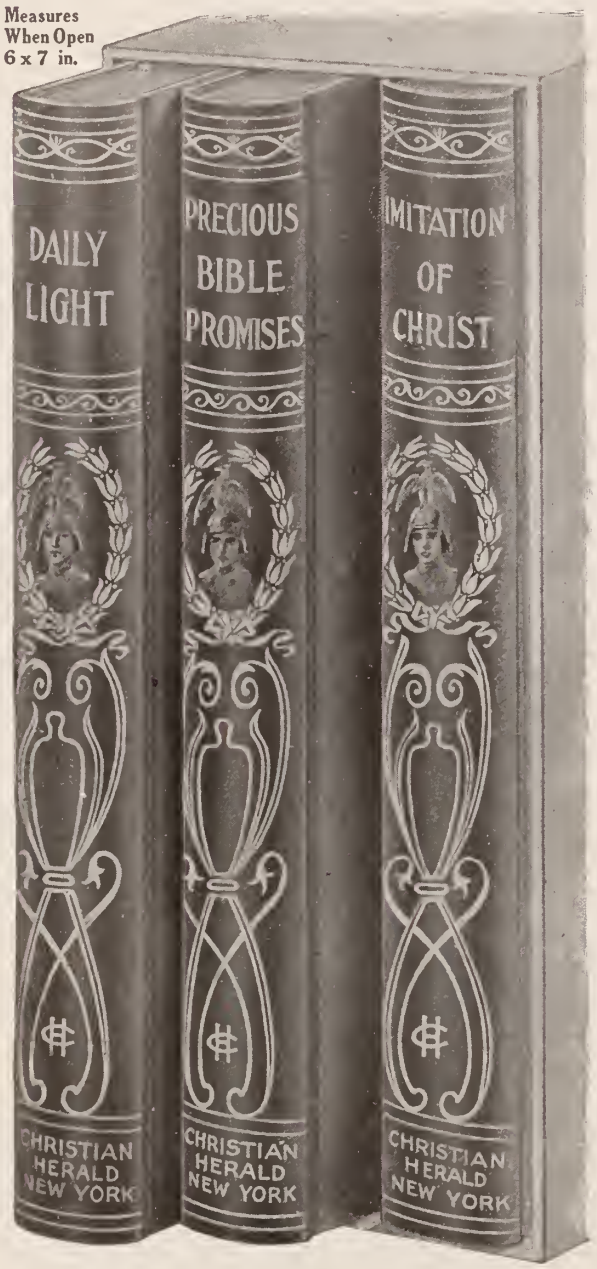

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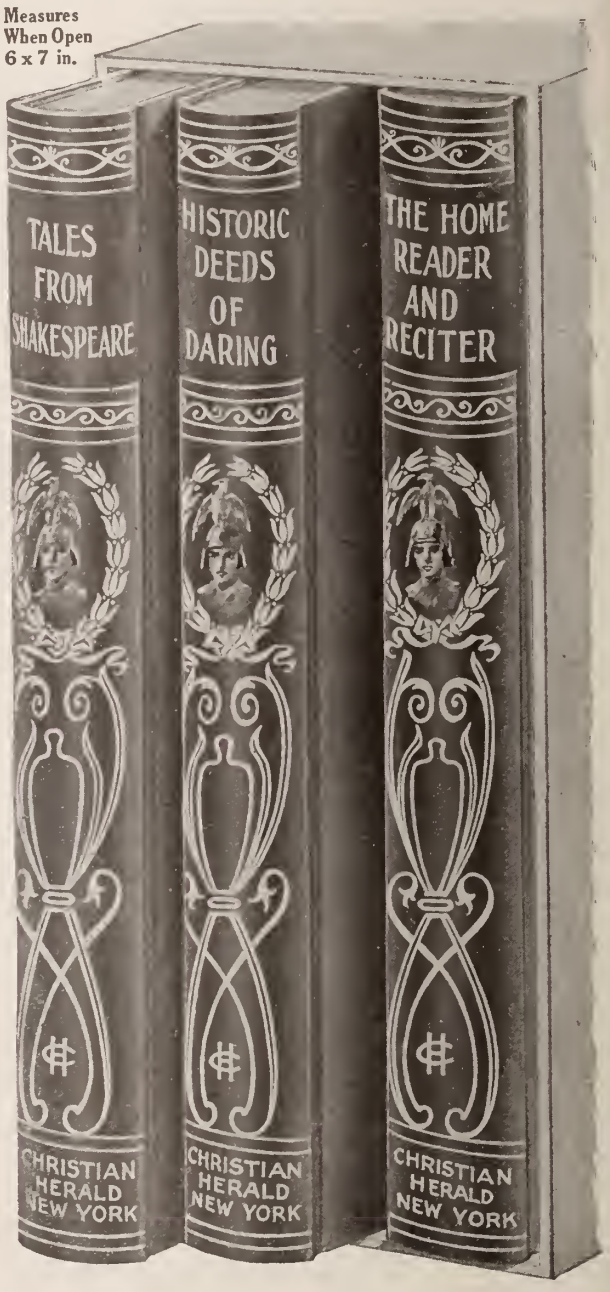

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The Palace of Justice, Brussels, Belgium

Hon. Henry Dane Wilson, American Minister

TO HELP THE SAVAGE RACES

President Roosevelt's Greeting to the Brussels Conference
Ten Powers Unite to Control the African Drink Traffic

BELGIUM'S quaint old capital, famed for its picturesqueness and its treaties, was lately the scene of a gathering which, though it excited little stir or comment in European diplomatic circles, was, nevertheless, of world-wide importance from the Christian and humanitarian point of view. This was known as the "Brussels Conference for the Revision of the Rules for the Regulation of the Sale of Spirits in Africa," and it was a link in the great chain of human enlightenment and liberation from vice, ignorance and oppression, which began with the Crusades, and among whose mightiest links are the great peace and arbitration treaties, the suppression of slavery and piracy, the Hague Conferences, and the industrial and humane co-operation of nations, as exemplified in the Postal Union and the Red Cross.

Three Conferences have been held in Brussels relating to liquors in Africa. The first was in 1890, and included problems of slavery and firearms. It resulted in establishing the "Zone de Prohibition" in the Congo Free State. The second Conference was in 1899, when the same governments attempted to establish prohibition for negroes in about all of Africa not already protected by Mohammedan religious and British trade laws, by raising the tax on distilled liquors to 70 francs per hectoliter. The latest Conference, which began October 16, 1906, was the third, and was due to the comparative failure of the second. It was called to raise the "high license" from 70 to 100 francs or so.

In Africa, a very high price may lessen the evil, and for this reason the increased tax is favored as the only step of progress for which other nations are yet ready.

This latest Conference at Brussels was called by the Belgian government, partly because Belgium is neutral ground to the great Powers. Another reason is because it is in charge of the Congo Free State, in whose behalf the first of this series of treaties was made. The governments participating in the Conference are: Belgium, Holland, Sweden, Germany, Italy, Spain, Portugal, France and Great Britain. When the treaty has been drawn, Turkey, Norway and the United States will also be asked to sign. Turkey's interest is significant, namely, that most of the people—whose degradation by rum sent from "Christian nations," these treaties seek to check—are Mohammedans, whose one great virtue of total abstinence is being broken down.

The United States, though not officially a participant in the Conference, went in with such characteristic earnestness, that the increased tax, which is at least a sincere step forward, from being doubtful, has become almost certain, and the way has been prepared for a stronger treaty to follow.

President Roosevelt, on October 3, the day before the writer's departure for Europe, expressed the intention to send a greeting to the Brussels Conference, with the hope that such a treaty might be made as the United States Senate resolution had proposed, and under which all civilized governments should unite to prohibit the sale of all intoxicants and opium to the uncivilized races.

When I reached Brussels at the close of the first day of the Conference, the American Minister there—Hon. Henry Dane Wilson—had already sent in to the presiding officer, His Excellency, M. Capelle, Belgium's representative, a letter, enclosing the President's cablegram, the Senate resolution, and a "Memorandum," printed in parliamentary style, signed by your correspondent as Secretary of the Native Races Deputation, which last includes the officers of many great reform and missionary organizations. President Roosevelt's cablegram was as follows:

"To the President of the Brussels Conference for the Revision of the Rules to Control Spirits in Africa:

"Uttering the earnest wishes of the American people, expressed on many occasions for the adoption of measures to protect the savage and uncivilized races in Africa and all parts of the world against intoxicants and injurious drugs, I extend to the Congress about to convene, my good wishes, and express the hope and conviction that its labors will still further open the door for the universal prevention of liquor and opium traffic with all uncivilized tribes and races. THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

His Excellency, M. Capelle
President of the Brussels Conference

This was followed, on our arrival, by the presentation at each of the legations, of a mammoth petition from the people of the United States, and signed by the officials of various societies and organizations, representing in the aggregate nineteen millions of members. There were also many individual signatures. Dr. Francis E. Clark, who signed as head of the World's Endeavor Society, is chairman of the Native Races Deputation, and had, as such, enlisted the support of King Oscar of Sweden for the American prohibition proposal, and also that of the Government of Australia. There were also the names of the Senior Episcopal Bishop, Rt. Rev. Wm. Cresswell Doane, Bishops Hartzell and Mallallieu, the Missionary Secretaries of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the Missionary Secretaries of the Baptist, Presbyterian, Congregational and Reformed Churches, and a hundred American college presidents.

Four petitions were cabled from America to Brussels, one from the Mohonk Conference on Native Races, another from Buffalo preachers, another from the New Hampshire Baptist Convention, and another from the World's W. C. T. U.

This roll of petitions, five hundred feet long, pasted on a continuous strip of blue cambric, and wrapped in a cover bearing the imprint of the American State Department, we took with us when, with a skilled interpreter, we visited the chief delegates of the Conference, the foreign ministers at Brussels of Great Britain, France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Russia, Belgium, Holland and Sweden. For five hours we were heard by these diplomats, sympathetically, on the great proposal of the petition. All except Portugal seemed willing to at least increase the tax, and most of them received with apparent conviction the plea that the plan of "prohibitory zones" (which was the plan of the first Brussels treaty, of 1890, and is the American plan in Indian Territory), should be regarded as the goal to be reached as soon as possible. A resolution to that effect, as a reply to President Roosevelt, was urged, and will be favored by many, if not all, in the Conference.

WILBUR F. CRAFTS.

THE AMERICAN PULPIT

SERMON BY

Rev. F. DeWitt Talmage, D.D.

THE DIVINE IMAGE

TEXT:—GENESIS 1: 27

"So God created man in his own image"

THE first leaf of the world's history had been turned. The stupendous task of creation approached completion. God surveyed it and pronounced it very good. The illuminating fires had been kindled, and the command had gone forth, "Let there be light; and there was light." The heavens were hung with tapestries of blue, and the white clouds of the day were rimmed with gold, and the black curtains of the night bespangled; every star was agleam. "And God saw the light, that it was good: and God divided the light from the darkness. And God called the light Day, and the darkness he called Night. And the evening and the morning were the first day."

That the dry land might be separated from the deep seas, the waters were driven back until they crouched and growled and fawned at the foot of the mountains. The great hollows were scooped out of the ocean-beds and tossed into heaps. The rivers were turned loose and allowed to cut their way through the valleys and squirm among the hills, and push on and on in their serpentine windings, until they were lost in the great bosom of the seas. Then, Mount Shasta arose and stood sentinel over the Pacific. The Matterhorn was detailed to keep its eyes upon the Mediterranean, and Mount Washington was stationed to watch the Atlantic. Then the volcanoes had their hemorrhages, and breathed forth their hot breath and vomited in their awful agonies. Then,

Flora Rambled Forth

to cover the ghastly wounds of a suffering world, with her bandages of green and yellow and white. She planted the crocus at the foot of the snow-bank, and covered the hillsides with forests, and scattered her seeds far and wide in the valleys. Then, chasing the shadows from under the trees, she sprang from the lowlands and climbed the lofty cliffs, clutching this crevasse and that crag, balancing here and nestling there, until, at last, the rocks, like Jacob's favorite son, stood bedecked in garments of many colors. The Garden of Eden was abloom. The desert was blossoming as the rose. The white lily and the red rose and the blue forget-me-not, as high priestesses before the altars of the mountains, were swinging their incense of praise, "And the earth brought forth grass and herb, yielding seed after its kind, and the tree yielding fruit, whose seed was in itself after its kind, and God saw that it was good. And the evening and the morning were the third day."

Then God reached forth his hand and touched the waters, and the mighty leviathans of the deep began to move. The goldfish swam among the entangled thickets of kelp. The speckled trout leaped from the eddy. The wonderful aquariums of the seas had their myriads of inhahitants. Then God touched the land, and the woods were turned into a great menagerie, and the valleys became a great pasture-field, filled with browsing herds. Then he touched the air, and the heavens were filled with vibrating wings and made melodious with the songs of the *prima donnas* of the skies. And God saw that all the works of his hand were good. "And the evening and the morning were the fifth day."

The World Beautiful

Everywhere we turn we see the blessing of God's creation. No grass could be greener, no sky could be bluer, no songs could be sweeter. All the seas and the lands and the skies were filled with glories. Thus, all things were ready for man's advent. The curtain of the world's great drama was lifted for the chief actors about to perform their parts. Two mighty thrones of power were pushed forward, upon which were to sit the twain who were created only a little lower than the angels. So, on the sixth day, "God created man in his own image; male and female created he them. And God blessed them. And God said unto them: 'Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it; and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth.' And God saw everything that he had made, and, behold, it was very good. And the evening and the morning were the sixth day."

Now, what does the word "image," in the great climax of God's creation mean? When God says, "I have made man in my own image," does it mean, as a great author suggests, that God intended to say that he was only "a magnified man?" "Oh, no," you answer, "that is not the meaning of that passage. The catechism tells us that God is a spirit, infinite, eternal and unchangeable. The idea of worshiping God as a physical body is a materialism little different from that of the savage. If we do this, we can bow before any painted idol just as the heathens have their hideous, painted images, before which they kneel." That is true, my friend. That is absolutely true. If we are going to worship God simply as a physical Being, we are in exactly the same position as some of the Asiatic worshipers who used to bring food every night, and lay it upon the altar of their idol, for their god to eat. Then, because the rats in the night came and stole the food, they thought their god ate it. Furthermore, they would not believe their idol did not eat this food, until a Northern conqueror lifted his battle-axe and smote the idol and broke it, and pointed to the rats scurrying out of its ruins, as they flee from a sinking ship. Thus, when we say, "God made man after his own image," we mean, "Man was created after the spirit of God." We are all ready to grant that. One little drop of water is like unto all the great waters of the mighty deep. Thus, as an infinitesimal drop of water, man was created like unto the infinite spirit of God. Now, let us study for a little while in what sense man was created in the image of God.

The Image Immortal

The first God-like quality which overwhelms the students of eschatology, is the fact that man is an immortal being. Though we may open the Bible and write up the family records and say my father was born January 7, 1832, we have no right to say that he died April 12, 1902. We may speak of a child as having been born into this world on a certain hour of a certain day. But once born, that child will never die. He may die to our sight, but he is not really dead, but is translated to another life. He will never die. He will live on, as the monarch of a European throne lives on. No sooner did Queen Victoria of England breathe her last, than the Prince of Wales became king. Ay, man shall live on, longer than that. He will live on through the centuries and the millenniums and the ages. He will live on until the constellations of the heavens shall be snuffed out. He will live on, until the very rocks under our feet crumble into dust with age, and the mountains above us are incinerated and scattered to the four corners of space. Still, man will live on. He will live forever and ever. He will never die. When God created man, he made him immortal, as he is immortal.

This immortality of man is the most wonderful fact to me about man. For when I try to fully grasp what that one word "immortality" means, I feel as though mighty mountain ranges were towering one above another into endless space. When I try to conceive that man, with all his powers of love and hate, joy and suffering, will live on and on, forever; then I say, "Now I realize why the salvation of man was so important that Christ came here to suffer and die to achieve it." Immortality! Oh, what a word! As a bird, it can fly swifter than the light; yet its wings never tire. Those wings will continue to fly on, forever and ever. "The Wandering Jew," that Eugene Sue pictures, was condemned, on account of a past sin, to live on, until he outlived all his generation. He lived on, suffering the agonies of remorse, until he begged God to let him die. But man does not live on, as did the great character of the French novelist. If man sins, and is condemned for his sins, he must suffer an eternal punishment. He may plead with God to let him die, as the wounded soldier sometimes pleads with his comrades to shoot him to end his agony; but man, by his inherent nature, can never die. Man is immortal. Man will live on and on, forever.

Pagan Testimony

To prove to you that man is immortal, we do not have to turn the leaves of the Bible alone. We find that this infinite truth is inborn in every human heart. We wander among the tombs of the ancient Greeks, and what do we find? A piece of coin placed in the mouths of the dead to pay their way over the River Styx, for the ferryman of the River of Death was supposed to be paid, like every other ferryman. We go among the ancient Arabs, and what do we find? The mourners about this corpse are not saying, "He is dead"; but, "He is alive." We pass to the inhabitants of the islands of the seas, and to the Aztecs of ancient Mexico, and to the old Mound-Builders of America, and everywhere we find the universal belief that the grave does not end all. Now, my friends, do you believe that this universal belief of the human race in the immortality of man is a mere superstition? Listen to these words of Henry Ward Beecher. I would have each one of them burn itself into your soul. "I never saw a man who did not believe in the immortality of love when following the body of a loved one to the grave. I have seen men under other circumstances that did not believe in it; but I never saw a man who, when he stood looking upon the form of one that he really loved, stretched out for burial, did not revolt from saying, 'It has all come to that, the hours of sweet companionship, the wondrous interlacing of congenial souls, the joys, the hopes, the trusts, the unutterable yearnings—there they all lie.' No man can stand and look in a coffin, upon the body of a fellow-creature, and remember the flaming intelligence, the blossoming love, the whole range of divine faculties, which so lately animated that cold clay, and say, 'These have all collapsed and gone.' No person can witness the last sad ceremonials which are performed over the remains of a human being, the sealing down of the unopenable lid, the following of the rumbling procession to the place of burial, the letting of the dust down into the dust, the falling of the earth upon the hollow coffin, with those sounds which are worse than thunder, and the placing of the green sod over the grave—no person, unless he be a beast, can witness these things and then turn away and say, 'I have buried my wife; I have buried my child; I have buried my sister, my brother, my love.' No. No. No man can say that. Deep down in every heart there is a divine truth calling, which cannot be stilled." At the brink of the grave, above all places, we know it. Man, like God, is immortal. Suns may rise and set, but man shall live. Stars may flicker and go out, but man shall live.

Ruler of All Creatures

But man is made after the image of God in another respect. The great Creator of the universe has made man a ruler and a creator also. In his own sphere, man is like a king upon his throne. He is a free agent. He can rule his own domain as he wills. He can do right or do wrong. He can govern well or govern badly. He can build or he can destroy. In a figurative sense, no one can say him nay. Let me try to illustrate my thought by some of the ordinary happenings of every-day life.

Man is a ruler in a material sense. You cannot think of a king without a material kingdom. Man the ruler has his material throne. God gave him dominion over the fish of the sea, over the fowls of the air, and over every living thing. Literally, has not this conception been fulfilled? Has not man become master of all that flies in the air, and swims in the seas, and walks upon the land? Ay, has not man learned how to make the very elements fulfil his purposes. The mammal is stronger, but man is his king. The deer is swifter, the fox shrewder, the hawk keener eyed, the eagle, with flap of wing, mounts and disappears into the blue abyss above, but man is king. The mighty-limbed African lion, with wild roar, makes the forest echo, and all the inhahitants of the jungle crouch and tremble. But the lion retreats before the advance of man; for man is king.

Not only is man a ruler of the beasts of the fields, and the fowls of the air, and the fish of the seas; but man has learned how to tame the elements, and make them his servants. Franklin went forth as a cowboy upon the Western prairie, and, sending his steel wire into the heavens, lassoed electricity, which Morse trained for a message-carrier. George Stephenson harnessed steam into block-traces, and made the iron locomotive take the bit. Daguerre has made the sun print our pictures. Robert Fulton pointed the ship's prow into the teeth of the northeast wind. Thomas Edison has turned midnight into midnoon. Yes, man, in a material sense, is king. As the Psalmist sang of the Great Jehovah, "He covereth himself with light, as with a garment. He layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters. He maketh the clouds his chariots. He walketh upon the wings of the wind."

Free to Transgress

Not only is man a ruler in a material sense; he is also a king in a personal sense. He has absolute control over his own actions. He is a free agent. God endowed him with this freedom, warning him of the consequences of using it to do wrong. Yet, how have men abused it! It is as when a boy leaves his father's house and goes out into the world. His father might keep him at home under parental restraint; but that would not be the way to make a man of him. He must go out and learn to resist temptation. Sometimes he learns only by bitter experience what are the consequences of yielding. So God left man free, and the first use he made of his freedom was to disobey. God says to him, "Man, you are a free agent. You can do as you will. I have made thee ruler over the beasts of the fields, and over the birds of the air, and the fish of the sea, and also over your own actions. You

Continued on next page

THE COMING OF THE IMMIGRANT

Ready to Start West

Men from the Black Mountains

Immigrants who have been Refused Admission

ANY one who writes with knowledge about the present great "invasion" of America, the procession of the nations of the earth from the Old World to the New, is sure of an interested audience. The question of immigration, of "letting in" and "shutting out," has become one of our great national problems, that affects every one who has the least love of country, and wishes to see the institutions established by the fathers strengthened and not undermined.

Among the numerous books dealing more or less directly with the immigration problem, two have come recently from the press of the Fleming H. Revell Company, of New York. The first, entitled, *On the Trail of the Immigrant*,* is by Edward A. Steiner; the second, by Henry B. Grose, is called *The Incoming Millions*.†

Dr. Steiner has gone to the village homes of the races that are now pouring their hordes into the steerage of the great Transatlantic liners, has crossed with them, passed the inspectors as an immigrant at Ellis Island, and then seen them on their way to become citizens of the Republic, good or bad, as the case may be. The book has its chief attraction for the American reader in its vivid descriptions of the immigrants in their birthland, and the details of life in the steerage. With Dr. Steiner's optimistic deductions in regard to the character of recent immigration, the thoughtful American will not so readily agree. His comparison of the respective merits of the descendants of the older stock that made this country possible, and the virtues of the incoming swarms, is not flattering to the former, and are made in the endeavor to show that no great gulf exists between them. The idea that the descendants of the earlier people of this country do not love it so well as those who now come from foreign shores, is inaccurate, to say the least.

A few interesting descriptions and pictures have been taken from both books by the courtesy of the publishers. "No one can stand," writes Dr. Steiner, "in any district town of Hungary, Poland or Italy, and not see, coming down the mountains or passing along the highways and by-ways of the plains, larger and smaller groups of picturesquely clad peasants, who are passing in a never-ending stream on towards this new world. The stream is growing larger each day, and the source seems inexhaustible. . . . . Back of Warsaw, Vienna, Naples and Palermo, with no place on the world's map to mark their existence, are small market towns to which the peasants come from their hidden villages. They come, not as is their wont, on feast and fast days, with song and music, but the women bent beneath their burdens, carried on head or back."

An amusing story is given that illustrates the change that comes over the spirit of the "downtrodden" soon after their arrival in America. "I had alighted at the North Station, and was walking with a lady, whose luggage I had offered to carry to the car. She had a baby on one arm and a satchel on the other, so, in order not to knock against her with the valise which I carried, I walked on the inside. Suddenly from his shop door, a Russian Jew, in English strongly tainted by Yiddish, called out: 'You greenhorn, don't you know that in Boston men don't walk on the insides of the ladies?' Promptly, as though impelled by a command, I shifted my load, and 'walked on the outside of the lady.' "

Mr. Grose, in his *Incoming Millions*—a smaller work than the preceding, but filled with facts of interest from cover to cover, takes up the immigrant in his old environs, and after describing "the invading army" and the processes of sifting at the ports of entry, takes up "Americanizing Aliens" and "America of To-morrow."

In the latter chapter, dealing with the social uplift, among other interesting sidelights on the Americanization of the new arrivals, are the following:

"A Polish miner attempted to take out naturalization papers. 'Who is the President of the United States?' asked the judge. 'John Mitchell,' replied the miner. 'Where are the laws made?' was the next question. 'In Pottsville,' was the reply.

"A Russian Jew begged a legal aid society to protect him against his wife. He said that when he came to this country he left his wife and children in Russia. After a year or two he met a girl that he liked better, so he went to the rabbi and got a divorce, with a new marriage thrown in, for five dollars. He had just heard that his first wife was on her way to America."

The book shows careful research, a mind open and unprejudiced, that seeks to give all proper encouragement to the worthy newcomer, but very much alive to the danger that threatens the Republic from the racial elements that hold to lower standards of living, morality and religion.

**On the Trail of the Immigrant*, by Edward A. Steiner. Cloth; 370 pages; illustrated. Price $1.50.

†*The Incoming Millions*, by Howard B. Grose. Cloth; 212 pages; illustrated. Price 50 cents. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, publishers of both volumes.

THE DIVINE IMAGE—Cont'd ✞ Sermon by Rev. F. DeWitt Talmage

are made after my image. You are an independent being in your own domain, or sphere. You are independent as long as you live on earth, but do not forget that there is a Day of Judgment."

But, though God has made us free agents, he has not left us without guidance. He has put within each one of us a moral and a spiritual compass. This moral and spiritual compass is called conscience. It tells us what we ought to do. It distinguishes for us the difference between wrong and right. And, like every other compass, it would keep us off the rocks of evil, and guide us into channels of justice and purity and truth. God puts within each one of us a moral and spiritual compass which shows us when we do wrong, for we are made after God's image. Therefore, God has given to us the means to be just and true and good, as he is just and pure and true and good.

But, alas, alas, instead of following the leadings of our conscience, we have wandered off into the paths of sin. We have done what our conscience has warned us not to do. To-day our conscience is pleading with us to do right, as a loving mother would plead with a wayward child. It is taking us by the hand and saying, "Won't you give up your sins? Won't you try to undo the wrongs you have done others? Won't you follow the leadings of Jesus Christ?" That conscience of ours will never stop its pleadings with us to do right. It has, too, the power to punish. It is said that when Professor Webster, of Harvard College, was awaiting his trial for killing a brother-professor, he called into his cell one day the warden of the jail and said: "Cannot you stop the other prisoners from insulting me? Every little while one of them keeps calling, 'Webster, you are a murderer. You are a bloody man.'" The warden made an investigation. He said, "I will stop it." But he could not stop it. For the words which Webster heard came not from the other prisoners' cells, but were spoken by his own conscience. So, all about us, we hear the words of our conscience pleading with us to avoid evil, and repent of our sin. Our conscience finds a voice in the street-flaggings, and the walls, and the bedposts, and the chairs, which is calling to us as it did to Professor Webster in the Boston jail, saying, "You are a sinner. You must repent and renounce your sin. You must come to Christ." We are made in God's image. God has put conscience within us for a purpose. We should obey it. For we can never be truly happy, until we are pure and true and good and just, as God is pure and true and good and just. Are you ready to-day to obey the pleadings of your conscience?

Not only did God create man with a conscience, he also made man capable, in his pure state, of enjoying the blessing of his presence. He seems to come to man and say, "Man, if thou wilt only become pure, as I am pure, I will take thee some day to myself. I will receive you into heaven, where there are joys for evermore." There is evil in the world; do not yield to it, and in his tenderest tones he encourages us with the promise: "He that overcometh shall inherit all things, and I will be his God, and he shall be my son." We are made after his image.

You remember how tenderly Jesus impressed this idea on his disciples. He told them that the union between his nature and that of his people was as close as that of the vine and its branches. And, again, he returned to the thought in that last solemn hour of his parting before he suffered. Christ is about to leave his disciples. The shadows of the crucifixion are falling over him. He looks on the men who had sat at his feet so often in the past, and speaks these beautiful words: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you. Henceforth, I call you not servants: for the servant knoweth not what his Lord doeth; but I have called you friends, for all things that I have heard of my Father, I have made known to you." Cannot you, my brother, interpret these sentences in the language of your own life? We go hand in hand and heart in heart. So God says, "If you only obey me, and become pure, as I would have you pure, together we shall live in holy fellowship. We shall be friends. We shall dwell together as friends forever and ever and ever. We are made in the same image."

Now, my friends, are we ready to obey God's will and become like unto himself through the redemption and the blood of Jesus Christ? We have been talking about man as God first created him in his purity and simplicity. But sin has come into the world and so malformed us that we are far from perfect. The divine image is soiled and incrusted with the mire of sin. As we say of a man who has yielded to the power of drink, that his mother would scarcely recognize, in the sodden, blotched visage, the face of the child she cherished in infancy, so we do not see God's image in the sinful man; but, as Paul said to the people whom he had led to Christ: "Such were some of you; but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified." And he says, too, that they who behold, "as in a mirror, the glory of the Lord are changed into the same image," so the image that is overlaid or lost or disfigured by evil courses, is restored or brought back again to light by Christ.

Christ says, "Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you." That means, "You shall again be stamped in my image, if you will accept my atonement and my love and sacrifice." Will you do it? Will you to-day throw yourself upon his mercy and become pure, as he is pure, and dwell with him on earth, and dwell with him forever and ever? Jesus said, "I am the way." Will you take that way to become like unto himself, and dwell with him in heaven as his friend throughout eternity? The opportunity is yours if you will accept Him. For God will re-create you in his own spiritual image. "So God created man in his own image."

THE DISASTER AT ATLANTIC CITY

One of the Sunken Cars being Raised by the Crane of the Wrecking Train

Workmen at the Scene of the Disaster before the Cars were Brought to the Surface

ALMOST DAILY in the newspapers appear reports of a shipwreck here or a train accident there, in which one or a few lives were lost; and so used have we become to these minor disasters, that our eye passes over the account and leaves it without a second thought. Recently, however, there came a message over the wires that sent a thrill of horror through the most hardened reader of the sensational. An electric train, filled with happy and heart-free pleasure seekers, had left the rails, plowed for a distance along the ties of a trestle, and then, with a swift drive to the right, cut the guard rail and plunged downward into the stream that separates Atlantic City from the mainland. Only those who were fortunate enough to be in the last car, which protruded above the water, escaped, fearfully injured, to tell incoherently what they knew of the catastrophe.

People at a distance were unable to make out the exact cause of the train's swerve off the track. One moment it was bowling swiftly along, the next moment it had disappeared almost as if by magic. All about were people fishing in the creek. They watched with interest the rush of the train as it dashed toward them. When it plunged they were for a moment stunned. Then a hundred oars beat the water into foam as the fishermen pulled to the rescue. Suddenly from below there shot up a young man striking the water wildly with his arms. He had broken a window, and, hampered by dead and dying crowded around him in the car, had worked his way out. Here and there another exhausted man or woman came to the surface.

The coolness displayed by some of the people imprisoned beneath the water, was remarkable. A young man had taken a little girl of eight for the ride. He was holding her coat when the car went down, as they were nearly at their destination. In a few seconds the water was up to the little girl's waist. The young man at once saw that the only chance to save her life and his own was to duck under the water and open the window.

He succeeded in this, and putting the girl under water, he pushed her out of the window. Then he found the hardest part of his task yet before him. He had to hold the girl on the other side of the sill, while he crawled out himself. Together they rose to the surface, and at last reached a place of safety—a box that had been pushed out from shore—volunteers brought out every boat from the bank.

Mrs. McDonald, of Philadelphia, who escaped and made four brave rescues, told later her experience in those few terrible moments, when scores of people were drowned in the inrush of waters. She said:

"When the car went overboard I was looking out of the window. It was terrible. I saw that we were doomed and my first thought was of my husband. The cars plunged over and the water began gurgling as it rushed into the windows and doorways. Fortunately I am a good swimmer. I cannot remember how I broke my way through a window, but I did it. As I rose to the surface I thought of my husband, and I dived down in the faint hope that I could reach him. I went down and down and finally grabbed hold of a body. I came up with it, but discovered that I had rescued some other man, and he got safely ashore. I dived twice, and each time I brought up a strange man. The fourth time I went down I reached my husband and succeeded in landing him safely ashore."

Another man badly injured came to the surface, and then plunged downward in repeated efforts to save his wife. The men on the bridge, urged by him, came down and broke windows, thus saving dozens of lives. Man after man was pulled out. At last a woman was found, the one whose husband had been diving frantically to find her. And so the ghastly, heroic work went on, until all those who still had the breath of life were saved; but in the forward cars, in a confused heap, were the bodies of those who, but that morning, with happy hearts had started from home. It is estimated that not less than fifty persons perished in this disaster, and many others sustained injuries.

A GREAT MISSIONARY CONFERENCE

THE fourth annual Conference of the sixth missionary department, comprising the diocese and missionary districts of Colorado, Duluth, Iowa, Kansas, Kansas City, Laramie, Minnesota, Montana, Missouri, Nebraska, North Dakota, Salina, and South Dakota, was held in St. Mark's Church, Minneapolis, recently. The presiding bishop of the whole church, which is called Protestant Episcopalian, was the celebrant at communion. The preacher was Bishop Brewer, of Montana, who preached an eloquent and practical sermon.

During the Conference, the bishop enlarged on the ideas set forth in the sermon, and advocated the use of laymen to a very much greater extent than the church has yet done. "Many laymen," he declared, "can preach better than half the clergy," an affirmation which was roundly cheered in the Conference.

On the afternoon of the first day, Bishop Edsall and Mayor Jones, in Gethsemane Church, gave welcome to the Council in felicitous words, and Bishop Tuttle responded. These men who compose the Council come from a district bounded by the Mississippi River and the Rocky Mountains—a plot of land 1,000 by 800 miles—and upon which more than 11,000,000 persons live, and as representatives they undoubtedly stand for all that is best in their respective dioceses. Among them are many men of renown through the whole American church. The bishops gave outlines of the work in their charge, which, while showing that much is to be done, proved also that much is being well done.

On the second day Bishop Graves took the chair. Three papers were read and discussed. The readers of papers were Rev. E. P. Smith, New York City; Rev. R. W. Clark, Detroit, Michigan, and Rev. Hiram R. Hulse, New York, and the subjects, "Methods in Missionary Education," "The Men's Forward Movement" and "The Men's Thank Offering." In the afternoon, Rev. Dr. Cathell, of Des Moines, Iowa, read a paper on "The Self-Supporting Diocese," and Rev. J. B. Van Fleet, of South Dakota, read a paper on "The Ability and Willingness of the Clergy to Cope with the Difficulties of Small Towns."

The following day's session opened with the consideration of Indian work, and efforts among the colored race. Rev. B. Brigham, an Indian priest, read a paper on "Work Among the Chippewas." A man of presence and self-possession, he had a thrilling story to tell. Mrs. St. Clair told about lace work among the Indian women, "The Good Things God Gave the Indian before the Gospel Came to Them," were set forth by Rev. P. D. Flora, of South Dakota. The Indian singing was musical as Apollo's lute, and resonant as that of silver.

Work among the colored people was next in order, and was the subject of several addresses.

Next afternoon a ride to Minnehaha Falls and St. Paul was arranged, and supper was served at St. John's Church, St. Paul, after which a mass meeting was held in the church, and addresses were given by Bishops Millspaugh, Dr. Clarke, and Rev. Mr. Hulse, the Rev. Mr. Segwick, rector, presiding.

The pulpits in Minneapolis and St. Paul were filled on Sunday by bishops and delegates. At Minneapolis a mass meeting was held in the great auditorium, with nine bishops and a vested choir of 500. Bishops Griswold, Morrison, Duluth—and Bishop Tuttle, spoke.

The social event was the dinner, given by Minnesota churchmen, to the delegates and their wives. Rev. T. Thurston was toastmaster, and the speakers were Bishop Tuttle, Rev. William Wilkinson, Bishop Mann, Rev. Theo. Segwick and Mr. J. C. Wyman.

A spirit of deep earnestness and religious enthusiasm prevailed all through the meetings.

Bishop Millspaugh (Kans.)

Bishop Atwill (Kansas City)

Rev. J. E. Cathell (Des Moines)

Rev. B. Brigham (Indian pastor)

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Bishop Williams (Neb.)

Dinner at Chief Labara's Kraal

Missionary and Native Child

Services at Muradzika's Kraal

THROUGH THE HEART OF AFRICA

By LOUISE M. WODEHOUSE

JULY 4th, 1906. We started from the parsonage (at Umtali, Rhodesia) about noon, a company of seven whites, sixty-three natives, two donkeys and two dogs—my beautiful collie and a little Irish terrier. The three ladies had each a *machela* (hammock), the *machelas* went in front, and then the long caravan of natives carrying loads on their heads (each boy is supposed to carry about fifty pounds). We could only reach a place called Five-Mile Spruit before we had to camp for the night.

Rev. C. Wodehouse

July 5th. We were on our way again by 9 A M. We reached Muradzika's just before noon (one of our mission kraals), where we had our dinner and a nice service with the natives. The chief was present. It was beautiful to listen to the prayers and testimonies of the converts of this station of our mission, now open about two years. We continued our journey as far as the 15-mile store, where we camped for the night. After our evening meal, the native boys gathered for evening service, sitting two and three rows deep around the campfire. We had several hymns, which the boys sang in their native tongue, and several of them engaged in prayer and testimony. One spoke of having been blind but now he was in the light, and had the key to many blessings. Jim, our cook, gave a bright testimony to what Christ did for him. We went to our tents thanking God for his wonderful work and saving power in the lives of these boys.

July 6th. We were up early and on our way by 7 o'clock. We journeyed till we came to the Mupubzi River, where we breakfasted and rested awhile. We reached a place towards evening where there were some wonderful rocks, and pitched our tent there for the night—a very wild place, where one would naturally think wild beasts would be lurking, as doubtless they were, but the many fires in our encampment would keep them away. We had a delightful service with the natives, and then went to our tents to sleep securely, resting on the promises of our Heavenly Father.

July 7th. We broke camp at 6 A.M., and were on our way by 7. At 11 we halted for breakfast by the Simbaronga River. We then journeyed on until we came to a steep mountain, up which we had to climb, as it was not possible to be carried up in a *machela*. We had to be helped from rock to rock. At last we thankfully reached the summit, after a climb of 1,500 feet. Soon after leaving the mountain we got out of our course, and we came to a torrent where the carriers had to crawl over a broken tree to cross. The *machelas* not being able to get over that way, our *machela* boys had to wade across. We had to walk a long rough way before we reached a place to camp, and it was almost dusk when we put up our tents. We were almost too tired to eat our evening meal, and were glad to retire soon after.

July 8th. Such a perfect Sabbath! The first sounds that fell on our ears were the cooing of doves and other bird notes in the woods. Then came the low muttered prayers of the Christian natives at their campfires; then the singing of hymns, till soon the encampment was all awake and we felt it was time to stir. Mr. Wodehouse appointed several to go out to the kraals round about to hold service with the heathen. We seven held a service by ourselves. We sang a number of hymns, accompanied by our little organ; then we read Matthew 14. Brother Greeley and Brother Sichrist led in prayer. One seems very near to God in these quiet, leafy solitudes—"God's first temples"—and a hush fell on our spirits that we cannot always feel in the towns. We were all of one heart and mind, and the fellowship together was very sweet. After dinner we rested awhile in our tents, then we played and sang, till a number of natives gathered round us to listen. After supper we sat round the fire and thought of all the Bible characters we could, alphabetically, until the boys had finished their evening meal, when we had service with them. Mr. Greeley and Mr. Sichrist led the meeting. We then talked to them a little on "God so loved the world." Several native boys led in prayer, and they were still singing long after we went to our tents. So ended a very enjoyable Sabbath.

July 9th. It was bitterly cold all night and we got very little sleep. We breakfasted and packed up to proceed on our march. We three ladies preferred walking on ahead on account of the cold. Just as we were entering Mutabara's kraal pictures were taken of our entire caravan, which lined out at a great distance. We pitched our tents not very far from the kraal. Soon the women came with *oofoo* to sell. We measured off yards of *limbo* and gave them in exchange for meal, eggs, fowls, etc. Mr. Wodehouse gave the chief and his induna each a blanket. The chief came twice to see us to-day and we announced a service to be held at his kraal to-morrow morning.

July 10th. Early this morning the women came again with their things for sale. The induna's wife brought me a basket of *oofoo* for a present, and native etiquette demanded that I should make her a present in return, so I gave her a gaily colored scarf. At 10 A.M. we all went to the kraal. It is a fine large one; the chief's hut being in the centre, and much larger than the others. We took the organ, which was a great attraction to them, and sang a number of hymns. Mr. Wodehouse spoke on the blind man coming to Jesus, illustrating the story by one of our Sunday School rolls. The brightly colored picture was a great wonder to the natives. Mrs. Ferris spoke to the women, and we gave a little talk to the children. Prayers and testimonies from our Christian natives followed. One man from Muradzika's kraal gave a clear and definite testimony. He said that a year ago he went with Mr. Wodehouse on a trip like this, as carrier. He went that he might earn some money. He thought that it was a very strange thing that the missionaries did not make money like traders. As he listened to the preaching, the prayers, and the testimonies of the Christian boys, he felt that he, too, wanted to pray. "I now see that the Lord was showing me I was a sinner, and in darkness. I prayed for light, and God brought me into the light." He told the people that they must pray, and light would come, as it came to him when he was in darkness.

July 11. This will be our last day here, we continue our journey early to-morrow morning. The chief, Labara came to say goodby, as he was going to a neighboring kraal to fetch his wife, who has been away on a visit. I am sorry our party has to

Continued on page 963

The Missionary Cavalcade Entering Mutabara's Kraal

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, Associate Editor

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An Unbiased View of Missions

HOWEVER people may agree to differ with that distinguished American, William Jennings Bryan, concerning certain public questions, all are cordially united in regarding him as a keen and philosophical observer of men and events. His letters from abroad, which have been widely published, have given us vivid interpretations and new aspects of places and people that are usually passed by, without sympathy or understanding, by the average traveler.

Not so with Mr. Bryan. He looks beneath the surface, and has the faculty of discovering the "hidden things," which others wholly miss, or, which is equally bad, fail to comprehend. By way of illustration, we may refer to the attitude of many tourists toward Christian missions—a class of work to which they seldom give time even for superficial investigation. But Mr. Bryan has gone deeply into the subject, and in his own facile and attractive way presents the results of his inquiries in Japan, China, the Philippines, India, Egypt, Palestine and Turkey. Dr. Klopsch, who visited most of these countries in recent years, and whose own efforts, as well as those of our readers, have been instrumental in strengthening and developing missionary work in many parts of the world, has frequently recorded his observations in these pages, and it is worth while to note that his impressions, in the main, have been confirmed by this notable observer in the same fields, the sole difference being that Mr. Bryan regards the whole subject from the standpoint of an unbiased outsider.

In Japan he found the missionary work spreading rapidly under the auspices of churches, schools, medical missions and the Y. M. C. A. The people are leaving Buddhism, and are ripe for a national religion. In Korea conditions are hopeful. He found in China signs of great Christian progress. Western ideas are springing up everywhere in the Orient. In the Malay States, Mohammedanism is still stubbornly contesting the ground, but in Burma and India, Christianity has scored great triumphs. He notes specially the activity of our American missionaries in establishing Sunday Schools in India and the rapid growth of medical missions, and indeed of all departments of Christian work. Our friends, whose generosity has done so much for India in the past eight years, will be interested to have the result of their labors so favorably recognized.

Mr. Bryan concludes his review by briefly referring to missionary conditions in Palestine, Syria, Turkey and Egypt. Service, he says, is the consecrated keynote of the whole missionary situation, and the presentation of the Christian ideal of life ought to be the highest aim of God's people everywhere. He pronounces selfish the claim that home missions are allowed to suffer through zeal for foreign work, and suggests that those who make this claim "are the very ones who themselves make few sacrifices for the work at home."

More consecrated men and women for the foreign field, more means, more earnest prayers, are his advice to meet the situation. Trained native Christian workers, at a cost of $40 to $50 a year, could be supported in large numbers by the great army of Christians at home, and he adds: "What an impetus such a movement would give to the cause of Christianity throughout the Orient."

Death in Life

A PHRASE used in these columns recently appears to have aroused discussion in religious circles in several localities. Letters asking in what sense it should be understood, reach us from many readers. The phrase was "spiritual death." We are asked if we mean that death can possibly come to an entity believed to be immortal; or if one part of a man's being can be dead while he is physically alive; or if death of the spirit means hopelessness, in the same way as death of the body ends visible activity.

The phrase was used in the scriptural sense of being spiritually lifeless, inanimate, unresponsive. As a corpse does not respond to the touch of love, or to the blow of hate, so the spirit that is dead is not affected by the sense of right and wrong, by appeals to the conscience, or the influence of the Gospel. As a deaf man is not affected by music, or a blind man by pictures, the man who is spiritually dead is not affected by spiritual teaching or spiritual impressions. If he is told that some course he is contemplating is a sin against God, or a violation of his duty, he is deaf to the plea, though he may be moved if he is told that it will involve him in the loss of money. The Apostle Paul speaks (Eph. 2: 1) of such a condition as being "dead through trespasses and sins," and again (1 Timothy 4: 2) of the conscience "being seared as with a hot iron." The converse of this idea is the sensitiveness of the converted man, who is quick to perceive the sinfulness of some habit which, before his conversion, occasioned him no concern. He is quickened, made alive to the sense of righteousness.

A popular novelist described a brilliant man who astonished one who made his acquaintance by a novel defect of character. He was intellectually alert, skilful in solving mental problems, he easily acquired knowledge; but seemed to have no spiritual or moral sense. He disregarded the obligations of friendship, had no sympathy with the sorrows or sufferings of others, and was utterly incapable of understanding any motive higher than his own interests. The novelist explains the defect by representing him as having yielded to temptation to such a degree that the spirit within him had taken its flight, leaving him physically active, intellectually brilliant, but spiritually dead. This, of course, is a mere fancy, but it illustrates the condition referred to.

Is the person who is spiritually dead, beyond hope? By no means. Christ has quickening power. "You hath He quickened who were dead." The offers of salvation are open to such a man, the source of life is still accessible so long as he is physically alive. If he appealed to God through Christ, the Holy Spirit would be given him. But the difficulty in his case is his own deadness. He is cold, callous, indifferent. He has no desire for salvation, no impulse to seek it. The barrier is not on the part of God, who is ever ready to fulfil his promises; but on the man's own part, he being spiritually dead.

Church Life in Winter

WITH the return of wintry weather, church life as well as home life takes a new start. The long evenings are favorable to sociability in the church as elsewhere, and, aside from the purely devotional character of the religious life, there should be a meeting and mingling of friends every week at this season. Take, for example, the work done in Guilds and Leagues and Endeavor societies in behalf of, and by the young people. A church that has no young people is in danger of becoming a paralyzed and moribund church. Young blood is vital, glowing, and enthusiastic, and to it the church must look for its continued existence and increasing influence.

Young people fly from a dull, prosy and listless church. They want to be set to work. Their energies must have an outlet. All around every city church there are numbers of young and old who ought to be drawn into the warm, sweet fellowship of Christ's people. In most country places there are men and boys, as well as young girls and women, who are longing for a little of the sunshine that comes from Christian love. Now is the time to get the church at work. Give the young people something to do, and encourage them to find in the church a social rallying place. There should be evenings of diversion and intellectual stimulus, as well as evenings of praise and prayer.

A crying need of many churches is for leaders among the laity. Far too much is left to the minister. He is expected not only to preach, conduct prayer-meetings, visit the sick and afflicted, bury the dead, comfort the bereaved and attend to the multiform duties of the parish, but, single-handed, to lift and carry the weight of the whole enterprise. A pastor who has not able, efficient and active helpers in the membership of his church, might almost be tempted to give up the battle. He is in the position of a commander who has no army to command.

Where the men in a congregation are for any reason few, the burden of leadership necessarily falls upon the women. From many rural communities the young men have gone to the cities. Being in the cities, the city churches should look after them, find them, invite them to attend church, and give them a good time and a warm welcome when they are there. In the country, the women should not shirk any responsibility. Women are accustomed to taking the lead at home. When there is occasion, they should take it in the church.

What we all earnestly desire for this winter is a true revival of Christian life, a deepening of spirituality and a renewed consciousness of the presence of God. As the wintry days and nights come hastening on, there may be summer in our hearts and joy in our lives, if, with one accord, in one place, we often seek to see the Master, and if more earnestly than ever before we try to serve him.

Three Beautiful Books

Forming a Complete

DEVOTIONAL LIBRARY

SPIRITUAL Food is as indispensable for the Soul's health and vigor as material food is essential for the body. Yet there are multitudes of Christian people who do not ponder this. They suffer from spiritual debility, when they have near at hand and within grasp, refreshment that would infuse new spiritual life and vigor, rejoice the heart, and brighten the whole life.

Such a banqueting table of spiritual viands is presented in this trio of beautiful volumes. The first of these is

Precious Bible Promises, or *The Christian's Inheritance*, by Rev. Samuel Clarke, D. D.

which spreads before us the inestimable blessings, here and hereafter, which God has assured us we as his believing children may claim and take. These include all manner of temporal and spiritual blessings, blessings in health and in sickness, in the home, in business, and everywhere. These rich gifts show us how generously our Father has provided for his obedient children, and they strengthen our faith in the universal providence of God, who is faithful in all things and unfailingly blesses those who trust in him. Dr. Isaac Watts wrote of this book: "In such a world as this, where difficulties and trials are ever surrounding us, what can we do better than to treasure up the promises in our hearts which are the most effective persuasives? Here are laid up the true riches of a Christian and his highest hopes on this side of heaven."

The second volume in the Devotional Library is

Daily Light on The Daily Path. A Devotional Text-Book for every day of the year. In the very words of Scripture.

Here we have the very voice of the Master of the Banquet, calling us in words of love and tenderness to the feast, and giving us assurance of happiness and contentment, if we rest upon His will and walk in His footsteps. We need follow no false beacon, for His Word is a lamp unto our feet and a light to our path through all the changing seasons.

Last of the trio in the Devotional Library is the world-famous

"Imitation of Christ," by Thomas a-Kempis.

known for five hundred years as being, next to the Bible itself, the choicest literary inheritance of Christian people throughout the globe. It has comforted and encouraged Christ's followers amid stress and persecution and in times of peace, and it has been translated into not less than 500 languages and dialects. It is a rare fountain of perpetual refreshment, and without it the joys of the spiritual banquet table would be incomplete.

For further information regarding these three remarkable volumes, constituting a complete Devotional Library, we refer the reader to the detailed description on the Second Cover page of this issue.

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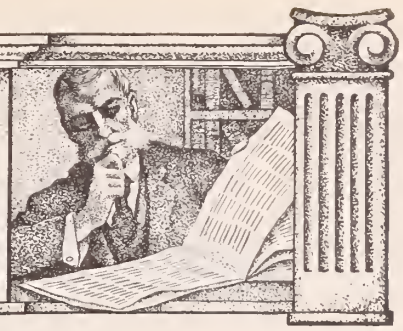
THE BIBLE and the NEWSPAPER



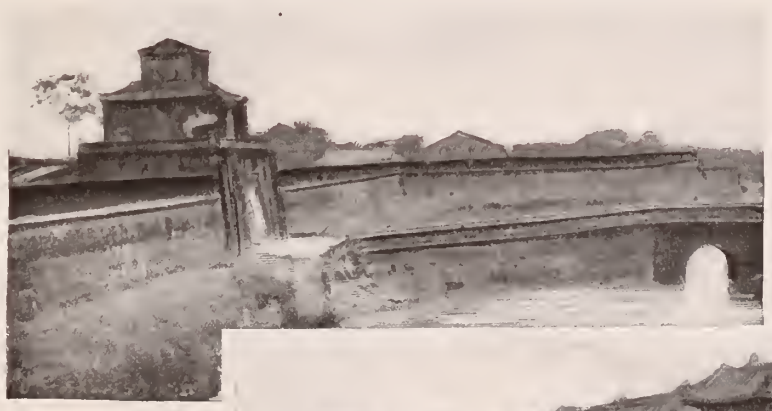
A Royal Maniac

REPORTS from French sources give a shocking idea of recent events in Annam. That country lies on the eastern border of Siam, on the great peninsula south of China. It has been under the "protection" of France since 1884. Prior to that period it had been an independent country for four centuries. Earlier it was a dependency of China, and was governed by it for the long period of sixteen centuries, but in 1428 Annam threw off the Chinese yoke, and after a fierce struggle won its independence. In 1867 the French began to move in those regions, and obtained a footing in the extreme south of the peninsula, which they named French Cochin China. Seven years later they gained large powers in Tonquin, and an attempt to possess the country involved France in a costly war. Finally it was ceded to France, and thus the French possessions at the north of the peninsula and on the south were separated by the kingdom of Annam, which she was eager to seize. The area of the country is about 50,000 square miles and the population 6,000,000.

Thanh-Tai, King of Annam

Some years ago, Thanh-Thai, the king of Annam, became mentally unbalanced. He developed a homicidal mania, accompanied by a savage delight in torture. The French representative at his court became alarmed, as he saw one and another of the king's officers and a number of his wives brutally put to death. He appealed to his government to interfere, and a French force was sent to Hue, the capital, which put the king under restraint. About three months ago, the king was again seized by his malady, which gradually transformed him into a ferocious monster. Not content with killing his ministers and wives, he hungered for spectacles of inhuman suffering. The most barbarous tortures and mutilations were devised, the king sitting as at a theatre watching the gradual torturing of human beings to death, and gloating over their excruciating pain. Finally he craved the delights of cannibalism. One of his wives was killed and cooked and served at a grand feast, at which the whole court assembled, and every officer was compelled to partake of the horrible viand under pain of death. This was the climax of his mania. The French sent a force to seize him, and he has been pronounced insane by French physicians and placed under permanent restraint. The country is now to be governed under French direction. The atrocities show how near akin to the beast man is, and how quickly he sinks to their level when the God-given faculty of reason is withdrawn.

The Citadel at Hue, the Capital of Annam



The Royal Palace at Hue, the Scene of the Orgies

Man being in honor abideth not: he is like the beasts that perish (Ps. 49: 12).

Peary Nearest the Pole

A telegram from Hopedale, Labrador, brings the welcome news that Peary is safe, though he has failed in his effort to reach the Pole. He has, however, advanced nearer to it by about thirty-five miles than any former explorer. The Stars and Stripes are now planted two hundred miles from the Pole, in advance of the flag of every other nation. In the telegram announcing the achievement, Peary says that in his dash over the ice, he encountered a furious gale, which destroyed the caches in which supplies had been placed, and cut off his communications. The field of ice, on which the explorers were, drifted steadily away from the Pole eastward. The provisions they had taken with them were nearly exhausted, and the party lived on the carcasses of eight dogs which they slaughtered. They were reduced to serious extremities, but eventually drifted to the northeast of Greenland, whence, in greatly straitened condition, they made their way to Labrador, where, at a missionary station, they were welcomed and cared for. The *Roosevelt*, on which the party sailed, left Sydney, Nova Scotia, on July 26, 1905. Peary was heard from at Etah, on North Greenland, in August, collecting natives and dogs for the dash he proposed to make across the ice, after the long winter night. Peary was then planning to spend the winter at a point 350 miles north of Cape Sabine. He expected to start thence in February with dogs and sledges for his journey of five hundred miles to the Pole. The events of that long journey are as yet unknown, but it would appear that if he had not been stopped by water, which was not thought to exist there, he might have reached the goal. It is gratifying to learn that, notwithstanding the fearful hardships, no lives were lost, and the party are all in good health. It was a gallant struggle, and we must admire the pluck and endurance which have given our country the foremost place in the struggle to penetrate to the centre of that desolate region. It must have been a strange sensation to be in that weird place where no mortal had ever been before, but even there God was present to keep and save.

If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me (Ps. 139: 10).

A Reluctant Patient

A surgeon in a hospital in Missouri relates an incident of a patient's obstinacy, which yielded at last to fear of death. The patient was a brakeman, who had been bitten, he said, by a big spider, that he disturbed in a railroad car that had been laden with bananas. He knocked the creature down and crushed it with his foot, and then went about his work. Soon afterwards the bitten finger began to swell, and he poulticed it, but as it grew worse he went to the hospital. The doctor lanced it, and after examining the discharge, advised the man to have his hand amputated. The brakeman laughed at him and refused. It seemed so unnecessary for him to give up his hand because of a little bite on his finger. But as it grew worse, he consented to have his finger cut off. The surgeon who performed the operation told him he had better have the entire hand amputated, but he would not consent. Later he was scared at finding that his hand pained him and was swelling. The pain became intense and he told the surgeon that he was willing to lose his hand. But it was too late then for the loss of the hand to save him. The surgeons told him that he had better lose his arm. To this, however, he would not agree, and the hand was amputated. Still the pain continued, and then the brakeman placed himself in the doctor's hands and bade him do as he thought best. The surgeon amputated the arm at the shoulder, and the man, after being four months in the hospital, left, feeling thankful that his life was saved. His delay had caused him the loss of his arm, when prompt measures would have saved it, but had he refused to lose it, the surgeons said he would have lost his life. The same reluctance to take decisive steps to save the soul are seen in men who are caught in a snare. There are many, however, who live to regret that they did not heed our Lord's warning.

It is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell (Matt. 5: 30).

To Belt the Globe

A company was incorporated in Jersey City recently to provide the means of traveling to Europe It includes capitalists from France, Russia and the United States. The project is to tunnel under Behring Straits. The distance across is nearly fifty miles, but there are three Islands on the route, which may be used to break the long stretch of tunneling. The line of which the tunnel is the most remarkable feature, is to extend on this continent from the Alaska River, from Cape Prince of Wales, Seward Peninsula, Alaska, at a place called Kinnegan, toward Cape York and easterly to Port Clarence, and then to Grently Harbor, crossing the California and Kaugarock Rivers. The main line will proceed to Norton Bay and thence easterly along the Tanana River, then to the boundary line between Alaska and the British Northwest Territory. On the other side, the line is to connect with the Trans-Siberian Railroad at Kansk. This is through Asia, but it will extend to St. Petersburg, and so connect with Berlin and Paris. Such a project would have appeared chimerical to our fathers, but recent inventions and discoveries make it feasible. So, in a sense never dreamed of by the Psalmist, his words will be fulfilled.

Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world (Ps. 19: 4).

A Railroad Tested

Persons passing under the Elevated Railroad in several sections of New York, have noticed recently huge beams set up on end in various places. They ask if the road was sagging and if it was safe. They are told that there are no safer places along the road than those under which the beams are temporarily placed. The work is being done as the result of an inspection recently ordered by the directors. Men were sent over the road to examine every part. The thoroughness of this inspection was shown by the report of one of them, who said: "Your inspector walked underneath the structure the entire length of the section under his charge, frequently going over portions of it the second time in order to more closely examine those places where columns and tracks are widely separated. In this manner were examined foundations and columns, and a general view was obtained of girders, connections, etc., from the under side. Columns were frequently climbed by your inspector, to scrutinize more closely some connection or other part not plainly visible from the ground. He also walked on the top of the structure, along or upon the tracks, over the entire system, frequently going beneath the ties among the girders or trusses, looking carefully at their various parts, and especially at the connections with tops of columns and with each other; also looking for loose rivets or other defects, often testing all the rivets with a hammer for an entire span, and sometimes several spans continuously. No weak or defective foundations were discovered." It was rightly felt that too much care could not be taken in ascertaining that a road over which so many people travel every day, was thoroughly safe. It is a pity that people do not exercise at least as much care where their eternal safety is concerned. Many proceed heedlessly over a path of their lives in this world, which is marked by the wrecks of many who have preceded them, and which inevitably ends in destruction, and this, too, even after being warned that they are traveling along a dangerous way.

He settleth himself in a way that is not good: he abhorreth not evil (Ps. 36: 4)

WORLD'S TEMPERANCE SUNDAY

*INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON, BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS**

THE vast Sunday School army of the world numbers 26,281,580; it was so reported at the World's Sunday School Convention in Jerusalem in 1904, but since that time the United States has increased its Sunday School enrollment nearly one million. Countries not united under one flag, as Africa, South America, Oceanica, West Indies, etc., are not included; but it should be said that Africa has 160,840; South America, 153,000; Oceanica, 10,800.

Each of these lands has its peculiar intoxicating drink, against which the children as well as the grown people need to be warned: Mixed drinks and beer in the United States; ale, porter and whiskey in England; beer and wine in Germany; rum and gin in Holland; whiskey and brandy in Denmark, Sweden and Norway; wine in Switzerland; wine and absinthe in France; *saki* and American beer in Japan; *arrack* in Turkey; *rodka* in Russia; *pulque* in Mexico; wine in Italy; beer and wine in Austria; American beer in China; wine in Persia and Spain; wine and cordials in Belgium, Portugal and Greece.

The Universal Scourge

In the International Series of Sunday School Lessons there are Quarterly Temperance Lessons, and so the teachers who use this series, have not only the opportunity, but the obligation to teach temperance at least four times in a year; not in the same way, but according to the customs of their countries. Children in England do not not need to be warned against *pulque;* children in Italy are in no danger of *rodka.* Teachers will take their own viewpoints, but they should all teach temperance.

The World's Temperance Sunday, the fourth Sunday in November, is judged to be the greatest of all the temperance Sundays.

Illustrations on the Lesson

The force of habit, the first waking thought with the drunkard is "something to drink," the effort to satisfy his thirst is a continuous chain which he drags with him as a part of himself all through the day, and his last effort at night is to get something for a "night cap" to help him sleep. But he is sure to wake up in the morning only worn out, instead of refreshed by his drunken sleep. He repeatedly resolves to "break off," but goes on just the same. There is a deep reason for this, which is given us by the psychologist. Lest it seem abstruse, let me tell it as I heard a clergyman talk to a church full of children, he said,"Every time you steal, or deal a blow, or do something bad with your hand, you make a bad track across your little head, and the track grows deeper and deeper every time you do it. And when you fold your hands to pray, or do kind things with your hands, you make a good track across your hand. If you swear or speak filthy words with your lips or lie, you make bad tracks across your brain. On the other hand, if you speak noble and kind words you make good tracks across your brain."

The Organism Ploughed

"And it is so with your eyes, if you read bad books or papers, or look at foul pictures, you make real tracks across your brain, which grow deeper and deeper every time you do it. On the other hand, if you read good books, and papers, and look at pictures of great and good things, you are making good tracks. And it is so with what we hear with our ears. It all depends on ourselves whether we will have good tracks or bad ones." Then the minister called upon the children to name different acts that would cover the brain with good tracks or bad tracks. Their replies showed how fully they had understood the grand truth, so simply; a psychological basis for habit. Specialize the brains of children for good as the surest way of making it as easy as possible to do right, and as hard as possible to do wrong. It gives a new meaning to the Bible maxim: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." He will not, because he cannot, it is a part of the very fibre of his being.

The rhododendron has a very sweet juice with narcotic properties. When young animals are let out in the early spring, they are greatly attracted by the bright flowers and green leaves. They eat and eat until they fall down in a stupor. But the older animals let it alone; they have learned their lesson. The owner, knowing that every calf and lamb has to pass through such an experience, does not try to keep them off, but before night falls, he goes around and gathers them into shelter. This calf and lamb way is not the boy and girl way, indeed, we do not need to let them wander into the paths of sin to learn the way of righteousness.

The Confessions of a Drunkard. "When I was a little baby, and cried from pain, they gave me 'soothing syrup.' That made me drunk, and of course I went to sleep and cried no more. When I was a little boy, and some one gave me a penny, I would go and buy a wine drop. This is the trap the Giant Intemperance sets for the children. Mother put wine and brandy into her pudding sauce and mince pies. Sometimes she made

They said: We will Drink no Wine (Jer. 35: 6)

'brandy peaches.' I began to think everything with wine and brandy in it 'very nice.' When my father drank his glass of wine or beer or cider, he always gave me some, and I would drink the brandy and sugar that was left in the bottom of the glasses, when my father's friends had been drinking. When I was only twelve years old I got drunk on the Fourth of July, and sat in a corner in the depot before I got sober enough to go

They turn aside the poor in the Gate (Amos 5: 12)

home. Oh, how the people did stare at me! When I grew to be a young man I drank with other young men, and 'treated' them, because I did not want to seem mean. I began to feel sick and weak a great many days, so I got into the habit of taking a little something—'bitters,' so they are called—before each meal, to make me feel better. I began often to leave my work, and go into the saloon for a few moments for 'a drink.' Then I lost my place, and I spent whole days in saloons. I spent all the money I had for drink. Then I borrowed some from my friends; then I got trusted; then I sold my coat and my shoes to buy drink, and then I stole money to buy it; and here I am in prison. Nobody trusts me; everybody despises me; but I am my worst enemy." Some time ago a good Christian mother was advised to give brandy to her delicate baby boy in his food. One day the brandy bottle was empty, and no one was in the house to send for a fresh supply, so the mother prepared the food without its usual flavoring spirit. To her amazement the babe spat it out with evident lack of relish. With horror she realized that she had already fastened upon her infant child the deadly alcoholic appetite. Being a woman of quick resolve and of firm determination, she said to the little one, "Well, my boy, if you will not take your food without brandy, you can go hungry until you will." How few mothers would have recognized the danger until it was too late. "Hell hath enlarged herself, and opened her mouth without measure." There is a picture in Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* called "The Byway to Hell." It is a cavern by the roadside into which many men are falling headlong. Christian and Hopeful ask the shepherds the meaning of it. "It is a way that hypocrites go in at, namely, such as sell their birthright with Esau, such as sell their Master with Judas, such as blaspheme with Alexander, and that lie and dissemble with Ananias and Sapphira his wife." A glass of grog is less than a mess of pottage, and yet so many men, a hundred thousand, more or less, set so little store by their birthright, which is for eternity, that hell must open her mouth wider and wider to receive them. In the picture Christian and Hopeful are represented as hastening by the yawning place, staff in hand, while Fearful crouches behind in their shadow, and tries to keep up with them.

Prospering on Wrecks

"Woe unto them that draw iniquity with cords of vanity," said a distiller with whom I chanced to get into conversation on a railroad train. "I have always been a moderate drinker, but I never was drunk in all my life." I replied, "Do not be too sure of that. When a man is drunk, he is very seldom aware of his condition. I venture to say you have been drunk many times in your life." An uncertain expression spread over his face, and I felt that he was saying within himself. "Perhaps he is right after all." His next utterance was not so boastful. "I would like to hear you make a guess at my age?" "Why? I asked. Because I am sure you would say that I am fifteen years older than I really am. I feel that drinking of liquor has taken fifteen years out of my life."

What a confession for a distiller to make, and he the proprietor of one of Kentucky's most famous whiskies! And then he had a bitter complaint to make. "What hurts us," he said, "is that our families, who have never taken a drink of liquor in their lives, should be ostracised." "Oh," I replied, "I do not look at it in that way, they have cast in their lot with those who are outlaws."

The distiller's angry passions did not rise during the whole of this conversation, which was more extended than is here quoted. But I have not heard of his quitting his business. It is a business that "justifies the wicked for reward, and takes away the righteousness of the righteous from him." It is complicity with evil.

A Contrast of Results

"Turn now to the temperance revolution. In it we shall find a stronger bondage broken, a viler slavery manumitted, a greater tyrant deposed; in it more of want supplied, more disease healed, more sorrow assuaged; by it no orphans starving, no widows weeping; by it none wounded in feeling, none injured in interest—even the drammaker and dramseller will have glided into other occupations so gradually as never to have felt the change and will stand ready to join all others in the universal song of gladness.

And what a noble ally this would be to the cause of political freedom! With such an aid its march cannot fail to be on and on, till every son of earth shall drink in rich fruition the sorrow-quenching drafts of perfect liberty. Happy day when, all appetites controlled, all passion subdued, all matter subjected to mind, all conquerable mind shall live and move the monarch of the world! Glorious consummation! Hail, full of fury! Reign of reason, all hail!

"And when the victory shall be complete—when there shall be neither a slave nor drunkard on the earth—how proud the title of that land which may truly claim to be the birthplace and the cradle of both those revolutions that shall have ended in that victory! How nobly distinguished that people who shall have planted and nurtured to maturity both the political and moral freedom of their species!"

*International Sunday School Lesson for Nov. 25. Isaiah 5: 11-23. Golden Text: "I keep under my body, and bring it under subjection." I. Corinthians 9: 27.

The Manners of Good Society

THE manners of good society are the same all over the world. People who live quietly, remote from the whirl of towns and the rush of crowds, are sometimes a little afraid lest they shall unwittingly violate a rule or transgress a code of manners when they are in the company of friends and acquaintances. There is really no danger of this if only manners are influenced by consideration for others.

Politeness rests on broad foundations of sincerity, charity and brotherly love. It is because we desire to show deference and pay honor to old age that we hasten to give a seat to an elderly person in a public conveyance, or rise when the grandmother or grandfather enters the room, and remain standing until he or she has taken a chair. It is because a man wishes to be deferential to women that similarly he rises when a lady comes into the room, and for the same reason he opens the door for her when she leaves it.

In good society people are careful not to interrupt or contradict, or say anything shocking or extravagant in the way of exclamation and expletive. The force of words is greatly weakened by explosive utterances that border on profanity, if, indeed, they do not cross the line and become blasphemous. Excessive emphasis, surprise, disagreeable comment, and whatever may make a friend uncomfortable, are all violations of good taste and infringements of good manners.

An especial point to be remembered is that polite people in their social intercourse never ask direct questions of a personal nature. The instant that this is done, the person who does it is marked as one who is ill-bred. To inquire about a friend's dress, expenditure or course of conduct when one's intimacy gives no warrant for the inquisition, is offensive and meddlesome and bears the stamp of vulgar curiosity. An exceedingly pretty woman, otherwise agreeable, was shunned by a whole circle of friends on account of her inveterate habit of asking personal questions with unpardonable freedom. Allied to this habit is another equally under the ban, of being over-candid and offering advice that is not wanted. Advice that is not sought is always intrusive and superfluous, and has nothing to do with good manners.

In no particular are good manners displayed as they are in correspondence. A curt, brusque or clumsy letter at once affords evidence that the writer is unused to the forms of polite society. Neither lady or gentleman ever makes a mistake here. Whatever be the occasion of the letter written by one person to another, it should be marked by courtesy, begin and end with a gracious address and conclusion, and should be expressed in terms that are cordial, or at least urbane. A mark of good breeding is to answer all letters, and particularly letters of invitation, without delay.

There is no necessity for a set form of words in replying to most invitations. If very formal, write in the third person; if informal, write in the second person. Letters of thanks for gifts and favors, and letters expressing regret or sympathy, or acknowledging the latter with grateful appreciation, should be brief, simple and sincere. Reality is the true touchstone of good manners. Artifice is mere veneer.

Now and then we hear people speak with great admiration about this or the other person as a rough diamond. The truth is, that diamonds never lose their market value, but the stone in the rough is not worth so much as the stone that is polished. Rough diamonds in society are less prized than diamonds that have acquired the finish given by education and refinement.

We must never forget that social position does not necessarily imply the possession of excellent manners. A washerwoman may have a finer manner than a countess. The inward grace shining forth in friendliness and courtesy confers distinction on its possessor, and the poorest and plainest of women may have this quite as truly as the richest, most traveled and most highly endowed by fortune and liberal culture. A beautiful dignity sometimes crowns the manners of women whose lives have been spent in obscure places, who have communed much with books and with nature, or who have spent a great deal of time in ministering to their families, even in hard daily work. Frivolity and shallowness mar good manners, and arrogance puts upon them a fatal blemish.

One whose manner is perfect is deferential to those who have a right to be considered, either because of their age, their eminent position or their relation as superiors in rank. For instance, a teacher outranks a pupil, and a military officer outranks a private, and is entitled to a certain reverence. It may be old-fashioned to say so, but nevertheless a minister of the Gospel is entitled to deference on account of his benignant profession. It should go without saying that well-bred people are peculiarly polite to those who serve them. The domestic helper, the conductor on the car, the policeman at the crossing, the ticket-agent, and, in short, any one who does a favor or performs a service, is entitled to courteous thanks and recognition from well-mannered people.

IN A FRENCH MARKET

French housekeeping is often carried on in a manner so economical that it would astonish the ordinary American matron. People buy thriftily what they wish to use at once, and purchase in small quantities rather than in large, to avoid the trouble of storage. A French market is an interesting place to all who are charged with domestic catering.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—A READER. A father's consent is asked by a lover before he addresses the girl he hopes to marry. In many cases, this formality is dispensed with. It is, however, usual in polite society.

—A. P. The smallest gift available between friends in these days is a picture postal card. Always send thanks to friends from whom you receive flowers in times of illness or affliction. A little note is sufficient.

About Catching Cold

THE process known as "catching cold," is, unfortunately, so familiar that description is almost an insult to intelligence. Yet it may be as well to state that it does not defy definition. At this period we all know more than we used to about germs, bacteria, etc., and scientific people have told us that there are good germs and bad germs, and a stern conflict rages between these minute organisms. However this may be, and without reference to the germ theory, we know, from experience, that we are more apt to take cold between seasons than when either summer or winter is fairly established. The reason is that we become physically adjusted to heat and cold alike when they are the rule, while the vagaries of a shifting climate with violent and sudden changes are extremely trying. These are the more so when we have not adopted a form of dress suitable to the weather and the temperature. Lighting fires too early in the autumn and putting them out too early in the spring are prolific sources of cold. We catch cold when we are weary, we do the same when we leave a crowded building in which we have imprudently retained heavy wraps, so that the outer air gives us a chill. We take cold also when we have eaten a meal that is not perfectly assimilated. Indigestion is the mother of uncounted colds. Looking back at the suffering that comes in the wake of an obstinate catarrhal or bronchial cold, we often find that it had its origin in plum pudding, mince pie, or excessive indulgence in sweets. Plenty of fresh air in the room at night and a cold sponge bath every morning all the year round, are excellent safeguards against colds.

Whether or not the dress worn next the skin should be of wool, of silk, of cotton or of linen, is a topic of endless discussion on which there is room for wide diversity of opinion. The conclusion indicated by common sense is that a person should wear whatever style of garment experience shows to be hygienic in the individual case. Underclothing should be frequently changed, and nothing worn during the daytime should be worn during the night.

An old physician who had been very successful in treating disease, at the end of a long and useful life left this sovereign prescription for the maintenance of the general health. Couched in homely phrase it was simply this: "Head cool, feet warm, bowels open." Those who adhere to this rule may with impunity challenge colds to undermine their strength.

Every obstinate cold is a menace to health and invades the physical capital which we have to depend upon during life. They who have frequent colds are precisely like the indiscreet people who use their principal instead of their interest.

When one is seized with a sudden creeping or violent chill that does not yield immediately to the influence of a fire or a hot drink, the part of prudence is to send post haste for the family physician. Such chills or rigors are nature's danger signals, and should never be treated with neglect. They may be the forerunners of some malady that strikes a blow at the very centres of physical life. Colds of all sorts should be dealt with on their first appearance, and routed if possible.

Her Gift Saved a Precious Life

When Livingstone, the great missionary, went to Africa, there was a Scotchwoman named Mrs. MacRobert, quite advanced in life, who had saved up $150, which she gave to the missionary, saying, "When you go to Africa, I want you to spare yourself exposure and needless toil by hiring some competent body servant, who will go with you wherever you go, and share your sacrifices and exposures." With that money he hired a faithful servant, known as Sebalwe, who saved his life when a lion sprang at him. That noble old woman should be credited with some, at least, of the results of the devotion of that great missionary.

Questions and Answers

Letters for this department must contain name and address of the sender—not for publication, but as evidence of genuineness and good faith. Where an answer by mail is desired, ten cents in postage stamps must be forwarded by the writers, with full address.

I. O. S., Kingston, R. I. Please tell me for how long a period an author is protected by a copyright?

Nations differ in the protection they afford to authors. The United States is the least liberal, its terms being 28 years, with the right of extension for 14 more. Great Britain's law protects the author for life and 7 years more; 42 years in any case. France, Germany, Austria and Japan, during author's life and 30 years after. Belgium, Norway and Russia, during author's life plus a half century.

G. U. N., Bradford, Mass. 1. Where does Dr. Frank Talmage preach? 2. How can the scientists who recently dug up the fossil remains of nearly 500 animals in the Rocky Mountains, be sure they are right in asserting that these gigantic creatures lived "from 1,500,000 to 8,000,000 years ago?"

1. In Los Angeles, Calif. 2. They simply approximate, and their figures stand until the next scientist comes along and declares them absurd. They are precisely in the position of the lecturer who declared that the distance between Mars and Neptune was 64,541,921¾ miles. "How on earth do you make that out?" asked an auditor, astonished at such precision. "I assert it," retorted the lecturer gravely. "Disprove it if you can." A good deal of our "popular science" is of the same class.

N. H. G., Livermore, Ky. 1. Is it morally right for me to purchase of my neighbor anything for a small sum, if I have knowledge of the fact that it possesses value many times greater than my purchase price? 2. Is it not reasonable to believe that the Lord does not regard millionaires as successes who, as we know, or have reasonable grounds to believe, have accumulated their wealth by means that are legally right but morally wrong?

1. Certainly not. You are simply taking advantage of his ignorance or his necessity. 2. We have no right to judge men, especially as we may not know all the facts; but it is quite clear to the discerning mind that money-making should not be the aim of life, and that wealth, unrighteously acquired, can bring no blessing with it. See Jer. 17: 11, and many similar passages.

Subscriber, Salina, Kan. Do you consider it polite, or in good taste, for a lady to engage in the practice of whistling? It seems to me that habit is delightful in a boy, but contemptible in a girl.

It is not considered mannerly for a girl to whistle. There is no particular reason, nor can there be anything seriously wrong in it; but the other sex seems to have resolved to monopolize the art, and so it is decreed, according to an old saying, that—

> For whistling girls and crowing hens
> No good luck e'er can make amends—

meaning, we suppose, that no good can come of it.

R. S. H., Middletown, Conn. When was gas first used as an illuminant, and by whom was it discovered?

As early as 1787, Lord Dundonald, who was experimenting with a process for obtaining coal tar, utilized the gas thus generated for lighting Culross Abbey. However, William Murdoch, a Scotchman, was the first to establish coal gas as a practical illuminating agency. In 1792 he lighted his house and office in Cornwall with coal gas. In 1795 his place in Ayrshire, Scotland, was well lighted by this means, and a year later he constructed gas works in Soho, London. In 1810 a public company was formed and Westminster bridge was fitted with the new light. The manufacture of gas in the United States was not successful until 1821.

S. M. H., McGaheysville, Va. Some years ago I noticed a dispatch from California, stating that in a photograph of the North Star, what was supposed to be a single star was really three, all revolving around the others, and each reflecting a different color. In reading the book of Job (38th chapter, 31st and 32d verses), I wondered if possibly the star mentioned in that dispatch could be Arcturus.

The sky is covered with double stars from pole to pole. Some 10,000 have been discovered. Some are triple and even multiple. A large number of them are found to revolve round each other in various periods of time, from a few days to a thousand years or more. Where such motion is detected they are called 'binary stars," and if there are three in revolution they are called "trinary stars," forming a stellar family. Arcturus is a bright single star (Alpha Bootes), and is a long way from the pole star, and my questioner's suspicion is untenable. The Pleiades are what are generally called the seven stars, though but six are visible to the naked eye. With my telescope I have seen several hundred, within the limits of the naked eye, six. One astronomer photographed the group, giving it an exposure of 17½ hours, and counted on the negative plate 2,326 stars, every one a self-shining sun like ours. The small ones have no connection with the six bright ones. As God asked Job if he could bind them together, we have reason to infer that these bright ones and the bands of Orion are both families, with planets no doubt revolving round each. It is not certainly known what "Guiding Arcturus with his sons" means; but my opinion is, that it means by "his sons," the other stars in the constellation.

Countess Evelyn Degli Asinelli
The Friend of the Boer Women

COUNTESS ASINELLI, whose touching appeals in behalf of the wives and daughters of the poor homeless and penniless Boers of South Africa, have appeared in these columns, is not unknown to our readers. She writes to Dr. Klopsch from Geneva, Switzerland, where she lives a very retired life, devoted to works of charity and Christian benevolence:

"Allow me to thank your readers again and over again for their extreme kindness. It will do our cause no end of good. People are eager to know about our industries in South Africa. Now we have the proof that many Boer women earn a modest living, and their number will increase if we can develop the work. We are doing, on a very small scale, an international work—a kind of brotherhood work—which God blesses abundantly, though the donations are still low and small."

Under the patronage of the Countess and Miss Hobhouse, industrial schools for the Boer women have been founded at Philippopolis in the Orange Colony, and Langlaate in the Transvaal, where various useful employments are taught and the product sold to help support the work. It is a beautiful philanthropy, and deserves to be encouraged by Christian women throughout the world.

By a misprint in my article in Mail-Bag of October 17, I am made to say that it would cost $270,000,000, at 3 cents a mile, to go to Alpha Centaura; please make it read $720,000,000,000. LEWIS SWIFT.
Marathon, N. Y.

A. B. H., Ansonia, O. Not knowing the circumstances, we can express no opinion. It might be entirely proper, under certain conditions, for a preacher to visit the places you mention, and he might be the means of doing good there. You may remember that it was charged against Jesus that he sat with publicans and sinners. That the person in question should visit such places for purposes of dissipation is hardly probable. There must be an explanation somewhere.

Apropos of a recent paragraph in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, F. C. Turner, Phœnix, Neb., writes:

E. M. L., Walton, N. Y., asks: "What is the difference between the Jews and Hebrews?" The Hebrews were the descendants of Heber. Heber's son, Phaleg, had a son named Ragaw; his son Serug had a son named Nahor, who had a son named Terah, the father of Abraham. I see you say the Jews are the only descendants of Abraham we know of. What of the son of Hagar, the handmaid of Sarah, who was the mother of Ishmael, who had twelve sons? These inhabited all the country from the Euphrates to the Red Sea. They are the Arabian nation, taking that name from Abraham, and they call their tribes by the names of the sons of Ishmael. The sons of Jacob are the only people to retain the name of Hebrews. The Jews are descendants of Judah and Benjamin and a few of the descendants of Levi.

J. L. B., Fergus, Ontario, Canada. What became of Joseph Smith, leader of the Latter Day Saints?

He and his brother Hyrum Smith were killed at Carthage, Ia., June 27, 1844, by a crowd which broke into jail and shot them dead.

K. S. R., Casco, Me. I have seen copies of Burne-Jones' painting called "The Vampire," illustrating Kipling's poem, and am much interested to know if there is such a thing as a vampire, or if it is only a superstition or fable. Will you tell me?

Vampires do exist, and are sufficiently bloodthirsty to cause the death of a human being. The name is often mistakenly applied to harmless bats, but there are vampires which live only upon blood, the orifice of the stomach being too small to admit solid matter. Read *Beast and Man in India*, by John Lockwood Kipling, father of the famous writer.

D. F. S. 1. Is the inventor of the Westinghouse air-brake still living? 2. On what railroad was it first introduced?

1. Yes. George Westinghouse was born in New York State in 1846. 2. Alexander J. Cassatt, president of the Pennsylvania railroad, gave the young inventor the first opportunity to prove the value of his air-brake, since become famous. An interesting anecdote relates that Commodore Vanderbilt received the first letter of explanation and request from young Westinghouse, and that he endorsed the letter thus: "I have no time to waste on fools," and sent it back. Later, the old Commodore heard of the success of the tests, and immediately sent for the inventor, who replied: "I have no time to waste on fools. G. Westinghouse." The brake is now used on practically every railroad, and is one of the greatest factors in increasing the safety of travel.

Mrs. A. O. D., Leslie, Mich. Give me all the information you can about the Bible character, Eunice, mother of Timothy.

She lived about A.D. 47. She was the wife of a Greek, and in I. Tim. 1: 5, she is spoken of as possessing unfeigned faith. In Acts 16: 1 she is referred to as a believing Jewess. Nothing further is recorded.

The power of sacred song as an attraction to the spiritually indifferent has an earnest advocate in C. M. D. Browne, Washington, D.C., who writes:

How are young people brought into the churches? Are not most of them brought in in times of revival? What brings them to the revival services? Every prominent evangelist has a singing partner, and there is much congregational singing, and mostly of "gospel songs" more than "standard church hymns"—frequently a "service of song" occupying as much time as the average sermon. In my opinion, if this course were pursued at all religious services, instead of scientific music by paid singers, which comparatively few appreciate, and one or two "standard" hymns, in which few take part, there would be less complaint about small congregations.

Miscellaneous

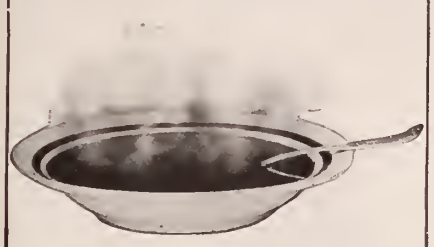
D. F. S., Inwood, W. Va. Professional astrologers are humbugs. No one knows the future, save God alone.

F. H., Grayston, O. You can procure the British National Anthem through any music publisher. Write to Ditson, N.Y.

Mrs. T. P., Perkasie, Pa. We have no idea what it means; but if there is any suggestion of sorcery or witchcraft, leave it alone. Consult some reputable physician and pray to God to bless the means employed.

Y., New York. If any one feels that he is indebted to the State, the county, or the municipality in which he lives, and wishes to make private restitution, it is open for him to forward the amount of his indebtedness to the State, county or town treasurer, as the case may be, with such explanation as the matter requires. Such cases of conscience-payment occur occasionally.

C. V., Vernon, Pa. It is not always safe to assume that, because an editor is silent on the liquor question, his interests and those of the liquor traffic are identical, or that he has any sympathy with that traffic. Still, we hope the day may come when every journal of influence will oppose it as earnestly as THE CHRISTIAN HERALD does, and will stand in line with us in demanding its rigid regulation.



GIVE a Meat Zest to the home cooking without the inconvenience of making perishable stock.

Armour's EXTRACT of BEEF

is always ready, rich and savory—and keeps indefinitely. A jar of it upon the pantry shelf enables the housewife to give, in an instant, to the home foods, that delicious relish which has won world-wide fame for Italian cooking. A meat zest—that is the secret. It has usually been done with meat stocks — tedious to prepare.

No need of complex preparations. Rich sauces require time and patience and often make food indigestible.

Armour's Extract of Beef gives to the simplest, most inexpensive foods, aromas and flavors which cannot be equalled by the most elaborate sauces. Variety is endless by combining with other simple seasonings. This is wholesome diet.

Here is an example of how a meat flavor improves a simple food:

Tomato Soup Italienne

Two teaspoonfuls Armour's Extract of Beef
1 can tomatoes
1 quart water
bit of bay leaf
2 cloves
1 teaspoonful paprika
1 tablespoonful sugar
1 teaspoonful salt
⅛ teaspoonful soda
2 tablespoonfuls butter
2 tablespoonfuls flour
1 teaspoonful finely chopped onion

Directions for Preparing

Strain the tomatoes, add the water, and cook 20 minutes; add soda, salt, sugar, and Extract of Beef; bring to boil on quick fire; bind with butter and flour; add seasonings. Serve with croutons.

Include Armour's Extract of Beef among the regular pantry supplies.

ARMOUR AND COMPANY
Chicago

Tea-Time on our Finest Battleship

The "Louisiana," on which President Roosevelt is About to Visit Panama

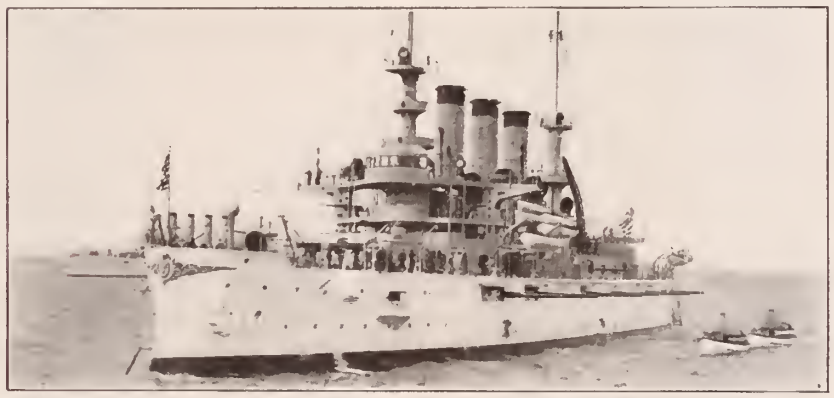
UNCLE SAM'S newest and finest battleship, the *Louisiana*, lay at anchor in the Brooklyn Navy Yard. She was preening herself like a peacock in the autumn sunshine, putting on her fairest dress in honor of the "first lady of the land," who will accompany President Roosevelt on his Panama journey of investigation. Not far off, the *Mayflower* was moored, and the *Yankton*, looking like an overgrown pleasure yacht, was entertaining a gay party. Outlined clearly against the autumn sky lay the *Connecticut*, the *Virginia* and the flagship *Maine*.

A salute from the pacing marine at the gangway carried us over the side, where we "trod the quarter-deck," of the *Louisiana* until our party had gathered for its tour of inspection. A whole school of deaf-mutes had secured a permit to visit the ship, and it was a pretty sight to view those silent boys and girls flitting from deck to deck, now excitedly waving greetings from turret and bridge, and now gazing with awe at the death-dealing forty-five-foot guns, whose glistening muzzles appeared on every hand.

The ship was being put in a perfect state of preparation for its most distinguished guests, and of course every woman among the visitors clamored for a peep at Mrs. Roosevelt's own particular cabin, which lay aft, on the gun-deck. Capt. Couden had courteously retreated with his goods and chattels to an emergency cabin, away up on the bridge, placing his own well-appointed cabin and mess-room at the disposal of the President. A door knocked through the bulkhead had connected with these rooms the cabin always reserved on every ship for the occasional visits of an Admiral, thus creating a cheerful, spacious suite for the Presidential party. A piano had been sent on board for Mrs. Roosevelt's use, and as a fine band sails with the ship, there will be no lack of the soothing charm of music amid the perplexities of the Panama situation.

The visitors were a party of eight women and as many men, guests of the ship's officers. As they poked into every nook and cranny of the battleship's 450 feet of length, at least one "greenhorn" civilian of the group realized for the first time something of what a man-of-war really meant. The *Louisiana* carries 819 men on her present cruise, including 40 officers. Amidships, where the decks were covered, were scores of sailors, neither on watch or shore-leave (and there were hundreds absent), sitting in the little embrasures made by the setting of the guns, reading, chatting and letter-writing, looking neat as wax and "jolly as grigs" in their floating home. There was the "sick bay," or hospital, inviting in its spotless and speckless comfort; there was the officers' galley, presided over by sundry burly sons of Ham, and from which appetizing odors were cast abroad upon the breeze. The sailors' galley, too, had a glorious supper on the way, with its huge cauldrons of coffee already bubbling. And the "store!" Tooth and clothes brushes, needles and pins, towels and socks, and all cheaper than you could possibly buy them on land, because Uncle Sam buys such immense quantities to stock every ship. It was hard to tear ourselves away from its allurements, even for the fragrant teacups that awaited us in the ward-room. This is aft on the berth deck, two decks below the main deck, and covers the width of the ship. Here the officers—except the captain, whom the etiquette of the service requires to take his meals in solitary grandeur in his own mess-room—lounge and read, and eat and live their lives when off duty.

The long dining-table in the centre of the room was flanked at one end by a well-stocked library, a round table heaped with the latest periodicals, and cushioned chairs, whose shape spelled repose. At the other end, a cosy tea-table gleamed with the silver and crystal of dainty service. The wife of the ship's surgeon acted as hostess, and it was good to see the genial doctor beaming with satisfaction in the rare delight of having his wife and daughters on board with him. It was all a peep into another life. The two sturdy negro waiters, in sailor uniforms, had impassive ebony faces which had looked on far countries, and from their hands the toast and jelly were accepted as a sort of solemn ceremonial.



The "Louisiana" at her Anchorage

Through the murmur of conversation, one sorely-tried officer's wife was telling her experiences: "When my husband was stationed with the fleet in North China, I lived in a mud bungalow at Tien-tsin—oh, but it was cold! Still, it was better than having the ocean between us, which is the way we live half the time."

The band was playing *Wilhelm Tell*, just far enough away to be charming; the clock struck three bells (half-past five), and the serious-minded member of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD staff drank tea and looked and listened, garnering memories for the future.

One testimony was given in that ward-room by a naval officer which ought to be blazoned in letters of gold, so seldom do such words gladden the ears of those who are laboring for the saving of souls in heathen lands. "Yes," said the chief of ordnance, "I saw, during the Boxer uprising, something of the spirit with which the native Chinese Christians were imbued. The missionaries must have given them the genuine thing, for it made them brave as lions in defence of their faith, counting violent death as but the entrance gate to the joys of eternal life."

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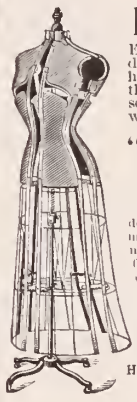

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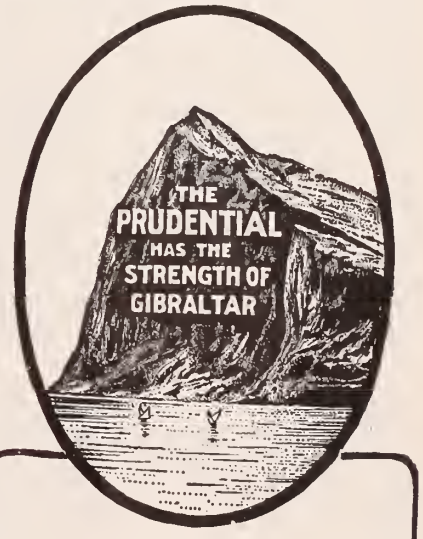

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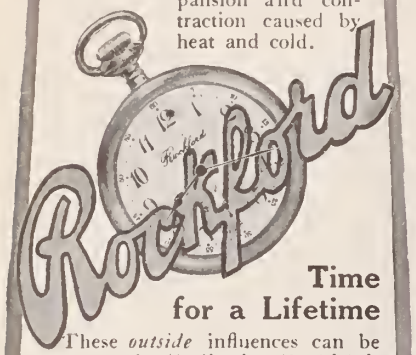

Time for a Lifetime

These *outside* influences can be overcome by "adjusting," which is simply redistribution of weight in the "balance wheel."

But frequently the "balance" and the "hair spring" which controls it are called upon to overcome defects in the watch itself—imperfect parts or inaccuracies in putting the parts together. And such defects, if not righted, soon "throw off" the "adjustment to position" and "to temperature" and the watch gains or loses time.

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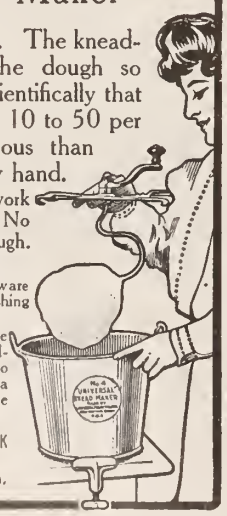

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"Why Hurriest Thou?"

A TALE OF THE TIME OF THE CHRIST

By William Dixon Bell (*Continued from last week*)

"FATHER," Eshean exclaimed as he entered the doorway of his home a short while after sunrise, his face beaming with hope and gladness, "not only have I bread and meat for our morning repast, but I bring you tidings of great joy. You are going to be healed—entirely cured."

The man turned his eyes from the wall, and thoughtfully, sorrowfully surveyed the face of his son.

"My son," he whispered, jerking out his words, a great fear stealing over him, "are you losing your senses? Have privation and want affected your mind? Are you dreaming sweet dreams?"

"No, father dear," replied the boy, approaching the bed and placing his hand lovingly on his father's emaciated and careworn face, "you are going to be cured."

The palsied man smiled drearily, sadly.

"Dear son," he said gently, "it is impossible. It would be better if I could die and no longer be a burden to you."

The boy laughed aloud—a happy, joyful laugh that lighted up his young face.

"I say, father, that you are going to be healed," he persisted. "But first eat of this bread and meat, and gain strength to hear what I have to tell you."

Without further comment the bedridden man swallowed the food. When he had eaten his fill, the boy pulled forward a low table and placed upon it a supply of victuals and an earthen jar, full of water.

"On this table," said the boy, drawing a stool up to the straw bed, "is a supply sufficient for three days, in case I do not return before. Now, then, to tell you my great news. There is a man in this country by the name of Jesus of Nazareth, who has performed many wonderful things. I learned about him only this morning, and have made inquiries concerning him. He has cured a leper—made him perfectly clean; he has turned water into wine; he has healed a woman sick unto death; and has cast out unclean spirits—giving back to the crazy man intelligence and health. I am going to get him to come and heal you."

"Talk—all talk," and the palsied man smiled bitterly. "No living man can heal a leper. When a man catches that dreadful disease he is in a worse condition than I am, and, as to casting out unclean spirits, God only can do that."

"Father," and the boy's voice was low and peculiarly sweet, "this man Jesus, like Elisha, comes from God."

The man made a vigorous attempt to raise himself up on his elbow, in order to look into the boy's face.

"What's that?" he asked excitedly.

"Jesus is a great preacher," responded the boy slowly, "and a man told me this morning that when he cast out an unclean spirit from a man, the spirit cried in a loud voice, 'I know thee, who thou art, the Holy One of God.' This man also told me that he was a disciple of Jesus, and that Jesus was the Son of God, and that God's spirit came down from heaven when Jesus was baptized, lighted upon Jesus' head and declared him to be the Son of God."

The boy paused, and the palsied man turned his eyes toward the thatched roof, his lips moving as if he wanted to speak and could not.

"Now, father," finally continued the boy, "I am going to find this Man of God and bring him here to your bedside that you may be healed. Be of good cheer while I am away, for I am convinced that Jesus is able to heal you and that he is kind and good, the friend of the poor, the sick and the unfortunate."

Without waiting for the man to reply, the boy arose and walked out of the door.

For a long time the man lay with upturned face, staring at the thatched roof. "The boy would not speak a lie," finally he muttered between his closed teeth, "who can it be—who can it be? Can it be Elias, who is to come to prepare the way? If it is"—and the contorted line around his mouth relaxed, and a great joy lighted up his face, "Mayhap it is the Messenger himself. The boy said that God's spirit descended on Him when he was baptized. Is it possible that the Messiah has come? But it cannot be. If it were so we would hear the tramp of armies and see the minions of Rome whipped back into the sea. No (and the eyes lost their lustre and became dull), it is some one who is playing upon the credulity and ignorance of the masses to gain fortune and a name."

And the man turned his head drearily toward the wall.

"What avails my learning?" he suddenly cried, jerking his head back to again stare at the roof. "Why was I educated for a Scribe, to degenerate into a beggar? Were I ignorant I might hope; but learning tells me that he is only a deceiver; probably an adept in the black art, a deceiver of women and children and superstitious men."

Again he turned his head to the wall and tried to close his eyes.

"'But He shall be called a Nazarene.'" Again he stared at the roof. "Perhaps the priest who baptized him can tell something about him. When the boy returns I shall send him to the priest."

For a long time he gazed at the roof. Suddenly he shivered, and the perspiration broke out upon his brow.

"Father of Abraham," he murmured brokenly; "what am I to cherish the faintest of hopes? I brought it all on myself; I have cheated, deceived and lied to other men; I have debauched myself with wine and passion; I have committed all manner of sins; I have forsaken my wife to live a riotous life; and finally my sins have overtaken me and have left me helpless and a burden on those whom I should have shielded from the storms of the world. What hope can there be for me here, or hereafter?"

A tear-drop fell upon the pinched face, and it was turned to the wall to lie still and silent for hours. The sun climbed higher into the heavens, and the great heat of the summer day began to pour down upon the house. Finally, the man turned toward the table and began to fumble with his palsied fingers for the water-pitcher. Horrors! The boy had thoughtlessly placed the table beyond his reach. He clenched his teeth and turned his face to the wall. The sun passed the meridian and heat pitilessly against the western wall, streaming through the lattice of the window and across his palsied feet. He tried in vain to move his legs.

Suddenly he opened his mouth and cursed—it seemed fiendishly joyful to him. He cursed the physicians for not being able to cure him; he cursed the rich men of Rome and Jerusalem; he cursed a man who was forced to lie helpless and alone in the terrific heat; and he cursed the boy for leaving him alone and out of the reach of bread and water. Then he turned his head to the wall in agony and silence.

The sun crept slowly down the western slope and kissed the Occident. The man turned his eyes to the thatched roof and watched the dying rays of the setting sun play hide-and-seek among the dead twigs. He began to live over again his life; he thought of the handsome, careless boy, who played at nights on the roof-gardens of Jerusalem, and who studied with the priest during the day; he thought of the mother, who, like Daniel, prayed with her window opened toward God—the mother who pleaded with him to watch and wait for the coming of the Lord; he thought of the father, keen-eyed, diplomatic courtier, who played upon the fears of Herod, and won for himself place and distinction; he lived over the time when he pushed aside the precepts of his mother and leaped recklessly into the stream of court life, casting aside honor and religion in order to sip sweets with the ladies of the court and sweep

Continued on page 963

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"Why Hurriest Thou?"

Continued from page 962

along with the tide of rioters; he thought again of how he was brought to a sudden pause in his wild career by the winsome face of the Jewish maiden who became his wife; and how, after a few short months of wedded joy, he plunged again into the maelstrom of viciousness that enveloped the court of the Jewish king, finally to emerge, broken in fortune and a helpless, palsied invalid; he thought of the patient, tender wife who freely gave her limited means and lovingly cared for him when all others had deserted him, eventually going down with him into beggary and want—there to die and be buried in an unknown grave; and he thought of the boy she had left him, who had been his food and his raiment, his hands and his feet, his eyes and his ears, for four long years—and great, scalding tears streamed out of his eyes and rained down his cheeks.

Then he turned his eyes toward the door and looked for the boy.

But the shades of night crept over him, and the boy came not. The moon came up, approached the meridian and sank toward the west.

"David," he murmured, "committed murder, yet God forgave him. But why should I hope? Why should I think of life? It were better to pray for death that the boy might be relieved. It is true that with my education, were I well and strong, I could make a good living for him, educate him, and place him among the princes of Israel, where he belongs; but such a dream is hopeless. Oh, God, Father of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, forgive my sins and strike me dead!"

And the poor, palsied man turned his face to the wall again.

The moon sank behind the Sea of Galilee, and the gray dawn of the morning began to break in the east—yet the man lay hopelessly still. Suddenly he stirred—he almost raised himself up.

"'I will have mercy and not sacrifice,'" he quoted wildly. "Oh, Father of Abraham, relieve my soul!"

Again he sank back, helpless and dumb, and lay like one dead, until aroused by voices on the outside.

"Help, help!" he cried in pitifully low tones, "or I perish."

The door opened and Eshean leaped into the room with a bound, followed by four men.

"Father," shouted the boy exultantly, "Jesus of Nazareth is in the city. I have found him, and we have come to take you to him."

The palsied man turned his eyes famishingly upon the jar of water.

"What, without water? Here, drink!" and the boy held the jar to the man's lips.

He drank long, and finished with a deep sigh.

"It is of little use," he murmured in agony. "The unquenchable thirst is still there."

The four men brought with them a bed, and, stooping down, they lifted him on it and carried him out to the street. Already great crowds were flocking toward the eastern portion of the city, and they moved along slowly with the throng. The cool, morning air revived the man, and he looked around with some interest in life. For the first time in four years he was out in the open air, and his spirits began to revive. He had little hope that this new prophet could cure him; but he could, at least, hear him preach, and, mayhap, learn the way to remove the great weight that had fallen upon his soul.

"'Blessed is he who cometh in the name of the Lord,'" he quoted to himself. "Oh, Father of Abraham, quench my soul's thirst and let me die."

A great concourse of people pressed around them, and Eshean called upon the four men to stop until he found out where the man Jesus was. They paused, and the boy pushed is way beneath the feet of the multitude down several streets, inquiring where Jesus could be found. At last he was shown a house, and was told that Jesus was in it, preaching to the people. Around this house a great mass of people crowded and packed, vainly trying to enter. The boy turned slowly away, for there was no hope of entering, and returned sadly to his father.

"I fear that we cannot get to Him," he said to his father. "He is in a house, and around the door is a great multitude."

"In a house, surrounded by a multitude," whispered the man to himself. "Son (imperiously), I must see this new prophet. Take me up to the roof, tear open the roof and let me down in front of him. Something tells me that he will relieve the burden of my soul and let me die."

They carried him up the outer stair of the building to the roof, tore away the tiling, and then the mud and brush, and then one of the men leaned over the hole and looked into the building.

"He is immediately beneath us," said the man, "and is surrounded by some of the richest Scribes and Pharisees of the country."

"It matters not if He is accompanied by Cæsar," exclaimed the palsied man. "I must see him, and get him to quench my thirst."

The four men looked at each other, and one touched his forehead with his finger, while another whispered, "Disease has made him mad."

"Tie this rope to the four corners of the bed," commanded Eshean, who had foreseen the necessity of having a rope, and had secured one, "and lower the bed into the room."

The four men did as commanded.

The palsied man felt himself lifted from the earth, and, as he descended, a mighty feeling of awe and fear swept over him; he felt as if his soul were standing in a yawning chasm, weighted down with immense iron chains, and that if he could reach the man below him, he would be lifted to the place of safety.

As the bed rested upon the floor he turned his eyes upon the man Jesus, and whispered from the deepest recesses of his soul, "Forgive me, Lord; forgive me and let me die."

Jesus looked upon him and smiled gently.

"Son, thy sins be forgiven thee."

Athwart the darkened regions of the palsied soul there streamed a translucent light, and before his eyes there leaped the radiant splendors of heaven; the shackles fell from around him, and he saw Jesus the man transformed into Christ, the Saviour, the Messiah, the Messenger of God, and his soul leaped upward into elysian heights.

Then came the other command—that which he had dreamed of, but dared not hope for.

"Arise, and take up thy bed!"

The four men, standing on the roof above, looked at each other in awe, exclaiming, "Behold, he is healed."

Eshean, who had held back while the men lowered the bed, now approached the hole in the roof.

"You say that my father is healed?" he fairly screamed. "Let me see this man Jesus—the man who has healed him."

One of the men stepped from his position to allow the boy to look. Eshean laid down upon the roof and gazed downward. His eyes swam before him; between him and the room beneath there was a marvelous and glorious light, across which his soul leaped with great bounds.

The healer was the stranger who had stopped him near the synagogue in the dawning of the morning, and had given him the pieces of money that had saved him from stealing the shewbread.

Jesus looked up at him and smiled sweetly.

The sky came down to him, and he could see the gates of heaven standing ajar, and within a host of angels singing a sweet refrain, while the ancient hills seemed to say, "Peace on earth, goodwill to men."

[THE END]

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The new Hoosier catalog tells why the Hoosier short cuts enable you to do your kitchen work so much easier and quick—how you can have a neat orderly kitchen with very little labor—how the Hoosier is different from other cabinets and why we can sell it at such a low price.

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The stove you select is sent on a year's approval, safe delivery guaranteed, freight prepaid, choice of latest designs and appliances, handsomely ornamented, highly polished, ready to put in your home. There is no doubt about these stoves being perfectly satisfactory, for they are well known by one of the oldest trade-marks among high-grade stoves. There are no better stoves or more economic prices than the

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THE GOLD COIN STOVE CO., 11 Oak St., Troy, N. Y. (Successor to Bussey & McLeod, Est. 1860)

The God Within the Jar

Strange Religion of a Malay Tribe Who Have Not Heard the Gospel

THAT there are still many places in heathen lands scarcely touched by the foot of civilization and unreached by the Gospel, is brought strongly to mind on reading a notable contribution by an English writer now traveling in North Borneo, which appears in *The Illustrated London News*. In the far interior of that country is a tribe of the Dusun race, called the Watangs. Short, sturdy and light-complexioned, they are, indeed, "children of nature." They grow rice, trade with other tribes for salt, hunt and trap in the jungle for meat, wear only a *chawat*, or loin-cloth, and live in bamboo houses. From the roofs of the latter are suspended spears, blowpipes and baskets of dried human heads. Occasionally, the dried mummy or skeleton of some chief or distinguished tribesman is preserved as a sort of fetish, or protecting spirit, to be consulted when any new enterprise is about to be undertaken. In the larger houses are enormous baskets of skulls, heads of those who were killed in tribal fights.

Bride and Bridegroom in North Borneo

"Oh! this is a Gusi," he said, "and she speaks"

"The Dusuns," writes the traveler, "have no recognized form of religion, but they are superstitious to a degree. Superstition and old-time customs govern their lives. They are always on the look-out for omens, good or bad, and most of these are from birds of the jungle. A man will dream of a certain kind of bird, or will hear it calling in the forest. It is the wrong kind of bird, and nothing will induce that man to carry out any undertaking till the right bird has been seen or heard. Threats or payment alike will be ignored till the good omen has turned up. The nearest form of religion the Dusuns have is their veneration for the *gusi*. These are jars of various shapes and sizes, and they are fetish. Such a strict regard have these people for *gusi* that in 1892 the Government of North Borneo issued a proclamation for the protection of these jars, only a certain number of which are in the country. Where they originally came from it is hard to say. There are many legends about them, one of which was told me by a very old Dusun chief. It is as follows:

"On one occasion, I had in my possession a *gusi* belonging once to a tribe, the last of whom had turned Mohammedan, and therefore refused to have anything to do with the jar. I took this jar up country with me for the purpose of getting information from the Dusuns, and one evening sent to a village for a man whom I knew was held in great respect by the people. I showed him my *gusi*, whereupon he took it very reverently in his hands, and, putting it to his ear, whispered, '*Tuan* [Sir], this is a *gusi*. It is a female, and she speaks.' He was very anxious to know where I had obtained it, and, when asked what he valued it at, he said about $450.

"A Dusun marriage is a very simple affair. In the first instance, the suitor has to obtain permission from the father of the girl. She and her mother are not consulted in any way. Many meetings and long talks take place between the young man and his future father-in-law as to the amount of *brian*, or payment, that has to be made. First of all, there is what is called in Malay the *kapola*. This consists of a standard rate, and must be paid before any further proceedings take place. Among the Dusuns, and, in fact, all interior natives, money is very little known, and all payments are made in *buku* or *mundi*. One *buku* equals two *mundi*, and these may consist of any goods or kine. But in payment for a wife there are four *buku* which are recognized as being indispensable. These are a large, deep-toned gong, a long brass cannon, a sword, and a spear. These then form the *kapola brian*, or chief payment, in the marriage ceremony, and the rest is settled on during the many talks between the young man and the girl's parent. It is more than probable that the girl has had a very good idea of what is being discussed so often over numerous jars of rice-beer, and if such be the case, and she is happy in the thought of her future, no trouble ensues; for directly half the payment has been made, the man can go straight to the girl and claim her. If, on the other hand, she dislikes the thought of her future alliance, she may run away; though it makes little difference, for, whichever village she goes to, the people are bound to hand her back when the husband claims her, as, half the payment having been made, he is, to all intents and purposes, her lawful husband. Feasting and drinking are then indulged in for many days and nights. As soon as a child is born, the remaining half of the payment is due, but if there be no offspring, the bargain is cancelled. If a divorce is desired by either party, it is a matter of arrangement among the headmen of the village."

There are many other strange tribes among the Malays, one of these being the Bajans, who were formerly sea-pirates; but have now settled down and live in houses, though there are many of them who yet prefer to live in boats and move from place to place. All of these people—now under British rule—are inviting material for missionary effort.

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Just like a violin, a fine Piano, to have a good tone and keep in tune, should be made of the very choicest selected air-dried clear lumber—old lumber—such as is used in the MEISTER Piano.

There's only about 200 feet out of every 1000 feet of old selected lumber that's good enough to go into MEISTER Pianos. When we say **good enough**, we mean clear enough, dry enough, and well enough seasoned to be used in the construction of a high-grade Piano.

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Stock Pianos, made in large quantities, are shipped to warehouses and dealers—and they oftentimes shrink, swell, warp, and crack—making a good tone impossible—and in addition, the moisture in the case has the worst possible effect on the mechanism of the instrument.

We want to tell you a lot of things about MEISTER Pianos—more than we can tell you in an advertisement. Briefly, here are some of them.

MEISTER is the German word for "Master"—and that's what the MEISTER Piano is—it's the Master Piano. It's known among musicians as "the piano with the singing tone"—the tone that harmonizes with the human voice.

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Stock Pianos are made in large quantities—on stock pattern—every one just like every other one—and they're all made in a hurry—for anybody, and everybody, and for nobody in particular. There's no individuality—no exclusiveness of design—no choice of wood or finish.

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Put Krieger Custom Weak Ankle Shoes on your baby when he is learning to walk, and prevent bow-legs. These shoes while supporting weak ankles, also strengthen them so that they will not need support permanently.

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Sizes: 2 to 6, no heel, $1.25; 3 to 8, spring heel, $1.50

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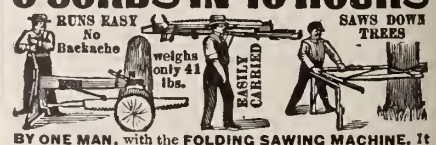

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Presses and creases the trousers over night, takes care of coat, hat and shoes, and has an adjustable shoe tree which holds the shoes so they may be polished while seated. No dirt can escape to muss up the room. The "Valet" Chair saves the clothes and from **50c to $1.00 a week.** Made in all woods to match other chamber furniture. **Ask** for free catalogue showing different designs in natural colors.

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Warm plates ready for serving and food kept hot during the meal add much to the enjoyment of the table and help digestion. Easier to have them than not where the house is warmed by

AMERICAN RADIATORS & IDEAL BOILERS

Breakfast on warm plates in a well warmed breakfast room is the best "starter" in the world these Winter mornings. And dinner in a Florida-like, steam or hot water warmed dining room is a joy to look forward to all day. The fuel savings of an IDEAL Boiler repay its cost in a few years. Any one can care for an IDEAL Boiler—it is automatic and *absolutely safe*.

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A Great S. S. Leader Gone

ONE of the best known workers of the American Sunday School Union, Frederick G. Ensign, passed away lately, at his home in Chicago, Ill.

He was Northwest District Superintendent of the American Sunday School Union. He was 69 years old, and is estimated to have enrolled more than 500,000 children in the American Sunday Schools. He was a close friend of the late D. L. Moody.

His long years of Sunday School work in the Northwest is a very romance of Christian faith and courage. His territory comprised Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, North Michigan. Montana, the Dakotas, Nebraska and Minnesota. He began with seven missionaries in the district in 1870. The work has grown until there are now 150 men under commission. Some of the visible effects of his long period of service may be indicated in the following summary: In districts in the Northwest, destitute of church and religious influences, 16,740 new Sunday Schools have been established since 1870; 65,679 teachers and 503,924 scholars have been gathered in them; aid was given to 80,702 needy schools, in which there were 392,497 teachers giving Bible instruction to 3,797,675 scholars; 125,857 copies of sacred scriptures were given to the needy, and 959,856 visits made to homes of the neglected people. Hundreds of churches have sprung out of the schools he established.

"Happy Ned" Somers

ON one of the writer's outings in England, he met and talked with a remarkable man—in some things, the most remarkable man in Liverpool. Ned Somers—"Happy Ned" as he came to be called, and later, "The Cabmen's Friend," and "The Cabmen's Bishop,"—was born in obscure surroundings, and became a prize fighter, living a life that was largely given to vicious excesses. He was uneducated, but by the power of divine grace was brought under the influence of the Gospel, learned to read his Bible at the knee of an earnest Christian woman, the mother of Rev. William Ainley, late of Bermuda, and now of Nova Scotia, and in time he became a city missionary in Liverpool.

Ned Somers' field of labor was among workingmen, and he devoted himself earnestly to their good. Being a man of unusual tact and some native ability, and withal a devout Christian, he was wont to stand reasoning with workingmen in the streets of Liverpool.

"Happy Ned," as he was called, was a splendid type of a renewed man, one who always recommended religion by his frank, simple, happy face, his manner and his words. So great, so far-reaching was his power for good, and so beneficent his life and work, and so honored was he for it all, that when "Happy Ned" was called to die, a city mourned the loss of a good man gone. Thousands, from all walks of life, honored his memory in the cortege to his grave.

J. B. MATTISON.

Answered Prayers

Mrs. H. S. Y., New York. "I can say truly, the Lord has answered many of my prayers. I put my whole trust in him."

Mrs. L. J. C., Vermont. "A mother praises God for the restoration of her son to his family. Earnest prayer is certain to find an answer."

W. S. B., Ohio. "A son acknowledges God's hearkening to and answering his prayer in sparing his dear mother to him. There is great encouragement in your column."

Mrs. F. G. B., Canada. "A thankful daughter writes: God hears and answers prayer. I rely on this promise: 'Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, believing, ye shall receive.'"

G. E. L., Illinois. "I wish also to add my testimony. In time of great trouble I prayed to God to help me. He listened to my weak prayers, and they were answered, for which I praise him."

A Believer, Nebraska. "I want to join the list of 'Answered Prayer' believers. I asked my heavenly Father to remove a great burden from me, and he did so. Not just in the way I asked, but in his own way."

Constant Reader, Massachusetts. "Recently, when in great trouble, I prayed for help, and at the right time my request was granted. How I wish that all might understand that if we go to Him in the right spirit, He is always ready to help and give us his comfort."

Mrs. L. G., Iowa. "Many prayers of mine have been answered since the Civil War, but at that time, before I united with the church, I was moved to pray earnestly for a dear friend whose son was a prisoner in Andersonville. After I had besought God to relieve that grief-stricken family a great peace was shed over my spirit. In three days the soldier was in his home. Since that day I have never doubted."

Home-made Gas-Light for Country Houses

TAKES about one hour's work *per month*.

After that you merely turn a tap whenever you want light, touch a match to the burner, and, presto—*light*.

Yes, brilliant, beautiful, *white* light, too. A light that spreads all *around* the room like daylight.

A light that gives sparkle to every polished article it falls on—gleam and glisten to white table linen—and a genial, cheery glow to everything it illuminates.

Just like putting varnish over a faded picture—this *glorifying* Acetylene Light.

Now that isn't mere word-painting, I want you to know, but cold *fact*, which I'll prove up to your satisfaction or no pay.

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Wouldn't *you* like to get rid of the everlasting smell of Kerosene or Gasoline in your home?

Wouldn't *you* like to know that *never again* would you have filthy Kerosene Lamps to clean and fill, wicks to trim, chimneys to wipe and the permanent dread of fire?

Wouldn't *you* like to know that in every room you had a pretty brass fixture firmly attached to ceiling, or wall, where it *couldn't* be tipped over by the children—where it was never in the way, and was always *ready* to touch a match to when you wanted *light*—little or much?

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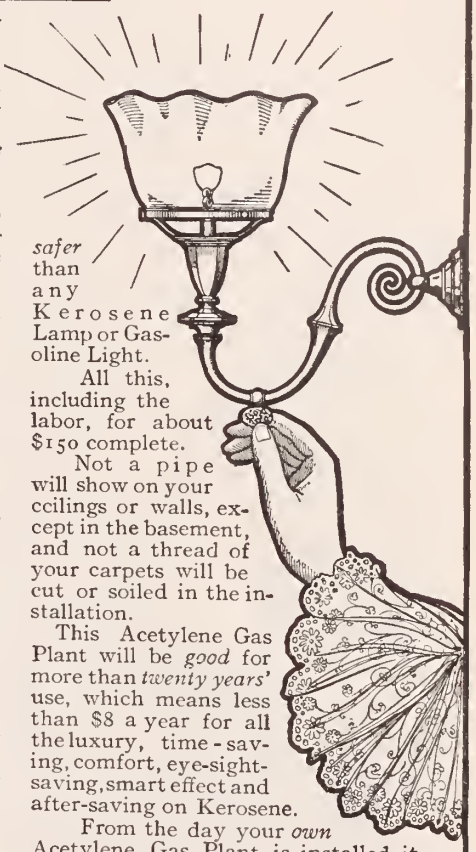
* *

Well, Madam Householder, you *can* have all these at *less cost* than *Kerosene* costs you now, when once installed.

In about two days' time an eight to ten room house can be completely fitted, from cellar to garret, with beautiful brass chandeliers and globes, complete piping, and a reliable generator that is absolutely *safer* than any Kerosene Lamp or Gasoline Light.



All this, including the labor, for about $150 complete.

Not a pipe will show on your ceilings or walls, except in the basement, and not a thread of your carpets will be cut or soiled in the installation.

This Acetylene Gas Plant will be *good* for more than *twenty years'* use, which means less than $8 a year for all the luxury, time-saving, comfort, eye-sight-saving, smart effect and after-saving on Kerosene.

From the day your *own* Acetylene Gas Plant is installed it will cost you *one-third* less for the most beautiful, softest and *whitest* Light than it ever did for the same candle-power with smoky, ill-smelling, dangerous Kerosene or Gasoline.

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Now just drop *me* a line to-day, stating how many rooms you've got, and *I'll* tell you just about how much it would cost to light them properly with this beautiful *white* light.

And, I'll send you "Sunlight-on-Tap," a book full of mighty interesting things about House, Store and Hotel Lighting.

Write me to-day, giving number of rooms.

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is guaranteed fast black, seamless, reinforced heels and toes. Knit to fit from select quality yarns. With our Cotton grown and spun, our Coal mined and Labor raised right here in Tennessee, we produce the biggest value hosiery in the world, and want you to try it. Satisfaction or money refunded. Sample pair either kind upon receipt of 25 cts.

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THE BUSINESS END OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

This is the name of a very attractive little book, edited by Theo. M. Hammond, who is a recognized authority in his line. There are 64 pages, and the book tells all about the successful conducting of a Sunday School, with valuable hints on ways and means for improving and developing every department.

We also include our unique Holiday Supplement with hundreds of suggestions for Sunday School Holiday Remembrances, arranged according to PRICE. Address HAMMOND PUB. CO. Dept. 21 Milwaukee, Wis.

☞ Sent FREE on request.

The Dominie-Conductor Dead

The Christian Career of Abram Blauvelt, Soldier, Preacher and Railroad Man

AMONG the multitudes who travel on the railroad lines having their termini in New York and Jersey City, there have been few railroad men better known or more generally respected than Abram Blauvelt, conductor of the "Gospel Train," on the Northern Railroad of New Jersey, who died at his home in Nyack, N. Y., on October 26.

His career was an interesting one, and a fine illustration of the fact that a humble

The Late Abram Blauvelt

position need not deter the true Christian from so regulating his life that he may become a centre of spiritual influence and a means of blessing to others. For many years, Mr. Blauvelt was both a conductor and a preacher of the Gospel.

He was born at High City, N. J., in 1842, and received a common school education. Much of his earlier life was passed on the farm. In 1862, he entered the army as a volunteer and was honorably discharged in 1863. That year he entered the service of the Northern Railroad. Promotion for faithful and efficient service came gradually. From brakeman, he became baggagemaster, then express messenger, extra conductor, and finally regular conductor. At his death he was the oldest conductor on the road, with a record which would do honor to any public servant.

Mr. Blauvelt had long been an earnest Christian. Even as a very young man, during his term of service in the army, his Christian spirit impressed his comrades and had an excellent effect upon the entire regiment. Long years afterward, when he and they were engaged in peaceful occupations, he was elected chaplain of the Twenty-second Regiment Association of Veterans. From his youth it had been his custom to speak at Gospel gatherings when opportunity offered. To a fluent delivery, and a command of simple, yet vigorous language, he added a remarkable acquaintance with God's Word. Even in those early addresses, it is recalled that his deep piety and his tremendous earnestness were everywhere remarked, whether he spoke in a church gathering or exhorted at camp-meeting. It was not until December, 1894, however, that he was regularly ordained by the M. E. Church to preach the Gospel. From that time he was an indefatigable and successful worker both in and out of the pulpit.

"Dominie" Blauvelt was a familiar figure, with a kind word for every one. He was specially attentive to the children and the aged, and never failed to drop a word of Gospel cheer and encouragement where it would do the most good. His whole career was like a train run on a well-ordered schedule: it showed the value of punctuality, a start on time, a clear track, running gear and lights in order, and making good time for the final destination.

25 Years in a Union Pulpit

The Manhattan Association of Congregational Ministers of New York and vicinity, recently celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the pastorate of Rev. Wm. Jay Peck over the Union Evangelical Church of Corona, N. Y. Years ago, a few children were gathered in by a good lady out of the street one Sunday afternoon. She told them Bible stories. From that handful there has grown a Sunday School of over one thousand, with a branch at North Corona. Mr. C. P. Leverich, a New York banker, put up a building and founded the church, and Dr. Peck was ordained as pastor, in the old Broadway Tabernacle, in 1881, Dr. Wm. M. Taylor preaching the sermon, and Rev. R. D. Hotchkiss giving the charge to the pastor. Dr. Peck entered upon his duties imbued with "the spirit of union" in Christ. In a quarter of a century he has received more than four hundred into the church on confession of faith. He has officiated at 832 baptisms, 639 funerals, and married 300 couples. He has seen between 4,000 and 5,000 children enrolled in the Sunday School. At the Jubilee congratulatory services, the home church was represented by Rev. Dr. Charles Jefferson, the church at large by the Rev. Charles Herald, and the ministerial brotherhood by Dr. A. J. Lyman. Christian union, Dr. Peck contends, is a practical principle and not a mere theory. The work of the Y. P. S., C. E., and the Y. M. C. A. and kindred societies in his own church, is drawing disciples with cords of love nearer to the heart of Christ.

Oklahoma's Temperance War

In response to the appeal by Rev. E. M. Sweet, Chairman of the Church Federation, inviting contributions to the State-Wide Prohibition Campaign in Oklahoma, the following additional contributions have been received:

Selby Shoe Company, Portsmouth, O.	$250 00
Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Brewer, Westfield, N.Y.	200 00
Daniel E. LaBar, Delavan, Wis.	2 00
J. N. Menifee, Sapulpa, I. T.	10 00
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Philips, Columbus, Ga.	25 00
W. D. Southworth, Norwich, N. Y.	1 00
J. H. and Priscilla Jones (eight and six years, respectively), Florisant, Mo.	2 00
Edward Sketekee, Holland, Mich.	3 00
Nadje Spangler, LaGrange, Ind.	3 25
M. Mullen, Rexis, Indiana County, Pa.	2 00
Mrs. Frank E. Brown, Bethany, N. Y.	3 00
C. S. Brown, son of above	1 00
L. S. Templeton	10 00

All contributions for this cause will be acknowledged in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and forwarded to the Treasurer of the Committee at Oklahoma City.

Musical Notes

The following are the answers to the "review questions" issued to the Sight-Singing Classes, and as they are of general interest we give them below.

1. The diaphragm is the principal muscle of inspiration in singing. 2. The control of the muscles of the abdomen and of the diaphragm give control of breath. 3. The chest collapses and the singer has not sufficient breath to carry him through a long phrase, if the breath escapes too rapidly. 4. There are seven tones in a scale; the eighth, that completes the scale, is the first repeated. 5. The Italian syllables that stand for these tones are Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Ti, Do. 6. The names of the tones are 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8. 7. When told to "Sol-Fa" it means to sing to the Italian syllables. 8. The distance from one tone to another is called an "interval." 9. Three alternate tones sounded together form a "triad." Three or more tones together are called a "chord." 10. When do, mi, sol are on lines re, fa, la will be in spaces. When do, mi, sol are in spaces re, fa, la will be on lines. 11. Ti is always found below do (1 or 8). 12. The numeral names 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 correspond to these syllables.

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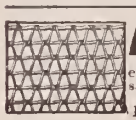

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Whitman the Pioneer*

EFFORTS have been made to diminish the obligation we are under to Marcus Whitman, but those who have had the best opportunities for investigation give him the credit of all that is claimed for him. President Tyler and Daniel Webster may never have intended to cede Oregon to England, but their utterances were suspicious. In any case, Marcus Whitman's timely protest convinced them that the cession would be disastrous. His information may have only confirmed their resolution, but there are reasons to believe that it saved them from a gigantic blunder. His journey to Washington, with all the time and labor, and hardships it involved, Whitman said, was well repaid by its results.

Whitman was born at Rushville, N. Y., in 1802; was educated by private tutors, and studied medicine at Berkshire College, Pittsfield, Mass. He no sooner obtained his diploma than he offered himself to the American Board as a missionary. He was appointed medical missionary to Oregon. He reached his field of labor in August, 1835, but finding how promising and extensive was the prospect of Gospel effort, he returned to plead for assistance. Having reported, Dr. Whitman, the Rev. N. Spaulding, and their young wives promptly set out for the then unknown regions. Their arrival in a wagon occasioned intense surprise, for it had been firmly maintained that no such vehicle could cross the mountains. His practical proof of the contrary did more than anything else to promote emigration.

Whitman established himself at Waiilatpu, near Walla Walla, among the Kayuses, where he labored successfully for about seven years. When the news of the government's idea of cession reached him in 1842, he made the journey to Washington, D. C., above mentioned. He speedily returned, escorting a train of two hundred wagons, containing about a thousand emigrants. He resumed his missionary work which his patriotic anxieties had interrupted; but his service was of short duration. Four years after his return, on November 29, 1847, the mission was attacked by the Kayuse Indians, and he and his wife, and twelve other persons were cruelly murdered.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for November 25. Hab. 2: 1-4.

"Bill" Anthony's Mother at Rest

SURELY no mother has lived in vain when she has given five sons to the service of her country, one being brave "Bill" Anthony of the *Maine.* All of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will read the announcement of the death of Mrs. Anthony with personal interest, for they are familiar with the story of her son and his untimely end, and of the arrangements made by Dr. Klopsch on behalf of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, to make the mother's last days comfortable. She had been almost a helpless cripple for years, and the death of her son left her almost heartbroken. Her needs were told in this paper in June, 1905, and people all over the country, stirred by a common generous impulse, sent in their contributions.

Every week a representative of this paper called at Mrs. Anthony's little home, to see that her wants were properly provided for. Her last days were spent not in the present, but in dreaming of the time when her children clustered about her knees, or had grown to stalwart men, doing their part in the world's work. Only a few days before her peaceful passing, the little, bowed figure straightened, and the faded eyes brightened, as she told a visitor she was "waiting for Bill to come from the Navy Yard to see his old mother." "Bill," upon whose grave the sun had been shining, and the rain falling for almost two years.

Golden Milestone

Mr. and Mrs. John Hanby of Winnipeg, Manitoba, were recently given a very pleasant golden wedding celebration by their many friends, in the clubrooms of the church with which they have been connected for many years. The pastor of the church, in a most felicitous address, presented them with two golden eggs, supposed to have been laid by the proverbial goose, containing each a generous sum of money in gold pieces. The venerable couple, well past their "three score and ten," were vigorously cheered as Mr. Hanby rose to extend their gratitude to the kind donors. Four stalwart sons live to rejoice in their parents' serene old age.

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Through the Heart of Africa

Continued from page 955

separate to-morrow; Mr. and Mrs. Ferris and Mr. Sichrist will stay here till after Sunday and then return to Umtali, and we shall journey toward the Sabi.

July 12. We said good-by to our friends and proceeded on our way. When we reached the Fifty-miles store, we found a white man there very sick; Mr. Greeley doctored him and left some remedies. This delayed us about an hour. We did not reach our camping place for the night till dusk, and it was quite dark before we could get dinner. We had to go further than we intended, because the kraal where we had thought of staying was having a "beer-drink," and some of our boys might have been drawn away. We could have got no sleep all night, as they generally keep up the noise till near morning. In the place we are camping to-night, two lions were shot just a little before we came.

Chief Labara

July 13. It was a bitterly cold night and none of us got much sleep; we were on our way again by 9 A.M. After awhile we came to a mountain. The path was covered with rocks; there were deep precipices at our left, and the way seemed endless; but about 2 P.M. we came to a most beautiful spot about half-way down the mountain. There was clear, gurgling water and quite a forest of ferns. Beds of maidenhair fern grew under the rocks. It was like a fairy grotto, and we spread our tablecloth on a flat rock, decorating it with flowers and maidenhair ferns, and enjoyed our midday meal. Then we had to continue our descent down the mountain. What vistas of beauty opened up before us as we journeyed on. The vast expanse of low country lay before us, with the river Odzi winding its way like a band of silver across the plain. We were four hours descending the mountain, then we journeyed for some distance through a forest, where the euphorbias looked beautiful with their flowered tops. We also passed a number of mahogany trees, and trees with a beautiful crimson foliage. Then we went into a country different from anything we had yet seen. Huge baobab trees, with their large peculiar fruit, were there, the trunks so immense that they looked as large as the side of a house. The fruit is filled with white, cube-like seeds which, when sucked, tastes like cream of tartar, and, in the absence of water, will quench thirst. We reached our camping ground, close to a kraal, on the banks of the Odzi, just as it was getting dark. The boys were afraid to go to the river for water, as there were leopards about, so they armed themselves with assegais and sticks and went several together. We are very footsore and weary.

Women Selling "Oofoos" (food), at Labara's Kraal

Abstinence Incumbent on Christians*

VERY significant was the command given to Aaron and his sons, that when they were about to perform their priestly duties they should abstain from strong drink. As every generation has learned, the tendency of intoxicating liquor is to rob a man of his self-control and to disturb his mental balance. It was obviously improper, as was evident in that early age, that the solemn rites and ceremonies of the Mosaic ritual should be performed by men temporarily unbalanced. The prohibition was accordingly issued, and the priest on duty, whatever his customary habits might be, must abstain at that time. The law clearly marks the characteristic of intoxicants, the justice of which is endorsed by experience. No man is exactly the same man after he has been drinking as he was before his potation. The effect of the drink upon him, is perceptible to his associates, and its extent is in exact ratio to the strength and quantity of the liquor imbibed. The priests, therefore, would naturally draw the conclusion that God objected to have men engaged in his service, in his house, when they were to any extent under the influence of drink.

Under the Christian dispensation the principle has a far wider application. "Ye are priests" the Apostle said, and though only a small proportion of the Christian brotherhood are actually under the vows of ordination, there is no Christian, howsoever humble, who is exempt from priestly duties. He is called to Christian service, pledged to live a consecrated life, and expected to set an example of Christian principle and conduct. It is obvious that he should do nothing to impair his usefulness in these relations. His service is not limited, as was that of the Levite, to the sanctuary; it was to be performed wherever he might be, and at any time. As kings and priests unto God the Christian must be instant in season and out of season. How then could he perform his duties, unless at all times he abstained from intoxicants?

A curse which destroys the reason, and even in its moderate effects impairs the judgment, is an enemy of morality and of our race. That enemy must be fought, and the Christian should be in the van in that struggle. The time must soon come, when it will be a condition of membership in any church that the candidate be a total abstainer from intoxicants. When that step is taken and the church stands squarely on the principle, then, and not till then, will the death-knell of the traffic be rung.

*Topic of the Epworth League for November 25. Lev. 10: 8-10; Prov. 23: 29-32; Judges 13: 4, 5 Deut. 29: 6.

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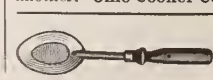

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A housewife was recently surprised when cook served Postum instead of coffee. She says:

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"I drank hot water while taking the doctor's medicine, with some improvement, then went back to coffee with the same old trouble as before.

"A new servant girl told me about Postum—said her folks used it and liked it in place of coffee. We got a package but I told her I did not believe my husband would like it, as he was a great coffee drinker.

"To my surprise he called for a third cup, said it was "good stuff" and wanted to know what it was. We have used Postum ever since and both feel better than we have in years.

"My husband used to have bad spells with his stomach and would be sick three or four days, during which time he could not eat or drink anything. But since he gave up coffee and took to Postum, he has had no more trouble, and we now fully believe it was all caused by coffee.

"I have not had any return of my former troubles since drinking Postum, and feel better and can do more work than in the last ten years. We tell everyone about it—some say they tried it and did not like it. I tell them it makes all the difference as to how it's made. It should be made according to directions—then it is delicious."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

HIS MOTHER'S FAITH THE BEST

IN the city of Cambridge we have Harvard University. The Puritans landed in Boston in 1630, and in 1636 this great school was founded. It is the oldest university in America, and the largest in the English-speaking world. It has over fifty college buildings, and a total enrollment of about six thousand students. In the great Unitarian landslide which took place in New England about a century ago, Harvard University went over with the rest. Unitarian sentiment has largely dominated the college ever since. It has been my privilege, since I became a pastor in Cambridge, to come closely in contact with many students, and one of the most gratifying things of my pastorate here, is that I have been able to help some of the young men in their religious life.

One afternoon I was calling on some of our families in that direction, and on my return homeward in the evening I was crossing over the college campus. A young man came out and addressed me. I had seen him in my congregation before, but had never had an opportunity of speaking with him. He introduced himself pleasantly, and spoke of the number of students who were in the habit of coming to our services. Then he asked me if I had read a certain book, published by a prominent professor. I replied that I had. The book was pantheistic, and denied personal immortality. He was disturbed by it and eager to speak with me about it.

In my conversation, I was careful to recognize the distinguished ability of the professor (he was a man whom I had heard lecture, and whom I knew also by reputation). In this way, I felt that prejudice would be disarmed. I reminded him that, after all, the very ablest men are only dealing with the fringes of truth. Then we spoke of pantheism itself, and I pointed out to him some of the weaknesses of this theory. I said:

"After all, have you ever thought that there are some things that this professor's cook probably knows better than he does, with all his learning?"

He laughed heartily and speculated as to what kind of pie the professor could make. Then I followed the matter up by calling his attention to the mistake that is being constantly made of concluding that, because a person is an authority in one direction, we must regard him necessarily as an authority in every other direction. A lawyer is an authority in his own department, but no one would attach any value, on this account, to his opinion, *e. g.*, on the subject of medicine. A grocer may know his own business, but his judgment might be of no value in a bookstore, etc.

After using a number of illustrations of this kind, I ventured to remind him that while a professor might know his own subject well, there were some things that the humblest Christian might know, to which the man of learning was a complete stranger.

The scene now became an exceedingly impressive one. We were walking slowly together toward my home under the great, arched elms of one of the streets of our beautiful city. His face grew thoughtful and tender, and then, with his sweet Southern accent, he said:

"Yes, Mr. Campbell; what you say is true. My dear old mother, down South in her Kentucky home, went through trials that she could never have borne if she had not received help from above."

"Ah," I answered; "then you believe that your good mother knew some things better than a professor."

"Indeed she did," was the hearty answer.

The opportunity had now come, and the subsequent conversation followed it up. A new light entered his mind. The embarrassment which he had felt passed away. His path became clearer before him. The truth broke upon his soul.

The sequel to this conversation is that this young man is now a devout, earnest Christian and a worthy member of a church. J. L. CAMPBELL.

First Baptist Church, Cambridge, Mass.

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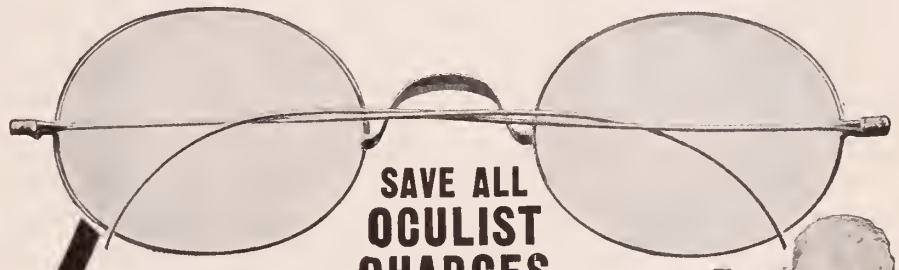

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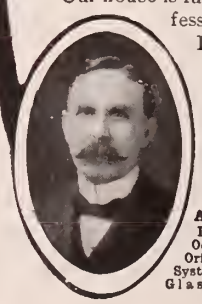

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The Roosevelt Bears Book

One of the most beautiful gift books of the season is *The Roosevelt Bears*, by Seymour Eaton, with drawings in black and white and in color by the late V. Floyd Campbell. The story is an account of two comical bears named Teddy-B and Teddy-G. They leave their mountain home in Colorado and make a tour of the East. They ride on Pullmans, stop at the best hotels, take a shy at all kinds of social customs, get into good-natured mischief of every sort, and have many thrilling adventures. For instance, they visit a country fair in Missouri, and to show their nerve get into the basket of a balloon. They are carried off and beyond the clouds. "The first to speak was Teddy-G: 'The earth has dropped somewhere,' said he, 'fell through the clouds; I saw it go; and where it's gone I want to know.'" After a night and day of trouble they land in Chicago, where "they found a place on a busy street; a big hotel where things to eat were carried up to their room in style, above the street, about a mile." And so the story goes in jolly jingle and captivating incident from place to place across the continent. Children and grown-ups have enjoyed the work as the story appeared in a syndicate of daily newspapers. President Roosevelt and his children have been pleased, and in the publication of this new book of Bears there has been added a work of real and permanent value to children's libraries. Price, $1.50. Edward Stern & Co., Inc., Publishers, Philadelphia.

Books Received

The Incubator Baby, by Ellis Parker Butler; a capital book that will be generally appreciated. Illustrated; pp. 111. Price 75 cents. Funk & Wagnalls, New York, publishers.

Queen Vashti is an earnest and convincing plea for the extension of the law of kindness to take in that meekest of domestic animals, the cow. Mr. A. J. Philips, the author, has made the work a labor of love, and it deserves to rank with that well-known animal classic, *Black Beauty*. The LaCrosse Engraving Company, LaCrosse, Wis. Illustrated. Pp. 375.

The Frances Willard Book, by Jane Q. Stewart, and with an introduction by Lady Henry Somerset, is a good book to give to those who did not know Miss Willard during her lifetime. Its author designs it to be used as a hand-book for women's clubs, church societies and missionary and W. C. T. U. organizations. The Current Syndicate Co., Philadelphia. Pp. 120. Illustrated. Price 75 cents.

The Undertow, by Robert E. Knowles, is a tale of struggle and splendid victory over man's worst enemy, himself. It shows that environment, however favorable, does not suffice, unless a man's own character declares for the right. The love story is beautiful in its passage "from night to light," and the problems of life are worked out with masterly skill. Fleming H. Revell Company. Pp. 403. Price $1.50.

To say that *The Knight of the Cumberland* is written by the author of *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come*, is enough to recommend it to thousands of readers. John Fox, Jr., knows his Kentucky, and is wise enough to stay on familiar ground, painting with practiced hand vivid word pictures of the people he knows and loves, with their own mountains for a background. Charles Scribner's Sons. Pp. 158. Price $1.00.

Stories and Pictures, by Isaac Loeb Perez, is the first edition of the author's collected stories translated into English. Prof. Leo Wiener, of Harvard, declares that Perez must be counted among the greatest writers at the end of the nineteenth century; certainly he is the leading Yiddish writer. He masterfully reveals the whole inner world of Jewish life. The Jewish Publication Society of America. Pp. 446. Price $1.50.

The Lady of the Decoration, by Frances Little, is a bright story for a leisure hour. Slight as it is, its mission is true, and the dainty young widow, scarcely more than a girl, who goes to Japan as a kindergarten teacher, puts the lesson of the book in her own impulsive phrase: "I wanted to get up and say that it was true that the most miserable, smashed-up life, could blossom again if it would only blossom for others." The Century Co., New York. Pp. 236. Price $1.00.

On Newfound River is an exquisite miniature of a Virginia girl, "as sweet as English air could make her." The life pictured is of one far from cities, where, "before the war," the gentry ruled, and their poorer neighbors were part retainer, part friend. Not the least of its charms is that its author, Thomas Nelson Page, says no word from title page to "finis" of civil strife or problems. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Pp. 286. Price, $1.50.

Students and the Modern Missionary Crusade is an exhaustive and highly instructive account of the fifth International Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions, held in Nashville, Tenn., in the early spring of 1906. The purpose of these gatherings is to bring together carefully selected delegations of students, professors, and missionary leaders, to consider, and to resolve to undertake, greater things for the extension of the Kingdom of Christ. The volume is remarkably helpful as a book of reference, and is supplemented by a full index. Pp. 713. Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions, New York.

Prisons and Prayer, or a Labor of Love, is written by the well-known prison evangelist, Elizabeth R. Wheaton. The author gives her own account of her "life of faith," wherein for twenty-two years she has toiled and traveled, seeking the lost of every class. From the United States to Mexico, from Canada to Great Britain, in prisons and reformatories, stockades and rescue homes, "Mother Wheaton" has told the "old, old story" of the Gospel of love. She relates her personal experiences, and the results of her efforts are partially shown in the testimony of those whom she has benefited. Incidentally, a wide knowledge is conveyed to the reader, of prison life and management, with needed reforms, etc. Pp. 636. Illustrated. Manager and publisher, Charles M. Kelley, Tabor, Ia.

From the American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati and Chicago, we have received the following books comprising the "*Natural Music Course*," viz: *Melodic First, Second, Third and Fourth Readers*, price respectively, 25 cents, 30 cents, 40 cents, 50 cents. By Frederic H. Ripley, Principal of the Longfellow School, Boston, and Thomas Tapper, lecturer at the Institute of Musical Art, New York. Also published by the same firm, *La Pondre Aux Yeux*, a French comedy by Labicheaud Martin, with introduction and notes by Victor E. Francois, A.M., Instructor in French in the College of the City of New York; *Beginners' Greek Book*, by Prof. A. R. Benner, Phillips Academy, Andover, and Herbert Weir Smyth, Ph.D., of Harvard: Pp. 389. Price, $1.25; *Original Exercises in Plane and Solid Geometry*, by Prof. Levi L. Conant, Ph.D., Worcester Polytechnic Institute.

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The True Way to Correct Nervous Troubles.

Nervous troubles are more often caused by improper food and indigestion than most people imagine. Even doctors sometimes overlook this fact. A man says:

"Until two years ago waffles and butter with meat and gravy were the main features of my breakfast. Finally dyspepsia came on and I found myself in a bad condition, worse in the morning than any other time. I would have a full, sick feeling in my stomach, with pains in my heart, sides and head.

"At times I would have no appetite for days, then I would feel ravenous, never satisfied when I did eat and so nervous I felt like shrieking at the top of my voice. I lost flesh badly and hardly knew which way to turn until one day I bought a box of Grape-Nuts food to see if I could eat that. I tried it without telling the doctor, and liked it fine; made me feel as if I had something to eat that was satisfying and still I didn't have that heaviness that I had felt after eating any other food.

"I hadn't drank any coffee then in five weeks. I kept on with the Grape-Nuts and in a month and a half I had gained 15 pounds, could eat almost anything I wanted, didn't feel badly after eating and my nervousness was all gone. It's a pleasure to be well again."

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Washing machine swallows wash boards.

The world's watched for the man to cut wash day in two. He lives—taken more than half—left only minutes—cut so much **wash day's all over, changed**—there's **new way** cleaning clothes—different from anything known—new principals, ideas, methods, **EVERYTHING NEW.** Wonderful, but true, family washing cleaned with no more work than getting a simple meal, less time—**no rubbing, squeezing, pounding, packing, pressing,** no injury—**no drudgery**—that's past. **Good-by wash boards, washing machines, laundries**—throw them away—the **EASY WAY** is here to bless humanity. Women have wished for death of wash day—for clean clothes without rubbing—ruining health, looks—when they could wash, get dinner, see friends, indulge in recreation without fatigue—when women thought no more of washing clothes than to get a simple meal. **That glorious day has come.** The world's full of wash boards, so called washing machines, yet wash day same as ever—still long, dreary day—no easier, no shorter, no better. The wash board or wash machine, it's drudgery, long hours, hard work—backache—a day no woman forgets. **Invention that killed wash day named EASY WAY**—name tells whole story—**easy** on clothes—**easy** used—kept clean—handled—**easy** on women—makes washing **easy—easy** to buy and sell. Not called a machine—powers inside concealed—caution the way it gets dirt—has awful appetite for dirt—increases more it gets—goes after all the dirt in all the clothes at same time—little, but mighty—silent, but powerful—uses no spirits, yet works in darkness. **OPERATED ON STOVE**—move knob occasionally—that's all—scarcely anything to do but wait between batches—child can do it. All iron and steel—always ready—**sets away on shelf.** Entirely unlike old methods. **Verily, wash day is dead—EASY WAY settled that**—woman's joy, satisfaction. **Less than an hour** cleans washing which before took all day—cleans all clothes, finest laces, curtains, etc., in about one-tenth time **without rubbing, squeezing, packing, pressing**—without chemicals to injure the goods. Saves **52 days drudgery** yearly—makes woman's hardest work easiest household duty—saves clothes, labor, fuel, health, looks. Surprises all—sounds strange, is strange, but listen, it's no experiment, going on daily. You can do it. **MRS. FRITTER, Norwood,** writes:—"With **EASY WAY** I clean **a week's washing in less than an hour without rubbing.**" **W. BROWN, Ohio** writes:—"Wash day now wash hour—**EASY WAY** does the work with perfect success." **GUARANTEED,** everything proven, old house, responsible, capital $100,000.00. **Price, only $5.00 complete, ready to use—sent to any address. Not sold in stores.**

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Alone in His Trial

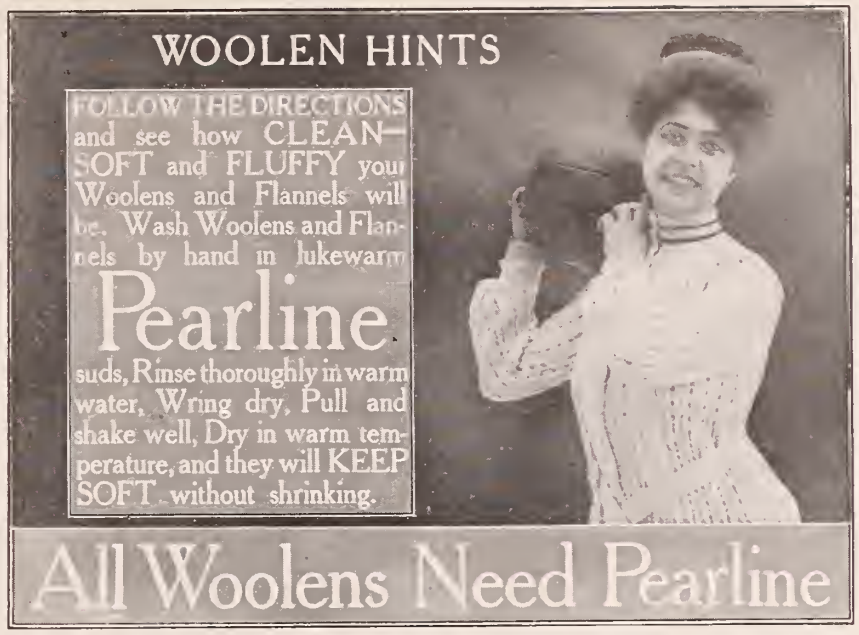
By Mrs. M. Baxter

ALONE, deserted by all, Jesus stood in the dock to be judged. No prisoner, even the poorest, faces his trial in our courts undefended; but Jesus was absolutely alone. The chosen twelve had left their all—their business, their family associations, their homes—yet now that they saw Jesus overcome and taken prisoner, they lost all hope, all confidence. "They all forsook him and fled." So Jesus was alone with his enemies. One of them, just healed by him, carried in his body the token of his power and love, yet did not forbear to help on the destruction of his benefactor. "And they that laid hold on Jesus led him away to Caiaphas, the high priest; where scribes and elders were assembled." The Son of God must first be tried by him who ought to have known him best, by him whose calling it was to "offer both gifts and sacrifices for sins: who can have compassion on the ignorant, and on them that are out of the way; for that he himself also is compassed with infirmity" (Heb. 5: 1, 2).

Surely these men ought to have understood the Sacrifice; surely they ought to have understood the ministry of Jesus. But, alas! it was not so. The very power of Jesus in awakening men's consciences, his marvelous healing power, the miracles which he wrought, were a striking contrast to the powerless, lifeless ministry of the priests and scribes. When Lazarus was raised from the dead, the chief priests and Pharisees gathered "a council and said, 'What do we? for this Man doeth many miracles'" (John 11: 47); they could not but contrast themselves with him, to their own terrible disadvantage, and, being unwilling to humble themselves, and to own that the power of God was with him, they set themselves to oppose him. But "Caiaphas, being the high priest that same year, said unto them, 'Ye know nothing at all, nor consider that it is expedient for us, that one man should die for the people, and that the whole nation perish not'" (John, 11: 49, 50;) so marvelously did God make the very enemies of Christ to speak the truth which they so little understood or appreciated.

They "sought false witness against Jesus to put him to death; but found none"; no charge against him could be substantiated. "Yea; though many false witnesses came, yet found they none. At the last came two false witnesses" (Matt. 26: 59, 60.) "Their witness agreed not together"; in his mouth they could find no gnile; there he stood, sinless; and they, the professed enemies of sin, and teachers of righteousness, tried to make out a case against him! But no man was found who could say, "This Man has done me wrong"; no man could find him guilty of a breach of the law; he himself challenged them, saying, "If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil" (John, 18: 23). What were they to do? Without an accusation they could not condemn him. To extricate himself from the difficulty, the high priest "asked Jesus of his disciples, and of his doctrine." But the Lord answered him, "I spake openly to the world; I ever taught in the synagogue, and in the temple, whither the Jews always resort, and in secret have I said nothing. Why askest thou me? ask them which heard me, what I have said unto them; behold, they know what I said" (John, 18: 19-21). Yet some accusation they must make, if Jesus was to be slain.

"And there arose certain and bare false witness against him, saying, We heard him say, I will destroy this temple that is made with hands, and within three days, I will build another, made without hands. But neither so did their witness agree together." (Mark, 14: 57-59). From the testimony or accusation of others, nothing was to be gained, they must catch his own words; so "the high priest arose, and said unto him, Answerest thou nothing? What is it which these witness against thee? But Jesus held his peace." "He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth; he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth" (Isa. 53: 7).



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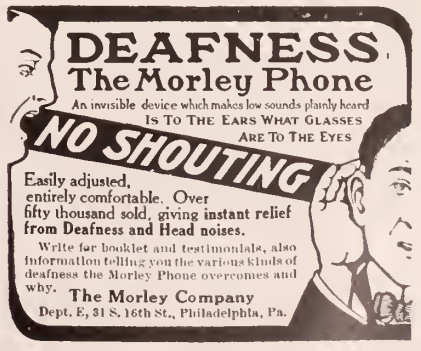

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

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See Page 988

Seven Leading Governors-Elect, Lately Chosen by the People

1. Chas. E. Hughes (R.), New York; 2. E. S. Stuart (R.), Pennsylvania; 3. Jas. N. Higgins (D.), Rhode Island; 4. A. B. Cummins (R.), Iowa; 5. Jas. N. Gillett (R.), California; 6. Curtis Guild (R.), Massachusetts; 7. John A. Johnson (D.), Minnesota.

Questions and Answers

Letters for this department must contain name and address of the sender—not for publication, but as evidence of genuineness and good faith. Where an answer by mail is desired, ten cents in postage stamps must be forwarded by the writers, with full address.

A. B. K., Corona, Cal. What is the meaning of the third angel's message Rev. 14: 9-12?

There was a prediction that an image should be set up which would have the power of speech, and a decree would be issued that all men should worship it; and that no man should buy or sell who did not worship it, and bear the mark or symbol of it (Rev. 13: 15-18). It is this worship, whatsoever it may mean, whether the worship of money or of the head of a party, that the angel denounces.

H. V. H. B., Richland, Mich. 1. Are the tournaments described in Scott's *Ivanhoe* founded on fact? 2. Was there ever one held at Ashby? 3. Can you tell me poet's name of "Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep?"

1. Tournaments were in vogue from the tenth century until the first half of the sixteenth, and as the one described in *Ivanhoe* occurred after Richard I. returned from the Holy Land, it was in the last part of the twelfth century, when tournaments were at their height of splendor and fashion. 2. It is reasonable to believe that Ashby was the scene of such a tournament, as the ruins of a splendid castle are still in existence there. 3. Not positively known.

E. F. T., Collins, Colo. Will the Jews return to the Holy Land, and will they ever, as a nation, acknowledge Christ as the Messiah?

The Prophets assure us that they will return. There are predictions, dating before and during the captivity in Babylon, which were fulfilled when they returned under the edict of Cyrus, but there are others indicating a later and permanent restoration. The passages in Isaiah 2: 2-4; Jeremiah 3: 18; 16: 14, 15; Ezekiel 36: 24; 37: 21, 25; 39: 28, and many others, have never been fulfilled. They will probably return in unbelief, but will be converted later (see Rom. 11: 26).

H. F., San Diego, Calif. Kindly advise me the style of water-wheel used by the various power plants at Niagara Falls and name of manufacturer of the "wheel" most in use. Also the greatest distance they transmit electricity for commercial purposes.

The foregoing has been submitted to the *Scientific American*, New York City, whose editor's answer is given below:

The water-wheel used by the Niagara Falls Power Company is the turbine wheel. The original equipment was made by Brown, Boveri & Co., Geneva, Switzerland. We believe the Westinghouse Company have an arrangement with this firm so that they are their representatives in this country, but of this we are not sure. An inquiry addressed by your correspondent to the Westinghouse Company, Pittsburg, Pa., would bring him full information, since that firm handles the electrical end of the Niagara equipment. The power from Niagara is not yet sent much farther than to Buffalo, about thirty miles, and to Lockport, N. Y., a somewhat shorter distance.

E. M. Williamson, Tex. 1. In what respect do the Congregationalists differ from Presbyterians? 2. Are the terms "soul" and "spirit" identical? If not, what is the difference?

1. There is little difference between them in doctrine; though, as a rule, the Congregationalists are not so uniformly Calvinistic as the Presbyterians. They differ, however, radically on Church government. The Congregationalists insist that every individual church is a little republic, managing its own affairs and recognizing no control by any ecclesiastical body. They have a Congregational Union, the functions of which are consultative and advisory, but without power to enact laws. The Presbyterian Church, on the other hand, is subject to the Presbytery, and the Presbytery subject to the Synod, and the Synod to the General Assembly. 2. They are often used interchangeably, but metaphysicians draw a distinction. The soul stands for the natural life, as we speak of the heart as the seat of the emotions. Spirit is the higher nature, which rises into communion with God and should control all our being.

Mrs. D. M. S., Reidsburg, Wis. 1. Is it right to make political speeches in a church and on the Holy Sabbath day? 2. Is it right to devote the entire morning service to raising money to build a parsonage?

1. Generally speaking, it is not right; but there may be occasions involving questions of public morality, when a pastor is justified in advising people to vote as they would pray. 2. Not knowing the circumstances, we cannot answer.

M. O. N., Smithsburg, Md. How many years are considered as a generation?

It is now usually reckoned that three generations make a hundred years. In the days of the patriarchs, a hundred years was accounted a generation (see Gen. 15: 16 and Ex. 12: 40). In Deut. 1: 35 and 2: 14, the generation is apparently thirty-eight years.

Jessie D., Dayton, Ohio. How long have the Holiness Meetings been established in New York. Who conducts them now?

The Palmer Holiness Meeting has been held every Tuesday at 2.30 P.M., without a single break, summer and winter, since November, 1835. Mrs. Sarah A. Lankford organized this meeting seventy-one years ago. The meeting first convened in the Allen Street M. E. Church. Mrs. Phœbe Palmer became leader shortly afterward. When Phœbe Palmer died, in 1872, Mrs. Lankford resumed the leadership of the meeting. In 1876 she became the wife of Dr. W. Palmer, who died in 1883. After Mrs. Lankford's death, in 1894, the meeting was removed to the home of Dr. M. W. Palmer, 235 East Eighteenth Street, where it is now held. Rev. Edwin Whittier Caswell, pastor Beekman Hill Methodist Episcopal Church, New York, is now leader of the meeting.

A Brooklyn reader, Mr. Charles E. Perkins, writes us, asking whether it is consistent to criticize a mother—

who sent her son to work at twelve or fourteen years of age, so that she could obtain his help to support her starving babies, and a few weeks later publish the account of the life of a man who went to work at fifteen years of age, amassed a large fortune, and lived to the great age of eighty-six? Then in your last week's issue to publish an account of the great work done by the Apostle of the Lakes, Capt. Bundy, who lived to the age of over eighty, though he went to work at ten years of age. Then there is George Foster Peabody, who went to work at thirteen, as also did United States Senator Gorman, who has just passed away. We see the results of the work done by innumerable great men who went to work at an early age, and we see the courts full of prisoners—young men who failed to acquire industrious habits early in life, and have become a disgrace to themselves and parents.

What our correspondent writes is doubtless true; but the point of view that would be taken by the friends of education generally, is that these men succeeded not because of their lack of education, but in spite of it. They were men of sturdy individuality and force of character. Where one such individual will rise, surmounting all obstacles, a score will remain at the lowest level of ability and wage-earning power for the lack of early mental training. The children who, instead of being at school, are sent, through stern necessity, to the mines or the factory, the workshops or the stores, may learn habits of industry and pick up a livelihood, but they are deprived of many advantages—moral, physical and intellectual—which they ought to enjoy. It is greatly to the credit of a boy who comes up through such stress to prominence and success; but his case would simply be one of the few exceptions to the general rule. In these days, any youth, boy or girl, stands a poor chance of making real headway in life without education.

W. A. C., Byersville, Ohio. 1. Who or what were the prehistoric races? 2. From whom did the Japanese spring?

1. About the prehistoric races comparatively little is yet known. They included the Hamitic nations (now represented by the Fellahin of the Nile Valley), the aborigines of Western India, the Lake Dwellers of Switzerland, the Toltecs, Aztecs and other aboriginal races of Central and South America, the Cave Dwellers, the Mound Builders, etc. Write to editor *American Geographic Magazine*, Washington, D. C., for titles of books on the subject. 2. Little was known of Japan prior to 1295, when Marco Polo brought to Europe the first account of that country. The origin of the Japanese is uncertain. Some authorities hold that the Ainus, who still occupy a remote part of the island empire, were the original inhabitants; others assert that Japan was probably settled from China.

Mrs. H. E. B., Russellville, Tenn. Why is the "harvest moon" so called?"

It is the full moon nearest the autumnal equinox (about September 23), when it rises several nights in succession at about the same hour. The phenomenon is less plainly seen in the United States than in higher latitudes, and is not met in the tropics. It is due to the fact that "at the time of the autumnal equinox, the full moon being exactly opposite the sun, it is in that part of her orbit which makes a small angle with the horizon at the point of moonrise."

Cid, Cedar Rapids, Ia. Who wrote the four Gospels? Were they not all written by the Apostles whose names they bear?

It is not certainly known who wrote them, but there is no evidence that they were written by other persons. It is well, however, for you to remember that neither Mark nor Luke was an apostle. The title, "the Gospel according to," seems to imply that the works were more likely to have been written by others. They read as if written by a hearer who says, "This is the Gospel as Matthew used to preach it." There is a tradition that Mark was dictated by Peter, and the internal evidence confirms the theory. John shows the influence of the Alexandrian school. He may have studied there, or the man who reported him may have been a student of the school. The smooth flowing elegant style is very different from the rugged Greek of the Apocalypse. They are evidently inspired by the Holy Spirit, and the authorship is not important.

Miscellaneous

G. R. G., Vancouver, B. C. See answer to F. M., Williamson, Tex.

J. R. M., Lower Providence, Pa. Nothing more is known than is recorded in the Scripture.

Lucia A. Stuart, Williston, Vt., would like a copy of the poem "Gethsemane," which begins—

"God pity those who only say,
Let this cup pass."

W. E. W., Tavistock, Ont. Bucket shops are places where small sums may be used in speculating on the rise and fall of stocks, etc. They are gambling institutions, pure and simple, and the cause of the ruin of thousands.

Be Sure to Keep this List of Premium Offers

Now is the Time to Renew

JUST now we are right up to date with the shipments of our Premiums. Never before have we been so fortunately circumstanced in November, but this year we began to manufacture about two months earlier than usual. Even our Calendars, which, owing to the pressure peculiar to the season were always more or less late, are this year on time, notwithstanding the lithographers' strike, which has tied up nearly all lithographing facilities.

Soon, however, the holiday rush will begin, and then deliveries by mail and express will be rather uncertain, particularly in view of the present unusual shortage of rolling stock, owing to the enormous demand of the traffic, which causes shipments to accumulate at an unprecedented rate all over the country.

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The Christian Herald, 91 to 115 Bible House, New York

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 21, 1906

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

In the Dining Room

The "Help" on the Roosevelt Estate at Pine Knot

The Old-fashioned Kitchen

Photos Copyrighted by Waldon Fawcett

THE PRESIDENT'S VIRGINIA HOME

Picturesque Pine Knot, where the Family May Spend Thanksgiving and Christmas

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT and his family have lately been spending a brief holiday at Pine Knot, their pretty country house in the Virginia Hills, previous to their departure for Panama. On the morning of October 31st, the President denied himself to all callers at the White House, devoting every moment to the disposition of official matters which required attention before he left Washington for the outing in Virginia, which he had for some time anticipated. Later in the day, accompanied by Mrs. Roosevelt, Surgeon-General Rixey, Assistant-Secretary Latta and a Secret Service officer, the Chief Executive journeyed to Pine Knot, the country home of Mrs. Roosevelt, where he hoped to secure a brief period of freedom from interruption in order that he might complete his message to Congress and clear up other business previous to his departure for Panama to investigate affairs at the Isthmus. He planned, also, to fill the intervals of relaxation with the enjoyment of hunting.

"Aunt Lina," aged 86
She Waits on the Roosevelt Table

Reaching Charles Garden, the party drove the remaining seventeen miles to Pine Knot, dropping Mr. Latta in the little town that he might serve as a medium for telegraphic communications made to the temporary executive offices established there. This was rendered the more necessary, as Secretary Metcalfe, who arrived in San Francisco upon the following day, was expected to report by wire upon the conditions relating to the denial of school privileges to Japanese children by the San Francisco authorities—a subject which has aroused speculation upon both sides of the ocean, and which the President proposed to discuss in his annual message.

For four brilliant, autumnal days, President and Mrs. Roosevelt enjoyed one of the most delightful outings of their lives. While the men of the party betook themselves to the woods each clear and frosty morning at four o'clock Mrs. Roosevelt filled the days with horseback riding and strolls through the glory of the Virginia fields and woods, the foliage being just at the season of its most gorgeous coloring. The hunting party were not so fortunate in finding what they sought. From break of day, they tramped through the hours of Thursday and Friday, devoting their attention to cotton-tails and partridges, as the much-coveted wild turkey still eluded their eager pursuit. Fried rabbit was the staple dish of each meal at Pine Knot.

On Saturday the party crossed the Hardware River, and, under the guidance of a local hunting celebrity, plunged into the deep woods, where the flock of turkeys were said to have taken refuge. A long day's search was at last rewarded with a solitary gobbler. It was the first turkey the President had ever shot, and was a fine specimen of its kind, well deserving its destined place of honor upon the White House dinner-table.

On Sunday, the President and Mrs. Roosevelt attended divine service at Christ Church, a mile walk across the fields from their country home. At the conclusion of the service, the President cordially shook hands with the members of the congregation. He extended a similar greeting to 250 persons afterward, who awaited the party at the railway station, where they boarded the train for Washington. So invigorated did the President find himself by his sojourn at this nook in the Virginia mountains, that, if present plans are carried out, he and Mrs. Roosevelt will spend both their Thanksgiving and Christmas there.

On Monday, in company with Postmaster-General Cortelyou and Secretary Loeb, President Roosevelt made a midnight trip to Oyster Bay, where the three voted, reaching Washington again in time for dinner Tuesday evening.

On Thursday, November 8, with the same party which were included in their Virginia trip, the President and Mrs. Roosevelt sailed from Washington for Panama on the cruiser-yacht *Mayflower*. The Commandant and all the naval officers at the Yard were at the wharf in full dress uniform to await the arrival of the President and bid him adieu. A company of marines and a detachment of jackies were drawn up in line to give a salute to the Commander-in-Chief of the Navy when he stepped upon the gangplank, and as he crossed it, the band on board struck up, "The Star-Spangled Banner."

"Nick"
The President's Guide at Pine Knot

On Friday morning, the *Mayflower* "picked up" the battleship *Louisiana* off Wolf Trap Light, in Chesapeake Bay, and transferred the distinguished passengers to its deck. The *Louisiana* is the largest vessel in the United States Navy, and is known in the service as "the ship of officers' sons," so many among the younger men stationed upon it being the sons of officers of renown.

Of these, President Roosevelt chose Lieutenant Evans, the son of "Fighting Bob," to act as his especial "Aide" during the important official mission to Panama, a service which includes the supervision of the admirably equipped wireless telegraph station which is maintained on board. The *Tennessee* and *Washington* accompanied the *Louisiana*, as a presidential guard of honor.

Roosevelt Home at Pine Knot

Orphanage Buildings at Sendai

Matron Frances J. Phelps

Playtime at Sendai Orphanage

PROSPERITY RETURNS TO JAPAN

A Visit to the Famine District by a Christian Herald Correspondent

A GREAT transformation has come over Japan's famine district. No longer do the children cry from hunger, or the parents lie down at night on the floors of their humble thatched cottages, to toss wakefully in an anguish deeper than their own sufferings from lack of food. The region that a few months ago was wasted by want, is now blooming in manifest plenty. The three provinces that were saved from starvation by the quick sympathy of tender hearts are now a smiling land. As widely as went the news of last year's drought and consequent woe, should go the good news that prosperity has come again to all the region round about Sendai.

The people are happy now, not only in a record-breaking rice crop, twenty per cent. above the average yield, but happy also in memories of the sympathy of the American people so bountifully bestowed through the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. It is not easy for Americans to understand how deeply the Japanese feel this spirit of brotherhood. They are a people of sentiment, and it is no overstatement of a fact patent to all careful observers that the swift and abundant succor from over seas during the famine period has done more to strengthen international relations than any formal government treaty. Although Japan and England are pledged political allies, it is the friendship between Japan and America that one hears commonly talked about in this country.

As our train draws near to the neighborhood of Sendai, the rice crops are seen to be luxuriant. The ears are full, and the grain is high, thick and rich. The farmer and his family are now engaged chiefly in scaring away the birds from the green fields. A curious network of strings and papers surrounds the tiny rice plots. Around the edges of each field, and perhaps crossing and criss crossing it at various angles, may be seen strings and ropes fastened on slender uprights. To these are attached bits of jingling metal, wisps of paper or straw, and scraps of rags. Occasionally, to avert the "evil spirits," the farmer will put up charms written by the priest. I have even seen tufts of human hair—a favorite votive offering in Japan. It is common to see a boy or a man sitting in the field, from dawn until dark, ready to shake these strings should birds appear, and to serve as a human scarecrow. Labor is cheap in Japan.

The entire business community of Sendai, and the small towns in the three famine-smitten provinces, have felt the return of the flood-tide of business. There was little or no pauperism created by the famine, so wise was the distribution of the relief funds, and so close the co-operation of the almoners of foreign bounty with the eagle-eyed and efficient Japanese officials.

Sendai, which is the most hospitable city in Japan toward foreigners, knows practically no other kind of foreigners except missionaries, as all except two of those resident here are missionaries. I have been told that so "honorable and pleasant" have been the relations between the latter and the Japanese, that any white man's word is as good as his cash in the business houses of Sendai. Certainly the natives perceive the significance of the missionary spirit, as witness the fact that Rev. Dr. D. B. Schneider, the veteran of the German Reformed force here, is called in Japanese, "Lead Pencil," because he is forever whittling himself away in service.

A glow of pardonable pride is felt by an American as he hears the praise of the relief committee—which, by the way, really stirred Japan, as well as the whole civilized world, to an appreciation of the vastness of the misfortune which threatened this district. The members of this small body are, with two exceptions, Americans, and all, save one, are missionaries. Their names, already well known to CHRISTIAN HERALD readers, deserve a permanent place on the roll of American and Japanese honor.

During my study of the post-famine situation here, I met the governor of the province, the mayor of the city, the chief general of the military staff (fifteen thousand soldiers are stationed in Sendai even in peace times), the presiding judge of the courts, the editor of the leading daily newspaper, and many college professors and other prominent citizens. Every one with whom I talked had hearty words of appreciation and gratitude—and it takes a Japanese to express in full and appropriate phraseology all such sentiments of courtesy.

Governor Kamei is a man of rare force, alertness and capability—one of Japan's coming men. Even before he learned that I represented THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, he spoke of the part that this paper and its readers had in the famine relief work, and of Japan's unpayable debt of gratitude to America. Governor Kamei asked me to convey to America the assurance that Japan's sense of gratitude is deep and abiding. He spoke warmly of the Americans resident in Sendai, and alluded to the coming time when all the Japanese will be able to speak English with their kindred nation across the Pacific.

Mayor Hayakawa is a patriarchal official, whose snapping young eyes belie his long, gray beard. His courtesy was quite overwhelming, and I should not dare to repeat the flowery expressions he used in giving voice to Sendai's attitude toward Americans. The call that he made in person upon me, bearing as a gift two baskets of luscious fruit, I took to be meant not for myself, but for the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Two permanent, visible, tangible fruits of the famine relief work remain—the increase of the Okayama orphanage in South Japan, which has taken in eight hundred famine orphans, and the opening of the new orphanage at Sendai. The latter will always remain associated with the history of the great famine, and is, in part at least, a monument to the generosity of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers, for $12,500 of the money used to establish it came from their gifts exclusively.

There are two hundred and fifty-three children in the Sendai orphanage, ranging in age from two years to fourteen or fifteen. Some of the older girls, like many others rescued in the famine district by the Salvation Army, were saved from being sold into a life of dishonor. Now all form one happy, healthy, family, inspiring to see. The rags, filth, vermin and malnutrition that characterized all the children upon their entrance, have given way to neat clothes, good health and a happy childhood.

Miss Frances J. Phelps, the royal Christian woman whose devotion to the Master and his little ones made this orphanage possible, has a heart great enough to mother the entire quarter of a thousand children; and their devotion to her is beautiful to behold.

The orphanage is run on the most economical lines—of necessity—and no missionary has a humbler home than Miss Phelps' native cottage; but cheerfulness, industry and discipline on the part of all have achieved wonders. I cannot cease marveling at the way those little tots, after only four months under Christian influence, sing with lusty lungs a wide variety of our Christian hymns, and repeat the Lord's Prayer and the Twenty-third Psalm. And then the way they bow—one bow from those two platoons of little children, seated in the polite Japanese fashion, on their knees, with their hands folded demurely in their laps, alone would repay every giver to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD famine fund. For surely the latter have not only earned the "Inasmuch" of Jesus, but they have also made an investment which will yield returns to the kingdom far richer than the bountiful harvest of rice that is now blessing this lately weeping land.

WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

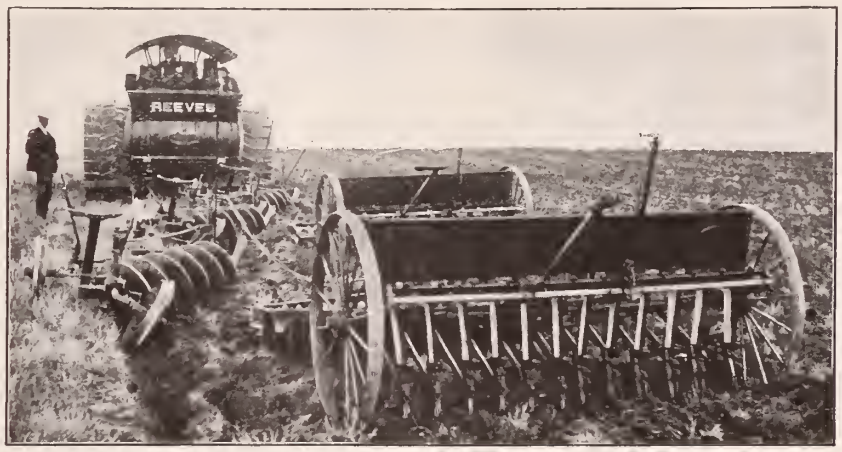
Scene in a Japanese Fish Market

STEAM PLOWS IN THE FERTILE WEST

THERE have been few more important agricultural developments in recent years, than is witnessed in the sudden rise of the steam traction engine into favor for farming operations on the Western plains. One year ago there were less than a half dozen steam plows in the States of Kansas, Nebraska, Oklahoma, Wyoming, Colorado, and Texas. At the present time there are nearly fifty in Colorado, Wyoming, and Texas alone—by far the greater number being in Colorado. Yet these are not merely steam plows. In most cases, the traction engine not only draws a long line of disc plows, but also drags behind these the implements that roll, harrow and seed the ground at the same time. For farming on a large scale, this seems to bring down the labor and expense to the lowest minimum.

The type of engine used in steam plowing is technically known as the double-cross compound-cylinder, for the best results the engines being not less than 32 horse-power. The one shown in the photograph is in operation on the dreary, sun-baked plains, fifteen miles east of Denver, Colo. It draws 3 6-gang plows (eighteen plows in all), 2 double pulverizers and packers and 2 grain drills, converting a 12-foot-wide strip of virgin prairie into cultivated land, seeded with next season's crop, at each passage of the engine. This outfit covers from thirty to forty acres of land in a day, while operating expenses are not more than $25 a day. Including cost of seed, plowing, packing, harrowing and drilling, and allowing for depreciation of the outfit, the cost per acre does not exceed $2. To perform the same operations by horse-power on unbroken soil costs not less than $6.25 per acre.

When the plowing is done separately, it is customary to use 4 6-gang plows, turning furrows aggregating 16 feet in width, at a cost of not more than 75 cents per acre.



The Steam Traction Plow Transforming the Western Plains

Plowing, packing, harrowing and seeding, being practically simultaneous, the loss of moisture from the soil is greatly reduced. The ground may be broken to a depth of ten inches, if desired, and is more thoroughly pulverized than can be done by horse-power. Hence, the claim is made that the yield of wheat from steam-plowed land is materially greater than from land prepared by the old methods. The average crop harvested from prairie soil prepared in this way last season, was over twenty-five bushels per acre. These yields were obtained from the "arid lands" of Colorado.

A steam plowing outfit requires two men on the traction engine, and a man and team to haul fuel and water. In thus reducing the cost (including seed) of plowing, packing, harrowing, seeding, harvesting and thrashing, to less than three dollars per acre, it would appear that Western wheat growers had reached a point beyond which further economizing would be impossible. However, they are still not content. For the ordinary farmer, the cost of a steam plowing outfit would be prohibitive. For his benefit, the contractor is in the field, willing to take the contract for doing his plowing, packing, harrowing, and seeding, at prices ranging from two dollars per acre for simple plowing, up to four or five dollars for all operations. What the steam thresher has long been in most agricultural sections of America, the steam plow promises soon to become on the Great Plains—an absolute necessity to the growers of small grains.

JOHN L. COWAN.
Denver, Colo.

After the Brussels Temperance Congress

I HAVE written of the Brussels Conference. Though its official call limited it to the increase of the tax on distilled liquors in Central Africa, I saw that the way could be prepared at such a Conference for a more adequate treaty, by interviewing the gathered delegates of the European governments and presenting the American petition for universal prohibition of the sale of intoxicants and opium to all savage races in such a way as would command attention. That anticipation has been more than realized, for President Roosevelt's cablegram, sent into the Conference with the Senate resolution and petitions of many American bodies, commercial as well as religious, has made a profound impression.

Three results are expected from our efforts at Brussels: First, that the liquor tax will be placed higher than it would have been possible to place it without the American influence; second, that the tests which must prove the insufficiency of any mere raising of the price will be thus completed; third, that all governments will be more ready to take the next step, in which America leads, asking such prohibition of intoxicants and opium for aboriginal races all over the world as we have adopted for our Indians and Filipinos.

But a more important purpose of our European trip was to secure the assent of the British government to a pending proposal from President Roosevelt, that America and Britain should together draft and submit to other Powers a treaty that would provide for prohibition of the sale of all intoxicants and opium to all aboriginal races. This proposal, based on a resolution unanimously passed by the United States Senate on January 4, 1901, had been approved by President Roosevelt, in his message of the following December, and had been followed up by the presentation to him on December 6 of petitions from thirty-six States, asking him to make above proposal to the British government, which, with characteristic promptness, he did five days after, through John Hay, then Secretary of State. The proposal was strongly seconded in Canada and Australia, but not adequately in the United Kingdom, and for this reason, and because of the Boer war, and because the opium problem in India and China was then unsettled, and for other reasons, the government of that day did not accept this great proposal. A very different situation in 1906 made it seem probable that the present government of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman would accept the proposal if a popular campaign in support of it should be undertaken in Great Britain, which could be combined with the Brussels movement. Having reached the various European governments through their legations and delegates at Brussels, it seemed clear that the next move for securing the universal treaty was to hold meetings all over the British Empire, beginning at London. This work had been begun *en route* to Brussels.

At this writing we have five weeks of almost daily British engagements ahead (prior to our return voyage Nov. 28); in London, in such churches as those of Dr. Clifford and F. B. Meyer; and in Bristol, Birmingham, Liverpool, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Belfast and other centres. Everywhere the great proposal of President Roosevelt is received by British audiences with an enthusiasm that no other pending proposal evokes, and in every meeting the petition is endorsed unanimously. The press and Members of Parliament are equally cordial in support.

Soon after returning to the United States, we expect to extend the campaign to Canada, and, after the three months of Congress, to Asia, to rally British sentiment behind the President's proposal in India, Australia and New Zealand, while enlisting also the assured aid of Japan and China, both of which should have a part in the next Conference on protection of native races.

What may be anticipated is that the British government will soon make some favorable response in general terms to President Roosevelt's proposal, and will appoint some British Commission to act with an American Commission in drawing up a treaty. Public sentiment will be constantly needed to hold the negotiations up to the high standard President Roosevelt has set, for although it is the general policy of the British government to discourage the sale of "wine, spirits, and other intoxicating liquors," there are many bad exceptions, and opium is not included, as in our Gillett-Lodge Act for the Pacific Islands, and our recent law for the Philippines.

Most of all is it necessary to carry on a campaign of education on the Continent of Europe, lest even the Christian citizens there shall not be ready to support such a treaty as is proposed and will alone be effective, namely, one that will prohibit the selling of any kind of intoxicant or opium in communities chiefly inhabited by "child races," who are the wards of civilization and should be safeguarded as minors. Even in Japan and China, where, in escaping the curse of opium, they are welcoming beer, under the delusion that it is a harmless drink, a great campaign of education is needed. W. F. CRAFTS.

Herr Bohlen and his Bride Leaving the Chapel after the Wedding

FRAULEIN BERTHA KRUPP, the bride, was simply yet beautifully attired, while Herr Bohlen wore the Cuirassier uniform. Kaiser Wilhelm showed great interest in the wedding. The ceremony was performed in a specially erected chapel close to the Villa Huegel, the residence of the Krupp family. In the course of a speech at the banquet that followed the ceremony, the Kaiser said: "God has granted to you, my dear Bertha, a magnificent sphere of activity to live for your workmen and their families. When you pass through the factory, may the workman lift his cap to you in grateful love. . . . From your influence may joy in toil spring, and progressive development in achievement, in accordance with the most modern requirements, and with the tried principles of the founder of the Krupp works, so that Krupp's may continue to furnish the German Fatherland with weapons of offence and defence which, in their manufacture as in the achievements won by them, in the future as in the past, shall be such as no other nation can attain."

THE American Pulpit

SERMON BY

Rev. G. N. Thomssen, D.D.*

THE Lost Life Saved

TEXT—MATT. 16: 25, 26

"Whosoever would save his life shall lose it, and whosoever shall lose his life for my sake, shall find it" etc.

AN American professor once said to his students: "Gentlemen, let it be your endeavor to make a life, not a mere living." In thinking about these words, two men suddenly appeared to my imagination. Both were followers of Jesus. Both were very prominent. Both exercised great influence on others. Yet one of them I knew to be always self-seeking. He would never deny self, and never dreamt of bearing a cross. It is true he followed Jesus, but only because he was a very ambitious man and hoped to reap great honor, promotion and gain in the service of the Nazarene. The other, in great agony of soul, always denied self. He gave up all prospects of advancement in this life. He took up his cross daily, crucified self and imitated the lowly Jesus of Nazareth.

The one, when at last he saw his ambitious hopes shattered, because the sun of Jesus was hastening to its setting, went to the priests of the Jews and then uttered the word that had till then been the unuttered keyword of his life: What will ye give me? "And they were glad, and covenanted to give him money." Religion to Judas was merely a commercial transaction. How can I make money? How can I get rich quick—honestly, if possible, but how can I get rich quick? That was the main question, the one all-absorbing passion of his life. He knew that money meant power. Money was to be the ladder of his success. He was determined to be rich, and so did not hesitate to sell his Master for thirty pieces of silver. Are any of us like Judas in this respect?

The Life Sacrificed

The other man, after meeting Jesus face to face, said: "What things were gain to me these have I counted loss for Christ, yea, verily, and I count all things to be loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, my Lord; for whom I suffered the loss of all things, that I may gain—Christ!" This unique man belonged to the aristocracy of his nation. He was persecuted, reviled, misunderstood, yea, even beaten and stoned for Jesus' sake. Driven by cruel aspersions to vindicate himself, he spoke of his life and work, and, in this defense, he gives us a glimpse of his awful agony of soul in his life of self-denial and service. Listen, and let the words sink deeply into your soul as you hear them ringing in your ears: "Are they Hebrews? So am I! Are they Israelites? So am I! Are they the seed of Abraham? So am I! Are they ministers of Christ?" I speak as one beside himself. I more: in labors more abundantly, in prisons more abundantly, in stripes above measure, in deaths oft! Of the Jews, five times received I forty stripes save one. Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day have I been in the deep. In journeyings often, in perils of rivers, in perils of robbers, in perils from my countrymen, in perils from the Gentiles, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren, in labor, in travail, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness. Besides those things that are without, there is that which presseth upon me daily, anxiety for all the churches." The one man made money, he had great worldly gain, he saved his life, yet lost it, dying a miserable, a despicable, a cowardly suicide's death; the other's venerable head rolled in the dust, severed from his body by the executioner's sword; he lost his life, yet found it. No two men in all the world's history so illustrate the truth in this text as Judas and Paul. May God's Holy Spirit impress indelibly upon our hearts and lives this awfully solemn and earnest lesson of our text.

A Seeming Paradox

What do you mean by saying that the saved life is lost, and the lost life is found? Is not that a contradiction? These questions are sure to be asked by someone. In reply, I would say that I mean just what our Master meant when he taught this fundamental truth of his kingdom. His saying may seem hard, and may strike some as mystical and perplexing; but it is not so. We have no contradiction in this statement. It is an eternal truth that gathers emphasis as the ages roll along. Never was it of greater importance to emphasize this truth than at the present day, especially in large cities, where the bread-and-butter question is the most vital question of the day. In the strenuous struggle for a living, men forget to make a life. The Judas-spirit is the spirit of this age, and seems to be on the increase, while the Christ-spirit, the Paul-spirit, seems to be on the wane, hence, it is so very necessary that this word of Jesus should be kept prominently before our hearts and minds.

In defining the truth that it is more important to make a life, than a living, that the eternal welfare of our immortal soul is to be sought first, and last, and always; yea, with fear and trembling, I only say what Jesus said when he spoke to his people, saying: "If any man would come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me. For whosoever would save his life shall lose it; and whosoever shall lose his life for my sake shall find it. For what shall a man be profited, if he shall gain the whole world and forfeit his life? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his life?"

Life that is Really Life

The only word in this pasage that is a little obscure is the word "life" or "soul," as it is in the old version of the Bible. Both of these words correctly express the meaning of the original Greek word; but the thought will perhaps be clearer to us if we place adjectives before the words and thus try to bring out their full meaning. Let us place the words eternal and temporal before life, and I think all will see that there is no contradiction in these words of Jesus: "For whosoever would save his (temporal) life shall lose it; and whosoever shall lose his (temporal) life for my sake shall find it. For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world and forfeit his (eternal) life? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his (eternal) life?"

In these great questions, Jesus places before us time and eternity, life and death, heaven and hell, and asks us to choose between them. Oh, friends, let us ponder these questions well, for our eternal salvation hinges on the answers we give to them. What is our highest ambition in life? Is it the low one of merely making a living, of eating and drinking, of marrying and giving in marriage, of gaining money and houses, of living in luxury and being prominent in society? These things are all very well in their place, but if we only plan and work and agonize to get them, we are bartering our souls for fleeting vanities, we are merely chasing butterflies and leading a butterfly life. Let us forsake such a life and follow Jesus, anywhere, everywhere. Let us take up our cross daily, as He did, and bear it after him to the place of execution, dying—if necessary—a cruel death for his sake, in order that we too may win a crown of life. Be sure the Christ-life is the only life worth living, and the Christ-death is the only death worth dying, for then

> We live in deeds, not years, in thoughts, not breaths,
> In feelings, not in figures on a dial,
> We then count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
> Who thinks most, feels the noblest acts the best.

Yes, and we may add: "He dies happiest who dies to self first of all."

The Testimony of Philosophers

But you raise an objection to this and ask: "How do I; how can I know that there is an hereafter and that death does not end all? How can you prove that there is such a thing as eternal life?" How many people there are who are satisfied, if they can only ask questions and make objections. They seem to think that, of course, such questions cannot be answered, and even though every question be answered, and every objection removed, yet such people continue to belong to the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and, having ears, hear not the things which pertain to salvation. God pity and save them! What desperate, what fearful foolishness that is! May God save us from such a spirit. To an honest enquirer God always reveals the truth. He never need lack for light, for Jesus is the light; he never need cry for truth, for Jesus is the truth; he never need seek for the way, for Jesus is the way.

Now, in replying to those questions concerning death being the end of all things, and concerning eternal life, I might disprove the former and prove the latter by quoting great philosophers. Men like Socrates and Plato and many other great thinkers of non-Christian religions, have clearly demonstrated their belief in the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, which many seem to think is merely a Christian doctrine. Socrates speaks of being sorely wounded on a battlefield, when his life-blood was ebbing away, and death came very near to him. Yet, while his body was almost lifeless, his soul was free, and he could then think clearer and reason better than when his body was unwounded. In his conversations with his disciples, during the last few hours of his life, as recorded by Plato, Socrates again and again and again affirmed his belief in a life hereafter. Plato, Socrates' greatest disciple, in his discourse on this great subject, uses the magnificent and superb illustration of the harper and the harp. Destroy the harp, break it into a thousand pieces, and burn it, yet you have not destroyed the harper, nor the eternal laws of harmony. This body of ours is the harp and our immortal soul the harper. The body may be destroyed, but the destruction of the body does not involve the destruction of the soul.

The Correlation of Forces

But why should I enumerate all these arguments of all great thinkers of all ages, when one word will suffice to prove that death does not end all; and that the God-breathed spirit never dies? And what is that word? Correlation! How does correlation prove anything? Correlation denotes reciprocal relation. If you speak of a father, you must think of his child; if you speak of a king, you infer that there are subjects; if there is a here, there must be a there; if good, then bad; if there be the learned, there must also be the unlearned—for all these things stand in a reciprocal relation one to the other. So, also, it is in spiritual things. Why is it that the Christian is satisfied in Jesus, finds rest and peace in prayer to him, and has solace and strength in every trial by looking forward with joy unspeakable to a meeting with his Master and his loved ones gone before, in that land, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest"? There must be a Saviour, Jesus Christ, and a heaven corresponding to this faith. Why is it that the wicked flee when none pursue? Why is it that they often tremble in the dark before a mere figment of their imagination, and even in the daytime are filled with fear when startled by an unusual noise? Why do they often seek oblivion in strong drink and opiates, and even at times commit suicide? There must be a hell corresponding to their fears. You say that their conscience troubles them; but what is conscience? It is that faculty of our being by which we know. Know what? Know good and evil; know that good will be rewarded, and evil punished; know heaven and hell; know time and eternity. The eternal laws of correlation strengthened by the voice of conscience tell us in trumpet tones that death does not end all, and that the God-breathed spirit never dies.

The Testimony of Life

But a palpable, a concrete argument that we can all understand, we find in the lives of the noblest and best men and women who have lived and are living on earth. They have lived and are living the lives of humble followers of Jesus. Their ambition has not been and is not to make a mere living, but to make a life. Read the biographies of great men, and you will find that it has been the ambition of the best of them, like Paul, "to know Jesus and the power of his resurrection." Time fails us to cite examples, but a study of their life's agony will prove how true are Goethe's words:

> Who never ate with tears his bread,
> And, through the long-drawn midnight hours
> Sat weeping on his lonely bed,
> He knows ye not, ye heavenly powers.

Why did they weep and pray? Why all this agony and heart-burning? Why this soreness of mind and spirit? Was it all only to make a living, to get on well in life? To establish a new religion? To found a new empire? To discover new lands and unknown forces in nature? No! No! No! they cry, it was to discover truth, to know death and life, to gain heaven and escape hell, to be like Jesus and thus come nearer to God, in a word, to make a life. Their lives have not been lived in vain. They have achieved something, and we, too, can achieve.

Losing Life by Care

Now let us make a practical application of this great truth in our lives. There are just two things that I would urge you to do; or rather, one thing I would have you not do, and one thing I would have you do. Don't, I beseech you, don't live a merely temporal life, a life of the flesh, a life of a day. Don't be merely trying to make a living. Don't be so very much concerned about saving your life. How many people there are who have become morbidly sensitive about their health. Their life is so self-centered that they spend their time in going from one country to the other in quest of happiness and health. All they talk about is the little pains and aches and ills that flesh is heir to. You have too much to do to spend your life in such frivolous matters. In trying to save your temporal life you will lose your immortal soul.

Continued on next page

*Preached in Union Chapel, Calcutta, where Dr. Thomssen, the famous Baptist missionary to the Telugus, went, after attending a meeting of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Famine Committee in Bombay.

CROSS AND CRESCENT AT WAR

MANY Christian hearts are sorrowing over the recent death of Mrs. Karl Kumm, the wife of Dr. Karl Kumm, leader of the United Sudan Mission. This beloved lady was the daughter of Dr. Grattan Guinness, of London, and the sister of Dr. Harry Guinness, the Superintendent of the Missionary College at Harley House, Bow Road, East London. Her loss will be felt on both sides of the Atlantic.

Dr. Karl Kumm

Not long ago I had the pleasure of a long conversation with Dr. Karl Kumm, at Harley House. I found him full of enthusiastic and sanguine expectations for the enlargement of the Sudan Mission. In reply to my questions concerning the nature of the wild region from which he had returned for a time, Dr. Kumm said:

"If you ever heard of a country without a cemetery, without a graveyard, there is such a country in Central Africa. I have only recently come from it. The inhabitants are cannibals. The old people are eaten. I refer to Northern Nigeria, the most populous British colony in all Africa. It contains nearly thirty millions of people. Half are pagans, half are Moslems. When I arrived there I found only one missionary among this vast mass of humanity.

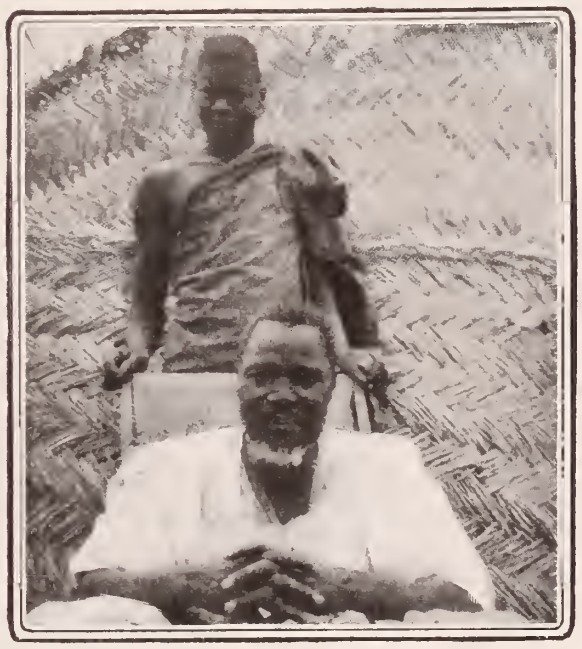
"It was on January 1, 1900, that the British flag was hoisted in Northern Nigeria. Thus, the country has been open for nearly seven years. A curious result followed. Till then the pagan tribes had held their own against the Moslems, but the latter now began to pour in their missionaries by scores. Our work among the devotees of Islam is very hard; among the simple pagans it is full of pleasure and encouragement. I will tell you what constitutes much of the joy. When one of these heathen people has been converted, he is eager to spread the glad tidings and fears no one. I appealed to my camp followers, asking who would go and preach Jesus, though they might have to die for the Gospel? Every man started up, crying, 'I will go and preach Him!' But usually it is impossible to touch the Moslems in any such way. And, throughout the Sudan, the people have been going over by thousands to Islam. Chief after chief has gone over to Mohammedanism. But we have had, however, good success. At least a dozen embassies have come to us from heathen tribes, and not one has gone away without urgently inviting us to come to their territory to preach.

"Sir Frederick Lugard, the famous Governor of Nigeria, with whom I spent two days, said to me that if only 100 or 200 missionaries could be sent to the country, he could place them with every advantage among the various Sudanese tribes. Then in the immense Sudan there might be created a larger Uganda."

Dr. Kumm went on to explain that there is an imminent danger, resulting from the British conquest of Nigeria, which forms the Western Sudan. This danger consists in the probability that the whole land may be overrun by Moslem emissaries, unless the Protestant churches awaken to a speedy sense of the peril. The new Church of England Mission to the Eastern Sudan gives a promise of better things in that district of the vast country. But in the Western Sudan several tribes, formerly cannibals, have been subdued by British arms. There were no Christian missionaries ready to propagate the truth, and many are becoming converts to Islam. The King of Shenda, a giant, has a Moslem teacher always with him, constantly watching him. Already in each tribe that has been conquered by the British there is quite a Moslem colony. The English people certainly had no intention to spread Mohammedanism, yet one effect of their rule in many parts of the Sudan must be just that unless Christian missions are introduced.

"Is Ethiopia, which is the same as the Sudan, to be lost to Christianity?" asked Dr. Kumm, earnestly. "By the year 1910 there will be scarcely a pagan village in the great land. Along the banks of the great river Niger, all the villages will become Moslem, unless we Christians take up the work in good time. It is sad to think of the probability of the most populous of all the English African colonies being thus surrendered to the cult of the false prophet.

"The Western Sudan, now under British dominion, contains nearly thirty millions of people. The entire Sudan, or Land of the Blacks, the greatest unevangelized area on earth, reaching across Africa from Abyssinia to the Atlantic, equals in extent Europe minus Russia. The population is unknown, but is variously estimated at from fifty to eighty millions. It contains at least one hundred different tribes, speaking over one hundred different languages and dialects, into only a few of which has the Bible been as yet translated. The doors have been wonderfully opened. Since the overthrow of the Mahdi by British arms and the construction of the railway to Khartoum, a new highway has been opened into the Eastern Sudan; while new entries into Western and Central Sudan have been made by England up the Niger and the Binne; by France up the Senegal, across the Sahara and through French Congo up the Mobangi and Shari, and by Germany through Adamawa to Lake Chad. With the opening of the twentieth century the hand of God has flung open the long-closed door of the Sudan.



The King of Deemper, in the Sudan

There are six mission stations, situated at Khartoum, Dolaib, Lokoja, Gierku, Bida and Patagi. These are at immense distances apart. In the vast Central Sudan there is not a single missionary."

Last year four young missionaries from Ohio spent some time in England on their way to Africa. These are now working in the Sudan, and the British Sudan Pioneer Mission, amalgamating with the American organization, have formed the new United Mission in the Sudan. Thus has a common interest been established for both countries in the enterprise. If a goodly number of missionaries can be found and supported for the Lord's work in this wonderful region of Africa, with its area of over two million square miles, they would labor under the most favorable natural auspices, for the Sudan, as a whole, is far healthier than most other portions of the African Continent.

The Late Mrs. Karl Kumm

Many parts of Northern Nigeria, for instance, are high and very salubrious. The heavy death-roll of devoted workers on the West Coast—that "white man's grave"—is not likely to be repeated in the uplands of Adamawa, where the mountain ranges rise to over 8,000 feet above the sea level; or in the beautiful Bautchi Hill district, of which Sir F. Lugard writes, "The Bautchi Hills enjoy a charming climate." There is reason to hope that the comparatively healthy conditions which surround the Uganda Mission of the Church of England may be repeated in the Upper Benue Mission in the heart of the Sudan. These regions are accessible by the water highway of the Niger and Benue Rivers. The steamers of the Royal Niger Company ply regularly between the coast and Yola, the capital of Adamawa. Finally, these vast lands are in a condition of religious solution. The heathenism of the past cannot endure. Islam is arriving—has arrived. Shall Islam prevail? Is the Sudan to be dominated by the crescent or by the cross? (Rev.) William Durban.

London, England.

Among the Workers

—Evangelist C. H. Yatman, after concluding a series of successful revival meetings at Sea Cliff, is now holding meetings at Allentown, Pa., to large audiences.

—Missionary J. W. McKean of the A. S. S. Union, reports that there is great demand for Bibles in Spanish among the Mexicans of Santa Fe, where he conducts a growing Gospel work.

—Rev. E. L. Chamberlain, Singing Evangelist, is making a tour through the Black Hills, South Dakota. Meetings at Rockford and Hill City resulted in a religious awakening among the miners.

—Evangelist E. G. Crabill (the "baseball evangelist") has met with wonderful success in a series of union meetings in Bainbridge, N. Y. He commences a series with the Baptist Church at Union, N. Y., Nov. 14.

—Evangelist John A. Davis and F. A. Mills, singer, are holding a series of meetings in the First Baptist Church, Saginaw, Mich., Rev. F. S. Bernauer, pastor. In the third week of the meetings many professed Christ. The church has been greatly strengthened and the city quickened because of the meetings.

THE LOST LIFE SAVED—Continued

Sermon by Rev. G. N. Thomssen, D.D.

I would now ask you to lose your life for Jesus' sake. Not in a literal sense, for there is no call for that now; but I would urge you to come after Jesus, to walk in his footsteps, even as a child comes after the father and tries to walk in his footsteps. Jesus' way will lead you by the way of the Cross. You will have to deny self. You will have to renounce self. Do you ask what that means? Come with me to the high priest's palace on that awful night, when Jesus was delivered over to the wrath of his enemies. See how they buffet and beat him and scoff at him. One of his disciples sees it all. A maid and others say to him: "Thou also wast with Jesus the Galilean," but he denied, and said with oaths: "I know not the Man." If Peter had learned to deny self, he never would have denied Jesus.

O friends, this is a life-long lesson to learn! Begin to learn it now. Take up your cross. That does not mean being resigned to the petty trials of life. No! If we see the executioner's cart and a criminal sitting therein, we know that that means the criminal's death. So the Jews and Jesus' disciples understood the figure of cross-bearing. Since Jesus died on the Cross, the death of a malefactor, this word has a far deeper meaning to all men. If you would go with Jesus to the Mount of Ascension, you must first of all go with him to Calvary. If you would save your soul, you must lose you life. If you would be born again, you must previously die. As this concerns your eternal salvation, O come to Jesus now! Do you not hear the voice of Jesus say: "Come unto me and rest? Lay down thou weary one, lay down thy head upon my breast." He calls thee, he tells thee to pillow thy restless soul on his loving breast. Will you do it? Will you follow him?

Our age has often been called a business age. We work and think and plan to get on in this life, and how we do envy those who succeed. But, friends, the business of all business is the one Jesus calls our attention to in our text, for it settles the vexatious business question of profit and loss. Stop and think about these questions: "What shall it profit a man? What shall a man give in exchange for his life?"

Once again I cite Judas and Paul as witnesses. I ask them these questions: "Judas, what has been your profit and loss in saving your temporal life? Paul, what has been your profit and loss in losing your temporal life?" Do you not hear their answers? Judas replies in tones of great horror: "Heaven lost, all lost! Ruined! Ruined!" Paul, in pæans of praise, sings: "I have won the prize. I have gained the crown of immortality—I have suffered the loss of all things and count them as refuse, but eternal life is mine. I am forever with the Lord. All gain! Saved!" Now, in the presence of these witnesses I ask you to answer these questions: What will be your profit and loss? What will you give in exchange for your soul?

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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The President's Visit to Panama

OUR control of the Canal Zone in the Isthmus of Panama has already become a question of the first international importance. When the great waterway from the Atlantic to the Pacific is completed, the United States will occupy a most commanding position in the commercial world.

Meanwhile, the task we have undertaken is one surrounded by enormous difficulties. We must adopt every precaution to avoid the costly errors of those who preceded us at Panama, especially in the appalling sacrifice of human life and the reckless waste of money. This huge ditch, which has already cost 50,000 lives, and millions almost beyond reckoning, must be completed in a business-like American way, and not at a price in blood and treasure which would cause the nation regret hereafter.

These are the reasons underlying the President's visit to Panama, whither he goes to learn actual conditions, in order that he may be able to deal with the subject clearly and vigorously in his next message. With his characteristic powers of observation, he may be trusted to permit no important detail to pass unnoted. He will traverse the canal route from end to end, and will personally inspect everything within the boundaries of the zone that calls for investigation. When he returns, we may expect some characteristic Rooseveltian illumination on the whole subject, including outlay, machinery, labor, sanitation, morals and general management, the whole probably supplemented with practical recommendations. We shall then have the satisfaction of knowing something definite concerning canal prospects, the class of labor that can be utilized to best advantage, and the actual facts as to physical and moral conditions.

The Supreme Law

TO THE EDITOR: I note that you say, in discussing the San Francisco school incident, that "whatever belongs to Japan of right, under the Treaty of 1894, she should be accorded ungrudgingly." Now, would this hold, even if Japan's claim were an unreasonable one, and had been repudiated by the highest courts in the Golden State? R. M.

It is not a matter to be decided by a State court, but by the Constitution of the United States, which is the highest authority, and one not to be reviewed or reversed by any human authority we know of.

Article 6 of the Constitution—which might almost seem to have been prepared by our nation's founders with wise foresight expressly for such cases as this—reads as follows:

This Constitution and the laws of the United States, which shall be made in pursuance thereof, and all the Treaties made, or which shall be made, under the authority of the United States, *shall be the supreme law of the land;* and the judges in every State shall be bound thereby, anything in the Constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding.

It is hardly conceivable how any language could have been used which more clearly expresses the idea of the supremacy of the one vital, organic law of the land, to whose authority all the States yield loyal recognition.

Child Labor Laws Needed

IN President Roosevelt's recent address delivered at the dedication of the new State Capitol Building in Harrisburg, Pa., he referred to the abuses in connection with the employment of child labor which have accompanied the great growth of modern industrialism. He also pointed out that these abuses require a complete change in the attitude of the States toward this class of labor, as one whose interests the citizen "should have at heart above almost all others."

Friends of the children, who recall President Roosevelt's last message to Congress, in which he strongly recommended the passage of a model Child-labor law in the District of Columbia as a worthy example for the States, are not surprised at his striking the same note again. Everybody recalls his advocacy of the rearing of large families and his wholesome dread of so-called "race suicide." But it is not fair, either to the President or to his adherents, to present his statements upon this subject without qualification, more especially the qualification which he himself makes in his reiteration of his desire to see more strict legislation upon child-labor, and the enforcement of such legislation throughout the country. In common with every right thinking American, the President does not want the rising generation to be a race of pigmies, dwarfed physically and mentally by the unfortunate conditions surrounding their existence. Just as the system of child-marriage has deteriorated the physical humanity of India, so the appalling system of child-labor is lowering the standard of the American citizens and workers of to-morrow.

This evil is one that grows with the growth of the cotton milling industry. There are 15,000 children under fourteen years of age working in the cotton mills of North Carolina, and not less than 60,000 in the entire South. It is known that too many of these are under twelve years of age, in defiance of law and agreements not to employ such. A certain eloquent phrasemaker has referred to the great smoke-stacks of flourishing Southern mills as "flaunting their banners of industry against the sky." But, to the lover of his kind, who thinks of the thousands of young lives that are imprisoned within those mills, toiling from daylight to dark, or from dark to daylight, a far more eloquent phrase echoes from centuries long past—"and the smoke of their torment ascendeth."

The Testing Hour

WHEN the time arrives in which a man stands face to face with death, and the last foe will take no denial, then comes the test of the true value of a man's life-work.

He asks himself at such a time, "What have I done with my life—with this gift which God entrusted to my keeping? Did I remember him in the days of my youth, or did I squander those days in the pursuit of selfish pleasure and the indulgence of evil desire? Did I frequent his temple and give heed to the teachings of his servants by ordering my ways according to his will? Or did I not rather seek the companionship of the wicked and forget God in the delirium of worldly pleasures? When my ventures were prospered and wealth flowed in upon me, did I remember the poor and the needy? Did I listen to the appeal of the suffering? Did I clothe the naked, feed the hungry, or cheer the desolate? Did I shelter the orphans and give succor to the perishing? And when his messengers came and entreated me to help in spreading the Gospel, did I cordially welcome them and consecrate a part of my means to sending the message to those in darkness, or did I spurn the invitation and turn a deaf ear to the appeal? God help me! What have I done with my life, that he should now take pity upon me and forgive me?"

To every soul there comes a testing time. It may be in the sudden disaster that has swept away fortune and position, or it may be on a bed of sickness, when all hope of further activity in worldly affairs has gone. In that hour we see material things in their true perspective; we place the right value upon them and perceive their worthlessness. They were mere incidents on the journey of life, but we made them essentials. We know at the last that one single good deed, done in Jesus' name, outweighs all the world's riches, whereas formerly we may have believed that the great secret of the universe and the prime object of life was money-making, and the enjoyment of fame, power, social position and pleasure. All of these shrivel up at the last, and the naked soul is filled with the bitter knowledge that it has fed on husks.

Better begin the Christ-life now; better start in to serve God to-day. Leave it not to the close of life, nor trust to an eleventh-hour repentance. It may then be too late.

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Dr. Klopsch Appeals for Help

THANKSGIVING is near at hand. The Bowery, just now, is crowded with men and boys from the country, who are temporarily stranded, because they have not yet been able to realize the bright hopes that were within them when, but recently, they left their country homes to seek their fortunes in the great Metropolis. Unless the old Bowery Mission extends a helping hand, many of them will be without shelter and without food on this, the greatest of American national holidays. We cannot—we must not—turn them away.

It is no fault of theirs that misfortune has overtaken them. They are sober and deserving, these men and boys—able and willing to work for a living, but they find, unfortunately, that their inexperience in the great city bars the way. Sooner or later they will surely find an opening from which to work their way upward, but until then, they must be helped and encouraged.

Thanksgiving for the man without a bed, and practically without a friend in a strange city, is the most critical time of all the year, for just then he is thinking of home and of the loved ones he left behind him when he ventured out into the great world to better his condition. His temporary failure discourages and depresses him. He is almost ready to yield to some of the many temptations that beset his path, or, to seek relief in the stupefying poison that is dispensed on every corner. The helping hand of a true friend may prove a godsend that shall save him from degradation and from ruin.

For twenty-seven years it has been the custom of the Bowery Mission to hold open house on this occasion. To the poor of the neighborhood baskets are given loaded with good cheer, and one thousand bountiful Thanksgiving dinners are provided for a thousand men and boys temporarily destitute and homeless. While they are eating, words of cheer and comfort are spoken by Superintendent Hallimond and Mrs. Bird, the "Mother of the Bowery," and the poor, homesick wanderer is made to feel that there is at least one place in the bustling metropolis where he is heartily welcome, and to which he can ever turn for help and counsel.

This year, the Bowery Mission, that great Gospel Lighthouse on New York's noted thoroughfare, must again make liberal preparation for this entertainment, and I appeal to every friend of the friendless for help. Never before was there such actual need of prompt assistance, and I therefore earnestly plead that you give, and give quickly and largely, that the Bowery Mission may be enabled to carry out its plan to aid every destitute homeless man and boy who enters its hospitable doors, by giving him a hearty welcome, a generous Thanksgiving dinner, and the assurance that as long as he is true to God and true to himself, we will endeavor to assist him until he is able to care for himself.

To do this your help is needed. As a nation, we are better off financially than ever, and what is true of the nation is true of the individual. We plead with you not to fail us, but out of your abundance to contribute generously for the relief of those who need help just now more than they ever again will in all their lives.

When considering this matter, please bear in mind Prov. 11: 24:

There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty.

And then also remember Matt. 25: 40, 34:

Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me.

Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.

Very sincerely yours,

Louis Klopsch

Please send your remittance in aid of the Bowery Mission to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

SPREADING THE WORD

The Colportage Association founded by the late D. L. Moody, in connection with the Chicago Bible Institute, has distributed nearly 60,000 volumes of religious reading matter in China, India and Africa. Some 10,000 copies of Moody's "Way to God," in Spanish, have been distributed in the West Indies, the Philippines and Central and South America.

A Scene in Frankfort

VERY quaint is the scene in old Frankfort, Germany, depicted by the artist in the picture on this page. It is a view in the Jewish quarter of the city, which has recently undergone extensive alterations. Many of the houses, with their overhanging upper stories, are now removed to make way for more imposing structures. The house in Jews' Street, in which Ludwig Borne was born a hundred and twenty years ago, still stands, as does No. 148, in which the founder of the house of the Rothschilds was born. It formerly bore the sign of a red shield, which gave the name to the famous family. More than seven hundred years have Jews lived in Frankfort, as is proved by the city archives. In 1241 there was a riot in the city, in which race antipathy made itself felt, and nearly two hundred Hebrews were slain. The hatred of the chosen race smouldered during the following centuries, bursting into flame on slight provocation; but the Jews remained in the old city, and though restricted in residence and occupation, they prospered. At last, intelligence and liberality and admiration for Jewish patriotism triumphed, and in 1864 the last of the obnoxious laws was repealed. They now number 22,000, about one-tenth of the whole population of the city. Their synagogues are among the best buildings, and three of them are exceptionally fine. They have a large hospital, an infirmary and an asylum for Jewish orphan girls. In the old cemetery there is a space walled off for the Jewish dead, and on the gravestones in that God's acre are the names of many men which their descendants have made famous. The grand, brilliant, much-enduring race, scattered over every land, has a strong affection for Frankfort, where so many of its leaders first saw the light. But in its love, neither Frankfort nor any city of this era can compete with Jerusalem, identified as it is with the most hallowed associations.

If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy. Ps. 137: 6.

From a painting by Knaus

A Summer Evening in the Jews' Street, Frankfort-on-the-Main

Amundsen's Discovery

The gallant Norwegian Captain who achieved the glory, sought for centuries, of sailing through the Northwest-passage, arrived in New York last week from the West. The sturdy vessel in which the passage was made, he left behind in San Francisco. He stayed in New York only a few days to rest and then sailed for Norway, where royal honors await him. King Haakon is to give him the highest decoration in the kingdom—that of the Grand Cross of St. Olaf—and will send a warship to meet him and convey him to the capital. These honors are none too great, for Amundsen has made a discovery that reflects honor on his native land. It will be remembered that it was this identical passage from the old world to the new, through the Arctic seas, that Hendrik Hudson was seeking when he discovered New York, three hundred years ago. To a reporter the Captain said: "The Northwest-passage is very narrow and shallow. The *Gjoa* managed to get through, but it had a lot of turning and twisting to do in following the coast line. In many places the water was less than a quarter of a mile in width between the shore and the ice banks." This discovery was not the chief object of Captain Amundsen's voyage. He went north to study the magnetic pole, and he navigated the Northwest-passage because he concluded that it would be easier for him to return to civilization in that manner than by the way that he had come.

The North magnetic pole had been located in 1831 by the English Admiral, Sir James Clark Ross, but the wonderful progress made since that time in magnetic instruments, rendered it important to verify the location. Capt. Amunsdsen was in no doubt that he had reached the exact spot when he examined his compass. The needle ceased to move and became as rigid as a stick. The location of the Pole is on the peninsula of Boothia Felix, which juts into the Arctic Ocean to the North of Hudson's Bay. Amundsen reached the place in sledges, traveling about a hundred miles from King William Land. He remained about two years in the vicinity, making scientific observations and studying the climatic conditions. It must have been an interesting experience to stand at the place, which is the centre of the world's magnetic system, toward which every needle in every compass points the world over. That is a strange and mysterious influence, of which even scientists know little. Happily for us, the centre of the world's spiritual force needs no discoverer; it is an open secret with infinite and eternal power.

I if I be lifted up from the earth will draw all men unto myself (John 12: 32 R. V.).

Life the Forfeit of Negligence

The recent railroad disaster, due to the displacement of the rails on a drawbridge near Atlantic City, N. J., recalls a curious precaution on a railroad in England. The Great Eastern Railway employs at each drawbridge on its line a switchman, who is practically answerable for the safety of trains with his life. After fixing the bridge for an approaching train he must meet the train, which slows down and picks him up. He passes over the bridge aboard the engine and if he had failed to fix the rails safely and an accident occurred, he would be one of the first to perish. After crossing the bridge he drops off the engine and awaits the next train. The company, doubtless, thinks that a man will necessarily be careful in the performance of his duty if he knows that his own life depends on his fidelity. That is a shrewd device, which shows a knowledge of human nature; but it is not infallible. There are many who persist in courses in which their own souls must inevitably be lost.

Why will ye die? I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth, saith the Lord God, wherefore turn yourselves and live (Ezek. 18: 31-32).

Higher Wages

The news that the great business and manufacturing corporations had decided voluntarily to increase the wages of their employees, published on November 9, must have carried joy into many a home. It was stated that the Pennsylvania Railroad had arranged to raise the wage of its 165,000 men to an extent that would involve an addition of twelve millions to its pay-roll. The Philadelphia & Reading, the New York Central, the Lackawanna and other railroads are to follow the example. The United States Steel Company, with its 175,000 men; the Standard Oil, with its 60,000 men; the Amalgamated Copper, which employs 15,000 men, are also arranging a higher scale, and many other companies are considering an advance. The reason is said to be the present phenomenal prosperity, and recognition of the fact that the cost of living has increased beyond any rate in the past quarter of a century. Another reason, which, though not stated by the companies, has probably had weight, is the strong feeling of discontent and hatred of trusts, expressed in all parts of the country, in campaign speeches and at the polls. The working man showed that he was fully aware that his employers were enjoying a period of unprecedented prosperity, and believed he ought to share in it. The companies have done a graceful thing in voluntarily granting an increase. It will be all the more acceptable to the men, for its not being preceded by a strike, which is the all too frequent lever necessary for raising wages.

Thou shalt not oppress a hired servant , . . thou shalt give him his hire, for he is poor and setteth his heart upon it; lest he cry against thee to the Lord (Deut. 24: 14, 15).

A Wife Deported

There is a disappointed man with four children living at Greenpoint, N. Y. The man looked forward to the arrival of his wife, the mother of his children, who had been living for about five years with their eldest daughter in Paris. He had preceded her here to establish a home. He succeeded, and two years ago he sent for her and his children. When they arrived the children were allowed to land but the wife was rejected, as she was suffering from trachoma, a troublesome disease of the eyelids. She went back to Paris and went under the care of a specialist. He treated her, and a few weeks ago pronounced her cured. She was delighted, as were her husband and children, when she reported it. She was as eager to come as they were to have her and she took passage on the first steamer. On her arrival the Immigration Commissioners laughed at her doctor's certificate of cure. They said she still had the disease, and compelled the steamship company to take her back and fined them $100 for bringing her. There is no doubt that the Commissioners are doing their duty; they would not unnecessarily separate a family. What a blessing it is, however, that there are no such restrictions on entering the kingdom of heaven. The sick and the afflicted, and even the wicked, are welcome to enter there if they will renounce their sins. Christ receives all who come to him in faith.

Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out (John 6; 37).

Artificial Jewels

A disputed appraisement of precious stones is causing some agitation in the jewelry trade. A consignment of gems which arrived recently, was levied upon as genuine stones. The consignee objected, and declared they were artificial. The Custom House officials believed an attempt was being made to defraud and had them submitted to experts. They were again pronounced genuine. The secret has now been explained. A Paris chemist, who some time ago produced artificial rubies, has been experimenting with emeralds and sapphires. He has been so successful that even experts are deceived. He keeps his process a secret, but it is believed that cheap stones are soaked in acid and subjected to intense heat, and afterwards polished as gems. They retain their color and sparkle for a year or more, and then, under wear and exposure, become dull and lifeless. There are some men whose profession of religion has the same deplorable ending. They, too, are artificial, for when God changes the heart it remains changed.

He that receiveth seed in stony places, the same is he that heareth the Word and anon with joy receiveth it; but when persecution ariseth by and by he is offended (Matt. 13: 21).

PILATE'S LOST OPPORTUNITY

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

*BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS**

"FEAR makes cowards of us all." It certainly made a coward of the Roman Governor, Pontius Pilate.

He feared the Jews. First, because they were a turbulent people, and of considerable numbers in the country he was sent to govern; second, because they declared that anything less than condemning Jesus to death as a seditious person would be disloyalty to the Roman Emperor, whom he represented.

He feared Jesus. Because he saw that he was a just person.

He feared Cæsar. Because his governorship depended upon retaining his favor.

Pilate's Dilemma

1. When the Jewish authorities brought Jesus to his judgment hall, he, with plausibility, suggested that they should execute their own law upon Jesus. They replied that it was not lawful for them to put any man to death, and in this they spoke as a subject people under Roman power.

2. He sought to entangle Jesus by questions. "Art thou the King of the Jews?" "What is truth?" But Jesus declared, "My Kingdom is not of this world." He could not, therefore, be charged with treason against the Roman Government. And Pilate was forced to state to the people, "I find no fault in this man."

3. Pilate tried to shirk his responsibility by sending Jesus to Herod, the Governor of Galilee, then visiting in Jerusalem. But Herod sent Jesus back to Pilate, mockingly attired as a king.

4. Pilate again tried to throw the responsibility of condemning Jesus upon the Jewish authorities, by placing before them the choice of whether Jesus or Barabbas, a noted insurrectionist and murderer, should be released, as it was the custom at the time of the Feast of the Passover to let one prisoner go free.

5. He tries to escape his duty by saying to the Jewish people: "But what shall I do with Jesus?"

6. Pilate, fearing to crucify Jesus, and fearing not to do it, tries to get the people to consent that Jesus shall be beaten with rods instead. But why beat him? Pilate acknowledges that he has found no fault in him.

7. Pilate shirks responsibility in a spectacular way by washing his hands, saying: "I am innocent of the blood of this just person; see ye to it." But all Christendom has united in the verdict that Jesus "suffered under Pontius Pilate."

8. Because he feared the people Pilate released Barabbas, and condemned Jesus to be crucified.

Pilate Warned

There is no account in the Bible of the remorse which must have entered into the soul of Pontius Pilate for his cowardly course toward Jesus. He could have found no consolation in talking it over with his wife, for she had sent him warning when he was in the judgment hall, "Have thou nothing to do with that just man, for I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of him."

It reminds us of a wifely remonstrance of a rather modern day. Wendell Phillips had been speaking brave words concerning freedom for the slaves. His life was in almost constant danger. One night he was to stand in Fanueil Hall to address a large audience in which it was known there would be a large element of opposition. From his invalid wife at home came this message to him: "No shilly-shallying now, Wendell." Perhaps it was not needed. At least there was a strikingly bold address made on that occasion, one of the famous orator's finest efforts.

If Pilate had not "shilly-shallyed," how would he have saved his reputation, to say the least, for weekly, from thousands and thousands of Christian lips, there is poured upon him condemnation for his conduct to Jesus. "He suffered under Pontius Pilate," and for ages, so long as the world shall last, this is to go on. And so he is stamped as the man who was a moral coward in the world's great crisis.

The Escape from Responsibility

There were moral cowards in the world before Pilate, and there have been a countless number of them since his time. The one brand that is on them all is that they try to place their own responsibility upon others.

It would not be difficult to furnish quite a picture gallery of moral cowards taken from modern history and current daily life; but it would be depressing, and we prefer to show the other side—the moral hero—what Pilate might have been. A gallery of heroes will certainly form a striking background for the cowardly Pilate, and certainly prevent his tribe from increasing.

> Better to stem with heart and hand
> The roaring tide of life, than lie
> Unmindful on its flowing strand,
> Of God's occasions drifting by.
>
> Better with naked nerve to bear
> The needles of this goading air,
> Than in the lap of sensual ease forego
> The Godlike power to do, the Godlike aim to know.
>
> —WHITTIER.

It is said of George Kennan, the lecturer, that when a young man living in Cincinnati, he knew himself to be a physical coward, and made up his mind that life was not worth living to a coward. Believing that courage can be cultivated as other faculties are, by exercise, he began to force himself into places of terror. If a murder was committed in one of the slum districts of the city, he went the next night, at midnight, down into the street where the tragedy had occurred. The things that he was most afraid to do were the very things he forced himself to do. The result was that he became a fearless traveler, a man who braved the terrors of the Siberian trip in days when that trip meant the utmost hardship and peril, and told the world of the life of Siberian exiles in graphic style.

Two boys were in a schoolroom alone together, and exploded some fireworks, contrary to the master's express prohibition. The one boy denied it. The other, Ben Christie, would neither admit nor deny it, and was severely flogged for his obstinacy. When the boys got alone again—"Why didn't you deny it?" asked the real offender. "Because there were only we two, and one of us must have lied," said Ben. "Then why not say I did it?" "Because you said you didn't, and I would spare the liar."

A Teacher's Apology

The boy's heart melted. Ben's moral gallantry subdued him. When school reassembled the young culprit marched up to the master's desk, and said: "Please, sir, I can't bear to be a liar—I let off the squibs." And he burst into tears. The master's eye glistened on the self-accuser, and the undeserved punishment he had inflicted on the other boy smote his conscience. Before the whole school, hand in hand with the culprit, as if he and the other boy were joined in the confession, the master walked down to where young Christie sat, and said, aloud: "Ben, Ben, lad—he and I beg your pardon. We are both to blame." The school was hushed and still, as other schools are apt to be when something true and noble is being done—so still that they might almost have heard Ben's big boy-tears dropping on his book as he sat enjoying the moral triumph which subdued himself as well as all the rest. And when, from want of something else to say, he gently cried, "Master forever!" the loud shout of the scholars filled the old man's eyes with something behind his spectacles which made him wipe them before he sat down again.

The story is told of George Washington, that when he was about eighteen years of age, he was measuring some land in a thickly wooded district. While he was at work, a woman rushed to him, and with a terrified cry said, "My baby has fallen into the water and the men are afraid to save him." Washington looked at the foaming stream rushing to the falls, and stripping off his coat, plunged in. He swam quickly to the place where the baby's white dress showed on the surface, and, grasping the child, struck out to the bank. Even the cowardly men, who dare not venture into the stream, cheered as he brought the infant and placed it in the mother's arms.

A Minister's Courage

Another instance of heroism was that of a minister in Glasgow, Scotland, who, newly settled there, determined to visit every person in his parish. At length he had finished his rounds with but one exception. Up four flights of stairs, in a poor tenement house, was an intemperate man, so savage and repulsive that the minister had been warned not to call there for fear of personal harm. The wretch had driven his own family away. He shrank from conflict, but shrank still more from neglect of duty. He climbed through the dirty entrance, and knocked at the man's door. He lifted the latch. There was no lock and the door slowly opened. Crouched over the fireplace he saw Tim Burke. "Who are you?" That was Burke's greeting to him. "I am a minister." "Minister! What do you want?" "I came to see you." "Well, look at me then," and the man rose to his feet and came forward. "Ain't I a beauty?" stepping nearer and nearer. "Have you looked enough?" and he was so near that the minister caught his foul breath. And he roared in the minister's face, "Now I tell ye what I'm goin' to do: I'm goin' to kick ye downstairs." "Hold on, hold on, not now," said the minister. "If you kick me down-stairs, I'll have to come all the way up again. I've got a call to make on the next floor; wait till I come back, and then if you conclude to kick the minister who wanted to make you a friendly visit, why I shall be at your service." "Well, you are a cool one," muttered the drunkard.

"Pilate said, Art thou a King? Jesus answered, Thou sayest."

A Drunkard Subdued

After making his call, the minister returned, and presented himself according to his promise, but he found the man not at all disposed to kick him. "Sit down," said he, and the minister sat down and talked with him like a brother, and when he spoke to him of his wife and children, the tears began to roll down the drunkard's cheeks. "Oh, I'm a God-forsaken wretch, beyond mercy," he groaned. But the minister prayed that the fallen soul might have strength and grace to rise again. The minister followed up his prayer with persistent kindness, until he saw him reunited to his family and established in honest employment, a sober, right-minded, church-going man. Ever afterward when inclined to be afraid of a repulsive duty, it was enough for the minister to remember that day when he rescued the perishing.

When John Coleridge Patteson, who became the devoted bishop, was a lad at school, he was one of the cricket eleven. At the suppers, after the matches, the boys became, unhappily, accustomed to indulge in rather coarse mirth; silly, harmless jokes were circulated, and the talk sometimes became bad. Patteson at last could stand it no longer. He rose up from his place one night, and said clearly and decidedly, with boyish frankness and determination: "I must leave the 'eleven' if this conversation is to go on; I will not share in it, and I cannot listen to it. If you persist in it, nothing is left me but to go." His companions did not want to lose one of their best players, and the hurtful talk was stopped. Patteson, when he grew to be a man, showed that he could be physically brave.

A Soldier's Stimulus

A Fighting Hero. A brave young ensign during the great Peninsular war, was observed wherever the fight was the thickest and strongest to make his way to the front, holding up the colors, and to cheer the men by his wonderful daring and courage. Hour after hour he stood his ground, and while hundreds were falling around him, remained unhurt. At the end of the engagement his superior officers said to him, "Carnegie, how did you manage to stand fire as you did? You should let some of us into the secret; you were always to the front, and yet you have not a scratch. What's the secret?" "It is the king's secret, sir, but you may know it better than I do, for you have served him longer; I remembered who I was fighting for—my king—and that gave me strength and courage so that I did not think of myself." The Christian who thinks of his King has a better ground for courage. He has the support of seeing Him who is invisible.

***International Sunday School Lesson for Dec. 2.** Jesus before Pilate, Luke 23: 13-25. GOLDEN TEXT: "Then said Pilate, I find no fault in this man," Luke 23: 4.

What Do You Read?

THE minister's wife in Lower Sharon was known in the congregation as a fairly good housekeeper, but some of the notable matrons were puzzled to explain how she managed it, and yet found so much time for reading. There were stories afloat to the effect that once in a great while her bread was left too long in the oven, and came out with a rather crisp crust, browner than the standard in the neighborhood, and she certainly did less scrubbing and sweeping than Mrs. Deacon Elliot thought essential in her spick and span house across the road from the parsonage. Yet the minister's house was clean and wholesome, even if the windows did not always shine like mirrors and occasionally there were tracks of mud on the path that led from the garden gate. Her boys and girls were bright and cheery, and took a high rank in school, and when people from the great world, secretaries of church boards or city visitors, happened to be in Lower Sharon, they found the little lady very good company. Her husband and herself had never lost the comradeship that was a large part of their capital for happiness when they married. They were interested in the same things, read the same books, the same weekly papers, and discussed all sorts of affairs with keen zest. One day, Mrs. Elliot, the deacon's wife, said to Mrs. Leslie, the minister's wife, "Do tell me how you find time to read?" "Oh," said the other, smiling, "it would be easier to say how I found time for cooking, sewing, and putting new neckbands on the minister's shirts. Reading is like breathing. One reads because one must. One reads because one lives by books. What do you read?"

The question rather staggered Mrs. Elliot. "To tell the plain truth," she answered "I very seldom read, unless there is a book that everybody is talking about, or a serial story comes into the house and I begin it, and just have to read it week after week. The deacon reads the newspapers, and often gives us scraps of information in the evening, and the children, of course, study their Sunday-School lesson, and I help them. Really, though, reading to me in the daytime seems sinful. I'd as soon sit idle and fold my hands. Sunday afternoon or a while in the evening it doesn't seem wasteful to spend time over a book. Any other part of the day I have useful things to do."

In passing, it may be noted that the Elliot children were less well equipped mentally, and that they did not get on so fast in school as did the children in the minister's home. Could it be that the difference in their mother's methods in the home atmosphere at all accounted for this?

What do you read, my gentle friend? Perhaps last summer you had a larger family than usual and many cares; but winter is coming, with short days and long evenings, the season when it is comfortable for the household to gather closely around the hearth and near the evening lamp. Would it not be worth while for you to select something that would add to your knowledge of this wonderful world, either one of the many books about nature that are now published, or else a book about Japan, India or the Philippines, and have it read aloud every evening? Much profit comes from consecutive reading along any definite line. If one decides to resume an old study to refresh her memory in some direction, or to rub off the dust that has gathered over her mental tools, she cannot do this better than by beginning to read with intention the work of a historian, an essayist, or a traveler.

Not long ago, a young woman who had been graduated with honor from one of our famous colleges, went home to live once more with her father and mother. Except in vacations, she had been away from home for six years. She found that her mother had reached a point of arrested development. A dear mother she was, but she had grown insensibly narrow. She talked of nothing except the people in the place and her domestic affairs, and the daughter realized with sudden fright that before long her mother and herself would have little in common. Without troubling the elder woman by comments and fault-finding, the younger tactfully began to interest her mother in books, and gradually she persuaded her to undertake a course of study. The two were drawn into a fonder intimacy than before by this joint effort for the mother's intellectual growth.

What do you read? Ask yourself how many books you read and assimilated last year. What is the net result to you of information, inspiration and aspiration? Do not, with Mrs. Elliot, drift into the way of thinking that reading in the daytime is a waste of time. On the contrary, you could hardly find a better investment for some of the daylight hours.

CROWN PRINCESS AND PRINCESS OF ROUMANIA

THE hospitalities of King Edward and Queen Alexandra, and of the English royal family in its several branches, are always generous. Visiting royalties from other countries, are most beautifully entertained when they step upon the shores of Albion. A peculiarly agreeable relation has existed between England and Roumania, and the visit of the Crown Princess of Roumania and her daughter has been accompanied by every possible gracious attention.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—J. E. S. There is no awkwardness about performing introductions, if one simply remembers that a man is introduced to a woman, and that a younger person is presented to an older, if both are of the same sex. When several brothers happen to be introduced at the same time to several sisters, the best way is to make the introduction general, not to mention every name.

The Wheel of Fashion

CONSTANTLY revolving, the wheel of fashion brings back to us the styles of former years as it will duly carry our styles down to our daughters. In nothing is there observed a greater tendency to reversion to an older mode than in the ways of dressing the hair at present. In Mrs. Avary's interesting volume, *Dixie After the War*, there are pictures of Southern gentlewomen dressed in the fashion prevalent in 1861. During the four years following that date, Southern women were shut in from the outside world, and they had no chance to change the fashion of their gowns and hats; indeed, they were obliged to resort to every possible contrivance and feminine device and to utilize materials they would once have thought impossible, in order to dress with any relation to comfort. As for elegance, those dames and demoiselles who had rich store of satin and brocade to draw upon, were enabled to array themselves sumptuously upon occasion, even though they had little to choose from in every-day wear. The photographs are among the most charming features of Mrs. Avary's book. But I began to speak of fashions in the arrangement of hair. During the Civil War, at the North, and immediately after it in the South, women adorned their heads with a profusion of artificial ringlets and braids. A bride of 1865, starting on her wedding journey from Maryland to New York, said that her first anxious purchase when she reached the metropolis was a long brown curl, which she attached to her hair on the left side. Her children have her photograph with the curl lightly resting on her shoulder. There were queer bags called chignons and other odd things known as waterfalls, while some young ladies had structures resembling towers on the top of their heads. The fashion shows signs of returning to us, and unless the prophets are wrong, we shall see a change from the present healthful and beautiful style of wearing only the natural hair. It is to be regretted that ugly fashions are as certain to return at some future time. Let us hope that the reign of artificial frizzes and curls may this season be brief.

A Common Case

Seven years ago, a girl, who may be mentioned as Mary, was earning a liberal salary as cashier and bookkeeper in a certain business house. She had undoubted capacity, worked hard and was much appreciated by her employers. She was able to dress very well and to make as good an appearance as any of her friends. Four years ago, Mary resigned her position that she might marry. She became the wife of a man who loved her devotedly, and with him she bravely set out to dwell in a distant State, in conditions wholly opposed to any she had ever known. She had been bright and clever, very popular among young people, and she was fond of society. Her present home is on a ranch and she has no near neighbors. All the money her husband thus far has made or saved has gone into the property, into tools, stock and other channels that will ultimately raise the value of the place, and enhance it probably a hundredfold. Mary, poor little housewife, has tried her best to be cheerful and contented; but she misses the gayety of her earlier life, and there are days when she longs unspeakably for the cheerful stir and bustle of her business days. She misses also her salary, which gave her so much independence. In these days she has no money to spend, her clothes are fast wearing out and her trousseau has had no replenishing. She begins to make comparisons, to grow moody, and to chafe against the monotony of her lonely existence. Is she altogether to blame, and where shall she look for help? Yet, after all, her predicament is that of many hundreds of other wives, who are really to be pitied.

Success or Failure

By LEW CARTER

"WHAT profession do you intend to enter after you have completed your college course?" asked "Dick" Johnson of "Fred" Webster, as they were arranging their books and few belongings in their new room in North College. They had come from the same county, to begin their courses of study in Cosmopolitan University. Both were poor boys, who must win their way by hard work and close economy. Neither could afford to rent a room alone, hence they had consented to share the same inferior quarters, where they were busily engaged when Dick Johnson inquired concerning the purposes of his roommate.

"Well," said Fred, hesitatingly, "I hardly know what to say to your inquiry. I would like to be a lawyer, but I feel that I should be a minister."

"A minister! What can you be thinking about?" replied Dick. "There is no money in that profession. For a few years you will have to preach for a mere pittance, and as soon as your hair begins to turn gray and you begin to have sound judgment, the people will turn you out to make room for a beardless youth. You won't catch me throwing myself away in that manner. After all the struggle and study which I expect to pass through, I am not going to enter a profession in which there is no prospect of getting rich. I am going to be a lawyer, and am going to enter the work for all the money and political honor there is in it."

"What profession do you intend to enter?" asked Dick

"There is much truth in what you say," replied Fred. "Ministers are the poorest paid men in any occupation; but money is not the only thing to be considered. I conscientiously believe I should preach the Gospel."

"Then preach the Gospel, and end up in the poor-house," hastily remarked Dick; "but none of that self-sacrifice for me. I believe in the church. I believe that churches should be maintained in every community, and when I get established in my practice, I shall contribute liberally to all the churches in my town. I shall advocate an increase in ministers' salaries. I shall help to spread the influence of the Gospel with my pocketbook, but will not bury my possibilities for success in the ministerial profession. I mean to make a success of life."

. . .

College days hastened on. Dick and Fred had a hard struggle to support themselves and keep pace with their more highly favored classmates. By the closest economy, they managed to live on three dollars a week for board and room rent. During recreation hours they earned a little money by working for families living near the campus. Thus, by honest toil and diligent study, Dick and Fred reached the last term of their senior year. During their associations they had formed a warm friendship, though they were of different dispositions and held diverse purposes. Dick Johnson still held to his determination to study law, and become a man of wealth and political influence. Fred Webster was still obedient to the conviction that he should enter the ministry.

Ten years passed. Richard Johnson was established as an attorney. An important suit against a railroad corporation was decided in his favor, and he was brought into prominence in his county. The following fall he was elected district attorney. With the determination of a conqueror, he entered upon the duties of his office. In his campaign speeches he declared that no effort would be spared to enforce law and maintain justice in his jurisdiction. Lawbreakers would be punished to the fullest extent of the law, no matter what might be their social or political standing. During the first year of his term of office, no cases that would

Continued on page 985

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SUCCESS OR FAILURE

Continued from page 984

affect the political status in his county were brought before him. Later on, the situation changed. The grand jury was in session.

One case after another was rapidly presented to the jury. James Smith was indicted for stealing a few apples, while in a starving condition he chanced to pass a fruit-stand. Henry Jackson was indicted for having been found drunk on the street in the village of Mossville, one Sunday night. The next case was a complaint against Michael Hooligan of Mossville, for illegal selling of liquor on Sunday. To the plaintiffs, it seemed a clear case for indictment. The plaintiffs were the wife of Henry Jackson, and the young minister of the town where Hooligan conducted his saloon. Consternation reigned among the politicians of the county. Election time was near. Mike Hooligan was a jolly good fellow, a clever vote-getter. It would be a hard blow to the political party then in power if he should be indicted for illegal selling of liquor. The district attorney was interviewed during the dinner recess of the court.

After dinner, the Hooligan case was brought before the grand jury. Mrs. Henry Jackson, the wife of the man indicted for drunkenness on the streets of Mossville, was the first witness. She swore that her husband was sober when he left home on Sunday morning; that he spent the day in Mike Hooligan's saloon, and, that at night, after his money was all spent, he was put out of the saloon, and left in a stupid, helpless condition on the street. She also testified that she had previously served a notice upon Michael Hooligan not to sell her husband liquor. The second witness was the Rev. Frederick Webster, one of the ministers of Mossville. He testified that he saw Henry Jackson pass the parsonage early Sunday morning in a sober condition and enter Hooligan's saloon. He also swore that during the day several drunken men staggered away from the same saloon. But no witnesses could be found to testify that they had bought intoxicating liquor in Hooligan's saloon on that Sunday. Therefore, despite the drunkenness produced in Hooligan's saloon on the Sunday in question, the district attorney and grand jury decided that they did not have sufficient proof to indict Michael Hooligan, and the case was dismissed.

Richard Johnson had now become a successful politician. Among the politicians he was known as a man who could be depended upon to "stand pat." Election drew near. After the political smoke had cleared away, it was found that Richard Johnson had been elected assemblyman. During his three terms in the Assembly, he could always be depended upon to carry out instructions given him by the State Committee. In due time, it was discovered that such a man was too valuable to be kept in the Assembly. He was elected to the State Senate.

But the State Senate was too small an arena for such a political gladiator as Hon. Richard Johnson. After two terms, he was chosen as Minister to a foreign court. He occupied this position until about thirty-five years after his graduation from the university. Old age was creeping upon him, and he longed to get back to his fatherland. He set the political wires vibrating. He aspired to the Presidency, but feared his age was too great. There yet remained one place for an old, worn-out politician, and that was the Senate. As his political career had not been without a liberal income, he was in a position to influence the Legislature of his State to appoint him as their next United States Senator. The dream of his college days was at last realized. With pride and satisfaction he soliloquized, "My life has been a success."

. . .

Experiences had been different for Frederick Webster. During the first ten years after leaving the seminary he preached in Mossville, for a salary of $600. By close study and faithful work as a pastor, he attracted the attention of the pulpit committee of a church in a larger village. He was invited to become their pastor at a salary of $1,000. There were three children in his home, just beginning to need school opportunities, two boys and a girl. He felt justified in accepting the call to the $1,000 church, because it would enable him to carry out his fond ambitions for the education of his children.

Rev. Frederick Webster remained in his second church for fifteen years, till he had turned the half-century mark. His congregation began to get restless. Rumors were afloat that a younger man was desired. Such rumors are quick to reach the ear of the one most keenly injured, and Frederick Webster was wise enough to know that, for the good of the church, he should step aside for younger blood. His resignation was soon read, and immediately accepted. He was without means of support, for his salary had not been sufficient for him to keep his children in school and lay any money away for a rainy day. And the rainy day had come. More than that, his oldest son was a senior in college; his daughter hoped to enter college the following fall, and his youngest boy was just getting started in the high school.

Something must be done. He was too old to learn a business or enter a new profession. In vain, old Mr. Webster (he was not "Dr." Webster; that was before the day of prolific degrees) went "candidating" in churches of the grade he had left, but in all he was rejected because he was too old. At last, as a final resort, he accepted a call to a small country church, paying a salary of $500. His oldest son managed to finish his college course by securing a loan of $100 from a former wealthy parishioner of his father. He had hoped to enter a profession, but desiring to aid his brother and sister in their struggle for an education, he accepted a position in a bookstore in New York. His home surroundings, as well as his training, had given him a familiarity with books which made him a valuable employee in the book business. His employers soon recognized his worth, and gradually promoted him, until, after six years, he was made a member of the firm.

Frederick Webster had been out of college thirty-five years. He was now sixty years of age. His wife, so faithful to him during all these years, had died, a month before. The little church of which he had been pastor for about six years, began to show signs of discontent with their "old minister." He was not blind to the situation, and resigned. It was not a bright outlook for this man of God, who had spent his youth and mature manhood in the service of the church, to be thrown out upon the world in his old age. His oldest son, having recently been made a partner in the concern for which he had worked since leaving college, at once invited him to make his home with him, and the aged minister accepted the invitation, though he felt that he might be in the way of the young people in their modest little city flat. Those were days of retrospection, if not of regret. He thought of his old friend of college days, Dick Johnson, now the popular and highly honored Senator at Washington; and then there were questionings bordering on regret in the old minister's heart.

About this time, the Senator received a letter. Its contents awoke memories of former years, when, burning with ambition, he had buried conscience to gain political influence and wealth. The letter read:

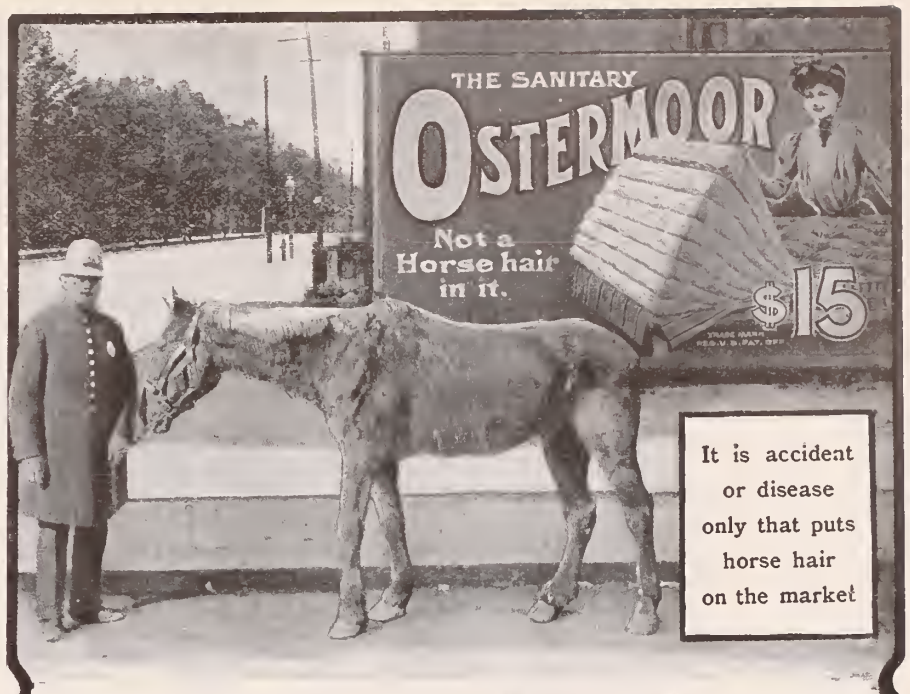
"Mossville, N. Y., Jan. 2,

"Senator Richard Johnson,

"Washington, D. C.,

"Dear Sir—I have, for twenty-five years, watched your career, and noted your rise in political power. Doubtless, you are receiving congratulations over your recent promotion to the highest legislative body of our nation, and possibly you are proud of your great success in

Continued on page 986



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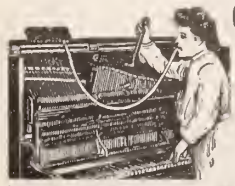

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But the author found something more in his bailiwick than subjects for pity and sympathy. He was an observer, trained to the work. He visited the missions, and, mixing with the men who attended them, learned how those institutions were regarded. He saw how the "bums" shrank from patronage and cant; how they resented the talk of men that did not understand them, and how cordially they appreciated honest and intelligent efforts to help them to better lives. It will interest and delight our readers to note the value he places on The Bowery Mission and its work, as the one really successful effort to rescue the fallen. Those who have contributed to its support, will read with devout thankfulness the words that this disinterested observer writes on its wonderful and Christlike service.

The Self-Explanatory Bible

The Self-Explanatory Bible, just issued by the American Tract Society, possesses many valuable features which should make it popular with a wide circle of readers. To all of the books of the Old and New Testaments introductions have been prepared by experts in their respective fields, who give in concise form the salient features of each book. The *Notes* are comprehensive, yet so compact as to be readily handled by the Bible student, placing at immediate disposal a vast amount of valuable information. The *Instructions* convey practical application of the text, and are a feature that will be appreciated by students and teachers, as well as for reading in the home circle. The *Harmony of the Gospels* is based on the standard American Revision as the most accurate and modern, and includes an Outline Life of Christ, which gives in small compass the story of our Saviour's earthly life and ministry. *The Self-Explanatory Bible* is a substantial volume, printed in large, clear type, with the Notes, References and Instructions at the foot of each page, and accompanying the Scripture portions to which they refer. The Bible is bound in leather and of a size suitable for desk, pulpit or home reading. An attractive feature is a Family Record department, for recording births, deaths and marriages. Price $5. American Tract Society, 150 Nassau Street, New York, publishers.

*By Owen Kildare. Price $1.50. Published by The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York and Toronto.

Books Received

An Agnostic's Progress, by Wm. Scott Palmer, is a book dealing with the old agnostic problems, and showing how they were happily solved in the light of Christianity. Pp. 169. Cloth binding. Price $1.20. Longmans, Green & Co., London and New York, publishers.

The Odyssey for Boys and Girls, told from Homer by the Rev. Alfred J. Church, M.A., makes clear the difficult places and skilfully fills in gaps. It will go far toward making the names of the ancient Greek heroes and gods familiar to the children. Pp. 308. Price $1.50. The Macmillan Company, New York.

Life of Robert Edward Lee, by Henry E. Shepherd, M.A., LL.D. A splendid biographical volume, full of scholarly and patriotic interest, and illustrated with portraits of several generations of Lees. It should find many readers. Pp. 486. Price $2.00. Neale Publishing Co., New York and Washington.

Reminiscences of My Childhood and Youth, by George Brandes, the famous Danish essayist, whose literary experience covers more than a generation, and who has been the friend of many of the greatest of European writers, here tells a story that is more fascinating than a novel. It is a wonderful life history. Pp. 397. Cloth covers. Price $2.50. Fox, Duffield & Co., New York, publishers. The same publishers also issue *On Reading*; an essay by George Brandes, which the student will find delightful, helpful, and stimulating. Pp. 64. Price 75 cents.

SUCCESS OR FAILURE

Continued from page 985

life. But in the midst of your glory do not forget the injury you did my home twenty-five years ago, when you failed to indict Michael Hooligan for selling rum to my husband. Under your protection, he continued to violate law, and has been leading my husband deeper into debauchery, until, last night, in the agony of delirium tremens, my husband died.

"I wish you no undeserving harm, but I hope your conscience will be haunted while you revel in luxury and sit in the Senate chamber, as you think of the price you have paid for your success.

"Respectfully, MARY JACKSON."

Another letter was received by Mr. Webster, it read:

"My Dear Friend and Former Pastor—I was called from my home in New York yesterday by the sudden death of my father. I blush to tell you of his death, for he came to his end while in delirium tremens. His funeral will be Wednesday, at three o'clock.

"Mother and I have considered whom we would prefer to have to conduct this sad service, and we instinctively turn to you. We remember how faithfully you tried to reform father, and how loyal and kind you were to us in our poverty and sorrow. Moreover, it was through your influence, when pastor of the little church at Mossville, that I was converted and joined the church. I was young, but you kept a watchful eye upon me, and even after you left our village you continued your interest in me, encouraging me to continue in school, and, at last, securing for me a position in New York.

"I hear you are without a charge, and are with your son in New York. You, doubtless, have plenty of leisure time, and we would like you to come to Mossville, prepared to stay a few weeks with us. I realize that money cannot repay the debt I owe you; but, as a slight evidence of my gratitude, kindly accept my enclosed check for one hundred dollars.

"Your loyal friend,

"HENRY JACKSON, JR."

A senator walked uneasily up and down the corridors of the Capitol at Washington. The question he was trying to answer was this: "Has my life been a success, after all?"

An aged minister was riding on the fast train from New York, to perform a sacred duty for a sorrowful family. He had answered the question that perplexed him a few months before. His answer was: "Perhaps, after all, my life has not been a failure."

Directions for making above garment are in "Fleisher's" Knitting and Crocheting Manual.

Machine-made garments do not have the distinctive elegance nor the wearing qualities of those knitted or crocheted by hand.

Every woman who knits or crochets feels great pride in her work—or she doesn't. This depends on the yarn she has used.

The "Fleisher" Yarns have been on the market for many years, and their superior qualities have earned for them a national reputation. Throughout all the processes of their manufacture, special care is given so as to produce perfect yarns. They are the acknowledged standard of excellence, combining all the qualities required by the most exacting knitter or crocheter—evenness, loftiness, elasticity. They are dyed in a full line of colors, from the deep, rich shades used for afghans, to the light, delicate tints for infants' garments.

A garment made of **The "Fleisher" Yarns** will stand the test of wear and wash.

Knitting Worsted	**Germantown Zephyr**
Dresden Saxony	**Spanish Worsted**
Shetland Floss	**Ice Wool**
Cashmere Yarn	**Shetland Zephyr**
Pamela Shetland	**Spiral Yarn**

When ordering ask for "FLEISHER'S," and see that each skein bears the trade-mark ticket.

"FLEISHER'S KNITTING AND CROCHETING MANUAL," mailed for twenty-four tickets from The "Fleisher" Yarns and 5 cents for postage. It contains directions for making all the new style and staple garments.

S. B. & B. W. FLEISHER
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STAR SAFETY CORN RAZOR

Latest invention of Kampfe Brothers, makers of famous Star Safety Shaving razors.

SENT BY MAIL, $1.00.

To cut corns with the Star Safety Corn Razor is safe and easy.

The blade of razor steel is short, the handle rigid. The safety guard makes it absolutely impossible to cut flesh of foot or hand. When in use the guard fits over blade. It pares the corn off in thin layers—painlessly. Strop it like a regular razor.

Put up in Black Leather Case. Price $1.00. Ask your hardware dealer or druggist, or wherever you buy cutlery, or **Sent by Mail, Postpaid, $1 00,** if dealer won't supply you.

Just mail us a dollar bill. Do it to-day. Your dollar back if you want it. *Illustrated booklet sent free.*

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Wurlitzer U. S. Lettered FINGERBOARD

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Special Offer—Fingerboard and celebrated "Howard" Self-Instructor, regular price, 50c, postpaid for 25c. State kind of instrument. Big, handsome, musical textbook, with prices on every known instrument if you state article wanted **Free**

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126 East 4th St., Cincinnati, or 313 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION

Lady of Fifty Looks Like Sixteen.

A Nashville lady found a way to beautify her complexion without the use of drugs or face creams.

"Before I began the use of Grape-Nuts," she writes, "I was convinced I could not live long. I was sick all the time; heart trouble, kidneys seriously affected, eyesight bad, sense of smell was gone and hearing very poor.

"My family thought I had dropsy and could not get well, and I only ate Grape-Nuts because I slept better afterwards—did not dream I could be entirely relieved, had quit all treatment and given up hope.

"After spending a large sum of money, and being under the best physicians for three years without relief, I commenced eating Grape-Nuts food three times a day and now I am sound as a dollar, am in perfect health, fifty years old and my complexion is better than some girls at sixteen.

"I never have headache, nerves are strong, sight so much improved I need no glasses, heart and kidneys in perfect condition.

"Your Grape-Nuts alone relieved me and I cannot find words to express my thanks to the Postum Co. I have told hundreds of people what relieved me. It was simple food that I could digest."

"There's a reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

It sometimes amazes persons what damage has been done by improper eating, not knowing any better way. A change to Grape-Nuts soon tells the story. Read the famous book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

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Put Krieger Custom Weak Ankle Shoes on your baby when he is learning to walk, and prevent bow-legs. These shoes while supporting weak ankles, also strengthen them so that they will not need support permanently.

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Custom Weak Ankle Shoes
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Sizes: 2 to 6, no heel, $1.25; 3 to 8, spring heel, $1.50

are light, don't chafe, and have all the style, finish, fit and comfort of regular shoes. Recommended by leading physicians and surgeons.

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Shows and explains the construction of the Krieger Custom Weak Ankle Shoes, giving facts of interest to parents. Mention name of your shoe dealer when writing. If he will not sell you Krieger Shoes, we will send them, prepaid, upon receipt of price.

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Does all this—only costs $2.00 and up. We absolutely guarantee the O-HI-O Cooker to cook entire meal over one burner—no intermingling of odors or tastes.

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Circulars, books, newspaper, Card Press, $5. Larger, $18. Money saver, maker. All easy, printed rules. Write factory for catalog, presses, type, paper, cards.

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Send for FREE catalogue and list of nearly 4,000 churches using our cups.

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KRINOGALON is better, purer, more effective than soap for your daily toilet. Try it.

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FOR SALE A One-Manual Church Organ in perfect condition. Price $750.00—can be seen any time by applying to **Rev. B. Morris, 83 Second Avenue, Long Branch, N. J.**

My Confidence

HOW sweet to hear my Saviour's voice
And listen to his words of cheer,
Which make my soul in him rejoice,
And bring his blessed presence near.

How sweet to know that he is mine,
And trust in his unchanging love;
To know his arms around me twine,
That he will bring me safe above.

So I will trust him for his grace,
To guide me through life's journey here,
Till I behold his blessed face
Beyond earth's clouds, where all is clear.

Where I shall meet the dear ones gone,
Whose presence cheered my earthly home,
And join with them in endless song,
Around his glorious, radiant throne.

And when before his throne I stand,
And hear his welcome, "Child, well done!"
I'll praise him for his loving hand,
Which led me all my journey home.

Brooklyn, N. Y. J. E. JEWETT.

Resisting Temptation*

MANY persons excuse themselves for wrongdoing by saying that they were assailed by fierce temptation. "The devil tempted me, and I took it," says the thief; "the devil placed an opportunity in my way;" "the devil found me in a difficulty and showed me a way of escape"—all these are familiar excuses. They are brushed aside by James, who says, every man is tempted when he is drawn aside by his own lust. Temptation is never successful in assault on a well-walled citadel; it enters at a breach already made in the walls. The man who yields to sins of the flesh should not blame the partner in his sin; if his own thoughts and imaginings had not been corrupt, the temptation would have had no power. The thief would not perhaps have stolen, if the bag of gold had not been carelessly left within reach of his hand; but the treasure would not have beckoned a man whose longing for it had not already made him dishonest at heart. Not that men are to blame themselves for the presentation of temptation. It assails the noblest, the purest and the best; but it does not penetrate a heart steeled by principle and armed with the whole armor of God.

The first word to be said to a tempted soul is, never parley with the tempter. The man who argues and debates and hesitates, is lost. To get away, to get beyond reach, to shut the eyes and run, seems cowardly, but it is the truest courage in many instances. To brood over the tempting morsel, to enjoy the thought of possession, if it were only right and safe, is to sap the power of resistance. The stronger the temptation, the clearer is the weakness to which it appeals. We must distrust ourselves, distrust our own power of resistance, and avoid the places and the company in which the temptation most powerfully assails us.

Then there is the strong preservative of honest work. For the man conscious of his weakness, aware that there is no escape from assault, the safest course is to have the mind well occupied. He who is intent on some study, or some occupation, or some fascinating pursuit, is armed against temptation. It finds the thoughts and imagination pre-empted, and there is no room for the entrance of evil thoughts. More than all, he who dwells much on the character of Christ, who thinks often of his strong, pure, beautiful nature, and patterns his life on him, is safe.

*Topic of the Epworth League for December 2. I. John 2: 15, 16; James 1: 13-15; Matt. 4: 3-11; I. Cor. 40: 13; Heb. 12: 3.

The Prison-Gate Mission

THE following is a summary of the work done by the Prison-Gate Mission of the Salvation Army in this city during the half year, ending September 30, 1906.

Persons met coming from prison		5,199
Employment found:		
Permanent	36	
Temporary	49	
In Salvation Army Homes	9	94
Meals given		326
Beds		180
Clothing		38
Tools		22

Forty-eight different trades and occupations were represented by the discharged prisoners.

The work of the Mission is in charge of Colonel Holland, of the Salvation Army. Six months have elapsed since it passed under the new control, and the work in that time has made remarkable progress.

This Fur for a Postal Card

Simply Send Me Your Name and Address and I'll Send It to You ALL CHARGES PREPAID—Then, If You Like the Fur—Buy It. If Not, Return It. I Take ALL THE RISK.—*J. Alvin Todd, President.*

I WANT you to let me send you this Handsome Fur made in 1906 style *entirely at my risk.* I don't want you to send me a cent of money—I simply want you to *see* my Fur with your *own eyes*, to *feel* of it, test the *quality*, and to notice how stylish and well made it is.

Then compare the price with that paid by some friend or neighbor for something *decidedly inferior.*

When you have thoroughly convinced yourself that my Fur would be a *rare bargain* for anyone at $1.00 and that the best dressed woman in your neighborhood would be *proud* to wear it—Then pay $1.95 and the Fur is yours. But if you are not fully convinced after seeing the Fur that it is worth *twice* what I ask, simply tell your expressman to return it to us at our expense. Don't pay *him* anything—and don't pay *us* anything, for you *won't owe anything.* I can make this kind of an offer because my bargains are REAL BARGAINS—not "make believe." And because they ARE real bargains, I am safe in saying—pay only if you are pleased and not otherwise. You see, MY way *you* don't risk *anything* and I risk *everything.*

There is no "catch" about this—it's a straight bargain for those who appreciate BIG VALUE.

To take advantage of it, simply write for Brown Coney Scarf No. 8, and given name and address—that's all. **This Extra Large, Full and Fluffy Brown Coney Scarf at $1.95** is about 58 inches long, including the tails. The Fur is the same on both sides, ornamented on the ends with **two large and four small tails.** The scarf is made of fur taken in the proper season. The fur is full and thick. Will not crock or drop out. Especially imported by us and made up under our own watchful care. Color is a rich Sable Brown.

STYLE BOOK Absolutely Free. This shows the correct styles for Fall and Winter in everything worn by women and children—coats, suits, millinery, underwear, corsets, hosiery, shoes, furs, etc. Also gives full particulars of our Co-operative **Profit Sharing Plan** whereby you can secure many useful and valuable articles for the home **absolutely free** of cost. Address personally,

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Try KING'S "HOLD-FAST" The LATEST COMFORT

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No Displacement.
Perspiration Proof.
Feels Comfortable.

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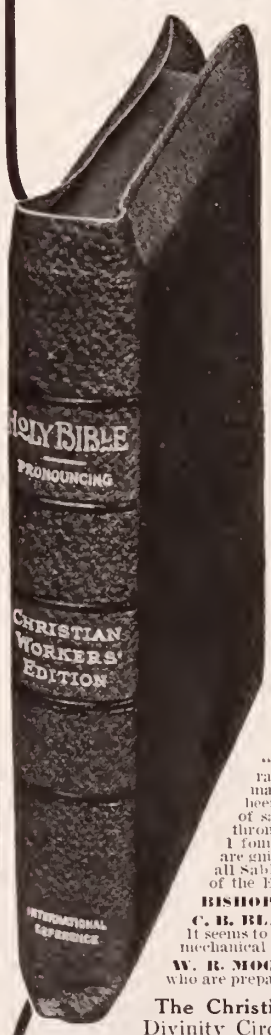
Easiest-Reading Bible



By an entirely new plan—**a thread of red ink,** running from Genesis to Revelation, binds in one harmonious whole each leading topic. All the precious truths which lie hidden under a mass of unconnected matter, and escape the mere Bible reader, are brought to light and tied together. In the "**International**"

Christian Workers' Bible

the **Rev. Jesse Lyman Hurlbut, D.D.,** the popular authority on Bible themes, has arranged on this plan

Three Thousand Selected Texts

The Christian Workers' Bible is not for a special class, but for all who read the Scriptures.

Prominent people's opinions of the Christian Workers' Bible:

JOHN WANAMAKER: I have received the marvelously beautiful and complete work, "International Christian Workers' Bible." It is in advance of anything hitherto attempted in making the Bible usable for Christian Workers.

LYMAN ABBOTT: This edition will be valuable to Christian Workers in their endeavor to get at the teaching of the Bible on great spiritual themes directly and immediately; and not through the medium of commentaries and theological treatises.

REV. ALBERT G. LAWSON, Newark, N. J.: Your Christian Workers' Bible pleases me greatly. It is as superb in its simplicity as it is admirable in its adaptability to all who would lead a child to Christ or train a Christian for personal service.

REV. JAMES A. WORDEN, D.D., LL.D., *Supt. Sabbath School Training, Presbyterian Board of Sunday School Work:* In this beautiful "International" Christian Workers' Bible, a specimen of the finest typography, I have a complete copy of the Scriptures accurately and tastefully marked, according to the very best ideas of Bible marking. Doctor Hurlbut has been especially happy in deciding upon those passages which treat of the theme of salvation, and upon his division of this general theme into classes. I went through the Christian Workers' Bible testing the accuracy of the classification, and I found it complete in every instance. These beautiful printed red lines and letters are guides to the great temple of the Bible. This volume must prove a treasure to all Sabbath-school teachers, to all Y. M. C. A. members, and also to the members of the Epworth League or Christian Endeavor, and, indeed, to all Bible reader

BISHOP CYRUS D. FOSS: I think it excellent.

C. B. BLACKALL, *Editor of Periodicals, American Baptist Publication Society:* It seems to me this Bible is indispensable. It seems to be lacking in nothing, either mechanical or otherwise, as a practical aid.

W. R. MOODY: It is a great help to Christian workers, and especially those who are preparing themselves for personal work.

The Christian Workers' Bible is bound in fine Morocco, Divinity Circuit, with overlapping edges; round corners, gold edges with red underneath. Size of page, 8½ x 5¼ inches, beautifully printed in large, clear type, on extra fine paper.

Published at **$4.75,** but for quick introduction and for a limited time we offer it at the **special price of... $2.50**

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8

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1. The wonderful Cornish Album of Miniatures, describing choicest of fifty styles of Cornish Instruments ranging in price from the least expensive to the finest ever built.
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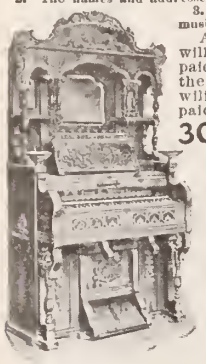

THE CORONA.

All these aids are free. We will send them to you all charges paid, and when you have selected the instrument you wish, we will send it to you, freight prepaid, on

30 Days' Free Trial

that you may compare it in your own home with other high class makes and prove for yourself that Cornish Instruments are the most satisfactory instruments you can buy at any price. See for yourself the beautiful and artistic cases and test the wonderful Cornish tone, the most exquisite that ever delighted your ear. Then if you are not fully satisfied with the instrument after a month's trial in your own home, return it at our expense. Even if after a year's use the instrument is not satisfactory, we will refund your money with six per cent interest in addition, giving you **One Year's Free Trial.**

$10 Cash Down. Balance on easy installment plan.

Two Years' Credit If Needed

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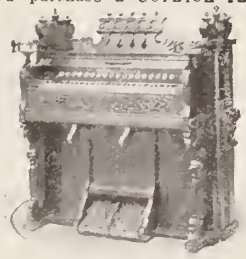
Cornish Pianos and Organs are famous for their durability. When you purchase a Cornish instrument, you buy for a lifetime. Only the finest material that money can buy is used in Cornish instruments and only the most skilled workmen are employed. They are sold to you direct from the factory at less than half what agents and dealers charge. You save all the agents' profit and pay at your own convenience, taking two years' credit if needed. **Do not think of buying a Piano or an Organ without sending for the Free Cornish Aids.** Sit down and write for them today.



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By training in your own home. Our system of present day nursing is invaluable to the practical nurse or the beginner.
Endorsements by physicians, nurses and patients.
More than a thousand graduates earning $10 to $30 weekly.
Write for our explanatory "Blue Book."
THE CHAUTAUQUA SCHOOL OF NURSING,
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CHRISTMAS Music for the Sunday School and the Church Choir.

JOYFUL TIDINGS - CHRISTMAS GARLANDS. Two new services for the S. S. of exceptional merit. Price 55c per doz. postpaid. Enclose 10c in stamps for a sample roll including the above.

SANTA CLAUS' LAND a new christmas cantata for the S. S. by Rosche. Sweet melodies easy to learn. A work of rare charm. Enclose 30c for sample copy.

BETHLEHEM a christmas choir cantata by Chas. H. Gabriel. Very fine. Price postpaid 40c.

Catalogue describing 19 Xmas cantatas for the S. S. and choir; also a 16 page pamphlet of Specimen Pages of other choir music **FREE** for the asking.

THE CHURCH CHOIR for Nov. contains Xmas Anthems, Quartets, etc. 10c $1.20 per doz. Write for list of entertainments for raising money for church purposes.

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A New Creation

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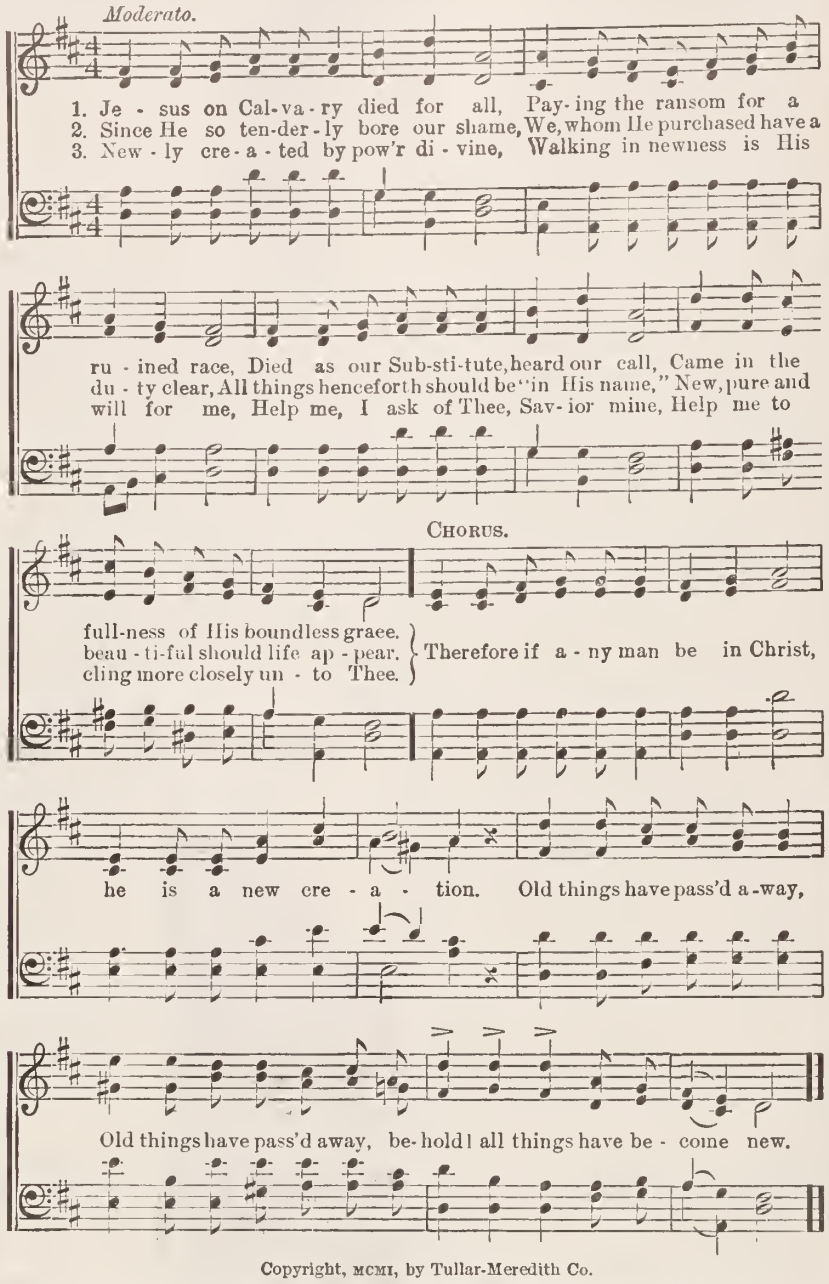

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The Battle of the Ballots

ALTHOUGH this was not a presidential year, the elections held in many of our larger States were hotly contested, and the result was awaited with intense interest by the entire country. The contest between Mr. Hughes, the Republican candidate in New York, and Mr. Hearst, the Independent League and Democratic candidate, was watched carefully by press and people.

On the cover of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are given the portraits of a few of the Governors who have been elected to act as the helmsmen of their States.

Charles E. Hughes was elected Governor of New York after one of the most exciting campaigns in the history of the State. Mr. Hughes has been constantly before the public from the day he began his masterly investigation of the insurance companies, as attorney for the Armstrong Committee of the New York Legislature. While conducting that investigation he was offered the nomination for the office of Mayor of New York City; but he declined, as he wished to be free from political entanglements while conducting a case for the people. Mr. Hughes was born in Glens Falls, N. Y., his father being a well-known Baptist clergyman. He graduated from Brown University in 1881, and from Columbia Law School three years later. From 1891 to 1893 he was a professor of law in the Cornell University Law School. Since that time he has been in active practice in New York City. He is a trustee of Brown University. In 1888, he was married to Miss Antoinette Carter, of Delhi, N. Y.

Hon. Curtis Guild Jr., Republican, of Boston, has been re-elected Governor of Massachusetts by a majority of thirty thousand. The campaign in the old Bay State was marked by unusual vigor, as District Attorney Moran, of Boston, Governor Guild's opponent, had, in addition to the support of the regular Democrats, the nomination of the Prohibitionists.

In Iowa, Governor Cummins (Rep.), has been re-elected, but by a majority smaller than he received at the previous election. Governor Cummins was born at Carmichaels, Pa., in 1850, and was educated at Waynesburg. After being admitted to the bar, he took up the practice of law at Des Moines, Iowa. In 1901 he was elected Governor, and again in 1903.

Hon. Edwin S. Stuart, a former Republican Mayor of Philadelphia, has become Governor of Pennsylvania, by a majority of a hundred thousand. Born in Philadelphia in 1853, he has always made that city his home. In Minnesota, John A. Johnson was elected Governor on the Democratic ticket. He was born at St. Peter, Minn.

It was a great surprise to the people of Rhode Island, when it was announced that the Democrats had carried the election. The Democrats had as their standard bearer, Mayor Higgins, of Pawtucket. The Republican candidate in California, Hon. James N. Gillett, was elected Governor, the issues being somewhat similar to those in New York.

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TRUE courage calls for and pre-supposes many qualities. We have seen a soldier who has braved shot and shell on a battle-field and has been among the bravest in a desperate charge, quail before the vituperation of his wife. Again, the man who has faced a mob undaunted, trembles as he seats himself in a dentist's chair. Or a man who faces the perils of a mountain-pass, where an uncertain step would involve a horrible death, may quail before a cross-examining lawyer in a court-room, or desert the cause to which he is pledged, in a hall crowded with howling fanatics. Courage is of many kinds, and a man who is courageous in facing dangers of one kind may be a coward before another kind of danger. Nor does courage depend upon physical strength. A poor, weak woman will face any danger in defense of her child, and history has many records of women going to torture, or the stake, for the faith.

Apart from inherent personal qualities which man shares with the animals, and in which the Indian excels the white man, there is a foundation for courage in faith. The story is told of two miners who reached the basket at the bottom of the shaft in a mine at the same moment, when, as they knew, an explosion was impending. They discovered that only one could go up. The Christian said to the other, who was notoriously wicked: "Go thou, death would be destruction to thee, while I will be in heaven in an hour." He forced his companion to go, believing that death was only a matter of minutes. It did not prove so, as the explosion dislodged a rock which protected him; but his courage was proved. The sustaining power of faith is seen, too, in fortitude, which is one of the highest types of courage. How often has the world seen a woman holding fast to her faith in spite of the jeers and threats of her drunken husband; of a whole family steady and determined, immovable among the ridicule and persecution of a godless community. The bases of courage seem to be absent, we wonder how it is that they are so strong. The explanation is simple, "they endure as seeing Him who is invisible."

* Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for Dec. 2. Luke 12: 4, 5; Gal. 1: 9-12; Jer. 1: 6-10, 17.

Oklahoma's Anti-Saloon War

THE first skirmish in the great anti-saloon battle in Oklahoma has ended in the election of delegates to the Constitutional Convention. The second, and what may be the last skirmish in this tremendous contest between the Christian and saloon forces in Oklahoma, has now begun. The Constitutional Convention begins its sittings in the city of Guthrie, on November 20, and will continue until the new State's Constitution is framed for submission to the people, for their ratification or rejection. Meanwhile, the State must be stirred up, and the conscience of the people appealed to by speakers and by means of literature. It is an opportunity for Oklahoma to set a splendid example to the other States by taking her place alongside of Kansas, North Dakota and Maine, and turning the tide in the direction of State-wide prohibition and providing the machinery for its maintenance and proper enforcement. Oklahomans must do the actual work, but the people outside can greatly help by furnishing means to keep up the battle in this hour of Oklahoma's need. The liquor people will not lack for any quantity of funds. The fight can be won if means are at hand. Doubtless many CHRISTIAN HERALD readers will be glad to have a share in this practical work. All contributions sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will be acknowledged in these columns, and forwarded to the Treasurer of the Joint Committee at Oklahoma City.

The following have been received since our last acknowledgment:

A. A. Rellim	$ 1.00
Harry G. Ponnsford, Cincinnati, O.	100.00
Jonathan K. Taylor, Baltimore,	25.00

Called Higher

Edward Rees, of Harbor Beach, Mich., died July 17, leaving a widow. He was a faithful Christian, and felt that he derived much inspiration from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Mrs. Sarah H. Davis, of Auburn, N. H., died in April, 1906, in her seventy-seventh year. She had been a widow since the Civil War. Mrs. Davis was a consistent Christian, and had united with the Congregationalist Church in early life.

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You measure the value of every article you buy by the service it will give—why not be equally practical at Christmas? Useful presents are the ones worth while and nothing can be more worthy than a wisely selected watch.

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Jesus Before Pilate

By Mrs. M. Baxter

JESUS was "in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin" (Heb. 4: 15). He "suffered being tempted" (Heb. 2: 18), from the strife of tongues, from unjust, untrue, and unkind accusations, that he might be "able . . . to succor them that are tempted." To many sensitive natures, nothing is so unbearable as to be wrongfully accused, they feel the smart so keenly that it seems as though reason itself would give way under the strain, and only too often the most bitter spirit of retaliation and self-justification takes possession of them.

Had Jesus not been thus tempted, how could we have recognized in him the Old Testament portrait, "As a lamb before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth"? But it needs a very real acquaintance with God—an actual, and not a mere doctrinal, acquaintance with him to thus "endure grief, suffering wrongfully" (1 Pet. 2: 19). Self within us retaliates, and will not suffer; if Christ reigns in us, it becomes quite natural to "look, not at the things which are seen," not at whether we have deserved the treatment we receive, not at the malice and unkindness of those who seek to injure us, "but at the things which are not seen," how God makes all to "work together for good," how he trusts us with the opportunity to manifest a Christ-like spirit, and how our cause is safe with him.

The object of the Jewish elders, spiritual and political, was to make out that Jesus was a political offender, and so they accused him of asserting himself as "an anointed King." Pilate took up this charge, and asked him, saying, "Art thou the King of the Jews?" As the lineal descendant from David, he might claim to sit on David's throne. Jesus answered, "Thou sayest it."

No doubt his enemies would imagine that this admission on the part of Jesus would be condemnatory. But, to their great surprise, Pilate said to them and to the people, "I find no fault in this man." The great men who had led him to Pilate were at their wits' end; if Pilate was to take his part, how would they ever get rid of the Man against whom they had conceived such an intense hatred. Exasperated and almost desperate, they were the more fierce, saying, "He stirreth up the people, teaching throughout all Jewry, beginning from Galilee to this place."

They did not say it, but they left it to be inferred that the subject matter of the teaching of Jesus was his own kingship, and that he was stirring up a dangerous revolution. How different from the life of him who "went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed of the devil" (Acts 10: 38)! How different from his teaching the glad tidings of the kingdom of God!

But Pilate, who was favorably impressed with his Prisoner, and did not want to condemn him, caught at any straw to escape the responsibility of deciding on the case of Jesus. When he heard of Galilee, "he asked whether the Man were a Galilean." Finding he was, and that "he belonged unto Herod's jurisdiction, he sent him to Herod," who happened to be in Jerusalem at that time. And Pilate thought he had done with Jesus. But no man shall escape thus lightly. Every human being who has heard of him must come to a definite decision about Jesus. Jesus has the deepest personal interest in every man, and every man has an interest for eternity in Jesus. Pilate could not transfer to Herod his responsibility about Jesus.

"When Herod saw Jesus he was exceeding glad, for he was desirous to see him of a long season." Herod's desire to see Jesus was only from a vulgar curiosity: "he had heard many things of him, and he hoped to have seen some miracle done by him."

The mighty works of Jesus were not done at the commandment of kings, but by the will of God. Herod, looking at things from a worldly standpoint, might naturally think that Jesus would be only too ready to manifest his miraculous power before such an august personage as he; it would be such a good opportunity for gaining the king to his side; surely he would not lose it!

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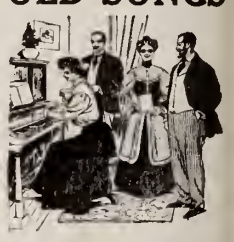

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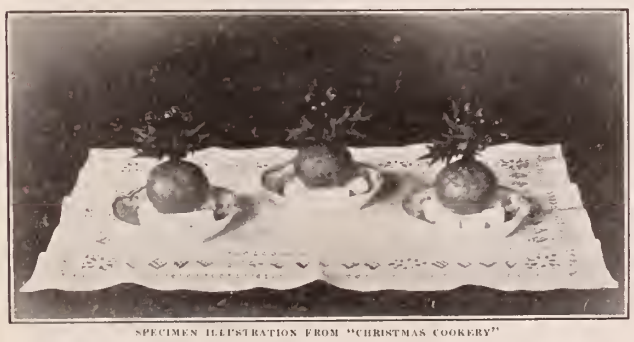

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FEATURES OF THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER

A Christmas Litany, by Edith Livingston Smith, with illustrations by Louis F. Berneker.

A Christmas Poem, by Susie M. Best, with illustrations by L. Berger.

The Princess and the Plowman (Chapters I-III), by Florence Morse Kingsley, with illustrations by Jerome Uhl.

A Sister of Charity (Second Part), by Julia Truitt Bishop, with illustrations by Eliot Keen.

The 4 P.M. for Boston (Short Story), by Frederick M. Smith, with illustrations by George Tobin.

The Evolution of Another Woodpecker (Short Story), by Catherine Stoneman Long, with illustrations by J. R. Shaver.

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THE ARTISTS

whose work will appear in connection with these stories, are

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S. WERNER	B. CORY KILVERT
L. F. BERNEKER	J. R. SHAVER
JEROME UHL	L. BERGER
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THE LADIES' WORLD FOR 1907

will have many other things too that you will like, and of which you will be told from time to time. Among the features to appear early in the year, probably in January, are some delightful Stories from the Operas, told by Gustav Kobbé, and very handsomely illustrated with photographs taken expressly for these articles. Madame Schumann-Heink has written a charming paper on Children, with which will be shown some entirely new pictures, and Mrs. Abel will talk to housekeepers about the Pure Food laws.

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Offices: Bible House, N. Y.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

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NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 28, 1906

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

A Chilean Ice-cream Seller

A Melon Stand in the Fruit Market

The Milkman on His Rounds

THE LAND OF FRUITS AND FLOWERS

By Elsie Maynard Stockton

PUBLIC interest and sympathy have been directed towards Chile, since the news of the disastrous results of the earthquake in Valparaiso. An outdoor sketch of Chile's capital city, not from a tourist's point of view, but from that of one who lived there for several years, may be of some interest to the casual reader.

Certainly there is no other republic so long and so narrow as Chile. It has a coast line some three thousand miles in length, and in width it varies from thirty to less than two hundred miles, reaching from the calm Pacific to the loftiest points of the Andes. There is a great diversity of climate—from the far north, where it never rains, to the distant south, where some assert it rains "thirteen months in the year."

Between these two extremes lies the fertile land, where flowers, fruits and grains grow in prodigal abundance; and here Santiago, the capital city of Chile, is most pleasantly situated, in a valley 2,000 feet above the level of the sea, and entirely surrounded by mountains. The white-capped peaks of the Andes rise on one side, while the lower range and foothills complete the circle.

The climate is mild, healthy and delightful. The winters are rainy, but the temperature seldom reaches the freezing point. We have had roses in bloom the year round in our *patio*. Four or five months of the year are entirely free from rain, and while the summer days may be hot, the evenings and nights are always cool and comfortable. An extensive and well-arranged system of irrigation keeps the land green, beautiful and productive during the dry season.

In the north, there are not only few rivers, but they carry very little water in summer. Irrigation is not easy. Water sometimes has to be brought from far up in the mountains, and this in part accounts for the scarcity of agriculture there. But the south has numerous rivers, and canals and ditches carry the water through farms and cities.

Santiago was founded by Pedro Valdivia in the year 1541. So it is much older than any city in the United States, not even excepting St. Augustine, and it had been in existence nearly sixty years before the Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock. Fine public and private buildings line its streets, and these streets, though paved mostly with cobbles, are, for the greater part, clean and free from dust as men and brooms can sweep them. The quaint, one-story old Spanish house, with grated or barred windows and massive entrance door or gate, is predominant; but here, there and everywhere, is the more pretentious modern two and even three-storied building.

The outside view of houses in Santiago offers no suggestion of what is within. Scanty furnishing or poor taste, or both, may be there, or all the beauty and comfort that money can provide and refinement suggest. Through iron-scrolled gates or open doorways may be had glimpses of pretty *patios*, green with palms and orange trees, and brilliant with flowers, and sometimes the cool drip of a fountain is heard. Statues of Christ, the Virgin, or some of the saints, are to be seen everywhere, and the choicest flowers are always before them. Over most of the entrance ways are queer little symbols, supposed to guard those within from evil spirits. These buildings are not of stone, as is the impression gained by a passing glance, or by pictures, but usually they are of a wooden or iron framework filled in with adobe bricks, and stuccoed over with a sort of clay. Marble effects are often simulated; steps and window sills in many cases are the genuine article, and some of the finer houses have much marble or stone adornment.

In the poorer streets, houses are colored gorgeous reds, blues, yellows or their variations. The nicer houses are more delicately treated. In the shopping districts, windows and doors are more fascinating with the latest Parisian novelties and styles. In the *portales* and *pasajes*—arcades, where there are rows of shops on one side, and on the other rows of booths—there is much to attract. Some booths are brilliant with flowers of every hue and kind—roses, pansies, violets, aromas—great bunches of fragrance and beauty for only a few cents, and this the year round; or others are loaded with different kinds of breads, cakes and redolent cheeses. Picturesque heaps of fruit, or queer little baskets twisted of fresh green twigs and filled with fruit, tempt you to buy. Ripe figs, olives, bananas, oranges, berries, lucamos, chirimoyas, niesperas, paltas—there are all the known, and quantities more unknown to us here. You are always asked a price far beyond the value of the article, and after a great deal of talking and arguing you pay one-half or one-third of what was first asked, and walk off with your purchase, in doubt often whether you or the seller came out ahead. From 11 o'clock until one or two, business is at a standstill. Stores are closed, and people go home to take breakfast and rest during the heat of the day.

Municipal Buildings at Santiago and the Beautiful Park

Beautifully kept parks and *plazas*, and a fine botanical garden add to the attractiveness of the city. Right through the centre of the city is the broad, beautiful Alameda, over three miles in length, with four rows of trees, and a wide promenade containing numerous statues, fountains, band-stands and stone seats. Here scores of children romp with hoop and ball closely attended by their nurses, and grown-ups enjoy the pleasant shade. Bare-legged men, their trousers rolled

Continued on next page

high above their knees, draw pails of water from the *acequias* (shallow stone ditches with clear running water), and dash it over the walk to lay the dust and keep everything clean and cool. Built into walls or the sides of houses are quaint little shrines containing relics, and underneath is written what special indulgence will be extended to those who pray before them.

Santa Lucia, considered one of the most unique pleasure resorts in the world, is a hill in the midst of the city, covered with all kinds of trees—palms, poplars, magnolias, peppers and aromos—and traversed by drive-

A Wayside Refreshment Booth

ways and walks. There are many fine statues and monuments; there is a small one of red brick, erected to the memory of some Protestants, whose bones were removed from a spot needed for other purposes. This monument has a brass plate with an inscription on it in Spanish, something to this effect: "To the memory of those Protestants who have no place in earth or heaven."

All over Santigo there are well-managed benevolent institutions, hospitals and asylums, numberless churches, monasteries and cloistered convents, many manufacturing establishments, and a good market. In front of one church, adjoining a monastery of Capuchin Friars, is *La Cruz Penitente* (the cross of the Penitents). This cross has fastened upon it all the things that were in any way connected with the trial and crucifixion of our Saviour. There is an alleged "Peter's sword" with the ear of the centurion beside it, the thirty pieces of silver, the cup used at the Last Supper, the crown of thorns and the robe worn by Christ, the spear and the sponge filled with vinegar, the hammer and nails, the ladder, the cock that crowed thrice when Peter denied his Lord, and some other things—all these the priests impress upon the credulous as genuine. An inscription below informs you that "The Right Reverend Archbishop of Santiago grants eighty days indulgence to the faithful who repeat the creed of our Father before this Cross."

And there are people—people everywhere! Stout *senoras* and slim, dark-eyed *senoritas*, richly and daintily dressed, prosperous men and handsome youths, jostle the more humbly clad native in *manto* or *poncho*. This *manto* is something like a black shawl, and is worn by women of all classes in the churches, and by the poorer people on all occasions. It is usually worn over the head, draped about the shoulders, and fastened in the back. It is quite an art to put on a *manto* in the approved fashion of the day. It is more oblong-shaped than square, and of material differing in texture according to the purse of the owner. There are plain hemstitched ones of nun's veiling, and handsomer ones of silk crepe, and some have a border of Chinese embroidery, while others are covered with it.

You may meet some Chilean friend among all these people, and, if you do, you must pat her on the back with your right hand, while she is doing the same for you. Then you both shake hands, and inquire after all the members of the families. It looks very much as though you were hugging each other at first, but it is the customary greeting for both men and women in Chile. Not infrequently a brisk step and a cheery whistle comes along, and you clasp hands with an American in a good, home-fashion hand-shake.

There are wretched beggars, too, who crawl along the pavements on hands and knees, or follow at your heels, whining for alms,—"*una limosna, senorita; por Dios una cinquita, nada mas*" (an alms, lady; for God's sake, just a little five-cent piece, nothing more). These beggars arouse both your pity and your disgust—filthy and diseased, exhibiting shamelessly the most loathsome sores or hideous deformities, in an endeavor to awaken your pity and get your money. And so often it is only sham wretchedness, too! Parents have been known to cripple or maim their children, that they might become a source of income to them.

Take them as a whole, they are a race to be esteemed. They are intensely patriotic, always courteous and hospitable. "*Mi casa es suyo*" (my house is yours), they will say to you, and nothing is too much for them to do for you while you are their guest. They make good friends and bad enemies.

Though they are a pleasure-loving people, fond of parties, of theatres, *paseos* and holidays, they are also industrious, and have won for themselves this distinction—"The Yankees of South America."

On the corner yonder, is a small, low table, covered with a white cloth and a few dishes, and smoking hot over the charcoal in a *brazero*, near it are the *humitas*, *empanadas*, or *cazuela*, dear to the Chilean palate. The *humita* is made of corn, grated fine by being rubbed between large stones, sweetened and made *picante* with peppers, tied up in the corn husks into little oblong shaped packages—then cooked.

Many of the electric cars have seats on top, and on summer evenings a ride there is both delightful and economical, costing only *dos i media centavos*—in our currency, less than one cent. The usual downstairs fare is about two cents of our money. Women are conductors on most of the cars.

Throughout the year there are numberless saints' days and "holy days" to be observed, and consequently religious processions are frequent. The most important dignitaries of the Roman church are resplendent in gorgeous silk and satin robes, brilliant with embroidery, and stiff with gold thread. Then come the different

A Small "Patio," or Court-Yard

Orders, all tonsured priests wearing black, or white, or brown robes, according to their Order. Large platforms, on which are figures of saints decked with flowers or representations of certain events, are carried by dozens of perspiring men. Hundreds of big white candles are burning, and the air is odorous with incense from swinging censers, carried by white-surpliced boys. Bands of music accompany the processions, and on the most important days the whole military force is in attendance. People crowd the streets and windows, and sometimes shower flowers on their favorite saints.

From daylight to dark, it is a never-ceasing panorama, changing from the sublime to the ridiculous, from the amusing to the distressing, but always interesting to the foreigner. After the sun sets, in the pleasant cool of the evening, old and young wend their way to the Plaza de Armas. The electric illuminations are beautiful, the band music is good, the air is balmy, perfumed with the breath of flowers, and laughing, chatting people of Santiago forget the heat and cares or *ennui* of the day, in social enjoyment. Gay groups gather around tables in the nearby restaurants, eating ice cream or leisurely sipping some summer drink. The clock in the city hall strikes ten—eleven—the lights are going out, all too quickly the evening has passed, *buenos noches* are said, and the people scatter to their several homes. Gradually the silence of night falls, broken occasionally by the shrill call of a watchman's whistle, or the plaintive cry of some belated vendor. Myriad stars twinkle above you. The charm of the southern cross is over you, and once felt is never lost.

A Romanist Procession in Santiago

In the rush and hurry of our more strenuous Northern existence, it is not surprising that the heart turns to Chile, and longs for its clear skies, its fruits and flowers, its happy leisure and its warm friendships.

THE MISSION FOR FINNISH SEAMEN

WITH great courage in the midst of many difficulties, the Finnish Seamen's and Immigrant Mission of New York City, has struggled on to the attainment of a measure of victory which entitles it to the hearty sympathy and endorsement of God's people everywhere. Accustomed to the government of the State church, which assumes the spiritual education of the individual, it is an unfortunate fact that the Finnish immigrants of the more prosperous and educated class are indifferent to missionary enterprise among their own people, and bestow upon it neither interest nor financial aid. After twenty years of effort on the part of the faithful few, they have at last secured a footing upon firm ground, which it is much to be hoped they will succeed in maintaining.

In 1887, a Seamen's Mission Society in Finland sent its first worker to America. Primarily, he was to minister to Finnish sailors, but the need for seed-sowing among all the Finns who had settled in this country was so apparent, that he strove to include them also. With ardent zeal and self-sacrificing devotion, this missionary pioneer, the Rev. Emil Panelius, laid a foundation upon which others have continued to build. In 1904, a favorable opportunity presented itself to acquire a church property situated at 529 Clinton Street, Brooklyn, immediately adjacent to the Hamilton Ferry, in the neighborhood of which the city's Finnish population is located. With almost superhuman endeavor, they succeeded in making the required deposit of $4,000 upon the property. A congregation, with regular services in both the Finnish and Swedish languages, has been organized, the Mission paying the salaries of pastor, organist and janitor, and the little congregation doing its best to meet the balance of the current expenses. The spirit of atheistic Socialism, which is rife upon the lower East Side, has inoculated with its poison many of these simple denizens from a more primitive civilization, and the political troubles of the Fatherland have caused an alarming diminution of the contributions hitherto made by it through the Seamen's Mission. The field is an open one, and the little congregation of the faithful, who find their consolation in trial and renew their strength for continued endeavor in the common spiritual home to which they are clinging, deserve a helping hand in lifting their church debt, which, with necessary repairs, amounts to $7,000.

Any help rendered in this deserving work will be cordially appreciated.

THE PRESIDENT IN PANAMA

IT was an epoch-making event when the battleship *Louisiana*, with President Roosevelt on board, let go her anchors off the port of Colon, Panama, at two o'clock on the afternoon of the fourteenth of this month! The executive department of our government, for the first time in its history, was five days by sea from home, and yet not really without the jurisdiction of the United States. While the President was still within the ten miles of the American coast he was in American waters; on the high seas he was in neutral waters, policed by the warships of all nations, and belonging as much to the United States as to any other; at the canal zone, in Panama, he was as much in United States territory as he would be in Arizona. Although he is the first head of the nation to go so far by sea, and to Central America, he is breaking no hard and fast rule. The President goes anywhere he pleases in American territory, and American territory is of much larger extent than formerly. In fact, contrary to the generally accepted opinion, the President can go where he wishes, the only question being one of convenience and expediency. Nothing is said in the Constitution of the United States regarding it.

Photo by Underwood & Underwood

President Amador of Panama, and Engineers of the Panama Canal

The President has always been an enthusiastic supporter of the idea that America should build, own and control the Panama Canal, the greatest undertaking of its kind in the world, and he wished to investigate conditions on the Isthmus and judge himself of the work being done. Without doubt, the results of the trip will be seen in recommendations to Congress during the coming session.

The President and his party started on their journey by going on board the despatch boat *Dolphin*, anchored at the Washington Navy Yard. Besides the President and Mrs. Roosevelt, there were Surgeon-General Rixey, who is also physician to the President; the private secretary and a naval aide. The *Dolphin* carried them down to Wolf Trap Light, where the battleship, *Louisiana*, was waiting to convey them out of the Chesapeake, and down the Atlantic to Panama. The *Louisiana* is the most powerful fighting craft afloat, with the exception of the *Dreadnought* of the British Navy. Two cruisers, the *Washington* and the *Tennessee*, were to act as guardships during the trip, and be ready for any emergency, in case any accident should happen to the *Louisiana*. The *Louisiana* is well-fitted to represent the naval power of the United States to the people of Central America. Three of the cabins were fitted up for the President and his wife. There was no attempt to change the appearance of the cabins. The heavy, bolted partitions were undecorated, and the rapid fire cannon, with their breeches and barrels brightly polished, were left on their mounts, in their usual places. A large bulkhead, however, was arranged, to separate the President's apartments from the rest of the ship. New chairs and tables and a few roll-top desks were put in, for the usual routine of the executive office was carried on. The wireless telegraph apparatus of the *Louisiana* kept the President constantly in touch with state affairs at Washington, while daily messages were received on shore from the ship.

Every precaution was taken to secure the safety of the President and his wife. Twelve sailors were picked to man, in case of disaster, a thirty-foot whaleboat, built to withstand heavy seas, and it was converted into a non-capsizable and non-sinkable lifeboat. It hung on the starboard side of the ship, and was equipped with night and day signal outfits, extra spars, sails; and stocked with water and provisions. The *Louisiana* herself had been thoroughly overhauled at the Brooklyn Navy Yard before leaving for the rendezvous in Chesapeake Bay.

The trip down was most heartily enjoyed by the President. He investigated every part of the great craft, and made the stokers his fast friends by going down to the furnaces, seizing a shovel, and putting coal into the furnaces for the sake of the exercise. The presidentially stoked warship worked up such a rate of speed, that she steamed into the harbor of Colon at the end of five days, instead of making the trip in the six that had been assigned for the journey, a most satisfactory run to the commander of the squadron. The average time made was fourteen knots an hour.

As the President was not expected until the next day, neither Chairman Shonts, of the Isthmian Canal Commission, nor President Amador, of the Republic of Panama, were on hand to greet him. The arrival of the squadron was at once telegraphed to both, and they left in a special train for Colon. They were taken on board the *Louisiana*, the guns crashing out the Presidential salute. The meeting between the head of the American Republic and the president of the diminutive and lately created Republic of Panama was most cordial.

The next morning the President and his party embarked in the battleship's launch, which had the Presidential coat of arms, the same insignia that appears on the President's flag, painted in brilliant colors on the stern. In a few moments the party was at Colon, and found the town decorated with flags and the streets filled with friendly and cheering crowds. The pier where they disembarked was covered with palms and festooned with bunting. All of the school-children of Colon were assembled at the dock, and sang, "America" and "The Star Spangled Banner." President Amador and his wife, with a party of ladies and officials, joined the President at the special train that was to take them to Panama City.

The train made slow progress across the Isthmus. On its way it passed work trains and huge steam shovels that were scooping out tons of earth at a time from the great ditch that sometime will be the passageway for the commerce of the world. All of the engines tooted a noisy welcome as the train sped by. At towns along the way the school-children were out, singing patriotic songs; the local officials delivered addresses of welcome, and the President replied. When they reached Ancon they were on the shore of the Pacific. The President went at once for a brief cruise about Panama Bay. All of the steamers in the harbor had their whistles going, and every flag and bit of bunting that could be secured had been hoisted to the mastheads. There were seven American ships in port, and the crews cheered until hoarse.

Mr. Roosevelt kept up a running fire of questions on all that he saw. In fact, he had been doing that ever since he had put his foot on shore at Colon. Nothing in regard to the canal work or the conditions in Panama itself had been too trivial to be thoroughly investigated. The site of the great fortifications that will keep the completed canal free from foreign aggression were thoroughly inspected. In the afternoon he entered Panama city.

On a platform erected in front of the cathedral, President Amador delivered his address of welcome in behalf of the people of the Isthmus. He referred to Mr. Roosevelt as "the commander-in-chief of the Panama-American forces, allied to perform the greatest engineering feat the world had ever seen."

Mr. Roosevelt in his reply referred to the fact that he was the first President of the United States to set foot on the territory of a foreign nation, and said that he was glad that it was the territory of Panama, in which he had always taken such a warm interest. He warned them of the bad effects on a country's welfare of the revolutionary spirit, and that his desire was to see the growth of wealth and prosperity in Panama. Time and again during his speech he was interrupted by outbursts of applause. So cordial was the greeting extended to Mr. Roosevelt, that he said, "I feel like the commander of a great and successful army."

The American party had as an escort on their way back to the hotel a squadron of two hundred young men, superbly mounted, and dressed in uniforms that were exact copies of those worn by President Roosevelt's own regiment, "the Rough Riders," in the war with Spain. Visits were made to investigate the actual work being done on the canal, the President tramping about the excavations in high boots and rubber coat.

At La Boca, Mr. Roosevelt and his wife lunched with the employes mess. They said the thirty-cent dinner was as good as any one could wish. Mrs. Roosevelt announced her intention of going wherever her husband did, and spent part of two days with him traversing the canal cut.

Photo by Underwood & Underwood

Source of Water for Panama Canal Lock

The "White House" of Panama

A Scene on the Panama Canal

Geographical Congratulations

A THANKSGIVING SERMON By Rev. Frank DeWitt Talmage, D.D.*

IN former Thanksgiving sermons, I have spoken of the corn and the wheat and the rye and the apples and the pears and the oranges and the sheep and cows and horses and the machines and the manufactories and the homes and the stores and the railroads and the ships and the public buildings, which have been produced during the year; but to-day I would dwell on the four great geographical developments which took place in our American history, that have given us this good, broad land for which we give thanks. I would dwell especially on the heroic men to whom, under the providence of God, we owe those vast regions of land, rich in fruits and minerals. We heard of those men in our schoolboy days, but as we reach middle life, their names become unfamiliar, and we forget their splendid achievements. This ought not so to be. Our gratitude as a nation is due, and we owe it to them that in our national thanksgivings their names are remembered.

Notable Benefactors

I want to recall to your memories four momentous, historic movements, because their happy solution, happy in reference to our own national life, hung, as it were, upon the slenderest thread. The balances in every case trembled this way and that, as though undecided whether to go up or to go down. In at least three cases, the sudden death of one man, who was pivotal in international transactions, would have changed the trend of all American history, and would have made this continent a collection of many armed governments, and we should have seen the European monarchies jostle and push each other here as they do elsewhere, in a mad struggle to live.

Let us first study the causes which led up to the famous Treaty of Paris of 1783. In order to do this we must turn back the dial of Ahaz to the beginning of the Revolutionary War. And as we enter the town-meetings of New England, and afterwards attend the sessions of the Continental Congress, we do not hear one word uttered or find one public document indicating that the Thirteen Colonies set any value on the land of the Northwest, or even on that land lying just beyond the Ohio River, out of which the great States of Ohio and Indiana and Illinois and Michigan and Wisconsin have been carved. The Thirteen Colonies took no more interest in this region than Americans do to-day in Manchuria or Timbuctoo. This region was to them the impenetrable wilderness which would never be inhabitated. Thomas Jefferson himself once declared that we did not want any territory except that east of the Allegheny Mountains. This region, he said, was capable of supporting a population of 300,000,000 people, and that was enough people for any government to control. The Thirteen Colonies not only did not care for this region, but they did not realize the danger of that region being in the hands of an alien, and possibly an unfriendly, government.

Clark and the Northwest

Their awakening was the work of one man. Out of the wilderness, a man came who knew its value. He was a hunter and a dreamer. A man who had lived with the huge mountains and great rivers, who had rested under trees hundreds of years old, an athlete who used thousands upon thousands of square miles of land for a playground. George Rogers Clark is his name. He is one of the most influential factors in American history. He was one of the great pivots upon which the Paris Treaty of 1783 turned. He first came East in 1778, as a delegate from the modern State of Kentucky to the Colonial Assembly of Virginia, with a petition that Kentucky should be incorporated into the Colony of Virginia as a new county." I am now quoting the exact words of the historian Fletcher Johnson in reference to this petition. After his mission was ended he returned home. While East, he heard the story of the uprising against British rule. Then he commenced to brood as only a world's dreamer can brood. He saw, in imagination, not only the Thirteen Colonies winning their independence, but he also saw that vast territory extending from the Ohio to the Mississippi joined to the government about to be formed. Then, in the darkest days of the Revolutionary uprising, in the winter of

Valley Forge's Horror

George Rogers Clark retraced his steps to Williamsburg, Virginia, and knocked at the office door of Governor Patrick Henry. "Come in," called Governor Patrick Henry. "What do you want?" he asked the strange Western pedestrian. "I want," answered George Rogers Clark, "an army to go and capture the great Northwest from the British." "Absurd," said Governor Henry. "We have no soldiers and no money." "Then," answered Clark, "if you have no soldiers nor money, I want letters of authority to organize the hunters of that region into an army, and I alone will do the rest." Governor Patrick Henry gave to this visionary schemer the letters he requested. To make a long story short, George Rogers Clark gathered together 150 men. They were a Gideon's band of intrepid heroes. With this little handful of followers he plunged into the forest and attacked the British at Kaskaskia. He then marched on, gathering up his army as he went, until, at last, he wrested Detroit from the grasp of the British Commander Henry Hamilton. Such is the history of the conquest of the great Northwest. It was all due to the foresight of one brilliant dreamer, George Rogers Clark. I wish I had time to go more into detail. However, before we leave the forest tracks of this valiant American patriot, I would say, be careful and do not confuse the name of George Rogers Clark with that of a William Clark of the Clark and Lewis Expedition to Oregon. They were two different men, and of no relation, although they bore the same family name.

The Treaty of Paris

The scene changes. The war for American independence has practically come to an end. We are now in the most beautiful capital of the world. This is Paris. We are now in the presence of the four American commissioners who had charge of the signing the Treaty which would finally close the seven years' war. John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, John Jay and Henry Laurens are all there. Thomas Jefferson was also appointed a commissioner, but he never served on this commission. What are your instructions, ye American representatives? "Why," says John Jay, the most important personality on that commission, "Congress has confused these instructions. It has sent us over here to perfect terms of peace. Then it has tied us hand and foot with these instructions. 'You are to make the most candid and confidential communications upon all subjects to the Ministers of our generous ally, the King of France: to undertake nothing in the negotiations for peace or treaty without their knowledge and concurrence, and ultimately, to govern yourself by their advice and opinion.' Did you ever hear such nonsensical instructions as that?"

But, Mr. Jay, why are you bitter at those instructions? Is not France our friend? Does she not wish to help us in every way? "No, emphatically no," answers John Jay. "France has never been our friend. France joined us at Yorktown, not because she loved us, but because she wanted to humiliate her national foe. France is not only opposed to our interests, but she wants all this land west of the Ohio River to stay under British control. Why, only the other day, the Count d'Aranda suggested that our Western boundary line should be the Ohio River and the Mississippi River." But, Mr. Jay, what right have you to that land of the Northwest. "What right," indignantly cries the great American diplomat. "By the right of conquest. Have you not read how George Rogers Clark led his troops through that region and compelled the British general at Detroit to surrender to him?" Well, Mr. Jay, what do you intend to do? "I intend to thwart the hostile machinations of the French king. I shall first sign a treaty with the English commissioners without consulting the French Ministers. Then I shall take that treaty to the French king's hirelings, and say, 'Sign.' You must sign or be branded as our nation's enemies." And this is what John Jay, the great American diplomat, induced the American commissioners to do. Thus, we find that the great Treaty of Paris of 1783 was principally the direct work of two great American heroes—George Rogers Clark, the backwoods dreamer, and John Jay, the astute diplomat, who dared to defy the direct orders of the Continental Congress, and who dared to thwart the plans of the French Minister Vergennes.

The Nation's Obligation

My friends, on this glorious Thanksgiving Sabbath, let us think for a moment what our government would have been had not these two American heroes set forward the Northwestern boundary from the Ohio River to the Great Lakes. Did you ever stop to think what this government would be, if we had been compelled to erect frowning fortresses at Buffalo and Pittsburg and Cincinnati and Louisville and Natchez, and custom-house officials had been set to patrol the eastern shores of the Ohio to keep the goods of our Western country from entering New York and Philadelphia duty free. Why, so important is this region which was ceded to the United States Government in 1783, that in the year 1890 Dr. Mowry declared it had over 18,000,000 of inhabitants. It had nearly one-third of all the railroad mileage of the United States. It produced a large part of our farm products, while its manufactories were simply unlimited. On this Thanksgiving Day of 1906, cannot you thank God for the Treaty of Paris of 1783, which gave to us the Middle West? Cannot you thank God for the dreamer George Rogers Clark, and for the clever diplomat John Jay, who dared to defy the instructions of his home government and compelled France to be just to her American allies?

We must hurry in the discussion of this interesting Thanksgiving theme. The next great geographical expansion to which I would call your attention is the Louisiana Purchase. The indirect cause of this purchase is almost unknown to the majority of American citizens. And, in order to give the historical setting to this transaction, I shall first introduce to you as strange and as weird a personality as George Rogers Clark. This man is not a white man, but a full-blooded negro. He is not living in France or Spain or in the United States, but in the Island of St. Domingo. And yet this negro, this ex-slave, named Toussaint L'Ouverture, whom Napoleon betrayed by false promises and brutally starved to death in the French dungeon of St. Joux, had as much to do with the Louisiana Purchase as Robert Livingston or Thomas Jefferson the President.

The Service of Toussaint L'Ouverture

St. Domingo is an island of the West Indies, northeast of South America. It is more commonly known as Hayti, or the "Island of the Mountains." In geographical area it is about the size of South Carolina. It is an island so beautiful that it seems as though the Goddess Flora had come there and planted her most beautiful treasures, and that the "Garden of Eden" had lifted itself out of the green seas to be kissed by the azure of the blue skies. Here it was in the days of Robespierre and Marat and Danton, led on by this modern Spartacus called Toussaint L'Ouverture, that the slaves of that island rose in their might and fought for the honor of their manhood and womanhood and won their independence, and called their

*Preached in Los Angeles, Calif.—Text, Deut. 8:10: "Thou shalt bless the Lord thy God for the good land which he hath given thee."

A Thanksgiving Sermon—Continued

brave leader, Toussaint L'Ouverture, their national chief. That was in 1801. Under this new régime, so great was the peace and the prosperity of the island, that Wendell Phillips said, "A child with a bag of gold could go from Samona to Port-au-Prince without risk. Peace was in every household, the valleys glowed with fertility, culture climbed the mountains, the commerce of the world was represented in the harbors." And thank God there was no slave anywhere. Every man, woman and child was free.

Napoleon's Problem

The scene again changes. We are now in the Tuileries of Paris. Napoleon the young conqueror is elected First Consul of France. Then came the Treaty of Amiens of 1802, when war between England and France was ended. The whole world was now at peace, and Napoleon had a big army on his hands and nothing to fight. Then the "Little Corporal" said to himself, "I must have something to fight. I must keep my soldiers employed." So he looked over the map and said, "Aha, I have a solution. Here is St. Domingo. I will reconquer it, and again enslave its negroes." The French soldiers did not care what they were fighting, as long as they were fighting something. So the flower of the French army set sail for this far-off island. Le Clerc, the great French general, the husband of Napoleon's sister, Pauline Bonaparte, was in command. What happened? Toussaint L'Ouverture is treacherously betrayed and carried to France a prisoner, but his lieutenants of war continued his patriotic work. These disciples of the Washington of this Southern island, noble and brave, aided by the pestilence and disease which fought for them, drove the French troops, step by step, until, within a few months, six-sevenths of all the unprincipled French invaders were dead. The veteran French soldiers, were mowed down almost as quickly as the ripened grain falls before the hiss of the scythe. What now happened? Napoleon, the Great Napoleon, the mighty Conqueror Napoleon, who had his dreams of making the rich territory of Louisiana the brightest star in his royal diadem, said: "If a few negroes in far-off St. Domingo can destroy my legions, I cannot hold Louisiana in case of war. I must sell right away."

Our Debt to a Negro

Once more the scene changes. Europe was again in arms against the tyrant. Napoleon must have money and have it right away. Napoleon cannot hold his American possessions and still fight his European foes. Thus, when Robert Livingston comes to him and says, "First Consul, will you sell us for $2,000,000 the land on the east side of the Mississippi, that we may have entrance for our commerce up the Ohio?" Napoleon answers, "For $15,000,000 I will sell you all of Louisiana." Thus, all of Indian Territory, all of Kansas and Nebraska and Iowa and Wyoming and Montana and the Dakotas and most of Colorado and Minnesota and all of Washington and Oregon States, came to us as the indirect work of a despised negro. Praise, if you will, the work of a Robert Livingston or a Jefferson, but to-day let us not forget our debt to Toussaint L'Ouverture, who was indirectly the means of America's expansion by the Louisiana Purchase of 1803. Do not, from now on, tell me that the negro of the South or of the North has no claim to America's citizenship. Toussaint L'Ouverture has forever won for the American negro that token of our gratitude.

But, alas, now with flushed cheek of humiliation and downcast eyes of shame, we must recall our national dealings with the poor, helpless, struggling Republic of Mexico, in reference to the Texan annexation of 1845, and the Mexican cession of 1848, and the more we study this sad epoch of our national history, the more we feel that our government not only acted unjustly, but she acted dishonestly.

In the first place, to understand the chief cause of this geographical expansion, you must enter the United States Senate at Washington, and stand for a little while there amid the slavery agitations of ante-bellum time of the early forties. The North was arraying its Congressional forces on the one hand, and the South was arraying its Congressional forces on the other hand. The great centre of this forensic struggle was in the United States Senate. "We must have more men to represent us in the Senate," cried the North. Then, as speedily as possible, they rushed the settlers West to fill up the prairies beyond the Mississippi and carve out new States to send their senators to the national capital to help them in the slavery fight. "We must have more men in the United States Senate to help us in the struggle to perpetuate slavery," cried the South. But where were they to get the new States from which to select the new senators.

The Acquisition of Texas

There was no unsettled land and no possible new States south of the Mason-and-Dixon Line. So the South turned its eyes toward Texas, a part of the Mexican Republic. It practically said, "If the Mexican Republic will not sell Texas, we will send the settlers of the United States into it, and we will get up a Revolution there and then we will annex Texas to the United States, and out of Texas can be carved ten new States." In other words, the South overran Texas with its people, as the North rushed its settlers into Kansas Territory a little later, in order to make it an Abolition State. Then, after Texas was admitted into the Union, the United States Government, figuratively speaking, as a highwayman, put the pistol to Mexico's forehead and said, "Surrender to me all of California, all of Nevada, all of Arizona and most of New Mexico, for a paltry $15,000,000, or I will blow your brains out and gobble up your whole country." Of course, I am telling this transaction in a coarse way, but I am truthfully, though bluntly, telling you what the United States Government did. I am recounting bare historical facts. Not as a just sister nation did the United States act toward Mexico. With one stroke of the sword of war, our Government split the Mexican Republic in half, and stole the best part of her lands. She took this land as a conqueror.

Good out of Evil

But, as England acted unjustly in absorbing the Transvaal and the Orange Free States; yet, after all, the greatest blessing which could come to those African lands is the British flag. Where the British flag goes, there goes British capital and British men and Anglo-Saxon enterprise. Because the British flag now waves over all the southern territory of Africa, there is going to grow up a great African government which shall rival the Australian government, and make those hills teem with enterprise and with virile life. Because the Stars and the Stripes wave over Texas and New Mexico and Arizona and Nevada and California, those lands have been developed as they never could or would have been under Mexican rule. With all the advantages of climate which these States have, and with their great mineral and agricultural possibilities, Texas and Arizona and New Mexico and Nevada and California would not be supporting the vast numbers of prosperous homes were it not for American rule and the protection of the United States flag.

But I cannot close this Thanksgiving talk without referring, in just a few words, to the tragic story and life of the one man who saved for our Union Oregon and Washington, the great States of the Northwest. Never was there a more tragic story than his biography. He saved these States, not with battle and with strife of soldiers' uniform; he saved them by the endurance of suffering and slander and misrepresentation and with death. If you want to read the story of a life which will make your eyes fill with tears, then read the life of Marcus Whitman.

Marcus Whitman

I am lost in wonder and admiration as I study Marcus Whitman, struggling in his work. Oh, what obstacles he had to fight! But, whether he lived or died, whether he suffered or no, all was the same. He went forward in his task, but at what sacrifice! And yet that personal sacrifice of Marcus Whitman won for us the great outlet of the Northwest to the Pacific coast. You must read and study for yourself the marvelous work of this man, who gave Washington and Oregon to the Union.

Thus, my friends, in this historical retrospect, on this Sabbath preceding our national Thanksgiving day, we find that no man has ever been able to accomplish much good for his native land, except through great personal sacrifice. Are you and I willing to lay down our lives for our country? Are we ready to sacrifice ourselves for this our native land, with its territories stretching from sea to sea? Will you not be willing to fight for its rights, and to help its helpless and to be true to its people? By noble and patriotic and Christian self-sacrifice, can you not prove yourself worthy of the good land which God has given you?

THE BIBLE FATHER USED

By WILLIAM WOOD

DEAR old Book, thy labors ended,
Worn-out, we have laid thee by;
Thou art now a precious heirloom—
Faded guide-board to the sky! [pages,
From thy thumb-worn, well-marked
Father read from day to day
Precept, promise, law, and Gospel;
And, believing, knelt to pray.

Here he sought to find the treasure
That forever shall endure;
Wisely making both his calling
And election, doubtless, sure.
Here he found the Rock of Ages
Where the saved rejoice to stand;
And with vision clear, ecstatic,
He beheld the promised land.

Here the light divinely streaming
On the path the saints have trod,
Cheered him as in rapt communion
He pursued his way with God.
Here he found the Heavenly Manna,
Feasted on the boundless stock;
Drank from springs of Living Waters
Flowing from the Riven Rock.

Here the wisdom of the ages
Shone with constant light and clear,
On the way the saints and sages
Of the Lord have traveled here.
Here he saw beyond the Valley
Of the Shadow, yonder host,
Conquerors of sin, the White-Robed;
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Here he gathered inspiration,
Faith to live and grace to die;
Blessed his loved ones, and, in triumph,
Passed a victor to the sky.
Dear old thumb-worn, shattered Bible,
Father's Guide, Companion, Friend,
Man-of-Counsel, Source-of-Comfort,
"Dust to dust" is not thy end.

O'er thy silent pages poring,
Faith discerns, as clear as day,
Things are transient, but no tittle
Of thy truth shall pass away.
Father's Bible, dear old Bible,
Doomed to feel the tooth of Time.
But my Father's chastened spirit
Proves thy mastery sublime.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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Thanksgiving Day

OUR business prosperity, acknowledged on all hands, affords this year, to an unprecedented degree, grounds for general thanksgiving to God for the blessings of our time. We would not be like the men whom the ancient prophets reproached, who sought God in their adversity and forgot him in the time of prosperity. It is he who has given us this great and good land, whose fertility and mineral resources are the foundation of our wealth. It is he, too, who has given to our people the energy and enterprise which have turned his material bounty to account. Not unto us, but to his name be the glory! In no formal or perfunctory manner should we approach him on our annual festival, but with sincerity and humility acknowledge our obligations and beseech a continuance of his favor. As history teaches us, it is not in power and prosperity, but in righteousness, that national greatness finds its true foundation.

Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Never yet was a nation so blessed, one that has grown so steadily and so rapidly in power and wealth and influence. It is a nation to rejoice in and to be proud of, to love and to pray for. All the more reason for us to recognize our responsibilities, and to strive ever more earnestly to fulfil our duty individually, socially and politically. It is only by constant vigilance that we can preserve our privileges and hand them down to our children unimpaired. To know our duty, and to do it honestly and fearlessly in the sight of God, is the true way of proving ourselves worthy of the blessings we enjoy. The citizen under monarchical institutions may be excused for leaving the conduct of the government to the powers that be, but with us, the national policy is the policy we have chosen by our votes, and it rests with us whether that policy shall be a policy of righteousness.

Thanksgiving has a message for the future as well as for the past. Our national ideals should rise as the years pass. Proud as we are of our country, grateful as we are for the elevation it has attained, we are conscious, that, as Joshua reminded his people, there is "still much land to be possessed." We are far from being a perfect people. There are evils in the national and social life that must be extirpated, before we can think of rest. The saloon power, the power of the gambler, the influence of corrupt politicians, are only a few of the evils that disfigure the national life. Besides these, there are burdens on classes which should be lifted. The time will come when honest poverty will exist no more and when every industrious man shall be sure of bread; when the aged and the infirm will be cared for when they are unable to care for themselves; when employer and employee will recognize one another as brothers; when childhood everywhere shall be a time of education and recreation, and no child shall toil in our factories; when cruel poverty no longer tempts an innocent girl to forget the covenant of her God; and when our criminal and divorce courts find their occupation gone. As we pray "Thy Kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," so let us give our minds prayerfully to the problems that oppress society, and be thankful if by ever so little, we can help in purifying and elevating our great nation.

The Church's Assailants

SPEAKING before the Diocesan Convention in New York recently, Bishop Potter laid down a rule which might well be regarded as suitable for general adoption, in dealing hereafter with clerical opponents of the established doctrines of the Christian church. He said:

"If one finds, whatever his place or office in the church, that he has lost his hold upon her fundamental verities, then, in the name of common honesty, let him be silent or withdraw. A man in holy orders who does not hold to the doctrine, has no place in the ministry; and if it is his office (as he may easily believe it is) to emancipate the church, then he must do so from without and not from within."

This is precisely the position adopted by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in dealing with the case of Dr. Crapsey and similar dissentients, who, while still bound by their oaths to faithfully adhere to the orthodox doctrines of the Christian church, and while continuing to draw their support from that church, yet assailed its beliefs and attacked its authority.

All fair-minded people, of any denomination whatsoever, will agree with Bishop Potter that—apart altogether from the merits of the doctrinal issues—the proper place for such men, when they have become tainted with unbelief, is outside the church. From the outside, they may honorably make assault, if so disposed. But he who attacks from within, and who uses his authority and his clerical position to undermine the faith of his congregation, is doing a contemptible thing.

A military officer who, while still retaining his command, was found to be in league with the enemy, would be called a traitor. If he openly resigned his command and went over to the foe, his enmity would at least command a degree of respect. We see no reason why the same rule should not apply in the Lord's army.

Waiting For Light

THERE are a vast number of Christian people in our churches who have a desire to engage in some kind of active work for God and their fellow men, who never get started because, in their own words, they are "waiting for light." Thus waiting, they remain passive Christians when thousands are crying for help to solve the great social and spiritual problems of our day. The poetical line "that all things come to him who waits," is better in poetry than in actual life. The light and the call will come to men and women who prayerfully and unceasingly seek them. God wants his work in the world to be done by a cheerful, happy army of volunteers, not by an army of conscripts that have to be forced to the front, or that wishes to have a full revelation of all the plans of the General before they are willing to move. The fact that at any time a person feels that he should do something for Christ's cause, be it ever so little, is call enough. The light will come as the Christian worker needs it from day to day. What would we think of an engineer who refuses to take his train out of the station because he could not see the track clear to the journey's end; and yet how many of us ask that we be shown the progress and fruitage of any religious work we may have in mind, before we commence it.

Only a few of us are asked to become missionaries in the foreign field or preachers at home, but all of us are expected to live our religion and show others that we believe in it enough to do something for its advancement. We are indeed of little faith, if we are not willing to make the start and trust the Giver of all Good for the rest.

The Cost of Living

ACCORDING to the latest reports issued by the leading commercial agencies, the living expenses of the average family in town or city have reached the highest point in a quarter of a century. In the more populous cities, the advance is most strongly marked, while in rural districts, far from the regions of dense population, the price of the necessaries of life has undergone very little change.

A comparison of figures for 1905 and 1906, shows the extreme upward range of prices in New York for staple commodities, viz.:

	1905	*1906*
Butter	29 cents	33 cents
Eggs	33 cents	39 cents
Hams	17 cents	19 cents
Bacon	20 cents	25 cents
Lard	15 cents	18 cents
Cheese	16 cents	18 cents

Sugar, canned goods, vegetables, milk, fish and all kinds of meats have risen in the same proportion, and shoes and cotton goods also. At the same time, rents and servants' wages have steadily advanced. A few articles of food, including potatoes and poultry, have not shared in the general rise.

When it is explained that this advance affects not a few localities merely, but practically every town of ten thousand population or over throughout the country, in a greater or lesser degree, it can be readily understood that the increase in prices is a positive hardship to great masses of the people, and especially to the wage-earners. Recognizing the situation, a number of the largest labor-employing concerns in different States have already voluntarily advanced wages, with the result that nearly 1,500,000 wage-earners will be immediately and substantially benefited.

This generous and thoughtful concession, coming unasked, and as the result of no strike or agitation, may well furnish a timely suggestion to other employers. In many occupations there are thousands of workers who are struggling manfully in the effort to "make both ends meet," and to preserve decency and comfort in the home, but who find the battle a stiff and uphill one, in view of the general rise in prices. With prosperity prevailing in all lines of production, it would be both wise and considerate for emyloyers to do what lies in their power to lighten the workers' burden. Certainly, nothing could be more appropriate at this season, or more conducive to a happy Thanksgiving.

Among the Workers

—REV. C. H. WOOLSTON, D.D., of Philadelphia, is now recognized as an authority on unique methods of Christian work. His novel illustrations attract widespread attention. Dr. Woolston will be one of the principal speakers at the Rally of Young People's Societies, in the Judson Memorial Church, New York, November 7.

—MISSIONARY T. H. SOBEY writes from Bocas-del-Toro, Panama: "The lack of Gospel laborers here is a sad fact. Openings and opportunities were never so numerous, and the call is loud. The masses are apparently untouched. A tent for evangelistic work from section to section on "The Isthmus" is promised, but support for another is needed, and for this we continue in prayer."

—MRS. LAMADRID, founder of the St. Andrew's One-cent Coffee Stands, will provide this year the usual Thanksgiving dinner for the sick poor. The headquarters of the Coffee Stands has been removed to Nos. 45 and 47 Grove Street, New York.

—FEW EVANGELISTS have done more herculean work than the late Sam Jones did in his time. It is said that at Emmerice, Ky., he preached to over 18,000 in a day. In the year 1886 he had over 10,000 professed conversions.

—THE EIGHTH SERIES of Sunday afternoon meetings conducted by Rev. S. Edward Young, D.D., was begun in the Alvin Theatre, Pittsburgh, Sunday afternoon, Nov. 11th. More than three hundred policemen attended in a body.

Our Thanksgiving Cover

The beautiful design for our Thanksgiving cover in this issue came from the studios of the Church Glass & Decorating Company of New York, which company is largely engaged in the making of memorial windows. They now have in hand one of national importance, the memorial Mrs. McKinley is erecting to her late husband, at Canton, Ohio.

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To Excavate Herculaneum

THE welcome intelligence has been received that Prof. Charles Waldstein, the American Professor of Fine Arts at the University of Cambridge, England, has obtained the consent of the Italian government to resume the excavation of Herculaneum. Prof. Waldstein has long sought this concession, but it was withheld, to allow of Italy herself undertaking the work. Consent has now been given, and subscriptions to defray the cost will soon pour in from all parts of the world. The most intense interest is felt in the project, because there is good reason to believe that books, pictures and statues of great value to historical research, are buried in the city.

Herculaneum was an ancient city about five miles from Naples. It was larger and more wealthy than Pompeii, and was inhabited by men who combined Roman with Greek culture. The eruption of Vesuvius which overwhelmed Pompeii in A. D. 79, destroyed Herculaneum also. There was this difference, however, that Herculaneum appears to have suffered from a tidal wave at the same time, which transformed the dust and ashes which fell from the eruption into a stiff clay, in some places eighty feet thick. On the top of this stratum the town of Resina, with a population of 20,000 persons has been built. The excavation, therefore, involves tunneling, and the expense has been so great that the efforts made during the past hundred years have been abandoned. So completely was the city buried, that its very site was uncertain, until, in 1709, a Prince of Lorraine seeking marble to build a palace, came upon a number of statues which indicated the grave of the long-buried city. Excavation was at once commenced and a library containing 1,750 volumes was discovered, with a number of works of art. They were found in a private residence, which was stored with fruit, corn, pies and hams. Further search was abandoned, owing to lack of funds and the objections of people living in the town above the ruins, and have since been resumed only perfunctorily and at long intervals.

Prof. Waldstein, however, says that there are the brightest hopes for most interesting discoveries, inasmuch as the destruction of the city was more sudden than of Pompeii, where many of the inhabitants had time to escape, whereas at Herculaneum there was no time and no way of escape but by sea. We may learn from the coming excavations how the people lived at that time, and may even find work half-done which the workers abandoned when destruction came so unexpectedly upon them. The sudden suspension of all occupations will reveal, as nothing else could do, what were the industries, the pleasures, the amusements, and the vices of the time. The evidences of many a secret will probably be laid open to the eyes of the world.

Nothing is secret, that shall not be made manifest; neither anything hid, that shall not be known and come to light (Luke 8: 17).

Part of a Street in the City of Herculaneum, Buried 1827 Years Ago, Already Uncovered

The Churches of France

As intimated in previous paragraphs in these columns, France is passing through a religious revolution. The present government has determined to leave the churches absolutely free, and no longer to pay the salaries of the priests. There is to be complete liberty of conscience, and the devout Roman Catholics will still be permitted to worship in their own churches. The management, however, will no longer be a government department, but will be vested in local boards of trustees, the members of which must be residents of the respective parishes. These boards vary in the number of members from seven to twenty-five, according to the population of the parish. A regular inventory is being made of the real and personal property in the hands of the churches, part of which, will be confiscated, and the remainder confided to the trustees, to be expended in the maintenance of public worship. Legacies which have been bequeathed to a church for charitable purposes are to be withdrawn and given to public institutions devoted to a similar purpose. Provision is also made for pensioning aged priests by the government. The right for which, in past years, the government fought desperately, of nominating bishops and priests, is now surrendered, and the Pope is at liberty to appoint whomsoever he pleases, even enemies of the government. The church is now absolutely free from government control, a privilege which is well worth the loss of government money, The priests, however, are making a vigorous protest against what they call spoliation, but it is disregarded. They should rather prepare to obey the injunction given to ancient Sardis.

Be watchful, and strengthen the things that remain, that are ready to die; for I have not found thy works perfect before God (Rev. 3: 2)

A Leper's Sorrow

A pitiable story of a woman's misery for years came to light recently, when a wealthy lady in Honolulu, in the Hawaiian Islands, was arrested and held for investigation as a leper. If the charges against her are proved, she must go to the Molokai leper settlement for the rest of her natural life. She is the daughter of a former Minister of Foreign Affairs under King Kalahaua. Her mother was an Hawaiian. She married a native Hawaiian and had one child. When the child was five years old she developed symptoms that resembled leprosy. To avoid her transfer to Molokai, she agreed to go to Japan and never return. Soon afterward those who had agreed to send her an allowance failed to do so, and she returned to Honolulu and took up residence in her mother's home, where she had a secret room, to which she retired when any one called. She lived thus and cared for her child till her mother's death recently. Then she was spirited to another island, but those who promised to provide for her failed to do so and starvation drove her out. It is now probable that she will be separated from her child and secluded till she dies. Her lot is indeed pitable, but every one sees the necessity of it, even those who protest against the doctrine that sufferers from the worse malady of sin will be excluded from the society of heaven.

Between us and you there is a great gulf fixed, so that they who would pass from hence to you, cannot; neither can they pass to us, that would come from thence (Luke 16: 26).

A Prince's Sacrifice for Love

No sooner has the annoyance of the German court over the marriage of Prince Joachin to an actress, subsided, than another marriage objectionable to the court been projected. Prince Eberwyn, of Bentheim and Steinfurt, the son of Prince Alexis, has announced his intention to marry Fraulein Koch, the daughter of a tradesman, who is the mayor of a small provincial town. The young man's father did his utmost to dissuade him, pointing out that the laws of their princely house would compel him to renounce all the honors to which he was born. Prince Eberwyn was obdurate. Thereupon a family council was summoned, and Prince Eberwyn, in their presence, formally renounced his birthright. He took a solemn oath never to dispute the right of his younger brother, Prince Victor, to succeed his father as hereditary prince and head of the family at his father's death. Simultaneously he was compelled to resign as Lieutenant of the Prussian Bodyguard. His sacrifice involves the right of succession to many thousands of acres of land, and an income that is estimated to amount to $1,250,000 annually. It is not every young man who would have been willing to make so great a sacrifice for love. When faith is combined with love, however, some have been equal to it, and for all such a reward is assured.

Every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or lands for my sake, shall receive a hundred fold, and shall inherit everlasting life (Matt. 19: 29).

Lost Near Shore

During the recent storm a Norwegian bark, heavily laden, was observed approaching the shore near Rexton, N. B. She was driven back and at last was forced on an outlying reef. The life-saving crew endeavored to reach her, but the wind and waves made the attempt too hazardous, and they waited until the storm should abate before again launching the life-boat. Some of the crew of the wrecked vessel became fearful or impatient and lowered one of the ship's boats. The people on shore watched them and knew they must perish. Happily the greater part of the crew were wiser. The boat, which had five men in it, had not proceeded twenty yards from the ship when it sank in the high sea. Those who stayed aboard were taken off by the life-savers later in the day. It was with them as with those who trust in Christ instead of seeking to save themselves, they are delivered.

In quietness and confidence shall be your strength (Isa. 30: 15).

Near a Meteor at Sea

The steamer *St. Andrew* of the Phœnix Line, which reached New York last week, brings a thrilling story of escape. As she was near Cape Race, Newfoundland, about five o'clock on October 30, the officer on the bridge saw three huge meteors fall into the sea, about five miles ahead of the ship. Though it was still light, the track of the meteors was visible in vivid flame from the horizon several degrees toward the zenith. He was admiring the strange spectacle and congratulating himself that the vessel had not been nearer, when one of the crew called to him and pointed to the south. Looking in that direction, he saw, less than a mile away, a still larger meteor, falling and spinning around as it fell into the sea. He saw the water spurt up twenty feet high, as the meteor struck it, and a vast cloud of steam arose and floated toward the vessel. He calculated that the meteor was from ten to fifteen feet in diameter and seemed to be flattened on one side. The officer said that if it had struck the vessel the impact would have sent it to the bottom. Capt. Russ, of the Hamburg-American steamer *Brazilia*, also reports seeing the meteor. The earth is at this period approaching the meteor belt, and these were probably a part of the intermittent meteoric shower. It was a blood-curdling escape, for there could be no defense if the meteor had struck the vessel. Among the terrors described in the Apocalypse is such a visitation that comes upon men who persist in impenitence.

There fell from heaven a great star, burning as a torch, and it fell upon the third part of the rivers and upon the fountains of waters (Rev. 8: 10).

Class in Typewriting and Stenography

Dressmaking and Millinery

Free Scholarships for Poor Students

A Notable Enterprise Which Has Been Attended With Remarkable Success

THE oft-quoted adage, "The Lord helps them who help themselves," never had more direct application than in the small army of students who are now appreciating the benefits which accrue to them from their enrollment in the International Free Scholarship Association of New York City.

Mrs. Harriet I. MacDonald

Mrs. Harriet I. MacDonald, president and founder of the Association, is a woman to whom has been given a broad and far-seeing outlook upon the future of our civilization, and whose appointment as an agent of the Divine Hand is direct and unmistakable. In the midst of the multitude of philanthropic schemes which spring up and flourish for the succor of helpless old age, the up-bringing of the unprotected child, and the relief of the destitute masses, Mrs. MacDonald has been moved to concentrate her own life-work upon the intellectual uplift of the youth of this city, who—with latent ability struggling for expression—are battling for their daily bread against heavy odds, and to whom can come no opportunity to rise in the lines of work to which they are peculiarly adapted, unless they find an outstretched "helping hand." No amount of natural talent can be developed for practical application without that training which is beyond the reach of the ordinary wage-earning young man or woman.

After years of preparation in a smaller field for the noble cause to which she purposed to devote her life, Mrs. MacDonald came to New York from her Southern home, and established herself in small offices at No. 32 Union Square, where her work of organization has been ably seconded by the secretaryship of her mother, Mrs. C. A. Rugg. The ultimate purpose of the International Free Scholarship Association, as formulated by its founder, is to bring the best departmental teachers and experts in their several lines into close and sympathetic touch with the young men and women of the wage-earning class, who are ambitious to rise, willing to work, and who possess undoubted qualifications for some special profession or form of skilled labor, but who cannot pay for the expert training in the work they feel it within them to do.

The record of the year in this work is a wonderful story of achievement. In telling of its beginnings, Mrs. MacDonald modestly disclaims any merit in herself as organizer of the enterprise, but very quietly says: "I know that we could not have accomplished what has been brought to pass, if our plan had not been marked by Divine approval."

By a well-arranged system, the educators of the city—and not only of this city, but of other cities and educational institutions of note—have been brought to a knowledge of the young people of both sexes, who are literally "hungering and thirsting" for knowledge. As a result, no less than sixty superior teachers and professors are now giving one or more scholarships—some for a year, some for the course, whatever its term may be—to three hundred and thirty zealous students, who come, night after night, from their day's labor in department stores, in factories, in newspaper and periodical offices, even from public school teaching, to perfect themselves in those branches of study in which they display especial aptitude, and by which they may climb higher upon that ladder, which always has plenty of room at the top.

The question is frequently asked, "What is a scholarship?" It is the gift of tuition, by a skilled specialist, to an impecunious student with talent. In a recent conversation, one of the leading patrons remarked, "Many of these girls and young men could pay fifty cents a lesson to ordinary teachers, but their natural ability is such that they are worthy of the best."

It is an inspiration and an object-lesson to any who are incredulous of the good which reigns in many human hearts, to study the work of this Association. Talented teachers in piano, vocal and violin music, in languages, art and elocution, in mechanical engineering and architectural drawing, in physical culture and kindergarten work, bestow the same interest and attention upon the eager seekers after instruction who flock to their classes with empty hands, that they give to pupils who pay large sums for tuition.

One young man from New Jersey, with no parents, and with only an aged grandmother to care for the little home in which he was trying to maintain his small brothers and sisters, was slaving at an uncongenial task for a meagre wage, while the spirit of true art burned within him for expression. Through the Association, he was brought in contact with the principal of a "Practical School of Illustrating," who gladly proffered a scholarship. The youth is now performing his labor with renewed ardor, because each evening's art lesson brings him a step nearer the goal of his ambition. Another young man, scarcely more than a lad, lost both of his parents suddenly, and was obliged to leave school and work as a bricklayer in order to support his two younger half-brothers. "But," said he wistfully, "I don't want to be a bricklayer all my life." In his scant moments of leisure he always had a pencil in his hand, trying to "draw plans." One of the finest draughtsmen in the city heard the boy's story from Mrs. MacDonald, and is now giving free tri-weekly lessons to the lad, and watching his almost phenomenal progress, which has already proven that he need not "lay bricks all his life."

The President and Secretary of The International Free Scholarship Association are sustained by a strong official and advisory board, and, so wonderfully does the appeal from applicants for instruction strike a responsive chord in the hearts of educators everywhere, that there is no lack of supply to meet the demand for scholarships.

During a recent visit of the writer, the crowded condition of the rooms, 32 Union Square, was made manifest. A class in vocal music, another in expert stenography, a third in costume designing, were all in the full tide of operation, with but two medium-sized rooms available. Twenty-seven public school-teachers of the lower grades, alert for advancement, are busy with language lessons. A letter just received from the secretary, reads:

"Will you kindly say in your columns that we have to give away—a local free scholarship in vocal music for some shop or factory girl who earns less than $5.00 a week, who has a voice and will be a credit to her teacher; also two normal kindergarten courses of two years' each in one of the best training schools in Chicago, for high school graduates who will work hard and pay their own living expenses; also a piano scholarship in New York and lessons in higher mathematics. And will you tell your readers how much we need more room?"

THE GOSPEL AND THE DRUNKARD

I HAVE read with interest and some perplexity and confusion of mind, your series of letters on the drink problem. Every man seems to have a different remedy, and each man to deal with the question from the point of view of his own personal bias and work. All seem to have in mind the laboring classes, and few take into consideration the socially better class of drunkards in the "Tenderloin" region.

I have been laboring with this problem for forty years. I have come to some definite conclusions. If we resort to law, I want a law that will close the rich man's club as well as the poor man's saloon. But I have little faith in any of the popular nostrums of the day. The only effectual way to close the saloons is to reform the drunkard. If there is nobody to drink, there is no *raison d'etre* for the saloon. It is the drinking men that keep the saloons alive. The only way to reform the drunkard is by individual personal labor with him. The Christian work that is being done by our Bowery Rescue Missions is the most effective temperance work in our city. It is the work of individuals upon individuals.

Another thought—a man's drunkenness goes deeper than an appetite for alcohol; it strikes at the root of his character. Back of his love for drink is laziness, or dishonesty of character, or whatever it may be. If he is to be reformed, he must be reformed all over and all through. This is why so many relapse into their drunkenness—their reformation is partial. Our man must be studied, and the hidden things of his deceitful heart laid bare to him. He must see these things for himself, and be determined to fight them. The grace of God alone can save him, but that grace must be sought to save him totally, or else even that will be of no avail.

I. W. Beard, *Chaplain.*

Blackwell's Island, N. Y.

Delighted with the Pictures

I want to thank you for the beautiful pictures, "Good Morning" and "Good Night," which came in perfect order. We are delighted with them. They are exquisite. It makes one feel better to look at them. We have had them neatly framed and they now hang in our parlor.

Asheville, N. C. Mrs. E. K. Allen.

GRANDMA'S DAY

A STORY OF THANKSGIVING

By Helena H. Thomas

THAT is what it had long been called in a certain home; still it was only another name for Thanksgiving, for grandma had always been so given to hospitality in her own home, on that day especially, that when she went to reside with her only child in a distant city, she had for a time looked forward to what had once to her been the day of days, with a dread she had not put into words. Her daughter understood, however, and after giving the subject much thought she put the following query:

"Mother, wouldn't you enjoy reigning supreme in the kitchen for a few days, as of old? Jane does well, in the main, but I have always eaten Thanksgiving dinners cooked by you and——"

"But, daughter," here interrupted the young, old mother, "your kitchen is not mine, and Jane would, I fear, resent being put aside for that day, even."

"You are right, mother; but I have it all arranged, in my mind. Jane's sister is ailing, and she will be more than glad of a vacation. So that will give you ample time to get up such a Thanksgiving dinner as you alone are capable of. Oh, it makes me hungry to think of it!"

To the still bright eyes there was added lustre for an instant, then followed a sigh and a tremor of the lips, with:

"But it would not taste as it did in your old home, dear, for then we had the happiness of sharing our feast with some of the Lord's needy ones. I have been thinking of Widow Watson and her family, and hoping she would not be forgotten. Deacon Price and his wife, too, have shared our Thanksgiving dinner so many years it will be hard for them, and—and——"

Here the sweet voice was so broken that Mrs. Faye hastened to say, cheerily:

"Oh, they will all be taken care of, mother, never you fear! for other large-hearted people will see that they do not lack for invitations. You see there were not poor enough to go around in our little town, and I am not sure but you were just a bit selfish in inviting all there were, year after year."

This was said so merrily that the mother joined in the laugh, as she rejoined:

"Now, daughter, you are rather hard on your old mother. But you know that Thanksgiving is regarded as strictly a family day by some, and most folks had so many of their very own they could not, if inclined, include others. It was different with us, for when husband and I were married we went to a far-off State, where we had either to celebrate the day alone or invite in comparative strangers. So, after thinking the matter over, we concluded to share it with some of the Lord's worthy poor, which we did, as you know. This we continued to do from year to year, for as you were the only child spared to us, there was always ample room at our board, even before your father was taken from us."

"Yes, yes, mother, I know all about your unselfish life, and I know, too, that we would both be happier to do in a measure as we have been accustomed to, even if we are among comparative strangers."

"How can we, when we are not acquainted with those who might enjoy our hospitality without abusing it—refined poor, such as we have been accustomed to entertain, I mean?" was the puzzled query.

"Oh, the poor—such as you have in mind, mother, are usually well provided for in cities on such holidays, if at no other time, so they are not the ones I had in mind. Now, if you enter into my plan, I have already thought of several to invite. There is poor Mrs. Morgan, for instance, who, year after year, as she tells me, has dined at her boarding place, the same as on other days. I would like to ask her, for one, and——"

"But, daughter, you told me she was very wealthy!" exclaimed the mother, aghast.

"Yes, she is, in a way, mother; but the poorest people at Thanksgiving are, to my way of thinking, those who are poor in relatives. I always envied the girls who had a host to share their dinners, in my girlish days, even if I was rich in having you."

"Why, child, you have the right of it surely," rejoined the mother, in a decided tone. "Poor in relation! Strange I never thought of it in that light before, after being so homesick for my own kin when I cooked my first turkey."

"Then, too," urged the daughter, "Mrs. Morgan is one of the Lord's poor from that viewpoint, for she is a most charitable Christian, though, as she once admitted to me, a sad and lonely one, in spite of her wealth, for she is the only one left of a once large family. Then there is the little music-teacher, who sits across the aisle from us at church. I noticed she looked sad, and so, thinking along this line, I asked her the other day if she had made any plans for Thanksgiving, and I am sure you would have felt like mothering her if you could have seen her eyes fill and heard her say:

"'Mother and I were all that was left last year, and—and now she has gone!' It just broke my heart to hear her, for it seems as if it would choke me to try and eat such a dinner if you were not here to share it with me!"

This was said so tremulously, that it was now the

"I never thought of it in that light before," said the mother

mother's turn to speak cheerily to the daughter, saying:

"Invite the poor girl, by all means, daughter, and just keep on your thinking-cap for those who are poor in relation, and when Jane is out of my way I will set about getting up such a dinner as we always had at home."

"And that will mean both quality and quantity," was the laughing retort of the one who was now smiling.

So the invitations were extended in the mother's name, because "she is to reign supremely."

Consequently, the day that meant so much to the heart-hungry ones, from time to time, was called "Mother's Day," until a few years later, when a grandchild was sent to brighten the home, and from that time Thanksgiving was, in the Faye home, and by fortunate guests, always spoken of as "Grandma's Day."

The years which followed were uneventful save for the growing fondness of "Blessing" for the grandmother, who called her by that name until no other seemed to fit the little sunbeam, for, when she was still in her infancy, grandmother's outstretched arms always meant a readiness to leave the embrace of either parent. So grandma had her place as well as her "day," and though transplanted again late in life, she was so sunny and helpful that her life was a benediction to all about her. Indeed, Mrs. Faye often remarked to her husband:

"It would break Blessing's heart if anything should happen to mother, and I am sure it would mine."

The white-winged Reaper came suddenly and unlooked for one November morning, however, after grandma had already begun preparations to once more entertain "the poorest folks in all the world," as she had come to call the "alone people," at Thanksgiving time. But grandma had lived so close to her Lord that his summons was met with a calm:

"I am ready, for 'to die is gain,' but—I want to say good-bye to Blessing. Don't startle the dear, though," pleaded she; "only whisper that grandma has something sweet to tell her."

Then the child was transferred from her cot to grandma's bed, where, half awake, she gave little heed to her mother's suppressed sobs, and was on the point of cuddling close to the loving heart for a morning nap, as she had often done, until the one about to slip away, knowing that it was the last embrace and that every moment was precious, said:

"Listen, darling, grandma is going now."

"Going where?"

Then, smiling sweetly, the dying woman exerted herself to say to the now wide-awake child:

"Don't you know, sweetheart, how many times I have told you that some day Jesus would call me, and now I am going to him."

"Is he calling you, grandma, truly?"

"Yes, truly, dearie; and listen now while grandma tells you one more secret."

Then the child, who saw no cause for weeping, put her ear to the lips which parted to say:

"Blessing, darling, think of me as only well and happy with Jesus, and—and comfort mamma."

A little later the end came, and desolate indeed seemed the home to the bereft daughter, who would not be comforted, in spite of the efforts of husband and child. Indeed, the presence of the latter seemed rather to add to her sorrow, for, as she said to the former:

"Blessing is old enough to know what a loss she has met with, but she seems happy all day long, and when her laugh rings out it strikes a chill to my heart; but I suppose it is because she is only a thoughtless child."

The one thus spoken of, however, had been so long the companion of the sainted grandma that she was the reverse of thoughtless, and showed more wisdom, in a way, than her mother, who, on "Grandma's Day," shut herself into her room and felt that she had nothing for which to be thankful.

So the home which had on other Thanksgiving days been shared with heart-hungry ones was closed to all but its inmates. Jane, who was still the maid, had done her utmost to prepare a tempting dinner, but her mistress refused to leave her room. Consequently, the head of the house and little Blessing partook of so lonely a meal that husband and father was cowardly enough to be glad of an excuse to leave the house when summoned to a sick patient; though before doing so he drew his child close to his bosom, saying:

"Grandma's Day is a sorry one this year, darling, but you must try to comfort mamma, for I have failed utterly."

Blessing watched her papa until he was lost to view, then she went to the now darkened room, for she had been so judiciously reared as to know not what it meant to be afraid, and taking the little rocker close by the large, vacant chair, she leaned her head on one arm and then said, in a plaintive tone:

"Papa can't comfort her, an' I can't, so I'll have to tell her your very last secret, grandma; I will, truly!"

Then, with a determined air, the womanly child left the room where she had hitherto always found a comforter, and opened her mother's door so softly that the weeping woman knew not of her presence until an arm stole about her neck.

Then, being like many another, somewhat selfish in her grief, the mother drew herself away, saying, in a rebuking tone:

"I told you I wanted to be quite alone to-day. I want neither you or papa, I—I want only mother!"

But the child clung to her all the closer, and when

Continued on page 1015

A Great Book on a Great Subject

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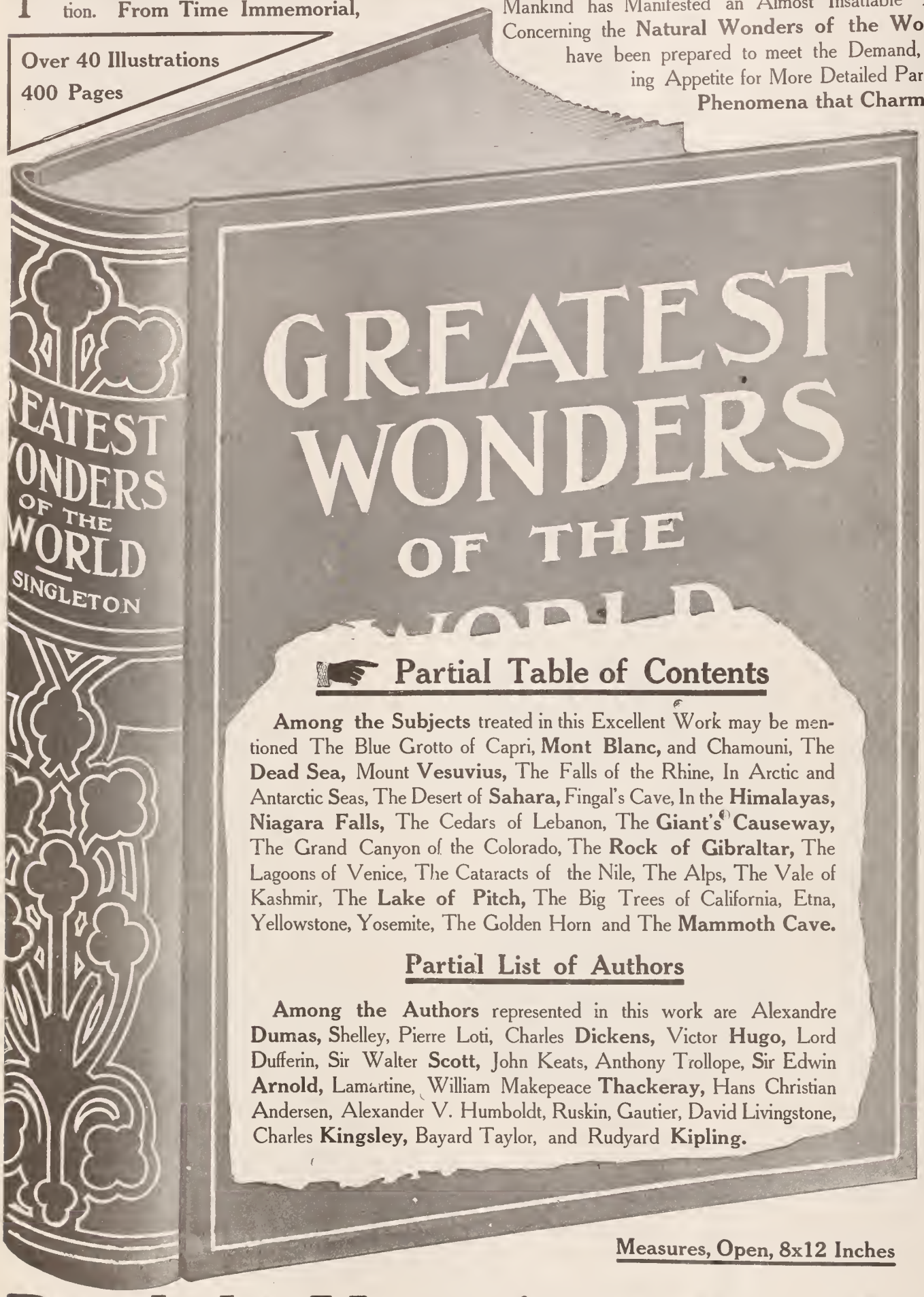

Partial Table of Contents

Among the Subjects treated in this Excellent Work may be mentioned The Blue Grotto of Capri, **Mont Blanc,** and Chamouni, The **Dead Sea,** Mount **Vesuvius,** The Falls of the Rhine, In Arctic and Antarctic Seas, The Desert of **Sahara,** Fingal's Cave, In the **Himalayas, Niagara Falls,** The Cedars of Lebanon, The **Giant's Causeway,** The Grand Canyon of the Colorado, The **Rock of Gibraltar,** The Lagoons of Venice, The Cataracts of the Nile, The Alps, The Vale of Kashmir, The **Lake of Pitch,** The Big Trees of California, Etna, Yellowstone, Yosemite, The Golden Horn and The **Mammoth Cave.**

Partial List of Authors

Among the Authors represented in this work are Alexandre **Dumas,** Shelley, Pierre Loti, Charles **Dickens,** Victor **Hugo,** Lord Dufferin, Sir Walter **Scott,** John Keats, Anthony Trollope, Sir Edwin **Arnold,** Lamartine, William Makepeace **Thackeray,** Hans Christian Andersen, Alexander V. Humboldt, Ruskin, Gautier, David Livingstone, Charles **Kingsley,** Bayard Taylor, and Rudyard **Kipling.**

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Author of "Greatest Wonders"

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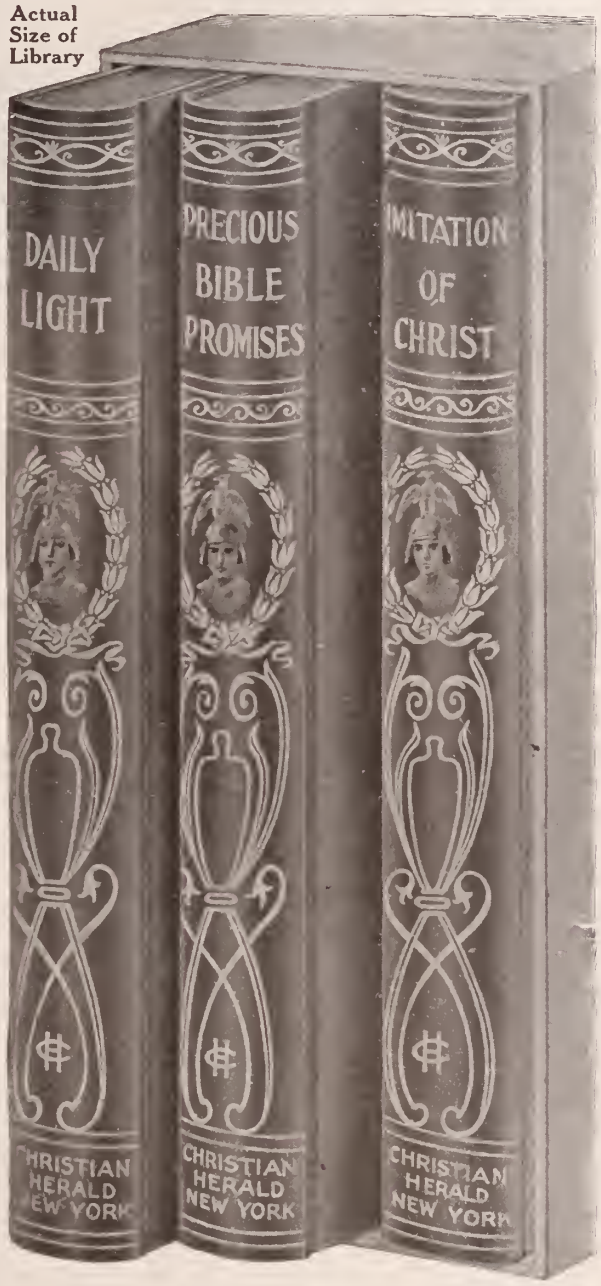

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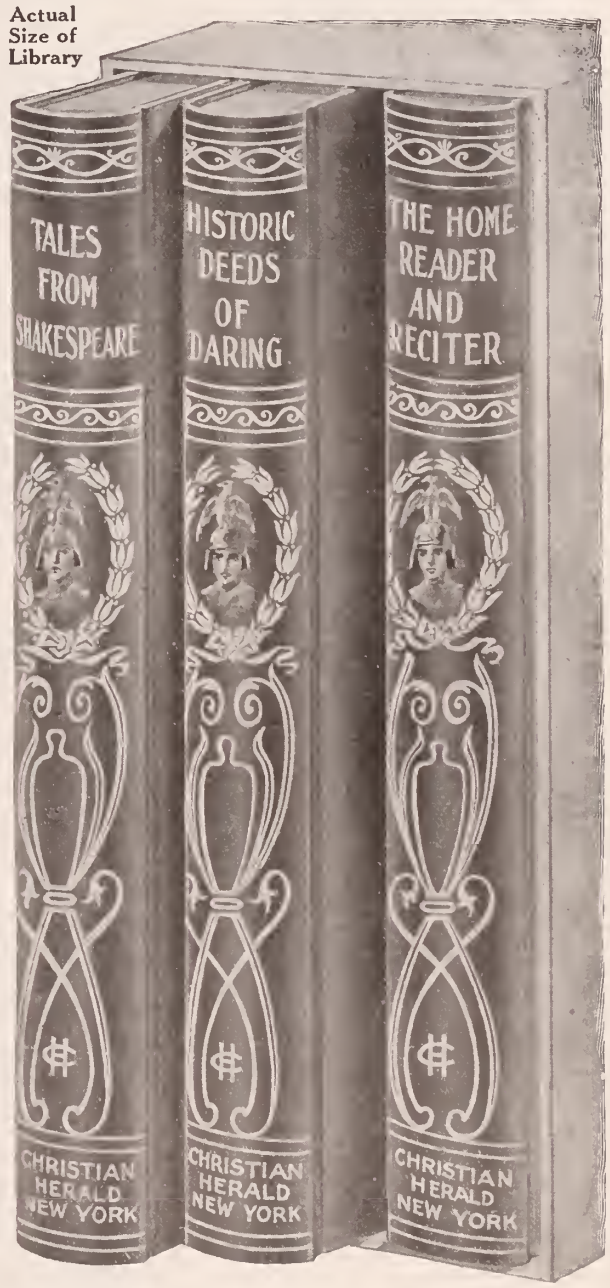

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THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE (for thirty years Leslie's Monthly) is now owned and edited by John S. Phillips, formerly of *McClure's Magazine*, and the following brilliant group of writers: Ida M. Tarbell, author of *The Standard Oil, Lincoln, Napoleon*, etc.; F. P. Dunne, humorist, philosopher and creator of *Mr. Dooley;* Ray Stannard Baker, author of many important magazine articles; William Allen White, the well-known Kansas editor and author of *Boyville Stories, In Our Town*, etc. Lincoln Steffens, well-known as an authoritative writer on political subjects.

From now on *The American Magazine* will be a *new* magazine, rich in entertaining fiction, humor, important timely articles and beautiful pictures.

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NO matter how many magazines you take, *Cosmopolitan* is the one you cannot afford to do without. Its subscribers of last year are subscribers this year—with their friends! They'll be subscribers next year—with their friends' friends! This, after all, is the real test of a magazine's merit—that its readers tell their friends about it. You can be sure that in 1907 one feature in each issue will be of such universal interest as to dominate the magazine world for that month. "The best—no matter what it costs"—the motto which makes *Cosmopolitan* resemble no other magazine but *Cosmopolitan.*

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HARPER'S BAZAR next year will fill an even broader, greater field than in the past. It will continue to be the magazine of the up-to-date woman who wishes to be abreast of, or a little ahead of the times. It will still be the court of final appeal in all questions of fashion, entertainment, household decoration, and good form. But it will be more than this. It will be "guide, philosopher and friend" to countless women. In its domestic departments, long famous, the *Bazar* will also widen its scope. Every reader will find something there for her; there will be elaborate menus and simpler menus, suggestions for the most novel, up-to-date luncheons and dinners, and for the plainest home repasts. The *Bazar* sets the fashion.

Little Folks

IS the best and brightest magazine ever published for children from three to twelve years old. It has a circulation many times larger than any other publication for small children ever had, because it is the best edited, best written, best illustrated and best printed.

Each issue is full of fine, bright new pictures, plain and colored, by the best artists who draw for children. Its stories, poems, jingles and nature stories are by the best writers for children, and are always vigorous, entertaining and strengthening.

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Pearson's Magazine

DESTRUCTIVE journalism has had its day. Fair-minded conservatism is now having its inning. Get *Pearson's* and see for yourself. Read its inspirational character stories of the constructive men of the country and its presentation of the gigantic movements of the times by James Creelman, Alfred Henry Lewis, David Graham Phillips, Robert Adamson and Livingston Wright.

Pearson's unique distinctiveness as the magazine of intense fiction and the creator of *Captain Kettle, Monsieur A. V.*, and *Don Q.*, will be strongly emphasized during 1907 The price of *Pearson's* is $1.50 a year, but by special arrangement CHRISTIAN HERALD subscribers can secure it upon the same terms as the dollar publications illustrated on this page.

Review of Reviews

THE more magazines there are the more necessary is the *Review of Reviews*, because it brings together the best that is in all the most important monthlies of the world. Such is the flood of periodical literature that nowadays people say the only way to keep up with it is to read the *Review of Reviews.*

Probably the most useful section of all is Dr. Albert Shaw's illustrated "Progress of the World," where public events and issues are authoritatively and lucidly explained in every issue. Many a subscriber writes: "This department alone is worth more than the price of the magazine." The unique cartoon department, depicting current history in caricature, is another favorite. The *Review of Reviews* covers five continents, and yet is American first and foremost.

Suburban Life

SUBURBAN LIFE is a delightfully gotten-up magazine of 52 pages or more, each page measuring 12x14 inches, and beautifully illustrated with often as many as 100 fine half-tone engravings. It is printed on coated paper, and presents one of the finest pieces of magazine making published anywhere. *Suburban Life* is considered by many as the most complete exponent of suburban living ever published. It is to-day the one essential publication for the man or woman who lives in our rapidly growing suburban districts. It is full of the spirit of country life, without falling into the too common error of becoming either an agricultural or horticultural publication.

Success Magazine

SUCCESS MAGAZINE aims to be "The Great Home Magazine of America," valuable almost equally to the father, the mother, and the older sons and daughters. While still retaining as a foundation the idea of Inspiration and Uplift, it has broadened into a far wider field, and deals with all the stirring, vital problems of human interest—the Work of the World. Its serial and short stories are the best work of the most brilliant writers of the day, and its Special Departments, covering The Home Life and the Person, make, perhaps, its greatest strength in the family circle—the reason for its million and a half readers.

Woman's Home Companion

HAS the largest subscription of any ten cent magazine—three million people read this magazine every month. Besides the helpful intimate things that women want to know, there are delightful stories and articles by Kate Douglas Wiggin, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Jack London and Mary E. Wilkins Freeman; inspiring editorials by Dr. Edward Everett Hale; Miss Gould's fashion pages, her dressmaking lesson and her shopping service; Miss Farmer's cooking department; the children's own pages; in all, Twelve Useful Departments—something for all the family, and for the woman—everything.

World To-Day (The)

THE only magazine of its class sold at a popular price. *The World To-Day* is a monthly world review, but is not made up of clippings of other publications. It obtains its information from original sources, and is reliable and up-to-date. Its contributors are the foremost men and women of the day. The reader will find in it recreation for the idle hour, and best of all—something worth while. Many illustrations are in colors. All other magazines of its class sell at $3.00. *The World To-Day* is but $1.50. Its remarkable quality and low price make it an exceptional bargain, and we recommend it strongly to our readers.

Each magazine may be sent to a different address

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HONORS FOR A MISSION HERO

A Summer Deerskin Tent

A Snow House in the Arctic

Eskimo Children

THERE has been added to the roll of one of the great Orders of chivalry a name that will stand well forward among those of the greatest that bear it company. It is the name of Dr. Wilfred N. Grenfell, the great missionary of Labrador, who has been made a companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, of Great Britain. The honor bestowed by King Edward is a worthy recognition of the services and self-sacrifice of a man who has carried the Gospel to the people of the bleak coasts that stretch to the frozen north for a thousand miles above the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and to the countless fishermen of the fleets of many countries that sail along the shores during the summer months.

Badge of the Order of St. Michael and St. George

The "most distingnished" Order of St. Michael and St. George was founded by the Prince Regent, afterward King George IV., in 1818, to commemorate the British protectorate over the Ionian Islands. After the protectorate was withdrawn, the Order was put on a new basis. It was extended, and provided for "such natural-born subjects of the crown of the United Kingdom as may have held or shall hold high and confidential offices within Her Majesty's colonial possessions, and in reward for services rendered to the crown in relation to the foreign affairs of the Empire."

The mission was established thirteen years ago, after Dr. Grenfell had examined the conditions surrounding the fishing fleets, and the coast country and its inhabitants. This preliminary survey was made at the request of Sir Francis Hopwood, who was greatly interested in spreading the work of missionaries among seafaring men. The mission was placed under the Royal National Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen, in which Queen Victoria took such a warm interest. That organization was founded in 1881, to carry Christian teaching to those men who spend the greater part of their lives miles from land, and who are exposed to countless temptations when they come to port. It has a well equipped fleet, several of the ships being arranged as floating hospitals. Sir Francis Hopwood wished to extend the society's work to those who were fishing off the northwest coast of the American continent. The initial cost of the enterprise was paid by Sir Francis.

In a report made by Dr. Grenfell to the British Society, he thus describes the field that he was to open, in great part, to Christian work.

There were some 30,000 fishermen, with women and children, scattered from five to six months every summer, along a barren, rocky shore, of over 1,000 miles. There were, besides, some three to four thousand settlers who

Dr. Wilfred N. Grenfell

follow trafficking in the winter months, and also some 2,000 Eskimo.

There were practically none of the amenities of civilization on the coast. Most of the people lived in mud bank houses. No sanitary precautions whatever were taken. Practically no medical help whatever was available, though their calling especially exposed them to perils of all kinds, and 900 cases of accident and disease treated on board in three months, showed the need of better provision.

Dr. Grenfell built a mission hospital on an island near the straits of Belle Isle, and a second one a hundred miles to the north. Each had its trained doctor and nurse. In that first year there were over two thousand cases treated. Shortly after, the Southern hospital, to be used the year round, was opened. While attending to the physical needs of the people, their spiritual wants are also looked after, the hospital being a great means of impressing the people with the brotherly love, and spirit of service of the Christian religion. Several thousand Eskimo have been more or less directly influenced by Dr. Grenfell and his faithful helpers.

When the work was in its infancy, a somewhat antiquated sailing vessel was the only means of coming out from England and visiting from island to island. The need of a better ship was made known, and through the assistance of a generous friend, the fine hospital steamer *Strathcona* was built, while a staunch schooner was purchased to bring supplies. The people, before the missions were established, were morose, and apparently hopeless about their condition. They led a hand-to-mouth existence, and seemed to feel that they were fortunate if they could get enough poor food to keep body and soul together. They had absolutely no amusements or games. Now the state of things is far different. Dr. Grenfell has established stores that have halved the price of necessities, food and clothing. Lumber mills were erected on government grants, to give employment to the men, and an embroidery industry started for the women. Cushions, caps and cases are made of deer and seal-skin, tastefully embroidered with silks furnished by the mission. Many have become cheerful and hopeful Christian converts.

The work is one of the most heroic in the history of missions. In its service, in the first twenty-two years of its existence, fourteen ships, with their crews, were wrecked in the fearful wintry gales that sweep the icy waters of the North Atlantic; but as brave men have gone brave men have taken their places, and the work goes on with increasing vigor and increasing results. One of the finest sketches of what Dr. Grenfell's mission is doing for the people of Labrador, is found in the founder's own story, "The Doctor's Night Vigil," that appeared recently in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

THE MASTERY OF THE AIR

SANTOS DUMONT, the daring young Brazilian aeronaut, whose recent successful experiments in aerial navigation have awakened public interest on two continents, speaks with more confidence and enthusiasm of the aeroplane than of any other method of aerostation yet attempted. He has styled it the popular airship of the future. The fable of Dædalus and Icarus, shows that this thought of navigating the upper realms was in the minds of the ancients, though we have no well authenticated records of any serious experiments of the kind until the time of Edward the Confessor, when an English monk, by the use of wide-spreading artificial wings, flew from a tower a furlong's distance. Another bold spirit launched himself from the steeple of St. Marks, at Venice, a third did the same from a tower at Nuremberg, and a fourth at Constantinople.

Next came the period of experimentation with hot air and hydrogen gas. First of these hot air experimenters were the brothers Montgolfier, who made successful demonstrations in 1783. The honor of the first ascension belongs to Francois de Rozier, who went up in a hot air balloon in 1783, and alighted safely when the air had cooled. In that year the first hydrogen gas balloon was tried, and a year later, James Wilcox, an American, made the first ascent ever attempted in this country. He was compelled to cut his balloon to save himself from drowning. After Wilcox, who was only a poor working carpenter, came a long line of professional aeronauts, including Blanchard, Lunardi, Nadar, Garnerin, Coxwell, Glaisher, Godard and a host of others, many of whom reached dizzy heights and braved many perils. Their experiments, and those of later demonstrators, have, as a whole, resulted in very little material progress.

Will the aeroplane bring us nearer to the solution of the great age-old problem of the mastery of the air? If man should succeed, by his extraordinary mechanical skill and ingenuity, in overcoming the laws of gravitation and in following the path of a bird in the air, he will have achieved a triumph indeed, beside which his other achievements must seem insignificant.

Mrs. Geo. Speidel

Mrs. Anna Windrem, Rec. Sec.

Mrs. B. S. Jennings, Treas.

Mrs. C. W. Gray

Mrs. Myra B. Enright

Miss Constante Field, Cor. Sec.

WOMEN AS MISSION WORKERS

THIS year's Convention of the Woman's Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, held at Lansing, Mich., was the thirteenth since its inception, and its success was another refutation of the old superstition that thirteen is a number that brings with it ill-fortune. A year of marked progress throughout the country, and plans for aggressive work for the next twelve months, was the report of the officers and the delegates from the numerous branches. The death of Miss E. Blanch Ruff, treasurer of the organization, has been deeply felt, and mention of her devotion to the cause was made by several speakers. Mrs. B. S. Jennings, of Michigan, was elected to fill the vacancy.

Mrs. George Speidel, of Washington, D. C., presided at the Convention, and her annual address, replete with suggestions for home missionary work, was of interest to all who have come to the realization that here in the home field are vast tracts of country without religious teachers, and with comparatively little religion.

"For our own Board," said Mrs. Speidel, at the opening session, "the first requisite is organization. We need auxiliaries, active, paying members, that we may have a regular income. Every church should have a missionary society. I have found everywhere this year churches ready for this work, and simply waiting for some one to lead and organize them. Indeed, I found one lady holding office in a Home Missionary Society in a church of another denomination, because she is interested in the work and her own Methodist Protestant Church has no such society.

"The real work of this Board cannot be done by any other church organization. Its work is foundational and evangelistic, and is accomplished by the uplifting and Christianization of the neglected women and children of our land through the mission school.

"One of the reasons for the existence of the Woman's Boards is, that they lay a foundation for Christian effort where the minister and Sunday School missionary often find it impossible to succeed. It has been found in the foreign field, that of all the agencies for establishing the Gospel the kindergarten and primary school are the most important factors. Conditions in the home land are similar, and it is the work with the boys and girls that must make our organization a power. With the mission school once established, the way is made easy and the church is but a natural result.

"Unfortunately, some of our people have a confused conception of the terms home and foreign missions. A mission is a message, a missionary a messenger, and every true Christian, by the very terms of his acceptance of the Gospel, must be a missionary. He must proclaim the Gospel message, which is the fundamental principle of Christianity. Perhaps we are very sluggish Christians, and our message doesn't extend beyond our own homes or neighborhood. Perhaps by supporting and reinforcing to the extent of our ability those who are anxious to be sent to foreign lands, and then by doing all we can in our home land, we prove that 'the light that shines farthest, shines brightest at home.'

"The work in the home land is exactly the same as that in the foreign, and only for the convenience of the workers has it been divided into these two classes.

"We have here the same suffering and degradation among the women and children of our alien peoples. The same hungry cry for the Gospel from ice-bound and pagan Alaska, where the religion of Christ has not kept pace with the greed for gold; from the 114,000 Orientals of our Pacific coast, most of whom are living in heathenism as abject as any in Asia; from the idolatrous Mexicans, in their ignorance and superstition; from the more than 300,000 Mormons, whose religion has placed upon woman the 'foulest blot that ever was injected into the religion of a civilized land'; from the 300,000 of our North American Indians, to whom we are debtors. We have taken from them their homes, their lands and their occupation. And what have we given them in return? The least we can do is to give them the larger blessings of Christian civilization in return for their wild freedom. The solving of our 'Indian problem' rests with the church of Christ.

. . .

"To come nearer home, we hear the same appeal from the thousands of mountaineers, dwellers of the isolated localities of the Appalachian ranges, who have been so pathetically neglected by the churches, and who respond so readily to the Gospel message. And we must not forget the 8,000,000 souls of the black belt of the South, who are surging to our very doors; nor from across the waters, Cuba and Porto Rico stretching out their hands for the simple Gospel of Christ.

"But perhaps the most imperative call is from the teeming millions of foreigners who are swarming to our shores in vastly increasing numbers each year, the language, religion and habits of a large majority of them being utterly antagonistic to our American ideals."

THE RELIGIOUS AWAKENING IN NASHVILLE

THE evangelistic campaign being conducted in Nashville, Tenn., has been marked by many striking incidents. The first man to rise on the first night of the campaign was one of the most prominent business men in the city. For ten years the pastor of a Presbyterian church and others had been working for his conversion, apparently without result, but scarcely had the first invitation passed my lips when he was on his feet and soon was walking down the aisle to the front, where he made a public profession of his acceptance of Jesus Christ. He went to work at once with great enthusiasm for the salvation of others. He has especially interested himself in one of the most desperate characters in the city, a liquor dealer, and, some say, a murderer. This man is now under deep conviction of sin, and many are praying for and expecting his conversion.

One of the most notorious women in the city, who has been the proprietress of a low den of infamy for thirty years, was among those who came forward on a Sunday evening. As she came to the front, a business man whispered to me, "If that woman really comes out, it will be a wonderful victory." Not long afterwards she was on her feet, proclaiming to everyone her acceptance of Jesus Christ. She afterwards told the worker that dealt with her individually, that she was never going back, even that night, to the house, but was going to have it closed the next day. One of the inmates of the house was converted at the same time. A former saloon-keeper in the city, but now in a more honorable business, and one of the city councillors, made a profession of religion some years ago, but has always doubted whether he really was forgiven, for he feared God could not forgive a man who had been in such a business as he had; but he heard me say one night, and prove from Scripture, that if any one would accept the Lord Jesus Christ as his personal Saviour, the moment he did it God would blot out all his past sins, and his record would be as white in God's sight as that of the purest saint in the room. It was a message straight from God to his heart. He believed it, and a few nights afterward came forward to make an absolute surrender of himself to God. The next day was the day of "Fasting and Prayer," and a minister from the ward where this man is alderman stood up and told the story of his surrender to God. When he had finished, a lady rose to her feet and said, "That man is my husband. I have been praying for him for nine years and God has heard my prayer. Last night we set up the family altar and we have a new home."

Rev. R. A. Torrey

A great work is going on in the schools and colleges of the city. Nashville is one of the largest educational centres in the South. They have here not only Vanderbilt University and the Nashville University, but also a large number of ladies' colleges, Belmont College, Boscobel, Buford, Radner and Ward Seminary. All of these schools and colleges have been reached by the meetings. An extensive revival is in progress in some of the schools. A good many of the students who are professing Christians, have received a new conception of the Christian life. The Christianity of Nashville has been largely affected by worldliness, and hundreds of men and women are making public profession of their renunciation of card-playing, dancing, theatre-going, and other worldly amusements.

The revival is breaking out in the homes as well as in the churches and schools. In the home of a prominent minister last Sunday, a son, who had been the occasion of great anxiety, accepted Christ, and the home is filled with rejoicing. In another home, the revival broke out with such power that they forgot dinner, rejoicing over a son's conversion.

In the Edgefield Baptist Church last Sunday morning, there were fifty persons who professed to accept Christ at the regular service. One of my helpers, Mr. Jacoby, spent the Sunday morning at the States Prison. The whole congregation was broken down with emotion, and something like three hundred persons raised their hands to say they wished to begin the Christian life, and some forty or fifty have been definitely dealt with and are known to give creditable evidence of conversion.

R. A. TORREY.

Alabama Storm Sufferers

The Swedish Colony, Silverhill, Ala., suffered severe damage during the recent destructive cyclone. The people are all pioneers in that section. Some crops, planted experimentally, have been practically failures, especially an early spring crop. Unusually persistent rains this summer spoiled three-fourths of the hay crop and over half of the cotton crop. Close upon these disasters came the severest storm that has swept the Gulf Coast country for one hundred and seventy years, the wind blowing eighty-eight miles an hour, as recorded at Pensacola, Fla. (only thirty miles from Silverhill).

The damage done to Alabama farmers has been very great. Many people are discouraged, and some are in actual distress. Timely help would enable them to rebuild houses, replace destroyed barns and purchase seed and fertilizers for the early spring crops. Rev. Karl Array, missionary at Silverhill, Ala., will answer any inquiries that may be addressed to him. He is chairman of the Local Relief Committee.

THE WORKING WOMAN'S DAY

By Margaret E. Sangster

AS distinguished from the professional and business woman and from the woman who undertakes some form of housekeeping as her occupation, there are many thousands of working women whose days begin and end with the factory bell. Of them I wish to speak, and also for them. Work is work. Factory work at its best is monotonous and laborious. It cannot be helped that it tires the muscles, wearies the back, and takes a good deal out of the nervous energy of the girls who earn their bread at the loom, or the bench, or in some one of the numerous varieties coming under the general head of factory work.

Very few articles of commerce in these days escape the hand of woman. She is employed in the making or packing, sealing or labelling of almost everything purchased by the public, for home or business use. The cake of soap, the bottle of perfumery, the gloves, the shoes, the garments, the shining lengths of satin and silk, the cotton and wool that are manufactured, the paper on which we write, the ink with which we write, the pens, the pencils, the fruits and vegetables, the pickles and preserves put up for table use, in fact, everything we can think of, from the feather and the flower on the lady's bonnet to the buttons on her boots, and so on in all departments, are somehow touched and shaped by woman.

Each operative in a factory does a single thing, and by doing that over and over learns to do it with the facility and precision of an automaton. The work ceases to be interesting and becomes drudgery, because it is done from morning till night without a pause, except at the noon hour, and amid the whirring of great wheels and the buzz of machinery going on and on without an instant's break. The noise, often the wretched ventilation, sometimes the presence in the air of fluff and dust constantly breathed into the lungs, and the tense attention, that, although automatic, is a mental strain, combine to make the day's work a weary drudgery.

Factory operatives are usually young, although there are women who, having begun their task in girlhood, hold it without much interruption until well past middle age. In a large printing establishment I have seen one or two women in the sixties, women with bent shoulders and white hair, who toiled side by side with young girls. I cannot say with young girls in their bloom, for factory work inevitably robs girlhood of the pure rose color and the brightness that are the portion of those who have plenty of outdoor air.

Great differences exist in factory conditions. There are employers and employers. In some circumstances where buildings are old and firms are narrow in their policy and careless of the welfare of their hands, conditions are very unfavorable to the health and long life of the latter. Old buildings, unhygienic, and provided with few conveniences for the well-being and comfort of women workers, are to be found in the mill towns of America as well as in many places in the Old World. Gradually, let it be noted, and also with comparative rapidity, a change for the better is in progress. As new buildings are erected they are equipped with everything that belongs to modern sanitation. Many factories now provide lavatories with every needed equipment, rest rooms, where their feminine employees may take their ease at the noon hour, and pleasant lunch rooms, where they may eat what they bring from home, or buy at a small price well-cooked food and hot tea and coffee. Occasionally, too, a factory is found in which great care is taken of young women, where their evenings are considered, and after the manner familiar in settlement work, classes are formed in different branches, lectures, concerts and entertainments are often given, and the improvement of the workers is a matter of prime consideration. All honor should be accorded to wise, far-seeing and sagacious employers who thus discriminate in favor of the intellectual and spiritual advancement of the young women whom they employ.

The Young Woman's Christian Association, in its large and increasing factory extension work, is exerting quiety, but with energy and ardor, an excellent influence upon factory conditions. Not only does the Association, established in any town or city, do what it can for young women in business, whatever the grade of their work or social station, but the visiting secretaries co-operate with the residents in a work of expansion and amelioration. The visiting secretary, a woman of tact, intelligence and winning gentleness, approaches, by appointment, mill-owners and superintendents. She is careful to invade no office without the consent and invitation of those to whom it belongs. She has studied her problems, and knows whereof she speaks. Sometimes all that she gains is merely the entering wedge of permission to hold a meeting for fifteen minutes at noon within the precincts of the mill. Often she is treated with distinguished consideration, and the result of her efforts is apparent in the added provisions for the comfort and health of the women employed. The hours spent in factory labor are necessarily long. The rate of payment varies according to the skill of the individual worker. Those who are paid on "piece work," often make more money than those who work by the day.

"Father at One End, Mother at the Other"

HOW well I remember that old Thanksgiving dinner! Father at one end, mother at the other end, the children between, wondering if father will ever get done carving the turkey. O, that proud, strutting hero of the barn-yard, upside down, his plumes gone and minus his gobble! Stuffed with that which he can never digest. The brown surface waited for the knife to plunge astride the breast-bone, and with knife sharpened on the jambs of the fire-place, lay bare the folds of white meat. Give to the one disposed to be sentimental, the heart. Give to the one disposed to music, the drumstick. Give to the one disposed to theological discussion, the "parson's nose." Then the pies! For the most part a lost art. What mince pies! In which you had all confidence, fashioned from all rich ingredients, instead of miscellaneous leavings which are only short of glorified hash! Not mince pies with profound mysteries of origin! But mother made them, sweetened them, flavored them, and laid the lower crust and the upper crust, with here and there a puncture by the fork to let you look through the light and flaky surface into the substance beneath.

T. DEWITT TALMAGE.

No greater mistake can be made than to underrate the average intelligence and common sense of factory workers. In New England, especially, they are well grounded by the public schools in the elements of education, and they are interested in all that goes on in the world beyond the limits of the factory bell. In some of the mill towns of the South, as yet, the women operatives have had a poorer equipment in the common schools. It has been found by those who spend their lives in direct efforts for their benefit, that some of these young girls have a slender outfit of intelligence, and are slow to assimilate what is taught them. The stigma of child-labor that rests so shamefully on this free land of ours, has done more to depress and oppress the mill operatives in many places than slavery ever did to crush the negro. Listless, ænemic, dull-witted girls, worn out with hard days' work, ill-fed and pallid, do not even know how to play, and can be amused only by games suited to the kindergarten of a more fortunate class. All this must be altered and improved as time goes on. For the good of the whole country we cannot suffer any number of its young women to remain permanently under conditions that tend to their mental and physical impoverishment.

Large Families Versus Small

When the babies are coming in quick succession, and the children are a merry troup in the nursery and the schoolroom, it is not uncommon to hear pitying comments made on the expense borne by the father and the burdens laid upon the mother, owing to the size of the family. The parents themselves seldom share this opinion, and frequently tell you, if you inquire, that the cost of raising a half-dozen children is not so formidable as might be supposed, while the mother would be sorely puzzled to know which of her darlings she could spare. In the large family, the children early learn important lessons that help them later on in the outside world. One child resigns a plaything or shares a dainty that another may have a pleasure. The older assist in the care of the younger, and the younger in a well-ordered household are not permitted to invade the rights of older brothers and sisters. Granting that father and mother have been careful and wise in starting the elder children, forming in them habits of obedience and truth, there is very little probability that much discipline will be needed in the training of the younger children. They imitate those who preceded them, and take it as a matter of course that they are to do as they are told and mind the Golden Rule. In a large family there is plenty of fireside fun. The single child in a home receives too much anxious attention, and is, in consequence, in peril of becoming self-centred and heedless of the rights of others. Blessings on the little mother whose children cluster about her in close companionship, and whose brood crowds the nest.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—ELLA. I know no remedy that will permanently remove the disfigurement of which you speak. Consult a specialist on the hair and skin.

—MOTHER. No better book is in print for your guidance than *Gentle Measures in the Training of the Young*, written by Jacob Abbot. The book is still published, and any bookseller will get it for you.

—LOUISE. A girl of fifteen wears her dresses either ankle or instep length—the latter for dress occasions only—and usually has her hair braided and tied with ribbons. She will have plenty of time to dress as grown people do.

THE TRUE CROSS

*INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON, BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS**

JESUS was nailed to the Cross at nine o'clock, the usual hour for sacrificing the Passover lamb. In his dying sorrow we behold the Lamb of God that beareth away (as our scapegoat) the sin of the world. "The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." Queen Helena sought the true cross, meaning the cross of wood, on which Christ died, and claimed to have found it. We, too, seek the true cross, and find it not in the wood, nor in the physical agony of which so much is made in Roman Catholic churches, with their fourteen "Stations of the Cross," nor even in the mental agony of Gethsemane and Calvary. The whole of Christ's life was a crucifixion.

The Discord of Life

Let us imagine a perfect musician living for years in a constant Babel of discords, and it will give us but a slight hint of what His perfect purity must have suffered from thirty-three years of contact with human selfishness and sin. But even when we have extended the Via Dolorosa from Calvary, back to Bethlehem, we have not found its beginning. Its milestones are the blood-stained altars of the temple, the tabernacle, which lead us back to Abel's altar, where, in purpose and prophecy, Christ was "slain from the foundation of the world." Calvary was no sudden catastrophe, where one of noble purpose met unexpected defeat. It was the "decease he was to accomplish," the atonement he was to "finish," the hour for which he came into the world. He saw the Cross as his goal, and might have avoided it, but would not, because he saw that by his dying, millions were to be enabled to truly live.

The Body Deserted

Let no one be frightened by that theological bugbear: "How could God die on the Cross?" If we were pagans, thinking of death as a destruction of being, we might well tremble at such a question, but since we know that death is only the separation of body and spirit, the latter leaving the former, as one abandons an old house for a new residence, there is surely no incongruity in the doctrine that the God who is a Spirit, having dwelt in the human body of Christ for thirty-three years, departed from it as it hung on the Cross. As you left your home for a summer trip to the hills, and have now returned to it, finding it perhaps repaired and beautified, so the Divine Spirit left the body of Jesus for a part of three days, and then re-entered it, glorified by his resurrection, and still more glorified and spiritualized, as it rose at last into Heaven.

When the Apostle Paul preached to the Athenians, he declared unto them the "unknown God," and the converts were few, not more than three or four; but when he preached to the Corinthians, he began with the Cross, and the result was the largest of all his churches. Brainerd, the celebrated missionary to the Indians, when he first went among the redmen, tried to give them an idea of the Great Spirit, by an attempt to define his greatness. At this the untutored children of the forest only laughed. But when he came to tell them of his Son, who so loved the world that he came down to earth and dwelt with sinful men; of his going about doing good, of his love, his goodness, and mercy; of the world's rejection of him and his crucifixion, then their hearts were softened and they were moved to tears.

An Indian's Symbol

An Indian, when asked what the Lord had done for him, gathered some dry leaves into a circle, and placing a worm in the centre, set them on fire. As the flames drew nearer on every side, and were about to consume the worm, he lifted it out, and, placing it safely on a rock, looked up and said, "This is what Jesus did for me."

A few years ago, John Ruskin attempted to save the poor of England from their woes by proposing to give $10,000 toward founding a model community, on a philosophic plan, which he explained at length in his book called *Fors Clavigera*, a book for workingmen, with a Latin title and a philosophical argument, by which he was able to persuade only three or four of the suffering toilers of Great Britain to accept his philosophical salvation. It is a mistake to present the intellectual side of religion to the reason as its forefront and centre, instead of beginning with Christ crucified to capture the heart.

All this for Thee—Zinzendorf owed much of his religious fervor to the casual sight of a picture of the crucifixion, with this inscription at the bottom: "All this for thee, how much for Me?"

A Peace-Giving Hymn

Said a pastor, "I was detained after prayer-meeting with a few others, to converse and pray with a young woman who was under deep conviction, and who refused to go away from the place of prayer until she had found Jesus. It seemed to be all in vain that I prayed with her and talked with her, explaining the atonement, quoting the simplest and strongest promises of the Gospel, and urging her to an immediate and simple faith. At last, because, as it seemed, I could do nothing else, I began to sing that little hymn, the last verse of which goes:

Oh! bear my longing heart to Him
Who bled and died for me.
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,
And gives me victory.

During the singing of the last stanza, our friend had lifted her weeping face toward mine, and was looking intently and eagerly at me, as though she would fain drink in the words and power of the song. And now in the hush that was upon us, she said, in a whisper, 'Please sing that last verse again.' And again we sang it, softly and tenderly. As the words and melody died away, the expression of her face changed; the darkness was overpast, and the light and gladness of His peace had come in the place of it. With a cry of joy she turned, exclaiming, 'I am saved! I am saved! Oh! blessed Jesus.'"

The Cross in Architecture

It is not strange that the Cross should become one of the best loved objects in the world and be worn on the persons of Christians, made in all materials from wood to precious gems. True, some of them are content with wearing it as an ornament, forgetting the duty that Christ enjoined when he bade his followers take up their cross and follow him. Throughout Christendom the Cross is found in architecture, forming the basis of plans for great cathedrals, and is placed upon towers and steeples.

"Don't talk to young children about the Cross," said an unwise Sunday School teacher. A child, four years old, brought up under such a régime, was presented with an olive-wood cross. "What is it?" asked the child." "Don't you know?" asked the surprised donor. "What do you think?" "It looks some like an anchor," was the reply. And the child answered better than he knew, for the cross is the true anchor of the soul.

Memorial of Salvation

The Israelites were told by Joshua to take twelve stones out of the River Jordan, where the priests had stood with the Ark while the people were passing over on the dry path, so that when the children should ask, "What mean ye by these stones?" they should be told the whole story of God's wonderful deliverance of their fathers from the Egyptians. "What mean these crosses?" ask the children of our own land, and other lands, and we must tell them the whole story of a Saviour's dying love. A mother was one day telling her young daughter the story of Jesus dying on the Cross, the child sobbed so hard the mother said, "It is so sad. I will tell the rest of it to you another time." "Oh no," replied the child, "I must hear it all; if he could suffer so, it must not be too hard for me to hear."

I said one day: "Alice, what will God do when you die, and are called upon to stand before the judgment-seat of God to answer for all the sins done here upon earth?" Her face glowed with emotion as she answered: "Christ died for sinners; I will hide behind him. God will not look at me; he will look at Christ."

"Jesus saith, I thirst. So they put a sponge full of vinegar upon a reed and gave him to drink"

*International Sunday School Lesson for Dec. 9. Jesus on the Cross. Luke 23: 33-46. GOLDEN TEXT: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." Luke 23: 34.

THE BLACK SHEEP

A THANKSGIVING STORY

By Margaret E. Sangster

THE minister's study was the only room in the little country parsonage in which there was the slightest appearance of luxury. When one entered it, the first impression was of great comfort and even elegance. The rest of the house was exceedingly bare and plain; oil-cloth, so worn that the original pattern could not be discerned, covered the short passage between the hall-door and the room at the back, in which the cooking and the rest of the housework was done, where, also, for thirty-five years, the family had eaten their meals. This room, too, had always served the mistress of the parsonage as her parlor. The term living-room, now generally adopted, was unheard of at the time of this story in Shenandoah County; but a living-room in the true sense, this long, sunny kitchen, always bright and shining, had been to the minister, his wife and children, and it was the place where, ordinarily, Mrs. Champney received her guests. Upstairs was the mother's room, with its old-fashioned four-poster and feather bed, its rag carpet and cane-seated rockers. Here the children had sought their mother in every circumstance of their lives, and here they had been taught their catechism, had studied their Sunday School lessons, and had done their home work, in the happy days when a mother's kiss could charm away every sorrow, and a mother's counsel shed light on every perplexity. Over the study there was another large room, in which were three beds side by side, empty in these days. And still above, in a large garret chamber, there were other beds, for the minister's family had been a large one.

On a second glance, it was easy to see that the reason why the study bore a look of affluent comfort was not in its furnishings, but in the large number of books that crowded the simple pine shelves. The table of pine was covered with books and papers, and the chintz-cushioned chair, where the minister was accustomed to sit when reading and writing, was a cheap affair, such as may be seen at any time in a country store. Books, beyond other articles, lift their owners into the realms of aristocracy, and John Champney, although he might wear threadbare clothes, and go, year in and year out, in a coat that had seen better days, had never been too poor to buy books. He owed more than he suspected to his wife's good management, and the economy she had always exercised in the matter of the table. Her life had been full of privation and hard work, but never once had she been heard to utter a complaint, except on the bitter day when her husband had sternly forbidden their first-born son to darken the parsonage door again. Then, from her pale lips there had broken a strange, inarticulate cry, and she had not been the same woman from that hour. She had grown older, and a hard, frozen look had replaced the former unruffled sweetness of her face.

Of the seven children of the parsonage, four were married, and living in homes of their own, a few miles from the village where they had grown up. Two were in heaven. They had passed away in the same week, and the loss had seemed to the parents unspeakable. Yet, as it must ever be when dear ones are taken home to God, consolation had followed in the wake of the grief. The oldest son, Will, had been, from early days, unselfish and manly. As a small boy, he had loved to help his mother in every possible way. He had taken to learning as a duck to water, and had been the pride of his father's heart when, at sixteen, with the preparation the scholarly father had given him, he had passed his entrance examinations for the university. To reach that place of higher learning the boy had cheerfully tramped a hundred miles, and had sturdily paid a great share of his expenses while there by whatever work a good brain and stout hands could find. He had been graduated with honors, and had returned home to disappoint his father for the first time in his life.

"Of course, Will," the father had said, "you will enter the seminary in the autumn. You are ready, I hope, to study theology and to follow in my footsteps."

Will had been silent. Once or twice he passed by with an evasive answer, or without response, his father's appeal in this direction, finding plenty to do in the garden or going out for a long walk with a friend in the neighborhood, a girl whom he had known since both went to sit on the benches of the little red schoolhouse around the corner of the road.

Cecilia Thorpe was his confidante and comrade, and although they had never spoken of love, both understood that each was the only one in the whole world for the other. She knew what Will's father and mother did not, that he had decided that the Christian ministry was not for him. Partly because he wanted to earn money and get into business for that purpose, and partly because he had ceased to accept the entire creed, which was to his father as sacred as the throne of God.

"Send for him yourself, father," said the wife

A day came when affairs reached a crisis. The issue was squarely made. John Champney asked his son out and out to tell him what he meant to do. Will, facing his father with eyes as deep and blue as his own, with a resolute mouth and a chin that denoted indomitable strength, he declared, quietly, that in the fall he would leave home to take a position as shipping-clerk in a wholesale house in the North, that his arrangements were already made, and that he hoped before many years to give his mother a life of greater ease than she had ever known. "You have lived," he said to his father, "in an atmosphere of poverty. You have not had the opportunities you should, and you have been hidden away in a recess of the mountains, from the men who ought to have been abreast with you and you with them. You have been the shepherd of a few sheep in the wilderness, faithful and devoted, but someone else could have done your work here, and you should have had a wider sphere. The day will come, and it may not be far distant, when your parish will be tired of you and want a younger man. That man shall never be myself. I have no wish for, I have felt no call to the ministry, I am not worthy of it. I shall be, I hope and trust, a Christian layman, but I may as well tell you, father, that I do not read the Bible in the literal way you do, that I am interested in what is called the higher criticism, and that in some important matters I differ altogether from your views."

This was the first of several conversations. John Champney usually lost his temper in argument, and finally it seemed as if he could not look at Will without anger and horror. It was not long before his wrath blazed into denunciation, and saying, "I never thought to have a black sheep in my fold," he drove Will from home. Will packed his little trunk, embraced his mother, went the round of his brothers and sisters to say good-by, and started on his new career. In six years his father had not mentioned his name, although he knew that Mrs. Champney heard from her boy several times a month. He gathered, but he made no sign, that often the letters contained more than messages of love, for the mother ceased to do all the housework herself, and in many little ways it was evident that she did not have to exercise the rigid care she once had about daily expenditure. The minister's small salary was now sufficient for much that it had not been in earlier days, and there was money in the savings' bank laid by for old age, a consummation for which Mrs. Champney had always longed.

Thanksgiving Day was coming, and the children and grandchildren were to assemble around the family table. Only Will would be absent. For six years his place had been vacant. His mother, feeling that the time was growing shorter for parents and children to see one another, had written, urging him to return, notwithstanding his father's prohibition. He had replied, and she had just received a very long letter full of affection. He told her something that was no surprise. "I am coming back to the valley before long to carry away a bride. Cecilia has waited for me and we are to be married. It would be a joy if my father were the one to perform the ceremony, and if it could be on Thanksgiving Day. God has greatly prospered me, and I love him with a childlike love. I love my father, too, and I understand him better than I did, but to him I am still a black sheep, and I will not cross his door until he asks me to return."

The mother knew that no pleadings of hers would shake her husband's iron resolution. Only God could melt that rock. Her daughters and her other sons had tried in vain to change their father's decision. They would all be at Will's wedding. Will would stay at his eldest sister's house when he came home to the old neighborhood. He would probably walk into church with Cecilia and sit beside her, but his father would not notice him. The only thing Mrs. Champney could do was to carry the whole matter to God and seek from him a miracle. She spent hours in her own chamber wrestling with God. She had often prayed, but never as she prayed now. When she emerged from that season of communion the look of sadness had vanished from her face. It shone as if heaven itself had transfigured it, and as if no sorrow had ever cast upon it a deep obscurity. She went straight to the study. "John," she said, "I have been your faithful wife five and thirty years. I have never left your side. Thanksgiving Day is coming and our Will is on his way to this village to be married to Cecilia Thorpe. Very likely you have heard this. I tell you now that I have been praying that God would change your heart from its coldness and wickedness. I am telling you the truth. You have been harsh and unjust, not because you honored God, but because you were vain and proud and wanted your own way. We have lost six years that might have been happy. In these years I have been wretched, and you have known it. Now God has shown me that our boy must come home, and I ask you, my husband, to write to him at once and tell him that he will be welcome here in his old place. Do it now."

The Rev. John Champney had been accustomed to rule, but not to obey. He looked at his gentle wife in amazement. Her eyes shone, her cheeks were bright with a rosy flush, she looked more like the girl he had wooed and won than like the quiet companion of toiling years.

"Do it now," she repeated, and he took up his pen. Then he hesitated. "Write yourself, Louise," he said. "Say whatever you please. Tell the boy his father is sorry and has wanted him to come back for months, but did not know how to retreat from a false position."

"No, John," said the wife, "you called our boy a black sheep, and he did not deserve that stigma. Send for him yourself."

"I won't write," said John, obstinately. "Don't look so disappointed, dear. I'll step out to the office and send Will a telegram." And so he did.

And thus it came to pass that the Thanksgiving in the parsonage was a radiant festival. The whole family were gathered again, children and grandchildren, without a missing face in the group around the dinner table. In the evening there was a beautiful wedding in the Thorpe household, where Will and Cecilia were married and Will's father uttered the sacred words that pledged the two to life-long fealty.

* * *

Need it be added that the parsonage will not long remain so bare and plain as it has hitherto been, and that should the day come when the pastor shall wish to retire, he will not need to join the ranks of superannuated clergymen.

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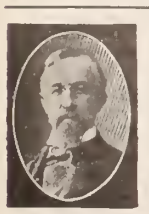

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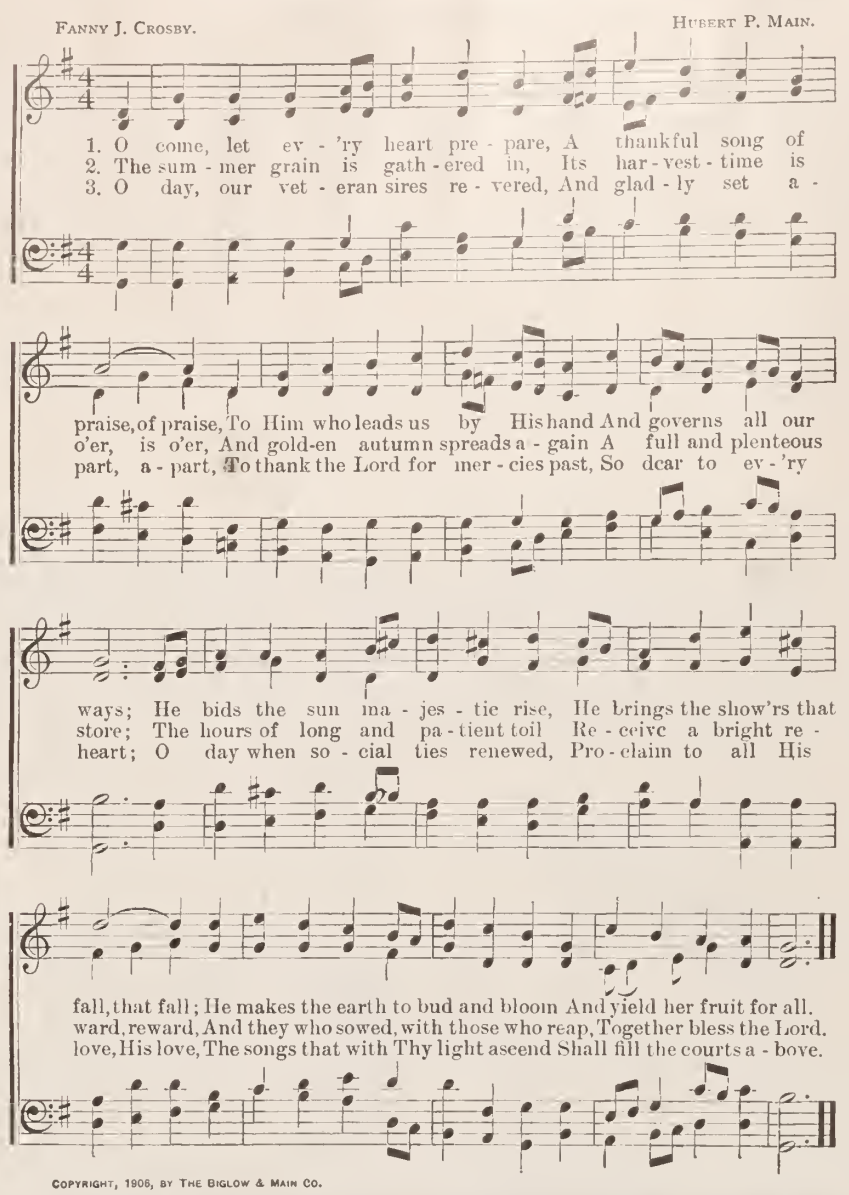

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Answered Prayers

M. E., California. "I want to tell you I believe He hears and answers prayer, for which I am thankful."

A Praying Mother, Nebraska. "God has indeed answered my prayer for the protection of a loved one. I rejoice in his great mercy."

A Friend, Kentucky. "I have derived much help from your prayer column, and am now praying in faith for a dear one, that he may come to God."

A Reader, Pennsylvania. "Though many times I have prayed for things that seemed impossible, in a short time the blessing has come. O, that all would trust Him."

M. E. F., New York. "I am a true believer in prayer. God has been good to me and never withholds his answer; he is true to his promises, and he will hear all who trust and call upon him."

Mrs. A. M. S., Pennsylvania. "I testify to the power of prayer. I need more faith, and appeal to the hearts of other mothers whose eyes this reaches, to pray with me for a loved one's spiritual welfare."

K. H. J., Iowa. "I have been strengthened by reading the 'Answered Prayer' column, and wish to add my testimony, knowing God does hear and answer prayer when other help fails. He is ready to help, and I trust him fully."

R., Pennsylvania. "I wish to acknowledge God's infinite goodness to me. Seldom when I pray as I should, does God refuse my petition, and if he does, he shows me in some way how much better it was for me not to have my desire."

N. V., New York. "In answer to my prayer, God has delivered me from the morphine habit, contracted during a severe illness. Believing that he will not turn any away that come to him in faith, I now pray for the salvation of my husband and children."

Reader, North Carolina. "Your column is a source of comfort to me. I turn to it first, and gratefully acknowledge God's goodness and mercy in answering prayers for me when in great trouble. I am now in sorrow, but am trusting in God for deliverance."

A Reader in Virginia. "It helps to know what God's children are asking and receiving of the Father. Some years ago I lost a much loved friend through a trivial misunderstanding. I needed the counsel of such a friend, for I was all alone in the world. I prayed earnestly for a reconciliation, and the answer came. God sent me another friend, so satisfying that I can but cry out, 'He knows best.'"

Mrs. J. M. A., Indiana. "I think God answers all prayers and I thank him for it. Sometimes he answers in the negative, because he knows what is best for us — but whether it is 'No' or 'Yes,' it is an answer."

M. E. G., Connecticut. "When I had no one on earth to help me, my Heavenly Father delivered me when in great trouble. I hope others may take courage and trust Him from my testimony, for He is strong and able to save in time of need."

J. L. S., New Jersey. "I wish to add my testimony to those whom the Lord has helped. Since a recent great trial, in which he marvelously sustained me, he has seemed nearer than before. When my troubles and perplexities are heaviest, he helps me most constantly."

A. E. R., Connecticut. "I am often greatly encouraged and have my faith strengthened by reading the record of answered prayers in The Christian Herald. I acknowledge his great kindness to me in answering my prayers. Only to-day, in answer to my prayer, he has removed a great burden of anxiety from my mind and I thank him for it in this way."

S. M. Y., Ohio. "It has always been a pleasure to me to read the 'Answered Prayer' column, and when some anxious mother has asked for the prayers of the readers of The Christian Herald for some wayward son, I never failed to breath a prayer on her behalf. Now, I also wish to acknowledge that all my life God has been answering my daily prayers, and I rejoice in his love."

Answers to prayer are acknowledged by Reader, Novia Scotia; F. J. A., British Columbia; M. C. L., Ohio; Reader, Ohio; M. S., Michigan; Reader, Wisconsin; Reader, Illinois; F. C. R., New York; M. A., California; Hayes Centre, Nebraska; Subscriber, New York; Believer, Illinois; Mrs. L. L. W., Iowa; Old Subscriber, Canada; Mrs. M. A. M., Kentucky; M. A., Indiana; L. B. H., Massachusetts; Mrs. H. W. B., Pennsylvania; S. B., New Jersey; M. S. Illinois; H. A. R., New York; L. A. H., Texas; Earnest Believer, Tennessee; M. E. M., Georgia; Reader, Virginia; Mrs. S. S., Connecticut; L. E. L., Massachusetts; Mrs. M. J. S., Canada; Amy, Washington; C. B. S., Massachusetts; Mrs. N. E. S., New York; C. E. M., New York; A Reader, Pennsylvania; A Friend, Ohio; B. D. J., New York; Miss H. K., Iowa; A Reader, Illinois; L. E. B., New York; S. D., Ohio; J. F. Illinois; Subscriber, Virginia; Mrs. C. A. M., Illinois; A Reader, Georgia; F. C. M., Indiana; M. L. R., Ohio, Mrs. T. B., Virginia; M. M., New Jersey; Mrs. C. L. H., Louisiana; Mrs. A. J., Oregon.

A Thanksgiving

GIVE thanks unto the Lord, for he
Has bountifully dealt with thee.
Whate'er this life's short years may bring,
With thankful love his praises sing.
Though suffering has been thy lot,
With darkness and with anguish fraught,
The very depths of thy distress
Revealed his untold tenderness.
Trial, bereavement, helplessness,
Taught thee how he could help and bless;
And every sorrow did but prove,
The might of his unchanging love.

When human aid was sought in vain,
And thou wast worn and racked with pain,
And all thy prayer was but to be,
Made like to Him who died for thee,
His presence filled thy darkened room,
And shed a radiance thro' its gloom—
A glad and blessed light for thee,
Far brightening through Eternity.
Think how He taught thee in that light,
Tenderly taught thee day and night,
Illumining what was dark to thee,
Explaining what was mystery,
Revealing what no tongue can teach
In the weak words of human speech.
Through the slow hour's lone silentness
Blessing as only He can bless,
Till grief and loss seemed joy and gain,
And thou could'st thank Him for the pain
That bade thee cling to Him alone,
And made his claiming love thine own.

O'ershadowed by that love to-day,
That wondrous love, the same for aye,
Give thanks unto the Lord, for he,
Has bountifully dealt with thee.

BESSIE P. RANDALL.

Strange Idea of Filial Piety

THE Rev. G. H. Malone, missionary at Nan-King, China, writes: "The inclosed photograph represents a mat-shed not larger than eight feet by ten feet, inside of which is a coffin, containing the body of an old woman who died about a year ago. The only son of this woman has vowed to live in this shed for three years, without leaving it night or day. Here he burns incense, worships her 'seven spirits and three souls,' and thus proves his filial piety.

"When I visited this place, he had been in the hut nine months. I inquired

The Hut of Filial Penance

about him, and I was told that not only would he remain within the hut two years more, but that he must not even wash his face, nor change his clothes, or comb his hair for that length of time. When I saw him (on a warm summer day), he was in filthy padded garments. He was sitting on the ground, about two feet inside of the door. I tried to get him to come to the door, but he only made signs that he could not. He would not speak to me. Some of the people standing by said that after the three years are ended, his name will be sent to Pekin, and the emperor will have a memorial erected in his honor. Judging from his looks, I fear he will never live to see the memorial erected."

Just an Old Black Saint

A LITTLE west of the college at Adrian, Mich., in a small, one-story cottage, shaded by trees and vines in front, lives Mrs. Lilly Johnson, familiarly called by neighbors and students, "Aunt Lilly." She is one of that rapidly decreasing class of colored people among us, whose days number back.

When weary, sad, and slow,
From the fields at night they go,
Faint with toil and racked with pain,
To their cheerless homes again.

"Aunt Lilly" is an interesting character. Nature equipped her with an almost massive body and a strong face, very expressive of the mental attitudes. Her genial good will and a sense of refinement that seems native to her are qualities that would do credit to many persons who have had the advantages of education and culture. She was born a slave on the Colonel Jones' farm, fifteen miles from Charlottesville, Va., and before five years old was taken, tied to a horse, twelve miles away, to live with her new mistress, Mrs. Tom Gayson, a daughter of Colonel Jones.

On growing older, she went with the rest of the colored people to church on Sundays. They were accustomed to go ahead of the white folks, and sit on one side of the church with a partition between. On Sunday afternoon some of them would go to the woods, and clearing off a space, would reproduce in mimicry the white folks' church service. After "Aunt Lilly" was converted, she was ashamed of ever having taken part in such a performance.

She did not become a Christian until after she had been married and had become the mother of several children. She had lost several children, and this set her to thinking. Something told her she ought to do better, and in her shanty alone, she was converted. "I was prayin', and I seemed to be all choked up," she says, "when sumthin' seemed to drop. Then a hand seemed to come down to me, a hand as white as the driven snow, but it didn't tech me. And then light came into my soul, and everything was light and looked so different, and then I knowed my sins was rolled away."

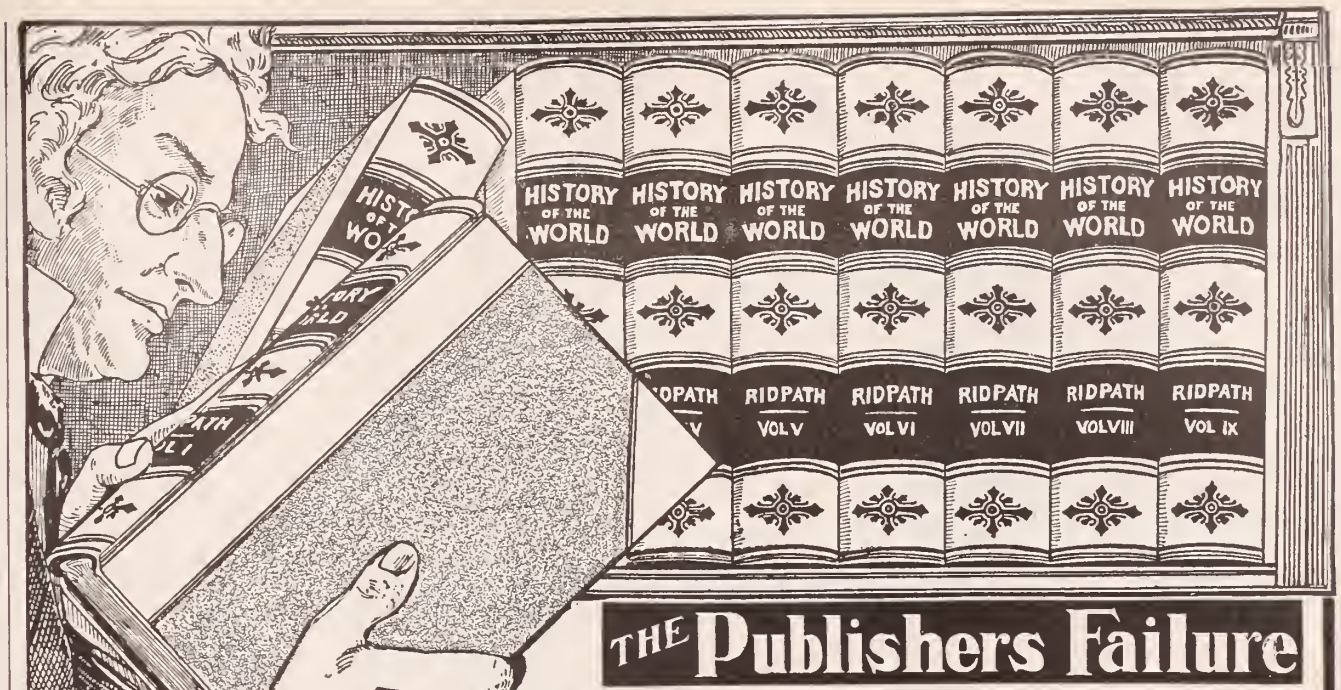
Sometime afterward she joined the Baptist Church, of which communion she has continued to be a faithful member. She believes, however, that all the churches ought to come together. On being asked concerning her idea of God, she replied: "God is a spirit. We can't see God only wid de spiritual eye. He am nearer to us than anybody else. I feel dat He am near all de time. I know dat He answers prayer." In regard to heaven she said: "You've got to be as upright as you know how, to get to heaven. We only get to heaven by earnest prayer. Heaven is a peaceful place to rest in forever, where I expect to meet my friends, my good old father, my little children and Jesus."

This old black saint of some seventy years, now feeble and suffering, sits in her chair with a kerchief turban on her head as in early days, her ebony face radiant with hope and goodness, waiting for the Master to come and take her home.

Adrian, Mich. HARLAN L. FEEMAN.

The Old Gospel

Prayer is important, but if you satisfy yourselves with a weekly prayer meeting you will find yourself in one of the Lord's hospitals. You must press the lever, each one coveting the luxury and ecstacy of converting a soul. Oh, the luxury and ecstacy of doing that. Get your heaven now; do not postpone it. Win a soul for Christ. That life is only worth living that helps to make the lives of some others happier and holier. The only book worth considering is this blessed book, God's Word. That minister, that author, or any other character who, by a system of destructive criticism, would pare away the Bible until it grows beautifully less, get you gone with him! We do not want any modern improvements of the Gospel. The old Gospel of Paul, Peter, Edwards, Spurgeon and Moody is the only Gospel. My mother honored it; my early childhood was guided by it. I want no other Gospel. —*Rev. T. L. Cuyler.*



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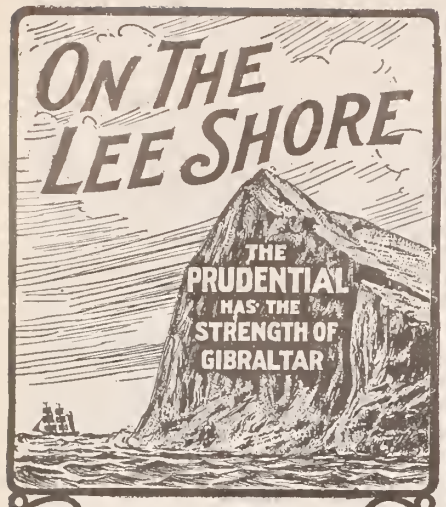

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A Beautiful Life Ended

The Late Margaret Bottome—Founder of "The King's Daughters"

BELOVED by multitudes as an evangelist, and known throughout the length and breadth of this continent as the Founder of "The King's Daughters," Mrs. Margaret McDonald Bottome passed away at her home, No. 23 East Seventeenth Street, New York, on November 14. For more than a full generation, she had been a foremost figure in Christian work in New York and elsewhere. She leaves three sons, two of them pastors and the third a lawyer.

The Late Mrs. Bottome

Mrs. Bottome was a native New Yorker, of Scottish descent. She received an excellent education, and showed marked literary and rhetorical talent early in life. While still a young girl, she joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, and afterwards married the Rev. Francis Bottome, a clergyman of that denomination. With a view to aiding her husband in his clerical labors, she soon instituted on her own account a series of informal addresses to women, which she gave in her own home and in those of members of her husband's church. Her success was extraordinary, and in a few years she was a prominent speaker in the leading churches, and her "Bible talks" became famous. She drew about her the women of the many wealthy families of the metropolis and nearby cities. Her meetings, held twice weekly, were attended by hundreds of women who were among the foremost figures in New York society.

From her own lips, the facts concerning the organization of the King's Daughters were learned, as follows:

One afternoon in January, 1886, nine ladies met at 47 West Twenty-second Street, New York City, and at Mrs. Bottome's suggestion organized a society whose scope and field should embrace the doctrine contained in the motto, "Faith, Hope and Charity." Mrs. Bottome was chosen president. Soon "The King's Daughters" became known far and wide for the energy of its membership, the steady growth of its numbers, and the devotion that characterized the organization as a whole. The details of the general scheme of organization were mainly the result of Mrs. Bottome's executive brain. The general governing power was vested in a Central Council, with power to fill its own vacancies, and the Society was legally incorporated. The different branches of the Order were called Circles, and governed on the same plan as the Central Council. There was no special work laid down for any Circle, and the members were left free to choose their own field of Christian usefulness, recognizing only one responsibility—that of thoroughness in the work. The model of government was liberal, and one well calculated to encourage everywhere the desire to accomplish the greatest possible good.

One of the many ways which Mrs. Bottome and her associates devised for keeping the fraternity of the Association intact was the organization badge, a beautiful little Maltese cross of silver, finely chased, and bearing the letters I. H. N.: "In His Name." This was designed to be emblematic of the purpose of the organization, whose members were banded together "In His Name" as common workers in the cause. Among the different circles and branches Mrs. Bottome moved like a guiding spirit, diffusing by her presence a feeling of enthusiasm among the members and kindling the fires of energy and activity in good work everywhere. Her kindly manner, gentle voice and smiling face won her friends everywhere, and her ripe spiritual experience was the guide and inspiration of the organization.

Mrs. Bottome's husband died twelve years ago, but she continued her religious work up to within a week of her death, and enjoyed unusual vigor for one of her great age. She was a frequent and greatly valued contributor to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

STORIES OF SALVATION

Taking Hold of the Promises

WE do not realize, by personal experience, how much help and comfort we can get by "taking hold" of the promises in the Bible. They are wonderful helps to us, in times of trouble and in the every-day life. Recently I have had a very trying experience in going to a hospital for a severe operation. Courage almost failed me, and I looked in the Bible for some verse of comfort and found these words, "Fear not, believe only, and she shall be made whole" (Luke 8: 50), and "Daughter, be of good comfort; thy faith has made thee whole" (Luke 8: 48). These words of Jesus gave me strength and courage such as I could not have had if I had relied on my own strength, and I went through the operation with courage, for I felt that these words of Christ were for my personal help. During my convalescence I became very much discouraged over my slow recovery. Again I looked for comfort in God's Word and found this verse: "For I am with thee, to save thee and to deliver thee, saith the Lord" (Jer. 15: 20). How I clung to that promise and repeated it over and over.

If we will draw near to God, he will draw near to us.

READER.

Gloversville, N. Y.

* * *

Once Infidel, Now Preacher

I WAS born in Rochester, N. Y. I attended D. L. Moody's School, Mt. Hermon, Mass., also the Christian Biblical School, Stanfordville, N. Y. I was not converted, neither did I believe in Christ as a Saviour.

In Boston, in the year 1898, I was stabbed by a ruffian. I lay in the General Massachusetts Hospital for one year and three months. I could not speak for two years, owing to the cut in my neck. I went to painting for a living. I commenced to read Ingersoll, Paine and Voltaire, and the *Contradictions to the Scriptures* and other infidel literature. I commenced to denounce the church, and all missions, creeds, dogmas, etc. I even went so far as to deny the Divinity of Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit. I was very sick—at the point of death, almost—until December 3, last, when I gave all to my Lord—body, soul and spirit. God helping me, I never will forsake him.

I am so thankful for the Bible—praise God! I never will destroy his Holy Word again.

WM. J. HOLDEN.

Called Higher

Miss Clara A. Frueauff, of Bethlehem, Pa., was called home September 23, in her sixty-fifth year. For many years she was a teacher of modern languages at the Moravian Seminary in Bethlehem, and was also a notably fine pianist. She regarded her teaching as the life work to which God had called her, and was greatly beloved by her thousands of pupils.

Norman Platte, of Perry, Iowa, died September 16. His high Christian character won for him the love and esteem of all who came within his influence. Mr. Platte subscribed for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a quarter of a century ago, and through all these years has never omitted to read the weekly sermon to his family every Sunday morning before attending church.

Adam Swanz, a native of Germany, went to his heavenly home from Syracuse, Kan., September 28. Coming to America in 1846, at the age of fifteen years, he married in 1860 and settled in Ohio. In 1881 he moved to Marvin, Kan. He was the father of twelve children, six of whom survive and sorrow for him. He was for many years a valued class-leader, Sunday School teacher and Epworth League worker in the Methodist Church, and an ardent Prohibitionist.

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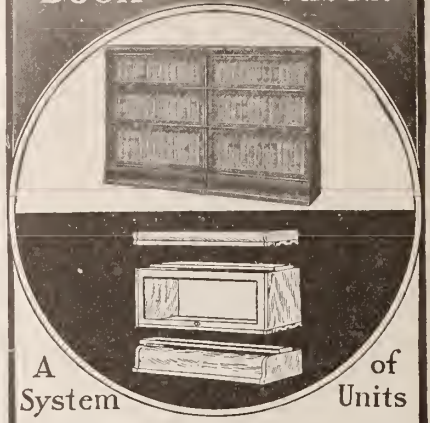

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GRANDMA'S DAY

Continued from page 1003

she, too, began to sob, the blind parent put an encircling arm about her, saying:

"You do miss grandma; don't you, dearie."

"I miss her every minute, mamma," was the sobbing reply; "but I'm crying 'cause I can't comfort you, like she told me to."

"What do you mean?" was the startled query.

"Why, mamma, it's a secret, our very last one, but I'll have to tell you so's you'll be comforted." Then the excited child adroitly seated herself in her mother's lap, adding: "It's a beautiful secret! an' when you know you'll be glad 'stead of crying."

"Tell me what you are keeping from me, child," urged the overwrought mother in an impatient tone.

"Well, mamma, when papa woke me up the morning grandma went away, he said she had something sweet to tell me. Then she told me how Jesus was calling her. But she whispered her very last secret so low I guess you didn't hear it."

"No, darling," said the now eager mother, with bated breath; "I knew little of what was passing then, but you know your grandmother always told you to share your secrets with me, so I am sure she would want you to include me in this."

"That's so," said Blessing with a sigh of satisfaction, "an' now I wish I'd told you before, for then you'd kept Grandma's Day like she did, 'stead of crying."

Then, as sobs burst forth afresh, the trustful child hastened to say:

"It isn't like you think it is, for grandma's secret was this. 'Think of me as well and happy—with Jesus.' Now wasn't that a beautiful secret, mamma!"

"Yes, darling," was the low answer in a hesitating tone, "but——?"

"But what, mamma?" queried the believing child, in a surprised tone. "Grandma never, never told stories, an' if she said she'd be well an' happy with Jesus, she is, isn't she?"

"Yes, darling," was the unhesitating reply of the mother, whose arm then warmly encircled the pleader; for she began to realize, too late, that her inconsistency had somewhat shaken the faith of the child who had been so brave in her loneliness, because she believed her grandma was happy with the Saviour she never wearied of talking about; but she said no more, because she knew not what to say.

Blessing, meantime, seemed trying to swallow a lump in her throat, and then, as she smoothed the black dress, with a tearful face, said:

"Then why do you wear horrid black dresses all the time, an' cry, like as if there wasn't any Jesus, an grandma wasn't happy like she said she'd be!"

With that the puzzled child began weeping so convulsively that the mother rocked and soothed her as she had not done in years. But when the overwrought child slept, the no longer blind mother shed tears of repentance as she pleaded with her mother's God for strength and courage to honor her belief. Then, washing away all traces of tears, she donned a white cashmere her child loved to see her wear, and looked so like her old self when Blessing awakened that in a gladsome tone she cried:

"Oh, I dreamed grandma's secret wasn't a truly one! but now I know it is, for you look so happy, mamma!"

"Yes, darling, it is true, gloriously true! but mamma was so tear-blinded before she shared your secret that she half-forgot what she firmly believes." Then the now smiling mother, with a fond embrace, added:

"Mother knows that Grandma's Day has been a joyous one to her, and she is more sorry than she can tell you that she has not observed Thanksgiving as our sainted one would have had us."

China's Ruler as He is To-day

HIS majesty, whose real name—which none of his subjects are permitted to pronounce—says a writer in the *North China Herald,* is Tasi Tien, was born on the 28th day of the sixth moon, in the year 1872 of the Christian era. He mounted the Dragon Throne when only three years of age (four, according to the Chinese way of reckoning), but his coronation did not take place until February 7, 1897, thus bringing to an end, at least nominally, the long extended regency. The coronation did not, however, to any appreciable extent, do away with the influence of the all-powerful Empress Dowager, who still exercised undisputed authority in the conduct of state affairs, even as she does at the present time. A few months before this event she had selected as consort for his majesty a daughter of Duke Chao, a Manchu nobleman.

The Emperor considers himself, and is so considered by his subjects, as their heaven-appointed ruler. He is the "Son of Heaven" and "Holy Son of Heaven." The first Emperor of the present dynasty thus announced his elevation in 1644:

"I, the Son of Heaven, of Ta-ts'ing (Great Pure) dynasty, humbly as a subject dare to announce to Imperial Heaven and to Sovereign Earth, my imperial grandfather received the gracious decree of Heaven and founded a Kingdom in the East. I, receiving Heaven's favor, and in accordance with their wishes, announce to Heaven that I have ascended the throne of the Empire."

The Emperor Tao Kuang, on ascending the throne in 1820, announced the fact in somewhat similar terms, and in a state paper issued by that Emperor twelve years later the same extravagant claim is made. This idea of the "divine right of kings" is, moreover, a very ancient one, reference being made to it in the Shu King "book of records", and it is regarded as a right and legitimate one by the people, from the highest to the lowest. Commissioner Liu, famous for his efforts to stop the opium trade, in his correspondence with Queen Victoria, afforded striking evidence of the prevalence of this feeling. The throne is "the Heaven conferred seat," the revenues are "Heaven appointed emoluments," and "the Heaven appointed punishment" is meted out to aspirants to the throne.

The Emperor is responsible to "no one but to Heaven," whose vicegerent he is. His one great duty is "to reverence Heaven." The classical works of the Chinese have much to say concerning the multifarious duties of this exalted personage. He should perfect his own royal character and conduct; he should always think of his princely duties, and cultivate a large and friendly heart; he is urged to exert himself, in order that he might achieve proper merit; above all, he should attend to the sacrifices. The sacrifices to Heaven and Earth, at the winter and summer solstices, as well as on special occasions, and to the imperial ancestors, were the sacrifices the performance of which devolved especially upon the Emperor as the Pontifex Maximus of the nation. Another important duty mentioned as devolving upon the Emperor was the appointing of officers to assist him in the administration of the government. It was also incumbent upon him to do so in accordance with the statutes of the empire; but, above all, it is over and over again enjoined upon him that it was his duty to watch over and care for his people; to give special encouragement to agriculture, and to look after the water courses and streams, to see that they did not overflow their banks.

Indeed, it may be safely concluded that if the Emperor is faithful in the performance of his duties and in fulfilling the obligations that devolve upon him, the position he occupies is no sinecure.

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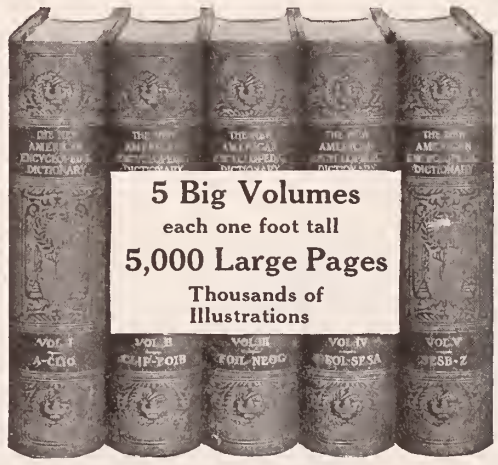

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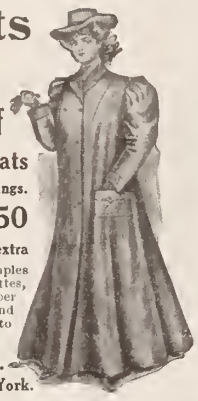

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"The little pamphlet, 'The Road to Wellville,' found in pkgs., is invariably saved and handed to some needy patient along with the indicated remedy." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. "There's a reason."

OUR MAIL-BAG

Questions and Answers

Letters for this department must contain name and address of the sender—not for publication, but as evidence of genuineness and good faith. Where an answer by mail is desired, ten cents in postage stamps must be forwarded by the writers, with full address.

J. A. G., Harold, S. D. How was it known what prayers Christ offered in the garden?

They were probably communicated to the evangelists by Christ or by the Holy Spirit. Those, like the conversation with Nicodemus, and the incidents of the temptation in the wilderness, which were known only to Christ, were doubtless included in the promise Christ gave to his disciples (John 14: 26), that all things were to be brought to their minds.

"Reporter," South Bend, Ind. When neighbors, view the remains of deceased friends, is it proper of such to say that they "lie in state"?

No, except in the case of some high public official whose remains are placed on public view in some suitable place like the City Hall or State Capitol. The proper term for private cases is to say that "friends were permitted to view the remains."

J. M. A., Mt. Dora, Fla. 1. Does the sect of the Sadducees still survive among modern Jews? 2. It is now proved that there were people in the world before B.C., 4004, when Adam was created. How are we to reconcile the fact with Scripture?

1. We believe there is now no sect of the Sadducees among the Jews, but among the Reformed Jews there are many whose creed does not materially differ from that of the Sadducees. 2. It was not proved that Adam was created in 4004, B.C. Even if it were, we should suppose that the people existing before that date were an inferior race, and that Adam was the first creature worthy to be called man. But his creation may date much further back, and he may have been literally the first man, as the Bible says.

J. L. S., Detroit. How far can Brooklyn Bridge be seen by incoming steamers?

The bridge can not be seen until a steamer is well beyond Fort Hamilton at the Narrows.

S. E. F., Lancaster, N. H. Can you give me some facts about the Mount of the Holy Cross, in Denver, Col.?

It is not in Denver. It is a peak of the Rocky Mountain range, in Colorado, the best view of which may be obtained from the summit of Fremont Pass, two hours' ride on the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad from Leadville. From this crest the traveler can see the Mount of the Holy Cross, so-called, because within the rain vines upon its side the sacred symbol is outlined in snows.

J. F. M., Corning, Cal. Does Judges 20: 16, mean that the seven hundred could sling stones at an object (any size, big or little), and not miss it an hair's breadth? Or does it mean that they could sling stones at an object the size of a hairbreadth?

It simply means that they were good marksmen, and could hit the mark with unerring certainty, not that they aimed at objects the size of a hairbreadth.

G. O., Toronto, Can., writes:

Lady Henry Somerset's husband was Lord Henry Somerset, second son of the Duke of Beaufort: but he had no estates either in possession or prospective, only in the event of his elder brother dying without male issue. The estates and residences you mention are Lady Henry Somerset's, and she (Isabel), and her sister Adeline (Duchess of Bedford in her day) were co-heiresses of their father, Lord Somers.

L. M., Memphis, Tenn. How many Y. M. C. A.'s are there now in existence in all lands?

Eight thousand three hundred, according to the very latest reports.

The authorship of "Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep," is an undecided question. Referring to a recent discussion of the subject, the Rev. O. S. Davis, of New Britain, Conn., writes us:

The familiar prayer, "Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep," comes to us with various modifications in form from the earliest known edition of the *New England Primer*. I am not able to go beyond that source, where the prayer is anonymous. I fear that the writer will remain unknown.

Perhaps some other reader may be able to throw further light on the subject.

Mrs. C. T. C., Minneapolis, Minn. Who was the author of the saying, "The Lord tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb?"

It is from the writings of Rev. Laurence Sterne, who used the phrase in his book called *A Sentimental Journey*.

Apropos of a recent editorial in this paper, C. Merell, Saratoga, Cal., writes:

"I read your editorial in the last HERALD entitled "An Ungracious Protest." May I ask why that warning? Why should not the Jew have the same right of petition and protest as the Irish or the Italian? Yet, in all the years I have read THE CHRISTIAN HERALD I have seen no warning to those foreigners for being against the Bible. Why is it so? The Catholics, and not the Jews, are the ones who have banished the Bible from the schools, although the adherents of the Pope have parochial schools, while the Jewish children go to the public schools. Let us be fair and give all foreigners the same rights, not more to one than the other. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which is always so fair, so unprejudiced and just, was the last I expected to see such words in. True, all of the petitions of "Our Father" are found in the Old Testament, yet, as a "prayer," it is distinctively Christian, and I see nothing wrong in the Rabbi's protest.

Continued on next page

A Sunday School Group in the Ozark Mountains

Three years ago, Dr. Schneider established a Sunday School near the village of Hancock, Mo., in a district which, till then, had enjoyed few religious advantages. A considerable number of young people now attend the school, which is situated in a mountainous section. The good doctor climbs over a number of rail-fences in going to his pupils, there being no road from where he lives; but he considers that it pays him to do so. He is a most earnest worker in the Master's cause. The young mountaineers love their superintendent, and the work is unquestionably doing much good in that greatly neglected out-of-the-way neighborhood.

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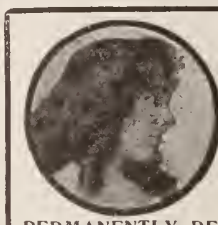

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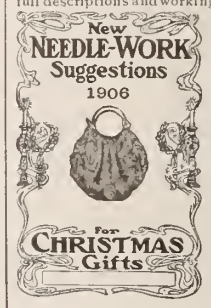

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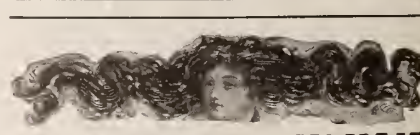

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OUR MAIL-BAG

Continued from preceding page

A Canadian Reader (in Yorkton, Sask.) sends this interesting letter:

In your reply to J. W. G., Macon, Ga., in the issue of 17th inst., you say that Market Street, Philadelphia, is the widest street in the world. This distinction has hitherto belonged, unchallenged, to Sackville Street, Dublin, and I think it is likely to retain it for some time longer. Those who see this truly magnificent public thoroughfare for the first time are simply astonished as they stand on Carlisle bridge and look on up to the rotunda, where the street terminates. I may add that the beautiful pillar which commemorates the victories of the immortal Nelson, stands in the centre of the street, midway between the bridge and the rotunda, sadly marring the appearance of the street, and detracting much from its length.

Mrs. J. A. H., Vernal, Utah. I send a clipping; are the statements it makes about orthodox churches sanctioning polygamy true?

There is not the slightest truth in the statement (made in the clipping referred to) that any orthodox Christian church sanctions or tolerates polygamy. Moreover, no orthodox Christian church has done so, during the entire Christian dispensation up to the present time, whatever may have been done by individuals on their own account, who have fallen away from grace. The whole teaching of Christ and his apostles, of the evangelists and all the leaders of the Church from the earliest days, has been against concubinage. We would suggest that our correspondent look up the New Testament teachings on the subject, to satisfy herself of the Christian view—which is the orthodox view to-day.

N. W. B., Los Angeles, Calif. I have heard of New England's "yellow-day." Please tell me what it was?

It was a startling phenomenon which occurred a quarter of a century ago, on the 6th of September. In the early morning, the sun was obscured and the atmosphere was pervaded with a peculiar, yellow light, although neither fog nor haze was perceptible. The natural green of all vegetation assumed a brilliant orange hue. At one o'clock it was as dark as night. At three o'clock an ugly, brassy light replaced the gloom, and not until eight o'clock in the evening were normal conditions restored. The phenomenon was probably caused by the smoke of Canadian forest fires.

B. S. R., North Pennacook, Me. How does our President's income compare with that of other heads of nations?

It is $50,000 per year, which is the smallest amount paid by any great nation to its chief. The total annual revenue of the Russian Crown is abont $400 000 0 After King Edward VII. has paid all salaries, pensions, repairs and expenses pertaining to the royal household, $550,000 goes into his own privy purse each year. William II. has a double income; as King of Prussia and Emperor of Germany he has more than $3,000,000 a year. The Emperor of Austria is also King of Hungary, and draws nearly $2,250,000 each year. Victor Emmanuel III., of Italy, has nearly $3,000,000 annually, but out of this he pays allowances to his mother and brothers. Alfonso XIII., of Spain, has $1,430,000 each year. Abdul Hamid II., of Turkey, has $10,000,000 as an annual stipend. And the President of France has $120,000 annual salary, and a liberal allowance for expenses.

A correspondent in Austin, Ill., sends us a sad but not uncommon story. The sixty-year-old pastor of a church in that section has been dropped, not because of his lack of preaching ability or spiritual force (for he distinctly states that the church was in a most active condition spiritually), but because he was unable to act as a canvasser for money-raising purposes. Not knowing all the facts in the case, we can, of course, express no opinion; but if the circumstances are as our correspondent states them, the church in question is in need of a genuine revival.

W. J. M., Molenville, Tenn. When is the earth nearest the sun—in June or in January?

The earth, in our age, is in perihelion (nearest the sun) on January 2, and in aphelion about July 1. The question, Why does it change? will doubtless suggest itself to many. The earth revolves round the sun once a year, in an elliptic orbit; but, strangely enough, the orbit also revolves, requiring about 109,000 years to make one revolution round the sky. This slow motion causes the perihelion and aphelion to change places every 54,500 years. The perihelion occurring in our winter north of the equator, probably modifies the severity of winter in a very slight degree, but produces exactly an opposite effect south of the equator. Fortunately, if it produces any change at all, it occurs in our winter, when the sun is low in the south; but it occurs when south of the equator where it is not needed, as the sun is nearly in the zenith there.

A thousand solemn and impressive thoughts must arise in every person's breast as to what will be the condition of the earth and the heavens above. Will the sun shine as brightly and the moon wax and wane as regularly when 109,000 years have rolled away? LEWIS SWIFT.
Marathon, N. Y.

D. C. Homer, New York.

There are many books in German and French on women in Russia, none in English. Isabel F. Hapgood contributes an illuminating and well-illustrated article upon the subject in the March and April numbers of *The Chautauquan* for 1901. It is published by The Chautauquan Press, Cleveland, Ohio—probably you can secure the numbers there.

R. T. F., Oakes, North Dakota. A question came up in our Bible class last Sunday: "Was Judas present or not during the institution of the Lord's Supper?" I know that authorities differ, but would like to have your opinion.

He was probably present at the beginning of the Supper, and heard the words of Christ, "One of you shall betray me." He asked the momentous question (Matt. 26:25) and probably he alone heard Christ's answer. He left the feast before its completion (See John 13: 26-30). He was stricken with terror at the nature of his sin, which now stood revealed to him in its full hideousness; but he had gone too far in the vile plot to withdraw, and he went out "in a paroxysm and insanity of guilt," embittered by the knowledge that his treachery was discovered and resolved to complete it, at whatever cost.

M. W. A., Spokane, Wash. Is not the proportion of fires increasing in large cities? The newspapers columns are never free from disasters by fire.

We quote from the *Fireproof Magazine:* "New York City averages 8,700 fires a year; while Chicago nearly equals it, in proportion to her population, with 4,100. The average record in this country is 3 theatres, 3 public halls, 12 churches, 10 schools, 2 hospitals, 2 asylums, 2 colleges, 6 apartment houses, 3 department stores, 2 jails, 26 hotels, 140 flats, and nearly 1,600 homes burned up every week in the year. The country over, each family has just one chance in 60 of being burned out sometime during the year."

Commuter, Bordentown, N. J. If I am unable to complete my payments on lots bought on instalments, must I lose all I have paid and the lots besides?

In a case tried quite lately in the Supreme Court of New York, it was held that instalments paid in such cases cannot be retained, but must be repaid in full. The "monthly payment" system, when it results in forfeiture to the disadvantage of the small investor, is illegal, as it robs a man of his entire equity.

Miscellaneous

M. A. McC., Cedar Rapids, Ia. 1. Ours is a Christian nation, but tolerant of all creeds. 2. The Catholic Church is unquestionably gaining ground.

Mrs. E. E. S., Pensacola, Fla. 1. A "trunk line" is a main line or central road, from which many branches radiate like the limbs of a tree. 2. God is not the author of evil.

Evangelist, Dover, Oreg. It is said that the only members of the human family who have no conception of a god or a religion of any sort, are the Solomon Island savages in the South Pacific.

H. W. S., New York. Can any reader send me the stanzas beginning:

"I sat alone with my conscience,
In the place where the years," etc.

C. J. D., Jewell, Kan. The following are the titles of some books dealing with the life of Capt. Kidd: *The True Capt. Kidd*, by J. D. Champlin, in *Harper's Magazine*, 1902 (Vol. 106; pp. 27-36); *Capt. Wm. Kidd, and Other Pirates*, by J. S. C. Abbott, published by Dodd, Mead & Co.

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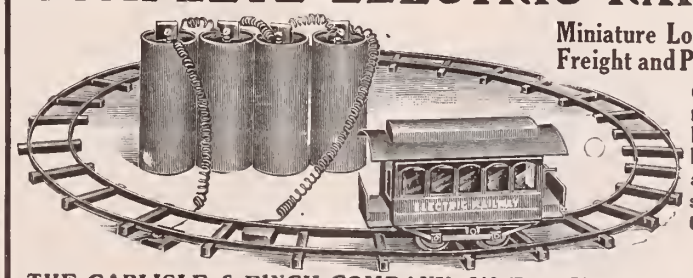

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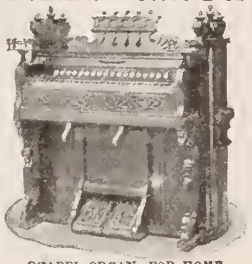

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A STRANGE PILGRIMAGE

A WRITER in the London *Graphic* gives an interesting description of a religious pilgrimage which takes place every year, in September, under the auspices of the Greek Church. He says:

"Mount Troodos, Cyprus, which is 6,400 feet above the sea, offers to the residents of Egypt a delightfully cool and beautiful summer resort. The range is covered with pines and firs, the views and scenery are delightful, and a tin hotel and a boarding-house in tents offer sufficient accommodation for visitors. The officials from the Cyprus towns have here their own houses and camps. The ships that ply between Egypt and the island are not very comfortable, but the journey only takes a day and a night. From Limasol, on the coast, four sturdy little ponies, harnessed abreast in roomy carriages, take visitors up to Troodos. The road is uphill nearly the whole way—thirty-six miles—and halts are made to rest and water the team, while the passengers gladly avail themselves of an opportunity to stretch their legs. A change of ponies is made half-way.

"The walks are numerous, and many interesting excursions on mules may be made, of which by far the best is the one to Kykkon Monastery (twenty-six miles away in the heart of the mountains, where the monks put one up for the night, and supply one with excellent food and wine. In September, the feast of the Virgin attracts over six thousand superstitious peasants from all over the island to make their pilgrimage to the holy picture in the chapel. This is said to have been painted by St. Luke himself, and has the reputation of effecting miraculous cures. As one approaches the monastery, which stands isolated, high up on the side of a big mountain, along all the hill-paths can be seen troop after troop of gaily-clad country folk, all riding on mules and donkeys, streaming endlessly towards the fair. The steady flow of new arrivals goes on all day, and outside the main gate, where the press is greatest, is the watering-place for the animals, a wild tangle of mules and donkeys, with here and there an excited head appearing, the whole controlled by a mild-faced, long-haired young priest. Only stopping to tether their animals and mark their bivouac, tired and dusty from their, perhaps, many days' journey, the pilgrims go to the chapel to make their round of the holy ikons, kissing each picture once, and St. Luke's many times.

A Party of Pilgrims Arriving at Kykkon Monastery

"The galleries of the monastery accommodate over six hundred people during the fair, while the remainder camp outside in the open, and it is really a remarkable sight to see the thousands of little bivouacs, with the animals tethered close by, surrounding the buildings. A dense crowd of people move along the street of booths, haggling and bargaining over their purchases, others sitting in the cafés watching clumsy, big-booted Cypriots dancing. From fifty to sixty camels bring up the extra forage required for the many animals, and it is distributed by a couple of priests to the peasants for a small sum.

"When we arrived, the Abbot received us in his own rooms, and gave us some delicious coffee and sweetmeats, prior to our being shown our quarters for the night. Each room contains three or four beds, and at such a crowded time, one is lucky if one finds one's companions quiet and decorous."

A Fighter Who is Afraid

GENERAL Frederick D. Grant says in the New York *Defender:* "Tell the young men through your paper that General Grant does not drink a drop of liquor—has not for eighteen years—because he is afraid to drink it. I tried to drink with extreme moderation, because I knew that alcohol is the worst poison a man could take into his system; but I found out it was an impossibility to drink moderately. Because moderate drinking is a practical impossibility, I became an absolute teetotaler—a crank, if you please. I will not allow it even in my house. Drink is the greatest curse, because practically all crime and all disaster are the result of it. Nearly every great calamity in the country, barring accidents of nature, are due to drink. Ninety-five per cent—I will make it no less—ninety-five per cent. of desertions and acts of lawlessness in the army is due to drink. If I could, by offering my body a sacrifice, free this country from the fell cancer, the demon drink, I'd thank the Almighty for the privilege of doing it. If I had the greatest appointive powers in the country, no man would get even the smallest appointment from me unless he showed proof of his absolute teetotalism. As it is, my own appointees, the members of my staff, not one of them touches a drop. They know better."

A Premium that Gives Pleasure

It gives me pleasure to write that the premium given, "The Greatest Wonders of the World," with the renewal of my subscription, pleases me very much. I have always been more than satisfied with every premium I have received with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD With thanks, I am very sincerely, MRS. J. ROWLEY.

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ARTISTS

A New Missionary Federation

THE Young People's Interdenominational Missionary Conference at Oakland, Calif., was held from Oct. 15 to 18, in the First Presbyterian Church. The originator of the Conference was Rev. Dwight E. Potter, pastor of the Union Street Presbyterian Church, Oakland, who planned for, and engineered to a successful issue, a similar conference, held three years ago, at which two thousand five hundred delegates were present, and through which the missionary work of the coast received a great impetus.

The principal speakers from the East were Presbyterians, because they were on the coast to attend the Meeting of the California Synod, but all denominations were fairly represented on the programme. The four days' sessions included every phase of Home and Foreign Missionary Work. The meetings opened at nine o'clock in the morning, and continued all day and evening, excepting intermissions for lunch and dinner. The first day, Monday, was preparation day, and was considered under three heads, one for each session: "The Bible Basis of Missionary Work," "Helps and Hindrances," and "Entering the Open Door." Under the latter title, Rev. Charles R. Brown gave an address on "The Haystack Centennial Celebration."

Tuesday's session was devoted to Home Missionary work. "City Missions," "Aliens or Americans," "The Country Church," and "Needy American Fields," were among the topics discussed. Rev. Alexander Henry delivered an address and conducted a helpful Conference of Sunday School Superintendents.

Wednesday's session was devoted to Foreign Missionary work. "World Evangelization," "Race Reform," "Needs and Opportunities Abroad," "Industrial Missions," "Medical Missions," "Educational Work," and "Evangelizing Our Generation," were considered. One of the most interesting hours of the day was when Rev. J. H. Laughlin, Superintendent of the Chinese Mission Work in San Francisco, which, since the earthquake and fire, has been removed to Oakland, had charge, when classes of Chinese, Japanese, and Korean children appeared on the platform, and sang and recited. Their voices were good, and they sang in English our American hymns, with expression and feeling. Dr. Robert E. Speer gave an address on "Spiritual Need." Rev. Ng Poon Chew, Editor of the Chinese Daily newspaper of Oakland, delivered an address upon "The opportunity we have and the obligation we owe to the New China that is awakening."

The last day was Conference day, when the delegates considered "Study—Pray—Give—Go; Forces at Work; and Unto the Uttermost Parts." A number of conferences were held, and Mission Study was considered, and all the plans and methods for successful work for churches, Sunday Schools, Woman's Societies, and Young People's Societies were discussed. Dr. Speer spoke on "A Call to Service," and the Conference closed with an address by Mr. William Shaw, on "The Young People's Society a World Force."

The success of this Conference was so encouraging that it was deemed wise to arrange for a permanent organization, to be called "The Interdenominational Missionary Federation."

Uncongenial Association*

HOW frequently have men prayed to be continually with Jesus, as did that man whom he released from the dominion of Satan (Mark, 5: 6-20). It is so much safer, so much easier, so much happier. So, men have retired into monasteries, and women have spent their lives in meditation and prayer. But if every spiritual-minded person had done so, how would the Gospel have won its way? To the monk and the nun, the delight of the peace and quiet of such a life seems abnegation and death to the world; but in how many instances is it based on idleness and selfishness. "Go home," said Christ in response to the prayer of the man above referred to, "and tell thy friends what great things the Lord hath done for thee." That was a more useful service than a life of absorption, even in teaching so blessed as that of Christ.

Christ's own example is one of the most impressive lessons on this principle. To the Jewish leaders, a life of austerity, of solitude in the wilderness such as that of John the Baptist, seemed more suited to a religious teacher; but if Christ had lived such a life, if Paul had lived such a life, how few would have been saved! It seemed to the critics a life of self-indulgence that Jesus lived, but was it not a more arduous and a more difficult life? How often the feelings of Jesus must have been wounded by his contact with sinners, how he must have been shocked by meeting with the woman of Samaria and the woman taken in adultery, and how the taunts and sneers of the Scribes, who tried to entangle him in his talk, must have distressed him, and even in such homes as those of Zacchæus and Matthew and Martha and Mary, the association with people of the world must have tried him. But he had a deep philosophic reason for his conduct: As the physician goes among the diseased to find his work, so He who had medicament for sin went among sinners.

The lesson for us is obvious. No Christian should shrink from uncongenial association if he can do good. It is hard to bear the cruel taunt, to hear the coarse ridicule, to be provoked and irritated by unjust criticism; but if by patience and forbearance and helpfulness, the Saviour can be presented in living expression, all this may well be endured. Why should we repine? He bore more than this that we might live.

*Topic of the Epworth League for December 9. Matt. 11: 19; Luke 19: 5-10; Luke 5: 29-32.

Saved from Suicide

THIS year, by means of outdoor meetings, thousands of worldly-minded pleasure-seekers have been awakened and aroused by the Spirit of God, through the faithful band of the Washington Gospel Mission. Many have knelt on the streets and received Christ as their personal Saviour. One Sunday night, a man from Virginia found his way into the mission, and after listening to the testimonies of redeemed men and women was about to depart, when he was stopped by Brother Wheeler, who invited him to prayer, which he did, and was gloriously saved through faith in Jesus. The man had been a hard sinner, wandering from place to place; had become tired of life, and purposed in his heart to commit suicide that night, when something, he knew not what, led him in the Gospel Mission at 10:30 o'clock. As he wiped away his tears, he thanked God, who is not willing that any should perish, but that all come to repentance.

Nature and Art

HOW shall I write a poem?
And how shall I sing a song?
When the winds of God in the heavens
Are chanting the whole day long;
And the ear that's attune to music
Can list to the mighty verse
That the sea and the storm are singing
In the halls of the universe.

And how shall I paint a picture?
And shall I not be afraid?
When the Maker has dipped his brushes
In pigments Himself has made;
And the eye that's attune to beauty
Can look, with a long delight,
At the frescoes that He has painted
On the walls of the day and night.

BERTRAND SHADWELL.

Pure at the Source

Milk is the chief article of food in the sick room and hospital. Every physician and nurse should know the source of supply before ordering in any form. It is not enough to know that it comes as "country milk." Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk, the original and leading Brand since 1857.—Integrity and experience behind every can.

Doing a Week's Washing in 6 Minutes—Read the Proof

THIS woman is using a 1900 Washer.
All she has to do is keep the washer going.
A little push starts it one way—a little pull brings it back—the washer does the rest.
The clothes stay still—the water rushes through and around them—and the dirt is taken out.
In six minutes your tubful of clothes is clean.
This machine will wash anything—from lace curtains to carpets, and get them absolutely, spotlessly, speckelessly clean.
There isn't anything about a 1900 Washer to wear out your clothes.
You can wash the finest linen, lawn and lace without breaking a thread.
"Tub rips" and "wash tears" are unknown.
Your clothes last twice as long.
You save time—labor—and money.
You wash quicker—easier—and more economically.
Prove all this at my expense and risk.
I let you use a 1900 Washer a full month FREE.
Send for my New Washer Book.
Read particulars of my offer.
Say you are willing to test a 1900 Washer.
I will send one to any responsible party, freight prepaid.
I can ship promptly at any time—so you get your washer at once.
Take it home and use it a month. Do all your washings with it.
And, if you don't find the machine all I claim—if it doesn't save you time and work—if it doesn't wash your clothes cleaner and better—don't keep it.
I agree to accept your decision without any back talk—and I will.
If you want to keep the washer—as you surely will when you see how much time, and work, and money it will save you—you can take plenty of time to pay for it.
Pay so much a week—or so much a month—as suits you best.
Pay for the washer as it saves for you.
I make you this offer because I want you to find out for yourself what a 1900 Washer will do.
I am willing to trust you, because you can probably get trusted at home. And, if your credit is good in your own town, it is just as good with me.
It takes a big factory—the largest washer factory in the world—to keep up with my orders.
So far as I know, my factory is the only one ever devoted exclusively to making washers.
Over half a million of my washers are in use.
Over half a million pleased women can tell you what my washers will do.
But you don't have to take even their say-so. You can test a 1900 Washer yourself. Then you will know positively.
Write for my book to-day. It is FREE.
Your name and address on a post card mailed to me at once, gets you my book by return mail.
You are welcome to the book whether you want to buy a washer now or not.
It is a big illustrated book, printed on heavy enameled paper, and has pictures showing exactly how my Washers work.
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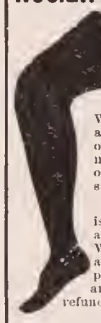

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A NOTABLE STORY

THE Balance of Power, by Arthur Goodrich, and well illustrated by Otto Toaspern, is not only distinctly worth while in itself, but is a promise of yet better things to come. Mr. Goodrich has grasped the issues of the day with perfect comprehension. He has taken a leaf out of Mr. Winston Churchill's *Coniston*, by building "the colonel's" character upon a foundation of reality. For twenty years the real man lived on the prairies, fighting Indians, and mining for gold and silver, to settle down later in just such a staid Connecticut village as the Hampstead of the story. The author has given us a picture of the finest type of American mother, which is so true that one is convinced it is a photograph:

As for Gilbert, he forgot his problem just outside the gate, in boyish enthusiasm at the sunset that threw its red radiance over the hill's summit and crowned the great gray house of his memories with glittering color. Even if there had been no sunset to set his pulses thrilling with a sudden joy in life, he would have forgotten the shops and their future when he came in sight of home. His mother opened the door of their modest cottage as soon as he came in sight, and stood watching him as he hurried up the walk. She was little changed. Gray hair, it is true, sprinkled the brown-gray threads that the years had woven out of peaceful dream textures. There were creases about her mouth and eyes, marks of her calm, almost unceasing smile, and the tears she had shed had only made her eyes, still unhidden by glasses, more steady and kind. The same musical voice greeted him.

"The afternoon has gone very slowly, laddie."

"Oh, no, mither," laughed Jack, putting his arm about her waist and leading her into the little dining-room. "It's gone so fast that I couldn't get to you until it was 'clane gone intoirely,' as Moriarty says."

"That's the way with you men," she said reproachfully, after they had seated themselves at the big dining table which Mrs. Gilbert had refused to give up when they left the old house and which nearly filled the little room. "Things to do and folks to see, while the women sit and knit and think, or sew and think, or make beds and think, or do nothing but think. Ah, laddie, I'm sorry for the poor women who have anything but pleasant thoughts like mine."

"You make your thoughts pleasant, mither," said Jack, beaming at her over the fine old china and the simple meal.

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Gilbert earnestly. "I'm strong and well; how many women are that? Everyone is good to me and everyone is good to few women: and then I have you, laddie, and no other woman has you. It's a bonnie world," and she smiled tenderly at him.

"I believe if you were set alone on a barren island you'd still be happy," said Jack.

"No, I wouldn't," answered his mother. "But I'd have pleasant memories," she added more slowly.

Then, noticing with a woman's keen glance that Jack looked tired, she broke off into a recital of her day's work, filling it so full of merry anecdotes and clever insight into the good, queer sides of people she had seen, that Gilbert was soon laughing heartily. They waited on each other, each anticipating the other's wishes, and often she caught him watching for a hint of some service to be performed, and often she gave the hint with enough secrecy to let him think he had discovered it himself. When they were done he helped her to take the dishes to the neat little kitchen with its old-fashioned sink and modern gas stove.

"There," she said, when the last of the fine old china had been stacked by the sink and the last bits of cold meat had been put away, "I'm going to leave those dishes until to-morrow morning, for to-night, laddie, is father's night."

Such a mother develops her son's character into that of a man of breadth, yet simplicity of vision, strong for the right, and so blind to his own excellence that he is slow to see the happiness which is preparing for him in the love of a girl who is just the right sort—plucky in trial, yet externally feminine and charming.

"We're coming to the finish of our fight, colonel," Gilbert remarked, "and we're going to win."

"No rest for the wicked an' less fer the pious," grumbled the colonel. "But what hev ye found out, to make ye so brash about this meetin'?"

Gilbert allowed the chair to settle back and sprawled, his long legs sticking out straight, his hands sunk deep in his pockets.

"We've got Neely's signed statement of that bribing business."

The colonel whistled.

"How d ye do it?" he asked with some awe.

"Peter Lumpkin did most of it. I helped some. Neely seems glad to get it off his mind. It's worried him. He's more of a man than I thought he was. Jethro was the other one, of course."

"And we've the signed story of the engineer who made the false report on the reservoir deal," put in Billy.

"It all depends on to-morrow night now," Gilbert added again. "Think of it, colonel. We started tilting at windmills, but we were honest about it. And now——" His teeth shut with a sudden click. Then he smiled. "Well, I feel a good deal like that soldier your father tells about, Billy, who was always repeating just before a charge: 'We'll show 'em whether there's a God in Israel or not.' We're going to bring about a new order of things in Hampstead. Lord knows, the town needs it."

* * *

She was sitting on the low bench under the old apple tree when she heard the crunch of his cane in the late afternoon silence. She saw him, the next instant, emerge from behind the bushes and come laboriously down the pathway toward her. Pulling her long coat about her, she rose to her feet quickly, suddenly breathless and feeling an instinctive desire to run away. He had seen her, however, and he was hurrying pitifully. A great wave of tenderness swept her heart as she stood still, watching him; him, her great man among men, the master of her world, stumping along with a cane, his clothes hanging loose on the great frame which illness had left gaunt and spare. Instinctively she looked for the scar, and she saw the jagged red line of it across the broad forehead. She started impetuously to meet him, and then remembering, she faltered and waited.

"I've found you at last. Where have you been, Clare Hardy? I've caught glimpses of you. I've heard you. I've reached out for you in the dark, but you were never there. Did you think that I could get along without you? I can't. I've tried and I can't. It's too strong for me. No," he cried in quick command, for she turned and hid her face from him.

He caught one of her arms and then, throwing his cane away, the other, and made her face him. "You can't run away again," he said fiercely.

For a second they stood so. Then the old tantalizing smile glinted up at him through tears.

"I don't believe—I want to run away, Jack."

Pp. 413. Price $1.50. The Outing Publishing Company, New York.

The Evolution of a Christian*

A VERY useful work is this that Dr. Burrell has given to the public. It is eminently practical and free from theological words and phrases. In plain, vigorous language, Dr. Burrell tells the person desirous of being saved and becoming a Christian what he is to do. The question, "What must I do to be saved?" is often answered in the words of Paul, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved," and the questioner is still in the dark. If he has been brought up in a Christiau home he says, "I do believe all the things stated in the Bible, but it makes no difference to my life." He believes that the world turns round and that the sun is so many million miles away, and those facts influence him as much as those about Christ. How is he to become a Christian? How is he to get the influence of Christ into his life? What is that deeper meaning of the word "believe" which will transform him? It is this that Dr. Burrell undertakes to explain, and we believe there are thousands who will thank him for the pains he has taken to make the matter clear. Nor is he content with this beginning. The young man who has taken the first step is guided in his future course. He is told how to grow, the meaning of Sonship, the laws of the kingdom, the secret of power, and the source of steadfastness. It is a long time since a book so suitable to put in the hand of a young inquirer has been given to the world.

We have all the more interest in this work because, as Dr. Burrell states in his dedication, the suggestion of such a book was made to him by Dr. Louis Klopsch, who had noticed the lack of a simple, common sense, practical work which would be useful to young people. It fulfils his idea, and we sincerely pray that God will make it useful to many souls.

*By Rev. David James Burrell, D.D., LL.D., published by the American Tract Society, 150 Nassau Street, New York. Price $1 by mail.

Books Received

The Pilgrim's Staff, a collection of poems, divine and moral, selected and arranged by Fitzroy Carrington. Pp. 135. Price 75 cents. Fox, Duffield & Co., New York, publishers.

The Moral Damage of War, by Rev. Walter Walsh, a strong and convincing arraignment of the war system of the present day. Pp. 462. Price 75 cents. Ginn & Co., Boston, publishers.

Mrs. Maud Ballington-Booth has written *Twilight Fairy Tales* for the "dear, little readers all over the world who will accept and understand it." G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London. Illustrated. Pp. 273. Price $1.25.

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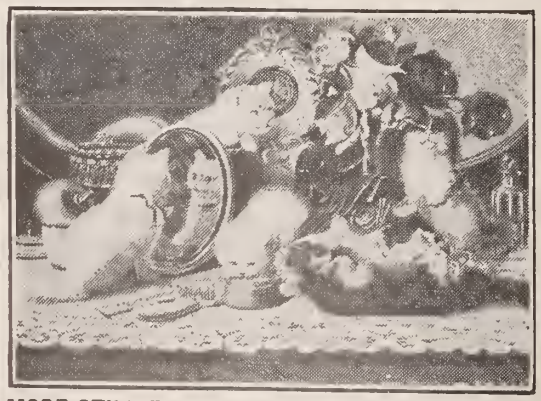

One of the cute kittens is looking into a hand mirror, another listens to the ticking of a clock, another is tasting of the cream, another catches the odor of the beautiful roses, while the fifth touches a glove, carrying out the actions of the *Five Senses* which the picture represents.

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At the Gateway of the Immigrant

A VISIT to Ellis Island, New York Harbor, the gateway through which the stream of immigration pours into our land, is well calculated to arouse some unwonted reflections.

Whence do these people come? Out of what conditions, social, industrial, civic? What is the strong attraction, ceaselessly operating, that draws such multitudes hither? And what are we going to do with them, now that they are here? Can we incorporate them into our body politic, or will they so overtax our political digestion, that one of these days we shall find ourselves very sick and ready to collapse?

Our country is the scene of an invasion compared with which, in point of numbers, the Goths and Vandals who overwhelmed the Roman Empire were insignificant. And yet we welcome them. The restrictions by which, in the interest of our national well-being, we aim to exclude certain persons, are comparatively few and slight. The hospitality of time, a sympathetic heart, calls in the physician to testify as to the possibility of a cure. His verdict is so far favorable that, by the order of the Commissioner, the mother and child will be kept for a while in isolation, pending developments in the attempted cure, while they wait between hope and fear on the border of the good land which they long so much to enter.

Here is a family with an aged father, evidently incapacitated for labor, who is liable, therefore, to become a public charge. There is no objection to admitting the other members of the family, but he must go back to the place he came from. Then, say the rest of them, we will go back with him. With sorrowful faces they are about to pass out, when the Commissioner asks if they are willing to execute a bond obligating themselves to provide for the support of the aged father as long as he lives. To this they promptly agree, and hope and joy once more light up their faces.

Immigration Headquarters, Ellis Island

this great American nation is dispensed on a most lavish scale.

But how could it be otherwise? Shall we exclude from participation in the noble heritage which God has given us those who would fain cast in their lot with us, and share the providential bounty that blesses this favored land? Our Saviour said: "When thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind; and thou shalt be blessed." It is safe for nations, as well as individuals, to follow the teachings of Christ. Come on, then, sons and daughters of oppression and poverty. Sit down at our bountiful board. Lay aside the heavy burdens you have been carrying. Cheer up in the bright light of liberty that shines all around you here. This is a land where it is never afternoon, but always morning. Let your hearts leap for joy as the promise of the day succeeds to your dark night.

So we welcome them in the spirit of the Master's command. And they speedily make themselves at home. In a very little time they cease to appear as aliens. They become fellow citizens with us in the one great nationality that is forming here, out of an admixture of bloods that is going on upon a scale altogether unprecedented in the history of the world. These varied strains will enter into the composition of the American of the future, who will thus be the most cosmopolitan of all earth's inhabitants, and the best fitted, therefore, to shape the course of human history in the attainment of loftiest ideals for the race, while working out, at the same time, a most exalted national destiny. This seems to be in the plan of Providence, in gathering here on this broad continent the representatives of so many and so diverse nationalities.

But there are other things which impress one in a visit to Ellis Island. Some who present themselves for admission to our land cannot be allowed to enter. Criminals, paupers, and the diseased are barred from entrance. Here is a mother with her child, who has a "runaround" on its head that is likely to infect others. Of course, they cannot be admitted. The disappointed, appealing look on the mother's face excites your pity. Commissioner Watchorn who, while faithful in seeing that the law is enforced, has, at the same

Go, now, and take your stand at the exit, after the ordeal is past, where welcoming friends are waiting. How affecting to see the greetings which are exchanged! What embraces and caresses, amid tears of joy that speak more eloquently than words the raptures of this meeting on the border of this land of promise! One thinks instinctively of the meeting of long separated friends on the border of the better land, the heavenly country. See how they come up there from every clime and nation! How full of joy they are to meet again the loved ones who went on before! The troubled past behind them, the unconceived bliss just before them in that country long desired, and now, at last, safely reached. What rapture then! And if these are tears of joy at the first greeting, they will soon be wiped from off all faces.

There is the reverse side of this picture, too: the excluded ones—the morally diseased, whose presence would infect the place, for there nothing can enter that defileth; the paupers, who are bankrupt of all capability of satisfaction with its holy employments; the moral idiots, who have so imbruted themselves that their spiritual natures have become atrophied, and their spiritual senses have ceased to discern and relish the good and true. All such are debarred from entering the good land—there is no place there for them.

Impressed by these solemn lessons, we turn thoughtfully away, grateful that we are dwellers in this land of light and liberty and bountiful provision for earthly needs, yet realizing that there are still better things in store in that land of richer promise to which we expect shortly to emigrate, and determining to give all diligence to make our calling and election sure, that so an entrance may be ministered unto us abundantly into the everlasting Kingdom of our L d and Saviour Jesus Christ. J. D.

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No matter where or when, every can you open presents the same clear, wholesome, appetizing appearance—never the dull, muddy brown of improperly cooked beans.

Van Camp's Pork and Beans are prepared carefully—neatly—the Van Camp way—quite different from that followed for any other Baked Beans.

All Beans for Van Camp's Pork and Beans with Tomato Sauce are the best the country affords, carefully hand picked, washed three times and rightly cooked, in combination with just the right proportion of delicious Tomato Sauce.

The sauce is always made from the best of Indiana tomatoes, gathered from the vines every morning, just before the point of dead ripeness—that is the moment for plucking tomatoes, if you wish the richest, spiciest flavor.

For the "Auto Tour," pack the hampers with a good supply of Van Camp's Pork and Beans. Nothing tastes better, after a brisk spin in the open air—and nothing so royally satisfies a keen appetite.

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GOLD DUST

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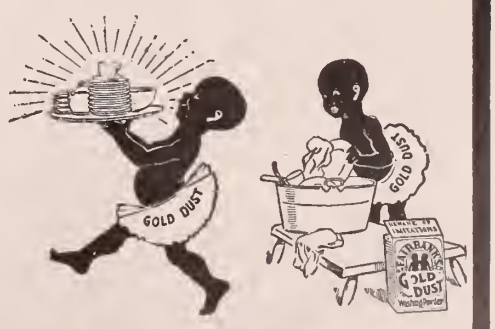

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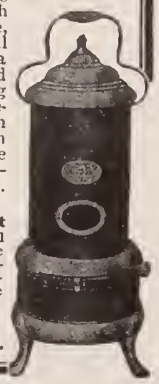

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The Doctor Said

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They get into the habit of using coffee, and no wonder, when some writers for respectable magazines and papers speak of coffee as "harmless."

Of course it doesn't paralyze one in a short time like alcohol, or put one to sleep like morphine, but it slowly acts on the heart, kidneys and nerves, and soon forms a drug-habit, just the same, and one that is the cause of many overlooked ailments.

"I wish to state for the benefit of other coffee slaves," writes a Vt. young lady, "What Postum Food Coffee has done for me.

"Up to a year ago I thought I could not eat my breakfast if I did not have at least 2 cups of coffee, and sometimes during the day, if very tired, I would have another cup.

"I was annoyed with indigestion, heart trouble, bad feeling in my head, and sleeplessness. Our family doctor, whom I consulted, asked me if I drank coffee. I said I did and could not get along without it.

"He told me it was the direct cause of my ailments, and advised me to drink Postum. I had no faith in it, but finally tried it. The first cup was not boiled long enough and was distasteful, and I vowed I would not drink any more.

"But after a neighbor told me to cook it longer I found Postum was much superior in flavor to my coffee. I am no longer nervous, my stomach troubles have ceased, my heart action is fine, and from 105 lbs. weight when I began Postum, I now weigh 138 lbs. I give all the credit to Postum as I did not change my other diet in any way." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

HAPPY INDIA ORPHANS

Our Orphans Rejoicing Over their "Dollies"

NO other investment in the world ever pays such wonderful dividends upon small capital, as that which makes glad the heart of a little child. Last Christmas was a day of rejoicing in the Brownie Orphanage, at Kadoli, India. Some little American girls sent a big box of dolls to their brown sisters across the wide sea. How they were appreciated by their recipients is plainly shown by our illustration, for which we are indebted to one of those same little American girls, Miss May Cumming, of Wilmington, N. C., who permits us to present it to our readers. School-bags, mouth-organs, combs, bright Scripture cards, pencils and blank books, even new clothes, are sent to the Orphanage for distribution among the little ones on Christmas Day; but no gift lies quite so close to the heart of the true woman-child, be she "brown or yellow, black or white," as the dolly with "real clothes," which satisfies the maternal instinct budding even so early in life.

The Real Muck-Rake Man

From a recent Baccalaureate Sermon by Rev. Henry Van Dyke

THE real muck-raker is not the honest critic of abuses, not even the malicious assailant of vested interests and invested politicians; but this busy, silent, indefatigable fellow, whose eyes are so fixed upon the things of this world—golden dust, and husks of pleasure, and withered straws of notoriety, and brittle sticks of official power—that he cannot even look, much less think, on the celestial crown of virtue and of praise.

Yes, you are the man, you money-spinner; hasting to be rich and forgetting to be honest, generous, or kind; bending your conscience to your dealing if need be to succeed; putting all your energy, all your ambition into the service of "Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell from heaven"; counting over your golden dollars as if they were sacred beads in a new rosary of devotion, and congratulating yourself upon the pile of dust that you have raked together—you are the muck-raker.

You are the man, you pleasure-seeker; fixing your desires upon sensual ease and luxury; racing to and fro in your costly chase after new excitements; measuring everything unconsciously by its power to minister to your personal gratification, and thinking yourself fortunate according to the quantity of husks, clean or dirty, that you have gathered into your trough—you are the muck-raker.

You are the man, you lover of place and power; clutching at every petty distinction and paltry office that comes in your way; sacrificing your peace of mind and your independence of thought, in order to win favor with those who can help you; making yourself the most servile kind of a follower in order to be called a leader; letting yourself be used by everybody for fear somebody may turn you out; spending infinite pains and care to build your platform of dry sticks a little higher, not that you may look up at the stars, but that you may look down on all the rest of the world—you are the muck-raker.

Kind Words From Japan

IN a letter just received from a missionary in the Far East, the following cheering sentiments are expressed:

"Feeling sure that you will be glad to know that your paper is a help to us on the mission field, and how it is a help, I take the liberty of writing you.

"In the first place, it is an inspiration to us as missionaries to read of the great revivals, the philanthropic work, the various efforts that are being put forth to save the world, and of the grand results of all the effort. In the second place, we can hand the paper over to our native pastors and others who can read English, that they too, may catch the inspiration. I think the paper has been a real help to our native pastor here in his preaching.

"And in the third place, I do so love to show the beautiful pictures to our real heathen friends, and tell them and show them, by means of the pictures, what Christianity does when it gets into people's hearts. I had a good time to-day telling some Japanese young men about THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Famine Relief Fund, the hundreds of orphans at Okayama, the beautiful summer home at Mont-Lawn, where the poor children of the cities may breathe fresh air and get good food; of the great ship loaded with provisions and sent to India some years ago; of the Gospel trains and the Gospel tents, and the open-air meetings in New York, etc.

"Imagine telling all this, and showing the pictures, to some of God's heathen children, and I think you will not wonder at my inspiration.

"Praying God's continued blessing upon you and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, I am, etc.

MRS. B. W. WATERS."

Nakatsu, Bugen, Japan.

Uniform Divorce Laws

THE National Congress on Uniform Divorce Laws, in session at Philadelphia, has adopted the following as legal causes for divorce:

Adultery. Bigamy, at the suit of the innocent and injured party to the first marriage. Conviction and sentence for at least two years for crime. Extreme cruelty, on the part of either husband or wife, such as to endanger the life or health of the other party, or render cohabitation unsafe. Wilful desertion for two years. Habitual drunkenness for two years. Hopeless insanity of the husband.

It was agreed that "no decree for divorce shall be granted if it appears to the satisfaction of the court that the suit has been brought by collusion, or that the plaintiff has procured or connived at the offense charged, or has condoned it, or has been guilty of adultery not condoned."

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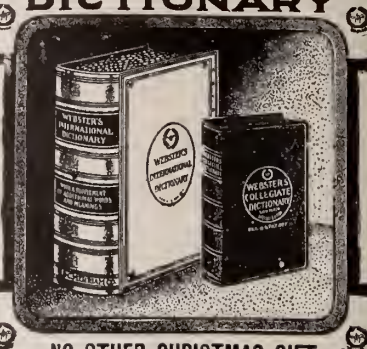

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WE PAY $36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES to men with rigs to introduce poultry compound. Year's contract.
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Object Lesson in Sunday School

Long before I entered the ministry, I had been one of your subscribers (at Ely, Ia.), and have learned to love your paper. Lately, we have put to use in the beginners' department of our Sunday School (where Mrs. Svacha has taught with marked success, using the two-years' course) some of the illustrations of your paper in a supplemental way, with such encouraging results that we are eager to have more similar pictures for such use. For example, last Sunday's lesson was about God's creating the sun. After calling attention to its pleasant beams and how essential they are to life enjoyment and happiness, Mrs. Svacha showed by your recent illustration how many thousands of children in New York and other large cities are almost totally deprived of this blessing. Then she went on to tell how kind friends have provided a pleasant summer home for such unfortunate children, where they are given a ten days' outing. She showed in successive pictures, the trip on the boat, in the carriages, and then various views of Mont-Lawn. The class of forty-nine Italian, Slavic, Bohemian and English little children enjoyed it immensely.

Latrobe, Pa. F. S.

The most important thing in the world to me is a lamp-chimney.

I have been for years and years making the best, and always trying to make them better. I put MACBETH on them and no one ever disputes my claim.

The Index explains how to get a MACBETH chimney to fit every lamp, and how to care for lamps. Sent free to everyone asking for it.

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The Sultan's Illness

H. S. JELALIAN writes in the current issue of *Armenia:* A Vienna dispatch announced that Abdul Hamid has undergone a surgical operation, and on that account has been unable to preside over the religio-political ceremonies connected with his weekly Friday public worship, called the Selamlik, which (by paraphrasing it) means a royal benediction and general salutation from the throne to the people.

The appearance in public of the reigning Sultan at the ceremonies of the Selamlik, is one of the solemn functions of duty which he must perform very faithfully in order to keep up his prestige with the people. In the history of the Ottoman empire, nothing but death or a serious illness has prevented a Sultan from presenting himself at this classic ceremony, and when it has occurred the people have thought that the reigning days of their ruler were numbered.

Abdul Hamid would be the last Sultan in the world to voluntarily give the people that idea of his physical condition, unless he was absolutely unable to put in an appearance. So the "circumstantial evidence" in the case points to some serious illness, although in the dispatch it is given as an "indisposition." It has been known for some time past that Hamid was suffering from some insidious malady, the nature of which has been assiduously kept secret from the outside world, for fear the knowledge of it might precipitate things in the imperial palace. The Turks have a way of their own to dispose of their useless and worn-out rulers, as they fully demonstrated the fact in the case of Abdul-Aziz, the uncle of the present Sultan. A later dispatch says that the Sultan is suffering from hemorrhages, a symptom of disease which, whether pulmonary or intestinal, may have serious effect upon the constitution of a man of his age.

But what interests the outside world most is not the Sultan's personal health or death. His passing away will close probably the darkest page of human history. For over a quarter of a century his personal character and public administration have been a standing scandal among the nations of the world and a rebuke to our Christian civilization. His passing away will open the Eastern question in its acutest form.

A Bible Contest in Prison

Some time ago, a number of our readers were interested in a singular Bible Memory Contest among the prisoners in Frankfort, Ky., penitentiary. Another opportunity for doing good in a humble and unpretentious way is presented in the following letter:

Dear Editor: You sent us a handsome Bible last year to be presented to one of the brothers engaged in the Scripture Memory Contest. That Bible was presented to Frank McComb, who committed to memory and recited 1,602 verses in thirteen weeks.

We now have another contest, in which only six brothers are engaged, and we need six Bibles, of which two are already assured. Will you kindly send us a Bible for one of these four men? Also, if you would kindly insert a notice in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the other three Bibles would come immediately, as I am sure many noble Christians among your thousands of readers would be glad to give a "cup of cold water" to one of "these least creatures" in the name of the Master.

If those who wish to give Bibles will kindly write me before doing so, I can inform them who will receive them here, and after the first four Bibles arrive, I will notify other correspondents that our needs are supplied. Any one who wishes to further encourage these contests may do so by offering additional Bibles and name their own conditions. H. E. YOUTSEY.

Mr. Youtsey may be addressed to the care of Rev. Joseph Severance, chaplain of the penitentiary, at Frankfort, Ky.

"Martha"

MARTHA, why all this anxious care,
The sensuous taste and eye to please,
While viands rare thy hands prepare,
Thy heart is ill at ease?

Christ is not pleased that thou should'st weave
So many fibres of thy heart
Into the feast, and only leave
For Him the smaller part.

Go sit with Mary at His feet,
Until His words thy soul imbue;
Then rise, and every duty meet
With spirit calm and true.

Still, hands are deft and hands are kind,
But ah, too many tasks they do!
These Martha's everywhere we find,
The Mary's all too few.

Bedford, N. Y. AMELIA HOYT.

When You Need More Heat

When the furnace or other stoves go wrong and fail to furnish the necessary heat, a PERFECTION Oil Heater will make any cold room or hallway warm and comfortable in no time. It's a *different* oil heater from the ordinary kind. It gives intense heat without smoke or smell because fitted with smokeless device. Absolutely safe—wick cannot be turned too high or too low. For general use the

PERFECTION
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is superior to gas heaters and other stoves because it can be readily moved from place to place. It is superior to any other oil heater because of its improvements. Made in two finishes—nickel and japan. Oil fount and wick carrier are made of brass throughout. Holds four quarts of oil and burns nine hours. Every heater warranted. At your dealer's or write to our nearest agency for descriptive circular.

The **Rayo Lamp** is an ornament to any room and is the best lamp made for general household use. Unexcelled in light-giving power; absolutely safe; perfectly constructed. Made of brass throughout and nickel finished. Every lamp warranted. Write to our nearest agency if not at your dealer's.

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Sent directly from our factory at exactly dealer's cost (which saves you $5 to $25 on a stove), and if at any time within a year it isn't perfectly satisfactory to you we will return your money and take the stove back. There is no offer made anywhere else to equal this for a standard trade-marked stove of such high grade. First,

Write for Our ILLUSTRATED STOVE BOOK—Free
It shows a full line of Ranges and Heating Stoves.

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Select style and price you prefer and learn all about the stoves before you order. Write now to

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"We Thank Thee"

WE thank Thee for the sunny days
Of summer past and gone,
We thank Thee for their cheering ways
And wealth of wild-bird song.
We thank Thee for the flowers they brought,
Their butterflies and bees,
We thank Thee for the shady spot
And sweet perfume on breeze.
We thank Thee for the pastures green,
The cattle feeding sleek,
We thank Thee for each summer scene,
The river and the creek.
We thank Thee for the showery time,
And for the warm days grand,
We thank Thee for the days of shine
Spread out all o'er the land.
We thank Thee for the days all light,
And for the days all dark,
We thank Thee for the harvest bright
And trade on busy mart.
We thank Thee for the orchards fine,
And all their wealth of fruit,
We thank Thee for all brutish kine,
And food their tastes to suit.
We thank Thee for the autumn shower,
And winter's snows 'neath feet,
We thank Thee for Thy wondrous power
To make all things complete.
We thank Thee for our lives still cared
And for Thy love revealed,
We thank Thee we have still been spared
Our powers for Thee to wield.
We thank Thee for Thy Word so true,
Its promises oft tried,
We thank Thee each day learned anew
Some truth when we have pried.
We thank Thee for the joy, the light,
Which comes from Thee alone,
We thank Thee, Father, that no night
Can reach where is Thy Throne.
We thank Thee for the future still
To peer into each day,
We thank Thee Thou can'st each day fill
With joy upon our way.
We thank Thee for Thy wisdom grand,
To understand Thy ways,
And now we ask Thy help to stand
For Right throughout the days.

D. H. HAMMOND.

Lachute, Quebec, Canada.

A Floating Church

THE scattered parishes of the English "Fen" country have been spiritually neglected for many years. The "Fens" are vast tracts of low-lying, marshy land, crossed in every direction by dykes, sluggish rivers and inlets of the sea.

A typical Fen village is the parish of Holme, not far from the ancient cathedral city of Peterborough. This is a true bit of primeval fen-land, extending over 600

The Floating Chapel on the Marsh

acres of sedge, heather, and bog-myrtle. Scattered over this wide area live some 650 fenlanders, who have for generations found the problems of church and chapel, day school, and Sunday School, almost insurmountable. During the winter months, however, the widow of the late territorial landlord sent a covered wagon six miles round the Fen to bring the children into school each day, taking them home again in the afternoon.

Owing to the peculiar features of the country, and the scattered population, it was found impossible to secure any suitable central point for chapel or mission room, and a building on wheels was discussed. At last the Rev. George Broke, vicar of the parish, decided upon a floating chapel, which should navigate the intricate winding water-ways. Accordingly, on an ordinary flat-bottomed fen-lighter some fifty feet long and twelve feet wide, a spacious mission-room or chapel was constructed, thirty-five feet long, nine feet wide and over seven feet high. Every inch of space was utilized. At the far end of the big room are two low platforms, each three feet wide; and on the upper one of these stands the altar. On the right is a small stone baptismal font, and on the lower platform an oak prayer desk and a small American organ. There is a tiny pulpit, and in the body of the room are two low benches for the choir children, for the congregation about forty beechwood chairs are provided. There is no church bell; it has been found better to use a flag-staff with special flags. A tiny tug, whose engine is fed with peat, hauls the church along the sluggish streams; and every Sunday there are regular services besides Sunday School, children's service, mother's meetings, and the like. The vicar's wife acts as organist, and there is a choir of six specially trained girls.

W. G. F.

The Seven Words*

MOST impressive of all the lessons of the seven words, is that of thought for others. In such agony as that of crucifixion, the sufferer might have been expected to be occupied with himself. The strong young life was ebbing slowly away in torture from the wounds in hands and feet, and the fearful thirst which could be assuaged only through insensibility. Yet even in that hour of suffering, it was of others that Christ thought. He pitied his mother, whom he saw among the throng. She would be alone now, for her sons had no sympathy with her affection for Jesus. She would be liable to contempt and sneers as the mother of one who had been executed. Her lot would be very sad. Christ thinks of it, and as he notices John approach her to comfort her, he blesses both by giving them into loving relationship. John is in future to take his place, and mother and disciple are both honored.

Another woe touches his heart. It is the cry of a penitent, ever a welcome sound to Jesus. "Lord, remember me," is the appeal of a fellow sufferer. We know not if some earlier knowledge of Jesus had reached him, or whether the spectacle before him had extorted a confession. However it was, there was penitence, and Jesus responds with a promise that many a penitent since has thought cheap at the cost of crucifixion: "This day shalt thou be with me." Still deeper goes the magnanimity. The majesty of the divine character is shown in Christ's intercession for his murderers. He would have them escape the indignation of God: "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."

The personal utterances are deeply pathetic. Only one relates to the body. "I thirst," is the cry of Him who is a fount of living waters to the world. It was characteristic of all deaths on the cross and from this He was not exempt. But the spiritual trial affected Him most. God who had supported Him all through his career appeared to his distracted mind to be strangely absent. "My God," He cries, "why hast thou forsaken me?" That was the bitterest of all sorrows; but happily it was of short duration. Soon the strong faith and trust returned and He was able to say, "Father, into thy hands I commend My spirit." That agony He had to bear, that He might be able to comfort his suffering followers. Then the long agony was over, He had drained the cup to the dregs, He had borne every trial, and with a sigh of relief He said, "It is finished." At last the victory was won.

Practical Bible Training School

The Bible School at Lestershire, N. Y., is an interdenominational institution. The plant is paid for, the officers give their time without salary, and often much of their means to support the work. All the expenses are met by free-will offerings. The students have the advantage of a three months' course each year at the nominal expense of their board, $3.50 per week. In six years this school has sent many out who are now doing effective work. Its purpose is not to make preachers, but to provide a place where persons of limited means and little time can get a workable knowledge of the Word and practical training for personal work. It is proposed to provide a Bible course for all the year round. The school stands for the Word of God, and Dr. Torrey, Dr. Chapman, and other workers of prominence, are familiar with its work. Prof. John R. Clements is president of the Training School, and Charles H. Harrington, general secretary. The latter will answer any inquiries that may be sent by interested readers.

* Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for Dec. 9. John 19: 25-30; Luke 23: 34-46; Mark 15: 34.

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The Choicer the article the Greater the need of PEARLINE'S Gentle, Harmless, yet Effective way of washing. Intelligent and Thrifty women are those most

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No Man can do his best—reach the goal of his ambitions and influence the respect, loyalty and affections of other people—unless he has the carriage and repose that come from strength and vigor.

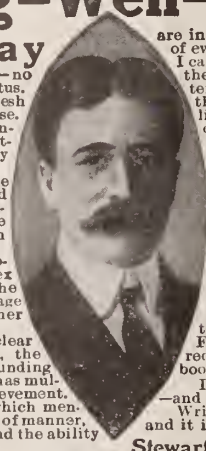
No Woman can realize all the opportunities of her sex and be admired and sought after, if she lacks the symmetry, grace, fine carriage and clear complexion Nature intends her to have.

Any Man in possession of the clear eye, the ruddy cheek, the springy step and firm tread of abounding health and full understanding of life has multiplied chances for success and achievement.

Good health is the foundation upon which mental capacity, physical perfection, ease of manner, self-possession, personal magnetism and the ability to control men—all are builded.

Any Woman with the fair skin, sparkling eye, graceful carriage and perfect poise which mark one whose nerves and body are in harmony, delights all and is the object of every friend's affection.

I can show you how to gain abiding health and the realization of existence which Nature intends you to enjoy. I can tell you how to do the very things you now do—eat what you like—go about your daily life as usual—only doing these things so they will always benefit you. If you are too thin, I show you how to put on good firm flesh. If you are too stout, I show you how to reduce your weight. If you are not fully developed, I show you how to build uny part to normal condition. If you are weak or nervous, I show you how to gain strength which will give you poise and self-control. If you are ill, I show you how to help Nature reassert herself and throw off disease. If you are well, I show you how to safeguard yourself against all sickness.



My Book, "The Natural Way" tells how I help you. I will send you a copy FREE and postpaid for the asking. Your request—letter or post card—gets you the book by return mail.

It is for the well—to help them keep well—and for the sick—to help them become well. Write for it today. You will find it helpful, and it is free.

Stewart Roberts, Health Culture Specialist
1811 Roberts Hall, Goshen, Indiana
References—Dun, Bradstreet or any Goshen Bank.

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80 Million People

WHO HAVE NEVER SEEN THE SUN!

STARTLING yet true is this statement. More astounding is the fact that this vast number of people are not confined in the Catacombs of China or Siberian mines, but it applies to every man, woman and child living in this glorious country of ours who have not provided themselves with a dark glass, or, what is better, a solar telescope. Telescopes heretofore provided with a solar eye-piece or dark lens for sun observations have cost from $8.00 up. We have produced a large solar telescope which for $1.00 will enable people to correctly see the sun for the first time. Previously you have only seen the rays of light or sunbeams.

Pat. April, 1906.

This is a long powerful Telescope for terrestrial and celestial use. This telescope is provided with an adjustable solar eye-piece for sun observations. Every student, male or female, needs this telescope to study the sun in **eclipses**, also the mysterious recurrent sun spots. Never before was a telescope with solar eye-piece sold for less than $8.00 or $10.00. This eye-piece alone is worth more than we charge for the entire telescope to all who wish to behold the sun in its tranquil beauty. Remove the solar eye-piece lens and you have a good practical telescope for land observations, etc.

POSITIVELY such a good telescope was never sold for this price before. These telescopes are made by one of the largest manufacturers of Europe; measure closed, 12 in., and open over 3½ feet in 5 sections. They are brass bound, brass safety cap on each end to exclude dust, etc., with powerful lenses, scientifically ground and adjusted. Guaranteed by the maker. Every sojourner in the country or at seaside resorts should certainly secure one of these instruments, and no farmer should be without one. Objects miles away are brought to view with astonishing clearness.

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Gentlemen: I had with me on my recent European trip, one of your Excelsior Solar Telescopes, with which I had the pleasure of observing an eclipse of the sun. At the Austrian Tyrol it was almost 80 per cent. concealed. Your solar eye-piece is a great thing. Its value to me on this occasion was many times greater than the entire outlay for the telescope. Yours truly,
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I wish all to know how satisfactory the Excelsior Telescope is. Our farm is on the highest point in the surrounding country; one mile south of the junction of Walnut and Arkansas rivers. From our place we can see with the aid of the telescope over into the Kansas Indian Reservation nearly 20 miles; count the cattle, and tell a horse from a cow; can see a large ranch 17 miles east that cannot be seen with the naked eye; can see the color and count windows with the telescope.

Again thanking you all for a square deal, I remain, Yours truly,
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ILLUSTRATION ABOUT ONE-THIRD ACTUAL LENGTH

Death on the Cross

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

OUR beloved Lord, in coming to the cross, first "bare our sins in his own body on the tree" (I. Peter 2: 24), that he might take them away, and we who are forgiven can never forget the moment when, for the first time in our lives, we knew we were "not condemned," but pardoned by our God. But he also "condemned sin in the flesh," by yielding his flesh to die, "that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk, not after the flesh, but after the Spirit" (Romans 8: 3, 4).

Jesus was ever the example of all he taught. When another man, Simon the Cyrenian, was called upon to help him to bear his cross, a "great company of people and of women . . . bewailed and lamented him. But Jesus, turning unto them, said, Weep not for me." Every step he took was in his Father's will, and it was "meat" to him to do the will of him that sent him; he needed no human sympathy. And just as soon as any of God's children know the luxury of a renounced will, human sympathy in any trial becomes not only unwelcome, but almost intolerable. Human sympathy appeals to the flesh, to the self-life in us; if that is crucified with Christ, there is nothing in us which responds to the human sympathy of another. "But weep for yourselves, and for your children." At such an hour, Jesus, "knowing all things that should come upon him," was free enough from his own sufferings to offer a sympathy which was not human to the daughters of Jerusalem, whose city was going to be destroyed some years later.

To add to the ignominy which they heaped on the Son of God, it was arranged by his bitter persecutors that two malefactors, real criminals, should be put to death with him. How little they knew that, in their bitter hate, they were only confirming the proofs to be found in their Scriptures, that He whom they thus dealt with was the Messiah, the Son of God! "The Scripture was fulfilled which saith, And he was numbered with the transgressors" (Mark 15:28; Isa. 53:12). All that man could do to class him with evil-doers was done; judged and unjustly condemned by the civil law, led out to execution with two thieves, put upon the cross in the very place where the bones of evil-doers were whitening in the sun, so that the very place was named "The place of a skull," he truly "made his grave with the wicked . . . in his death" (Isa. 53:9).

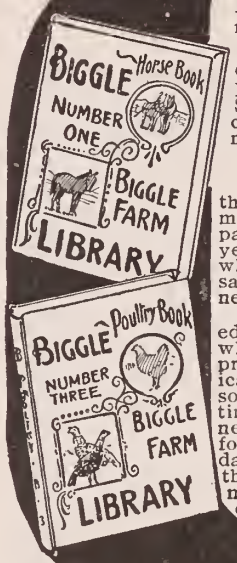
On his way to the cross, his heart, at leisure from itself, took part with the daughters of Jerusalem; upon the cross, his compassion flowed out toward those who murdered him. "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Intense as was his physical, mental, and spiritual agony, he denied himself even at that hour; resisted not evil, even when it had come to such a length; loved his enemies, even when their enmity was taking his life of blessing from the earth! "And they that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts or desires" (Gal. 5: 24, R. V.)

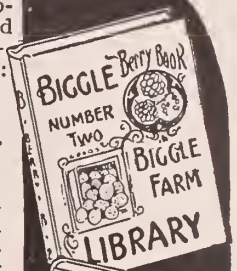
Oh, who can say in the light of the cross of Jesus, "I have done this"? It was a masterpiece of Divine love when, in addition to his prayer, "Father, forgive them," he could add, "for they know not what they do." He who was sinned against with this diabolical, murderous hate, covets and obtains the death-blow which was due to his murderers; "Herein is love!"

"They parted his garments," and so the Scripture was fulfilled again. "And the people stood beholding"—but not understanding; perhaps they thought it did not particularly concern them! Oh, if they had but understood, they would never "have crucified the Lord of glory." The rulers, temporal and spiritual, were willingly ignorant; they might have known, they had access to the Scriptures. But they carried on their fearful game to the last, and "derided him, saying, he saved others; let him save himself, if he be Christ, the chosen of God." It was the strongest argument which the flesh could use, every instinct of self tends to self-preservation. Perhaps they thought, if this man assumes to have divine power, and a divine mission, let him exercise it at this crisis.

THERE ARE EIGHT

Biggle Books in the Biggle Farm Library, and a new one—the Orchard Book—ready Dec. 1st. One each thoroughly covering the following subjects: Berries, Poultry, Horses, Cows, Swine, Sheep, Health and Pets. All bound in cloth. Price of each 50 cents. Nothing nicer for Christmas gifts. 170,000 sold.





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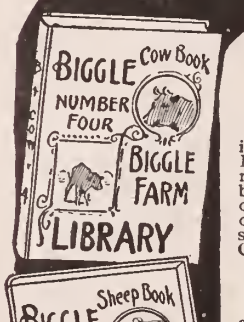
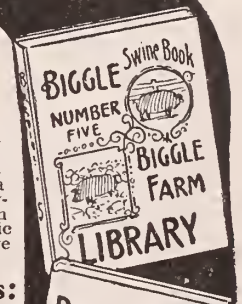
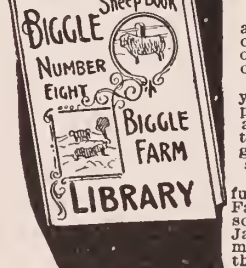
is 75 cents for 5 years, sixty numbers. Sample copy free.







The Roosevelt Family Calendar

is a high art calendar for the year 1907, showing a family group of President and Mrs. Roosevelt and their six children. It contains no advertising matter whatever, but it is a beautiful and artistic production, such as anyone will be glad to hang in parlor, sitting room or office, and preserve forever as a historic souvenir. Or it will make a valued, attractive Christmas gift for some relative or friend.

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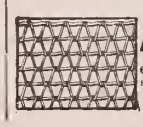

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The Late General Shafter.

The death of Major-General William Rufus Shafter, at his ranch in California, takes from the army list the name of one of the most prominent officers of the American army during our war with Spain. Gen. Shafter was born in Galesburg, Mich., in 1835. He entered the Union army, as a first lieutenant, in 1861. He passed through all grades to that of colonel, and was made a brevet brigadier-general and received a medal from Congress for distinguished gallantry. After the Civil War he served as colonel and brigadier-general in the West. In Cuba, he commanded the army that defeated Gen. Linares's army, and received the surrender of Santiago de Cuba.

The Chicago Rescue Mission

THE Chicago Rescue Mission, now in the second year of a great non-sectarian work for Christ and lost humanity, is located at 63 West Madison Street, in the very heart of Chicago's west side levee district. Between November 30, 1905, and April 30, 1906, 55,200 stranded men and boys visited its free reading and club room and evening Gospel services, and during the past year 550 of these lost and drifting ones have signified an earnest determination to lead a better life, and many of them are standing firm for the right to-day, and are holding excellent positions in Chicago and elsewhere.

The mission has a practical help department, a men's club, and a Free Employment Bureau, and its officers visit the friendless sick in the city and do work among the old and helpless in Cook County's poorhouse, carrying to the forsaken ones there not only words of love and hope and cheer, but many longed-for comforts. For nineteen years, Assistant Superintendent Henry DeVries has had charge of the Sunday afternoon Protestant religious services in this immense panper institution.

This year has witnessed some remarkable conversions in the mission. Judge D——, after having sunk from fame and fortune to the degradation of a drunkard, staggered into the mission a year ago, gave his heart and life to God, stood true, and is now telling the story of the Cross to other lost men. Mr. R—— was saved in the mission from drink and vice and sin, to-day is holding a position as shipping clerk with one of the Great Lake steamship companies. On Sunday, November 4, 1,600 men and boys heard the Gospel story at street and inside meetings, and sixteen knelt at the altar for prayer.

A Book to be Proud of

Please accept thanks for the beautiful book, "Greatest Wonders of the World." It is, indeed, a valuable premium, and one that any one should be proud of.

I shall take great pleasure in showing it to my friends, May God bless you and your grand old paper, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, is the sincere wish of

Thunderbolt, Ga. MAMIE JERGUSON.

. . .

This is the first opportunity I have had to return my thanks for the beautiful premium, the "Greatest Wonders of the World," I am more than delighted with it. It is so very interesting and beautifully bound. Every one who has seen it speaks in praise of it.

Philadelphia, Pa. ELBRIDGE G. STOUT.

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

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OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

"Gipsy" Smith, the Famous English Evangelist, Now Visiting America

See Page 1034

Questions and Answers

Letters for this department must contain name and address of the sender—not for publication, but as evidence of genuineness and good faith. Where an answer by mail is desired, ten cents in postage stamps must be forwarded by the writers, with full address.

M. W. G., Mt. Ayr, Iowa. We export many horses and mules for foreign army service. How early were they in use in America?

As far as known, not one lived upon the Western Hemisphere when Columbus discovered America. The first horses ever brought to any part of the land now known as the United States, were landed in Florida in 1527 by the Spanish. In 1609 the English brought a few to Virginia, and in 1629 the Massachusetts Bay Colony imported horses and other domestic animals. Mules are of later origin here, and were scarcely known until George Washington introduced them from Malta and Spain.

E. A. C., Mowersville, Pa. 1. Who were Mary, Martha and Lazarus? 2. How do so many different names originate, for instance, the Joneses, the Browns, etc.

1. Lazarus was an inhabitant of Bethany, and a follower and friend of Jesus, and Mary and Martha were his sisters. Tradition states that he was a man of means and influence in the place, and that he lived thirty years after being restored to life. One legend states that he and his sisters traveled in Europe and he preached the Gospel in Marseilles. 2. The growth of surnames is too long a subject for discussion here. See any good encyclopedia.

R. B., New York. Not quite four hundred miles of the Damascus-Mecca railroad have been completed. The entire 1,100 miles will not be finished before 1913.

H. W. Griggs, Portage, Wis., writes:

Referring to my reference to the mountain people of the South, in my article on "Cumberland Gap," in your issue of November 7, I would explain that by "spiritual ideas," I do not mean that these people are more lacking in this respect than other communities, but that there are different ideas in this regard in different localities. I did not imply that they are lacking in morals. The same conditions that exist there are met with in any community where religious facilities have not been convenient, even in some more accessible communities. One whose heart has been with these people the last fifteen years cannot speak or write otherwise than kindly regarding them.

H. J. S., Fruitland, Md. Why can't we have plain, simple rules for ascertaining the astronomical moons? We have easy, simple rules for ascertaining the ecclesiastical moons. The addition of 29 days, 12 hours and 44 minutes to the time of the new moon in one month, will not bring her invariably to the exact time of the new moon in the following month. The rule which says that every nineteen years the moons come back to the same date of month, is not invariably correct.

The earth's orbit round the sun being an ellipse, its daily motion is unequal. The moon's orbit round the earth is also elliptical, moving faster in perigee and slower in apogee. Again, her orbit is not parallel with the earth's orbit, but inclined to it at an angle of 5 deg., 8 min., 40 sec., causing her to cross the earth's orbit in two places, going south and returning north. These crossing points are called her "nodes." These crossing points revolve round the earth in 18½ years. The period of the moon's motion round the earth is accomplished in 29d., 12h., 44m., 2.7s. As the motion of the sun and moon are irregular, it follows that the time from new moon in one month will not be the same for next new moon; but the average for the thirteen in a year is very nearly the average, but the mean for the 18½ years is exact to a second. Suppose the earth's orbit was a circle, with the sun in the centre and the moon's orbit round the earth also a circle, with the earth in its centre, the time from new moon to new again would be the same forever.

Marathon, N. Y. LEWIS SWIFT.

Mrs. E. A. Street, on reading the beautiful "Child's Prayer" in our issue of Nov. 7th, sent the enclosed, as "the one learned and prayed by her when a child, and her own dear children learned and prayed it at their mother's knee."

Saviour, teach me how to pray,
I humbly kneel to thee,
That every night, and every day,
My friend and Saviour be.

And while I live, O, live with me,
And when I'm called to die,
Take up my soul to dwell with thee
And sing thy praise on high.

H. S., Huntington, Mass. What is the Graham's Dike, mentioned in Scotch books of travel?

It was a wall built in Scotland, in 209 A.D. by Severus Septimus, the Roman emperor, or by Antoninus Pius. It reached from the Clyde to the Firth of Forth. It can still be traced.

H. A. B., Clifton, N. J. At a recent service, a speaker said that the Ten Commandments were for the Jews, and are not binding on Christians; that the Lord's Prayer was intended only for the disciples, and that Christ never intended an ordained ministry. Are these statements true?

We think you may have misunderstood the speaker. No Christian would wish to break any of the Commandments. Even if they lapsed with the Mosaic law, there is not one that we would dispense with. The Lord's Prayer is the most beautiful and comprehensive prayer ever composed. It was originally given to the disciples, but there is no intimation that it was intended for them exclusively. As to an ordained ministry, we know that Christ appointed apostles and sent them out to teach; Paul appointed teachers in the early church. A man who is educated and trained for the work of the ministry is more likely to do efficient service than one who is obliged to attend to secular affairs.

M. F. B., Indiana. When and where were eyeglasses invented?

Spectacles are supposed to be the invention of a monk, named Alexander de Spina, who lived in Florence, Italy, in 1285. Others who have been credited with it are Roger Bacon, about 1280, and Salvino, who died in 1317. On the grave of the latter is the inscription: "Here lies Salvino degli Armati, inventor of spectacles; may God pardon his sins."

Reader, Hamilton, Can. Is there any record of the earthquake spoken of by Amos?

The same earthquake is referred to in Zech. 14:5. It occurred in King Uzziah's reign, and is mentioned by Josephus in *Antiquities*, Book 9: ch. 10: 4.

S. D. H., Brooklyn, N. Y. When, where and for what cause did Bishops Cranmer and Ridley suffer martyrdom?

Ridley, Latimer and Cranmer were martyred during the Popish persecutions in England, in the middle of the sixteenth century. Cranmer's zeal for Protestantism led him into the perilous enterprise of supporting Lady Jane Grey as sovereign, against the Catholic Queen Mary (1553). All three bishops were imprisoned as "obstinate heretics," the special accusation being their denial of the "real presence" in the Sacrament. On March 21, 1556, Cranmer was burned at the stake. Shortly before his death he denounced the Pope as Antichrist and all his doctrines as false. Ridley, who was also a victim of Mary's vengeance, was condemned for heresy, and executed October 16, 1555. Latimer's trial was a counterpart of the others and he perished at the stake at the same time with Ridley.

M. E., Flushing, N. Y. Where do gold fish come from?

The gold fish, really golden carp, are taken from Chinese waters. They were first brought to England in 1691, and became quite common in 1723.

Remorse, Brooklyn, New York. You should confess that you are a sinner, and that you now repent of your sins, and ask God, for his Son's sake, to forgive you. The Prodigal, when he asked his father's forgiveness, cried out that he had sinned and was unworthy. He did not describe his sins; he was probably ashamed of them; but he put all pride aside in his appeal, which the father accepted as token of sincere repentance.

Reader, Ontario, Canada. Is a person who is trying to live a consistent Christian life, and who has been employed in the office of a brewery over twenty-five years, and has a family to support, justified in continuing in the position?

If he finds that his occupation conflicts with his principles, the wisest thing to do is to look for another position. In the present attitude of the church, and of good people generally, on the liquor question, such a person would find it difficult to reconcile his calling with the Bible's teaching on temperance. See the numerous texts on the subject.

J. A. G., Carlock, Ill. Any estimate of the number of souls converted in any given year all over the country, would be the merest guesswork. The nation's drink-bill in 1905 was $1,325,439,074. It is estimated, we cannot say how accurately, that 100,000 deaths annually are due, directly or indirectly, to the drink traffic.

H. B., New York. Is the lathe for working metal, wood, etc., a comparatively modern invention?

No; the lathe is said by some writers to have been invented by Talus, grandson of Dædalus, about 1240 B.C. Pliny ascribes it, however, to Theodore of Lamas, who lived about 600 B.C.

P. F., Newport, N. H. What does the word polyglot come from?

It is derived from two Greek words, one meaning many, and the other tongues. It is applied especially to editions of the Bible printed in several languages.

Mrs. A. S. F., Feeding Hills, Mass. What am I to do when my heart is full of love to God and man, and yet I have a fear of wild assaults and terrific storms, and an unnatural death?

Such a fear is not uncommon, especially in timid natures. It does not prove that the heart is not right with God; it is simply, in most cases, a constitutional peculiarity or weakness. But even the weak and timid may draw strength and courage from God's promises.

Old Subscriber, Brooklyn, N. Y. Does our Lord mean in his words about offences (Matt. 5:23, 24), that the wronged person or the person who has done the wrong must take the first step toward reconciliation?

In this instance the meaning is not certain. It seems to have been quarrels that our Lord had in mind rather than injuries. The brother who has aught against you appears to indicate a grudge, or a debt, as the following verses suggest. In any case there is to be no quarrel. There must be reconciliation first. In other teachings on the same subject (Matt. 18:15) the wronged person is to make the first advances. As a matter of experience, we know that the person who has suffered the wrong is the one most likely to offer reconciliation. No one nourishes ill-feeling so strongly as the man who has done another a wrong. He cannot forgive himself, nor the man he has injured.

Reader, Missouri. There is no possible defence of the cigarette habit. In the case of the youthful smoker, it stunts growth, dulls the brain and impoverishes the blood. Practically all cigarettes are treated with opium. Students who are victims of the habit are never so bright as those who are free from it. Many a promising career is blasted by this vice.

A Native Frontier School in Morocco

In Morocco, outside of the larger cities, the school question is a difficult problem. Our illustration shows a movable camp school, at which the native children are taught what little rudimentary learning the peripatetic teacher may be able to impart. Education consists in learning to read, write and recite certain portions of the Koran. Printing is almost unknown, and the arts and sciences are at a very low ebb.

Beautiful Childhood

I have to-day received the two pictures, and they are in every way worthy of the descriptions given in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and, like all of your premiums, fulfil every expectation, being beautiful illustrations of childhood devotion.

Cleveland, O. GEO. B. PARKIN.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 5, 1906

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

A Snowed-in Mission Station in Winter

Little Heathen Eskimo Boys

Off on a Journey with the Dog Sleds

A PERILOUS ARCTIC JOURNEY

By CHRISTIAN SCHMITT,
Nain, Labrador

IT gives me much pleasure to acknowledge your kind letters from November 28 and January 12th. We have also again been reminded of the kindness of readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and on behalf of our mission, I thankfully acknowledge the receipt of three checks for $25, $10 and $25. During the past winter, it has fallen to my lot to travel a good deal, and, as traveling takes up much of our time one way or another, I wish to dwell mainly on this topic in my present letter.

Modern appliances have not found their way to Labrador. Steam engines and railways play no part in our progress, not even telegraphy has as yet connected our shores with any other part of the world. Indeed, as far as we know, winter traveling has undergone no change here whatever during the last centuries, and there are no prospects of any change. Traveling in winter is accomplished by dogs and sleigh. On the 25th of January, I commenced traveling, and nearly 1,000 miles were covered by our sleigh. The two extremes reached were Hopedale in the south, and our newest mission station at Cape Chidley in the north.

We had the pleasure of meeting Messrs. Wallace and Easton on our journeys. These two gentlemen had traveled from Ungava, and were vigorously pushing south to get nearer home again. It was both an extremely rare and astonishing sight to meet American travelers out here during the winter season. We met on the 6th of February, plodding along on our huge expanse of snow and ice with the thermometer 30 degrees below zero. A very hearty greeting, a short half hour's rest and chat, and again we separated to continue on our journey, they to the south, to home, comfort, fame and renown; we to the north, not less happy, and as willing to meet difficulties in the Master's service.

Traveling in Labrador is not always child's play. The climate is severe and the cold intense, as it can hardly be otherwise in these latitudes; but we get used to this in time and do not mind it so much. Some days the weather may be nice, though cold, and by walking or running one is able to keep warm. But when the wind rises suddenly from the northwest, rapidly increasing into a gale and filling the air closely with myriads of particles of snow, so that one cannot see five yards ahead, then it is that traveling becomes uncomfortable, unsafe, and frequently disastrous; for we have records of men who have been driven out to sea, men who have lost their lives within a mile or two of home—men who, after a severe struggle with the elements and a stay of anxious days and nights in a snowstorm, have at last found some sheltering roof, but alas! with frozen limbs and often crippled for life. These are, however, exceptions; yet in the course of years we come into close contact with one or another of these dangers.

On our way north, we had finished our work and rested our dogs at Okak, intending to start for Hebron next day. Early in the morning, before sunrise, we were up and made ready for the journey, when, to our dismay, we noticed that our dogs looked full and round. Over night they had broken into the store and, with the help of some village dogs, had utterly spoiled and devoured seal meat, blubber, skins, etc., with the result that they were quite unfit for a journey, and we had to postpone our trip until next day (the Eskimo dog will not work when recently fed).

North of Hebron, traveling becomes more difficult on account of the high mountains that must be traversed. In addition to this, recent gales had cleared all snow from the hills, so that we had to travel over rocks, stones and earth very frequently, and our sleigh received on this account very hard usage. We made good progress, however, and had fine weather and were in hopes of doing our sixty miles that day, when, all of a sudden, our sleigh broke. What this means is better imagined than described. We pity the mariner when he loses his vessel, his only means of progress; and I assure you we felt no less uncomfortable, on that vast expanse of ice and snow, with many miles between us and any human habitation. One of the runners, sixteen feet long and two inches thick, had split right in half from one end to the other. Our sleigh was heavily laden and we had no nails or tools with us, so we could not attempt any repairs, and walking was out of the question. But here, as in many instances, I found the Eskimos who accompanied me full of resource. The sleigh was immediately unpacked; the two broken pieces were pierced twenty-four times with bullets from a rifle; the broken parts were firmly lashed together with some sealskin rope that we always carry with us, and, although the sleigh in this condition was not fit to cross the high mountains, yet we were enabled to make a retreat, and reach one of our mission stations again the same day.

Missionary in Winter Dress for Traveling

After advancing as far north as Ramah, we entered the territory of the heathen Eskimo. It is surprising that, even in these high latitudes (59th degree), man finds ways and means to prosecute his industries. A mining company had settled in Rowsel's Harbor and made it for a short time a centre of their operations. We reckon one Eskimo to every English mile of coast line; but here hundreds of miners were employed, who disturbed the former quiet of these hills and made the mountains resound with their toil. This colony of miners vanished again as quickly as they came, for the mineral that promised so well at first soon diminished in quantity and made the attempt a failure. On our way north, we were glad of the shelter that these forsaken houses offered for a night; and in the evening, while looking round for something to read, I was gladly surprised to find here a copy of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

The heathen Eskimos in these parts differ nearly in every respect from the people in our charge. They live all winter in snow-houses and, notwithstanding the extreme temperatures, they use no fuel either for warming or cooking purposes. The only fire I could see was a small seal-oil lamp. All meats from seals, walrus, whales, etc., are eaten raw, and the only liquid used is water, which is usually secured by melting ice or snow over a lamp. During conversation, I was led to ask a man his age, but was soon informed that these people take no further notice of time than to live from one day to the other. The consequence is that they cannot know their age, unless some such occurrence as an earthquake has specially marked the year of their birth.

But their spiritual life is yet more primitive, for superstition and sorcery prevail among them, and their souls are enveloped in darkness. We are very glad to have a new mission station right among these heathen Eskimos, and hope that, through the influence of the Gospel, all heathen customs may vanish.

But operations are expensive in these latitudes. Our mission ship is often delayed for weeks in the ice, and the frequent northern gales in autumn make this uncharted coast very dangerous for navigation. We are sorry to learn that the one Mission Society has been obliged to withdraw their missionaries from these

Continued on page 1033

THE

American Pulpit

A Sermon by

Rev. Charles M. Sheldon*

THE

Secret of Happiness

TEXT: JOHN 15:11

"These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy may be full"

FROM the very beginning of all human history men have sought after happiness. All philosophies and all religions have contained within them the appealing tone, oftenest in the minor key, which craves the ultimate satisfaction of life. In an overwhelming number of instances the human race has tried to find happiness along the track of three passions —the getting of wealth, the getting of power, and the getting of physical pleasure; and the experience of the human race has demonstrated again and again that the secret of happiness is not found along the track of any one of these three pursuits. Men get wealth and yet remain unhappy. They gain power and happiness is not gained with it. They seek and find physical pleasure, and when it is enjoyed to the full, and the day has come to an end, happiness is as far off as ever.

The Joy Most Coveted

The voice of all literature is full of words commending happiness as one of the greatest, if not the greatest of all human possessions. Shakespeare says: "My crown is in my heart, not on my head. Not decked with diamonds and Indian stones, nor to be seen. My crown is called content. A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy." Robert Louis Stevenson, voicing the great desire for cheerfulness and happiness in the daily life, says: "A happy man or woman is a better thing to find than a five pound note. He is a radiating focus of good will, and his entrance into a room is as though another candle had been lighted. We need not care whether they could prove the forty-seventh proposition of Euclid. They have a better thing than that. They practically demonstrate the great theorem of life." Frederick von Schiller voices this sentiment: "Calm, serene spirit is the source of all that is noble and good. Whatever is accomplished of the greatest and the noblest sort flows from such a disposition. Petty, gloomy souls that only mourn the past and dread the future, are not capable of seizing on the holiest moments of life." Joseph Addison, in the *Spectator*, said: "Contentment produces in some measure all those effects which the alchemist usually ascribes to what he calls the philosopher's stone, and if it does not bring riches, it does the same thing by banishing the desire for them." The thought that happiness comes along the line of acceptance of every-day experience is voiced by one who says:

> Fate served me meanly, and I looked at her and laughed,
> That none might know how bitter was the cup I quaffed.
> Along came Joy, and paused beside me where I sat,
> Saying, "I came to see what you were laughing at."

And, strangely enough, that crabbed, irascible, dyspepsia-haunted spirit of Thomas Carlyle, in one of his moments of clearer vision, said: "How much lies in laughter. It is the cipher key wherewith we decipher the whole man. Give us, oh, give us, the man who sings at his work. The very stars are said to make harmony as they revolve in their spheres. Wonderful is the strength of cheerfulness: altogether past calculation its powers of endurance." And Colley Cibber, cynical man of the world, found time once to write this couplet:

> The happy have whole days, and those they choose;
> The unhappy have but hours, and those they lose.

Yet all these sentiments, true as they are in part or whole, do not help much in

The Search for Happiness

even when we acknowledge their truthfulness. What we want ourselves is the secret of the happiness which these writers simply acknowledge. It is one thing to acknowledge a fact, or a habit, or the result of certain habits, and say, that is so. The experience of the world has proved it, and mine also. But how shall I gain happiness myself, if it is one of the greatest things in the world? If there is a secret connected with it, is it so great that I cannot learn it, or does it lie within the reach of the average human being or myself? I want to be happy; how shall I be happy? I wish to gain happiness as a permanent possession. How shall I gain it? It is worth while to talk of this and see if we can find answers to this great human question.

The Person in all the world who succeeded in gaining permanently the greatest of all happiness, was the last Person in the world who, from all outward appearances, was able to gain it. Let us strip the personality of Jesus Christ of the glamour which belongs to it, and look at it in its sheer historical surroundings as it actually was. Here was a Person who had no wealth and no power, seemingly, except in a very limited direction, which was never exercised for himself, and very few physical pleasures, yet his life was full of happiness. It was better than happiness even, it was joy. Happiness may be the result, and very often is, of superficial emotions or feelings or experiences. Joy is a deep-seated and permanent thing in a human life, which comes to stay.

This being so, Jesus Christ, who had this permanent, abiding joy in him, the highest form of happiness known, died at the age of thirty-two. It is more correct to say he was brutally murdered by an indifferent and brutal governmental machine which had no vision of anything higher than brute force. At the time of his death he left as a possession to the world no outward, physical token of any kind whatever. The things he taught the people were rejected by them. The friends he chose himself out of the people misunderstood him, and in the hour of his greatest need they all forsook him and fled. He was put to death after a brutal, inhuman mockery of a trial, in one of the most cruel and inhuman fashions ever devised by human ingenuity to create physical suffering. Murdered between two common, stolid, stupid, ignorant criminals; hooted at by the rabble, and hissed by the mob and spit upon by the crowd. He wrote no books; he built no cities; he led no armies; he founded no universities; and when his last breath was drawn, there was apparently nothing except a most prodigious failure awaiting the teaching which resulted in his own premature murder.

A Dispenser of Happiness

Could anything be further away from joy or happiness than such a life, filled with such stupendously unhappy events? Failure was written all over it. There was for a little while a period of popularity. It soon sank down and flickered, like the going out of a candle in the gust of wind which blows through the hall when the door is opened to let in the belated guest. History records nothing in the life of any man, no series of personal events, so tragic, so calculated to inspire despair and discouragement and gloom and disheartenment as the life of Jesus Christ. Yet this Person, of all the persons in the universe, experienced himself and was able to give out of his own experience to others, the highest form of joy known to a human being. That being the case it is worth while to ask how it was done. If he could find the secret of happiness or of joy, and that secret was so simple that others could learn it, why should not all who believe as he did have the happiness which he had, and the text which we have chosen is the direct answer to that yearning. He says, "I have spoken unto you that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be made full." In other words, that men might be satisfied with this quest for happiness, and satisfied to the full.

The Starting Point

The secret of happiness is found then, we say, in learning the secret of the life of Christ; and in learning as he did, and as human philosophy and all religion have found out, mostly through him, that happiness is not found by seeking it along the line of the pursuit of wealth, of human power or of physical pleasure. The first starting point for real happiness in a life is the consciousness within that one has made his peace with God. "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked," said the old prophet who, although he lived before the time of Christ, had gotten a vision of the great philosophy of the Peasant of Nazareth. "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked. The wicked are like the troubled sea which casts up mire and dirt."

The first essential for peace of mind is the knowledge within that there is nothing between God and the soul. Sins have been forgiven. Whatever is wrong, dark and crooked in the past has been made straight. "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as wool. Though they be red like crimson, they shall be as snow." If there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth it is a joy which is emphasized by the joy of the sinner himself. A great shout goes up out of the soul when it is redeemed, and it seems that this shout is echoed in heaven, and echoed back again in the heart of the redeemed as he goes on his way singing. If there is unhappiness here in this room to-day in the soul of anyone, it may start, and probably does, from a lack of clear space between your soul and God, because there is something dark there which has not been removed. Everything else being equal, the spirit which walks in companionship with God is continually walking in the light, and to walk in the light is to be happy. The godless soul cannot be happy. The man who lives without God and without hope in the world cannot get joy out of wealth, power or pleasure.

Joy in Kinship

Christ had the fullest consciousness of any person that ever lives of kinship with God. He never attempted to prove the existence of God any more than he attempted to prove the existence of the air he breathed. It proved itself. There were some things that Jesus took for granted. That was the reason he said so little about them. We do not talk much about the things that are so common every day except about their manifestation. We breathe a thousand times a day, but day after day goes by and we do not mention the fact that we breathe. So Jesus taught the existence of God by simply living the existence himself. He and the Father were one, and the greatest source of the joy of Christ was the fact that he was not alone, for the Father was with him, and when his own people rejected him, when his own disciples fled from him, when men spit upon him, when the soldiers drove the sharp spikes through the palms of his hands into the wood, and lifted his body up and threw it back on the cross into the hole in the rock with a jar which must have started every tender, sensitive fibre in that marvelous body which contained the spirit, all that he had in mind was, "Father, forgive them." The consciousness of the presence of his Father was stronger even than the consciousness of the hatred of men, or the failure of his earthly mission. If we want happiness we cannot expect to get it without taking God into our lives. He must be a living, constant presence to us, stronger and greater than any human calamity, more real than any human friendship, mightier than any disaster, richer than any loss, more loving than any hatred; day and night, the presence of God in the spirit which has made its peace with him, is the foundation of human happiness.

That makes possible the optimism of life; that is, this happiness which comes from the presence of God in the life makes possible the assertion every moment in our lives that what we are doing is worth while. Much unhappiness, I find, flows out of discontentment with daily tasks. But the daily task is worth while that needs to be done because it is the work of a son of God. If it is honest work, if the world needs it, if it must be done to make others happy, then we have a right to the encouragement which comes from saying every day, "This thing which I am doing is needed by God. The world needs it. The happiness of others is increased by what I do faithfully. My work, in other words, is dignified by the consciousness of great need." It makes no difference how menial or simple it may seem to be; it is a part and parcel of the whole world's eternal activity.

Joy in Working with God

There is no way to redeem drudgery except by this spirit. God toiled to make the world, and we do not know how many ages passed by before it was evolved. There were countless details in creation. We no longer believe it was all done at one stroke in six days of twenty-four hours each. How long do you think God took to evolve the wing of a butterfly or the leaf of a tree, or the color of the sky, or how much time and pains does he take at the present moment in maintaining the universe in its integrity, for he is still fashioning it in ways of power and beauty. It is still undergoing a creative process. The best people I know are those

* Preached in Central Congregational Church, Topeka, Kan.

who find in their daily work the joy of companionship with God as a co-worker with them in helping keep the universe together. A vast amount of unhappiness might be removed if we once remembered we were co-laborers with God in the making of a world, in the keeping of it as it ought to be kept.

This will also help us in our enjoyment of life if we have what Christ had, a firm faith in the final outcome. We make some little effort along the line of righteousness or of daily living and then get discouraged because we seem to fail, forgetting that every good thought, every right impulse, every sowing of good seed has, and inevitably will have, a result. We do not look far enough ahead. The final result will be on the side of God. Righteousness will be the triumphing factor in the universe in the long run. It takes time to get God's results. To live in the atmosphere of that optimism which does not count failure by the immediate result is to live in the atmosphere of the divine joy of Christ.

Confidence in the Final Issue

It is human weakness to count results by the day. We should reckon by the majestic figures of the centuries and even more, seeing we have all the time there is and to spare, we ought not to be niggard of the time. Which inevitably leads to this as a source of our joy—our faith in immortality. All that existed in the mind of Christ. He knew that the earthly kingdoms would come to an end. Rome is a thing for the historian. Greece has left its color on the printed page and in a few remnants of departed greatness. The kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord. The human being who lives with the consciousness that the earthly life is but the preparation for greater and eternal life lives in an atmosphere of hope, and hope begets joy. The failures and mistakes, the broken toys and the shattered columns of to-day will mean very little in the hereafter. To work in the presence and atmosphere of this hope is to work with a song, and in that atmosphere Jesus did work and hope. He talked with angels. The angels came and ministered unto Him. He saw heaven not afar off but close by. It was not a vision of unreality to Him but among the real things of his existence. "Our Father who art in heaven," He taught us to pray. There is, then, something above us and something beyond us. The supernatural, the eternal, the invisible of which Paul speaks are living realities in the life of joy. There come to us physical pain, disease, weariness, the breaking down of the tissues of the body, old age, decay, physical death—these things are insignificant by the side of the tremendous factors of everlasting life. "Oh death, where is thy sting! Oh grave, where is thy victory! Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Then, with everything else, is this factor which adds to the intensity of the joy of life as it was in Christ. We believe in the Christ himself as the hope of the world. It is not a figure of speech used by the evangelist when he says, You can be saved only through Christ.

Society Can be Saved Through Him

and his teaching. Political governments can be saved only through this great One. We do not grope about in the darkness like the old pagan philosophers searching for some golden age or for some heaven-born leader. He has already come, and we do our work in the consciousness of that great personality which came down from heaven. The hope of this city, of its ultimate redemption, is in Jesus Christ. We cannot be redeemed, saved, made what a people ought to be by any political party. We cannot be saved by making improvements, by building better houses, by having more railroads or more manufactories or more of anything. Our one salvation lies in getting into our civilization the spirit of the Son of God, embodying in our municipal life his teaching, building up our business, our politics, our municipal government on his creed of love to God and man. This helps to make life worth living. This ought to give to every Christian a dignity as he looks out into the history of the world.

There are souls living in the world to-day who are in desperate physical conditions. The voice of two million little children goes up to God this moment for release from the slavery of human greed. Could we preach the joy of life to those little children when they could not understand our language unless we did the things for them which Jesus taught to give them joy. To give them a chance to play and to learn and to look up at the stars at other times than when they go to work at night. And just so far as we try to put the teaching of Jesus into the daily life of the people, to release those who are in bondage, to bring out of captivity those who are held in chains, just so far we shall increase our own happiness.

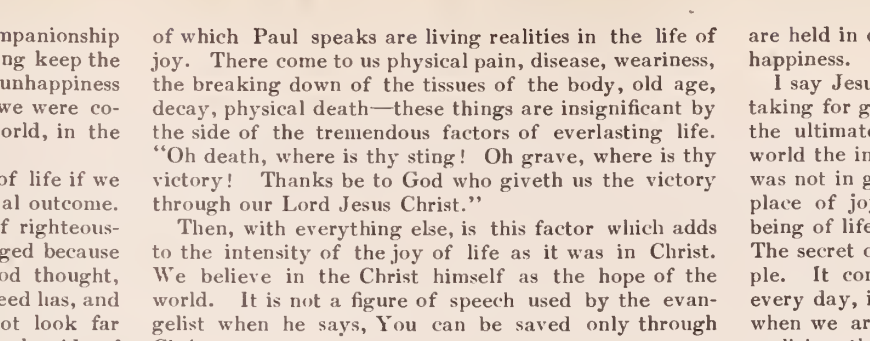
I say Jesus walking with God, living with the Father, taking for granted the great facts of immortality and the ultimate victory of righteousness, brought to the world the inspiration of living. He taught us that it was not in getting but in giving that we reached the place of joy. It is not in earthly power but in the being of life that the most exquisite happiness is found. The secret of happiness is not complicated. It is simple. It consists in living as near to God as we can every day, in talking with him in familiar communion when we are in trouble and when we are in joy. In realizing that the earthly history is but a part of the great life which men shall always live. In the tremendous consciousness every moment that we are in the presence of supernatural things. In the knowledge that the ills of the flesh and the weaknesses and disappointments of the mind are but as broken playthings to the grown-up man or woman because there is a heaven above us and an immortality within us, realizing that the daily struggle is worth making when it makes for character, and that the overcoming life is the only one possible to a person made in the image of God.

The Problem Solved

So that the secret of happiness resolves itself at last into this, becoming Christlike, learning of his character and of his nature, loving God with all our mind and loving our neighbors as ourselves, centering the affections and the passions of life around being instead of getting, remembering that we are a part of the great universe of everlasting things and that the earthly life is preparation for an eternal life of magnificent possibility, released from the things which have vexed us here, released from the things which have tortured us here. We are not enduring these things as the Stoics did, shutting our lips and hardening our faces, but even in the midst of the cruel things, and the hard things, and the disappointing things, we learn to go about our tasks with joy even as He did. The only radiant Son of God, to whom we come back as a source of the joy of our spirits. "These things," He said, "I have spoken unto you that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy may be made full." Let us get from Him our joy, that we may, like Him, be able to give again to those who are in need.

A PERILOUS ARCTIC JOURNEY Continued from page 1031

northern regions on account of the lack of funds. True, on an area of one hundred miles we only have the privilege to work among a handful of Eskimos; but is it right to neglect and forsake these, because they are so few in number? Did not Christ leave the multitude to go and bring salvation to one poor soul in the country of the Gadarenes? We rejoice that our Moravian Church has been, and is still privileged to bring the Gospel to the most neglected of mankind — the negroes, the Papuas, the lepers and the Eskimos.



Nain, Labrador, on the Verge of the Arctic Winter

But what brings sadness to our hearts is that these labors are now seriously curtailed and even under contemplation to be abandoned, because the necessary means are not forthcoming. Will not dear Christian friends on your side help to prevent this? May the dear Lord, the Master of the harvest, make hearts and hands willing to help, so that his work may still prosper, and that all mankind, even the Eskimos far north, may hear his blessed Gospel.

. . .

In another letter, received by the same mail, Missionary Schmitt writes to Dr. Klopsch: "Our sleighs here used for traveling are very primitive. This summer I heard from Dr. Grenfell that a firm in New York make and sell a lighter and more durable sleigh. The sleigh for our use should be about 16 feet long and 2 feet 4 inches wide, and is said to cost $30. Do you think you could interest some of your kind readers to furnish us with the means for the above purpose—the sleigh to be made and forwarded to us next year?" Dr. Klopsch at once replied to the good missionary's request, stating that it would give him pleasure to send him a sleigh in the name of the readers of this journal.

Mr. Gaston

From the Rev. Paul de Schweinitz, Secretary of the Moravian Board of Missions under which Mr. Schmitt is now laboring in the Arctic, we have received information concerning the method now employed for communicating with the lonely mission station in Labrador, Mr. de Schweinitz writes: "Our Labrador mission is supplied exclusively by our own ship *Harmony*, which sails from London early in June each year. The *Harmony* always stops at St. John's, Newfoundland, and any freight lying there is carried north to our stations."

Sleigh Drivers and Guides

Inquiries are now under way for the purpose of ascertaining some quicker means of sending the sleigh to Missionary Schmitt, instead of compelling him to wait many long, weary months, which, being deprived of the means of travel, would necessarily mean to him months of comparative inaction and curtailed usefulness. Meanwhile, any readers of this journal, who wish to have a share in the pleasant task of equipping this missionary sleigh for service in the frozen North, can do so by sending their mite towards it through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Mr. Wallace

Moravian missionary work was begun in Labrador over one hundred and fifty years ago. The originator of the work was John Christian Erhardt, a sailor, who was treacherously murdered by natives in 1752. Since then, many noble, consecrated workers have devoted their lives to bringing the northern heathen into the Gospel light. Since 1770, nine vessels have been employed in this mission service, in each case the crews selected being composed of stanch Christian seamen. Annual voyages are made, and in the long and dreary interval, the missionaries in the land of ice and snow are practically shut off from the rest of the world. Of the native population, the greater part subsist by fishing. The climate is subject to great changes; in summer the thermometer will sometimes range as high as 85 degrees Fahr., while in winter it goes many degrees below zero. The principal Moravian missionary stations are Nain, founded in 1771; Okak, 1776; Hebron, 1830; and Hopenthal, 1782. The work of the missionaries abounds in perils, but God has preserved them and rewarded their labors with an abundant spiritual harvest.

FROM STROLLER'S TENT TO PULPIT

The Remarkable Life Story of "Gipsy" Smith the Evangelist, Now Visiting the United States

AMONG those evangelists whose names are to-day a household word on two continents, there are few who are better known than "Gipsy" Smith. He is now visiting this country for the sixth time, and is preaching with great acceptance and marked spiritual power to vast audiences. From the 1st to the 20th of this month, he will be the centre of revival work in Portland, Me.; from December 20th to 30th, he will labor in Manchester, N. H.; from January 5th to 18th, he will conduct a series of revival services in Chicago; from January 19th to 31st, he will speak at Galesburg, Ills.; February 2d to 15th, at St. Paul, Minn.; February 16th to 28th, at Clinton, Ills. Then will follow a series of meetings in Brooklyn and other Eastern cities, dates for which have not yet been definitely fixed.

When "Gipsy" Smith visited the offices of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in the Bible House a few days ago and greeted the writer, he seemed to be very little changed since his last visit, some ten years ago or more. His manner is spontaneous and natural, and all his gestures and expressions are graceful, while his voice, soft and persuasive, can thrill and fire an audience at the speaker's will. He has broadened and matured, and to-day there are few evangelists, here or abroad, who can equal him in quiet entreaty or impassioned appeal. His labor has been wonderfully blessed, and he has been the means of leading a multitude of inquiring souls into the bright light of the Gospel.

The story of Rodney Smith's life reads like a romance. He was born in 1860, in a gipsy tent, his parents being Cornelius and Pollie Smith. His birthplace was the parish of Wanstead, near the historic Epping Forest, in England. There were five other children in the family, Rodney being the fourth. All their relatives were gipsies, living in wagons and tents. A peculiarity of these people, to which "Gipsy" Smith, in his published autobiography has called attention, is that eight out of every ten have Biblical names. His father had a brother Ezekiel, and his uncle Bartholomew had twelve children, all of them with Scripture names—Naomi, Samson, Delilah, Elijah, Simeon, etc. Notwithstanding their fondness for Bible names the gipsies had no Bible, and even if they had, they could not have read it. "We ourselves believe that we are akin to the Jews," writes the evangelist. "Many gipsies bear a striking facial resemblance to the Jews, but as far as religion is concerned, the gipsies dwell in the deepest heathen darkness. They scrupulously observed the ancient laws concerning the Sabbath,"—not to travel, gather wood or whistle. Besides, their marriage laws were similar to the ancient Jewish laws.

When Rodney was still very young his mother died. His father earned a living by making baskets, clothespegs and tinware, and by horse-trading. The boy grew up practically without education and traveled with his people from place to place. Probably the sole religious impression he had at this time was the recollection of a verse which he heard his mother singing as she lay dying:

> "I have a Father in the promised land;
> My God calls me, I must go
> To meet Him in the promised land."

One of his father's sisters was among the few who could read, and she used to struggle through the New Testament and read to her brother about the suffering of Christ and his death for sinful men. Cornelius Smith wept when he heard the story of the Cross told in this simple fashion, and at last he was brought under conviction of sin. By a strange coincidence, his two brothers, Bartholomew and Woodlock, were in a similar situation. All three were hungering for the truth, yet they were unable to read, and knew nothing of the Bible. The trio were shortly afterward brought into the fold, and their conversion was the means of starting a revival in the gipsy camp, in which thirteen converts confessed Christ in one morning. The three brothers labored together in a large tent known as the Gipsy Tabernacle, and were the means of doing much good, not only among their own people, but among the crowds that flocked to their revivals. The Rev. Wm. Booth, afterwards founder of the Salvation Army, encouraged them, and persuaded them to undertake mission work, billing the towns in advance, announcing the coming of the three converted gipsies and their "hallelujah fiddle."

Rodney's own conversion took place at a little primitive Methodist Chapel in Cambridge. He went to the meeting fully resolved to make public profession, and was one of the first to accept the invitation to come forward to the altar. An aged and lame man at the meeting took the young boy under his spiritual care and prayed with and for him, and although the young convert met him afterward, he never learned the name of this humble agent of the Holy spirit, "whose kindness (he wrote) did me more good than a thousand sermons."

Rodney now had a new incentive in life. He eagerly learned to read and write, and pushed on so rapidly with his studies that he was soon able to begin field preaching. While he went about selling his wares, he seized every opportunity to tell people about Jesus. He would sing for the women of the villages, and he soon became known as the "Singing Gipsy Boy." He would conduct a song service in a kitchen or barn, or anywhere, if permitted, and was soon able to repeat by heart considerable portions of Scripture. He developed evangelistic talent spontaneously, and was a surprise to all who heard him.

At seventeen, he determined to become a preacher. With him, to resolve was to act; so, one Sunday morning, he dressed in his best, and took up a position on a street corner where many people passed. "I took off my hat and began to sing, and after singing I prayed, and after prayer sang another hymn," he wrote. People stopped to listen, while he told them how he had found Christ, and as they listened, they wept. It was no doubt a very simple sermon, yet sufficiently effective. The beginner had been overheard by some friends who gave him encouragement.

His next effort was at a large mission service, of which the present head of the Salvation Army was then superintendent. The gipsy boy sang a solo, "Jesus ever happy," and gave his testimony in a few words. At the close of the meeting Mr. Booth urged him to become an evangelist. From that day he was the "Romany Rye" (gipsy gentleman), and the "Boro Rashie" (great preacher), of the gipsy camp. And yet he was only seventeen!

From Mr. Booth he received appointments to preach at various missions and hold street meetings, and in a short time was put in charge of a small mission hall which had never been a success. Under his leadership the work rapidly grew, until the hall could not hold the crowds that came to hear him. Having accomplished what was required of him at this mission, he was asked: "Where do you want to go next?" "Send me to the neediest place, to the bottomless pit, if need be," was the answer of the enthusiastic young evangelist, who was ever ready to take upon his shoulders the most difficult tasks for the sake of winning souls.

At Hanley, he opened a mission in the Cambridge Imperial Circus, a building seating over four thousand people, and started a series of revivals which lasted nearly two years, crowding the building every night and three times on Sunday. He had intended to stay one month, but the stay lengthened out to four years. His next call to evangelistic work was from the St. James Bible Christian Church of London, where the meetings were phenomenally successful, and large numbers confessed Christ as Saviour. His subsequent career in many different places in England was marked by a series of similar successes.

In 1889, "Gipsy" Smith came to the United States, landing in New York an entire stranger and without a friend to welcome him. Next day he presented himself at a ministers' meeting and was well received. He then got a note of introduction to Rev. Dr. Prince, of the Nostrand Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, Brooklyn. Dr. Prince read the note, and, glancing at his caller, said, "Well, brother, I guess I don't want you." "Well, Doctor, I think you do," was the quiet reply of the young evangelist, as he handed the pastor his letters of commendation. Dismissing his caller, Dr. Prince said he would discuss the matter with his official brethren. Gipsy attended the prayer meeting that night and heard the people praying for a revival. Toward the close of the meeting Dr. Prince came in and spied him among the congregation. "Friends," he said, "we have a real, live gipsy in the house to-night." Every one looked around as if to find a desperate character, and Dr. Prince continued, "but he is a converted gipsy and I will ask him to talk to you." Gipsy gave a very short talk, and slipped out unnoticed while the benediction was being pronounced. He was asked to take charge of the entire series of revival meetings, which he did with great success.

From a recent photograph

"Gipsy" Smith and his Daughter

Meeting with Mr. Ira D. Sankey, the famous singing evangelist, Gipsy asked him if he remembered visiting a gipsy camp at Epping Forest and hearing the converted gipsies. "Yes, I remember it very well," said Mr. Sankey. "Some little gipsy boys stood near the wheel of the trap you were driving, and you put your hand on the head of one of them and said, 'The Lord make a preacher of you, my boy,'" continued Gipsy. "Yes, I remember that too," said Sankey. "I am that boy," added Gipsy. Sankey was so touched by this incident that he seized every opportunity to befriend the young evangelist afterward.

Returning to England, he assumed charge of the Manchester Wesleyan Mission, and his work steadily grew in spiritual strength and popular favor. He made a second visit to this country in 1891, and addressed great audiences at Ocean Grove, New York City, Brooklyn and elsewhere. He repeated his visit the following year, and preached from the Atlantic to the Rockies. This was followed by a round-the-world preaching tour. In Australia his evangelism created a furore, and he was greeted by large audiences in many cities. The present is his sixth visit to America.

Sam Jones' Last Sermon

I ATTENDED the meeting at Oklahoma City where Rev. Sam Jones preached to an audience of men only. There were thousands in the audience on Sunday evening, Oct. 7, 1906. This was one week before his death. Mr. E. O. Excell, of Chicago, led in the singing. The text was from Genesis 19th chapter, part 17th verse: "Escape for thy life." Before the sermon, the great evangelist made this statement: "A good many of you fellows are going to get hurt to-night, and you had better take your carcass and get right out before I start" (but no one left). I was on a seat near the front on a side row, and could view nearly the entire audience. Men from every walk of life were there—sinners and saints. He hurled his words with such force at sin of every kind, profanity and drunkenness, and the saloons of that city, that the audience rose to say "Amen."

His language was so plain, his power of speech so forceful and convincing, that the arrows of conviction seemed to strike every man in the audience. One moment they would smile, and the next would bring tears down men's cheeks. It was as though he were preaching his last sermon. When he finished, he asked all who would like to live a better life to arise, and the whole audience seemed to stand at once. Than he invited all who would live a better life to come and shake hands with him. After hundreds had passed and reached for his hand, he said: "Men, I have never seen such a sight." Old men and young, with tears in their eyes, passed up to give their last pledge to the great evangelist, who, in one more week, passed out upon the threshold of eternity.

J. H. SPOOLMAN.

Recollections of Mrs. Bottome

"SHE was the spiritual mother of more people than any woman in modern history." This sentence was the final summing up of the beautiful tribute paid to the life of Mrs. Margaret Bottome by one who had lived in the sunshine of her close personal friendship for many years.

"I feel," she continued, "that the point of all others to make—in attempting to depict the wonderful, uplifting power which Mrs. Bottome exercised over literally thousands of women of intelligence and culture—is her deep spiritual nature, her intimate communion with the Holy Spirit, upon whom she leaned, and from whom she drew the boundless and compassionate comprehension which made her so prompt to respond to every human need. She passed away just as she would have chosen to do," added this loyal friend; "she had been fading gradually ever since last August. She visited her son, upon the Massachusetts coast, and went from him to Northfield, drawn there by the projected 'Talks on Leviticus,' which the Rev. Campbell Morgan was to give. But after a few days, we were glad to get her to the mountains, hoping much from their bracing atmosphere. But she grew weaker, and soon came home to the love and care that awaited her there. For a whole week before the end she quietly slept, and we who are left, are happy that she was spared the anguish of parting—it would have grieved her great heart to see her dear ones weep."

The Last Photograph Ever Taken of Mrs. Bottome, Founder of "The King's Daughters"

Apropos of that summer sojourn by the sea, the writer's last remembrance of this beloved and honored woman, is of a gray August day, with the waves running high through Vineyard Sound, and an impatient throng massed upon the wharf at Cottage City, awaiting the delayed arrival of the daily boat. On the edge of the crowd, Mrs. Bottome sat enthroned upon an upturned trunk, one of her sons beside her, her face shining beneath its silver crown, and lighting with a new joy at the greeting of friends whose presence there was a surprise to her. As these lines are traced, the hearty voice which is now singing songs of victory with the "hundred and forty and four thousand of them which are redeemed," seems to ring out with its old-time cheer, as she says:

"My son wants to take me to Northfield in his motor car, but I tell him, 'Frank, you know how much your mother wants to go to heaven, but she doesn't want to go in an automobile.'"

The little incident, so characteristic to those who knew her best, recalls a touching story which she told in one of her "Drawing-room talks" last winter. A Southern lady lay dying, and, causing all her servants to be summoned to her bedside, she spoke in partial delirium to Daniel, her old coachman. She said: "Daniel, drive a little slower." He was a very religious old colored servant. Realizing the nearnesss of death for his beloved mistress, and that soon his services would not be needed, he went up to the head of the bed, and said, "Mistress, old Daniel is not driving any more. Jesus has hold of the reins."

Already the King's Daughters are contemplating a memorial to their beloved leader. But there remains to Margaret Bottome a more enduring monument than can be erected by mortal hands, whether hewn from marble or traced by pen. It is found in the hearts of the multitude to whom she brought comfort and blessing. H.W.S.

TO GIVE $10,000,000 TO THE POOR

ONE of the richest men in Mexico, and undoubtedly one of the most generous, is Don Pedro Alvaredo, a great mining magnate, with an income of $12,000,000 a year. He was born in the town of Parral, and spent his boyhood amid the surroundings of poverty. From a relative he inherited a

Don Pedro Alvaredo and his Children

silver mine, which has since proved enormously rich. As wealth flowed in upon the young Mexican, he did not surround himself with luxuries and give way to indulgence, as most young men would have done.

He married a wife whose training had been as humble as his own, and then he built himself a large house in Parral, his native town, on the site of the old family homestead and among the old neighbors. They call it a "palace," and it is large enough to justify the name; but the life of the occupants is of the simplest and most unpretentious sort. Don Pedro loves his poor relatives, and keeps his house at Parral filled with them. Anybody who can trace the slightest connection with the wealthy mine owner, either by birth or marriage, is welcome, and when he cannot spend his income on his people fast enough at home, he charters a special train, packs them all aboard and starts off on a journey somewhere. He always makes an arrangement with the railroad company to stop his special train wherever he takes the notion. He made a trip to Mexico City recently, a distance by rail from his home as far as Chicago is from New York—and it took him seven days. Three times each day the train was halted, that Don Pedro and his guests might pour out on the plain and have a picnic.

Don Pedro, like our own Mr. Carnegie, believes that a man should be his own executor, and that he should dispose of his wealth to best advantage while he lives. Not long ago he offered to pay off the national debt of Mexico. The Mexican government declined the favor. He is going to give his money away, however, in spite of obstacles. Only a few weeks ago, he announced that he would give $10,000,000 to the poor of Mexico, the money to be distributed by the government. Any one found worthy will receive a small farm, be provided with a home or helped to establish himself in business. He will also found free schools and help struggling churches. Probably twenty thousand persons will be directly benefited by his great generosity.

A great sorrow came to him when his wife died. His love was then poured out upon his three little children. Although he might have hired an army of servants, he attended to all of his children's wants personally, and even washed and dressed them. He seems to be almost without vanity, and cares nothing for having personal attendants to wait upon him. He shaves himself, cuts his own hair, blacks his own shoes, and does a part of his own cooking. If he takes a fancy to something, he will buy of it in much larger quantities than he needs. A year ago he met an American sewing machine agent, and bought from him fifty sewing machines, and put one in each room of his house. Another source of pleasure for this peculiar man is to give work to the poor. If a beggar asks for alms he will reply: "No, but I'll let you work for me." When the grape crop in the region around Parral failed, most of the farmers went to work for Don Pedro and were thus enabled, through his liberality, to escape many hardships.

Don Pedro Alvaredo is a simple, God-fearing, well-meaning man, who is striving to do all the good he can with his money. His philanthropies are real; when he gives, his heart goes with the gift. For money itself, he cares little; it is only to be valued, he believes, for the good it can accomplish. He is greatly beloved throughout a very large district, and his quick sympathy and wise generosity might well serve as an example to rich men and women generally.

Alvaredo's "Palace" at Parral

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, Associate Editor — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, Associate Editor

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Pessimism

OUR readers should not be misled by statistics prepared by careless or prejudiced persons. It is not uncommon for Christians to become discouraged, and even panic-stricken by the presentation of figures sometimes wholly incorrect, or, when true, classed together to make a false impression. One instance of the kind was a statement purporting to have been prepared by a minister of the Gospel, which was sent to this office last week. The compiler is desirous of showing that the world is rapidly growing worse, and that all the churches are losing ground, in numbers and in usefulness. We are convinced that the facts are not as stated, and that there is no ground for the pessimistic views that are based upon them. That there is much to deplore in existing conditions, we admit; that the spirituality of the churches is not on so high a plane as it should be, we know; and that the number of conversions is not in proportion to the effort put forth, is conceded; but there is nothing gained by exaggerating the evil, and no useful purpose is served by alarmist statements.

This particular statement, for example, represents the Methodist Episcopal Church (North), as losing 21,904 members in the year 1899. We have not the statistics at hand for that year, but we are sure that it was not so phenomenally disastrous as the figures indicate, and in 1901, the statistics of which we do have, it not only did not decrease, but made a gain of 16,500 communicants. Another statement is that of the whole twenty-one branches of the Protestant Church in this country, the membership decreased between 1895 and 1900, from 905,116 to 237,603. As a matter of fact, the membership of the twenty-one Protestant denominations in 1900, was not 237,603, as this compiler states, but 17,634,963, as shown by Dr. H. K. Carroll, who had charge of the census of churches, and in the following year it was 18,364,647, which was a gain of 729,684 in one year.

It would be waste of time and space to continue the examination of these wild statements. There were never so many Christians on earth as at the present time. There was never a period when such devoted service was being done, or such strenuous efforts were made to extend Christ's Kingdom. Missions are established in every land, and Christ's servants of all denominations are preaching the Gospel far and wide. The brotherhood of Christians was never better realized, nor was there in any earlier period of the Christian Church, in which the Bible was so earnestly studied, or Christ's principles so prevalent. That God will bless us more abundantly yet, than he has ever done, we most sincerely believe, and the day will dawn when Christ's Kingdom will come, and God's will be done on earth as it is in heaven. To any who are cast down or depressed we say, have faith in God. In Goethe's words we "bid you hope."

The Folly of Extravagance

IN this day of great fortunes, he would indeed be a superficial observer who failed to note the growing tendency to phenomenal extravagance. Each succeeding generation seeks to outshine its predecessor in the magnificence of its surroundings; in its palatial residences; the splendor of its equipages; the costliness of its jewels, and its rare art collections. Many of these indulgences, it is claimed, may be regarded as allowable, since they keep money in circulation and give encouragement to art and liberal employment to industry. There is, however, a form of extravagance which oversteps all reasonable limits, and approaches vulgarity. We refer to the tendency, noticeable among some of the very rich, to personal display. When a wealthy woman of New York, a few days ago, declared in public that she could not dress on less than a hundred thousand dollars a year, and that, as a matter of fact, she really needed nearly double that sum to dress well, she may have merely meant to use these "great swelling words" to flatter her own vanity; but she furnished an example which every right-thinking American woman must view with unqualified disapproval.

It is probable that, like many other spoiled pets of fortune, the lady in question never knew what it was to earn a dollar by any personal effort of her own, and consequently has a very false idea of the value of money. The daughter of a millionaire, reared in the lap of luxury, surrounded from her cradle by the pomp of fashion and with every whim gratified as soon as expressed, she has received perverted impressions of life, its meaning and its duties. Certainly, one feels more of pity than blame for a woman whose highest ambition seems to be to make a doll of herself; to wear seventeen dresses in succession at a horse show, each worth a small fortune. It is her misfortune not to comprehend the great truth that woman, with all the charm and capabilities of her sex, was brought into the world for a nobler purpose than to wear "golden gowns," and achieve a transient butterfly sort of fame by the gorgeousness of her toilets, the moral and intellectual personality of the wearer being of no more account than the lay figure in a modiste's window. Yet, when life's story comes to be rounded out and all the glitter is gone, such a one will find that a single worthy act, one little deed of kindness, one experience of self-denial, will outweigh all her social triumphs and give more pleasure than the silly adulation of the world of fashion. Saddest of all, if the light ever does break in upon a soul so trivial and shallow, there will be many a bitter pang of regret at the remembrance of the influence her example has had upon the lives of other women, whom she might have helped, but who may trace the beginning of their moral failure to the time of her "social triumphs."

It is pleasant to turn from this pleasure-loving, thoughtless type to another class of women who, possessing abundant means, rightly regard their wealth as a stewardship, and are living up to their opportunities. Many such women might be instanced—women who are not only valued members of society, but who glorify their sex by their high ideals, their good deeds, and their noble lives. However exalted their station in life, they fill it with a quiet dignity and a grace that are as far removed from vulgarity as could well be imagined. In their homelife, as well as in public, they shun ostentation. They have the true feminine horror of notoriety. Loud indulgence and vulgar display are their special aversion. Their fame rests upon the secure basis of pure, helpful, self-sacrificing lives, that are a generous benefaction to all around them. A woman of this type does not need the tinsel and gewgaws of fashion to advertise her worth to the world. "Strength and honor are her clothing," wrote the wise king in Proverbs, "and she shall rejoice in time to come."

The Drift of a Straw

NOT long ago, the Roman Catholic Bishop of the Diocese of Newark, New Jersey, sent forth an iron-clad decree, that in the churches under his rule there should be no further singing of "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and "Lead, Kindly Light," both of which hymns had been used in the worship of Catholic Churches. He characterized "Nearer, My God, to Thee," as merely sentimental, and declared that as "Lead, Kindly Light," is an appeal for spiritual illumination, the church had no need to sing it, herself being the centre of light.

To Protestants, this ukase of a Roman bishop appears at once trivial and medieval. A man who can see no aspiration, no beauty, and no strength and cry for communion in this exquisite hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," is to be pitied. Not only is it dear for its own sake to millions of Christians, but America loves it because of its sweet association with the last moments of the martyred McKinley. We cannot forget that the country sang it from coast to coast, in that solemn week when McKinley had passed away. The other hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light," expresses in concrete form a desire that is universal. Alas, for the literary taste, as well as for the breadth of vision of one who forbids his people to use this hymn in a religious service, and this on the technical ground that it is not included in his church's liturgy.

It has, however, been truly said by thoughtful Protestants since this particular promulgation, that it accentuates a difference between Romanism and Protestantism which tells to the advantage of the former. The Roman Church speaks with authority and dares to assert an unpopular conviction, and to enforce its utterances by a calm assumption that it never makes a mistake. No doubt it still tyrannizes over the conscience and fetters human liberty, but a good deal of Protestantism is in these days getting to be a mush of concessions. When we scoff at creeds and assert that we may believe anything we like, and do anything we wish, so long as we are honest, we put ourselves in the exact position of a country without a government, or a body without bones. Our pendulum is swinging too far in the direction of a miscalled breadth. We need to believe something strongly and to hold fast to our faith within the old landmarks.

Church Novelties

THESE are days of startling innovations, and even the churches are not behind the times in searching out new methods and novel attractions to win audiences. While some of the devices resorted to are proper and advantageous, there are others that may be regarded as in questionable taste. Suppers, fairs, concerts, and the like, have served their turn and have been discarded, in a majority of instances, as being out-of-place and tending to spiritual depletion.

It has remained for a metropolitan church to distinguish itself as the first of its class to introduce the "whistling girl," as a drawing card. At a recent service, the congregation was regaled with a choice selection of operatic and vaudeville airs, performed by an "artistic whistler" in petticoats. This was followed by the usual sermon, and the rest of the service was apparently undistinguished by any special novelty.

It is not easy to appreciate the logic which would mingle the methods of the vaudeville stage with the sacred duties of the house of God. To our somewhat old-fashioned way of thinking, the experiment, however pleasing in a musical sense, was incongruous and indecorous in the extreme. We are not quite sure that it was not sacrilegious. Such a departure must come as a shock to all who regard the church as consecrated to the service of the Lord, and who have been accustomed to invest it with a sanctity and decorum altogether incompatible with the methods of the concert hall and playhouse.

We had rather see a church striving mightily, with God's help, to win men and women in the good old way, by the earnest presentation of the Gospel in Jesus Christ, than see it filled with gaping curiosity-seekers, drawn thither by the meretricious attraction of musical acrobatics. The Gospel has not lost its old-time power, and wherever the Cross of Calvary is lifted up, it will unfailingly draw men, as it has done through all the generations.

Among the Workers

—EVANGELIST JAMES SCOVILL, of Bridgeport, Conn., has just closed a very successful union evangelistic meeting in Kennedy, N. Y. Many confessed Christ. He is now laboring at Frewsburg, N. Y.

—MRS. J. Q. BUFFINGTON, San Luis Opispo, Calif., writes: "I must tell you the glad news that the saloons are voted out of this county, with the exception of San Luis and Paso Robles, and there is great rejoicing among the good people over the victory."

Pleased with Book and Calendar

I wish to acknowledge the receiving of your premium "Wonders of the World." As usual, it more than fills expectations.

The most astonishing thing is how you can afford every year to give a book worth more than the subscription of a year for the paper, and also a beautiful calendar. It is filled from cover to cover with good, profitable reading. Thank you for sending so promptly.

Philadelphia, Pa. MISS C. MITCHELL.

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Peary's Arctic Perils

FROM Chateau Bay, Quebec, Commander Peary sent to the New York *Herald* a detailed report of his adventures in the Arctic. The journey both going and returning appears to have been full of peril, and there is in the explorer's story an undercurrent of disappointment that all the danger had been braved without success. Peary is naturally proud of having carried the American flag in advance of the flag of any other nation, but, as he says in his story, his success "was an empty bauble compared with the splendid jewel for which I was straining my life."

Lieut. Peary

The farthest he was able to reach in his sturdy ship the *Roosevelt* was Cape Sheridan, where the ice closed around her and held her fast. This station was twenty-seven miles to the south of Porter Bay, where Peary hoped to have wintered. On October 12, 1905, the explorer climbed to the summit of a hill to look upon the sun for the last time in the long dreary months of the Arctic winter. There, in the darkness, with the ice pressing the sides of the vessel, threatening to crush them in, or to raise her and cast her on her side on the ice, the party remained. The next glimpse of the sun was obtained on March 6, 1906. The party had already left the *Roosevelt* and had started on its dash north. The advance was checked from the first by "leads," which are described as channels of open water ending in an ice field. One of these leads, two miles wide, stopped the party for six days. At the end of that time a covering of thin ice had formed on which the party crossed, the ice bending beneath their feet. The next few days there was little progress, and Peary's observations showed that the ice on which they were was being carried to the eastward. Early in April they were seventy miles out of their course, and, of course, out of touch with the parties that were following with provisions. In this emergency, with starvation staring them in the face, Peary ordered a forced march. On April 21, at noon, an observation was taken, and it was found that they were in latitude eighty-seven degrees, six minutes, about two hundred miles from the Pole, a station never reached before in the history of Arctic exploration. Flags were then put on the highest pinnacle, and a bottle containing a brief record buried, and the party turned their faces southward. It was disappointing to abandon the search, but with the meagre provisions, the diminished number of dogs, and the almost empty sledges, it was the prudent course.

The journey back to where the *Roosevelt* awaited them was more perilous than the journey north. The wind was intensely cold, a fine drift of snow drove like needles in their faces and traveling was difficult. The position of the leads had changed since they had crossed them, so each difficulty was new. Once they were stopped by a wide lead and had to remain five days on an ice floe. There their provisions were exhausted, and it was necessary to kill and cook and eat one of the dogs. They crossed again on thin ice, which cracked and bent under their tread, but finally reached the firm ice without disaster. Then there was another long march over broken ice, but with the provisions replenished by several hares, the most delicious food, Peary says, he ever tasted, to the *Roosevelt*, which was found safe and sound. There a stay was made while search was begun for the men who had been instructed to follow the main party with supplies. When these were all gathered, without the loss of a single man, the vessel began her voyage homeward. It was not until September 16 that Peary reached the Moravian missionary station, at Etah, and received the cordial welcome of the servants of God in that inhospitable land. There the man who had risked his life in the cause of science, could talk over his adventures with the men who risk their lives continually in the cause of Christ. They, too, have their hardships and trials and none of the glory that the explorer hopes to win, but their reward, unlike his, is sure in the end.

Map of the Polar Regions, showing Peary's Farthest North

Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer: Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life (Rev. 2: 10).

A Prisoner of the Sea

On board a vessel in New York harbor is a man who has been put in irons lest he should try to land. His last place on *terra firma* was Lorenzo Marquez, East Africa. There he was imprisoned for burglary, with eighteen charges against him. He turned States evidence and was released from prison, and was put on board ship to be conveyed out of the country. The ship carried him to East London, in Cape Colony. The authorities there knew his record, and firmly refused him permission to land. The ship was bound to New York, and the prisoner supposed he might come ashore here, but the Immigration Commissioners had heard of him and would not allow him to land, being a convict, and warned the captain of the consequences of letting him escape. He will have to remain on board till the ship gets another cargo and returns to Africa. There he is too well-known to be allowed to land, and must remain on board until the ship goes to some port where the authorities are less alert. No country wants such an immigrant, and he is, therefore, a prisoner of the seas. It is dreadful to be such an outcast, unwelcome in any place on earth. The time is coming when the sinner, even though he may not have sunk so deeply in crime as this man, will be similarly hateful, excluded from the society of the righteous everywhere.

He shall be driven from light into darkness; and chased out of the world (Job 18: 18).

A Wife's Plea

A prisoner stood at the bar of the Court of General Sessions in New York a few days ago, charged with stealing some of his employer's goods. The evidence was strong against him, and, seeing no prospect of acquittal, he broke down and confessed his guilt. The judge was about to sentence him to the penitentiary, when a tearful woman with a child in her arms stood up and addressed the judge. The prisoner, she said, was her husband. They were very poor, and he had been tempted to steal to obtain money for food. If he was sent to the penitentiary she and her child would starve, and she begged the judge to have mercy on him for her sake. She pledged herself that her husband would not offend again, and assured the judge that he had never been guilty of crime before. She pleaded so eloquently that the judge was moved. Addressing the prisoner he said that he had no sympathy with him, but for the sake of his wife and child he would give him another chance and so would suspend sentence. Even in our human courts the sinner is sometimes allowed to escape the punishment he deserves, for the sake of the innocent. It is the glory of Christianity that it provides such a remedy for the whole race.

Much more then, being now justified by his blood, we shall be saved from wrath through him (Rom. 5: 9).

White Signals Banished

The white light as a night signal of clear track is being banished from the Erie Railroad as unscientific in principle, and green, instead of white, has been substituted for sign of a clear track, and yellow, instead of green, means "caution." The red lenses, which mean "stop," have been changed to violet. White as a signal light has been doomed, because it is no color at all, and every danger and precautionary signal on a railroad is a potential source of disaster, from the fact that it becomes a "clear" signal at once should anything happen to the lens of colored glass. Another count which the engine drivers have held up against the white light, is the ever-present danger of mistaking some chance night light beside the track for a signal that all is clear. Green lights are seldom seen near a track. The object of the company, of course, is to prevent mistakes on the part of the engineers, so that they shall never think a road is clear when there is really danger ahead. In the journey of life there is never any possibility of a mistake of that kind for a man who trusts to God and his Word, though there have been false teachers who have declared that the dangerous road is one of safety.

To the law and to the testimony; if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them (Isa. 8: 20).

A Military Romance

A young lady is setting out from Trenton, New Jersey, on a journey of eight thousand miles to be married. When only a schoolgirl she became attached to a young soldier in the United States army. Her parents did not object to her engagement, but said that she was too young to think of marriage. When the Spanish-American war broke out, her lover went to the front as a trooper in the Sixth United States Cavalry. He quickly won his noncommissioned chevrons, and after the war was promoted to a lieutenancy. Then it was that he formally proposed to the lady to be his bride, and she consented. Being still too young to marry, the wedding was delayed, and the lieutenant went to the Philippines. He has not seen his sweetheart for nearly eight years. During all that time the couple have been true to one another, and now the girl's parents have consented to her marriage. The lieutenant cannot leave his post, so the girl has decided to go out to him. She will leave for the journey in December, and sail from San Francisco for Manila on January 3. She is giving proof not only of devotion, but of faith in the constancy of her lover. It is such proofs that our Lord seeks in those who give themselves to him.

He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me, and he that taketh not his cross and followeth after me is not worthy of me (Matt. 10:37-38).

MOTHER OF MISSION CHURCHES

New "Church of the Famine Children" in India Nearing Completion — Christian Herald Readers Invited to Help

THE very first missionaries sent out by American Christians arrived in Bombay, India, on Feb. 11, 1813. One year had already elapsed since they had left their native land, and until Dec. 21, they knew not whether they would be granted the permission to remain in India or would be sent back to America. The East India Company was stoutly opposed to having missionaries enter the country, so that our workers, although aided by a few Christian officials, were held practically as prisoners for the better part of a year.

It was then not until 1815 that they were officially notified of the permission granted to them to remain in India and to prosecute their labors among the natives of that land. Although they strove with marvelous faith, and with ceaseless zeal and patience, these two men both died before a Christian church could be organized in the name of the Master, whom they had so truly loved and so faithfully served. The Rev. Gordon Hall, who outlived his associate, the Rev. Samuel Nott, for five years, died in 1826, and it was not until the following year, 1827, that the first American Mission church in India was organized. Of the seven persons who united to form that little church in Bombay, not one was a native. It was a feeble and seemingly insignificant beginning that they made, but that small organization has become indeed the mother of many churches.

The nearly six hundred churches now connected with the missions of the American board throughout the world, as well as the five thousand churches which represent American Christians of all denominations on the foreign field, are the offspring of that earnest little company of Christians then banded together in Christian fellowship. Well did Gordon Hall's biographer, writing in 1834, say:

> Can it then be doubted that the mission at Bombay, though embarrassed in its first establishment in December, 1813, and greatly afflicted since, by the illness, removal and death of an unusual number of missionaries, will at length prove not only the means of blessing to the American churches and to their daughters in other lands, but, according to its original design, make Bombay the metropolis of a pure Christianity in Western India.

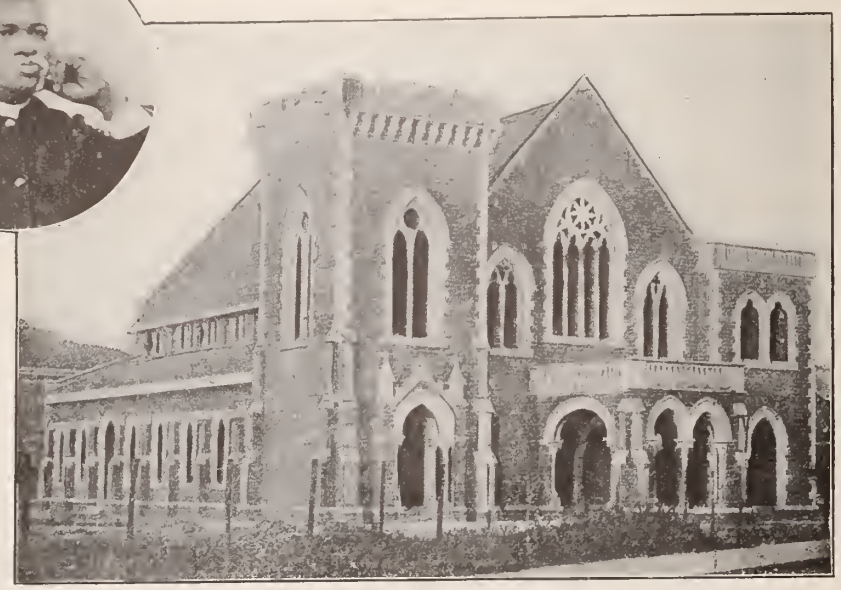
For nearly thirty years the congregation worshiped in the upper story of the building shown in the photograph below (No. 1), while the first floor and the outhouses were made use of for a printing press. This press was managed with such efficiency that for years it entirely supported the Bombay Mission, and was recognized as the very best press then existing in India. Later on, when in 1855 the second church building was erected, the upper story became the residence of the native pastor of the church. There, too, in that same building was organized the Bombay branch of the Free Church of Scotland after the great disruption which separated the Free from their Established churches.

The relations sustained between the Scotch and American missionaries were always most intimate and cordial. This is proved by the fact that one of the two first elders of the Free Church, which for years worshiped in the American Mission chapel, was the Rev. Robert W. Hume, of the American Mission. The first pastor of that church, the Rev. Dr. Frazer, was also an American.

Many events of importance took place during the forty-eight years in which the congregation occupied the house of worship shown in photograph marked No. 2. It was then that the native Indian pastorate was first established, to the great advantage of the Christian community. Previously, the missionaries had regarded themselves as the guides and teachers of the various Christian congregations as well as evangelists to the non-Christian communities. The natives of India have always regarded Christianity as a foreign religion, the more so because it is the religion of their foreign rulers. Until its teachers and propagators are largely of their own fellow countrymen, they are not likely to consider Christianity as their own religion.

The church at Bombay has been served by four distinguished pastors, the Revs. Ramkrishnapunt, V. Modak, Haripunt Khisty, Vishnupunt B. Karmakar, and Tukaram Nathoji. They have been, without exception, the very finest men that the Christian community in Western India has produced. No other church has had such a succession of leaders. They have been both able men and devoted Christians. The present minister, who was ordained and installed in 1882, is regarded as the leading preacher of the Bombay Presidency.

Rev. T. Nathoji, Pastor



The New Church, Bombay

Forty-six years ago, this same Rev. Tukaram Nathoji, then a lad twelve years old, with his little wife, who was four years younger than himself, was found by one of the missionaries and persuaded to attend school. More than once he ran away, but returned and made good progress in his studies. These in turn included courses in the Normal School and the Theological Seminary, after which he was installed over the Bombay church. In addition to his work as pastor, he has written several valuable books, for which he won prizes over many competitors. He has also, for fifteen years, been the Marathi Editor of the *Dnyanodaya*, a weekly paper published by the American Marathi Mission.

In 1881, the Bombay church became self supporting, and during the past twenty-five years has met all its ordinary expenses, including the salary of the pastor and the sexton, without mission aid. Its example and influence have inspired other churches to independence.

The First American Mission Church, Built 1827

The Second Church, Built in 1855

More than twenty years ago, before the Christian Endeavor movement became known in this country, the pastor, missionaries and active members of the congregation organized a "Society of Workers," which has since become a Christian Endeavor Society, and has been most efficient in developing the latent powers of the Christian community, and in organizing for effective work a very large number of the members of the congregation. At the close of 1903, when this church building was sold to the Bombay Improvement Trust, there were about eleven hundred persons in the congregation. There were five Christian Endeavor societies, with more than eight hundred members. There were nearly nine hundred connected with the Church Sunday School, and, in addition, there were twelve mission schools in different parts of the city, conducted by members of the Christian Endeavor societies.

During the recent famines of 1897 and 1900, more than six hundred famine children were received into the boarding-school at Bombay. This large number of children in the congregation has drawn out the warmest sympathies and the active co-operation of the members of the church to their own great advantage. So much has been done for and on account of these children, that it would not be inappropriate to name the new house of worship, "The Church of the Good Shepherd." At the close of 1901, on the Sunday nearest to Christmas, one hundred and ten of the very youngest of the children, who were orphans, were baptized. Few of them knew how old they were, and not one of the number could tell the date of his or her birth. It was, therefore, decided to consider that Sunday the birthday of those who were baptized. Since then, all of the famine children, who knew nothing of the date of their birth, have considered the Christmas Sunday as their anniversary day. Each successive year the day has been celebrated with special and appropriate services, and a little gift has been presented to each one of the children, who had learned to recognize this as his own day. The occasion has become one of the most impressive and interesting character. On the afternoon of the first of these never-to-be-forgotten Christmas Sundays, the pastor preached from the text, "Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as doves to their windows?" The sermon was most appropriate, and while it was being delivered, there came in through one of the wide open windows, a white dove. It flew about the room as if to illustrate and to emphasize the thought which was being so beautifully preached. As the children have grown older and more intelligent, a goodly number of these famine waifs have confessed Christ as their Saviour, and have become useful and active members of the church. Many of these orphans were rescued with the aid of famine funds sent out by Dr. Klopsch in 1897, and again in 1900, while two hundred and fifty of them have been on the list of the children who are regularly supported by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Famine Orphan Fund.

The chapel, which was erected in 1855, had long been unsuitable and inadequate, so, after many years of waiting, and in the face of very great difficulties, the third house of worship was begun in 1903. The site on which the building stands is as desirable a one as could be found anywhere in the city. It was secured from the Bombay Improvement Trust at an auction. The friendly spirit felt toward the mission may be gathered from the fact that, when the first of the nine small plots, which were purchased, was knocked down to the missionary, after some lively bidding, the crowd applauded; several, who were very keen to get a part of the property, refrained from bidding when they learned for what purpose it was wanted, and, after the purchase, many Hindus and Mohammedans expressed their gratification that the site had been secured for so good an object.

The new church, which we hope may soon be completed, furnished and fully paid for, is made of stone and steel, and has been well built.

Continued on page 1051

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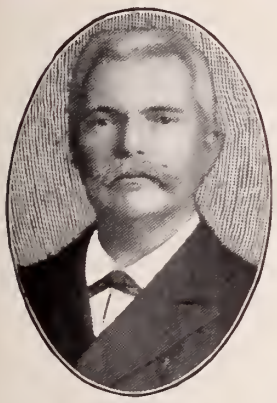

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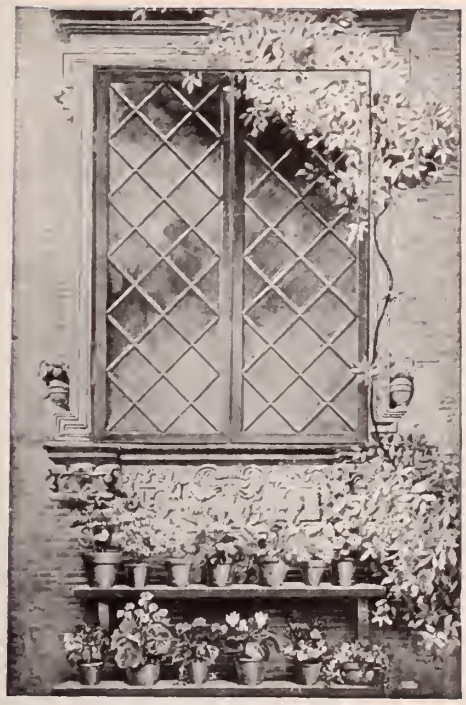

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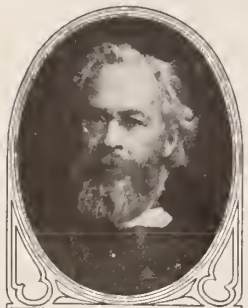
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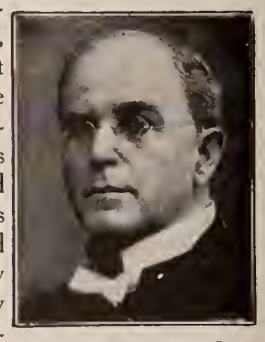
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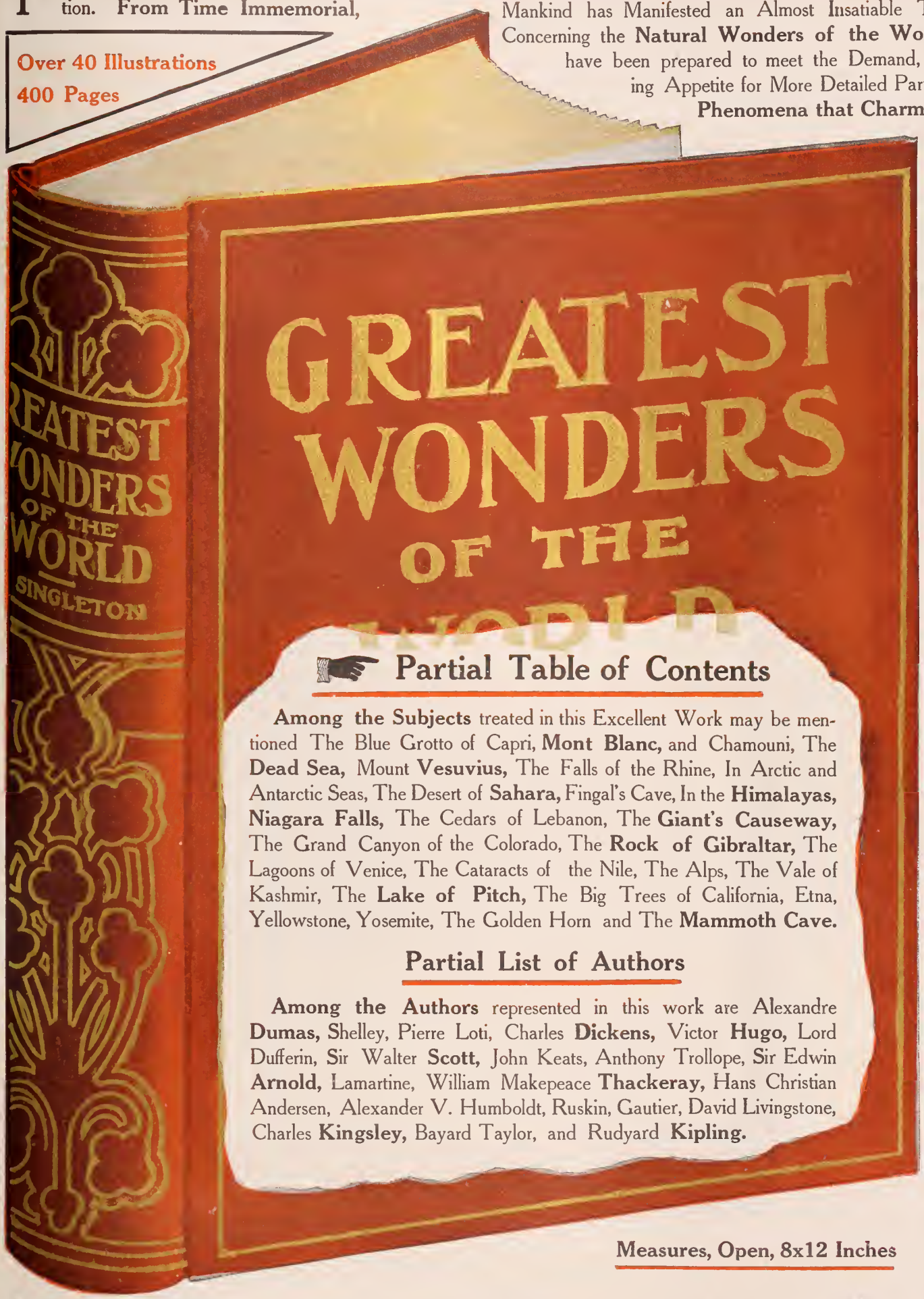

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own strength: so will we sing and praise thy power.

Psalm 22

1 David complaineth in discouragement. 9 He prayeth in distress. 23 He praiseth God.

To the chief Musician upon [1] Âĳ'e-lēth Shā'hăr, A Psalm of Dā'vid.

MY [a] God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me? *why art thou so* far [3] from helping me, *and from* [b] the words of my roaring? ★

2 O my God, I cry in the daytime, but thou hearest not; and in the night season, and [4] am not silent.

3 But thou *art* holy, *O thou* that inhabitest the [c] praises of Ĭs'ra-el.

4 Our fa'hers trusted in thee: they trusted, and thou didst deliver them.

5 They cried unto thee, and were delivered: [d] th
and were not

6 But I *am* [e]
[f] a reproach
the people.

7 [g] All they
to scorn: t
[h] they shake

8 [i] [6] He tru
he would de
liver him, [7]
him.

9 [l] But th
out of the
me hope *w*
ther's breas

10 I was c
womb: [m] t
mother's b

11 Be not
is near; fo

12 [n] Many
me: stron
beset me r

13 [o] They
their mou
roaring lio

14 I am
[p] and all n
[q] my heart
in the mi

15 [r] My s
potsherd;
to my jav
me into t

16 For [t]
the asser
closed m
and my

2 Or, *the hind of the morning.*
a Matt. 27. 46. Mark 15. 34.
3 Heb. *from my salvation.*
b Heb. 5. 7.
4 Heb. there is *no silence to me.*
c Deut. 10. 21.
d Ps. 25. 2, 3; 31. 1; 71. 1. Is. 49. 23. Rom. 9. 33.
e Job 25. 6. Is. 41. 14.
f Is. 53. 3.
g Matt. 27. 39. Mark 15. 29. Luke 23. 35.
5 Heb. *open.*
h Job 16. 4. Ps. 109. 25.
i Matt. 27. 43.
6 Heb. *He*

17 I may tell all my bones: [x] they look *and* stare upon me. ★

18 [y] They part my garments among them, and cast lots upon my vesture. ★

19 But [z] be not thou far from me, O LORD: O my strength, haste thee to help me.

20 Deliver my soul from the sword; [a] [12] my darling [13] from the power of the [b] dog.

21 [c] Save me from the lion's mouth: [d] for thou hast heard me from the horns of the unicorns.

22 [e] I will declare thy name unto [f] my brethren: in the midst of the congregation will I praise thee. ★

23 [g] Ye that fear the LORD, praise

thee, and sayest thou, Who touched me?

32 And he looked round about to see her that had done this thing.

33 But the woman fearing and trembling, knowing what was done in her, came and fell down before him, and told him all the truth.

34 And he said unto her, Daughter, [h] thy faith hath made thee whole; go in peace, and be whole of thy plague.

35 [i] While he yet spake, there came from the ruler of the synagogue's *house certain* which said, Thy daughter is dead: why troublest thou the Master any further?

36 As soon as Jē'sus heard the word that was spoken, he saith unto the

A. D. 31.

h Matt. 9. 22. ch. 10. 52. Acts 14. 9.
i Luke 8. 49.

come, he began to teach in the synagogue: and many hearing *him* were astonished, saying, [b] From whence hath this *man* these things? and what wisdom *is* this which is given unto him, that even such mighty works are wrought by his hands?

3 Is not this the carpenter, the son of Mā'rў, [c] the brother of Jā'mes, and Jō'sēs, and of Jū'dā, and Sī'mon? and are not his sisters here with us? And they [d] were offended at him.

4 But Jē'sus said unto them, [e] A prophet is not without honour, but in his own country, and among his own kin, and in his own house.

5 [f] And he could there do no mighty work, save that he laid his hands and healed

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miracle *that* Jesus did, when he was come out of Judea into Galilee.

Chapter 5

AFTER this there was a feast of the Jews; and Jesus went up to Jerusalem.

2 ¶ Now there is at Jerusalem by the sheep *market* a pool, which is called in the Hebrew tongue Bethesda, having five porches.

3 In these lay a great multitude of impotent folk, of blind, halt, withered, waiting for the moving of the water.

4 For an angel went down at a certain season into the pool, and troubled the water: whosoever then first after the troubling of the water stepped in was made whole of whatsoever disease he had.

5 And a certain man was there, which had an infirmity thirty and eight years.

6 When Jesus saw him lie, and knew that he had been now a long time *in that case,* he saith unto him, Wilt thou be made whole?

7 The impotent man answered him, Sir, I have no man, when the water is troubled, to put me into the pool: but while I am coming, another steppeth down before me.

8 Jesus saith unto him, Rise, take up thy bed, and walk.

9 And immediately the man was made whole, and took up his bed, and walked: and on the same day was the sabbath.

10 ¶ The Jews therefore said unto him that was cured, It is the sabbath day: it is not lawful for thee to carry *thy* bed.

11 He answered them, He that made me whole, the same said unto me, Take up thy bed, and walk.

12 Then asked they him, What man is that which said unto thee, Take up thy bed, and walk?

13 And he that was healed wist not who it was: for Jesus had conveyed himself away, a multitude being in *that* place.

14 Afterward Jesus findeth him in the temple, and said unto him, Behold, thou art made whole: sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee.

15 The man departed, and told the Jews that it was Jesus, which had made him whole.

16 And therefore did the Jews persecute Jesus, and sought to slay him, because he had done these things on the sabbath day.

17 ¶ But Jesus answered them, My Father worketh hitherto, and I work.

18 Therefore the Jews sought the more to kill him, because he not only had broken the sabbath, but said also that God was his Father, making himself equal with God.

The Acts of the Apostles

Chapter 1

THE former treatise have I made, O Theophilus, of all that Jesus began both to do and teach,

2 Until the day in which he was taken up, after that he through the Holy Ghost had given commandments unto the apostles whom he had chosen:

3 To whom also he showed himself alive after his passion by many infallible proofs, being seen of them forty days, and speaking of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God:

4 And, being assembled together with *them,* commanded them that they should not depart from Jerusalem, but wait for the promise of the Father, which, *saith he,* ye have heard of me.

5 For John truly baptized with water; but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence.

6 When they therefore were come together, they asked of him, saying, Lord, wilt thou at this time restore again the kingdom to Israel?

7 And he said unto them, It is not for you to know the times or the seasons, which the Father hath put in his own power.

8 But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth.

9 And when he had spoken these things, while they beheld, he was taken up; and a cloud received him out of their sight.

10 And while they looked stedfastly toward heaven as he went up, behold, two men stood by them in white apparel;

11 Which also said, Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? this same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven.

12 Then returned they unto Jerusalem from the mount called Olivet, which is from Jerusalem a sabbath day's journey.

13 And when they were come in, they went up into an upper room, where abode both Peter, and James, and John, and Andrew, Philip, and Thomas, Bartholomew, and Matthew, James *the son* of Alpheus, and Simon Zelotes, and Judas *the brother* of James.

14 These all continued with

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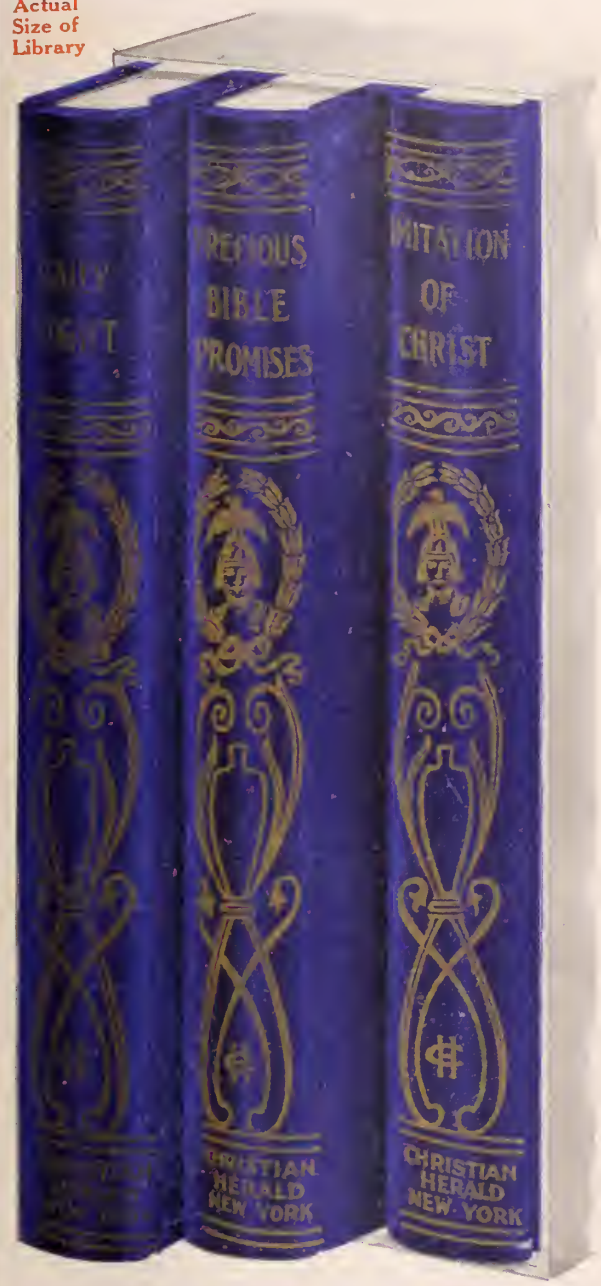

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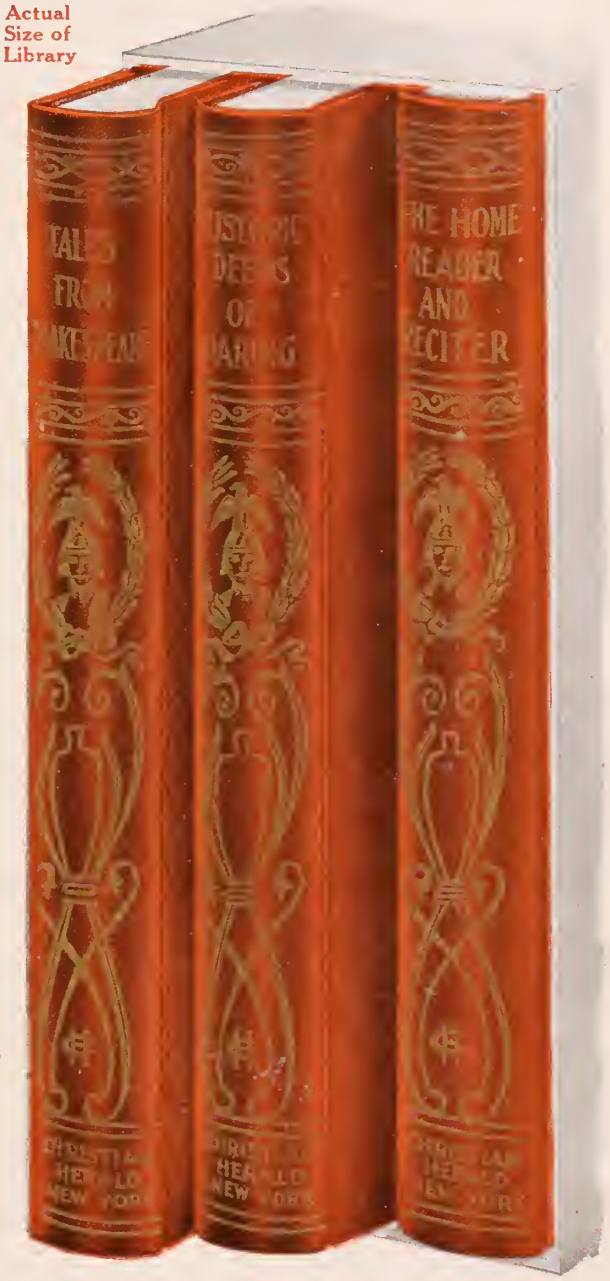

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(See Specimen of Type on Opposite Page)

Our Money-Saving Combinations

IMPORTANT—At the request of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the publishers of the Magazines included in our Combination Offers, have supplied the following descriptive matter concerning their respective Publications. We publish it here for the information of our readers.

American Boy

A PROFUSELY illustrated monthly for boys, with nearly a quarter of a million readers. Without question, the most entertaining and practical boys' magazine in the world. Clean and high-grade. Covers in colors. Big pages. Serials by Munroe, Stratemeyer, Alger, Harbour, Tomlinson, Trowbridge, Ellis, Shute, and other prominent writers for boys. Boy hobbies, such as stamps, coins, curios, photography, amateur journalism, puzzles, mechanics, electricity, biography, athletics, exploited. Prize essay by boys. Cartoons on boy subjects. Gives badges for excellence in school work and for heroism. It preaches the religion of "do" and not that of "don't." Approved by parents and educators. Enthusiastically supported by boys everywhere.

American Magazine

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE (for thirty years Leslie's Monthly) is now owned and edited by John S. Phillips, formerly of *McClure's Magazine*, and the following brilliant group of writers: Ida M. Tarbell, author of *The Standard Oil, Lincoln, Napoleon*, etc.; F. P. Dunne, humorist, philosopher and creator of *Mr. Dooley;* Ray Stannard Baker, author of many important magazine articles; William Allen White, the well-known Kansas editor and author of *Boyville Stories, In Our Town*, etc. Lincoln Steffens, well-known as an authoritative writer on political subjects.

From now on *The American Magazine* will be a *new* magazine, rich in entertaining fiction, humor, important timely articles and beautiful pictures.

Cosmopolitan

NO matter how many magazines you take, *Cosmopolitan* is the one you cannot afford to do without. Its subscribers of last year are subscribers this year—with their friends! They'll be subscribers next year—with their friends' friends! This, after all, is the real test of a magazine's merit—that its readers tell their friends about it. You can be sure that in 1907 one feature in each issue will be of such universal interest as to dominate the magazine world for that month. "The best—no matter what it costs"—the motto which makes *Cosmopolitan* resemble no other magazine but *Cosmopolitan*.

Good Housekeeping

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, by general acknowledgment, is the most practical of the household magazines. At the same time, it has succeeded in raising its subject to the plane of literature, by enlisting many of the brightest minds in the country in its service and placing domestic life and the newer home-making in its true light. It never preaches, but records achievements, for instruction, entertainment, inspiration. The product of this policy is a bright, vigorous, handsomely illustrated periodical, ranking with the best literary magazines. It is issued monthly, and over a million readers testify to its growing popularity and pronounced usefulness.

Harper's Bazar

HARPER'S BAZAR next year will fill an even broader, greater field than in the past. It will continue to be the magazine of the up-to-date woman who wishes to be abreast of, or a little ahead of the times. It will still be the court of final appeal in all questions of fashion, entertainment, household decoration, and good form. But it will be more than this. It will be "guide, philosopher and friend" to countless women. In its domestic departments, long famous, the *Bazar* will also widen its scope. Every reader will find something there for her; there will be elaborate menus and simpler menus, suggestions for the most novel, up-to-date luncheons and dinners, and for the plainest home repasts. The *Bazar* sets the fashion.

Little Folks

IS the best and brightest magazine ever published for children from three to twelve years old. It has a circulation many times larger than any other publication for small children ever had, because it is the best edited, best written, best illustrated and best printed.

Each issue is full of fine, bright new pictures, plain and colored, by the best artists who draw for children. Its stories, poems, jingles and nature stories are by the best writers for children, and are always vigorous, entertaining and strengthening.

Morbid, depressing and "scarey" stories and stories of bad children are rigorously excluded.

Each magazine may be sent to a different address

Best Holiday Gifts

THE Magazine Combination Offers of the present day originated with Dr. Louis Klopsch of **The Christian Herald.** Hence, Magazine Readers are indebted to **The Christian Herald** for the economy effected. This year we offer all of the magazines here illustrated

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We were fortunate enough to secure **THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS** for our Combination, and now we make the **SPECIAL OFFER** below, **which cannot be equalled elsewhere:**

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Good Housekeeping, .	Per Year $1.00	Success Magazine,. .	Per Year $1.00
Harper's Bazar, . . .	Per Year $1.00	World To-Day (The) .	Per Year $1.50

Woman's Home Companion, Per Year $1.00

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Pearson's Magazine

DESTRUCTIVE journalism has had its day. Fair-minded conservatism is now having its inning. Get *Pearson's* and see for yourself. Read its inspirational character stories of the constructive men of the country and its presentation of the gigantic movements of the times by James Creelman, Alfred Henry Lewis, David Graham Phillips, Robert Adamson and Livingston Wright.

Pearson's unique distinctiveness as the magazine of intense fiction and the creator of *Captain Kettle, Monsieur A.V.*, and *Don Q.*, will be strongly emphasized during 1907 The price of *Pearson's* is $1.50 a year, but by special arrangement CHRISTIAN HERALD subscribers can secure it upon the same terms as the dollar publications illustrated on this page.

Review of Reviews

THE more magazines there are the more necessary is the *Review of Reviews*, because it brings together the best that is in all the most important monthlies of the world. Such is the flood of periodical literature that nowadays people say the only way to keep up with it is to read the *Review of Reviews*.

Probably the most useful section of all is Dr. Albert Shaw's illustrated "Progress of the World," where public events and issues are authoritatively and lucidly explained in every issue. Many a subscriber writes: "This department alone is worth more than the price of the magazine." The unique cartoon department, depicting current history in caricature, is another favorite. The *Review of Reviews* covers five continents, and yet is American first and foremost.

Suburban Life

SUBURBAN LIFE is a delightfully gotten-up magazine of 52 pages or more, each page measuring 12x14 inches, and beautifully illustrated with often as many as 100 fine half-tone engravings. It is printed on coated paper, and presents one of the finest pieces of magazine making published anywhere. *Suburban Life* is considered by many as the most complete exponent of suburban living ever published. It is to-day the one essential publication for the man or woman who lives in our rapidly growing suburban districts. It is full of the spirit of country life, without falling into the too common error of becoming either an agricultural or horticultural publication.

Success Magazine

SUCCESS MAGAZINE aims to be "The Great Home Magazine of America," valuable almost equally to the father, the mother, and the older sons and daughters. While still retaining as a foundation the idea of Inspiration and Uplift, it has broadened into a far wider field, and deals with all the stirring, vital problems of human interest—the Work of the World. Its serial and short stories are the best work of the most brilliant writers of the day, and its Special Departments, covering The Home Life and the Person, make, perhaps, its greatest strength in the family circle—the reason for its million and a half readers.

Woman's Home Companion

HAS the largest subscription of any ten cent magazine—three million people read this magazine every month. Besides the helpful intimate things that women want to know, there are delightful stories and articles by Kate Douglas Wiggin, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Jack London and Mary E. Wilkins Freeman; inspiring editorials by Dr. Edward Everett Hale; Miss Gould's fashion pages, her dressmaking lesson and her shopping service; Miss Farmer's cooking department; the children's own pages; in all, Twelve Useful Departments—something for all the family, and for the woman—everything.

World To-Day (The)

THE only magazine of its class sold at a popular price. *The World To-Day* is a monthly world review, but is not made up of clippings of other publications. It obtains its information from original sources, and is reliable and up-to-date. Its contributors are the foremost men and women of the day. The reader will find in it recreation for the idle hour, and best of all—something worth while. Many illustrations are in colors. All other magazines of its class sell at $3.00. *The World To-Day* is but $1.50. Its remarkable quality and low price make it an exceptional bargain, and we recommend it strongly to our readers.

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"Our Father, who art in Heaven"
"GOOD MORNING"

Description of the Pictures

These exquisite pictures, in superb coloring, very delicate, yet highly effective, represent—the one a sweet-faced little maid, about to offer up morning prayer; the other, a veritable cherub of a boy, tired as only a boy can be, engaged in his evening devotions.

Never before have we had the good fortune to present such an exceptional opportunity to the public for securing, at so trifling a cost, two Companion Pictures of such genuine value and such real beauty as these, and greatly congratulated is to be the household fortunate enough to secure a set while yet they are to be had.

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"GOOD NIGHT"

You will surely want these pictures, and you must act promptly to secure a set. Bear in mind that they are beautifully colored, and each is mounted on Peacock Blue Art Paper **12½x16,** all ready for framing. **Send $1.00,** with your full Post-office Address, and we will send the **TWO flat.** Undamaged delivery guaranteed by us.

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Concerning Bores

MISS CAROLINE is an excellent woman, the salt of the earth, but she is a bore.

Dr. Phillips is a great scholar, but take care that he does not pin you down in your seat like a beetle transfixed by a pin, while he talks to you about his special subject, which you do not understand in the least.

Mrs. Wilmerding is a devoted mother, but all her friends are worn out by her continual praise of her wonderfully-gifted daughter and her woful fears lest Edith, with her exquisite sensibility and fragile constitution, shall break down prematurely. An over-devoted mother is a bore.

These fragmentary expressions are sufficiently common to be familiar. Who does not know the admirable person, worthy of high esteem, who is a drag on the gaiety of a room, and whose ponderous observations descend like a Scotch mist on the sunshine of any company. The word bore is picturesque and defines itself. The sort of misery inflicted by a nail in one's shoe or a pin with the sharp end piercing the epidermus, is akin to the discomfort that flows from the talk of tiresome people, who go on and on as if unwinding a spool of invisible thread, while their victims are fidgeting to get away.

A witty person has said that a bore is a man who insists on talking about himself when you wish to talk about yourself. This is only partially true. The bore may not make himself his theme. Usually he has a hobby, and once astride of that, he does not know when to stop. It sometimes happens that a bore is a very brilliant conversationalist, but is given to monologue, and prefers to hold the floor to the exclusion of everybody else.

An amusing incident occurred one day years ago, in a street car, when a gentleman of wide information and remarkable powers of description launched forth on a tide of instructive talk to a group of friends who were his companions. He talked steadily without pause or interruption, while the car swiftly rolled over many street blocks. As his party and himself were leaving the car, the conductor respectfully detained him.

"Would you mind telling me, sir," he said, "who you are? For just an every-day man you know more than anybody I ever saw, and you talk exactly like a preacher."

The conductor had not found the talk to be a weariness.

This leads me to say that there are differences noticeable in society, and that good listeners, whatever be their social rank, are seldom bored by people who have anything to say that is worth hearing.

One who is vitally sympathetic, and who, so to speak, feels the pulse of his friend, will instantly cease and give the other a chance if the faintest look of vagueness or boredom crosses the friend's countenance. Nobody can be a bore who is unselfish. He or she who is self-centred, who can think and speak only on those aspects of things that appertain to the individual life, is in danger of boring acquaintances.

The well-meaning, but pompous talker, who indulges in platitudes, is solemn over trifles, or painfully facetious at the wrong moment, is a bore of the most pronounced type. It behooves us all to watch carefully not the conduct of others, but that of ourselves in this particular line.

Before the Holidays

We are in the midst of the year's most interesting and delightful time. We are getting ready for Christmas. The beautiful, blessed time is not yet here, but it is hastening toward us with flying feet. Winter, with its frosty air and drifting snow, with its jingle of sleigh-bells and gathering of the family around the fireside, is, beyond all others, the season when we feel like singing "Home, Sweet Home." Just now everybody is thinking how he or she can best please everybody else. We are less concerned about the gifts we may possibly have than about the gifts we shall have the pleasure of bestowing on others. Many centuries ago, heaven sent its greatest gift to men when a little Child was born to save the world. That Child brought with him a new possibility for this old earth. Under his benignant reign love conquers hate, and peace and good-will prevail where once there were violence and misrule. It is because of the heavenly gift that we make our gifts everywhere to-day.

These are the weeks when Christmas shopping is at its height. If one has time, and chooses to watch the crowds of holiday shoppers, one sees a great difference in the manner of their attack on the difficult work of purchasing articles that come within the limits of the purse, and that please the taste of the dear ones for whom they are intended.

The methodical person sallies forth with a classified list of wants, and with a well defined idea of prices. She who is vague and unsystematic has no such armor against trouble and loss of time. The first goes without waste of energy, from counter to counter, selects what she deems suitable and departs, making room for others, and easing the work of the clerk who has many customers to serve, and needs consideration in these short and crowded days. The second loses her own temper and tries that of her neighbors, and seldom carries home a satisfied feeling at the end of the day.

There are little ways in which we may all show our good will during the days that precede Christmas. No period in the year so taxes the strength and so wears upon the nerves of people in business.

MEXICAN GIRLS SPINNING

The picture shows one of the feminine industries practiced by our neighbors in Mexico. The beautiful drawn work done by Mexican women is greatly prized by tourists, and brings a high price in American shops. Here we see young girls engaged in a still more primitive occupation, that of spinning thread at hand looms.

Natures Wild and Tame

JACK LONDON can hardly be called an agreeable writer, although he is virile, dramatic and original. His latest book, *White Fang*, will be read with appreciation by those who remember *The Call of the Wild*. But sensitive readers given to tears over the acute and terrible sufferings of man and beast in the Arctic cold, and alive to the needless tortures inflicted on convicts in some prisons, will find it hard to read the thrilling pages without frequent omissions. *White Fang* is the story of a wolf in whom there is a strain, slight but yet potential, of the dog. The mother of *White Fang* was more wolf than dog, but she was a half-breed and bequeathed some of her traits to her cub. The wolfling had a varied career with many viscissitudes, including hunger, cruelty and loneliness. Even an animal may suffer deeply from the last cause. At what might be termed the psychological moment in the life of the little wolf, he fell into the hands of a man who loved animals, and who set himself to the difficult task of calling this waif of the forest out of the wild into civilization. The gentleness, delicacy, perseverance and patience of the master are depicted in fine contrast with the brutality that is far too often shown to animals by their trainers. Incidentally, the story has the high moral purpose of impressing on society its mistake in dealing too harshly with its own waifs and strays, and in setting forth the outrages inflicted on prisoners by keepers and wardens. The book is not pleasant, but it is timely.

Another Problem

As if we had not already problems enough to deal with in this great land of ours; as if we were not already in a state of ferment over labor and capital, of agitation about Mormon aggression, child slavery and the misfits of the Golden Rule, as applied to our colored population, we have confronting us another difficulty that may be serious. The cry comes from San Francisco that it is unfair to the children in the public schools to permit Japanese boys to mingle with them in classes and recitations. The bright and clever young men from Japan who seek to earn an honest livelihood in America, have a common and intense desire to learn English and to gain a good education. No complaint seems to be made by their teachers as to their deportment and application in school. They are docile and eager, courteous and amiable. Nevertheless, American mothers find their presence undesirable, and it may be that in mixed schools, where little girls are among the scholars, there is a basis for the dissatisfaction in the maternal mind. Something must be done. The question is what? To open separate schools for the Japanese would be to make in their case a conspicuous distinction, which would not be gratifying to them or their government, and which would defeat their end in so far as their wish to become proficient in English is concerned. Here, if anywhere, there appears to be an opportunity to trample race prejudice under foot. Is there not reason to fear that the trouble is to be found in the fact, that people accept the Japanese as house servants, but do not want them to be on terms of equality with their children?

* * *

Sir Robert Peel said: "I never knew a man to escape failure, either in mind or body, who worked incessantly seven days in a week."

CONQUEST OVER DEATH

*INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON, BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS**

AS it began to dawn toward the first day of the week, there was an earthquake, and an angel came from heaven and rolled the stone away from the door of the tomb, and Jesus came out alive again. The keepers trembled, and became as dead men. While it was yet dark came Mary Magdalene and the other women to the tomb; not to welcome a living Christ, but to embalm a dead Christ. The angel told them that he whom they sought was risen from the dead, and gone into Galilee. By invitation of the angel, the women entered the tomb, and saw the place where the body of Jesus had lain, with the linen grave-clothes lying there.

In the early morning light, the women went to find the disciples, that they might tell them Jesus had risen from the dead. Jesus himself met the women by the way, and told them to tell his disciples that they should meet him in Galilee. But only Peter and John gave credence to what the women said. These two disciples came to the tomb to prove the matter, and found that Jesus had indeed risen from the dead.

Later in the morning Jesus spoke in the garden to Mary Magdalene, who seemed either not to have gone away with the other women, or to have returned alone.

The Witnesses

In the afternoon, Jesus walked from Jerusalem to Emmaus, a distance of seven miles, and on the way joined himself to two men also going to Emmaus. They were discussing the reported resurrection of Jesus, and without revealing his identity, he taught them what prophecy had to say concerning the event.

In the early evening, perhaps just as darkness was coming on, having reached Emmaus, Jesus accepted an invitation to take supper in the home of those with whom he had journeyed, and then it was revealed that he was the risen Christ; in the breaking of bread he became known to them, and then vanished out of their sight.

Later in the evening, Jesus, having returned to Jerusalem, came to the room where his disciples were gathered together, listening to the two men from Emmaus as they related how he had met them by the way, and how he had opened the Scripture to them, and how their hearts had burned at the words of the unknown teacher, and how, at last, they had recognized him while he was eating bread with them in their home. Still later in the evening Jesus ate broiled fish and a honey-comb, because he was hungry, and because he would convince his apostles that he was really alive again.

Illustration and Application

An attempt was made by a brilliant Frenchman, M. Lepaux, to establish a new religion—a sentimental Rousseauism—which he termed "Theo-philanthropy." After making the effort, he found the trial a failure, and went to that great master of statecraft, Talleyrand, and asked his advice. Talleyrand said: "Monsieur Lepaux, you have undertaken a very difficult task. It is not easy to establish a new religion. I don't know how you can be successful. I venture to give you one piece of advice. I advise you to be crucified, and rise the third day."

A Legal Argument

Dr. Nott, some years ago, presented Christ's resurrection as an historic fact in a series of six sermons, in which he treated the subject like an intricate and important case of jurisprudence, adducing proof, answering objections, analyzing the false testimony of the chief priests, measuring the evidences of honesty in the apostles, and thoroughly examining every vital point in the Bible record. Brockholst Livingstone, the acknowledged head of the legal profession in New York State, was in attendance during the whole series, and listened with close attention. At the conclusion, he said to Dr. Nott: "I am a lawyer and accustomed to such discussions, and I admit that you have made out your case incontrovertibly."

Aspects of the Resurrection

"There is no subject in the New Testament used for so many purposes as the glorious Resurrection," said Dr. John Potts, of Toronto, in an address made upon Mars Hill at the time of the Jerusalem cruise. "Think of it in relation to salvation," he said, "'Who was delivered up for our offences, and was raised again for our justification,' Think of it in relation to hope and heaven: 'Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which, according to his abundant mercy, hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead.' Think of it in relation to bereavement: 'I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep . . . for if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him, wherefore comfort one another with these words.' Think of it in relation to spiritual life and work: 'If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. That I might know him and the power of his resurrection.'"

As to our salvation and justification, he did indeed take our sins into his grave, but just as surely he did not bring them out again with him, so there is now no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus (Rom. 8: 1). This is the victory over the grave. All fear of death and judgment is taken away.

A young girl lay on her bed, surrounded by everything that wealth and taste could procure. Here you will say was enough to make her happy. Perhaps so, but she thought of none of those things, her mind was absorbed by some good news she had just heard, and she murmured, "Happy, happy happy indeed." Good news! you may ask, "What sort of news was it?" Each one may guess what it could be. One perhaps will suppose she had heard that she had been left a fortune, another that she had received presents of fine dresses or jewels. No, none of these things. She had been told that she was dying. This was

The Good News

in answer to which the girl murmured, "Happy, happy," they were her last words, in a few hours she was asleep in Jesus. And so there is no sting in death to those who are trusting in Jesus as their Saviour. In sharp contrast to this is the story of an eccentric minister, stepping one day into the shop of one of his parishioners, asking abruptly, without even waiting for a salutation, "Did you expect me?" "No," was the reply. "What if I had been death?" he asked; and stepping out, was gone as suddenly as he came in. We read in the prayer-book, "From sudden death, good Lord, deliver us." But it were better to pray, "From death unprepared, good Lord, deliver us." Hear from a quaint epitaph a warning voice:

Mr. William Pole his epitaph made by his owne hand who died, the 24 of the 12 mo: 1674.
Hoe passenger: tis worth thy pains to stay
and take a dead mans lesson by the way
time was I was what now thou art, and thou
another day shall bee what I am now
now goe thy way: but stay, take one word more
thy stafe for aught thou know'st stands next the dore
death is the dore, yea dore of heaven or hell
be warn'd: be arm'd: beleefe: repent fare well

As to Hope and Heaven. Some one has said: "We came to a great cave—the grave, and its entrance is marked by many footprints, they all lead in—none out." Not so, the grave is not a cave, it is a tunnel, the footprints lead out on the other side—the footsteps of Jesus, and we shall follow after, because we have his promise, "Because I live, ye shall live also."

Who, who would live alway away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?

But how different the view from a non-Christian standpoint. Xerxes looked off on his army. There were two million men—perhaps the finest army ever marshalled. Xerxes rode along the lines, reviewed them, came back, stood on some high point, looked off upon the two million men, and burst into tears. At that moment, when every one supposed he would be in the greatest exultation, he broke down in grief. They asked him why he wept. "Ah," he said: "I weep at the thought that so soon all this host will be gone."

How glorious have been the glimpses of those who were just emerging from the other side of the "tunnel!" An aged, faithful minister of the Gospel lay upon his death-bed in intense bodily suffering. But, all at once, his face brightened up, and was covered with an expression of great joy, as he exclaimed, "Oh, I see him,

Jesus, and the Angels"

The vision was so beatific that, although he lived twenty-four hours longer, there was never again a murmur of pain. And this was not an uncommon experience, as many who have been beside the dying will testify. It is just as true that the wicked are sometimes given glimpses of hell on their death-beds. A dissolute young man lay dying, and, for fully eight hours before he died, his mother could not be admitted to his room, so fearful were his outcries.

But the Christian has hope in his death, most beautifully expressed in the dying words of some who have been among the leaders of God's host.

M. Henry.—Sin is bitter. I bless God I have inward supports.

John Howe.—I expect my salvation, not as a profitable servant, but as a pardoned sinner.

Martin Luther.—Our God is the God from whom cometh salvation. God is the Lord by whom we escape death.

Knox.—Live in Christ, live in Christ, and the flesh need not fear death.

Calvin.—Thou Lord hruisest me; but I am abundantly satisfied, since it is from thy hand.

John Wesley.—The best of all is, God is with us. Farewell! farewell!

Charles Wesley.—I shall be satisfied with thy likeness—satisfied, satisfied!

As to Bereavement. We hear as it were a voice echoing from heaven, as we quote from Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage:

A Cage of Consolation

"In the East they take a cage of birds and bring it to the tomb of the dead, and then they open the door of the cage, and the birds, flying out, sing. And I would to-day bring a cage of Christian consolation to the grave of your loved ones, and I would open the door and let them fill all the air with the music of their voices. Oh, how they bound in—these spirits—before the throne! Some shout with gladness; some break forth into uncontrollable weeping for joy; some stand speechless in their shock of delight. They sing, they quiver with excessive gladness; they gaze on the temples, on the palaces, on the waters, on each other. They weave their joy into garlands, they spring into triumphal arches; they strike it on timbrels. And then all the loved ones gather in a great circle around the throne of God—fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, sons and daughters, lovers and friends—hand to hand around about the throne of God, the circle ever widening, joy to joy, jubilee to jubilee, victory to victory. 'Until the day break and the shadows flee away, turn thou, my beloved, and be like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bether.'"

"They Came and Held Him by the Feet and Worshiped Him"

*International Sunday School Lesson for Dec. 16. Jesus Risen from the Dead, Matt. 28: 1-15. Golden Text: "He is risen, even as he said," Matt. 28: 6.

A Declaration "Signer" Reburied

FOR a day, recently, the people of the city of Philadelphia were brought again into close touch with their historic past. The body of James Wilson, signer of the Declaration of Independence, was brought from Edenton, N. C., to Christ Church, Philadelphia, to be buried beside his wife, and a suitable tablet placed above their tombs.

James Wilson

The agitation for the honoring of the remains of Wilson dates back to 1873, when a sentiment in favor of a monument to the dead patriot received strong support from the nation, but was allowed to die out. Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, who described Wilson in *Hugh Wynne*, has been a persistent advocate of the transferring of the remains of the patriot to Christ Church, but the present movement did not crystallize until July, 1905, when, during a conversation at Valley Forge between Senator Knox and others, it was determined to form a committee to arrange for the removal of the remains of Wilson to the grave of his wife.

The body was brought from North Carolina on the United States gunboat *Dubuque*, that had been detailed for the duty by the authorities at Washington. The great flag on top of Independence Hall was at half-mast. The Chestnut street entrance, through which the casket was borne, was draped with black, the Venetian blinds of the historic chamber in which the body was to rest were drawn, and in the centre was a bier ready to receive the coffin. The Governor of Pennsylvania and a large number of officials and representatives of the patriotic societies, received the body from the commander of the warship. Escorted by a guard of marines and the First City Troop, an organization that served in Revolutionary days, the body was borne to Independence Hall, and placed in the room in which the Declaration of Independence was signed. Later it was taken to Christ Church, where the service was conducted by Bishop Coadjutor Mackay-Smith, of the Episcopal Church. The oration was delivered by the Attorney-General of the State, and an address was delivered on behalf of the bar of Pennsylvania, James Wilson having been a distinguished lawyer. Other speakers were Congressmen and members of the Supreme Court. Andrew Carnegie spoke as a Scotch-American, and Dr. S. Weir Mitchell for American men of letters. The "signer's" home in Philadelphia was at the southwest corner of Walnut and Third Streets. The site is now occupied by a large insurance building. His house was called "Fort Wilson."

Tomb of James Wilson's Wife at Christ Church

Answered Prayers

C. G. M., Alabama. "I know that God does answer prayers. The answer is always more wonderful, fuller and better than we asked."

Mrs. M. G., Oklahoma. "The Lord has been very gracious to me. He has wonderfully removed a trouble from my heart. I pray, believing that the Lord hears all things."

Mrs. W. C. B., Ohio. "I want to take this way of thankfully acknowledging answers to prayer. I have recently received much comfort and help from the Lord in answer to prayer."

J. A. H., Arizona. "It is a delight to my soul to see so many testimonies to 'Answered Prayers' in your dear paper. I also can say that in fifty years walk with God he has graciously answered many of my prayers.

M. L. D., Massachusetts. "I know the value of prayer, and have found comfort in the testimonies of your readers. I am now in great trouble, and am praying constantly for my son's conversion and restoration to me."

Mrs. C. W. F., Ohio. "I, too, want to acknowledge God's goodness to me in answered prayers. Two weeks ago I felt I must have help from God. I asked him to help me through a severe trial, and the help came."

Mrs. S. E. S., Tennessee. "I am a strong believer in prayer. When my little boy died, I believe I would have lost my mind if it had not been for daily prayer. God will help us in time of trouble, if we ask him."

D. J. T., Virginia. "I have been praying daily for weeks for a dear young man dying of consumption, that he might be led to give his heart to God. He was converted on June 2, and died on June 3. Praise the Lord."

"Jesus, Jesus, how I trust him,
How I've proved him o'er and o'er;
Jesus, Jesus, precious Jesus,
O, for grace to trust him more."

Constant Reader, Michigan. "I wish to testify most earnestly that I know from personal experience all my life, and more especially the past year—one of great anxiety and sorrow—that our God faithfully answers the cry of his children."

A. E. L., Pennsylvania. "I wish to add my testimony to that of others, that God does answer prayer. I was in great trouble where there was none to help. I said in my heart, 'I will leave all in my heavenly Father's keeping;' he heard and answered my prayers, for which I am devoutly thankful, and am encouraged to trust him with all my future."

A. D. M., Georgia. "I can truly say, 'Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O God,' and he has wonderfully heard and delivered me. Why should we want for any thing when our heavenly Father is able and willing to give us 'whatsoever' we ask that is according to his will? I feel like exclaiming with the psalmist, 'What is man that thou art mindful of him?'"

Old Subscriber, New York. "I proclaim God's goodness in lifting a heavy burden from me in answer to prayer."

A Believer, California. "It is helpful to know that so many humble souls have found our Lord a very present Saviour at all times. He is my strength, physically and spiritually. He has never turned away my prayer."

"If we could but remove the veil,
When sorrow doth our hearts assail—
And see how near the Master stands,
Still guiding with his loving hands,
We'd never doubt."

Mrs. M. A. N., Indiana. "I prize the Prayer column so much that I am always disappointed if it fails to appear. God has dealt out his answers to my feeble prayers often with such loving kindness, that I wish to tell the readers of your journal."

Stories of Salvation

A Modern Miracle

The conversion of Daniel Munro, of Duluth, Minn., was a modern miracle. His testimony, as given in the Bethel Mission lately, was as follows: "I was drinking in a saloon on Lake Avenue, and, as near as I can remember, I had drunk sixty glasses of liquor that day. I was intoxicated, and thoroughly disgusted with myself and tired of life. I said to myself, 'I am a fool. I am lost,' and then turning to some men who were in the saloon I said, 'I am done with the drink.' I stepped out of the saloon, put my handkerchief over my head and tied it under my chin to keep my cap from falling off, and started for the pier, where I intended to jump into the lake and end all; but, in answer to a godly mother's prayers who died many years before, God had something better in store for me. As I passed the Lake Avenue Bethel Mission they were singing 'Where is my wandering boy to-night?' With an oath, I said, 'I will go in and hear that song.' I went in and sat down near the door while they sang.

"When they had finished, I was overcome with a sense of my sinfulness; every word seemed to be for me. At the close of the service two workers led me to the front and prayed with me, and, as best I could I prayed for myself. After leaving the Bethel I went to my room, and took from the bottom of my trunk a Bible that I had not read for fourteen years, and opened it at the fourth chapter of John; commencing at the first verse I read until I came to these words 'Come, see a man, which told me all things that ever I did: is not this the Christ?' I closed the book, dropped on my knees and prayed until God came into my life. That was ten years ago, and up to date I have not touched a drop of liquor. He not only saves me, but he keeps me."

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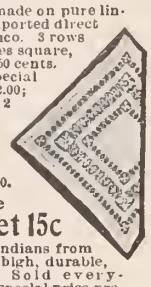

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THE VOLUNTEER

By Harry Clark Hubler

THE choir-leader was well-nigh distracted. Word had just been received that the soprano soloist was ill, and would be unable to attend the morning's service. Carefully and patiently the choir had practiced under his direction that it might make a favorable impression on the new pastor. The soloist was indispensable. And now, at the very last minute, she could not come. No one else could be persuaded, by threats or cajolery, to take the part. It looked as though the singing would be a complete failure.

The church was rapidly filling, and a large congregation was assured. But this fact only added to the leader's discomfort. He rushed down the aisle to one of the rear pews and began to plead with a soprano, who had deserted the choir when she learned of Miss Smith's illness, to take the soloist's place.

"You have practiced it with her," he argued.

"No, I'll not sing," replied the lady.

"The music will be a flat failure," declared the leader. "And so many strangers here, too," he added, nodding toward the pew in front where two young women were sitting.

"So much the greater reason why I shouldn't make a fool of myself," was the decided reply.

The leader saw it was no use to urge further, and was about to return to his place in despair, when one of the strangers sitting in front of the obdurate singer, turned and accosted him.

"Pardon me," she said, "but I overheard your conversation. May I take the place of the lady who is ill?"

The leader looked at her in amazement. She was young and very pretty. Her dress and hat were of the latest style. Every item of her make-up met the approval of the leader—and he was very critical. But could she sing?

"The music is somewhat difficult, madam," said he doubtfully. "And—and—"

"You wonder whether I can sing it?"

"Well, yes, that's about it. You see this is the first Sunday for the new pastor, and we wish to make a good showing," was his reply.

The young woman glanced at her companion with an amused light in her eyes, and a smile on her lips. This, for some reason, made the leader feel uncomfortable. It looked too much like perfect confidence in one's self.

"I'll try not to bring discredit on you," she said.

The leader disliked running the risk, but there seemed no other way. It was time to begin the service, too, and the church was filled from the front pew to the gallery.

"Come," said he.

The volunteer arose and followed the leader up the aisle with a great rustling of silk-lined skirts that drew the astonished gaze of the people upon her from all quarters.

"Who is she?" was the question buzzed from pew to pew as the stranger took her place in the choir behind the pulpit.

But no one knew, no one could conjecture. Presently the new minister appeared, as the organist began the voluntary, and all eyes were diverted from the stranger to be concentrated upon him. He was a young man—probably thirty years of age, of magnificent physique, who walked reverently to his place without giving more than a glance at the congregation, and never once looked toward the choir. Then, without showing the least embarrassment, he read a hymn and they began to sing. At almost the first note the young clergyman assumed a listening attitude that betokened an unusual interest.

"What a rich voice," he commented to himself. "I did not expect such music here." But he kept his eyes toward the front.

Then, after prayer, the choir arose to sing the anthem. The leader was extremely nervous. If his soloist should fail, he would be humiliated, disgraced beyond redemption. He had watched her while she sang the hymn and was convinced that her voice was good and that she knew something about music. But that was no test of her ability to sing the solo. He had given her the music immediately after she had taken her place. He expected her to study it. Had she? Just a glance, then she had laid it to one side. He thought it a very contemptuous way to treat the most difficult music that the Newville choir had ever essayed to sing.

As the organist played the prelude, the volunteer singer stood up with the others as unconcerned as though this were an every day occurrence. She seemed far from being as nervous as the regular members of the choir. It was noticed, however, that she was very pale. This was regarded as a bad omen by the leader and he looked for the worst.

Presently the voices took up the melody in soft low tones that held the assembled listeners entranced. Gradually the cadenced sweetness swelled, reciting a story of holy love and sacrifice, until the "Hallelujahs" echoed from the walls with a glad and happy ring that caused the white-haired deacons to shout for very joy. And then the music assumed a sombre strain. The Christ was dead. The listeners felt the darkness of the dismal tomb. When yet the gloom of early dawn was shrouding the Judean hills they came with Mary to the sepulchre and there they wept.

But presently a more hopeful note was heard. The chorus swelled, and hope gave way to joy. The choir was singing as though they were inspired. Long since the leader had forgotten his volunteer, and, reveling in the glorious inspiration of the hour, sang as he never sang before. Louder and louder the chorus swelled. It seemed they had just began to realize a Saviour risen.

Suddenly the chorus ceased. All others' joy was hushed at the glad cry of the seeking Mary. The volunteer alone took up the strain. The people listened breathlessly. Her voice arose with a sweetness and power that carried the notes far up to the most distant arches, which re-echoed again and again, "He is risen! He is risen!" The old deacons stood up and shouted, "Hallelujah!" until they were hoarse. And over the tear-wet faces of the people there crept a glad smile of happiness and peace like the breaking of the dawn.

And the minister? He had risen to his feet and was gazing at the singer as though she were a spectre. His trembling limbs almost refused to bear his weight and he grasped the pulpit for support. His face was white as his cravat. But she seemed not to see him.

Then the whole choir took up the song again, singing with a power that the people had never known before. The minister moved not a muscle, but continued to look fixedly at the soloist's face until the anthem ended. Then, without sitting down, he turned to the wondering congregation and began to preach while yet the emotion produced by the extraordinary singing was strong upon them.

And such a sermon—it fitted well the hour. The people were moved and swayed like standing grain before the wind. The minister surpassed himself because the music had inspired him. No one who was there that quiet Sabbath morning will ever forget that sermon, anymore than they will forget the singing.

After the sermon he announced a hymn, and presently dismissed the congregation. Then he sank down in his chair as though he were in a dream. Slowly the people moved down the aisles and out the door. Still he sat silent. It was the strange singer who roused him from the lethargy that had succeeded his unprecedented

Continued on next page

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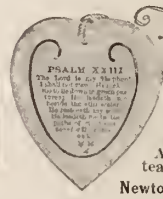

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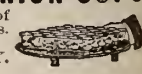

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SCOFFERS

Often Make the Staunchest Converts

The man who scoffs at an idea or doctrine which he does not fully understand has at least the courage to show where he stands.

The gospel of Health has many converts who formerly laughed at the idea that coffee and tea, for example, ever hurt anyone. Upon looking into the matter seriously, often at the suggestion of a friend, such persons have found that Postum Food Coffee and a friend's advice have been their salvation.

"My sister was employed in an eastern city where she had to do calculating," writes an Okla. girl. "She suffered with headache until she was almost unfitted for duty.

"Her landlady persuaded her to quit coffee and use Postum and in a few days she was entirely free from headache. She told her employer about it, and on trying it, he had the same experience.

"My father and I have both suffered much from nervous headache since I can remember, but we scoffed at the idea advanced by my sister, that coffee was the cause of our trouble.

"However, we quit coffee and began using Postum. Father has had but one headache now in four years, due to a severe cold, and I have lost my headaches and sour stomach which I am now convinced came from coffee.

"A cup of good hot Postum is satisfying to me when I do not care to eat a meal. Circumstances caused me to locate in a new country and I feared I would not be able to get my favorite drink, Postum, but I was relieved to find that a full supply is kept here with a heavy demand for it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Mother of Mission Churches

Continued from page 1038

The audience-room measures eighty by seventy feet, and is arranged to accommodate one thousand persons. It was first occupied on December 10, 1905. The value and importance of such a building can hardly be overestimated. On the first day of every week the people in Byculla look upon a great company of Christians on their way to the Christian church. The fact becomes the topic of conversation in non-Christian houses and in the bazaars. People understand that the first day of the week is observed by Christians as a holy day, and that on that day they do no work. The service, so entirely different from their own, is closely studied. In their temples such a thing as a service common to all worshipers is unknown. With them, each individual worships the idol by himself, presents his offering, and pays his vows alone with the priest. Besides this fact, the mingling of women in the Christian service is to them very strange. Among the Hindus and Mohammedans this would not be allowed. Imagine, then, the effect upon non-Christians of such an object lesson ever before them! A new house of the one, true God! and consider what a source of joy and strength this worthy church-home will be to the Christian community!

For thirty years, prayerful, self-denying efforts have been made to secure this house of worship. Old and young have contributed according to their ability. Twenty-five hundred dollars are still required to complete the final payments on the building and to purchase furniture.

Surely American Christians will not fail to make a prompt and generous response to this appeal from the first church organized by their missionaries in a foreign land. EDWARD S. HUME.

. . .

Readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are deeply interested in the spiritual progress of India. Thousands of them have aided, by their prayers and gifts, in relief work during the great famine, and thousands more have given generously toward orphan support. Will they not, of their abundance, reach out a helping hand to this pioneer church, the mother-church of hundreds of other churches where the Gospel is now preached? It is, above all others, the "church of the famine children." What more appropriate act could crown the present Christmas season than a gift to help complete this great Christian church, so that it may be finished and ready for its work in the beginning of the New Year? All contributions to the "India famine children's church" may be sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Every gift, great or small, will be acknowledged in these columns.

THE VOLUNTEER

Continued from page 1050

effort. She touched his arm. He started to his feet and looked around. They were alone.

"John."

"Yes."

"Am I unwelcome?"

"Ah, no. You're ever welcome," he replied.

"I did not know this was your church," said she, while the tears gathered in her eyes.

"It's Providence—it was God who sent you here," the man replied, with something very much like resignation in his voice.

"I'm not the woman you once knew," she said. "I've changed. All my life has changed."

"Changed? You've changed?"

"Yes, John."

"Since when?" he asked.

"Since I've been here," she answered.

He was looking at her searchingly, her eyes wistful, yet full of sorrow.

"How came you here?" he asked.

"A wreck delayed us—we're here until to-morrow."

"You didn't go to church when I knew you four years ago," said he.

"No. Forgive me, John, we did not come here to-day for worship. It was just caprice. I volunteered to sing just because Nell dared me to."

She started to move away, with the tears streaming down her face.

"Lois!"

The woman halted half way down the pulpit steps.

"Don't go just yet," said he.

"They'll see me here and—and you'll suffer for it. They'll soon know that I'm a-a—"

"It makes no difference to me what they may think," he interrupted. "When I first heard your voice this morning, it was as though a closed, but precious chapter in my life had suddenly been opened. I tried to think it all a dream. When you began to sing the anthem, my soul could not be denied. I stood and watched your face. And the great love that I had crowded down until I thought it gone surged back again with tenfold power."

The woman was looking at the minister with alarm.

"Don't—it's all so beautiful to hear, but you must not say it," cried she.

"Lois," he continued, stepping up close to her, "I fled from you once. I assumed this dress, became a member of the clergy that I might crowd your memory from my life. I was trying to forget you. But Providence has intervened. I don't want you to leave me now."

"But your church—what will they say?" she faltered.

"He who brought our paths together again will attend to that," he said.

She leaned against the altar rail, silent, her face buried in her hands.

"Will you stay?" he whispered presently.

Then she looked up slowly—and the clergyman was surely satisfied for he straightway drew her close to him.

. . .

The church said nothing. And all the people have grown to greatly love the new soloist and their new minister—for the new minister and the former operatic star entered on the work together.

The Oklahoma Campaign

REV. Howard H. Russell, Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League, now in Oklahoma, writes that the result of the recent election in Oklahoma and Indian Territory, is a victory for Prohibition. A majority of the 112 delegates elected "stand for writing prohibition in the Constitution of the new State." The temperance workers are confident of complete success, provided the needed support to keep up the pressure is forthcoming. It is important that the means be furnished to keep the workers in the field until the effort to secure constitutional prohibition for Oklahoma is fully tested. All contributions for this work will be acknowledged in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

The following additional amounts have been received:

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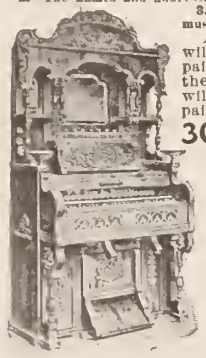

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Prominent People of the Hour

Mrs. W. E. Ayrton

M. Clemenceau

THE separation of Church and State in France, and the fact that after Dec. 11 that country will have no official religion, makes an opening possible for Protestant denominations. The present outlook anticipates a schism in the Roman Catholic Church, which will react in favor of Protestanism. The government has declared that hereafter all church properties shall be held by regularly incorporated boards of trustees from among the laymen, and not by priestly or papal authorities. The schism is likely to arise between those who favor the State and those who are loyal to the still unyielding Pope. A year of grace has been granted in the hope of satisfactory agreement. The Methodist Episcopal Church believes it sees in this situation an opening for mission work in France, and has authorized the Rev. William Burt, Bishop of the Continent of Europe, to establish missions throughout that country. The district proposed for the beginning of the work is the Valley of the Rhone, with the cities of Marseilles, Avignon, Lyons, Dijon and Grenoble. Bishop Burt has been the official head of his church in Europe for a long period. For eighteen years he was stationed in Italy. Under his direction, the work of the M. E. Church in Rome, including various churches, schools, colleges, and other enterprises, has flourished. His Episcopal residence is now at Zurich, and his charge includes six annual conferences and three mission conferences, 500 preachers, 65,000 members, 85,000 Sunday School scholars, 500 deaconesses, and publishing houses in all countries. Bishop Burt expects, by the first week in April, to commence the new work in France.

MRS. W. E. AYRTON is one of the few women who have devoted themselves to the extension of electrical science. This field has been more attractive to men. Mrs. Ayrton for the last few years has been making a series of experiments on the electric arc, and also upon sand ripples. The results have been so important that she has received from the Royal Society of England the Hughes medal. It is one of the honors most coveted by scientific investigators, and Mrs. Ayrton is the first woman who has received it. The king announced his approval of the award.

M. CLEMENCEAU is the new premier of France, having been recently invited by the President of the French Republic to form a cabinet in succession to M. Sarrien. He is decidedly radical in his ideas, and French politics promise to have more than ordinary interest for the outside world while he is at the helm. He intends to combine the navy and war departments into one office of Minister of National Defense. Other changes are likely to follow. He has followed politics as a profession for many years.

THE Protestant Episcopal Court of Review, in session at Buffalo, N. Y., has just sustained the decision of the lower court that Rev. Dr. Algernon S. Crapsey, Rector of St. Andrew's Church, Rochester, N. Y., be condemned to suspension for alleged heretical teachings. It will be remembered that Dr. Crapsey, whose original trial took place at Batavia, N. Y., was charged with holding and teaching doctrines contrary to those held by the Episcopal Church, and in violation of his ordination vows. The trial attracted widespread attention. Under the higher court's decision, Dr. Crapsey is allowed thirty days in which to recant, and announce his conformity to the doctrines of the Apostles' and Nicene Creeds, failing which, he must stand suspended from all clerical functions as a minister of the Episcopal Church.

Bishop William Burt

Rev. Algernon S. Crapsey

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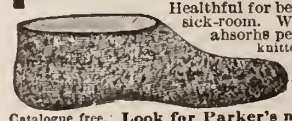

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THE Story of Martin Coe, by Ralph D. Paine, is alive with human interest. Every smile it evokes — and they are many — is accompanied by a lump in the throat; and when the tears will come, they are soon dried by laughter at some new prank of the irrepressible Martin. Miss Henrietta, of North Pennacook, Me., has the fragrance of dried rose-leaves all about her, and to know her, to be permitted to visit with her the cherished grave of her soldier hero, whose memory holds a deeper happiness for her than his life could bring without the glamour of heroism—is to gain a finer, purer outlook upon this every-day world of ours. The abrupt transition from the swagger and chaos of South American revolutions to the peaceful croquet-ground of North Pennacook, is handled by Mr. Paine with consummate art, and his conception of the character of Martin Coe is so full of vigor that he ceases to be a pen-and-ink hero, but pulsates with life and love and daring. It is a question if the author is not taking "poetic license" with the government in so optimistically hoping from it a clemency which it would be slow to show to a deliberate deserter from the ranks of its navy. However, the book is a clean, sparkling story, with no "problems," and with much to recommend it to the reader who is weary of "'igh Society" on paper. The Outing Publishing Company, New York. Pp. 404. Price $1.50.

Books Received

Life of Robert Edward Lee, by Rev. J. William Jones, D.D. A splendid biographical volume, full of scholarly and patriotic interest, and illustrated with portraits of several generations of Lees. It should find many readers. Pp. 486. Price $2. Neale Publishing Company, New York and Washington.

The Jessamy Bride, by E. Frankfort Moore. One of the most popular and fascinating stories of love and adventure in the days of Johnson, Garrick and Goldsmith. Pp. 417. Illustrated. Price $2.00. Fox, Duffield & Co., New York, publishers.

Jefferson Cabell and the University of Virginia, by John L. Patton, librarian to the university. This is a complete and most interesting history of one of the leading educational institutions of the country. Illustrated. Pp. 380. Price $2.00. Neale Publishing Co., New York and Washington.

In London Town, by F. Berkely Smith, is a refreshing and readable book. Mr. Smith does not take his London ponderously, nor does he assume that the tourist may "do" the cathedrals, both Houses of Parliament and the British Museum between breakfast and luncheon. The book is a strictly up-to-date presentation of the every-day happenings in London life, from the view-point of a man of travel and culture. Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York and London. Illustrated. Pp. 272. Price $1.50.

How to Appreciate Music, by Gustav Cohbe, Moffat, Yard & Co., New York. Price $1.50. This book of 276 pages contains much information on its subject. In chapter 16 ("Opera Music—drama"), we note that some of the motifs are printed in a notation that would give little idea of their meaning (see page 270), except when played by letter on the piano-forte. Had the first been printed with signature of E-flat, and the second in D-flat, they would have been simple enough. However, taken as a whole, the book is worth a careful reading.

Every Man a King, or Might in Mind Mastery, is the title of a new volume by Orison Swett Marden, author of *Pushing to the Front*, and several other books of a stimulating and helpful character. Dr. Marden is a cheerful optimist, and in the present volume discusses such topics as "Steering Thought," "How Mind Rules the Body," "Overcoming Fear," "Mastering Our Moods," "How Thinking Brings Success," "Building Character," etc. No one can read the book without being strengthened and encouraged to higher effort. Pp. 240; cloth binding; gilt top. Price $1. Thos. Y. Crowell & Co., N. Y., publishers.

The Court of Pilate, by Roe R. Hobbs, brings vividly to the mind, life as it was lived in Jerusalem in the time of Christ. The reader sees before him the triumphant hosts of Cæsar; he is taken into the innermost part of the palace of the Procurator, and then transplanted to the barracks of the Roman forces. The love story is rapid and exciting; an unscrupulous woman intrigues against a maiden, pure and undefiled, for the love of a "centurion of the guards," but true love conquers all. The whole theme is the bitter hatred existing between the Jews and Romans, and is absolutely new in the world of novels. R. F. Fenno & Co., New York, publishers. Pp. 332. Price $1.50.

There surely never was a book written for children which won so many friends among "children of a larger growth" as *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett. Now, in an altogether new vein, come the first two books in a series of fairy tales, conceived and told with much quaint cleverness and fun. Three of the tales are included between two covers, under the title of *The Troubles of Queen Silver Bell*. The second book, *Racketty-Packetty House*, is laid down with a sigh of satisfaction that there are more to follow. Binding and illustrations in keeping with text, render the books charming holiday gifts for the little folks. The Century Co., New York. 60 cents each.

If every girl in America, whether in mansion or cottage, would read and follow the suggestions made by Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster in her *Fairest Girlhood*, the world would be a sweeter, holier place to live in, there would be more happy mothers, and older civilizations could no longer sneer at the lack of breeding of American girls, in condemnation of which the innocent have to suffer with the guilty. Though the years are passing, Mrs. Sangster is not growing old. It is the fruit of an enriched and mellowed observation which she gives us in her latest book; such chapters as "Love's Dawn," "Right and Wrong in Recreation," and "The Motherless Girl," are literally classics for young womanhood. F. H. Revell Company, New York and London. Pp. 263. Illustrated. Price $1.50.

Roger of Fairfield, by Virginia Carter Castleman, is a true and pretty picture of youth and love in Virginia in *ante-bellum* days. Many of the now historic homes of the Old Dominion are faithfully portrayed. Roger himself is "called" to the ministry, and his life at the theological seminary, his love for sweet Lucy, which grew with their spiritual growth, are told in a charming manner. Pp. 269. Price $1.25. *The Man from London Town*, by Sarah Stone Williams, is a well-told and convincing story. The Ralston type of man—the fascinating cynic—blights the life of the tender woman who is so unfortunate as to love him. That he suffered, in his tardy wakening to a knowledge of what he had lost, is the only consolation afforded the reader. Pp. 288. Price $1.50. The Neale Publishing Co., New York.

TRAINING THE BOER WOMEN

THOSE friends who have read with some interest the articles THE CHRISTIAN HERALD inserted on the starting and developing of Miss Hobhouse's home-industries in South Africa, will certainly be glad to hear how the work further progresses.

From all parts of the Transvaal, clergymen beg our dear worker to send teachers of spinning and weaving to their desolate districts. Thus we read in Miss Hobhouse's last communication that

The towns of Belfast, Lichtenburg and Potchefstown are all asking for teachers, besides Pretoria; several villages in the Orange River Colony want to begin also. It seems I must spend the available money now on training girls, and must appeal for help for that purpose.

Fifty dollars could support a spinning teacher for two months in a district, to teach spinning only, board and lodging being provided by said district; or land a blanket loom from Sweden; or land four Norwegian wheels; or purchase two bales of wool for the school.

One hundred and five dollars would keep a spinning teacher for six months in a far-off place like Lichtenburg, which is too far for only two months; or it would buy a proper outfit of looms for a girl going back to Schweizer Reinecke or Middleburg, now ready to begin, but without plant.

Five dollars would present eight pairs of carders to a district, or about six tenterhooks, or eight shuttles, or five reeds.

We are pushing out into the country, and next year will be a very interesting one, needing an assistant teacher to visit the different branches, and keep the isolated worker in touch with the higher standard of the central school.

It is with intense interest that we—sympathizing on-lookers—witness the development and sure growth of this marvelous undertaking. Considering the tremendous difficulties of the task, we could only hope to see the work take a firm root in the larger towns and then spread very slowly, step by step, from village to village, to the remotest districts of the former republics. But, to our great joy and surprise, strong, new life has awakened in the souls of our Boer women all over South Africa; they all are eager to learn or to impart their knowledge to their yet unskilled sisters. Together they have suffered; together, hand-in-hand, they mean to rebuild their broken homes.

May friends from far and near give their generous support to our struggling workers and thus enable them to realize their beautiful dream. EVELYN DEGLI ASINELLI.

Geneva, Switzerland.

A COMMON SENSE CHRISTMAS GIFT

for your wife, mother or sister—something that will add to her comfort—lessen her work—give her more time every day to enjoy life.

Can you imagine anything that will show more thoughtful consideration on your part, that the selection of a

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as a Christmas present?

It is the kind of a gift that a housekeeper would select if she had her choice, and that is the kind you want to select for her—the gift that will give her the most pleasure. An expensive ornament or something of little use—will not be nearly as much appreciated.

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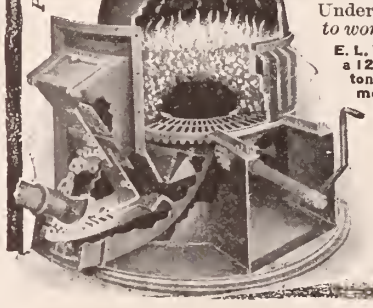

E. L. Williams, of Belknap, Ills., wrote last Spring: "I have a 12-room house and have gone through the Winter with 14 tons of slack coal, costing $1.00 per ton to put it in my basement. This is very cheap heating. I can recommend the UNDERFEED furnace to any one."

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Revival Fires Brightly Burning

THE Rev. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, with his corps of associate evangelists and Gospel singers, began the winter campaign with a most successful meeting, held in Roanoke, Va. Dr. Chapman's method is to stir a great city by conducting—usually for a period of from two to four weeks—simultaneous revival meetings in the various churches of the many denominations.

The united effort of all the churches in this work has been remarkable, and Dr. Chapman has been enabled to "burn the truth home" that it is the business of the church of God to save souls, and that everything which would in any wise hinder this supreme effort must be cast to the four winds. So, when he and his associates enter a city, all denominational lines are lost or merged for the time being into this one thing, to win men and women for Christ.

Dr. Chapman and his corps of some thirty associates, have toured the United States from the Atlantic to the Pacific, conducting campaigns of this character, and many thousands of converts have been recorded as the result, not to mention the backsliders reclaimed and a new atmosphere created, which makes the work for the pastor and church member easier.

Rev. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman

Assisting Dr. Chapman in Roanoke, were Charles F. Allen, who conducted an excellent volunteer chorus choir of several hundred young people; Mr. Charles H. Marsh, the noted pianist, and Frederick Butler, the basso soloist.

His associates in charge of the various districts were, Dr. Henry Ostrom, with his soloist; John P. Hillis, and pianist; Mrs. Ralph C. Norton, the Rev. Dr. Frank Granstaff, and soloist; Owen F. Pugh, Dr. Henry W. Stough, and singer; John W. Reynolds, Dr. D. S. Toy, and singer; Frank Dickson. The Rev. C. T. Schaeffer, had charge of the meetings for young people, and was ably assisted by his chorus leader, W. H. Collisson. The Rev. William Asher and Mrs. Asher, held meetings in the saloons, jails, and in the various shops. These services were considered by the ministers of Roanoke as among the best of the campaign.

For weeks, the most careful and painstaking preparations had been made, both material and spiritual, and the opening day found everything in readiness. The meetings in all the districts were largely attended. The evangelists and singers were at their best, and a large number of souls were brought to confess their Saviour. Inspiration, enthusiasm, and a fine devotional fervor marked every service, and the results of the campaign cannot be estimated.

Dr. Chapman emphasizes the importance of personal work. Associated with him is Mr. Ralph C. Norton, of Minneapolis, a prominent Y. M. C. A. worker, who has charge of the personal workers, training and organizing them for the work which they are to do, not only during the campaign but in days to come. At Roanoke, the organization of ushers and personal workers proved a great factor in the campaign. In every meeting there were those always ready to assist in this important work. Not only did they assist in the services, but during "spare time" they were found in offices, stores, and in many instances in the homes, speaking to men and women about their soul's salvation. They also proved of great assistance to the pastors of the city in securing the names, addresses and church preferences of converts.

A prominent business man of Roanoke, speaking of the work of the evangelists, said: "I have never heard such simple preaching of the Gospel, but how it did the work! I believe that in a few months there will be a new Roanoke, not so much because of the work of the evangelists, but because of the new life taken on by our ministers and personal workers; scores of men and women in our city will push forward the work so nobly begun. There has already come such a strong moral sentiment in the community, that the city officers will see that the people want a better state of things. There is bound to be a cleaning up."

Following the meeting in Roanoke, a similar campaign was, for two weeks, conducted in Lafayette, Ind., closing Monday, Nov. 5th. The city was divided into three districts. Dr. Chapman spoke to thousands daily, in the Coliseum. At St. Paul's M. E. Church the speaker was Dr. Henry Ostrom; and the Rev. Dr. Frank Granstaff had charge of the meetings in the West Lafayette M. E. Church. Dr. Charles T. Schaeffer spoke to the young people and children each afternoon, and mass meetings were held on Sunday afternoons in one of the largest churches in the city. Dr. Chapman's address on "Amusements" was given, with extra outspoken rebuke against worldliness to about 1,500 people in the Coliseum, Monday afternoon. The closing meeting was one of much enthusiasm, there being a large number of converts present.

The pastors of the churches of Lafayette feel that great good has been accomplished. The religious life of the city has been stimulated to such an extent that they will be able to carry on the revival for weeks to come. The work done in the saloons by Mr. and Mrs. Asher is highly commended by the church people of the city.

M. M. M.

Christ's Character*

FROM the life of Christ, with which the Sunday School lessons have been concerned during the past year, truth has radiated in all the centuries of the Christian era, and to minds of every kind. The ignorant man and the scholar, the statesman, the soldier, the lawyer, the merchant, all acknowledge their indebtedness for inspiration to the same life. Men of every land and of every race feel its beauty, and the child and the veteran alike own its power. There is no better proof of its divinity than this universality of homage. It is true, as he said, that being lifted up from the earth, he draws all men unto him.

His person, as it is described for us in the Gospels, is unique, yet, so entirely human, that as we follow the story, we forget his divinity in his humanity. But the story finished, our admiration has become worship, and we cry with Thomas, "My Lord and my God!" Paul spoke truly, in declaring he was the expression of the Father. It is in him, and, through him, that we know what the Father is, and in loving him we love the beauty of the Father and realize his perfections. God is no longer a Being afar off; Christ brought him nigh, and taught men how God in human flesh would live.

His teaching, too, was such as even at this distance of time, and through such poor mediums, compels the admiration of the world. Men are even now only beginning to see how profound a philosopher he was and how true were the words he uttered. It is true, as was said of him, never man spake like this man.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for December 16. "What truth has chiefly appealed to you from the year's Sunday School Lessons?" Matt. 13: 52.

NO MEDICINE
But Change of Food Gave Final Relief

Most diseases start in the alimentary canal—stomach and bowels.
A great deal of our stomach and bowel troubles come from eating too much starchy and greasy food.
The stomach does not digest any of the starchy food we eat—white bread, pastry, potatoes, oats, etc.—these things are digested in the small intestines, and if we eat too much, as most of us do, the organs that should digest this kind of food are overcome by excess of work, so that fermentation, indigestion, and a long train of ails result.
Too much fat also is hard to digest and this is changed into acids, sour stomach, belching gas, and a bloated, heavy feeling.
In these conditions a change from indigestible foods to Grape Nuts will work wonders in not only relieving the distress but in building up a strong digestion, clear brain and steady nerves. A Wash. woman writes:
"About five years ago I suffered with bad stomach — dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation—caused, I know now, from eating starchy and greasy food.
"I doctored for two years without any benefit. The doctor told me there was no relief for me. I could not eat anything without suffering severe pain in my back and sides, and I became discouraged.
"A friend recommended Grape Nuts and I began to use it. In less than two weeks I began to feel better and inside of two months I was a well woman and have been ever since.
"I can eat anything I wish with pleasure. We eat Grape-Nuts and cream for breakfast and are very fond of it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

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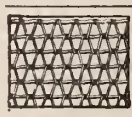

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The Resurrection of Jesus

By Mrs. M. Baxter

THE four evangelists, in their several accounts of the resurrection of our Lord, each give the details according to the special witness to the Lord which they were called to bear. Matthew, the publican, who wrote specially for the Jews, who, from their Scriptures, had seen the coming of the Messiah to set up his kingdom, and to be "King over all the earth" (Zech. 14: 9), saw and spoke of Christ's kingdom, which, although postponed, would still be set up. The Jews had rejected and crucified the Messiah, but God had not cast off his people His unalterable purpose was to bless Abraham and his seed, and to make Israel a blessing to the earth. His gifts and calling are without repentance, and, sooner or later, all God's purposes will be carried out. Man's sin may postpone them for centuries or thousands of years, but in the end God will surely conquer.

In all the other Gospels Christ's resurrection is mentioned in connection with his ascension. Mark says, "So then after the Lord had spoken unto them [the disciples], he was received up into heaven, and sat on the right hand of God" (Mark 16: 19). Luke describes how he led the disciples out as far as to Bethany, and he lifted up his hands and blessed them, and "it came to pass, while he blessed them, he was parted from them, and carried up into heaven" (Luke 24: 51). And John says that he told Mary Magdalene, when he appeared to her in the garden, to go unto his brethren, and say unto them, "I ascend unto my Father and your Father; and my God and your God" (John 20:17). But Matthew tells us how when the disciples met the risen Jesus in a mountain in Galilee, where he had appointed them, he spake, saying, "All authority hath been given unto me in heaven and on earth. Go ye, therefore and make disciples of all the nations . . . . and lo I am with you all the days unto the consummation of the age."

No wonder, then, that in this Gospel the details of Christ's resurrection differ from those recorded by the other evangelists. When the women came to the sepulchre, there was [or had been, marg.] a great earthquake. This the other evangelists do not tell us. It was the King of the earth, the Maker of this world, who in his human body man had put to death. The elements were all subject to him. It was not possible that he should be holden of death (Acts 2: 44), but it was possible and easy to him to will that an earthquake should break the Roman seals upon his sepulchre; it was the act of a King. No other Gospel tells us of the fear and consternation of the military guard which had been commissioned to watch the tomb that no follower of Jesus might take away his body. The angel of the Lord who descended made short work of the stone, and before his dazzling brightness the Roman guard became as dead men; they had met their Master's power. "I have power to lay down my life," he said, "and I have power to take it again" (John 10: 18); and nothing on earth or in hell could hinder the Son of God from rising from the dead.

But what is that "power of his resurrection" of which the apostle Paul writes (Phil. 3: 10): "That I may know him, and the power of his resurrection?" And he adds immediately, "And the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable unto his death, if by any means I might attain unto the resurrection of the dead." His sufferings! Suffering without any personal feeling! Suffering purely for the glory of his Father and the carrying out of his purpose to conquer and destroy the work of the devil in a lost world, and in souls dead in trespasses and sins.

FOREIGN MISSIONS*

IT is rather late in the day to dwell on the duty of missionary work; a mind must be in a very elementary condition to need such teaching. The duty of missions has proved itself by its success. If any doubt had existed at the beginning, it must long since have disappeared. There is no field of missionary labor that has been abandoned. Even when there has been a temporary retreat, the ground has been quickly re-occupied. The heathen have held out their hands for the Gospel, and when at first those hands were clinched in anger, they were soon opened in welcome. The reception of the message is therefore a proof that the idea of sending it was of God, and is owned and blessed by him.

It was so clearly and emphatically expressed by Jesus himself that it is marvelous that obedience was so long postponed. It is amazing to us now as we look back, that Christians so earnest as those of the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, who knew to their very souls the value of Christianity, should have kept the knowledge to themselves. It would be hard of us to speak or think of men so good and noble as selfish, yet how to account for their indifference to the fate of the heathen is difficult. There has been little more than one century of missionary labor, yet even that shows that the age is approaching more nearly to the mind and purposes of Christ.

The transformation of the world through the missionary spirit is most impressive. We have not rid ourselves of war, but we are beginning to feel ashamed of it as a relic of barbarism. In teaching the heathen we have learned ourselves. A scoffer on board a ship from Australia was ridiculing to a Christian missionary the work in which he had spent his life, when the captain of the ship interposed. "Do you see that island over there?" he asked. "I do," answered the scoffer. "When I was a boy," said the captain, "I have known sailors cast away there, being killed and eaten. Now, if we were in need, there is no place on earth where I would be so sure of getting help. What has effected the change? Is there any power other than missions that could have done it?"

* Topic of the Epworth League for December 16. Missions: a duty; a Christian command enforced by example; a world-wide force. Luke 24: 45-47; Acts 10: 9-20.

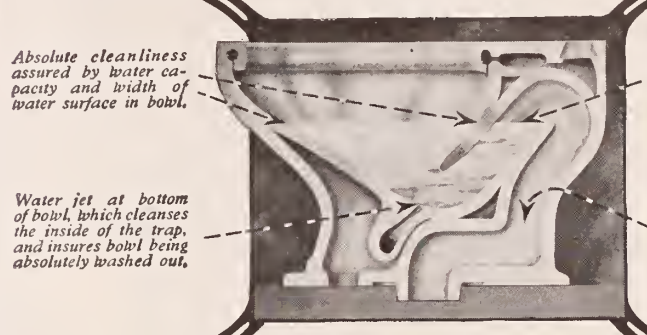
If a grocer says "certainly," when you ask him for a MACBETH lamp-chimney, it's an indication that he is a safe man to deal with, as it shows a desire on his part to serve his trade with the best of everything.

The merchant who always tries to sell you something "just as good," when you ask for a standard article, doesn't sell MACBETH lamp-chimneys.

My Index is useful to everyone who owns a lamp—and it's free.

Address, MACBETH, Pittsburgh.

What to Demand in a Closet



To know what a closet should be to be safe, study the sectional view showing the principle and action of the SY-CLO Closet.

If *your* closet is not self-cleaning, odorless, positive in its action when flushed, replace it with the SY-CLO,—"the closet of health".

The SY-CLO Closet overcomes the offensive and dangerous faults of the common closet of the wash-out variety by its syphonic action. In addition to a copious flush of water from above, a powerful jet of water enters at the bottom of the bowl. This starts the flow of water over the retaining rim into the soil pipe, where a vacuum, or suction is formed, into which the entire contents of the bowl are drawn. If *your* closet merely empties without thoroughly washing the bowl, replace it with the

SY-CLO
TRADE MARK

The Sy-Clo Closet as shown by the illustration of the sectional view, is formed in a single piece—fine hand-moulded china—without a crack or crevice where impurity can lodge. Unaffected by water, acid or wear. No enamel to chip or crack. If *your* closet is different in any respect, it is unsafe. Replace it with the SY-CLO.

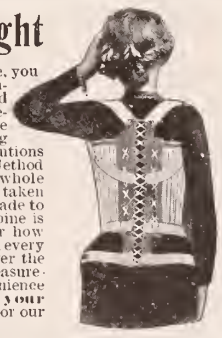
The name "SY-CLO" on a closet guarantees that it is made under the direction and supervision of the Potteries Selling Company, of the best materials, and with the aid of the best engineering skill, and has the united endorsement of eighteen of the leading potteries of America.

FREE. Send us the name of your plumber, and we will send you a valuable booklet "Household Health". It will tell you how to be certain of the sanitation of your home, and may explain the cause of past illnesses you have never understood.

Lavatories of every size and design made of the same material as the SY-CLO Closet.

POTTERIES SELLING COMPANY, Trenton, N. J.

Crooked Spines Made Straight



If you are suffering from any form of spinal trouble, you can be relieved in your own home without pain or discomfort. A wonderful anatomical appliance has been invented by a man who relieved himself of spinal curvature. Its results are marvelous. It is nature's own method. The scientific and medical world is amazed at the work being effected. Noted physicians in prominent medical institutions and in private practice are endorsing it. The Sheldon Method relieves the pressure at the affected parts of the spine, the whole spine is invigorated and strengthened, all soreness is taken out of the back, the cartilage between the vertebræ is made to expand, the contracted muscles are relaxed and the spine is straightened. There is bright hope for you, no matter how long you have suffered. We have strong testimonials from every State in the Union. The appliances are being sent all over the world. Each one is made to order from individual measurements and fits perfectly. There is positively no inconvenience in wearing. **We guarantee satisfaction, or refund your money at the end of thirty days' trial.** Write for our new book giving full information and references.

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LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor

VOL. 29—NO. 50. PRICE 5 CENTS

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"BEHOLD, I BRING YOU GOOD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY"

Questions and Answers

Letters for this department must contain name and address of the sender—not for publication, but as evidence of genuineness and good faith. Where an answer by mail is desired, ten cents in postage stamps must be forwarded by the writers, with full address.

A. T. G., Concord, Mass. How old is Trinity parish, New York, and when was the present church built?

The first building was put up in 1696, and enlarged in 1737. It was burned in 1776, and rebuilt in 1788. It was taken down in 1839, and the present church finished in 1846.

Mrs. S. B. McD., Philadelphia, Pa. Our Women's Club has taken up for discussion the proposition in Mrs. Elsie Clews Parsons' book, *The Family*, of trial marriages. We are more than divided upon the subject, but it seems strange, does it not, that the idea of "trial marriages" should have any advocates in a civilized country?

Erratic people, with "advanced" notions, are to be found in all communities. Mrs. Parsons' suggestion, as we understand it, is that couples who find out that they have made a mistake, and that they don't like each other well enough to pull in double harness, should be released on mutual agreement, such marriages being regarded as "probationary." The whole proposition is a revolting one, and is calculated to undermine the very foundations of society and to demoralize the marriage system by making it a "free love" system. All pure-minded men and women will naturally oppose a proposition so full of hideous immorality. It would degrade womanhood to a lower level than Mormonism, and even beneath the standard of the Oriental harem.

Mrs. G. L. G., Plymouth, Conn., and G. L. L., Brinson, Ga. Why and when was the inscription "In God We Trust" placed on our United States coinage?

It is said that in 1861, a resident of Maryland wrote to Secretary of the Treasury, Salmon P. Chase, urging that we make suitable recognition of our claim to be a Christian country, upon our coinage. Mr. Chase, in his next report to Congress, suggested the question of a recognition of the sovereignty of God, and a declaration of our trust in him, on our coins. They paid no attention to it, but in 1863 Mr. Chase again discussed the subject, saying that the motto, "In God We Trust," was taken from our national hymn, "The Star-Spangled Banner," and that the time was propitious for its adoption. It was a time of national peril, when our strength and salvation must be of God. Congress authorized a two-cent bronze piece to be coined in 1864, using the motto, and by an Act of Congress in March, 1865, the Director of the Mint was authorized to place it upon all gold and silver coins susceptible to such addition.

A Reader, Purcell, I. T. Is it right to use some of my "tenth money" to encourage a class of poor girls? Or to give some help to a poor relative?

We do not know on what principle you set aside the tenth, but we should think that the objects you mention belong to it legitimately if you have consecrated it to God. You are not spending it on yourself, but in his service. Gifts to the poor in Christ's name are as much devoted to him as if the money was given at a collection in church.

N. J. L., Canton, Ohio. What gave rise to the story I have lately heard repeated, that "Tom Thumb killed Benjamin Haydon, the English painter?"

It may truly be said that Tom Thumb was the indirect cause of Haydon's tragic end, although no guilt attached itself to the little freak of nature. It so happened that in 1846, Haydon hired a studio in Egyptian Hall, London, there to exhibit a great historical painting, with the proceeds of which exhibition he trusted to free himself from debt. An unfortunate chance brought Tom Thumb to the same hall on one of his triumphantly successful tours. Haydon's diary told the story after his death: "The people rush by thousands to see Tom Thumb—they see my bills, but do not read them." Two weeks later, another record: "12,000 people have paid to see Tom Thumb; 113 to see The Banishment of Aristides." After five weeks, and an actual loss of $500, Haydon closed his exhibition, and was found dead the next morning before his painting—a suicide.

A. C., Hubbardsville, N. Y. When and where did the Order of Good Templars originate?

The first organization was formed in the United States in 1851. The first English lodge was formed in Birmingham, in 1868.

Bringing Home the Christmas Tree

Grandpa and Teddy and Mary Louise
Have been to the forest among the big trees.
They have found a green tree that was ready for them,
Each bough is perfection, each twig is a gem;
It shall sparkle with tapers, its branches shall bend
With gifts for the family, neighbor or friend.
And where can we look for a happier three,
Than these who bring home such a beautiful tree?

M. F. L., Montgomery, Ala. Please give me some information concerning the religious condition of Brazil at the present time.

Rev. W. L. Lambuth, secretary of the Missionary Board of the Methodist Church, South, contributes an interesting article, entitled, "The Gospel at Work in Brazil," to *The Missionary Review* for August, 1905. He says that although religious freedom is guaranteed to Brazilian citizens, most of the country is a hotbed of Jesuitical Romanism. Less than three years ago Bibles were burned in the public plaza before the cathedral in Pernambuco. A Methodist Conference in session at Petropolis was threatened with mob violence in 1904, and the bishop issued a proclamation warning the "faithful" against Methodism as the enemy of God and the country. Brazil is overrun with friars from the Philippines, and, now that France has broken with the Vatican, from that country also. The lower classes are kept in abject ignorance. Only twenty per cent. of the population can read and write. All the letters from Protestant missionaries report the spiritual hunger of the people.

K. H. A., Chester, Pa. Is Our Mail-Bag familiar with the origin of the custom which men have of removing their hats as an act of courtesy?

It originated during the so-called Age of Chivalry. The Knights never appeared in public without being encased in full armor, but it became their custom, when they believed themselves to be among friends, to remove their helmets, saying, "I am safe in the presence of friends." That was in the fifteenth century, but no custom has come to us more directly.

C. S., Norwich, Conn. What was the original name of the island of Jamaica in the West Indies?

It was called by the Spaniards, in 1514, Isle de San Jago.

Reader, Kans. Does God reveal future events to people of the present day, in dreams, in answer to prayer?

God answers prayer when we pray in the right spirit and with absolute faith in his wisdom and goodness. As to revealing the future in dreams, etc., while it is by no means incredible that such things should take place in very rare instances, they are not so well authenticated as to be accepted without question. Dreams, divinations and the like, as interpreted by professional "soothsayers," partake too much of the nature of charlatanism to merit belief. The future is in God's hands, and we should be content to leave it there, knowing that he ordains all things for the best.

T. E. H., Newport News, Va. I am told of a canal in France which far exceeds in expense our canal in Panama. Will Our Mail-Bag kindly place it for me?

You probably refer to the Canal du Midi, which begins in Toulouse, France, and with the River Garonne makes a water highway across France from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic. It is 148 miles long, 65 feet wide at the surface, 61 feet deep, and was built in 1666-81, at an expense of $680,000,000. It has always been regarded as a marvel of engineering skill, requiring no less than 100 locks to overcome a difference of 625 feet in its level.

Reader, Ettica, N. Y. Who was Prester John?

He was a traditional Oriental ruler. His name first appears in the chronicles of Otto, Bishop of Treisingen, in 1145.

H. D. S., Jr., Sugar Creek, O. What is the present form of government of Montenegro?

It is an independent principality, governed by Prince Nicholas I. Its whole history has been one long struggle with Turkey. At various times it has co-operated with Russia, and in 1877-78, by such co-operation, 1,900 square miles were added to Montenegro's territory, under the Treaty of Berlin.

Apropos of a recent paragragh in The Christian Herald, entitled "The largest American Flag." Mr. J. H. Page of Denver, Colo., writes, calling our attention to a flag in front of a store in that city which measures 115 feet in length, 55 feet in width, and weighs 450 pounds.

T. J. R., Arlington, Calif. 1. Is it right for a Christian to sell tobacco? 2. Is it right for a Christian to go into the dairy business, knowing that it necessitates Sunday labor?

These are matters for the individual conscience to decide. Certainly, where a person's calling conflicts with his religious principles, or interferes with his full enjoyment of religious privileges, he would do well to seek a change.

F. T. C., Austin, Minn. Why is a British soldier called "Tommy Atkins"?

It was at one time the custom to supply every British soldier with a pocket manual, in which was entered the name, age, date of enlistment, length of service, etc. The War Office, in sending out forms containing information for filling blanks, used the hypothetical name of Tommy Atkins to designate any British soldier, just as New York City's police records use the name "John Doe." In the same way "Jack Tar" became the sobriquet of every British sailor. Rudyard Kipling has perpetuated the fame of Tommy in one of his *Barrack-Room Ballads*.

H. S., Roca, Neb. When young people, at evening parties, while playing "forfeit games," to redeem a forfeit, baptize one another or perform marriage ceremonies, is it right or wrong?

It is a mockery of sacred things and should not be tolerated. There is a wide difference between "mock" marriages and a marriage rehearsal.

In a recent communication in the Mail Bag, it was stated that Joseph and Hyrum Smith were shot at Carthage, Ia. It should have read "Carthage, Ill."

Think the Pictures Beautiful

We received the pictures and wish to send our sincere thanks. We prize them very highly and think they are beautiful.
Albany, N. Y. Mrs. A. M. Stevens.

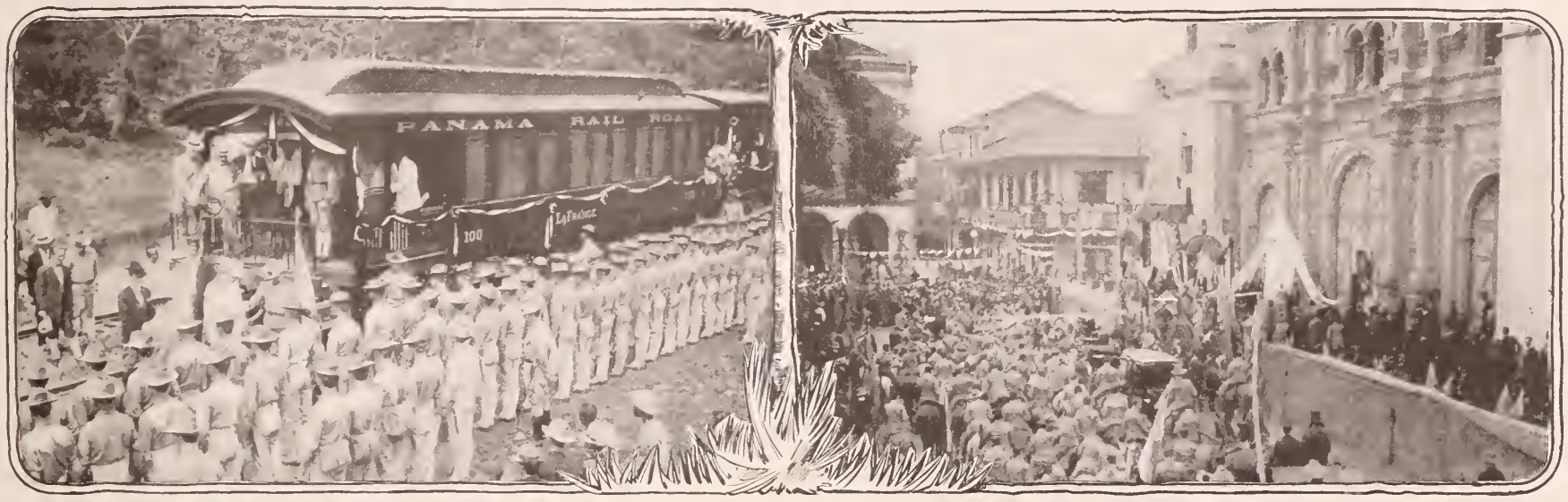
NEW YORK, DECEMBER 12, 1906

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

The Presidential "Special" and Its Guard

The People in the Plaza Listening to President Roosevelt



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THE PRESIDENT ON THE CANAL

THANKSGIVING week, after his historic tour to the Isthmus of Panama, President Roosevelt arrived once more in Washington, in ample time to eat his Thanksgiving turkey under his own roof tree. In a previous issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, there appeared an account of Mr. Roosevelt's trip from the Chesapeake to Panama, his triumphal progress across the Isthmus, and his enthusiastic reception by the people of the country. His interest in the prosperity and progress of the citizens of Panama did much to warm their hearts toward their powerful neighbor in the North, and renewed their zeal for the completion of the Panama Canal.

The President is now hard at work on a message dealing with what he saw on the Canal zone. From what Mr. Roosevelt said, both during his investigations and when he left, to the officials in charge, it is probable that the message will be an optimistic one. He did not confine himself to making inquiries of the heads of divisions, but asked questions of the men, from the Jamaican laborers to the engineers in the big steam shovels. Complaints were heard, and when well founded were adjusted. The President was only on the canal workings for three days, but it is doubtful if any other person ever found out so much about the gigantic undertaking in so short a time. Whenever he received an interesting bit of information in regard to the digging, quality of supplies furnished, work of the men, the housing of the laborers, or the all-important subject of sanitation, he immediately dictated it to his secretary, Mr. Latta, to be used in his message to Congress.

The laborers from the West Indies seemed to catch some of Mr. Roosevelt's enthusiasm; their sluggish ways have often been the despair of the officers in charge. At one point, as the President's party went by on the train, a crowd of Jamaicans were seen running with great energy beside the dumping cars, and throwing out the dirt as if they had no greater amusement or interest in the world. Of course, they were doing their best while Mr. Roosevelt was present, but it is also true that his interest in the canal and its makers, has created a spirit of "go" that cannot but be seen in the work that is to come. Mr. Roosevelt asked if the work as he saw it was "dress parade," or as it went on day by day. Mr. Shonts replied that, with the exception of work trains being side-tracked in order to have clear way for the presidential special, and that the largest steam shovels were brought where the President could see them at work, there was no change. As for the amount of work done, there was perhaps less on the inspection days, on account of the changes in the schedules of the dirt trains.

At La Boca, Mr. Roosevelt made an unexpected visit to the workmen's "mess." The cooks rushed around and soon placed before the President and his wife an exact duplicate of the meal that is eaten at noon by the men on the works. On the table also was a bottle of quinine pills, that are in somewhat frequent demand by the regular members of the "mess," on account of the climate. The President went to the kitchen and found it clean, though his visit came during the busiest part of the day. The food is brought from the United States; yet the men are supplied with a good dinner for thirty cents.

Ancon hospital, which has been established for the benefit of all employees of the Canal Commission, was gone over from top to bottom. There are twenty buildings here, built on the top of a hill, where the patients can get the benefit of the breezes from the Pacific. It is a noteworthy fact that there has not been a death from disease among the workers in over three months, a record that has probably not been excelled in a great enterprise carried on in a tropical climate.

Near Gatun, the President went to see the work of a ninety-ton steam shovel. It was scooping out two and a-half yards of dirt and broken stone every time its sharp nose dove into the earth. Mr. Roosevelt spoke to all the men and inquired what States they came from. He found that a large portion of the States had representatives at work on this part of the cut. The engineer of the

Continued on page 1068

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President Roosevelt Making his Speech in the Plaza of the City of Panama

THE ADVENT IN PROPHECY

A SERMON

By Robert Stuart MacArthur

Text: "To him give all the Prophets witness."
Acts 10 : 43.

Preached in Calvary Baptist Church, New York City

MOST wonderful are the prophecies in the Bible concerning Jesus Christ. The Bible is a unit. One thought pervades it from Genesis to Revelation. One dominant purpose underlies prophecy and history, parable and poem. Although it took sixteen hundred years to write the Bible, and although perhaps forty human writers, representing all degrees of social life, intellectual culture and spiritual attainment were employed in this sacred composition, still a complete unity marks the entire book. There is, indeed, a great difference between the Psalms of David and the Epistles of Paul; but it is the difference between the moon showing us a crescent of her disk and the moon in the fullness of her beauty; it is the difference between the gray dawn of the morning and the splendor of noonday. One thought pervades the book as the diapason pervades, unifies and dominates a great oratario.

The Bible a Unity

The unity of the Bible, considering the manner of its human origin, is one of its great wonders and one of its divine beauties. If we deny its divine inspiration, it seems impossible to account for its historic and spiritual unity. The charm of this unity grows upon us the more we study the sacred records. This unity is internal rather than external, essential and not accidental, spiritual rather than merely literary.

It is delightful to note this unity in the harmony which marks considerable sections of the Bible. The first three chapters and the last three chapters of the Bible show a harmonious unity to a remarkable degree. Those who have never studied these six chapters with the thought of their harmony in mind, will be surprised and delighted at its discovery. In the first three chapters of Genesis we have the first heaven and the first earth ruined by the sin of man. In the last three chapters of Revelation we have an account of a new heaven and a new earth, the tabernacle of God being with men. In Genesis we had the victory of the tempter; in Revelation we have his utter overthrow and his eternal doom. In that first section in Genesis we had paradise lost; in this last section of Revelation we have paradise regained. In the first section of Genesis we had Adam with his new-found bride, and both of them tempted and fallen; in the last section of Revelation we have the second Adam with his holy and blessed bride, the church, forever safe and glorious. In the earlier section we have death and misery; in the later Scripture we have life and felicity.

God With Us

In the beginning of the New Testament, as in the beginning of the Old Testament, we had the holy and blessed Emmanuel, God with us; and in Revelation, the crowning joy of the redeemed is their consciousness of God's presence, their rapturous realization of God once again as Emmanuel. This presence is the grand consummation, the glorious triumph, the blessed victory won by the "strong Son of God."

Let us now walk over the hilltops of Old Testament history, and, in doing so, we certainly shall see Jesus at every step as "the desire of all nations," whatever interpretation may be given to that phrase as used by the prophet Haggai. Going back to

The Gates of Eden

Christ is the seed of the woman which shall bruise the head of the serpent. Between the posterity of the woman and wicked men there should be eternal enmity. This assurance of victory is a glorious promise. The warfare between these contending parties will continue until Christ and his people shall win a complete victory over the devil and his angels. It is true that the serpent would bruise the heel of man, but, in order to do so, he had to put his head under that heel. This is really the first Gospel promise found in the Bible. Even with a partial understanding of its full import, this promise must have given unspeakable joy to Adam and Eve. Other promises speedily followed, but this one has the honor of being the first promise in the Bible.

Moving forward, we come to Christ as the seed of Abraham, in whom all the nations of the earth shall be blessed. The name Abram now becomes Abraham (Genesis 17:5), this latter form of the name meaning "father of a multitude." An everlasting covenant is now established between God and the descendants of Abraham in their generations; and the land of Canaan is given them for an everlasting possession.

The Early Voices

We take another step and find Christ known as Shiloh; with this name is the promise that the sceptre shall not depart from Judah, and that unto Christ shall the gathering of the people be. This seems to be a clear prediction of the Messiah, although there are various opinions regarding the origin and literal meaning of the word Shiloh. Perhaps the better interpretation of the word makes it signify the Tranquilizer, the Pacificator, the Giver of Peace. If this be the correct interpretation of the word Shiloh, it is a title pre-eminently applicable to the Messiah. At his birth, the proclamation of "Peace on earth, good-will toward men," was made, and an important part of his mission was to restore peace between God and man. The Messiah was the dispenser of the blessings of grace, and the King of peace; he is thus presented now under a new aspect, that of peacemaker, whom eventually all the nations of the earth shall obey as the Prince of Peace.

In Numbers 24: 17 we behold him as the Star out of Jacob, and a Sceptre arising out of Israel. We know that these titles of the Messiah are a part of the mysterious prophecy of Balaam, the son of Beor. If the reference be to the Messiah, Balaam must have prophesied under a divine impulse; it would seem as if the previous parts of this discourse had contemplated the Messiah, though he was not expressly named. If this ancient prophecy be brought into parallelism with the Gospel record of Christ's birth, we shall be struck with the harmony between the two. It cannot be forgotten that, in connection with our Lord's birth, a mysterious star guided the Magi from the East to the manger in Bethlehem where the Christ was born. This movement of the mysterious star was the going forth of the Star as beheld in anticipative vision. In the East a star has always been regarded as a symbol of some great event. Probably Balaam used the word star metaphorically to designate some illustrious ruler. Although the star seen by the Magi appeared first in the Eastern world, this fact does not really contradict the phrase, "Star out of Jacob," because the Messiah, in his earthly humanity, came from the midst of the nation collectively known as Jacob. It is almost certain that the star of the Magi stands in close relation to the star of Balaam. This suggestion is supported where our Lord expressly speaks of himself as "the root and offspring of David, the bright and morning Star."

The Growing Light

The light grows brighter as we move forward; the voices become plainer, and the reading more legible Now the Messiah is spoken of as the great Prophet and Lawgiver like unto Moses:

> The Lord thy God will raise up unto thee a Prophet from the midst of thee, of thy brethren, like unto me; unto him ye shall hearken.—Deut. 18: 15.

This Prophet was to be great above all the prophets; by him God was to make himself known to men more fully than ever before. This Prophet was really the divine Word, by whom the will of God was to be revealed. The points of similarity between the Messiah and Moses are very striking. Both were raised up out of the midst of their brethren. Both were the messengers of a new dispensation. If the details of their lives were compared, the similarity would be markedly apparent; and the death of Moses immediately suggests the ascension of Christ.

The Messiah fulfils, in his life and work, this ancient prophecy regarding his likeness to Moses. Was Moses a prophet and law-giver to Israel? Vastly more so was the Messiah. Did Moses deliver the people out of Egypt? Christ delivers his people from a still greater bondage. Was Moses the founder of a new dispensation? Christ became the head of a new race. Was Moses faithful as a servant? Christ was still more faithful as a Son. Both were prophets, both were law-givers, both were teachers, both were mediators, and the likeness between them is suggestively exact in general and in detail.

The Voice of David

Five hundred years pass; again we listen to the voice of prophetic Scripture. Great changes have taken place in this little country of Palestine; it stands now in new relations to surrounding nations. Great David sits on his lofty throne; and he has united the tribes into one nation. This nation is harmonious at home and powerful abroad. In the midst of peace and prosperity, David is seated on his throne as the type of him who is David's Son and David's Lord. David strikes his harp and it gives forth melodious music. The Messiah was the theme of his loftiest poetry. There can be no poetry, in the highest sense of that term, except it be religious. Our noblest hymns chant the name of Jesus Christ. Men who deny the divinity of Christ cannot write poetry, which most profoundly touches the heart, and most mightily exalts the soul. Atheism never wrote a great hymn; the life that is bounded by the horizon of this world can never rise to the loftiest heights of

Poetry and Music

Faith alone writes immortal songs and sings in celestial strains. Hear the echoes of David's resonant harp in the Second and in the Fortieth Psalm:

> I will tell of the decree:
> Jehovah said unto me, Thou art my son:
> This day have I begotten thee.
> Ask of me, and I will give *thee* the nations for thine inheritance,
> And the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession.
> . . .
> Then said I, Lo, I am come;
> In the roll of the book it is written of me:
> I delight to do thy will, O my God;

In the first of these quotations the Anointed One, or the Messiah, is introduced, proclaiming Jehovah's counsel concerning himself; a promise had been made to him that he should reign not by the will of man, but by the grace of God. There cannot be the slightest doubt that "I" here refers to the Messiah. The introduction of a new personality at this point in the Psalm gives it marked dramatic interest. The quotation from the Fortieth Psalm the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews directly applies to the Messiah. It is not easy to see how this could be applied to David, but most naturally and beautifully does it apply to the Messiah. He came to do the will of God by perfect obedience to the divine law, and he became obedient unto death in making an atonement for sin.

The Voice of Isaiah

We take another step. A period of between 200 and 300 years has passed. We now listen to the voice of Isaiah, the evangelical prophet. It is a voice of mingled sweetness, mystery and majesty; so majestic a voice has not hitherto been heard from the lips of any prophet regarding the advent of the Messiah. Isaiah sings loftily of him as the Child of hope, as the Comforter of his people, as the Redeemer of men, and as the Prince of Peace. Listen, not to my poor descriptions of Isaiah's glowing and glorious prophecies, but hear his own wonderful words:

> Therefore the Lord himself shall give you a sign: behold, a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel.—Isa. 7: 14.
>
> And there shall come forth a shoot out of the stock of Jesse, and a branch out of his roots shall bear fruit: and the spirit of Jehovah shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of Jehovah.—Isa. 11: 1. 2.
>
> For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace Isa 9: 6.

Than this collocation of majestic names, there is nothing so sublime in literature, ancient or modern. Every title is in harmony with the characteristics of the

Messiah as they are manifested in his unique life, death and resurrection. The majesty of these titles poets have endeavored to sing and musicians to echo; but the loftiest genius of both arts falls far short of the celestial glory and divine mystery and majesty of the titles themselves.

The criticism of modern scholarship on these wonderful words is not unknown to me as I quote them. The doctrine taught by these quotations is the subject of sharp discussion to-day. It will be the subject of still sharper discussion during the next decade. But the words will sing themselves through all the comments of critics, through all the churches of Christ, through all the creeds of Christendom, and through all the centuries of history, whatever critics, higher or lower, may say.

As Jeremiah Saw Him

We take another step forward. About one hundred years pass, and the voice of the plaintive Jeremiah is heard. This timid, modest, shrinking man can sing a noble song when Christ is his subject. He was a mere youth when the Lord first came to him in the thirteenth year of Josiah, B. C. 629. Hear his words as he looks down the vista of the coming years:

Behold, the day is come, saith Jehovah that I will raise unto David a righteous branch, and he shall reign as king and deal wisely, and shall execute justice and righteousness in the land. In his days Judah shall be saved, and Israel shall dwell safely; and this is his name whereby he shall be called: Jehovah our righteousness. Jeremiah 33: 14 16.

This latter name of the Messiah is peculiarly instructive and beautiful. Christ is spoken of as Jehovah Tsidkenu, Jehovah our Righteousness. Here we have one name of God, Jehovah, expressing his eternal and self-existence; but the other name, Tsidkenu, describes him as our mediator. This is a blessed name. Jeremiah, we thank thee for this sweet thought, for this comforting title, for this glorious prophecy. We add this heavenly note to the divine song of Christ's advent which echoes through the ages.

Daniel's Testimony

We now listen to another voice. It is the voice of him who descended from one of the highest families in Judah, if not a family even of royal blood. The voice comes from the court of Babylon; it is the voice of the brave, the noble, the prayerful Daniel. In his new career, he received the polish of education which Oriental etiquette demands of all courtiers. He gives us clear predictions of the Messiah as the redeemer; he gives us detailed statements of his character and work, statements which were literally illustrated in our Lord's life. His words may be found especially in the ninth chapter, and in other parts of the Book which bears his name. His advanced age did not permit him to return with his people to Palestine, but never for a moment did their interests fail to fill his heart with hope and joy. No other Old Testament prophet showed so accurate a knowledge of the political vicissitudes of the empires of the world; but especially did he see the glory of the coming kingdom of the divine Messiah.

Let us now hear the voice of one of the twelve minor prophets, Micah, who prophesied B. C. 759-699, and was consequently a contemporary of Isaiah. No one of his noble prophecies is so interesting to the Christian as that in which the native place of the Messiah is announced; the mention of this name is instructive in the greatest degree:

But thou, Bethlehem Ephratha, which art little to be among the thousands of Judah, out of thee shall one come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel; whose goings forth are from of old, from everlasting." Micah 5: 2.

This is the Scripture which guided the scribes who told Herod where Christ should be born; and it was universally known among the Jews that Christ should come out of the town of Bethlehem. It was fitting that he who is the "Bread of Life" should be born in a town whose name signifies the "house of bread." From this small and insignificant place was to come the Messiah who should fill earth and heaven with the glory of his majestic name. Near this place Jacob buried his beloved Rachel. Here Ruth gleaned in the wheat fields of Boaz; and here David showed his youthful valor in protecting his father's flocks. How could Micah have mentioned Bethlehem as the birthplace of the Messiah seven hundred years before the event, had he not been guided by the Spirit of God? How could he have known of the action of the Roman government in the taxing of the people, and the consequent journey to Bethlehem, by mere human knowledge?

We pass over the possible prophecy of Haggai and of the voices of others and listen to

The Words of Zechariah

the son of Berechiah, eleventh in the order of the minor prophets. He comforts the people with pledges of protection, although other nations should be swept away, and then he sketches with vivid touches the picture of the blessings and glories of the advent of the Messiah:

Sing and rejoice, O daughter of Zion; for lo, I come, and I will dwell in the midst of thee, saith Jehovah—2: 10.

Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion; shout O daughter of Jerusalem; behold, thy king cometh unto thee; he is just, and having salvation; lowly, and riding upon an ass, even upon a colt, the foal of an ass—9; 9.

In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David, and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem, for sin and for uncleanness—13: 1.

Time does not permit me to make comments of any length on these wonderful prophecies. Indeed, comment is not necessary. Every reader of the New Testament sees at a glance how literally these prophecies were fulfilled in the unique birth and life of him who was Son of man and Son of God.

Reference might have been made to Job, in the land of Uz, who speaks of the Messiah as his living Redeemer; quotations might also have been made from other Old Testament writers, but the witness of a sufficient number of prophets has been given to establish the identity of the Messiah. We, therefore, come now to Malachi, the last writer in the canon of the Old Testament, who was probably contemporary with Nehemiah, as in his time the second temple was already built.

The Voice of Malachi

He declares that John the Baptist, the harbinger of the Messiah, should be sent, and that the Messiah would come suddenly to his temple at Jerusalem.

Behold, I send my messenger, and he shall prepare the way before me; and the Lord whom ye seek shall suddenly come to his temple. (Mal. 3:1.)

But unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of Rightcousness arise, with healing in his wings. (Mal. 4; 2.)

We know that, at forty days old, Christ was presented in the temple; at twelve years of age he was in the temple as his Father's house; and when he made his triumphal entry into Jerusalem he went directly to the temple. Malachi teaches us that the Lord would purify the sons of Levi, and would speedily exterminate prevailing evils. He further assures us that the Messiah shall make up his jewels and shall distinguish between the righteous and the wicked. Christ, as the light of the world, comes with healing in his beams; in him the dayspring from on high visited the people.

It thus comes to pass that all the voices of all the prophets bore witness to Jesus Christ as the Messiah of God. These voices were parts of the divine "Oratorio of the Messiah." All is now in readiness for his august advent. We are with the shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem. They are watching their flocks. Suddenly, before the dazzled eyes of these shepherds, the glory of the Lord appeared with outstreaming splendor. They are hushed into solemn calm and holy awe. As

A Celestial Soloist

an angel chants the song of the long-promised Messiah. No sooner is his voice hushed than the attendant angels burst forth in the sweetest words ever heard by human ears.

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men.

This was the sublime and divine Hallelujah Chorus of the "Oratorio of the Messiah," which all of the prophets had been singing in all countries and in all centuries. Men and women, will you receive the Christ of God as your Saviour? Although there was no room for him in the inn, I beseech you to make room for him in your hearts. So, receiving him, and living with him, you shall one day reign with him in glory, and at last you shall sing, joining your voices with those of a great multitude in heaven, saying, "Unto him that loveth us and loosed us from our sins by his blood; to him be the glory and the dominion for ever and ever." This will be the sublime song of the consummation of the ages—the Hallelujah Chorus of the eternal Oratorio of the divine Messiah.

THE CHRISTMAS CHILD

By Rose C. Webb

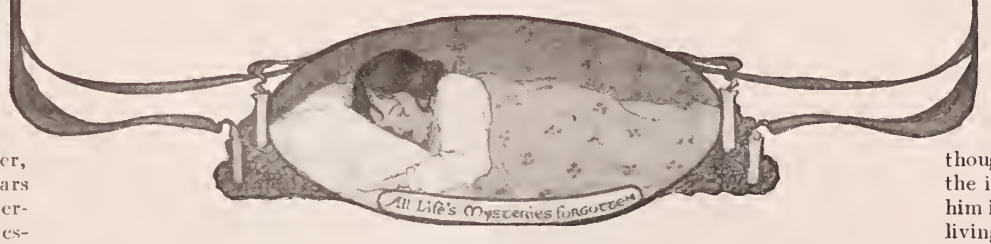
"YES, 'tis Christmas Eve, my darling,
Santa 'll surely come to-night;
You shall know what's in your stocking
Just as soon as it is light.
Mother 'll call you bright and early:
Say, my girlie, did you know,
You were once our Christmas Present,
Brought to us four years ago?

"Such a cunning little baby!
What a present to receive!
Do you wonder we were happy
On that merry Christmas Eve?"
Her brown eyes grow bigger, brighter,
While her voice with wonder rings,
"Did you find me in your stockin'
All mixed up wiz 'uzzer 'sings?"

Then I tell her that Old Story
Of another Christmas Child,
Whom we call our Jesus, Saviour,
Always gentle, meek and mild.
How from Him come all our blessings,
How He watches from on high;
How his home is now in heaven,
Far beyond the star-lit sky.

And because He lives and loves us,
Guards us, hears us when we pray,
We should all be glad and happy
On the merry Christmas Day.
But the curly head is drooping,
And her words I faintly hear,
"Did old Santa Claus bring Jesus
To his folkses, mamma, dear?"

But I do not need to answer,
For my dear is safe and sound—
All life's mysteries forgotten—
In the land of dreams profound;
On her face a smile is resting:
I've no doubt that it's because
She is dreaming of the morrow,
And of dear old Santa Claus.



WILL YOU KINDLY ANSWER THESE THREE QUESTIONS?

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has gone to great expense since July 1st, in order to send to each and every subscriber his weekly copy separately wrapped, completely protecting the paper and its edges. In the meantime, we have received from some of our subscribers, letters stating that they would prefer to have the paper delivered to them without wrappers. Others, again, express great gratification at what they consider a vast improvement: namely, the putting up of the paper in separate wrappers. The publisher of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD would therefore consider it a personal favor if all subscribers, who have any choice in the matter, would give expression to their preference, by answering the following three questions:

FIRST: Would you rather have the paper delivered to you without a wrapper, as was our custom before July 1st?

SECOND: Do you prefer the present system of wrapping each paper individually?

THIRD: Has the mail service during the last three months been uniformly prompt, regular and satisfactory?

* * *

To facilitate quick and numerous responses, we would suggest that our subscribers use a postal card, and give their three answers in the proper order, without repeating the questions. A single word for each individual answer will be amply sufficient. Address,

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, New York City.

WHAT TEN GIRLS ACCOMPLISHED

The Romantic Story of the Willard Settlement, and Its Wonderful Growth

"ONLY the Golden Rule of Christ can bring the golden age of man." This saying of the late Frances Willard is the inspiring motto of the "Willard Memorial Settlement," in Boston. This settlement is one of the comparatively few Gospel temperance settlements in America. It is entirely the project of Christian temperance young women; and it shows what may be accomplished by a small company of earnest believers.

Entrance to Phillips Brooks' Chapel

It is now nearly a decade since a company of Boston girls were stirred by an address by Frances Willard, to "forget self, as Christ did," and give themselves to work for others. With brave hope and simple faith, and without means, they began by opening a small lunch and rest room for other young women less favored than themselves. This plan was practically self-supporting from the first, the experiment being managed with strict economy and care. The enterprise soon grew to include a lodging and boarding-house for young women, run on Christian principles and also almost self-supporting. During the six years spent in this work, the young projectors did not confine their efforts simply to providing shelter and food and a homelike resort; they added classes for the girls needing mental and industrial instruction; and Bible study classes, daily prayer services, Sunday afternoon talks, and other helpful plans. They were not content with aiding only the girls under their roof, but reached out to others, visiting all the neighboring lodging-houses, and providing summer vacations for girls who would not be able to get the needed rest. At Christmas and Thanksgiving, special invitations were sent to those away from home. From the beginning, the Girls' Home proved attractive; and since 1897 over one thousand different girls have been residents under its roof. Two girls share one room, each having a separate bed, chiffonier, rocker and screen, insuring privacy. There are no hard-and-fast rules; but all are expected to attend prayers after dinner each night, and to retire at 10.

New Quarters of the Willard Memorial Settlement

The expansion of the Girls' Home into a full-fledged Settlement was the work of time. The teachers in the neighborhood public schools began to feel its influence. Dignity and self-respect and co-operation were stimulated among the children. From the one little club of sixteen children, there have grown thirty-nine clubs and classes, a dozen of which are Loyal Temperance Legions, of all ages, and for boys or for girls, or for both. The clubs also include carpentry, cobbling, kitchen garden, sewing and literary classes; and two debating clubs of young men. The older club girls and boys now assist as teachers, instructing in physical culture, parliamentary law and carpentry. Members who have moved away from the vicinity have started other legions elsewhere.

It is now five years since the "Girls' Home" blossomed into the "Willard Settlement." During this expansion period it has occupied a group of rented buildings in a court on South Russell Street, in the midst of a congested cosmopolitan community. Hundreds of little foreigners have gone there for instruction in cobbling, carpentering, basket making, sewing, and cutting, amateur housekeeping, singing, etc., all provided with the view to winning their confidence and that of their parents, that they might be taught moral, temperance, ethics, and spiritual truths which would help them in after life. Now, the once liberal accommodations are inadequate. An opportunity has come to have buildings of their own, near by, large and well equipped. These are the buildings of the mission established by Phillips Brooks, twenty-five years ago, at 38 to 46 Chambers Street, consisting of a large double house for the Girls' Home; a chapel for services, and a large club-house with a public hall, a gymnasium, a guild room, a dispensary, and well equipped industrial class rooms. To own this property, means an investment of $75,000; but the workers are strong in faith, and the first payment of $5,000 has already been made. The Rev. Emerson Hunt, an experienced Mission worker, will assist in the conduct of the Settlement in its new quarters.

J. A. S.

HOW AN AGED INFIDEL WAS WON

BY REV. CHAS. H. ELDER

ADAM SWOPE, of Trenton, N. J., a life-long railer against creeds, churches and Christianity, and who was recently converted, was born near Carversville, Pa., August 15, 1812. He was of German descent. He attended the public schools of Bucks County, Pa., where he was an apt pupil, and received a good common school education.

Having an industrial turn of mind he learned the mason trade, at which he worked until old age compelled him to desist. He had eleven children, six boys and five girls, three of whom are living. His wife, Mrs. Sarah Swope, was a devout and consistent member of the Presbyterian Church. Her husband was so bitter against churches and Christianity that he forbade her going to church, and did all that he could, short of positive violence, to accomplish this end.

He failed completely in his purpose, however. Quietly but firmly she kept up her church attendance. Mr. Swope, in his family, constantly expressed his infidel views, accompanied by a great deal of profanity. Mrs. Swope, on the other hand, was unswerving in her loyalty to Christ and in her efforts to bring up her children in the Christian faith.

Mr. Swope was so bitter in his antagonism of religion, that he even opposed his children going to Sunday School, and his wife had to take the children to her own room and teach them how to pray. She, in a gentle way, crossed his wishes, and sent the children to Sunday School. Not one of the children followed in the father's unbelieving footsteps, and all, except one, are now in Christian churches.

In his later life Mr. Swope made his home with his daughter, Mrs. Peter G. Arnold, in the City of Trenton, N. J. He carried into his daughter's home his unrelenting hatred of everything religious. When Mrs. Arnold talked of going to church, her father would go off somewhere in the house and pour out a stream of profanity.

Mr. and Mrs. Arnold, about five weeks ago, were converted. There was such a radical change in their lives and in their home that the old father became interested, and, for the first time in his life, began to think seriously. Mr. and Mrs. Arnold were good, moral people, even before they professed Christ. The son-in-law one morning heard the old man say, "O, my God!" and saw him throw up his hands, as if in fear.

The children then hurriedly gathered around him, and began talking to him about Christ, and earnestly prayed for him. The almost centenarian said: "I realize all that you say is true, and I am going to make a change in my life."

The Late Adam Swope
A Life-long Infidel, Who Was Converted at 95

The pastor of the family, Rev. Charles H. Elder, pastor of the Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, was sent for, and he hastened to the home and held up Christ to the aged penitent as his Saviour. The old unbeliever, now in his ninety-fifth year, then and there took hold on Christ and expressed himself as being saved. After that his whole manner was changed; instead of swearing and being rough in his ways, almost to the point of violence, he became gentle, prayerful and restful. Previously, when his daughter entered his room to do the necessary household work, her father would keep up constant cursing; but now he was happy to have his daughter in his room, and he loved to hear her talk about Jesus. She was so accustomed to hearing her father's profanity, that when she heard him talking in his room she went up-stairs and listened, and her soul was thrilled with joy when she heard him talking to his Saviour.

This great change began when the piety of his converted children impressed him with the reality of religion. He expressed a desire to unite with the church with which his children had so recently united. Some of the members of the Official Board of Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, Trenton, N. J., with the pastor, Rev. Charles H. Elder, after song and prayer, and the disciplinary service, received Mr. Swope on probation in the church.

Unquestionably the consistent life of Mrs. Swope and the kindly words and prayers of Mr. and Mrs. Peter G. Arnold, were used of God to bring an unbelieving and bitter foe of Christianity savingly to Jesus Christ.

Shortly after his conversion, on Wednesday, November 28, Mr. Swope was taken suddenly sick. Rev. Mr. Elder was in the house several times during the morning. It was glorious to hear the aged man say again and again, "O, dear Lord!" He was questioned about his faith in Christ. It was clear and victorious. He died on Thanksgiving Day.

"A great blessing came to that old man in his conversion," said the pastor. "None of us knew it, but it was his last call. Thank God, he heard and obeyed."

HOME AGAIN

A STORY OF THE CHRISTMAS TIME

BY ARTHUR B. RHINOW

"I SAY, Harold, have you written any poetry of late?"

"No, thank you; I have been feeling quite well for some time."

A few laughed at the witticism; others smiled, and the majority of the men assembled in the cozy den of George Fredericks showed their appreciation of the repartee. They were used to racier wit.

It was not a society with constitution and by-laws, which met every week at the home of Mr. Fredericks, but rather an informal gathering; and that feature, no doubt, had something to do with the good attendance, though, evidently, there were other reasons. It was a very exclusive and select set: professional men, artists and actors. To be clever was the prime requisite.

Mr. Fredericks was neither professional man, artist, nor actor. He was a connoisseur of art, to be sure. His object in inviting these guests to a weekly gathering, however, was not to foster his artistic tastes, but rather to forget himself.

He was sole proprietor of the Fredericks Iron Works, well-known throughout the country. He had come from Germany at an early age, endowed with Teuton vigor and a keen eye for business, and had risen in the community in which he first settled, until he was considered one of its wealthiest and most influential men.

Everything in his life had been subservient to the one aim: to make money. He was successful, but he felt as though he had failed. The finer feelings of the man had been stunted in the mad race for wealth. Now, that he was rich, he tried to make those feelings assert themselves, and surrounded himself with masterpieces. He found relief, but still he was dissatisfied.

He had not married. He had not had time for such things; but, then, he was still a comparatively young man. Once, indeed, it seemed as though he would make business a secondary affair. That was when he met a sweet country girl at a house party. He really was interested. She attended the Conservatory of Music in the city, and was spending the evening in the home of a fellow-student, when George Fredericks met her. He saw her several times after that first evening, and began to neglect his business, but suddenly she was gone. He inquired for her at the school.

"Brother left home, or something like that," the dean said, with a significant shrug, "and Miss Martin had to discontinue her studies. Sorry about it, too. She was talented, but you know, brothers will make a great deal of trouble for a girl sometimes."

The next day the architect submitted the plans for an additional wing to the factory, and Mr. Fredericks became so interested that he forgot all about the girl.

Several years had slipped by since those days, and George had become more of a money-making machine with each day, his only recreation consisting of such indulgences as were afforded by the company of his clever friends.

Friends? Hardly. As he sat at the table, he raised his head, looked over the company, which was busy with itself, and a sarcastic smile drew down the corners of his mouth. Friends?

It was early dawn when the company was taken away in carriages.

Mr. Fredericks watched the last carriage roll away, then turned in the other direction, and drank in the sweet morning air.

"There's something in this air," he mused, "that reminds me of something which I once had, and now seems far away."

Before he knew it, he was in reverie, thinking of his boyhood, when he would rise with the dawn, and sing with the birds, as he went into the fields to work.

"But it seems so far away," he repeated.

That whiff of morning air would not leave him. All day, he thought of the simple country life of his youth. The second day, he tried to throw off the feeling by applying himself to business, but everything was running smoothly in the Fredericks Iron Works. On the third day, he made arrangements to leave, for an extended ramble through the country.

"He Saw a Purse in the Snow. He Picked It Up with Alacrity."

His employees and acquaintances were accustomed to his absence, for he was often away on a business trip. He did not tell anybody but the bookkeeper.

The old bookkeeper had been a friend of his father, and therefore stood in more than official relation to him. In fact, if there was anybody in the world whose word was more than business to George Fredericks, it was Uncle Herder.

"Will you be back by Christmas?" Mr. Herder asked, for the holidays were near.

"I don't know," the young man replied.

One afternoon, about a week after leaving the city, he was riding along a lonely country road, the horse under him jogging on wearily. The rider himself looked tired.

"Not the sign of a house," he muttered, after one of his observations. "I wonder where I am, anyway."

When he reached the next rise, and again looked around, he almost shouted for joy, for he saw a man walking toward him.

The horse, too, seemed to derive encouragement from the sight of a human being, for he started on a faster gait.

As Mr. Fredericks came nearer, he studied the pedestrian, who now stood aside to let the rider pass by.

Evidently, the stranger belonged to the tramp genus. From under a cap, which was drawn over the ears and enveloped almost the whole face, there looked up at the rider a young face, which might have been handsome had it been clean. The clothes were torn and certainly not made to order by a merchant tailor. The expression on the face was a strange mixture of straightforwardness and cunning, of boldness and fear.

"Hello, my man!" the rider ventured. "On your way home?"

This question was a stray shot. Really, Mr. Fredericks hardly knew what he had said, but he immediately became aware of having touched one of the heartstrings of the man, now standing alongside of his horse. The tramp gave a start, his face twitched; he looked up shyly at the rider, and then shook his head.

"Can you tell me how far I am from Cedarville?" Mr. Fredericks quickly asked.

This time the man smiled.

"I guess you're lost," he said. "Cedarville is twenty miles from here."

"You are sure you know this region?"

The man smiled sadly, and said: "Yes, I know it; you bet I do." Then, after a pause, he added: "If you want to go to Cedarville, take the path to the right, about a mile from here. That'll land you on the turnpike, and that'll take you to Cedarville."

Fredericks felt in his pocket for a coin. He gave the piece of money to the tramp, who took it eagerly, and, as a token of appreciation, led the way to the next knoll, where he pointed out the woods through which the path led.

Then, as the rider urged his horse on, he turned back to pursue his own way. Coming to the spot where the interview had taken place, he saw a purse in the snow. He picked it up with alacrity, quickly deposited it in the pocket of his tattered coat, and hurried off.

He left the road, and soon proved his veracity when he had claimed that the region was well-known to him. His way led over fields, through woods, over a frozen stream, until, at last, leaping fences and ditches, he reached an old, forsaken farmhouse, from whose chimney issued a thin curl of smoke.

He entered, and was greeted with a curse.

"Where've you been all this while, Dick? Hang you, the fire's most out, an' nuthin' to cook. Ain't you got nuthin'? Thought you said you knowed every corn-crib 'round here."

Jim, Dick's pal, who looked like a veteran at the trade, was standing with his back close to the grate-fire, which filled the dingy room with smoke. Now he turned, and a ray of the western sun fell on his pinched face.

After the vocabulary of his peculiar dialect seemed exhausted, Dick slowly pulled out the purse, and sitting on the floor, close to the fire, laid it down before him, while he looked up at his companion with a knowing smile.

"What's that?" asked Jim.

"Found that," Dick replied.

The other's eyes glistened.

"But," continued Dick, winking, "I guess I know who lost it; and don't you think we ought to take it to him?"

His comrade gave him a withering glance, and answered, spicing his words in his usual way: "Some rich fool lost it. He don't need it. Let's see what's in it."

He sat down next to Dick, who opened the purse. It contained about two hundred dollars, some business-cards, and a letter addressed to Mr. Jacob Herder.

"Well, if that ain't no handsome Christmas present, I'm a liar," Jim burst out. He jumped up and danced a jig. This served the twofold purpose of getting warm and giving vent to his feelings. The performances would have made the young man smile, but the reference to Christmas had made him stare.

"By heavens, I clean forgot it was Christmas Eve," he said.

His chum said something, but Dick did not hear it. He was thinking of the Christmas of former days.

"Look, what's in the letter," Jim ordered. "Maybe there's some more o' the good stuff in that."

Dick rose and went to the window with the letter. As he glanced out, he saw that it was snowing, and a little nearby fir-tree looked like a Christmas-tree trimmed by Nature's deft hands. He opened the letter and read, while Jim put the money into his pocket, and said he would go out for some more wood.

The letter ran thus:

"Dear Uncle Herder—I hope to be

Continued on page 1073

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, Associate Editor — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, Associate Editor

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Christ's Christmas Joy

AMONG the gladness and merriment of the Christmas season, there can be no depressing influence in the thought of its origin. It must gratify Christ himself, as he looks on the world he loved so well, to see all nations uniting in making the anniversary of his birth a time of joy and friendliness. We get from the meagre biographies of him in the New Testament sidelights on his character, which show how genial and companionable he was. The welcome guest at a feast, the contributor to the happiness of a wedding, the kindly, sociable One in whose arms children nestled, must have had a sweetly pleasant personality that won the confidence and affection of all with whom he came in contact. He loved men and he loved the children. When he thinks of the good that has come to this weary world through his suffering here—when he sees "of the travail of his soul and is satisfied"—it must be very gratifying to him to see how the period of his birth has become a joy to the children the world over, and how it is the recognized season for the reconciling of enemies, the forgiveness of injuries and the reunion of scattered families. Even those who have no part in the salvation he gained, and who do not find in him the spiritual joy he can impart, feel the influence of the season and become more kindly and amiable. It is the Christ spirit working in the world, which the world does not recognize, and it must gladden his heart to know that it is thus working on the race.

It would be strangely incongruous to entertain lugubrious views of his religion. Never has this world seen among its leaders one so kindly or so beneficent. It was his delight to relieve suffering, to give sight to the darkened lives of the blind, to make the lame walk and to give the leper back to the homes of his friends. He could be stern, as when he upbraided the religious teachers of his day for closing the path of knowledge, or with the hypocrites, who, conscious of their own misdoing, dragged an erring woman out to be stoned; but he shrank from uttering censure and ever had words of forgiveness and encouragement for the penitent. It is right, therefore, that on the day set apart for the celebration of his birth we unbend and show our joy in his salvation by greater kindliness, in friendly overtures to the estranged brother, and in deeds of charity to the needy. Especially is it well that the little children should be made happy with gifts and pleasures, that they may learn to associate his name with the most joyful time of the year, "For his sake." How much of duty and friendly service those words inspire! What would we not do for him; what effort, what self-sacrifice is too much to show our love for that dear Being? In all the joys and pleasures of the period let us spare time for acknowledgment of all we owe to him. It will enhance rather than diminish our enjoyment of the day.

The Women's Triumph

WHEN the Christian women of this country, a million strong, pleaded by petition with the United States Senate for the exclusion of the Mormon Apostle, Reed Smoot, they had every reason to expect that their appeal in the name of American womanhood would not be slighted. That petition was shelved, for reasons which probably appealed to the Senators, though they could not have been approved by the people, as a whole.

But these pure-minded, patriotic women little thought that their shafts, in missing the Apostle, would strike down the Hierarch himself, the head of the great Mormon Church. Yet this is precisely what has happened. In the mass of evidence produced before the Senate Investigating Committee, it was admitted by President Joseph Smith, the "Prophet," on the witness stand, that he was a violator of the Anti-Polygamy Law. According to the language of the testimony, he was living "in defiance of the laws of God and man."

His trial recently took place before Judge Ritchie, in the District Court in Salt Lake City, the charge being the statutory one of "unlawful cohabitation." He waived the reading of the complaint and pleaded guilty. He then made a statement of his plural marriages. The first took place in 1866, the last in 1884. He had accepted the Woodruff manifesto of 1890, but did not interpret it as compelling the abandonment of his plural wives. The prosecuting counsel showed from President Smith's own testimony, given during the Smoot inquiry, that the Hierarch understood the scope of the law as well as the rule of the Mormon Church, and that, in the face of that knowledge, he was then living in violation of "the laws of God and man." The "information" in the present case named five women as wives of the "Prophet," and added that the latest issue of these plural marriages was a child born in May, 1906. Following a plea of guilty, a fine of $300 and costs was imposed by the lenient court.

Thus the Smoot victory has proved a boomerang for the polygamists. We congratulate the women. Their defeat has most unexpectedly been transformed into a triumph.

A Mission to the Rich

IN the opening weeks of the new year, the metropolis will witness an experiment in spiritual work which, while not necessarily sensational, will at least be sufficiently striking to command public attention. It is announced as the purpose of the pastor of the Collegiate Church, Fifth Avenue and Forty-eighth Street, West—one of the wealthiest and most fashionable parishes in the city—to invite the co-operation of the Bowery Mission and two other Gospel Missions, in an effort to impress upon the rich and exclusive class the power and reality of spiritual conversion, as exemplified in the men who have been redeemed through the instrumentality of these missions.

Once a month, these mission converts are to be invited to hold a "testimony meeting," in the fashionable uptown church, where, surrounded by the brilliant audience which usually fills such edifices, they will lift up the Cross of Christ and tell, in their own simple way, of the miracle of divine grace which has transformed their own lives, and raised them from the lowest depths of sin and kept them. They will tell how it has conquered in them the love of drink, and the vicious and criminal habits which had so grown with evil association and unfortunate environment that they had become a second nature. These men, plain and uneducated though they may be, will assuredly be given words of power to reach the minds and hearts of their hearers.

Yet not all of these mission converts are of humble stock. Some have a right to names which New England, the West or the South would be proud to acknowledge. Some have enjoyed collegiate training, and some have been honored members of the professions. Whether, in those earlier years, they yielded to the vices that are hidden amid luxury, or whether they repeated the experience of the Prodigal Son, matters little now. For those who fell so far, the miracle of transformation, regeneration and restoration is all the greater.

Thus, since there are, after all, so many things in common spiritual interest between the rich and the poor, and since wealth has its moral perils quite as dangerous as those of want, we welcome this new effort to bridge the chasm between the two classes. May it result in blessing to both. We believe that the humble but earnest converts of the missions will find a deeper and truer sympathy among the sons and daughters of wealth than any one could have foreseen. And it would be surprising, indeed, if this ministry of grace, springing up from the dark social depths of the great city, does not become, under divine blessing, a means of bringing the glorious Gospel message into the hearts and lives of many who, until now, have been indifferent to its call.

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A CHRISTMAS APPEAL

For the Bowery Mission

CHRISTMAS at the **Bowery Mission** possesses an especial rich and deep significance. It is only for one day in the year that the **Mission** can pause in its appointed work of saving fallen and hopeless **men,** and turn to those whom Christ has given such a pre-eminent place in his Kingdom—the children. It is, however, **A Red Letter Day.**

For many previous weeks the children of lower New York have been talking about the **Christmas Tree Entertainment** and **"Mother" Bird.** Older children have regaled younger ones with stories of "the biggest Christmas tree in the world," its glories and possibilities, its profusion of glittering lights, its wealth of toys, and gifts of every kind, until the open-mouthed, round-eyed listeners have imagined it was some fanciful fairy tale they were hearing. But when the **reality** comes how their little hearts are thrilled!

The entertainment is held in the afternoon, but every year these eager children begin to gather in the early hours of the morning. At dawn there are hundreds, as the forenoon wears on the crowd increases, until at noon there are tens of thousands. To these children this is **the event of the year.** Properly so. Christ and Christmas are everything to the child. Before His day children had no place, no rights, no hopes. They existed on sufferance. But the great childless, homeless One gave them their definite share in the Kingdom. He said: "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones."

CHRISTIAN HERALD readers have done a noble work for children, and we are sure they will be glad to have a share in this effort, not only to amuse them, but to minister to their material needs, by the bestowment of useful articles of clothing. Nothing could be more acceptable as Christmas gifts to thousands of lower New York families, especially amongst the destitute and helpless foreign colonies.

Little need be said of the regular work of the **Bowery Mission** at Christmas time. The **"Bread Line,"** opened on Thanksgiving morning, is in full swing. The crowd of dejected and hopeless men, doomed to walk the streets all night, in poor, thin, threadbare clothing, is larger than ever. It is likely to continue to increase. "The poor ye have always with you."

On the evening of Christmas Day, as many of these poor fellows as can be gathered together in the spacious Mission hall will be entertained at the Annual Christmas Dinner and Meeting. Loving words will be spoken to them; special hymns and anthems will be rendered, sung by the strong voices of redeemed men, while the overflow—the hundreds who will not be able to get in—will be given their dinner in the basement. Here, and at the Early Morning Breakfast, which will follow at 1 A.M., consecrated workers will keep at work, telling the men the real meaning of Christmas, and pleading with them to permit a Christ-entry into their hearts and lives. As before, hundreds of baskets, containing dinners for ten persons each, will be distributed to poor families, the lists for which have been carefully prepared for many weeks.

Will you not take a part in this Christmas work, this demonstration of "good-will to men"—poor, needy, suffering, friendless, homeless, despairing men—by remembering it in your prayers, and by a contribution of cash, according to your means, to aid in its support? You can then confidently expect that He, who was born nineteen hundred years ago, "beneath the Syrian blue," will one day say to you "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto **Me.**"

Please send your contributions, great or small, to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York, in the columns of which every one will be duly acknowledged.

J. G. HALLIMOND,
December, 1906. **Superintendent.**

Our Christmas Cover

The beautiful design for our Christmas cover in this issue came from the studios of the Church Glass & Decorating Company of New York, which company is largely engaged in the making of memorial windows.

HE VALUES HIS STANDARD BIBLE

Dear Dr. Klopsch: The beautiful American Standard Bible was duly received. It has made a place for itself in our home. I wish every Bible reader in the United States would procure a copy of this great Bible, and thus get a new insight into the inspired Word.

New Canaan, Conn. O. W. BINKERD.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

A Royal Party

HEARTY welcome has been given in England to the new King and Queen of Norway, who have been paying the British Royal Family an extended visit. The Queen of Norway is a daughter of King Edward, so that the visit was a family reunion. The Norwegian royal pair, with their little son, traveled to Portsmouth on the royal yacht, and were greeted at the landing stage by the Prince of Wales, who accompanied them to Windsor. There they were magnificently entertained and King Haakon was invested with the Order of the Garter, the most coveted of all the Knightly Orders. King Haakon was evidently deeply touched by the cordiality of his reception. At the banquet held after the ceremony, he said: "I can assure you that my wife will never forget her old country, which has shown her so much sympathy and given her so many proofs of good feeling. The British nation does not forget that she was born in this country. But the nation shows that it considers she still belongs to them, and I can assure you that it has pleased and touched her very much. I, too, am not altogether a stranger to this country. We have a home here, where we have spent some of the happiest days of our lives. There, too, our little son was born, and I have met with so much sympathy from all with whom I have come in contact that I feel deeply indebted to them and must express my warmest thanks. But the reception with which we have been welcomed here is also a token of the interest your Majesty takes in the country which called me to be their King, and I feel sure the people of Norway thus look upon this manifestation and feel proud of it, and I express the hope that the good feeling which exists between the two countries will always continue." Various entertainments were arranged for the distinguished visitors. It is stated that they will shortly pay a visit to Germany, where the Emperor, who is the Queen's cousin, is preparing to give them a cordial welcome. The kindly way in which King Haakon always speaks of the people of Norway, indicates that their mutual relations are of the happiest kind, and there are, consequently, strong hopes of tranquillity and prosperity for the new kingdom.

For the transgression of a land many are the princes thereof; but by a man of understanding and knowledge the state thereof shall be prolonged. (Prov. 29: 2.)

The King and Queen of England, and the King, Queen and Prince of Norway

Death on the Rail

The whole country was shocked on Thanksgiving Day by the news of a terrible railroad accident near Lynchburg, Va., in which several well-known men lost their lives. One of them was Mr. Samuel Spencer, the President of the Southern Railway, and another was Gen. Philip Schuyler, of New York. With them were Mr. Charles D. Fisher and Mr. F. T. Redwood, of Baltimore, Md. These three were the guests of Mr. Spencer, and were bound to Greensboro, N. C., on a business and pleasure trip. They traveled on the car of the President of the road, which was made the rear car of the New York and Florida Limited train, which left Washington, D. C., Wednesday night. It was late in starting, on account of the holiday rush, and was followed by the Southwestern Limited. The first train had climbed the grade north of Lawyer, a hamlet fourteen miles south of Lynchburg, when a coupling broke and the locomotive ran ahead, leaving the cars on the track. The engineer did not discover the loss of his train till he had gone two miles. Then he returned for it. It is supposed that the operator saw the engine go through and did not notice that there was no train behind it, and supposing that the track was clear, allowed the Southwestern Limited to proceed. It came on at a rate of forty miles an hour and dashed into the train ahead. It completely demolished the rear car, in which were President Spencer and his guests, and cut the car ahead of it in half. The party were asleep in their berths, and must have been killed instantly. A fire broke out immediately and partially burned the bodies of three persons who were in the same car, and but for the energetic exertions of the uninjured passengers, would have burned some who were imprisoned in the forward cars. It is an astonishing fact that, in spite of the block system in use, and of every precaution that would naturally be taken when the President of the road was traveling, the accident should have occurred. An investigation will be made to ascertain who was the person responsible for the catastrophe. It is obvious that it was caused by neglect of duty, which is sometimes as fatal in its results as direct wrongdoing.

If the watchman see the sword come and blow not the trumpet and the people be not warned, and the sword come and take any person from among them . . . . his blood will I require at the watchman's hand (Ezek. 33: 6).

Drunkards in Charge

An organized effort to get rid of drunkenness is being made in Switzerland. A cablegram to the New York *Herald* says that the Legislature of the Canton of Vaud has approved, by a unanimous vote, a bill introduced subjecting habitual drunkards to confinement in an official institution to be established for the scientific treatment of drunkenness and retained there till definitely cured. The law is based on the theory that drunkenness is in the same category as that of insanity, and subjecting the victims to obligatory treatment in a spirit of chastisement, but with a pathological end in view. To what extent the theory may be true physicians must decide, but we know from the Bible that sin in any form is madness and folly and a personal loss.

He that sinneth against me wrongeth his own soul; all they that hate me love death (Prov. 8: 36).

Lost in Niagara

One of the employees of the Power Company at Niagara was looking across the river a few days ago, when, to his horror, he saw a man in a boat drifting toward the Falls. Apparently he had no oars and was utterly helpless. He was making frantic signals for aid. The employee ran at his utmost speed to the village, and calling two men to his assistance, leaped into a boat, and soon the three were pulling with all their might toward the victim. He was some distance ahead, and was still standing in his boat and seemingly was crying aloud. The rescuers bent to their oars, but soon saw that there was not a chance of saving the man. His boat was in the grasp of the powerful current and was being swept to the head of Goat Island. Then the three men gave up the chase and by hard work extricated themselves from the current and landed on the shore. When the man saw them give up, he collapsed and sank down in his boat. The craft was swept by the current around the head of Goat Island out into the centre of the Canadian channel and plunged over the Horse Shoe Falls. It is supposed he had been duck shooting, and by some accident had lost his oars and began to drift before he noticed it. The beginning of a drift is generally almost imperceptible, as it is on the current of life. When the victim becomes alarmed, it is often, as in this case, too late for man to deliver.

None of them can by any means redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom for him (Ps. 49: 7).

A Ship Sunk by a Pebble

The sad disaster to the French submarine *Lutin*, by which the whole of her crew lost their lives, is now explained. She was manœuvering off Bizerta, and had made several descents, always returning to the surface, when a prolonged stay below the waves caused alarm to her companion vessels. Many attempts were made to save her, and a vessel was dispatched to a British steamer at a short distance to assist them. The French government also sent assistance, but it was not for some days that she was raised and all her crew were found dead. The French Minister of the Navy, made an investigation, and has now announced that his examination showed that the interior bulkhead of one of the water ballast compartments had given way under the pressure of the intake of water which it was too weak to withstand. The unusual pressure was caused by the fact that the intake valve was incompletely closed, owing to the presence of a pebble, which must have drifted in some way into the aperture. It was an insignificant thing to have caused so dire a calamity; but it often happens that there is a great disproportion between causes and results. The sins we are apt to call little may wreck a soul.

Know ye not that a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump? (I. Cor. 5: 6).

A Stolen Daughter Recovered

A romantic story was told at Kingston, N. Y., by a man who disputed with a gipsy chief the possession of a girl. She was fifteen years of age, and the gipsy insisted that she was his daughter. The other man, however, had evidence to prove that she was his daughter, and the girl confirmed the claim. It appears that more than a year ago she was living with her parents in St. Louis. She suddenly disappeared. The heartbroken father invoked the aid of the police, who learned from the girl's playmates that an old woman lured her away. The father began communicating with the police of many cities, and finally received word that a band of gipsies contained a girl evidently above the station of her companions. She answered the description of his daughter. Early this fall he traced the band to Salem, Mass., and after many overtures was permitted to join it. He was not allowed to see the girl at first, but continuing with the gipsies he eventually saw her and recognized her. It was dangerous to get her away, and he made various secret attempts to regain possession of her, but his attempts were frustrated. Finally he sought the officials of Salem, who arrested the gipsy leader. Even then the man had the effrontery to contest his claim, but the Salem authorities, after questioning the girl, turned her over to her father. She says that her year with the gipsies seems to her like a nightmare. It is well for her that, through her father's patience and perseverance in searching for her, the nightmare has had so happy a waking. Like the wanderer in the parable and like the wanderer from God, the restoration is not only to home but to sanity.

When he came to himself he said, I will arise and go to my father (Luke 15: 17, 18).

The Advent and the Ascension

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON, BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

THE mission of Jesus Christ on earth began with his birth at Bethlehem, and was accomplished at his ascension on the slopes of Mount Olivet, near Bethany.

At Bethlehem

Joseph and Mary lodging in the stable because there was no room for them at the inn; a little child born there;

Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ the little child.

The little one laid in a manger on a bed of hay and resting there; shepherds in the field watching their flocks by night; a great light from heaven suddenly shining round about them; fear of the shepherds; consolation by the angel; announcement by the angel of the birth of the Saviour, Christ the Lord; the sending forth of the shepherds to find the holy babe; the chorus of angels singing the birth anthem, "Gloria in Excelsis"; the shepherds going with haste and finding the babe in the manger; the shepherds telling Mary and Joseph about the great light and the angels; the glad surprise of Mary, who hid their words in her heart; the return of the shepherds to their flocks, praising God and publishing the good news by the way.

On Mount Olivet

Jesus having met his assembled apostles the second time after his resurrection, leads them out toward Bethany, talking with them by the way of the Holy Spirit, who should come and bring to their remembrance all

The Coming of the Lord

things which he had taught them; giving them the commission to go into all the world to preach the Gospel to every creature; reaching the spot on Mount Olivet, over against Bethany, from which he was to ascend to his Father; charging his apostles to return to Jerusalem and tarry there until the Holy Spirit should come from heaven to be their Helper; raising his hands to bless them; being parted from them as he was blessing them, and being carried up until a cloud received him out of their sight; the apostles looking steadily toward heaven as he went up; two angels appearing to soften the grief of parting with the promise that they should see him come again; the return of the apostles to Jerusalem to await together in an upper room, the coming of the Holy Spirit. "Jesus took himself from the sight of them that loved him well, that he might hide himself in their very hearts."

We link together the first and last event in the earthly life of Christ, because it illustrates Christ's saying concerning himself: "I came forth from the Father, and am come into the world; again, I leave the world, and go to the Father." Angels proclaimed his birth: "Unto you is born this day in the City of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." And angels came to his ascension to assure men, that, though he had ascended up on high, he should come again, not in lowly birth, but in the glory of the cloud.

The Spirit of Christmas

In all Christian countries Christmas is observed with great rejoicings. In England, and on the Continent, the bells are rung at midnight to usher in the glad day when Christ was born; in our own country good-will and gift-making are everywhere to be found.

If we could together pass from one country to another on Christmas Day, we should be surprised to see the different ways of celebrating it. In most countries, and at all times, Christmas has been a day of great rejoicing, but there have been different ways of expressing that joy. The Christmas of the olden time was celebrated more riotously than with us, and with many strange customs founded upon stories not written in the Bible. It is an old Swedish tradition written in the history of Olans, the archbishop of Upsal, that at the festival of Christmas, the men living in cold, northern countries were changed into wolves, and that they met together in a vast multitude, and then went about troubling the people all night. How opposite is this to the thought that Christmas is the time of "good-will."

Quaint Christmas Customs

In old England, Christmas used to last a month, beginning on Christmas eve, the twenty-fourth of December, and ending on Candlemas, the second day of February. All of the poor people and servants expected grand entertainment in their rich masters' homes. They were feasted with geese, beef, mutton, pork, pies, puddings, plums, nuts, sugar, etc. And men were appointed, called "lords of misrule," to furnish all kinds of games and amusements, How do you think it must have seemed to God and the angels? It certainly could not have pleased Jesus to see his birthday thus celebrated by gluttons and wine-bibbers.

But there were other traditions in Old England that did not savor of barbarism, one of these was, that at midnight on Christmas eve, all the oxen might be found on their knees, as if worshiping God. Another was that an earthquake had swallowed up a village, including the churches, and the people living near where this was said to have happened, went on Christmas morning to listen to the ringing of the bells of the buried churches.

The ancient "Feast of Lights," even now celebrated in the churches of the Holy Sepulchre, is a relic of barbarism. Hundreds and thousands of people assemble in the church and outside, all having unlighted tapers in their hands. As soon as darkness comes on the Greek bishop proceeds with an unlighted taper in his hand to the so-called Holy Sepulchre. He waits for the moment when the holy fire flashes out, said to be given by God, then he lights his taper by it, and comes out into the church, then begins the scramble for everybody to light their tapers from the "holy taper" of the bishop. In the mad rush people are crushed to death, and a riot ensues which can only be quelled by the soldiers. We can not but believe that this custom will soon become a thing of the past.

Christmas in Europe

The present-time Christmas in nearly all lands is essentially Christian in its observance. The lighted taper is still considered typical of the light of life that dawned on the world when the shepherds, feeding their flocks by night, saw the great light which suddenly shone round about them, and when they followed the light of the star which led them to the place where the infant Saviour lay. In Germany, at Christmas time, boughs or small trees, decorated with lights, are put on the graves of loved ones, so that the cemeteries gleam with light. And for the happy children in the homes there are brightly lighted Christmas trees, hung with gifts and crowned at the top with an image of the Christ-child.

In Norway and Sweden they have Christmas trees for the children too, and sometimes for the birds as well. But usually the birds' Christmas tree is a sheaf of wheat set up on a pole close to the barn.

In England and in our own dear land we have the true spirit of Christmas, which finds expression in love-gifts to friends and generous giving to the poor and needy. A lady whose own little children were lying in their graves, invited to her home a large company of the poorest children for a Christmas party; about fifty came. She told them the story of the first Christmas when Jesus was born in Bethlehem. Some friends whom she had asked to come in sang several beautiful Christmas songs, then there was a feast of candies, nuts, raisins, etc. Then the Christmas tree was lighted, and each child was given a present to carry home.

The Larger Meaning of Christmas

It would be hard to find in this Christian land of ours a family that did not have some taste of Christmas joys, and so have their hearts lifted up to Him who came to bring peace on earth, and good-will toward men. Surely those who are not living in Christian lands, and have never seen the joy of Christmas, do not know what the highest joy is.

Education bids us find the unseen through the seen, the unknown through the known, the remote through the near. For thoughtful minds, the most impressive view of Christmas is not from the viewpoint of Old Testament times or New Testament times, but from the heights of our own twentieth Christian century. The most convincing miracle for our age is the march of Christ down the centuries—not the resurrection of Lazarus, but the resurrection of Europe.

The miracles of the first century were best for that century. For ours there is a present threefold miracle—the matchless words, the matchless life, the matchless influence of Christ. Sages still say, "Never man so spake," but that admission of all the sceptics means more after nineteen centuries of authorship and oratory.

The World's Homage

"He was found alone," said Luke, when the greatest men of both Testaments had faded from sight in the glory of Christ's transfiguration. It means more to have Renan and other sceptics render that verdict that his character was unequaled, after the world has been enriched by so many more of the great and good. His matchless influence upon the world! That is indeed a present miracle, manifested in the grandest music and art, the noblest institutions, the highest civilization.

With all its faults, Christian civilization is as life to death beside any other, and it was born in Bethleham. Surely every open mind must admit at least that this Matchless One is the worthiest teacher he can follow, whether he was God or man, or both. He was too great to be deceived, too good to deceive. And even if it be only as Teacher that we accept him at first, his own teaching will lead us to accept him also as Saviour and Lord—Lord of time and eternity, of earth and heaven.

Then shall we be prepared to go back for the real lesson of Christmas, the lesson of *noblesse oblige;* the privilege of service that goes with true nobility; the coming down of those who are lifted up to uplift others.

The Departure of the Lord

"He that is greatest among you, let him be your servant." That Governor had caught the true spirit of the incarnation, the idea that exalted office is but opportunity for greater service, when he said, replying to a young man's profuse thanks for painstaking help in a matter of public service. "When I became Governor I was but covenanting to be the most helpful man in the State." The social settlements, in which men of culture and wealth give, not their money, but themselves to lift up the less favored by the grace of neighborly fellowship and service—they too, are glimpses of Bethlehem.

Christmas Gifts

Not in getting, not even in giving to our own, do we find the true Christmas, but giving our very selves to the uplifting of the inner life of our downcast brothers. And so it is a time when Jesus' words "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature" should have a deep significance, and the Christmas season should be a time for missionary revival. How appropriate that large Christmas gifts to Missions should be made! But, who has ever heard of this being done? Have we not allowed ourselves to become blinded by the selfish pleasure of giving to those we love, and receiving gifts from them, that we have lost the larger opportunity?

The proof that Christ is born in us is that we have his spirit, a spirit exemplified in the "Institutional Church," whose characteristic is every-day ministry, a characteristic which every Christian is bound to manifest even though connected with none of the well accredited missionary movements. The Son of man came not to be served, but to serve. To those who really follow Him, office, wealth, learning, are all but opportunities for service. To put service above selfishness is true Christ-likeness. It is in so doing that we shall fulfil Christ's prayer—which he could not have taught in vain, "Thy will be done as in heaven, so on earth."

*International Sunday School Lesson for Dec. 23. Jesus ascends into Heaven, Luke 24:36-43. GOLDEN TEXT: "While he blessed them, he was parted from them, and was received up into heaven." Luke 24:51.

CHRISTMAS IN NORTH CAROLINA

BY ELIZABETH L. GEBHARD

"PAW, do yo' tink Jenora will send we uns a Christmus gift?"

"I'se sure she will, if yo' alls good chillun, an' mind yo' ma and pa."

It was one among the many times that James Woodland had turned his benevolent face upon his brood of boys and girls, with the same answer, since Jenora, the eldest daughter, had gone North. To-night, they were all about the supper-table, eating heartily of corn pone. James looked like a genuine emissary of Santa Claus, as his eyes shone with pride and happiness, through his large, steel-bowed spectacles, on his children, who filled three sides of the festal board, the fourth being placed against the wall. The pleasant reflections of the head of the house were interrupted by a tussle at one side of the table.

"Sho! sho! now chilluns. Stop yo' foolin'."

"Well, Jem's kickin' me under de table," said Tom. "Jem say Jenora promis' to send him a red ball, but she'll never 'member a no-account coon like me," and Tom's dimples went out of sight in dire indignation.

"Be good chilluns, I tell yo' alls, an' Santa 'll 'member yo' alls. But he have only a whip for de bad ones, no red balls," and the steel-bowed spectacles glowered on Jem for a moment.

"How long's it to Christmus Day?" asked baby Sue.

"Longer den yo' can tink, littl' sis, way off till snow flies," her father answered.

"Jenora's got snow now," said Jem. "She tole it de letter she wrote pa. Has she got Christmus a ready?"

"Den p'haps we uns Christmus gifts 'ill come to-day," piped up George, jubilantly. "Will she back 'em to yo' paw? and can't maw give 'em to us till yo' gets home?"

"Yo' dun kno' no more'n a larfin Jacob," said Jem, in disdain to his younger brother. "It's paw 'll bring de Christmus gifts from de station man, where he gets Jenora's letters."

"I'se goin' to hang my stockin' up to-night," said George, still hopelessly mixed in his mind between Santa Claus, who came down through chimneys, and sisters who went to the far-away North.

"Littl' sis can hang her shoes, and maw her apron, and paw—what'll he hang?" asked Tom, whose generous heart thought of all the family.

"Paw can hang up his 'spenders, and Santa can tie on de gifts," said Jem. "He kno' how."

"Mind yo' gets no holes in yo' all's stockin's 'tween now and Christmus," broke in the mother, with homely care. "Walk light, ebery one ob yo' uns, or de gifts 'ill run tro de toes."

Jenora, in the far-away North, pictured in imagination just how the little North Carolina brothers and sisters were watching and waiting. The year before she had been with them, and knew how they would get up before daylight, don their warmest clothes, and run from house to house calling "Christmus gift, Christmus gift," waking the late sleepers up to a knowledge that it was Christmas morning, and gathering the children from each cabin as they flew along the road, till a small army of piccaninnies and their elder brothers and sisters, made the air ring with joyous shouts. Sometimes they had run three or four miles before daybreak, the glory of the starry sky shining down on the little dark-faced band, as it had on the shepherds watching their flocks on the Judean plains the night the Christ-child was born.

They hadn't gotten much for the wishing, only a piece of corn pone, or a sweet-potato, or, on rare occasions, some raw peanuts or a bit of peanut candy; but the joy of it all surged through each little dark body, and warmed their hearts with the Christmas cheer, and the confidence in the "good-will to men," which had been growing in warmth and love for nineteen centuries.

But Jenora's mind was set this year on making a Christmas Day that would be long remembered in her old home. No rich uncle from India ever dreamed more shining dreams, or planned more happily for the pleasure of his own.

The stores of Fording were alight with every kind of Christmas glory, when Miss Rebecca took Jenora out one Saturday night, a couple of weeks before the holidays, to see the sights, and perchance begin the selection of gifts for the Carolina home. They started their tour of sight-seeing in a large toy-store. On every side were decorations in holly and evergreens and scarlet ribbon, while in the rear of the store a graphophone sent forth, in stentorian tones, a comic song which made Jenora laugh heartily. This was followed by the music of a whole brass band.

"Whar is dey, Miss Becky?" asked Jenora. "I doesn't see de band. Whar is dey hid?" and the brief explanation of stored up sound, only made Jenora's eyes snap, and feet dance the more. "I'se sure dey's hants. I cert'nly is," she exclaimed.

A Row of Little Curly-Heads Gathered About the Fireplace

Down the long counter to the right, stood a row of mechanical toys: Johnny Bulls, with their broad sides; Brother Jonathans and Uncle Sams, with their long legs; and, in close proximity, donkeys and elephants and bull-dogs. Every one had a head set on a pivot, and Miss Rebecca, who was not above augmenting Jenora's ecstacies, set the heads all to wagging. "Look dar! Oh, look dar!" exclaimed Jenora. "I neber did see de like."

Wending their way through the crowds, they came to electric cars running on a circular track. This time the clerk in waiting gave a helping hand to the rear car, and enjoyed, in return, Jenora's wide-eyed interest and astonishment. A clown on a stick she took in her own hand, and whirled about to the tune of his own music. "George would lub dat," she said; but the clown had a leaden head in weight, a thing not usually expected of clown's brains, and Jenora compromised on a Jack-in-the-box, who sprung open the cover above his head, while emitting a sound of glee. Next, she chose a ball of bright orange, decorated in red and green, and another of Scotch plaid, and with lingering look behind them, Miss Rebecca and Jenora wound their way out through the crowds.

They went to a picture store and saw bright-colored prints of little Dutch girls in wooden shoes, and many pretty Christmas cards, then to a candy store, where the wonderful decorations of Christmas-trees were exhibited in all their splendor, and Jenora grew silent with rapture, while she added black and white mice to her treasures.

The five-and-ten-cent store was an open field for more purchases, with its wealth of attractions for a nickel or a dime. Here Jenora bought lace collars and cuffs for her mother, a doll for "little sis," a handkerchief all around the family, a scarlet tie for her father, and blue and green bows for the boys. By this time the little maid's hands were full.

"There is one more place I want you to see, Jenora," said Miss Rebecca, as they crossed the street to a little German bake-shop, and Jenora gazed with entranced eyes on seed-cakes frosted in pink and white, marvelous ladies and gentlemen on wild chargers in full gallop. Dunder and Blitzen were probably among them; but this Jenora missed, for "The night before Christmas" was still a joy awaiting her.

The little manger in the opposite window, however, held a sacred place in Jenora's imaginative soul. The Christ-child, with Joseph and Mary, the lamb and the patient cow standing by, the Wise Men drawing near with their gifts, and even the shepherds with their crooks, were all there, while angels swung from above, over the little scene of tinsel and bright paper.

"Does dey know it looked like dat?" asked Jenora. "It sure is a cunning baby. It cert'n'y is."

"I'se had Christmus already," said Jenora, as they passed on, bearing one more bag containing a nice lot of candy-apples this time. "I'se never seen anything like it before. "I'se had Christmus, and it ain't come yet neither."

After that, Miss Rebecca and Jenora together made a dancing-boy in many colors, to hang against the wall. Miss Rebecca called him Sambo, but Jenora said it was a "Larfin Jacob." Jenora watched his antics with delight, as she pulled the string again and again. "I hates to send him," she said. "I like him so myself. How dat George and Tom and Jem will dance him. Dey'll have him broke in no time." But Jenora made the sacrifice in a true Christmas spirit, and sent Sambo South with the rest of the presents. In Sambo's breast pocket, Miss Rebecca put an introduction, and this is what it said:

"Dear children, I am Sambo,
I came to make you smile.
I can dance the fisher's hornpipe
In a most bewitching style.

Or, if you'd like a cake-walk,
No dancer in this town
Can give such satisfaction,
From his toe-tips to his crown.

A jig's my best creation,
On barn-floor or the wall.
The dance you only have to name.
They're all within your call.

Uncle Sam carried Jenora's first Christmas gifts safely to the Sunny South, and her "paw" smuggled them into the corn-crib when the children were down the road one day. After every little curly head had sunk in slumber on Christmas Eve, the parents brought out Jenora's Christmas-box, exclaiming over each gift as they opened the packages.

Dimpled Tom had not "walked rale light on his feet," and so a little mouse stuck its head out mischievously from the hole in the toe of his stocking. Jem received a yellow-and-red ball, but the "no-account" Tom, with his dimpled cheeks found a beautiful Scotch plaid one in his stocking. "Little sis Sue" had bright red candy-apples with a clove in each, and George, who still mixed Santa Claus and Jenora to-

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President Roosevelt on the Steam Shovel

President and Mrs. Roosevelt on their Car

The President in Culebra Cut

The President on the Canal

Continued from Page 1059

shovel, who is called "Dolly" Gray by the men, made a complaint that they were not paid for overtime. The President at once called the engineers in charge of the work and the engine crew into the cab and made a thorough investigation of the case. Culebra cut was gone over with great interest by the entire party. They are literally digging through a mountain at this point. When the French were at work on their canal they did an immense amount of work here. The cut they made, however, was too narrow, and the Americans are widening and deepening the excavations. They will dig down until it is but forty feet above sea level. Locks will then be installed to bring the ships up to this height. At Gold Hill a cut was shown to Mr. Roosevelt that is one hundred feet deep in solid rock.

President Roosevelt's trip to Panama City gave him the opportunity to outline to the people of the Isthmus the policy of the United States toward them. The speech was in answer to the cordial address of welcome that was delivered by Senor Amador, President of the Republic of Panama. Mr. Roosevelt spoke from a platform in the plaza that was hung with bunting and set about with palms and flowers. President Amador had referred to the two nations as partners, and this was taken up and carried out more fully in Mr. Roosevelt's speech. He said that for the first time in history it had become advisable for a President of the United States to step on territory not beneath the flag of the United States, and that as it occurred on the territory of Panama, it was a symbol and proof of the closeness of the ties that unite the two countries, because of their peculiar relations to the gigantic enterprise of digging the Panama canal. He said that they were joint trustees in doing that work, and pledged himself on behalf of his country the assurance of the heartiest support and treatment on a basis of a full and complete and generous equality.

It was a matter for gratitude that the engineering feat of the ages was being well and worthily performed. He emphasized the words of Mr. Root, Secretary of State, who had but recently made a tour of the country, that the sole desire of the United States as regards the Republic of Panama, was to see it increase in numbers, in importance, until it became one of the republics whose history reflects honor on the Western World. He warned them against the insurrectionary spirit, as civil war would lead to the destruction of the republic.

He thanked President Amador and the people for the reception that had been given them. Not only had he been immensely impressed with the tremendous work being done so successfully on the Isthmus, but also with the beauty and fertility of the country. He prophesied for it a great future, a future which, when the canal was completed, would be of such a kind and attain such dimensions as to make it a proud boast to claim citizenship in Panama.

At the close, the President gave a pledge for the United States to Panama: "I have but to say that, not only do our people heartily wish well to Panama, but that we shall never interfere with her save to give her our aid in the attainment of her future."

The crowd could not contain their enthusiasm. The people cheered, and the school children sang "America" to the best of their ability.

TO TRAIN CHRISTIAN WORKERS

Evangelist John A. Davis

The Bible Training School at Lestershire, N. Y.

Evangelist Chas. H. Harrington

HOW God delights to use those who have fully consecrated themselves to his service, and to acknowledge their work before men, is constantly shown in the lives of Christian men and women all around us. An illustration of this character is found in the career of John A. Davis. He was born in Afton, N. Y., in 1871, and after a public school education, became clerk in a store. During a revival he was converted, and after giving his heart to Christ, he felt an irresistible desire to work for the Master. He grasped every opportunity for service, however humble, and both in and out of church he was constantly active in Christian work. After a time he took the evangelistic training course in Moody's Chicago Institute, and for years thereafter did successful work as an evangelist.

In 1900, just six years ago, Mr. Davis conceived the project of establishing a school for the training of Christian workers to every variety of consecrated service. This was begun at Lestershire, N. Y., near Binghamton, purely as a work of faith and in entire dependence upon God. Many reverses were encountered at the outset, but these were gradually overcome, and the plan prospered and attracted warm friends, among them the Rev. Edward Taylor (widely known as "Father Taylor" in Central New York and Western Pennsylvania). A suitable site was bought and commodious buildings were erected, which are now entirely free from encumbrance.

During these years the work has gone on, and many successful laymen and women, faithful and efficient teachers and personal workers, as well as missionaries at home and on the foreign field, have graduated, and owe much of their knowledge and zeal to the school. Many men of note in the religious world have assisted, either in the great Bible conferences held each year or have taught in its classes. Among these are: Rev. Edwin F. Hallenbeck, D.D., president N. Y. C. E. State Union; Rev. R. A. Torrey, D.D.; Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D.; Evangelist Ferdinand Schiverea of New York; Rev. Wm. B. Wallace, Utica, N. Y.; Rev. Cornelius Woelfkin, D.D., Rochester, N. Y.; Rev. J. Balcom Shaw, D.D., Chicago; Rev. John Robertson, D.D., Scotland; Rev. Richard H. Gilbert, D.D., Berwick, Pa.; W. H. Pike, and others.

The school is incorporated, and has for its officers some of the best business men of the city of Binghamton. Its president is John R. Clemens, a hymn-writer of note, and a prominent Christian Endeavor worker. Rev. Charles H. Harrington is general secretary, and Mr. Davis is superintendent. It is the aim of the school to enlarge its work, so that men and women, at moderate cost, can follow such a course in study as will best equip them for Christian work. The school is maintained wholly by free-will offerings, and the officers give their time and much of their means to further the work.

A CHRISTMAS PIE

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

MISS KATHERINE WAINWRIGHT lived by herself in a large house at one end of a broad, village street. At the other end, after one passed a vacant lot, overgrown with grass in summer and drifted deep with snow in winter, there was a paper-mill, and not far from it were a number of small cottages, occupied hy the workmen and their families. Around the corner from the mill might be seen a new two-story huilding, that was the pride of Miss Wainwright's heart. She had become interested in what is known as welfare work, and she had sent for plans, and finally engaged an architect to devise others, so that she might have the most approved and beautiful edifice that her means would permit her to erect for the comfort and improvement of the factory people. When the building had been finished, it included a rest-room, and assembly-room, and a room in which nutritious food might he served at reasonable prices. There was also a reading-room, well-stocked with newspapers and magazines. All this was intended for the good of the operatives. Miss Wainwright invited a group of her fashionable friends, and they came, and praised the building and its owner, before it was thrown open to the public. She then, having liberally spent her money that this model of comfort and convenience might be given to her working people, went further, and sent for a young lady accustomed to Settlement work, and installed her as general superintendent. There being no place in the village where the worker, whose name was Janet Lewis, could live, Miss Wainwright took her into her own home, and presently found her own welfare much enhanced by the young girl's pleasant company, gaiety of spirits and good common sense. For at least ten years, she had known nothing of such companionship, except as she invited guests to tarry with her for a while. Her servants had been with her for years, and were devoted to her interests. One and all they liked Miss Janet, and adopted her into their affection.

In passing, it may be stated that the paper-mill had belonged to Miss Wainwright's father, and that she had inherited three-fourths of its stock. Her brother, who owned the remaining fourth, had large wealth in other directions, and spent most of his time abroad. When Katherine wrote to him about her new project he replied that she was at liberty to amuse herself as she liked; but that unless Tilsetfolk had materially changed since his day, she would find her efforts to help them regarded as intrusive, and he prophesied that, in time, she would be glad to sell her new building to the Town Council for a district school or something of that sort.

One evening, when Janet returned from the Hall, by which name the new building was known, Miss Wainwright looked up with a laugh from some papers she was assorting, and said, "I want you to hear this letter of my brother Dean, before I destroy it. He was sceptical about my enterprise, and almost made fun of it. I wish he could come home and see it for himself."

"But, dear Miss Wainwright," was Janet's answer, when she had heard the letter, "we have to acknowledge that thus far things are not going very well. Indeed, I begin to feel that I, at least, am a failure, and that I am not earning my salary. I think that you will have to try somebody else. The building is there; it is perfect in every appointment; it is warm, it is light, it is cheery. The piano is good, and the new books are enchanting; but not a soul appreciates any of it. This is the third night that I have spent alone in the reading-room. I have visited every family among the mill people, and the mothers are all as nice and polite as they can be. They say, however, and it is true, that they have dinner in the middle of the day for their daughters, and there is no need of a lunch-room. In the evening they prefer to stay at home. The boys court the girls just as they always have. They call your Hall, Miss Wainwright's toy, and the whole beautiful dream is just a great big disappointment. A welfare worker in this place is out of place, and I ought to have told you so before this, but I hadn't the courage."

Janet broke down and began to cry. Miss Wainwright sat looking at her as if she had been turned to stone. Presently, she melted, put both arms around the girl, and said, "Never mind, dear. I'm not going to have tears over my folly. If I can't do good in the way I want to, I shall show my friends that they may try something on their own account. Christmas is coming, and as surely as my name is Katherine Wainwright, I shall gather those mothers and daughters and the little children, and the fathers, too, and have them all enjoy a Christmas Eve frolic in my Hall. 'Toy,' indeed. I'll show them.

"In the meantime, there is no particular use in burning gas in the evening, when nobody comes. So we'll close the rooms before dark, and you and I will spend our evenings together, here. My child, whether you believe it or not, you cannot better earn your salary than by making a woman like me feel twenty years younger than she has, since she was really young."

Janet demurred, but at last consented. Later the two ladies took pains to make a list of the children in the cottages, from the babies upward. Miss Wainwright sent to town, and bought a large number of dolls of all sizes. Other mysterious boxes kept on arriving, filled with gifts for young and old. The gifts were useful and ornamental, both, and included an immense variety of playthings. In the six weeks before Christmas, Miss Wainwright and Miss Janet did a good deal of friendly visiting. They dropped casually into Tim Morgan's house, and sat beside his bedridden mother, telling her stories and drawing out her recollections of the time when Katherine Wainwright had been a little, roly-poly child, who often came to the mill in the morning with her father, the old squire. They complimented Mrs. Macmanus on the beauty of her freckle-faced twins, and Miss Wainwright won the mother's heart by taking both the sturdy little rogues into her silken lap, a thing she would never have dreamed of doing if she had not seen how Janet kissed and hugged the small people, and how they ran after her with gleeful shouts whenever she came near. For old John Dix, Miss Wainwright procured a stock of the tobacco he best loved, and although she did not approve of smoking in general, she told him that she thought a man who had passed his eighty-fifth year, had reached a period when he might smoke if he liked, without younger people finding fault. In short, Miss Wainwright, assisted by Janet Lewis, laid siege against her people in a sweet, neighborly way, that had never occurred to her when she was simply the great lady of the neighborhood.

When Christmas came, the two ladies were ready for it. The Hall, that had been as dark as a pocket for weeks, was lighted up, and personally, every family had been asked to come there on Christmas Eve. There was a tree in which twinkled dozens of starry papers. The branches were strung with iridescent balls, and wreaths of paper roses garlanded the room. Packages addressed to every man, woman and child, were clustered, heaped and piled around the base of the tree. Miss Janet had sent to town for a half-dozen of her friends, who could play and sing well, and there was plenty of jovial music, ending, at last, before they separated with that exquisite Christmas song:

It came upon the midnight clear
That glorious song of old;
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold.
"Peace to the earth, good-will to man,
From heaven's all-gracious King:"
The earth in solemn stillness lay,
To hear the angels sing.

After singing this, they exchanged affectionate good-nights, and went home. The streets were white with snow, and the stars in the sky shone with such a radiance as must have been over Bethlehem ages ago, when the great glowing star led the Wise Men from the East to the stable where lay the Child and the mother.

Early on Christmas morning, Miss Wainwright and Miss Janet were up, and the house party, consisting of Janet's friends, were early in the breakfast-room. Every one in the house, including the old servants, had hung up a stocking beside the chimney, and there was great fun when the contents of these were distributed. The ideal Christmas-giving is reached, when each finds the very gift that he or she wanted, and never told the want. They had finished breakfast, and were still in the midst of their Christmas gaiety, when there came a loud peal of the door-bell, and glancing out, Janet exclaimed, "Oh, Miss Wainwright! Hurry! Look at the procession."

A remarkable procession it was, a long procession of men, women and children. In front, marched twenty small boys, beating drums and blowing tin horns. Back of them were little girls, who kept step gaily to the music. Borne on a large tray, carried by two stalwart men, was a huge basin, containing a pie with a pyramidal crust, from the apex of which floated a miniature flag. The people in the procession were brimming over with delight, and they began to shout "Merry Christmas" altogether, as they came up the winding driveway and approached the house. Janet flew down to open wide the doors, and in they trooped, a motley company of happy-looking friends, who extended rough hands in cordial greeting to the lady of the house. She stood among them a gracious figure, in her simple morning gown, the sunlight falling through the great window on her silver hair. Presently, Elsie Macmanus stepped out of the circle and made a little speech. She said: "We have all had presents from you, dear Miss Wainwright, and so we made up our minds that we would not leave you out in the cold; we thought of it a month ago, and we have all combined to bring you a present that we hope you will like." Turning, the child waved her hand to her father, who, at this signal, deftly uncovered the pie. There was revealed a shining, silver-plated loving-cup, on which was inscribed "K. W., from her friends."

Miss Wainwright had to brush away a mist that hlurred her eyes, hefore she could properly thank her neighbors for their Christmas gift. She asked them into the dining-room, where hot coffee and cakes were presently served to every one, and when they had fin-

Continued on page 1077

"Katherine Ran Across the Room Like a Girl"

Roast Turkey

With the Juices in

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ARMOUR AND COMPANY

A Great English Preacher Here

AMONG the popular English clergymen who visit America from time to time, few are better known than the Rev. Charles Frederick Aked, pastor of the Pembroke Baptist Church in Liverpool. Some months ago, when the pulpit of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church of New York City was left vacant, the trustees found themselves in a quandary concerning a supply. The chairman of the Board recalled a Sabbath which he had passed in Liverpool during a recent European trip, when he had listened with delight to the able and eloquent discourse of the Pembroke Church preacher, and he suggested that he be invited to visit New York. That visit has resulted in a unanimous call to the pastorate of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church. Dr. Aked will hold his decision in abeyance until he has consulted his own people.

Built like an athlete, the vigor of Dr. Aked's mentality expresses itself in his forceful diction, and the atmosphere of restrained strength which permeates his personality. His history is that of a man who has risen from the ranks.

"I was reared in what we English call the Christian Church and was baptized at thirteen years of age, in the old church at Nottingham," he said to the writer. "By the time I was fifteen, I was giving my leisure to open-air talks upon temperance and the Gospel, often borrowing a chair and converting it into a street-corner rostrum. Circumstances removed our home to Derby, and I there joined the Baptist Church. I entered the Baptist College at Nottingham, combining with the theological course of study a university training at the adjacent university, and earning money to supply me with clothes, books and living, by preaching in different parishes on the Lord's Day. I found my wife in Derbyshire while yet a student, and we soon went to our first charge in Syston.

"I didn't succeed. I was a town-bred man and I failed to assimilate with the placid lives of the villagers. From there we went to the heart of the glass industry in Lancashire, and then, among the Lancashire women and rough men of brawn, I found my place. I learned what work in the Church of Christ meant. After two years of hard, happy work I was called to the church in Liverpool."

When Dr. Aked received the call to Liverpool, his friends assailed him with gloomy forebodings. On the Sunday preceding the installation of the new pastor, thirty-five people comprised the attendance at the morning service and there were sixty-five in the evening audience. For sixteen years that church has held a succession of the largest congregations in Liverpool, and complete harmony has existed between pastor and people.

A memorable period in the history of Dr. Aked's life and work is that of the South African war. He strongly opposed the war England waged on the Boers, and did not hesitate to say so publicly. He was loyally sustained by his church in the position he assumed.

"The British had sustained a series of defeats," Dr. Aked explained, "and the rough element of Liverpool, smarting with disappointment, turned their rage upon me. They wrecked my house and tried to kill me. We had feared the mob's attack upon the church, and the police stationed two hundred police as a guard to protect the edifice; they also guarded the closed cab in which I returned to my own home. The crowd made no attack upon the church, but later made a mad rush for my house, a mile away. It was an experience not soon forgotten. From an upper floor to which we had retreated, my wife and I stood listening to the splintering of wood and the smashing of glass; but the rioters were dispersed before our lives were attempted. For five weeks these hostile demonstrations were continued. Not only was the church and my home under police guard, but I was personally attended by detectives, even from the vestry to the pulpit. During that time I continued to promulgate my convictions relative to the South African situation, and as an evidence of the revulsion of feeling which took place among the people, within twelve months I was asked to stand as candidate for Parliament from the very district in which the church stood.

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Rev. Charles Frederick Aked

"One thing I would like the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to know," he added, "is that during those weeks of storm and stress, I went about with a gentle peace, a sweet content, a more vital realization of God and heaven and immortality, than I had ever known. Nothing could buy that experience from me."

Should Dr. Aked decide to make his future home in America, a warm welcome awaits him from the many friends he has made during his short sojourn here.

An Appreciative Subscriber

Dear Dr. Klopsch:

The three Books, "Our Devotional Library," came safely. I am much pleased with them. Two of them I wish to give to dear friends, reserving for my own use the third—"Imitation of Christ." They were packed so nicely, and are gotten up in such good taste.

The last number of your paper (Thanksgiving), is full of interest. I hardly think I could get along without the weekly copy of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. I get so much news from the outside world, especially religious and missionary. I am sure the paper is a great blessing to all who read it. Again thanking you for the books, I wish for you a pleasant Thanksgiving Day, and a prosperous year. MARIA F. MOTT.

Detroit, Mich.

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Thanksgiving in the Bowery

IN the early morning of Thanksgiving Day, a long procession of sad-eyed, hollow-cheeked women might have been seen disappearing through the door of the Bowery Mission. Entering in their wake, the visitor would have found himself in a long room, which is filled every night in the year with homeless men, but which was now filled by a hundred women instead. In her hand each woman gripped a card, which invited her to come to the mission at eight o'clock A. M.

Upon the platform, drawn up in goodly rows, were scores upon scores of baskets overflowing with the good things which constitute a well-regulated Thanksgiving dinner. As one of Superintendent Hallimond's trusty lieutenants called out the name of each recipient, the woman crept humbly forward, presented her precious card, which was exchanged for one of the well-filled baskets. The names of these wan-faced women suggested a Congress of Nations. There were names from rugged Scotland, and names from fair France, the isle of the shamrock, and the nations of the Orient—all were represented in that motley throng, between whom there existed the one bond of kinship—they were united in their poverty and need. There were a hundred and nine of these women, and there were one hundred and nine pitiful stories of want and suffering to unfold.

Besides these, there was the regular Thanksgiving dinner for the homeless men. All day long the Memorial House boys worked like beavers in the roomy old kitchen, filling the capacious boxes with fifteen hundred capital dinners, from turkey to mince pie and luscious doughnuts, for the men who at night filled the hall to overflowing and lined up along the pavement a thousand strong. The evening was a repetition of the holidays gone by, and Dr. Klopsch's presence and ringing words of encouragement and advice added the crowning touch to the holiday occasion, which was a memorable one, even in Bowery Mission annals.

Scarcely had the echoes died away of the good-cheer dispensed at the Bowery Mission on Thanksgiving Day, when plans for the Christmas holiday were briskly set on foot. The programme for the entire day will differ little from that of former seasons. The Christmas spirit will be in every cup of coffee with its accompanying sandwich, which the "bread-line" receive at one o'clock in the morning. Beginning almost with the dawn, bountiful dinners in baskets will be distributed, just as at Thanksgiving time, and the hundreds of lodging-house tickets which will find their way into the possession of the homeless men of advanced years, will be appreciated to the full. In neat boxes, inscribed with holiday greetings, not less than fifteen hundred excellent Christmas dinners will be packed and given to the long train of derelicts who pass expectantly through the basement.

Last year, all through the long day preceding Christmas, a host of busy workers employed the hours in decorating the beautiful tree which is such a feast to the eyes of the children, who flock from near and far, to the number of at least three thousand. It is not yet quite decided whether to have the usual tree, or an appropriate Christmas scene represented, which in its novelty may be even a greater pleasure to the little ones, and involve less confusion. Whatever may be the decision, it is sure that not one small visitor will be overlooked in the customary distribution of "dollies" and games, candy and fruit, if the ever-ready hands and hearts of the good friends of the Mission respond as readily this year as heretofore to the appeal for "A Merry Christmas" for poverty's children.

The Christ Spirit*

WHAT is the Christ spirit? What were the characteristics of the Master that we can transplant into our natures? In some boys' schools there is a practice of boys taking the names of the men they admire, for their recreations, and of being known in the playrooms, and the athletic grounds by those names. One will take the name of Napoleon, another of Alexander, another of Cæsar, and here and there will be one who adopts the name of a philosopher, and glories in the title of Socrates, or Plato, or Aristotle. The name is often something more than a tribute of admiration. The boy actually tries to conduct himself as he imagines his hero would conduct himself in his circumstances. So that in danger the juvenile Cæsar or Napoleon would scorn to be a coward, and would bear himself with a courage called forth by the character he has assumed. It is something like this, on a higher scale, that is expected of the Christian. He is bidden to dwell on the character of Christ, and is assured that beholding it as in a mirror continually, he will be "transformed into the same image."

It is one of the most extraordinary things and one of the strongest proofs of Christ's divinity, that his example can be made to apply to all circumstances. The youth behind a grocer's counter, the judge on the bench, and the statesman in the Cabinet, can each follow Christ's example in his own way. The servant girl and her mistress may each follow in his steps. The sweet kindliness of his life, the tenderness of his sympathy, the gentleness with the erring, the magnanimity of his attitude to his enemies, the quiet submission under unjust accusation, and above all, his self-sacrifice, as of one who came to minister, not to be ministered unto, all these can be incorporated into any life. And this is not to make the life artificial. It is the following of the perfect model, the sublime, mysterious influence which subjects the nature to the new mould. We may grow like him through a passionate love to him, and still more through trying to realize the depth of his love to us. It is the grandest, noblest study ever set before a man—this study of Christ's character. It touches all the springs of our being and makes us say after a whole life's effort: "I shall be satisfied when I awake in thy likeness."

* Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for December 23. Luke 2 : 8-20.

Mrs. Bird and the Children

My Dear Dr. Klopsch:

I wonder if your readers, who so generously supply us with money for our Christmas toys, would approve of using their money to relieve the suffering which is always evident as we gather on Christmas Day? These children, born in squalor, living in basements or any corner underground, we see with scarce clothing enough to cover their little emaciated bodies, and we doubt very much if there can be a moral life developed under these conditions. I believe a new garment—something to cover and keep warm—would create a new desire to be a good child and be clean.

A child whose mother was killed in a street fight was brought to us to clean up for her mother's funeral. On removing her filthy dress, the undershirt clung to layers of dirt, and our worker said: "Katie, you must have worn this shirt a year." She answered: "Oh, no; me mudder told me father I worn it four months." Seldom do these little waifs have any change of garments and never remove them at night, but lie down on the floor, and we have found them wearing their hats all night. I have seen them in a winter rainstorm with their calico dresses frozen stiff. I would not be willing to give out old clothing on our Christmas Day. The children are freezing for want of warm clothing, and such suffering calls for something to keep them comfortable, rather than for the toy, which would be the natural selection for a child's Christmas gift.

Let the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD think this over and advise us how best to use their kind gifts.

SARAH J. BIRD.

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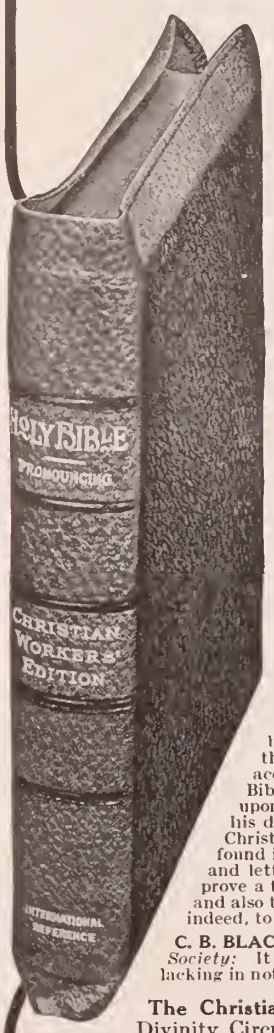

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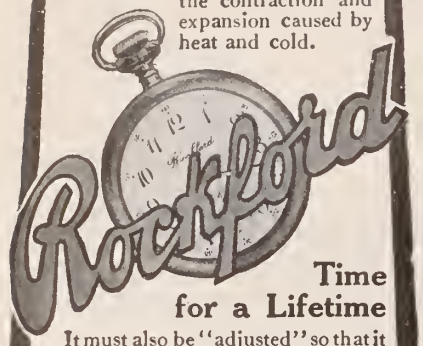

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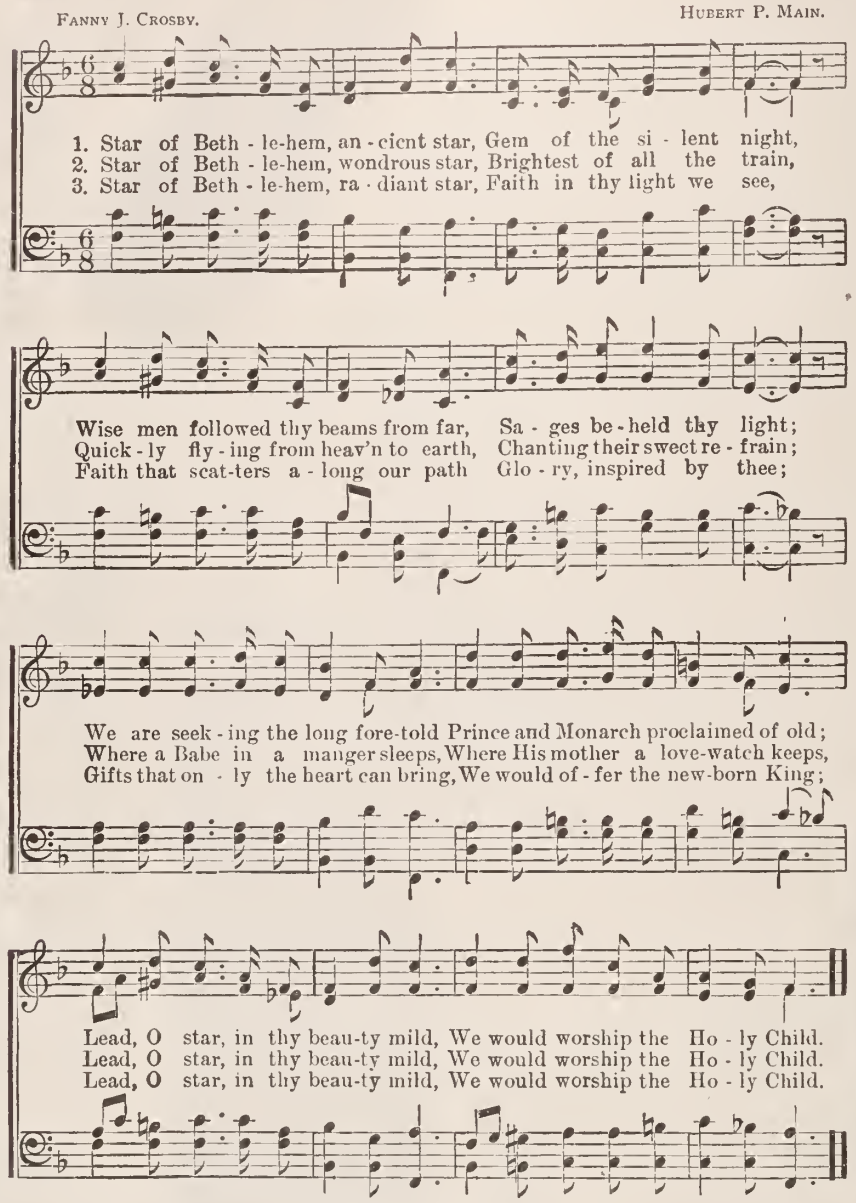

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Our wish that those may love you,
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Our wish that your days to come
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Our wish that they may be welcome
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Our wish that the dear Lord lead you
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Our wish that Heaven may be yours
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HOME AGAIN

Continued from page 1063

home for Christmas. If not, address your next letter to Cedarville. This trip is fine, and I wonder why I did not think of it before. I am coming in touch with the simple, quiet life. Some of the people I meet are poor, and yet they seem so much happier than I.

"The other night, I stopped at a farmhouse, and at supper the children told me wonderful tales of old Santa. After they had been put to bed, the parents told me of the preparations they were making for surprising the little ones.

"When I was undressing, I heard the husband read something which I remember having learned by heart long ago. There's nothing like it in the world. It seemed to me as though my mother was hearing my lessons. It made my heart ache.

"But I'll tell you more when I get home. Yours truly,

"GEORGE FREDERICKS."

A gust of wind blew the smoke down the chimney, but it was not only that which made Dick wipe his eyes with his sleeve. He stared out on the snowy landscape, but saw nothing of its beauties. Then he suddenly thought of Jim and the money. Where was he staying?

He stepped outside and called for him. There was no answer. He ran up the hill near the house, but Jim could not be seen.

It dawned on Dick that his pal had taken the money and forsaken him. For a moment, a fierce curse was on his lips, but a look at the letter, still in his hands, left it unsaid. He reentered the hut, and again read the letter.

A resolution which had been forming ever since the stranger asked his first question, now came to a decision.

The fire died out, and so did a vagrant life of years. There was better warmth somewhere else, and he would go to find it. Did he know the way? "You bet I do," he answered himself.

The snow now fell thick and fast, and the wind drove the little icy flakes into his face.

"It's fierce to-night," he mumbled, his mouth almost touching his breast; "but it must be fine indoors around the tree."

He tried to walk faster in order to get warm, but his progress was nevertheless slow.

"Keep it up, old boy," he urged; "just another half hour."

"But will they take me in? Will they let bygones be bygones?"

He stopped short for a moment as though to ponder the question, but the intense cold drove him on.

"If I can only keep it up, until I get there," he thought.

He dragged himself on. Suddenly, he looked up. Far away, a light shone into the night. His bosom heaved.

"Hello!" he cried, "a light in my bedroom. There ain't another window this way."

He walked on with new courage, and the light came nearer and nearer.

Suddenly, he stumbled and fell over an object in the road. He felt around and touched a hand.

"Heavens!" he cried, "somebody dying in the cold near my home."

It occurred to him that he still had a few matches in his pocket. He lit one, and contrived to keep it alight long enough to get a good look at the victim of the cold. That one look was enough to make him cry out. He had recognized the stranger who had given him the money.

There was but one thing to be done. It did flash through his mind that his man might become his accuser, for he had held the stranger's purse. But, nevertheless, he would help him, for how could he start a new life and leave the poor unfortunate to die in the snow.

He got up, bent over, and lifted the man's head and shoulders from the ground. He could not carry the tall man, but he would drag him to his home. As it was, the task was hard, and the man who was chilled to the bone just a little while ago, now grew warm in the effort of helping another. Of course, he might have dragged himself to the house and told his father of the stranger, but he felt a peculiar indebtedness to the man whose letter had urged him to turn back home. Besides, as he tugged along, the thought arose in his mind that the homecoming of the prodigal would be less embarrassing in this way.

His task, however, became harder with every step. Dick began to groan. He stopped for a moment and looked longingly toward the house. There, suddenly, at one of the windows tiny lights went up, and before the tramp stood the Christmas-tree of his youth. He uttered a cry, which was lost in the whistling of the wind, and took up his load once more.

At last he reached the house, and with a mighty effort he lifted the body up on the porch. Then with a yell, he fell over in a faint.

When he awoke, he was in the old dining-room. His eyes were bleared. He saw dimly how his mother smiled at him through tears. He was going to ask for forgiveness, but he could not speak. Turning to the other side of the room, he saw his father and sister bending over another body.

He could not keep his eyes open very long. He closed them for a long sleep. When he awoke again, he was in his own room, and in his own bed, but it all seemed like a dream.

A voice roused him.

"I have been waiting for you to awake."

Dick looked over to the other side of the room, and there, in a rocking-chair, sat the stranger. He rose and came over to Dick's bed, sat down on the edge of it, took hold of Dick's hand, and said:

"They told me all about it. You've saved my life, Mr. Martin."

Dick made no reply. He thought of how the stranger had saved him.

"All I remember," Mr. Fredericks continued, "is that I got off the horse to get warm by walking, and the animal, becoming frightened, got away from me. I walked awhile, until I sat down to rest. That's all I know. But I do know that you saved my life and brought me here. You don't know how much you've done for me. What would I have done? I lost my purse, too."

At mention of the purse, Dick quickly withdrew his hands, and covered his face. Then a brave resolution filled his heart, and he made a clean breast of it all.

"Jim took the money," he concluded. "I'd 've taken it home and sent it to that Mr. Herder. You say I saved you. Maybe I did. But I say that you saved me. I mightn't 've come home if it hadn't been for your letter."

A strangely warm wave surged over George Fredericks' heart. He had saved somebody. He had been the means of bringing a prodigal home. All his wealth seemed insignificant to him at that moment.

Down in the parlor, a sweet alto voice sang to the strains of an organ. Mr. Fredericks recognized the voice, as he had recognized the face of the singer bending over him, when he awoke from his swoon. A few words he heard that voice utter this morning accounted for the beautiful light in his eye.

It seemed as though Anna did not think of the two sick men in the house, for out of a heart full of joy she sang, "Joy to the World, the Lord is Come."

"That's Sis," Dick said. "Bet your life, she can sing."

"Yes, I know her," George Fredericks said; and on Dick's inquiring look he added, "and I have renewed an old friendship. I met your sister when she was studying music in the city. It was too bad she had to leave."

Dick winced. He thought of what had induced her to give up her studies.

George Fredericks, however, did not notice Dick's annoyance. He seemed lost in thought. What was that soft expression about his eyes, and at what was he gazing. If his clever friends could have read his thoughts, they would have known that their gatherings were at

Continued on page 1078

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GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

New Hampshire Forests*

THESE latter years are years of mourning for us who love New Hampshire, because this new business of paper pulp is stripping off her magnificent forests.

In old times, as I have said, King George sent his surveyors round, and when they saw a tree fit for his navy, they marked it with the broad arrow of the navy, so when its time came it was cut down in the winter, was hauled on the snow to the largest stream within range, and floated down to the ocean. I think it could be shown that in all the great sea fights in which the English, French, Spanish or American navies were engaged between 1776 and 1790, the spars of all the vessels were from the New Hampshire forests. So other shipbuilders cut logs and floated them down if they were big enough for spars or wide enough for boards. But the smaller trees were left,

> Not for the good they may do now,
> But will do when they're grown up.

So that the mountains were still green, and so the forests still grew into cathedral aisles. And with every summer the wilderness was alive with glories for which there is no comparison.

Then, alas! Satan came walking up and down. And he devised methods of making paper from wood pulp. Before him, when angels and archangels presided over that business, paper was made of such rags as busy housewives minded to see the end of, and haply of older paper which had served its turn.

But now, alas! there is not a tree in the forest, big or little, old or young, from which you cannot make paper.

What follows is that you enter your forest with your axes in summer as you once did in winter, and you cut down virtually everything. If you leave a few sumach bushes or blackberry vines, it is because they are not worth the handling, they are so small. Big pines, little pines, big spruces, little spruces, big hemlock, little hemlock—all fall before the axe. All is grist for Satan's mill.

For which the remedy will come—so soon as the Congress of America makes a national park of the White Mountain summits. The State has surveyed the region carefully, and a fit plan has been prepared. Uncle Sam must acquire fifty square miles, be the same more or less, and put it in charge of his foresters. And then my children's children's children shall see the great-grandchildren of the pines that I saw sixty years ago, in place of the sumach and other rubbish that the pulp creatures have left us to-day. We ought to have done this years ago, but it is not too late for the twenty-first century.

---

* *Tarry at Home Travels;* by Edward Everett Hale, is one of the most charming books that has come from the pen of the versatile author. The extract that is printed above shows how much one can learn of the older States of the Union, if he but tarry at home with Dr. Hale's book. It is a good sized volume of 425 pages, yet the reader will lay it down with a feeling of regret that it is not 850. It is finely illustrated with photographs and old prints. Price, $2.50. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York.

Books Received

The Lord's Prayer, illustrated by fine engravings and illuminated texts, with a poem by Edmund Clarence Stedman. 28 pages and cover. Price 50 cents. American Tract Society, New York City, publishers.

In giving the titles of some of Mr. Amos R. Wells's *Two Minute Talks*, the reader is able to judge of their value. *Bring Others to Christ, Trials and Triumphs*, and *The Joy of Service*, are not intended to settle things, but to furnish starting points and incentives to thought. American Tract Society, New York. Pp. 197. Price 75 cents.

Metamorphose, by Orlando K. Fitzsimmons, announces in its foreword, that the searcher in its pages "shall be able to find whatsoever he seeks." The purpose of the work is to set forth existing evils, and then point out the way to replace evil with good. The book also purports to give the solution of the great problem of poverty. It would seem that Mr. Fitzsimmons should become famous. Progress Publishing Company, Chicago and Buffalo. Pp. 254.

Poems, by Alfred Noyes, a young English writer, contains an introduction by Hamilton W. Mabie, which is in the nature of a panegyric. The London *Bookman* has described Mr. Noyes as "one of the most interesting personalities in the literature of to-day." His latest volume contains new work, and also poems reprinted from *Blackwood's, The Outlook*, and other periodicals of note. The Macmillan Company, New York and London. Pp. 193. Price $1.25.

Marcel Levignet, by Elwyn Barron, is so thoroughly French in its portrayals of character, that one must be familiar with the French point of view in order to interpret its plot. If Toinette figured in an American romance, she would be the heroine of a "shilling shocker"; in Paris, she is in her native element, and wins the sympathy, albeit unwilling, of the reader. *Marcel* himself is a Gallicized Sherlock Holmes, with a warm heart. Fox, Duffield & Co., New York. Pp. 360. Price $1.50.

The Life of Animals—the Mammals, by Ernest Ingersoll. This, the author explains, is "a book upon the mode of life, the history and the relationships of the most familiar and important class of animals." It is a popular "Natural History," up to date, and, like all of Mr. Ingersoll's works, is not only scientifically authoritative but delightfully entertaining in style. It is beautifully illustrated, fifteen of the pictures being full-page in color. Pp. 555; cloth binding. Price $2. The Macmillan Company, London and New York, publishers.

To say that before Wallace Irwin produced his *Chinatown Ballads*, he had read and appreciated Kipling, is to cast no aspersion upon Mr. Irwin. He has caught the swing and thrill of action which animates the master of his style, but he uses it in a field with which he is thoroughly familiar. *Young Mr. Yau* and *Yut Ho* are poems which prove that the author knows his Chinaman. Pp. 81. Price $1.25. *Pride and Prejudice, a Play*, is a clever dramatic adaptation by Mrs. Steele Mackaye, of Jane Austen's novel. Pp. 168. Price $1.25. Fox, Duffield & Co., New York.

A Kentucky Chronicle, by John Thompson Gray, is written with lingering touch, by a man who knew and loved the scene of his story. For eighty-seven years Mr. Gray was identified with the life of Kentucky, and in his memories of the past he exercises an exquisite sense of proportion in depicting the motives, passions, and errors of men and women. The characters of the book are so real and lovable that you care what they are doing and anticipate what they are going to do. The State will treasure this record of early Kentucky life. The Neale Publishing Company, New York and Washington. Pp. 590. Price $1.50.

People who have not read *Her Brother's Letters*, as they appeared in serial form in *The Ladies' Home Journal*, may now find them between two covers, one of which is adorned with "Kitten's" counterfeit presentment, presumably engaged in perusing one of the aforesaid "letters," which are in the nature of homilies upon such subjects as "the hysterical adulation of public idols by women" and roundly setting forth heretical opinions upon the genus "club-woman." Withal, it is one of the books which fits the old doctor's comment upon his prescription, "It won't do any harm, if it doesn't do any good." Moffatt, Yard & Co., New York. Illustrated. Pp. 217. Price $1.25.

The Crimson Sweater, by Ralph Henry Barbour. The author of this thrilling story of schoolboy life has already made a warm place for himself in the hearts of the rising generation. *The Half-Back* and *For the Honor of the School*, his two previous books of student days, have made his name a household word, and, truth to tell, the fathers of the half-backs have been seen reading the pages with as much interest as their descendants. The trials and triumphs of the young hero, from the opening football game in *The Crimson Sweater* to his final triumph, are most graphically told—a helpful story for live young people. It is fully illustrated with drawings by C. M. Relyea. Cloth; 361 pages. Price $1.50. The Century Company, publishers, New York.

To young people home for the holidays, church committees and club members, nothing would be more welcome than a copy of *Entertainments for all Seasons*. Any one who has been made a member of a social committee knows the feeling of despair that comes over him when he endeavors to get up an entertainment that will present new and novel features. "In compiling this book the editor has aimed to cover not only the various seasons of the year, such as Christmas, New Year's, the Fourth of July, Hallowe'en and other holidays, but also to give suggestions for miscellaneous affairs which can be carried out at any time." This, from the preface, shows not only what was attempted but what was accomplished. The book is not the work of one mind but of many. Writers who have contributed bright ideas for entertainments to our best magazines, were called upon to write on the seasons and games they had made their specialty. About twenty pages are devoted to plans for church bazaars. The first chapter covers the Christmas holidays. The "Merry English Christmas," if followed in detail, would take spectators back to the days so graphically pictured by Washington Irving in *Bracebridge Hall*. Cloth; 224 pp. Price 60 cents. The Hints Publishing Co., 99 Fourth Ave., New York.

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"I could not sleep for nervousness, and when I would lie down at night I'd belch up coffee and my heart would trouble me. At last, when I would want to drink coffee, it would gag me. It was like poison to me. I was thin—only weighed 125 lbs., when I quit coffee and began to use Postum.

"From the first day that belching and burning in my stomach stopped. The Postum went down so easy and pleasant. I could sleep as soundly as anyone and, after the first month, whenever I met any friends they would ask me what was making me so fleshy and look so well.

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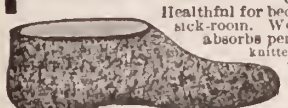

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Christmas in North Carolina

Continued from page 1067

gether, danced with joy over the Jack-in-the-box, that spoke to him in familiar accents.

But this was all the next morning at three o'clock, when a row of little curly-headed, bare-footed children gathered about the fireplace, where their father had thrown in a fresh log to warm bare toes and half-clothed bodies. Shrieks of laughter reached the rafters over Sambo's antics, and the father and mother wiped their eyes while they said to each other, that their Jenora was cert'n'y a good chile, and they were surely proud of her.

When the children at last started out in the morning starlight on their Christmas rounds, they had a story to tell as well as good wishes to make. They each carried in their hands, or under their arms, their most highly-prized gift, but Tom forgot his ball for a moment, as he snuggled up to Jem, and pointing upward, said, "Does yo' suppose, Jem, dat Jenora's got a star, same as we uns? I wants big sis to have the star of Bethl'h'm, too."

Crossing the Line

I AM crossing the line into visionland,
And the night-black clouds hover near,
I can see no daylight close at hand;
My soul is filled with fear.

Will my Saviour welcome me above?
Shall I see my dear ones there?
Is it a land of eternal love,
Free from sorrow, pain and care?

I am crossing the line into heavenland,
All my doubts have passed away.
I am going to join the saintly band
In the courts of endless day.

For faith has come; on the Rock I stand;
My dear ones I shall see.
What was visionland is now heavenland,
And my Saviour will welcome me.

WALTER C. QUEVEDO.

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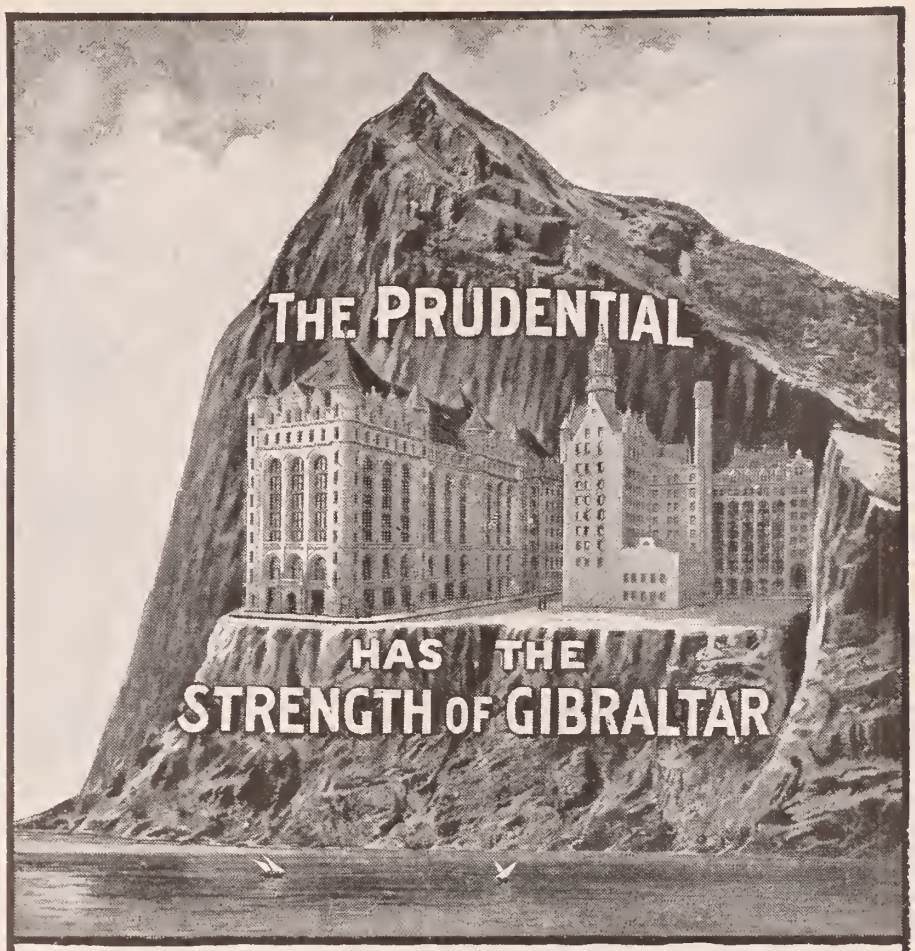

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A young Nebr. man was advised by a friend to eat Grape-Nuts because he was all run down from a spell of fever. He tells the story:

"Last spring I had an attack of fever that left me in a very weak condition. I had to quit work; had no appetite, was nervous and discouraged.

"A friend advised me to eat Grape-Nuts, but I paid no attention to him and kept getting worse as time went by.

"I took many kinds of medicine but none of them seemed to help me. My system was completely run down, my blood got out of order for want of proper food, and several very large boils broke out on my neck. I was so weak I could hardly walk.

"One day mother ordered some Grape-Nuts and induced me to eat some. I felt better and that night rested fine. As I continued to use the food every day, I grew stronger steadily and now have regained my former good health. I would not be without Grape-Nuts as I believe it is the most health-giving food in the world." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

The Times of the Gentiles

*BY HENRY PROCTOR, M.R.A.S.**

JERUSALEM shall be trodden down of the Gentiles until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled (Luke 21: 24). It is now generally understood by prophetic students that the times of the Gentiles have nearly run their course, and that the time appointed by God to again show favor to his chosen people Israel is now very near.

This is, indeed, a cheering thought to every friend of Israel—those who continually pray for the peace of Jerusalem, that the time to "favor Zion" is at hand. And in regard to the period which is called by our blessed Lord "the times of the Gentiles," we have the clearest indications of its duration. It is first named in Leviticus 26 as "seven times," where it occurs four times, viz., in verses 18, 21, 24 and 28. It is given here as the period during which the land should be desolate and enjoy her Sabbaths (ver. 34). It is given again four times in the 4th chapter of Daniel, viz., in verses 16, 23, 25 and 32. Nebuchadnezzar's image as a "beast" is made to symbolize the duration of the domination of the Four Beasts of Daniel 7, corresponding to that of the image in the second chapter.

The four kingdoms which "bare rule over the whole earth" are to continue until a stone cut out without hands smites upon the feet of the image and breaks it into pieces and becomes a great mountain and fills the whole earth. This stone kingdom is to be the fifth, and is to break in pieces and to consume all the kingdoms and is to become a great mountain and to fill the whole earth (Dan. 2: 35). This is the kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ, for the saints of the Most High shall take the kingdom (or sovereignty) under the whole heavens, and possess it for ever, even for ever and ever (Dan. 7: 18).

Now before this can take place, before the saints can take the kingdom, Gentile dominion must cease. This dominion is to last seven times, which the Scriptures clearly show to be equal to 2,520 years, for the same period is given in three forms, thus:

1. 1,260 days (Rev. 21; 6. A thousand two hundred and threescore days).

2. Three and a-half times (or as the prophet states it, time singular, times dual) and dividing of, or half a time (Dan. 7: 25; Rev. 22: 14).

3. Forty-two months (Rev. 13: 5), "forty and two months."

Now we fully believe that there is to be a future antichrist, a man who shall reign for forty-two months of thirty days each, or 1,260 days, which is equal to three and a-half times. It is a simple matter of division, therefore, to see that a "time" is equal to 360 days, and therefore 360 years on the year-day scale, which is to be fulfilled before the literal day-scale commences. So that we have a measuring scale for the duration of the seven times of Jewish dispersion and Gentile domination.

Now all the latest authorities agree that the date of the third year of Jehoiakim, the year in which Daniel was deported, was B.C. 606 (Dan. 1: 1), and 2,520 years from that date will end in 1914 A.D. But if we reckon from the accession of Nebuchadnezzar, "the head of gold" (B.C. 604), it will end in 1916 A.D. In B.C. 606 Nebuchadnezzar was acting for his father, Nabopolassar, and did not come to the throne till two years later. But the final ruin of Jerusalem was not effected till B.C. 587, when Zedekiah was captured and the temple burned by Nebuzar-adan.

From that time the sentence was pronounced against the House of David and the Crown of Judah. "I will overturn, overturn, overturn it, until he shall come, whose right it is, and I will give it to him." From B.C. 587, the period of 2,520 solar years runs out in A.D. 1934, so that before that time we may expect to see the restoration of the Jews to their own land and the temple rebuilt. The twenty years from 1914 A. D., to 1934 A. D., will correspond to the twenty years from B. C. 606 to B. C. 586, from the third year of Jehoiakim to the eleventh year of Zedekiah, or nineteenth year of the reign of Nebuchadnezzar.

And just as there were three great stages in the fall of Judah, so will there be three stages in the restoration of the Jews, viz., in 1914, in 1916, and in 1934 A. D. Less than thirty years, therefore, will bring us to the full end of the times of the Gentiles. The children of Israel have been many days without a king and without a sacrifice, but now shall they return and seek the Lord their God and David their king. For the Lord hath chosen Zion; he hath desired it for his habitation. He will abundantly bless her provision, and satisfy her poor with bread; he will clothe her priests with salvation, and her saints shall shout aloud for joy.

As to the second coming of our blessed Lord, we cannot pretend to predict the day nor the hour, but the swift drawing in of the times of the Gentiles is sufficient to warn us that it may be very near. For when the fig tree (the Jewish nation) putteth forth her leaves, we are to understand "that he is nigh, even at the door." In regard to the B. C. dates as given above, the authorities do not differ more than two years at the outside.

*From the current number of the *Prophetic News* (monthly), which also contains articles on "The Millennium." "Things to Come," "The Restoration of the Jews," etc. Price 10 cents a month; $1 a year. For sale by M. E. Munson, 77 Bible House, New York.

The "Old Oaken Bucket"

A PLACE of pilgrimage for many tourists is the old farm in Scituate, Mass., where the "Old Oaken Bucket" hung in the well, until its moss-grown sides grew weary of its constant ups and downs for thirsty humanity, and retired from active service. The farm is in the centre of the great cranberry district of the State, and hundreds of pickers work there every fall. Of the farm buildings that were standing when the poet Samuel Woodworth wrote his famous poem, only the barn is left. The house has been rebuilt. The descendants of the lady, who married the poet for her second husband, still live on the ancestral acres. The well has an old-fashioned sweep, from which now dangles a brand-new oaken bucket, without a patch of the famous moss. It is close to the house, surrounded by the trees of the apple orchard.

"We have had a busy summer," the present owner of the place remarked to a visitor. "There have been over a hundred people here in one day to see the old well. They come from all over the country, and some of them from way-off—England and the like—just to see the old well.

"Samuel Woodworth was born on this farm and he drank a lot of that water. He was in New York in 1817, one hot day in summer. That was when he was between thirty and forty, and he took up a glass of water to drink.

"When he had put it down he said, 'That isn't like the water we used to draw from the old well, is it? I'd give a good deal for a drink of that water now.'

"And his wife said, 'Why, Samuel, I think that would make a real pretty piece of poetry; why don't you write something about it?' and he sat right down there and wrote 'The Old Oaken Bucket.'

"Samuel Woodworth has written a lot of things and some of them are just as pretty as that, I think, but there aren't any of them that make people remember him like that little poem he wrote that hot summer day in New York."

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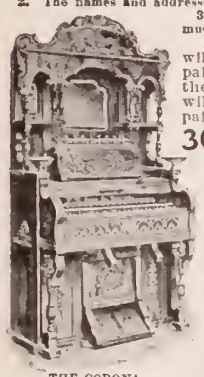

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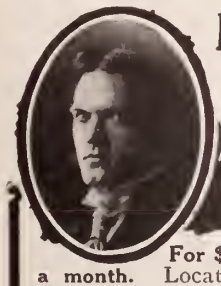

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Christmas Pie

Continued from page 1069

ished their repast, Janet's slender fingers struck a chord on the piano, and directly the house rang with the stirring melody of an old Christmas carol.

God rest you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay:
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,
Was born on Christmas Day.

As the last notes died away, every one was conscious of a new sensation. Standing in the doorway was a gentleman, who had entered the house unobserved during the singing. He was tall and fair, with a sunny smile and a look of genial goodwill that at once drew to him the hearts of those he met. From one to another the words ran swiftly, "Why, here is Mr. Dean," and the older people exclaimed, "How he reminds us of the squire." Katharine Wainwright ran across the room like a girl, and the stranger's arms were around her in a brotherly embrace. Dean Wainwright had returned, as was his fashion now and then, to give his sister a surprise, and he had opportunely arrived on Christmas morning.

As a rule, Mr. Wainwright's visits were flying ones; but this year he lingered long and seemed reluctant to go back to his beloved Paris. When, at last, he went, it was with a promise from a certain little maid, that, before another Christmas, he might cross the sea again to come for a bride.

Miss Katherine Wainwright has builded better than she knew when she brought Janet Lewis into her home. She had found a wife for her brother and a sister for herself. As for the Hall, it became the rallying place for social diversion among the factory people, and in the evening, youths and maidens often met there, having discovered that is was a better background for courtship than their homes afforded. Classes, too, were organized, where girls and boys studied, and mothers learned the new frills in cooking and sewing, sometimes adopting them and sometimes regarding the teaching with scorn. Yet, on the whole, Miss Wainwright's scheme was a means of constant good to the people of the mill, and the friendly spirit embodied in the Christmas loving-cup never again took flight from the village of Tilset.

A Young Girl's Aim in Life

FROM a young reader in Piedmont, Ala., Miss Juliabelle Gerhardt, we have received the following interesting letter, which may be the means of furnishing an inspiration to some other reader of this journal:

I feel impressed to tell you what THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has meant to me as a young Christian girl. I cannot recall the time when I have not seen it in my home. First, the pictures attracted my eye, and I am making a scrap-book of some of them to use in my missionary work. Second, I found all the news in it worth knowing, and cared little for a daily newspaper. Third, but not least, it created a desire to be of some use to my Master in winning souls. How often fresh courage would come when I read of others God had led forth. How I miss that paper now!

After three years of Bible study, God marvelously opened the way for me to enter this needy field, June 9, 1906. Piedmont is a town of 2,700 inhabitants, of which 1,500 have been without the Gospel, being the working class. It is over seven hundred feet high, being surrounded with mountains. In March, Miss Hays, an evangelist, held meetings in the factory district and there were one hundred and fifty conversions. She organized a church of forty-nine members and a Sunday School was started. When I came, I found little system in the Sunday School and no one to play in services. The pastor comes twice a month and the other services are in my care. Many of these children can neither read nor write, and in my visitation work I have not been able to find good literature in the homes. Out of six homes I visited one day, I found but two Bibles. I have made over two hundred and fifty calls with my music teaching to meet expenses and Bible work, but so far have not found THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in the homes. We have now over sixty members in our church and the best Sunday School in town. I have been able to give over five hundred copies of church and Sunday School papers, including back numbers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, sent from the North.

If you have any back numbers for distribution among these neglected people, I would be glad to have you send them, for I am trying to get pure literature into the hands of the people.

We have supplied the writer, as she requests, but possibly some of our readers may be interested in reaching out a helping hand to her in this meritorious Gospel-work—a wonderful undertaking for a young girl.

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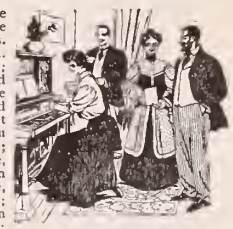

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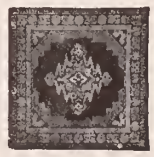

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IMPERIAL MFG. CO., DEPT. 105, PARSONS, KANS.

HOME AGAIN

Continued from page 1073

an end. George was dreaming of a home. Following a sudden impulse he grasped Dick's hand, and said fervently: "How would you like to call me your brother?"

Dick did not understand, nor did he have time to reply.

The slight rustle of a dress made both men look toward the door. Anna stood before them, her face blushing. She had believed her brother asleep, and had stolen upon them unawares. Without looking at Mr. Fredericks, she bent over and kissed Dick, and told him how glad she was he had come home.

Then Dick told his story, not forgetting to mention the letter. "It was that letter that broke the ice," he said.

Anna turned to thank Mr. Fredericks. Her head was lowered when she offered him her hand, but the next moment their eyes met.

Up the creaking stairs came his mother, and following her, his father, carrying a Christmas-tree. Mother had insisted on having it put up in the room which Dick would not be able to leave for a few days.

"Just a little one," she had pleaded. "An' we'll light it for him, too."

Dick shook hands with his father. It lasted just a moment, but it looked as though the two meant to say that they would never let go of each other again. Soon Anna interfered.

"You had better not excite him too much," she said; "he still looks tired." He fell to sleep once more.

In a few hours he opened his eyes; and what he saw made him think he was dreaming. In the halo of the Christmas-tree candles there sat a loving couple—his sister and he who had asked him to be his brother. In one scene were depicted the two old, old stories, as old as Eden and Bethlehem.

A New Idea in Soul Saving

MR. Grant Colfax Tullar, of New York City, a lay evangelist, believes he has found one point of contact that is of real value to Christian workers generally, in the almost universal interest now shown in souvenir post-cards. The extent to which this "post-card fad" has taken hold upon the people of this and all lands can hardly be realized, apart from statistics showing the extent of the business on its commercial side. How to turn this fad to account for the kingdom of God is the problem which Mr. Tullar undertook to work out. The result is a new idea in soul-saving service, which has taken concrete form in a series of Gospel Song Souvenir Post-Cards, covering a wide range of subjects and available for many forms of Christian work. They are, of course, adapted to all the uses of the ordinary souvenir post-card, but with the message of the writer, they also carry the Gospel message in some form. Such song titles as "Face to Face," "Nailed to the Cross," "He Did Not Die in Vain," "That Means Me," "Blessed Surrender," and "They that Wait upon the Lord," are suggestive, as showing that they are indeed Gospel song cards. They are available for the use of pastors, Bible School superintendents and teachers, and some of the titles are suitable for use as an Easter, Christmas, or birthday greeting.

Delighted with the Pictures

Dear Dr. Klopsch:

The two Companion Pictures which you sent to me arrived yesterday afternoon, and proved to be a pleasant surprise in every way. I wish to thank you heartily for your kindness in offering such a beautiful gift to your readers. I consider the Companion Pictures as the best gift I have ever received from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for such a small and trifling service as that which I rendered.

I was debating with myself recently, whether or not to take THE CHRISTIAN HERALD again for the coming year. My occupation requires a great deal of my spare time in study, and so I get very little time for reading my papers and magazines; but since receiving those two splendid pictures from you, I decided in favor of keeping THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and dropping my subscription for the other papers.

Chicago, Ill. JULIUS A. HEYN.

That Dear Old Delusion, Laundry Soap

MANY housewives hug it still—though it costs them untold labor, expense and unnecessary wear and tear of clothes.

Laundry soap belongs back with the day of the flail, and other crude washing methods. It has no place in the *modern* laundry, kitchen or scrubbing kit.

If you want to escape the old-fashioned arm-paining, back-straining toil and moil of household cleansing with laundry soap—Change to

GOLD DUST

Gold Dust Washing Powder has for its base, a good, honest vegetable-oil soap, to which is *added* other purifying materials in just the right proportions to cleanse easily, vigorously and without harm.

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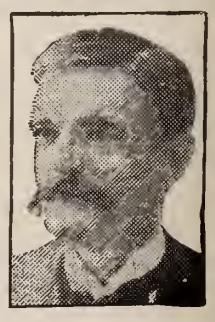

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is not porous, and consequently absorbs no moisture. It is absolutely impervious to the tooth of time.

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is just pure cod liver oil—free from disguise, because none is needed. It is the *impurity* or *adulteration* in cod liver oil that makes it offensive to taste and smell. The purity of Moller's Oil makes it

Free from Taste or Odor

It is this purity that makes Moller's Oil so digestible and without that nauseous "repeat."

The genuine is sold *only* in flat, oval bottles, imported from Norway, bearing the name of

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Bear the script name of Stewart Hartshorn on label.

Get "Improved," no tacks required.

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Write TODAY for booklet "C" explaining why our 6 per cent. bonds are the safest form of investment. Interest coupons payable January 1st and July 1st, at National Park Bank, New York.

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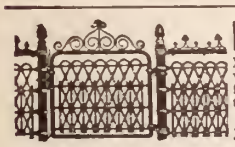

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TOLEDO, OHIO.

Lessons of the Manger*

WHAT a glory would have been about that Palestine inn through all these centuries, if it had made room for Mary and her divine babe! No house in all the world would have been so famous. The census probably filled the inn with more wealthy guests, and the inn-keeper, proceeding on business principles, would not find room for the woman even in the hour of her trouble. If that event were to occur now, how many houses would be open to her? How the millionaires would contend for the honor of entertaining her! Even the poorest of us would gladly put up with any inconvenience to make room for Mary and her newborn child. What an opportunity it would be to show our devotion, what an honor to welcome beneath our roof Him who is the Lord of the whole earth. The houses of Bethlehem missed the opportunity that winter night, the greatest opportunity of all the ages of the world's history.

Is it possible that we are similarly missing a greater opportunity? The inn-keeper did not know the privilege he was turning away. There were probably no signs of distinction in Joseph and Mary when they applied to him for hospitality. He could not be held guilty of any more serious fault than inhumanity. But the opportunity that comes to us is infinitely more momentous, and we know it. Christ says to us, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." If we close our hearts to that beneficent Presence, if we shut him out of our lives we do it with a full knowledge of all it means. It is no helpless infant that appeals to us, but One with power to deliver us from all evil and to transform our nature by his infinite power.

There is something very pathetic in the appeal of Christ to humanity. He is so great, so beneficent, that when he approaches and asks us to admit him, the response should be humbly grateful. It would be insulting to tell him that our hearts are occupied with business, with pleasure, with ambition, and that there is no room for him. Yet, practically, that is the answer he receives in many instances. The inn-keeper at Bethlehem was not so foolish as this. He did not know any better and we have not his excuse.

* Topic of the Epworth League for December 23. The World's Exclusion of Jesus. Luke 2: 7-20.

A Heroic Missionary Dead

IN the death of Mrs. Mary Porter Gamewell, on November 27th, a heroic figure has passed from the missionary field of China. It will be remembered that Dr. Frank D. Gamewell, a professor in the Peking University, under the auspices of the Methodist Episcopal Board, was placed in charge of the fortifications of the American legation during the Boxer siege of Peking. During that entire period of racking anxiety and danger, Mrs. Gamewell stood bravely by her husband's side, sustaining the faint-hearted and cheering the weak by her own courage and calm confidence. Dr. Gamewell found his wife in China, she, as Miss Mary Porter, having gone out in the interest of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, in 1872. After their return to America, Mrs. Gamewell delivered addresses pleading for the youth of China. She spoke from the platform of many of the largest churches in the country, winning many enthusiastic friends to the cause. A severe nervous shock received in early youth, coupled with the awful experiences of the Peking siege, culminated, a few weeks ago, in paralysis. Bishop E. G. Andrews officiated at Mrs. Gamewell's funeral services, in Summit, New Jersey, where she passed away.

Her Opinion of Our Premiums

Dear Dr. Klopsch: I am more than pleased with the Calendar, and regarding the Bible—well, words fail me. Then, when you advertised those pictures, I sent in twenty-five names, and last week I received the two pictures in good order.

This letter is just to pat you on the back, and say to you that your paper is one of the best and your offers *bona fide* in every respect, and I hope prosperity and everything good will come to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. MRS. EDWARD E. GRIFFIS.

Canton, Ill.

It's in the Burner

It's in the burner that the PERFECTION Oil Heater differs so radically from the old-fashioned oil heaters. It is the burner that makes the PERFECTION Oil Heater the greatest heat-producer of all—heat that can be felt instantly—that keeps the room or hallway warm and cozy when the other stoves fail—intense heat at the least cost and without smoke or smell. The burner of the

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prevents the wick being turned too high or too low. This device alone makes the PERFECTION the most desirable heater you can buy. Made in two finishes—nickel and japan. Fount and wick carrier are made of brass throughout. Holds four quarts of oil and burns nine hours. You can carry it about—upstairs, downstairs, anywhere where more heat is required. *Every heater warranted.* If not at your dealer's write to our nearest agency for descriptive circular.

THE Rayo LAMP is unexcelled in light-giving power and for general household use. An ornament to library, dining-room, parlor or bedroom. Made of brass throughout and nickel finished. Perfectly constructed; absolutely safe. *Every lamp warranted.* At dealer's or write to nearest agency.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY

9.95 Buys This Large Handsome Nickel Trimmed Steel Range

without warming closet or reservoir. With high warming closet, porcelain lined reservoir, just as shown in cut, $13.95; large, square oven, six cooking holes, body made of cold rolled steel. Duplex grate; burns wood or coal. Handsome nickel trimmings, highly polished.

OUR TERMS are the most liberal ever made. You can pay after you receive the range. You can take it into your home, use it 30 days. If you don't find it exactly as represented, the biggest bargain you ever saw, equal to stoves retailed for double our price, return it to us. We will pay freight both ways.

Write Today for our beautifully illustrated Stove Catalogue No. 153 a postal card will do. 75 styles to select from. Don't buy until you get it.

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RHEUMATISM
Relieved Without Medicine

Remarkable Discovery of Michigan Man is Relieving Thousands. A Postal Brings Anyone

A $1 Pair FREE to Try

If you have rheumatism, write to-day for a pair of Magic Foot Drafts—to try FREE. They're relieving many of the toughest old cases on record, and all the earlier stages.

Magic Foot Drafts relieved J. Wesley Bennett, Indianapolis, Ind., after 25 years suffering. Disease hereditary, his brother having died from Rheumatism. Relieved two years ago, no return of disease.

Magic Foot Drafts relieved Miss C. Tena Segoine, Auburn, N. Y., after ten years suffering and using crutches. Relieved two years ago, no return since.

W. F. Bogguss, 326 W. 61st St., Chicago, tried six different physicians and spent six weeks in expensive sanitarium without avail. Relieved by Magic Foot Drafts.

"Magic Foot Draft relieved me entirely. It is a wonderful thing." Rev. J. Holz, Chicago.

We have letters from thousands besides these who have been relieved by Magic Foot Drafts. Simple and harmless, being worn on the feet as shown above, covering the large foot pores and nerve centers. Try them. If fully satisfied with the benefit received, send us One Dollar. If not, we take your word and don't ask you to pay. We trust you. Will you try them? Just send your name and address to the Magic Foot Draft Co., R A 50 Oliver Bldg., Jackson, Mich. Write to-day

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

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$1.50 A YEAR — 5c. A COPY
PUBLISHED 52 TIMES A YEAR

New York, December 19, 1906

VOLUME 29 — NUMBER 51
OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

Photographed by Special Permission for The Christian Herald

See Page 1091

The Countess of Carlisle, the New Leader of the World's W. C. T. U.

Our Money-Saving Combinations

IMPORTANT—At the request of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the publishers of the Magazines included in our Combination Offers, have supplied the following descriptive matter concerning their respective Publications. We publish it here for the information of our readers.

American Boy

A PROFUSELY illustrated monthly for boys, with nearly a quarter of a million readers. Without question, the most entertaining and practical boys' magazine in the world. Clean and high-grade. Covers in colors. Big pages. Serials by Munroe, Stratemeyer, Alger, Harbour, Tomlinson, Trowbridge, Ellis, Shute, and other prominent writers for boys. Boy hobbies, such as stamps, coins, curios, photography, amateur journalism, puzzles, mechanics, electricity, biography, athletics, exploited. Prize essay by boys. Cartoons on boy subjects. Gives badges for excellence in school work and for heroism. It preaches the religion of "do" and not that of "don't." Approved by parents and educators. Enthusiastically supported by boys everywhere.

American Magazine

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE (for thirty years Leslie's Monthly) is now owned and edited by John S. Phillips, formerly of *McClure's Magazine*, and the following brilliant group of writers, Ida M. Tarbell, author of *The Standard Oil, Lincoln, Napoleon*, etc.; F. P. Dunne, humorist, philosopher and creator of *Mr. Dooley;* Ray Stannard Baker, author of many important magazine articles; William Allen White, the well-known Kansas editor and author of *Boyville Stories, In Our Town*, etc. Lincoln Steffens, well-known as an authoritative writer on political subjects.

From now on *The American Magazine* will be a *new* magazine, rich in entertaining fiction, humor, important timely articles and beautiful pictures.

Cosmopolitan

NO matter how many magazines you take, *Cosmopolitan* is the one you cannot afford to do without. Its subscribers of last year are subscribers this year—with their friends! They'll be subscribers next year—with their friends' friends! This, after all, is the real test of a magazine's merit—that its readers tell their friends about it. You can be sure that in 1907 one feature in each issue will be of such universal interest as to dominate the magazine world for that month. "The best—no matter what it costs"—the motto which makes *Cosmopolitan* resemble no other magazine but *Cosmopolitan*.

Good Housekeeping

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, by general acknowledgment, is the most practical of the household magazines. At the same time, it has succeeded in raising its subject to the plane of literature, by enlisting many of the brightest minds in the country in its service and placing domestic life and the newer home-making in its true light. It never preaches, but records achievements, for instruction, entertainment, inspiration. The product of this policy is a bright, vigorous, handsomely illustrated periodical, ranking with the best literary magazines. It is issued monthly, and over a million readers testify to its growing popularity and pronounced usefulness.

Harper's Bazar

HARPER'S BAZAR next year will fill an even broader, greater field than in the past. It will continue to be the magazine of the up-to-date woman who wishes to be abreast of, or a little ahead of the times. It will still be the court of final appeal in all questions of fashion, entertainment, household decoration, and good form. But it will be more than this. It will be "guide, philosopher and friend" to countless women. In its domestic departments, long famous, the *Bazar* will also widen its scope. Every reader will find something there for her: there will be elaborate menus and simpler menus, suggestions for the most novel, up-to-date luncheons and dinners, and for the plainest home repasts. The *Bazar* sets the fashion.

Little Folks

IS the best and brightest magazine ever published for children from three to twelve years old. It has a circulation many times larger than any other publication for small children ever had, because it is the best edited, best written, best illustrated and best printed.

Each issue is full of fine, bright new pictures, plain and colored, by the best artists who draw for children. Its stories, poems, jingles and nature stories are by the best writers for children, and are always vigorous, entertaining and strengthening.

Morbid, depressing and "scarey" stories and stories of bad children are rigorously excluded.

Each magazine may be sent to a different address

Best Holiday Gifts

THE Magazine Combination Offers of the present day originated with Dr. Louis Klopsch of **The Christian Herald.** Hence, Magazine Readers are indebted to **The Christian Herald** for the economy effected. This year we offer all of the magazines here illustrated

Review of Reviews Special

We were fortunate enough to secure **THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS** for our Combination, and now we make the **SPECIAL OFFER** below, **which cannot be equalled elsewhere:**

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REVIEW OF REVIEWS . . ($3.00 a Year)
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Harper's Bazar, . . .	Per Year $1.00	World To-Day (The) .	Per Year $1.50

Woman's Home Companion, Per Year $1.00

IMPORTANT—At the request of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the publishers of the Magazines included in our Combination Offers, have supplied the following descriptive matter concerning their respective Publications. We publish it here for the information of our readers.

Pearson's Magazine

DESTRUCTIVE journalism has had its day. Fair-minded conservatism is now having its inning. Get *Pearson's* and see for yourself. Read its inspirational character stories of the constructive men of the country and its presentation of the gigantic movements of the times by James Creelman, Alfred Henry Lewis, David Graham Phillips, Robert Adamson and Livingston Wright.

Pearson's unique distinctiveness as the magazine of intense fiction and the creator of *Captain Kettle, Monsieur A. V.*, and *Don Q.*, will be strongly emphasized during 1907 The price of *Pearson's* is $1.50 a year, but by special arrangement CHRISTIAN HERALD subscribers can secure it upon the same terms as the dollar publications illustrated on this page.

Review of Reviews

THE more magazines there are the more necessary is the *Review of Reviews*, because it brings together the best that is in all the most important monthlies of the world. Such is the flood of periodical literature that nowadays people say the only way to keep up with it is to read the *Review of Reviews*.

Probably the most useful section of all is Dr. Albert Shaw's illustrated "Progress of the World," where public events and issues are authoritatively and lucidly explained in every issue. Many a subscriber writes: "This department alone is worth more than the price of the magazine." The unique cartoon department, depicting current history in caricature, is another favorite. The *Review of Reviews* covers five continents, and yet is American first and foremost.

Suburban Life

SUBURBAN LIFE is a delightfully gotten-up magazine of 52 pages or more, each page measuring 12x14 inches, and beautifully illustrated with often as many as 100 fine half-tone engravings. It is printed on coated paper, and presents one of the finest pieces of magazine making published anywhere. *Suburban Life* is considered by many as the most complete exponent of suburban living ever published. It is to-day the one essential publication for the man or woman who lives in our rapidly growing suburban districts. It is full of the spirit of country life, without falling into the too common error of becoming either an agricultural or horticultural publication.

Success Magazine

SUCCESS MAGAZINE aims to be "The Great Home Magazine of America," valuable almost equally to the father, the mother, and the older sons and daughters. While still retaining as a foundation the idea of Inspiration and Uplift, it has broadened into a far wider field, and deals with all the stirring, vital problems of human interest—the Work of the World. Its serial and short stories are the best work of the most brilliant writers of the day, and its Special Departments, covering The Home Life and the Person, make, perhaps, its greatest strength in the family circle—the reason for its million and a half readers.

Woman's Home Companion

HAS the largest subscription of any ten cent magazine—three million people read this magazine every month. Besides the helpful intimate things that women want to know, there are delightful stories and articles by Kate Douglas Wiggin, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Jack London and Mary E. Wilkins Freeman; inspiring editorials by Dr. Edward Everett Hale; Miss Gould's fashion pages, her dressmaking lesson and her shopping service; Miss Farmer's cooking department; the children's own pages; in all, Twelve Useful Departments—something for all the family, and for the woman—everything.

World To-Day (The)

THE only magazine of its class sold at a popular price. *The World To-Day* is a monthly world review, but is not made up of clippings of other publications. It obtains its information from original sources, and is reliable and up-to-date. Its contributors are the foremost men and women of the day. The reader will find in it recreation for the idle hour, and best of all—something worth while. Many illustrations are in colors. All other magazines of its class sell at $3.00. *The World To-Day* is but $1.50. Its remarkable quality and low price make it an exceptional bargain, and we recommend it strongly to our readers.

Each magazine may be sent to a different address

Address To-day, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 91 to 115 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 19, 1906

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME

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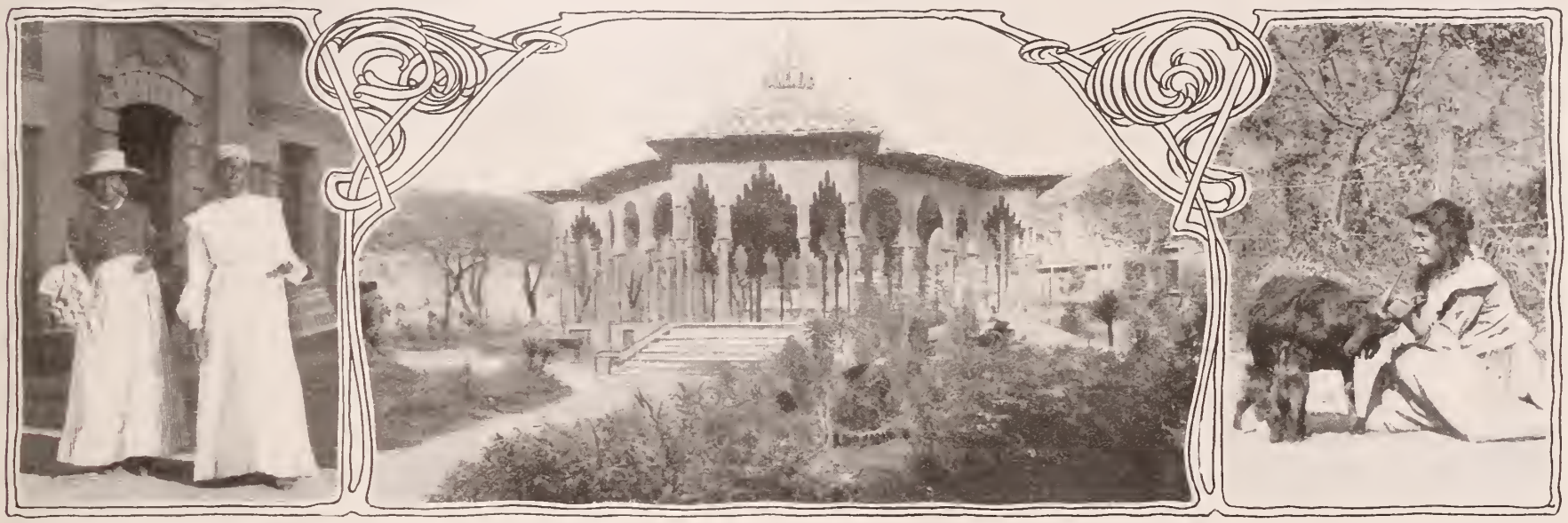

A LAND OF PERPETUAL SUMMER

Puerto Rico, Its Natural Attractions, and the Mission Work Now in Progress There

Orange Picking

PUERTO RICO, which President Roosevelt lately visited, is a land that must be seen to be admired. She wears her mantle of perennial verdure, adorned by tropical glories, and her attractions are such as would delight all who love the beautiful in nature. Her vast cane fields, her ever green pastures, her sleek and lowing herds, her verdant mountains, her waving palms and shady brooks, her laughing mountain rivulets and roaring torrents, her undulating plains, her tree-fern shaded canons, her boulder-crowned and lawn-skirted hills, her Italian sky and her cloud-capped mountains, her beautiful sea beaches, and her absolutely and perpetually perfect climate, all these must be seen and enjoyed to be appreciated. To the visitor, it would seem as though a myriad of entrancing vistas appear among half-hidden mountain valleys; while grass fields slope gently away to the seashore, bounded by the snowy line of the foaming surf. There are a thousand spots made beautiful by nature, to invite the habitation of man.

Again, one wanders among medieval fortifications, ancient walls, castles, cathedrals, churches and ruins. The lovely island has a hundred leagues of stone-roads, and simply perfect country drives, winding up and over mountains and affording views of the sea, and of palm-groves, cane-fields, cities and pastures. These roads lead along giddy heights and then gently descend into valleys too soft and picturesque for this battle-scarred earth.

Wherever one goes, the constant variety of scenery is a delight. Fern-trimmed cliffs, fringed by majestic royal palms, hot springs and ice-cold streams greet the eye. But these are only a few among the many attractive sights of this mid-ocean paradise. As a tropical winter resort it is unequalled. Here we find the perfect climate, with a temperature all the way between an absolute minimum of seventy, near the seashore, to one of fifty in the mountains, with the certainty that no stray blast of winter will ever coagulate the blood or blight the bones.

The mission work now being carried on in Puerto Rico is said to be most successful. The work of the Presbyterian Home Mission Board is very encouraging.

The Rev. James Heartt Van Buren, D.D., Missionary Bishop, Protestant Episcopal Church, Puerto Rico, writes:

"Nominally, the whole island is Roman Catholic, but under the Constitution of the United States, there can be no Roman Catholic island any more than there can be a Presbyterian, a Baptist, a Congregational, or an Episcopal island. Now, the time of religious liberty having come, Protestant missionaries of all names are there, and are working to evangelize and uplift the people of Puerto Rico, to inspire them with higher ideals of living, with the hope of making of them good, Christian American citizens, fit to live under the Stars and Stripes. While nominally, as I have said, the entire population is Roman Catholic, I think the great majority of the people have no real allegiance to that religion. This condition of things is not confined to ignorant people who have been neglected, and who are the prey of superstition. It prevails among the better-informed element of the community, who may be divided into three classes: (1), Those who are loyal to the Roman Catholic Church; (2), those who are bitterly and unreasonably opposed to the Roman Catholic Church (and many of them hate it with an unholy hatred); and (3), those who are absolutely indifferent, if not agnostic."

Another missionary says: "In a section ten miles square, with four or five principal stations and over twenty smaller ones, over five thousand people have attended our services and been visited by the missionaries in their homes, and, according to their best knowledge, 5,075 have accepted Christ and are considered aspirants of the church under instruction. So careful are our missionaries not to receive any into full church membership until they give continued evidence that they are really born again, that, out of this large number of professed conversions, only eighty-seven have been received into full communion of the church. In that whole section there are only 240 who, though not opposed to the doctrine, have not changed their way of living and remain indifferent. Mr. and Mrs. Ferrando have as their helpers fourteen Bible women and men and home helpers. They have seventeen orphans, boys and girls, from six to thirteen years of age."

Mr. John Willis Baer writes of a recent visit to Puerto Rico: "I went expecting to find it Catholic. I found it Protestant. By that I mean, that in the

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The Old Spanish Defenses at San Juan

THE
AMERICAN PULPIT

SERMON BY
Rev. F. DeWitt Talmage, D.D.

THE
Judgment Seat

TEXT:—ROMANS 14: 10:

"We shall all stand before the Judgment Seat of Christ"

WHAT is the matter? Why, heaven is deserted. A place of many mansions, are there no inhabitants here? Is there not one face to greet me? Are there no angels, or archangels, or seraphim, or cherubim around? Are there no inmates for the thousands and millions of white palaces lining the golden boulevards! Is there no hand to pluck the beautiful flowers growing in the green pastures by the side of the still waters? Is there no child's foot to patter down yonder hallways, or to make the streets echo with joyous laughter? Is there no sweet voice to sing in yonder choir lofts? Where are the denizens of the celestial mansions? I step from one deserted street into another, but I hear not the rumble of one chariot wheel, nor the note of harp, nor the swell of one chorus, nor the echo of one whisper. What is the cause of all this?

The Gathering Hosts

Amazement upon amazement seizes me, as I in imagination wander through the silent streets of Paradise. But as I keep on in my search for some celestial inhabitant, suddenly, off in the distance, I see an angel hurrying along. I call out at the top of my voice, "Ho, angel! Whither art thou going? What is the matter? Where are thy associates and the redeemed of heaven? Cannot I go with thee?" With that, the angel stops and says, "Yes, friend; thou canst come. I am going to meet the assembled hosts of all time at the Judgment Seat of Christ. All the celestial inhabitants have already assembled there. Even now the multitude of earth are on the way. Do you not hear that bugle blast? That is the call of the archangel's trumpet. See the crowds there, pressing towards one great centre. These immortals have already answered the summons. The Judgment. The Judgment. Hear ye not the call? Come to the Judgment Seat of Christ. We shall all stand before that divine tribunal."

Court has convened. The divine tribunal I suppose must be like any other court. Here sits God the Father as the Judge. The Bible again and again declares him to be such. What says the book of Hebrews? "Ye are come unto Mount Zion and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem. and to an innumerable company of angels, to the assembly and church of the first-born, which are written in heaven and to God the Judge of all." Yes, God the Father is the Judge of all. Here, about that Judgment Seat are the angels, which sang when Christ was born, the angels which appeared unto Abraham, and Jacob, and Elijah, and Gideon, and Joshua, and David, and Mary, and Peter, and John. All are here. Then, to the right of this throne, stands Christ as the Advocate. And here pushes in his way the Recording Angel, holding under his arm the awful book which contains the records of all our past lives. Then God the Judge, after all is ready, summons his angelic messengers and says, "Bring in those who are to be tried for their past lives. Bring them all in." The winged messengers fly, swifter than the winds, to the furthermost parts of space, crying the one sentence. "The Judgment! The Judgment! Come to Judgment! Come to Judgment!"

An Orderly Judgment

We can have only an inadequate conception of that scene. We have no guide to its solemn proceedings, but the scenes of judgment courts on earth. Infinitely greater that must be than our courts; but I can imagine that there are characteristics identical in both. Let us consider those that we may realize something of the majesty and grandeur of that universal assize.

My text, in the first place, has a legal ring. By that, I mean this question of the Judgment Seat of Christ is not a matter of haphazard chance. Everything there is done according to the divine order. No man is above the law; no man below the law; no man independent of the law. The divine law reaches out everywhere, places its sentinels on guard, and says to judge and defendant alike: "I am master here." "We shall all stand before the Judgment Seat of Christ."

Now comes the practical question: "What is the law of God, or the spiritual laws, which must not be broken?" The law, in the divine sense, is exactly as it is in the human sense. "It is," according to the lexicographer, "the rule established in a community or State for the guidance and control of the inhabitants, a rule of civil conduct prescribed by the Supreme power in a State, commanding what is right and prohibiting what is wrong." In other words, it is a rule established for the protection of all, restraining the wrong-doer and providing penalties for those who violate it. It says, "Another cannot trample upon your rights, neither are you allowed to trample upon another's rights." "Thou shalt" or "Thou shalt not" are its two commands.

The Supremacy of Law

Let me illustrate: Do you see that long line of carts filled with men being driven up to the prison doors? "Yes," you answer. "Who are these men?" They belong to the chain gang. Those men have been guilty of misdemeanors, and by the State laws, they are sent to work on the public roads. If a man steals anything of value less than $50 that crime is classed as a misdemeanor. That young fellow you see sitting there with a big iron ball riveted to his ankle, stole a bicycle; and that other man was arrested for assault. The law of misdemeanor says: "Thou shalt not steal and thou shalt not strike thy neighbor." Do you see that long row of cells with iron gratings for doors? This is not an insane asylum. Yet here we find men caged like wild beasts. Why is this so? I will tell you. That man there is a burglar. That man yonder is a highwayman. That man still further on is a kidnapper. He stole a little child and demanded a ransom of $25,000 from the parent, before he would give the child up. The criminal law says: "Thou shalt not steal. Thou shalt not demand the traveler's money at the point of the pistol. Thou shalt not steal thy neighbor's child."

Do you see the death instrument being erected within yonder walls? Do you see those solemn-faced men assembling to witness an execution? Why are they going to kill that man? Because the law says: "Thou shalt not kill," and that murderer in cold blood shot down a woman. He called her to the door of her home and asked for money, and because she would not give it to him he shot her down as though she had been a mad dog. By the old Mosaic law he must forfeit his life for that life. "Law is a rule of civil conduct prescribed by the supreme power in a State commanding what is right and prohibiting what is wrong." The divine code is built up like every human code. If you obey it, you are free; if you disobey it, you are punished. "What saith the law?" are the words which Christ asked of the Pharisee. "What saith the law?" are the words which my text utters to us to-day. We shall all, according to the divine law, stand before the Judgment Seat of Christ. We shall answer for our violation of the law at the Judgment Seat of Christ.

One Offense Makes a Law-Breaker

But there is another fact about this divine code which I would emphasize. In what sense are spiritual laws identical with human laws? A man does not have to break every law in the criminal calendar to be sent to jail. The violation of one law is sufficient to render him a lawbreaker and amenable to justice. "Whosoever shall keep the whole law and yet offend in one, he is guilty of all," says the Epistle of James. And "Whosoever shall keep the whole law of the State or of the United States, and yet shall break one of those laws, shall be amenable to the law," says the government. In practice, the laws, both human and divine, are one. Let me illustrate and explain:

Do you see that crowd ahead? It is growing every minute. What are the people doing? Why, they are chasing that man. What has he done? Why, he picked up a stone and hurled it through the glass window of a jewelry store, and snatched up a tray of diamonds and ran. Hear the frantic calls of "Stop thief! Stop thief!" Now the policeman has caught him. Here comes the patrol wagon. There he goes to jail. Now, what would you think if, when that man was arraigned in court next week, or next month, he should stand up before the judge and say, "Yes, judge, that is true. I did take a stone and break that window and I ran away with that tray of diamonds, but you must let me go free." "Why?" the judge will ask. "Well, I demand it on the ground that there are many laws which I have never broken. I have never been up in this court for drunkenness. No, I have never been drunk in all my life. And I was never guilty of bigamy. No, I have only one wife. And, as long as I have been a father, I have never been charged with cruelty to my children. And I have never been an incendiary. I have never been charged with burning down my home, in order to get my insurance on the home. And I have never killed a man. I am no murderer." "Stop right there," speaks the judge. "You are not here being charged with these other crimes. The court is not claiming that you are a bigamist, a murderer, or a forger, or that you are cruel to your children. By the law of the United States, a man does not have to commit every crime in the criminal calendar to be sent to jail. He has only to commit one crime to be amenable to the law. That one crime of stealing diamonds can send you to jail for twenty years." "Whosoever shall keep the whole law and yet offend in one is guilty of all," saith the Divine Judge. Are not the human code and the divine code in substance one?

All Men Guilty

Now, the Bible says, we all have broken the divine statutes, or transgressed the divine code. In Romans, we read, "As it is written, there is none righteous, no not one." Let us turn to the Mosaic law and find out if this is a fact. First Commandment reads, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." Have you any other gods which you worship besides the true God? Do you worship at the shrine of Midas? Do you worship the god of lust and of sensuality? How about that commandment, "Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy?" Is your Sabbath day a holy day? How about that commandment, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house?" How about that commandment, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor?" Have you ever slandered your neighbor? How about the Golden Rule, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you?" How is it with your past record? Was not Paul right when he said, "There is none that understandeth; there is none that seeketh after God. They are all gone out of their way; they are together become unprofitable; there is none that doeth good, no, not one." We have not only sinned once, but of many transgressions must we plead guilty. "Whosoever shall keep the whole law and yet offend in one, he is guilty of all." My God and my Lord, what shall we do with our sinful records? We all like sheep have gone astray. All have been breakers of the divine statutes.

But there is still another fact to which I wish to call your attention. The Judgment Seat of Christ is the court of "Last Appeal." In other words, it is the Supreme Court. It is a court which, when it once passes judgment, that decision can never be changed. It will remain forever and forever. Its dictates must be carried out. When hope of acquittal from that spiritual court is gone, all hope is gone.

A Court Without Appeal

Now, a murder trial is always solemn. But even under the darkest of conditions, there may be a ray of hope to cheer the condemned. In the first place, there is the hope that the jury may be "hung," or disagree. Then, while the trial is going on, the attorney for the defendant is keeping his eye open to find loopheles for appealing the case to a higher court. Then, if the higher courts go against him, there is still the hope that a merciful Governor might commute the sentence, even at the last moment, when the criminal has been prepared for execution. But from the Judgment Seat of Christ there is no appeal. When the sentence has once been pronounced, it stands forever. And on that day when God the Judge, shall pronounce sentence, it will not be a vindictive sentence, but one dictated by his righteousness. "As I live saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked." Remember, the Judgment Seat of Christ is a court of law.

But as I again sound forth the solemn words of my text, "We shall all stand before the Judgment Seat of Christ," I emphasize still another fact. Not only shall we all then be judged according to the evidence, but this evidence will be presented before all the assembled hosts, who shall meet us at this bar of unerring justice.

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A Business Street in San Juan

A Typical Roadway

Reception Room in the Governor's Palace

A Land of Perpetual Summer

Continued from Page 1083

Protestant churches and preaching stations you will now find more people on Sunday than in the Catholic churches. That there is a great host of Puerto Ricans apathetic as to religious truths, and many who have been baptized into the Catholic Church and who are indifferent to their heritage, is true, but of the people who are mindful of their religious obligations, more are now Protestant than Catholic. And this in less than six years.

"We Presbyterians have in the neighborhood of fifty preaching stations, and when you take into consideration that five years ago there was but one Protestant church on the island, it shows conclusively the splendid progress that has been made. Until the American occupation, the great host of boys and girls of Puerto Rico have been without schools, and therefore an astonishing percentage of illiteracy is noted. The five years of school work conducted by the mission and by the public schools has been almost revolutionary. In many places I met face to face, fathers and mothers who had been led into our Protestant Churches and missions through their children, the children having first been reached by the teacher."

In a recent article in *The Missionary Review of the World*, the Rev. J. M. McElhinney writes: "Under the administration ot the United States government 620 schools have been opened, at an expense of $330,000. . . . Children and the people generally are eager to learn the English language. . . . Perhaps in no other field in recent times has there been such ready response to the Macedonian cry as from Puerto Rico. The Episcopalians, Methodists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Baptists and Disciples have established among them one or more mission stations with services both in English and Spanish. Many of the missionaries have obtained a knowledge of Spanish in Mexico or South America, and are prepared to enter at once upon their labors. The usual plan is to have a morning service in English for Americans and English-speaking people from St. Thomas and St. Kitts, a Sunday School in Spanish and English for all children, and a service in Spanish in the evening.

"The natives in the cities of Puerto Rico are employed till noon on Sunday, but have their evenings free, and are at liberty to go to church, though but few of them are piously inclined. However, the missionaries are much encouraged with the prospect of a great work in Puerto Rico."

THE JUDGMENT SEAT—Continued

Sermon by Rev. F. DeWitt Talmage

This assertion of the divine court is exactly the same as of the temporal court. In order to appreciate that what I say is true, let us assume that you are a frequenter of the courts of law. A murder trial is on. The district attorney has hunted up every incident of the defendant's life. So, on the great day of the Judgment Seat of Christ, we must face all the evidences of the evil deeds of our past lives. We must face all those people whom we have wronged or led astray. They will all arise. They shall all confront us. They will all point the condemnatory fingers at us. They will say, "There he is! There is the man who did it! There is the man who led me into the paths of sin." Oh, the unutterable horror of it. We shall all face our accusing witnesses at the Judgment Seat of Christ. We shall all face the evidences of our evil lives.

Now, as we all must stand before this spiritual tribunal to hear our doom, do you not believe we should prepare for this trial just as soon as we can; and do you not also believe we should get the very best advocate we can to plead our cause? "Yes," you answer. "Yes, yes. But how can I prepare? My record is so black. Who can plead for me, and who would if he could? I must plead guilty; for me there is no hope." Yes, my friend, there is hope. Will you let me tell it you. I want you to know that you can have the greatest of all advocates to plead your cause. And before the Judgment Seat of Christ you can have the best of all defenses. Turn first to the second chapter of the First Epistle of John. "And if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous." What does that mean? Why, it means no matter how far a prodigal may go astray, no matter what sin or crime he may commit, if that sinner will only throw himself upon Christ's mercy, Christ will plead his cause before the Judgment Seat of heaven. Oh the news, the glorious news! When we go before that Judgment Seat, we need not go friendless. Christ will be by our side, and he will see that we get mercy and pardon.

"But," you say, "what is the good of my getting a good advocate, when I know I am guilty? He may plead for mitigation of punishment, but I must be condemned. As you have said, that is to be a righteous court, and in a righteous court there is no escape for me." Nay, my brother, that is the wonder of our religion. God has declared that while "he is just, he is the justifier of him who believeth in Jesus." It was to work out that salvation that Christ came, and now the man who acknowledges his guilt, who expresses his repentance and commits his case to Christ, is pardoned. "None of the sins that he has committed shall be mentioned to him." "There is no condemnation to him who is in Christ Jesus." See you not the defense? Can you not now almost hear the Judge saying, "Angels, let the prisoner go free. On account of Christ's blood, let him go free." The gladiatorial combats of Rome, during the siege of Emperor Honorius were forever stopped, because a Christian monk, Telemachus by name, entered the arena and threw himself between the combatants, and by them was struck down dead in his endeavors to stop the conflict. The noble sacrifice of a Telemachus worked the miracle. So the condemnation of Christ's followers at the Judgment Seat of heaven shall be changed into acquittal, because Christ himself, the Attorney Advocate, has suffered death, on account of his clients' crimes. Oh, will you not believe it? Will you not reach out and say, "Lord Jesus, be thou my advocate! be thou my defender! be thou my Saviour even, at the Bar of Eternal Justice." Why not take him as our advocate and turn from our sins now? Could there be any better time to call him to our side.

There is a beautiful story told of the conversion of a poor degenerate outcast in one of our penitentiaries. For many years this woman had been incarcerated, but the keepers could do nothing with her. She would not work. When she was punished, she would take it in a sullen silence, or with awful, blood-curdling blasphemy, For the most part, she was kept in solitary confinement in a dark cell. But one Sunday evening, about five o'clock, she was taken to the vesper services. While she sat all bent up in her seat, she suddenly looked up. The sun had come through one of the Western windows, and, like a burning fire, it lighted np five small words which were written over the prison altars: "Go, and sin no more." This degenerate woman looked at these words. They gave her hope. She saw the whole past of her wicked life blotted out, and the future in her own hands, to retrieve the past by God's help. Then she whispered: "Are those words for me? Go, and sin no more. Are they for me?" When the service was ended, she sat as if entranced, and when the keeper bade her rise, she answered quietly and gently: "Yes, I will go. I do not want to see anything but these words, 'Go, and sin no more.' Yes, I will go. I will go." Those words changed her heart. From being the worst criminal in the penitentiary, she became the gentlest and the best. She lived thenceforth a Christian life, and died a Christian death. Oh, my friends, over the Judgment Seat of Christ, today, can you not read the words: "Go, and sin no more." Can you not see Christ, the Advocate, reaching out towards you, to save you and redeem you. Will you take him as your advocate? With his help, will you promise here and now to give up sin. Christ needs no more than that pledge, which he will help us to keep. The past forgiven through him, the future spent in his spirit, and in his service, we may without fear appear before the Judgment Seat of Christ.

HIS GIFT TO THE LORD

YESTERDAY he wore a rose in the lapel of his coat, and when the plate was passed in the church, he gave a nickel to the Lord. He had several bills in his pocket and some change, perhaps a dollar's worth, but he hunted about, and finding this poor little nickel, he laid it on the plate to aid the Church Militant in its fight against the world, the flesh and the devil. His silk hat was beneath the seat, his gloves and cane were beside it, and the nickel was on the plate—a whole nickel. On Saturday afternoon he and his friend had a fancy drink, while the cash register stamped thirty-five cents on slip the boy presented to him. Peeling off a bill from a roll, he handed it to the lad, and gave him a nickel tip when he brought the change. A nickel for the Lord and a nickel for the waiter! And the man had his shoes polished on Saturday afternoon, and handed out a dime without a murmur.

He had a shave, and paid fifteen cents with equal alacrity. He took a nice box of candies home to his wife, and paid forty cents for them, and the box was tied with a dainty bit of silk ribbon. And in the evening he took his family to the theatre and paid five dollars for choice seats. Yes, but he also gave a nickel to the Lord. Who is this Lord? Who is he? Why, the man worships him as Creator of the universe, the One who puts the stars in order.

Yes, he does, and he dropped a nickel in to support the Church Militant. And what is the Church Militant? The Church Militant is the Church that represents upon earth the Church Triumphant of the great God the man gave the nickel to. And the man knew that he was but an atom in space, and he knew that the Almighty was without limitations, and knowing this he put his hand in his pocket and picked out the nickel and gave it to the Lord. And the Lord, being gracious and slow to anger, and knowing our frame, did not slay the man for the meanness of his offering, but gives him this day his daily bread.

But the nickel was ashamed if the man wasn't. The nickel hid beneath a quarter that was given by a poor woman who washes for a living.—*Canadian Paper.*

EXILES FROM TURKISH TYRANNY

The Story of an Armenian Who Fled to Save His Daughters from Moslem Marriages

ALTHOUGH ten years have passed away since the great Armenian massacres, and the terrible suffering which they entailed upon hundreds of thousands of helpless and destitute survivors, many of the readers of this journal still preserve a vivid recollection of those days of persecution and martyrdom. They recall, with a shudder, the slaughter of Christians by the fanatical Moslems in a score of Armenian cities, from Trebizonde to Sivas, and almost from the Bosphorus to Lake Van. They remember the awful scenes in Oorfa, where 3,500 human beings perished by flame, sword and bullet. And they have not forgotten how our heroic missionaries braved danger, and even death itself, in the effort to give shelter and protection to the hapless Armenian fugitives, who, despoiled by the Turks, would have miserably perished had they not been succored by American generosity.

Since those "dark and bloody" days, many Armenians have left their native land forever, to seek a new home in free America. Of those who remained, many have suffered in countless ways from Turkish persecution until their condition has become intolerable.

Recently, a remarkable case of persecution came to the knowledge of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. In 1890, a happy family lived in the pretty village of Manjalik, Lesser Armenia. To his quiet life as a school-teacher, the young father added the joy of training his three little ones in the Christian faith of his ancestors. But trouble was brewing for that happy household! Already "whispers light as air" were floating through the district among the fanatical Moslems, and the Turkish authorities were becoming vindictive and suspicious. The young teacher, Lazarus Donigian, was threatened with arrest and separation from his family unless he embraced Mohammedanism. Had there been but himself to consider, he would have met death bravely rather than have purchased life by renouncing Christianity. But with a wife and three babies dependent upon him, he turned from the martyrdom which would have been his choice, and bowed his head to the remorseless rule of the Turk. He became known as a Mohammedan.

The family were removed to the City of Sivas, where the father was given the Turkish name of Mohammed Tewfik Effendi, and he was rewarded by an appointment in the Turkish government service. For years he translated into Turkish all Armenian letters and newspapers, no such matter being permitted to reach the eyes of the people for whom it was intended, until it had undergone a rigorous censorship, and had been subjected to the wholesale elimination of seditious matter.

Lazarus Donigian

In translating these Armenian documents, sometimes hot with political intrigue, it frequently occurred that the new official was able to save his countrymen by ignoring their violations of the law in their correspondence. In his desire to shield them, he bred distrust in the mind of the government, which resulted in the removal of himself and his family to an inland town, where they found themselves hedged about by the strictest official surveillance.

With the passing of the years other children were born to Donigian, but their advent was no longer hailed with joy. Sorrow and remorse had made themselves felt ever since that fateful day when Donigian had weakly consented to outwardly lead the life of a Moslem. A thousand times he had bitterly repented his act. As he looked upon his innocent wife and daughters, the latter now budding into womanhood, he trembled with apprehension as to the future. At heart a Christian, he worshiped secretly at the family altar with his wife and children every evening; but the outer world knew him as a Mohammedan and an enemy to his race.

Calamities accumulated, as if to spur the unhappy household on to new endeavor to escape from the misery of their double lives, and go out into a world where they might find "freedom to worship God." The youngest child, a delicate-featured lad of seven years, was placed in a Turkish school. But the mother's counsel and prayers had taken deep root, and the child rebelled at his enforced association with the youthful Mohammedans. At last his father deemed it wise to threaten punishment for repeated truancy, when the little fellow mournfully answered:

"What! father, would you force me to be a Turk? You can take my life, but you cannot make me a Turk!"

Photographed Specially for The Christian Herald

The Exiled Donigian Family

The last straw which drove the tortured father to instant action was the persecution to which his daughters were subjected by Mohammedan proffers of marriage. To be a Turkish wife means to be one of several inmates of the harem. These young women shrank with fear and dread unutterable at the proposal (which, in Turkey, is tantamount to an order) of an official high in the confidence of the Sultan to provide them with Turkish husbands. At last, seeing no way of escape from a fate that seemed intolerable, they told their parents that, rather than be compelled to accept Turks as husbands, they would die! The courageous stand taken by his daughters—who were willing to yield up their lives gladly rather than renounce their faith and accept a hateful alliance with unbelievers—inspired Donigian with a new purpose. Henceforth, his sole thought was how to escape from Turkey with his family and come to the United States.

Unexpectedly, the wished-for opportunity came. Treasonable documents were discovered by government officials at Smyrna, and they had to be translated. Donigian and his family were transferred to Smyrna, which is a seaport. The government was petitioned for permission to transfer the family to their old home at Sivas, where, the father represented, living was much cheaper. This granted, with frenzied haste the entire family of father, mother and six children, embarked at Smyrna upon a French steamer bound for Constantinople, their ostensible purpose being to go to Sivas from the capital. Arriving at Constantinople, instead of leaving the ship and proceeding to Sivas, the refugees cowered in the cabin of the captain, whose heart had been touched by their woful situation. From Constantinople the steamer cleared for Marseilles, touching at Smyrna *en route*, where the terror of the hidden exiles reached its height. Detection by Turkish authorities meant separation and imprisonment—perhaps even death. Escape meant the right to be true to their own faith; it meant freedom for all. It meant that the father, shaking off the bonds of Mohammedanism, could stand forth before the whole world as a Christian.

Donigian, once more a Christian and a free man, landed at Ellis Island lately with his dear ones. His eldest son is accompanied by Zarah, the young girl-wife whom he married in Turkey. Though reared in strict Mohammedanism, with a trusting heart she set her face toward the West, and, like Ruth of olden time, solemnly accepted her husband's faith, and allied herself to his kindred, saying: "Where thou goest, I will go. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God, my God." The misery—the untold anguish—of long years is at an end. Not yet fifty years old, Lazarus Donigian has a useful career before him. But no personal disciple of Christ ever "left all to follow him" more literally than this devoted family have done. They are self-respecting, ambitious, industrious—but penniless. A friend welcomed them and provided for the family of exiles a place of shelter. They will make a place for themselves in our free land, where there is room for all who are willing to work. But they must gain a footing; they do not yet know our language, our methods or our occupations.

Here is an opportunity for readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to do quiet, unostentatious service for "The Master's sake." They can help this little group of exiles. Christian mother, think of your own daughters, and remember that that mother is a devout Christian, too. Fathers, consider the life of a Turkish harem, and be thankful that your girls were born in a land of religious and civil liberty. That father has sacrificed his all; but what were land and goods compared to the sacrifice of his Christian daughters upon the altar of an infamy too deep for words.

These exiles will probably have a hard struggle for some time to come. Let us hope that friends will come to their aid to tide them over the first few months of their life in a new land and amid new surroundings. Especially should their case appeal to the friends of the oppressed Armenian people. Any reader who wishes to have a share in this special work of Christian benevolence may do so, by writing to this journal. Contributions in their behalf may be addressed: "Exile," care of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

A Revival in Pennsylvania

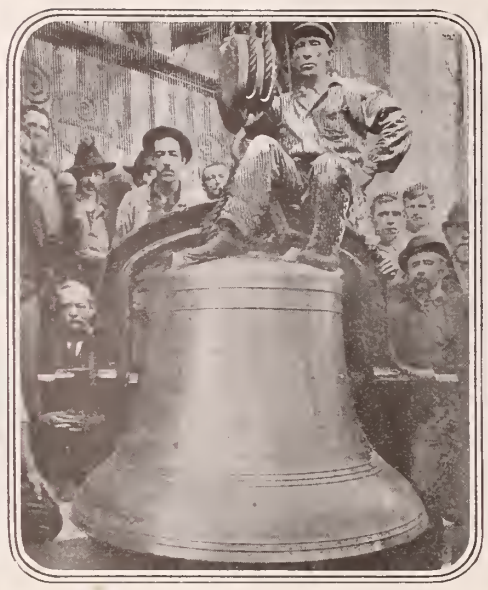
A NOTABLE work recently closed in the valley of the Beaver River in Western Pennsylvania. It was one of the most successful series of union evangelistic meetings ever held in that section. Associated with the Rev. Wm. E. Biederwolf, the Indiana evangelist, with his chorister, Homer Rodeheaver, and Director Albert B. McCrea, were the Rev. Edwin F. Hallenbeck, of Binghamton, N. Y., who, with Mr. Harper G. Smyth, the Eastern vocalist, conducted large services in Beaver Falls, Pa.; the Rev. George Gable, the Ohio evangelist, whose appeals won many to Christ during his meetings in Freedom, Pa.; the Rev. Charles T. Wheeler, of Kansas, who, with his director of music, Mr. E. G. Norris, led services among large crowds in Rochester, Pa.; and the Rev. C. J. Jordan and his singer, Mr. Ralph Mitchell, who conducted meetings in Beaver, Pa.

A pleasing feature was the children's parades in each town, in which thousands of children marched, with banners and flags flying, to the churches, where they listened to the evangelists in a meeting arranged especially for them. The factory and industrial people arranged for several great factory meetings. Special meetings for men were conducted in every town, and for women, too. Services upon the streets brought many to the main meetings. Thorough organization and careful personal work characterized every service.

Multitudes were helped spiritually, and many families and homes were made happy.

The "Benefit Chapter"

The Great Tenor Bell, Weight 4,500 Pounds



The "Savings' Fund Chapter"

NO DRONES IN THIS CHURCH HIVE

SOMEWHERE on the Atlantic Ocean, a steamship is ploughing its way westward, carrying with it a precious and carefully guarded medal, designed for presentation to an American church. This church has been selected for a signal honor from among all the religious societies in the United States.

Some time ago, the Rev. Edgar Pope, rector of St. Simeon's Memorial Church, Philadelphia (Protestant Episcopal), was notified that the Milan Exposition had decided that a prize for the most admirable and useful church work had been awarded to St. Simeon's. It has since been learned that the remarkable nature of the work at St. Simeon's attracted the attention of the Italian royal family, and that the photographic exhibit that was the basis upon which the award was made, has been examined with the greatest interest by Italy's rulers, while studying the methods employed at St. Simeon's with a view to adapting at least some of them to the work of the Italian churches.

Nearly twenty years ago, the Church of St. Simeon's, which now is one of the most beautiful and commodious in Philadelphia, began work in a little room over a stable, with property estimated to be worth $25. To-day the property of the church is estimated to be worth $170,000. It is interesting to examine a work that has grown so largely and attained international fame in so comparatively short a time.

The "Embroidery Chapter" at St. Simeon's

When asked how to describe his church work in a few words, the rector of St. Simeon's replies: "It is a work 'of the people, for the people, by the people,' as Lincoln would have said. There are no drones in the St. Simeon beehive." The rector is remarkably happy in getting every one around him to put a shoulder to the wheel. It was the striking similarity between the Church of St. Simeon's and a beehive in the busy season that so greatly impressed the judges at Milan. There are chapters for almost every purpose possible to the furtherance of religious endeavor. Perhaps the most interesting is the Mechanics' Chapter. The members are all mechanics, each a thoroughly proficient workman in his individual line, and every one pledged to do any work around the church that the rector may request done. Thus, if there is any electric work needed, the electrician of the Mechanics' Chapter volunteers to do it; if there is need of carpentering work, the carpenter brings his saw and chisel to the church and wields his tools in the interests of St. Simeon's and its energetic rector. If there is any plastering or paper-hanging to be done, the plasterer or paper-hanger of the chapter is assigned to do it.

Everything is done voluntarily at St. Simeon's. The church is in the centre of a great working district, and there is no necessity for appeals to rich members of the community to assist in giving alms to the poor. The people living around the church are very well able to take care of themselves, and the rector of St. Simeon's does not believe in giving in a way that would tend to encourage pauperism. The motto of the church ought to be: "God helps those who help themselves," for that is the principle upon which everything is done.

The bells of St. Simeon's ring out with a vim that is unsurpassed by other bells, for even the ringers are volunteers and they ring for pure love of the work. The choir singers are unpaid, so there has never been a strike of the choir in the whole history of St. Simeon's. The singers are all volunteers, and they even see to it that the snow-white vestments which they wear when they march into church on Sunday are washed, so that even this small item is not added to the expense of the church.

St. Simeon's is not closed in the summer. Its social and spiritual work goes on at all seasons, and the worthy rector believes in keeping open house all the year round. In fact, the summer is a very busy season, for there are outings almost weekly.

One of the many admirable chapters is known as the "Yearly Beneficial Chapter." Its object is to pay sick benefits, provide the services of a doctor, and by assessment, to pay funeral benefits. The average yearly membership is 300. The sum of $13,300 has been paid in sick benefits up to the present time, and about $5,700 in death benefits. Another interesting chapter is the "Yearly Savings Fund." The amount deposited by members each year is now in the neighborhood of $12,000.

Here are some interesting statistics of the work done at St. Simeon's during its growth: To May 1st, 1906, 778 burials; 465 marriages; 1,710 baptisms; 1,535 confirmations; 931 received from other parishes; total communicants connected with the parish, 2,465; present number of communicants, 1,905; amount of money passed through the parish, about $415,000. In a larger and spiritual sense, a still greater work has been accomplished than can be shown by any array of figures.

H. D. J.

A Real Work of Art

Dear Dr. Klopsch:—I wish you to accept my hearty and sincere thanks for the beautiful pictures, "Good Night" and "Good Morning," which you sent me. I shall have them framed, as they will beautify any home with their earnest and sweet faces. They are, indeed, a work of art. Wishing unbounded success in your work.

Ohlman, Ill. MRS. HENRY BURK.

A Calendar That Cheers

Dear Dr. Klopsch:—Received the Calendar you sent. Many thanks. It is very beautiful. It cheers one to look at it. Its bright young face and the little pets look so real. MRS. J. E. MERRITT.

Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

VERY IMPORTANT NOTICE

HERETOFORE, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has, at great expense to itself, and for the convenience of tardy renewals, continued, for a reasonable time, the service of the paper **after** the expiration of the subscription, in order that the tardiness of the delinquent subscribers might not cause an interruption of the service and loss of several copies.

We would impress upon our subscribers the fact that, owing to the exceptionally strict interpretation of the Postal Laws governing the transmission of second-class mail matter, it will not be possible for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to continue such lenient attitude, as the postal authorities hold that only three free copies may be sent to any one person in any one year.

Therefore, it is absolutely necessary for our subscribers to renew with the **greatest promptness**; and, owing to the fact, that it takes **three weeks to change a date** on our mailing list, we would recommend that December subscribers all renew **this week**, and January subscribers before New Year's Day.

Let Your Light Shine

WHEN light first broke upon our eyes,
We found the bright and glowing sun;
We live our little day, we die—
The sun shines on.

Lord, grant that we may so live,
That when life's brief work is done,
Our life, like the glowing sun,
May still shine on. JOHN T. PULLEN.

Delighted With Her Bible

Dear Dr. Klopsch:—I was very much pleased with the Bible. It is larger than I expected. I consider the Bible worth twice as much as it cost me. I showed it to my friends Sunday. Thanking you for your kindness and liberality.

MRS. H. C. NEEDHAM.

Monroeville, Ohio.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, Associate Editor — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, Associate Editor

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The President's Social Advice

THERE is no passage in the President's Message more important than that in which he discusses the subject of marriage and divorce, and incidentally of polygamy. He urges that by a constitutional amendment, or in some other way, the whole subject should be dealt with by Congress, and not by the State Legislatures. A beginning has already been made by drawing a model divorce law, which might be adopted by the separate States. That method might have the same effect as a constitutional amendment, and might relieve the people from the anomalies that now exist through the variation in the laws of the different States. It is, however, a mistake to suppose that the real evil can ever be cured by legislation. All we can hope from legislation is to render the abuse of the marriage relation difficult, and subject to prosecution; but with the most stringent laws the misconduct will continue, until the people are imbued with a higher respect for marriage itself.

Divorce and polygamy, and that other evil referred to by the President, spring from a corrupt nature, and nothing can eradicate the evil but a higher moral and spiritual tone in the whole community. It is right to legislate against the violations of the marriage relation, and we should be negligent in our duty if we did not make such laws; but men are not made moral by legislation, and we must go deeper. The offence is condoned in society, so far as the man is concerned, and to this extent society is in complicity with the crime. A man who would be ashamed to be known as a thief, or a perjurer, is not ashamed to be known as a libertine; yet the one offence is forbidden in the same code as the other. The moral sense of the community needs to be braced up on the subject, and the offender, even if he escapes the law, should be made to feel the weight of social ostracism. There should be cordial sympathy with the effort the President makes to prevent the evil, but we must not be satisfied with success along that line; by education and by a decided stand of condemnation for the offence, we may help to inaugurate a reform of the general laxity.

The President's reference to polygamy, may well be construed hopefully by those who fought the people's battle against the polygamists before the United States Senate two years ago.

The Message says: "The change (proposed in the Constitution by an amendment, placing the whole question of marriage and divorce under national control), would be good, because it would confer on Congress the power at once to deal radically and efficiently with polygamy, and this should be done whether or not marriage and divorce are dealt with. It is neither safe nor proper to leave the question of polygamy to be dealt with by the several States. Power to deal with it should be conferred on the National Government."

This is a decided step in advance of any previous Executive utterance on the subject. It proves that the administration has at last come to regard polygamy as a real evil—a menace to the moral and material progress of the nation. In its present uncontrolled condition, it is a vicious and degrading anomaly which should not be longer tolerated in a land claiming to be civilized.

It is unquestionable that the extraordinary admissions of the polygamous Mormon leaders, made before the Senate Committee, have had their effect upon the mind of the Executive. Let us hope that his recommendation may not be subjected to the fate of the Woman's Memorial.

A Blow at Civilization

DURING the recent celebration to commemorate the consecration of the great cathedral of St. Peter's, at Rome, a miscreant exploded a bomb near the tomb of a former Pontiff. A long fuse had been attached to the tin box, that was loaded with powder and slugs, and the anarchist was enabled to escape unnoticed before the explosion. Fortunately none of the worshipers were injured, though their escape seems almost miraculous, as thousands were kneeling in the auditorium. It was at the end of the solemn service. The organ, the voices of the choristers, the words of prayer had led the thoughts of the congregation from earthly things. All seemed to say "peace on earth," in this, the world's largest and most beautiful church. Then came the explosion, and men, women and children were thrown into the wildest panic. With a mad rush they sought every exit. The great size of the floor enabled them to get out without the stronger trampling the weaker to death.

The news of the outrage made a strong impression on thoughtful minds throughout the Christian world. For the last few years the anarchists have attacked the representatives of organized civil government, but the Pope hitherto has not been molested. But as the Roman Church, as well as the Protestant, has been on the side of law and order, the lawless have evidently now singled her out for physical attack, as they have attacked her in books and papers. If the attempt had been successful, it would have shed innocent blood; it would have wrecked St. Peter's, a loss to the Protestant as well as the Roman branch of Christianity. Within its walls are supposed to rest the bones of the Apostle Peter, and the basilica stands on the site of a church revered by all Christians. It would have been an inestimable loss to the world of Art. St. Peter's is one of the greatest architectural monuments of the world, and its collection of sacred pictures could never be replaced. It was built in its present form by the greatest artist of the renaissance, Michæl Angelo.

All that the great cathedral represents—order, law, religion, the refining and uplifting influences of art and learning, are hated by those who would tear down and not build up. The bomb exploded there was not only a blow at religion, but at civilization itself.

Confessing Our Sins

"WHAT am I to understand by confessing my sins before men?" is a question frequently asked of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. "Must I lay bare all the secrets of my life, to my own shame and the sorrow of my friends, and before people who are strangers?"

Confession, in the Scriptural sense, does not mean anything of the kind. We should be ready to confess before men that we are sinners, and to declare our repentance and ask forgiveness. But it is nowhere implied that a sinner under conviction is to drag forth all the wicked acts of which he may have been guilty, and parade them before the public. No good end could be served by such an exhibition, and infinite harm might result to pure minds by the revelation. Even in the Roman Church, which holds confession as a sacrament, it is made to the ear of the priest and not to the multitude.

When the Prodigal Son, ashamed and repentant, returned from the "far country," he ran to his father and cried out that he had sinned and was unworthy. He did not describe in detail his degraded life, nor the orgies he had no doubt shared with his low companions. We think he must have been thoroughly ashamed of them. Nevertheless, his father did not doubt the sincerity of his repentance.

"In times of revival," writes a famous preacher, "especially when characterized by deep conviction and confession, there is often danger of earnest souls being brought into bondage, and led to think they must rake up all their sinful past, long since forgiven and covered by Christ's blood, and confess it before people who have really no concern in it whatever. This is neither edifying to the meeting nor helpful to the subject of the confession. It is not Scriptural. We are to confess our sins to God, and where we have wronged another, to make it right with him or her. But we are to leave our past under the blood and wash our soiled garments in the secret place of prayer."

The Epidemic of Crime

ONE of the most marked characteristics of the present time is the epidemic of violence now affecting many cities. In New York, Chicago, Pittsburg, and other cities, thieves are becoming bold beyond precedent, holding up people in the streets in open day and breaking into houses in the heart of the city. Whether the law-breakers are becoming desperate, or are merely availing themselves of police inactivity is a disputed question; but it is certain that they are unusually bold, and they generally escape detection.

How far the lavish display of wealth is responsible for the development of the outbreak is uncertain, but it doubtless has its share. The prevailing idea of the importance of a large fortune to a man's happiness was never so generally accepted as to-day. Men strive for money as the chief good, and sacrifice to the pursuit, peace, rest and comfort. They are not satisfied with a modest competence, but struggle for the possession of millions. There is a disposition to subordinate everything in life to that one pursuit. Can we expect men, destitute of moral and religious principle, to escape the tendency of the time? When the broker or the merchant stoop to tricks that are almost dishonorable to get gain; when falsehood and misrepresentation are condoned if they result in the acquisition of large profit, the man of criminal tendency catches the infection and applies it to his own practices. He, too, will run unusual risks as his respectable brother does, to get plunder. He need have no compunction about whom he robs; for does not the insurance magnate rob the widow and the orphan? Until our children learn that there are things in life more precious than money, principles which are beyond price, and things which a man should not sacrifice, even to gain the whole world, we shall have crime flourishing, and our criminals joining with our financial magnates in plundering their neighbors. The fault is general. As a nation, we have been worshiping wealth; we have been struggling for it as a crowd of hungry dogs over a bone, forgetting Him who said: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul."

Among the Workers

—MISS MARY REED, of the India Leper Mission, is now enjoying very good health, and hopes to reach her station to take up her loved work again this month.

—REV. DR. STONE, formerly pastor of the Asbury M. E. Church, New York, now traveling in the East, cables to Dr. Klopsch that a severe famine is raging in Kiansu Province, China, and that relief measures have been adopted in Chingkiang.

—AT A RECENT meeting of the trustees of the Industrial Christian Alliance, held in New York City, some twenty or more prominent clergymen were present. Plans for the extension of the Alliance work at a cost of $200,000 were presented. Resolutions were moved by Dr. Devins and adopted, in which all the pastors cordially approved of the Alliance work, and pledged their moral support.

THE FAMINE IN RUSSIA

RUSSIA is again in the grasp of famine. Cable reports through the Associated Press indicate that not less than 20,000,000 persons are suffering, chiefly peasants, in the agricultural provinces. The failure of crops this year was an almost inevitable calamity, and coming so close after the suffering caused by the losses of the war, has been severely felt throughout a large part of the empire.

On reading the first meagre reports of the famine, Dr. Klopsch sent a cable message of inquiry to Count Andre Bobrinskoy, at St. Petersburg, requesting him to wire the actual conditions. Count Bobrinskoy, as some of our readers may remember, rendered very valuable service during the Russian famine relief work in 1892. He telegraphed in reply to Dr. Klopsch's message as follows:

"ST. PETEBSBURG.

"Great need in several provinces. Will accept gratefully every help. (Signed) BOBRINSKOY."

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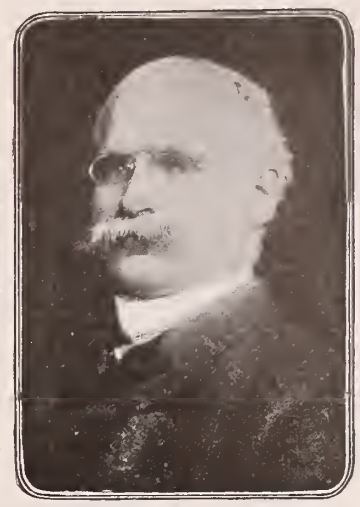
THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

Oscar S. Straus
Secretary of Commerce

Charles J. Bonaparte
Attorney-General

George B. Cortelyou
Secretary of the Treasury

George Von L. Meyer
Postmaster-General



Victor H. Metcalf
Secretary of the Navy

THE MEMBERS OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S REORGANIZED CABINET

The Changed Cabinet

ONE of the first official communications of the session, was the list of Cabinet nominations, which the President sent to the Senate on Dec. 3. There were three vacancies in the Cabinet to be filled, owing to the nomination of Mr. Moody to the bench of the Supreme Court, and the retirement of Messrs. Shaw and Hitchcock. Both these latter have repeatedly expressed a wish to retire, and remained until now only at the President's urgent request. The three new men for the Cabinet nominated by the President are: Oscar S. Straus to be Secretary of Commerce and Labor; George von L. Meyer, to be Postmaster-General; and James R. Garfield, to be Secretary of the Interior. A re-arrangement of the offices was necessitated by these nominations. George B. Cortelyou becomes Secretary of the Treasury; Charles J. Bonaparte becomes Attorney-General; and Victor H. Metcalf, Secretary of the Navy.

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James R. Garfield
Secretary of the Interior

The new Cabinet officers, though new to their positions, are by no means unknown to the public. *Mr. Oscar Straus* has long been a prominent figure in the financial world of New York, and won golden opinions in the office of Minister to Turkey. He also served as member of the Arbitration Court at the Hague. He is a German by birth, and the first member of the Hebrew race to occupy a Cabinet position in this country. *Mr. Meyer* is at present Ambassador to Russia. He was born in Boston, Mass., and educated at Harvard. He served the public as member of the Common Council of his native city, and as member, and afterwards speaker, of the Legislature of Massachusetts. His first diplomatic appointment was that of Minister to Italy, which, after a tenure of five years, was exchanged for St. Petersburg. *Mr. Garfield*, the son of the martyred President, is familiar with official work by his service as Commissioner of Corporations in the Department of Commerce and Labor. He is forty-one years of age, and was educated at Williams College and in the Columbia Law School.

Of the cabinet officers who have simply been transferred to other positions, *Mr. Bonaparte* is perhaps the most remarkable. He is the grandson of Jerome, King of Westphalia, who was a brother of Napoleon I., the famous Emperor of the French. He is a native of Baltimore, Md., and is fifty-five years of age. He studied in Harvard University, and practiced law for some years in his native city. He has served as an Indian Commissioner, and was Chairman of the National Civil Service Reform League. The office he leaves to become Attorney-General, was the Secretaryship of the Navy. *Mr. Metcalf*, who succeeds Mr. Bonaparte, was Secretary of Commerce and Labor. He is a native of Utica, N. Y., and was educated at Yale University. He practiced law in California, and was three times elected to Congress from that State. *Mr. Cortelyou* now fills his third office in the Cabinet. He entered as Secretary of Commerce and Labor, and last year was made Postmaster-General. He now becomes Secretary of the Treasury in succession to Mr. Shaw. He is forty-four years of age and was born in New York. After serving in various responsible positions he became private secretary to President McKinley, serving afterwards President Roosevelt in the same capacity, until appointed to the Cabinet. We most devoutly hope that these distinguished men, each in his respective position, with the other members of the Cabinet, whose influence on the policy of the nation must be so potent, may be divinely guided and may prove themselves men of the type described by the sacred historian.

Men that had understanding of the times, to know what Israel ought to do (1. Chron. 12:32).

A Child's Heroism

The doctors and nurses in Harlem Hospital, New York, showed deep sympathy last week with a young patient who was brought in, and grieved sincerely when their efforts to save her life failed. The patient was a child eleven years old, who was the eldest of three children of a father and mother who are both invalids. They are not able to give much care to their children, and little Florence performed the duties of a mother to her young brother and baby sister. She was busy dusting the front room of their flat, when she noticed that the back room, where the children were, was full of smoke. She ran in, and found that her seven-year-old brother had found a box of matches, with which he had set fire to his own clothes and those of his two-year-old sister. With astonishing presence of mind, she laid both children on the floor and rolled them back and forth till the fire was extinguished. But her own clothes had caught fire, and before her invalid mother could put the fire out, the child was burned so severely that she died in the hospital the same night. It was an heroic death to die. She laid down her life for others, like Him of whom it was said:

He saved others; himself he cannot save (Matt. 27:42).

A Colony for the Blind

A remarkable meeting was held recently in New York, to which came several blind persons. Among them were Dr. Carl, a blind man who was for many years a Professor in Columbia College, Gen. Jones, of Binghamton, N. Y., who has been blind for several years, and Mr. Morford, the blind superintendent of the Industrial Home for the Blind, in Brooklyn, N. Y. They came to meet a lady who has been a companion of Carmen Sylva, Queen of Roumania. She has seen the queen's work for the blind in her colonies and was eager to found a similar colony for the blind in America. To her surprise all her blind guests unanimously opposed the project. They told her that the blind should associate as much as possible with seeing people and learn their ways; and that it was much easier for them to earn a livelihood when assisted by and in the sympathy of seeing people. Gen. Jones was most positive in his statements along this line. "I do wish the press of the country would take the matter up, and oppose any such idea," he said. "I shall bitterly oppose this idea of segregating the blind in colonies as having no good features and very many disastrous ones." It is so with those who are spiritually blind. They make one another worse when associated.

When the wicked are multiplied, transgression increaseth (Prov. 29:16).

Transformed by Surgery

The successful operations on children in Philadelphia have now been duplicated in New York. Among the children on the lower East Side of the city was a boy of fourteen, who was a terror to his parents and the teachers of the public school he attended. He played truant; he neglected his lessons to a degree that involved the prospect of expulsion, and while in school he was slow and stupid. Besides these faults he had a malignant disposition, quarreled in the playground and took a delight in tormenting boys smaller than himself. He grew worse, and at last was sent in despair to the Superintendent, Dr. Maxwell. It was found that there was a fungus growth at the back of his nose, which obstructed his breathing and irritated the nerve cells contiguous to the brain. The growth was removed with no expectation of any result save an improvement of his health, and he was sent back home. He was in better physical condition, but the most marked change was in his disposition. He had lost his morose manner and his dislike of other boys, and showed a docility and a quickness of apprehension and steady industry that astonished his teachers. Several weeks have passed and the improvement continues. He is a completely changed boy. The change shows how close is the connection between the mind and the body. Such cases are rare, but it is not at all rare for the mind and soul to be affected by evils that dissipation and vice have wrought in bodies, healthy at the beginning.

Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost. . . . therefore glorify God in your body (I. Cor. 6: 19, 20).

A Master Recognized

Warm welcome was given recently to a traveler, who had been absent for three years on a trip through Europe. He was walking through the streets of Hartford, Conn., near his old home, when it occurred to him, after visiting old friends, to try to trace a pair of pet horses, he formerly owned. He found his pet mare in her stable, harnessed and with blinders on. She could not see who was coming in with her owner, but when her former master called her by her name, she became all animation and turned her head around. She was released and came over to him, rubbing her nose against his arm. She was harnessed to a buggy, and her former owner drove around to the stable where the other horse was. He, too, instantly recognized the familiar voice and face. Three years had passed, but neither of the horses had forgotten his voice. It must have been very gratifying to him. Even the love of animals is welcome and they are often more faithful than men. The fact was used as a reproach to God's people.

The ox knoweth his owner and the ass his master's crib: but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider (Isa. 1: 3).

A Baby in Jail Delivery

An unusual agency for the release of prisoners is that of an innocent child scarcely three months' old. Yet ten prisoners succeeded in getting out of the Queen's County Jail, in Long Island City, N. Y., through such a child. The prisoners had been served with their Thanksgiving dinner, when a bright girl with an infant in her arms, came to the jail and asked to see her brother, who was one of the prisoners. She was refused, as it was not a visiting day. She was so disappointed, and told so pitiful a story of the distance she had come to give her brother the sight of his little niece whom he had never seen, that the Warden's heart was touched, and he consented to relax the rules. The brother and sister talked together through the screen for some time, and then the baby was lifted over the bars that the prisoner might fondle it. He held it in his arms for a minute or two, kissed it and handed it back to his sister, who thanked all for their kindness and left. No more was thought of the incident until the next day, when ten prisoners failed to appear at roll-call. It was then found that the bars to the window of the cell occupied by the man who had dandled the child, had been sawn through. Before he had crawled through the aperture he had found means to tell his comrades, and nine persons had crawled through after him, and scaling the outer fence made good their escape. The saws with which the deed was done must have been concealed in the child's clothes. It was a shame to make an innocent child the bearer of such tools. What a blessing it would be if the incident should lead any of them to understand how true freedom may be obtained through One who also was innocent.

If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed (John 8: 36).

PERSIA'S AWAKENING

PERSIA, that country of the past, which we read of as if it were a land created in the brain of a teller of tales, so far from the twentieth century does it seem, has been forcing itself upon the world's attention, and news from Teheran occupies more and more space in the public press. A few months ago came the startling announcement that the Shah, whose rule had been absolute and unquestioned, was making arrangements for a representative parliament. Now it is cabled that the Shah himself, on account of his severe illness, has summoned his son, Mohammed Ali Mizra, to take his place upon the peacock throne, or the throne of rubies, while he himself retires. In fact, the present Shah's illness is considered so dangerous, that perhaps before this strikes the eye of the reader, the monarch may be sleeping with his fathers.

Muzaffar - Ed - Din, "King of Kings," as he is called reverently by his subjects, and whose emblem is the rising sun, ruled Persia since 1896. He was born on March 25, 1853. He was the second son of the Shah Nasr-ed-Din, who was assassinated in the Mosque of the Shah Abdul Azin. His reign, though covering but ten years, will be the most noted of the modern sovereigns of the country. Besides his title of King of Kings, he is called by the Persians Zill Ullah, or Shadow of God, the Footpath of Heaven, The Well of Science, the Centre of the Universe, Monarch of Armies Numerous as that of the Stars, and Sublime Sovereign whose Standard is the Sun, whose splendor is that of the Firmament. Merely to carry these titles and live would, in the words of an ordinary American being, undertaking an extraordinary contract. Nevertheless, the Shah, to put his name in brief, has found time to carry on the numerous and exacting duties that fall to the lot of an absolute sovereign. He watched with interest the political ways of Europe, and has traveled much to other lands and other courts. He adopted many European customs, and sent the heir apparent to be educated in European schools, under European tutors. The marked change that a constitution meant in the entire life and thought of Persia can be realized when we read in Lord Curzon's book on Persia, that "the language in which the Shah addresses his subjects and is addressed by them, recalls the proud tone in which Artaxerxes or Darius spoke to his tributary millions, and which may still be read in the graven record of rock-wall and tomb. The march of time has imposed upon him neither religious council nor secular council, neither ulema nor senate. Elective and representative institutions have not yet intruded their irreverent features. No written check exists upon the royal prerogative."

At this moment of revival of interest in Persian affairs, there comes opportunely from the press of the Macmillan Company of New York, a book entitled *Persia, Past and Present, a book of Travel and Research.* Its author, A. V. Williams Jackson, has made the East, its literature, history, and archæology his study. The cities and villages of Persia are as familiar to him as New York, and its caravan trails, as Broadway. He is professor of Indo-Iranian languages in Columbia University, and secured a long leave of absence from the trustees, in order to secure the first-hand material, both in picture and in text, that makes his book so attractive to the general reader as well as to the student of things Oriental. Mr. Jackson went from the Caucassus to the Persian Gulf, then to Yezd in the central desert, then to the capital city of Teheran and the Caspian Sea. After crossing the Caspian, he went on through the heart of Asia to Merv, Bokhara and Samarkand. An extract from Professor Jackson's book gives a vivid picture of the interest of the journey to Persian territory, and also of the charm of his style as a writer of "travel pictures": "All day the railway skirted the great plain beneath the Caucasus, which was never more than twenty miles distant. The scenery at this time of the year was barren and dreary. Hardly a trace of vegetation was visible except where the wind had blown a space bare in the snow and revealed a possible promise of verdure when spring should come. Flocks of sheep and goats were to be seen wherever a bit of fodder could be found, and scant herds of rugged cattle lounged disconsolately about.

"I was interested in watching the changes in the types of the people as the journey progressed. Some of the natives represented to perfection the type of the Scythian shepherd in antiquity; they wore huge sheepskin coats, and had their feet wrapped in coarse bagging which was lashed about the legs with thongs; their heads were covered with a cap of heavy fur which was almost indistinguishable from the shock of hair and heavy beard. A few looked a little more modern because of the long rifle with which they stood guard over their flocks. Most of them had the shambling gait of the East and the Oriental fashion of squatting, which was particularly noticeable around the railway stations. All of them had dark complexions, which looked weather-beaten and coarse. The Iranian type of features grew more and more pronounced as the Caspian was approached, and I could recognize distinct likenesses to the Pathans and Waziris, those Afghan tribesmen of Iranian blood, whom I had seen in the Khaibar Pass two years before. It is clear that Iran begins ethnologically with the Caucasus and the Caspian, the historic borderland between Europe and Asia, although the Russian frontier line to-day has encroached a hundred or two miles over the old Persian border.

"Darkness had fallen when the train arrived at Petrorvsk, but through the gloom I could catch sight of the white waves of the Caspian lashed into foam by the wintry winds."

A chapter is given to "ancient Pasargadæ and the tomb of Cyrus." Professor Jackson gives conclusive proof that the stone house on the raised steps, of which a picture is given, is that of the great king. "The structure," he writes, "now looks like 'a house of stone roofed over.' The door faces west, . . . is strikingly small, and around the tomb there are the remains of what was once a colonnade."

On the tomb was once the following:

"O Man, Whosoever Thou Art, and Whencesoever Thou Comest (For I Know Thou Wilt Come), I am Cyrus, Who Founded the Empire of the Persians. Grudge Me Not Therefore This Little Earth That Covers My Body."

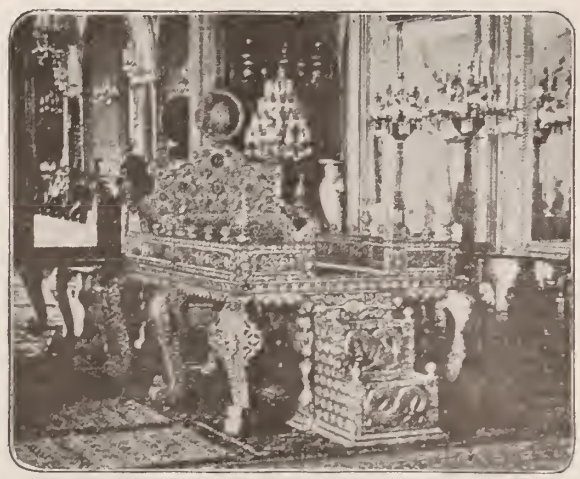
Persia Past and Present. A Book of Travel and Research, by A. V. Jackson. Cloth; 467 pages. Illustrated with photographs and drawings. Price $4. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York. We print the above extract on the journey to Persia, and the pictures of the tombs of Esther, Darius, and the figures of the archers, by courtesy of the Macmillan Company.

Summer Home of the Heir Apparent to the Throne

The Shah of Persia

Heir to the Throne

Tomb of Esther and Mordecai



The "Peacock Throne" at Teheran

Tomb of Cyrus the Great

Castle Howard, the Ancestral Seat of the Carlisles

Photographed by Lady Carlisle's special permission

LADY CARLISLE'S BEAUTIFUL HOME

The New Leader of the World's W. C. T. U., And Her Work in Behalf of Her Sex

SINCE the recent World's Convention in Boston, of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, perhaps no woman looms larger in the public eye than the Countess of Carlisle, who was then elected to the presidency of that representative body. The countess succeeds Lady Henry Somerset in this responsible and honorable office, as she succeeded her three years ago in a similar office in the British Woman's Temperance Association.

For centuries, the name of Stanley—the family name of the countess—has held a prominent place upon the honor-roll of English history; but it is quite probable that no one bearing the name has played a more strenuous part in the life-drama of her time, than did Lady Stanley, of Alderley, the mother of the Countess of Carlisle. Lord Stanley was for years the principal whip of the Whig Party when it was at the zenith of its power, or—as Lord Palmerston no less truthfully than wittily expressed it—he was "joint whip with Lady Stanley." It was this great-souled woman who was practically the main force in the movement for the higher education of women. What wonder, then, that the children of such a mother have taken an active part in public life?

In 1846, Rosalind, Lady Stanley's youngest daughter, became the Countess of Carlisle. From that time her life history is largely the history of the Women's Suffrage Movement in England. The long and eminently successful struggle for equal educational advantages for men and women, in which Lady Carlisle has been a potent factor, was, in reality, a demand for their political equality. Her untiring zeal, seconded by great strength of character and personal charm, did more than any other effort to create an organization which became a force to be reckoned with by the dominating party in English politics, and she remained at the head of the Woman's Liberal Federation, until obliged by her physician's orders, to withdraw for a time from public work.

The countess inherits from her Irish mother a warm, impulsive nature, and so true is she to her Radical principles, that it is no uncommon thing to find in her home, even at her table, women from the humblest walks of life. "Ho, for a purpose!" is the open sesame to her ardent interest; but woe betide the luckless individual who attempts to trade upon her credulity, for she is as quick to resent as to detect insincerity.

The earl is out of politics, and, had he not been born an earl, would have been an artist of no mean merit. His interest in the temperance movement is in perfect unison with that of the countess, as is evidenced by his frequent addresses before the "White Ribboners" Convention last month. A humorous anecdote, for the truth of which the earl good-naturedly vouches, is that which follows: On one occasion the earl fulfilled the duty allotted him at a political meeting, by proposing a certain resolution, when, from the back of the hall, his wife arose, moved thereto by honest conviction, and proposed an amendment which ran almost counter to the original resolution. So logical were the arguments she advanced, and so magnetic was her personality, that her amendment was carried. The incident is well chosen as an illustration of the fearless courage and statesmanlike qualities, to which is added a remarkable grasp of detail, of the woman who is now at the head of one of the most prominent and far-reaching organizations in the world.

Lady Dorothy Howard, the daughter of the countess,

Photographed by Lady Carlisle's special permission

The Great Dining Hall at Castle Howard

a beautiful girl of twenty, was one of the most attractive speakers at the recent Boston Convention. Like her mother, she has been trained to this platform. In warm sympathy with the work of the countess, Lady Dorothy is very active in W. C. T. U. work, and gives evidence of possessing many of the qualities of leadership which may bring her to the front in the coming years.

Castle Howard, the historic home of the Stanleys, is in the East Riding of Yorkshire, England. A writer thus describes it:

"Built at a time when the rejuvenated classics ran riot in Yorkshire, it stands as a fitting memorial of the sense of artistic fitness possessed by the founder, inasmuch as he transformed the face of the surrounding uplands to harmonize with his newly built palace. On entering the park the visitor becomes at once sensible that he is within a classic grove. At one of the most elevated points is a gateway, surmounted by a pyramid, which is visible for some miles. This long avenue is crossed at right angles by one which leads to the house, and at the point of intersection stands a quadrangular inscribed obelisk, 100 feet in height.

"The house stands upon an elevated ridge, commanding a fine view in both directions. The grand facade or garden front faces the south, and consists of a central block and two side wings. The central block, which is approached by a broad flight of steps, is considerably higher than the wings, and has two tiers of windows, nine in each tier. It has a pediment and entablature, supported by ten fluted Corinthian pilasters, and finished off by a balustrade of small pillars, the whole surmounted by a lofty dome. The wings have but one tier of windows, except at each end, where there are two; the effect of the variety in height of different parts of the building being very graceful. At all available points, vases or statues are introduced. The facade, 323 feet in length, has twenty-seven windows in a row, divided by fluted Corinthian pilasters, those of the wings corresponding with those of the central portion.

"The facade looks upon a large pleasure-garden laid out in the Italian style, adorned with many statues and a classic fountain, and having a delightfully old-world look, with its long, straight walks and cut hedges. One smooth grassy terrace stretches away to the southeast, and upon it, about half a mile from the house, stands an Ionic temple with four porticoes. Still further on, in nearly the same direction, but rather more to the south, is the mausoleum, a circular building surrounded by a colonnade of Doric pillars, where are interred the founder and many others of succeeding generations. Temple and mausoleum are alike crowned by a dome.

"The principal apartments—with the exception of the library, which runs backward through the western wing—are ranged along the grand facade. They are of uniform and unusual height, but there is great variety in their size. The two grand saloons—one on the ground floor, the other above—are the largest; but general effect is not sacrificed to one disproportionately large room. The chief others are the dining-room, the drawing-room, the blue drawing-room, the state or gold bed-room, the green damask room, the yellow bed-room, the silver bed-room, and the blue room. The picture gallery has one of the finest art collections in England.

A Review of the Life of Christ

*INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON, BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS**

Jesus as "Wonderful"

WHEN he was born a great light appeared, and he was heralded by the angels in message and in song. He was wonderful to the shepherds who found him in the manger at Bethlehem, and published to all men as they were returning to their flocks what they had heard and seen concerning the Christ-child.

He was wonderful to the mother who had borne him, for she "pondered" these things in her heart. He was wonderful in that wise men who, divinely guided by a star, came to honor him as King. As a boy he was wonderful to the doctors in the Temple, who were astonished at his understanding and questions.

He was wonderful in taking the place of a repentant sinner in baptism, though without sin. And when John would have hindered him, he replied: "Suffer it to be so now, for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness."

We were looking for lodgings, we said. "We will go only into houses that have clean windows, those shall guide us as to the interior." Then a strange thing happened, whenever we found one house with shining, clear windows, we noticed that other houses just beside it had clean windows too. Several months passed away. We went again to the same town, there had been a heavy snow-storm, but we did not need our overshoes, for there were footpaths leading to every door, and the pavements were swept free of snow. Why was this? Each family had cleaned the snow away. Such is the power of example. Let us try to fulfil all righteousness as Jesus did. "Even a child is known by his doings whether his work be pure, and whether it be right" (Prov. 26:8.)

Jesus as Counselor

When he laid before the four fishermen, the greater work of catching men, and said: "Follow me."

When he taught what true character building is, by using the illustrations of the house built on the sand, and the house built on a rock.

When he tried by the parable of the sower to teach men how they should attend to the preaching of the Word of God.

When he tried by the parable of the tares to warn them against the working of Satan in their hearts.

When he taught men how to pray.

When he advised the proud Pharisees to seek the poor, sick, lame and blind, and invite them to their feasts.

When he described the unjust judge by way of contrast to the Judge of all the earth, who is pitiful, and of tender mercy.

When he contrasted the proud Pharisee and the humble, penitent publican, that men might choose a true ideal of character.

When he advised a rich young ruler to sell all his goods and give his money to the poor.

When he gave the Pharisee a lesson on loyalty to the powers that be, by showing the inscription on the penny.

When he taught the people that the first commandment was to love God with all their hearts, and the second, to love their neighbors as themselves.

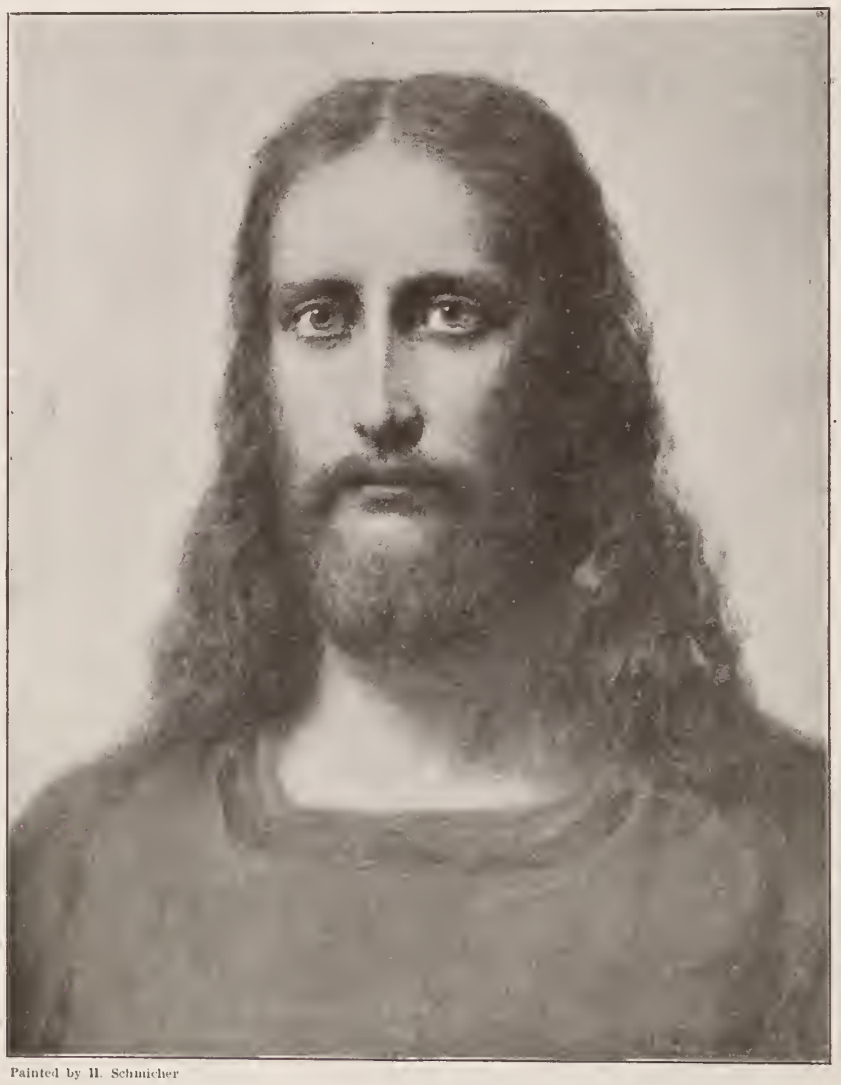
When, by the parable of the ten virgins, he tried to impress upon his hearers the duty of watchfulness and readiness to meet God.

When, by the parable of the talents, he illustrated the fact that God expects every one to do his duty according to the measure of ability.

As Counselor and example,
He came to us to show
The way to his pure sweet life above
From our sinful life below.
We must be, and do, and love like Him,
Be kind, all evil shun.

A Benevolent Trick

Two travelers were passing along a road and saw a pair of empty shoes and a worn coat lying beside them. Said the professor to his student companion: "Some poor man has left his shoes here while he finishes his day's work." "Let us play him a trick," eagerly suggested the student. "Let us hide the shoes, and conceal ourselves behind these bushes. Then we will see what a state the man will be in." "My young friend," answered the professor, "we must never amuse ourselves at the expense of the poor. You are rich, and may give yourself a greater pleasure than by hiding the shoes of the man. Put a silver dollar in each shoe, and then we will hide ourselves as you suggested." And so he did. Slowly and wearily over the field came the man who had left his shoes at the wayside. When he reached the spot, he slipped one foot into a shoe, but he felt something hard, and stooped down to remove it. A silver dollar! Had it dropped from the skies? He looked up at the clouds, and then down the road. The professor and his pupil, unseen, were watching the man. He put the dollar into his pocket, and proceeded to slip his foot into the other shoe, but there was something hard in that too. What! another dollar? Then the poor man fell on his knees and thanked God for having heard his prayer for help. He spoke of a wife sick at home, and helpless, and of hungry little children, and asked God's blessing on the unknown hand that placed the two dollars in his shoes. Then he rose from his knees, put on his shoes, and walked as though he was rested. When he was out of sight the professor and the student came out into the road. "Are you not better pleased than if you had played your intended trick?" asked the professor. "Indeed I am," replied the student. "I feel the truth of some words I have never understood before: 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'" Christ walked with these two men that day as a wise counselor, but they saw him not.



Painted by H. Schmicher

"His name shall be called Wonderful and the Prince of Peace"

Jesus as Almighty God

When in the wilderness of temptation, he made the devil leave him.

On that day when he healed the demoniac in the synagogue, recovered Peter's wife's mother of her fever, and healed all who were brought to the door of Peter's house at the evening hour.

When by his word he held back the Centurion's servant from death, and restored him to health.

When he proclaimed himself Lord of the Sabbath to the carping Pharisees.

When he cast the legion of devils out of the demoniac at Gadara.

When he fed the great multitude by the miracle of the loaves and fishes.

When he was transfigured on the mountain top, and received two visitors from heaven.

When he spoke of his kingdom at the Lord's supper.

When he so declared himself to Caiaphas.

When he so declared himself to Pilate.

When he rose from the dead on the third day.

When he ascended into heaven, with the promise that he would send the Holy Spirit to be the comforter and helper of those whom he had commissioned to go into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.

Jesus himself said: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." He knows how to rest us, because he is God. He knows how to clear the way of difficulties, because he is God. He knows how to stop pain, because he is God. He knows how to make soft a dying bed, because he is God.

Jesus as Everlasting Father

When he told the story of the father's welcome for his prodigal son, illustrating the loving kindness of the Heavenly Father to those who repent of their sins.

When he healed the child of an alien race.

When he gathered the children in his arms and blessed them.

When he listened to the cry of blind Bartimæus and helped him.

When he sought of Zacchæus, the dishonest and hated publican, an invitation to his home, that he might help him into true and honest living.

Jesus said of himself, "I and my Father are one." "He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father." "The Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works."

It is the revelation of the Father through Jesus Christ that draws our hearts to God. Jesus Christ came to earth, not to establish a new relation between God and man, but to emphasize the fact of God's Fatherhood, and our relation to him as children, rebellious children, but still God's children. And father love is planted in a man's heart that it may help him to reach heaven.

The mayor of a town having professed faith in Christ, gave a touching account of how he was awakened by the death of his own little boy, as follows: "Just before the child died, he looked up and said very earnestly, 'Up! up!' I thought he meant that he wanted to go upstairs, and said, 'Yes, Willie, papa will carry you upstairs.' 'No,' he said; 'higher, higher; papa don't know the way; let mamma come.' I saw, then, that my little boy was dying, and I stood on one side, while his mother came and held him in her arms and prayed with him. The thought that in the hour of death I could not pray with my dear boy, and the words, 'Papa don't know the way,' led me to resolve to seek the Saviour."

Fatherhood is not a mere figure, borrowed from man as applied to God, but he is the divine original of Fatherhood, of whom every family in earth and heaven is named (Eph. 3:15).

Jesus as the Prince of Peace

When on the Mount of Beatitudes he taught the people who should be "blessed."

When he took as the foundation of his church the truth contained in the confession of Peter that he was the Son of God.

When he taught the duty of forgiving unto seventy times seven.

When he taught by the story of the Good Samaritan what a true neighbor is.

When he rode into Jerusalem followed by men, women and children, waving palm branches and praising him with hosannas.

When he prayed in Gethsemane: "Not as I will, but as thou wilt."

When, in dying, he prayed for the forgiveness of those who had crucified him.

Oh, child of God, be calm, be still.
Let the past be what it may;
Live now as for the Father's will,
And him obey.

And let the tumult and the rush,
And the doubts and questions cease;
Give God thy care—and know the hush
Of perfect peace.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

On one occasion when there was experiment being made with a submarine torpedo boat, the crew were submerged for twenty-four hours without ever coming to the surface. During that time a heavy storm raged, but when the torpedo boat was raised, it was found that the occupants had experienced nothing of the storm; they had been down below the storm, where there was perfect peace. So may we rest in the depth of a Saviour's love. He has promised to keep in perfect peace those whose hearts are stayed on Him. On such, the disppointments, the trials, the sorrows, which are a part of life, can have no power.

The Way of Peace

Dr. Henry Van Dyke gives in what he calls the Foot-path of Peace: "To be glad of life, because it gives much chance to love and to work and to play, and to look up at the stars, to be satisfied with your possessions, but not contented with yourself until you have made the best of them; to despise nothing in the world except falsehood and meanness, and to fear nothing except cowardice; to be governed by your admirations, rather than by your disgusts; to covet nothing that is your neighbor's, except his kindness of heart and gentleness of manners; to think seldom of your enemies, often of your friends, and every day of Christ, and to spend as much time as you can with body and with spirit in God's outdoors — these are little guideposts in the path of peace."

Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown,
Jesus we know, and he is on the throne.

BICKERSTETH.

*International Sunday School Lesson for Dec. 30. GOLDEN TEXT: "His name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, and the Prince of Peace" (Isa. 9: 6).

Points from the President's Message

ALMOST every topic of national consequence is discussed in President Roosevelt's Message, which was sent to Congress on Dec. 4. It is a most comprehensive document, and only the essential points can be given here.

Among the recommendations it contains are these:

An eight hour day for railroad employees. Female and child labor to be investigated. A law prohibiting corporations from making campaign contributions. Extension of employers' liability law. Federal commission for conciliation and mediation. An amendment of the meat inspection bill, placing cost on packers. National licenses for interstate corporations. Extension of technical and manual training. Federal help to agriculturists. Federal control of marriage and divorce. Forest preservation by federal enactment.

Below will be found extracts from the Message, dealing with a few of the more important topics now uppermost in the public mind.

THE JAPANESE IN CALIFORNIA

"To shut them (the Japanese) out from the public schools is a wicked absurdity, when there are no first-class colleges in the land, including the universities and colleges of California, which do not gladly welcome Japanese students, and on which Japanese students do not reflect credit. We have as much to learn from Japan as Japan has to learn from us; and no nation is fit to teach unless it is also willing to learn. . . . I ask fair treatment for the Japanese as I would ask fair treatment for Germans or Englishmen, Frenchmen, Russians or Italians. I ask it as due to humanity and civilization. . . . . I recommend to the Congress that an act be passed specifically providing for the naturalization of Japanese who come here intending to become American citizens. . . . . In the matter now before me affecting the Japanese, everything that it is in my power to do will be done, and all of the forces, military and civil, of the United States, which I may lawfully employ, will be so employed. There should, however, be no particle of doubt as to the power of the National Government completely to perform and enforce its own obligations to other nations.''

THE INHERITANCE TAX

"The National Government has long derived its chief revenue from a tariff on imports and from an internal or excise tax. In addition to these there is every reason why, when next our system of taxation is revised, the National Government should impose a graduated inheritance tax, and, if possible, a graduated income tax. The man of great wealth owes a peculiar obligation to the State, because he derives special advantages from the mere existence of government. Not only should he recognize this obligation in the way he leads his daily life, and in the way he earns and spends his money, but it should also be recognized by the way in which he pays for the protection the State gives him."

CHILD LABOR

"Let me again urge that the Congress provide for a thorough investigation of the conditions of child labor and of the labor of women in the United States. More and more our people are growing to recognize the fact that the questions which are not merely of industrial but of social importance outweigh all others."

LYNCHING

"There is but one safe rule in dealing with black men as with white men; it is the same rule that must be applied in dealing with rich men and poor men; that is, to treat each man, whatever his color, his creed, or his social position, with even-handed justice on his real worth as a man. In my judgment, attacks on women should always be punished with death, as is the case with murder, and provision should be made by which the punishment may follow immediately upon the heels of the offence; while the trial should be so conducted that the victim need not be wantonly shamed while giving testimony, and that the least possible publicity shall be given to the details."

CONTROL OF CORPORATIONS

"Experience has conclusively shown the impossibility of securing by the actions of nearly half a hundred different State Legislatures anything but ineffective chaos in the way of dealing with the great corporations which do not operate exclusively within the limits of any one State. In some method, whether by a national license law or in other fashion, we must exercise, and that at an early date, a far more complete control than at present over these great corporations—a control that will among other things prevent the evils of excessive overcapitalization, and that will compel the disclosure by each big corporation of its stockholders and of its properties and business, whether owned directly or through subsidiary or affiliated corporations. This will tend to put a stop to the securing of inordinate profits by favored individuals, at the expense whether of the general public, the stockholders or the wage-workers.''

UNIFORM DIVORCE LAWS

"In my judgment the whole question of marriage and divorce should be relegated to the authority of the National Congress. At present the wide differences in the laws of the different States on this subject result in scandals and abuses; and surely there is nothing so vitally essential to the welfare of the nation, nothing around which the nation should so bend itself to throw every safeguard, as the home life of the average citizen.''

GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP OF RAILWAYS

"The best way to avert the very undesirable move for the governmental ownership of railways, is to secure by the government on behalf of the people as a whole, such adequate control and regulation of the great interstate common carriers as will do away with the evils which give rise to the agitation against them. So the proper antidote to the dangerous and wicked agitation against the men of wealth as such, is to secure by proper legislation and executive action the abolition of the grave abuses which actually do obtain in connection with the business use of wealth under our present system—or rather no system—of failure to exercise any adequate control at all.''

THE PANAMA LABOR QUESTION

"On the Isthmus of Panama, the conditions are in every way so different from what they are here, that an eight-hour day would be absurd, just as it is absurd, so far as the Isthmus is concerned, where white labor cannot be employed, to bother as to whether the necessary work is done by alien black men or by alien yellow men.''

A WARNING TO CUBA

"If the (Cuban) elections become a farce, and if the insurrectionary habit becomes confirmed in the island, it is absolutely out of the question that the island should continue independent.''

Preacher, Teacher and Governor

IN "the brave days of old," it was not at all uncommon to find preachers and professors of institutions of learning sitting at the council board of State, directing the march of armies, or the levying of a new tax. Of late, however, the religious and

Dr. Henry Buchtel

secular vocations have become more and more specialized, so that the announcement comes with a pleasant sense of novelty from Colorado, that the people of that State have chosen for their governor Dr. Henry A. Buchtel, a clergyman, who has not only made his mark in the pulpit of the Methodist Church, but also as one of the most able administrators of a university in the country. By taking his place in the gubernatorial chair, Dr. Buchtel will not cease to be a clergyman, nor Chancellor of the University of Denver. He will carry on his work in the institution as usual, and the Executive Mansion, for the time being, will be Dr. Buchtel's bungalow, a building of stone and cement in University Park. Mrs. Buchtel declared that she would not leave it for the finest mansion on Capitol Hill.

The Governor-Elect is fifty-two; six feet tall, and broad-chested. His face firm yet kindly is that of a leader of men. He made Trinity Church of Denver one of the largest and most influential bodies in the Methodist Denomination west of the Mississippi. When he was offered the Chancellorship of the University it was having a hard fight to exist; now it has twelve hundred students. The election was a great source of satisfaction to the students, and when the news came that their Chancellor was to be governor, they let themselves loose. They marched in a body to his home and cheered until he came out. The football team at once lifted him to their shoulders, and, followed by the cheering students, marched to the University Chapel. The celebration that followed, speeches by the faculty and by the students, will linger long in Dr. Buchtel's memory as one of the proudest of his busy life.

To an interviewer he said. "Why should I give up my connection with the university; I have given some of the best years of my life to the building of this university Why should I desert it merely because the people of Colorado have called me to another office. The double task will be by no means impossible. I am an early riser; sometimes I am up before five o'clock. I shall have breakfast, stop at the university and attend to my correspondence there and then swing on a car and get down to the Capitol in time to begin the day's work as Governor at the usual hour, nine o'clock. At night I may find another hour to devote to the university."

He defined his position after the election: "I believe in big things. Here in Colorado we breathe the deepest breaths of the purest, most invigorating air tonic there is. We are building big men, big in body and brain. What we most need now is constructive work, the building up of our Commonwealth. This is possible even after all our strife. The war is over and peace cometh in the morning."

Memorial Window to John Hay

THE leading Hebrews of Philadelphia and a number of representatives of the same race from other cities, have honored the memory of the late Secretary of State, John Hay, by the erection of a beautiful memorial window in

The Hay Memorial Window

Keneseth Israel Temple, Philadelphia. The window was formally dedicated on December 2d, the ceremony being witnessed by Secretary of State Elihu Root, Hon. Oscar Straus, the coming Secretary of Commerce and Labor, and Hon. Andrew D. White, former Minister to Russia and Germany. Six members of the Hay family were also present. The consecration address was made by Joseph Krauskopf, Rabbi of the Temple. Mr. Root made the chief address.

The window is in recognition of John Hay's services to Hebrews in 1902, in his letter to the Powers, appealing on the grounds of eternal justice, and also for his services in relation to the Kisheneff massacre of 1903, when he sent to the Czar a despatch covering the petition of 12,000 Americans, asking for remedial measures.

The window represents an allegorical figure of a spiritual hero, who, fired with indignation over the wrongs of an oppressed people, strives by the force of his writing to ameliorate their condition. His right hand is raised to stop a multitude in its onslaught, while in his left hand is a scroll. Kneeling at the foot of the hero are a man and a woman, the latter holding an infant, representative of the oppressed Hebrews. At the base appear appropriate texts, and beneath appears the inscription:

"To the Glory of God, and in memory of John Hay, Secretary of State and Defender of the Oppressed, 1906."

VERY IMPORTANT

THIS paper will reach you on or before the nineteenth of this month. Orders mailed at once, from any point east of the Mississippi, will reach us in time to enable us to make delivery of premiums intended for Christmas gifts, and we urge upon all our subscribers, who contemplate the purchase of premiums for holiday purposes, to act immediately. **All** our **Premiums** and our **Calendar** are ready for **immediate shipment,** and our subscribers may depend on it that there will be no delay at this end.

Please tell all your friends, and **do not fail to impress it upon yourself,** that the time to send in new subscriptions and renewals is NOW, and any delay in this matter will be apt to entail disappointment if you are planning to use either the subscription or the premium for holiday purposes.

THE DAUGHTER OF MEVIK

By BARBARA E. POPE

IT was midsummer and the scene was far removed from America's bustling towns and cities. There were mountains and valleys with plains and fields; but no tree spread forth leafy branches and no expanse of green dotted the landscape. The sun, like a reluctant visitor, tarried at the portals, and land and sea wore the liveries of the ice-king.

A band of Eskimos, joyous as children, had come from their more southern winter village, some traveling on foot with their belongings and feeble ones on sleds, while others braved the dangers of the ice-pack in boats. Men, women and children laughed and shouted in glee. Once more they could hunt and fish and enjoy the sunlight and the open air. Huts were erected, but were rarely occupied in the waking hours and many disdained their shelter in the times for sleep. The long, dark months of winter had been spent in their smoky depths, but now, for a delightful season, seclusion had come to an end.

At the head of an inlet, a middle-aged man was mending his boat and two young men, proud owners of fine new canoes, vied with each other in rendering assistance. As they worked, both young men cast furtive glances in the direction of a group of women, some of whom were diligently sewing on garments for themselves or their families, while others coddled their infants and gossiped. Conspicuous in the group was Lanie, daughter of the middle-aged man. She had reached marriageable years, and her beauty and accomplishments were the pride of the settlement.

"Go to the maiden yonder, and bring me tough thread made from the cords of the great bear," said the man who was mending his boat.

Both young men started but their elder called them back.

"It doesn't take two paddles to move a kaiak, and it doesn't take two lads to fetch a handful of thread," said the boat-mender good-naturedly.

"Jan worked with Lanie and her mother yesterday, cutting for them new boots from reindeer skin," said one of the young men.

"And Ulo was there at the same time, shaping for Lanie a pair of snow eyes," said Jan.

"Two hunters chasing one seal," said the boat-mender. "The spear of one of you may strike true, but the other will miss its mark and tumble into very cold water. Each of you needs to look well to what he's treading on. Ice fields don't always show their thickness, and maiden's smiles are not to be trusted. But lads will be lads. Fetch me the thread, Jan; and, Ulo, bring me a couple more needles. I can't say they are wanted, but I must give both of you service."

Like a little princess, Lanie sat beside her mother on the skin of a great white bear, which her father had killed, single-handed. Mevik, her father, was great in all the feats of the Eskimo, and Lanie would have scorned a lover who lacked prowess. To her people, a more beautiful maiden could not be conceived of; and, in reality, she was pretty, with a complexion made clear olive by strict habits of neatness, a dainty mouth, and eyes that could both flash and be dreamful. She was clad in a brau-new summer jacket and trousers of reindeer skin, and the boots which Jan had cut for her. By her side were the wooden spectacles or "snow eyes," made by Ulo, and she used them when the light was too glaring.

A titter went around the group of women when the young men told their errands, but Lanie handed the article with seeming indifference and did not raise her eyes to the face of either. Both young men were good-looking, both had skill and courage, and each gave heed to the material and make of his garments. They had discarded their winter clothing of sealskin, and wore fresh, clean jackets and trousers of the skin of the reindeer, the jackets neatly striped and trimmed with furs of different shades and ornamented at the neck with bear's teeth. A critical observer might have detected something of foppishness in Ulo, and there were times when Jan was considered too serious. Young and old, however, admired the two rivals, and there was not a girl among the associates of Lanie, who would not have been overjoyed by a proposal from the one or the other.

"There will be a new lodge soon, but Lanie keeps to herself the name of him who will build it," said a fat little woman, the wife of a carver, who was cutting walrus tusks into pieces for her husband.

"Ulo and Jan must strive against each other. My daughter has an eye for the fitnesss of a man," said Lanie's mother.

"Who can say that I am thinking of marriage?" asked Lanie, in a soft, low voice.

"When a girl begins making her new sealskins so early in the summer, and must have her jacket trailing so long in front and behind, and is gathering together fine white furs and blue fox skins for stripes and borders, she doesn't mean to mope in her father's lodge the next winter," said the fat little woman.

The women laughed, and a young girl rewarded the speaker by sticking a choice strip of tallow into the mouth of the infant which was cradled in the hood of the fat little woman's jacket.

When Mevik had finished the repairing of his canoe, he and his assistants shouted and waved their hands, and, at the signal, everybody in the settlement flocked to the edge of the open water. Each man had a kaiak, on which he had exhausted his constructive and decorative ability, and the women hauled up long oomiaks, of which they were equally proud and into which they hastened with their children.

At home on the water, all plied their paddles and darted away. Soon they ventured into more dangerous seas. In and out among the icebergs and through tortuous channels in the ice-pack, they sped. The majority were apparently bent on mere trials of speed, but, occasionally, a hunter stole off in quest of game.

Lanie's rival lovers, with old Saron, guide and friend to all youngsters in the settlement, had stealthily followed to its nesting-place a burgomaster gull. The canoes were all headed for the inlet, when the three came within sight, Saron paddling between the other two and stopping to hold up the dead body of the bird. The little fat woman had just opened her mouth for a playful thrust, when there came a great crash and roar, and away off in the distance, an icy ledge broke off and plunged into the sea. It was only the setting free of another iceberg; but the little woman's face grew pale and her neighbors shaded their eyes and peered out over the ice and water.

"I see a speck," said one of the women. "It is a kaiak, and it is making for us."

"Only one?" cried the little woman. "There were two of them."

The women in the boat paddled slowly toward the speck and the speck hurried to them. It was a man in a canoe, the companion of the bone-carver, who had been fishing under the ledge. The great mass of ice had fallen on the carver, and he and his canoe had been crushed beneath its weight.

The little woman shrieked and then settled down to a low wailing. Sympathetic companions extolled the virtues of her lost husband and assured her of his eternal happiness down in the region of perpetual summer, where the great Tonjarink shares his hunting streams with all brave and well-skilled mortals.

While the women were comforting the widow, the friend of her husband, himself a bone-carver, looked pityingly at the bereaved one and patted the head of her infant. As long as she remained single, he would provide for her, and, when the days of her mourning should have been passed, he would, no doubt, marry her. He had two wives already; but the widow was handy, and he owed some debts of gratitude to the friend whom the iceberg had buried.

The death of the carver was deplored by all; but dangers lurked everywhere, and these children of the North were accustomed to disasters. Ulo and Jan, with Saron, had paddled alongside, and they, kept pace with the oomiak, waiting till the older women were ready to notice them.

"Who killed the gull?" inquired Lanie's mother.

"See! Here sticks my arrow," said Jan.

"And this is mine," said Ulo.

"The arrows were shot at the same time, and either would have killed," said Saron.

The wife of Mevik smiled indulgently when the bird was presented to her. Its raw flesh would make a feast to which the donors were invited, and the skin was the treasure which her daughter had been longing for as trimmings. As is fine lace to the civilized maiden, so was this white birdskin to Lanie.

There was a deep fissure in the ice-covered rock on the high ground to the westward, and to this sacred cavity came, one day, the widow of the carver, to throw down into it all such articles as could be of service to her deceased husband. Young girls accompanied her, and some young men followed, ostensibly to witness the ceremony. When the widow had performed her solemn duty, and knew that the carver, in his blissful abode, was provided with all the tools and weapons that he could possibly need, a little of her old spirit returned to her and she sat down to tell a story about a girl who mocked every Innuit in the land, and who was finally put on an iceberg and made to drift away to be squaw to an Indian.

The girls declared that such would be the fate of Lanie, and the young men were threatening dire consequences to the Indian, when Jan, who had gone to intercept a lone hunter, came back to say that the man had narrowly escaped death from a huge polar bear, which was preying on seals some miles to the northward.

"A bear hunt! A bear hunt!" exclaimed the young men joyfully.

"My father and the other older men may face the old shaggy coat," said Lanie, laughing. "What will you teethlings do?"

"We are Innuit," said the young men proudly, as they ran off to the settlement.

A hunting party was organized, but Mevik, who had killed a bear single-handed the season before, was content to rest on his laurels, and thus give a better chance to ambitious members of the young set. It was deemed best to go overland, and after a great polishing of spears and a thorough inspection of bows and arrows, Jan and Ulo, with Saron and many others, set out with the man who had brought the good news.

The hunters plodded along merrily, the older men relating tales of adventure, and the younger jesting and teasing and predicting for one another blunders and calamities. Ulo and Jan were, perhaps, the most eager for success, though none would neglect an opportunity to distinguish himself. Ulo more than once boasted of a pair of youthful black eyes which would lighten up wondrously on his victorious return; and Jan set his lips firmly and kept to himself the determination to win in the coming encounter, his bride, and, to secure, by his daring, eternal happiness for her and himself, when old age should enable them to descend to Tonjarink.

When they had traveled about half their distance, Saron appeared weak and ailing. The old man presently grew sick and could travel no farther.

"The rest of you go on," he said, as he sank down, just as they had reached the ice field.

"I thought it was risky to come along without a sled," said one of the men.

Others proposed making a litter, but Saron refused to be carried. "Leave me here, and if you find me living when you come back, go on to the settlement and send my wife with her medicine bags," he said faintly.

The men made a soft pile of skins and laid the old man on it, placing by his side a generous supply of meat and water.

Jan laid his hand on the sick man's head. It was hot with fever. The young hunter looked appealingly at his comrades. Saron was dear to them all, and it was not likely that the bear would forsake its haunts. Jan offered to hurry back for Saron's wife, who was one of the wisest old medicine women of her day, if the rest would care for the old man till his return.

"No, no! Don't spoil the hunt," urged Saron.

"We won't tarry needlessly, and, if death come to you, there will be a bright summertime without end, for we can all say that you have earned it," said one of the men, feelingly, as they started off.

The men had not gone far, when it was discovered that Jan had stayed with Sharon.

"Jan has a woman's heart," said one of the young hunters.

"He didn't show a woman's heart when the Indians came upon us that winter when he was a half-grown boy and we

Continued on page 1098

AROUND THE RUDDY HEARTH

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Missionary Boxes and Barrels

WHEN it is announced to a congregation that the Ladies' Aid Society intends, on a not far off day, to pack a barrel or box for a missionary, those who listen receive the news in a spirit of sympathy or of languid indifference according to the value they set on the missionary's work. In the long story of heroic effort, no names shine with greater lustre than those of our home missionaries. They do not cross the sea to foreign lands, but spend their strength in toilsome work under our own flag, and yet, in many ways their work is similar to that of the foreign missionary. The increasingly strong current of immigration to our shores brings the poor and needy, the untaught and the reckless, the discouraged and down-trodden peoples of other lands to us, and the missionary must carry to them the simple Gospel, and act as a pioneer in uplifting them and their children. The sacrifices and self-denials of home missionaries and their families on the frontier, in new sections of the country, in remote fastnesses of the mountains, both north and south, are seldom chronicled, although they might fill volumes with brave records of endurance and devotion.

Usually the president or secretary of a society writes a letter of enquiry to a missionery whose name has been sent her from the headquarters of the Church Board. In due time an answer is returned from the field, and in it the missionary or his wife relates with more or less detail the story of immediate need. The number and ages of the children are given, and in simple truth the nakedness of the home and the family are set forth. Very seldom does it happen that the family are not in want of everything that contributes to comfort and health. Clothing for the minister and his wife, for the boys and girls, particularly when winter is sounding the bugles of a fierce campaign, is urgently asked for, and nothing comes amiss that can fit out boys and girls, and the baby in the cradle.

Those who pack boxes for the missionary should not make them repositories of old and worn garments for which they have no further use. You would be sorry to see your pastor shabbily and meanly dressed in his pulpit, and should you behold him making pastoral calls in a thin and threadbare overcoat, and with broken shoes, you would feel personally disgraced. Why should his brother in the ministry be uncomfortably clothed and meanly appareled because he has chosen to be an ambassador to Christ's poor, and to the outcasts of civilization? Why should he, as a pioneer among pioneers, have to drive miles to keep preaching appointments, in the teeth of a cold wind and a piercing storm, without a thick topcoat to defy rude weather?

We are too much in the way of bestowing upon missionaries what we do not want ourselves. Every article sent away to a missionary's home should be good of its kind, and, if made over for a child, should be as daintily finished as if it were to be worn by a son or daughter here at home.

An appropriate gift to a home missionary is good reading matter. Not merely theological treatises should be sent him, but instead, bright and clever up-to-date books that tell of travel, scientific discovery, and the world's progress. If a sum of money is added to the box, the man may buy for himself books that will aid him in his work. Send the missionary's wife and children some entertaining literature in the shape of a new novel, about which people are talking, or a volume of short stories or a set of books that young people can enjoy. A subscription to a good weekly periodical never comes amiss, nor one that brings a monthly magazine as a visitor all the year round. Old school-books and other volumes that have been reposing on your top shelf are not what you should send as gifts to a missionary friend.

Try, if you can, to put yourself in the place of a missionary, either in the homeland or on a distant shore. Kindred and acquaintances are far away. They cannot run in for little morning visits, or occasionally spend a Sabbath or a week with the dear ones. Long intervals of time separate the missionary from the home people. The little sister who was ten when the missionary said good-by, will be seventeen when they return on furlough. The dear mother or father may not be there to greet the return of the absent. Heaven is always claiming our loved ones, and death makes broken ranks.

Into the missionary home, wherever it may be, letters from friends come bringing an ever new delight. Boxes and barrels make red-letter days in the lives of missionaries. They are sent as gifts from the churches, but in reality they are individual gifts, and they enable you and me to send our cup of cold water to some one who is doing what we cannot in person do. If we would claim the blessing of our Lord, we must not forget to send our best to his servants and friends.

A TURKISH PILGRIMAGE

Traveling from place to place in the slow and picturesque manner described by our artist befits the changeless East rather than the stirring West. The women, closely veiled, occupy the cart, and the oxen, their bells jingling as they walk, do not hurry their pace, and the men on foot easily keep up with the party who drive. There are still in the world a few places where such a pilgrimage as this may be seen.

The Kindness of the Poor

One of the saddest sights ever noted by the spectator who happens to walk through a tenement neighborhood in New York, is an eviction. A family has been unable to pay its rent, and the landlord or his agent has turned it out of doors. In the cold street, with snow or rain falling, the children are huddled around their poor sticks of furniture, and the mother, with a baby at her breast, and another holding fast to her thin skirt, sits beside her little ones, tears streaming down her thin face; she is probably a widow, or her husband may be a convict, or, perhaps, he has deserted her. It may be that he is ill and in the hospital. Misfortune has done its worst for the little group.

In such times of calamity, the poor are swift to help the poor. A woman who has a desperate struggle to pay her own rent and feed her own children, opens her door to her suffering neighbors. A man who toils from early morn until midnight to put bread in the mouths of his children, works a little harder, if possible, that he may assist the children who have no helper. The kindness and the charity of the poor to those whose lot is as hard as their own is munificent, because it costs so much more than the gifts of those who give of their abundance.

Dear Old Santa Claus

SANTA CLAUS is very busy in these days. Here and there are good folk who do not believe in the dear old saint, and who think it wrong to tell their children about the little hoofs that prance over the roof at night, and the kind old fellow who climbs down the chimney and fills the stockings of the small people who are fast asleep, fills them so full that many of the gifts overflow, and stand around on the floor.

If those who do not accept Santa Claus as a reality—and nobody does this after the blessed season of childhood is passed—will think of him as the visible effulgence of a spirit of universal good will, their trouble will be at an end. Many great truths are folded up in the shining garments of mythical lore. Call St. Nicholas by any name you please, so long as his tree stands in the home with its gleaming tapers and its shining fruit. Do not shut your doors on his entrance on Christmas eve, and help him all you can to make more children happy than those who cluster about your own hearth.

The settlements are very glad to be your almoners in the distribution of dolls and toys to poor children who have few chances to be happy, and who are wild with ecstacy when Christmas brings them unlooked for wealth. Let the Sunday Schools aid Santa Claus by giving instead of receiving gifts. Christmas is despoiled of its chief beauty if it be a selfish day. Old Santa Claus means to you and me another chance to be generous, kind and friendly to our neighbors. Who are our neighbors? Surely they are to be found wherever any one is hungry, cold, or desolate; tempted, tried, or afflicted.

The Bride's Equipment

Pansy, who expects to be married in February, has written to ask what is expected of her in furnishing her new home. The bride is supposed to supply the house linen, inclusive of sheets, pillow-slips, counterpanes, towels, tablecloths, napkins and whatever else comes under this denomination. Occasionally, a bride's friends give her, in anticipation of her wedding, a linen shower, and nothing can be more welcome nor in better taste. They may add to a modest outfit many articles that a woman loves, such as centre-pieces, bureau scarfs, table covers, and any other article that can give adornment, and add a touch of mingled beauty and utility in the new home.

The amount of linen required varies with the means, and discretion, and probable style of living of the household over which the bride is to preside. To the linen, which in the case of beds, in these days and for most people, is really cotton of good quality, the bride may add blankets, quilts, and tack-downs, if she chooses.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—M. H. B. Thanks are in order for every courtesy, but picture post cards are so common; that they do not need special acknowledgment.

—Mary. In the case you mention, where a wife neglects her home that she may undertake work in a mission, her duty seems plain. Home has the first claim.

—E. W. A baby's birth may be announced by fastening a very tiny card by a white ribbon to the mother's visiting card. It should bear baby's name and the date of birth.

—Delia. If a shower of any kind is given to a friend you love, you may send a present even if you cannot go to the party, but are never obliged to give anything unless love prompts the gift.

—Eva. No honorable girl will marry another man while still engaged to her first suitor. She must break the first engagement before she makes a second.

—Pansy. No form of grace is better than that used by many Christians, as follows: "Bless, O Lord, we beseech thee, this food to our use, and us to thy service, for Christ's sake, Amen." If you like better the following, you may use it: "Bless, O Lord, the bread we break, this we ask for Jesus' sake."

OUR MAIL-BAG

Questions and Answers

Letters for this department must contain name and address of the sender—not for publication, but as evidence of genuineness and good faith. Where an answer by mail is desired, ten cents in postage stamps must be forwarded by the writers, with full address.

J. P. N., Savannah, Ga. Will OUR MAIL-BAG kindly furnish a clear description of the catacombs of Rome?

It would require more space than we can give to describe the catacombs. These earliest burial places of the Christians are outside the city walls, within a radius of three miles. They were excavated wherever the soil was suitable for such tunneling. Their length has been estimated variously at from 350 to 800 miles, and it is believed that the number of dead they contain must have been very large.

J. C. and M. J. B., Eddyville, Neb. In the sermon of F. DeWitt Talmage, in your last issue, we find the name of Marcus Whitman. Who was he?

He was born in Rushville, N. Y., 1802; became a missionary to the Indians, on the Upper Columbia; crossed the plains by wagon; was the first white man to reach the Pacific in this way. He was soon followed by others, who settled the country which now forms the States of Oregon, Washington and Idaho. The Hudson Bay Company was using every effort to get that vast territory for Britain, when Whitman, to forestall that plan, rode 3,000 miles on horseback, in winter, to apprise our government in Washington of the danger. Thus, largely through his efforts that great section was won for the Union.

D. D. E., North Dakota. 1. Why did Jesus refer to the woman (Luke 13: 16) as a daughter of Abraham? Were not all the women about him daughters of Abraham? 2. Who were the dead that Christ referred to (Luke 9: 60) who were to be left for the dead to bury? 3. Who were the first and the last in Matt. 20: 16?

1. The distinction was not between her and other Hebrew women, but between her and an animal, as you will see by the previous verse. The clause, "being a daughter of Abraham," only served to make the observation more emphatic. The ox was cared for on the Sabbath, much more then a woman, and still more a woman who was a daughter of Abraham. 2. Those who had not been aroused to a spiritual life. Such might attend to the funeral ceremonies, which at that time were very elaborate. A man who had decided to follow Christ had something much more important to do. Christ would not be there long. 3. Jesus was reproving the bargaining spirit manifested by Peter (Matt. 19: 27). God does not bind himself to reward a man according to his length of service, nor according to his station. The first in their own esteem and in popularity may fall below the sincere humble Christian.

Referring to the proposal of Elsie Clews Parsons, as to "trial marriages," recently noticed in this paper, J. B. M., New York City, writes:

This is precisely the system that was practised until recently, in one or more of the islands of the Pacific. A lady of delicate sensibilities, in trying to convey this condition of affairs to her readers, thus described it in her book. She had been some time on the island, learning the language, she said, before she became aware of the peculiar social conditions there; and the way she learned of them was this. She noticed the young son of the chief call several women "Mother." Inquiring of him why he called more than one by that name, he replied, that this one was his mother this year; that one was his mother last year; and still others had been his mother in previous years; and therefore, to avoid mistakes, he called all women "Mother." This supposedly "novel" advance in civilization, has been practised for ages by the Pagans of the Pacific, and, if I am not mistaken, has been finally abandoned by them. Mormonism is the taking of several *permanent* wives; and this most of Christendom reprehends and deplores. But trial marriages would be the taking of several *temporary* wives, and therefore be *worse than Mormonism.*

O. P. E., Hopkins, Mo. Is the passage Mark 16: 9–20 which treats of the resurrection genuine? I see the Revised Version casts some doubt upon it.

They do so because it is not contained in the Sinaitic and the Vatican manuscripts of the New Testament, which are the oldest manuscripts we have. In the Vatican manuscript, however, there is a blank column after the eighth verse, which is significant. In all other places, the next book begins immediately on the close of the other. Besides, this Irenæus, who was a pupil of Polycarp, a pupil of John, quotes from the passage, showing that it formed part of the Gospel of Mark in his day. The passage must have been very ancient, even if Mark did not write it. Verse eight would be a very abrupt close to the Gospel, and we can scarcely believe Mark ended there. Some scholars think Mark added a passage which was lost, and this was written by some one else.

Mrs. D. A. B., Corning, Ia. Will you please tell me anything definite that is known about Pilate's wife's dream.

Her name is given by Nicephorus as Claudia Procula. She is said to have been a proselyte to Judaism, and there is a tradition that after the crucifixion she became a Christian. Nothing further is known of her beyond the above, and what is related in the New Testament.

H. B. N., Downs, Kan. Where in the Bible is a carpenter first mentioned? Also "goldsmith" and "silversmith"?

See II. Kings 22: 6; II. Chron. 24: 12; Ezra 3: 7; Isa. 41: 7; Jer. 24: 1, and 29: 2; Zech. 1: 20, and four other passages in the Old Testament; also Matt. 3: 55, and Mark 6: 3. Goldsmiths are mentioned in Neh. 3: 8, 32; Isa. 40: 19, and 41: 7, and 46: 6. Silversmiths in Acts 19: 24.

R. T., Brooklyn, N. Y. What is the meaning of the military term, "Grenadiers"?

The grenadiers originally were the tallest men in an infantry regiment; they were armed with hand-grenades, whence the name. The grenade was a small bomb, which they threw on coming to close quarters.

G. S., Charlotteville, N. Y. 1. How many and what States are Prohibition. 2. Do most of the large cities have "Free Employment Bureaus?"

1. Maine, Kansas and North Dakota are Prohibition States. Forty other States have what is known as Local Option, that is a limited form of Prohibition. Four States do not even have Local Option: these are New Jersey, Rhode Island, Delaware and Wyoming. 2. A number of them do, but we cannot say about all.

B. E., Valleyfield, Canada. How high is Mont Blanc, in the Swiss Alps, and who was the first one to make the ascent?

It is 15,781 feet above sea level, the highest mountain in Europe. The first one to reach the top was Saussure, aided by a guide named Balma, on Aug. 2, 1787.

Reader, Madison, N. Y. What is the word paradox derived from?

It comes from two Greek words, meaning beyond, and opinion. It literally means something contrary to common belief or opinion.

Stella P., Butler, Minn. It is quite right to play any good, innocent game, indoors or out. Get all the fun and frolic you can, without being too noisy or rough. We don't know the games you mention, but suppose they are similar to other games for young people.

N. M., Chester, Mass. What is the heaviest metal known?

Iridium is the heaviest; next comes platinum.

For the benefit of readers of this journal or their friends, who are interested in W.C. T. U. work, we have specially printed on a finely finished card, suitable for framing, a limited number of copies of the beautiful portrait of the Countess of Carlisle, the new President of the World's W. C. T. U., and successor to Lady Henry Somerset. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will supply these exceptionally fine portraits, carefully packed, to any address, at 25 cents each.

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H. M. SIMKINS.

Tunkhannock, Pa.

Continued on next page

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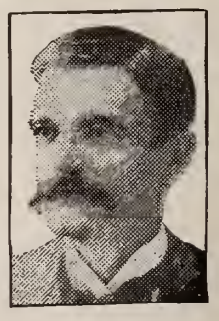
SAM JONES'

LIFE AND SAYINGS

BY HIS WIFE



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OUR MAIL-BAG

Continued from preceding page

J. M., Troy, N. Y. Is the intelligence in the cable dispatches, that the tomb of Cicero has been discovered, regarded as trustworthy?

There is no reason why it should not be so accepted. Cicero met his death as he was leaving his villa at Formiæ, or at some point on the road to Caieta. His relatives would very likely inter the remains there. It is surprising that the tomb was not found earlier.

J. E. W., Lanisburg, Kan. Do not such passages as Heb. 6: 4, 5, and Heb. 10: 26, 27, shut the backslider out from hope of mercy? Is not every sin wilful?

In one sense every sin is wilful, because the sinner would not do it without the consent of his will; but the word has another meaning. It implies a deliberate and intentional act, which is different from an act to which a man is lured or deceived, or an act which he commits under some sudden and strong temptation. There was, for example, a marked difference between the sin of Judas and of Peter. The Apostle Paul, too, bade the church at Corinth restore the wrongdoer who had been expelled (II. Cor. 2: 6-8). Be you sure of this, that any backslider repenting and turning to God for pardon, resolutely putting his sin away, will be welcomed and forgiven (see Ezek. 33: 14-16, and many other passages.)

L. L. B., Cawker, Kan. Was Moses directly inspired in writing the Pentateuch, or did he use oral or written tradition?

The higher critics say that he used tradition of both kinds, but proof is out of the question. Only Moses or his contemporaries could answer positively. An ancient tablet has been discovered, giving an account of the flood, but it differs widely from the Mosaic account. The Pentateuch, as a whole, bears evidence of inspiration, and if Moses did incorporate tradition, he must have been guided in his choice and in his manner of presenting it.

R. N. D., Scranton, Pa. 1. Where can I find the poem from which the quotation "the cups that cheer, but not inebriate" is taken? 2. What is the origin of the use of the word "honeymoon"?

1. In Cowper's *The Task*, Book I., "The Sofa." 2. The nations of Northern Europe had an ancient practice of drinking quantities of mead, a wine made of honey, during the wedding feasts of thirty days; hence, honey month or moon. Attila, the Hun, is reported to have drunk of the mead to such excess at his wedding feast, that he died of it.

J. R. A., Irvington, Iowa. What was the value, in our money, of Mary's ointment (John 12: 5), and what did Judas receive for betraying Christ?

The penny mentioned in the passage was equivalent to seventeen cents, which would make the whole box fifty-one dollars; but reckoning that at that time a man worked all day for a penny, a nearer equivalent to our money would be $300. The price paid to Judas was thirty shekels, which would be about eighteen dollars.

J. H. C., Ivanhoe, Va. To set up a stake seven feet high in a clear place, in view of the north star, and after night, when it is clear, set another stake four or five feet from the first stake, in range with the north star, and next day, when the shadow from the sun ranges with first stake, would it be midday at present and the whole year round?

It depends on what hour of the night you set the second stake, as the pole star is not exactly at the celestial pole, but some two and one-half degrees from it, and, like all stars, revolves round the pole daily, but its apparent orbit is only about three degrees in diameter. Were the star exactly at the pole when the second stake is set, the star and poles, both stakes and the sun's centre, would all be in line at noon, for that day only, as the pole wabbles like a boy's rotating top—but it takes 25,800 years to make one wabble. The pole will pass the star in about 200 years, within one and one-half degree from it, moving towards that bright star high up in the north of the west sky at this season, named Vega or Alpha Lyra, the brightest star in the Constellation Lyra. The pole will reach it in 12,500 years, but will be six degrees from the pole, but will have to be called the North Star. Many times during one wabble there is no pole star. There is no south pole star now. After the lapse of almost 26,000 years, the pole will again be where it is now. If you set the second stake where the star was exactly above or below the pole, all five objects would be in line, the same as if the star was at the pole.

Marathon, N. Y. LEWIS SWIFT.

Mrs. C. J. B., Altoona, Pa. Is Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop still living? What has she written?

Mrs. Bishop was of English birth, born in 1831. She has been dead for some years. Her book, entitled, *A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains*, was followed by *Korea and Her Neighbors*, *The Yang-tse Valley and Beyond*, *Unbeaten Tracks in Japan*, and other books. At first she was much prejudiced against foreign missions, but after many years was soundly converted to their usefulness, and at the Congress of Missions, held at the Columbian Fair, in Chicago, in 1893, it was stated that she was the greatest advocate of the cause of missions who had come to the church in many years.

H. B. and N., Philadelphia, Pa. Is it proper for Christian Sunday Schools to teach children that there is such a being as Santa Claus, endowed with supernatural power, when such is an untruth?

We do not believe that the story of Santa Claus is ever told by any Sunday School superintendent without the explanation that it is simply a beautiful old myth, typifying the Christ-child, and the blessings he brought to the world,

Inquirer, Covington, Ky. Yes, it is unfortunately true that "one-half the world does not know how the other half lives." At the present time, while our own favored land is enjoying a high degree of prosperity, 10,000,000 are starving in China, and over 20,000,000 in Russia are reported to be in a similar deplorable condition.

R. G., Kankakee, Ill. How many persons were killed during 1905, and injured in the United States?

10,046 killed, 84,155 injured in 1904. We have no later official statistics.

Mr. Johnson Fay, of Fannett, Texas, writes:

I have been here nine months, and when I came there was no Sunday School and no church house. We now hold Sunday School every Sunday. We hold two weekly prayer-meetings, and my wife holds on Wednesday a women's prayer-meeting in the afternoon. We have no house yet, but are in a fair way of getting one. The people accommodate us now. If there is any way in your power by which you can help us to papers or literature, etc., it would be welcomed, and used to the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

Miscellaneous

Reader, Shell Knob, Mo. He was a Methodist.

Subscriber, Texas. We pay no attention to "chain letters."

B. F. E., Arapahoe, Neb. The argument is interminable, otherwise we should be glad to publish your letter.

A. D. E., Mexia, Tex. As these statues to famous persons are not raised to invite worship or adoration, but simply to stand as a reminder of their noble deeds and their public services, we fail to see how they can be regarded as a violation of the Bible teachings concerning the making of images.

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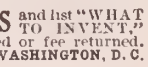

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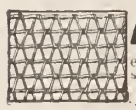

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The Daughter of Mevik

Continued from page 1094

had fixed our lodges too close to the southland," asserted one of the older men.

For more than a week Jan was alone with Saron. On skins stretched on the icy ground under the clear sky, the sufferer lay, and the attendant cooled with ice the heated brow and let rest, and nature work their will. Occasionally, Jan's unerring bow was bent to kill a fox or hare, the warm juices from whose raw flesh gave nourishment to the sick man, while the skins made a neat pile for the thrifty young archer.

Saron was better and Jan was sleeping soundly, when the hunting party returned. The bear had been killed and every portion of it was borne by the hunters, who gave Saron a detailed account of the chase. The bear's skin was being carried by Ulo, and Jan, starting up as the men were hurrying to the settlement, caught sight of the prized trophy and saw who was the bearer of it.

"Nibble a bit of this," he said, quietly, as he turned and held a piece of raw fat to the lips of the patient.

"You are a good boy, Jan, and things will work out to advantage for you," said Saron, consolingly.

The young man unstrung his bow and leaned over in readjusting it, in order to conceal his emotion. Presently, he flung back the hair which had fallen over his brow, and his lips were compressed, and his eyebrows met in a deep frown above his straight nose.

The return of a big hunting party always inaugurated a festival. Two boys, stationed as volunteer outposts on a hillock, sounded the alarm and ran forward to gratify their curiosity and act as an escort, yelling tidings of the good cheer. Children tumbled over one another, leaving their balls and quaint little figures of animals, and the older people were not less enthusiastic.

Lanie with her father and mother stood somewhat apart in the gathering. The spokesman told how the bear was wounded and cornered, and how Ulo sprang forward and dealt the fatal blow. At this point, the hero, not without a certain gracefulness, the bear skin hanging over his arm, approached and laid his hunting implements at the feet of the young girl, in token of his desire to lovingly provide for her. Lanie had eagerly scanned the hunters, but now she coldly averted her face. There was a silence, during which women held their breath in wonder and men smiled. Ulo stared at Lanie in consternation and turned to Mevik.

"It rests with the maiden," said the father.

"Where is Jan?" clamored the women.

Several men spoke at once, telling of Saron's sickness, and they suddenly remembered the sled and the message to the old man's wife.

"My brother will stand by you," said Alink, Jan's married sister. She was two or three years older than her brother and closely resembled him.

"He is a brave hunter, though," said one of the women.

"Yes, Jan is a brave hunter," asserted Lanie pasionately. Then she fled to her father's hut and wept, as girls are wont to do when disappointed.

Saron's dogs were swift and faithful, but there were swifter ones, and more than one man came with his team to the hut of the old medicine woman. Mevik's dogs were the strongest and fleetest and Lanie, her eyes red from weeping, harnessed them herself to her father's sled and came demurely with her mother.

"You must go along, both of you," said the old woman, as she placed on the sled her medicine bags, filled with fish oil, not too fresh, which had been suspended for a considerable time in a sacred mysterious crevice. "You know your dogs best and Lanie is good at managing them," continued the old medicine woman.

Thus it came about that Lanie, her black eyes sparkling and her cheeks rosy, drove up, like a snow sprite, to where Jan, though disconsolate, still attended dutifully.

. . .

When they married, Saron, who had recovered from his illness, presented her an ingeniously contrived and tastefully ornamented dog harness of walrus hide as a memento of the journey.

Ulo took to himself a wife the same season, but he sullenly selected a young girl who could scarcely distinguish a bow-shot wound from one made by a lance-head. The carver's widow, who became the contented plural wife of her first husband's friend, helped her new spouse cut miniature images of seals from the native ivory, as good-luck gifts to each couple.

Taking Account*

LOOKING backward is a necessary, but not always an agreeable duty. There are times when we must take account, when the question is forced upon us, whether we have been faithful to our purposes and have kept our resolutions. It is a curious experience to stand at the bar of our own court, and hear sentence pronounced by our own judgment. If such an examination is honest, if no excuses are made, or palliations entertained, the result may be beneficial. We may see our faults, note the places where we have stumbled, and the crises in which we have failed.

The effect will naturally be depressing, for we cannot avoid the plea of guilty to many an accusation. But to whine and lament over our shortcomings is useless; the practical benefit can alone come through the caution and new resolve that should animate us. The determination that the boy displayed in going out to climb that tree, as soon as the leg he had broken in a previous attempt was strong again, should be with us in our moral and religious life. We have failed here and have failed there, the tempter reminds us, and we know it is true. "Better give up the futile struggle," he says; and alas, too many agree. It is so much the easier course.

But the nobler way is that of renewing the fight. Not to be beaten, not to give up hope, that is the manly course. Then, too, there is the sure promise of help. God sympathizes with the earnest fighter. He allows us to fail, to teach us to distrust ourselves, to make us come closer to him. When we learn from our past experience, that in him is our help found, that our own resolves are liable to fail, then there is hope. If our survey of past struggles and failures teach us nothing besides this, it will be well worth the making. It is the beginning of victory to realize the cause of former defeats. To look up to Him in humble trust, acknowledging failure, and begging for the help he is waiting to give—that is the dawn of better things.

It would be a grievous end of self-examination to abandon the struggle. Men do not so easily become discouraged about the prizes of the world. And this is an eternal prize, that is promised again and again to the earnest struggler. To him that overcometh, Christ makes repeated promises through his servant in Patmos. As if he knew how severe the battle would be, he sends the word of encouragement. Yes, indeed, the prize is well worth the effort, though that may have to continue all our lives. At the end, how glorious it will be to say with Paul, "I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

* Topic of the Epworth League for December 30. "Our Purposes for 1906: Have they been Accomplished?" II. Peter 3:18; Matt. 6:6; Acts 17:11; Col. 1:24.

Be Sure to Keep this List of Premium Offers

Now is the Time to Renew

As some of our friends may have mislaid the colored Premium Supplement, sent out with our issue of December 5th, we repeat herewith our Premium Offers, and would refer them for Magazine Propositions to the **second cover-page** of this issue.

Here Are Our Premium Offers:

The Christian Herald One Year, with Red Letter Teachers' Bible $3.00
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The Christian Herald, 91 to 115 Bible House, New York

Christ's Latter Days

By Mrs. M. Baxter

OUR beloved Lord fulfilled the whole Ten Commandments in his life and in his teaching. Not one word or act of his was wanting in love to God or man. Only in his obedience, the Life was the light of men. There was no personal feeling in him. Love occupied his heart so that there was no room for self. Our beloved Lord's every thought was outside of himself for others. It was no strain to him to love his Father. It was his home to commune with his Father. And it was no strain to him to love man, for he is love. And then he could not but do good; he lived for it. Obedience to the law was not severe to him; for love was his life. He was Love. When he answered the scribe as to which was the first commandment, and the scribe quoted from Deut. 6:5; Lev. 19: 18, and Jesus, when he saw that he answered discreetly, said, "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God—no man after that durst ask him any question" (Mark 12:34)

The Parable of the Ten Virgins, which, while at all times a warning to the careless and unready, also touches professing Christians, especially as to their readiness or unreadiness, for the coming of our Lord to seek his Bride. In these days, if our lamps are not burning brightly, there is no time to lose in procuring the precious oil—the Holy Spirit—to possess us, to fill us, to subject us, shine through us, and conform us to the image of our Lord, that we, in unison with his other members, may make a helpmeet for him, whom he may be justified in translating, to share his throne, and his glorious coming reign over all the earth and the universe.

The Parable of the Talents again taught us our responsibility to prize and utilize all the powers, spiritual and natural, with which the Lord has gifted us, so that our lives on earth may serve their purpose to glorify God and to serve him and our fellow-creatures. Before us stands either the "Well done, good and faithful servant," and the promise of entering into the joy of our Lord, or the terrible casting into outer darkness with the weeping and the gnashing of teeth (Matt. 25: 21-30). It is not for us to judge — only he can do it fully — what our own portion or that of others will be; but the hope set before us is the coming of our Lord, who will take his own who have purified themselves even as he is pure (I. John 3 : 3), to be with him, "for ever with the Lord" (I. Thess. 4: 17).

Our Lord had long spoken of his sufferings to the disciples, but the vision which the twelve had ever before them was the Millennial kingdom of the Messiah's earthly glory. There was one, and she a woman, who had understood; she had sat at his feet and heard his word in spite of the stinging rebuke of Martha, her sister, who thought, with many others, that the doing was far more important than the hearing; and she counted it idle self-indulgence in her sister to leave her to serve alone, while she pleased herself in listening to their beloved Guest. But how little she knew how the heart of Jesus longed for some disciples who should understand, and take in the true situation; getting their eyes off time and sense to understand the world's great need, and the Sacrifice ready to be offered, who should bear on him the iniquity of us all, and make possible to all who would receive him eternal salvation. It was that Mary who listened to him that anointed the Lord with ointment for his burial (John 11 : 1, 2; Matt. 25 : 7; Mark 14 : 3; John 12 : 3-7). Mary understood what no other then understood, when Jesus gave his life for sinners.

But, oh, the wondrous love which ordained in the Lord's Supper the continual remembrance of his broken body and shed blood, to be to us not only a memorial of his atonement, but, by faith in him, a token of strength and life-power, by his life and nature imparted to us, that he in us may live his life over again, and so that life may be manifested in our mortal bodies.

William Carey*

NOTHING could have been more unlikely than that a man so humble and so heavily handicapped as Carey, should have done so grand a work as he did in India. He was, as he stated on a memorable occasion, "not even a shoemaker, only a cobbler." The modest sign he hung out over his little shop in Northamptonshire, England, bore the record: "Second-hand shoes bought and sold." He had a delicate and unsympathetic wife, and was himself in feeble health. In the little shop, however, there was an indomitable spirit, a man intent on acquiring knowledge and stubbornly resisting the influences that held him down. To add to his sparse income, he opened a little school, and when the little Baptist chapel of the village lost its minister, he volunteered to supply the pulpit for the small sum of $80 a year.

It was in those early days of his ministerial career that the condition of the heathen began to press on his soul. He availed himself of his slight connection with the pulpit to present himself at a meeting of Baptist ministers at Northampton, and there to plead with them to begin a work in the dark places of the earth. He was regarded as a fanatic, and no notice was taken of his appeal. His preaching, however, attracted notice, and he was invited to become pastor of a church in Leicester. From that pulpit he renewed his appeal, and, in 1792, he preached a sermon on the duty of missions, which stirred the whole denomination. It led to the formation of the Baptist Missionary Society, and Carey offered himself as the first missionary. On June 13, 1793, he sailed for India.

He settled down to learn the languages, and made wonderful progress. In a few years he could preach in two languages, and had begun with native help to translate the Bible. In March, 1800, the first sheet of the Bengali New Testament came off the press, and before the end of 1806, he had made arrangements for printing it in fifteen distinct languages. He became so able a scholar that the Government invited him to fill the chair of Oriental languages in their new college, at Fort William, and he accepted, on condition that he should continue his missionary work, and he devoted the whole of his salary to its extension. He died in 1834, honored and beloved throughout India.

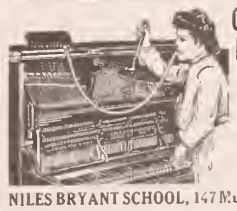
* Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for December 30. Isaiah 54 : 2, 3.

The Uplift of the Negro

THE Slater Industrial and State Normal School of Winston-Salem, N. C., is one of the many practically useful schools for the education of the negro which have been developed in the South. The school now has the opportunity to obtain $12,000 from the State, provided a like sum is raised by the school. If the $24,000 thus made possible, over and above the regular income, can be obtained, it would be feasible to considerably increase the plant of the school, for its students are ready to perform the greater part of the labor.

A prominent banker of North Carolina, Mr. W. A. Blair, is the treasurer of the school and has appealed to Mr. J. P. Rawley (57 Broadway, New York City), a former South Carolinian, for co-operation in the work of raising the required sum. Mr. Rawley has secured a pledge of $6,000 from a wealthy New York philanthropist if the other $6,000 is forthcoming. The cause appears to be well worthy of attention, and any person who may be interested in furthering the education of the colored people of the South, may do so by sending their contributions to W. A. Blair, People's National Bank, Winston-Salem, N. C., In the event of the required sum being secured to insure the receipt of the State's $12,000, it will be applied to large service in a good cause.

Mr. Rawley writes to The Christian Herald: "Mr. Blair is certainly doing more for the negro than any other white man in the South."



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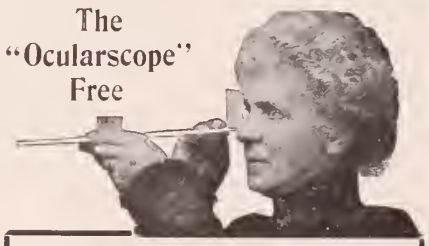

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OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER

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Dr. Edward Everett Hale
One of our Editors

Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D.D.

who is now one of the regular editors of the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, strikes the Christmas keynote in a sympathetic, inspiring talk, which will help and cheer every one who reads it.

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by Mary E. Wilkins, the famous New England author, is a Christmas story which takes you back to the old home and the old home folk.

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PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

is the most distinguished contributor to our New Year's number. The President tells in a signed statement just where he stands on Child Labor Reform—the cause for which WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION readers are fighting. This January number also contains a story by

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps

The author of "A Singular Life" is now a regular contributor to THE WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, as are also

Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Jack London, Margaret E. Sangster, Josephine Dodge Daskam, Myra Kelly, Ellis Parker Butler

and many eminent authorities, public men and clergymen.

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Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster
One of our Editors

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WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, Christmas Editor, Madison Sq., New York City

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

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18 He leadeth me
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20 The home over there
21 Is my name written there
22 Almost Persuaded
23 Where is my boy to-night
24 Bringing in the Sheaves
25 Let the lower lights be burning
26 Only an armor bearer
27 I will sing of my Redeemer
28 He will hide me
29 Pull for the Shore
30 Precious Name
31 Christmas
32 Hark, the herald angels sing
33 Harwell
34 Hendon
35 Manoah
36 Pleyel's Hymn
37 Zion
38 Warwick
39 Abide with me
40 Dennis
41 I hear Thy welcome voice
42 Even me
43 Watchman tell us of the night
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58 In the silent midnight-watches
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67 Rock of Ages
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71 Old Hundred
72 Pass me not
73 Jesus, lover of my Soul
78 Beulah Land
79 I'm a Shepherd of the Valley
80 Shall we meet beyond the river
81 We shall meet beyond the river
82 Fisk
83 Mendebras
84 Aletta
85 I am praying for you
86 More love to Thee, O Christ
87 Go bury thy sorrow
88 Whosoever will
89 Softly and tenderly
90 All the way my Saviour leads me
91 Rescue the perishing
92 Follow on
93 Come, Great Deliverer, come
99 Onward go
100 We're marching to Jesus
601 To the work
602 Only a step to Jesus
603 Knocking, Knocking
604 Thy Servant I will be
605 From Heaven I am coming
606 Be Joyful O my soul
607 It is now time
608 Thank Almighty God
609 Carried by the Angels
610 Move Forward
611 Some sweet day
612 Somewhere to-night
613 Wait and murmur not
614 Come, Spirit, come
615 Hiding in the Rock
616 When my Saviour I shall see
617 God be with you
618 Anywhere with Jesus
619 Trust and obey
620 Draw me closer to Thee
621 Seeking for me
622 Lebanon
623 The Garden of the Lord
624 Duane Street
625 Saul
626 Walk in the light
627 Sabbath
628 Balerma
629 Marlow
630 The Prodigal Child
631 Autumn
632 Leighton
633 When Jesus comes
634 Shall we gather at the River
635 Happy day
643 Coming to-day
644 Come to me
645 In the shadow of His Wings
646 Safe to Land
647 Will you meet me
648 The Story Never old
649 Stand on the Rock
650 My Sabbath Home
651 At the Door
652 Little children, you may come

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NEW YORK, DECEMBER 26, 1906

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

How the Whitneys Spent Christmas

BY REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON

ROB WHITNEY came home three days before Christmas, tired and disgusted.

"Christmas is a humbug!" he said, as he hung up his overcoat and came into the sitting-room where his wife was anxiously working on a sofa-pillow cover.

"No more than it always was," Mrs. Whitney replied crossly.

Whitney threw a bundle down on the table. "There's the thing you wanted. I hope it's right this time." His wife opened the bundle and held some silk floss up to the light.

"It's not the shade to match. And I told you to be particular and insist on getting the exact color."

"I went to six places, Lizzie," said Rob grimly. "And if playing football under the amended rules isn't an improvement over shopping at Christmas time, then I'm for abolishing the game. That's why I say Christmas is a humbug. It's a season for commercial graft and selfishness, and artificial philanthropy."

"You'll have to change this floss, Rob Whitney. I can't use it at all," said Mrs. Whitney, as if she had not heard anything Rob had said.

"Change it! I'll never go near those stores until after the holidays. Change it yourself."

"I can't do it," replied Mrs. Rob, tearfully. "It will take me every minute between now and Christmas to finish my presents. I should think you might do that little thing for me."

"Little thing! What do you call a little thing! Ask me to draw up a railroad rate bill that will satisfy the railroads, the shippers, the newspapers and politicians. Ask me to do something easy, Lizzie. But, I just simply won't go shopping for you again even if your presents aren't finished. That's all I say. Christmas is a humbug. Every woman in town gets on the verge of nervous prostration every Christmas time, making presents for a lot of people who don't need them. And the stores are jammed with a vulgar crowd of frenzied shoppers, who rush down town to buy stuff because every one else does. It would be better if people showed their affection a little more through the year instead of tying it all up in one bunch at this so-called holiday season. And people who don't pay their honest debts, and claim they don't have any thing to give on old last year's bills, go and spend anywhere from ten to twenty dollars of other people's money on so-called Christmas presents. That's why I say Christmas is a humbug. Is supper ready?"

"Something broke?" asked Whitney, anxiously

Mrs. Whitney bit her lips, and seemed on the verge of tears. Supper was eaten in silence between husband and wife, and would have been very embarrassing if the two children had not chattered away about the Christmas presents they wanted. Robert Junior, aged twelve, placed a list of things he wanted close to his father's plate, and Mildred, aged nine, did the same for her mother. Mr. Whitney read the list out loud to his wife that evening after the children were in bed. "All Rob wants, is a sled, a jack-knife, a real steam engine, a performing circus, a set of tools, a box of candy, an electric policeman's dark lantern (or I suppose he means a policeman's electric dark lantern), a stereopticon, a high-power microscope, an animal story book, a set of decalcomanie pictures, a box of writing paper, a dozen lead pencils, and a pair of skates. I call that a modest list. And all Mildred wants is a Paris doll-house, a box of candy, two dozen handkerchiefs, a fur-lined cape like Constance Ruggles, a diamond pin, a pearl-handled penknife, a pair of gloves, a nickel-plated bank, an ivory statuette of a milkmaid, and a box of colored crayons. Christmas is a humbug! Even the children don't know what it means, except that it is one time in the year when they can exercise unusual selfishness. All that the average child knows about Christmas, is that it is a time when he may get something that his parents can't afford to buy."

"I hope you are going to get them something, Rob," said Mrs. Whitney.

"Yes, I fought my way into the ten-cent store and got a box of floating ducks for Mildred and a bagatelle board for Rob."

Mrs. Rob was about to burst into reproaches when the bell rang. Mr. Whitney went to the door, and soon came back with a telegram.

"From Aunt Fanny, Kansas City. She says Uncle George is worse. Wants you to go down to-morrow."

"I'll have to go, I suppose," said Mrs. Whitney anxiously.

"I suppose you will," replied Mr. Whitney gloomily.

"I'll take the plug in the morning. Mildred had better go with me. She can stay at cousin Henry's if Aunt Fanny hasn't room. You and Rob can get along for a day or two, can't you?"

Mr. Whitney suddenly felt that even if Christmas was a humbug, it would not be just the thing to spend it with half the family absent.

"Why, of course, I won't be gone over Christmas. Uncle George is nervous and imagines things. But they are rich, and you know, Rob—"

"Oh, of course, you must go. But I'll look for you back in two days." So next morning Rob and Rob Junior said goodbye to the mother and Mildred, and Mr. Whitney even whispered to his wife as he put her on the train, "I'll get Rob and Mildred something besides the floating ducks and the bagatelle board." Christmas Eve came on and no Mrs. Rob. After dark a telegram came, "Uncle better. Will be home on No. 5 to-morrow. LIZZIE."

(*Continued on following page*)

How the Whitney's Spent Christmas

Continued from preceding page

Rob Whitney heaved a real sigh of relief. Then he had a burst of inspiration. How about the Christmas dinner? The Whitneys had not employed a servant for several years, on account of the expense. Mr. Whitney was accustomed to help more or less about the preparation of meals. His own mother had taught him how to cook, and he was quite an adept at coffee and steak. But his heart softened at the thought of his wife coming home on Christmas Day, tired out with two days' nursing of an irritable, nervous, gouty old man.

"We don't want to get our Christmas dinner at a hotel, Rob. You help me, and we'll surprise mother and Mildred by having dinner all ready."

Rob Junior, delighted to mess in the kitchen. He eagerly agreed. Mr. Rob went up to the market and soon came back with a small turkey. He had never really prepared one for cooking, but next morning he got up early, studied the cook book faithfully, and by nine o'clock that turkey was in the oven, with some doubts in the man's mind about the exact condition of the dressing, but none in Rob Junior's, whose face glistened with more or less of various articles tasted during the seasoning process. The vegetables were prepared, and just before going down to meet No. 5, Mr. Whitney put them on the stove, after opening the oven door for the twentieth time to see how the turkey was coming on.

"Don't you baste it?" asked Rob of his father.

"Yes, I suppose so. I've heard the word used, but actually I don't know what it means. Do you know what your mother does, Rob?" asked Mr. Whitney anxiously.

"No, I'm not sure."

"Then we'd better not do anything to it. The main thing is to have it well cooked. Let's see. No. 5 gets in at eleven thirty. By the time we get back here the turk will be all right. I'll put the vegetables on the back part of the stove so they won't burn. Your mother will be terribly disappointed if we don't go down to meet her when she gets back."

"As he approached the house, two figures rushed through the snow."

When the father and boy reached the station they walked around to the front and scanned the bulletin board: "No. 5, one hour and thirty minutes late." Mr. Whitney read the announcement aloud. And just then a man in an automobile cap and coat accosted him.

"Hello, Whitney. Don't you want to take a spin over to the north side? I want to go over to Indian Creek schoolhouse, to see a man about some land. Come on."

It was Ridgeway, the real estate man, whom Rob had known in college, although they were not classmates. Rob envied Ridgeway his new automobile. He did not know that Ridgeway had actually borrowed the money to buy the machine, so that his wife could be in the social set she craved. We do not always know these little things about our well-dressed friends and neighbors. So Rob's envy was not tempered by any contempt for Ridgeway, as it would have been if he had known the facts.

"Why, I don't know. I'm waiting here for No. 5. Mrs. Whitney."

"Oh, I'll get you back here in an hour. Mrs. Ridgeway's coming on No. 5. She has been shopping in Kansas City, and stayed over to the opera last night."

"Yes, pa, let's go," pleaded Rob. So Whitney went through the station with Ridgeway, and the three got into the automobile and started up Fourth Street.

It was not until they were on the bridge that Rob thought of the dinner. What might happen to that turkey and those vegetables in the extra hour and thirty minutes? He was ashamed to speak of it to Ridgeway, and after the first feeling of apprehension had left him he settled down to the enjoyment of the ride, with only one or two faint misgivings about the stove dampers and the quantity of coal he had put in before leaving the house. He had never had a ride in an automobile before, and while he felt quite certain Ridgeway had invited him to go because he wanted to show off the new machine, he nevertheless enjoyed the ride immensely. The roads were in fine condition, and after crossing Soldier Creek and turning to the right on the level stretch, Ridgeway let out the lever and went at a tremendous pace across the flats, and with an impetus that carried the automobile near to the top of the hill. Rob Junior clutched his father's arm and crowded down in the seat, really frightened at the speed.

"Think I'll get you back inside the hour?" asked Ridgeway, turning around at Whitney.

"Yes, if you don't break something."

"No danger except to the record," said Ridgeway proudly.

They coasted along past the row of pine trees, and just as they crossed the old Leavenworth trail, the air suddenly changed. The morning had been unusually bright. But now the wind changed like magic, and a thin, swift-moving cloud suddenly flitted over the sun. When the turn at the next section road leading to Indian Creek schoolhouse was reached, the swift change in the atmosphere was very noticeable.

"Going to storm, isn't it?" Whitney leaned forward and shouted to Ridgeway, who was recklessly driving the big car down the hill as they turned towards the east.

Ridgeway nodded, and then slowed up a trifle as they reached the bottom of the descent where a small stream was covered with a rough bridge. Just as they reached it something snapped, the automobile gave a few coughing sounds, and then came to a dead stop.

Ridgeway jumped out.

"Something broke?" asked Whitney, anxiously thinking of his wife at the same time.

"No, think not. I can fix it in a minute." Ridgeway got out some tools and kneeled down under the machine. Whitney and Rob got out and stood by. The change in the weather grew more marked. The wind had whipped around into the northwest and the sun had disappeared. It grew so chilly that Rob, who was a very delicate boy, began to shiver, even as he stamped his feet up and down upon the hard, dry road. Ridgeway continued to work away at the machine. Mr. Whitney looked anxiously at Rob and remembered what Mrs. Whitney had cautioned about seeing the boy did not take cold. He looked around and noticed a little group of houses at the end of a side road bordered by cherry trees. Ridgeway was still down under the machine.

"Do you think you can fix it?" Rob asked.

Ridgeway turned over and looked up at him.

"Why, yes. Say, if the boy is cold, why don't you take him over to that house. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll have this thing fixed in a minute; then I'll run up to the schoolhouse and pick you up on my way back. I'll only be gone ten or fifteen minutes. It's only twelve five now."

"All right," Rob said, a little doubtfully. "I'll be looking out for you."

He turned with Rob and walked with him rapidly along past the cherry trees and found himself in a minute before a group of buildings, the central one built of stone. There was a man in front of this house, and Rob went up and asked him if they might come in a few minutes and get warm.

"Certainly," said the man heartily. "Come right in. You'll find a good fire; looks like a storm coming."

As Whitney entered the house he turned and looked down the little road, and was relieved to see Ridgeway getting into the automobile and starting across Indian Creek.

He sat down with Rob in front of the stove for a few minutes and then got up and went to the window, which commanded a view of the Indian Creek schoolhouse. To his intense astonishment as he looked out, it was snowing furiously. His exclamation brought the man of the house and Rob both to the window.

"Well, I declare, if that doesn't beat all," said the man. "I believe we are in for a regular old style Kansas blizzard; haven't had one since '87."

Rob Whitney looked out, and his face grew more anxious every second. He stepped to the door and opened it. The rush of the wind past the corner of the house, the swift increase in its chilly roar, the rapidly thickening swirls of snow, the darkening of the air, called to his mind the great blizzards that used to sway over his father's ranch when he was a boy in Dakota. Already the Indian Creek schoolhouse had disappeared. The automobile could not be seen. It turned out afterwards that Ridgeway was caught at the top of the hill with a broken pinion and was compelled to seek shelter in a farmhouse, and did not get back to the city with his machine for two days.

Rob shut the door and turned to the man.

"It's going to be a bad storm."

"You're right. One of the worst ever."

"But I've got to get back to town somehow."

The man of the house looked at him curiously.

"Was that your friend who went by in the automobile?"

"Yes. He was going to get us on his way back from the schoolhouse."

"When? Next week?"

Rob looked at him. "Next week! To-day. I must get back to-day."

"There won't any one go into town to-day from here."

Every minute the storm swelled and roared until it proclaimed even to Rob Whitney's sinking hopes that the chances were against all attempts to get to town. He stared out of the window again in despair. In a momentary lifting of the snow clouds, he noted in a bewildered glance other buildings surrounding the storm house in which he found himself.

"What place is this?" he asked.

"What place?"

"Yes."

"Why, this is the County Home. Some call it the Poor Farm. I'm the superintendent."

"The Poor Farm! To think of spending Christmas on the Poor Farm." And there flashed over Rob Whitney the picture of Lizzie coming into the station, that is, supposing No. 5 was not stalled at Tecumseh, and that turkey and those vegetables and the fire perhaps gone out and water pipes freezing up, and in case Lizzie did succeed in getting out to the house, not finding anybody there and not knowing where they were.

"Have you got a phone here?" he asked in desperation.

"Yes, but it's out of order. A man was

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The White House in the Holiday Season—A Striking Effect in Light and Snow

HOLIDAY TIME IN WASHINGTON

AS Washington is the social centre of the country, representative people from all parts of the Union being included in its American population—to say nothing of the birth and culture connected with the various legations—it is but natural that the holiday season should be one of especial and varied forms of gaiety among the several "sets" which make up so-called society in the nation's capital.

The advent of the Christmas season is a signal for preparation for a long round of festivities which continue during the winter, and President Roosevelt heartily endorses every effort to especially emphasize the holiday spirit. In Washington, as everywhere in Christendom, Christmas Day belongs to the family, whether in mansion or cottage. It is pleasant to know that the joys of the Christmas-tide which belong peculiarly to childhood—the gaily decorated tree, and the stocking hung by the fireside—are a part of the celebration of our Chief Executive's family, and of the children of the foreign legations, even those of China, Japan, and other non-Christian nations.

But it is toward the White House that the eyes of the people of Washington naturally turn, and especially as the New Year, with its brilliant social functions, approaches. Promptly at eleven o'clock on New Year's Day, 1907, the first crashing chords of the famous old Marine Band, rendering "Hail to the Chief," announce that the President and wife, the Vice-President, and the ladies of the Cabinet (who form the receiving party) have reached the Blue Room, and that the social season is inaugurated. Soon the broad, curved driveway within the White House grounds i lined with gorgeous equipages, and in the long line of people waiting at the western gate, the gay banners of the military and civic organizations add to the brightness of the scene.

The stately corridors through which the multitude of guests pass on these occasions are lined with the portraits of departed Presidents, and are a fitting approach to the abode of our Chief Magistrate. Gold stars are set in the marble floor, which give the dates of construction and renovation of the White House. The restoration of the two wings under the present Administration has added to the dignity of the exterior, and affords much needed space within.

The historic home of the successive heads of the nation is always lavishly decorated for the New Year's reception with a profusion of foliage, plants and flowers. Draperies of smilax, arching palms, mantels banked in white and scarlet blossoms, crystal chandeliers veiled in feathery asparagus ferns—all unite to form a picturesque setting for the receiving party. The Vice-President and members of the Cabinet, with the Diplomatic Corps, are first received; then follow the United States Chief Justices of the Supreme Court, the Judges of the Supreme Court and Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia, the Judges of the United States Court of Claims, the former members of the Cabinet, Ambassadors and Ministers of the United States, Senators and Members of Congress, and Officers of the Army and Navy in their order, brilliant in gold lace, and suave with the courtesy which West Point and Annapolis include in their curriculum along with the Napoleonic code of warfare.

After these the various organizations, including the Grand Army of the Republic, make a brave and noble showing, and, at last, come the people—the sovereign people—for whom the pageant of the hour holds the keenest interest.

It is said to take about an hour to make the circuit of the White House at a public reception, where not less than 2,500 persons shake the hand of the President. Mrs. Roosevelt bows to each guest who passes, while frequently, so brief is the glimpse which it is possible to obtain of the brilliant party in the Blue Room, that many of the throng become absorbed in gazing at the President and his wife, and quite forget to salute the other members of the receiving group. An amusing incident of recent years was that of a South American lady who became so overwrought by the confusion of the unwonted scene, that she released the President's hand and burst into audible sobs of nervous excitement.

Throughout the entire day residential Washington is a scene of gaiety, unusual even in that maelstrom of "the social whirl." At the close of the White House reception all of the Cabinet officers and many families of note keep open house—formal breakfasts and stately dinners being the order of the day. Members of the various departments call at the houses of their chiefs, while the families of Senators and Congressmen receive the calls of the constituents whose votes have sent their hosts and hostesses to Washington.

Nowhere can American character be studied to such advantage as in Washington society, and the courtesies of which the New Year's functions form a part, are of peculiar importance in the capital, where the servants of our Republic and of foreign Powers are supposed to "dwell together in unity." HARRIET WASHBURN STEWART.

IN THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES

God the Beginning*

OUR wisest philosophers, even at this late day of boasted achievement, have never rivalled the simple dignified statement with which the Bible opens its story of creation. They have told us that evolution has done this, and has done that; they have traced the working of the mighty forces which produced the mountains and the rocks; but of the infinite Power which set all these laws and forces at work, they can tell us nothing. They say that God is unknowable; and that is true for the man who approaches the subject as a master and a critic.

"Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent," Jesus said, "but thou hast revealed them to babes." To the simple, humble man, accepting the revealed truth, that before all things was God, the phenomena of nature are signs of his work, of his wisdom and power. His existence is beyond our power of conception, but admitting that he is and was, the wise course is to strive to learn all we can of his character. The ant toiling in the soil, building its dwellings, fighting its kind, burying its dead, must have a brain far greater in proportion to its size than we have, yet how vague, how inconceivable is the world to it. Probably our relation to the universe is more insignificant than that of the ant to the world. As the Psalmist exclaimed, "What is man that thou art mindful of him?"

The thought of human insignificance would be overwhelming if it were not for revelation. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." The many mansions which Jesus said were in his Father's house will be open to us at the end of this life. We know in part and we have the promise of greater knowledge to come. That infinite Power that created the worlds is not a stranger to us. He takes an interest in us and encourages us to hope and wait for further knowledge. He knows our limitations, knows our incapacity to understand him. There was no way of enlightening us, and even communication was difficult; but God would not leave us in ignorance. Christ who was the express image of his person has lived among us and God is no longer a stranger but our Father in heaven.

* Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society for January 6. Gen. 1: 1; John 1: 1-14; 15: 4-7.

Communion with God*

WHEN a child approaches his parent, he does not necessarily come to obtain something. If he never came but when he had a request to make, we should have a poor opinion of his filial feeling. The loving child comes to greet his father, to be with him, to listen to his talk, to associate with him as far as a child can. The child is the better for such intercourse if the father is a good man, and as the years pass he understands him better and generally becomes more like him. There is some power in heredity, but there is more in association. The father is seen in a child's gestures, his manner, his mode of expression. Even his accent resembles his father's. The other day we talked with a man who had the strongest Scotch "burr"; yet he had never been in Scotland in his life. He was born in India, and lived among Hindus, Englishmen and Germans, but his father was a Scotchman and he had learned to speak like him. Is there no lesson in this for the children of God? Is there any other way to become Godlike but that of being long and often alone with him?

Are we sure that this aspect of prayer is always present with us? In the prayer-meeting and probably in private, prayer is sometimes a rather perfunctory thing. It opens with a string of fulsome compliments. Thou art this and thou art that; we bless thee for this and the other thing; a few general confessions that are often insincere, and a man owns to being something which if another accused him of being, he would indignantly deny; a few petitions that may or may not be really desired and which God is not expected to grant, and so the whole exercise ends. Is that communion with God? Can we imagine God hearing such prayers with any satisfaction?

We need to rectify our ideas of prayer. It is not a light thing to enter into the presence of the Holy one who rules the universe and reads the hearts of those who approach Him. We know he is our Father, just and kind and merciful; but it is not by familiarity or by hypocritical expressions that we should hope to win his ear.

* Topic of the Epworth League for January 6. Matt. 6: 6; Gen. 32: 24-29; Matt. 14: 23; Luke 22: 41-43.

THE
AMERICAN PULPIT

CHRISTMAS SERMON BY
Rev. F. DeWitt Talmage, D.D.

A HOMELESS CHRIST

TEXT:—LUKE 2:7:

"There was no room for them in the inn"

HAVE you ever read the story of the Nativity? "Oh, yes," you answer, "many times. It is the one portion of the Bible I love to read over and over again. When I open the book of Matthew and start with the words, 'Now when Jesus was in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of Herod the king,' the divine story has such a fascination that I never stop until I have read the whole chapter through." I am glad to hear you say that. The fascination which holds you enthralled when you read how Christ was born in the manger, is the same enchantment that grips innumerable minds and hearts. I do not believe any Christmas sermon is complete unless it deals with the whole story of the Nativity.

But though this story of the Nativity is fascinating to the young, it should be even more fascinating to the middle-aged and the old, because a man with a matured mind can give it its true historical setting. This story should mean far more to one who can read between the lines than it means to the casual reader. As I begin to study the nine words, "There was no room for them in the inn," I realize that the words have a deeper significance than of a crowded public tavern. The act of the inn-keeper is symbolic of the treatment of Christ by men of every rank, and in every sphere of the world's activities to this day. Christ is still excluded.

Excluded Still

Now, as on the day of his birth, there is no room for him. That exclusion by the mercenary inn-keeper, who would send a poor woman in the delicate condition of Christ's mother to a common stable, was typical. It meant the shut door of the ruler's throne room. It meant the shut door of the palace. It meant the shut door of our mercantile establishments. It meant a Christ crowded out into the cold winter nights, from hearts to which he asks admission, by selfishness and avarice which have usurped the throne that belongs to him by right. As we think of that birth in the stable at this Christmas season, we would not waste our indignation on that Oriental inn-keeper, but attend to the plea Christ makes now, to unlock all the barred and bolted doors of the human heart as well as of the Bethlehem inn. I cannot describe the situation better than in the words of the poet:

He was cradled in a manger,
His own angel sang the hymn
Of rejoicing at his coming,
Yet there was no room for him.

Oh, my brothers, are we wiser,
Are we better now than they?
Have we any room for Jesus,
In the life we live to-day?

Not much room for our Lord Jesus,
Has there been or will there be;
Room for Pilate and for Herod—
Not for Him of Calvary.

Room for pleasure's doors wide open,
And for business—but for Him,
Only here and there a manger,
Like to that at Bethlehem.

"Glory to God in the Highest, and on Earth, Peace, Good-Will to Men"

As we are to have many different guides for this Christmas sermon, and many different geographical situations, let us first seek the most conspicuous man among all our guides, and sit for a little while in the throne room of Herod the Great, in the Jerusalem capital. Were ever gorgeousness and splendor greater than his? Herod was appointed, when a young man, governor of Judea, by his father. But no sooner did he ascend the gubernatorial throne than he began to grip the country with the clutch of a giant. He made Jerusalem his capital. He slew every man who dared criticise his actions. By war and stratagem he annexed territory after territory to his realms. He married ten wives and divorced or murdered them with no more compunction than had Henry the VIII., who sent Ann Boleyn and Catharine Howard to the scaffold. So great was Herod's wealth that, like Napoleon III., he lined his streets with palaces and temples, and places of amusement. Great was he. Aye, he became greater in wealth and power than all who had preceded him. Such was King Herod, who ruled Judea in the year in which Jesus was born.

While we stand among the princes and princesses, counsellors and high military potentates, who surround this powerful king in the throne room of the Jerusalem capital, a courier pushes his way into the hall. He is dust-begrimed. He hands the king a message from the commander of the royal troops. It reads: "Last night there passed through our lines some strange men. They came from the far East. They were evidently sages and astrologers. They were great men from the far East, as their garments proved. They were following a star, which slowly moved before them as a guide. They told me that they were going to Jerusalem to find there a royal babe, which was yet to be king of the East. I want to warn your majesty of their mission, that you may find this child and slay him." No sooner do we see the great king read this letter than his lips become set and firm. His eyes flash and he crumples up the letter in his rage. He sends forth messengers to meet these wise men. I can imagine him muttering, "Yes, I will find out where this young child is. I will kill him. I will kill him, if I have to kill every child in my kingdom to do it. There must be no rival to me in this kingdom."

Is there any royal palace on earth in which Jesus would be a welcome guest? Is there any cabinet of statesmen that would submit to his rule or govern on his principles? If he ruled on earth could there be such horrors as those of the Congo? Such massacres as those of Armenia? Such ruthless injustice as that of Russia? Would not his rule eliminate the liquor dealer, the corrupt politician, the ministerial mountebank masquerading in his pulpits? What a revolution his rule would make on earth! Every ruler would tremble, as the hand that wielded the small cords in the temple was laid to the wheel of government. We pray that his kingdom may come, but who is ready for it? There is still no room for him in the palace, as there was no room for him in the inn.

The scene again changes. We are not now standing in the Jerusalem capital. We have left this ancient city, with its walls and watch-towers and temples and palaces. We have left the crowded streets, lined with homes of wealth. We have left the great, swarming multitudes. We have left far behind the singing of the worshipers and the music of the dancers and the ceaseless hum of its busy marts of trade. We have left Jerusalem, with all its holy associations. And we ride on to the little village of Bethlehem. We can easily do this, literally as well as figuratively. Bethlehem is only about six miles from Jerusalem. The road is down grade. As we come to the village we find it an insignificant place, as it was two thousand years ago. There are hundreds of little towns in New England twice as large, whose names you have never heard anything about. They are too small for notice.

The Oriental Village

This little village, like all villages, has its store, or place for buying things. It still has a little tavern or public inn, where belated travelers can stop. The inn-keeper or proprietor of this public tavern has plenty of guests who want to stop with him on the night before Jesus was born. The little village is overcrowded, because Cæsar had decreed that a public census must be taken. All the descendants of King David have come back to Bethlehem to be enrolled. While the inn-keeper is standing at the door of this public tavern, a man comes up leading a small donkey by a bridle. Upon the back of this animal sits a pale-faced young girl. The weary traveler says to the inn-keeper, "Can we have a lodging at your tavern to-night?" The inn-keeper looks at the man's rough clothes and he says to himself, "Hum—no money there. This is my time for making money. I must not let sentimentality get the better of me. No," he replies sharply, "there is no room. Do you hear? No room." Then the man comes a little closer to the inn-keeper and anxiously whispers something, and then points to the pale-faced girl upon the diminutive beast of burden. The inn-keeper looks quickly up. He is almost ready to yield as he sees the poor sick woman. Then his mercenary spirit again gets the better of him. He quickly shakes his head and replies, "No. No. No room, I tell you. If your wife is to be sick to-night, I do not want her here." "But," says the traveler, whom we all know now to be Joseph the carpenter, "Where shall we go? What shall we do?" And we can imagine how the husband would plead for shelter for his wife. But the inn-keeper's heart is hard and he is unmoved by Joseph's appeal.

The Refuge in the Stable

There may really have been no room, as he said, and how could he be expected to turn out people who were already installed, to make room for this humble couple? No, there is no room. If the case is as urgent as Joseph represents, why not go into the stable? There is room there, and it is a shelter. So Joseph accepts, and there, with no comfort or privacy, Jesus is born. Perhaps the most pathetic verse in all the Bible is: "And she brought forth her first-born son and wrapped him in swaddling clothes and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn."

Can it be that the avarice of Bethlehem's inn-keeper is to-day gnawing at any of our hearts? Tell me, if you had been that inn-keeper, and Jesus' mother had come to you, would you have taken her in at a financial

loss? Do you, oh, business man, show any more kindness to your employees and the poor than that tavern keeper showed to Joseph? Are you a Shylock in the business world, demanding your last pound of flesh, no matter whose heart you are cutting into? Are you a ghoul of the night, crawling over the battlefields rifling the pockets of the slain with no compunction about where the money comes from? Have you no more mercy upon those who are financially in your power than had the Marley or the Scrooge of the novelist? Oh, that to-day, the mercenary selfishness of our past life might forever pass away! Oh, that to-day the Christmas chimes could ring out a cheerful call to all the poor, all the suffering, all the sick, all the troubled, to come to our doors and find shelter and a Christmas refuge.

But, again the scene changes. Now, instead of being in the Jerusalem capital or down in the little village of Bethlehem, we are away back among the Zebulon hills at Nazareth, where Mary and Joseph lived and loved at the time when they started down to Bethlehem to be enrolled for the census, at the end of which journey Jesus was born and laid in a manger. As we have found no room for Jesus in the palace and no room for the infant Christ in the inn, so we now find no room for Jesus in the homes of purity and respectability. Did you ever stop to consider perhaps the most important reason why Jesus was born in Bethelem of Judea?

Mary Ostracized

The climax of Mary's sickness was drawing near. Two or three months before the memorable December, the news had been scattered everywhere that all the men of Judea must go to their place of registration. "But what shall I do, husband?" says Mary. "I cannot be left alone here." "No," answers Joseph. "But I think we can make some arrangements among our old friends. Remember, Mary, we have lived in Nazareth all our lives, and we have relatives and friends." "But Joseph," answers Mary, "you seem to forget. We had many friends eight months ago, but we have no friends now. Do you not know that all my girl friends and their mothers look upon me with scorn? Not one of them now will let me come into their homes. Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?"

I see the face of Joseph the carpenter become set and anxious. He knows only too well that his young wife has told the truth. He goes from street to street, and from home to home. He piteously asks, "Will you take Mary? Will you care for her while I go south?" Then every door is slammed shut in his face. "No room! No room!" the old friends cry. "No room, no room! We do not want such a woman to live in our house, even for a night." Now, hear the awful news; No one would take Mary into their homes, because they thought she was a bad woman. Therefore, Jesus had to be born in a barn. Not only the door of the Bethlehem inn was shut against Christ, but the doors of all the homes of Nazareth. They also were shut against poor Mary in her time of need. Can you not read between the lines, as I speak the words? "There was no room for them in the inn."

We are sorry; we think the people were hard, and yet, alas, alas! how often to-day Jesus is refused entrance into the homes of our modern Nazareths. When he comes to us in the guise of the homeless and the poor, do we not criticise their character, reproach them with improvidence or misconduct? Only the deserving poor have a claim, and even theirs is unwelcome. Alas, how often we turn our backs upon his repentant Mary Magdalenes and social outcasts when, as repentant sinners, they come knocking at our door, saying, "Let me in. Let me in. Oh, for Jesus' sake, let me in." When these poor social outcasts come begging for help at your doors in Christ's name, will you try to help them back to Christian purity and truth? By the grace of God, may we cleanse them and purify them. May we guard them and protect them, for the sake of Him who loved us and died for us, and whose birth brought unjust scandal on his mother.

Stereograph, Copyright, 1906, by Underwood & Underwood

A Christmas Tree for Immigrants in New York City

UNCLE SAM, in his generous-heartedness at this festive season, does not forget the newcomers from distant lands, who have placed themselves under his sheltering, paternal care. In recent years, a Christmas Tree has been set up at the immigration station, on Ellis Island, New York, where presents are distributed to the poor alien children, and entertainments of various kinds are given to cheer the strangers in search of a home in the new land. There are probably a dozen or more different nationalities represented in the photograph, and every face is illuminated by the Christmas spirit.

But how about the synagogues? Were they any more willing to receive the new-born Christ than was the palace, or the public taverns, or the homes of his Nazareth boyhood? Nay. Nay. The priests and Levites cried out as did the inn-keeper, "No room, no room. There is no room here for a new-born Christ," The door of the temple was shut against him just the same as was the door of a public tavern.

My Lord Jesus, on this Christmas Sabbath, will we not receive thee into this sanctuary? Will we not open all our sanctuaries to thee and cry, "Jesus, thou loving babe, come in and rule all our hearts with thy love?" Yes, the church of God to-day should open wide its door to Jesus, as well as the palace and the tavern and the home.

Deserted by the Poor

Just one more thought and I am done. The poor man's hut did not seem to have any more room for the new-born Christ than the rich man's palace. We love to picture Jesus as the lowly Nazarene. We love to think of him as the friend and the helper of the poor. We love to describe him as being born among the sheep and the oxen and the horses and the dogs and the shepherds. But how did the poor man treat him? I will tell you. Just as long as the poor people thought they could get something out of Christ, in a temporal way, they ran after him. But as soon as Jesus was on his way to crucifixion, they ran from him as a thief would run from a pursuing officer. "Room, room!" they cried. "Give Christ room." When they thought he could feed them and clothe them and drive the hated Romans out. But as soon as Christ was arrested and arraigned for trial, then for him they had no room in their hearts. Now, poor men and women who are struggling in life's battles, will you treat Christ so? will you not gather around Christ at this Christmas manger? Will you follow him all through his life? Will you follow when he is persecuted? Will you follow him to Gethsemane? Will you stand by him and defy the Sanhedrim in Pilate's Judgment Hall? Will you help Him carry his cross to Calvary? Will you not only at this Christmas time but always receive him? Room, room. Have you to-day room in your hearts for our Saviour and Lord? The rich men proved recreant to Jesus. The poor men proved apostates to Christ. Will you remain true to him, whether you are rich or poor? If you ask Christ for help he will give you strength to be true to him, no matter whether you are to-day clothed in overalls or in broadcloth.

We have stood in Herod's Judgment Hall. We have been to Bethlehem and Nazareth. Now we come home for Christmas. By our own firesides we want this year to build a new manger. Near it plant your Christmas tree. Fill it with presents. Ask God's blessing upon the festivities of holiday week. And as you gather your children and your children's children in your home, and invite your friends, be sure to keep enough room vacant for Christ's welcome. May God bless you in your coming Christmas joy!

MORMONISM AGAIN UNDER FIRE IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE

A NOTABLE incident in the war on Mormonism occurred in the United States Senate on December 11, when Senator Burrows of Michigan, delivered an address on the Smoot case. Mr. Burrows is chairman of the Committee on Privileges and Elections.

After reviewing the case, and stating the Constitutional powers of the Senate in the premises, he said:

"When the senior Senator from Utah became a member of this hierarchy in 1900, the three persons of the first presidency were all polygamous; ten of the twelve of his apostolic associates were living in polygamous cohabitation, and that the Senator owes his elevation to the apostleship to the formal action of this body of polygamists. The very year and hour the senior Senator voluntarily identified himself with this governing body of fifteen men, fourteen of the number were living in polygamy, and the members of this hierarchy were then able, jointly, to muster a harem of sixty women, whom they claimed, recognized and cohabited with as their wives. . . . . The vital question is: Can one become a member of, identify himself with a band of lawbreakers knowing them to be such, participate in their counsels, and sustain them in their conferences, and yet escape all responsibility for their unlawful acts.

"It is established that a majority of the ruling authorities of the Mormon Church are living in open polygamy, and thereby encouraging the practice of polygamy and polygamous cohabitation, many of them having taken plural wives since the manifesto, and that the Senator, as a member of such organization, is cognizant of their crimes and indifferent to their perpetration. The Senator's complicity, encouraging polygamy and polygamous cohabitation, does not consist wholly in the fact that he is one of the governing body of that church. By repeated acts he has, as a member of the quorum of the twelve apostles, given active aid and support to the hierarchy in its defiance of the statutes of this State and the laws of common decency, and in its encouragement of polygamous practices by both precept and example. One of the first acts of the Senator after his elevation to the apostolate, was to assist, by vote and influence, in the elevation of Joseph F. Smith to the presidency of the Mormon Church, with full knowledge that he was living in polygamy."

Senator Burrows declared that at no time had Smoot "uttered a syllable of protest against the conduct of his associates," but, on the contrary, had "sustained them in their encouragement of polygamy and polygamous cohabitation by his acts and silence." Another and final reason why Smoot should not retain his seat, Mr. Burrows declared, was that he had taken the "endowment oath," an obligation incompatible with his oath as Senator. Mr. Burrows, in closing, moved the adoption of the resolution declaring that "Reed Smoot is not entitled to his seat in the United States Senate."

He said: "It is submitted that the Senator by becoming a member of, and identifying himself with an organization that fosters and encourages crime, tramples upon all law, human and divine; practices polygamy and polygamous cohabitation; desecrates the home; degrades womanhood; debauches public morals; strikes at the Christian civilization of this age; undermines and shakes the foundation of human society and government; destroys the sanctity of the marriage relations; defies the authority of the State and national government; registers an oath of hostility to the American nation, and brings the name and fame of the good people of Utah into disrepute and shame and humiliation to the American people—I submit that such an organization is not entitled to have its representative in the Senate of the United States, and I therefore ask the adoption of the resolution."

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, Associate Editor — LOUIS KLOPSCH, Editor and Proprietor — G. H. SANDISON, Associate Editor

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An Opportunity for the New Year

AS the old year dies and the new approaches, we are conscious of the responsibility of new duties and the privilege of new opportunities. What shall the new year bring to us? How far does it lie within our power, if God wills, to make it a happy and a useful one? It may be the last of our earthly existence. Let us resolve, then, to make it, as far as human effort can, a year of broader, better service, of firmer confidence in God, and of more complete consecration than any of its predecessors. So may we make it the best and happiest year of our lives.

If our people as a whole were interrogated, what would the nation's voice express as its dearest hopes for the coming months? We believe the reverent judgment of God's children among them would not incline altogether to material things. They would implore the Divine Giver of all good gifts for continued peace at home and abroad; for pure, undiminished patriotism; for honest, upright legislation; for an end to corruption in high places; for a closer union of all Christian denominations under the banner of the Cross; for less worldliness in the churches, and for their reinspiration with such new zeal and fervor as shall lead to a great spiritual quickening in our land.

But in beginning the New Year, it would be well for each of us to have some distinct purpose constantly in view. What shall it be? Let it not be a narrow and selfish one, but rather one that will assist, though in ever so humble a way, in the world's betterment. We know it is not an easy matter to decide upon a course of action, and many letters reach us from readers who ask us to suggest how they may best use their influence and the means at their disposal to advance the cause of Christ's Kingdom on earth.

It is the privilege of only a few to be on the Gospel "firing line," as practical Christian workers at home or missionaries abroad. Domestic ties, business cares, and a thousand other considerations stand in the way to prevent this.

But though you may not be able to say "Lord, send me," or to go in person to carry the Gospel to others, you can be represented by a substitute. We should like to see every church in our land, every Sunday-School, every Bible Class, every family, represented by its own missionary abroad, where workers are sorely needed. The annual cost of supporting a trained native worker in India, China, Japan, Africa, South America, the Philippines, Tibet, or any of the foreign fields, is very small. He or she would be your own substitute—your personal missionary of your own denomination, in the field of your own choosing. Your substitute's reports of work accomplished would be made to you direct, thus establishing the closest personal relations between the worker and his patron—the substitute and his principal.

This, we believe, would be to many not now interested in missions, an ideal missionary system. It would keep them in direct touch with the struggle at the front, and every incident in their substitute's experience would be noted with keenly sympathetic interest, while each letter from the worker on the "firing line" would mark a red-letter day in the home life, and would sweeten and brighten the intervening weeks. Besides, this plan of direct missionary work would be of the greatest assistance to the white missionaries, as the native workers would be under their supervision, and their support would be a substantial help to the mission.

We cordially invite all of our readers who desire to signalize the New Year by some worthy work, to write us on this matter frankly and fully. It may be that a way will be opened for them to make the next twelve months more full of real happiness and blessing than any they have ever known.

The Rising Tide

TWICE within a month has the Mormon hierarchy been most distressingly shocked. First, it was by the conviction of its President and High Priest, on a charge of living after the style and manner of the old-fashioned Polygamists in defiance of law, and now it is by the speech of Senator Burrows, of Michigan, which is the most furious broadside of verbal shot and shell that has been poured into the Mormon camp in many a day.

Mr. Burrows, our readers will remember, was Chairman of the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections, which took testimony in the Smoot investigation a year ago. At that time, a majority of the committee were reported as favoring the expulsion of the Mormon apostle from the Senate; but political influence prevailed, and the whole matter was temporarily shelved. But the case against Smoot, like the ghost of Banquo at Macbeth's feast, "will not down." Senator Burrows' bold utterances invite the attention of the whole nation to the fact, that all the charges contained in the Memorial of the Women of America against the Mormon Senator were fully proved by the testimony, and that under Section 5, Article I. of the Constitution, the Senate has the power to judge of the qualifications of its own members in the broadest sense, morally and politically.

We do not anticipate that the arraignment by Senator Burrows will mark the conclusion of the Smoot case, by any means. It is, however, a notable incident in the long warfare against polygamy, and an indication of the growing detestation in which the whole immoral and disgusting system is held by all true-hearted and right-thinking Americans.

The Church Conflict in France

WHAT the issue of the conflict between the French Government and the Church of Rome will be, is one of the most interesting questions of our time. In the intensity of the passions it has aroused, it reminds us of the struggles in other lands and in other times. Time was when a Pope could compel a King to stand barefoot in the snow at his palace gates, humbly beseeching reconciliation. Henry II. of England, measured swords with the Pope, and was beaten. Henry VIII. summarily seized abbeys and monasteries belonging to the Church, and gave them to his retainers, and his name has been a synonym with the Church for infamy to this day. Bismarck opposed the Pontiff's will, and learned how strong an adversary he was. Now the French Premier has entered the lists, and we watch the duel with deep interest.

The merits of the dispute are by no means clear to the American mind, accustomed to the idea of a complete separation between the civil Government and the church. There are, doubtless, motives which are not acknowledged, and plots suspected, but not disclosed. The Church of Rome, which is nominally the Church of the majority of the French people, was suspected, rightly or wrongly, of being hostile to the Republic. It favored the monarchy, and failing that, it would prefer the Empire. Thus the Republican leaders looked upon it with suspicion, and believed that it was exerting an influence on the voters opposed to Republican candidates and Republican principles. This was an anomalous situation, because in France the Church was a part of the Government, and its affairs were administered by a Cabinet Minister, as a Government department.

The Government proposed to straighten out the difficulty by separating from the Church. Like the statesmen of our own and other lands, the French Cabinet said it would limit its functions in future to secular government. But in divorces of this kind, which separate parties who have been long united, there was naturally a dispute as to the terms of separation. There was the question of income. The Romish bishops and clergy were paid by the Government. It was proposed that in future they should be paid by the people who belonged to the Church. But provision was made to avoid hardships. Priests over sixty years of age were to be pensioned for life, and younger priests were to receive the whole of their salary for one year, two-thirds of it the second year, a half for the third year, and a third for the fourth year, after which their payments would cease.

The most serious trouble in the divorce, came, however, on the question of property. The Church was stripped of all its possessions in the Revolution at the end of the eighteenth century. But under the Concordat arranged by Napoleon I., it recovered a part of them. The question now arises what that part was, and what buildings and personal property really belonged to the State and what can be rightfully claimed by the Church. The Government sent officers to the churches, it will be remembered, last year, to make an inventory of the possessions, and thereby provoked fierce denunciation. But the division was made, and the property that the Church held as trustee, either for the State or for benevolent and philanthropic purposes, was taken from it, and given to agencies carrying on such work.

The church buildings might naturally have been left in possession of the church, but the French ministerial mind conceived the idea of imposing conditions. The respective churches must qualify by a definite organization, with trustees to hold the property, as is the case with Protestants, to whom the order also applied, and who made no difficulty. The arrangement was very simple and natural; but the Pope saw in it a plot to wrest the possession of the buildings from the hierarchy and give the control to laymen. He, therefore, prohibited the organization of the religious associations which were being formed. The Government, incensed by his opposition, now threatens to take possession of the churches, and the Pope instructs the priests and bishops to submit, and hold religious services in private houses. Whether that plan will be carried out remains to be seen. In some cases, a few layman have made the declaration that the Government requires, and in those cases the churches will be kept open, but in others the Pope's prohibition is respected, and the churches may be closed. The situation is very interesting, and the issue doubtful.

A Revival of Former Glory

RECENT changes that have been taking place in the ancient monarchy of Persia, are full of interest to us who count the lives of the nations we know well by the hundred years instead of the thousand.

Persia's beginnings are lost in a prehistoric past, and in a mist of fable, a mist in which, now and then, can be caught a glimpse of warrior kings and great cities, both long mingled with the dust. Persia, China, and India, come down from antiquity preserving their nationality and some of their ancient greatness. Other nations, greater for the moment, have come and gone, Rome, the empire of the Ptolomies, the empire of Alexander the Great, even Greece revived is but the shadow of her former self. In the Bible Persia is called Elam. The word Persian is said to come from Perseus, who established his rule over this region. It was here that Zoroaster, King of Bactria, founded the Magi, and from that date we have quite authentic history.

The survival and present revival of this ancient kingdom and ancient race is due to the situation of the country and the warlike spirit of the people. The great historic movements left out the East for centuries, and Europe was the field for the advancement of great ideals, the shock of nations. The Persians have been intellectual, and at the same time brave. They are even at the present day warriors not to be despised by a Western foe, holding on to a national existence while neighboring people disappear. The Persians, impressed by European ideas, have been becoming modernized, and have reached out for the greater opportunities of twentieth century life. Shah, people, priests, and nobles all wish to see the proposed reforms carried out, and if they are successful, as they undoubtedly will be, the Persia of to-morrow will be a nation of facts and not of fables.

In the Religious World

—THE INTER-CHURCH Conference on Federation has decided to admit women as active members of the movement for Church unification.

—EVANGELIST C. R. Scoville has been conducting a series of very successful meetings in Indianapolis. 1,400 have been added to the local churches.

—MRS. MAUD BALLINGTON BOOTH, of the American Volunteers, is making preparations for the usual Christmas dinner to the poor of New York. She writes, inviting the co-operation of the readers of this journal, and adds: "May I once more ask for help through your columns? Donations of money, clothing or toys will be gladly received, and should be addressed to Mrs. Ballington Booth, Volunteers of America, 38 Cooper Square, New York City."

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THE BIBLE AND NEWSPAPER

M. Briand | Father Wornz | M. Jaurez | Cardinal Richard | Cardinal Merry del Val | M. Clemenceau

CHIEF LEADERS IN THE CONFLICT BETWEEN THE GOVERNMENT AND THE CHURCH IN FRANCE

Church and State in France

PRIESTS and laymen in France have reason to deplore the fact that Pius X, occupies the chair of the Papacy now, instead of his predecessor Leo XIII. Leo was a statesman and a diplomat; Pius is a more spiritual man, but not so astute. Leo would have found some way of avoiding the struggle which threatens to overturn the influence of the Papacy in France, or to overturn the Government. M. Briand, who occupies the position of Minister of Education and Public Worship, has manifested a conciliatory disposition, but, as he says, the Pope appears to have mistaken his courtesy and concessions for weakness and fear. He and M. Clemenceau, the Premier, are proceeding in confidence, due to the fact, that the recent elections prove that the people endorse their course. They wish to place the Roman Catholic Church in the same position as the Protestant churches, and they ask of that Church no more than the Protestant churches have cheerfully accepted. But the Pope is not content. Cardinal Richard, the Archbishop of Paris, and other prelates believed that peace and the interest of the Church would be advanced by complying with the requirements of the Government. Arrangements were being made to put the church property in the hands of trustees, and to make the simple declaration which would permit of services being held in the churches without interference, when a message arrived from the Pope peremptorily forbidding it. The action, it is thought, was inspired by Cardinal Merry del Val, the Pope's secretary. It seems to have been an unfortunate decision, which M. Jaurez, the leader of the French Socialists, will use as a weapon against the Church. It is unfortunate, too, for the bishops and priests of the church. If they hold services in the churches, as they intend to do, the Government will proceed against them, and eject them from their official residences, and will withhold the pensions that have been promised them. Cardinal Richard, who is eighty-eight years old, understands this fact, and is preparing to vacate the splendid palace he occupies in Paris. For him, and other prelates, refuges will be provided by faithful adherents, but the poor country priests are likely to suffer severely. There will be fierce indignation against the Government by devout Catholics, which will tend to solidify the opposition to M. Clemenceau's administration. It is believed, however, that public opinion is with him against the Church, and that there will be no Revolution. France appears to have tired of maintaining a Church out of the public treasury, and to have decided to leave it to its natural resources; but neither the people nor the Government wish to treat the Church harshly. The change will necessarily be hard for a time, but the priests should take the counsel of Him who is the Lord and Master of all churches.

I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich, and anoint thine eyes with eyesalve that thou mayest see (Rev. 3:18)

A Delayed Surprise

A citizen of Kentucky describes the despair of a neighbor who, after a long absence, returned to his native town to give his relatives a pleasant surprise, and was disappointed. He had been unfortunate in business and made up his mind to go to Idaho to try his fortune at the mines. He was deeply attached to his sister and her daughter, and he promised them that if he was successful he would provide for them. Being a bachelor, with no nearer relatives, he told them that if he gained a fortune they should share it. He was away thirteen years, and during that time he never communicated with them. When he returned to Kentucky, he took with him ten thousand dollars wrapped up in a package for them. He pleased himself on his journey by imagining their surprise and delight when he would place it in their hands. But he could not find them at the house where they had formerly lived, and when he made inquiries about them in the town he learned that both were dead. They had become so discouraged by their hardships that they had committed suicide. The man's grief was intense, and it was increased by the thought that if he had only written to them when he began to prosper, telling them that he was alive and was succeeding, they would not have committed the fatal act. He is only one of many who find that they have put off a good act so long, that when they are ready to do it, it is impossible. Unhappily too many make that discovery in the affairs of their souls. They intend to make their peace with God at some future time, but are cut off without doing it.

He found no place for repentance, though he sought it carefully and with tears (Heb. 12: 17)

The Peace Prize

Our whole nation is honored in the bestowal of the Nobel Prize Award on the President, in recognition of his successful mediation between Russia and Japan, which culminated in the Peace of Portsmouth. With a single unanimity, the voices of foreign rulers, cabinets, statesmen and journalists all agree in commending the fitness of the award. The incident, as a whole, marks another step in the direction of world peace. The President has accepted the prize, which is $40,000, and will devote it to the permanent interests of peace by making it the nucleus of a peace fund. These times in which we live are times full of promise. Within a few years, we have seen several serious international disputes, which in other days might have led to war, adjusted by pacific means, according to the rules of international law. We have witnessed successively the triumph of honorable compromise or arbitration in the North Sea incident, the Venezuelan affair and the Panama-Colombian trouble. May the peace sentiment grow and flourish side by side with justice and righteousness. May we never fear to take the initiative, when conscience calls and duty points the way, to avert by every honorable means the useless sacrifice of human lives to the greedy Moloch of war.

Blessed are the peacemakers for they shall be called the children of God (Matt. 5: 9)

A Small Defect

The story of the French submarine boat that was wrecked recently through a pebble has a parallel in a vessel which was placed in peril by a small rivet, though without the fatal result that attended the loss of the submarine. The steamer, in this instance, was bound for South American ports. It was new and apparently sound. Yet during the voyage she filled rapidly with water, and it was only by the greatest exertions that she reached the harbor of Callao. When the ship went into the dock and was examined, it was found that one of the plates about the centre of the keel had worn through. Further investigation demonstrated that the damage had been done by a little copper rivet, which had been accidentally left above it, and had rolled, with the motion of the waves, back and forth over the same spot so often and so long that the iron plate had been worn thin, and the pressure of the water had forced through. This is only another proof that a very small cause may lead to a very great disaster. That fact is often forgotten when men wonder at a life being wrecked for time and eternity. They do not remember that a sin, considered trivial, may have momentous consequences.

Whosoever shall keep the whole law and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all (James 2 : 10).

A Novel Application

A lawyer in a Western State tells a story of using the courts to protect a client's home from spoliation. He says that his client, an honest workingman, had a beautiful wife, with whom he had lived happily for two years, but at the end of that time a handsome man, with plenty of money, came to the town and made the wife's acquaintance. By his charms of manner and his presents, he made an impression upon her, and the husband found that her affections were being alienated. During the interloper's temporary absence, she became the same loving, contented woman she was before, but on his return, she again became cold and complaining. Her husband had no difficulty in connecting the change in her demeanor with the visits of this man, and he spoke of it freely. Some of his friends advised him to get a divorce, but as he loved his wife and was sure that in her heart she loved him, he would not take that course. Finally he saw this lawyer, who aided him to invoke the protection of the law in another way. He applied to the court for an injunction perpetually restraining his rival from visiting his wife, or communicating with her, by letter or messenger, directly or indirectly. On his stating the facts the injunction was granted. The effect was excellent, for the interloper had a wholesome dread of injunctions. He knew how promptly defiance of the courts was punished, and heeded them, though he cared nothing for the moral law or the law of God. There are many who forget that delay in punishment does not imply escape in the end. It may be all the more severe for being delayed.

Because sentence on an evil work is not executed speedily, the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil (Eccles. 8:11).

A Dead Heir

A pathetic incident is disclosed by the settlement of a large estate in Germany. A short time ago a man died there, leaving the bulk of his property to his son, who, he said, was living in the United States. The executors were unable at first to find any trace of the heir, but eventually learned that, ten years ago, he was living in Trenton, N. J. A further investigation showed that he had committed suicide. The father had never heard that he was dead, and had left him his fortune in the full conviction that he was alive to enjoy it. Search among the dead man's papers revealed several letters from the son, dated at intervals in 1895 and earlier. They were of a uniform type, acknowledging the receipt of sums of two or three hundred dollars and asking for more. The latest letter was an urgent demand for five hundred dollars, but before it reached the father, news had come to him that his son was leading a dissolute life and was wasting the money. The father had endorsed the latest letter with a memorandum, saying that in consequence of what he had heard he had declined to send the money, and would not in future send more until he had assurance that his son had reformed. The news that would have been so welcome, never came. The son was found one day hanging by a rope in the room he occupied. No one knew the father's address, so that no word of the tragedy was sent; and the old man died in ignorance of it, loving his son, as the will proved, to the end. The old father must have looked long for that letter, telling of his son's condition, which mercifully for him never came. How grievous is the sin that wrecks life and breaks hearts.

He that sinneth against me wrongeth his own soul (Prov. 8: 36.)

"Always Better Than Advertised"

Dear Dr. Klopsch:—To me the claim that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD premiums are always better than advertised, has been verified. The three books forming the devotional library are lamps to lighten the Christian's pathway. I am pleased with them.

Philadelphia, Pa. MRS. SARAH A. OLD.

THE DUNKER MISSIONARIES IN INDIA

THE Dunker Brethren have at the present time in India, in the Mission north of Bombay, twenty-six missionaries, two hundred and forty boys and girls in the orphanage at Bulsar, and some nine hundred baptized communicants. The work is carried on in two languages, the greater part in Gujerati. Bulsar is centrally located, and they are making preparations to put up a large church and school building there, as soon as suitable land can be secured, but the purchase of land is always a trying ordeal in India.

Rev. W. B. Stover, Founder

The Dunker Orphanages at Bulsar, India

Not long ago, at Bulsar, India, the Dunker brethren held a special Bible study session, which was attended with much blessing to all who were there. Here, in America, the feature of local Bible schools is becoming an important factor in the churches of the Dunkers, and these schools are growing in popularity. Teachers and preachers assemble as lay members for a two weeks' Bible study, in which time meetings are held morning, afternoon and night. There is little preaching. Class work takes the place of prominence, and the whole congregation lays everything else aside for the time being.

The programme at Bulsar ran as follows: From 7:30 to 8:15—Intercession, with talks on Intercessory Prayer, Missions in the early Centuries and Soul-Winning. From 8:15 to 9:00—A Study of the Book of Hebrews. From 9:00 to 9:45 A.M.—"Round Table," when were discussed such topics as "Soul and Spirit," "How to present the Divinity of Christ," "The Atonement," "Strengthening the Brethren," "The Liquor Problem in India," "The Trinity," "Man Without a Saviour," "Eternity of the Christ," "Death in Adam, Life in Christ," "Our Relation to the Heathen People by whom we are Surrounded," etc. In the evening there was an English preaching service held, preceded by a service in the vernacular. All the missionaries aimed to attend both services, while the vernacular service in the morning was attended only by the native Christians who could be present. It was the first of the "May Meetings," and the sentiment was strong that this should be the beginning of a regular annual assembly to the same end.

At Dahanu, India, Missionaries Adam Ebey and wife, Mrs. Alice King Ebey, of the Dunker Brethern Mission, have lost their three little children, John, Mary and Paul, in rapid succession. Adapting herself to what she believes to be the teachings of I. Corinthians, Chap. II. little Mary's mother always wears a prayer covering when praying, and little Mary, ready to follow in the footsteps of her mother, insisted that if her mother had a special covering for prayer times, she must have one also. And after a while her mother made her a little white cap, which she always put on and wore in prayer, as if she were one of the saints of olden times.

FRENCH PROTESTANTS UNITE

A "NEW REFORMATION" NOW IN PROGRESS AS THE RESULT OF THE ANTI-ROMANIST STRUGGLE

THE city of Jarnac, in central France, was lately the setting for a scene, probably the most thrilling and important in the history of modern French Protestanism. For years efforts have been made to bring about a union of all the Reformed Churches of France. The new Separation Law, which severs forever the ancient tie of Church and State, was not sought by the Protestants. It was the Pope himself who is responsible for making the rift, which has since been forced wide open by the Radicals and Socialists of the Senate and Chamber of Deputies.

When President Loubet called upon the King of Italy, he was sharply rebuked by the Pope for paying his respects to a man who, in his royal capacity, was at enmity with the head of the Church. In the opinions of the French people, their President was treated more like a schoolboy than the chief of a great nation; and the Radicals and Socialists were only too eager to seize the opportunity and force the issue of Separation. But now that the law has gone into effect, the Reformed Churches are taking advantage of it to combine their forces and strengthen their hands for more aggressive evangelism.

In the churches themselves, the hindrances to union lay in the various shades of belief between the Conservatives, or "Rights," and the Liberals, or "Lefts." The Liberals desire to reconcile the ancient faith with the demands of modern thought. The ultra Conservatives stand for the old beliefs of the Huguenots; and are largely Calvinists, with strict ideas of church discipline. There is, besides, a large party of moderate Conservatives, which has been in favor of union.

* * *

When, in response to the call, over one hundred Protestant Churches sent delegates to the Assembly at Jarnac, it showed how deep-seated was the desire in these churches for the closer tie. Hitherto, each body had stood for itself, a unit of strength or weakness. M. Paul Monod was chosen president of the convocation, and M. Wilfred Monod, in behalf of the "committee initiative," made the opening address. "We have completed our religious thought," he said, "by two additions which modify advantageously the substance of our message. By a singular lacuna—a lacuna which was not discovered either in the declaration of faith of 1872, or the declaration of principles of Montpellier in 1905, and which we ought not to let stand—we have omitted all mention of the Bible. The second addition to our message is a scriptural citation, the cry of the Apostle Peter, the transport of the soul, not a metaphysical definition, yet enveloped in a profound and mysterious spiritual reality, the confession which was echoed upon the road to Cæsarea; 'Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God!'"

Two days of discussion and consideration followed. A spirit of harmony and conciliation pervaded the Convention. It was the last day of the Assembly which is stamped upon the recollection of those present as ever memorable. During the morning session, it was proposed that the discussion be closed, and the Assembly vote at once upon the articles of union. To this, M. Elie Gounelle raised an objection. He feared that future discussions of the subject might be able to accuse the Assembly at Jarnac of undue haste.

* * *

Then Pastor Wagner, author of *The Simple Life*, rose. From that moment he became the central figure of the hour, the very mouthpiece and voice of the Divine purpose in that Assembly. The address had not been prepared beforehand. The editor of *La Vie Nouvelle*, in describing the scene, said: "No cold analysis can produce the gesture, the voice, now so pleading and tender, now rising in emotion, in enthusiasm, in flame-recalling the miracle of the tongues of fire at Pentecost." M. Elie Gounelle also wrote: "Wagner responded in the sublime allocution of a prophet, of which our resume can give but the feeblest idea."

"I extend thanks to Gounelle," said M. Wagner, "and I approve of his words, because they voice a cry of the heart. It is needful to respond to his scruples and his objections in fraternal tones. In my own person, and in my own experience, I unite all the contending questions of our Protestantism, and which we wish to reunite to-day. I have myself advanced to the realization of unity in the communion of the One who said: 'I am the vine, ye are the branches.' I was raised in the orthodox faith, I have drank of its milk—and it has nourished me. I will not plant a blow upon the bosom of my good old nurse. If, since then, I have entered upon other paths of inner experience and life, it is to arrive at conciliation in filtering their thoughts through my soul.

"In the spirit of One who has said: 'I am the Truth,' there is a marvelous power to reduce to a common denominator fractions the most unlike. When human reckoning is stranded and helpless, if the great Master of souls passes by, then is realized the promise—'And there shall be one fold and one shepherd.' We are here, disciples of the same Saviour, sons of the same Crucified One. We have all the same passion for the Eternal Living and Omnipresent One, the same faith in Him. The hour which unites our hands in a cordial covenant is not an hour which sounds upon the dial of a little provincial village, it is an Hour Eternal. I feel stirring within me the ashes of the fathers revived again. Having come here from the Orient and the Occident, horizons the most opposed in thought, we are united in this Assembly, as are in a furnace the diverse minerals, and, by the power of a fire which proves and mingles our substance, we tend to fusion. Out of the crucible where love and grief transfuse us, runs the sparkling of a single metal—the pure gold of the Christian communion."

Pastor Charles Wagner

* * *

A great silence reigned as Mr. Wagner spoke. All the Assembly wept. Pastors as well as laymen were shaken by emotion under the stress of that moving power. M. Gounelle, moved by an irresistible impulse, called out: "The discussion is closed!" The scene which followed can only be imagined by those in sympathy with that "hour eternal." M. Wilfred Monod hastened to M. Wagner and embraced him with tears. Others saluted each other under the stress of the same profound emotion. The union was declared accomplished by unanimous vote, and then, all standing, they sang the grand old choral of Luther: *Ein feste Burg is unser Gott.*

* * *

The three first articles of the Declaration of Union contain their simple confession of faith: "In Jesus Christ, as Son of the Living God, and Saviour of men; the unique religious value of the Bible, document of the progressive revelation of God; and the right and duty of churches and of believers to put into practice free investigation in harmony with the rules of the scientific method, and the reconciling of modern thought with the Gospel." The form of union adopted is the Presbyterian, and the governing body a General Synod.

In France, just at this hour, such union is not only strength, it is victory. The compact front of the reformed faith in the face of a disordered and crippled, yet still menacing Catholicism, will prepare the way for a new era in the spiritual history of this people.

KATHARINE ELISE CHAPMAN.

A Band of Starving Refugees Living in Straw Huts in the Flooded Districts

FLOOD AND FAMINE IN CHINA

Over 15,000,000 in the Central Provinces Facing Death by Starvation—A Cry for Help

ACCORDING to cable despatches, which are confirmed by letters from American missionaries in the field, fifteen million natives of Central China are now suffering from famine. The suffering is greatest in the provinces of Kiangsu, Che Kiang and Nganhui. Our State Department in Washington has received an appeal by cable from Shanghai, declaring the condition to be serious. Foreign Consuls-General, Chinese authorities and business men, have united in an effort to afford relief, but the suffering is so widespread that the situation is practically beyond their control. Great mortality is feared unless relief is speedily afforded.

From the Rev. J. S. Stone, a Methodist pastor, well-known in New York, and many years a missionary, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has received a letter making a strong plea for the Chinese sufferers. Dr. Stone writes:

"I cabled to you an appeal from the missionaries along the great Chinese Canal, where 7,000,000 people are now in the grip of famine. I visited the leading city of the province affected by the famine; I have conversed with many missionaries of all denominations about the conditions in the affected district. They unite in saying that the picture cannot be painted too strongly to meet the facts. I hope you will be able to do for these unfortunate people as you have done for others in this and other lands . . . . . Last week I came down the Yangsti River, and stopped for a few hours at a place called Chin Kiang. It is on the border of a district where fifteen million people are already in the grasp of famine. Seven millions are now helpless. They are living on a gruel made of beans and sweet potato leaves. Even this will soon be gone. Already the people are drowning or giving opium to their aged relatives and their children, and selling their little girls into nameless slavery.

"Our missionaries are trying to save where they can; but what can they do when millions are hungry and crying for bread at their doors? I love children too much to see them exposed to hunger or shame, without crying loudly to their friends to come to their help. It is not the will of our heavenly Father that one of those little ones should perish.

"At the request of a committee, appointed by the missionaries of the Chin Kiang Province, I have already cabled to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for aid that the hungry this winter may be fed. Rev. T. F. McCrea, of the Southern Baptist Mission, is the Society's Treasurer in Chin Kiang. He, with Revs. W. E. Langden (Methodist), A. Sydenstricher (Presbyterian), and Dr. Williams (China Inland Mission), all of the same station, constitute the Executive Committee on Famine Relief. All moneys sent through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will be distributed faithfully by the missionaries."

Rev. Dr. Stone describes the Chinese officials as being singularly indifferent to the terrible sufferings of those around them.

"Let them die," said a mandarin to one of our missionaries. "We have too many of such creatures in China."

Rev. T. F. McCrea, Secretary and Treasurer of the Missionary Relief Committee, writes from Chinkiang, November 6, to Dr. Klopsch as follows:

As the Executive Committee of the North Kiangsu-Anhui Famine Relief Committee was holding its first meeting last week, Rev. Dr. J. Sumner Stone, of New York, stopped in Chinkiang on his way from Peking to Shanghai. When he learned of the object of our meeting and of our purpose to appeal to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to raise funds for the purpose of relieving those who are suffering from the famine in these two provinces, he very kindly offered to cable you from Shanghai of the situation. We gladly accepted his offer and authorized him to send the cable in behalf of the committee.

In addition to the appeal, I am enclosing copies of personal letters and of letters written by missionaries to the *North China Daily News*, the leading daily of the Orient. These letters will convey some idea of what a flood of such serious proportions as that of the past summer means in a low plain, only a few feet above sea level, where the population is from 300 to 400 to the square mile, and where the crops of a normal yield barely suffice for the teeming millions. 'It is estimated that the crops, in an area 200 miles long and 200 miles wide, are almost totally destroyed, that is an area of 40,000 square miles, while the crops in a much larger section are far below the normal yield, because of the incessant rains extending over nearly four months. The missionaries estimate that there are about **15,000,000** people in the densely populated district where the crops have failed and been destroyed by the floods. Fully one-half of these people and perhaps two-thirds of them, will be face to face with starvation during the winter and spring. As one missionary writes: "Nothing can prevent starvation on a large scale."

Distressing stories are reaching us of children and the aged being drowned to prevent their death by the agonies of starvation, of parents selling their children into slavery or abandoning them on the streets, and of others committing suicide by drowning or opium poisoning. And only yesterday comes the story that the people, in their desperation, are in rebellion in one section, saying they may as well die by the sword as starvation, it being death in either case.

Destitute Flood Refugees Going South to Beg for Food

Rev. B. C. Patterson, Southern Presbyterian Mission, Suchien, Ku, writes in the *North China Daily News:*

A trip northwards from Chinkiang now, gives one an idea of the fearful floods. All along the canal water is in the houses, and boats are anchored at the door-posts. The lakes which lie west of Paoying and Kaoyiu, and cover quite 1,000 square miles in normal seasons, are now nearly ten feet higher than usual. The yellow flood, wrinkling and glinting on the horizon, tells a tale of the woe left in its track.

In one place the people had been living on elm and sweet potato leaves, mixed with a handful of grain and boiled! We hope to be able to distribute relief funds to those within our reach. Meantime, all our poor acquaintances are bringing their furniture and stuff, and begging us to purchase it, that they may provide for the present.

Rev. M. B. Grier, Southern Presbyterian Mission, Hsuchoufu, writes to the same paper:

The high water continued for six or eight weeks, and the results are hard to describe. The receding of the waters began two or three weeks ago, bringing to view pictures of desolation probably never witnessed by the people of this province since the days of the Yellow River's inundations. The destruction of crops is about as complete as a flood could make it.

Prices have risen rapidly. Flour that was considered dear a year ago at twenty-five to thirty cash a catty, now sells at from fifty-two to sixty. Fuel is also dear, as the main supply is generally millet and sorghum stalks, now very scarce. The coal dealers say the mines are flooded and cannot easily be worked, hence coal has more than doubled in price. Every necessity of life is even now almost beyond the reach of the great mass of the people.

The number of refugees I met as I came up the Grand Canal, would probably run well up into the thousands. Whole boat-loads of them, crowded together so closely that they had no room to eat, and all giving the same answer to our question as to their destination—"Going south to beg." Robbers, thieves, tramps, and rowdies, are said to be everywhere, made desperate by the lack of food. I have not been able to hear of a single community where there was no disorder.

We hear sickening stories of abandoned children. My servants report having seen children several years old thrown out, tied so that they could not follow their parents home. The orphanage is full to overflowing.

The appeal of the Missionary Committee says:

Owing to unprecedented heavy rains during June, July, August, and part of September, a large part of the northern districts of Kiangsu and Anhui provinces was flooded. The flooded districts cover 40,000 square miles, supporting a population of 15,000,000. None of the crops have been gathered. All the necessities of life have already (Nov. 1st) doubled in price. Thousands of houses have been destroyed. Thousands of people are already living on one meal a day, and often this meal is composed only of gruel and sweet potato leaves. Tens of thousands have left their homes to beg elsewhere. Some throw their children into the water and then commit suicide. Many are selling their children for almost nothing. The farmers are selling their work animals to buy food and have no wheat to plant for next year's crop.

Unless relief be given, from eight to ten millions of these people will soon be face to face with famine, and great numbers must perish. Hundreds are said to be dying of famine and fever. The provision which the Chinese government has made to meet these needs, even were it honestly administered, is wofully inadequate.

Questions and Answers

Letters for this department must contain name and address of the sender—not for publication, but as evidence of genuineness and good faith. Where an answer by mail is desired, ten cents in postage stamps must be forwarded by the writers, with full address.

A. C. L., Allegheny, Pa. Does OUR MAIL-BAG know who named America?

Strictly speaking, the name was given by a German professor of geography, Waldsemuller. The first book printed on America (1504), was an account of the voyages of Amerigo Vespucius. Waldsemuller referred to the fact that, as Vespucius had discovered "a fourth part of the world," and that as the other three parts—Europe, Asia and Africa—were named for women, he suggested, in the introduction of his new geography, that the New World be called for its discoverer, "America."

G. F. B., Akron, O. When was chloroform discovered?

It was known to scientific chemists long before its power as a nerve-stupefier was discovered. Dr. Simpson, of Edinburgh, introduced it into his practice in 1847, and an American physician, Dr. Morton, used sulphuric ether as an anæsthetic in 1846. The ancient Greeks and Romans used mandragora to annul pain attendant upon surgical operations, and the Chinese used hashish, but they never attained a knowledge of perfect anæsthetics.

B. H. L., Little Rock, Ark. 1. Where is the highest monument in the world? 2. Why is the crescent used as an emblem of Mohammedanism?

1. The Washington Monument, Washington, D. C., is the highest in the world. It stands 555 feet in the air, a marble shaft of unadorned simplicity. 2. In 340 B. C., the Macedonians were besieging Byzantium, now Constantinople. A light in the form of a crescent suddenly appeared, enabling the Byzantines to see and circumvent their besiegers. In commemoration of this event, the Athenians (who ruled Byzantium) made the crescent the symbol of the State. The Turkish Empire adopted it after their conquest of Constantinople, in A.D. 1453.

Mrs. S. F. H., Cleburne, Texas. What are the three foremost temperance countries of the world?

Canada, America, and the Australian colonies.

J. R. H. 1. What gave rise to the wedding custom of throwing a shoe at the departing bride? 2. What is the origin of "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip"?

1. Reference is made in Scripture to symbolical usages in connection with shoes, whose manufacture formed a distinct trade as early as 1600 B.C. The delivery of a shoe indicated that a possession was transferred, and this was a testimony in Israel. The throwing of a shoe on property was a symbol of new ownership, as, "Over Edom will I cast out my shoe" (Ps. 60: 8). Hence the custom of throwing an old shoe after the bride symbolizes that the parents give up all dominion over their daughter. 2. An ancient king of an island in the Grecian archipelago, who cruelly oppressed his slaves, ordered wine made from the grapes of his vineyard. One of his slaves prophesied that the king would never taste it. The wine was made, and the king filled a cup, saying to his prophet-slave, "What thinkest thou now?" The slave made answer, "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." At that moment news came that a furious wild boar had broken into the court-yard. The king set down the untasted cup and hastened to attack the boar, but was himself slain.

Inquirer, Dayton, O. No, it is not likely that any appeal will be authorized in behalf of the Russian peasants, as the Czar himself has undertaken the relief work, and has given $500,000 from his private purse for the cause.

T. B. C., Spargo, North Dakota. What does the word "Himalaya" mean?

It is a singularly appropriate name for those mountains in the north of India, whose summits, some of which are more than 23,000 feet in height, are perpetually covered with snow from the height of 16,000 feet. The word "Himalayas" is made up of two Sanscrit words—*hima*, snow, and *alaya*, abode; literally, "the abode of snow."

J. B., Waterbury, Conn. What is the estimate of Mr. J. D. Rockefeller's income?

It is said, by those who are associated with him in business, to be somewhere in the neighborhood of $60,000,000 a year. The figures are surprising. Of course, we cannot vouch for their accuracy.

T. A. L., Hauppauge, L. I. My Sunday School class of boys are eager to know Goliath's real height. In I. Samuel 17: 4, it is given as "six cubits and a span," but that doesn't help us. We also wish to know what was meant by "a Sabbath day's journey."

1. The length of a cubit differs in different countries, but Arbuthnot and Greaves, both authorities, state that the Scriptural cubit was about 21 inches, and a span was 9 inches. Thus, the champion of the Philistine camp must have measured 11 feet 3 inches in height. 2. Dr. Adam Clarke puts a Sabbath day's journey as 7½ furlongs, or 1,650 yards. But Josephus says that the Mt. of Olives was 625 paces from Jerusalem (Acts 1: 12), and a geometrical pace is 3 feet, which would allow about 1,050 yards for a Sabbath day's journey.

J. J. B., Plainfield, N. J. We attach little importance to the sensational talk of impending trouble with Japan. Of course, there are certain European governments which would be pleased to see this country embroiled, and there are others that would rejoice to see Japan humbled. But there is nothing in the present situation to warrant apprehension. Our own government, and that of the Mikado, are pretty certain to adjust the San Francisco affair amicably.

H. R. B. How old was Abraham, when his father, Terah, died? From Gen. 12, I gather that he was 75 years old when he left Haran to go to Palestine. The eleventh chapter states that Terah was 70 years old and "begat Abram Nahor and Haran." Acts 7: states that Abram did not leave Haran until after his father was dead. Must not Abram have been Terah's youngest son, born in about Terah's 130th year.

The dates are too indefinite to base any calculation upon. It is obvious from Genesis 11: 32 and 12: 4 that Abraham was not born until Terah was 130 years old. Genesis 11: 26, merely says that Terah lived 70 years before begetting children, and it would appear that he lived sixty years more before these three were born. Acts 7: 4, does not contradict this. Terah left Ur with all his family, except Haran, who was dead, and went to live in Haran (or Charran, as Stephen calls it), where he died. We do not know how long he lived there. All we do know is that Abraham stayed in Haran until Terah died.

J. T., Mahanoy City, Pa. Is the word "Welcome" found in the Bible? 2. What was the name of David's mother?

1. No; but its equivalents, "greeting," "salute," "salutation," etc., occur in several places. 2. It is nowhere mentioned in the Bible.

E. T. U., Atlanta, Ga. What is the derivation of the names of the days of the week?

Our English names of the seven days are derived from pagan deities or natural objects of worship to which each day was dedicated. Sunday, Sun's day; Monday, Moon's day; Tuesday, Tuisto (a Saxon god); Wednesday, Woden's day (also a Saxon god); Thursday, Thor's day, (Thor was worshiped by all the northern European nations); Friday, Friga's day (the Scandinavian Venus); Saturday, Saturn's day.

B. D. T., Adams, N. Y. Who wrote the well-known lines: "He who fights and runs away, will live to fight another day"?

You will find them in Goldsmith's *Art of Poetry on a New Plan*, but for once, Goldsmith was a plagiarist, for the identical lines occur in *The Muses' Recreation*, written in 1656, by Sir John Minness, Vice-Admiral to Charles I.

T. D. B., Remsen, N. J. What reason is given for calling our government "Uncle Sam"?

In the last war between England and America, at Troy, on the Hudson, a commissariat contractor named Elbert Anderson had a store yard. A government inspector named Samuel Wilson, who was always called "Uncle Sam," superintended the examination of the provisions, and when they were passed, each cask or package was marked E. A.—U. S., the initials of the contractor and the United States. The man whose duty it was to mark the casks being a facetious fellow, was asked what the letters meant, and replied that they stood for Elbert Anderson and Uncle Sam. The joke soon got into print, and long before the war was over was known all over the country.

A correspondent writes to make a plea for help for the Dauphin Island Mission, Mobile County, Alabama, which suffered greatly during the September hurricane. The mission building is entirely ruined.

Mrs. W. W. G., Wyanet, Ill. A professing Christian, who desires to square his conduct with his principles, will not devote his time to frivolities. There are many recreations and amusements that are both healthful and proper, but those you mention are hardly to be classed among the number.

In Palestine

BY JOEL BENTON

I.

IN Palestine, on Christmas morn,
The Prince of all the earth was born—
The golden hours moved softly by,
And one bright Star paled all the sky!

II.

The Persian Magi, soon astir,
Brought gifts, with frankincense and myrrh;
And saw a light of that degree
That "never was on land or sea."

III.

The murmurs of a vagrant breeze
Whispered in haunting melodies;
The oxen where the Infant lay,
Fell down, as if to muse and pray.

IV.

Upon the slopes of Olivet
The sun in golden clouds had set;
And on the earth, each one a gem,
Shone Nazareth and Bethlehem.

V.

New music stirred the brooks and rills,
Transfigured were Judea's hills;
And it is said, in one blest tree,
A small bird sang unceasingly.

VI.

What if the world failed then to see
Sweet Kedron—sad Gethsemane;
A Wonder of the World had come
For Service, Love and Martyrdom!

VII.

Where Jordan's sacred waters roll
Fell oracles that stirred the soul,
Whilst, as a lustrous diadem,
Earth-crowning, stands Jerusalem.

VIII.

A fadeless light now rests upon
The sacred heights of Lebanon;
And memory holds in loving fee
The sad, sweet shores of Galilee.

IX.

Something the world will not let die
Clings to that faint, pale azure sky,
Dear to mankind of all degrees
Through Time's slow-moving centuries.

Appreciative of the Premiums

Dear Dr. Klopsch:—It is with pleasure that I acknowledge the receipt of the "Devotional Library" and "Surprise Calendar." We are much pleased with the calendar. And as I commence to read the "Devotional Library," I realize that the assembling of the precious Bible promises are a great benefit to the study of the Word of God, through which, "by the help of the Spirit," there is an increase of daily light, to help us to imitate the Christ-life.

Port Jefferson, N. Y. J. OLIVER DAVIS.

AROUND THE RUDDY HEARTH

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Home for the Holidays

THOUSANDS of young people go away to school and college, and their home-coming for the holidays makes a very bright spot in the year. Fathers and mothers sacrifice no little of their own enjoyment and undergo no small measure of self-denial in sparing their children during the years when educational processes are most strenuous. For the boy and girl between the ages of fifteen and twenty, it is often a decided advantage to pursue study in a school atmosphere apart from the desultory influences that interrupt study at home. The college life of young people is incomplete if they live at home and simply attend classes and recitations. Thus it would be best in many cases for a lad living in the shadow of a great university to matriculate somewhere else. A boy absent from home has much more of the distinctive and stimulating life peculiar to a college than he can possibly have if remaining in his father's house. He has, if at home, but a meagre share of the pastimes, recreations and fraternal excitements that make student life the happiest period of youth. Equally, a young girl who has the privileges of an excellent school or a college, who is under the care of conscientious teachers and who devotes her entire time to school pursuits, is better started on the road to capable and symmetrical womanhood than her friend who does not leave home and is subject to invasions of her time from household emergencies or social invitations.

The feeling has gained ground in the last decade and is more and more shaping popular opinion that while the day school has its place in education, the private boarding school, the college and the university also have theirs.

The holidays change the aspect of a house from which the children have been temporarily exiled. With their return come music and mirth, joyous bustle and an air of gleeful anticipation that makes the most commonplace day a festival. Sometimes they bring with them friends whose homes are so distant that they cannot visit them until the long vacation. Mothers take delight in spreading their gentle wing over those who would be homesick enough were they compelled to spend the holiday week in dreary loneliness, instead of at a genial fireside where fun and frolic were in order.

Almost the first thought when the boys and girls come back is a thought that they have grown. They have lost something of the juvenile dependence that belonged to them earlier, and they have acquired indefinitely a manner of responsibility that seems new to parents. They are indeed growing physically, intellectually and spiritually. The home has its claim upon them and they bear its stamp, but they bear also the stamp of the school and of its instructors.

Although you may be rather staid and quiet at other times, arrange to have as much good fellowship and jollity as you can during the holidays. An invitation that ran after this fashion was sent one year to a wide circle of friends, not all of them young:

> Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Winthrop and the young people in their family will be at home on the evening of December Thirty-first.

In this instance, the phrase young people included several visiting cousins, a girl from Vassar, two boys from Yale and a young friend at home from an art school in Paris. They watched the Old Year out and the New Year in, and the occasion merrily completed one of the happiest house parties that a mother's ingenuity and a father's generosity could plan and carry out.

A Desk and Its Fittings

Among the most useful presents that any one can receive, a desk properly fitted with writing materials and tools, takes high place. From the little girl whose desk is a toy, to the lady whose desk is her post of occupation during an hour or two of a busy day, from the schoolboy to the professional man, every one enjoys owning a desk. The woman of society receives and writes a great many letters. The student requires room for various papers. The man of business must have his desk pigeon-holed and labelled. Whether the desk be a beautiful real antique, or an excellent modern imitation in rosewood or mahogany, whether it be of plainest oak or cherry, expensive and elaborate, or cheap and simple, its fittings are essentially the same. Pens and ink, a brass tray for penholders and pencils, a receptacle for stamps, a sheaf of blotters, pads of different sizes, envelopes in variety, and a sufficient quantity of writing paper to meet every need, are the essential requirements of a desk.

Luxuries in one or another form may be added, but given pen, ink and paper, a desk is pretty well fitted for the average owner.

A Wedding Celebration in Ancient Rome

CENTURIES ago, as to-day, a wedding was a pageant and the most interesting of festivities. In Ancient Rome, the bride, adorned with flowers and veiled in white, was escorted in the evening by her friends and companions, and, with pomp and ceremony, entered the house of the bridegroom. The picture represents a bride saying good-by to her mother and the home of her childhood.

GOOD-MORNING

"GOOD-MORNING," cry the breezes
As they rustle through the trees;
And never since the world began
Were brighter days than these.
For, though the leaves have fallen
And the feathery snowflakes fall,
The world is very beautiful—
God's love is over all.

"Good-morning," cry the children,
As they hurry down the stairs,
They have only little lessons—
They have neither fears nor cares;
They make our daily sunshine,
And what though trials come,
"Good-morning," cry the children,
And there's gladness in the home.

The Burden of Christmas

IS there not a jarring note in the chorus of praise that arises from happy hearts at Christmas-tide? Do we think as we ought of the men and women, and the children as well, on whom the burdens of Christmas press so heavily that they have neither time nor strength left for its gladness? Everywhere in towns and cities, Christmas shopping alluring great crowds, makes necessary long hours and weary toil for salespeople, porters, drivers of delivery wagons, and for those whose business it is to attend to the distribution of bundles and parcels. The boys and girls who answer to the call-bell or voice of the clerks; the accountants in the business departments; the young women who stand behind counters from eight in the morning until eleven at night, in holiday week and before it, are bearing a load of physical fatigue and are enduring a nervous strain in sharp contrast to the gaiety of the customers whom they serve.

It is by no means infrequent that illness and death follow in the wake of Christmas, and that some homes are deeply shadowed because of the sunlight that has flooded others. The public at large, of whom we are a part, whether our shopping amounts to a few cents or many dollars, may do much to alleviate this condition. Wherever we live, we may make it a rule to do our shopping in the earlier part of the day. Those who must shop in the evening because they are not at liberty during daylight hours, must, of course, be considered; but they may help by limiting their purchasing to one or two evenings in the week. These evenings being consequent on pay-day are generally anticipated and understood by merchants. Thousands of people can quite as conveniently buy their Christmas gifts early in December as late in the month, and if the fashion of doing this could only be made popular, great relief would be felt by those who are compelled to undertake extra toil.

The atmosphere in the large department stores of New York, and of other cities, too, becomes vitiated and suffocating when every inch of space is occupied, and people elbow one another in their efforts to approach a counter. The young women who wait on customers often faint from exhaustion. Men in the packing room grow tired and worn, and suffer from the depression of overwork. We would not lessen if we could by a single drop, the sweetness of the cup that we drink at Christmas, but if we could we would take from it every infusion of bitterness, every drop that is flavored with rue for those who labor. As it is everlastingly true that

> Evil is wrought by want of thought
> As well as want of heart,

shall we not all try to do what we can, not only to heighten the general joy at Christmas, but to lessen, in so far as our efforts can avail, the heaviness of the Christmas burden.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—MAUDE. By all means qualify yourself to become a vocal teacher if you have a good voice and musical ability.

—MARY. If the case is as you describe it, you would better withdraw from the home of your son. You are the occasion of discord, as your daughter-in-law is jealous, and does not appreciate your efforts to relieve the situation.

How the Whitney's Spent Christmas

Continued from page 1104

coming out to fix it to-day. I don't think he will come," said the superintendent slowly.

It was getting so dark now now that the superintendent went over to the table and lighted a lamp. Rob began to cry as he stole one trembling hand into his father's. Rob felt like crying himself; was there ever a more absurd and trying situation?

"I'm sorry for you," said the superintendent, after Rob had almost hysterically related how matters stood with him. "I'll make you and the boy as comfortable as I can; but I'm afraid you are in for all night. A good many folks have stayed here longer than that."

"But can't you—haven't you got a team? Can't you take us into town? I'll pay—I'll give you five dollars."

"I wouldn't do it for five hundred. Man, don't you realize this is one of the big storms we don't have only once in fifteen or twenty years? Besides, I've got to stay here and help get ready the Christmas dinner for the inmates."

The Christmas dinner! Rob shuddered at the thought of the way the Christmas dinner at home would probably look by the time he and Lizzie got around to it. He did not know how much time had passed when the superintendent touched him on the shoulder.

"You and the boy must be hungry. We'll be glad to have you eat with us."

Rob rose, and with Rob Junior, went down into the basement, where the dining-room for the inmates was situated. The superintendent and his family had a small room adjoining. Thinking it all over afterwards, Rob Whitney could not tell exactly what prompted his strange request as he paused in that basement dining-room of the Shawnee County Home. Perhaps he wanted to feel as miserable as he possibly could under the circumstances. At any rate, he stepped near the end of one of the tables where there were two empty chairs, and said: "Would you object to our eating here with the—the—other inmates?"

The superintendent stared, but only laughed a little.

"Of course, if you want. Sit down there."

So Rob Whitney and his son, on that strange Christmas Day, sat down to their Christmas dinner with a room full of broken-down humanity. There was no great feeling of pity in Rob Whitney's heart as he looked at those old men and women. To his surprise, he was actually hungry; and as he went on with the meal he really enjoyed it. But before the meal was ended, he felt the real tragedy of these broken lives sink into his heart as he contrasted their lot with his own, over which he had grumbled many times. He wondered how these people could have reached the place where they had no friends, or must, of necessity, become charges on the public tax. It occurred to him that it must be a cruel thing every Thanksgiving or Christmas, or even Sunday, for so many human beings to sit down to a meal without the cheer of wife and children or kin, alone in the world, growing into second childhood, shut out, away from the great, moving, noisy, hurrying, but, nevertheless, very interesting world, with no grandchildren or any little children to make their old age softened or sanctified, for that, he realized, was one thing a Poor Farm could not afford to indulge in—children—just simply one old age breaking its heart against another like it, and sinking down into a grumbling, or stolid, or animal dotage.

There were faces in that little basement dining-room with its salmon-tinted discolored walls, that burned into Rob Whitney's soul as he thought of the remote possibility of Lizzie or Rob Junior or Mildred, or even himself, getting old in such a place! How absurd that was! Yet all these wrecks of humanity had once been hopeful, and perhaps through most of them the tides of human ambition and love and friendship and happiness had once flowed and come in out of great depths of oceanic power. Now they had a shelter from the elements, food for the animal desire, kind treatment from a humane superintendent, and occasional touches with the world, that for the most part rolled by and forgot them.

Rob, somehow, as that strange day grew into night, and the storm howled with titanic strength over the prairie; somehow, as he lay by Rob's side wide awake, found himself asking that question: Is Christmas a humbug? He could not have told to any one else what there was in his present curious experience to make his cheek flush with shame, as he recalled his words spoken to his wife in contempt of the Christian festival; but he knew well enough that with all the abuses that had grown up around the observance of the day, and the holiday season in general, that his own happiness, and his own hope in life, and the joy, and power, and beauty, and faith in men, and things that he possessed, all of it came in some mysterious but real manner out of the cradle of the babe born in Bethlehem. Even the very house in which he now lay, was a mute tribute to Christ and his power with the world, only one out of thousands of other marks of the world's growing tribute to that great Peasant of Galilee. And his own home! How he had despised it, and belittled it. Rich he was in a faithful wife, in two children, and a reputation so far unstained by dishonor. And somehow, somehow, he knew that all that priceless home wealth was worth what it was because Christ had been born. At the heart of him he knew it.

The storm lifted next afternoon for a little while. Then it broke over the prairie again. On the morning after, it was clear and cold, and by noon Rob Whitney, and Rob Junior, succeeded, by the help of a number of farmers who helped dig out drifts, in getting back to the city. Rob made straight for his little house as fast as the condition of the streets and sidewalks would allow. He did not know just what to expect. He had a vision of a flooded cellar, and of a Christmas dinner in cold storage, but the reality was not so bad as he feared. As he approached the house, two figures came out, rushed through the snow out upon the sidewalk, and Lizzie and Mildred fell upon him and Rob Junior as if they had arisen from the dead.

"Oh, where have you been, Rob!" Lizzie cried, and Rob looking at his wife, noted the signs of sleepless nights and terrified days.

"Where have we both been?" replied Rob as he walked into his house with one arm about Lizzie, Mildred on his shoulder and Rob by his side.

"Where did you spend Christmas, Rob Whitney?"

"I spent it in the Poor House," said Rob, solemnly. "Where did you spend yours? On Number 5?"

"The Poor House! No. 5! O Rob, you tell your story and I'll tell mine."

So Rob sat down as well as he could for interruptions, and told his story.

"I doubt if you can beat it, Lizzie. But it's your turn. Where did you spend Christmas?"

"I spent it at Bethel."

"Bethel? What's that?"

"Bethel means house of God," said Rob Junior. "My Sunday School teacher said so."

"I spent Christmas Day at Bethel Mission, Kansas City, Kan.," said Mrs. Whitney solemnly. "Let me tell you Rob. I started for No. 5 Christmas morning. I left Uncle George's on the electric cars early in the morning. Just as we were passing the Armour Packing houses, a big fire broke out on one of the storage plants. A part of the wall fell over on the car track. All the passengers had to get out, and we were told to walk around through the railroad tracks at the south end, and get a car on the other side of the fire. The tracks were covered with cars, and we had to go a long ways over to get through. I hadn't gone far when one of my sick headaches came on. You know how useless I am at such times.

"Well, just as I began to faint, and feel as if I couldn't walk another step, we were in front of a long, unpainted building, and a man came out, and I supposed he noticed my fainting, for he said: 'You had better come in here, Madam, you are ill. My wife will help you.' I was too weak and miserable to do anything else. I believe I must have fainted. At any rate, when I came to myself enough to notice anything, there I was in that house, and the blizzard blotting out every thing except my wonder at being where I was. Oh, Rob, it will take me a long time to tell all my experience. I found I was in the Bethel Mission. It is really a Social Settlement carried on by a young man named Halbert. He is a Washburn College graduate, and has had experience in Social Settlement work in Chicago with Graham Taylor.

"Rob, you wouldn't believe it if I told you all the things I found out about that place. Do you know, I believe in some ways the district around the Armour packing plant is one of the most dreadful in this country. The real human need is awful It is not to our credit as a State that we permit such a slum to exist when we are so rich. In this little life-saving station for these perishing people, the plastering is off the walls, the room where the Social Settlement workers have to do their work is cheerless and uninviting, there is no piano, and Mr. Halbert smiled when I suggested that it seemed very difficult to do any real musical work without one. Of course, there are friends for the institution, and supplies are sent in. There was to have been a Christmas Day exercise at the Bethel for the children, but the storm kept most of them away. But oh, Rob, think of the pitiful little sum these Settlement workers receive out of the whole enormous wealth of this great State! If they had $5,000 a year to use, they would think the millennium had arrived. And the little children, and the tired out, discouraged mothers, and the underpaid girls in the district who go out to service, or are in big stores, and the dreadful little shacks of houses, where they huddle in sickening and immoral conditions, and the wave of debauchery from the saloons in Kansas City, Mo., this makes me sick when I think of it. We have no right to brag of our wealth out here in Kansas, until as a State we have removed the reproach that we permit to exist, a spot which for low, debased, debauched, immoral and unchristian physical conditions, cannot, perhaps, be equaled in Chicago, London or New York."

"Then when did you get home?" Rob asked, after a pause.

"I came on the local last night. I was too sick to come any sooner. And I wondered, of course, why you did not meet me, for Mr. Halbert telegraphed. You have no idea, Rob, what I suffered. I got up here and found Carter, our neighbor, had thoughtfully come in during the blizzard and wrapped our water pipes and built a fire in the kitchen stove. But, oh, Rob, he never knew about the turkey in the oven, and it is as black as a solid chunk of charcoal!"

"Let me see it," said Rob gravely. Together they went out into the kitchen. There was the turkey, looking, as Mrs. Rob had said, very much like one of those specimens dug out of Herculaneum.

"Lizzie," said Rob, as he put his arms about his wife and tenderly kissed her, "we have lost some things and we have had a very strange Christmas, but we have one another, and that's better than all the turkeys and automobiles and gilded palaces in the world. We have a home, and that is what the people at the Poor Farm and around Bethel don't have. Somehow, Lizzie, I feel as if I had learned a lesson I needed terribly. I don't believe I ever appreciated you or the children, or realized what a wonderful thing it is to have the things we have in this little house. And do you know, Lizzie," he said in a lower voice, "I believe I have had a vision, a faint one but a real one—of the Babe of Bethlehem, and the meaning of it all. I believe I have had it revealed to me that the Christ-child came that we might learn to love one another more, and to make a better world, and establish a brotherhood, and make possible more good homes and help to fill the universe with joy."

"Then Christmas is not a humbug, is it, Rob?" said Lizzie, looking at him with happy tears, and Rob could have declared she looked as pretty as on the day they were married.

"Christmas a humbug! Christmas is the most beautiful and blessed day in the calendar. Merry Christmas, Lizzie! Merry Christmas, Rob! Merry Christmas, Mildred!" "Merry Christmas!" they all replied laughing.

And Rob Whitney and his wife looked at each other again out of eyes that had caught a vision of life as it really is when it is transfigured and redeemed by the holy Babe of Bethlehem of whom the angels sang many years ago, and through whom men are really living to-day.

MRS. BISCHOFFSHEIM

Gave $500,000 to Charity

CHARITY has received another windfall from Mr. and Mrs. Bischoffsheim, of London, who have given $500,000 to commemorate their golden wedding. Mr. Bischoffsheim is a partner in a London banking firm, and both he and his wife have become well known in consequence of their generous gifts in aid of worthy causes.

A Book That Gives Pleasure

Dear Dr. Klopsch:—The premium book, "The Greatest Wonders of the World," received. Am indeed most pleased with it, and think it marvelous that you can give so much for so little. The book is worth more than I paid for all, for it has information that cannot in same space be found.

R. J. BOREMAN.

Parkersburg, W. Va.

CHRISTMAS-TIDE

AT Christmas-tide the fields are bare,
A shiver of frost is in the air;
The wind blows keen across the wold,
Gone is the autumn's glimmer of gold;
But lo! a red rose opens wide
In the glowing light of the ingleside—
A rose whose fragrance, sweet and far,
Is shed at the beaming of Bethlehem's Star;
And once again the angels sing
That Love is heaven and Christ is King.

At Christmas-tide the children go
With dancing footsteps over the snow;
At Christmas-tide the world is bright
With the sudden splendor that thrilled the night,
And made the dawn a shining way,
When first earth wakened to Christmas Day.
Ah! hide your faces, churls and rude,
For none have a heart to share your mood;
At Christmas-tide the open hand
Scatters its bounty o'er sea and land.
And none are left to grieve alone,
For Love is heaven and claims its own.

At Christmas-tide there are chiming bells;
Oh, silvery clear their cadence swells.
They smite the cold of Arctic plains,
They ripple through falling of tropic rains;
In palaces men pause to hear
The wonderful message of peace and cheer;
In lowly huts the peasants pray
With blessing to God for the happy day.
On every breeze the joy is borne
Around the globe on the Christmas-morn,
And loud once more the angels sing
That Love is heaven and Christ is King.

At Christmas-tide, like incense-fires,
Arise the chants of stately choirs,
And priestly voices lead the prayers,
Where God's dear children cast their cares.

M. E. S.

The Light Will Come

AT evening time the light will come,
Faint not He draweth near,
Your cross is heaviest just before
You see the way made clear.

At evening time the light will come,
Look up, canst not thou see
His pity and forgiveness sweet?
He longs to shelter thee.

O weary soul, O shadowed heart,
Thy Father seeth all,
He'll shield thee from the Evil One
And hear thy faintest call.

O troubled heart, trust in the light,
That comes at even' time,
He will not let thee hope in vain,
Thy sun will surely shine.

O tired one, at evening time
The richest hues appear,
Thus will it be to thy sad heart,
When God makes all things clear.

O doubting heart, look up,
And ne'er distrust the One
Who breaks the darkest cloud,
Reveals the light—the sun.

BESSIE BROADWELL.

If You Were a Boy Again

THERE'S a little town where the streets are wide
And the days are dull and the weeks are long,
Where the gardens blend with the country-side
And a dozen people compose a throng,
Where the farmers' horses are hitched in rows,
And it's "How do you do, Silc?" "Howdy, Hen?"
And "How are the folks all down your way?"
Oh, what would you gladly give to-day
If you were a boy back there again?

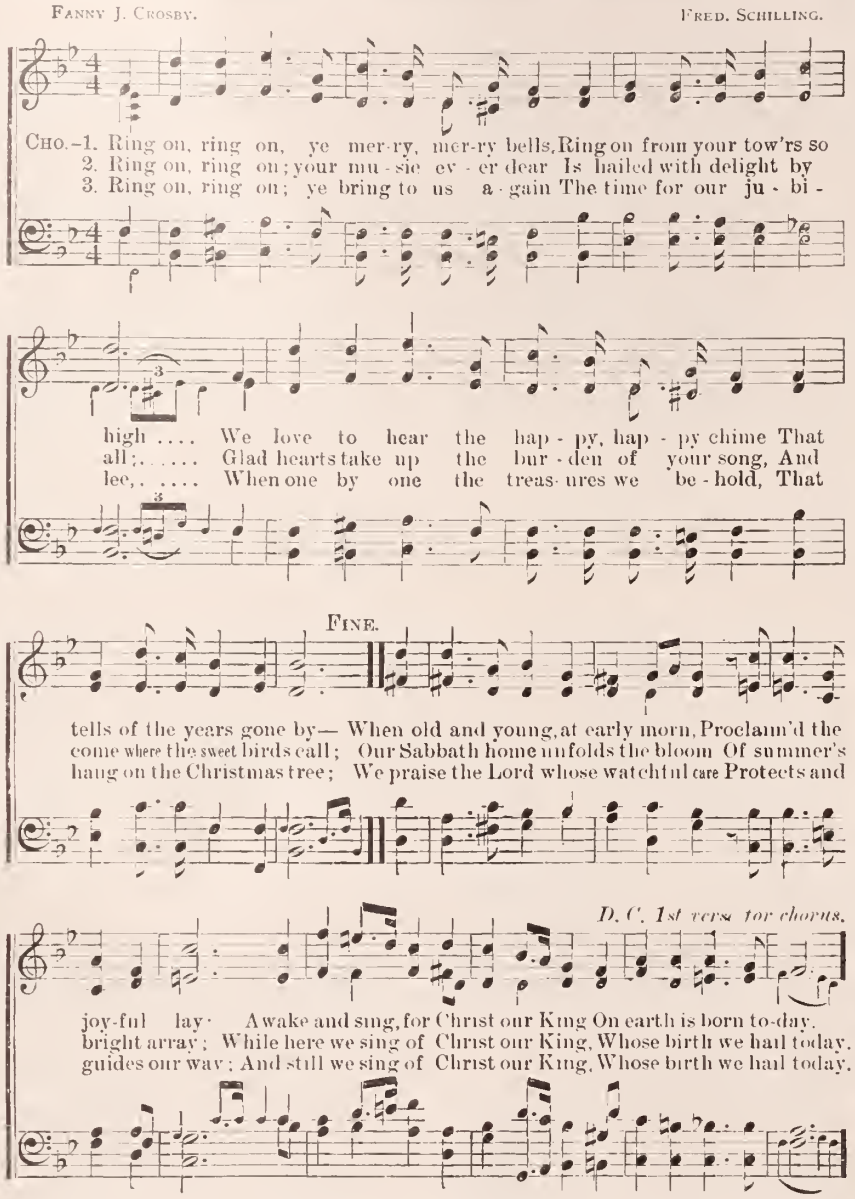
There's a little town where the yards are broad
And the spires point to a peaceful sky,
Where the people cling to their faith in God,
And few are humble, and few are high,
Where the wood smoke rises in thin blue wreaths,
And an old pump stands in the little square,
Where the school bell rings as it used to ring
When its clang put an end to your rollicking—
Ah, what if you still were a boy, back there!

There's a little town where the nights are still,
Where a cottage is sinking in slow decay,
And where in the graveyard on the hill
A stone that was white is becoming gray,
Where they calmly sleep who had plans for you,
Who sighed o'er the childish ills you bore;
Who guided your first steps lovingly—
What would you offer if you could be
A boy in that little town once more?

There's a little town near a winding stream
Where a maiden walked in the dusk with you,
Where you learned to love and you learned to dream
The glorious dreams that will not come true;
Where you learned to think that your destiny
Was to lead armed hosts or to govern men;
But you plod along in the common way,
And what would you gladly give to-day
If you were a boy back there again?

Ye Merry Bells, Ring Out!

FANNY J. CROSBY. FRED. SCHILLING.



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LOOMS BOUGHT FOR SOUTH AFRICA

Dear Dr. Klopsch: Your very kind letter of September 21 has reached me. It contained the generous and wholly unexpected gift of $496 from the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. The $10 you mention as mailed earlier, has also come, and I have sent a separate receipt and letter of thanks to the donor, Mrs. Watson, of Clinton, Mich.

These evidences of the sympathetic interest felt in our work by unknown people so far away, are most touching, and we feel encouraged by their appreciation as much as helped by their bounty. I will spend the money in procuring a consignment of looms, of which we stand greatly in need to develop our work.

I thought that as the Boer girls are indebted to Switzerland and Germany for their spinning wheels, so I would teach that it is from the American people they have received the gift of their looms. I think we shall be able to get about twenty-five for the money. As small branch schools are now forming, to be carried on by the girls we have this year trained, the need for looms is pressing, and we were wondering where and how we could manage to get them.

I wish your readers could see the large quantity of work that has been done this year. Many articles are beautiful, and I think everything is useful. During the coming year we hope to develop tweeds, and blankets particularly, as these articles the people can use in farm life.

If you think well, I hope you will publish these words of thanks, so that they may reach the eye of all the donors—or you may simply prefer to extract a few sentences.

In any case, accept my special thanks for your personal letter, and having opened your publication on behalf of our enterprize.

Sincerely yours,

EMILY HOBHOUSE.

Mara, Becker St., Bellevue, Johannesburg.

Musical Notes

The following are the questions and answers in the latest Review Lesson issued to the Sight-Singing Classes. As they are of general interest to all music-lovers, we give them below:

1. What characters determine the pitch of the notes? Ans. The clefs. **2.** What are the pitch names? Ans. A. B. C. D. E. F. G. **3.** Where is middle C written? Ans. On the added line below in treble clef, and on added line above in bass clef. **4.** Write a whole note, an eighth note. **5.** Draw staff, with half notes; spell on it, in treble clef, deaf, fed, cab, age. In bass clef spell in quarter notes, fad, bead, bag, face? Ans. In treble clef, half note on 4th line, 4th, 2d and 1st spaces spells "deaf." On 1st space, 1st line, space below line spells "fed." On 3d space, 2d space, 3d line, "cab." On 2d space, 2d line, 1st line, "age." In bass clef, quarter notes on 4th, 5th and 3d lines spells "fad." 2d line, 3d space, 1st space, 3d line, "bead." 2d line, 1st space, 1st line, "bag." 4th and 5th lines, 2d and 3d spaces, "face." **6.** How are the absolute and the relative pitches defined? Ans. The absolute pitches by the lettere A to G; the relative pitches by the solfa syllables do to do, and by the numerals 1 to 8. **7.** Which note gives the scale its name? Ans. The note or pitch on which it begins. **8.** What characters are used to indicate the key of C? Ans. The clefs. **9.** What characters are necessary in addition to indicate all other scales? Ans. The sharps and flats. **10.** What is the key signature for the scale of G? For the scale of E? Ans. G, one sharp; E, four sharps.

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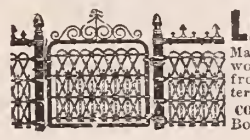
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GOD THE CREATOR

International Sunday-School Lesson,
*By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts**

PLAINLY and simply does the record begin: "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." The next act of creation was to move upon the face of the waters. It was water everywhere, an all-pervasive mist, without form. God let his glory shine upon it, the mist was illuminated, and there was Light. Let us reverently ask why did God set about creating this world? God's objective point was man—the creation of each thing in order was to prepare a place in which man might live. God divided the light, so that man might have a time in which to rejoice and exercise his powers, and a time to rest and store up strength. God called the light Day, and the darkness he called Night."

And God would prepare air for man to breathe, when he should become a living oul, so he divided the waters, and there were waters below and waters above, and a place between where man might live and breathe.

Preparation for Man

And God would prepare a place where man might tread and set up his home. He said: "Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear." And there appeared also the great and beautiful sea, which was to be man's delight as well as his helpful servant.

And God was mindful that the man he should create would have need of food, so he gave out the decree that herb and tree should come forth on the land, and bear seed and fruit.

At last, when all things were ready, he said, "Let us make man in our own image after our likèness, and let him have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth." Let us note that God said, "Let us do this." We may read in the first chapter of the Gospel of St. John who were associated in the creation of the world: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. All things were made by him, and without him was not anything made that was made." So Jesus, the word of God, then was present in the creation, and participated in it. We may hear Jesus say: "While as yet he had not made the earth, then I was by him, as one brought up with him, and I was daily his delight, rejoicing always before him." If we have hitherto thought only of Christ as coming to this earth first at Bethlehem, we have had a very narrow and inadequate idea of the sacrifice he made for our sakes to be born of a woman and become a helpless infant, he who was the Maker of heaven and earth.

The Creation Days

And there was another person in "us," even the Spirit of God, who moved upon the face of the waters in the first creative act, and was undoubtedly in all others as he was in the last, the creation of man.

A battle royal has long been waged about the creation story, mainly between religionists and scientists, so called. In his little, but great book, *The Impregnable Rock of Scripture*, Mr. W. E. Gladstone deals admirably with the creation story. He says: "It seems to me that the 'days' of the Mosaist are more properly to be described as chapters in the history of creation. That is to say, the purpose of the writer in speaking of the days was the same as the purpose of the historian is, when he divides his work into chapters. His object is to give clear and sound instruction. So that he can do this, and in order that he may do it, the periods of time assigned to each chapter are longer or shorter according as the one or the other may minister to better comprehension of his subject by his readers. The expedient of the Mosaist was to lay hold on that which, to the mind of his time, was the best example of complete and orderly division . . . Of all these, the day is clearly the best, as compared with the month or year—first, because of its small and familiar compass; and secondly, because of the strong and marked division which separates one day from another."

Reverent Acceptance

It certainly is not obligatory on us to believe that the days of creation were periods of twenty-four hours each, for the Apostle Peter said, and his saying is embodied as a part of Holy Writ. "Be not ignorant of this one thing, that one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day" (II. Peter 3:8). God's calendar is not our calendar. Neither is the date 4004 B.C., given as the date of Creation in our Bibles a part of God's Calendar, nor a part of the inspiration of the Bible. It originated with Archbishop Ussher and was added to the English Bible in 1701. Let us be content to know that God made the world in his own time, and that he pronounced it good in every part. He has not, nor will not hand over the key of the universe to any mortal, and no one will be able to pry open the door of his creatorship, "Who hath directed the Spirit of the Lord, or being his counsellor has taught him? With whom took he counsel? and who instructed him, and taught him in the path of judgment, and taught him knowledge, and shewed to him the way of understanding?" (Isaiah 40: 13, 14).

We may study Creation not as critics, but as God's own children, desirous of knowing all we may about it as an inspiration to greater love and faith. A young student in Japan became very much dissatisfied with his religion, as insufficient to account for the origin of the world, or to inspire the love and worship of his heart. While in this state of mind, he found one day in the streets a fragment of printed paper, which proved to be the first verse of the Bible. He read, "In the beginning God created." The verse aroused his curiosity. "Here then, is the beginning of things, for which I have been seeking." He inquired more about it, and found what the Bible was. He said, "I must go to the land where the Bible is obeyed, and learn more." He came to America, became a Christian, and studied for the ministry at Andover Theological Seminary.

The Purpose of the Bible

As we study Creation, we will learn that science finds every year some new point of agreement with the Bible where it had supposed there had been only discrepancy. After the discovery of the so-called Copernican and Ptolemaic systems of astronomy, a monk at Rome was accosted with this saying: "You will have to give up now your Bible and your idea of God making the worlds." "No," he replied, "the Bible was not written so much to tell us how the heavens go round, as to tell us how to get to heaven." Nature and the Bible are only two volumes by the same great author — one the written word, the other the created word, and their seeming disagreement at times is the fault of our rendering. Let our mottoes be: "We study the words and the works of God." "The world and the Word are full of the same God." Let us keep the Heavenly Father in the midst." In all our searching after truth let us keep the childlike spirit. A teacher was giving a lesson on the Creation to a Sunday School class when the question was asked: "What was before matter?" Chaos. "What was before chaos?" The teacher expected the reply, "Nothing," but a little girl in the rear of the class, a little visitor, answered in a clear voice, "God." Thus the faith of a little child in an instant grasped the idea of God's eternity.

Here is Joseph Cook's answer to the same question: "Matter is one of the revelations of Almighty God, and the world is created out of the depths of the infinite will, not out of nothing. God

Continued on next page

*International Sunday School Lesson for Jan. 6. God the Creator, Gen. 1: 1-25. GOLDEN TEXT: "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth," Gen. 1: 1.

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GOD THE CREATOR

Continued from preceding page

spake and said, 'let there be' and it was. And there was something before it. What? His own existence. Is matter God? No. Does he not uphold it in existence? Yes. He had delegated a certain amount of power to atoms which we call matter. This he has delegated to the spiritualities we call will, and all that was has come forth out of omnipresent, omnipotent infinity."

While the Bible is not to be considered a book of science, it is good to know that its statements are not contrary to the deductions of science. When it has seemed to be that they were, it has later been found that the dictum of science has had to be changed, and conformity with the Bible had to be acknowledged. An example of this was the scoffing which was aimed at the passage, "God hangeth the earth upon nothing" (Job 26:7).

The Patriarch Sustained

Mons. Folie, a French astronomer, has invented a device in which the balancing of the earth becomes actually visible. "He takes a leaden disk, in the centre of which is a lens, and suspends this by two fine platinum wires from an iron bar, which extends north and south from a wall running east and west. The whole is surrounded by an airtight glass case to protect it from air currents. To the wall under the bar he fixes a powerful light. The rays from this, collected by the lens in the disk are projected through a very small opening in a screen upon a graduated scale, on the opposite side of the room. He figures that the inertia of the leaden disk would keep it in the position given by the velocity of the earth's motion at the moment when the experiment begins, but that the variations of this motion will affect the iron bar and cause a change of relative positions between it and the disk, which will be shown by lights, or rather movements of light, on the scale. He has verified his calculations. At intervals of six hours, observers in his laboratory can see a dot of light move along the scale, and after a time move back to its original position. What they have seen is the effect of the balancing of the earth in its rotation. This is a most striking demonstration, giving ocular proof that the earth is thus delicately balanced, as Scripture says, upon 'nothing.'"

It will certainly help the Bible student to have knowledge of the wonderful confirmation of Scripture, which have been found on monuments and tablets dug up in recent years, such as the Tell-el-Amarna letters, found in Egypt so late as 1888, relating to matters in the time of Abraham, then current, and now giving a final answer to the statement made by critics that Genesis and the other books of the Pentateuch could not have been written by Moses, because writing had not then been invented. yet Abraham lived probably 500 years before Moses.

Said a wise and thoughtful preacher: "Of course I believe in the inspiration not only of these first chapters of Genesis, but of the whole book of Genesis, not because the archæologists have proved some of it, but because my Lord put the seal of his confirmation and approval upon it." And so Jesus did, as he many times spoke of what Moses had written.

The name of God is mentioned thirty-eight times in the thirty-four verses of the first chapter of Genesis, which may be considered thirty-eight seals establishing him as the Creator. But it is evident, from the haste and brevity with which the preliminary record is passed over, that the Bible is designed to describe man's soul and Christ's salvation—not, except incidentally, to give us science or history. It is at best but the scaffolding for the work of redemption.

The Heavenly Doxology

At last, there shall gather about the throne of God, in vast throng, "ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands," who shall sing the song of Moses, the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb, saying, "Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God Almighty," etc.

All glory to the eternal Word
Earth's Lord and King:
Ye angels sing.
Ye sons of earth your tribute bring;
His name proclaim—Jehovah, God the Lord:
Ever to be adored,
Maker of all;
Before him prostrate fall!
By every voice and tribe and tongue,
Forever and forever be his praises sung.

DR. H. BONAR

ANALOGY OF CREATION

By Mrs. M. Baxter

THERE is another creation besides the creation of God in the material world: "For we are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them." Again, "And that ye put on the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness" (Eph. 2: 10; 4: 24). Let us look back to our experience as unconverted souls; what can better express our condition, then, than these words, "Without form and void"; and "darkness upon the face of the deep"? Elements there were within us, capacities of love, zeal, etc., but all was in darkness and unformed, and there was a sense of horrible emptiness, of living for nothing, which no earthly resource could appease. And can we not remember in that time of darkness, the moving of the Spirit of God upon the face of the deep; the vivid consciousness at times that all was not well, and the strong impulses which came so often, prompting to a life nearer God? All this was the work of his blessed Spirit moving upon the face of the waters. And when at last, through God's own Word, light broke upon our souls, and we saw God and ourselves aright, can we not remember the delicious consciousness that "God saw the light that it was good"; that through the blood of Jesus God could look even upon us with favor?

After creation comes division. No sooner did God introduce a new element than he began to separate it from the old. Souls which are in darkness cannot endure to hear of a distinction between saved and unsaved, converted and unconverted; man mingles, but God divides. "God called the light day," "He calleth them all by names by the greatness of his might" (Isa. 40: 26). "Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil; that put darkness for light and light for darkness" (Isa. 5:20). God does not do this; he makes the clearest distinction between "the children of light" and "the children of this world," those who are "dead in trespasses and sins" and those who are "alive unto God" (Luke 16:8; Eph. 2:1; Rom. 6:11). This marks the first day in our spiritual history.

Every day of God's creative work began in night; it was always, "the evening and the morning," not the morning and the evening. There is the sense of sin and danger, then pardon: the sense of failure and pollution, then cleansing through the precious blood. The sense of impotence; then Christ the Power of God, and the Wisdom of God. He works in the darkness, and his work is seen in the light. "Known unto God are all his works from the beginning of the world" (Acts 15: 18).

After the division between light and darkness, the Lord made a further division (ver. 6). "Let there be a firmanent in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters." After light is introduced into our souls by his Holy Spirit, and we see God reconciled to us in Christ, ourselves condemned and crucified in him; when we see other men in their real spiritual condition—*i.e.*, in their relation to God—and see also things present in the light of God and of eternity—then he works upon our principles, our motives, affections and our will.

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Fannie Crosby's Life Story

"MEMORIES OF EIGHTY YEARS," by Fanny J. Crosby, is an exceptionally interesting autobiography by the great hymn writer. In a pleasing and entertaining manner, we are led back to the period of her childhood days when she listened to the tuneful melodies of nature and stored them away in her soul to be brought forth in later years. The simplicity of this early life had an enduring effect throughout Fanny's career. The transition from Putnam County to the New York Institution for the Blind was a hard trial, but difficulties were overcome and life at the school grew bright and happy. We see her bravely mounting the hill of difficulty, and in her crude attempts at verse recognize her promising poetical talent. Shortly after this we have the vision of a young girl standing before Congress, and in a clear sweet voice addressing the grave statesmen. Then we see her back in the Institute halls; we are led through the building in company with President Polk and General Scott: we dine with Henry Clay and hear the wonderful voices of Jenny Lind and Adelina Patti.

Thus Fanny and her schoolmates were brought into contact with many of the leading personages of the day, several of whom remained her close friends for many years.

Then came the gradual transition from school work to public life. With what wonder one contemplates the mental energy of this blind poet, as she writes or dictates her innumerable verses, not a few of which were composed in order to harmonize with the melodies of Mr. Sankey. Fanny Crosby's associations with Moody and Sankey, as well as with many other prominent musical composers, resulted in much wonderful work in the missions of different cities. The outcome of this work showed her that her life was not spent in vain. Her hymns will dwell in the memories of the people long after she herself has passed away. The publishers of the book are James H. Earl & Co., Boston, Mass. Pp. 253; illustrated. Price $1.25

The Real Life of Henrik Ibsen*

AT the festival given in his honor, in Christiania, on the occasion of his seventieth birthday, Henrik Ibsen announced that he was thinking of writing a book which "should connect his life with his works and make of them one self-explanatory whole." Up to the present time, however, no such memoranda has appeared, but the collection of *Letters* now presented to the public serves, in a large measure, the purpose of the contemplated autobiography.

Ibsen's *Letters*, extending over a period of more than half a century, provide us with a direct presentment of the man during the changing conditions of his life and of his friendships, and contain much both of biographical and literary interest, that has never before been made public. They were obviously written with no thought of publication, and their very lack of literary finish endows them with the vital charm of real life. In these *Letters*, a wonderful light is thrown upon the development of his theories of life and art, and upon the aim of his work. The constantly apparent fact that the author could never bear to strip himself completely to the inspection of any friend, however close, by no means lessens the fascination of attempting to piece together such fragments of the real man as he was able to share, by breaking through his constitutional reserve. As far back as 1864 he wrote to his friend, Bjornstjerne Bjornson:

I know it to be a defect in me, that I am incapable of entering into close and intimate relations with people who demand that one should yield one's self up entirely and unreservedly. I am conscious, in personal intercourse, of only being able to give incorrect expression to what lies deepest in me and constitutes my real self.

Notwithstanding the limitations which must be encountered in the endeavor to achieve comprehension of such a nature through its own interpretation, the thoughtful reader who comes to his task *con amore*, reaches the last page of the *Letters* with an intelligent and sympathetic understanding, not only of Ibsen's relations with society, with individuals and with ideas, but also of the process of his development as a man and an artist.

Letters of Henrik Ibsen. Translated by John Nilsen Laurvik and Mary Morison. Fox, Duffield & Co. Pp. 463. Price $2.50.

Books Received

The Land of Play, by Mrs. Graham Wallas, includes between its two covers four charming tales for the children. Even the "grown-ups" will linger over the clever illustrations, and turn an occasional page in following "Ladybird's" adventures. Pp. 240. Price $1.25. Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

The fourth edition of *The Victories of Wesley Castle*, has recently been brought out. The Rev. C. W. Winchester, A.M., D.D., the author, was for some years the president of Taylor University, Indiana, and, in his foreword, he bids the public "read the book, and you will know something of the spirit and aim of Taylor University." Wesley Castle is a fine character, and the reader is the richer for having made his acquaintance. Pp. 211. The Christian Witness Co., Boston and Chicago, publishers.

It is the exception to find a book of George Eliot's which does not contain a bright, true picture of child life. And always the children are worthy of a place in the stories of the great novelist. So real and full of interest are the pranks and pastimes of these boys and girls, that they have been given a book all to themselves, in *Boys and Girls from George Eliot*. It is to be hoped that they may prove a means to an end, and that end the reading of the famous English writer by the young people of to-day. Fox, Duffield & Co., New York. Pp. 212. Price $2.00.

A Little Book of Bores, by Oliver Herford. This latest effort of the author of the *Bashful Earthquake* and the *Rubaiyat of a Persian Kitten*, will bring the smile to many a face made long by the presence of some specimen of the tribe with which it deals. It is arranged in alphabetical form, and there is a different variety of bore for every letter, starting with the unsqueichable autograph fiend. Bound in paper; 53 pages; illustrated. Price $1. Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers, New York.

The dedication (by permission) of Ellen Velvin's *Behind the Scenes with Wild Animals*, to President Roosevelt, will give it a vogue of which it is altogether deserving in itself. The author has been accorded unusual opportunities for studying the habits and training of wild animals in captivity, and has known how to pass on to her readers the interest and pleasure which she experienced in the acquisition of her subject matter. The book is admirably illustrated. Pp. 222. Price $2.00. Moffatt, Yard & Co., New York.

Nine Orations of Cicero. Edited by Albert Harkness, Ph.D., LL.D. The introduction gives an interesting account of the public life of the Romans, and a description of their courts, judges, etc. There is a short life of the orator, copious notes on Roman life and history aid translation. It contain many maps and illustrations. Cloth. Price $1.25. *Greek Prose Composition.* By Clarence W. Gleason, A. M. The book begins with simple sentence instruction and takes the student until he has mastered the work usually assigned to the second year. Pp. 155. *An Introductory Course in Argumentation.* By Francis M. Perry. It is the aim of the author to start the student on his study of the subject without cumbering his brain with research work and other matters that can be left for advanced work. Cloth; pp. 223. The three books are published by the American Book Company, New York.

The book issued a few months since, under the title, *Sankey's Story of the Gospel Hymns*, indicates by its name but a small portion of the riches it contains. The tenderly affectionate foreword by the venerable Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D., describes the volume as a "precious legacy by a faithful veteran of Jesus Christ to his fellow-soldiers in all lands, who are battling for the cause and crown of the glorious Captain of our Salvation." Following this is a fifty-page story of Mr. Sankey's life, told by himself, and containing a graphic sketch of the beginning of Mr. Dwight L. Moody's work at Northfield. Mr. Sankey appends his four favorite hymns to his brief but comprehensive autobiography. In the book the author has related the story which surrounds the creation of perhaps three hundred well-known and well-beloved "psalms and hymns and spiritual songs." Pp. 272. Price 85 cents, postpaid. The Sunday School Times Company, Philadelphia, Pa., Publishers.

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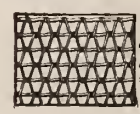

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The "Queen of Song" at Home

MADAME PATTI, the greatest of divas and the most picturesque musical personality in half a century, has forever retired from the public gaze. Never again, except possibly for charity, will the beautiful voice of the "Queen of Song" be heard in public. She sang in London a few days ago for the last time.

"To the vast majority of the world's music-lovers," writes J. Douglas Hoare in the *Graphic*, "the news of Madame Patti's retirement will come as a real blow. She is one of the very few links of the great past now left to us, one of the very few singers who really understand their art and practice it to perfection. She is still beyond a doubt one of the greatest singers of the day.

Photo by Sarony, 256 Fifth Avenue, New York

Madame Adelina Patti

"Madame Patti, in a chat at Craig-y-Nos the other day, said: 'I am retiring, and my decision is irrevocable. Am I sorry? Of course I am. My friends are so kind, and I love singing to them. The audiences are always enthusiastic, and I think that I sing better than I have sung for years. But I am getting a little tired of it all, and can you blame me?

"'However, though my professional days are over, I do not mean to stop singing in public altogether. I shall sing for my own pleasure, and I shall sing for the poor. There is so much that one ought to do for the poor, and though I have always done what I can, I want to do more. Then, too, there are a hundred other things for which I have never had time hitherto. At present, when I am touring, I dare not go out much, for fear that I should catch cold and disappoint my friends. I sit at home in my hotel and play the piano or do needlework,' and Madame Patti waved her arm round her room, where were sofa-cushions innumerable, the fruits of her industry on her last tour.

"'Of course, I am sorry that my old singing days are over. Only two years ago I was asked to give a series of farewell performances at Monte Video, but I thought it wiser to refuse. It was there that I received the highest fee ever given to me, or, I believe, to any singer. At Monte Video I received $6,000 a night during two consecutive seasons of sixty nights each. I remember that during one week I sang four times at that fee, and I fear that the prices the manager had to charge for the seats rather taxed the resources of my Argentine friends, who used to pawn their pianos and their watches in order to buy seats.

"'We may leave Craig-y-Nos,' she added, 'some day. The Baron and I both feel that we are rather far away from the world here in Wales. But I shall be sorry to go, for I have been here for thirty years and love the place dearly. Here, too, I have collected all the souvenirs of my singing days,' and she showed a wonderful collection which included signed photographs and autograph letters from Emperors, Kings, Princes and Presidents, a Marie Antoinette chatelaine and a Napoleon snuff-box, a magnificent gold wreath given her in Russia, when she sang on behalf of the soldiers wounded in the Japanese war, a silver wreath presented by the Viennese critics, a casket containing the Freedom of the City of Brecon, and other treasures innumerable.

"'In these days,' she continued, 'one need never be dull, even when buried in the country. During the day we have plenty to interest us; in the evenings, we have concerts. My orchestrion plays me *Die Walkure* and *Die Meistersinger*. You see, even in the wilds of Wales, one can keep in touch with the outside world.'"

BISHOP McCABE STRICKEN

THE Rev. Dr. Charles C. McCabe of Germantown, Pa., one of the best known bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and called familiarly by his friends "Chaplain McCabe," was stricken by apoplexy on December 11, while in New York. In spite of his seventy years, the bishop's naturally robust constitution and fine physique are greatly in his favor, and his recovery is looked for.

A policeman saw Bishop McCabe standing uncertainly upon the sidewalk at Twelfth Avenue, reeling and swaying as if about to fall. Realizing at once his serious condition, the patrolman hastened to his assistance, and he was quickly conveyed to the New York Hospital. His right side was useless, and he spoke with much difficulty; but he was identified from letters found in his pocket. His wife and son were sent for, and reached the hospital during the afternoon, to learn that the authorities considered the attack of apoplexy a comparatively slight one.

Bishop McCabe has occupied his present position for ten years. He is regarded as one of the most successful workers in any religious denomination. When, as Secretary of the Methodist Missionary Society, he raised the slogan, "A Million for Missions," he succeeded in realizing that amount within the year.

He served as a chaplain of the 122d Ohio Volunteers during the Civil War, and was captured at the battle of Winchester, spending thereafter four months in Libby prison. He found in that experience material for a lecture which he has since delivered to many large and sympathetic audiences, on "The Bright Side of Libby Prison."

Interesting and Instructive

Dear Dr. Klopsch:—The "Surprise Calendar" and "Greatest Wonders of the World" came to hand in good order. They are both very pretty. The book is interesting and instructive. We are all highly pleased, and thank you very much for the nice premiums. MRS. ANNIE MITCHELL.

Albion, N. Y.

A Prisoner's Plea

A cripple, who is in Auburn Prison, N. Y., sends to the CHRISTIAN HERALD a novel and touching plea. He asks if some kind-hearted reader will not provide him with an artificial limb, so that when he is released he may be enabled to earn an honest living. We will be glad to send the man's name to any one interested in his case.

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